Dungeons And Dragons

Atmosphere

"Dungeons and Dragons" by Dr. Demento
Narrator: Dungeons and Dragons, Satan's game. Your children like it or not, are attracted in their weaker years to the Occult and a game like D+D fuels their imagination and makes them feel special, while drawing them deeper and deeper into the bowels of El Diablo. This afternoon the Dead Alewives watch tower invites you to sit in on an actual gaming session. Observe the previously unobservable as a hidden camera takes you to the inner sanctum of Dungeons and Dragons
Graham: Galstaff you have entered the door to the north. You are now by yourself standing in a dark room, the pungent stench of mildew emanates off the wet dungeon walls.
Nightblade: Where are the Cheetos!
Graham: They're right next to you.
Galstaff: I cast a spell.
Nightblade: Where's the Mountain Dew!
Graham: In the Fridge. DUH!
Galstaff: I wanna cast a spell.
Nightblade: Can I have a Mountain Dew!
Graham: Yes, you can have a Mountain Dew just go get it.
Galstaff: I can cast any of these right, on the list?
Graham: Yes, any any of the first level ones.
Nightblade: I'm gonna get a soda, any one want one? Hey Graham I'm not in the room right?
Graham: What room?
Galstaff: I wanna cast magic missile.
Nightblade: The room where he's casting all these spells from!
Graham: He hasn't cast any thing yet.
Galstaff: I am though if you'd listen. I'm casting Magic Missile.
Graham: Why are you casting Magic Missile, there's nothing to attack here.
Galstaff: I- I- I'm attacking the darkness.
(laughing)
Graham: Fine fine you attack the darkness there's an elf in front of you.
Picard: Whoa! That's me right?
Graham: He's wearing a brown tunic and he has gray hair and blue eyes.
Picard: No I don't, I have gray eyes.
Graham: Let me see that sheet.
Picard: Well it says I have, well it says I have blue but I decided I wanted gray eyes.

Graham: Whatever, ok, you guys can talk now if you want.
Galstaff: Hello.

Picard: Hello.
Galstaff: I am Galstaff, Sorcerer of Light.

Picard: Then how come you had to cast Magic Missile?
(laughing)
Graham: Y- Y- Y- You guys are being attacked.
Nightblade: Do I see that happening!?!
Graham: NO! You're outside by the tavern.
Nightblade: Cool, I get drunk!
Graham: Ugh. There are there are seven ogres surrounding you.
Picard: How can they surround us? I had Mordenkainens Magical Watch Dog cast!
Graham: No you didn't.
Nightblade: I'm getting drunk! Are there any girls there?
Picard: I totally did. You asked me if I wanted any equipment before this adventure, and I said no, but I need material components for all my spells, so I cast Mordenkainens Faithful Watch Dog.
Graham: But you never actually cast it.
Nightblade: Roll the dice to see if I'm getting drunk!
Graham: Ugh. Yeah you are.
Nightblade: Are there any girls there?
Graham: Yeah!
Picard: I did though; I completely said when you asked me...
Graham: No you didn't. You didn't actually say that you were casting the spell so now there's ogres. Ok.
Nightblade: OGRES!?! Man, I got an ogre slaying knife! It's got a +9 against ogres!
Graham: You're not there, you're getting DRUNK!
Nightblade: Ok, but if there's any girls there I wanna do them!
Narrator: There you have it. A frightening look into Americas most frightening past time. Remember that it's not you children's fault that's their being drawn into a satanic world of nightmare. It's their gym teachers fault for making them feel out cast when they couldn't do one single pull up.

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