

# DAILY BULL

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like 8AM classes!

Tuesday, September 19, 2006

"I'm so old they've cancelled my blood type."

~ Bob Hope

## Girl Think's She's Going Deaf From Cell Phone

By Melissa Masucci ~ Daily Bull

Jeanie Beasley of Marquette, 23, a senior Art Design student at Northern Michigan University, recently walked into Outpatient Admissions at Marquette General Hospital to have her hearing examined. Ms. Beasley fears she is going deaf, and friends confirm that she has been difficult to talk to lately.

"Jeanie spends her life on her cell phone – she's always on it. But lately every time you call her, it's all 'What?' 'I can't hear you!' and 'Speak up, you're so quiet!'"

...see Cell Phone on back



## Tales from the Hotel - Part II

By Scott Nelson ~ Daily Bull

Over the past summer, I took a job as a desk clerk at the "Award-Winning Quality Suites in Evergreen" (My hometown.) During my tenure as a hotel desk clerk, I had many interesting experiences, with evil guests, horny guests and most of all, drunk guests. If anyone has ever had the pleasure of working at a hotel, you might understand what I am about to tell you. Also, if you have ever seen the movie, "Four Rooms," it's essentially the same thing. As we continue on this journey of chaos and calamity, I assure you that these are ALL real people in real events, who's names have been changed to protect their identity.

### Coffee Fight (Rm. 202):

Late at night, in early June, yet another loud, drunk wedding party strolled through my lobby. Loud as hell, they retreat up to their rooms on the second floor. Suddenly, I hear dogs barking. It turns out that one of the guests from the groom's

side started harassing other guests from the bride's side, one of which had a dog. Other, than pissing off an innocent and sober dog, Mr. Shifty decided to piss off every-one by banging on every door on the second floor. After Mr. Shifty routed some of the bride's guests out of their room, then Mr. Shifty accosted the poor bastard by throwing the complimentary coffee packages into their face and yelling obscenities into their face.

After a couple of minutes, I arrived to investigate what was going on and I was immediately egged on to help Mr. Shifty exact his revenge on the other guests. I obviously refused, and as a result of that, Mr. Shifty and his drunken friends pushed me over on to my back and began shoving coffee grounds into my mouth as I was held down. Thankfully, my coworker Marty arrived to essentially rescue me from a coffee-like fate. The cops arrived

...see Hotel on back

The Best way to tell someone you love them is by egging their house!



## Steaming Pile

Straight from you-know-where

### "Things NOT to Put in the VCR"

- |                           |   |
|---------------------------|---|
| My penis                  | The Dead Sea Scrolls                              |
| Dead babies               | Live squirrels<br>Ice cream                       |
| Yogurt                    | Little punkass kids that steal your mountain bike |
| Burritos                  | Scientology                                       |
| Power Rangers Sing-a-Long | Beanie Babies                                     |
| DVD's                     | Votes for David Klemens for Homecoming King       |
| The Lode                  | Shameless plugs                                   |
| My fingers                | Your roommate's fingers                           |
| Your roommate's fingers   | Your roommate's girlfriend's fingers              |

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**...Hotel from front**

a little later to once again drag Mr. Shifty and his two friends off to jail, leaving me to recover from the trauma of my first assault incident.

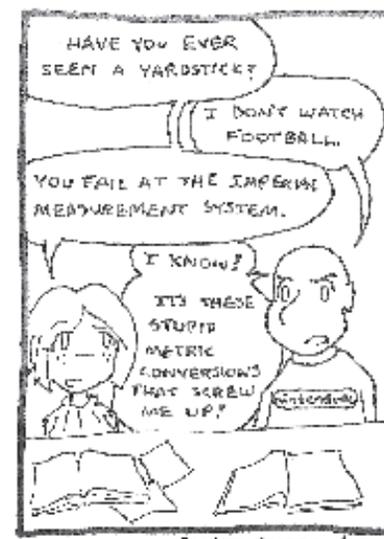
**Bluegrass and Keg Stands:**

I was on my own, one dark August evening, because Marty was off rafting down the Colorado River. Right as I came on shift, I saw yet another wedding party dragging three full kegs into the hotel. Knowing what problems this had given me before; I put my foot down and insisted that they couldn't bring any of the kegs into the hotel. Everything was quiet. There was no problem whatsoever, so I began to watch yet another movie in the back office. At 3 AM, I heard

some rustling outside in the hall. It turns out that they were going to the kegs out in the parking lot, along with a fully amplified bluegrass band. There were 60, extremely drunken people, all doing keg stands and listening to bluegrass. The party broke up without question and for once I didn't have to call the cops.

**The Kleptomaniac Clergyman (Rm. 108):**

The night after the bluegrass party, I get a panicked call from the manager of the bar/restaurant next door. She described a short Hispanic man who stole 6 full pitchers of beer and ran out on his tab. I just saw him, walk out of his room, so I was able to identify whom she was talking about. Shortly thereafter, the police showed up once again at my desk and I pointed out where the suspect was residing. He was interviewed, gave back the beer, paid for his bill and was given an insane ticket. He was pissed and drunk, so he pulled on the only clothes he had, his robe and vestments, to come and yell at me. To tell you the truth, seeing a drunken priest yelling at you in the early morning about random crap is highly amusing. Later that morning, I discovered that the now-sober priest had taken all of the towels and sheets from his room. You can't trust anyone when you work in a hotel... ☹



**...Cell Phone from front**

which, if you know our friends, our voice level could probably rival that of Michigan Tech's Pep Band. We're a rowdy bunch," said one friend.

Adjusting the volume levels on her cell phone to the highest level possible didn't help either. "Everyone sounds like they're whispering when I talk to them. It's so frustrating!" cried Ms. Beasley to the staff at MGH. "Do you think maybe I have brain cancer from the cell phone radiation?"

Preliminary CAT scans have come up negative, and further tests are planned for an upcoming date. However, the doctors don't think they'll come up with any positive results.

"What the girl needs is a new cell phone," said hearing specialist Dr. E. Ring. A cell phone consultant took one look at it and said that they were surprised it even worked anymore. "It looks like it got run over. You're sure someone uses this thing?"

When questioned about it, Ms. Beasley admitted she's ac-

cidentally dropped it a few... dozen times. "I'm all thumbs, I swear!"

Although the professional verdict is that Ms. Beasley's hearing problem will "magically disappear" once she gets a replacement cell phone, she will still undergo more hearing testing later this week, just in case an actual diagnosis is discovered. ☹



## Daily Bull

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### news in brief

by David Klemens

#### Freak Accident Kills Homecoming Candidates

In a freak accident involving a car, 2 wild walruses, a clown costume, all Homecoming king nominees except for one have been gruesomely eaten or horribly disfigured. Unfortunately there is a problem on the Homecoming website ([homecoming.mtu.edu](http://homecoming.mtu.edu)). The web administrator cannot remove the other candidates from the ballot. The Daily Bull asks that you log onto the website and choose the correct candidate, after all the walruses are still at large. ☹