



# Christmas 2016 Super Newsletter

a faith-based gaming community

December 2016

[www.ccgaming.com](http://www.ccgaming.com)

○ Come All Ye Faithful

**JOYFUL AND  
TRIUMPHANT**

○ come ye, ○ come ye to Bethlehem.

**COME AND BEHOLD HIM,**

*Born the King of Angels*

○ come, let us adore Him,

**CHRIST THE LORD.**





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**Publication Team:**

**Lord and Master  
Reason and Focus  
for all our efforts:  
The Father, The Son,  
And The Holy Spirit!**

**OUR MISSION:**

**To engage and enrich the  
membership of the Christian Crew  
in new and exciting ways, to  
strengthen our fellowship and  
bring the Gospel to ever more  
of those in need.**

**Editor:  
NeoJabez**

**Staff Writers/Columnists:  
The Winged Scribe  
Ryvaldus  
Hudbus**



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## Beneath the Tree

For the old folks: time for some nostalgia. For the kiddos—sit up and listen.

Remember Christmas when you were little? Remember waking up and running out of your bedrooms, down the stairs (when necessary) and seeing all those presents under the tree? Do you remember tearing open those gifts, ready to see all the wonderful things that you had waited for? Waited for an eternity, it seemed!

The joy on a child's face on Christmas morning is something that's just pure and raw. What you see is what you get. Their excitement is unbridled and the light in their eyes is something that is contagious. They just can't wait to get to the next present!

So, here's a question for everyone: when was the last time you saw a kid leave a present under the tree? And I'm not talking, "Because they didn't see it." I mean, the kid legitimately saw the present, with their name on it, and just left it there. Anyone ever see that?

Sounds pretty ridiculous doesn't it? Well, the obvious reason for that is because it is! In that moment, that child's single concern is getting to the next present. Their sole focus, their sole purpose in life is to make sure that every present under that tree with their name on it gets opened.

OK, put that thought on your mind's backburner for a minute. What's the state of our world like? Chances are, if you're like most people, you've probably got a pretty sizable amount of apprehension and concern for our current state of affairs. And rightfully so. Any evening news broadcast will give you a plethora of reasons for alarm. It's not hard to find something there that could give you chronic heartburn due to worry.



And that's nothing new. For thousands of years, humanity has been plagued by conflict and turmoil. It's basically our *modus operandi*. And while the eras are different and the view is unique, the root of the situation remains the same. And for all the talk of the resilience of the "human spirit," we sure have a hard time bettering ourselves. It's like there's something constantly hindering us or holding us back.

The truth of the matter is that there is something holding us back: as Christians, we know it as *sin*. And that is the root of our problem. It's the chain that keeps us tied to our failures and unable to better ourselves. We are bound to this earth, with all its suffering and pain, by sin. We are doomed to a fate known as death, and if there was even a question about what lay beyond it, chances were, if our lives were any indication, that it wasn't good.

Humanity was hopeless. There was no worthwhile future, no higher plane to achieve, no hope. Humanity was a fallen race—it was only a matter of time before it destroyed itself entirely. That was our fate.

**And then God, as only He could, intervened.**

God, in His infinite love, mercy, grace, and patience, saw us in our depravity and futility and said, "You cannot save yourselves. So I will do it for you." And God Almighty, Lord of heaven, King of all creation, stepped off His throne and became a human, just like you and me. He Himself became the greatest gift of all time, wrapped not in tissue paper and lying under a tree, but wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

But don't let it end there: remember, humanity was still hopeless. We needed a Savior: a Hero that could rescue us from a hopeless situation. So Jesus Christ proceeded to live a perfect life, one without sin, until, in the highest act of love ever shown, He sacrificed His life for the sake of all humanity.



