

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLV, ISSUE XIII

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MAY 13, 2025

New Senior Trend Alert! Moving Back In With Your Parents

GRADUATION OOPSIE! STUDENT SHAKES TEPPER’S DICK ON ACCIDENT

Lives out the fantasy of, what one could assume, is many

By Mx. Buneta '25

WHOOPSIE DAISY DEPT.

(UNDER FOUR LAYERS OF BUNDY MUD) Graduation: a time for tears, cheers, and beers. After four years of questioning their sexualities and failing chemistry exams, students were excited to finally see the culmination of their efforts. For much of the event, the ceremony seemed to be going as planned, with the student-body following their regular routines. Several blue-haired students provided Tepper with nutritious apples, in protest of “the hetero-patriarchal norms of his bowtie regime,” and several DKE members immediately thereafter vomitted across the floor. The vomiting ended promptly at 10:15, just as advertised in the graduation ceremony schedule. However, a quick hush amongst the attendees soon proved that the schedule would soon have a detour.

Instead of engaging in traditional palm-to-

palm action, Senior Eli Fant-Walk '25 accidentally (but firmly) clasped the shaft of Hamilton College president Steven Tepper instead. Students were absolutely flummoxed by the interaction, with Stew Dint-Name '25 noting that “his penis certainly does not have a hand-like quality to it, especially in comparison to mine.” Fant-Walk, though embarrassed by the interaction, provided the following comment to *The Duel Observer*, arguing that “It wasn’t my fault! Tepper’s hands were full and all eyes were on me. I lack a plump ass and had to shake something.” *The Duel* is unable at this time to ascertain the veracity of the plumpness of Eli’s posterior.

Despite the awkward circumstance, Tepper was nothing but gracious, complimenting the “strength and grip” of the student, saying it will “do him well” going forward. Regarding the circumstances the Dean of Students sent the following memo: “Students are encouraged to be more aware and considerate going forward, and to remember to ask before shaking one another’s phalusses. Separately I am deeply saddened by the fact that none of you made me a borg and will lash out with more passive-aggressive emails if this circumstance isn’t rectified soon.”

SENIORS’ DIPLOMAS WILL BE REPLACED WITH PARKING TICKETS

Tuition’s a bitch, ain’t it?

By Mr. Dill '27

BITCH YOU THOUGHT DEPT.

(THE PAPER TUBE) The Class of 2025 has finally made it! After years of “hard work,” Hamilton College’s senior class can now sit back, enjoy senior week, and hang their diplomas up. Or so they thought! Unfortunately, *Daddy Tepper*, as he’s widely known across campus, announced: “Apparently, Flo Rida and Obama teamed up to steal the entirety of Hamilton College’s Endowment, so needless to say, we’re a little strapped for cash... Yikers!”

Due to this unforeseen drop in funding, Hamilton has taken drastic measures to scrounge up cash any way they can. Such actions include raising the price of tuition under the guise of “free laundry” and terminating the “irrelevant clubs” like the Geoguesser club. Even Parkhurst has taken action by running a mysterious raffle in which three lucky senior students will be sent to a quaint

farm upstate where they can run around and play to their heart’s desires. “They’re already graduating, so it’s not like anyone will notice when they don’t return, plus all the winners will be ‘poor’ majors, like Creative Writing and Anthropology, so it’s not like we’re missing out on any donations,” states Mark Hearse, head of the Parkhurst Finance Department.

However, the most controversial tactic of all is that many seniors have been told to expect parking tickets instead of diplomas this graduation season. Tepper explains “students will be randomly selected to pay a \$50 dollar parking ticket in order to receive their diploma.” Some students have already been told to expect a ticket, however, many complain the term “parking ticket” was used too loosely. “They told me I’m getting one for ‘standing like a scalene triangle.’ What the fuck does that even mean? I don’t even have a car!” explained Eileen Standly '25 through tears.

Students who refuse to pay the tickets will be locked in a “smelly” Jitney, what that means is unclear, but Tepper did his ‘spooky hands’ when explaining it so students are advised to beware. and con-graduations!

GRADUATING SENIORS STUCK IN FREEZE FRAME POST GRADUATION

Not at all like Family Guy, Amanda Sedaka By Mr. Janicki '27

80’s MOVIE STYLE GAG DEPT.

