

How Dare the Administration Schedule Halloween on a Monday?!

GHOST CAR STILL WAITING AT CROSSWALK

Reportedly a Boo-ick

By Mr. Letai '19

BACK FROM THE OTHER SIDE DEPT.

(PARKING PURGATORY) Traffic at the central crosswalk on Martin's Way has been stopped for almost forty hours due to the presence of an extremely cautious ghost car.

The empty car was first sighted on Wednesday night, pointed east, but sitting still in the middle of the road. On Thursday morning, when the car had still not moved, other cars began to pile up behind it.

Professor of Paranormal Studies Cornelius Reeper began studying the car as soon as it became apparent that it wasn't moving. "This is a textbook ghost car," Reeper explained. "You can tell by the license plate, 'SP00K-E.' I looked at the college archives, and the last person to die on Martin's Way was a crossing guard in 1983, during a roadside reading of *Christine*."

"It's gotta be a ghost," Paranormal Studies major Doris Spellman '17 said. "Look at the lights on the crosswalk signs flashing. Did they do that before?"

Spellman further theorized that the ghost

was the spirit of the former crossing guard. "Maybe he's mad that his job is obsolete now, so he's holding up traffic. I knew this would happen when we added those signs. This is the price of our hubris."

However, there are dissenting opinions about the spirit's motivations.

"Maybe he's just very polite and wants to let everyone go," Evan Spillane '19 said. "It's happened before with live people."

Patricia Venkman '18 agreed. "I mean, why would he want to haunt Hamilton? What's he gonna do, push kids onto the map? I bet he's on his way to the haunted carcass of Cafe J, and just doesn't have the assertiveness to drive across the crosswalk."

"Do we know there's actually a ghost in the car? What if it's empty and someone just left it there? It's super run down," Idina Noe '17, head of the Hamilton Skeptic's Society, asked shortly before the car squirted oil in her direction.

Although the car may remain at the crosswalk indefinitely, some enterprising motorists have begun simply driving around it. Apparently if they drive fast enough, the ghost only has enough time to switch their car radio to WBOO—the Oneida County Spooky Tunes station.

discovery that the costumes had an alternate purpose.

"Their costumes were always my favorite part of Halloween, because it seemed like they were dressing up like cats just because...yanno, cats are so flexible. To discover they're not doing it for me—no, um, sorry...for love of cats, is upsetting. Definitely not like I thought they were doing it for me or anything," a townie reported.

When asked for her comment, one of the performers said, "We just thought you all knew and just weren't coming to the performance because of Halloween parties."

"Seriously, why would we all just pick the same costume?" cast member and senior Katie Fletcher '17 said. She proudly announced she is playing Grizabella this year.

When asked about the afterparty, all actors responded that they would absolutely still be going out, getting smashed, and hooking up with someone. This is, they reminded, still Halloween.

MASCOT DRESSES UP AS NORMAL STUDENT FOR HALLOWEEN

Everyone recognizes him anyway

By Ms. Suder '18

REMARKABLY CONVINCING DISGUISES DEPT.

(BOWELS OF BUNDY) In a mildly ironic twist that elicited a hearty chuckle from classmates, Alex, the mascot, showed up at a DIK Halloween party dressed as a typical Hamilton student. Wearing a green plaid button-down and old jeans with slightly overpriced shoes, he was utterly indistinguishable from the rest of the unenthusiastic guys at the party who thought they were too cool for a costume, except for the fact that he's obviously the mascot.

"How do I know he's the mascot? Easy. Look at his feet," beer-shotgunner Thor Hammerman '18 slurred, pointing at Alex's red Lacoste size eleven boat shoes that looked like they were picked out by a mom who thinks she knows what's cool in college. "There's no way those comically oversized foam atrocities haven't spent hours dancing a slightly unnerving jig on Martin's Way to appease visiting Trustees. I just wish I knew how he made the pallid consistency of his cloth skin seem so lifelike." Hammerman scrunched up his face in thought. "Maybe it's, like, contouring."

"How did he get that normal-sized shirt to fit over that massive foam body?" tipsy TIT sister Lacey McConnell '19 shout-whispered, glancing over at the remarkably average dude chilling in a group of badly body-painted dragons and Mr. Potato Heads. "I mean, that perpetually mono-expressed head is so unwieldy. Did he, like, stitch the shirt directly onto his back? Geez, who knows," she finished, drifting off to watch a few remaining die-hard Club Ento members cram the spider-themed decorations into their mouths.

"Wait, you think I'm the mascot?" Steven Miller '17 said in convincingly feigned confusion when asked for comment. "Where the hell did you get that idea? I just didn't feel like dressing up for a stupid party where you get free beer either way. Those other weirdos you just interviewed are delusional." The unbelievably well-disguised mascot shook his head in annoyance. "Is this some prank or something? Why are you walking around with a legal pad and tape recorder at a Bundy party anyway? Just let me enjoy this round of beer pong in peace."



