

“HALLOWEEN JOKES ARE LAME.”
-Minor Ghost, right behind you

MILBANK BEAR KING SAYS
FAMILY WEEKEND COULD HAVE
GONE BETTER

17 confirmed casualties

By Mr. Spinney '16

AREN'T PARENTS THE WORST? DEPT.

(FAMILY 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 grizzly ends of several beloved community members. The culprits: 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 squid last winter. And the Unfortunate Housing Misunderstanding of Spring 2015, where 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

a smidge out of hand."

The initial estimate is that the school faces \$5M in damages along with lawsuits from multiple families. Not only did the King family eviscerate KJ in a reunion only David Attenborough could narrate, but they then proceeded toward the Barn where English prize-winners were reading original work. The bloodshed was swift and unimaginable.

"My dad just doesn't get non-rhyming poetry," King tried to explain. "He's always been a real conservative about things: don't excessively rub a tree to mark territory, no drooling in public, don't try to reason with the deer before you rip its throat out. Y'know, dad things."

But students and families are being a lot less forgiving than in the past. Kandra Brent '18 was enjoying a Saturday morning walk with her family when the violence broke out. "They looked like huge hairy hellhounds hurdling down Martin's Way. I knew we had one bear, but four?! I'm all for inclusion and access to education, but can't we draw the line at opposable thumbs?"

Other critics have wondered whether having a bear on campus is safe at all.

"I mean, were we expecting some other result?" Prof. Claudia Hooper of Environmental Science asked. "Mil, as we call him in our department, is a very bright student who could do a lot for this campus. But his family is a bunch of wild animals, and allowing them on a campus full of city-dwelling families was brazenly asking for trouble." See "Wilderness Wreaks Havoc," continued on the back page.

events, Redstorm scoffed. "We of the Roleplaying Club are a peaceful people, unless provoked. Besides, these halls are full of brigands. We can't be held responsible for those rogues."

Despite the club's appearance of power, there are rumors of internal divisions.

"I thought we were going to go with a *Call of Cthulhu* theme," an anonymous source said. "I even made a flag. But I guess while I was getting markers they decided they liked the swords and sorcery aesthetic better."

Students with classes in KJ now fear being set upon by anachronistic hallway men. Many have taken to carrying their cell phones at the ready and reminding the raiders that cameras will steal their souls.

"It's super inconvenient," one student complained. "Plus I'm pretty sure I left my jacket in that room last week, so I'm probably not getting that back."

When informed of these grievances, Redstorm acknowledged that the Roleplaying Club may have underestimated the strength of its opponent. He assured that many of these problems would be solved in the next bout, as they will be electing a new Dungeon Master.

HOGWARTS AT HAMILTON
ACCUSED OF ABUSING
LISTSERV PRIVILEGES

Sends hundreds of letters flying in through freshman's window

By Mr Stark '19

DUBIOUS POTIONS 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 Douche canoe Court.

Gary Porter '19, still sore from spending Parents 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 group.

"They told me that I had 'like, magic powers n shit'[sic], qualifying me for financial aid at Hogwarts... I was to be judged by the 'sorting bong', which would 'separate the men from the boyzzzz';)," Porter explained. "Then alongside the hundreds of e-mails, there were also gangs of students wearing nothing but school ties and balaclavas screaming slurred pseudo-Latin and throwing tiny scrolls at me."

"Even after closing my email account and moving into a damp leaf pile in Rogers Glen, the letters still found me. Every morning I woke up to find myself bombarded by 'owls'—although I'm pretty sure most of them were just crows covered in white out," Porter told the Duel, moments before being kidnapped 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 distracted the masses with a barrage of pointless event invitations and psych surveys, and doffed his brightly colored robes and sprinted away into the shifting staircases of Kirner-Johnson, never to be seen again..

ROLEPLAYING CLUB GOES TOO FAR
Barricades itself inside KJ 250

By Mr. Letai '19

GETTING MEDIEVAL ON THEIR ASSES DEPT.

(THE 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 immediately drafted a constitution built around belief in balanced hit points and equal distribution of dice.

Speaking through the crack beneath the door, the club demanded weekly tribute in the form of livestock, virgins, and Cider Mill donuts.

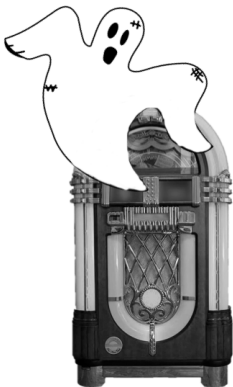
"It's ridiculous," one administrator commented. "We can't just give them donuts."

"We just want the respect we deserve," Club spokesperson Erak Redstorm '16 said after emerging from the barricade, adjusting the possibly foam sword on his hip. "It's time campus saw that our knowledge of fictional medieval worlds is a major asset."

In response to accusations of pillaging nearby student

In this issue: Everything topical. Fuck the Topical.

