

# DAILY BULL

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 2012

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

## Album Review: Da Yoopers' Songs For Fart Lovers

Nathan "Invincible" Miller

Have you ever found an album that you just couldn't pass up? The Bull's fearless leader and I found just such a gem over winter break. Talented comedy supergroup Da Yoopers' Songs For Fart Lovers is an accordion filled exploration into how many words you can rhyme with fart and rear. Surprisingly, most of the vocals sound like they were sung by deranged Mexicans rather than native yoopers. I've included some of the best lyrics in my review.

my buddy on the telephone / I said come over don't be alone / I opened the door and greeted him with my rear / I ripped a smelly big one then we let out a cheer."

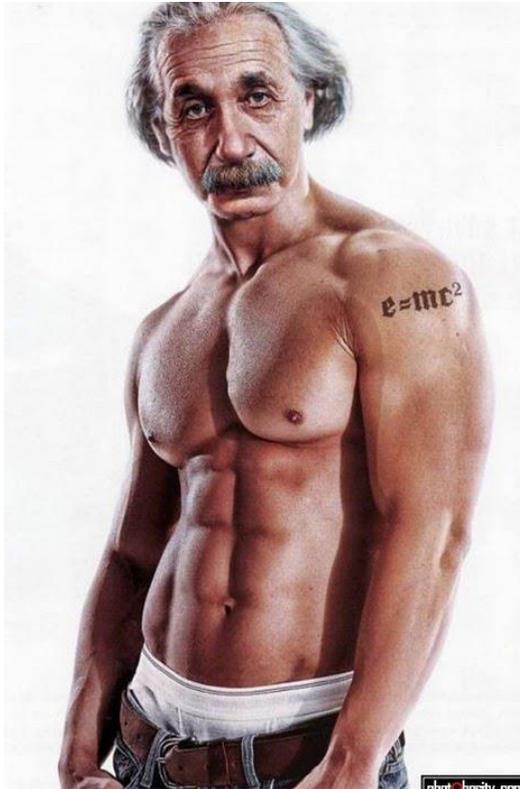
Da Chubby Club: "You better get out of our way / We're stampeding to the buffet!"

She Loves to Fart: "She took me to her ma's house / We wrestled in her bed / She got me in a scissors lock / And farted on my head."

No One Here to Fart On: "I called

...see Da Poo-P eh? on back

## Pic o' the Day - Einstein = MC<sup>2</sup>



## The Best Letter to the Editor EVER

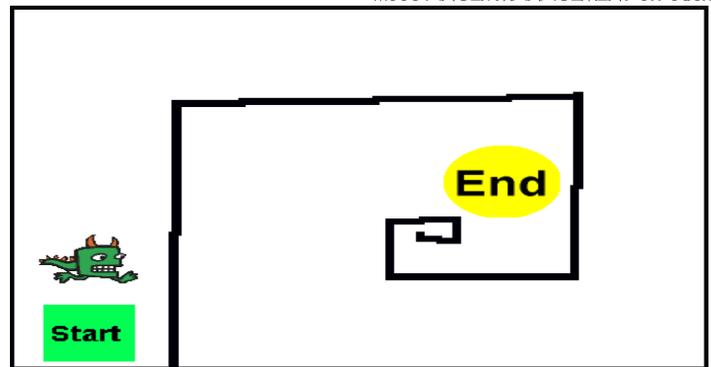
from Reader Thomas Fadigan

I would like to commend the Bull on the outstanding maze printed in today's edition. When I first sat down to complete it during a lecture that I should have been paying attention to, I thought it was some sort of joke. This is because initially, it appeared as if there was no possible way to make a mistake and hit a dead end, since there was only a single path through the maze. As I traced my pencil (Pentel Sharp™ Mechanical Pencil .5mm, Black Barrel) along the path, I grew increasingly agitated. I began to sweat profusely and mutter obscenities under my breath, causing Dr. Weidman to act even more squirrely than usual. The nearer to the finish I got, the angrier I became, so that by the time I was approaching the

home stretch, I was considering firebombing the Daily Bull offices or perhaps sending in a sternly worded letter. I pay good money for tuition and I expect a certain level of quality from the mazes printed in my novelty humor bulletins. Such amateurish pap as a maze that's impossible to get lost in is completely beyond the pale, and I shan't abide by it.

Thankfully, there was more to the maze than I thought. Just before my pencil lead made contact with the adorable 20x16 pixel (approx.) clipart of a stop sign at the very end, an enormous sphinx materialized out of thin air and interposed itself between me and the goal, so that I could progress no further. Its gaunt visage was at once stunningly

...see ANGER MANAGEMENT on back



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...from ANGER MANAGEMENT on front

beautiful and appallingly repulsive. The honeyed words that it issued bored themselves like rusted nails into the very depths of my mind, driving me to the brink of sanity. When it yawned, its maw seemed to span the cosmos, and its alabaster teeth menaced me with their impossible sharpness. At length the sphinx engaged in a discussion that caused me to doubt my own existence. The exact wording of its diatribe escapes me presently, most likely because it was delivered in ancient Egyptian.

