



# THE PAPER



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Phil And Kev's Excellent Saturday Adventure

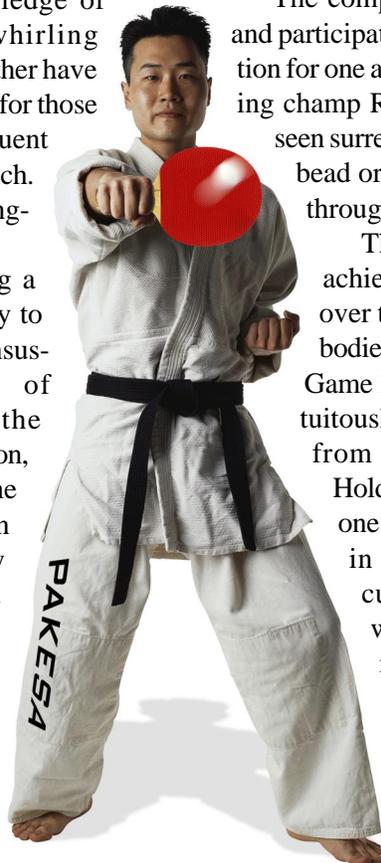
## Scott vs. Scott, Ninja vs. Word-Nerd

### NEW SCHOOL RISING ORIGINAL GANGSTERS OF PING-PONG THREATENED

By Scott Hannus a.k.a. Mr. Manx

The winds of change have rustled the nets of PAKESA's double-ping tables. Months of heated competition have nearly burnt a hole through the once impregnable web woven by the original gangsters of Ping-Pong. A new school is rising, threatening fire over ashes and mastered knowledge of strategy. The whirling powers clashing together have created a bi-prong, or for those of you who aren't fluent in Halo, a one-two punch.

For 17 years pong-titan Phil McCoy has secretly been training a beast, hoping one day to unleash it upon the unsuspecting citizens of PAKESA. Using the guise of his innocent son, Kevin McCoy, the one called Star has been training night and day ever since his hand could fit around a paddle. A master of the forbidden tactics known only by the McCoy-Zen Ping-Pong assassins, his wide grin, blondish



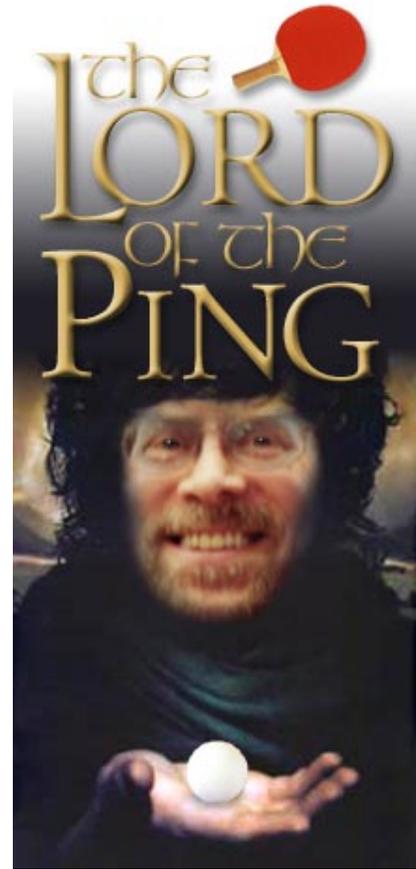
### LEGENDS OF THE GREEN TABLE (OK, SOMETIMES IT'S BLUE)

By Scott Burnett a.k.a. Turdhunter

The March 8<sup>th</sup> PAKESA Ping Pong Tournament was the best planned and best run yet. The ruling triumvirate of Randy Hilfman, Phil McCoy, and Michael Pizzo are to be applauded for their efforts. Play was fair, good-natured and expeditious.

The competition was fierce, and participation meant perspiration for one and all. Even defending champ Randy Hilfman was seen surreptitiously dabbing a bead or two from his brow throughout the evening.