DINER JUKEBOX POSSESSED BY GHOST



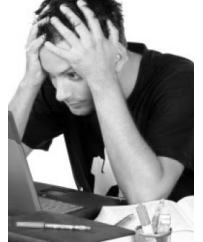


See "Songs now cost one soul a piece,"
pg. 800

WE WANT NEW BLOOD



Want to write for the Duel/raise the dead?
Meetings Sundays 7:00 pm KJ 101

REAL SCORES FORECAST	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
	<p>Surprise</p>  <p>High probability your midterm grade is a trick, not a treat.</p>	<p>Scowling</p>  <p>10% chance your mom will be proud of you this weekend.</p>	<p>Sadness</p>  <p>"My registration time might be shit, but my GPA is, too."</p>

QUIZ: IS YOUR HOOKUP A GHOST

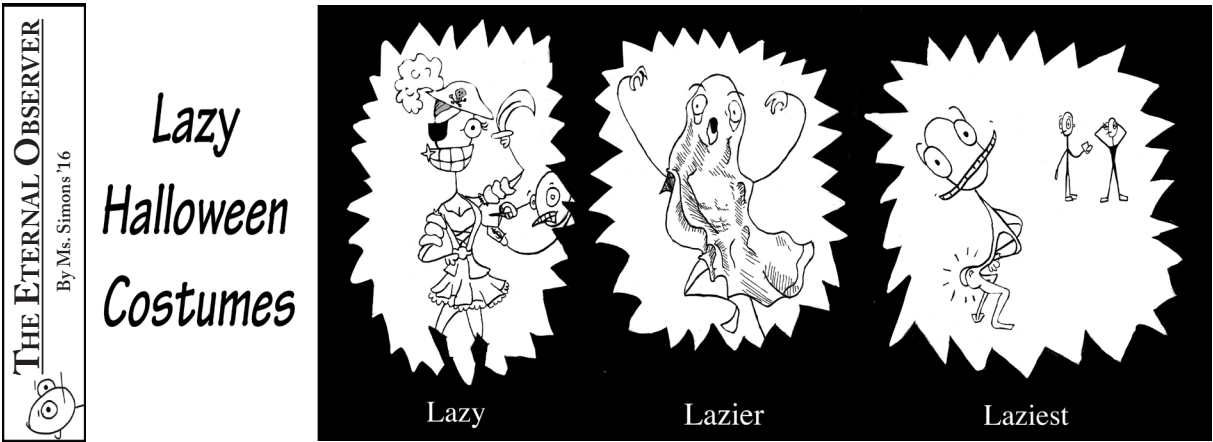
We’ve all been there. At first, you’re hitting it off with a total hottie, and then you realize that hottie might not have a body. Here’s a quiz to see if your Halloween hubby is a hunk or a haunt. Tally up a point for each statement that applies and check your score at the end.

- 1) He doesn’t have a Facebook page.
- 2) He is worried that he’s sneaking over to Kirkland College. Also, he keeps saying how he is surprised that women don’t have equal pay at this point.
- 3) He insists his horn-rimmed glasses and record player aren’t “retro.”
- 4) Got dried ectoplasm all over your sheets.
- 5) He won’t watch Ghostbusters.
- 6) He only stops moaning when you’re having intercourse.
- 7) He clearly floats two inches above ground while walking to dorm.
- 8) He wears the same clothes all the time. And he’s definitely not trying to make a statement.
- 9) He can only hang out in one specific room, which happens to be an attic/cemetery/basement/girl’s lavatory
- 10) He makes all the pots and pans in the kitchen rattle around when he’s upset.
- 11) You can’t help but feel that you’re looking right through them.
- 12) He likes to do the voices of your stuffed animals. Also likes to possess said stuffed animals.
- 13) He won’t stop crying about his son that died in the Civil War. God Thaddeus get over it.
- 14) He whispers “They’re heeeerrreeee” whenever the pizza guy comes to the door.
- 15) When you tell him he came too early, he hangs his head and says, “I left too early too.”
- 16) He asks if you’re into BDSM because he’s trying to ditch his reputation as “friendly.”
- 17) His version of an STD is the Plague.
- 18) His head comes off when he gets an erection.
- 19) He’s a racist, and not in a cute way —like a REAL racist. That hood wasn’t because he didn’t want to look at your face.
- 20) He’s Patrick Swayze.

Results

1-5 Good for you! Your hook-up is completely corporeal, which also means we hope you used a condom.
5-10 Your hook-up is only dead inside, just like you!
10-15 Probably dead, but not for that long – max, a couple months. But then again, can any of us say we reeeeeeally lived?
15-20 That sucker died before America was even a country and you’re still alone.

Reported from Ouija Board by Mr. Burns ’17



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.

I could be a sexy Neuro test that I failed. That will get everyone so nervous around me, a walking mid-term covered in red pen! When I walk up to anyone they’ll get flustered and shy and I’ll feel über powerful. But it is lonely at the top...

Maybe I could be a sexy bowl of soup! No, that won’t work, it would spill everywhere when I’m trying to dance, and then my baguette-clad boyfriend would slip in it and break his arm, and what if it got on my new iPhone?

I could be a sexy witch but it would be so hard to decide! I could be a sexy witch....but no, because that’s culturally insensitive to Wiccans. A sexy thermostat, to remind all my scantily clad sisters how cold their legs are!

Why the hell is this so hard? I, mean every year it’s some insignificant toss up between sexy and clever and regardless whoever I end up talking to is only going to be staring at my TIT sisters. Like honestly why can’t I express myself and be one of the A-vegan-ers like someone with non-sexually granted personhood!

Fuck it, I’ll just be a sexy cat.

-Rachel

Found in trash behind G-road by Ms. Dickmeyer ’19

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 stops you and asks you about what you did last night. Then she starts telling you a story about how her grandkids dressed up for Halloween last year. And it lasts forever. She swipes your card and it doesn’t go through. You’ve run out of meals for the day. Don’t worry! You can just bonus. *Or not*. It seems you’ve run out of bonuses too. Oh, and don’t forget that everyone else is a monster trying to eat your liver.
- 3. **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 retake 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 snacks 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 no all campus money. And they won’t accept cash. *How’s that?*
- 1. **Dunham Basement:** This needs no explanation. Only fools would go where even Campo fears to tread.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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