



The Stepping Stone to the Future! (Future... Future...)

A Word from the Author

Well, guys, it's been a blast! I know near the end there, I wasn't exactly on cue with the Knightly Knews, but I hope these pages helped spread the word about Alpha's events, and I hope you guys enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed writing it. I present here my final edition of the Knightly Knews before I step down from my post. The year is almost over, but we've still got a few things going on, so take a look and see what Alpha's got in store for the month of April. It's been fun, guys! Keep Alpha strong! Good luck!

Your servant,

Charles O'Hara

Aka Sir New Moon



Homeward Initiative

Knights! The Homeward Initiative continues with great success! As of the last update, Alpha has maintained second place with 100 new grad givers, 21 pledges, and \$3,281 raised for the Tipton trip. Our goal is to have 130 new givers by the end of April 11, which would give us a 35% participation rate, which would be a huge accomplishment! We plan to have one more callout before the contest's end. Stay tuned for more details!

Prayer Warriors

David Lopez has begun a session after our Tuesday meetings called Prayer Warriors. If you've got something on your mind or just want people to pray with, join us after meeting (usually around 7) to pray. Also, feel free to send any prayer requests to David Lopez at bishop@agoknights.com or even to the Alpha list. We'll pray for you.

Spiritual Retreat

The annual Spiritual Retreat is underway! Friday, April 20, we will be heading out to Lake Arcadia for a night of devotion and fellowship. Know any Freshman who are interested in the retreat? Invite them out! They can stay for awhile so long as they're back by curfew. Let David Lopez know of any new people who wish to come. And don't forget to bring any overnight materials you might need. Contact David Lopez at bishop@agoknights.com for more details.



Soccer Season!

Our last sporting season of the year has come, Knights! Join Alpha for some rousing games of soccer. All member are welcome to join in the game. You are required to use shin gaurds, however. We have a few extra, but bring your own if you have any. We could use the support of our club guys! Even if you don't wish to play, come out and support the team! It'll be a blast!

I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Donuts!

Do you guys like donuts? Of course you do! Who doesn't? We've got a plethora of coupons for free Krispy Kreme donuts for sale. We have \$6 dollar coupons for a free dozen, as well as a \$12 coupon, which allows you to buy two dozen donuts for the price of one... dozen, that is. The \$12 coupon can be used up to 10 times, so it's a real money-saver for the regular donut lover. Contact Tyler Wilson at taxcollector@agoknights.com for more information.

Soccer Schedule

April 1: 8:00 — Alpha vs. Psi (South Field)

April 3: 7:00 — Alpha vs. Old Guys





Dues

Those who haven't paid dues need to contact Tyler Wilson at taxcollector@agoknights.com. If you aren't able to pay dues just yet, let us know so we can work something out. Communication is key.

Pictures for History!

Alpha! Remember all that cool stuff we did this year? Like the thing? And that other thing? If only we had some pictures to lock these joyous occasions into the eternity of Alpha's legacy! Oh wait! We do have those... probably. If you've got any pictures of events over the past year, please send them to Drew Binkley so we can have an end-of-the year slideshow to commemorate our history!



Alpha Apparel!

Alpha! We've got more red polos available to those who want them. Our supply is limited, and we've begun selling to the alumni as well, so get your shirt while they're still available! Contact Justin Bullard at queen@agoknights.com for more information. Shirts are \$15.

Odd Puzzles

Rules: I will provide a phrase that uses words synonymous with the title of a popular song/book/movie/what have you. See if you can guess the title.

Example: They Call Me Joe by Coffer = My Name is Jonas by Weezer

Last Week's Answer: "Back to the Future" starring Michael J. Fox

And this week's phrase is....

"The Way in Which I Became Acquainted with Your Maternal Birth-giver"





The Great Adventures of Sir Biff

Chapter Nine: A Legend is Born

Biff leapt to the side, nimbly dodging the deadly flames that sprung forth from the dragon's maw. He ran forward, swinging his mace to and fro, hoping to hit the dragon where it would hurt. But DeStealer was cunning. With the reins he held, he pulled the dragon's head back for every swing that Biff could manage. Around him, the other knights knew not what to do. With the dragon's deadly tail and searing flames, there was no getting near him without suffering a mortal wound.

