The Wooly Enquirer
20 February 2011

Here, here, it’s February at last (and very deep into February by the looks of it) and to celebrate, 4th Doug has sold the naming rights to Robert Forsyth. Robert and Forsyth are now two separate people. (Unfortunately, there was no Bears Fan there in an authentic Bears Sweatshirt to confirm the identity change). Also this month, Nick dropped off his kids at a submarine before going to watch a baseball game. Lucky for him, Jeff and his Catanian brotherhood were generous enough to build a parking garage at the local sub pens. The Great Prophet Fiebelkiah was even there to impart his blessing.

In Brief
❖ Let it be noted here that Andrew’s sweatshirt, as comfortable and sweet as it is, can only be regarded as a pitiful shadow of the pure magnificence that is Matt Nawrocki.
❖ Gibbs released his book on Canadian Video Gaming this week. It comes in two editions: there’s the Standard Edition (for nubs) and the Master Edition (for Masters). The first 10 copies will receive replicas of the RCS Stability (with authentic rivets)
❖ Sorry guys but you can say good bye to our Cheetah Messaging Service… The cheetahs signed up for Duncan’s hiking trip. Duncan’s new motto: “Learn to out-hike a tsunami”
❖ This just in: apparently Apoorva just raised taxes on laundry machines. But no worries, the GEOSCI department will be offering a new laundry machine mini-course next fall.
❖ Carlos will be flying back to Burma over break, where he will be consulting with the Burmese 5-Axis Gantry Mill Federation. And yes, the pink boots will be going too.
❖ Signs that a Bryan Schumaker is nearby: 1) Bryan Schumaker’s Strawberries are on a nearby table. 2) Your Bryan Schumaker iPhone App is blinking rapidly 3) Bryan Schumaker is standing right next to you.
❖ Jeff’s (a.k.a. Forsyth) is gonna be gone next week. Apparently there’s a Winners Convention going on in Arizona. But wait, why is Andrew going again?
❖ Giant Panda vs. Grizzly Bear. That sounds like an epic battle or something, but chillax, it isn’t like Ming Ming fighting Harold or anything exciting like that.
❖ The results of a successful Gromerian Scheduling Algorithm: Another week, another season of Grey’s Anatomy completed.

Robert Tip of the Week

Submarines.
Don’t talk about them.
...Especially at Arby’s.
T-Shirt Update

Thursday. Nick’s Room. The stage was set. The cookies were out. And the Nick was ready. Colonel Zhangif was there, and so were The Rabbit Ears. But a whispering in the wind was calling to Neel. And it said… … … tom.

…

We had another T-shirt meeting on Thursday to discuss the JetPack Penguin recovery plan (In case you haven’t heard, Jetpack Penguin was grounded since it was disappointingly common as a Google search result). The idea which spawned out of the meeting was a Brontosaurus with Scuba Gear having an underwater air battle with Jon. Big text will have some combination of “It’s Jon!” and “Air Battle.” Below is ***rough*** graphic depicting the general idea.

Concept Drawing:

Note: This is a slapped-together graphic. The real deal will be the genuine work of Ben Zhang. Anyhow, the brontosaurus is supposed to have scuba gear on, and the generic human is supposed to be a stick figure or something (that somehow will look like Jon?)
**Robert Forsyth Design**

And I guess I should post this one as well. This is the Robert Forsyth T-Shirt Design. I think it’s pretty self-explanatory. Oh, and there’s supposed to be a rainbow somewhere too. Oh well.

---

**800lb Pig. At a Crossroads.**

(Many months after our last adventure with our 800lb Pig protagonist).

With a groan and a squeal, the doors of the cargo bay lumbered open to reveal the forbidding darkness of space. Our hero stared out at the endless abyss, contemplating on what he must do. He was all alone, our brave little pig. And as the seconds ticked by to the steady hissing of his regulator, our pig lay there, strapped in and frozen to his harness -- was this what he truly wanted to do? Once done, there was would be no going back. A life of fun and adventure would be left behind, but what sort of journey would lie beyond? The endless void of space yielded few hints as to that question. But foggy as the future was in the troubled mind of our pig-hero, it suddenly became oh so clear. A roll. A push. And he was off. Into the next phase of his existence. Where he was going he did not know. But one thing was certain. A new chapter had begun.

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