The Wooly Enquirer

25 December 2008
Thus it is on this day that the Dyles around the world wake up in joy to find their territories free from Gromers and other creatures. A most peaceful time of year, when woodchucks gather together to sing tales of soft stool powder, Christmas Day has long been a time of joy. People summoning MegaRaptors, others dialing up 565-0592, and even some killing zombies. Let us begin by examining holiday traditions around the hall.

In Brief:
❖ The Cheng Dynasty may celebrate first by drawing 4 cards.... twice.
❖ The Gibbsonian holidays consist of clicking on people’s heads alongside a warm fire.
❖ The Paulus One busily waits in line to celebrate Christmas in the World of Warcraft.
❖ The Christosauradon engages today in symbolic ritual with his family of MegaRaptors.
❖ Duke Larson of the North is quite jovial while answering his phone.
❖ Hainen became confused! It hurt itself in its confusion.
❖ Imaginary Brian celebrates by making snowmen out of frozen hunters.
❖ On Christmas Day each year, Real Brian becomes more real.

Ravenous Yi Clan Returns from the North
Far to the north of the Lands of Doug lies a vast wilderness--a land so cold and treacherous that naught but Darth Vader (or possibly Brett) dare enter. From the dark reaches of this forbidding wasteland emerged some time ago a great herd of mammoths. This herd, known as the Yi Clan, has been known to migrate south every year for further honing its craft of the stars. Yet this year, the clan returns in a bluster, underfed, and in mortal fear. It is whispered that these mammoths run not from famine, nor from plague, but rather from what is called a “Class T” Blizzard. The Class T, a very rare breed of storm, has become known to some as the “bane of their existence,” for its screeching volume can irrationalize the minds of man and mammoth alike. Even Gromers have been known to fall prey to its effects. But the Yi Clan may now rest easy, for our lands possess the guardian power of... The Brettium Crystal.

Sanitation Llama Is Coming to Town
Look out Santa! The Sanitation Llama is coming to town! No cookies or milk shall be consumed without the outspoken consent of University Dining Services’ new Sanitation Llama! This llama, brought on through requests for a Burlodge Petting Zoo, has been trained well in its art of cleaning. Stationed at the entrance to the cafeteria, this noble beast has been charged with the duty of licking the hands of all who enter. It shall be job of the Employee of the Month to take the honorable position of “Llama Keeper.” The chef is confident that this llama will “give rise to the ultimate dining experience” as well as “utterly eradicate the shortcomings of the staff” (like that Jeff kid). Hurrah for the Llama!
Michigan Ghost Taken into Custody

For his dreadful haunts of the holiday season, it be pure joy to announce that the Michigan Ghost will no longer roam the Land of Doug. During its rise to power, this ghost was a foul presence in our hall, disturbing the intensive studying of the many. Unfortunately for this sorry ghost, however, a wild Gromer erupted out of the walls and “Did Work Son.” Bye bye ghost.

Dr. WoodChuck’s Commentary on Hainen Behavioral Patterns

Joining us today is a renowned HainenBiologist, who will be speaking us under the pseudonym of Dr. WoodChuck. Dr. WoodChuck, responsible for his award-winning documentary, *Attack Rituals of the Gromer Nation*, as well as the classification of Dyle’s roommate, has recently published his findings on a similar species: the Haineniphocus Graphicus. He joins today for a special interview.

*The Wooly Enquirer*: So tell us, Dr Woodchuck, how did you become involved in the studies of Wild Hainens?

*Dr. WoodChuck*: As it were, one day I happened to stumble upon this creature as it was banging itself into the wall in the most preposterous of ways. At first I hypothesized that it was a case of genuine confusion, until I overheard the bizarre cries emanating from its oral cavity.

*The Wooly Enquirer*: Could you give us insight as to what these sounds may have been?

*Dr. WoodChuck*: Well at first I believed it to be an agonizing plea for help, but the irascible tone and hostile nature of the call disinclined me to believing such. Next I
thought perhaps it to be a mating call, although I find it near impossible that any such female would be drawn to such a show of wimpiness. No, the more I listened, the more I came to realize that this poor creature had become convinced that it was a donkey!

_The Wooly Enquirer:_ A donkey? We have long known what this Hainen has been capable of ("images of failures and burnt waffles flash into mind"), but never a donkey. How can we be certain as to the accuracy of your observations?

_Dr. WoodChuck:_ Well first let me say that the acorn test was negative. Furthermore, the "Magnum Kick" technique with which I have perfected (available now for just $12.99 on DVD and Blu-Ray) produced the precise response of a donkey.

(To be continued in the next edition of _The Wooly Enquirer_)

**Santa Found With Death Ray**

Lurking in the darkness, Santa has been turned in under the pretense of "mysterious and outright lurking." Notice how his cap dips unmistakably toward his right shoulder-- the despicable evil in the gesture all too apparent. And the foul object which he holds up to the light-- no doubt some sort of death ray. Also notice the Trash Can o’ Misery lurking in the background. I hope Santa paid his taxes this year, or there’ll be no end to his “jovial engagement” with the feds.

That concludes today’s entry into this most noble of wooly literature. May Your Christmases be wooly indeed!