**Go back to the kid in front of the Christmas tree. No child would willingly leave a gift unopened beneath the tree, because, as the child sees it, their life is incomplete until they have every single gift that is intended for them. It's why kids willingly get up earlier on Christmas than on any other day of the year.**

**Two thousand years ago, there was another tree. But it was not a beautiful evergreen, wrapped in lights, but two rough beams of wood, nailed together in the form of a giant "t". And there was no joy or pleasure to be shown by the ornaments on that tree: there was only one ornament—the broken and bloodied body of the perfect Son of God. But lying underneath that tree lay the greatest gift in all history: the blood of Jesus Christ. That blood, that holy, perfect blood—the only thing that could break the chains of sin and save humanity.**

**The analogy here is easy enough to see, but this Christmas, there's something I believe we need to be reminded of: much like that child on Christmas morning, there are gifts for us beneath a tree. But they are greater than the ones we give to each other on December 25<sup>th</sup>. As Jesus' blood was spilled upon the hill of Calvary, He opened His arms and said to every man, woman, and child throughout all time, "Here. I know you cannot save yourselves. That is why I'm here. I do this to give you My righteousness. My Spirit. My holiness. My perfection. My life—life more abundant than you could ever imagine."**

**There is nothing within us that cannot become better by embracing what Jesus offers us in its place. Jesus wants all of us to embrace all of Him. He alone is the saving grace of humanity. No leader, politician, charity, organization, or religion is going to save the human race. Jesus alone can do that. And He willingly offers us all of His life to every one of us. So, this Christmas, one question remains:**

**What gifts are still waiting for you beneath His Tree?**





**And God, as only He could, intervened.**





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BY **RAYVALDUS**

**MAN OF STEEL**

**THAT'S SO**

**METAL!**



I am a welder. What that means is I use fire and lightning to shape and join metal at temperatures that are never measured with just three digits left of the decimal. The work is hot, dangerous, and tricky. I love it. I love it more when I'm not called in to do it at 5am on a Saturday, but I had dodged that particular bullet for a couple of weeks and it was my turn. I work in a metal shop where we frequently do custom fabrication, large installations, and small repair work. What we do mostly, however, is garbage truck repair. We have a contract with both major waste management firms in the area to keep their expensive fleet structurally sound. You simply would not believe how much stress those trucks undergo when doing what they do. The arms that pick up the trash cans frequently crack, break, or shear right off. I've seen mounts fail so that their pistons push right out the side of a truck. They need constant attention from those skilled in my trade.

The morning in question we weren't repairing so much as maintaining. A garbage truck uses a very large metal box called a blade to crush the garbage internally so that it can hold all that it needs to while on a run. It is monstrously heavy, over a ton if not more. Over time the weight wears away the floor of the truck. What started out as a half inch thick plate of steel can now be seen through in some spots and is no more than an eighth inch thick in most places. To fix this we pull the blade out by disconnecting it from the two massive pistons that drive it back forth along its tracks, attach chains, and then bring the forklift to bear. This morning was different for a couple of reasons. One, the owner of the company was there. He is the big boss. He's not much older than me, but he's been welding since he was twelve. He has quite literally forgotten more about his trade than I've learned. He's also temperamental, demanding, and sometimes just a jerk. He's a good man to work for, but I can't say I enjoy working with him. I'm not too proud to admit that I find him intimidating in the extreme. Upon seeing him I started praying instantly that I could work well, efficiently, and quickly. I didn't want to be there on a Saturday under normal circumstances. Now I dreaded it. Work commenced at 4:59 am and it wasn't long before the other difference reared its head.

Something had happened to one of the piston mounts on the blade. After losing a half hour to it we determined that it would be better to disengage the mount attached to the truck instead of the blade and we would get it apart once it was out in the open and on the ground. These pistons are 10 inches in diameter and eight feet long when fully collapsed. Before we could move the blade away from the truck we had to get the piston with the damaged mount to collapse so as not to damage it in the process. This required a lot of grunting and pushing but the guys in the truck had gotten it closed as much as they could. At this point the blade was on the forklift and secured with chains. The boss called for chains to be attached to the piston so that those of us on the ground could hopefully win a tug of war to close this once and for all. It was at this point that things abruptly became exciting.

