The Wooly Enquirer

16 January 2009
With the return of the floodwaters to the Hainen Memorial Bathing Center, the first full week of classes draws to a close. With the likes of Robert expanding his “sphere of influence,” guys handing out American flags, and Duke Larson challenging the will of the mustard sauce, it was a jovial time all in all. As Jack Bauer would say, “TELL ME WHERE THE TIME WENT!!!”

In Brief:
❖ Mongoose splatters have been declared an olympic sport. MAMMOTH ftw!
❖ Contribute today to the Petting Zoo Fund! (Located conveniently in the milk carton taped to Dyle’s door)
❖ Earlier this week, a herd of raging mammoths demolished a water mane, wreaking havoc on the Michigan bus system. But fear not, for Syntax Cop is on it.
❖ Nobody may sit in the Master Chair of Master Gibbs save for Master Gibbs.
❖ Onslaughts of Brett Cancer have skyrocketed this week, as PokéBrett attacks have become all too common.
❖ Today the mammoths staged a rare migration to the green lands of the NCRB.
❖ 24 Body Count up to 9 (Special thanks to Jack Bauer).

Dead Moose Goes Missing
This is a general announcement from the director of our local Bears-Fan Embassy. According to Director Masey, a couple of his bear-fan loyalists admit to having misplaced their coveted moose carcass. After being carefully stored in a moose-sized refrigerator (located conveniently in the director’s abode), the carcass was later found to be... well, not there. Apparently, the dead moose somehow escaped during last week’s Bear Fan mourning session. Director Masey has blamed this incident on the jellyfish from outer space, although a break-in by woodchuck commandos might not be far from the truth. If anyone locates this dead moose, please call 565-0592. Please be cautioned, as I am told that this dead moose carcass was never officially pronounced dead.

Beckerville Besieged!
Folks from the countryside! Cower in Fear! The dragons from the mountain have laid siege to our citadel at Beckerville! Our supplies run low, our mana stores almost spent, and worst of all... THERE'S NO INTERNET!!! Bolstered by a lifeline running from FBI Headquarters, our troops have regained marginal access, but they won’t be able to hold out for long. Intelligence reports secret operatives of the WoodChuck Empire to be mowing through our buried cables. As evidence, a forbidding warning was discovered on the gateway to Gromer Prime. Until these operatives are terminated, the Beckervillian government has been forced to conduct its DoTA operations in exile.
New Version of Pokémon Released

Take on the role of Brett Ketchum, as he heads out to become the world’s greatest Pokémon trainer. Catch and train monsters like the shockingly-weak Dyle. Face off against the Class T’s blizzard attack. Stand strong when facing the menace of a Wild Gromer. Trade with friends and watch your Pokémon evolve. Important--no single Pokémon can win it all, not even the Christosauradon Sophomoriphucus. Can you develop the ultimate strategy to defeat the eight hall leaders and become the greatest PokéBrett of all time?

Hainen Founds iColor Movement

Are you a Graphic Design student just spiraling downward in a forbidding world of calculus, EECS, and special relativity? Are you sick and tired of being attacked by Wild Gromers night and day? Or how about your futile efforts at warding off your malignant case of Brett Cancer? Fear not, for Andrew Hainen is one such person. No more does he have to suffer through the debates on C++ syntax or discussions on Starcraft build orders. No, not anymore, for he has the cure-all response: “I color.” This deep expression, fully encapsulating all that he is or aspires to be, has given inspiration to preschoolers around the world as they, too, can simply say “I color,” and be set for life.
Lt. Masey Journeys Where No Man Has Gone Before

Captain’s Log, stardate 1160.9

We are ordered by Starfleet, to proceed to the Arborenz Cluster and investigate the disappearance of the light cruiser USS Gromer, which was in that system trying to recover the lost memory banks of a federation vessel which had suffered from a Kingon attack. I, along with Lt. Masey beamed down on one of the planets to assist in this operation. The planet’s local population, of a pre-warp civilization, was undisturbed by our vital mission. After accessing their records held within the Shapiro confinement center and finding naught, we were beset by a religious sect with malicious intent. The Enterprise promptly beamed us up and we resumed our journey on Warp Factor 8.

After passing through the Romulan Neutral Zone near Smoka-Hookah 3, we entered into the Safe Vex System, home of the Campus Video artifact. Unfortunately, the artifact was no longer there, most likely taken by the Romulans to where we know not.

Journeying back into the cold reaches of Federation Space, we were intercepted by a foreign trade vessel, where Lt. Masey fell into the trap of sympathy. After violently breaking away from this ship, we continued on to the Borders Star System while the rogue vessel had set a course for a sector known as the “Crack of Dawn.”

Upon arriving at the Borders Star System, we found a vast array of starship wreckage, but among them were not the memory banks for which we sought. Indeed Lt. Masey himself had resigned himself to the fate of our mission. After returning to the Enterprise, we found that the same rogue vessel had again joined us in orbit, but we were not to be deceived yet again. We quickly left orbit and set a course for the Burlodgian Sector.

That concludes today’s entry into this most noble of wooly literature.

May ye cave stay warm and dry!