The Wooly Enquirer

7 May 2010
Well, well, well. If it isn’t the end of the year. Exams are at an end and the WoodChucks (as well as Peter’s loft) are nowhere to be found. The Bears fans scurry back to the land that is Dearborn and the Zhangifs return to their gangsta lifestyle. The Andrew Hainen Memorial Bathing Center is officially closed, as is the Mammoth Cave. Kenny remains beaten and the Stat Padders remain stat-padded. To where do the sheep of 4th Doug wing off to? To the mysterious beyond? To Canada? To Nick’s Room? Let us see.

In Brief:
✤ First off, I’d just like to let everyone know that last monday, the lucky clamp and I celebrated our three-week anniversary. Thank you all for your touching, heartfelt letters of good will.
✤ It took about five Amtrak trips but Nick finally was able to ship all his stuff home. You know what that means… PARTY IN NICK’S HOUSE!
✤ President Gibbs is stepping down from office to assume a position at Camp Canadia, where he’ll be working duties as a hockey-playing lumberjack who plays the tuba.
✤ AREX-UH! Nikhil had some questions about the Mabinogi economy. He heard you were teaching a class at some community college? *Kough* Kaushal Kollege *Kough*
✤ In other news, it’s Hainen’s turn to get melk. I know, exciting, right?.
✤ Unconfirmed, but my sources report that Little Brian successfully shipped himself home this year. (Did his box include an on-board Arnold movie marathon I wonder?)
✤ Arthur Tip of the Week: Swipe card slowly. (100% Success Rate for this mammoth)
✤ In the mood to waste some space? Then grab a Jon.doc file, featuring 100GB-worth of NERS equations. You may have to delete some Arnold movies to make room.

Brian Urlacher— Then and Now

The Real Brian Urlacher
Notice the red, standard football helmet and his obvious affiliation with the Bears. His two additional legs only add to the intimidation factor.

Brian Urlacher Look-Alike
Notice the uncanny resemblance. But as close as he is in appearance, everyone knows that the real Brian Urlachers reside in the water temple.

Issue 50, 3rd Edition, 5/7/10
2009–2010, What a Mammoth Year It Was

It’s hard to believe that the school year is already over. It feels like just yesterday that we heard Peter crank up DragonForce to Level 66... or that day when we had a certain party in a certain room. We had a nuclear meltdown, a fire alarm or two, and a BIGTIME truckload of memories. But now, standing here in May, what else is there to say? Time flies when you have Nick around. Here is a look back on what a year it was.

September – Month of Construction

It was September that got the school year “stahted” and the WoodChucks were plentiful for all to see. Paul logged his Mario Party victory and called it good. For the rest of the month, “Stephen-- Brawl???” was the battle cry that would reverberate throughout the land. Brian and Jon demonstrated their outstanding furniture arrangement skills, and many of us had a front-row seat to A Mechanical Engineer’s Guide to Loft Construction. (What? 4th Bartlett? *Ben starts foaming at the mouth*)

September was also the first trek over to Highlands for many of us. We kicked down that door and Canadians became forever associated with “naive.” Remember rust? And don’t forget about President Gibbs’ vision to cover America with LCD screens so we can watch TV from Google Earth. Also, the frisbee season got rockin’ and rollin’ “as Team Obesity [made] its comeback in frisbee.”

There is one night in particular that sticks out in my mind. Saturday, September 16th was one of the last days we had warm weather and yes, it was also the DragonForce to Level 66 night. We played a night game of frisbee and stayed up late playing Mario Party on Neon Heights. And everybody was wearing red that day, too.

“Oh bowser... when the world aligned itself against me, it was you who was there for me. When I was hungry, you gave me food. When I was thirsty, you gave me drink. When I was out of money, you owned everybody else and stole their money for me. Dude, Bowser, you’re the man. “

Relevant Wooly Articles:
★ Requiem to Our Lost Janitor (Issue 23)
★ 4th Doug RL Server Online (Issue 24)
★ Brian & Jon Complete Renovations (Issue 25)
★ Mario Party Rant (Issue 26)

I know what you’re thinking... what on Earth is that dark picture of above? The night vision goggle-esque picture of a window in Bursley. Well lemme just say that is the Room of a certain Bears Fan we all know. But as for that odd shape...
October – Month of 800 Pound Pigs
With the onset of rains and cold weather, 4th Doug and the local WoodChuck population just kept on truckin’. Boyapati unleashed our first killer 203 exam, but with a stronger enemy, we got stronger weapons. Sadly, there were no Mario Parties this month, but there was still plenty of Brawl to go around. I think that at around this time, Plants v. Zombies started to lose steam, and dDota/dt continued to rise. And who can forget Chernobyl?

