The Wooly Enquirer

24 April 2009

At last, with exams upon us, the Roberts clamoring for Halo, and the art students already at home, it is time to initiate the 1st of the final two woolies of this semester! With the woodchuck back to guide us through these troubling times, and the DotA providing a leave from magic, there comes a time to Do Work Son. And by Doing Work Son, we each seek to be a little more like Lina Lee. ... or not.

In Brief:

❖ Brian went outside on Wednesday! There is photo evidence to prove it!
❖ Look out! There’s a man-purse on the loose, and it’s Jake “That Church Kid” Mills who has it!
❖ Just a heads-up, Bryan will not be around for “Socialize with Bryan time” tonight, as he has an Install-Linux party to get to.
❖ Where did Dyle’s basketball go? My key to the afterlife...
❖ In face of the quizzical looks of his peers, Jason attempted to explain the benefits of installing an inverse tachyon beam on the Petting Zoo side.
❖ Jeremiah: Posterchild for what happens when you call the tax collector a few too many times...
❖ A message from your favorite 4th Doug Art Student: Jeff sucks!

Announcements:

SURVEY HOMEROOM
Ready yourself as I’ll be stopping by sometime this week to drop off a survey about what else? but the Wooly Enquirer... it’ll be back next year and (hopefully) better than ever!

WEBSITE LAUNCHED
The Wooly Enquirer now has a website! Featuring pdf’s of every wooly, you may now complete your extra-wooly collection!

Check it out at:
www.umich.edu/~mammoth

“Quote of the Week”

“Yeah I saw he was being a total [Ice Cream Truck] so I [Ice Cream Trucked] him.”

*pause*

“And it felt good”

Robert Tip of the Week

Robert’s 3rd Law of FPS: Violence is not the answer

This Out-of-Context Moment brought to you by Brian & Matt’s Magical DotA Fund, distracting you from your studies on a daily basis.
How to Wield a Turkey Bone:
The Ten Steps to Turkey Bone Justice

Step 1: Hold your turkey bone high, such that the spirit of Felipe may descend upon it.
Step 2: Being careful to pronounce the word “wolf,” twirl your turkey bone fondly and practice thy headshots.
Step 3: Rotating the turkey bone by an angle no less than 30.42 degrees, swing thy turkey bone forward and stab at thy Brettium Enemy.
Step 4: Invoke the oath of turkey bone justice as you parry the blows of a Joe without pizza.
Step 5: Edge guard Jeff cause the world loves him.
Step 6: With a Jeremiah in range, raise thy turkey bone to the sky and screech till the woodchucks do thy laundry for thee.
Step 7: If thy Heat be winning, call forth the power of thy turkey bone to dispel monotones.
Step 8: Should slumber fall upon thy noble Larson, play thy turkey bone double bass to wakest him from his land of Sir Gidley.
Step 9: Turkey bones are weak to flannels, and knowing such, thou mustn’t tamper with a princess and her flannel.
Step 10: All foes vanquished, and all the Dilanese liberated, set down thy turkey bone in a place of honor and take up the quest to nap like Fornaess.

Robert’s Secret Base Discovered!

A monumental finding indeed! Apparently Baits wasn’t all that it was cracked up to be.
Regarding the Christosaurodon Sophomorphocus:
(Excerpt from Shark Week)

...We observe the *Christosaurodon sophomorphocus* in its natural habitat, a lush green room chock full of things that Jefferson could steal... observe how it calmly lumbers over in its king-of-the-dinos mentality to the Hainen Memorial Watering Hole... such a docile beast could surely never do anything to alter the sheep to people ratio in New Zealand...

Ah! But one must use utmost caution if he intends to shadow this gentle giant... many o’ mammoth have been caught unguarded as the *Christosaurodon sophomorphocus* gives no warning as to when it will strike! A natural predator of Dilanese, the *Christosaurodon sophomorphocus* originally evolved its long limbs to snatch the unfortunate Dilanese who take refuge in the lofts. (“And you thought I was a herbivore!”) But now, with ample competition from a growing Gromer population, the *Chrisosaurodon Sophomorphocus* will soon move its Xbox to greener pastures.

There is one foe, however, that the *Christosaurodon sophomorphocus* cannot contend with: The Robert. Armed with his knowledge of Zimbabwe and making use of his shelter in “the pipe,” the Robert can take down the *Christosaurodon sophomorphocus* with just one utterance of the word “Halo.”
WoodChuck Watch

Logged: 4.22.09 16:32 ET
Location: The Tarunian Pride Lands
Weather: Partly cloudy, BIGTIME increase in dCussing/dt outside T’s Window.
Status: Multiple confirmed WoodChuck sightings, 1 WoodChuck, 1 Cup.

Analysis...
Rumor has it that the WoodChuck is a fake. As in, a fake woodchuck: analogous to fake Brian. Some would call Lina Lee a fake professor, but that’s another thing. But fake woodchuck? Is he a groundhog? This calls for an acorn test. And I don’t know who this guy, Rumor, is, but he better not be underestimating the power of the acorn test. Last resort, we’ll deploy a therapy llama to the battlefield.

All Hail the Great WoodChuck!

That concludes today’s entry into this most noble of wooly literature.
May ye cave stay warm and dry!