



lory unto the True Champions. The Tenacious Tahoe Schrader. The Juicy Jonathan Kowarski. The Sterling Sanaa Madhukar. The Magnanimous Matt Goldenberg. The Majestic Max Thill. The Notorious Naureen Kheraj. These most magnificent of Cockly specimen doth embody our name! Those of which cry out, "HARC'en unto me! For I am King! Not a Walker King, for I do not swindle from the meek. Nor a Brian King, for I always have the time, Minutes or longer. I am as IM Sports! Undefeated and privy to felicity! HARC'en unto me!" Now, as you sit and be still upon your porcelain throne, hear of these mighty and few, these bold and brave, these immortals. Ye shan't be unmoved, lest your bowels be not.

Tahoe, some speak, was born to a boulder and a geyser. Legend tells that he blast'ed from the Earth with the full force of the Sn'itchcock Tug-Of-War team, showering the land with his gifts. Sturdy as his father and eruptive as his mother, Tahoe's vigor and zeal fueled all the land. From his steam emerged a great Latin Heat propagated by the one named Kent. From his fury emanated enchanting melodies which linger to this day. We call them Orchestra, derived from tenebrous tongues of lost ages, and they are propagated by the one named Max Weiss. He is Tahoe. And he made Passion.

Next came Jonathan, or in the speech of our forerunners, KoWoWoW. Guardian of globules and grandmaester of game, this callipygian beast is unrivaled in all facets. His preponderant charity dwarfs the House of Calvert's collection of cans. His aptitude autoschediactical activity awes even Kayla Mathieson, cutting through her as a Razor. But he is not vainglorious. He is KoWoWoW. And he made Sport.

Lurking in the trailing shadows to these giants awaits the Goldenberg. He picks off his foes as residents do apples on the last weekend of October. Be not ashamed of idolatry in his favor, for Goldenberg is worthy of laudation. Twas he that slew the Kitchen Co-Op. Twas he that rescued the Third Section from infestations. And it is at him that all blood donations collect. A sanguinary path must one lead to earn a Golden blessing. Should desquamate from this way, lock your doors. He is Goldenberg. And he made Fear.

Settled are the Mighty Three. But decay creeps into all things. Thus the Ripe Three were born.

Clueless as the Baker in the Kitchen, Thill rambled into existence. His mind grasped at the Truth and like the knife to the pumpkin, he carved himself a Form. The Existentiality of Thill became his being. Yet unrealized by the world, he sought glory. And glory he found. With more gusto than the Mustached Father Morales he took that which was fallow and made knowledge. Nihilism quivers. He is Thill. He made Truth.

Conservation of Chaos created certainty from cluelessness. Madhukar was propelled from the void as a pantechicon piloted by an approved driver to Habitat for Humanity. Her strides forth illuminated the Goldenberg's darkness and forged new trails into the Thill's Truth. Guide by Tahoe's Passion she found 42. But not as the answer, but as a currency to feed her new-found life. As she moved, the world brightened, and it was good. She is Sanna. She made Sun.

But who for the masses? Who for the people? Passion spoke naught. Who will define the structure by which humans can gorge themselves of good things on Sundays? Who will Bang@me? Fear spoke naught. Who will name our inflatable giraffes? Who will christen our gnomes? Truth spoke naught. Who will lead our Kitchen? Who will clean our messes? Baker spoke. But only a murmur. Who will tweet? Who will post the minutes? The Sun only blinded. Who will Volleyball on Tuesday? Who will dodge the balls? Sports spoke. But no one listened. Who will lead? Who? Kheraj rose. And Kheraj led. But only for the Third Section. She is Kheraj. She made the House.

Hence it is spoken, and hence it is said. These glorious heroes, of which you have read.

