

# DAILY BULL

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like cook-outs in the snow!

Thursday, April 17, 2008

"Girls are always running through my mind. They don't dare walk."

~Andy Gibb

## Crystal Meth Shortage Crisis Deepends

By Andrew McInnes

~ Daily Bull ~

**Length:** 754 words... 754 big, complicated words.

**Difficulty:** Understanding of parody required. No, you don't have one.

The explosion which occurred several weeks ago in one of Houghton/Hancock's major crystal methamphetamine laboratories continues to have a strongly negative effect in the larger Keweenaw market, as dwindling stockpiles of the substance are rapidly depleted due to a spike in demand, likely caused by both the shortage and the recent late-season cold snap. According to market analysts, it is likely that the Copper Country will soon see crystal meth prices skyrocket to previously unheard-of levels; at time of printing,

...see CRISIS! on back

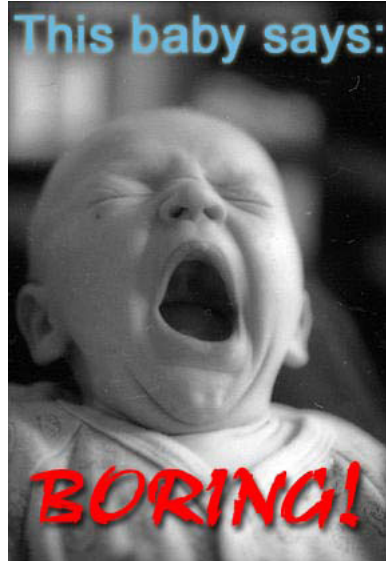
## Just the Tip of the Equilateral Iceberg

By Brittany Verlench ~ Daily Bull

Michigan Tech gives the pride of their finest lectures and years of hard work toward educating the world's finer engineers when last Saturday, a near impossible task was accomplished... the accumulation of a tip. This tip occurred after a bountiful feast at Joey's Seafood where the team dined on what seemed endless deep fried golden delicious fish and other various sea critters. As the sinking food coma arose, the potential energy for calculating a tip for a proud, hard working, North American woman was at a near diminishing state.

These efforts were achieved after much strain and strife. There were words exchanged in a violent verbal torment with harsh phrasings such as, "I'll carry YOUR two..." and, "Don't act like we don't know where you

really got that integral sign tattooed." Things got personal and even the shrimp ingesting within their Axe-marinated flesh seem to writhe more fervently then their original open sea homeland.



After many calls and texts back to each others' respective home labs, a MatLab code surfaced that seemed to be the solution to all these seemingly impossible tipping situations. Yes, there was the answer to their prayers, 'till the discovery that the currency conversion was done strictly in Final Fantasy Gil. Many a greasy pore panicked as the tall frightening waitress, who was worn from her day due to her rescue puppy chewing up her Dr. Scholl's inserts, stood at a near counter clicking her pen and plotting with the fishies.

...see Did somebody say Dr. Scholls? on back

All this warm weather made my head catch on fire. Watch out for the sun- it's a tricky one.



## The Steaming Pile

Straight from you-know-where!

Video Games We'd Like to See

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| Nuclear Unicorn Strike Force                    | Moonstalker 2, The Return Of Michael Jackson   |
| Ninja Dodgeball Nation                          | Pimp Tycoon                                    |
| Rocket Weasel Adventures                        | I Stole A Tank And This Is Going To Be Awesome |
| Totally Photoshop Hero 2!!!                     | Medal of Honor, DUI Edition                    |
| AIM Teaches Typing                              | Microsoft Hijack Simulator                     |
| Tetris Chainsaw Massacre                        | Where's Waldo 3D                               |
| Banjo Kazooey & The Gooley Kablooley            | Abortion Clinic Hanger 2, Home Edition         |
| Battlefield 1492                                | Heroin Hero                                    |
| Spaceballs, The Game                            | Championship Debugger, Version 1.293h          |
| The Adventures Of Pablo & His Mean Bean Machine | Generic Rape & Pillage Game                    |
| Tony Hawk's Hackey Sack                         |  |

# STUDIO PIZZA

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Oh yeah, no discounts if you piss us off!



**...Did somebody say Dr. Scholls?!  
from front**

From there came an elderly gentleman sporting a veteran's cap, the ones given by distant offspring a week after Father's Day. His shaking hands displayed a tip card still secured with a card-sized magnifying glass. He was used to being a hero. This was his way of life. The slide-click shutting noises made from the retired use of the team's TI-89s revived a solemn and sweet reminiscing flashback of the shifting and clicking of the disarming of his troops' guns at the end of a hard day's battle.