(FREEZE FRAME OUTSIDE CHAPEL) This graduation, it seems many seniors have been stuck in the air after being overcome with excitement at the thought of moving on with their lives from this unending academic torment, and in a sick and twisted turn of fate, cruelly and eternally stuck in a corny pose and graduation gown, upon being freeze framed mid jump. Tepper has declined to release a statement at this time, however Dean Card has already sent an email to the school complaining that “These seniors do not even know how to remove themselves from the air, and we treat them like adults. First they leave Bundy Crack in utter disrepair and now this. It was me who welcomed them to this school, told them the infamous ‘We were waiting for you’ and they have the audacity to be forever frozen in cheesy bliss in graduation attire.”

Further reporting on this issue has shown that an astonishing amount of seniors find it acceptable to be completely nude under their graduation gown, one Christian McCann '25 was caught particularly poorly in freeze frame, as the gown billowed up, revealing a lil dick and balls, akin to the Marilyn Monroe subway grate thing, except not sexy. Additionally, written across his chest was “Hamilton Streaking Team 4eva.”

Unfortunately, it seems that not just seniors are susceptible to the freeze frame epidemic. Be warned that if you are participating in a stereotypical activity on any quad, or worse are in Dunham Tent, you may be at risk for freeze frame. While the school can rest assured that the administration is doing all they can to find the cause and stop this (they decided to work on it by next year) students must be informed that all freeze frame risk is doubled for multicultural friend groups, so stay away from Campus Moments photographers until the danger has passed.

SENIOR WEEK FORECAST

5/19



“I’m so excited to hangout with everyone!!”

5/21



Let’s see who wants to hang out!

5/23



Oh no! It’s just the same three people.

In this issue: We Roast The Seniors On A Spit

LOOKING FOR A JOB



Freelance Editor-In-Chief. See, “I do not know how to do anything else.” pg. 2025



THEY DID WHAT? DUEL SENIORS EXPOSED

The Duel Observer
301 views • 17 hours ago

A Letter Of Resignation As *The Duel Observer's* Editor-In-Chief

Dear Hamilton Community,

It is with a heavy heart that I announce, that after two years as head clown of this mighty institution, it is time I must retire my red nose and oversized shoes and move on to brighter pastures, AKA the real world, AKA my parents basement. While I wish I could remain Editor-in-Chief of a liberal arts college satire paper forever, that would be fucking weird.

Do not cry because it is over, curse my name because it happened. For I brought you years worth of breaking news, such as “Unwilling to Choose Between Israel and Palestine, David Wippman Throws His Support Squarely Behind Denmark” and “In Lieu of Yearbooks, Hamilton Gives Graduating Seniors a Punch in the Fucking Face.” It was I who wrote “Friday Five Reasons Delaware Doesn’t Exist” (which it still doesn’t) and it was I who created the world’s first ever printed Wordle.

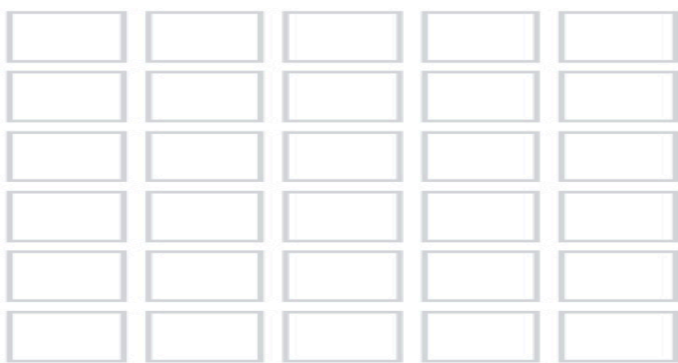
There comes a time in every college satire paper Editor-in-Chief’s life in which she must hang up her keyboard and pass the torch to a new generation of sex joke makers and poorly crafted pun creators.

Also, SNL wants me for my quick wit and relentless charm. Later losers.
If I can be of any help during this transition, don’t fucking ask me.

Sincerely,
Mother Duel

P.S. One more printed Wordle just for you guys. This one’s even harder!