"Stand firm, men!" the wizard shouted in a thunderous voice. "Do not fear the flames. I will extinguish them!" With that, the wizard raised his eraser sword and began to chant unintelligibly. Immediately, a gale of ice and rain swarmed before him in a great whirlwind. Swinging his sword forward, he shot the mighty whirlwind of ice, striking the beast within its fiery mouth and dowsing its flames. The other knights took their opportunity, raising their swords and charged the dragon head on. With multiple foes to face, the dragon reared back, snapping at the knights threateningly, but the knights continued to push the creature further from the castle gates.

They intended to finish the beast, but DeStealer would grant them no such wish. Even with the onslaught of soldiers, he easily evaded their attacks. The dragon would not go down so easily.

"We need to distract DeStealer!" King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead shouted. "Keep him off the reins!"

"I'll take care of him," shouted Sir Identity Theft, rushing to the front of the battle.

"Eh, wot?" DeStealer shouted, looking down at the reckless soldier who was charging him. "An' jus' wot d'ya think ye're goin' ta do ta me?"

"Do wot ta me?" DeStealer replied. "I's you tha's gonna ge' it!"

"Wot? I don't sound like that!" DeStealer screamed in defiance. "Yeh've go' the accent all wrong!"

"You mean you've go' it all wrong!" DeStealer laughed. DeStealer screamed in frustration and leapt from the dragon. He tried to punch DeStealer, but DeStealer dodged easily, tripping DeStealer with a swift kick to the legs. DeStealer tumbled to the ground, and DeStealer raised his arms, screaming in triumph.

"Now's our chance, men!" Sir Dating Advice shouted. "Attack the dragon!" With no man to control the beast, the dragon could not dodge the assault of swords and mace. Quickly, each soldier landed his blow on the beast, forcing it to cower beneath its broken wings. Their victory was at hand! It was only a matter of time now before the great dragon would fall.

"Jus' one tic, poppet," Destealer shouted from the ground. "This ain't over yet." With inhuman strength and agility, he leapt from the ground, leaving DeStealer in a stupor. He clambered and punched his way through the knights to the great dragon's side. As he saddled the dragon and held the reins once more, the dragon's head peeked out menacingly from beneath its wings, eyes ablaze with fury. "Time for revengeance, old chap."

Heat emanated from the dragon's mouth, and a bright yellow glow sparked within its throat. The other soldiers dodged out of the way, but Biff found himself in the middle of the fray, unable to jump in time. The dragon belted its molten flames out across the courtyard, and the fire fully engulfed Biff in an uncontrollable blaze of heat. Screams could be heard from all around as the other soldiers gazed in horror. In the distance, the cry of a hobbit could be heard. As the dragon's flames waned, its neck snapped forward, and Biff was pinned between its mighty jaws.

Biff disappeared into the dragon's maw as the beast closed its jaws with a sickening crunch. Satisfied with its victory, it reeled back and spewed its victim up into the air. Biff hurtled upward, billowing smoke and flames in a trail behind him as he disappeared within the balcony of the castle.

"You just killed Biff!" yelled King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead.

"Eh wot's the matter with that?" DeStealer replied.

"I liked him."



"Then wot you gonna do 'bout et, eh?" DeStealer laughed evilly, and the dragon joined him, blowing smoke from its nostrils as they both celebrated their victory over their adversary. Before them, the soldiers bowed their heads, defeated from the loss of such a brave warrior. Only King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead stood firm, his head held high.

"Men! Have you given up so easily?" The knights raised their heads, facing their leader. "We lost a soldier today, a soldier who showed as much as any of us the integrity of a man who knows power, love, and self discipline. His spirit will not go forgotten. But neither shall we allow his death to be in vain. Before you stands our enemy, the very same enemy who dispatched our friend. Together, we shall have justice! Knights, are you still with me!?" The knights did not respond at first, mumbling amongst each other, unsure of the chances of their victory. Then, a lone voice squeaked in the midst of the crowd, high-pitched but strong.

