

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLV, ISSUE IV

"Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself."

FEBRUARY 21, 2025

Obamna

24-HOUR ROOM IN LIBRARY TURNED INTO FISH TANK "Glub glub, blub glub"

By Ms. Mannes '26

SWIMMING IN KNOWLEDGE DEPT.

(SUBMERGED) On Sunday, February 16th, at 5:30 AM, workaholic students were shocked to find that the 24-hour room in the library was not only closed but full of water and aquatic life. "There was an octopus reading Kafka in my favorite seat!" exclaimed sophomore Onda Grind '27. She was so enraged that the cephalopod took her spot that she began to bang on the glass. This startled all of the fish who immediately swam under the tables and hid behind the monitors. Other students who had begun to show up to the 24-hour room were just as shocked as Grind. "I was upset. I have to do work. That's like, all I wanna do, and these unenrolled fish are taking up my space," fumed Sirena Waters '28.

Shockingly, no one on campus knew about any plans to turn the room into a fish tank. Neither student activities, Burke library staff, nor campus security knew that there would

be a fish tank transformation. "It's like it was done Banksy style in the middle of the night, surprisingly fast and efficient," remarked campus security officer Lee Bass.

The Duel Observer interviewed two key witnesses. "Glurb, blub blub, grurggle, glup glup," explained Oscar the Octopus. His friend Finneas the Fish added, "Glurp blub drup." Campo then blocked any press from the scene, halting the investigation.

While the culprit is still unknown, they clearly pay much attention to detail. The new fish tank has a foot of aquarium pebbles, buff and blue of course, small replicas of Hamilton dorms for the fish to explore, and a mini Kirkland Glen made of seaweed. The aquatic life demographics even matched those of Hamilton College. A few octopi, a few aquatic snakes, a stingray or two, and many, many fish. The overall consensus is that the fish tank is "fucking awesome" and "the best place to disassociate on campus." The critters also have Hillcard access to the Burke Archives and are often seen reading an old Spectator, furiously shaking their heads in disapproval.

COMMONS GETS PIRATE SHIP AS ADDITIONAL SEATING

It's to deal with the enrollment cliff

By Mr. Chase-Norris '28

CAMPUS IMPROVEMENTS DEPT.

(ON BOARD THE PIRATE SHIP) The Tepper administration has made what some are calling a "bold move" to bolster application numbers in light of the upcoming enrollment cliff by installing a pirate ship in the middle of Soper-Commons Dining Hall. During the Grand Opening of the ship, Tepper cut the inaugural ribbon on it with a theatrical flourish, exclaiming, "Look at this beautiful new area of seating! It will wow prospective students and make for a great venue for alumni events." Many students are very happy about the installation, with one, Oliver Chase-Norris '28, stating, "This was actually such a good idea! The cool factor is off the charts, and we get the seating we desperately needed! Thank you President Tepper."

Many students used to walk into Commons at 6 PM and be suddenly struck with the realization of what they were about to put themselves through - hell. One socially anxious student, Fear from *Inside Out*, related their past experience, sobbing, "What did people think of me eating only fries and chocolate milk for dinner? I always worried - was my clothing

about to magically fall off in front of 75% of the campus? I shudder just thinking about it." With the new pirate ship seating, your overall experience may not change, but at least now you can look down on others while you eat.

The Duel Observer conducted some interviews, and while approaching the ship, our reporter encountered a noteworthy sight: a student was walking up the gangplank attached to the East Mezzanine while trying not to spill what they thought was water but was actually soda water and simultaneously miming a sword fight. While near the bowsprit, our reporter encountered one enthused student, Ahoy Me-Mateeys '27, who regaled us with his newly re-ignited fantasies: "What a dreamy life, right? Attacking merchant vessels, killing their crew, and then fighting amongst yourselves for the loot. All that rape, plunder, carnage, scurvy, and infection sure sounds like a great time!"¹ Many students interviewed shared similar, if less brutal, sentiments. One-eyed Jack Blue-Beard '26 said, "Imaging myself with a crew of like-minded fellows with similar visages makes me feel less alone, ya know? I think that's what many students on this campus need, honestly."

¹ Editor's Note: This publication does not condone such violent pirate-themed fantasies, unless the piracy is directed towards anything owned by or otherwise relating to Elon Musk.

DUNHAM RENAMED TO DONNER IN WAKE OF BLIZZARD- FUELED CANNIBALISM INCIDENT

We love niche historical references!

