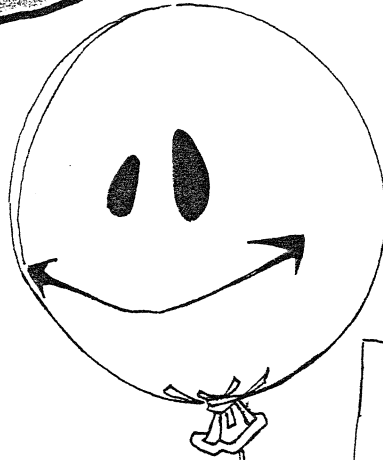


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WARRIORS OF WOP



Welcum
Bak!



Read This Important Stuff!

This issue is dedicated to "Black Belt Jones," The Freshman of 1997, and in memory of Duk Tail.

We cordially invite all interested students and members of the faculty or staff to write articles, of any nature and any topic, for C.W.O.D.. In addition to this, we also accept "top eight lists," dedication requests, poetry (but not of epic proportions), and ideas for "The Saint of the Issue."

WE WILL EDIT YOUR MATERIAL!

If you have any aversion to being edited, do NOT submit articles. Once we edit material, if irreconcilable differences of opinion exist between editor and author concerning the editions, we allow the author to yank his article, and it will not be published. For other rules and regulations, visit CWOD 19 and ask to see a copy of our mission statement. Andrew O'Neill and Peter Mirus, in CWOD 15 and CWOD 19, respectively, will be happy to discuss your ideas with you and answer your questions at any time. We are particularly interested in talking to FRESHMAN, and those who have money.

C.W.O.D. IS DISTRIBUTED FREE OF CHARGE TO STUDENTS, FACULTY AND STAFF. However, it is not "cost free" to us. Eventually, we hope to cover all printing costs with advertising. Until then, we appreciate any contributions. If you feel that C.W.O.D. is worth while reading, or at least a diversion from the toils of everyday life, feel free to PUSH SOME GREEN IN OUR DIRECTION.

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Comic is copyright © by Ben Hatke, 1997.
Pay homage to him.

If you should feel inclined to violate copyright laws and reproduce any written material enclosed herein, please be aware: if we find out about it, you may be subject to prosecution for said violation. If this becomes the case, we will prosecute you to the fullest extent of the law. With no mercy whatsoever. Kick butt and plant the flag. Victory dance on your remains. You get the picture.

WARNING

Do not read CWOD if you suffer from:

Heart attack, stroke, broken bones, bone spurs, osteoporosis, puffy ankles, repressed memories, STDs, manic depression, severe or violent happiness, taste, intelligence, maturity, atheism, rationalism, pantheism, McCarthyism, any other ism, or polio.

Exposure to CWOD has been known to cause:

Migraines, hot flashes, nausea, vomiting, hair loss, acne, loss of vision, cramps, bloating, jaundice, weight loss, weight gain, colitis, measles, dizziness, rabies, whooping cough, schizophrenia, brain hemorrhage, nervousness, intense mood swings, complete absence of mood swings, sudden and uncontrolled screaming, inability to forgive oneself or others involved in the CWOD process, feelings of denial, anger, or low self-esteem, exaggerated startle responses, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever, Mad Cow Disease, public drunkenness, pregnancy, ritual chicken sacrifices, alien invasion, land wars in Asia, the Spanish Inquisition, horizontal escalation, Amish Pride parades, and the nation of Djibouti.

All rights reserved, all wrongs righted, all blame shifted to "the establishment," or Satan, whichever is more convenient. This magazine is a work of friction. Any resemblance to actual persons, events, or situations is probably really funny, but if not, deal.

Special Thanks to: God, the faculty and Staff, our parents, families, and friends, the Christendom community, Ronald Reagan, Taco Bell, your mom, the month of July, the Holy Grail, the miracles of cheese, and Bob.

Do not recycle CWOD. Do not get caught reading CWOD in class. Do not eat CWOD. Do not store CWOD at temperatures below 75 or above 77 degrees Fahrenheit. Do not expose CWOD to sunlight. Do not get CWOD wet. Do not feed CWOD after midnight. Do not play with CWOD. Do not make sudden movements or loud noises around CWOD. Do not touch CWOD on Tuesdays, Fridays, or any other day it seems irritable. Do not argue with CWOD. Do not taunt CWOD. CWOD does not work well alone or with others. Keep out of reach of children. Some assembly required.

Inside this Issue

- 1 Your Christendom Survival Guide — What They Don't Tell You at the Meetings
- 2 Professor Knowledge — Dr. Science Is Dead
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- 7 Ask Bud Wiser, Master of Love
- 8 Warriors of CWOD

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- . It's not your typical periodical...
- . It won't bite you... hard...
- . It's the epitome of exaltedness... It's...

C.W.O.D.

Your Christendom Survival Guide

Great Puma (CP)

First of all, on behalf of the CWOD staff and probably some other people, welcome to Christendom! If you are a returning student, you already (hopefully) know this stuff. If you are a new student, you may not *want* to know.

Anyway, here you are at Christendom. It's too late to turn back. You are stuck; captured; stranded in this adventure in survival learning.

To begin, it must be stated that Christendom is a good school - a high caliber institute with a Catholic-nougat center. It is part of the complete breakfast of life. However, it is a rugged college, full of not-so-deadly but very annoying traps for the unwary and unwise.

