Meeting Notes February 26, 2020 Start: 1:03 PM

Tabs: It is our 4th meeting of the year if you’ve been here 4 times in a row, that’s a little unlucky, so show up for a 5th time next week.

(Discussion and confusion over why 4 sounds like death in Chinese)

Tabs: Not much else to say for President stuff

Ryan: Hi, yeah there’s coronavirus going around. We also have a complaint form on the website and Facebook page.

Tabs: Treasurer is not here, but has this to say, “Please request more stuff, we’re running out of non-Smurf and non-Invader Zim related items.” Remember you can request anything as long as it is genre: books, movies, tv shows, card games, board games, anything or if you really think we need some office supples. Don’t go for merch though, but yes if you don’t there will be more Smurf stuff. Let’s put it that way cause I really didn’t request that many Smurf things yet

Angela; I’m in pain

Jolee: Check out more books. Shiftholders, come to your shifts and remember to give the spiel.

Ken: “eat the rich” that was trending on twitter recently. Pretty crazy. As you guys know, Dystopia won. I’m also doing something fun for this cause I like fun events, and we’re going to have-and the theme of what’s going on is that there’s going to be an event during it-the 5 subthemes of Dystopia, 5 factions competing to see who is the best dystopia. And here are the different factions-basically rifts have opened up between dimensions and now they’re at war-[redacted: cause bad explanation which got changed and clarified after several sub-ac’s yelled at him after meeting which included me]

Thomas: First, once again, we want more people to write in the logbook. It’s been lit so far, fam. (Ironically of course) It’s been pretty lit how we’ve been writing in the log book, but we need more stupid stories. I have even more stupid stories. This is called “The Castle/Sev’s Crash”

ARG. Tis a tale of woe, stupidity, and danger it is. It all began on a Friday eve haf’ a fortnight before this day ‘twas a cold a and better night, but alas, ye olde forum was warm and full of friendship (or flatulence). One could never tell, and me mateys [redacted] decided it was time for the Great White Castle. Leavin ye olde shattered worlds and our heroes quest for vehicular transports slumbered in Kelly. She was sat saddled up, warmed up, and pulled out, but she stalleth. Forthwith another beast had pulled out with an iq of an arse, and the twin bumpers. ‘Twas just a tap but it was decided that it wasn’t keen for the quest. We sallied forth to harness the services of another automobile. Argh, the quest was fulfillith and we championed on over to the White Castle. Our fellow partners hacked loogies on the floor and we obtained the Holy Grail, Castle cups, and with upon deporting, a member welded a goblet of white shake at the castle sign from a window quoteth he, “WHAT A [REDACTED]”. Two members retiredeth for the night, but myself and two others sallied forth to the house of Sev’s for a wee bit of prayer before the altar. Upon returning to the north entrance, we found a hill, a sheet of ice. Argh, Alex’s tires spun out of control, that she did, as we slowly creeped up on the hill. And low and behold come another, brakes screaming, and as another good doctor would say, “SMASH MO.” Led on into it. Alex’s vehicle slid back leading a whiteout. The car behind him also smacked into us sustaining hurt. We decided it was best to get the hell out of here ‘lest we get hurt by more sliding cars. At the top of the hill, I and another rerouted mobiles as they appeared. But alas, ‘twas no good as the assbags passed me waving and warning signs which exclaimed “ASSHOLES.” One found a path, but the other clobbered into the car at the quarterpanel that they did. Assholes they may be. But we were too busy to stop them for another two assbags passed by following another similar explanation on the passage yet again. One got by the floundering of the mobile, but alas, it screeched and slid sideways letting looseth a full broadside. By that time, campus safety arrived afterall from someone who stopeth me who offered help. Campus safety went down the hill and screeched sideways right beside another car; for, we were set up at the top of the hill. It was coldeth as hell and snow bloweth everywhere, down the hill. As I quoteth, “as for this story, ‘tis was a story of stupidity, a second campus officer, said ‘I am official, I can pass down here,’ and he went down the hill and ‘SMASHMO’ into the other campus safety car. Piled into it, turning around and went into another assbag’s car. A 3 car pile up it was.” Fortunately, Alex was a down the hill. Almost laughable since the Alexmobile had sustained minimal damage considering it had been in 4 accidents in 15 minutes. We limped back to campus, the Alexmobile not sounding well she was, and we were howling in the snow storm at 3am. Tis a tale of truth and I was an adventurer sworn. If thoust does not believe it thoust may screw thine self. That’s a story.

(David: Did I just have a stroke?)

Hat made: $2

Jolee: We have an event tomorrow to make baby Yoda. I can’t guarantee that they’ll be this big \*shows off a premade baby Yoda, \* but if you want to make one, come tomorrow, the event is at 5:30 PM. We have actual stuffing; this one is full of paper towels.

Allocations

The Mind Card Game $7.99

We're Doomed Board Game $40

Die Laughing $20

Teen Titans: Raven $10.99

Space Cop $17

Total = $95.98

Announcements

Jolee: Good luck on midterms

Patrick: One thing, I’m going to have more details on Friday, but there is a post-apocalyptic LARP occurring in New York starting in April. A chapter of the Dystopia Rising is going to be reopening. There is potential to be held in an abandoned prison upstate, so if that is the case, I will be organizing a caravan to head up there to partake in the event. It should be late April, so I just wanna state it way in advance so people can prepare.

Thomas: Native to North America, Pumpkins-

Tabs: NO. We’re done. We did it already. He hasn’t been here for a while.

(sadness, we miss you Pumpkin man)

Neville: But the successor has come back, the prodigal son.

Angela: Lemon lad?

Tabs: Old business, clean don’t be a dick. Treat this sofa like a child you don’t abuse.

New business clean, don’t be a dick. Treat this sofa like a child you don’t abuse.

Meeting Ends at 1:18 PM