This reporter achieved a shocking win over the young and able-bodied Michael Moody in Game 19 by virtue of a fortuitously timed phone call from Moody's fiancée. Holding his cell phone in one hand and his paddle in the other, he discussed the color of wedding cake frosting with his betrothed. The distraction led to a slim-margined yet nonetheless newsworthy upset



One king to rule the ball  
One king outranking  
One king to school them all  
With a cinematic spanking  
In the Land of Bothell  
where paddles fly...

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# HALO VEHICLE TIPS

Excerpted from Bungie.com

## The Warthog:

**Driver:** the warthog driver has only one offensive weapon: the jeep itself. The jeep is a very powerful weapon when used correctly. I find sliding sideways into people can sometimes get better results than gunning straight at them. A good counter to this is sidestepping a lot when you are on foot, so keep an eye out for that. Get in the jeep with the weapon you want to take out of the jeep. I like to use the rocket launcher to surprise other jeeps. Jumping out of the driver seat can sometimes be a good thing. Plasma grenades bounce off the jeep windshield, but work wonders everywhere else.

**Gunner:** The 50 cal. is a very powerful gun but not very accurate. Just keep the trigger down as you have a never-ending ammo pail. However, if no one is driving, you'll quickly become a sitting duck.

**Passenger:** Don't ride in this seat unless you have to; it's very hard to aim and you don't have full range. Strategically speaking, this seat is only good for transporting that extra person. The passenger should probably be the first to jump off if any ground resistance comes up. If you ride in the passenger seat and want to make a little difference, use a rocket launcher. Remember you can throw grenades from the passenger seat also.

In general, never stop moving. If you do, the driver is helpless, the gunner is vulnerable to snipers, and the guy in the shotgun seat has a limited field of fire. Plus, you're more vulnerable to that bane of warthogs, the SPNKr.

If you have the flag, drive. The

flag is not visible when the driver has it, but opponents can see when the passenger has it. The gunner is the most vulnerable of the riders, and is usually the first to die.

The best use for the jeep on many maps is to drive in a wide circle around your target while the gunner fires continuously on it. This keeps your gunner from having to aim too much, and keeps you a little bit safer from enemy fire. When possible, drive clockwise—that way, the driver is not directly exposed to enemy fire.



When playing split screen with teammates, it helps to have a passenger with a sniper rifle spot targets for you.

## The Scorpion:

**Driver:** remember you have a secondary fire of an AR on the tank. Comes in very handy for shooting at ground targets while you wait for your mortar to reload. If you decide to "shell" with the tank by sticking in one spot, you should consider turning the turret 180 degrees around so that your body isn't as exposed; otherwise, you can easily be sniped out of the tank.

**Side Seat:** Use the side seat on the tank for personnel transport. If combat begins, get off the tank, as it is a huge target and easy to hit. The combination of side passengers assaulting a base with tank support can be very effective. A great co-op strategy is for a sniper to hop on a tank, and use his scope to call in long-range tank fire.

In general, the coaxial machine gun is not a terrific weapon, but it's useful against snipers because it will knock them out of zoom if it hits them. Between cannon rounds, hold that second trigger.

Aim at the feet of your target with the primary cannon. Often, the Scorpion's cannon fires a bit higher than you expect, and the splash damage from a ground impact is almost as good as a direct hit.

Possibly the best use for one or more Scorpions is shelling an enemy base from long range, keeping them pinned down while your teammates move in. It helps to have a sniper playing split screen with you, to help you direct your shots.

## The Ghost:

A very maneuverable vehicle. Remember it can strafe. The guns stun also, so it can be very effective against tanks if you sneak up behind them. You can also stun an opponent and then run him over. Press A while driving the ghost to lift the

nose a little, which can be useful if you start to nose-dive while in a long drop, or if you want to catch a little extra air off a jump. The ghost is the quickest vehicle in the game and is good for delivering flags (it fits through many openings!). The ghost is the ultimate assault vehicle: it's fast enough to slip into a base, well armed, and provides excellent defense from the front.

