**1. AP/K Level Basket Weaving**

# Program Name: Basket.java Input File: None

Sammy Klaws, Roll, Michelle, Grover, Eyeube, Brain, Moohair, and Stab were cruising in their mini-cooper rocking out to the Bad, the Ugly, and the Good soundtrack while mixing in some Old City Highway and Hole in One on their way to the big Eight Rivers State Basket Weaving Christmas contest. They were smart and pulled down the latest Disharmony update for their GSP to make sure they did not get lost.

Everything was going great until Stab’s knee locked up from the impact after the mini jumped the rail road tracks. “Why did we let Brain drive?” said Michelle. Stab’s knee began to fill up with like, um, uh, like um, uh, juice. Eyeube knew this could happen as it had happened to Grover last year on his way to the North Korea Science Fair. Luckily, Michelle brought along a copy of the latest Red Disconnected Magazine which had tips about general anatomy, hiding bodies, and reducing joint juice. Brain was really sorry and worried that Stab’s knee might make them late. The quickest solution was to amputate so they took a few minutes to read the Red Disconnected Magazine. With a single swing of Roll’s lightsaber, Stab became Stub. Brain just happened to have put a peg leg in the trunk of the mini before they left so they were all set. Stub was hopping along and getting ever so antsy about the contest. Sammy told Stub it would be fine and not to worry about running out of time making his basket. Sammy reminded Stub that Michelle told them before they left that they would have Math.E minutes to make baskets and that the provided basket plans from Eight Rivers were always as clear as the fluid in Grover’s knee.  
  
The CS gang drove up with time to spare, but got caught in a thunderstorm on the way into the building. Stub was limping like mad and suffering from DPS from past state basket weaving contest flashbacks. It was raining crazy hard, so Sammy Klaws had to unscrew Stub’s peg leg as it was starting to rust. Unscrewing the peg leg was a no go. Luckily, once again, Roll pulled out his trusty light saber and went to work. Confused as usual, Roll chopped of Stub’s good leg. Brain said he would just carry Stub, but Brain was about as coordinated as a baby reindeer and ate it on the wet floor. All soaking wet and filled with despair, they were just about to give up.

Suddenly, a Shrouded figure appeared. It was the ghost of contests past. He took the whole CS gang on a journey in time so they could see what things looked like in the past, present, and future. The experience was eye opening for the team. They saw trophies won and trophies lost, they saw friends made and friends lost, and they witnessed legacies old and many yet to come. As the journey came to an end, Eyeube, jolly and plump and filled with emotion, spoke up like a hyena, “From this day forward we will code with a purpose among us, attack the carcass and scream 212 whenever trophies they owes us (or during the Eight Rivers awards), but first Sammy Klaws must deliver some bling as all Stub wants for Christmas is his 2 front gold plated peg legs with matching grills!”

**Input**

None.

**Output**

Print out the basket as shown below.

**Example Input File**

None

**Example Output to Screen**

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

E ----- E

E X E

E ----- E

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