

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLV, ISSUE VI

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

MARCH 7, 2025

Spring Broke: Your Water, It’s A Boy :(

TANITH BESTOWS POWER OF SMITING UPON CA’S

I respect quiet hours a lot more now

By Mr. Janicki '27

DIVINE ADMINISTRATIVE POWER DEPT. (TANITH’S DIVINE THRONE) This Friday, Tanith’s request to the Hamilton board of directors for access to Divine Smiting was finally approved and immediately doled out to CA’s after a short training session. One CA, Blaise Sparks ’26 had this to say about the training they received: “Yeah, they told me I only get to smite really bad residents, but my neighbor fucks so loud. I’m honestly just waiting for him to leave his shoes outside his room—something your CA can totally write you up for by the way—so I can exercise my newly bestowed powers.”

Following complaints from parents of smited students Tepper released his statement to *The Duel*: “Liberal arts education is about growth and change. While some would say that turning sinful residents into a pile of ashes in a blinding flash of light would impede this cause, I would argue that it in fact allows the other, non-disruptive,

residents to focus on their growth. I’ve also always said liberal arts is about light, and we have quite a lot of that around campus now that the so-called residence hall sinners are being purged.”

After an initial adjustment period, students have adapted quite well to the changes, with one Ana Tomic ’28 commenting, “I was kind of having a miserable time. You know, I really thought that sub-free dorms would be quiet for some god forsaken reason. I have some friends in Dunham and I knew that it could be worse, but wow, I didn’t know that it could be so much better once all of the bad students were burnt to a crisp leaving only a smoking pair of shoes behind.”

Fortunately for those students who prefer to live a more exciting lifestyle, the power is going through a holy revocation due to one CA smiting a professor in what they claim was an accident. The divine ability will be passed to the honor court, and all sources point to them being equally as ruthless as the CA’s. Plagiarism and other honor court infractions will not necessarily result in an immediate smiting but expect a lot less athletes on campus in the coming weeks.

BORED PEER COUNSELORS CONVINCING STUDENTS TO TEXT THEIR EX

They could care less about your situation-ship

By Ms. Meyers ’27

“I’M AN EMPATH” DEPT. (PADDED CELL #3) After months of waiting, DMing lonely Fizz posters, and a little coercion, the peer counselors finally had their first batch of really lonely-ass motherfuckers. Some only needed a few gentle words of encouragement and went skipping off to join a club sports team, but others were found to need a little bit more help.

It was difficult for peer counselors to find the actual sad ones because they never leave their dorms. However, in one of these rare sessions veteran peer counselor, Allen Yurhead ’25, complained that he had “been talking in circles with this kid for like three hours about his toxic (and only) ex-girlfriend.” He finally gave up and blurted out, “Just text her already if you miss her so much! Let’s see what happens.” Chaos ensued. “At least it was something excit-

ing to talk about other than Obama,” commented Yurhead.

In an initiative to set students up for success with actionable steps, frustrated peer counselor Gretta Overitt ’26 recommended this as an alternative. “I am so sick of hearing about Sunday Scaries that I’ll give them something real to be scared about.” With the ever growing number of ended situationships and senior year relationships the peer counselors have heard enough and are turning to this new method in droves.

The new program helps guide students with some conversation starters to really kick things off. Some of the recommended phrases ranged from a simple “u up” and “wyd” to more adventurous phrases for students really looking to achieve higher levels of personal growth like “I swear I’ve changed,” “Please take me back, I love you,” and “I’m still hotter than all your side hoes.” Students looking to participate in the new initiative can simply sign up for an appointment, just make sure the subject line reads “I’m only doing it for the plot.” Students are also encouraged to have at least 3-5 alcoholic beverages before their scheduled appointment.

RISING TEMPERATURES LEAD ICE TO MELT, HOCKEY TEAM DROWNS “Glub-glub-glub”

By Mx. Kiel ’28

MARITIME ACCIDENT RESPONSE DEPT.