By Mr. Havelka '28

Too Much Snow Dept.

(DUNHAM GREEN IGLOO) Following the deaths of 37 students residing in Dunham Hall, Hamilton Community Living announced today that the freshman dorm would be renamed Donner Hall, in reference to the 1847 Donner Party which also resorted to cannibalism when things got desperate.

It began on Monday. An endless stream of snow so thick and white that even the Buffers were—reportedly—left trembling. Within hours, Dunham residents found themselves completely snowed in. Efforts by the squash team to melt the avalanche only resulted in an additional wall of frozen piss blocking them inside. "We lasted until Tuesday," *Duel Observer* correspondent Yoo-Mi Snaak '27 reported. "By then, we were completely out of Ramen and Twix bars. We had to eat something! At that point, I would have even eaten Commons food!"

The most hated students were consumed first—couples having sex at three AM, people who hog dryers, and the furies. Once those ran out, a choice had to be made: which floor to be sacrificed? While the Jans were "considered at first," as one irate survivor put it, "those cowards manage to escape out of their windows!" After minutes of deliberation, it was decided: the first-floor men would be eaten first. Some willingly submitted, calling the situation "kinky," while others protested.

"We had a grand feast!" reported Yoo-Mi. "Bio-major flank steak, jock dicks-in-a-blanket, twink dick bratwursts. Someone even managed to make soup out of one dude!" It would be this gruesome scene that Facilities Management—having finally remembered what their job was—discovered upon breaking into Dunham via the fishbowl, a mere four days after the blizzard had begun.

In the wake of this "tragedy," Professor Vor N. Thusist of the Psychology Department has begun conducting an experiment to learn of the effects of cannibalism on the mind. "I want to know what it was like, tearing flesh from bone, consuming students raw!" he exclaimed. Parkhurst Dining has also opened a similar survey in continuing efforts to improve the quality of their meats.

SNOWMAN FORECAST

1:25 AM

2:56 PM

5:33 PM



"I feel insecure about my body :("



"I'm so skinny Bella Hadid"



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In this issue: Hamilton is yummy

IF YOU'RE COLD, THEY'RE COLD



Let the squirrels inside. See "Rabies shots, now offered at the Health Center" pg. 20,000-50,000



Obama CANNOT Handle the Heat!!
Duel Observer

301 views • 17 hours ago

Diaries of Diner Worker: Just Another Saturday

Dear Diary,

Once again, work was totally normal. Even though I've been praying to the Diner gods for something new, fresh, every day is just the same damn thing. I almost considered not writing my entry for today, but Joanne said consistency is key and by God she is not one to go against.

I came in at two to open and of course Beebo called in sick. He was laying it on so thick the night before, saying things like "do you think these blisters look bad" and "oh god the pain, the unending pain." Like we get it, sometimes you need a mental health day. Some of us just remember to plan it two weeks ahead instead of mysteriously contracting "necrotizing fasciitis" the day before. With a few quick prayers to the Diner gods, Diner Stubi and I managed to set everything up just fine without him, imagine that.

At three, we opened up for business. A little after Jeedu and Talulu clocked in at four, we had one of the usual attacks. Some frat guys managed to sneak in the back using their goblin forms, absolutely fiending for our buff sauce. Diner Stubi caught them early, so he and I left Talulu and Joodu to manage the line—inefficiently as always—while we wrangled them off our tubs and tossed 'em out back. Nothing we haven't done before, though I did hit a personal record for most little blue birdies circling bonked enemy heads.

Nothing much happened after that, besides Medu coming in. Oh, there was another high-speed campo chase across Martin's Way. This time, the student was riding a unicycle carrying a giant sack of wet floor signs, so nothing too crazy.

At around eight though, the Diner gods proclaimed they needed a sacrifice, last minute as always. What a chore! Luckily we still had some of the frat guys in a little pile outside, so me and Medu took 'em to the chamber and did the basic ritual stuff. Oh, right before some girl did ask for a grilled cheese, and when I asked what kind of cheese, she said grilled! These students, man. They don't listen.

Then it came time for the selection ritual, except we started late because Joodu quit! Just walked out, barely a word, mumbling something about not being able to "take the screams" anymore. Can you believe it? The third guy this month! This generation man, no work ethic.

The selection ritual finally happened and, thank god, I was spared from Diner B. Praise be the Diner gods! No one needs to know about the extra sacrifice I did with the grilled cheese girl. I know unsanctioned sacrifices aren't allowed by management, no unfair advantages or whatever, but come on! She had it coming! Diner Stubi would understand. I'm just glad I got to skip the hellscape that is Diner B for my third week in a row; I cannot deal with drunk people (and no I don't need to unpack that Joanne).