When approaching a victim who is on foot, zigzag a bit to throw off their aim and spread your fire out. A glancing blow with a wingtip is as good as a direct hit (albeit less satisfying). Be careful about clipping things other than players with your wingtips. The ghost spins around very easily when you do so, and it can be difficult to maneuver in tight spaces.

# TOO LONG BETWEEN PAKESA TOURNAMENTS?

## CONSIDER A TABLE TENNIS CLUB

By Randy Hilfman

For those of you who enjoy the competition at our PAKESA tournaments but rarely have the opportunity to play at other times, you might consider checking out one of the table tennis clubs in the Seattle metropolitan area. Playing at a club, though it can be a little intimidating at first regardless of your skill level, is a great way to elevate your game. You'll be able to play people with lots of different styles and also have the chance to observe (though not play against) some really top-notch

players. You just have to be philosophical about the fact that there's always somebody out there better than you are!

For those of you who live or work on the Eastside, the Bellevue club may be the most convenient, and it's the one I'm most familiar with. The club meets three times weekly at the Crossroads Community Center (just behind Crossroads Mall), 16000 N.E. 10<sup>th</sup> Street in Bellevue. For a fee of \$2.50 (\$2, if you're a Bellevue resident), there's open play on Thursday night from 5:30 to 7:30 or Saturday morning from 9:15 to 11:15. And on Sunday afternoon, for \$6 (\$4, if you're a member of the club), you can play from 1:00 to 5:00 and participate in a round-robin competition (grouped

by skill level).

There are also clubs in Seattle and SeaTac. A gentleman named Tom Veatch lists places to play, directions and contacts on his website, [www.tomveatch.com](http://www.tomveatch.com). Click on "Table Tennis" under "Fun Projects" and then "Seattle TT Activity Schedule and Locations" (dated 05/2001), or visit the USA Table Tennis website, [www.usatt.org](http://www.usatt.org), click on "PLACES TO PLAY" and then on the state of Washington on the USA map. While you're there, consider exploring the website further for a glimpse of the national table tennis scene.

So if you love the game and would like the chance to play more, I'd suggest taking a shot at a club at least once.

### Gangsters

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hair, and comic mannerisms work to his advantage when the opponent expects a boy and finds the power of a 400-pound Chinese demigod.

One day, awoken from the eternal Saturday slumber by his sixth sense, the one they call Manx could feel impending Ping-Pong to the east. Disguising himself as Kevin McCoy's Halo chum, Scott Hannus, the one they call Manx set out east with the rising sun. The west side of Bothell was a dangerous place, where everyday mistakes might mean your life if you weren't careful.

Legend states that the first time he flung open the PAKESA garage door, several tumbleweeds rolled in. Somewhere off in the distance the theme from "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" could be heard, and the players finally realized that the true color of fear was not black, but orange.

A new clash of titans is ap-

### Player Ranking

White = Artificial number  
Yellow = Earned place  
Pink = Did not place

	1/18/03	3/8/03	Totals	Ranking
Randy Hilfman .....	1	1	2	1
Andrew Caple .....	1.5	1.5	3	2
Bill Massey .....	2	2	4	3
Brian O'Connell .....	3	3	6	4
Doug Phillips .....	4	3	7	5
Kevin McCoy .....	3	5	8	6
Jeff Evert .....	5	5	10	7
Scott Hannus .....	6	4	10	8
Paul Halverson .....	2	9	11	9
Michael Pizzo .....	7	6	13	10
Doug Riffin .....	7	7	14	11
Scott Burnett .....	8	8	16	12
Phil McCoy .....	8	9	17	13

proaching, and chances are Perseus is not going to show up at the last minute with Medusa's head. PAKESA is to become a battleground, and only the strong will survive this next bout. Cancel your mail, give the dog plenty of food and water, and write letters to loved ones, because survival of the fittest will take its course at 6:30 p.m., with only a tiny, hollow, plastic ball between you and total domination.

