

DAILY BULL

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like bad chemistry puns.

Thursday, September 1, 2011

In modern America, anyone who attempts to write satirically about the events of the day finds it difficult to concoct a situation so bizarre that it may not actually come to pass while the article is still on the presses.

-Calvin Trillin

Frankie & Baby, Part 1

by George "The G" Long
~ Guest Writer

I was lying on the davenport in the dark, except for the flashing neon sign downstairs at the package store. My heart felt like a runaway freight train. I could hear the rain on the roof. It reminded me of a dame I used to know. At least I think I knew her.

The door at the bottom of the stairs slammed and I sat up. I kicked the two bottles that contained scotch this morning across the room. Footsteps groaned on the stairs. My apartment door made a familiar screech. I had left it unlocked. She walked in with a gun in her hand. It was the little .22 with the pearl handles that I gave her last Valentine's Day. It was pointed at me. She smiled that smile. The one that had crashed a hundred ships before me.

"You shouldn't walk around
...see Franky, my dear. on back



The Advantages of Living Off Campus

By Alec Hamer ~ Daily Bull

"A new year, a new living experience." That is what I told myself walking through the threshold of the new house I signed on to for this year. Seeing as I never got to check out the place before signing the lease, it was my first time in the house. How could I do such a thing, you ask? Well I'm living with a few friends and they had gone house hunting last spring and I told them I trusted their decision... but more on that later. First I had to see the place!

Awesome! A bar. Pretty typical, but still nice nonetheless.

Cool! A pool table. Don't see too many of those. I look forward to it.

Amazing! A sauna. Whoa.

WHATTHEFUCKIDON'TEVEN!!! A spiral staircase?! Nuts.

A spiral staircase leading to the attic? Well I just had to see what devil could be up there so without much ado I launched myself up the stairs and found out why people are so excited to move out of the dorms. Up the spiral staircase, in the attic, was a hot tub. A hot tub? A HOT TUB.

How did it get there? No idea. Is it

awesome? Hell yeah. In fact, I'm sitting in it right now.

So yeah, life is good off campus thus far. I'm in a house with a somewhat put together basement and oh-- don't let me forget about the rest of the attic. Let's see... There's a tennis court, a garage, a particle accelerator, a pile of dirty diapers, a fireplace, a Roman-era marble bust, a severed hand and a gun safe. I'm joking about the gun safe, obviously (who would have that?). Luckily, it is all included in the rent. OH THE RENT! Let me see here... Oh no, I signed a lease not seeing the cost of rent.

I guess I will have some talking to do with my so-called "friends" (affordable housing my ass).



It also comes with this sweet ass architectural design. All for 25,000 a month! What a steal!

Did you hear about the downgrade?
I mean, c'mon Tech. Fix your internet!



Pic o' the Day

Brought to you by The Daily Bull!



Nothing says I Love You like a nice freezer to put your assorted hookers in.*
*note: more hookers may fit if seperated, rather than whole.

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... Frankly, my dear from front

with that pop gun unless you plan to use it," I said. "I do," she said. "The last time I heard you say that it didn't mean a thing, Baby."

"It does now you bastard," was all she could muster.

"Baby, you're outgunned. My .38's pointed straight at you - why don't you turn around and walk out of my life for the last time?" Like a lunatic she just stood there. I had never killed a dame before and didn't much like the idea. Baby didn't move until she fell on her face. Blood pooled into the carpet around her. Someone had apparently already solved my problem for me. Now I had to call the cops.

It kept raining. My old partner Gray ar-

rived. He was only dripping water. Gray was a detective on the force now with 3 years to make his pension. He had helped me out of a lot of jams but he was getting reluctant. "Gray, I need one more favor and I'll head to Mexico. This

around this dump anyway?

Gray knew me. Even so, he put on some coffee and started my bathtub filling. He told me to soak. The coffee was lousy but it did its job. I put on my least dirty suit and said thanks. Gray asked if my name was on the place. "No name, just 4 dollars a week." He said beat it. Gray would handle my mess but it was the last time. I saw it in his eyes. I hit the sidewalk and turned up my collar against the rain. Mexico is a long way from Los Angeles with \$17 in your pocket, but I had no where else to go. So I walked.