The day that stands out in my mind from October is the day of the frisbee tournament. It was rainy and downcast, and I remember sitting there at that dreary parking lot, wondering if there would even be a tournament, or if all of us’ns would even show. Then a Hainen appeared with a truckload of frisbee-goers and the mud fest had begun. And after that, it was a Party at Wendy’s. Good times.

“We pan to Gibbsinator Palace, where we find a flannel-clad Master Gibbs using a large axe to cut Death Burger meat. Heggie stands aloof in the corner. With a mighty swing, Peter chops the meat cleanly in two, as well as the router he was using as a cutting board. Kenny shrieks in dismay and the world starts spinning. “You spin me right round, baby, right round…” Trainer Heggie blacks out.”

Relevant Wooly Articles:
★ Nikhil Survives Hell (issue 27)
★ 800lb Pig. The Dream. The Vision. (Issue 28)
★ Halloween Randomness (Issue 29)

*** Article Continues on Page 5 ***
Fiebelstorm 2010. It’s Here.
Summer has arrived and the Bismarck has broken out into the Atlantic. Er, I mean the Fiebelstorm has been unleashed upon the world. For centuries, it has been cooped up in the mortal flesh that is the Fiebelkorn ancestry. For centuries, it has shared in the curse that has befallen the Dilanese people. And for centuries, the Fiebelstorm has been forced to await the Passing of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Gromerian Eras. But today, the wait is over. No more shall the 800lb Pig have to wait. For the Fiebelstorm is upon us and there isn’t anything Dr. Salmon Unicorn M.D. can do about it. FIEBELSTORM 2010. It’s Here.

Matt’s Plot –– The Saga Continues
So with the Fiebelstorm inbound and the Kennys at bay, it becomes time for us to return our attention to the matter at hand. And that is, Matt’s ongoing plot to destroy us all from the inside out and not let That Jon Character even so much as waste a second in suspecting it. What is this you say? Matt has a plot? But he has a kitty! And he's friends with an All-American Redneck. Surely NASCAR would never ally with such entities. But let us go over Matt’s failed ploys thus far:

✴ Dressing Kenny up as Michael Jackson. I’m not even sure if Matt wanted that one to succeed.
✴ Mabinogi Economic Decoy Deployal. Successful. Or at least the Mabinogi part was. Arex got going on a 4 hour Mabinogi economy debate and all was going well. The only problem though... he and his elite squad of Heggzagents forgot what the decoy was for in the first place. Way to go, Nick.
✴ Party In Nick’s Room. Failed. Was going to be the first step to the creation of a secret tunnel into Warren’s room. An Xbox Standing Wave destroyed his roll of duct tape.
✴ Banana Party Extinction Tag. So the whole rationale behind the Extinction Tag was to get everyone in the mood for a banana party afterwards. Except, extinct creatures don’t exactly make for good banana party company. Matt wished to issue thanks for Ben, though, for successfully coercing Jeff to buy AK’s for us at Kroger.
✴ Plant a Nuclear Warhead in a Certain Bears Sweatshirt. Failed. The planting of the nuke was successful, but unfortunately, Matt did not foresee the 10 Plagues of Bleach and Shock Testing that a certain Bears Fan would subject it to.
November – Month of Battle

November, we went into battle during Floor Wars, where our Fearless Leader led us to confront the Mighty Baits Menace. It was during one magical Friday this month that Brett’s face appeared on Jon’s wall. And as far as November entertainment goes, in a rain of horses and ash, RoN pretty much took over the Highlands. And in a tremendous display of power and agility, Josh’s mighty oven took on the Windows Update machine. And won. Also remember a little ‘ol thing known as Project 3? (“Dude it’s ok if you have pawns multiplying. Just call it Adult Sorry.”) Hainen was also caught singing Speedy Spin Boy. World of Warcraft began its brief tenure in the halls of Matt’s Lair during this month and Brawl saw it’s first Ghetto Round during this time.

