

THE GHOUL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIV, ISSUE VIII

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

NOVEMBER 1, 2024

Historic Halloweekend: Students Actually Get Laid

STUDENT CROCHETS BLANKET SOLELY OUT OF SHOWER HAIRS

“You may see one of your own hairs in there!”

By Ms. Stillman '27

BALDNESS DEPT.

(A VERY CROWDED EXHIBIT IN KTSA) This week, KTSA unveiled a new art exhibition highlighting art created from renewable resources. At the center of the 10 artworks—all made of leaves, wood, and whatever other stuff—was the exhibit’s main attraction: a 70-inch temperature blanket crocheted entirely out of students’ hair found in the showers. “I felt inspired when I was in the shower and looked down to find the inevitable hairball by the drain,” Harry Nits ’25 wrote in an explanation of the piece. “I picked it up, felt it in my hands, and knew exactly what I would do with it.”

In an exclusive interview with *The Duel Observer*, Nits took us through his process, from retrieval to completion. “At 4:00 AM each morning, I wake and check every dorm shower (except Bundy, ew) on campus for hair. This is a pubefriendly studio, so I check the toilet seats too. It may seem like it would take a while, but it really doesn’t once you get the hang of it. I can clear a bathroom in five minutes now,” he explained.

ENTIRE FOOTBALL TEAM HOSPITALIZED AFTER BEING FORCED TO RUN ONE LAP AROUND TRACK

However, the team’s performance is expected to be unaffected

By Mr. Williams ’28

SPORTS MEDICINE DEPT.

(THE SCENE OF THE CRIME) This week, Hamilton’s beloved football team was hospitalized after the team tried out a new training technique called “practicing.” The team’s head coach, Knownen Ball, said, “After the team’s seventh straight loss, the coaches started to look for ways to improve the team’s performance.” Coach Ball went on to explain that he had never heard of the idea of “practicing” until last week. To him, this was an exciting new opportunity to try and make the team better. Ball went into great detail about how he learned that practicing entails that players physically expend themselves to become stronger and repeatedly perform the tasks they do during the actual game in hopes of getting better. “I heard this newfangled ‘practicing’ was going well at our NESAC sibling Tufts, so well in fact that they even decided to bring in a real live seal!”

After he collects his daily hair quota of five tote bags, he sorts the hair by color. “The color of each row of the temperature blanket represents the temperature of the day it was crocheted. Red hair corresponds to 0-25 degrees, blonde hair to 26-50 degrees, brown hair to 51-75 degrees, and black hair to over 75 degrees. I purposely gave the gingers the coldest temperature to represent their equally cold hearts,” Nits shows his hand-made spools of hair yarn. “You may notice that some spools have streaks of hair dyed an unnatural color. I mix the unnaturally colored hair into half of the spools to represent days where there was rain or snow. So, if a row has brown hair with some blue or purple mixed in, it was 51-75 degrees and rainy that day.”

The blanket was displayed after Nits hit one year of crafting it. “Nits’s work is truly remarkable. I actually tried the blanket out myself, and it’s surprisingly warm,” Professor Art “Professor Carver” Carver expressed through spoken language. “The dedication of this piece is so astonishing that it’s actually worth 12 credits on top of the classes taken whilst making this piece.” Nits, who was admitted with the Class of ’26, will now be graduating three semesters early this December. In a What If... initiative sponsored by the President’s office, Nits will hand crochet hair caps and gowns for all of the Class of ’25.

Players allege that they were forced to come to this brand-new practice event with threats of being kicked off the team if they did not. One player, Bigg Mann ’27, told *The Duel Observer*, “Up until now, we just showed up for the game on Saturdays and nothing else. None of us had ever gone to the fitness center before, since we were scared of all NARPs and Blood.” Mann continued, telling us that all the players were under the impression they were only obligated to show up for three hours each Saturday and attempt to play something that vaguely resembled the sport of football.