Your life here can be divided into three sections: the learning part, the not learning part, and the trip into town. Also, there is the brief but furious "introduction to Christendom" part, which will be dealt with first.

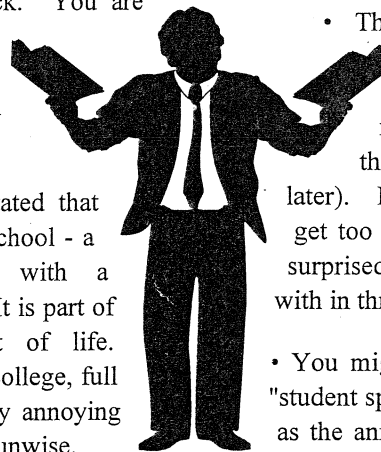
Stuff About the Introduction

- You will get a big packet. This packet will be filled with some paper, a schedule of things, and a neat handbook filled with pictures of photogenic students.

- Follow the schedule. Don't worry if things start late - set your watch about 5 to 75 minutes back and you will be on standard "Christendom Time."

- The meetings *do* end, despite how it feels. I know this because I'm not at them anymore.

- Talk to knowledgeable students about what books you do and don't need. Avoid a goofy looking guy in the CWOD who says you don't need to buy any at all.



- There are a couple of "socials" that you get to go to and look nervous. At least enjoy the food (more on this later). Make friends, but don't get too attached yet. You'll be surprised who you're hanging out with in three weeks.

- You might get invited to some "student sponsored" activities such as the annual trip to Skyline, the Turn-around, the Trax, or the Meadows. This is primarily where students stand around and have a beer.

I must warn you that in living memory, every first "student sponsored" activity has been busted. So don't go. If you do go, don't drink. Not at this one. Just wait until later. There's nothing wrong with a responsible drink or two occasionally, but its a lot more fun with a few people you really know. Also, it's kinda silly to get slapped with an "under-age possession."

Continued on Page 6.

CWOD Residential Directory

- Room 15: Andy O'Neill, Mike Hichborn
- Room 16: Andy Hibl, Ryan Corrigan
- Room 17: Ben Hatke, Denver Schafer
- Room 18: John Tsakanikas, Nick Marmalejo
- Room 19: Peter Mirus, Jon McDonald
- Room 20: Rob Gasper, Jason Kerlek

We Wish You A Very Blessed School Year!



For St. Benedict's Lounge

See inside of front cover for explanation.

Let the wise talk of books,
 And the gluttons of cooks,
 The lover, of Celia's soft smack-o;
 No mortal can boast,
 So noble a toast
 As a pipe of accepted tobacco.

Let the soldier for fame,
 And a general's name,
 In the battle get many a thwack-o;
 Let who will have the most,
 And who will rule the roost,
 Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives cause
 For the nastiest laws,
 And makes all of our politics whack-o;
 The ACLU
 Were not able to sue,
 Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The professor who lectures
 In endless conjectures:
 Whatever can make him so slack-o?
 Would you know his chief skill?
 It is only to fill,
 And to smoke a good pipe of tobacco.

Dr. Rice, I believe,
 Has a justified peeve,
 That sets his pulse going rick-rack-o;
 'Tis butts on the green,
 They're not fit to be seen;
 But the ugly part's not the tobacco.

O'Donnell alone
 To this weed is not prone;
 I'll tell you what makes him so black-o:
 The Irish can hardly
 Stay off of the barley,
 And that's why he banished tobacco.

--W. H. Marshner,
after *The Grub Street Opera*

Dr. Science Is Dead!

Fortress of Arrogance (CP)

A memorial service was held for CWOD's very own Dr. Science earlier this afternoon. The famed master of mental gymnastics died from a severe case of dismemberment when his underground laboratory exploded on the morning of July 27. This is especially tragic timing, as he recently received what he called his "long deserved and often unjustly denied" Nobel Prize for electro-nucleaic research, which involved the use of super-conductors to accelerate stirrup pants to near light-speeds.

Dr. Science claimed that his discoveries might have provided the answer to the age old question, "Where did we come from?"

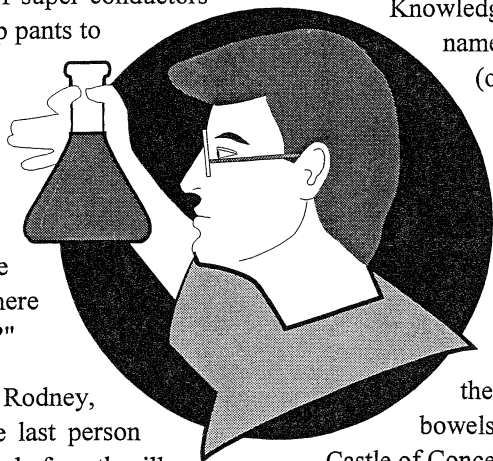
His lab assistant, Rodney, was apparently the last person to see Dr. Science before the ill-fated explosion. Foul play has not been ruled out. However, Rodney was unable to answer any police inquiries, as he was found dead with a pair of stirrup-pants embedded in his chest. It is speculated that Dr. Science used the Pant-O-Cycle as a last line of defense against the jealous lab assistant who always begrudged "the menial duties