The night that stands out: Mr. Monday Night. In volleyball (Force equals mass times acceleration!), we Did Work Son against Team Boots and Jeans. Then there was Team ScreamAlot, whose members, well, screamed alot. They went down in a blazing ball of Night Fury. Unfortunately our momentum ended there, as as Team [Ice Cream Truck] pretty much [Ice Cream Trucked] us. And then of course, the famous scene took place, where Our Fearless Leader was cussing out Mr. Monday and Mr. Monday’s Friend as they haphazardly walked through our court, well, whenever they felt like it.

I’d also like to mention the founding of the Cardboard Tube Dynasty (a bond that was sealed with the help of the Charlie Weis chair). Christine gave me a funny look when I fetched those from near the trash area, but I assured her that they would provide us with “hours of entertainment.” And I think they lived up to the expectation. The first one was epically destroyed on November 20th at Fiebelstorm Village. The second one went down just 4 days later on Jeff’s home turf. And the third? Well that one went into cryogenic stasis in Arex’s room until it was ceremoniously split in half on April 29th and righteously stuck into Peter’s box of laundry.

“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... “

Relevant Wooly Articles:
★ Alert: Highlands Implosion Imminent (Issue 30)
★ Beckerville Training Camp Opens Its Doors (Issue 31)
★ Study Released on Wakefulness Patterns (Issue 32)
★ EXTREME Timetable of Nick’s Room (Issue 33)
December – Month of Yaks

In December, we mourned the loss of our most active cardboard tubes and Busch filled that void in our hearts with his Magnavox of Justice. Such a simple device that provided such complex entertainment. Brehob would be proud. Also, Paul ramped up his puppy killin’ skills in Call of Duty and a sofa spawned in Matt’s room. *(Whoa, guys, I think Nick got crushed by the Pet Hippopotamus he didn’t know he had. Someone call an Ambulance Mammoth! )* December marked the end of a wild semester. A semester that began with nearly sleeping through a noon class, a semester that spun me right round, and a semester without... Asaaaaaaaaah.

As far as the day that stands out to me... it was in the midst of the birthday gauntlet and a whole bunch of us went to Highlands one Friday night. I just remember looking at webpage after webpage of cute animal pictures with a certain Bears Fan. I also seem to remember installing updates that night...

“One day Heggie wakes up to find that he’s turned into a bat, but as Jeremiah finishes up his Sea Sponge Studies Program, Peter Cranks up the Serengeti Metal just a touch more. Asaah fails to show up yet again and Larson seizes the opportunity to catch up on SpongeCake to SpongeCake aerial combat in his current dream. Meanwhile, Ben and his clones assemble to help reprocess a load of home-grown Dyles. What? Dyle? Suddenly a GromerTron Sentinel Device activates and Jefferson parachutes in from above in his Dino Parachute garb. The Art School blows up and Darol starts to cry. “

**Relevant Wooly Articles:**

CARNAGE (Issue 34)
Sanitation Llama Brings in Moose Friend (Issue 35)
Excerpt from the World Gromer Factbook: Larson (Issue 36)

*** The party continues on page 8 ***
800lb Pig. Ready to Truck.

With a snort and a shuffle, the bulk took a tentative step towards the beams of light lying before it. With the blazing sun steadily rising into the endless blue of the sky above, a gentle wind rocked the creaky barn door on its rusted hinges. With the vast land sprawled out before our mighty emperor and a delicacy of a meal lying in the great beyond, there was nary a reason for our pig-hero to remain in the darkness that enveloped the barn’s interior. Slowly, it crept into motion. Methodically, a foot was planted in the packed ground before it. Then the next foot took its turn at this incredible show of effort. And gently, ever so carefully, the wheels of motion began a’turnin’ and the steps became steadier and stronger. The fulfillment was real. It was imbued with the pulsating of destiny. The life pumping through its veins was remarkable, and the clarity of vision was unmatched. The rhythmic beating of its hooves seemed somehow familiar, an echo of what once was. Or perhaps, a wonder of things to come. Lookout world, for this pig is ready. Ready to Truck.

