

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLV, ISSUE XI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MAY 2, 2025

You're A Little Gay, And That's Okay (NOT)

IN LIEU OF YEARBOOKS, HAMILTON GIVES GRADUATING SENIORS A PUNCH IN THE FUCKING FACE

Because the *fuck you* wasn't already clear enough

By Ms. Sedaka '25

I'M ACTUALLY REALLY SAD ABOUT THIS DEPT. (BUTTRICK LAIR) For the first time in Hamilton history, it has been announced that the senior class will not be receiving yearbooks upon graduating. While at first this decision was believed to be related to budgeting issues, the Hamilton administration has clarified that the reasoning is actually much less complex.

“Guys, we're rich as fuck. Obviously it's not a budgeting issue. Just look at this giant gold statue I had built of me and Obama shaking hands,” President Steven Tepper said as he motioned beneath him towards the six-foot-tall statue he was sitting on top of during the interview. “The real reason behind the decision is just that we fucking hate you. Is that so hard to understand?”

While initially many seniors rallied together to try and create their own sort of yearbook, the plans were quickly scrapped due to lack of per-

sonal funding.

“We raised 24 dollars and a cigarette,” student leader Maria Bower '25 said. “While a lot of students were supportive of the idea of making our own yearbook, nobody has any money. Or jobs. Or prospects of jobs. Or hope of jobs. Or hope for the future at all really. What was I talking about again?”

In response to the many complaints, Hamilton administration sent out an email that sparked hope amongst senior students for a potential yearbook in the works. “Dear class of 2025,” the email began. “We hear your complaints and we want to make it right. Please come to Buttrick Hall tomorrow for a special surprise from the administration.”

However, when students arrived at Buttrick Hall, rather than receiving yearbooks, they were instead taken into a dark room downstairs one by one and swiftly punched in the fucking face.

“Here's something to cry about!” The punchers, who ranged from higher-up administrators to fed-up diner workers, said as students fell to the floor. “Now here's a sticker.” Students left the event with a personalized sticker of Nelson Muntz from *The Simpsons* pointing and laughing at them, accompanied by the caption, “HA HA.”

STEPHANIE KOWELL ANNOUNCES MEDIEVAL TORTURE RACK CLASS RESCHEDULED

And pound class too :(

By Mr. Janicki '27

SERIOUS ATHLETICS DEPT.

(BLOOD FITNESS CENTER TORTURE CHAMBER) Last Tuesday, a schoolwide email was sent from the office of Stephanie Kowell announcing that, “After an unintentional mixup with scheduling times and availability, weekly Medieval Torture Therapy will be pushed back by two hours this week.” Directly after this email, a follow-up message stated, “Oops, my bad I meant it will be two hours earlier! See you at 5am to get those backs stretched and those fingernails pulled out!” This confusion was further compounded by a third follow-up email from Kowell stating, “And also weekly Zumba will be moved to the ice rink this week, forgot to tell you guys. Hope to see you slipping and sliding out there girlies!”

One avid medieval torture class enthusiast, Aaron Maiden '26, commented this about the schedule changes: “Yeah 5am is a tough sell, but getting your blood drained out of you by leeches is like the best way to lose weight quickly, so I go every week. Not to mention my scoliosis is like wayyy better. I have dislocated my shoulders a couple of times on that rack though which wasn't super pleasant. Oh well, that's why they make you sign waivers!” Aaron's friend, Nellie Nervus '26, who once attended the class with him, made time for a private interview with *The Duel Observer*. Nervus stated, “Please do not reveal my name. This is the greatest shame of my life. I went one time because Aaron is always talking about this class. Little did I know it was ass stretcher day. They put an expanding bronze thing in our asses called the ‘pear of anguish’ and now I have to shit 20 minutes after eating without fail. My asshole is incapable of closing. Stephanie Kowell herself oversaw the torture and attempted to get us all to confess to heresy the whole time.”