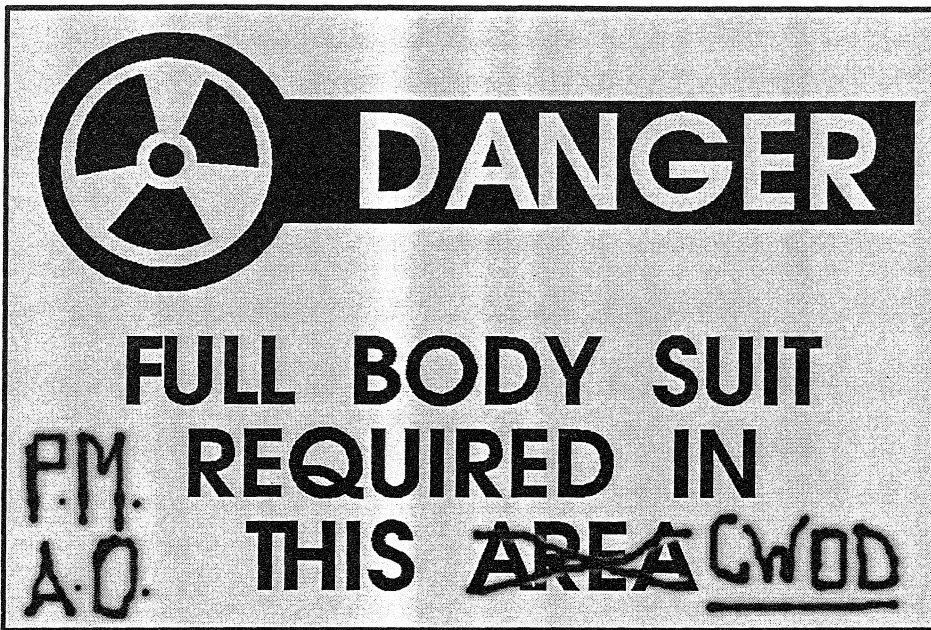
imposed by the mental midget, Science."

As to what caused the explosion, fire officials and demolitions' experts continue to examine the wreckage and question witnesses. Although Dr. Science's body was never found, the local fire marshal asserted that, "we are quite certain that he is very dead." One witness was quoted as having said, "No one could have survived THAT blast!"

In light of this tragedy, a new voice has arisen to fill the void behind the famous "Ask Dr. Science" column. Professor Knowledge, a man whose name bares no ill repute (or copyright infringement) will, with the help of his eager young assistant, Randy, be answering a wider variety of questions for the inquiring minds of the world from the bowels of his domain, the Castle of Conceit.

In a recent interview, the esteemed professor told us, "even though I could never replace that arrogant, opinionated simpleton, Dr. Science, I hope that my immensely larger base of knowledge and superiorly expressed ideas will teach and brainwa... I mean, enlighten people of all ages across the globe.





forwarding my career as a commercial art designer by training as a waiter at Bob Evans Restaurant! Talk about disillusionment. Since then I've also worked as a host and a KP (kitchen prep.) chef. Experience for sure, but not exactly what I had had in mind! Then, I had another mental breakthrough:

3. My gosh, I have only one week left to make up finals and midterms that I missed while I was sick last semester! Once again claiming temporary loss of memory to my folks due to post-kidney stone trauma, I quickly canceled my involvement in all family activities, studied like the academic bandit that I am (Right), and made tracks for campus. I wrote a brief eight page paper for History, took four mid-terms and a History final — studied for, in majority, from the Encyclopedia of Catholic History and Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary. I somehow managed to misplace my notes, and didn't have the time to read through Carroll.

Summer Talk

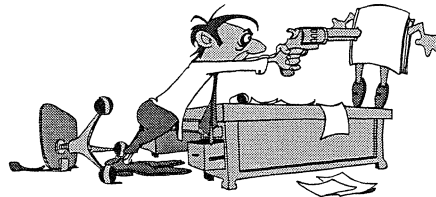
Unexpected Summer

Peter Mirus, Producer (CP)

Well, I'm doing something I never thought I'd be doing: sitting in bed, trying to think of a serious topic for an article in my own periodical, while listening to "Where the Streets Have No Name," by U2. It's difficult to come up with a topic for a "welcome back" issue. All you really want to say is "What's up?" But seeing as several writers have already been commissioned to express exactly those sentiments, I ACTUALLY have to come up with something creative. Oh, silly me. That's what I asked them for! God only knows what I'll REALLY get.

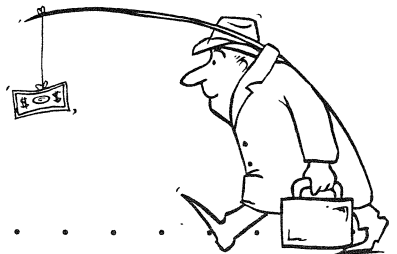
I've decided to primarily discuss the past; talk about the summer. Or, I should say, the "unexpected summer." Of all the summers I've seen, this one has been, by far, the least expected. Perhaps you can sympathize with me on this — nothing could have prepared me for the incredible weirdness of this "vacation" period. Let me tell you a few of the things about this summer...

where "luck" decided to smack yours truly squarely across the face. [open curtain, the strange saga of my personal summer.]