Party EMP Successfully Detonated

Thursday-- a Party EMP was successfully detonated in the vicinity of Beckerville. All Laundry Servers went offline and all NICK!!!!!!!’s in the area were forced into their party shelters. The party streamers were mercilessly stripped away by the force of the ElectroMagPartynetic pulse, leaving the halls of Beckerville completely, and utterly vulnerable. The picture below was taken at the scene.

Shocked and confused, Admiral Nickoku Beckamoto had this to say. “We may have been struck today by a mighty power, but our people will have little time to dwell on what happened here today.” He went on to stress the importance of enforcing ceasefires and his explanation of the painting, “Warthogs in Combat” brought a tear to many a reporter’s eye. As a final note, only 70% of Beckerville’s Laundry Stockpiles burned up in the inferno caused by the Party EMP. Looks like the Beckerville Nation will have some shopping to do. Party in Nick’s Mall?

Final Stats: (Pre-padding provided by Mammoth Preemptive Striking, Inc.)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Points</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Steve</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>(3 case(s) filed as contested)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nick</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>(1 case(s) filed as contested)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matt</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>(2 case(s) filed as never-happened)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Brian</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nikhil</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>(1 case(s) filed as wtf?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brian A.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>(1 case(s) filed as Joint-Kill Eligible)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

How points work:
Points represent the number of times you have been hit by the Card of Vulnerability. More points = bad, meaning you’re officially the most vulnerable. But notably, with 8 kills, I still had a positive spread. And Peter won the Race for Second.
January – Month of Pikmin

With a flash and a Kenny sighting, the winter semester began and the beginnings of the Party Streamer Dynasty were there for all to see. It may not have marked the first of the parties in Nick’s Room, but the random strip of paper from the new wooly sign-- that was the first “LOL Party Streamer.” A legend was born. But back to the academic side of things. January. We entered. The Zhao. Best 215 GSI ever. Let the fun times roll. Also, the dark figure known as Bruce Willis crept to the horizon for the first time. And his Sleepyhead agent was deviously deployed to put us all to sleep. Meanwhile, Snotty Kid continued his march on the MechE community this month, and George had a short tenure in the Terryific world of paper burning. That Jon Character would have been most pleased. January was also a month marked by banana parties, JACK BAUER, and a noticeable increase in Wild Gromer attacks. Oh and somewhere in the month, we managed to cram an Avatar visitation (Party-radius approved).

Top memory goes to the Pikmin party in [not-Nick’s] room. Paul got in there with his “unique” way of holding the controller and Charizard’s cleverness was no match Jeff’s armies who never let me get that 4th marble. There were plenty of campers sleeping in and about, and the Stationary Bombardment Platform was a terror indeed. The last thing we wanted to do was rouse the Locals. Later nights of Pikmin madness would include the search for the epic spider. Do Work Pikmin!

“On Saturday, we can expect a slight snow shower, as well as a tub of butter which will fall from the sky. On Sunday, the weather is expected to change its mind and go with that whole thunderstorm business. But that won’t stop Jack Bauer from saving North America from the Butter Tub Storm. By Tuesday, the crisis will be over and bowser will finally have time to get around to that pile of laundry. (Man, that’s gotta be hard on Ganon’s knees!) Be wary of the end of the week, however, for the Fiebelstorm is still coming. Oh yeah, and watch out for polar bears. “

Relevant Wooly Articles:
The Great DotA Statistical Extravaganza (Issue 37)
Now Hiring! Masey Afterhours (Issue 38)
CODE RED: Wild Gromers Unleashed (Issue 39)
A Wooly Special -- The Freshman Update (Issue 40)
February was oh-so-cold and Monda was all too prepared to fire up that furnace, but the WoodChuck kept on truckin’ through his hibernation exploration, and Bruce Willis unleashed the power of volunteer activities upon his captive 281 sections. The first Bismarck and Heroic Rounds took place in this fabulous month, as well as that lesser-known event known as the Olympics. OSU was certainly in the mix, and the Denard that was tied up in Jeremiah’s room failed to respawn. Peter routinely missed out on the thrill and wonder that was Friday afternoon Terry lecture and to compensate for it, Matt played a sad song on the world’s smallest violin for him. (A Wild Monday Appeared! Ben used Racist Lunch! It was super-effective! (Monday-type Pokémon are weak to Fried Chicken) ) And every time a bell rings, an Arex gets his wings. Mmm. Not sure where that one came from. But anyways, life went on and the people on Paul’s TV continued to die at an alarming rate.

