“HALLOWEEN JOKES ARE LAME.”

-Minor Ghost, right behind you

**ROYCAS RCE GOES TOO FAR**

Barricades itself inside KJ 250

By Mr. Letai ’19

GETTING MEDIEVAL ON THEIR ASSES DEPT.

(THES LAND OF KERNER-JOHNSONIA) On Tuesday, the members of the Roleplaying Club locked the door to KJ 250 and refused to come out. Witnesses say it was a spur-of-the-moment decision, prompted by a passerby to KJ 250 and refused to come out. Witnesses say it was a spur-of-the-moment decision, prompted by a passerby

“Getting Medieval on Their Asses Dept.”

By Mr. Letai ’19

“Roleplaying Club Goes Too Far: Barricades Itself inside KJ 250”

October 30, 2015

**THE DUEL OBSERVER**

Volume XXVI, Issue IX

“Know Ye Thyself; Not Be Thyself.”

**MILBANK BEAR KING SAYS FAMILY WEEKEND COULD HAVE GONE BETTER**

17 confirmed casualties

By Mr. Spaine ’16

AREN’T PARENTS THE WORST? DEPT.

(FAIMILY MINIVAN) The campus was shaken this past weekend when the terror of a wild brigade befell Hamilton and its visiting families. Campus was the scene of an enraged and unpredicted bout of violence that resulted in the grisly ends of several beloved community members. The culprit: the four estranged family members of Milbank Bear King ’17.

Having been admitted to campus in an effort to increase diversity, King has led a fairly mild-mannered existence on the Hill. Save for when he first got here, and accidentally slew a bunch of AA hotshots who probably had it coming. And triumphing over the giant anthropomorphic snow squall last winter. And the unfortunate Housing Misunderstanding of Spring 2015, when King was robbed of his continued rule of Milbank and responded with quite a bit of claw slashing. But most of the time, he’s been trying to keep his head down and get by.

“I’m double-majoring in Dance and Environmental Science,” King said. “And most of the time I’m too busy with my classes to really get out. But my parents remind me of Yosemite so much that— I don’t know. I guess it got into me of Yosemite so much that—I don’t know. I guess it got me of Yosemite so much that—I don’t know. I guess it got...

**ROLEPLAYING CLUB GOES TOO FAR**

By Mr. Letai ’19

Barricades itself inside KJ 250

**GETTING MEDIEVAL ON THEIR ASSES DEPT.**

(THES LAND OF KERNER-JOHNSONIA) On Tuesday, the members of the Roleplaying Club locked the door to KJ 250 and refused to come out. Witnesses say it was a spur-of-the-moment decision, prompted by a passerby asking if Roleplaying Club “is a sex thing.” The club almost decided they liked the swords and sorcery aesthetic better.

**DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE FLOOR**

By Mr. Letai ’19

**HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON ACCUSED OF ABUSING LISTSERV PRIVILEGES**

Sends hundreds of letters flying in through freshman’s window

By Mr Stark ’19

DUBIOUS POTION DEPT.

(ROOM OF REVILEMENT) Earlier this week, an angry freshman filed complaints against Hogwarts at Hamilton following the recent unrest surrounding its recruitment process. The historic incident, which marks the first time any club has ever used its privileges to send out excessive or misleading e-mails, is not expected to go to the Honor Court, instead being judged by the Not Being A Gosh-Darned Douchecanoe Court.

Gary Porter ’19, still sore from spending Parent’s Weekend with a large, unwashed black dog in lieu of his apparently totally unloving aunt and uncle, claims he was “repeatedly harassed” by messages asking him to join the club.

“They told me that I had ‘like, magic powers n shit’,”qualifying me for financial aid at Hogwarts... I was to be judged by the ‘sorting bong’, which would ‘separate the men from the boyzzz’,” Porter explained. “Then alongside the hundreds of e-mails, there were also gangs of students wearing nothing but school ties and balacras screaming shared pseudo-Latin and throwing tiny scrolls at me.”

Even after closing my email account and moving into a dump leaf pile in Rogers Glen, the letters still found me. Every morning I woke up to find myself bombarded by ‘owes’—although I’m pretty sure most of them were just crows covered in white out,” Porter told the Duel. moments before being kid-napped by what appeared to be a large, bearded man on a three-wheeled Segway.

