



THE PAPER



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Phil And Kev's Excellent Saturday Adventure

Ping-Pong Scandal Sparks Shakeup, Commissioner Resigns

Scoop Kartenspiel
Exclusive to The Paper

In a recent move shrouded in scandal, Phil McCoy quietly resigned his post as PAKESA's Ping-Pong Tournament Commissioner. McCoy released this terse statement late last year; "I feel that managing today's breed of players, with their astronomical salaries and shameless showboating, is a job for a younger—and perhaps shorter—administrator."

According to league insiders the odds-on favorite to become McCoy's successor is former champ, Michael Pizzo. Pizzo, who left last fall's pressure-packed competition in icy protest, was unavailable for comment.



Peter Pecker,
Pizzo's Publicist

However, his publicist issued the following statement to The Paper: "Mr. Pizzo's abrupt exit was simply a matter of bedtime, nothing more—nothing less. As an elite athlete he must adhere to a strictly disciplined schedule of rest and exercise."

From the very start of the Fall Tourney swagger was rampant in the

PLEASE SEE **Scandal** ON PAGE 3



Turdhunter

Scott Burnett

I pull on my boots and stride purposefully to the backyard. Taking the shovel from its resting place, I grip it firmly. It is my minesweeper, and I am the *Turdhunter*—a bona fide suburban superhero. It is my mission to keep the premises safe for traversal, even in the dark.

I scan the grounds for stealthy brownish or blackish piles. The exact hue depends upon what sort of treats Boomer has been eating lately; charcoal treats are responsible for

PLEASE SEE **Turdhunter** ON PAGE 4

In This Issue:

Ping-Pong Scandal	1
Turdhunter	1
Halo For The Masses	1
Blood Gulch Strategy Guide	2
Ping-Pong Reloaded	3
Letters to the Editor	4
PAKESA Ping-Pong Hall of Fame	4
PAKESA Ping-Pong Tournament House Rules	4

Halo For The Masses Who's Next To Enter The Fray?

Scott "Mr Manx" Hannus

The shells hit the ground, the body hits the floor. I charge past while reloading my M-16. The banner of victory is within my grasp. Respawn in 7, 6, 5... No, don't think, just go. Snagging the banner in my hands I sprint for the back door. My warthog is there... no explosions... too easy... Throwing caution to the wind, I make a mad dash for the driver's seat. Jump. Brake. Gas. Drive. The tires crunch the gravel and spray it everywhere. The warthog spurs into motion. Second gear, third, fourth, fifth, freedom, victory. Shot fired behind me..., nothing but a bad m e m o r y . The final turn, victory is in sight. A black splotch flashes in my peripheral vision. Crap. The world explodes. My corpse flies through the air, the banner trailing. The name Star briefly appears on my screen. Always Star. Cursed Star. As I watch the countdown, screams of desecration fill the air. My lifeless body is sprayed with bullets, pummeled with blows, and conveniently relocated via fragmentation grenade. Next time Star...



PLEASE SEE **Who's Next** ON PAGE 2

It's The Maps, Baby

Excerpted from Bungie.com

When playing any first person shooter against other people, the one key to gaining the advantage is knowing the maps. Hearing your dead opponent scream in anguish, "HEY! WHERE'D YOU FIND THE ROCKET LAUNCHER?!" can add a satisfying grin to your smugly tight lips. Conversely, there are few things more frustrating than running circles in the tunnels of 'Sidewinder' trying to figure out where to return the "#@*&!%" flag. Its all about the maps, baby. You can't head your opponent off at the pass if you don't know where it is. Know the map and own the map.

Who's Next

Continued From Page 1

Next time...

The sounds of Ice-Ice-Baby, two bad white rappers, a four year old opera singer, and an Australian claiming his controller is a camel, signal the end of the round. Another match, another victor. Next time, who knows...? Dirt, Kraut, Ku Han, Manx, Master, Star? A newcomer? Or maybe even you...