SORORITY SISTERS DRESSED AS SEXY CATS ACTUALLY PERFORMING CATS

Predictable costumes part of elaborate scheme

By Ms. Granoff '18

WARDROBE DEPT.

(BACKSTAGE) After many years of a seemingly endless number of women in sexy cat costumes roaming campus on Halloween, the student body was stunned to discover that TIT is in fact collectively putting on a production of the hit Broadway musical *CATS* every Halloween in the Annex.

"I used to think that the sexy cat costumes were both unbearably anti-feminist and totally mainstream," mainstage actor Sarah McPhee '19 said, going on to report that she is happy to put aside those old prejudices to get in on the action. "I really feel like I judged people around here too fast. This is such a great reason to wear nothing and call it a costume!"

Others around campus were saddened by the

WEEKEND OF A GHOST FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	Spoo	oooo	ooky
	High probability he attends a pottery class.	100% chance he ghosts his hookup.	"Let not the royal bed of Dunham be / a couch for luxury and damned incest."

In this issue: There is no Dana, only Duel

HALLOWEEN HUSTLE:

Testing whether a sugar high can power you through a 5k



See "It can't," pg. 3.1mi

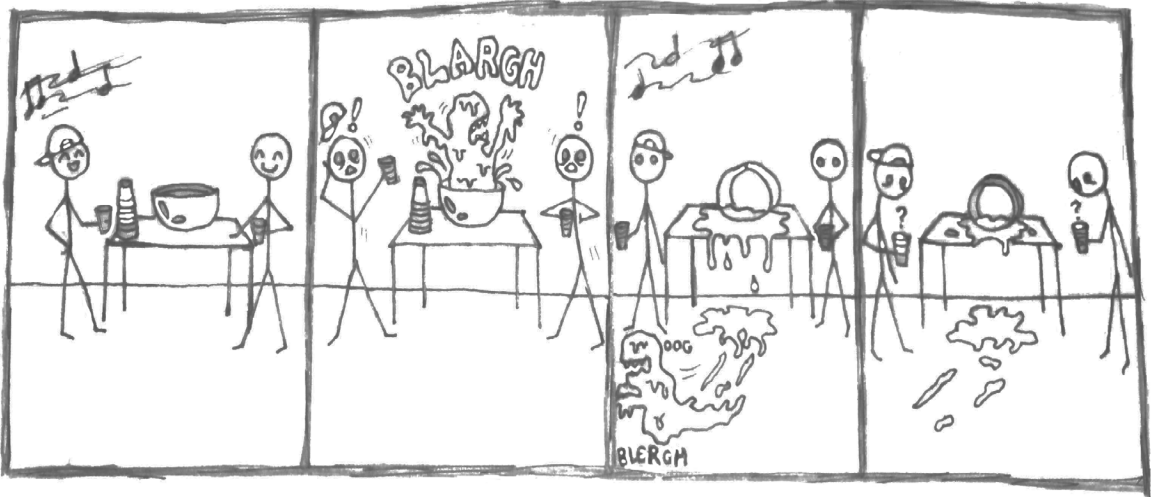
VOICEMAILS FROM MOM

You might want to call her back.



"By the way, you're not dressing up as Oedipus again this year, are you?"

KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING THIS HALLOWEEN



By Mx. Stevenson '19

REJECTED
^
ROUTES
Destinations for the Eccentric Student #47:
Oriskany Falls, NY, Incest Capital of the U.S.

Looking for a place to get away from it all? Need somewhere to take your parents next time they visit that is sure to raise questions like, “Are you okay?” or, “Is this where you get your meth?” Look no further than Oriskany Falls, NY, a lovely township of seven hundred people, and home to one of our great nation’s most esteemed religious incest cults, according to Colgate scholars who may be the first piece of evidence that Colgate students are competent at anything besides shotgunning.

Oriskany Falls is, like your sister, convenient, being literally only fifteen minutes away from Hamilton’s campus. Be sure to visit the town’s museum, which is a bookshelf inside townie Maude Brigston’s house off Old Main (also called New Main) that contains a few overstuffed family photo albums. Take a brisk walk around the library, but don’t go inside because the dusty bookcases peppered with a few well-used copies of *Flowers in the Attic* will surely bring a tear to your eye. And, of course, you must make the trek to the Falls themselves, which definitely don’t resound with the echoes of dissenters who were thrown into them at various points in time.

