

DAILY BULL



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

...like ignoring all that candy!

The Great Power Outage of 2013

by Several Guest Writers

Day One: Power goes out, spirits are high, cell phones operable

Day Two: Last of the smart phones dies, no internet, all portable electronics dead, two archaic cell phones still operable, spirits waning

Day Seven: Out of booze!! Last of phones die a horrific death, successfully fended off looters; we have steak!

Day Eight: Candles lost, batteries are out, but there is still hope. We have found two months worth of freeze dried food and a spider: his name is Jim.

Day 14: Someone is stealing rations, not sure who? Justin and Jake have disappeared. Tensions are high!

Day 21: House has become divided. Rations are fading, and Jim has disappeared (found leg, suspected eaten) Textbooks sacrificed for warmth.

Day 28: Basement is uninhabitable due to noxious odor. House reunites to collect Jill's body: Meats back on the menu boys!! I salvage her weapons.

Day 35: Out of meat! House re-divides. Still no sign of Jim. Joel embarks to find food and civilization.

Day 42: Lost contact with third floor. Nathan had dysentery. Ed attempted to solve food crisis; he was deli-

see Bill on back

Building a Moon Base

by Chase Peterson ~ Daily Bull

Sometimes a mad genius just needs to get away from it all and go to his happy place. For some people, its the Bahamas, for others its the Swiss Alps, but for me, its my secret moon base, on the moon. Or at least it would be if I could finish it, or start it. Luckily for me I have a supply of super glue, sun glasses, V8 and all the unread copies of The Lode (so that's all of them save for the 5 that the Lode writers send to their parents). I wants me a goddamn moon base, so I'm going to build me a goddamn moon base.

As with any quite get away you need a way to get there first and foremost. While you can do damn near anything with a butt load (that's an actual unit of measurement, 126 gallons to be exact) of anything, we need all the butts to make things happen. All the round, full, shapely butts to make things . . . jiggle, and bounce and. . . umm, that one kinda got away from me there.

Where was I? Ahh yes, getting to the moon. So we can go about this in one of a couple ways, we can perfect teleportation technology, built a space elevator, make a re-usable rocket, or giant slingshot powered by nuclear kittens. Seeings as how I'm a bit of a traditionalist we are going to pick the space elevator. It's dependable and will show the world how virile I am as a mad scientist.

Now you might be looking at our list of materials and thinking to yourself that this one is a no brainer, just use the super glue and V8 to construct the rough shape of the elevator, but you would be completely wrong! The

see Cosby on back

Friday, February 15, 2013

Ken Ken

15x	12+	2-		2-		2÷	3÷
			2÷		1-		
8+	180x	1-	56x			6	3-
				7-		15+	
14+		105x			1		3-
		40x	1	3÷			
2÷	7-		1-		16+		2-
		4-		4-			

Fill the grid with the digits 1-8 so as not to repeat a digit in any row or column so the digits within each heavily outlined box or boxes (cage) will produce the target number shown in that cage by using the operation (addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division) shown by the symbol after the numeral. For example, the notation 6+ means that the numerals in the cage should add up to 6 and the notation 48x means that by multiplying the numbers in the cage you will get 48.



Stephen King is writing a sequel to *The Shining*.



I'm going to marry a Jewish woman because I like the idea of getting up Sunday morning and going to the deli.
-- Michael J. Fox

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 The Daily Bull

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BREAD WINNER Alex Dinsmoor
SCRIBE Kara Bakowski
ADVISOR David Harlem Olson

Writers of Awesome: Liz 'Riz' Fujita, Olivia Zajac, Nathan 'Invincible' Miller, Jeanine Chmielowski, Jeremy 'Mr. Sunshine' Loucks, Sam Schall, Kay McKahan, Veronica Tabor, Ryan Grainger, Rico Bastian, Zachary Evans, Chase Peterson, Elise Conley, and The Stig.

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Advertising inquiries, questions & comments should be directed to bull@mtu.edu

from Bill on front

cious, but stringy.

