The Wooly Enquirer

30 October 2009
After weathering the storm of its first power outage, 4th Douglas settles in to take on the powers of Halloween. Enter the happy flying dinosaurs and all their happy friends. But then the powers of Chernobyl come to bear and what do we get? TIMMY NO!!!! *sniff* what a tragedy. We’d better play some DotA to forget about it. NICK!!!!!!!!!

In Brief:
✶ The Blue Apple has now initiated Random Blackout Mode. Perfect.
✶ Oh no, The Laugh has morphed into Spider Pig. Kill it!
✶ Amidst the DotA debris cloud looms a monster. It’s name. Is Project 3. And no, it will be giving out any candy this weekend.
✶ Larson Mission Update: Bat hit the windshield. Another 42 hours of repairs required.
✶ Paul has decided to go with “ChemE Major” as his costume this year. Quite the creativity, there. Mr. Rogers would be proud.
✶ Contrary to his will, Robert is set to Dino it Up in a Dino costume. Dino! And better yet, it comes with a FREE set of solid rocket boosters!
✶ Joe is taking on the role of a pizza delivery man. What does that mean? We can now beat him up and steal his pizza whenever we want. Mwahahaha.
✶ Bad news guys, somehow the moving guy mixed up Mary Sue Coleman’s dead body with the preserved remains of Vladimir Lenin. And who gets delivered? Some guy in an eyepatch.

Wooly Weather Report

SAT  SUN  MON  TUE  WED  THU  FRI
64  52  50  51  47  50  52

Analysis: Saturday, we expect a major nuclear disaster in the Hainen Memorial Bathing Center, so watch out on Monday, where there’s a 80% Chance of Radioactive Snowfall. On Tuesday, be on your toes for a fire alarm. And yeah, don’t forget about Project 3. On Wednesday, we can expect an influx of permanent smiles from the north. But beware, for the real deal is coming towards the end of week in a man called George.

“QUOTE OF THE WEEK”

“Let’s see this Constitution.”

“It’s in my pants.”

“Why don’t you pull it out of your pants then?”

“No, keep it in there.”

This out-of-context moment brought to you by Beached Whales Inc, “You Meche ‘em, we beach ‘em”

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Halloween Randomness

On Halloween nights, it is said that Christosaurodons around the world morph into their true form. If not properly subdued with Halo warfare or else, a classic Carload Days, it becomes time to bring in the GromerTron. The GromerTron. The Dilanese rush about attending to their young. The GromerTron. The Heat is forced to forfeit their next game. The GromerTron. Is. Activated. After Doing Work Son on Halloween nights for eons, (billions and billions served), a simple Christosaurodon soon becomes nought but Roast Wildebeest.

Meanwhile, thousands of miles away, the Schumaker Nation attempts to streamline his Trick-or-Treating algorithm. With George dancing in the background with an eyepatch, the Schumaker finds it hard to concentrate. Joe begins banging his head in the wall due to lack of pizza and the camera fades out...

We pan to Gibbsinator Palace, where we find a flannel-clad Master Gibbs using a large axe to cut Death Burger meat. Heggie stands aloof in the corner. With a mighty swing, Peter chops the meat cleanly in two, as well as the router he was using as a cutting board. Kenny shrieks in dismay and the world starts spinning. “You spin me right round, baby, right round...” Trainer Heggie blacks out.

Whoa, breaking news from the Highlands! An avalanche of toilet paper is in progress! And look, Princess Busch has summoned her “woof” friends! RAUL! But wait, it’s Hainen, dressed up as our noble hero, the greatest ever to walk the earth. His name. is. Sonic. Shoving the random “woof” creatures out of the way and this weird Perrin kid, he brushes away the t.p. with a simple sucker punch. But then out of the darkness, steps another person, dressed as Pit. hainenLosses++; gg GG.

The scene opens to reveal White Hat Dude sobbing in the hallway, clutching the remains of his once-Southern roommate. The memories the NASCAR, that fresh pecan pie, and that good ol’ southern drawl. All that’s left is a bloody yellow T-shirt. As drunk people stumble past beneath the vaulted duct-tape ceiling, White Hat Dude is left in his mournful agony... the Tyrannosaurususes begin to gather.

Soaring through the remains of the Ben Zhang Pass, we encounter a new sort of creature. A Wild Arex, hopping among the Ice Cream Icebergs with an occasional meow, he suddenly gets struck by the Curse of Ben Zhang Pass. After passing through a transitional Bread Cart Form, he morphs into a kitty... with flip flops. Confused, Arex runs in circles until he is comforted by Asian Ghost and his Mighty Rice Bowl of Justice.

Returning to the Land known as 4th Doug, in the stream of mammoths parading through and the WoodChucks stealing people’s wallets (graduating class of Pick-pocketing 100), we find brave little ghosts taking on the mutant pony things and their mutant air support things. The remains of the Russian Army attempt to form something coherent. But then, but one ghost is left standing tall. So brave is he that only.... .. .. TIMMY NO!!!!!!!!!!
Fail Facts: Finding the First Fail

A Guest Article by Josh Larson

After finding the Mop of Time, fighting through ghost-ridden hallways, and braving the occasional beached whale, Larson finally found himself face-to-face with none other than the three-headed SpongeCake. After a battle that can only be described as magnificent, Larson was killed, but fortunately, he had a save point back before the last beached whale encounter. So instead of facing another humiliating defeat at the hands of the SpongeCake, he took an army of Gidley V Robots (yes I know, they're sooo last year), through the Ben Zhang pass (reconstructed in the ancient land of Beckerville) out the Window of Time, where a musical battle raged between Paulus the Liberator and the Hainenites that even Brian, the newly elected mayor of the Dilanese, and his trusty Logalennosaurodon Freshmanificus were powerless to stop. (No Gidley V Robots were harmed)

But after this long and difficult journey, Larson came across something that neither he nor any of the Gidley V Robots ever expected to see again. But there it was, looming over them all, taller than a Christosaurodon Juniortrihalosaurus (although not quite as tall as a Sam), was the long lost fail from ages past. That's right folks. Y'all remember how failure #2 was forgetting what #1 was. Well Larson Failure #1 has reared its ugly head again, and here is the evidence to prove it:

Peter Gibbs: Trying to enter the cafeteria... Swiped card once, failed. Swiped card again, failed. Typed in number, wrong. Tried again. Got number right. Was told to push the wrong button. Finally entered number correctly.

Stephen Brown: Typed on his keyboard while the cord to connect it to the computer was wrapped around it, and obviously not plugged into the computer.

Nikhil Paradkar: Got 89800 as his answer and could not figure out why 8.98*10^5 was being marked wrong on Mastering Physics.

Yi Li: Holding onto the doorframe of Larson's room, turned to talk to Jeremiah and fell to the ground, without actually tripping on anything.

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

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