When visiting a paradise like Oriskany Falls, it is generally advised that you remain in the car as much as possible. However, if you find yourself in a situation where escape is advisable, do not hesitate to exit your vehicle and abscond on foot. Years of overlapping branches on the family tree may not have augmented Oriskanian test scores, but it has augmented their biceps, and they are fully capable of flipping your car like a burger at one of their seemingly endless family barbecues. Proceed with caution, and, most importantly, y’all come back now, ya hear?

Found in the trash can outside the Media Board Office by Ms. Rinehart-Jones '20

JOURNAL: FUCKING ALARM CLOCK NEXT DOOR IS FUCKING STILL GOING OFF

Monday, 5 AM: What’s going on? Did I set off the fire alarm again? No, I’m hearing some sort of ringing, which is weird, because I’ve never heard an alarm from next door before. Seriously, who sets an alarm at five in the morning? This sucks, especially because I fell asleep at 4 AM.

Monday, 3 PM: Okay, what the fuck? It’s hard enough to blaze a ganja in my room in the afternoon, but this alarm is making me more paranoid than usual. The noise is creeping into my brain, pounding and pounding like, um, something that pounds.

Tuesday, 8 AM: The alarm has turned off, I think. Now I’m hearing music. Even worse, it’s shitty country music, wait no, is that fucking country rap? I’ve been knocking on the door for fifteen minutes but no one is answering. Where’s my freaking RA when I need him?

Tuesday, 11 PM: I called Campus Safety, but they were too busy, and apparently I’m “overreacting,” so I’m taking the law into my own hands. I’ve been staked out in the hall for the last five hours, waiting to see if anyone goes in or out of the room. I will find you, and I will complain profusely.

Wednesday, 3 AM: The alarm is back to its original ringing. Wait, is it speeding up? I feel like I’m hearing voices between the beeping. They’re telling me to forget my troubles, that everything will be over soon. I sure hope so.

Thursday, 11 AM: An alarm is still fucking going off. Why do they call it “going off” anyway? Shouldn’t the alarm “go on?” I can’t take this anymore. Who even has a fucking alarm clock anyway? Just use your phone idiot.

Friday, 9 AM: What kind of hell am I living in? What kind of monster just leaves an alarm clock on for days on end? I can’t tell what is real anymore. If it hasn’t stopped by tonight, I’m going to find a sledge hammer and take down that door.

Friday, 9:01 AM: Apparently it was my alarm clock in the closet the whole time. Excuse me while I go cry in the shower.

Found scratched in the waffle ceiling of Mr. Boudreau '20

FRIDAY FIVE: SEXY HAMILTON-
THEME HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

By Ms. Hammer '20

You may have noticed half-assed painted pumpkins are cluttering dorms. Also, that someone’s been blasting “Spooky Scary Skeletons (Remix)” in the Common Room for the past week. To top it all off, the amount of fishnet tights and nipple pasties on campus has gone up from 12% to 89%. Put it all together and you’ve got #hallowweekend. To guarantee you don’t get haunted by the ghosts of your sex life this weekend, we’ve got the hottest and most topical costume ideas!

- Floozy Jitney:** You’re already going to be hopping from party to party looking for someone to get inside you. Why not make it official by dressing as our darling Jitney van? Everyone gets a ride. I’m talking rollerblades. I’m talking a jumpsuit that’s been rubbed up on a few too many times and leaves too little to the imagination. Garnish with some grab handles for a wild ride (with a 15-20 minute delay).
- David Whip-It Man:** We’ve all been thinking it. Our bald-headed leader is a nice enough guy, and an obvious dominant. Time to let your wet dreams become a reality with an appropriately BDSM Whip-It Man costume. Dust off your bald cap, you know the one, and borrow some props from the local sex dungeon. Don’t forget a pinstripe blazer to sate that workplace kink. With your whip in one hand and presidential authority in the other, you’re sure to earn some donations for a update to List in no time.
- Slutty Tailless Squirrel:** Combine roadkill and sex with this furry combination. What the legendary tailless squirrel lacks in rear can be made up for in other assets. Grab a padded bra or Speedo, whichever creates the desire effect. For your tail stub you can go to a craft store or dissect your roommates’ childhood stuffed animal. It’s about time, don’t you think? We wish you luck getting those nuts to keep you warm this winter!
- Alexander Hamilton:** Show your patriotism by dressing as the nation’s “Sexiest Founding Daddy,” as confirmed by the History Department and Hamilton College brochures. Plus, it’s an excuse to get out that corset you’ve been eyeing! Add on a powdered wig, thigh high socks and garters, and cravat for the full effect. By the time you hit the scene, people are going to be begging for a “My Shot” striptease. Seduce your way to a centralized banking system.
- Sexy Duel Observer:** For a sexy, but minimalist, costume try going as the sultry publication in your hands. Just grab about four copies for optimal coverage of your naughty bits. Make some shitty jokes in our honor. With any luck, it’ll be someone else’s tongue in your cheek tonight.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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