The Wooly Enquirer

19 February 2010
Hey this is the Wooly Enquirer and welcome to Hell Week! Or rather, the tail end of it for most everybody. The Bismarck has been sunk and the Spongecakes have been destroyed. The Exams have passed over, and the WoodChucks continue to sleep. And yes, Charizard remains epic and awesome. Would you expect any less?

Also this week, the Olympics began with a crash and it’s up to Canada to show the rest of the world that it’s not as worthless as us WoodChuck-happy Americans have been led to believe. They, too have WoodChucks, so it would seem.

In Brief:
❖ Oh boy, it looks like Nick gave up all his time for Lent. Dangit, looks like I’m gonna have to change religions again!
❖ In mighty land of 281, Nikhil has discovered the wisdom of the Go Big Or Go Home Law of Substrings.
❖ New to the Olympics this year, Olympic Gator Wrestling! Note: the event has been delayed until the Gator Heat Lamp powers up.
❖ Oh baby! Bismarck Round! We’re doin’ it! It’s up to Admiral Ganon to take on the Bismarck and cut ‘er down! Current Tally: Bismarck-0, British-1.
❖ So it’s true then! The Kaiser DOES indeed leave Bursley. His followers take note.
❖ What? CRUTCHES is Evolving! CRUTCHES evolved into RACHEL! It learned Give-Mario-Party-Up-For-Lent! Trainer Oliver fled!
❖ Larson Mission Update: An armada of spongecake battlecruisers was successfully defeated in battle yesterday. Admiral Larson celebrated with a Victory Foam Cake.
❖ …and Jeff continues to search for that Special Creeper out there in the infinite realms of Omegle… next stop, find a Tax Return Buddy to copy and paste IRS forms with!
❖ Relax, Yi, the PACK has allocated additional space on the stack and is ready to accept you into its open arms.

I don’t mean to belabor the point, but this week’s feature is brought to you by EECS 215, offering you a Terryific circuits experience since the invention of paper. Yay Bacon!

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Fornaess Goes to Egypt

Fornaess... in Egypt. A riveting tale of integrals and ceros. The journey of a lifetime. A quest of Lina Lee proportions. It all comes down to the efforts of one man: John Erik Fornaess. God among Oh Rly Owls. Master of the Nap. And host of the greatest office hours to grace East Hall. Fallen from the glory of his marathon days, Fornaess has hit rock bottom. From having office hours in a dumpster to waking up in the middle of a Gidley lecture, things could not be going worse for the man called Fornaess. But, through the power of the Mighty Angle Teta, Fornaess finds new hope. New justice. And a chance at taking the taxi. (And did I mention that King Tut wears flannels?)

_Raiders of the Lost Teta:_ coming soon to theaters. And tat is all there is to say about tat.

A Parting Word

_We Have to Sink the Bismarck!_

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

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