

The Aftermath

Cooley ran out of the room. Apparently, they were being too loud outside. He stared in a mix of shock, horror, and interest as he saw the students throwing cats over the edge and shouting physics-related formulas. After all, he was a physics teacher. It was interesting. Cooley shook his head and shouted at the top of his lungs, "EVERYONE LISTEN UP!" he motioned to Kaitlyn, "Your president has something to tell you."

Everyone froze. The last cat hit the floor with a barely audible thump and there was silence. Everyone stared at Kaitlyn, waiting for her announcement. "Um," said Kaitlyn, "Cats have now been... banned."

This news was met with shock and vexation. Everyone liked having the cats around. They could be a nuisance, but they were fun. "Except," continued Kaitlyn, "On Mondays and Fridays."

That was annoying. Today was Tuesday. It was unfair. But, Mr Cooley glared at them and everyone shuffled around to pick up their respective cats. The cats were confined to Cooley's room until the end of the day.

Many protests were kept silent. Most people wanted to wait for Joe to come back. Maybe Joe could argue and convince Cooley that cats shouldn't be banned? They were Team 4159 CatBotics now... On the other hand, probably not. Joe would probably just say, "Why don't you F-ing do it yourself?"

It's Joeever (Aftermath P2)

Various cables were stretched across the floor, connecting multiple laptops to the uncooperative robot like an over-engineered life support system. In defiance, small status lights on various subsystems took turns blinking incorrectly. The poor electronics team had to play whack-a-mole. Akemi had curled up in a ball, unable to move on account of the many unflashed radios currently surrounding her. Things were not so superb.

Finance was hunched over some spreadsheets, bills sorted into piles, and open envelopes strewn across the tables. The new order for 15 REV Spark Maxes put the budget back into the negative, so new grants were being suggested, much to William's dismay.

Mr. Cooley interjected both teams, reminding them that time could pass without progress being made: "You guys are thinking about perhaps possibly-"

Oh no.

"hypothetically conceivably-"

So soon?

". cleaning up, right?"

And that was that. Finance returned the bills to the vault, and laptops were unceremoniously shoved back into the cart (WITHOUT BEING SHUT DOWN!!! SHUT DOWN YOUR LAPTOPS PLEASE). Frantic scrambling to finally catch whatever bug was flowing through the cables at that particular time continued, and upon disassembling a motor controller, an oddity was discovered interfering with the circuits.

Cat hair.

Members weren't sure which cat owner was to blame, but it was certainly becoming a problem.

The sulk out of the science building was particularly distraught that day. Sirens wailed in the distance, but most were glad they weren't responding to the Lowell Vape Club's meeting earlier that day. Joe, who had been mysteriously gone for a very long time, serendipitously pulled up in his 2009 Honda Civic, and many were quick to spill their afflictions.

Bewilderment was quick to follow when a cat climbed onto the dashboard. The reactions were very vocal. Joe stopped the engine, opening with "It's a long story."

Unfortunately, the glittery mystery device didn't catch Joe's eye fast enough as he missed his car remote- his finger instead landed on an orange button...

DUN DUN DUNNNNN (Dramatic sound effect)

The End... until next year... MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA

some of these r outdated from 2023... (completely forgot victor and calvin did scouting...)