



## This isn't your Dad's news. This is energy news. TURBO NEWS!!!!

### Homeward Initiative

Remember, Knights. We are in the midst of the Homeward Initiative contest run by SGA. If we get 50 new grad givers, we will get \$500 from SGA for awesome events! If we get the highest percentage, we will also win another \$500. Call any alumni you know, and if you are graduating this year, your donations count towards our score! Amount doesn't matter, so you can pledge just one dollar for our cause! We are currently in 3rd place, but we've also just finished our second callout, which may have turned things around. Stay tuned for more announcements!

### 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.



### Brotherhood: The End has Arrived...



The Alpha Game has come to a close. You have done well, my brothers, but one victor has arisen from the ashes. This year's TAG winner goes to Joseph Hemenway. Prizes will be given out for the various categories outlined in the rules. Stay tuned and come to our next club meeting to see what happens. Thank you for participating in this year's game.



## Spring Sing Times

**March 3rd**—Tech Run, Hardeman, 5:30

**March 4th**—Club Night, Hardeman, 5:45

**March 6th**—Staff & Faculty Night, Rec Gym 5:45

**March 7th**—Show 1, Rec Gym, 7:00.

**March 8th**—Show 2, Rec Gym, 1:00.

**March 8th**—Show 3, Rec Gym, 7:00.

**March 9th**—Strike Day, Hardeman, TBD.

## Spring Sing!

It is time, Knights! This is the week where all of our practice will pay off! Our first run is tech night on Monday, March 3rd. We meet at Hardeman on 5:30 (costumes not needed). We need as many people there as possible so the light crew can better tell how to work with our group! Get pumped, guys! Contact Bryan Nix at [jester@agoknights.com](mailto:jester@agoknights.com) for any questions or concerns.



## 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](mailto:taxcollector@agoknights.com) for more information.





## Dues

Those who haven't paid dues need to contact Tyler Wilson at [taxcollector@agoknights.com](mailto: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](mailto: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: A Smooth Criminal

And this week's phrase is....

"Return to What Hasn't Happened Yet" starring the "Ring-a-ding-dinger".





## The Great Adventures of Sir Biff

### Chapter Eight: A Meeting With the King

"Confound it, men! What are you standing there gawking at each other for? Did you not hear what I said? A giant dragon has attacked our fair kingdom! He is on his way to the castle now!"

"Don't be absurd, good Sir Insert Here," Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat interjected. "If that were the case, would we not have heard word from the castle by now?"

No sooner were those words out of the mouth of Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat than a sound met their ears that brought fear into their hearts. "BOOWOOP!" A piercingly loud call that reverberated across the fields and through the trees. There was no mistaking its source. It was the call of King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead, a call to his knights to defend the land of Oc.

In unison, the wizard, friar, and pumpkin-smasher rose and echoed the call. "Boowoop!" Their voices joined up with other knights, and all across the land of Oc, their call to arms could be heard.

"Is that evidence enough of my words?" the wizard proclaimed. Before the others could respond, the summoning call was met with another shrilling response, a blistering roar that shook the very anvil that Sir Plums Away had sat upon. "There's not a moment to lose. We must away like the wind back to the castle grounds."

"All the way back there!?" Biff asked, discouraged. "It took us ages just to jog all the way out here. How will we make it back in time?"

"Simple," Sir The Other Other Other Other White Meat replied. "We'll just use a segue."

"A segue? What's--"

Moments later, the group met with the other Ocian knights in the castle courtyard as they gathered before King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead.

"Wow," Biff observed, "that was *fast*."

Surrounding Biff were large groups of knights who had answered the call. It seemed that every soldier in the land had arrived in the courtyard. Even with its spacious beauty, there was little space for everyone to fit within.

"Hold on!" the wizard boomed, standing up front and waving his magical eraser sword as a signal to silence the crowd. "It seems we are one short." Biff turned around, baffled that the wizard could notice that anyone would be missing from the crowd. "Where is the one who calls himself Sir Meh?"

"He is counting sheep," Sir the Other Other Other Other White Meat replied.

"Again!?" said King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead. "Of all the times to be sleeping, why would he choose now when a dragon is upon us?"

"No, no. I mean he's literally counting sheep. He hasn't returned yet from his mission in the Lawson Fields."

"Oh. Well, I suppose it can't be helped." King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead sighed, and then with a voice loud enough for all in the courtyard to hear, he proclaimed, "Knights of Oc! We gather here today to defend our fair castle from the terror that comes our way." A dreadful silence settled over the crowd. "Dragons are among the deadliest creatures we have ever encountered as Knights of the kingdom. But we will not falter!" The knights cheered in unison. "Our descendants will remember this day, the day we defended our castle, defended our kingdom. Our names will be passed down into legend. Our actions will be revered! If ever any one of you should falter, should you feel weak or terrified, ready to run from the heat of battle, remember the chant that our ancestors have spoken, the promise that we make for this castle and for our kingdom. Knights! What do we need for this fight!?"

As one, the knights pumped their fists in the air and chanted. "GNC! GNC! GNC!"

The energetic cheers were inspiring for Biff. He knew not what "GNC" might mean, but he could not misinterpret its





significance to the surrounding knights. The words of King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead invigorated the crowd, discarding any trace of fear or doubt that may have been hidden away in them.

As the cheering began to subside, the thunderous clap of wings could be heard from far away. As Biff turned around, he could see a dark shadow looming over the courtyard. Turning his face upwards, he spotted the dark silhouette of the dragon, blotting out the sun. At once, the soldiers took up their arms, and King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead declared, "Battle stations, everyone! Templar, take the middle of the courtyard. Teutonic, send your men to the outer battlements. Prepare to surround the beast. Hospitaller, line up by the gate and defend the castle!"