1. Of all the unexpected things that happened to me, summer itself was the beginning. A rush of papers and exams, last minute ritualistic all-nighters, and then suddenly I realized that I was by myself, and that school was over. I packed all my "stuff" in a flurried rush of activity and hit the trail for home. On the way, I had to think: what am I going to do this summer? Then it hit me.

2. I HAVE TO MAKE THE MONEY FOR NEXT YEAR! AUGH! As soon as I got home, I was beating the street looking for a job. I looked for nearly two weeks, and applied to every place imaginable. Before I knew it, I was



4. Still working, and having added extra computer work hours to my already busy schedule, I suddenly realized that The CWOD Gazette was supposed to sport a new look for next semester. Time to get together with my editor, who, fortunately, happened to live nearby. Four meetings and many phone calls and emails later, it was now time to start the actual work, and quit planning. This issue is the result. We decided to generate new material for a new semester of C.W.O.D. and a new look to go with it. As you will see in this issue, we have only partially realized that goal. Look out for future improvements! But I digress. Finally,

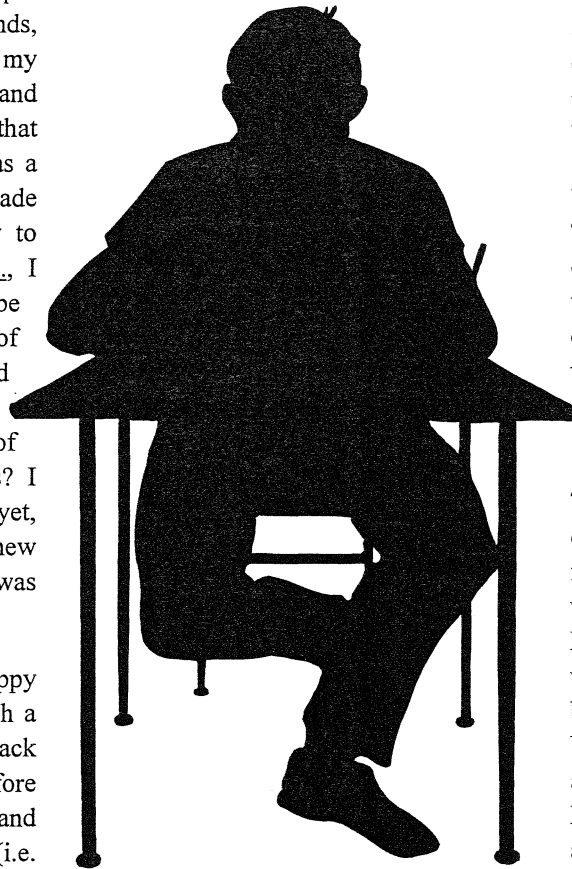
just recently, I made another startling discovery.

5. The summer is almost over! When I surprised myself with this idea, I nearly wept for joy. I was really ready to quit my job, get together with old friends, resume a normal relationships with my friends (enough of this email crap!), and hit the books. But, remember that "almost" a few lines back? That was a BIG almost. As in, I hadn't made enough money yet, I wasn't ready to produce another issue of C.W.O.D., I was apprehensive about what it'd be like to meet a huge crowd of freshmen, and my brain was too dead to think about Platonic Theory *just* yet. I had Faith, but I also had a lot of apprehension. Was I ready for this? I hadn't even gotten back to campus yet, and the onslaught of new responsibilities and challenges was incredible!

Mostly, I decided, I'll simply be happy to get back to campus, grind through a few initial troubles, and then sit back and relax for about two weeks before the real work hits. The career world, and the things that come with it (i.e. computer upgrades!) will be a thing of the past. Then, I'll start to think about exploiting a freshman class with seemingly boundless energy and enthusiasm. I will get them to write reams of material for C.W.O.D. while the REAL papers are still a thing of the future!

Finally, it's good just to *talk* again. There's a lot of catching up to do; stories to tell. The girls will have "chick nights," whatever that is, where they'll probably sit around and laugh about guys. The guys will sit on the CWOD couch and try to figure out why girls are so weird. Then we'll invite them down for a bonfire to test our theories in a more controlled setting. Anywhere in the vicinity of Campion will be deemed a highly unstable environment. It's all

good. Just to converse with my usual crowd is great. Finally, I can stand in a diverse group of my colleagues, look around, and say, "What's up?!"



From the Editor

Andrew O'Neill, Editor (CP)

Fall semester. It's here, and there's no escape.

Not that this is necessarily a bad thing. For you freshman, it will certainly be a time of growth, new friends, and new experiences. It won't all be wine and cheese, mind you, but hey — it's your first fall semester. You'll learn (trust me, I did it twice). As for the rest of us, the vast majority has returned to a world we left behind a few months ago; the world that is Christendom College.

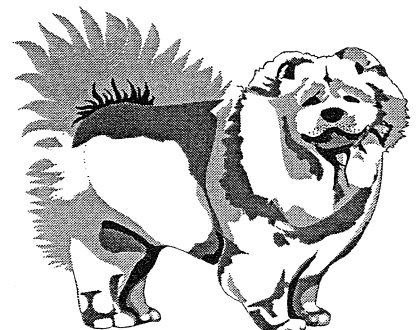
For us, the old and the new collide into a huge, jumbled Catholic heap of past

memories and present realities. Sure, the buildings are in the same place you left them, except there always seems to be at least one new one that sneaked in while your back was turned. Of course there will be classes, but they're at different times, on different subjects. Certainly there will be that inane and utterly humorless CWOD magazine, but... okay, some things stay the same.