(A WEEK OF UNSEASONABLY WARM WEATHER LULLING YOU INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY) The Hill is mourning today after the entire men’s hockey team drowned in what can only be described as a “freak accident.” According to the team’s coach, John “Puck” Johnson, the boys were supposed to be practicing for their final game of the season against Middlebury when the ice melted beneath them. “It’s a real tragedy,” Johnson said. “A lot of those boys would’ve had bright futures working for their friend’s dad’s accounting firm.” His sentiment is echoed across much of Hamilton’s campus, which, shockingly, for the first time seems to care about athletes.

“They’re the only impressive people around here,” Goldie Iger ’25 said. Iger’s boyfriend was on the team and perished during the accident. “How am I supposed to brag to my friends back home about this school now?”

To explain how 18 grown, athletically-inclined men can drown in less than two inches of water, the campus has turned to Dr. Paul Bearer, professor of anthropology and hockey-team behavioral expert. He suggests the answer may be rooted in the team’s professional training. “Statistically, hockey players have one of two careers in high school. They either mow lawns or are trained lifeguards. So when the first man, probably a lawn-mower, started drowning, all the lifeguards remembered their training and tried to save him. However, they forgot about all of the equipment weighing them down. Essentially, they forgot the first rule of the lifeguard code: a drowning man can’t save another drowning man.”

Hamilton’s campus might be in mourning but all is not a complete loss. The incident has drawn national attention, prompting Trump’s newly appointed head of the EPA, The Onceler from *The Lorax*, to speak on the issue. “It’s clear that the enemy here is global warming. We didn’t care when it was the polar bears being affected, or the global south, but now that it’s a bunch of athletic straight guys, something must be done.”

A campus-wide “in memoriam” event is planned for after spring break, organized by Sadove After Dark.

FINALS FORECAST

12:00 PM 12:15 PM 12:16 PM

		
I can do it...	I can do it...	BUT I’M ONLY HUMAN

In this issue: I am concussed

DUELGRAMS



Have any friends you want to prank your friends this April Fool’s day? See, “Table by McEwen.” pg. 3/10 and 3/11 from 12-2



STORYTIME: THE TIME I CHOKED ON THE COMMON’S BABY

Duel Observer

301 views • 17 hours ago

HELP! MY PROFESSOR IS ACTUALLY THREE KIDS IN A TRENCHCOAT!

On the surface, my Calc I class with Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn is pretty average. I walk in each afternoon, Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn struggles to get off the ground after having taken his mid-day nap time, and I take a seat in my (oddly sticky) chair. As students file in, he writes complex problems, like “19 + 57” or “2 + 6” while attempting to cue up a slideshow presentation from his iPad. He’ll realize that he “already used all the screen time mommy allows him on Roblox,” slam the iPad down, and angrily scribble the incorrect answers to the questions on the board. Usually, he’s so frustrated he shakily storms out of the room, stomping his tiny feet. He always looks like he’s about to fall, and his torso moves weirdly out of alignment with the rest of his body. I just assumed he had a medical issue. But, I’m not complaining: my fridge is just about covered in coloring sheets Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn graded with affirmative scratch-and-sniff stickers.

My world came crashing down one Wednesday afternoon office hours session. I had arrived early and was waiting outside when three children walked in. I thought nothing of it until five minutes later Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn walked out of the office, and I realized he had the same face as one of the children! Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn is much taller than all of them, so I was suspicious. Like any good detective, I decided to take matters into my own hands and shoved Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn to the ground. My jaw dropped with him, or should I say *them*, when I heard three separate screams. One by one, three children slipped out of the trenchcoat, calling me “poopy-head” and “fart-nugget” between sobs and snot rockets.

That’s how I found myself here, in a lamer Calc I class with a (presumably) singular, middle-aged professor. For the life of me, I cannot figure out who the fuck Derivative is and why we keep taking them. I never had to find out in Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn’s class. I miss the stamps that he would put on my hand whenever I answered a question correctly, and the Mr. Beast watch parties when he hadn’t used all his screen time before class. Really, Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn was an uplifting and caring professor, even if he was three Clinton elementary school students in a trenchcoat. The worst part is that I can never take another class with Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn – the other professors tattled on him when they discovered those kids were quite literally his flesh and blood. Oh, Prof. Billytimmyandbraydeelaykelynn, wherever you are, please forgive me!