The very first pull shifted the blade on the forks. It shuddered ever so slightly but didn't stop. Standing directly



A trash compacting blade, with, (Ginger says), 'a dude for scale.'

beside it with my head almost resting on the filthy metal I took notice and yelled to get back. There was a moment when all work stopped and everyone looked first at me, then the blade which was really starting to move. Several things happened at once. The shriek of metal sliding on metal was punctuated by the loud snap of a chain failing and over it all was heard the sound of every man there yelling warnings and orders. Everyone scrambled and I stumbled back which would have saved me had the chain on my side of the forklift not held on like a champ. That heavy metal box fell off of the forks and swung on its chain directly into me as I tried push off of it. I hit the pavement and rolled, deafened by the blade's booming impact on the pavement. I couldn't get up. I didn't know why and I didn't care. From where I was laying it looked like two, maybe three guys might be dead underneath that massive weight not six feet from me. Everyone was shouting, but no one seemed to panic. Two guys, my boss being one of them had narrowly escaped being crushed by diving out of the way just in time.

I heard him say "Would y'all leave me alone and check on the man hollering on the pavement over there?" That was when I realized that I was the only one still yelling and I was in a lot of pain. My whole body hurt but the moment I started feeling I knew my leg was broken. There simply was no question. They carefully slid the cuff of my jeans up so they could see the damage. Dawn had not yet broken and even with light being behind the guy checking on me I could see his face turn green when he saw the extent of the damage. He retrieved a nearby rag and tied it tightly just below my knee nearly causing me to pass out from the increased pain. (The next bit is going to seem unbelievable, but I promise you that my memory of this is perfectly clear. If your opinion of me is increased by the next few paragraphs it is by the grace of God acting through me and no strength of my own.)

"Did you just tie a tourniquet for a break? Am I bleeding?" He swallowed heavily. "You will be, brother. I'm looking at two bones poking out." Maybe I was in shock, but all I said was, "Thanks. Don't throw up on 'em." Despite the situation he smiled and said he'd try. I asked if anyone was hurt and learned that aside from a few scrapes and bumps I was the only casualty. The boss asked if I wanted to wait on an ambulance or just have them throw me in a truck and not wait. I made a mistake and said that I was no condition to make decisions.



While they discussed it, I lay there and started praying loudly, "Father thank you that everyone else is okay. Thank you for your mercy that my leg is still attached and thank you for being who you are. Thank you for the certain knowledge that we are in your hand, that you are here among us now." This is what makes all of this worthwhile. You see, I am the only Christian that works in that shop. I try to set myself apart and be salt and light but not always successfully. But in that moment, at the lowest point they had ever seen me, I went to God right there in front of them, not wondering why or angrily assigning blame, but with a spirit of thanksgiving and praise. Had you told me that would be my response I would have laughed you off. God used my pain to witness to those guys. For that He has my thanks.

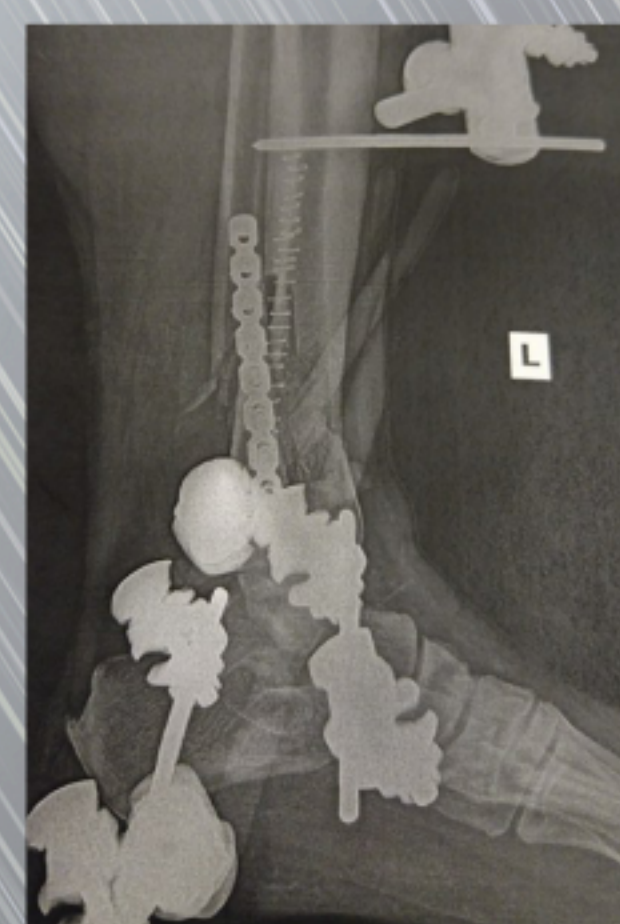
That's when the jokes started. "Hey guys, my gut's in the way and I can't see it. Can one of you nancies take a picture of it for me?" "If you guys want to finish this truck you're going to have to make a decision and get me out of the way." As they lifted me to put me in a truck (ALWAYS WAIT FOR THE AMBULANCE, pro tip) "Guys I just want to apologize for failing to adopt a weight loss program before today." While I was riding to the hospital I asked the guy driving if he wanted to stop at McDonald's on the way, and apologized for the blood that was pooling in the floorboard. You see, when I get stressed I start talking even more and if I can slip into a character and perform for folks, I will. It's just how I cope. I'm great at funerals. Or terrible. It really one or the other.