I kept walking until my face was hot and I wondered why. I headed for the beach. Mexico was like that but usually after too much tequila. I hadn't had any and I felt worse than if I did. "Well Frankie boy, we'll see how long this lasts."

Editor's Note: ARTICLE NOIR?! WHAT IS THIS HIGH-CLASS DEVILRY? Well played, sir. 🍷



Cigarettes man. They're cool shit. And alcohol. Also, sitting in front of a window, sitting, waiting for the love of your life to walk by so you can stalk her. Mmm. Classy.

time it's for good. You have my word."

"What good is your word to me, Frank? How many empty bottles you got

CTRL+S it for Marriage

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

"You can only do this once." You're sitting there in your bedroom, deep in thought. It seems like it would be so easy - almost as easy as the click of a button, or flipping a burger, or saying "paper" instead of "plastic" at the grocery store. But this decision seems more important than cheddar or pepper jack. This time, you can't go back. There's no ctrl+z. No white-out. No firebombing all the evidence.

There are too many factors influencing your decision for you to just make it on the spot. For one thing, you have to make sure it's really what you want to do. Is this something you're going to regret in 10 years, like that "Kiss me, I'm a TIGER" tattoo you got on your left asscheck last Winter Carnival? Or could this be a defining moment in your history? Many of your friends have done it without regrets. You remember that time a few years ago when it seemed like everyone was doing it; everyone seemed perfectly content to take the chance. Maybe you should, too. Maybe it'll make you popular, like it did for them - after all, everyone loves to redefine themselves on occasion, right? It's not that different from taking 400 dumb angle shots of yourself for facebook and picking just one to use. So you do it.

At first, it feels perfect. You're like a whole new person! You feel expressive and free and like some kind of magical puppy drug is running through your veins. Your

If Harry Potter Had Been Written By The Internet

By Ruben Garcia ~ Eternal Guest Writer

If Harry Potter had been written by the internet, the sorcerer's stone would probably be some kind of sex position involving a midget and a broom stick. Quidditch would be something that you caught after sitting on a questionable toilet, and transfiguration would be more about making your boobs and penis bigger (engorgio! said Ron). The houses would be sorted into Furry, Catz, Anonymous, and Troll. Points would be awarded based off of how many people you were able to gross out with your 'post.' Spelling mistakes will be house-point gold (it's avaderp kedavderp right?).

Charms would be a list of 'pick-up' lines to use on pretty girls from across the bar (I'll wingardium leviosa you all the way to my place). Potions would be how to make either a cure for acne, or something hilarious, like explosive diarrhea. Herbology would focus on maybe two or three

actual plants with a bunch of different strains. Lunch-time would follow right after that, because everyone would have the munchies. Defense against the dark arts would probably focus on STDs and how to avoid them.

Crookshanks would probably be the main character of the first few books; I can haz Hogwarts? Plus, no one would be caught by the police for doing wrong because let's face it - in a battle of guns vs. sectumsempra, magic is gonna win every time. 🍷



eyes get wide, and you walk a little funny for the next few days because, dammit, people need to look at you! You're a magnificent BEAST.

And then, just as suddenly as the euphoria took hold of you... it fades. You're done. You're stuck - forever. Why? Because you've gone and willie-nillie named yourself facebook.com/x0x0_bieberfever_0x0x. Just like losing your virginity to your second cousin during a drunken tractor-raiding party, you can never take that back. EVER.

You're stuck with a douchey facebook ID for the REST OF YOUR LIFE. Facebook even makes it clear that you can only change your user ID once - just like you only get one chance to pick the lucky winner between the jock with an STD collection, the nerd who will gift you with brilliant (albeit gangly) babies, and your dumbo-eared cousin.

For the love of all things holy, don't pick something stupid for your facebook name! You only get to change your facebook username once - so you might as well save it until your last name changes for good, or until you're sure that Charlie Sheen really is your hero. That means you, facebook.com/x0x0__tigerblood__0x0x. 🍷



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