The money was then dispersed among the dining team. One of the members discovered a shortage of cash in his wallet and instantly had more than one reason to regret a previously purchased, high-glutenous donut. The fellow members shunned him as he tried to sneak down a few WoW cards as

more than compensation for the new accumulated net loss. A bargain for covering the team member was negotiated with promises of the teammate's homely mother's deer jerky, which made all members giggle as they walked out of the restaurant and to the next poor unsuspecting business of services.

Thus, a career and now life-contemplating waitress was left to return to her studio apartment located up a threatening, icy hill that had quite the vendetta for her frail, yet unbroken hips. There, the small rescue pup would greet her, blue specks of the previously cherished shoe insert still mangled in its teeth. She would recline on her worn, blue La-Z-Boy recliner, now possessing the telephone number to a baby blue, two-bedroom apartment in an elderly assistant living complex, paid for by a bi-weekly social security check addressed to our favorite seafood dining old soldier.

This tip, so painfully contrived, went into a wallet for future depositing after five dollars was taken out and put into a glittered and jeweled "Money Saved from Not Smoking" old pickling jar. Maybe the lesson was not on the tip, nor the process of accumulating the tip, but the simple life fact that large efforts for small paybacks can be worth magnitudes. Instead, our shoreland scented heroine interprets, "You can pass classes, and still fail at life."

**...CRISIS! from front**

the average price a consumer can expect to face has nearly doubled, making more than one citizen of the area feeling the squeeze.

"We understand our customers are rightly unhappy with the current state of affairs, and I want to assure them that right now we're doing everything we can to maintain current supply levels," said Joe Kuers, CEO of the Houghton/Hancock Crystal Methamphetamine Corporation (HHCMC). "The lab that blew up was one of the largest we have - well,



had - and unfortunately it's a total loss, so we've been really scrambling to pump out as much crystal meth as possible from the remaining labs."

Apparently the lab explosion came at an especially bad time, as not only had demand been steadily climbing above year-to-year norms, but HHCMC has taken several labs off-line in order to install improved production and quality control technology, designed at Michigan Tech's Advanced Technology Development Complex in Houghton.

"We were really getting hit by the

whole late-winter blues," Nola Tesitori, spokesperson for HHCMC said in a prepared statement released this morning. "With the prospects of a longer-than-usual winter, demand was rising sharply. If this lab had not suffered an explosion, we would have been capable of maintaining both constant supply and prices. However, due to the disaster, we are severely pressed to keep our buyers adequately stocked."

The explosion, she went on to say, seems to have been caused by a malfunctioning ventilation system, meant to keep volatile, explosive gases from building up in the lab. The malfunction, according to the fire marshal, was likely caused by water leaking into the fan motors and then subsequently freezing during the cold nights. At the time of the explosion, two HHCMC employees were manning the lab, and fortunately escaped the accident without injury. The company is not releasing the names of the two employees until the fire marshal's investigation has been completed.

On the upside, HHCMC's website reports that they expect to have several more laboratories back online by the end of next month, which will more than make up for the loss of the major lab. Also, in light of this revealing weakness in their productive capacity, HHCMC also states they are investigating the establishment of several small branch laboratories, possibly in the Calumet and Lake Linden areas. This, they say, will go a long way to ensure that the recent supply drop and resulting shortages will never occur again.

Not everyone is so optimistic about that, as Frank McShallis, 58, of Ahmeek said to us: "Sure, that's great that [HHCMC] will be building new labs, but what about us out here in the boonies? We've been having spot shortages of meth for days now, and as soon as the truck drops off a delivery it's already sold!" He also says that several community members have been subjected to price gouging, as opportunistic profiteers attempt to take advantage of the unfortunate situation for their own benefit.

"Now, I won't say who's doing it," McShallis replied, when asked about the profiteering; "I'll just say that they know who they are, and I know who they are. I've lived in this here town all my life, and it sickens me to think that my neighbours would be so un-American as to try and make personal profit during a time like this. It's downright sinful!"

Others have echoed McShallis' opinions, showing that there are previously unremarked tensions within the Copper Country's crystal meth market which should be addressed as soon as possible. These concerns were forwarded to HHCMC before print time, but the company did not return our message. It seems likely HHCMC will move towards healing the rifts it has inadvertently created within the community, but the company may find that the longer it waits, the more their task will become an uphill battle.

*Think I'm being serious? I think you're an idiot! Direct hate mail to: mcinnes.bull@yahoo.com*  
 I <3 you. (Ice cream cone)



## Daily Bull

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