

# INVASION OF THE PRINT SNATCHERS

Anna Axelson  
& Joshua Dillen  
Co-Editors in Chief

Today's edition of *The Clackamas Print* makes it obvious something horribly inexplicable has infected the pages of this weekly publication. Print staff have reported events that may never be fully understood. The chaos started at a seemingly harmless journalism retreat in the rugged wilderness that is south of Milwaukie, Ore.

While the details are still vague, it seems pod people may have taken control of the Print staff, ultimately controlling these pages in a premeditated conspiracy. The invasion of each and every section has subjected our readers to information typically not meant for their eyes or even reality.

On Oct. 20 there was a disturbance in the air, a stale afterthought of something that once was. We all noticed it immediately upon settling in to our accommodations at the newly renovated Bate's Lodge on the river.

"The door off the kitchen leads to creepy stairs down to the furnace," said Editor Brittany Bell. "There's something down there, I just know it."

However when others opened the door, it led to nowhere.

"I don't know what she's talking about," said Adviser Melissa Jones. "Everyone really needs to lay off the coffee." Oblivious, Jones abandoned us and went home to the warmth and security of her family.

We were on edge. Around 1 a.m. on Oct. 21, we noticed some strange happenings as the night grew old.

Self reversing paintings, rotten smells, sounds from non-existent, creepy stairs and a groaning furnace combined with general uneasiness had us checking the locks on the doors.

Around 3 a.m., the paintings had returned to their original placement. Ad Manager Caylee Miller, being the only one in the room before we discovered this, responded to our stunned inquiries with a fiendish grin and a dark laugh that left us all unsettled as she murmured a good night. As the early morning hour ticked away and silence consumed our surrounds, ease did not come.

With hesitation everyone parted ways and slid alone and paranoid into their bunks. We Co-Chiefs triple checked the locks on the windows and doors.

After arriving at the Print lab on Monday, it was obvious we had entered the "Twilight Zone." The first indication was the arrival of Production Manager James Duncan at the Print lab on time and prepared. This was unprecedented.

By Wed, Oct. 24, News Editor, Felicia Skriver confused her writers with multiple references to brains as we assigned stories for the issue you hold within your hands.

"In this political climate and with the brains we have on the table, we really have to use our brains," said Skriver, "and, damn it, do some brainstorming and give me some good campaign brains - er, news."

Her words were quickly drowned out by a chorus of growling stomachs that had us all exchanging worried looks.

By Friday, we were getting not only weird reports of sightings

around campus, disturbances that couldn't be explained, but multiple members of the Print staff were beginning to look worse for wear.

Editor Chris Taylor, who has the habit of bringing his lunch to class, arrived with a raw steak in hand.

"Eh, it's what I was craving for some reason," he said before digging in without the hindrance of cutlery. Even we can't say we went unaffected.

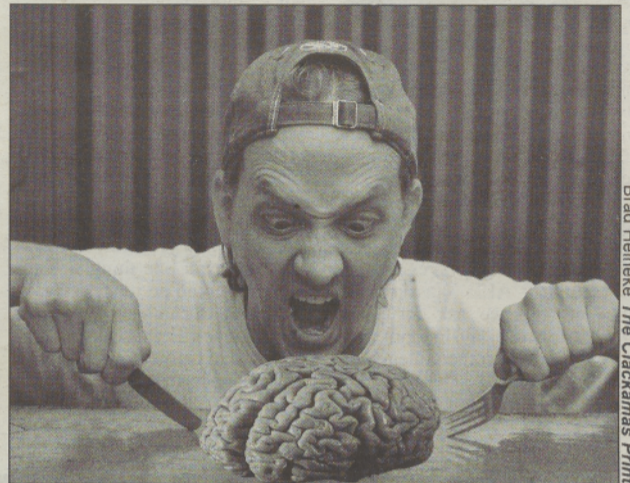
"Precious, my Precious," muttered Joshua Dillen on numerous occasions and Anna Axelson was caught in random fits of maniacal laughter. Editor Steven Weldon even began speaking with a flawless Romanian accent.

As articles began flooding in for editing, there was no longer a doubt that something was seriously wrong. Yesterday, production day, under strange compulsion we were all obligated to put these stories on the page, battling with the moral and ethical implications of doing so as Sheb Wooley's "Purple People Eater" streamed in the background over the speakers of our fabulous smart room.