Editor's note: names changed for privacy purposes

Found crumpled outside a mysteriously bloody Diner dumpster by M. Maya '27

Duel Doubles: Loving Couple Looking For A Third

Are you a prospective single looking to hook up with existing couples so you don't have to worry about attachment. Or are you just horny with it? This piece was developed by loving couple Alexa and Alexander, two prospective swingers who would love to open up their relationship, but are having trouble finding their third here at Hamilton. Maybe it could be you!

Alexa's reason for putting this ad out:

Alex told me he really needed to have this to stay with me, and I really love him so of course I agreed. I guess I'll find out how into it I am.

Alexa's favorite food: The apple pie my mom used to make!

Alexa's likes: Funny, sweet, and charming is a must! I'm looking for someone I can talk to, not just some hookup!

Alexa's favorite hookup spot on campus: My room?

Alexa's requirements for a third: They have to be willing to let me and Alex's love take the lead.

Alexa's no-no list: Uhhh... hey like no gross stuff please? I don't know what you guys get up to in non committed relationships.

Alexa's response to Alex's answer: Wait wtf did he just say? I don't know how I feel about that. He loves me though you can't deny that.

Alexander's reason for putting this ad out:

I gotta fuck. Nasty freaky style preferred.

Alexander's favorite food: Pineapple cause I heard it makes your cum taste good.

Alexander's likes: I like big booty bitches and titties. Must be hot. This does not exclude guys, just guys with tiny asses. Ain't about all that.

Alexander's favorite hookup spot on campus: I love fucking in commons after hours. I wait in the bathroom until it closes, then I get out and fuck on the squables. Or I did until Alex came along. Seeing a squable still gets me hard actually.

Alexander's requirements for a third: They gotta lick it and dick it man. I already know where to stick it.

Alexander's no-no list: You can bite me, scratch me, piss on my open wounds, I do not care. I am an animal waiting to be unleashed. You will feel the righteous fury of my cock which has for so long been stifled by my girlfriend who I love with all my heart.

Alexander's response to Alex's response to his answers: I did not know she would be allowed to read this.

Found in an edition of The Duel from 2003 by Mr. Jankinky '27

Friday Five: Responses Members of The Duel Observer Gave After I Asked Them to Define Satire

By Mx. Kiel '28

For a while now, I've had a suspicion that my fellow writers for the Duel don't actually know what satire is, despite supposedly running a "satire" paper. This week, they let me put them to the test, and shockingly, I've managed to uncover some truths from beneath their fine layers of bullshit.

5. "Ummm... it's like the Onion?" A powerful and accurate statement. The staff writers for the *Onion* might be some of the only people left on the planet who truly know what good satire is. Before attempting to make a satirical joke, it's always a good idea to ask yourself, "Would the *Onion* publish this?" If your answer is "yes," you're probably on the right track (and stealing something!).

4. "Telling the truth meanly." To write good satire, you have to be a little nasty. You can't be worried about offending people. It's perfectly okay to make stuff up, so long as it makes the targets of your ire look worse. Reading a good satire piece should make you feel like you're witnessing a public stoning. For example, if you're a member of any club on campus, we've probably lied about you all being virgins before. Don't take it too personally. Generally, it's only true for about 95% of your club's membership. But don't worry, we know you're part of the 5%.

3. "When a man wants to make a sexist joke so he puts 'Mx.' in his byline to make it look like he's punching up." Another one of the essential truths of satire—it's not funny to make fun of the little guy. 99% of what *the Duel Observer* publishes is actually thinly-veiled misogyny. But don't worry! A simple way to fix this issue is to clarify that the woman you are making fun of is white, and, even better, blonde. Even better, a box blonde! Any good satire should blur the line between "funny" and offensive." If the repercussions of the joke don't scare you a little, don't make it.

2. "A sex joke where the joke isn't so much the sex itself but rather the implication of sex." It's similar to Hitchcock's "bomb under the table" theory of suspense. Good satire should not rely on lewd content to shock its audience (someone should share this with our staff writers).

1. "Wait... this is the satire paper?" And the room dissolves into laughter. What a funny joke! How original! This is the real key to writing good satire: never give up. Keep making the same jokes over and over again. They'll have to laugh at it eventually.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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THIS COULD BE YOU!

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