The Wooly Enquirer
25 December 2011
Christmas has arrived once again. With the basset hounds a-runnin’, the Jons a-trollin’, and the Bears Fans a-drinkin’ (read: they will need plenty tonight), it is a most remarkable time of year. Onward Mammoths!

Merry Christmas everyone!
   P.S. Nick, you’ve been a really good boy this year!
   P.P.S. Note if Santa comes to your door wearing a bright yellow vest, that is not Santa. That is Bob. Do not open the door. And don’t pay his taxes either.

In Brief
❖ Ok so new plan. We dress Fiebs up as Santa, then have a mall in Omaha hire him…
   Then we have Duncan return Tom’s 7 missed calls…
   At which point Robert’s windshield wipers will break out into the Atlantic.
❖ Then while Neel is spreading the gift of Free Dental in Japan,
   we’ll have Jeff give Christmas back (see How the Jeff stole Christmas).
❖ Next, we’ll deploy the Jon Defense Grid,
   while we have Andrew set up a conference call with Santa (the elves are still going through licensing negotiations to acquire rights to Matt Nawrocki™ merchandise).
❖ Then, we’ll get Asaah going on shower duty,
   and Carlos will have no choice but to forgo all 4 of his routes.
   What the hell Carlos, erm, I mean Venusaur? with a question mark?
❖ And following a successful Screw-Over-The-Nick play, we will no doubt achieve victory of Kenny. The Kenny. Must. Be. Beaten!
❖ But then we turn to our Gromertron 360, the last ChemE connection to the fabled Christosaurodon Michigradumorphocus,
   and we find. A Dead Moose Carcass? (Amidst an unfortunate gym accident)

Dinosaurs vs. Vikings
“This enormous boulder presents an enigma to the dinos, but its attire clearly indicates an allegiance to the viking horde, and its expression portends a potent malignancy which must be stopped.”

-excerpt from our 494 Final Report
Tales of Programming in 494
So we made this lovely HUD class for our Dinosaurs Vs. Vikings game. Its purpose? To contain ALL the HUD code! And then when Yi started making the HUD, guess where he didn’t put it. *cough* in the HUD class *cough* The solution?

We also found that Yi does not read emails. A superior means of communication was found:

The above is a screenshot of our collision code. Yes, I do program with pseudo-inverted colors (the superior Busch-Guhanian Method).

And one last tale: we all should be familiar with the legendary post-presentation question from my high school:

“D’ yew b’lieve the Sowth will rise ag’n?”

A challenger has appeared:

“Could you explain how your game promotes manatee conservation?”
Lluvia sobre el Castillo

The rain thundered down heavily on the roof of Castle Carlos. Sir Robert glanced at Carlos in the flickering torchlight. But the glowing phantom of Carlos’ face revealed nothing. Overhead, their banner floated in the night, waving defiantly in face of the water’s onslaught. In a way, the storm outside brought peace to Robert’s troubled mind. But staring out into the darkness, Robert knew otherwise, for the Prophet was out there. Robert shuddered as he pieced together recent events.

Ever since the arrival of the One Called Tanya, the entire region had fallen into turmoil. Her infiltration into the forests of the Prophet were misinterpreted as a transgression by the People of the Rock (A people known to be forever landlocked), and amidst the Annual Moose Festivities, the Fiebelduncharia Alliance was abruptly terminated, and the Fiebelstorm was unleashed.

Shortly after the breakup, word of the Prophet fell as a dark shadow upon the land. The Jons retreated to their Jon caves, and the Arexes built more trees. But none would be spared from the Prophet. The tiny kingdom of Princess Busch was soon wiped off the map, as was the local colony of Wild Gromers. But then the storms surged in, bringing with them the unknown. No one knew where the Prophet was. And that was what Robert feared the most.

With a sigh, Sir Robert trudged back to Carlos and began planning their next move. An alliance with Sir Eduardo de la Nick could be in the works, but then again, his recent territorial acquisitions cast a shadow of doubt in Carlos’ mind. Allying with such a powerful nation could very well do more harm than good. Carlos was forever worrying about his flocks of “ship”. Robert turned and cast his eyes to the east, towards a land of riches known as Jeff’s Kingdom. Stories of the wonders of Jeff’s People had filtered down through the years; contact with such a remarkable people might usher in a new era in La República de Carlos. But alas, there was one small hitch with such a collaboration.

Robert’s fist smacked the tabletop. “Damnit Carlos, why’d you have to go and burn down Jeff City? Now I owe him the proverbial cheeseburger.”

“Because he was after my ship.”

Robert sighed again. “What the Hell Carlos. What about that Duncan Guy? He’s cool.”

“Duncan. He has a beard. And he stole my brick not long ago. Alliance no es posible. I feel Stephen may be my only friend in this region.”

“Damnit Carlos, you just stole all his gay rights trains.”

“Oh come on. It was to protect my ship. And besides, Stephen didn’t need all of them.

Robert sighed. “Alright, chop chop then. The cow likes to be near the people.”
Behind the Jon Defense Grid

So attempts to turn Jon into the new Fiebs have fallen into hardship (Jonnnnnnnnn). But fear not, for a slurry of new Jon memes have arrived on the scene. A superconductor at heart, It’s Jon! knows how to rule over It’s! Jon’s oven with It’s Jon’s! iron Jon-plated fist. On a trip back from frisbee one day, we managed to devise a new code for our military. No doubt this code system could surpass the work of the Navajo.

“It’s Jon!”
Real meaning: “Enemy fleet sighted”

“Hey Yi, It’s Jon!”
Signal the fleet, break ASW formation and man battle stations.

“Target sighted, It’s Jon!”
Make your depth 150m, open outer doors, and flood tubes 1 through 5. Spin up the mark 45’s and get a solution to target.

“Jon just put something in the oven”
Tell Nick to cease laundry operations. We need to minimize own-ship transients.

It’s Jon” (no ‘!’)
How’s grays going?

“Little Brian”
SCRAM the reactor, emergency deep. Turn off all the ovens. Put down all the kitties.

“Okay”
I hate all of you and want you to go away

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

End-of-File 800lb Pig