

THE NEEBO TIMES

November Issue #1 © Copycat 2022

In Other News!

THE LAST DAB

"I gotta get my money's worth!" - Vibbo

"That was a mistake, I should've taken my pass!" - Nic

"What the fuuuuuuuu-" - Aggo

"Time to wash my hands because safety first." - Dano

"Espero que ustedes tres se quemen el trasero!" - Kevin

See pg 1.

TALES FROM THE 'BOID

COUNCIL NEWS

Read a shocking story from the
apocalyptic world of Project
Zomboid!

See pg 5.



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THE LAST DAB

PART 1: CAROLINA REAPER



AGGRO



VIBBONE



NIC



DANCOOL



KEVBO

Before we begin with the events of 'The Last Dab,' let us start at the beginning of the newfound spicy tradition. On a snowy and cold Halloween in 2019, the 'Cancer Crew,' Nic, Vibbone, Aggo, Kevbo, and Dancool all gathered at Nic's house for the spiciest occasion of eating the Carolina Reaper, which can clock in at 2 million Scoville units. In the events leading up to the reaper, they enjoyed pregame ghost pepper chips dressed as Chefs, except for Kevin, who was a skeleton. They roughoused and played games, ordered a pizza, and indulged in eating and soda drinking—all before the ghastly pepper. When it was time, Nic and Vibbone had the first bite. Their faces drained of all festivity when the spice kicked in as their friends watched in awe. When Aggo, Kevin, and Dancool had their taste, they realized the pain was real. Vibbone panicked into the bathroom to cool his burning tongue and ran the water over his mouth in the sink. Dancool's stomach couldn't handle the heat, and he barged in while Vibbone was struggling with the sink's depleting relief and vomited profusely! Nic's stepdad came in with milk to save the day but Aggo was reportedly pacing back and forth, sipping on ONLY an occasional glass of soda with his fists clenched. Everyone was in immense pain but when it all subsided, and everyone was silently sitting down trying to recover, Dancool rushed up from the couch and immediately vomited all over Nic's carpet.

What was initially an enjoyable and exciting Halloween day became a vomit-filled cesspool of drooling 8th graders slumping over everything and groaning in pain. And *that* was the fabled predecessor to the events that unfolded just last Saturday, November 5th, at roughly five P.M.

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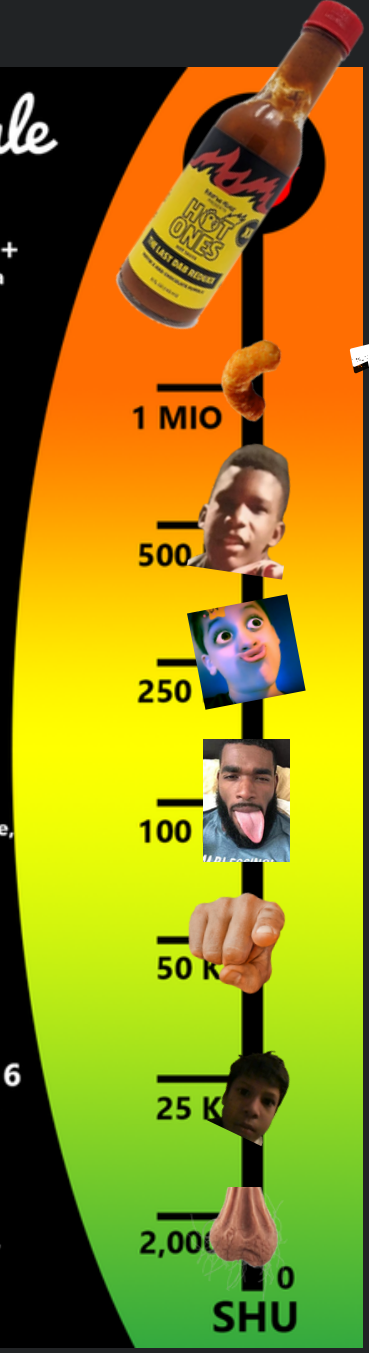
THE LAST DAB

PART 2: HOT ONES

Scoville Scale

- EXTREME HOT**
1,5 MIO+ SHU / 10+++
Carolina Reaper, Trinidad Moruga Scorpion, 7 Pot Douglah
- FIERY HOT**
1,0 MIO+ SHU / 10++
Bhut Jolokia, 7 Pot Lucy, Naga Viper, Komodo Dragon
- REALLY HOT**
500 K+ SHU / 10+
7 Pot Yellow, 7 Pot Bubblegum, Red Savina
- VERY HOT**
250 K+ SHU / 10
Habanero, Fatalii Yellow, Devil's Tongue Red
- SPICY HOT**
100 K+ SHU / 9
Scotch Bonnet, Pimenta de Neyde, Jamaican Hot Yellow
- HOT**
50 K+ SHU / 7 - 8
Rocoto, Thai Peppers, Chiltepin, Charleston Hot, Pequin
- MILD HOT**
2,000 - 50 K SHU / 3 - 6
Jalapeño, De Arbol, Lemon Drop, Tabasco, Serrano, Cayenne
- MILD**
0 - 2,000 SHU / 1 - 2
Bell Pepper, Lombardo, Anaheim, Golden Greek, Ancho Poblano

scovillescale.org



THATS HOT!