February is an easy pick -- the Trojan Turtle night. The night where we pulled off the epic trojan turtle maneuver and fooled the defenders of my room into thinking Yi with the radar dish was a gift... ok well it didn’t quite play out that way but Jeremiah tried to get Jeff’s hat back from Logan in the snow and Robert busily did nothing inside of my room. Activities that night went on till, oh about 3:30, if I recall correctly. (After bringing in our lab results, Nick proceeded to stand up and play Xbox).

“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?) “

Relevant Wooly Articles:
Larson_Fail_Log-- A month’s worth (Issue 41)
//Idendtify4thDougian.cpp (Issue 42)
Fornaess Goes to Egypt (Issue 43)
Mario Party Madness!
So at the beginning of this year, I told Jeff that he had to do two things. Win the Race for First (basically own the Mario Party Leaderboard) and win the Race for Second (A certain Gibbsinator’s home turf). The scary thing about that? He actually did it. The stats are below. In ancient babylonian, of course.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mario Party Leaderboard</th>
<th>Race for 2nd Leaderboard</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jeff 55.2%</td>
<td>Jeff 31.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen 42.9%</td>
<td>Stephen 22.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul 66.7%</td>
<td>Peter 77.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rachel 16.7%</td>
<td>Brian 44.4%</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brian 11.1%</td>
<td>NICK!!!!!! 100.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Oliver 14.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rachel 16.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Jeremiah 100.0%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Here’s my quick rundown on how to read Ancient Babylonian. A triangle represents a point, like a tally mark. A vertical wedge (none seen here) represents ten. And a half triangle represents ½. Colors correspond to characters. Some guesswork was needed.
Win Percentages based on an individual’s games played are displayed to the right.

By Version:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Version</th>
<th>Times Played</th>
<th>1st Place Crown</th>
<th>Race for Second</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Paul</td>
<td>Brian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Brian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>NICK!!!!!!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>J/S</td>
<td>Peter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>4-way tie</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Mario Party Victories

Issue 50, 3rd Edition, 5/7/10
**Game by Game**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Version</th>
<th>Map</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept 6, 2009</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>Space Land</td>
<td>Paul (Mario)</td>
<td>Brian</td>
<td>Jason</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept 19, 2009</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>E. Gadd Garage</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Peter/Jeremiah</td>
<td>Larson</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept 20, 2009</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Pagoda Peak</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Peter (Luigi)</td>
<td>Joe</td>
<td>Stephen (Daisy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept 24, 2009</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Pyramid Park</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Peter (Luigi)</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Brian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept 25, 2009</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Creepy Cavern</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Chris</td>
<td>Robert (Walugi)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept 25, 2009</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Windmillville</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Oliver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept 26, 2009</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Neon Heights</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Larson</td>
<td>Yi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dec 12, 2009</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Centiway Ray</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Duncan</td>
<td>Chris</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan 5, 2010</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Faire Square</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
<td>Paul/Jon</td>
<td>Peter (Luigi)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Feb 12, 2010</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Boo’s Haunted Bash</td>
<td>Stephen</td>
<td>Brian</td>
<td>Robert</td>
<td>Joe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb 20, 2010</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Snowflake Sausage</td>
<td>Stephen/Brian</td>
<td>Jeff/Nick (Mario/Waluigi)</td>
<td>Stephen (Mario/Waluigi)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar 12, 2010</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Pagoda Peak</td>
<td>Rachel (Yoshi)</td>
<td>Stephen (Daisy)</td>
<td>Oliver (Boo)</td>
<td>Jeff (Dry Bones)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar 25, 2010</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Clockwork Castle</td>
<td>Jeff (Mario)</td>
<td>Stephen (Yoshi)</td>
<td>Oliver (Boo)</td>
<td>Rachel (Toad)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar 27, 2010</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>DK’s Treetop Temple</td>
<td>Stephen (Daisy)</td>
<td>Jeff (Mario)</td>
<td>Rachel (Yoshi)</td>
<td>Oliver (Boo)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr 11, 2010</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Dolphin Place?</td>
<td>Jeff (Mario)</td>
<td>Rachel (Yoshi)</td>
<td>Stephen (Toad)</td>
<td>Oliver (Boo)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr 16, 2010</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Boo’s Haunted Hideaway</td>
<td>Jeff (Mario)</td>
<td>Stephen (Toad)</td>
<td>Oliver (Boo)</td>
<td>Rachel (Yoshi)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr 24, 2010</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Shy Guy’s Perplex Express</td>
<td>Jeff (Mario)</td>
<td>Oliver (Boo)</td>
<td>Stephen (Daisy)</td>
<td>Rachel (Yoshi)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Apr 28, 2010</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Pirate Dream</td>
<td>Stephen (Daisy)</td>
<td>NICK!!! (Waluigi)</td>
<td>Jason (Boo)</td>
<td>Brian (Yoshi)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Random Notes**

