

DAILY BULL

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 2012

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

Monday- Majoring in MRS Degree

"WE STARTED DATING LAST WEEK!"



9:30 AM game? Worth it.



How Broomball Radically Affected My Existence on Earth

by Liz Fujita ~ Retired Broomballer

Just yesterday, I played my last-ever broomball game as a student here at Tech. It was a good game – no penalties, lots of slipping, lots of smashing. We lost, of course – making us completely defeated this season! HUZZAH – we are the best at losing! Take that, Slice n' Dice!

What I didn't realize until later was that broomball (or broombizz as I like to call it in our internal emails) has had more of an impact on my life than things like eating, sleeping, or even some of my classes. Calculus didn't prevent me from breaking my assbones walking to and from campus. Chemistry didn't make me one with duct tape. Here is what broomball did for me – so no excuses from you crazy kids who "just don't want to play."

Taught me how to fall and not die. Ice used to be a slippery, scary, deadly obstacle on my walks to and from campus. After four years of suicidally running around on the infamous frictionless demon, however, I am practically fearless. I can't even remember the last time I slipped and fell while walking. Less humiliation, less injury, more winning.

Uncovered a wrathful competitive edge that is only satiated by violence and smashing. Broomball is delightfully violent – and because ice makes everyone run around like a herpapottamus, those of us who are too small to ordinarily be threatening have a chance to smash with the best. I got faster. I got better. I got stronger. I won't say I got harder to complete that

see Broombizz on back...

Shockingly Profound Article: Little Victories

by Kay McMahon ~ Daily Bull

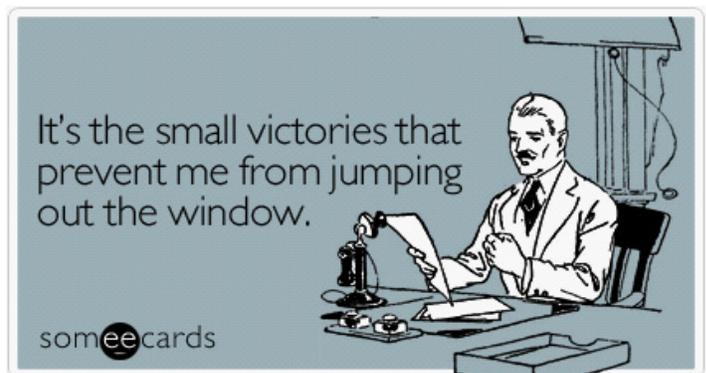
Recently I have found that the little failures and irritations of the semester have stoked me out so bad that it has carried over into my character and performance. I can see it also in my peers. The failure of witty banter throughout campus halls is quiet and dull.

I have long feared the arrival of the quiet and unmoved, and still hung over student body of MTU. It has come to my attention that we all need a revamp. We all need a little jar, a little book, a little taste, of little victories. "Little Victories?" you ask? Yes, I say, little victories go as follows.

Girl in leggings and Uggs hurries through campus while your snow boots and layers keep you warm and your blood pressure down- little victory. Class canceled due to spread of school-wide STD, that you don't have- little victory.

Mid-conversation with your arch nemesis, dog begins to lick his nuts- making your conversation awkward and lighter; this is a little victory. You forget to turn in homework and teacher extends due date, yes, a little victory. Your broomball team plays not too win, rather not to lose by more than fifteen? Oh bro that is surely a little victory.

The steps to little victories include taking all your stressors and applying them in a cynical sort-of-way. So when you put all your little victories together at the end of the long and unbearable day you can let out a little chuckle of relief. Put your little victories away and rest be assured you'll make some more tomorrow. Just open your eyes and recognize there's little victories in all you do, bro. 🐾



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