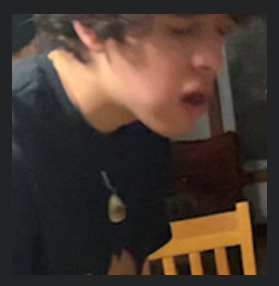


Dano before eating a spoonful of The Last Dab



DANO THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE HOT ONES

During the afternoon of Saturday, November 5th, friends from the first spicy occasion gathered again, this time at Vibbo House with Dano and no Dancool. The group, now known as 'The Gange,' consisted of Vibbo, Kevino, Aggo, Dano, and Nico. The previous night Vibbo had purchased the famous 'Last Dab' from Target in preparation for this event.



When the time arrived, and Aggo appeared at Vibbo's doorstep in a waiter's outfit, Vibbo knew things had to be extravagant. Vibbo, Aggo, and eventually Dano and Nico too, all prepared an elaborate reenactment of the show Hot Ones with Sean Evans for Kevino's arrival. Complete with Vibbo as Sean Evans (sometimes known as Chris Evans throughout the night), chicken wings, and a lineup of hot sauces from least spicy to most. Aggo honored us by bringing a little ghost pepper pregame sauce, which broke inside his pocket.


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THE LAST DAB

PART 2: HOT ONES CONTINUED

DANO THE ONLY ONE TO SURVIVE HOT ONES CONT.


Nevertheless, after waiting a couple of hours for the late arrival of Kevino inside the casual comfort of Vibbo's garage, the time had arrived. All went according to plan, and when Kevino and Vibbo made it to the last wing, they blessed their friends with an extra dab of Last Dab. "The first bite was easy," said Vibbo, "but out of nowhere, the pain became so immense; I just started panicking!" Terror struck the quiet afternoon as Vibbo and Kevino struggled to subdue the pain. Then Aggo went, and he, too, felt the flaming fury of Sean Evans' tainted asshole juice. Nic went after him, and all who was left was Danos Sanchez, who repeatedly kept saying, "I don't want to do this! I don't want to do this!" But, little did anyone know that he would be the only one out of all of us to survive. Because when Dano had the first bit of sauce touch his mouth, all he had to say was, "Oh, it's not that bad." And as everyone around him was crumbling to pieces in agony, he was calmly dancing and walking about seemingly unphased. How did he do it? The Gange will never know. Despite this, The Gange wasn't going to have it. They needed to have everybody suffer the pain. So they made him lick the plate, eat another wing, and take a whole spoonful of the sauce, only to be disappointed that he wouldn't respond! It was magic! Whereas every time Kevino, Vibbo, Aggo, or Nic went in for seconds, they'd suffer the dire consequence. And Vibbo, having spent 32 dollars on a one-ounce bottle of sauce, needed to get his money's worth. He is reported to have repeatedly been wiping a slice of bread into the sauce and eating it while repeating the phrase, "I need to get my money's worth!" with drool dribbling from his burning mouth.



"The last dab was not as bad as I expected, but death definitely whispered in my ear [and said,] 'You're [getting] closer and closer!'"




Kevino Pepino Giovino Weiweno



"[Daniel] very much got genes. I don't know what's wrong with him."



Aggo Bagels



"[The sauce] was pretty mid to be honest."



Dano

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COTI PASSED AWAY

The morning of October 21st, 2022, the iconic 'parrot in Kevin's microphone' passed away. The legendary parrot, Coti, was a part of the Carrillo family for many years, so much so that they lost track of how old Coti actually was. In light of his bird's passing, Kevin addressed the server with the sad news. "He is no longer stuck in his cage." Kevin wrote, "now he is free to fly." And today in an informal interview, Kevin said the following, "He was a loud a** motherf*cker, loved by all, [and] we will miss his laughs, his screams, and his affection [for] us." And despite many of us being unfamiliar with Coti and Coti's personality, let us cherish the life Coti led and remember the times we did share with Coti there. All the moments we'd hear loud screaming in the background of Kevin's microphone are moments that can remind us about the younger days. It can remind us that despite the changes, despite Coti being gone, the happiness we can share with each other is limitless. Let us thank Kevin for continuing to be a friend to us all. Let us remember Coti.

In Other News!

BRANDON A 'PLAYER'?

On an online dispute that occurred on Spicy Night (November 5th), Brandon was exposed to have very 'player-like' dating principles. Going as far as to support the act of ghosting. Now, whether or not Brandon meant to advocate for disrespectful or harmful behavior is uncertain. Still, Daniel and Nic argued that the behavior was immoral but Brandon disagreed. Victor was there attempting to understand the viewpoints of Brandon to some success. But nevertheless it was the same dilemma. Is it right or wrong to chat with multiple girls without commitment? Is it right or wrong to engage in conversation with a girl that likes you but you don't like back? Many would argue that it is indeed immoral. Despite this Brandon upholds his beliefs.