The biggest mutation by far is the "changing of the guard." Those who are older, wiser, and more experienced than we have left our hallowed halls to go out into the world, where they will join the proud ranks of *other* alumni who have to pay off college loans the size of Australia.

They are replaced by an entirely new set of faces; young and easily excitable faces who would gladly pay upperclassmen to write their freshman English papers for them, upperclassmen who demonstrate their literary prowess by, say, editing a college newspaper. Upperclassmen who only charge \$5.00 a page, not including overtime and Mr. Brown's official signature, where it applies... but I digress.

The point is, things will be different, even though they're kind of the same (I know, it's profound. Shut up; I'm working here). Imagine coming home after an extended vacation to find that someone's rearranging your furniture, added on a back deck, and traded your brother and sister for the neighbor's kid and his dog, Zippy. Sure, you can cope, but it'll require a little time to adjust.



St. Eric of Sweden, Saint of the Issue

Peter Mirus (CP)

St. Eric was recognized as king of much of Sweden in 1150. Already a devout Christian himself, during his reign he did much to establish the Church in Upper Sweden. He built, at Old Uppsala, the first large church to be erected in his country. He also caused his code of laws to be recorded and made into a work of a single volume, later called King Eric's Law or the Code of Uppland.

Not long into his reign, the heathen Finns foolishly decided to attack Sweden. Eric took to arms, and soundly tromped the opposing army. Indeed, it can be stated that the Finns were "utterly defeated," as it is said in CWOD speak.

The Bishop of Uppsala, an Englishman, had accompanied King Eric to battle. At Eric's request, he remained in Finland to evangelize the people.

Some of Eric's nobles, upset with his devout attentions to matters of Faith, rebelled against him, forming an allegiance with Denmark. When the news was brought to the king that a Danish horde was descending upon him, along with Swedish traitors, he was hearing Mass on the feast of the Ascension. In response to this news, King Eric said, "Let us at least finish the sacrifice; the rest of the feast I shall keep elsewhere." Following the Mass, he marched forth with his guards to be martyred by the conspirators, outside the church, by decapitation. His death occurred on May 18, 1161.

CWOD recommends that all those who are facing a dilemma regarding the practice of virtue should pray to St. Eric for his intercession. Because he rules.

Actually, that analogy is a little closer to the mark than you freshman might expect. For the Returning Ones, the college is very much our home. We're here eight months out of the year, living in our own rooms, with our own messes, and occasionally those of our roommates. Often, our peers are like our own siblings, people we can hang with, or beat senseless, depending on the situation (I'm sure you guys out there are with me).

And of course, the faculty provide the guidance that our parents offered us at home, but there's a lot more faculty than there were parents, so we pick our favorites and follow their example. It's kind of like living in a pack of wild dogs, except we try not to bite each other, and our meat is mostly cooked. Mostly. The point is, it's very communal. And that's the word, people — community. We work to "restore all things in Christ," nothing less. We should keep these things in mind as the days go by. Especially the part about not biting each other.

So, in conclusion, here's some advice from your Uncle Andy: freshman, no matter what happens, enjoy what you have while you have it. I can't tell you how many times I've heard someone wish they could "go back and do it again." True, you are primarily here to be students, but, before you know it, your papers will suddenly jump from four pages to fourteen! So yeah, do your homework, but take time to hang out. Have a beer. Start fires. Blow stuff up. (Preferably not in that order). Welcome to Christendom College. As for the rest of you...

...you know the drill.

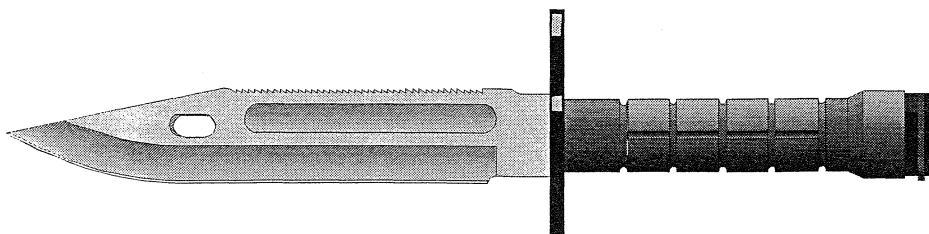
**DUE TO RECENTLY
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THAT THE NUMBER 10
IS EVIL, THE TITLE OF
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NOW BE CALLED:**

The Top 8

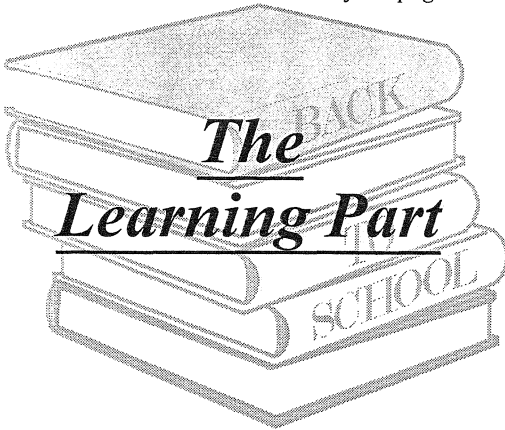
Having trouble with your new home? Can't find a concept that says "you"? Then try these:

