



## The wonderful weekly winter webpage! So wow...

### Club Devotionals

To those who are still interested in helping out with devotionals at the beginning of meeting, contact David Lopez at [bishop@agoknights.com](mailto:bishop@agoknights.com) to set up a date. If you've got something on your heart, feel free to share with Alpha!

### 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](mailto:bishop@agoknights.com) or even to the Alpha list. We'll pray for you.



### I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Donuts!

Hey guys! Still got a craving for Krispy Kreme? We've got extra coupons on sale! You can either buy a coupon for a free dozen, or a coupon for a buy one dozen, get one dozen free deal (usable up to ten times)! Contact Tyler Wilson at [treasurer@agoknights.com](mailto:treasurer@agoknights.com) for prices and other information.

### Dues

Knights! This semester's dues are \$30. Contact Tyler Wilson at [treasurer@agoknights.com](mailto:treasurer@agoknights.com) for information on how to pay. Also, those who owe money from last semester, please contact him as soon as possible. The sooner the budget gets established, the more events of Alpha-level awesomeness we can set up!

### Singing

Singing has begun once again! This Thursday, we'll meet with the Lambda girls at 5:45 ponsai, and leave around 6 to the old folks' home at 33rd and Boulevard. It's an awesome experience and a great service opportunity, and they always love having us there! You can also come straight to the home if you want to meet us there. For more information, contact John Gause at [friar@agoknights.com](mailto:friar@agoknights.com).



## Basketball Schedule

Monday, January 20—Alpha C vs. Delta C @ 8.

Tuesday, January 21—Alpha C vs. Psi C @ 8.

Monday, January 27—Alpha C vs. Freshman C @ 8.

Monday, February 3—Alpha C vs. Kappa C @ 8.



## Spring Sing Practices

January 20—8:30 Hardeman

January 23—10:00 PAC

January 24—8:30 Rec Gym

January 26—10:00 Rec Gym

January 27—10:00 Hardeman

January 31—10:00 Hardeman

## Basketball

Alpha's basketball season has been a blast! Come cheer on the C-team as they play throughout the rest of the month. Also, if you're still interested in playing, make sure to let Styve know beforehand so he can add you to the roster. You can contact him at [sergeantatarms@agoknights.com](mailto:sergeantatarms@agoknights.com). Go Alpha!

## The Brotherhood



It is time, my brothers. Time for the legend... Time for the game of stealth, alliance, betrayal, and recycled jpegs. I speak, of course, of That Alpha Game. **The deadline to sign up is this Thursday, January 23 at midnight.** Targets will be assigned the evening of the 24th and **the game will officially begin at midnight.** Be prepared, my brothers. Know your friends, be wary of your enemies, and may the best man win.

Contact Charles O'Hara at [scribe@agoknights.com](mailto:scribe@agoknights.com) to sign up or ask questions. Rules have been sent out via e-mail.



## Spring Sing!

The time has come, knights. Spring Sing is upon us! Practice begins tonight at 8:30 in the Hardeman auditorium. Come prepared to learn some lyrics and a bit of choreography. It's gonna be a blast, guys! Let's make this a spectacle nobody will soon forget!

## Alpha Apparel!

The shirts are in, Alpha! For \$15, you can get your own AGO red polo! Contact Justin Bullard at queen @agoknights.com. These aren't just your typical red polos. These are ALPHA polos! The difference is plain as day! So get yours today!

## Our New Rushee!

Give a big, warm welcome to our newest member of Alpha, Calvin Lyman! Take the time to get to know him and help him learn the ins and outs of our club.

## Schedules

It's gonna be a busy semester for some of you guys, and we want to make plans to let you guys get the most out of Alpha this year! In order to do that, we need to know when you guys are available! Many of you have already done so, but if not, please send your current schedule (or at least a list of times when you are busy throughout the week) to Joey Hemenway at webmaster@agoknights.com. Bring life to the Alpha Super Schedule!



Before

After

## 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: Wake Me Up—Avicii

And this week's phrase is....