"GNC!" the voice shouted, and suddenly within the crowd, Hobbit O'Neal burst out, a short knife in his hand waving wildly. "GNC!" he shouted again, charging for the great beast who had dispatched his friend. Watching the short hobbit charge on, King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead raised his own sword, roaring, "GNC" and charging the dragon. With that, the other soldiers charged as well, eager to take down the great beast once and for all, yelling what would possibly be their final war cry.

As King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead caught up to Hobbit O'Neal, he hoisted the hobbit up with one strong arm and chucked him over the head of the mighty dragon and onto the saddle where DeStealer sat. Quickly, DeStealer unsheathed his own dagger, and the two of them began to duel.

While DeStealer was distracted, the soldiers continued their merciless barrage of the dragon. The dragon wasn't willing to cower as before. Filled with a bloodlust from its last kill, it swung its tail back and forth, spinning more violently. It was all DeStealer and O'Neal could do to keep their balance atop the beast. The knights stayed in close, but they could not deal a finishing blow on the writhing, furious monster. As the knights swung their swords indiscriminately at the dragon's tough hide, DeStealer managed to grab Hobbit O'Neal by his robe and throw him from the saddle. The knights cried out in dismay, fearing that they might suffer the same fate as Biff.

Suddenly, the noise of an opening gate distracted everyone from the tumult of the battle. As one, they all turned around to see the front gate of the castle opening wide. Within the confines of the castle, a lone figure emerged. His armor was seared black as the night, and even from across the courtyard, the saliva of the dragon's maw was visible. Still, there could be no doubting what they saw. Marching out victoriously from beyond the grave was Biff, his trusty mace in hand.

"Wha?" DeStealer began, unable to even form words out of shock. "Who? Wha? 'Ow? When did? Hold on a tic! You were rosted like a lamb-chop and crushed like an ant by this beast o'mine ere! 'Ow could you 'ave possirbly survoived?"

As Biff stepped out into the courtyard, he shrugged in response. "Armor, bro." The other knights cheered in unison, happy to see their once-thought-dead friend. "Don't cheer just yet," Biff announced. "It's time to break the dragon!"

"Break the dragon!" the knights shouted as they continued to assault the beast with their weapons.

"You are fortunate to have survived," the wizard told Biff. "But if things continue the way they are, we will surely lose this battle."

"Worry not! On my way back down here, I happened to run across a new acquaintance." He stepped to the side, and another man stepped forth. He was stocky with blonde hair, and his smile seemed to betray some maliciously mischievous intent. "Good wizard, meet my new friend Sir Bombs Away!"

In response to his introduction, Sir Bombs Away drew something from within his cloak. It was a large red box labeled "ACME TNT". "Say hello to my little friend," he said with a devilish laugh.

"With this, we can easily destroy that beast and its rider for good!" Biff shouted.

"Not quite," Sir Bombs Away replied, suddenly taking on a formal disposition. "With the dragon's fire-breathing capabilities, the TNT would detonate far before it had reached a critical weak point of the beast. Some damage might occur, but a lethal blow is unlikely."

"Then it looks like we'll have to work together," said the wizard. "On my mark, you'll throw the mystical fire-box at the beast. Be ready! We'll only have one shot at this." The wizard raised his sword once again, re-creating the whirlwind of ice and rain. As the whirlwind reached a satisfactory size, he charged at the dragon. "Now, men!" he shouted, thrusting the icy gale forward.



Sir Bombs Away lit the wick of the dangerous box and tossed it to Biff. Biff threw the box of TNT toward the dragon, making sure it remained safe behind the whirlwind, so that the dragon's fire would not harm it. The whirlwind struck the beast once again between its jaws, dousing the deadly flames. The dragon roared in frustration, and the box of TNT landed firmly within its throat.

