The Wooly Enquirer

13 November 2009
As the Friday Frisbee sessions grow ever-colder and the WoodChucks further deepen in their slumber, 4th Doug braves another round of events in the Floor Wars competition. After a stressful night of math, an engineering feat worthy of Soviet Russia, and a fine showing by the Red Bull Crew, 4th Doug launched itself into the midst of volleyball madness. After a resounding victory against Team Boots & Jeans and an upset against Team ScreamAlot, 4th Doug went into battle against a team chock full of [Ice Cream Trucks]. But no matter, life goes on… (“Guys, Dota????”)

In Brief:
- Horse Program::INITIATE. Executing... horses, check. riders, check, art students, check, nuclear silos defended, check. Horse Program. Success.
- Brett Cancer is alive again! He watches...
- Hey guys, Arex is looking for someone to eat... er wait that’s not what I meant...
- Congratulations, your Little Brian has leveled up! It learned engage!
- Having trouble sleeping? Never fear for Comrade Gibbsov has found the perfect METAL lullaby for you. Nothin’ like the taste of roasted Soviets.
- MegaPanda Express would like to claim sponsorship rights to those Classic Mr. Monday Moments.
- Busch Industries has been forced to close it doors for a week to catch up in “Ice Cream Management.”

Message from Asaah
Dude, the Heat are Winning.

Chat with scubalumberjack

Comrade Gibbsov
You've been found out
Run.

Quickly.
They're coming for you.
There's no time!!!

9:12 PM
scubalumberjack has gone offline.

Beckerville Training Camp Opens Its Doors

A message... from NICK!!!!! Guess what!?!?!?! There’s NO TIME!! Sign up begins... TODAY! Beckerville Training Camp-- one of the most EXTREME attractions to hit 4th Doug. It’s obvious. And it’s NICK! You too can wear a blue jacket! You too can creep people out. Believe our Beckervillian Mutation Experts. It is possible. TO THE MAX!!!!! You see, most subjects are frightened at how Nick-like they become, but hey, if the world was full of Nicks, it would probably be low on a number of other things... like TIME!!!!!

Matt’s Plot

The oncoming darkness strengthens its grip... the blot of Heggsvich spreads across the lands of 4th Doug. There be naught a squirrel which can resist the urge to strike up the red flag. Everywhere we find signs... signs of Matt’s plot. They can be easily seen... to those who know what to look for. Below are just a few of these ominous signs:

- Choosing a table at the back of the cafeteria.
- Brushing his teeth for an odd number of strokes.
- Wearing red.
- Standing silently in the corner.
- Being Matt.

What do these signs mean? What should we do? Ahh the desperation sets in... but fear not! For the Matt is not unbeatable. His servers can be hacked, his Kennys can be beaten, but most of all, we can read his signals: Choosing that table-- it obviously means that Stage II of Happy Muffin Plan Beta has been complete. And as for that subtle tooth brushing pattern? The meaning couldn’t be any more clear: Arex’s Kitty has successfully infiltrated the Art School and has secured an Alien Egg Drop Zone.

So as you can see, Matt’s plot is in the works. Its devious tentacles have already strangled many a WoodChuck and will soon be after your soul... so arm yourself with a turkey bone and prepare for battle. Communism shall fall!

800lb Pig. The Legend Begins.

With the break of dawn and the forest awakening to a new day, the darkness of the barn steadily brightens with activity. With a snort and shuffle, the dark lump stirs into motion. A lethargic stretch, the hint of a yawn, and finally, the bulk heaves itself upward. Its sinewy muscles bulging with effort, the beast will not be denied. Revelation is at hand. A new day, chock full of opportunities, is beginning to show its face. As the morning’s beating heart quickens its pace, the pig opens his eyes for the first time. Foggy and glazed, the eyes had seen too much sleep. Yet after a couple blinks and a shake of the head, the pig’s advanced vision arrays soon attain a deeper level of clarity. Soon the ears twitch into life. Muscles at the ready, vision crystal clear, and a pair of polished ears, they can only mean one thing. Pig is ready for liftoff. Oh baby. Watch out world, here he comes.

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!