We get to the local hospital and my performance continues. I'm cracking jokes, talking movies, flirting with a nurse that's near twice my age and asking aloud what a guy has to do for a cup of coffee. They tell me I need a trauma surgeon so they are sending me to the bigger better hospital via ambulance. I smile and remark that I always wanted to ride in an ambulance and is someone ever going to man up and take a picture? I called Ginger and told her where I was headed. She responded pretty well over the phone. There might have been a proper freak out after she hung up, or maybe she sat down and read the paper while enjoying a nice breakfast, all I know is my wife was a rock on the phone, which is exactly what I needed.

Before I went in for surgery that day I had become radiology's favorite double compound fracture patient on record. I was the center of attention and I was using it to entertain and make fun of a Nickleback ringtone. All the while the guy that drove me to the first place was right there with me until they put me under. I got to show that dude how a guy desperately clinging to The Most High can be under dire circumstances.

I want you to understand this isn't false modesty on my part. My faith with day to day things wavers. I worry over bills or how I am with my kids. My faith in God is a fickle thing I am sad to say. However when something so much larger than me like the possible loss of a leg looms before me, where else can I turn but the cross? If there's more month than paycheck I wonder what on Earth we're going to do, but toss a trash truck at me and I'm humming any number of upbeat worship songs.

I'm not done. If you read this and want to read some more, well, there's no account for taste. I've got some more to say about coming home and dealing with being a big bad handsome man that is fundamentally broken, but I want to think on it some more ere I put pen to paper as it were. I'll see ya'll in a bit.