The Twitch

The editors of The Paper are looking for ways to establish a Halo player rating system We'd like to publish player profiles and standings in future issues. Please give us your ideas.



Email Updates

PAKESA news, reservations, and hardware coordination are now being handled almost exclusively via email. Do we have your address?

Blood Gulch Strategy Guide

Excerpted from Bungie.com

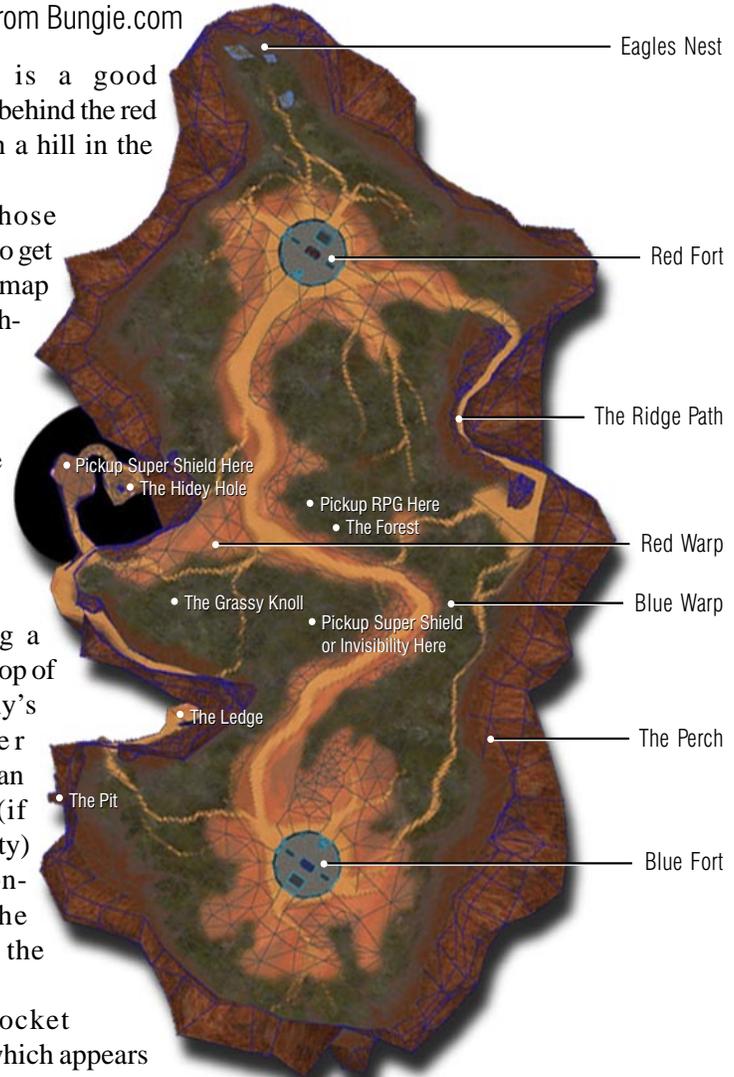
There is a good sniper spot behind the red base, up on a hill in the shadows.

Use those teleporters to get across the map quickly without a vehicle.

Caves can provide good cover to get you across the map.

Parking a vehicle on top of your enemy's teleporter location is an effective (if low and dirty) way of controlling the middle of the map.

The rocket launcher, which appears in the middle near a small bush, is a precious commodity. When playing with vehicles, try to only use your rockets on a vehicle. Rocket ammo is in short supply, especially if a lot of people are playing, and snipers like to pick off people going for the launcher. So pick your targets wisely. When shooting a warthog, you want to hit it so that you kill at least one of the passengers while flipping it so it tosses everyone else. Try and nail the front of the warthog. This will usually kill everyone except the gunner, and he'll be tossed out with a lot of damage done to him. Unless you have a good shot (and time to reload), toss a grenade in or finish



the other guy off with your other weapon. Eventually you'll be brazenly standing in the path of oncoming traffic with a rocket launcher. Flying vehicles will kill you, so remember your basic laws of physics. Just for kicks though, try standing in a valley in the middle of Blood Gulch and get a jeep to ramp up a hill and jump over you. Then fire a rocket at the jeep as it flies directly over you. It will be a while before your opponents hit the ground.

