With Fall Break behind us and the wind at our backs, we set sail into the uncharted territory that is known as [insert creative name here]. Ah, wasn’t that inspiring? Oh look, a horrible man-beast, sighted off the starboard bow! Quick, deploy ballast Kaushals and prepare to engage! Ready the Spartan Lasers and power up the SpongeCake deflector dish! Secure the Anti-Hippopotamus Containment Cells! Exams, prepare to die!

In Brief:
❖ Nikhil is getting hit with the double whammy next week. ZAPDOS!!!
❖ On this week’s episode of, “A Day in the Life of a Mechanical Engineer”: Peter angers the loft gods at his refusal to purchase a Box of Justice Loft Adapter Kit.
❖ Oliver pulled a Ganandorf this week and Sparta-Kicked his door down. (+ 10 RAGE) No white hats were harmed in the process.
❖ Code 21! Code 21! The dinos have gotten into our liquor stores! The power of the Christophersaurodon Juniortrihalosaurus grows ever-greater.
❖ Intel reports that the Highlands has been sucked into a Homework Vortex. Messenger Roberts have been dispatched to scout the situation.
❖ Hey guys, way to pull a Paul when its like 60 degrees outside. Geeze Asaah, Come on!
❖ As for Zach Sightings this week. Hmph. Yeah.
❖ Beckerville is calling shenanigans! Where did all the cheese go? Headshots++;
**Lord of the Teeth**

Long ago, in the Golden Age of 4th Doug, there lived two kings in a lofted castle. Together, they set the royal standard in proper tooth nourishment. Tales of King Nawrocki’s epic gurgling sessions were spread throughout the land. His pervasive presence of WoW served only to reinforce his stature in the tooth brushing community. Meanwhile, legends were spoken of the beloved King Paulus, who slayed the Gingivitis Dragon from the back of an armored llama. No doubt, this victory can be attributed to his outstanding daily ritual of practicing toothbrush forms.

But then from the north came a wiseman with far more powerful techniques. Armed in flannel pajamas and a toothbrush that bespoke courage, this wiseman preached an entirely new religion altogether. “Dude, man, ya gotta brush the teeth.” His name... was Jordan. King Jordan, who needeth not a messenger to run up and down the hallway. King Jordan, who needeth not a servant to brush his teeth. King Jordan, who needeth not an Asaah to wake him up when he fell asleep in the bathroom. And then there was the epic TV. It gave a whole new meaning to the word, “microwave.” That trend-setting hair, that sharp piercing gaze, and a set of pajamas for every occasion. That was the man we called Jordan, oh Lord of the Teeth.

**Larson Publishes A Sequel**

Eyewitness Accounts...

“We were in my room playing Brawl. And all of a sudden, we hear this MASSIVE crash next door that just keeps going and going, like an avalanche sound. My first thought was “oh no... he didn’t.”

-Stephen

“All I can say is we heard a big crash and the next thing we knew... [splatter noise] ... personally I was expecting Larson to be under it.”

-Little Brian

“Absolutely Terrible. But I liked it”

-Sexy Grandpa

“Remarkable... Intricate and Nerve Tingling”

-The Joe’s Pizza Daily

“I was in ChemE mode. And jammin’ out to some Nickelback. And all I heard was this crash. I was like “what the heck just happened.” And of course I figured it was Larson’s Room. And then, I just like looked over and felt... “this ain’t good. And then I went back to doin’ ChemE.”

-Paul “The Wild Gromer”

Book signings going on next door. Mind the roaming megafauna on your way in.

800 lb Pig. The Dream, The Vision.

The last rays of sunlight stream in through the window. Golden, magnificent, and hewn with the heat of destiny. Into the dark room they beam, with nought a tendril of dust left to stir. And there, in the glowing radiance, lies a being. It stirs as the sun’s heat cooks away at its impenetrable layers of mud. Its sharp breathing resonates in the cavernous room. Suddenly, as if from a spark lit from within, the creature rolls its sinewy shoulders and snorts assuredly. The greatness that awaits this magnificent creature. The potential leader within. So much power, so much to live for. Slowly its stubby legs begin to stir. And gently, ever so gradually, they wrestle themselves beneath the beached bulk. The mountain begins to stir. It rises. And rises. Finally, at the very cusp of its height... the bulk crashes back down and the lump falls into a deep sleep. As the last rays of the sun fade behind the horizon, the beast drifts off into an ever-deeper sleep. Its time is yet to come.

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

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Larson Failures wired in directly from Admiral Larson’s Flagship.

Weeks of 10.9.09 and 10.16.09

#30: While at the top of the stairs waiting to enter the cafeteria, Larson whipped his MCard out of his pocket... and down the stairs.

#31: Trying to get out of bed and talking on the phone, Larson stepped on the wrong part of the dresser, and... BOOM! (Nothing was damaged in the making of this fail)

#32: In Oberlin, during fall break, a friend was trying to get Larson out of bed. He rolled over and pulled a power cable by mistake, causing the alarm clock and assorted other items to fall on his head. Alarm Clock Win!

#33: Larson’s phone charger stopped working. Then, in an effort to make it start working, he snapped it in half.

#34: After breaking the charger, Larson went to the Briarwood Mall to buy a new charger. This took longer than anticipated, so he had to rush back up to Bursley in time to meet his girlfriend for a date. The date was at Olive Garden, right across the street from the Briarwood Mall.

#35: During the date, right after the waitress mentioned that there were candies in the bill, Larson reached for it, and spilled the chocolates on his lap. In front of his girlfriend.