Pucco's PIZZA PART 2?

Vibbo returns to work! At yet another pizza place. Schererville Giordano's right off of U.S. 30 is now Vibbo's place of employment. He says, "It's like Pucco's but without the crackheads and old people."

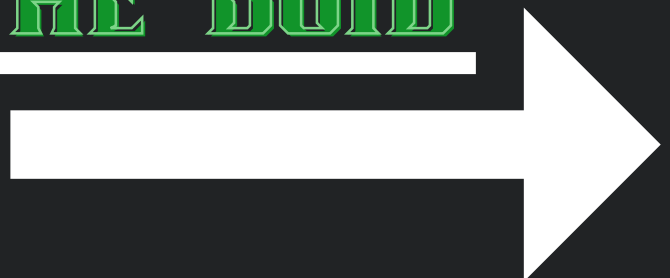
SIX FLAGS FRIGHT FEST!



On October 23rd the Gange went out on an extravagant adventure to the famed Six Flags theme park in Gurnee Illinois. This was the second time in Gange history that Brandon was there. Plans were initially made without Kevin, but he made a surprise appearance. It was his first time at the park. But before the morning of the 23rd, Brandon, Victor, Axel and Nic all had an eventful night over at 'Danus House' where 'Big Cookie' violently and passionately assaulted Vibbo Munts after he tried to take advantage of Big Cookie while he was resting. They enjoyed such rides as, The Raging Bull, The Demon, The Batman, Vertical Velocity and the all-new ride, Maxx Force. It being a Sunday before school, their seek for thrilling enjoyment had to be cut short. Despite this they all agree it was a great time at Great America!

TALES FROM THE 'BOID

COUNCIL NEWS



COUNCIL NEWS

TALES FROM THE 'BROID 'A ZOMBIE IN THE WOODS'

With no Counsel activity in recent times, I've taken it upon myself to relay one of my favorite tales from the apocalyptic world of Project Zomboid. It starts with one of my characters, Ford Harro.

Ford Harro was a kind old man; he had many friends and family before the outbreak, and when he stumbled upon a group of other survivors, he was sure to gain their trust and vice versa. But, one cold winter night, while scavenging in an infested trailer park with his fellow survivors, he got separated from the group in an attempt to find loot in one of the trailers. Upon entry, he looked around the dimly lit trailer and heard nothing but the ambient hum of the refrigerator. It was early in the outbreak, and they were lucky enough to still have power, but despite this, it all was so eerily void of any human life. Then, as he moved through the trailer and into one of the bedrooms, he heard the sounds of shouting, "Go go, go!" one said. The other, "Get in the car, get in the car!" He paused, radioed to his mates, and said, "Fellas, is that you?" There was static. He heard the sound of a car driving and the groans of at least a hundred zombies. Finally, after waiting anxiously, a voice broke through, "Yes! Yes! It's us!" said the voice, "We were getting overrun; we had to take this car!" Ford was shocked. His own friends were leaving him. "Where are you going? What about me!?" Ford shouted. But as the sounds of the car grew distant, the reply lost its signal and was only a choppy, "W- Go Co-" and then static. Ford was frantic and attempted to run out in search of where they had gone. Upon being outside, he saw the tail lights through the thick cloud of zombies that chased after it far in the distance. He was alone. He turned to look away, and BAM, there was a zombie right there! He stumbled as it jumped forward, reeking of old death with its vicious teeth chomping away at nothing. He attempted to shove him back, but the zombie bite his arm straight through his skin. The snarling zombie wouldn't release, and so, in a panic, Ford took his screwdriver from his belt and repeatedly bashed the zombie directly in the face until, eventually, it ceased its attack and plopped to the floor. He ran into the trailer and frantically ripped his socks to apply the cloth to his gushing wound. He ran into the bedroom, shut the door, and sat in the corner with a bottle of wine he had found in the kitchen. He occasionally radioed but heard nothing but static. He sipped some wine and winced in pain, for the night was long for Ford; there was a lot to think about. When hours had passed, and there was still no sign of his friends, Ford began realizing the severity of his wound. He was going to turn. And just like that, a sickening truth was implanted within him that his life was essentially over. So he downed the rest of the wine and decided it was time. He clenched his teeth and ran out of the trailer straight into the night's darkness and the thick ocean of wintery trees. He kept walking, and he kept walking. Brushing the branches away and tripping over logs and large rocks until, eventually, Ford fell into a cold pile of leaves and laid on his back to rest. He was in so much pain. And as he lay there thinking, he couldn't help but cry. Ford didn't want to die; he didn't want to turn. He didn't want to be left behind. But after much sadness, a voice in his head told him it was over, and his eyes began to shut, and his breathing slowed to nothing. And in the morning, it wouldn't be Ford Harro any longer. Just a zombie in the woods.

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Written and edited by, Victor Montes



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