It was a foggy day in Sandusky as the fabled Yukon of Yvon powered its way through the maelstrom of school buses and Calcium Chloride trucks. The fog was nothing short of intense, concealing most of the looming attractions from the eyes of one scared little mammoth. As we pulled into our parking spot, Fiebs had a pre-ride rave party warm-up drill, and Duncan gave his beard one last brush. Neel equipped his shades for +5 health, and Jeff quickly logged a My Paper Plane point. Andrew was left in the trunk.

Highlights in Brief
❖ A True Matt Nawrocki Moment: “Watch your tongue, young man!”
❖ Jeff is racist! He hates goats! Everybody, take him to Korean restaurants until he stops!
❖ Fiebs + Coffee = Mega Mega Fiebs. A Fiebs who cannot be tamed. “Faster! Faster!”
❖ Part of Fiebs was left in Fiebs Land that day.
❖ Just putting this out there: be careful where you sit for lunch. lol!
❖ Lawyer Team Rules!
❖ Ocean Motion! A ride quickly vetoed by Jeff as he hurried Stephen along to a scary-looking coaster.
❖ Millennium Force (known in some circles as the Force of Learning) did not disappoint. We were loaded up into the Blue Falcon Train (emphasis on the Blue) and a local area FiebsLand Representative was on hand to offer complimentary strangles.

Day Summary
❖ Following the Josh Busch Car
❖ The Temptation of Ocean Motion
❖ Fear of Raptors (+ Iron Dragon w/ Matt)
❖ No-go at Maverick
❖ The Near Escape from SkyHawk
❖ Lunch (a.k.a. the Wait-In-Line Game)
❖ Fogbound Twister
❖ Rollback Party! (Fiebs Land! Take me there!)
❖ A Truly Mammoth Coaster
❖ Gemini, feat. Team Bob Saget vs. Team Whale Dick
❖ Petting Zoo!
❖ Jeff’s faaaaavorite ride: Mantis
❖ Millennium [Blue] Falcon
❖ RPS Aboard the SkyHawk (+ Cedar Creek thrills w/ Colonel Sapling)
❖ Maverick Goat Testing
❖ All Aboard the Yukon!
Daybreak at Fiebelduncharia

The time was 6:30 AM. @Christopher Fiebelkorn crept out to his dining table, muffin in hand. He sat down, there in the eerie half-light, preparing himself for things to come. Today would be Cedar Point, land of mysteries, land of muffins. Fiebs thought back to his first muffin. It was back senior year in high school. He remembered sitting there...

With a crash, Fiebs was jolted back awake. Neel came thundering out of the hallway with a large paper bag. Apparently Duncan’s Beard Shampoo was going rogue again and only a quick wave of the Steel Manual could stop it.

Fiebs shook his head, wondering if this was all real, or just the strange hallucinations of one who spent too much time in the forest. He went with that for a brief moment, until his eyes laid to rest on an innocent-looking vacuum cleaner. No, all this nonsense was bound to be the fault of listening to too much of that Colonel Sapling prattle.

Matt Nawrocki Goes to Cedar Point

95mph. A speed attained by few mortals. On the road. Who was the driver of this vehicle? Who would be daring enough to accelerate to such velocities? There could only be one answer to that. Matt Nawrocki! [Insert Matt Nawrocki Jingle here]

The glorious sunshine was beaming down as Matthew J. Nawrocki disembarked from his vehicle. The crowd immediately let out a gasp at his sheer awesomeness. Slipping on his shades, Matt waved his hand as if to say, “fear not, people, for I, Matthew J. Nawrocki, drive faster than Millennium Force.” With a confident stride, his friends in tow, Matt Nawrocki breezed through the gates and made his way to Iron Dragon, the true terror of all roller coasters. And afterwards, with a laugh, Matt Nawrocki checked yet another life accomplishment off his list.

Matt Nawrocki® is a certified trademark of the Andrew Hainen Design Company. Matt Nawrocki’s Cedar Point ticket paid in part by Andrew Hainen. Matt Nawrocki® brand sunglasses sponsored by the hit IMAX production, Matt Nawrocki Goes to Arizona, a film by Andrew Hainen. Matt Nawrocki®’s Minecraft Server set up in part by Andrew Hainen. Matt Nawrocki®’s traffic tickets paid in full by Andrew Hainen.