"A Fluid Felon"





## The Great Adventures of Sir Biff

### Chapter Seven: The Gauntlet

Dawn arrived more quickly than Biff had anticipated. Rising from his restless slumber, he prepared his things and walked down to the courtyard, where the king had told him to meet with the kingdom's bishop and head friar. As he made his way to the western block of the courtyard, he spotted the two men conversing with each other, both of them fully awake and unfazed by the early morning. Biff could not help but respect them for the energy they displayed, considering the self discipline required to condition oneself to wake up so soon into the day. He hoped that he could live up to their expectations, whatever they may be.

The first man to spot Biff smiled eagerly and waved to him. "You must be Biff. The king mentioned—"

"AHEM!" The sound of a clearing throat echoed out across the courtyard, seeming to arise from nowhere.

"Right, sorry. King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead mentioned that you would be meeting with us this morning. I am this kingdom's bishop, Sir Friendzone. And this," he said, gesturing to the man in front of him, "is the head friar, Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat."

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Sirs," Biff replied.

"I must say," Sir the Other Other Other Other White Meat spoke, "I'm impressed by King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead's confidence in you. Normally, one must go through years and years of training before he is deemed worthy of entering the Gauntlet. I'm looking forward to seeing how you handle it."

Biff stood up proudly. "I will not disappoint you, Friar."

"I hope that is the case. Well then, we should be going. Bishop, if you'd be so kind..." Sir Friendzone stepped in front of Biff and raised his hands, placing them on either side of Biff's helmet. His face creased into a deep frown, he quietly whispered, "May God have mercy on your soul."

"Wait, what?" Biff asked worriedly. Without another word, Sir Friendzone backed away, the smile returning to his face as if nothing had happened. "Okay, he's ready."

"Brilliant!" Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat proclaimed. "Then let's begin." With that, he bounded out toward the courtyard's western exit. Biff snapped out of his ominous superstition and followed him out.

As they both stepped outside of the courtyard onto a main path, Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat turned back to him, keeping his pace. "First, we'll head outside of the kingdom. It's just a short jog out on a dirt path not far from here. We'll be there in no time. Just remember to keep your pace with me!"

Biff nodded in response, his uneasiness wearing away. After all, how hard could a short jog be? Especially in his thick metal armor suit, which would surely protect him from the searing rays of the morning sun as the day grew hotter. This was going to be a breeze.

About ten minutes later, Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat turned off of the main road onto a dirt path. Biff swiftly followed. His legs were beginning to ache from the extra weight of his armor, but he did not worry. Surely, this short jog was almost over.

The minutes passed by, and Biff happily marched on, humming to himself to the rhythm of his bounding legs. More minutes passed by, and soon Biff was beginning to lose track of the time. How long had they been jogging? The pain in his legs was worsening, and in spite of his heat-protective armor, he was sweating profusely. In front of him, the friar jogged on just as easily as when they'd begun, betraying no sense of tiredness from the run. Biff began to despair. Was this his idea of a short jog? Perhaps this was yet a test of his endurance, his ability to persevere when difficulty truly grips him. That must've been it. Focusing on nothing else, he allowed the thought to sit at the forefront of his mind.

But so, the minutes continued to pass, and those minutes turned into more minutes and then yet more minutes. Biff's legs turned to lead. The air in his suit burned like a tar pit, and his heart pounded like the booming drums of the dwarf band





“Hard Boulder”. The goal that he sought slipped further and further from his mind, until he had almost forgotten why he was running in the first place.

“I’ve got an idea,” shouted Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat, his breathing inconceivably even. “Let’s pass the time with a rousing song. Repeat after me.” Biff shook his head, unwilling to waste any air on song, considering his state. However, it was a good way to forget about the pain, and so he obeyed.