Kowell's actions have left many divided, but one thing is certain: she sends far too many emails, and everybody thinks so.

STUDENT SHOCKED TO FIND OUT THAT GOING TO SHITTY PLAY DID NOT RESULT IN HIM GETTING LAID

Try acapella concerts? (they don't get laid anyways)

By Mr. McCann '25.

DKE RUSH EVENT DEPT.

(UNDER CHRIS) A harrowing event unfolded this Friday after Richard ‘Dick’ Cox '25 went to his “friend's” play and returned that night still a virgin. In an interview right after the play with *The Sextator*, Cox was hopeful, saying that he'd been “promised a great show”, and “it certainly could not have been whatever the fuck I'd spent the last two hours watching”, so he was “ready for some titties”. Cox spent the next hour wandering around the barn with a handful of lube and a head full of dreams, only to finally realize he'd been duped when “star” cast member Smanda Aedaka '25 asked if Cox was there for the post show autograph signing (an event at which Cox was reportedly the only attendee). Cox is a writer for

the Bull, a group used to rejection, but this one, he admits, stings especially hard. “You know, you put in all this work, this time, this effort, and it just isn't rewarded – it hurts.” Cox went on to add that the least his friends could do was give Cox “the occasional commons under-table-handly” or “a comfy seat in the corner next time they put a sock on the door”.

Cox is not alone in this “crisis of chronic bitchlessness.” An astonishing report conducted by the Club of Unyielding Masculinity (CUM) found that only an astonishing two percent of theatergoers at Hamilton were getting laid afterwards. When removing students' parents from the equation, CUM reported that there were none satisfied.

In the face of this tragedy, however, Cox looks on hopefully. Having decided to take the agency out of the hands of those “whiny prepubescent theatre pricks who couldn't act in a play where the only audience member was Helen Keller” he is hosting his own play. Cox describes it as a one man, three act play called “Oil and Skin,” which heavily incentivizes audience participation.

In this issue: Folded duel + beans = taco

LOCAL WEATHER ALERTS FORECAST

| 5/4 | 5/5 | 5/6 |
|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |
| Quarter-sized hail at 80 degrees?? What?? | KJ water feature floods | This is not a drill. It's raining tacos. I repeat, out of the sky |



Titled: “The Rise and Fall of Feminist Literature in Jurassic Times.” See, “There will be snacks.” pg. Red Pit Tomorrow Please Show Up



DIY Furry Rida C&C Look (NO GLUE NO BORAX) The Duel Observer 301 views • 17 hours ago

So You're Living in Bundy Next Year... A Letter to the Damned

Now that housing selection has concluded, we here at *The Duel Observer* sense dread in the air. Fear not, oh rising sophomores! We have taken it upon ourselves to demystify the notorious Bundy so that you may be adequately prepared—and hopefully not so scared—for your time in that domicile. Read these lovingly crafted letters by two of our most fabulous writers and soak in their enlightening wisdom.

Reader,

In life there are many moments where, in the face of adversity, the wheat is separated from the chaff. Bundy housing selection is one such moment. Your quality of life in Bundy will depend entirely on your assigned selection time, which the Office of Community Living bases on karmic debt accrued over previous reincarnations. For students like myself who have proven across a thousand lifetimes to be better and more virtuous than others, Bundy offers spacious singles, ideal views, and large, private bathrooms. I wouldn't put much stock into the experiences of those students placed into inferior regions of the dorm—rest assured, they deserve it. What will your Bundy experience be like? Look inside your heart, and you'll find the answer has been with you all along.

What's up guys,

Honestly, I don't get what the big deal is man. Have I personally ever lived in Bundy? No. But I've had like four situationships there, just counting the ones with singles, so I'm basically qualified to talk about it. And I say it's not that bad. The bathrooms are decent, not that I would ever shower in one. I mean, the layer of pubes shouldn't be a problem if you're wearing shower shoes. And is it always loud? Sure, but only when I'm in the building. And rest assured I'm making the girls, gays, and theys cum buckets—you should be glad your fellow students are getting such quality fuckings. And finally, some people whine about the kitchens, but all I hear is an excuse to feast on this dick instead. Anyways, maybe hit me up, and I'll make sure your stay in Bundy is worth remembering.