# Hudbus Reviews

## Cave Story Doukutsu Monogatari

New



Load

2004.12    Studio Pixel

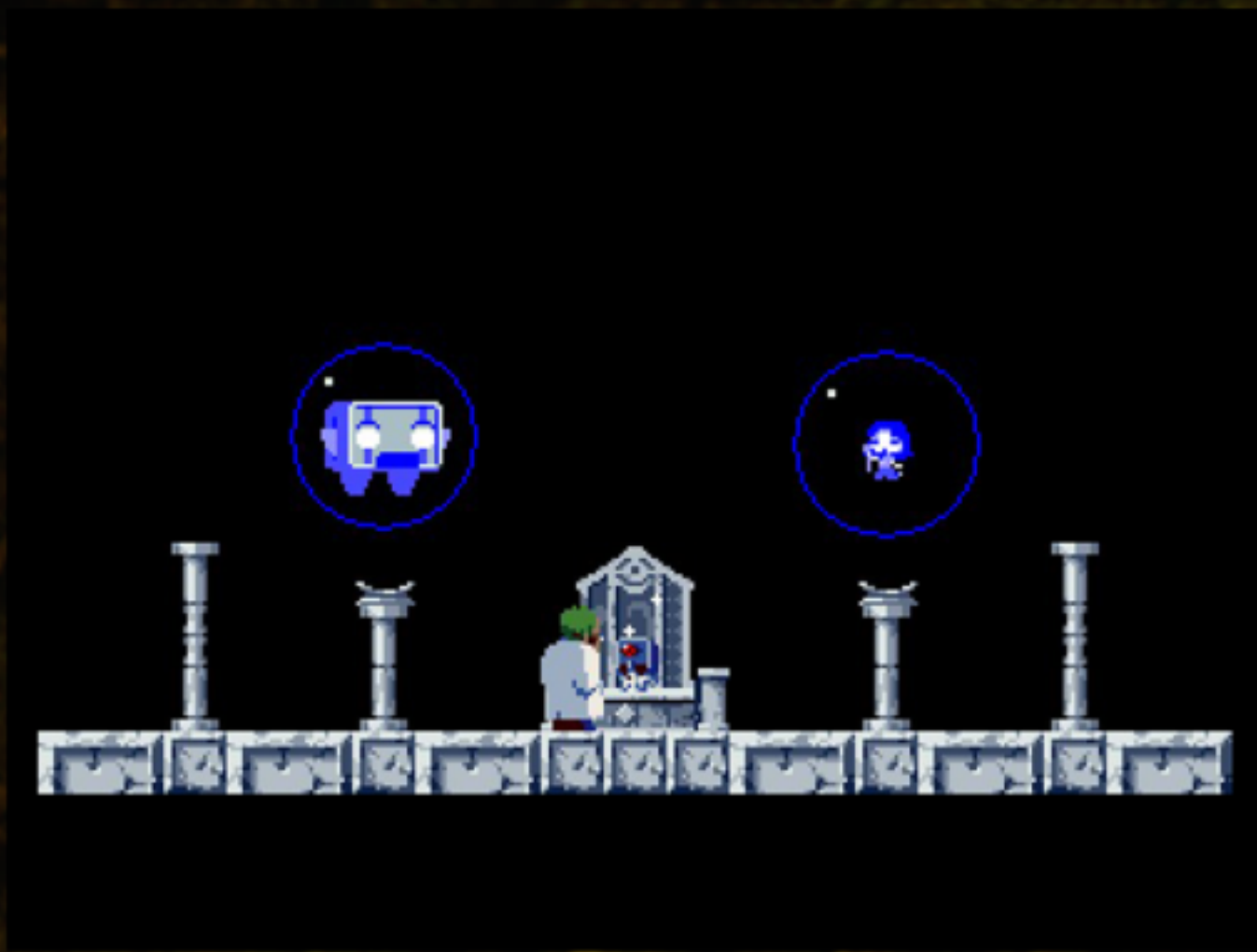
Version.0.0.8.0

**There's a story. You're in a cave. That's the game.  
It's good. I rate it 8/8**

**Hudbus, we're done here.**



...?



Oh, you wanted my usual review size. Well then:

Cave Story, released in 2004 as a freeware PC title. All developed by one man. It's a 2-D shooter platformer in which you're quickly dropped into Mimiga Village, populated by the rabbit-like Mimiga. Apparently, someone known only as "The Doctor" (who has no ties to the Time Lord, mind you) has been kidnapping Mimiga left and right for unknown reasons. Our amnesiac protagonist seems to be the only one with a chance at ending this.

I can't continue without spoiling anything. Do yourself a favor and Do. Not. Look. Up. The. Plotline. However, I will say it does have multiple endings depending on your actions.

The freeware version originally only shipped in Japanese. There was a translation patch made, which works, but does have a few grammatical issues here and there. This still doesn't detract from the occasional bit of humor and character moments you'll run into throughout this story.



Controls are as simple as it gets, as an NES controller would do just fine with this game. (Although you'd be hitting the inventory screen about as often as you would be in a Mega Man title.) Shoot with one key, jump with another. Shots can be directed and weapons can be swapped with a single button push. This is one of those easy-to-learn-hard-to-master kind of things.

You'll encounter a total of 26 bosses. 8 of these guys are 100% optional though, as they can only be found either by a dialogue choice or by going through the hardest of the endings. Dispatching of these baddies can be done through several weapons, ranging from a standard limited ammo Missile Launcher to a... Bubble Gun. It's more useful than you'd think once you level it up.

As seen noted above, Cave Story has a simple mechanic where you can Level Up weapons. This is based on EXP pickups that are scattered about or dropped by defeated enemies.

Taking damage, however, will cause you to lose EXP on your currently equipped weapon. The game keeps up a decent dance with danger, as losing too much health won't only bring you closer to death, but will also make your current weapon weaker.

The game is designed much like the 8-bit titles of old in visual, audio and gameplay style. Metroid is an easy comparison. However, unlike Metroid, you have a map, secrets aren't as hard to find, and the whole thing can be finished in about 5-7 hours depending on your level of completion.