Top 8 Things You Can Do With Your Room

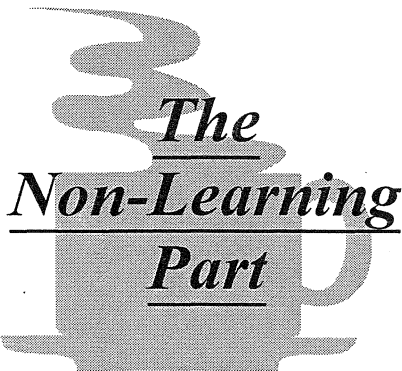
- 8) Break PDA laws constantly, and have the RA's write you citations. Wallpaper with them.
- 7) Get some farm animals. Chain them to your furniture.
- 6) Drink a lot of beer. Fill the walls with the cans (this one has actually been done before).
- 5) Buy some Liquid Cheez. Be creative.
- 4) Replace everything in your room with a replica made out of cow parts.
- 3) Half-fill the room with water and conduct naval battles from your bed.
- 2) Start a collection . . . of HUMAN HEADS!!!
- 1) Pad the walls and floor. Get some whiffle bats and a couple of helmets. Then, when you and your roommate get in an argument, you can settle it "the Nerf way."



Survival Guide, continued from page 1.



- There are "classes" and "teachers."
- Never call a "Dr." a "Mr." and always call a "Mr." a "Dr."
- If you are in the Grammar course, remember the gerund or it will fall off.
- Do not draw pictures instead of taking notes, claiming that the pictures ARE your notes. Bad things will happen if you do.
- Do not worry about those 3-page freshman papers, or upperclassmen will beat you.
- In Dr. Way's class, do well. He is bigger than you.
- Be a rebel: don't procrastinate, then laugh at your friends that did.
- Never freak out about your work - it bothers me. A lot. Trust me.



- You have a room, and a roommate. Pet them and give them food.

- If you haven't done so already, discuss room stuff *immediately*. Make the rules; chart the territory. Most freshman will say to their roommates that they "don't care about that stuff," and are "laid back." Don't do this - avoid trouble later.

- Meet your neighbors and break their stereo.

- If you visit the CWOD, immediately pay the residents of room 15 ten bucks and tell them that their weapon collection is "cool." Also, make sure you talk to the friendly CWOD proctor and give him ten bucks. You will do just fine.

- If you live in St. Joe's, be quiet and study.

- If you live in St. Francis, remember that you are lowly.

- If you live in that new big "I forget the saint's name" dorm, may God have mercy on you. Also, do not lean on anything.

- If you are a girl and live in those girl dorms, I have no idea what you should expect because only girls know that stuff.

- Three times a day, you will get "food," with a "drink" and "salad."

- Eat frugally and enjoy the indulgence offered by eating with a smile. AVOID TUNA-MAC AND SCROD. This is the most important thing I could ever say.

- At the dances, please enjoy the songs if you haven't heard them before - you *will* hear them again. Above all, eat the food.

- God rules, especially if you let Him.



- There is a "town" with "people" and "buildings."

- It is too far to walk.

- The average resident is a "townie." You will know them by their pickup truck and dog named Blu.

- Don't read the magazines at 7-11 if Ada is working there.

- The Knotty Pine is a wonderful dining festival.

- I really can't describe anything else with justice. You *will* understand this.

Well, I hope this survival guide fills in the gaps left by those introductory meetings, or at least fills the trash can, where a cold and grungy CWOD dweller will finally be able to get some rest and shelter.

Eat School

Ask Bud Wiser, Master of Love

My friends,

Well, another year of schoolage has descended into our midst. This means new classes, new books and a big ol' piece of room called St. Benedict's full of frosh to staple to the ceiling. But, someone else can hash up some verbage of that nonsense. I'm here to pass on my wisdom as received from "The Manual of GUY" so you all don't run around like a bunch of pansies and give me a headache with foolage. Anyway--I've got a question from someone who seems to be on the right track. Here goes:

Q. Dear Bud Wiser, I'm a new freshman girl, and I've read some of your earlier work. I know that I must set myself apart to get attention from cool guys. How can I be different from the other girls?

Love,
An admirer from Campion

A. Miss Admirer,

This is an excellent piece of question! Of course, if I listed everything I'm thinking of, the other chicks would copy it, and you'd have gotten nowhere. So, I'll list a few points, and you can visit me later for a full education.

- Don't listen to or quote angry female vocalists. It's already been done.
- Don't wander around campus in groups of three.
- Do act like yourself and not like grass.
- Don't sit on the steps leading to the pool and "hook up."
- Eat more than salad.
- Don't act huge and mighty, or prissy and judgmental.
- Don't fall for alumni, they are on the prowl.
- Yodel.
- Use the force and impress the faculty.
- Visit the CWOD and avoid those who wield ferrets.
- Don't visit St. Francis.

These should jump-start your love life here at Christendom. Please respond with your results.

