

# DAILY BULL



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

*...like social conventions!*

## How Pinterest is Slowly Ruining My Life

by Olivia Zajac ~ Daily Bull

I don't know if all ya'll have heard of Pinterest, so I'm going to take the high school essay writing approach and assume you are all stupid and have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about. Pinterest is a website that allows you to post images that link to different websites, mostly of the food, clothing, beauty and DIY varieties. What the homepage doesn't tell you is that Pinterest will quickly devour your soul.

It lures unsuspecting victims in similar to the siren song. At first a distant and faint melody, that first repin sinks into your very bones. Now, I like to bake when I have the time (which is never because senior year lolz) and I usually use foodgawker. I also use craftgawker, and many of the sites from there led to Pinterest. I clicked on one recipe, repinned, and it was death from there. Sure, you can search for just want you want. But it filters based on some pre-selected interests. So then images of tattoos started to pop up, and hey, I want a third, fourth and fifth tattoo someday, maybe these will inspire me. Repin.

Oh look, I can make my own laundry detergent? Perfect, I'm broke and this is totally cheaper even though I have zero of the supplies apparently the average American household has. Oh? I can make the Hogwarts house crests with nail polish for the nerdiest manicure ever? AWESOME. I can pretend that I don't paint my nails once then leave the chipped remains on

see Glass on back

 By a show of hands, who else has no idea what they're doing after graduation? 

## My Love Affair with Ripley, or My Bruised Ass

by Chase Peterson ~ Daily Bull

Day 1: First snowboarding class ever. So excited to finally learn and play in the snow, it's going to be amazing. Find out I'm in the "Never-Ever" group.

Day 3: Still recovering from first day of snowboarding, fell on my tailbone numerous times despite having "learned" how to fall.

Day 4: Friends convinced me to venture over to the hill, spent most of the day falling down the bunny hill (not snowboarding down the hill, falling). Semi-master the concepts of heel edge and toe edge turns.

Day 5: Go to Walmart for extra big bottle of ibuprofen, icy-hot, and comfort booze. Drink ALL the booze.

Days 6 & 7: Recover.

Day 8: Second snowboarding class. Magically mastered turning in the two day hang over. Instructors talk amongst themselves and kick me out of the "Never-Ever" group at the end of the class.

Day 12: Brave Center Bowl for the first time, or as I like to call it, "How far down the hill can you go on your ass?" Turns out the answer to that question is all the way down.

Day 14: Third snowboarding class. First time down a black diamond, first time I have ever had to take 3600

see Magnets on back

People who say they don't care what people think are usually desperate to have people think they don't care what people think.  
-- George Carlin

Tuesday, March 5, 2013

## PIC 'O THE DAY!



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**from Glass on front**

for weeks. What's that? I can make my own patio bench out of a pile of cinder blocks, a piece of plywood, and a stack of pillows? That'll look lovely in my tiny college apartment!

When you get this deep, there is no stopping. Pinterest has you in its evil, well manicured claws and didn't even break a sweat to ruin the perfect winged eyeliner that I can't seem to master on one eye, let alone both! I'm pinning hairstyles that I know I'll never do (nor currently even have enough hair for), eye make-up tutorials, how to make your own reusable paper towels, healthy breakfast smoothies even though I've never used my blender for anything other than ice cream and off-brand kahlua, and even a couple of engagement rings (don't you judge me it was a sad and lonely Saturday night at home alone a girl can dream okay?!).

Will I use any of this stuff ever? Probably not. Do I have the time to put on make-up? Hah! I barely make it to my 9am on time. Am I really going to start eating healthy when I have to choose between more groceries or gas for my car? That's funny. It's a total timesuck and it's completely addicting. I'm sure if there were rehab for internet addictions, me and half of the world's female population would be admitted. I mean, I even caught one of my male group members looking up cute animals on it for a new computer background (he went with otters. It's adorable). It's a good thing you can't look up shoes on there -- OH WAIT YES YOU CAN. GOODBYE SWEET SOCIAL LIFE AND OUTDOORS. IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU. ☺



Which celebrity's eyes are these? You know the drill.



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**from Magnets on front**

mg of ibuprofen before.

Day 16: Feeling very confidant, invite Finnish foreign exchange students to go to the hill with me. I realize I still know nothing (seriously, what the fuck are snow blades?!). Manage to do a cart-wheel going down the hill. Go get more painkillers.

Day 20: Finally make it a whole day without falling, ready for my next snowboarding class.

Day 21: CARNIVAL!!!!!! Class is canceled.

Day 25: Go to the hill, tear shit up, I am now hot shit. Despite the fact that I hit a tree, twice.

Day 28: Snowboarding class, instructor asks how long I have been at this and, when he learns, tells me, "You are way better than you should be right now."

Day 30: Struck down by the mutant plague that destroys all motivation, appetite, and will to do anything aside from lay in bed, shiver and vomit uncontrollably.

Day 32: Wishing for death and watching the snow pile up outside and taunting me.

Day 35: Still sick, friends tell me how awesome the hill is due to all the snow that has fallen. I show them projectile vomit is possible on command.

Day 40: Back to being human, thanks to global warming the hill is nothing but ice now.

Day 42: Find out that ice is much faster than powder, and much less forgiving. Decide to eat impromptu snow cone Off to get more ibuprofen, again.

Day 45: Getting ready to pack up the board for the season. The hill has become wet ice and I want to keep all my bones intact. Can't wait til next year to go snowboarding again. ☺

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