The older 8-Bit titles were designed to be difficult for multiple reasons, and Cave Story does retain that difficulty in some ways. Boss fights may initiate when you least expect it, instant deathtraps exist all over a few areas and, later in the game, heal stations are much harder to come by. However, this isn't at Super Meat Boy levels of difficulty. By the time you've reached the Final area, you've been equipped with enough knowledge to beat the game.





Graphically, the game is surprisingly detailed. Small touches such as the face of a bat when it's attacking or character portraits really make this pixelated world feel alive, as cliché as that is, one can't deny the truth. Balrog, possibly the first boss you'll face, only gets half of his face in his dialogue portrait. Even then, his personality gets through.

The music is an absolute joy to listen to. With the main theme and Labyrinth Fight being my personal favorites. It's upbeat, somewhat goofy when needed, but not afraid to be serious.

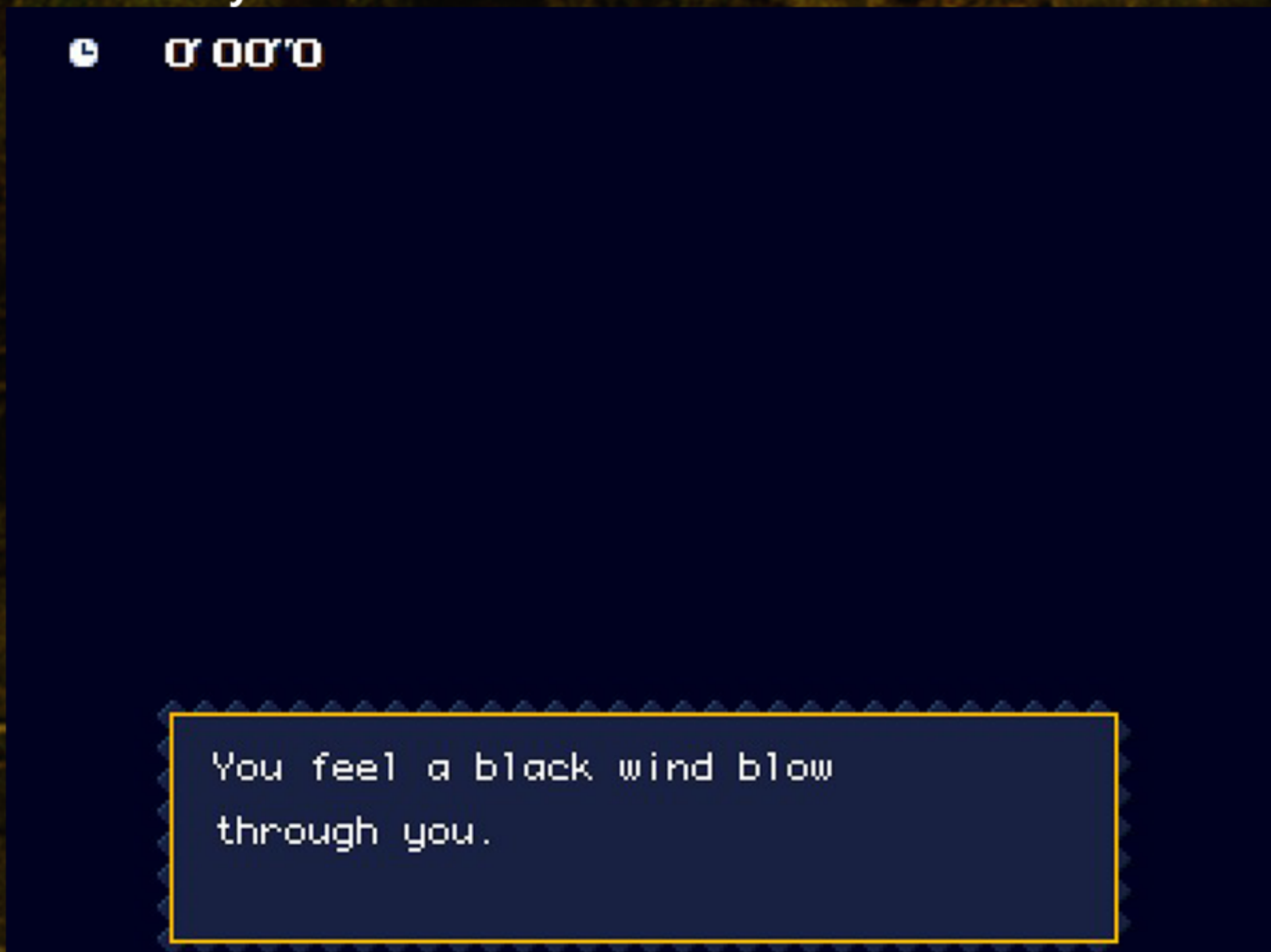
In a more modern sense, Cave Story is to Metroid as Undertale is to Earthbound. It takes well-established mechanics and places them into a small, lovable package of retro joy.