Found scribbled on the back of a tear-stained multiplication worksheet by Ms. Stillman '27

JIT BACK ON SCHEDULE Inbox x



The Jitney <jitney@hamilton.edu>
to NOTICES-STUDENTS ▾

hey all,

after a slight delay, the jit is running back on schedule!

sorry for the inconvenience, but as we all know, ♥ jit happens!! ♥

the clinton and new hartford loops have returned to REGULAR SCHEDULES but the utica loop will NO LONGER RUN TODAY. o(><)o

we are now down 3 campus vans due to the situation that unfolded earlier today, so please be patient as we continue to attempt to find the missing students and jitney drivers from those 3 vans (remember: the jitney is a service! not a guarantee!)

ALSO: PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING NEW SAFETY GUIDELINES THAT HAVE BEEN ENACTED AS A REACTION TO THE EVENTS OF TODAY

1. All jitney vans have been replaced with jurassic park jeeps– don’t be alarmed when our beautiful blue vans show up a little different!
2. NO food and ESPECIALLY NO MEAT allowed on the jit. For good measure, you should make sure to conceal your own human flesh scent as much as possible by whatever means necessary.
3. Everyone who takes the jit from now on must be wearing running shoes in the event that the situation from Utica extends beyond just Utica. Take care not to wear any bright colors.
4. If you are on the football or hockey teams, these guidelines do not apply to you. The same goes for any heterosexual white male gov concentrators and that one person who laughed at me when I tripped and fell on Martin’s Way. You know who you are.

!!!!PS: if you were one of the 30ish students on the 3 jits when the t-rex showed up, please contact campus safety asap, but know that we are not liable for dinosaur attacks and your tuition will not be

covered as a result of this incident!!!!!!



rawr,

2025 Jitney Co-Managers

Found in her Hamilton email inbox by Ms. Snowman '28

Friday Five: Films That Should Have Won an Oscars

By Mr. Chase-Norris '28

Does anyone actually watch the Oscars? I didn't even know any of the movies nominated. So, I've created a list that actually takes into account talent, visuals, and story - not just virtue signaling. At least Red One didn't offend the two minority groups primarily featured in the film.

5. Red One. “To be or not to be” has got to be the best opening line of any movie I’ve ever seen. Despite being set in Italy they don’t eat any pizza—it’s almost as if there weren’t any tomatoes for some reason. It’s honestly a big disappointment. My favorite part is when Juliet and Romeo start to... hold on she’s 13?! How did this get through production? I guess it did take them like 20 years to catch Diddy. Squilliam Shakespeare really was a freak.

4. Red One. Frodo and Bilbo Baggins are truly the short king representation we need in this modern era. I love when they meet up with that hottie Gollum and start playing around with that domineering cock ring. It is kind of strange that there’s all that racism against the orc people since I think they’re just trying to live their lives in service to a dark lord. Kink shaming and violence against differently mentally abled people? Kinda wild for the year of our lord 2024.

3. Shrek 5. I mainly put this one on here for its beautiful visuals. Adding wrinkles to Shrek’s head made him look that much more realistic. With his mouth even wider, he could be a jolly old uncle! Jokes aside, what the fuck is Twitter (sorry for deadnaming) on about? I cannot see a difference in the designs. Side note: what is going on with Donkey and the Dragon? How does that... work? I surveyed the sex club and even their members thought it was too freaky. Except the one who immediately showed me their r34 stash - I need to go gouge out my eyes real quick.

2. Red One. This new West Wing adaptation with RFK Jr. really deserves its critical acclaim. I mean you have to be a genius of a writer to imagine America invading Red, White, and Blueland. Then having a health secretary who had brain worms and has committed multiple wildlife-related crimes? A masterstroke! While having a random billionaire destroy our national parks is a little too far-fetched to be believable, the movie still retains a solid plotline and I highly recommend it.

1. Red One. Who made that old man Santa so jacked? There’s no way he’s natty. Did you know that he’s 70 fucking years old? The visuals in this film are unironically really well done though—the ending fight with Gryla where Krampus sweeps in and saves the day was genuinely enjoyable. And don’t get me started on Krampus’s aesthetics. I love a good emo hunk of muscle.

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Contributors
THIS COULD BE YOU!

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