Unfortunately, when the time came to try practicing, things soon went south. Coach Ball tried to have the players warm up by taking a few laps around the track, but none of the players were able to finish even a single lap. One witness, Hamilton’s offensive coordinator Nick Saban, said, “the players started dropping like flies. Seventeen of them tore their Achilles heel after trying to jog, thirty got testicular torsion along the way, and the rest of them passed out due to sheer exhaustion and dehydration before completing a lap.” Worse still is that these injuries mean that the team will be out for the rest of the season, which, unfortunately, puts their plan of soon going D1 in jeopardy.

TEPPER TRIES TO HONOR HAMILTON’S LEGACY THIS HALLOWEEN, DRESSES UP AS FORMER PRESIDENT

“It’s an interesting choice, but is it necessary?”

By Mr. Gold ’28

HOMELAND OBSCURITY DEPT.

(NEXT TO THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON) When Steven Tepper announced that he would be honoring Hamilton’s legacy with his Halloween costume, everyone assumed that meant he would be donning a powdered wig and Revolutionary War-style overcoat. Much to everyone’s amazement, Tepper was spotted walking around campus Thursday night in a bald cap and slightly less circular glasses. He was, however, still wearing his signature bow tie, only willing to go so far for a mere Halloween costume.

News of Tepper’s costume immediately spread around campus, even faster than other recent campus news. *The Duel Observer* interviewed a handful of students to gather people’s opinions on the president’s choice of historical Hamilton figure to honor. The most common response that the *Duel* received after describing his costume was, “So, just bald Tepper?” Some said they complimented him on his great costume of the principal from *Back to the Future* and were shocked to learn who he was really going as. Others misunderstood the rumors that Tepper was dressed as “the former president” and were surprised he forgot the poorly placed yellow wig on top of the bald cap. “It’s a weird choice given the politics on this campus, but hey, I guess he has to make an impression somehow,” one student said, stumbling out of Pub. The student was joined by a large group of friends, all dressed as Elon Musk.

The *Duel* later spotted Tepper outside of Diner and asked for a response to the strong reactions about his costume. “I didn’t want people to mistake me for our mascot. I want to make sure that I’m a recognizable face on campus, and dressing up identical to Alex would just leave people confused,” he said. He then walked into Diner where there were shouts of “I thought we were done with that guy!” and “Aaron Burr would have been a better choice!” Speculation has already begun about who Tepper will dress as next year, with many people stating that he could pull off an obsessed *Hamilton The Musical* fan quite well. Regardless of how people feel about Tepper’s costume choice, everyone says they’re excited to see how he chooses to commemorate Hamilton’s history next, as he has now set the precedent for unique takes on who deserves recognition.

In this issue: My Sick, Dark, and Twisted Mind

PROFESSIONAL NOTE TAKER



Like taking notes? Like voyeurism even more? Help struggling student improv sexual performance. See, “Cuck chair”pg. 69



WEEKLY WARNING

It’s not just a costume

ELECTION NIGHT FORECAST

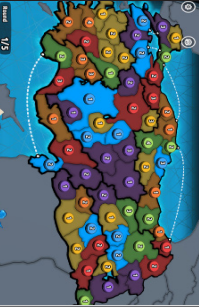
6:00PM

11:30PM

1:00AM



A historic election. Wowzers!



Holy shit...



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The Things I Saw on Halloweekend That Just Make Sense

- A Cinderella lost her slipper (on the steps of KJ)
- A (blacked out) minion babbling about Bananas
- A zombie coming back from the dead (when their song came on at Pub)
- (After 20 minutes of searching 12 North) a Waldo was found
- Glinda told Dorothy to follow the (Martins Way) brick road to get home
- Elsa with some snow and Mario and Luigi ate mushrooms (outside of Saunders)
- I watched Shaggy and Scooby eating a ridiculous amount of food (at Diner B)
- I saw a bee Buzz(ed)
- Sonic the Hedgehog running really fast (away from their friends)
- A witch made a magical concoction (jungle juice where you could not taste the vodka)
- A Hanley Quinn sobbing over a Joker (her toxic boyfriend)
- Harry Potter pulled out his wand (from his pants)

