

# DAILY BULL

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, TWENTY TWELVE

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

## Review Sudoku ~ TOO E.Z.

6			8	1	4	5		
	5					6		
		1			7	4		
2			7	5				
8		7				9		6
				8	3			1
		3	1			8		
		2					4	
		5	4	9	6			2

## I'll say what we're all thinking... Fuck off, Finals, FUCK off .

By Kay McMahon ~ Daily Bull

Editor's note: Well, everyone, the new semester has begun. It feels fresh... it feels clean and crisp, like the too-bleachy sheets in a hotel room. But let us not forget what lies at the end of this tunnel of education. Daily Bull writer Kay reflects briefly on what we have to look forward to.

ryied, trying to get every last point they could possibly squeeze out of the class, and read between every goddamn line of every goddamn syllabus. "I swear to God right here it said that wasn't due until the day of the final exam..." noted one frustrated student.

In the hustle and bustle of the ending semester it seems the overall morale of the MTU student population diminished by at least 99.9%. On top of copious amounts of group projects, final papers, and studying, our general confidence fell short and our ambitions slowly deteriorated.

The 'C' students crammed and attended their classes half-baked with a philosophical attitude. Meanwhile, the overzealous 'A' and 'A/B' students wondered when the fuck teachers stopped giving out gold stars and smiley faces (as if they need more than their overbearing benevolence to rub it in our faces anyways FTW!?).

The class skippers and freshmen hur-

...see Fallin' Recap on back



Tankers are already being ordered for this semester's finals week. Not as good as pipes!

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## Why is it so HOT up here? Poor broomball courts...



## Why I Would Throw the Awesomest House Parties

Nathan "Invincible" Miller

Let's face it guys: Tech isn't a party school in the same sense that other universities are. Sure, people always say there isn't anything to do up there except drink, but really. With a total student body of 7,000, there is no way we could ever compete with the champs of debauchery: State schools.

fore. Houses the size of those found in the Houghton "student ghetto" routinely jam over 300 bozos in per night. Often multiple houses collaborate and have impromptu block parties, attracting thousands of the slimmest kids this side of Detroit.

With years of avoiding chaotic parties under my belt, I feel that I am finally prepared to hold the awesomest house parties anyone has ever seen, let alone survived.

I happen to go to one right now (UAlbany), and let me tell you – it sucks. The vast majority of the populous is comprised of scumbags, douchebags, brobags, and colostomybags. All the bros and hos regularly pack into massive house parties the likes of which Tech has never seen be-

FOR INSTANCE. I'm not sure where the huge bangers get their booze around here, but hauling

...see Party Rock House on back

# FBI Now to Issue Definitions of Words

By Jon 'Big-O' Mahan ~ Daily Bull

FBI-LAND, WASHINGTON D.C.- The United States Federal Bureau of Investigation recently updated the definition of 'rape.' The definition of the terrible word's previous, and updated, definitions are as follows.

The 83 year old version reads:

1. the carnal knowledge of a female, forcibly and against her will.

The new definition includes a second component:

1. the penetration [...] of another person without consent.  
2. the losing of a game so hard and so forcibly to another entity as to be likened unto the previous definition.

This change in definitions has many people quirkling eyebrows, though not for the reasons one might think.

"Well, it's nice that they finally made the wording clear for men and for those whom do not physically resist the attack. This is a great victory in the name of human rights and in the way of taking care of the victims of this horrible crime. I'm not so sure about the second half of the definition however..." said a one Mary Sue, whom has long time been an advocate for changing the definition of rape to something more broad.

Youngsters are even getting in on

the new fad. "You know, whenever I played Call of Duty or Battlefield, my mom would always scowl at me with a dirty look whenever I'd be like "OMG YOU GOT RAPED!" and "GET RAPED, SON!" and all these other words. It's nice to finally be able to say it, without my mom getting angry. Afterall, it's now in the definition."

Several legal teams are now trying to work out the definition of the word and it's consequences.

"You see, if the second one holds true, then the New Orleans Saints might be in trouble. Afterall, that entire second half against the Li-

ons? Rape. Could they be sued for it?" asked one law professor. As of right now, there are no cases under review, though some may arise. With the FBI's newfound power to change definitions, the FBI might start moving onto changing the definition of some other words in our dictionary.

"We hope to change the meaning of some words that have offensive connotations, or that are being used, incorrectly in the public space. One such word we hope to fix is irrelevant. That will actually become a word, finally. Now you won't have to be angry every time an announcer, or a reporter messes up."

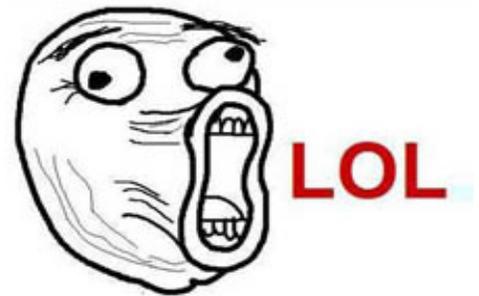
*Editor's Note: the author knowingly, and with full acceptance of responsibility, flies in the face of our rule "rape is never funny." We hope that you guys are all chill enough to see why we let this one through. The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under 18 and should not be taken seriously... like having to write goddamn disclaimers.*



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## ...from Party Rock House on front

around dozens of kegs for each party must get awful tiring. That's why I would contact my local Mafia branch to help supply my parties with nightly tanker trucks full of the stuff. After all, you can't just have a Coors truck parked

out front and expect not to get caught instantly. The only thing better than secret Mafia truck shipments: underground beer pipes! Make them lead and you have the added bonus of reducing the likelihood any drinkers will have children.

ing, utilizing the existing sprinkler system for the best coverage. Fog machines loaded with Everclear will kick in occasionally to make things extra interesting.

dose of laxatives or ipecac. On those special nights the cops will also be invited to haul away as many kids as they can carry. Mass chaos! In the long run, this could be great for business because the cops would be extra wary of busting up parties for fear of having a giant mess on their hands to deal with.

## DAILY BULL

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If there's one thing I've learned from playing Roller Coaster Tycoon or the Sims, it's that if you trap your visitors you can wring a lot more money or fun out of them. I would make it really cheap and easy to get in, but almost impossible to escape. Fire regulations be damned! Drunk kids love risk, so I'll name my house Coconut Grove II to add to the allure.

Once inside, jello shots will all be overpriced and served via remote controlled robots armed with flamethrowers to combat angry bros. Beer pipes will deliver the goods around the build-

The music will have to be extremely loud, not only to entertain the guests but also to undermine the foundations of the homes of my neighbors so they move away and stop complaining. The sheer bass overload of my speaker setup blasting horrible dubstep and other 'quality' tunes would earn it the nickname Bunker Buster. Earplugs would not be doled out and all partyers would be expected to be unable to communicate short of using interpretive drunk dances. Note: all rooms where drunken sexy activities take place in will play Rebecca Black or the Barney theme song.

Oh yeah... some nights the jello shots will also have a healthy

The anticipation of final exams had campus in a tizzy, the wind in the wind tunnels stood still. Tumbling weeds tumbled across the frozen tundra of the broomball courts. The libraries have filled every seat (even the couches...you know, for the 'C' students, obviously). Various arrays of "fuck" and "shit" were heard spewing out of angry mouths and into angry ears.

And under our breath, it never was and never could be our fault (clearly). In the silence, I screamed, "Fuck you finals, fuck you very much."