Confused, the dragon swallowed the box and looked around. Even DeStealer wasn't quite sure what the beast had swallowed. Shrugging it off, he grabbed the reins of the dragon once again, preparing for a fatal strike against the knights.

Suddenly, the sight of the dragon was replaced by a cloud of bright, fiery light. The cloud expanded in all directions, blowing the surrounding knights backwards. Everyone within the courtyard shielded their eyes from the dazzling spectacle. After a few seconds, the smoky cloud faded. In the center of the courtyard, where the great dragon once stood, only a big black mark remained.

It was slow at first. As the soldiers tried to gauge what had just occurred before them, some had dared to cheer for their victory. Realizing then that the beast was really gone, the rest of the knights joined in, shouting out a chorus of elation. Biff, the wizard, Hobbit O'Neal, and Sir Bomb Voyage joined in with the cheers. They had won against the great beast after all. The kingdom was saved!

Hours later, everyone was sitting within the dining hall, laughing and cheering and having a joyous time. Just an hour before, Sir Meh had finally returned from his journey, bringing with him an unreasonably large supply of roast mutton. The knights had not questioned the shady origins of the succulent meat, and now they sat enjoying the feast that had been unexpectedly prepared for them.

"And the best thing is," Sir Call Me Maybe chimed in between bites, "DeStealer was captured and locked away in the prison for his crimes!"

"I still can't figure out how he survived that explosion," the wizard pondered.

"Same way all the other knights survived the explosion," Sir Bombs Away replied.

"And how's that?"

"No idea."

Among the knights were Biff and O'Neal, who sat with King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead and the queen. Together, they enjoyed this feast that was like no meal they had experienced before. "I don't believe I ever introduced you to my queen," King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead said. "Biff, meet Queen Laundry to Go."

Biff bowed his head in respect to the queen. Next to him, the jester sat oddly silent. "I would think," Biff noted, "that you would have commented on the subtle irony of such a name, considering your jokes about the others."

The jester shook his head vigorously. "Bro, I ain't touching that one with a ten-foot pole."

As the feast neared its conclusion, King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead stood up, tapping his glass to get the attention of the rest of the knights. "Knights!" he shouted, since tapping the glass was rather impractical for such a huge hall. "I have an announcement to make. Today, we have seen the valor that is asked of all of us in the heat of battle. Every one of you showed your honor, proudly displaying the hearts of power, love, and self-discipline that are the embodiment of our kingdom. And with us, we have a man who has shown that he has just such a heart. If it had not been for Biff, I fear that this day would have been lost. The dragon would be raging throughout the kingdom even now. It is for that reason that I ask Biff to kneel."

Biff was startled by the request. What was King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead intended to do? Obediently, he stood from his seat and knelt before him. King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel gets dead unsheathed his sword. "By the power invested in me," he said, resting the sword against Biff's right shoulder, followed by his left. "I dub thee Sir Biff. You may now rise." As Sir Biff rose to his feet, cheers could be heard from throughout the dining hall. Everyone was standing and shouting congratulations to him. It was the greatest honor Sir Biff had ever known.

As the noise died down, he looked forward. "Thank you," he began and once again felt the struggle of his memory, "King... It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead."



"He remembered!" King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead shouted.

"Huzzah!" the rest of the knights cheered. With that, King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead returned to their seats and enjoyed the remainder of the feast.

Throughout the course of the year, Sir Biff had grown to learn what it means to achieve greatness. It required far more than he had anticipated, but even a man of humble beginnings could find in himself what it takes to see such greatness come to life.

And so ends our tale. But this need not be the end of his stories. For while we have learned how the name of Sir Biff has been spoken through legend, a hero does not quit simply because greatness is achieved. In the hidden recesses of our historical records, somewhere deep within the confines of archeological discovery, there may yet lie more treasures, more stories of the legendary Sir Biff. Will these stories ever see the light of day? Who knows? Not by my own hand, however. My work is done, and I pass on such an opportunity to whomever may be up to the task. Until then, farewell brothers, and may you find greatness in your own lifetime.

The End.