WORDLE



Found in the Commons trash cans by Ms. Sedaka '25

A Thoughtful Reflection On Hamilton College By A Graduating Senior

Dearest Duel Observer readers,

Over the past four years, I have been blessed. Blessed to be stuck in a sweaty KJ room with 6-10 of the most unfunny, unwashed, despicable group of cretins one could ever endure for an hour every Sunday. And yet there comes a time when every beloved managing editor of a middling, barely red, satire paper must say his farewells to a grateful campus. As I reflect on my time here, I’m met with a profound crisis over my final days. Every week for the past four years, I have labored. And for what? I have done nothing but deliver the highest quality of insightful, brilliant pieces of satire, pieces like, “5 things more powerful than the Virgin Mary” “why won’t my roommate take of his mean bitch costume” and other brilliant works of scholarship. And what do I receive in return for my toil, my ceaseless acts of giving? I’ll tell you what. Everytime I see a bright eyed, jort wearing freshman wander into the Mcewen or Commons, I get filled with a sense of hope. Maybe they’ll read my biting critique of roommate dynamics “F5 Unavoidable Conflicts with your roommates” and seek guidance for their own marital troubles. or my harrowing but brave recollection of having a hickey one time “My Scarlet Letter” and be not ashamed of their own blemishes. Maybe they’ll even laugh! But no, the best I’m given is a half hearted snort, or an eye roll. You insipid, pusillanimous cretins are too blind to see the beauty in front of you. So you know what? I fucking quit. No longer will my brilliant words go to waste on a bunch of fucking washed up Henry Kissinger wannabe Williams rejects. While Amanda might’ve said some soft, lily-livered shit like “I’ll miss you” or “I’ve peaked and have nothing left, please give me your validation!” All that being said, I do want to leave on good terms, and as such, I leave you with a list of hopes. I hope the diner is long when you are at your most hungover. I hope your best friend/roommate develops a horrendous snoring habit immediately after you agree to live together. I hope every class you desperately need to get into is full, and your CnC day is always rainy.

Written on a coke fueled binge and found in a writing center cubicle by Mr. McCann '25

Friday Five: *Worst Theses I Saw This Semester*

By Mr. Williams '28

This year I challenged myself to go to every single thesis presentation Hamilton had to offer, and let me tell you, there were some stinkers. These are only the top five worst I saw, but I want to make it clear that there were so many more that could have made the list, mostly from the Sociology department.

5. Psychology: The Stanford Prison Experiment at Hamilton. I guess it serves me right for always making fun of Psychology majors for being boring, but this feels like a step too far. It was a one-to-one recreation of the Stanford Prison Experiment, except the prisoners and guards were Lightsiders and Darkiders respectively. It was pretty shocking how quickly the Darkiders went insane; like they started waterboarding a football player in under 24 hours.

4. Theater: Our American Cousin. At first, I was deeply confused as to why some theater major was choosing to put on a rendition of this obscure 1858 play, but slowly the pieces started to come together. It was performed in the theater, and President Tepper came to watch and sat in one of the box seats, which I didn’t even know the theater had. Then during the intermission, one of the main characters shot Tepper and started yelling something in Latin, at which point I remembered this was the play Lincoln was watching when he was killed.

3. Economics: Why The Poor Should Starve. Ok to be honest I watched every single Economics thesis and I feel like any of them could have gone here. All of them vaguely were about the idea that when two points on a graph intersect, that means ethnic cleansing is ok, but this was the most explicit about it. The kid doing this one was very clear that shareholder value was far more important than our silly “need to have food” and constantly talked about Milton Friedman. Thankfully this presentation was followed up by a way better one, titled “Trickle Down Economics: How to Fuck Suck and Cum in a Recession.”

2. Geoscience: What is the Best Rock to Throw at Someone? This was easily the most entertaining presentation I watched, but the trauma I gained from it puts it on this list. Honestly, I respect the students’ dedication and thoroughness though. Every day, they would sit on one of the Martin’s Way benches, with rocks of different types and sizes, and chuck them at passersby as hard as they could, and they even experimented with underhand versus overhand tosses. Admittedly this does explain why there has been so much blood on Martin’s Way recently. The student then revealed that the best rock for the job is a perfectly spherical piece of solid limestone, and they demonstrated their point by throwing the rock into the crowd, brutally killing an assistant Geoscience professor.

1. Religious Studies: Ninety-five Theses. Honestly, this one seemed a little insensitive so soon after the death of my boy Pope Frankie, but it was a bold choice. I don’t even know if this Martin Luther guy goes here, or what department this was for, but one day he just went up to the doors of the Chapple, nailed something to the door, and started screaming at people coming by. Honestly I wasn’t able to even understand exactly what his problem was before he stopped his speech and just started beating the shit out of a Catholic student he saw.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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Contributors

THIS COULD BE YOU

FINE PRINT: *The Duel Observer* is a publication of the Hamilton College Media Board, and is published every Friday. The facts and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily true or indicative of staff opinions. Any resemblance to persons, organizations, or institutions real or imagined, is purely coincidental. Coincidences are coincidences.

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