When traveling across the map in the warthog, try to avoid taking big, flashy jumps & instead weave around through the valleys: you're less of a target this way.

Ping-Pong Reloaded

Sherry Stripling

Excerpted from The Seattle Times, November 14, 2002 (without permission)

What do you call it?

The generic name used 'round the world is table tennis, which in this country is reserved for sport. The basement or garage name is Ping-Pong, trademarked in this country by Parker Brothers in 1901. The game also has been known as Gossima, Flim Flam, or, as the best description of the game the author of this story still plays, Whiff Whaff.

My how equipment has improved

Early rackets were made of cardboard or carved from cigar-box tops. British Army officers overseas used rounded off corks from wine bottles for a ball and a row of books

at midtable for a net. The celluloid ball and first pimped racket temporarily increased the game's popularity early in the 1900s. But spin became the name of the game and Asian players the giants of it when a Japanese player introduced sponge rubber on the paddle in 1953. Today, top paddles sell for \$100 and up and the top teams come from China, South Korea and Sweden.

Recent rule changes

Basement rules remain the same, but tournament players now play to 11 points instead of 21 with service changing every two points instead of every five. Best-of-seven wins the match. The size of the ball increased 2 millimeters to slow the pace for television viewers. Ace serve after ace gets boring so hidden serves were disallowed to let opponents identify the spin in advance.

The physical benefit

The break table tennis provides for computer jockeys

handle the rarified air of that echelon. Some present felt he allowed his personal dejection to compromise his grip on the officiating of the tournament.

Brian O'Connell meant to intimidate his way into the championship round, but in the end resorted to an ad hoc rewriting of the house rules. Caple and Pizzo were caught off guard by O'Connell's nimble sleight of hand, and quickly found themselves caught in his ruse like a pimply-faced soda jerk changing a charlatan's five with two tens and a twenty.

By the time anyone put two and two together, Caple was already exchanging volleys with O'Connell. O'Connell seemed to believe that his opponents had signed off on his improvised amendment to McCoy's house rules by engaging in the controversial set. He asserted that it

with burnt eyes and locked wrists is presumed. The Sunday Times (London) reports that table tennis burns 245 calories per hour, increases flexibility and tones the upper and lower body. The Swedish national team has better cardiovascular fitness than the national soccer and ice-hockey teams. For the rest of us: The speed and quick decision-making has been found to boost mental function among the aged and IQ and spatial awareness among the young.

Interesting facts

The game goes to whoever's ahead after 20 minutes since a famous match in the 1936 World Games in which the ball crossed the net an estimated 12,000 times-a 2-hour-plus battle for the first point. The umpire was replaced when his neck locked.

The Guinness Book of World Records puts the most hits in 60 seconds at 173, set in 1993.



was tantamount to cashing the check in a junk mail solicitation from AT&T.

However, after reviewing the film, and consulting with the International Table Tennis Association, McCoy's last official move as commissioner was to annul O'Connell's championship and require that Pizzo and Caple finish the last two games of the best-of-three that is required to determine a champion. Even though Pizzo lost the first game of this best-of-three, he is expected to herald the decision as a triumph when he publicly accepts the role of commissioner at the next PAKESA event on January 18th. No one was willing to go on record as saying so, but word among the Winter Tourney contestants is that it will take every bit of Pizzo's Napoleon-like will to maintain order and sportsmanship throughout the event.

Scandal

Continued From Page 1

testosterone-charged atmosphere. Balls were dented, walls were scuffed, and the incandescent-lit air shook with the din of guttural explications. It was no place for the feint of heart. Casual competitors were quickly swept to the left side of the bracket by those with a taste for blood.

