12 March 2010
As Old Man Winter dies of a heart attack and the Great WoodChuck wakes up from his deep slumber, the blue shells go streaking by and the proud Americans look on. But, with the help of a lonely little art student and a keg of Kenny-beating fluid, the Mystery of Agent Masey X may yet be solved. But beware! For the PACK is still inbound. And with the PACK comes PACK mentality, and with PACK mentality comes well, THE PACK. Eh, just get Kenny to grab an exit partner for you, and you should be set.

In Brief:
❖ A perfect example of the Decode stage in motion. Guy in Towel -> Walk Faster.
❖ OMG, a giant Venus FlyTrap sprouted in Nick’s Room! But no worries, a platoon of FlammenRoberts are on the way to burn it out!
❖ According to the Gospel of Mark the Rhinoceros, blessed are those who beat Kenny for they shall inherit the Master Chair of Master Gibbs.
❖ Good news everyone! The Gator Heat Lamps have finally powered up and Olympic Gator Wrestling can finally get underway! It’s not over until the Fat Gator sings?
❖ Good news, Asaah! Count DracJoela is not set to vanish for another 45 minutes!

WoodChuck Watch
Situation 3.12.10

Logged: 3.12.10 12:36 EST
Location: Gibbsinator Palace
Weather: Frisbee-suitable
Anti-Winter shields up
Status: Acorn test returned positive! Comrade Gibsov reports a confirmed WoodChuck sighting.

Analysis...
The Great WoodChuck arrives on the scene of spring to handle the mess that is the remnants of winter. Snow, grocery carts, dead moose carcasses. Oh baby!
Hibernation. It ends.

Wooly Poetry Competition
Alright everybody! Get those Death Burgers out and start feeling poetic! The 2nd annual wooly poetry competition is here! Need some ideas? Check the list below:

Suggested Topics:
The Lonely Lonely Robert
Blenders on the Rampage
Journey of the 800 lb Pig
The Menacing Stack of Pancakes
The Crutches of Destiny
I Beat Kenny!
The Dark Side of Baits
The Gathering Fiebelstorm
Dreams of a Spongecake Past

Notes: Keep it clean and beware of rampaging wildebeest.
**WoodChuck Ready for Liftoff**

Dawn begins and the Great WoodChuck gazed out on his vast domain spread before him. With the warm radiance of the bricks at his back, and the chilly breeze stirring his unkept facial fur, the Great WoodChuck knew that today would be the day. No more shall the snowy drifts dominate his backyard dream, no more shall the shopping carts decorate the trees, and no more shall the acorns of yesterfall be his daily meal. Not today. For today, a new era begins. Spring is at hand.

After a long winter of sleep, sleep, and more sleep, we find our noble WoodChuck hero has finally divorced from shore power and is ready to make way. Our young hero, with his tender claws equipped and a gentle colic still yet standing, is ready to begin his journey. The journey of spring and the lands beyond is at his doorstep; he has only to unleash his flammenwafer battle walruses before... wait that’s not right. I meant, his washing machine of cold steel! Or maybe his solid rocket fueled attack zeppelin? No, no, such things are much too complicated for the life of a simple WoodChuck. No indeed. He has devised a far superior mode of transportation. Portable, simple, and eco-friendly. It is said the Ancients had a word for such marvelousness: Feet. And with one small step for our rising WoodChuck hero, a timeless journey begins anew.

**New Archeological Developments on the Fabled Nick-Nick Civilization**

![Map of Nick-Nick Civilization](image)
Mario Party Investigation Releases Findings
As can be seen by the waning influence of the once-proud Mario Party leaderboard, it has been some time since Mario Party has gone on with any sort of frequency. With the Race for Second falling into the hands of Jeff and the Cash for Clunkers program ending all too soon, Mario Party has clearly been stricken with some sort of wool-borne illness. Thus, the Gibbs Administration was compelled to launch an investigation into the drying up of the Mario Party Well. Its findings are detailed below:

1. Rachel decided to give Mario Party up for Lent
2. We passed beyond the Event Horizon of Nick’s Party Radius.
3. Rachel caused Asaah showed up 45 minutes late.
4. We ran out of fried chicken.
5. PETR, that is, People for the Ethical Treatment of Rhinoceroses, ordered the halt to all Mario Party festivities until it is proven that no Rhinos were harmed during gameplay.

VOTE: Nick’s Fan— what shall it be named?
Suggestions:
• Charizard
• Mussius Aemilianus
• Harry Potterkorn
• Harriet Tubman
• Tim Smith
• NICK!!!!
• Kaushal’s Robot

This poll sponsored by the fastest growing fraternity at Michigan: NICK NO TAU.

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