The Wooly Enquirer

6 November 2009
Following the nuclear meltdown of the Hainen Memorial Bathing Center and a pinch of Red Bull, 4th Doug somehow pulled out a Halloween decorating. Mother Russia would be proud. And the proud results of our endeavors? A pair of stolen dinosaurs, a pile o’ toilet paper, and a pizza party! (The Joes will flock in great number).

In Brief:
❖ Tune in this Thursday as BIG Kaushal attempts to eat the 185 lb Death Burger with the help of 29 other people. (Kaushal’s 30 brothers and sisters? With an alternate lol...)
❖ Oh no! The cops have blown your cover! Quick, bowser, hide the bling bling! And Ganon, get that powdered wig off, pronto!
❖ Public Service Announcement: don’t feed mammoths Diet Pepsi on Saturday nights. Bad things happen.
❖ ...While the Asian Ghost Dershov chowed down on his rice
❖ Hey Joe, why don’t you go stand on the bow, that big evil-looking guy won’t do anything to you, I swear.
❖ The burger was too big to eat.
❖ The Legend of Dearborn: A Lone Bears Fan attempts to go Star Trekkin’ Across the Universe... on a magic carpet.
❖ Next YouTube Sensation on the horizon: Andrew Hainen performs Speedy Spin Boy. What we would do without art students...
❖ Watch out, my sources tell me that William Shatner turned into Serena Williams last week. Um, run?

“QUOTE OF THE WEEK”

Hey Larson, have any more classes today?

Well, in a manner of speaking...

Have any more that you plan on going to?

“No.”

Complete Project 3 Code

#include<iDontWantToDoThis>

using NAME’s Space std;

int YourMain() {
    cout<< “no
”;
    return something;
}

void randomFunction() {
    cout<<“The Cake is a Lie
”;
}
Lt. MegaPanda: Stupid question: I can’t see where the spec says what I should output when someone wins… should the program just suddenly stop, or am I just failing at finding the required announcement?

Sgt. Texas: There is no satisfying such-and-such has won the game! announcement, it’s just over.

Lt. MegaPanda: How depressing. In-depth coverage of post-game victory laps, trash-talk, etc. would be so much more fulfilling… but your way works too, I suppose...

Dude, it’s okay if you have pawns multiplying, just call it Adult Sorry. — Nikhil

"Functions are your friends... and looks like I got 45 new friends..."

This page proudly sponsored by Cheetos. Cheetos: “Once you eat one, you’re screwed!”
Project 3 Wrapup

Awe, isn’t it sad? Project 3, that “cute little project,” has finally come to close. After braving those Man-Bear-Pawns, shooting radioactive elephants, and sacking Brett Favre, just how can anything else come close? Those laughs we shared over seg-faults, those scruffy floating point exceptions, and the fuzzy goodness of a “wtf” error. Boy oh boy am I gonna miss Project 3... I mean, there’s just nothing like the rush of submitting it in that final hour of destiny. But no worries, my dreams tell me that Sorry T-Shirts will soon be going on sale in the EPB. Why there? Well that’s where the IOEasy people calculated a maximum in sale opportunities, what with all the Mechanical Engineers there, and all.

Here is a collection of my favorite cout statements:

- Brett Favre likes pawn 0.
- muffinzors for pawn 1
- Ich will kurbistab!
- It’s Carload Day! And Pawn 0 has a mQ of −9000 DEATH BURGER!
- OMG KAUSHAL LOOK! IT’S A PIECE of GARLIC BREAD
- ROME WILL BURN
- Gidley found your pawn moving past home
- oh look, a radioactive elephant
- MAN BEAR PAWN
- MEGAPANDA, ready for LIFTOFF!!!

Alert: Highlands Implosion Imminent

This just in from our outpost at Highlands-- the lights are flickering, Joe’s pizza is burning, and bands of gang tickle-ists are on the loose! The stench of Dead Moose Carcass fills the air, and wild Christosaurodons march through, on their way to ravage the peaceful Baits landscape. Officials have been forced to closed the Rape Trail until further notice. An outraged Robert had this to say, “Hey man, if those so-called “Burlodgers” want to brave the alien onslaught and take on those dino thingies... then let them do it. That’s a rivalry point, as far as I’m concerned.”

In addition, the Highlands Communications Commission has sealed itself off from the world in a most unusual fashion. Flashing lights, mutated art students, and a bizarre music loop. An official hazmat suit person has termed this behavior as “The Picard Rave Dance Syndrome.” Indeed, a horrified art student reports that The Paulus One has been stuck in a different dimension, looping every 10-seconds in some weird dance.

We would report more on the events at Highlands, but unfortunately our informant was brutally attacked by an agent sent by the Fiebelkorn Weekly, a most insidious publication. Such evil could only be financed by a most nefarious individual. And his defining mark was left on the body, “+1 Rivalry Point.”

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