Day 49: Out of Ed Stew. Three people remain. Still no sign of Jim. House reunites. Starts burning furniture for heat. (Why didn't we think of this before?)

Day 52: Sarah invents way to make moonshine. Spirits are high.

Day 56: Moonshine accident: Barbequed Sarah. Attempting to make this last as long as possible, but it is rather delicious. No idea how successful we'll be.

Day 70: No food for several days. Spend most of time huddled under everyone's blankets.

Day 84: After much deliberation, we have decided on to end it with dignity. This is the last entry.

Day 94: This is Joel. I have returned. House did not survive; remains scattered about, most unidentifiable. Amy and Fred appeared to have been the last ones. Only thing that remains is this journal.

Good News: Found Jim! 🐾

from Cosby on front

best way to go about this one is to use the sun glasses as the rough outline of the elevator and the V8 cans as a method of lashing them together. We want to use the sun glasses for their light weight properties, ability to look totally cool and sun reflectivity (I'm about as white as they come without being albino, and I don't take the sun well, or ever). Once we have the rough shape up and running then its just a matter of building a platform and counter balancing it correctly with all those unread Lode newspapers (the only time they will ever be used, I assure you).

Now that we have the elevator all spacificed and awesome we just need to make the actual base. From here things get really easy, we throw a massive party where we serve only bloody marys to empty as many of the V8 containers as possible. As soon as we have all the containers as we will need we stuff the empties with more Lodes and start building the base, with the super glue as the adhesive keeping everything together. Once we finish that bit, we grab the last pair of sun glasses, and wear them as we ride up the space elevator into awesomeness. 🐾

The Tale of Rocky Beta

by Olivia Zajac ~ Daily Bull

Once upon a time, in a land far far away, there was a brave little toaster. The brave little toaster was sort of a dick, and was actually pretty selective about who he let go on adventures with him. Sure, it looked like everyone was super awesome friends who were abandoned by their humans, but damn, that brave little toaster fucking hated printers. He was pretty jealous, when it comes down to it. The toaster's humans had recently purchased a new printer, and boy howdy, did they love that printer. They used him every day, for hours on end, and the printer happily buzzed along, spitting out tax returns and pictures of One Direction for the teenaged daughter.

One day, in a fit of absolute envy, the brave little toaster, who was only used maybe a few times a week cause, really, who actually eats toast every day or toasts their pop-tarts, ripped the poor printer's toner right out of his face. The printer protested, and made some really scary mechanical grinding sounds, and little bits of ink were shot across the pure white carpet. "PERFECT!" declared the brave little toaster. "NOW THEY'LL HATE YOU FOR RUINING THEIR CARPET AND YOU'LL NEVER BE LOVED AGAIN!"

The little printer cried and cried and cried as he was hauled from the house and dumped onto the cold streets by the side of the road. His whimpers subsided, and he slowly began to accept his fate to become trash. The day turned into night, and the wild locals started to emerge. In a fog of alco-

hol stumbled a few college students. They spotted the printer, and thought "Fuck man, we can totally go all Office Space on this shit!" Together, the two drunken doofs dragged the poor printer from the curbside towards their frat house.

Somewhere along the road, they got distracted, bored, or realized they couldn't both help carry the 'big ol' printer whilst drinking beer. So, once again, the poor little printer was abandoned. His night was not yet over. For a man with odd colored hair saw the printer, and he exclaimed, "Huzzah! If I can fix this puppy up, we won't have to beg to USG for money for a new one!" This man with the funny colored hair was the one and only Nathan Invincible. He gathered the sad printer up in a big man hug, and scurried off to the MUB, to place him in his new home.

In a matter of hours, he had the little guy working beautifully. The last bit of debris he removed from the printer was a charred piece of toast. Invincible looked around suspiciously, and muttered, "It was probably that damn brave toaster. He's not brave, he's just an asshole." He looked proudly at the duct taped fixed printer, and then proclaimed, "I shall name you Rocky! Because, well, why not?" And outside the window of the Bull office sat the not so brave and kind-of-a-dick little toaster, who also got abandoned because he's a total dick. The end! 🐾



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