

# DAILY BULL

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like lame April Fools tricks!

Thursday, April 3, 2008

"Sometimes I lie awake at night, and I ask, 'Where have I gone wrong?' Then a voice says to me, 'This is going to take more than one night.'"

~Charles M. Schulz

## Hemp Bust at Canterbury House

By Michael Lennon

~ Guest Writer ~

The local Canterbury House was shut down following a sting operation that culminated in a standoff last Wednesday. The study facilities were closed for a week as almost a metric ton of contraband and hydroponics equipment was confiscated. Among the many students arrested, it is suspected that Finlandia senior Emily Pierce was the operation ring leader. A starving artist and natural textile user since birth, the operation was her way out of debt.

Detective Jon Koskiniemi made a statement on the recent activity "Yah, it was obvious, really. Why would dat dem der bright yellow house next to campus wit' free food be empty all da ...see Hemp necklaces! on back



## Future McInnes Articles to Feature Difficulty Ratings

By Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

In light of recent comments I have received from various sectors, regarding the apparent inability of the vast majority of you, my Dear Readers (to whom I refer to collectively at this juncture), to fully grasp the many subtle and complex ways that I insult you, your intelligence (or lack thereof), your lifestyle, and your precious life aspirations, I have taken it upon myself to develop some method by which I can inform you whether or not you will be able to realise you are being mocked and ridiculed. I do this, although you might not believe me, to try and maintain a sense of fair play.

No, really. Honest.

Please don't think that I actually enjoy writing all of these horribly complicated phrases pointing out your total lack of intellect, my Dear Reader, as in all honesty I find it incredibly hard to get the grammar sufficiently convoluted such that you will not have the slightest clue I had, for example, just compared your mental acumen to that of a bludgeoned orange. In truth, I secretly yearn to be able to use mind-numbingly simple words

that everyone and his (or her) inbred half-wit uncle could fully comprehend. If only I could break free from my ball and chain of better-than-top-one-percentile-in-the-nation vocabulary and exquisitely refined sentence structure, why... I could write pure, utter, stupefying trash! Just like the stuff you want to read! Ah, at last, I have discovered a meaning for my life!

Boy, you are gullible, aren't you? Sheesh, don't make it too easy for me.

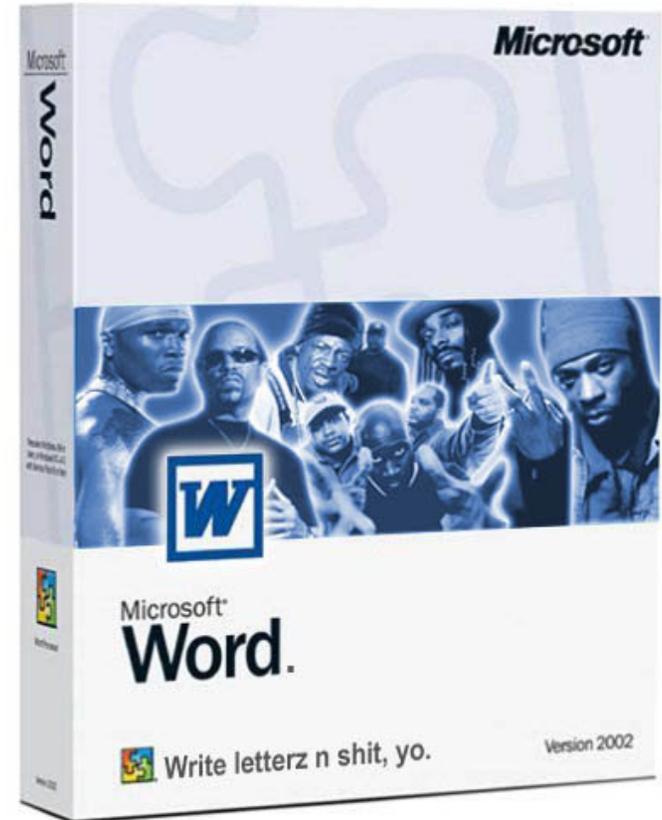
But anyway, I really am going to create a little guide to my articles, just so that you, my Dear Delightful Reader, will know at a glance whether or not you should even bother trying to figure out what I'm saying about you. To this end, behold: I have created what you have been longing for (whether you know it or not, and I'm making the presumption you don't). Harken unto my voice, Dear Reader, and gaze upon the brilliance which I shall now reveal to you. In order to provide a sufficient sense of importance and gravity, I will

...see Do you read me? title on back

It's official: shorts are back in season.  
Break out the skirts and tank tops!



## How To Write a Daily Bull Article



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...Do you read me? title from front now use a language style akin to the King James Bible.

Henceforth, at the beginning of my articles, there shall appear unto thee the following signs, which verily shall speak unto thee the measure of the challenge which I shall lay down before thyself. Yearning for the truth, gaze upon these great and terrible signs, and mark ye well that which they dost tell thee, for only through these yonder signs shall ye know whether thee do possess sufficient power of mind to face my challenge or not. Once ye hath gazed, and gazed knowingly, upon my awesome and behumbling signs, and ye feel thy heart burn with great bravery, shouldn't thou continue onwards and read my august and mighty words.