Detroit, the cradle of civilization
Party on Nick’s Space!
AMERICA!!!
Trucker Candy
Metal on Sale
Bowser in a Box
Something lucky’s about to happen
Flaming Rock of Justice
Bash ‘n Cash
The MegaPanda
Cash for Clunkers
Welfare Check
Always Use Protection
The Beached Guy (Whomp King)

**Awards**

- John Elway Award: Paul
- Party on Nick’s Space: Brian
- Best at Shaking Game: Jeff
- Escâpe Award: Peter
- Worst at DK Minigames: Stephen
- Best Team: Team Protection (Battery Minigame)
- Trucker Award: Oliver
- Worst Minigames: Chump Rope Jump, Man Lose 1 Coin Minigame
- Best Minigames: Scaldin’ Cauldron Bash ‘n Cash Pokey Pummel

**Timeline Summary**

**Age I: The Gromerian Era** (circa 13 B.J. (Before Jeff) to 1 S.O.C (Some Other Calendar))
Paul Did Work Son. ‘nuff said.

**Age II: The Paulusian Dynasty** (circa 2 S.O.C. to 8 S.O.C.)
Jeff soon arrived on the scene and like most things in Mario Party, he shot off to an astounding start. First Strike adv. perhaps? Peter busily padded his Race for Second stats during this time.

**Age III: Mammoth Herds In Migration** (circa 9 S.O.C. to 90 S.O.C.)
For the spotty Mario Party season that followed, the mammoths started truckin’ and were virtually untouchable at home. The Paulus One scored a victory at the far off land of Highlands, but the NICK!!!! heavy weapons were unable to force a victory on mammoth home soil.

**Age IV: The Rachlorian Epoch** (circa 91 S.O.C. to today)
With the coming of the Rachlorian Effect, sustainable Mario Party was finally possible. And the mammoths were scattered into all points of extinction. Victories were never a lock during this period. And the competitive atmosphere brought the truckers in like no other. Notably, however, the Paulus One was able to cash in that First Strike bonus on Mario Party 8.

Issue 50, 3rd Edition, 5/7/10
March – Month of Parties

Finally in March, the weather began to warm up and the WoodChucks sprouted wings. And if it wasn’t for a few cheese balls of Bears Fan sanity in the mix, Peter’s speakers might have sprouted wings as well. (“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.”) It was a Magnificent Month for the Magnificent Seven and well, they were Magnificent! Also this month, Charizard went into battle against all those not-Charizards and yeah. What were we talking about? Party in Nick’s Room? The party streamers grew in power and influence and (“Little Brian, what would you do if Nick tried to draw her into his party radius?”) unfortunately, our RA was unwilling to lift a finger towards helping his burning Baits compadres. Randomly, I seem to remember Masey ‘n da eve’n’n coming by with cookies one day. Yum.

The day that stands out? Friday, March 19th. That beautiful sunshiny day where we got that big group of frisbee-goers together. We walked over “shooting profile pics” of each other, although none were ever used as profile pics. It was a day of epic fail on my part-- dropping like 4 or 5 of Jon’s passes. Oh well. After dinner, we got some Brawl action going and a certain someone found a new OP wrestling tactic. My official language was changed to French on this date, as Comrade Maslevich held all the power of facebook within his knuckles.