*Way up north where the weather’s cold!*

*Lost all my money, I lost all my gold.*

*So now I make my livin’*

*Killin’ the baby seals. Arr! Arr!*

Biff hesitated at the final line, wondering if he had heard correctly. Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat, not seeming to notice Biff’s concern, continued:

*You can hit ‘em with a bat! You can hit ‘em with a brick!*

*You can poke ‘em in the eye with an eye-pokin’ stick!*

*That’s how I make my livin*

*Killin’ the baby seals. Arr! Arr!*

Biff had never heard such a song before. What sort of madman had composed such a piece? And yet, the friar joyfully continued:

*My wife and kids all hate me!*

*The army, they won’t take me!*

*Because I make my livin’*

*Killin’ the baby seals. Arr! Arr!*

Finally, mercifully, Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat slowed down and came to rest on the soft grass. Biff stopped next to him, gasping for some breath. Although he tried to stay up, his knees failed him and he collapsed onto the ground. The grass caught his fall with the grace of a thousand fluffy pillows. This was his reward for the pain, a respite from the long, merciless trek. He had done it. He had conquered the Gauntlet.

“Ah, I always love a good warmup in the morning.”

“Warm-up?” Biff managed to gasp.

“Well, of course. The Gauntlet isn’t for the groggy and rusty-jointed. You need to be in peak condition. Trust me, you’ll thank me when we get started.” Biff felt Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat’s hand grab the neck of his armor and begin to pull him up. Biff clawed helplessly at the ground, reaching out to the fluffy grass pillows that he had so longed for. Although he wasn’t quite certain, he could swear he saw the pillows point out and start laughing at him as he was swept away from them.

“Ok, Stage One of the Gauntlet is coming up. Follow me.” Biff reluctantly obeyed, following the Friar to a large building that resembled a giant stone shed. “Beyond this building is an obstacle course. You will climb up nets, swing across metal bars, hop along the tops of posts, and finally leap out to the exit.” The friar walked along to the entrance and opened the door. Before entering, he turned around and said, “Oh and by the way, the floor’s lava.”

Biff nodded, fully understanding the reference. “So, if I touch the floor, I’m out?”

The friar looked at him uneasily. “Yes, you could word it like that.” He turned forward and walked through the door. Biff followed him inside, feeling a sudden wave of heat from within. About ten feet below him, a pit had been dug out, and it glowed with a mixture of molten red and orange. Smoke and lines of unbearable heat rose up from it threateningly, masking the obstacle course in a shifting blanket of haze. Biff gulped uneasily, prepared himself, and charged forward.



The nets proved difficult at first, preying on his already weakened knees. At least here, he was in no danger of falling through. He took his time, in spite of the dreadful heat, and climbed his way up the net, one hole at a time. By the time he had reached the top, Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat was nowhere to be seen. Biff feared the worst, but shook the thought from his head. Surely, the friar had made it to the other side and waited for him at the exit.

The bars were no trouble at all, since Biff's arms were in top shape and undamaged from the grueling run. He swung swiftly across to the other side, his legs dangling down towards the lava pit below. Quickly, he jumped to the platform below and found himself surrounded by the lethal pool. Ahead of him, stone pillars jutted out in a random arrangement. This would be a more difficult challenge, thanks to the eternal jog, but Biff was resolute. At this point, it was move forward or die.

He took a breath and leapt across to the first post. It was just big enough to plant one foot down. Biff landed on his right foot and crouched, trying desperately to maintain his balance. Once he found himself in the proper stance, he jumped to the next one and landed without much difficulty. Steadily, he jumped from pillar to pillar. As he approached the second to last, his foot turned, and he found himself falling forward. With lightning speed, he reached out and grabbed the last pillar with one hand, suspending himself between the two. The heat of the lava seeped through his mask and cause his eyes to water. He gave himself just a moment to recover and then released his foot from the pillar, swinging his weight into the last post and holding himself up by his hand. Slowly, he pulled himself up onto the final pillar and looked forward. The exit door was just beyond him. One more jump would see him safely there. Mustering his strength once more, he leapt out and landed firmly on the ground next to the exit. He pushed the door open and stumbled back out into the open air.

"Good job!" Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat shouted. He smiled widely at him, apparently impressed by Biff's efforts. The smell of smoke pervaded the air, and Biff looked around to see where it might be coming from. He took another look at the friar and paused.