Fear not dear readers, because as this issue was being sent to the printer and these words were written, the side effects had begun to fade, leaving us dazed, confused. Be assured that next week, we all will have recovered from our ordeal and will be back in fine form to serve our cherished readers with all your vital CCC news.

Until then, shhh... no one else needs to know about this minor indiscretion.

## Brain binge at Brain Bowl



Brad Heineke The Clackamas Print

Master masticators gather annually to chew the fat. Hall of Fame brain eater Harold "Choppy" Clompazowski chops at the start of last year's competition.

Andrew Millbrooke  
Sports Editor

Before becoming alarmed at the human bodies and souls lost in the 102nd annual Medulla Oblongata Bowl, remember that the only humans to be used in the contest are pulled from the Lane Community College student population, reducing the loss to society of any future great thinkers or solid citizens. This celebrated brain eating contest, set to run this Friday is dubbed the longest running full brain and skull cracking contest west of the Mississippi River.

"We're happy to be hosting all of the festivities this year," said Oregon City head coach Bear Paterno, who is entering his 40th year helming the Cerebellum Slurpers. "We are in charge of the parade and fireworks show that run before and after the main event. We can't be happier with the support from the local community."

The Oregon City Cerebellum Slurpers have eaten brains on the same level with the Portland Protoplasmics for the past few sea-

sons, but have not broken through with a victory in head to head competition in this rivalry since 2002. Is this the year that the Cerebellum Slurpers break through to win the celebrated Medulla Oblongata Bowl trophy, or will the Protoplasmics take it down for an 11th straight season as they seem to thrive when the competition is toughest?

Let's first discuss the rules, so that you know what is going to happen when the horn sounds on Friday afternoon. Each team has five competitors that match up one on one with someone from the opposing team. Whoever eats the most brains out of LCC student's bodies in one minute wins the round and gives its team a point.

The first team to three points wins the game. That is why most teams put their best brain eaters in the early matches to get quick points and gain momentum.

Chopping up and then chewing all of the brain bits and juices is the preferred method because then you can make sure and get every last morsel.

Please see BRAINS, Page 4

## Zombies swarm campus, college overrun

Emily Rask  
Associate News Editor

They've arrived. The ones we've all been dreading ... zombies. Not only has Clackamas Community College flipped upside down, but students have been after other students. Almost everyone still alive has now taken to hiding in either the library in the Dye Learning Center, or has gathered in the gymnasium in Randall Hall.

Most students were frightened at first, but others have come rather prepared, such as Co-Editor-

in-Chief of *The Clackamas Print*, Joshua Dillen. He gathered the entire *Print* staff together; all terrified for their lives, he led them to a safe place near the entrance Roger Rook Hall. What he didn't realize however, is that just around the corner five zombies were waiting to attack.

Each zombie group had a leader; this group's leader was News Editor Felicia Skriver, who was turned shortly after the first ones hit CCC. She's raging, never letting anything or anyone get in her way. Her group consisted of four more zombies - all *Print* staff: Andrew Millbrooke, Brian Steele,

Hannah Duckworth and myself, Emily Rask.

The first to spot this group was Melissa Jones, a frightened journalism teacher at CCC who was just teaching a newspaper production class when the zombie apocalypse began.

Before finding the zombies she was just walking around Roger Rook trying to find a place to hide out, but just as she turned another corner there they were, feasting on what seemed to be the remains of a now former CCC student. They immediately smelled her living human stench and looked up straight away.

Frozen from the shock of what she was witnessing, Jones stuttered at the thought of what she would have to do next.

Millbrooke looked up and ran toward Jones, hungry for some more human flesh. Jones bolted the other direction in hope of finding a room she could quickly lock herself into, but only found the elevator.

Hopping in, Jones quickly pressed the button for the next floor up and repeatedly smashed her finger on the "close door" button. Just as the doors were sliding closed, Millbrooke got close enough to reach his arm in the remaining gap and prevent them from closing.

From there on, Millbrooke had his own feast.

When Millbrooke returned, Skriver started to prowl for more humans with her group. As we ran toward Barlow Hall, we saw a man limping over the yard. Photo Editor Brad Heineke seemed to have been bitten by a zombie and appeared to have no more feeling in his leg. We stopped and Heineke looked up immediately, but with his injured leg, all hope was lost as he too became a meal.

Sensing that there would be

Please see ZOMBIES, Page 5

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ENTER...



IF YOU DARE