

DAILY BULL

TUESDAY, KISSY KISSY DAY, 2012

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



Happy Singles Awareness Day!



Grand Rapids Cinema Braces for Red Armageddon

by Liz Fujita

GRAND RAPIDS, MI – The AMC theatre in Grand Rapids has begun preparing itself for what it calls Red Armageddon: the sudden, bombarding influx of couples going to the movies on Valentine’s Day. The cinema’s manager told the Bull, with a heavy sigh, that last year marked the highest density of sickeningly-sweet nicknames he had ever heard.

“It’s like they got hipster-itis (inflammation of the hipster) and had to come up with new pet names that no one had ever heard before. On the way into the movies: aww my poopsie-bumpkin! Choosing seats: where do you want to sit, smoochie-buckets? During the movie: I love you muffin-popsicle-angel! It’s enough to make anyone want to burn their own business to the ground!” he lamented.

In addition, he has had to give his staff special training on how to separate couples during movies. Occasionally, the owner explained, they get couples so engrossed in making out during romantic comedies that they have to call in more than one usher to pry them apart. “We call them LL’s: love leeches. The record is currently held by a 22-year old couple visiting from GVSU who were making out so hard it took eight of us to rip them apart.” The staff training takes four hours the Saturday before Red Armageddon, and is led by a professional sumo wrestler.

Other preventative measures taken include hiring up to 50 extra seasonal employees to “constantly clean and monitor the bathrooms,” a crew of fully qualified moppers to get the floors un-sticky, and a representative from Goodwill Industries to pick up the myriad kitschy gifts that get “accidentally” left at people’s seats when they leave.

The Grand Rapids area police force has also been put on high alert after an unprecedented sixteen brawls broke out in the theatre’s parking lot last year alone. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned – especially on Valentine’s Day. ☹

Love Found Dead on Side of Road

By Olivia Zajac ~ Daily Bull

Calumet, MI-- Early this morning, the disheveled and disgraced body of what appears to be Cupid was discovered in a snow bank on the outskirts of Calumet. The tiny, winged figure was battered and bloodied, and he had made a mess of his once pristine diaper. No suspects are identified, but what appears to be a very depressed journal entry was found frozen to the road. Local police called in language experts to decipher the blurred writing. The note read:

My Dear Psyche,

I wanted only to give these trapped people of the North love, a love as great and passionate as ours. But when I descended into their midst, to deliver the gift of passion, romance, and love, they simply laughed at me. They said that love cannot prosper in such cold places, and that the women were far and few between, and that often these men became so lonely they would turn to bestiality and seek the warm, enveloping comfort of the Snow Cow. As they continued to enlighten me in the ways of romance this far away from other creatures, I began to feel pity for them. One particular man had been put in the terrible place called “The Friend Zone”, in which he must endure all the great sufferings of love, with none of the glorious highs that make relationships

so worthwhile.

With the name of his desire in mind, I had it set in my mind to make her fall for him. When I went to this “Sorority House”, I pulled a magic love arrow from my quiver, aimed, and found myself shot straight through before I could draw! These Sirens know how to hunt! I let a few wild shots off and fled for my life, back to the tavern to tell this poor fellow I failed him. Before walking through the doors, I heard laughter and my name, as they all made endless fun of my lifelong need to make these poor mortals fall in love and enjoy for a moment something great in their cold, miserable lives. It was with that that I sniped all those low brow engineers willy-nilly, in hopes of making something good happen yet.

Then chaos ensued. Suddenly the tavern was in an uproar, and with alcohol thick on their breath, these men stampeded out of the bar and off in various directions to go confess their love to the special people in their lives. Only after did I realize what a fatal and beginners mistake I made. This local University is full of daemons disguised as women! They were waiting patiently on this Valentine’s Day, with their ideals built up for what they considered perfect, and rejected raw, pure love. These drunken men confessed their

...see Words are hard on back



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