My Personal Favorites

- That guy who was walking around with the stilt things (that was just the kind of wild shit I expect from this campus)
- Straight people not understanding what niche pop culture references gay people were dressed as
- The costume that will get a gov major canceled in 30 years

Found scrawled in the women’s stall of the Little Pub bathroom by Ms. Haller ’26

OPINION: Lack of Single-Seating on Campus Discriminatory to People With Great Ambition

Do YOU know how terrible it is to have to eat alone at a table for eight in Commons? I certainly do, and it is the greatest tragedy of our campus! As the future God Emperor of North America, I should have the right to eat in peace without fear of my crippling social anxiety. While drafting my stratagems for overthrowing the petty bureaucratic farce that we call our “federal government,” I find myself too often concerned that there will be onlookers. They could be judging me for a lack of beheading in my plans; or what if, Nyarlathotep forbid, someone mocks that I am a fan of firing squads over lethal injection? I am not sure my mental health could recover, and does our fine campus not claim to prioritize that over all? Hiding my cartoonishly evil plans at a round table that is not against a wall is a true conundrum. It is unconscionable, and we should not stand for it!

An anecdote regarding how it affects those lesser creatures without illustrious and murderous ambition, my acquaintance (never will he earn the right to be called a friend) who plays League of Legends is constantly upset by the lack of solo seating. Instead of being able to retreat into a small, sunless, putrid nook like his kind are wont to do, that poor wretch is often required to sit in the direct centre of the room, watching as more “normal” beings flinch at his stench. It is a truly horrible situation for anyone with the calamitous lack of luck to bear witness to it. As such, I believe these eloquently presented points are logical enough for the administration to grant me **my own scheming nook**. It is of dire importance for the sake of our glorious continent! On a less important note, perhaps space for others who do not wish to be dwarfed by those great wooden monstrosities of seating should be provided. They can use them for inconspicuously reading smut or avoiding the waves of hazing energy that radiate from our sports teams’ tables. It will allow them to do whatever it may be that their semi-shriveled hearts desire.

Carved into the wall next to the community mural by Mr. Chase-Norris ’28

Friday Five: Spells My Roommate Has Cast On Me In Her Sleep

By Mr.Janicki ’27

Tensions have been high with my roommate lately. It’s nothing that happens when we’re awake. When we go to bed however, I can tell there is great evil lurking in our double. My roommate sleep talks and I’m near certain she’s inadvertently casting spells on me while she does so. Sometimes I’ll wake up in the middle of the night to strange chanting and the lights flickering in our room (I think she caused the blackout). Here are some of the worst spells she’s put on me in her sleep.

5. Eternally Wet Hand. She cursed me so that for a week and a half my hands were always slimy no matter how many paper towels I used to dry them. It ended, but not before I had to turn in a midterm with a noticeably slimy handprint on it.

4. Horvath The Undying’s Curse of Piss Your Bed. Okay so this one might not sound like a spell, but I swear it is. She spoke the incantation to bring Horvath to this mortal plane, and while she floated in the air, muttering something that sounded like “arg, sharg, Horvath, blarg” Horvath squeezed my bladder with his strong, veiny, demonic hands. I will never live down the shame from asking my mother to send me a new mattress topper. At least my roommate was mildly apologetic when she woke up.

3. Remove Object Permanence. This one was rough. I was totally just lost for three days. Luckily I’m a jan so nobody really missed me or was that concerned about it. It was absolutely terrifying for a second when I put my pants back on after using the bathroom and couldn’t find where my dick went.

2. She Made Me Attracted to Feet. Yeah, this was, like, a spell she cast. Not my fault...

1. Fireball. My entire half of the room was incinerated. I’m pretty sure she upcast it to fifth level for extra damage. Campo came when the alarm went off, but they just told me it was my fault for “having a tapestry”. I’m currently emailing Tanith, because if she can’t get me to a new room she at least has to provide me with some kind of enchanted amulet for protection.

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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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