Hogwarts at Hamilton’s spokesperson, who responds only to the name of ‘Headmaster Mumblemore’—or ‘Daddy’ as all my favorite students call me—has since issued an official response, claiming that, “We wizards are way above your foolish Muggle Mailing List Guidelines.” He added that Hamilton’s investigators should probably stop snooping around the Science Center’s third floor corridor. He then dis-tracted the masses with a barrage of pointless event invitations and psych surveys, and doffed his brightly colored robes and sprinted away into the shifting stair-cases of Kermer-Johnson, never to be seen again.

**REAL SCARES FORECAST**

**FRIDAY**

Surprise

High probability your midterm grade is a trick, not a treat.

**SATURDAY**

Scowling

10% chance your mom will be proud of you this weekend.

**SUNDAY**

Sadness

“My registration time might be shit, but my GPA is, too.”

**DINNER JUKEBOX POSSESSED BY GHOST**

See “Songs now cost one soul a piece,” pg. 800

**WE WANT NEW BLOOD**

Want to write for the Duel/raise the dead?

Meetings Sundays 7:00 pm KJ 101

In this issue: Everything topical. F*** the Topical.
A SORORITY GIRL’S HALLOWEEN COSTUME DECISION

Dear Diary,

Halloween is tomorrow, and I still haven’t decided what to wear for my sorority’s party! Ugh, I’ve been looking online for the past four hours and I can’t find anything appropriate to show off my completely unique personality. I’ll be the best-dressed girl in TIT. This year, I’m going to finally be creative and no one is going to have the same costume as me!

I could be a sexy Sharpie pen again and color my entire body in blue marker. But then all the boys who dance with me would pass out like last year. And the only kids that ended up wanting to hang out were the ones that couldn’t afford weed.

He insists his horn-rimmed glasses and red cord player aren’t “retro.”

I could be a sexy witch….but no, because I could be a sexy Neuro test that I failed. That will get everyone so nervous around me, a walking提醒. And they’re all a pile. And you have to be smart enough to miss that kind of opportunity.

He won’t watch folder.

I could be a sexy which but it would be so hard to decide! I could be a sexy witch….but no, because that’s all you've ever seen. So the theater department wasn’t scary enough for you eh? How about this horror: Marge Simpson? Nothing worse, a live stage performance where everyone is imagining you, the performer, in your underwear.

WILDERNESS WREKS HAVOC
Continued from “Milbank Bear King Says Family Weekend Could Have Gone Better”

-bite. It’s like if we put a gun in every household in America and expected nobody to get shot. People, like bears, aren’t smart enough to miss that kind of opportunity.

The campus continues to hold its head in mourning and only hopes to pick up the claw-strewn pieces and re-build. And for now, King has sequestered himself to the woods where he practices his ongoing, environmentally conscious dance piece, “At a Moss for Words.”

FRIDAY FIVE: SPOOKIEST HAUNTED HOUSES ON HALLOWEEN

By Mr. Collins’ ’19

5. Kennedy Theater Building: Each corner holds a new surprise. One starts off in an audition without any lines. Around subsequent corners, one has to deal with wardrobe malfunctions, hecklers, and even worse, a live stage performance where everyone is imagining you, the performer, in your underwear.

Worst of all, you’re required to put on a postmodern rendition of Hamlet.

4. Commons: So the theater department wasn’t scary enough for you eh? How about this horror: Marge Simpson? Nothing worse, a live stage performance where everyone is imagining you, the performer, in your underwear.

5. Bristol Pool: Still not scared? You’ve got guts kid. The Bristol Pool gets very scary on All Hallows’ Eve. Students are all required to re-take their swim test on October 31st. Except the pool is filled with the small children from the town. And you have to be the lifeguard! Oh no! All those small children pee everywhere. And the goddamn Kraken won’t listen to you whenever you yell at it to stop running on the pool deck. Better not forget your swim trunks!

2. The Bookstore: Other than the obvious “boo” puns, the bookstore brings the horror of capitalism. All of the 99 cent stacks now cost a whole dollar. And that book your professor told you to get but you didn’t? Good luck finding it. All of the books have spooky black tape all over them so you can’t tell which is which, and the pages are covered in blood. Ghosts won’t be the only ones writing "help me" on these pages. And they’re all in a pile. And you have to pay all campus money. And they won’t accept cash. Heck that?

1. Dunham Basement: This needs no explanation. Only fools would go where even Campo fears to tread.