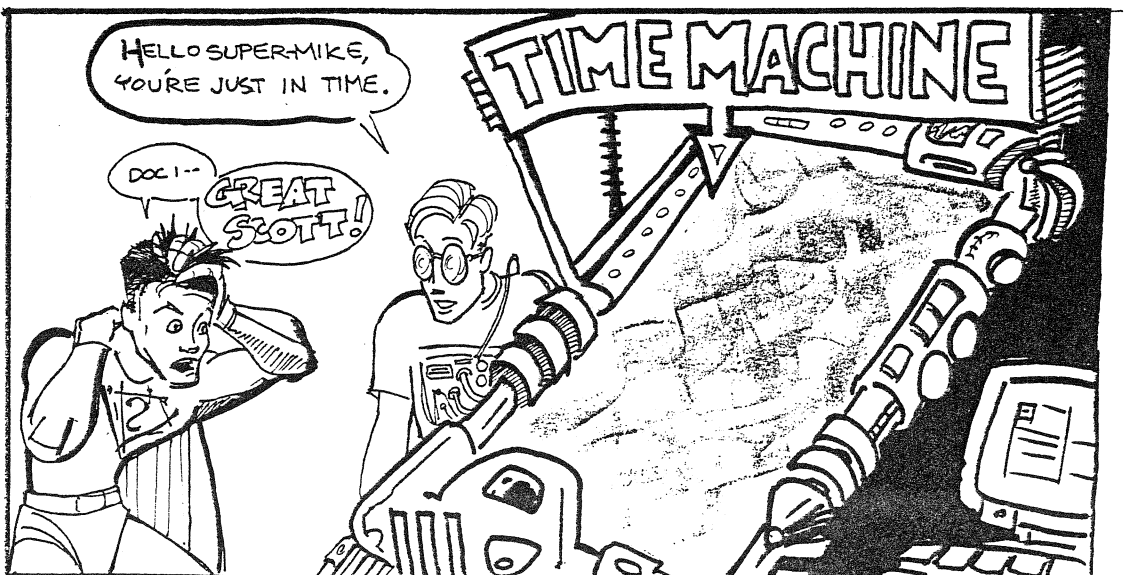
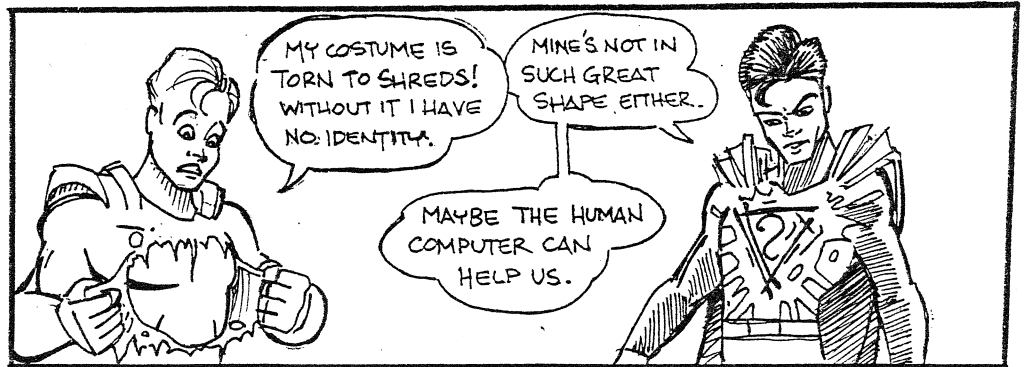
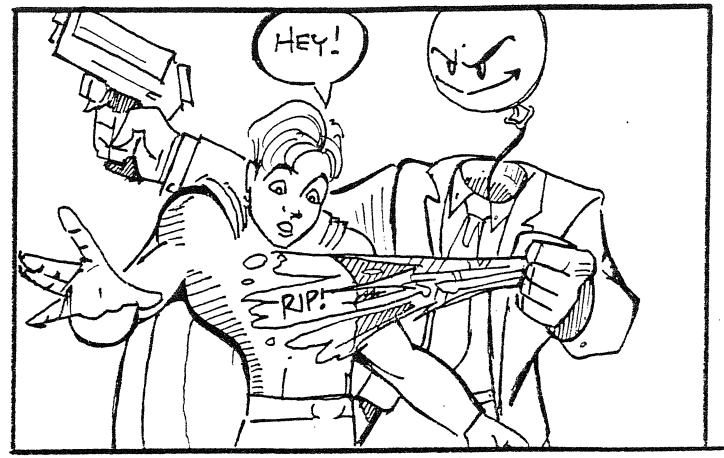
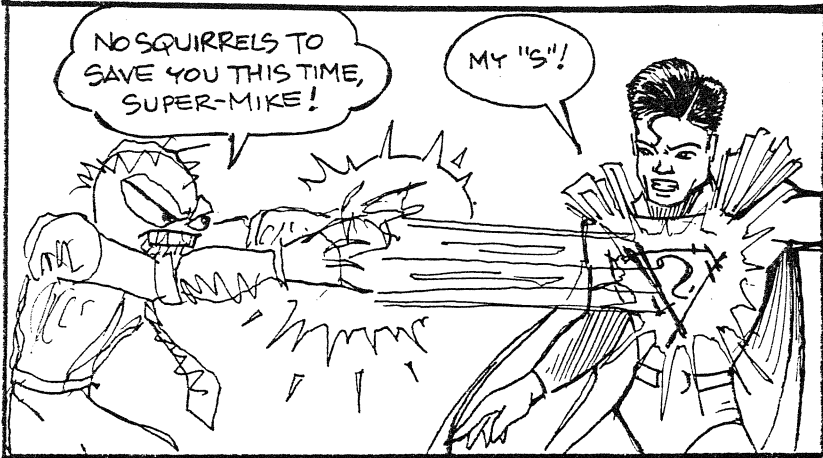
- B. Wiser

