The Wooly Enquirer

2 October 2009
With the coming and going of a Take-Asaah-to-Dinner night along with the truly touching reunion of those fabled roommates, 4th Doug has now entered the staging area of Wave 1 of Exams. With Joe studying hard for his pizza midterm and Bryan, no doubt, dreaming of Python, the Highlands, too, are gearing up for the coming onslaught. As for the Freshman 7, the challenges of Phrogram and the wonders of converting NAME homework into metric are starting to set in. Oh what a glorious journey into the depths of school.

In Brief:
✦ Hey guys! Great story! So this cat like came up to us this one time. Then, it sniffed our food. And then, it left. Great story, huh?
✦ A Christosaurodon Juniortrihalosaurus was seen lurking about the dining hall the other day. We’d better call in a Forsythian Special Op Brigade to handle the situation.
✦ Larson Mission Update: SpongeCake: 42. Larson: 0.
✦ Good news! The Taxation Chamber is now up and running. Now just step inside and feel the burn as your wealth is forcibly sucked from your soul.
✦ Team Protection is now ranked #1 among all other battery-game contenders. The message here? Always use protection.
✦ Window Stick Battle, Engage! “You shall not pass” “AHHHHHHHHH!!!” Jousting thing ftw.
✦ Alright, Tom Brady may be better than Peyton Manning, but the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air beats KFC any day.

WoodChuck Watch
Situation 10.2.09
сурки лесные североамериканские должны быть казнены.

Logged: 10.2.09 10:54 ET
Location: Frisbee Staging Zone
Weather: Class IX WoodChuck
Suitability
Status: Acorn test returned multiple hits. Recommend immediate air strike.

Analysis…
Comrade! There are too many of them! Even Colonel Paulus has reported sightings. Other operatives report that they are multiplying in number. Secure the muffin stash before it’s too late!

General Announcements
✦ DotA Guessing is now officially closed. Jon the Untrustworthy thanks you for your participation.
✦ The frisbee tournament is tomorrow, hopefully the weather will be kind to us.
✦ The cafeteria is beginning to notice our complaints of Jeff. Next stop, Petting Zoo!
✦ Kenny’s coming up this weekend. Do me a favor and beat him for me!

“Quote of the Week”

***On the way to the Highlands***
“I think Sexy G Parks Here”

“So that’s why they call it the rape trail.”

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In Stores Now! Anti-Alien Abduction Weeds!
Hey! Billy WoodChuck here, with a fantastic new product from Kick-in-the-Face R&D. Join the millions of others and arm yourself! Arm yourself with a brilliant new Anti-Alien Abduction Weed. Made possible through studies on Hainen iColor LCD screens, and inspired by a can of Refried Wildebeest, Alien Abduction Weeds are the greatest thing to hit Kroger yet. Clinically proven to reduce the risk of Alien Attack, the new AAA weeds have been selling like hotcakes. Packed with features like the awe-inspiring “MegaPanda Air Strike” or the more subtle “Electro-zap-a-dino,” these revolutionary new weeds are guaranteed to level up your alien defense skills. (I also hear they work on Cubs fans). So buy today and we’ll even throw in a special piece of masking tape, perfectly crafted to conform to your door. And only then can you rest knowing that your defenses are unbreachable to aliens and Kenny alike.

Mario Party Rant
This Week’s Topic: Why I Hate You All
Alright guys, now seriously? I see what’s going on here. Suddenly I’m the one with this big 3-game streak deal and here we go, manta ray all over again, let’s gang up on the mammoth. We went extinct because of thinking like that. But, hey, that ain’t gonna fly here. Nope, not till Tanya’s Closet freezes over. Or maybe when the Flaming Rock of Justice stops feeding Jeff stars. But I mean, first there was the bob-omb, alright that was fine. Impartial, and all that. Then Larson’s piranha plant decides to nail me again. Now that just wasn’t cool. And then, as I was licking my wounds, Yi goes in there and ninjas the last star.. thanks alot… If it wasn’t for good ol’ bowser (we’re chill after that heart-to-heart convo in Creepy Cavern), I really would’ve been ground into a paste.

Now that I think about it, that bowser dude is really quite perseverant. First Larson lands on that bowser space and sends us plummeting into that epic-hard minigame. Jeff and Larson loose all their coins. Bowser Revolution! Then a couple turns later, Larson and I perform a coin exchange via the spinner. Then, guess what? Bowser Revolution! Then, I launch a high-stakes mission deep into enemy territory. I tank the zappy thing and make a run at the last star. And just as I’m about to run out of money… Bowser Revolution! (By golly, if the revolution couldn’t go down the first time, the revolution couldn’t cut it the second time, it sure well better work this time!) Oh bowser… when the world aligned itself against me, it was you who was there for me. When I was hungry, you gave me food. When I was thirsty, you gave me drink. When I was out of money, you owned everybody else and stole their money for me. Dude, Bowser, you’re the man.

Now, as for the rest of you. Jeff, the world loves you too much- I mean, it takes the world’s love for bowser to take down the world’s love of you. And you covered my 1337 ownage space. And then there’s Larson, Larson, you’re almost as bad. Covering up my other 1337 ownage space with your dumb piranha thing. Despicable tactic, that. And Yi. Coming in to reap the rewards. Ninja that star, take half of the mammoth’s coins, all the while pretending that it’s all luck. Uh-huh. Sure. It’s just a shame that it came down to Bowser to set things right. But you know what? That’s what you get for spamming!
Masey Levels Up
WoodChucks, ChemE Guys, and the like. Oh the glory of becoming a lvl 10 WoodChuck spotter. I mean, hey, seeing the Snotty Kid is one thing, but a WoodChuck, that’s some pretty hot stuff. I mean, a lvl 10 WoodChuck spotter, boy that’s gonna attract the bessies like no other. “I spot WoodChucks for a living (ooooh ahhhh).” Not even Asaah can compete with that. But then, in your pride and glory, a new factor enters the fray. A certain Masey ‘n da Morn’n pulls a new trick out of the hat. A quantum leap in WoodChuck Theory. And his name is... Lolesterol!!! whoops my bad. Ahem. Denard Robinson. OH BABY. Jeremiah... movin’ up in the world. One day a lowly disciple studying in the depths of Mt. Dude. The next, a proud StarFleet captain and owner of the Dude’s VIP lounge. And all because of the loft... and Birthday [Ice Cream Truck]? Wow. Masey is now a lvl 2 Robinson Spotter.

*** Meanwhile, thousands of miles away... the fallout of an intense game of Pokémon Monopoly results in a new recruit to Club Detroit’s RageQuit Rehabilitation Lab ***

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

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