As if with one mind, the knights divided into their orders and took their respective defensive positions. Biff joined ranks with Sir Call Me Maybe and Sir Dating Advice by the castle gate. He was not sure how they would fare against this dragon, or how he would even be able to assist. Still, he had to fight. The safety of the kingdom rested in all their hands.

Without warning, the dragon plummeted down toward the ground, tongues of flame escaping from his mouth as he let out a mighty roar. The soldiers from Templar scattered from the center of the courtyard, eager to surround the beast when it landed. As the dragon landed, the ground shook from his immense weight. The knights who were closest lost their balance and fell back. Immediately, the dragon swung its massive tail, crashing into one of the courtyard's fountains and reducing it to rubble.

The Templar knights scurried to their feet, and with a mighty yell they charged at the enormous beast. The dragon unfurled its wings and released a mighty blast of wind with a beat of its powerful wings towards the knights, knocking them back down to the ground. Taking the opportunity that the dragon presented to them, Teutonic leapt as one from the battlements onto the dragon's mighty wings. The dragon roared in annoyance to the added weight to his wings and shook the knights off.

Biff stood by the Castle gate stupefied by the scene! Two mighty orders were already on the ground. There only stood Hospitaller and himself between the dragon and the castle gate the led to the queen.

"Where is my Scribe!" King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead asked. "He should be recording every second of this! He was here just a moment ago." As he spoke, Biff looked up to the battlements. He could just make out a strange figure with a dark cloak billowing in the wind. The figure raised a hand to his lips, as if to whistle for the members of his mysterious brotherhood. Suddenly, the man lost his footing and tumbled forward off the battlements, hitting the ground with a hard thud.

"I'm okay!" the man shouted, getting to his feet and whistling quickly for the others. As he disappeared behind the walls, a group of white-cloaked assassins plunged down from atop the battlements, landing as one upon the mighty dragon. The dragon roared in frustration, ready to shake off the assassins just as easily as he had the Teutonic Knights. However, the assassins quickly unsheathed their hidden daggers, ripping apart the dragon's mighty wings before they were shaken off. The dragon wailed painfully as the crafty group leapt from its back and retreated back into the shadows. Their distraction was more than enough for the Orders of Teutonic and Templar to fall back into position with the Knights of Hospitaller.

With the dragon's wings eviscerated, it was unable to blow them to the ground. They were not, however, safe from the dragon's mighty flame breath. The dragon's bloodthirsty eyes scanned the crowd that stood between him and the castle. As his eyes passed by, Biff felt the paralytic terror that came with the dread of having to fight such a beast. Now was the time to prove himself. In spite of his fear, he had to stand with the other soldiers and fight this great beast, else the very kingdom might fall to ruin.

"Biff!" a loud, familiar voice rang out through the battlefield. Biff turned his gaze to the dragon's back, where a lone rider stood. He recognized the man, but he could not believe that it was him.

"DeStealer!?" he shouted.

"Third time's the charm, eh wot?" the thief replied, laughing Britishly. "What are the chances you'd be 'ere tryin' to foil my plans again like before, eh? Tha's ironic, tha' is!"

"I'm not sure you fully understand the meaning of that word, DeStealer..."

DeStealer scowled in frustration. "I'll show you wot the meaning of wot words I use!" With that, the dragon tensed its legs, ready to charge for the castle gates. The soldiers braced themselves, ready to defend the castle with their lives. Biff stood his ground as well, fearing that this fight might be his last.

"Chris!" a loud voice rang out from atop the balcony. Looking up, Biff saw a thin figure clothed in a flowing pink dress. Her short black beard ran along the side of her face up to her hairline. She was searching the floor of the castle courtyard for someone,



though Biff wasn't sure whom. "Chris! Did you take out the laundry yet?"

"Woman!" the king shouted. "For the last time, my name is King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead!" Biff gasped in surprise. It was the queen! In all his days throughout Oc, he had never seen her in person.

"Are you playing your silly Dungeons and Dragons game again?"

"Game!?" he shouted in exasperation. "Do you not see the giant, fire-breathing dragon right in front of you?"

"Oh, what are you going on about?" As she spoke, the dragon released a deafening roar, which echoed loudly from the walls of the castle. The queen, frightened by the beast's wail, let out a shrill shriek, which to the soldiers was just as deafening.

The dragon took the opportunity to charge toward the castle. Before the soldiers could react, the dragon jumped up from the floor of the courtyard and grabbed onto the balcony. "No!" King It's Funny 'Cause the Squirrel Gets Dead cried. "The queen! Someone save her!"

No sooner had he spoken than a small, bald head poked out from the balcony rails. With a burst of courage, Hobbit O'Neal had jumped out from beside the queen and latched onto the dragon's nose. The dragon snorted in disgust and fell back, landing back down on the courtyard grounds before the soldiers. Biff, seeing his friend in mortal danger, immediately jumped into action.

"DeStealer!" he shouted, charging to the forefront of the battle. "It's time to finish this fight!" He raised his mace high and let out a defiant battle cry. DeStealer smirked, and the dragon turned his head to the side, throwing off the brave hobbit, who landed on the ground and scurried back toward the other soldiers. The dragon faced Biff, fire slithering out of his nostrils. His gaping jaw opened wide, and within his maw, a rumbling fire sprung forth.

To be continued...