

DAILY BULL

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 2012

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like suddenly, whiteout! Thanks Integrys...



Ice gremlins have been eliminated!



MANWORDS

By Cameron Long ~ Daily Bull

Bullhead.gif gazed at the pile of gifts he'd just unwrapped. Two hookers, a kilo of blow, three pints of the blood of the innocent, a bottle of megamilk, and a Sam's Club-sized box of condoms. All very nice, to be sure, but they lacked...something... that distinctly Christmasy vibe. It was then that Bullhead noticed one more gift hiding behind the tree. He feverishly ripped the paper off - and there it was! The present which made the day complete: the book MANWORDS - Real Words for Real Men.

In all seriousness, this book is real and the staff has come to possess a copy. Full of excellent knowledge every man should know, it ranks each word on a manliness scale of one to six biceps, defines it, and provides the reader with an example of its use. The following are my personal favorites.

Bad (5 biceps) - good; best used when preceding "motherfucker." Oedipus Rex was one

BAD motherfucker.

Honest (5 biceps) - means "bullshit;" best used when one wants to hide the fact that something's bullshit. I didn't flood the engine, HONEST.

Fire (6 biceps) - the most awesome of all the elements. When I tried to make Kraft Mac & Cheese, I set the whole kitchen on FIRE.

Table Saw (6 biceps) - a table with a gigantic rotary blade sticking out; when a woman tells a man she wants a new table, this is the only kind he should return with. We all sat at the TABLE SAW on Thanksgiving and watched the turkey get carved in fifteen seconds.

Beer (6 biceps) - what 80 percent of the world would be covered in if God were really a man; the only thing invented in the Middle East more valuable than algebra. I drank so much BEER last night that I told my wife

...see WORDS OF MEN on back

Inner Dialogue of the Statue Master: Inspired by the silly sorority conveniently located in front of the Bull office window

Alright, let's see, got my fucking legit Statue Master jacket so everyone knows that I'm as boss as they come, and that damnit, I'm in charge and everyone will listen to me. Let's see what this big "emergency" is that I keep getting stupid messages about. Oh. Oh fuck. These dumb bitches. Really? Oh, we have one giant block of snow already made from our form, so let's make another next to it USING ALL FOUR SIDES AND GETTING A HUGE PIECE OF PLYWOOD STUCK BETWEEN TWO HUGE FROZEN SNOW BRICKS. Fuck. Sometimes I wonder why I leave them alone. Ugh.

Well. How do I fix this? I have a shovel and a rubber mallet at hand, and a garden hose and some buckets. I could drown the insolent brat that did this, that would solve a few problems. But then I'd still have to magic out this ice encrusted piece of shitty plywood. Augh. That's too much effort. Gimme the damn shovel, the Statue Master will handle this and make everything all better. Alright so if I just wedge this plastic shovel between this thoroughly frozen chunk of snow that's been freezing over slowly for the past

couple days...*crack* Fuck. Alright, well, I guess I'll try the damn mallet to loosen this wood up a bit. Haha, wood. It's like a penis reference. Lols.

WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK Uh...well, it looks a little looser, but it's still not moving. Shit. Now everyone is laughing at me. Shit. I'll just get these new sisters to help out. It's not hazing if they already are apart of the sorority, right? Right. I'll just make them shake the damn thing loose!

FINALLY! After 40 damn minutes of struggle, the Statue Master triumphs over the icy beast that Mother Nature issued forth! But now, there's a gap. Fuck... 🍷



Shit! Where's that beer I lost?



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