After what seemed like several æons, the sphinx challenged me to answer three riddles of increasing difficulty before it would allow me to pass. I was able to suss out the first one by tricking it with the concept of zero, which it had yet to develop. Its rage was fearsome, but despite my trespass, it allowed me to live. The second riddle was more complicated, and involved a man guarding two doors, one which leads to hell and the other to heaven. Luckily for me, I had seen a similar riddle in a movie about mazes starring one of the guys who does Under Pressure, so I was able to answer it with ease. The final riddle was harder still, and I wasn't able to think of an answer before the time limit -- 1/60th of a solar day

as measured during the summer solstice -- had passed. In retribution for my failure, the sphinx devoured my family and rended my soul, cursing me to a lifetime of misery spent alone and hollow inside, as an empty Russian stacking doll left neglected on an ash-covered shelf in the ruins of an abandoned nursery near Chernobyl. I can't help but think that this penalty was unnecessarily harsh, but the sphinx was likely still angry over being tricked in the first riddle. I was also a little embarrassed, because after the sphinx told me the answer, it seemed kind of obvious.

Anyway, great maze!

Yours in Christ,  
-Sir Thomas Edward Delano Fadigan VII, Esq.

P.S. Do not think that your plagiarism of the "Go" symbol from the board game Monopoly™

escaped my notice. You can expect to be hearing from Hasbro corporate lawyers sooner rather than later.

Reply:

Mr. Fadigan,

1) May I print this?

2) Our Maze Quality Testing Facility is currently closed after the tragic multi-page disaster of 2005. Several employees were seriously injured in an explosion of paper, pencils, and missed turns. As such, it has been overrun by wild hordes of Mongolians who have made it their life's purpose to make our mazes as magnificently terrible as possible.

Their pet sphinx has been taken away to the San Diego Zoo, no give-backs.

3) Monopoly is a pooppy game

anyway. My cousin almost lost an eye in a fight that broke out over Monopoly - the little shoe went right for the pupils.

Reply-Reply:

You can print it, but, as per usual with my freelance writing, I charge a fee of 115,218 diamondback rattlesnakes, delivered to my home on a flatbed truck. Please do not ask me what I do with the rattlesnakes.

I also think I deserve a finder's fee for the sphinx to the order of \$13. I accept traveler's checks only.

So, there you have it, folk. We do apologize for the easy maze - or, rather, Big O does. Bad bad Big-O. Feel free to send us more letters! We love hearing from you, and it makes the Evil Dictator's That Could's heart giggle when she sees fanmail. 🐉

...from Da Poo-P eh? on front

Grandpa Farted and Da Dog Died: "Me and my new dog were cruising with gramps / Gramps grabbed his gut and said he had cramps / We hit a bump gramps dropped a bomb / The dog swallowed it and died."

You're My Favorite Turd: "My farts are deadly, they're really long and wet / My gas alone could wipe out all our national debt."

Pucker and Smell: "Pucker and smell, like an old sweat so-ock / Your bum starts to bellow, the bed starts to ro-ock." and "You giggle in your sleep / You think you're so sma-art / You mumble you're sorry / Then you cut another fa-art."

If She Farts on the First Date: "If she burps when she eats, she's a catch."

I'm a Turd: "Please rescue me before I drown / Cause I can't swim, don't flush me down / You farted me out, I'm your creation / So take care of me, it's your ob-

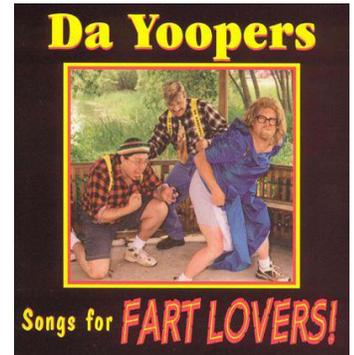
ligation," and "You can set me in the sun 'til I turn hard / I'm your buddy, you can be my pard' / Dress me up 'n' take me to town / You can show me off to all the pretty girls around."

I Never Hear My Mom Fart: "I think her bum is plugged / Or maybe she sneaks somewhere, and leaves them in a jug."

Diarrhea: "I thought that it was only gas / So I went and let one pass / Then I stood there in a trance / As I felt my brand new pants..." and "You know it really hurts / When you've got the Hershey squirts, Luciaaaa / There's no paper to be seen / So I used People magazine / And it makes me wanna scream, diarrheaaaaa"

Are you sold yet? If you believe this is the greatest music ever made and would like your very own copy of Da Yooper's Songs for Fart Lovers, stop on by the Daily Bull's office in the MUB during our office hours (10-2 pm, M-F) and we'll hook you up with a copy. Laughs galore! But

please, don't share with us your farting abilities or we won't be so generous. 🐉



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