

# DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like llamas in pajamas!

Thursday, September 23, 2010

"Blame someone else and get on with your life."  
-Alan Woods

## How to Survive Random Situations

By Jeremy Moore ~ Daily Bull

Hello there, I am now devoting my articles to give you the knowledge on how to handle random situations. This week's random situation is: Your Jell-o cup turns into a giant blob monster.

Your first step in this situation would obviously be to get a giant spoon. But make sure that your spoon isn't too big; otherwise a random banana will come along and point out that it is a banana, as if we couldn't tell that from the start.

Once you have the giant spoon, and possibly a banana companion, lead the Jell-o blob to an elementary school. You might think that you are leading a giant monster to a bunch of kids to feed it. WRONG! You are bringing an amazing gift to the school, but if the bully gets eaten, no one will no-  
...see Jello-physics on back



## K-Day Sentence Mash-Up!

By Jon "Big-O" Mahan ~ Daily Bull

[Editor's Note: Hello there, kids! Remember being at K-Day, enjoying the sun, when a group of seemingly crazy people accosted you and asked you to write down a random sentence? Well, here is part one of the result. We had so many responses that we had to write not one, but TWO articles to contain them all! The non-italicized parts are what your minds came up with. Thanks for your submissions, loyal minions!]

Once upon a time a dog pooped on a dime. And Pikachu made cherry pie. But that's not the point of this story. No, this is a story of a coming of age. They got this sayin' where I'm from: "Whitewater in the morning." It was one of those

leaving me utterly confused. But if I've learned anything at MTU, it's that the penis mightier. I walked out my door, just in time for a

mornings, and as we all know Bobby Mals is the hottest guy on campus, but I can compete with him. It's not like either of us have big black dicks. Our comparison was not unlike that of Dark beer vs. light beer. I woke up in the morning and decided to fuck Cindy Crysby today. That would be my goal.

One might say Shenanigans to that notion, and indeed just then, the red-headed ballerina yelled "Shenanigans!" and pirouetted out the door, leaving me utterly confused. But if I've learned anything at MTU, it's that the penis mightier.

I walked out my door, just in time for a

...see SAUSAGE on back



AWESOME CENTER REDUX. DO IT.



## Pic o' the Day!



Natural selection. Survival of the fastest. Which is why this zebra bought the wrong brand...

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The First Law of Pizza Dynamics:  
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# 482-5100

... SAUSAGE from front child to yell "Who stole the chicken?" from across the street. Thinking nothing of it, I began to ask myself "Are you for panda rape? Fuck a fruit basket." An odd question indeed, dear old boy. But, the obtuse hippo was juxtaposed against the dark background of my tears. Which is sort of a metaphor for bluffin' with my muffin. If you don't know what that means, well, then you're as 'into it' as a jar of dirt.

This question brought me to my next question: what if Santa's reindeer shit on the Easter Bunny's fucking eggs? What would happen then? That's when Steve caught up to me.

"So what are your thoughts about anal?"

"That's what she said last night!" (referring to the red-headed ballerina) And naturally I responded 'Boomshackalacka!' "

"Well, You can't kill evil with a spoon"

"Steve... My meat is real. I am not an ordinary man"

"What's that supposed to even mean?"

"I'm not sure either..."

Unfortunately as we walked, I lost him, as he fainted when he was confronted by the vicious snail. I barely made it out alive... in class I began to miss him, but during the exam, the student just failed the exam and yelled "They will come and get me now" before proclaiming that you can write anything. Anything and I have to put it in the article.

What a novel idea! Something came to my attention as I read The Daily Bull. "Shit! The twilight series is all about some ugly girl trying to decide She gently caressed my neck-beard

between beastiality and necrophilia!" What a shocker there! Almost as much of one as how poets have been strangely silent on the subject

of cheese. And pants.

Just then, I received a text. "The capital of Djibouti is Djibouti and houses 90% of the population." It read. And as I read it, my quarry came upon me.

"My name is Abbey Westphal and I'm LAAAAAME" she said.

"Ehh, close enough." I thought. And another text

"Rough Hedi is JFK Sergei Oak from Gelbaugh Chick." That was stupid...

later that day I got this Abbey back to my room.

She gently caressed my neck-beard



It's a trap! I mean look at that dress!

## 2010 HOMECOMING ALUMNI BROOMBALL TOURNAMENT

Do you like Broomball? Do you like to fill out brackets for the NCAA Basketball Tournament? Do you like to help those in need? If you answered yes to any of these: we have an answer for that, the Homecoming Bracket Challenge brought to you by the Michigan Tech Alumni Association and IRHC Broomball. All you have to do is visit [www.broomball.mtu.edu](http://www.broomball.mtu.edu) and print off a bracket and bring it to the Broomball office in Wads G24 with a \$1.00 registration fee. All the proceeds go to charity. Also, there will be door prizes. Just make sure you have your brackets turned in before Wednesday, September 29.



and gradually the rich mysterious woman slowly stripped off her trench-coat. That was the straw that broke the camel-toe's back.

"I have a cat in my pants." she whispered into my ear. And lo and behold, as she unzipped her jeans, a cat lept at my face, setting fire to my text books. Ehh. All I ever learned from classes was that one time I was half asleep when "The condom is stuck" said the professor. Didn't need those books anyhow. As we moved on to flirting more and more, she finally confessed to me that "Grammar Nazis give me the runs."

"They do that to everyone" I affirmed her. I faintly heard someone outside yell "Whale. That is all." It confused me, as she got all snoopy in my crotch. But I just couldn't do it. It's like I packed a

bag of M&M's, a t-shirt, and no pants. Can you say what the fuck did I do last night?

Well, apparently a red head and God said "Hell no!" to our union. Well poop. Without me being able to stop her, she got up and left, and then the weresheep bit off his dick, and rejoiced! "Well that's a fetus of a situation. I guess it was A TRAP!!!" Unbeknownst to me, outside my room, the penguin waddled down the hall after the blowfish. And then a dragon came down from the sky and said "Eat your potatoes."

The last thing I remember before passing out, was an advertisement on TV saying "Chess club meets Tuesdays @ 7pm in the Mub Alumni Lounge." What a tool. And what a coming of age tale!

### .. Jello-physics from front

tice. Once you reach the elementary school, dig a glob out of the monster and toss it to the kids. This jell-o cup was not sugar free, so the kids will get a sugar rush and finish off the monster for you. You may think, problem solved, but you turn around and realize that every kid at the school had a jell-o cup for lunch. All of those cups suddenly merge into a gigantic titan Jell-o creature!

I can no longer help you. You are shit out of luck. All I can say is next time pick a better elementary school, like a private one. All those kids in matching uniforms will freak the hell out of the monster and it might eat it self.

Thanks for reading; you might be able to survive that random situation now. If not, you have really bad luck because that should never happen. Unless you're in Bizzarro world.



If you don't take this advice and destroy the jello monster, there is a good chance that it could take over the entire world and everything will look like this. Way to go, dumbass!



## Daily Bull

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