WARRIORS OF CWOD

CHANGES PART I

By [Signature]

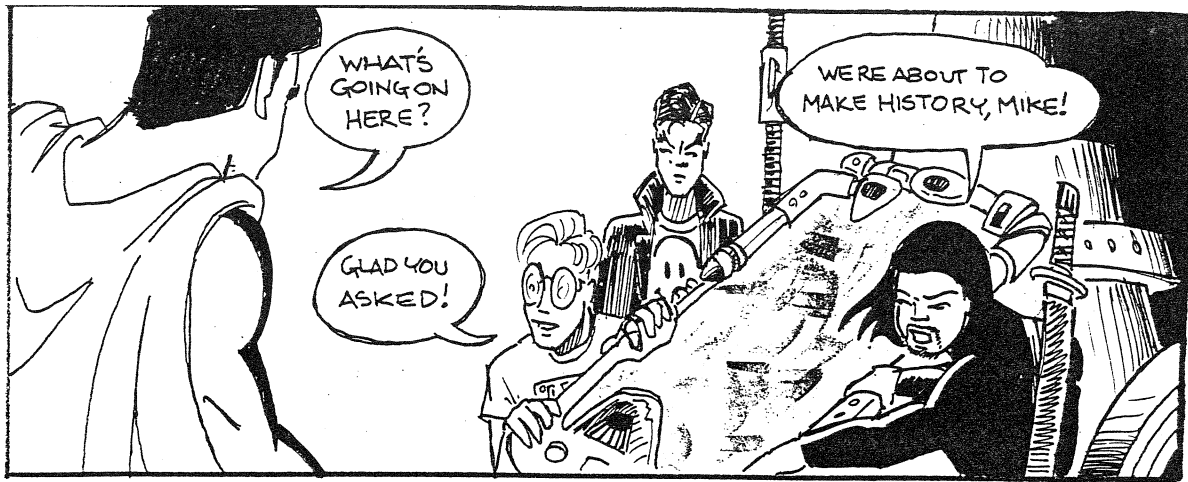
THE FORCES OF DARKNESS
HAVE UNLEASHED POORLY
DRAWN GUY AND MR.
BALLOON HEAD AFTER
SUPER-MIKE AND SUPER-
BEN.



SUPER BEN'S COSTUME HAS BEEN RIPPED TO SHREDS BY THE EVIL MR. BALLOON HEAD

SUPER MIKE HAS STUMBLED ONTO AN EXPERIMENT IN PROGRESS.

Benjamin Hale



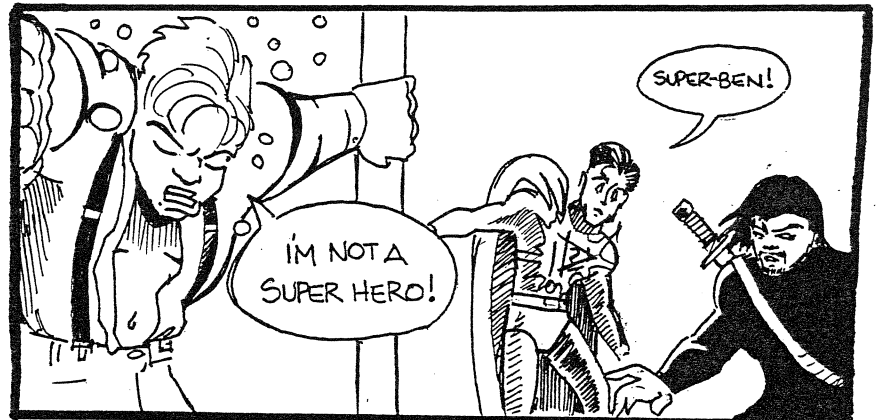
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WE'RE ABOUT TO MAKE HISTORY, MIKE!

GLAD YOU ASKED!



YOU SEE MIKE, DURING THE SUMMER I SET OUT TO BUILD A TIME MACHINE, BUT MISTAKENLY OPENED A GATEWAY TO SOME BIZZARE OTHER WORLD. JUST NOW WE WERE ABOUT TO SEND NINJA-ANDY AND HAPPINESS AND JOY MAN THROUGH.



SUPER-BEN!

I'M NOT A SUPER HERO!



YOU'RE NOT THINKING CLEARLY, BEN. BEING A SUPER HERO ISN'T ABOUT WEARING A COSTUME. IT'S ABOUT MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER, SAFER PLACE.



ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE ABOUT COOL POSES AND WHAT KIND OF POWERS YOU HAVE. OH YEAH, AND COOL HAIR IS IMPORTANT TOO.

I CAN'T STAY HERE.



HE'S JUMPED THROUGH THE FORTHOLE! IN HIS STATE HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE ON HIS OWN. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO—



FORM A TEAM TO GO IN AFTER HIM!