“Matt Nawrocki: Where Civilization Makes Its Peak”

Winning. Synonym for “Jeff Paulus”

Jeff bears a broad smile on his face as he boards the red train of Gemini. Gold Team had just departed on the last train, doomed to failure. Jeff laughs to himself. He already knows he’s going to win, just because he’s “so fucking awesome.” The train launches, and Team Bob Saget assumes the aerodynamic position. “Like that’s gonna work” Andrew yells, “Whale Dick!” in agreement. Both trains ascend the climb. And the race is on. Down a plunge and a sweep left, and Jeff laughs as he surges ahead. The cries of “Bob Saget” recede behind him.

Down another plunge, and another turn. After a slow right turn, Team Bob Saget produces a fragile lead, but with a glimpse of an upcoming baller left hand turn, Jeff happily bobs his head. “They are so toast” (“Whale Dick!”). But midway through the turn, the glint vanishes from Jeff’s eyes. With a displeased hiss at the dwindling length of track ahead, (“that’s pretty gay”) Jeff’s head enters into a cloud of doubt. Team Bob Saget hurtles into the final helix with a slight lead. Things are not looking good. But as the trains whip through the final meters, the impossible occurs. Team Bob Saget somehow found a way to lose. And Jeff wins again.

Andrew Gets High on Cedar Point

“Oh My Gawd, It’s a goat!” screams a hysterical Andrew. Half-galloping into the petting zoo, Andrew barrels into the pack of goats. The goats, unsure of what to do, ignore this new oddity. Andrew finds his joy for the day. He turns and sees Jeff standing outside, shaking his head. “Dumbass.”

Later, in the car. Andrew turns to find Duncan giving him the stare down. “Hey man, you’re bearding me out.” Turning the other way, Fiebs enters his rave-party head-bobbing trance. In the front, Jeff retracts the landing gear and prepares for all-cruise-control control (a.k.a. full-on mode). Stephen jolts upwards as his hallucinations take him down Magnum for the umpteenth time. This would definitely be an interesting trip back. Another look at Duncan’s beard, and Andrew gives up, choosing instead the safe confines of sleep.
Duncan Beards Out the Camera
A flash and a horrible puff of smoke erupts, as the camera short circuits and a tangle of wires burst out of a compartment. Apparently the on-ride cameras of Millennium Force were not properly beard-proofed. Duncan had prepared for the greatest photo of his life, with the ingenious tuck-head-into-shirt-and-rar pose. With Neel anchoring the Lawyer Seat next to him, an elated Jeff giggling behind, and a distant Fiebs screaming “Faster, faster,” Duncan had this coaster in the bag. Another highlight in the week of one man’s beard. But alas, it was not to be. His beard had grown too beard-ly. Maybe that’s why they didn’t allow beards onto Ocean Motion. What’s next for the fabled Duncan Hartrey? Carrying a rock up to the summit of Mt. Top Thrill? Or maybe hiking the hinterlands of Nawrocki Manor (the newest minecraft attraction)? No, Duncan will soon be enrolling in the Beard Olympics.

“Oh Man” Kharia and the Legend of Cedar Creek
“Oh Man!” exclaimed the Neel as his coaster train thundered down the towering heights of Cedar Creek Mine Ride. Bob Saget was smiling fondly upon him on this exquisite day, with a beard whispering in his ear. Through a combination of superior evolution and root canal studies, Neel avoided getting sunburnt like everybody else. But Neel’s contentedness was only a mask for the real undercurrents of the day... an empty train on Maverick, a random herd of goats, a goat-train on Maverick without any goats, and worst of all, Andrew and a goat. These goat signs could only mean one thing: ...Tom...

Legend has it that long ago, a Duncan-class beard arrived to Cedar Creek Mine Ride, and almost immediately, an operator by the name of Tom mysteriously vanished. His co-operator, an individual by the name of Nick, never noticed, and thus, nobody ever knew. Or wait, if nobody ever knew, how do we know about it? Uhhh, moving on. Some say the Tom went to a better place. Others contend that he lives on through Joe’s vampire form. But regardless, the goats of Cedar Point are no doubt living proof of... Tom ...

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