“Oh brave Charizard, thou are mighty indeed. From the dark caverns of Duke Nukem’s layer, to the all-powerful and nigh-invincible Kratos, you stood strong. In a division packed with tough guys and heavy hitters, it was your brilliant charisma and unrivaled popularity that set you above the PACK. Sure, that L-Block was pretty buff, sure, that bowser was pretty mean, but boy oh boy, they don’t have what it takes to be a Charizard. And what’s that? No other Pokémon or “Pokémon species” made it as far as you. Well ain’t that a shame. But I guess they just forgot to put on their Charizard suit that day. “

Relevant Articles
New Archaeological Developments on the Fabled Nick-Nick Civilization (Issue 44)
The 4th Doug Magnificent Seven (Issue 45)
Vulnerability Over the Pacific (Issue 46)
**April – Month of Sunshine & Stress**

At last, we get to April, that month which we all remember least. ("KENNY WHERE ARE YOU???? THE URGE TO BEAT IS STRONG!!!!"). April was a month that saw the emergence of the Brian Urlachers from the depths of the water temple and the likes LoL reappeared in Matt’s Lair. Exams hung over many a 4th Dougian, which had a serious dampening effect on the Parties in Nick’s Room. Unfortunately, due to work, illness, and party-related reasons, frisbee turnout wasn’t the best, but alas, there’s always next year. And another thing, I made the mistake of exposing Jeff to Sprocle during a “281 Party” -- the world did not know what I had just released on the internet. And then there’s the matter of RoboUnicorn. “It’s not a game; it’s a way of life.”

I award April’s staple day to April 1st-2nd--the epic all-nighter 281 party took place on that day. Jeff spent 30 straight hours in my room, and Nikhil at least 20 on and off. The project seemed so harmless yet nothing was more maddening than “defgh.” We stayed awake thanks to some DPTA and Total Recall found its way into Jeff’s schedule. The 370 book proved to be an invaluable resource for Binary Search and Violin Man never did come back. That night -- an adventure indeed!

“While the Americans have begun celebrating with anti-Piranha Prowler air strikes, the Japanese government has expressed grave doubts about the situation. Indeed, Admiral Nickoku Beckamoto has reportedly stated that “I fear all we have done is to awaken a sleeping giant.” Great fears of the Industrial Might of McDonald’s and their horrifying McIcorids can send a shiver down the spine of any Panzer Leader. “

**Relevant Articles:**
The Second Annual Wooly Poems Competition (Issue 47)
The Bear (Issue 48)
Brawl Tournament Debrief (Issue 49)
A Final Word

Dearest Fourth Douglas,

It is not without some sadness that many of us part with the sacred halls of 4th Doug for the last time. The metal we shared, the RA’s we aggro’d, and the windows we smacked with frisbees… The TV’s that never turned off, the ongoing Call to Brawl, and the waves of zombies that wouldn’t quite die… The walls still echo with the sweet sounds of DPTA, and the floors still resonate with spontaneous attacks of Brett Cancer. But alas, all good things must come to an end, and the mammoth herd must go on.

Next year, the seas will be shaken up as many of join the ranks of Highlanders in the ongoing Storm of Fiebel. Others will settle other lands, in search of the Truck Stop of Youth, and still others will join the parties at Courtyards & Baits. But fear not, friends, for the bonds of 4th Douglas extend beyond the walls. They extend beyond the confines of Quiet Hours. And (thanks to Nick) they will surely triumph over the expanses of Time. Frisbee, Brawl, Laundry, Metal, Being Wasteful, Magic, Partying Not Shaving, Crutches, Cookies, American AirStrikes, and of course, Installing Windows Updates. Rest assured, 4th Doug, for these happenings do not end today. Why you may ask? Well, anything is possible with AK-47’s! *Image of Kenny yelling in a Monster Truck at an AK Rally*

As far as the Wooly goes… well, this be Issue 50. And an epic issue at that. But do it be the last gasp of a dying 800lb pig, or just another hiccup from the Great Turtle of Wisdom? Year One brought us twenty issues. This year imparted us with a good batch o’ thirty. But how’ bout mah next yeh, Diah? Only time will tell.

In any case, I guess this just about wraps up the final issue of this year. I hope you enjoyed its 14-some pages, and thanks for reading! It was a pleasure being your editor this fine year. I hope I wasn’t too random this time ‘round. But hey, what’s an 800lb Pig shared between friends? Fun Times. And, with that, I’m out. Have a good summer, everyone!

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

Stephen J. Brown
(a.k.a. “The Mammoth”)