My one minor gripe with this game is the fact that the most satisfying ending is locked behind a set easily missed choices and a rather difficult end section that behaves exactly like a roguelike. Death in this last section boots you back to the start of it, no matter how far you were into it's multiple rooms of crazy. I myself have been at it enough times over that I have lost count. The sign at the beginning of the area noting "Welcome to Hell!" should have been a major tip...

I'll finish it someday though... Regrettably with the help of a guide.

Other "secret" items hidden like this serve no purpose. Life upgrades can be found with some simple exploration though.

Cave Story gets a solid 9.5 out of 10 in my book. With strong callbacks to the golden age of games all wrapped up in a short, free package, one really can't go wrong. Unless they try to go for the hardest ending as frustration can easily settle in.





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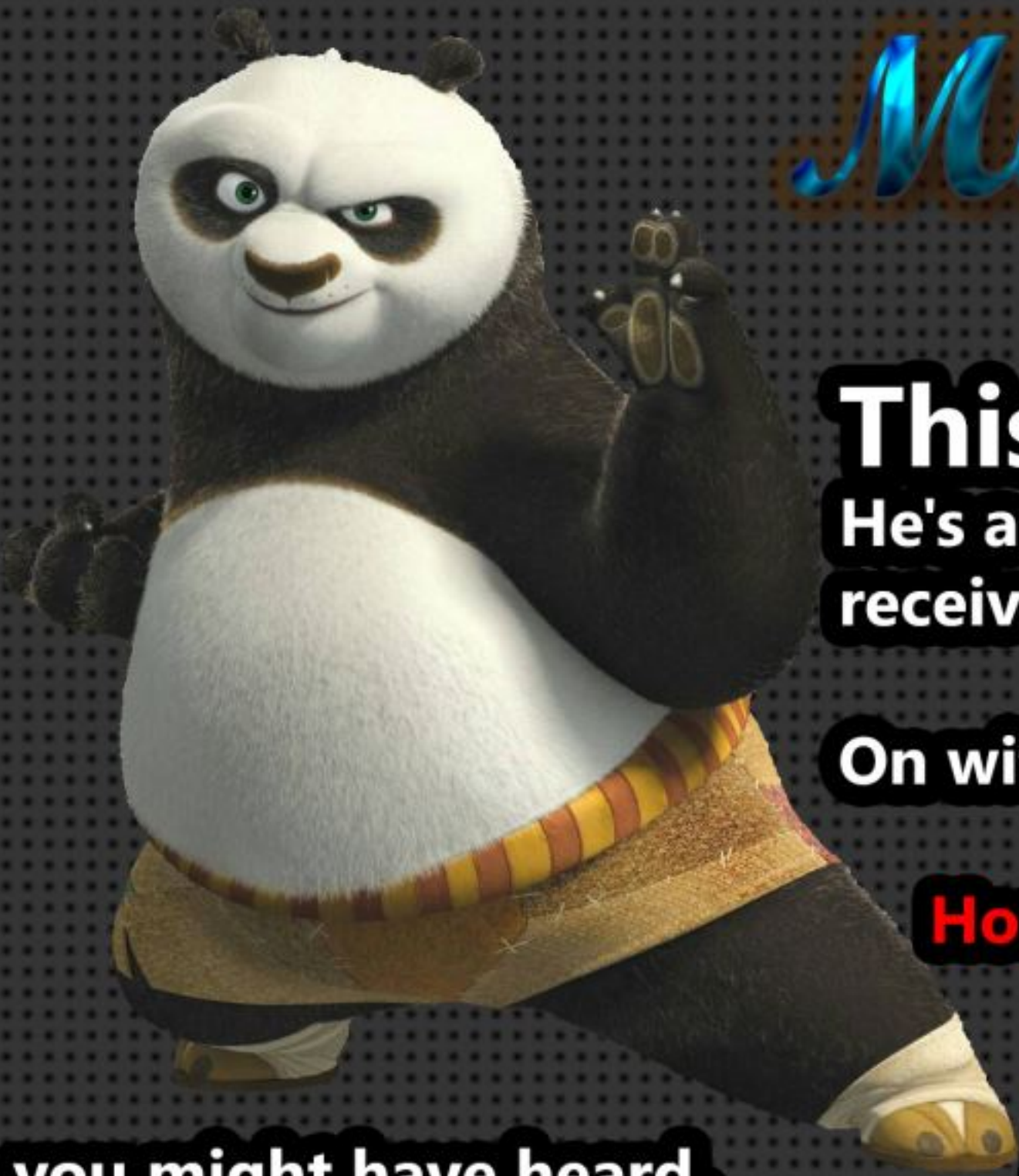
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# Member of the Month