Thine eyes shall beholden firstly the word Length, which will speak of the expansive nature of whatever



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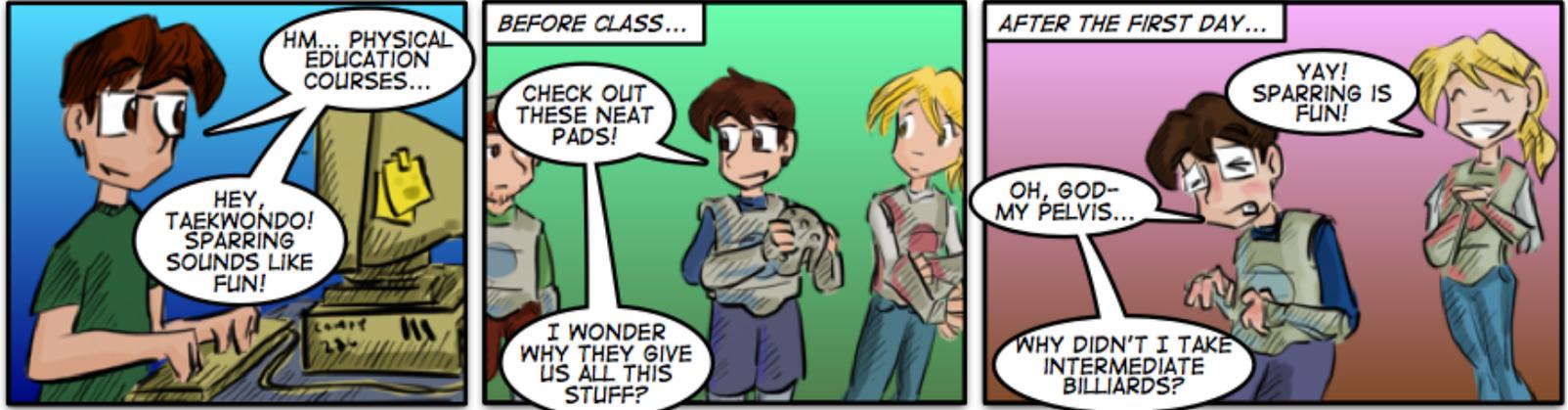
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# CONTINUED LANGUAGE: DX

RODGER IN "THE PADS; THEY DO NOTHING!"



trials and tests shall come to pass during thy time within my great challenge. Secondly, move thy blank and vacuous stare downwards, and thine eyes shall rest upon the word Difficulty, a mark of the uncertainty which ye must accept before embarking upon thy quest into the dark and murky depths of my eldridge prose. ☹

Lost? Confused? Feeling vaguely... stupid? I'd love to hear about it! Email to: [mcinnes.bull@yahoo.com](mailto:mcinnes.bull@yahoo.com)

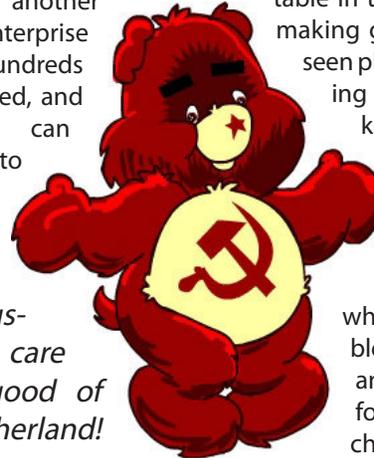
### ...Hemp necklaces! from front

time? Sos we thought, it mus' be a cover operation. Yah der, eh?" No further comments were understood through his Yooper accent, but the evidence for illegal conduct has been overwhelming. Records show that Canterbury has had minimal budget assistance from the University, yet continues to operate normally. Recent basement renovations gave the opportunity for undercover policemen to reveal the worst sort of illegal activity – a massive subterranean hemp farm.

As we all know, after the Second World War, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration created the Green Bann Law. This legislation made it illegal to eat key lime pie before St. Patrick's Day and to grow hemp on days of the week that end in the letter "Y".

Exported hemp is hardly profitable, but growing it yields huge profits in liberal-minded cities like Ann Arbor, where populations of rich neo-hippies demand bohemian skirts and wall tapestries by the truck load. Thanks to our Michigan lawmen, another profitable enterprise employing hundreds has been stopped, and our economy can now return to its peaceful inactivity. ☹

*In Soviet Russia, bears care about the good of the motherland!*



## Tech Student Morphs into Alien

By Tim Kotula ~ Daily Bull

Tuesday afternoon was just another day on the Michigan Tech campus. Old Man Winter decided to pull an April Fools' joke on us, so the usual whining about late-season snow was in the air, coupled with complaints about "The Ratio", etc. Nothing seemed terribly out of the ordinary.

Suddenly, a student lurched at his table in the library and began making gurgling noises. "I've seen plenty of movies involving similar scenarios, so I knew something awesome was about to happen," stated mechanical engineering freshmen Boob McThorton, who was seated a few tables away. Sure enough, an alien came bursting forth from the student's chest cavity.

Campus Safety was able to contain the extraterrestrial beast with help from "special agents" working for the Houghton County Police, but not before it made threats of slavery and doom to the human race, and left behind a huge, gooey mess.

The student, whose husk was later identified as being the body of STC senior Jacques LePuke, had been acting strangely according to his close friends. Marl Karx, who spoke on condition of anonymity (Ha! No such thing loser), claimed, "He'd been staying in bed a lot lately, telling us he was 'sick'. I guess we know what was really going on now." The interview then ended, as Karx suddenly vomited all over the recording equipment and began speaking in tongues.

If anyone has any information or possible tips, they are asked to contact Agents White and Black, via the Houghton County Police Department.