"...Uh, Friar." The friar looked at him quizzically. "Your arm's on fire."

The friar looked down and laughed, raising his flaming arm at eye level. "Oh, yes. That happens all the time," he said, brushing the flames away. "I do this once a day or so, just for fun, and let me tell you, I've had closer calls than that one. So, let's move on."

Up ahead, Biff spotted a man sitting down with a pile of pumpkins surrounding him. Upon further inspection, Biff saw that the pumpkins each had various facial expressions painted on them. The man was busy painting a particularly small one when Biff and the friar approached him.

"Sir Plums Away! I wasn't expecting you here."

"Oh, hey there, Friar. I'm just blowing off a little steam here."

"Oh, good! Why don't you show Biff here what you're up to? I'll go set up the next part of the test."

As the friar walked off to the other side of the field, Sir Plums Away looked up at Biff and smiled heartily. "So, you're going through Gauntlet, huh?"

"Unfortunately so."

Sir Plums Away laughed. "Well don't let the friar scare ya. He's a good guy. I'll bet you want to relax a bit after the obstacle course, though, right?"

"That sounds great!" Biff replied with utmost sincerity.

Sir Plums Away showed Biff the pumpkin, which had two eyes and a half-finished smile painted on. "Basically, what I'm doing here is taking these pumpkins and painting faces. Would you like to finish this one?" Biff nodded and received the pumpkin and the small paintbrush. Gingerly, he finished the last stroke of the pumpkin's smile and added freckles and dimples to the sides of the smile for good measure. It was a very soothing activity considering what he had already been through today.

"That looks great!" Sir Plums Away exclaimed. "Set it right here." As he spoke, he got up from his seat amongst the pumpkins. In the middle of the pile was an anvil. Biff wasn't sure why there would be an anvil in the middle of the field, but he placed the pumpkin down on top of it, admiring the artwork. The smile of the pumpkin seemed to glow with the sun's rays



shining down on it. It was truly a beautiful sight.

*WHAM!!!!!!*

Suddenly, the pumpkin exploded from the force of a giant metal axe crashing down on top of it. Remnants of the pumpkin splattered over the anvil and onto Biff's armor. Holding the shaft of the axe, Sir Plums Away smiled wildly, a piece of the pumpkin's painted eye stuck fastly to the side of his face.

"Ah," Sir Plums Away sighed. "Nothing relieves stress like smashing pumpkins, wouldn't you agree?"

Biff slowly nodded, unable to think of anything to say. Fortunately, Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat returned before Biff was expected to reply. "Okay, Biff. Are you ready for the rest of Gauntlet?"

"I just have one question," Biff said. "Is this the final part of the test?"

"Oh, heavens no! We've barely scratched the surface. We still have to wade through the piranha-infested swamp, and climb the mountain of unbelievably massive falling rocks, followed by a workout video routine."

"Oh, well that last one doesn't seem so bad."

"...Led by Richard Simmons."

That was the final straw for Biff. He didn't think he could handle such a nightmarish experience. It seemed he lacked the sort of self-discipline that was required of him. Humbly, he faced Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat and began to speak his resignation.

Before he could say anything, however, a rustle from the trees beyond them distracted the trio. A bright white horse leapt from between the trees and galloped toward them. Atop the horse sat the mysterious wizard, the same one who had sent Biff on his quest so many chapters ago.

"Is that you, Sir Insert Here?" Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat asked. "I haven't seen you in ages!"

"There's no time to speak," the wizard spoke. "I've spent my days spying behind enemy lines. When I learned of our enemy's plots I rushed here to warn the king of the peril. But alas, I am too late."

"Why's that?" Sir Plums Away asked.

"A mighty dragon has attacked our fair kingdom. He is on his way now to the castle to capture the king and queen. All attempts to stop him have failed. We must all gather to the castle, knights and squires alike, to make our final stand. If we fail here, the Land of Oc is forever doomed..."

To be concluded...