Forcibly dragged out of Nick Hood '27 and Sofia Maya '27

I Got Pussy From Spec Singles

As you probably know by now, Spec Singles is the only section of *The Spectator* that anyone reads anymore, but you probably assume it's all in jest. You are probably thinking, "Everyone who writes one of those just does it as a dare or a joke, and it doesn't go anywhere" or some other bullshit like that. I too, dear reader, was as naive as you are now, but this view was completely shattered for me recently. I wrote in a submission to Spec Singles a few weeks ago and played it completely as a joke. I didn't expect a single soul to take it seriously, I mean, I said my favorite pastime was "drawing right-wing furry art," and that my ideal first date was "bathing in the Bundy Bathtub together." My friends laughed, we moved on, a new *Spectator* issue came out, and I thought everything was well and fine.

Yet things took a turn exactly a week after the issue came out when I received a strange letter in my mailbox. It was in a beautiful dark blue envelope, closed with a wax seal. When I opened it, it was an invitation that just read "Spec Singles Club, Dunham Basement on Sunday at 2:30 AM, BE THERE." I was simply befuddled by the whole thing, but I decided to go. In the dead of night, I went to Dunham and was directed by masked figures to the art studio, where I was then faced with a masked bouncer, who had some sort of lion head on, and a clipboard. I said my name and he moved aside, giving me a party mask in the process. When I entered the studio, I couldn't believe my eyes. As it turned out, Spec Singles Club was a large-scale orgy club that used the section in *The Spectator* as its application process, which I had accidentally stumbled into. I must admit now that I did partake. I got pussy, dick, and everything else from Spec Singles.

After my incredible experience in the Dunham basement, I did make a somewhat startling discovery though. As it turns out, the club was started by the entire E-Board of *The Spectator*, as a way for all of them to finally get laid.

Found in *The Sextator* by Mr. Williams '28

Friday Five: Ways to Lock In

By Ms. Malhotra '28

As finals week gallops towards us like an unruly stallion, students are finally realizing that it's time to cut the horseshit and lock the fuck in. Luckily, The Duel Observer has compiled a list of carefully researched study hacks that are psychologically proven to raise your grades! (Source: senior thesis Google Form).

5. Ask Five Minute Crafts. Sorry, office hours? Who has that kind of time? Work smarter, not harder. An easier and far more effective use of your studying time is to direct your questions to Five Minute Crafts. It's only five minutes! Well, five minutes, and maybe some toothpaste, balloons, power tools, and a power of belief the size of whatever those kids had on *The Polar Express*.

4. Girl, just break up with him already. The first step to locking in is locking your boyfriend out. You love your boyfriend? Well, now you love calculus. Calculus is your new boyfriend, and you have a date with him on May 14th in KJ103. Besides, let's be honest: you were never locking into heterosexuality anyways. I know what you are.

3. Did someone say equine therapy? We checked, and it turns out that some horseshit is actually good for your mental health. Take the reins on this opportunity, trust me. You're going to need it.

2. LARPing. "I don't understand the final" this and "I'm scared for the final" that—why does it always have to be about you? Have you ever thought about how the exam feels? Lay flat on your desk and imagine how it feels... eraser shavings sticking to your back... pencils poking your face... everyone talking about how they think you're "too difficult"... only once you become the exam can you truly understand the exam.

1. Divine intervention. There's always your last resort. Studies show that when Zeus sees the exam date coming too close, he will smite you with a lightning bolt instilling into you a fear of the gods so great that you'll have no choice but to lock in. According to scientists, it's a natural physiological instinct that's not fight, not flight, but a secret third thing: smite.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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