Interview Series by NeoJaber

**This month's interviewee is Ryvaldus!**

He's a funny guy, and this month he needs all the prayers he can receive so he can get well soon!

On with the interview!

**How did you find the CC originally? Who introduced you to it?**

There is a prominent member of the council of whom you might have heard. Opinionated, infectious laugh, insightful to the point of annoyance, really quite brilliant and far too good to have only been a gamer for a couple of years? She dragged me kicking and screaming into the fold.

Ginger. I am referring to GingerAvenger, my wife. (*Did you know t'was I that named her? True story.*)

**What is something about you that it's possible nobody in the CC actually knows about you? Perhaps something about you in real life that would surprise your friends in CC to learn?**

I am devastatingly handsome. Not to put too fine a point on it, but you've heard of George Clooney, Brad Pitt, Picanic Chamberpot? They all pale in comparison to my corporeal perfection. I am also super humble. I'm like . . . the humblest.

**Who has had the greatest impact on your time in CC?**

Wookie. His gaming skill exceeds my own just enough to afford me the illusion of possible victory, he is frequently hilarious, and you need not wonder who just exposed your brains to daylight upon hearing that soft, quiet laugh. He has become the second biggest reason I want to get to Colorado. (The first being the rumor of mountains that are a little taller than my beloved Smokey Mountains)!

**If you could introduce a CC Division of any game, and everyone would play it, what game would it be?**

Table Top RPG's. I love to write and I once was in love with the stage as a thespian. Role Playing Games let me scratch both itches while laughing with friends. I'd be willing to run FATE and Savage Worlds, but I'll play in just about anything. (Except Shadow Run and the Palladium's system. One is bloated and needlessly complex and the other is just too antiquated.)



**So you're looking at a CC yearbook, near the back it has a list, how would you fill out this list?**

**Most likely to succeed:** ShaddaShk

**Class Clown:** Wookie

**Most likely to be President of the United States of America:** The Winged Scribe

**Most likely to be Canadian:** GingerAvenger answering this be cheatish? =)

**Needs their own reality show:** Ryvaldus (Man do I love being the center of attention!)

**Have anything to add? Testimony, thoughts on grain prices and the speculation thereof?**

**Want to share your alien manifesto with us humans, O Overlord from the Virgo Star Cluster?**

**I loved the Speed Racer movie. I thought that it was truly a cinematic masterpiece that understood its source material and executed it perfectly. The casting was spot on, the story was fun to follow, and the villain was 100% fun to hate. The visuals were stunning with every single frame being wrapped in cellophane, over saturated, and beautifully lit. It saddens me that I may be the only person in the entirety of the world that enjoyed this particular film and all of you that didn't are just a pack of troglodytes, aren't you?**

**Thank, Ryvaldus, for your candid thoughts, and for sharing with us! We appreciate you, and hope that you get well soon! Sorry we didn't get this published for you in November for your birthday! (I said he was funny, folks, I didn't say he had good taste in movies!) - NeoJ**







MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