*Editor's note: Mr. Manx once again honors The Paper by giving us exclusive publishizzling rights to his articizzle. We thought you should know this is the premiere final cut, no-holds-barred, unedited director's cut, ding-dong-didily diehard supremo-silver anniversary version of what Mr. Manx was really trying to say through his art. Foshizzle to the crizzle.*

## Legends

Continued From Page 1

of the groom-to-be by one of the tourney's lesser stiff's.

"Der Schlam-meister," Doug Riggin, was admittedly more interested in pulverizing the little white orb than in winning games. But that notwithstanding, his testosterone-charged style of Power-Pong overwhelmed a sufficient number of the more genteel competitors to earn him a seventh-place finish. Along the way, he was polite enough to thank his opponents for any lobs they offered up for him to spank.

"The Piz," Michael Pizzo, showed up with a ready-made excuse in case he needed to justify an early exit. Allegedly, his daughter was sick with a fever. It was interesting to note throughout the evening that her temperature fell when her dad did well at the table, and rose whenever he struggled. The former champ started out like a house afire, but went down in a ball of flames in consecutive losses to Hilfman, Hannus and the younger McCoy (the "K" in PAKESA). And just like that, he hit the pavement hard in sixth place.

"McCoy the Younger" had the enviable satisfaction of humiliating both his dad and his youth pastor in a single evening. That's got to be considered a good showing on anybody's chart! In his post-tournament interview he quipped, "Fifth place was fine, but whuppin' the old

guys was *sweet*."

"The Ninja," Scott Hannus, was as cool as a slab of sashimi when he stepped to the table. Having studied the ancient martial art of paddle-fare with white-haired Zen masters in the snowy forests of Hokkaido, he brought a unique spin to the competition. He was the ball, and yet not the ball—he was the table, and yet not the table—he was fourth place, and yet... well, he was fourth place.



### Der Schlam-mask

The Advisory Committee strongly recommends that you wear protective gear like this any time you play against der Schlam-meister.

ship was not sustained, and he found himself adjourned to the left side where he failed to formulate a viable argument against Bill Massey. Nevertheless, when the gavel fell at the end of competition, he had acquitted himself very nicely, finishing third overall.

Newcomer "Still Bill" Massey showed himself to be a mellow master at the table. None could slow his advance through the right side brackets until he found himself on the field of battle with King Randy. The two fell upon one another like knights of old, swinging their designer paddles as though they were broadswords. The would-be usurper was unable to dethrone the old lion, but his defeat did not quench the fire

that smoldered in his eyes. As he dutifully shook hands with the victor, his glance flashed the message "*We shall meet again, noble foe!*"

Once dispatched to the lowly provinces of Leftville, Still Bill's greatest challenge was concealing his yawns of boredom while finishing off the measly tourney-fodder. By the time he played this reporter, he had abandoned all pretense of that courtesy. In fact, he actually played our match while strapped into a sleep apnea machine.

Catching forty winks was a sound strategy. Massey knew he would need to be fresh for what was shaping up to be an inevitable joust for the royal enchilada with King Randy. The winner would need to take the best of five. Their second meeting of the night did not disappoint: it was nothing short of epic. Even the more hard-boiled PAKESA-geeks felt moved to compose an ode or at least wave a Bic lighter. The two gladiators put on a poetic practicum of Ping-Pong parlance.

When the din of battle cleared, Hilfman was still holding his royal scepter. It had taken everything he could muster to fend off his worthy challenger. When match point was scored both men were winded, their chests heaving. Both smiled with satisfaction. Both looked forward, along with the rest of the pack, to their next opportunity to test themselves against one another.

peace