Andrew Caple, seen by the pundits as the chief threat to unseat Pizzo, brought his disarmingly easy-going charm to the green table. His early round opponents were little more than fodder, but somehow felt that they'd made a friend in this kind-hearted shark that had just swabbed the deck with their sorry butts.

Ex-Commish, Phil McCoy, made a run at the top-seeded players, but was ultimately unable to

PAKESA Ping-Pong Hall of Fame

Phil McCoy

Before we start the fundraiser to build a museum to these champions, we thought it appropriate to let you know who they are.

The first tournament loosely held under the auspices of the “Adventure” was at my 40th birthday party. The competition was fierce and there were enough players to fill two brackets.

Todd Donato, Champion

Kevin McCoy, Champion

Then we did a thing called YWAP with the Burnetts to celebrate the Youth Workers at our church. I’ll give you one chance to guess who won.

Michael Pizzo, Champion

Now we enter the official era of “Phil and Kev’s Excellent Saturday Adventure.” Hail to the champions!

Michael Pizzo, PAKESA 1

Andrew Caples, PAKESA 2

The official outcome of PAKESA 3 is still shrouded in controversy.

Venue

If the PAKESA growth curve continues at the same rate, we will outgrow our current facility by the next party. We already need a second Ping-Pong table and room to seat more Halo players comfortably.

The PAKESA leadership would like your help. We are starting to think about finding a larger venue that would be suitable for the “Adventure.” It doesn’t have to be fancy, but easy access and storage for a couple Ping-Pong tables is important. Drive-up access for offloading gear is important, too. Perhaps you know of something nearby that would require only a modest boost to our cover charge?

Letters to the Editor

Insert yours here.

PAKESA Ping-Pong Tournament House Rules

Phil McCoy

The rules of engagement are simple and designed to level the playing field.

1) Games on the winning side of the bracket are played to 21, win by 2. Games on the losing side of the bracket are to 11, win by 1, service changes hands every two points. However, if a game on this side of the bracket is for eighth place or better, the game goes to 21.

2) Service must go off the end of the table, not the side. Service does not have to alternate sides of the table.

3) There is no courtesy service on game point.

4) First and second place are determined by a best-of-three set to 21.

5) You can question. You can appeal. But the commissioner has the final word on everything. There is no higher authority.

The Paper

is currently published for the enlightened participants at Phil And Kevin’s Excellent Saturday Adventure (PAKESA). We hope it has life and legs that may lead to other opportunities. We want your input on everything. Send us your opinions and ideas. We’ll be gentle.

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Turdhunter

Continued From Page 1

the blackish heaps, which are the easiest ones to locate.

The most difficult season for turd hunting is late autumn, when the yard is liberally strewn with Big Leaf Maple leaves. Confession: I would rather mow leaves than rake them, so our backyard usually remains covered until springtime when the awakened grass forces me to fire up the Toro. Until then, leaves camouflage Boomer’s creations, thereby escalating the danger factor during cleanup.

I step carefully and methodically, eyes peeled. In order to maintain a proper frame of mind, I must remember that pooping does not involve a moral dimension for Boomer. He seems to consider it a valid form of self-expression. And since I would rather clean it up *outside* than *inside* I verbally encourage him in his artistic endeavors.

Still, it is difficult not to resent a chore like this one. Tedious, hazardous, foul smelling... Of course, honesty compels me to admit that I too express myself offensively from time to time. This unsettling notion gives me pause as I slide the shovel beneath a semi-petrified, mold-bearded mound. Unbidden, an irreverent paraphrase leaps to mind: *Forgive us our poops as we forgive those who poop against us.*

Dog ownership entails poop management—it comes with the territory, so to speak. Relationships with humans are much the same (metaphorically speaking, for the most part – *thankfully!*). As I dispose of this expedition’s last shovelful I find myself faced with a messy question: Am I willing to extend the same sort of grace to the people in my life that I offer my dog?