

# DAILY BULL



...like Top 40 Music!

## Dining Hall Food Shows Promise As Bioweapon

by Ian Peoples ~ Daily Bull

We've all thought it. Maybe you thought it on a romantic oneonone date in Wads' Dining Hall. Or maybe whilst eating your way through a whole serving pan of chicken tenders in McNair. Halfway through my threemonth squatting in DHH I thought the same thing.

"Man this 'food' is shit."

Oh, little did we know. The Food and Drug Administration recently released its annual Collegiate Food Services Report. For anyone who's thought that, the contents are not that surprising. From the report: "Michigan Tech's dining services are atrocious. It is well known that the only ingredients Taco Bell uses are sand, cat feces and horse semen. Michigan Tech is much the same, the only difference being Michigan Tech uses human flesh and afterbirth as well." (Fun fact: Taco Bell does actually use Silicon Oxide (sand) as an ingredient!)

The FDA isn't the only government orifice to take notice either. "We've been considering its uses as rocket fuel for a long time. Remember Apollo 13? We used MTU dining hall 'food' for that one," a NASA representative said. The Armed Forces have been especially interested in the properties of Michigan Tech's "Food."

"It's the perfect breeding ground for disease! It's the best thing since Blue-waffle!" an Army Bioweaponry Expert said, "I can't wait to make an HIV/

see Pitbull on back

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## The Legend of the Lederhoser

by Olivia Zajac ~ Daily Bull

Once upon a time, in a distant, frozen land known as Houghton, there lived a common Michigan Tech student who loved broomball. This ice warrior went by the name of Sir Cameron Clay. He was as tall as a not-tall tree, and as large as an average sized 'Merican man. Then came The Coldest Winter. The Coldest Winter was a dark time in everybody's life, but it was particularly terrible for Sir Cameron Clay. The field of battle was brutal, and then came the Battle of the Gold Rink. This particular match for Sir Cameron Clay and his fellow frozen warriors were pitted against the titans of broomball; The Pirate Sheep. They knew their grim fate going into the fight. Many of Sir Cameron Clay's teammates were disheartened, and at least one committed seppuku on the ice.

After the first half, Sir Cameron and his mighty warriors were down 15-0. Many of his teammates began to sob, and were ready to admit defeat. That was when, in a fit of rage and pure desire to win, he ripped off his jersey and revealed his glorious lederhosen. They glistened like glass in the subzero temperatures, and he let out a mighty howl and instantly grew chest hair and a beard. He stood atop the frozen, lifeless body of the aforementioned teammate, and spoke thusly:

"Observe, gentlemen, that when I would lead you on a new venture you no longer follow me with your old spirit. I have asked you to meet me that we may come to a decision together: are we, upon my advice, to go forward, or, upon yours, to turn back? I could not have blamed you for being the first to lose heart if I, your commander, had not shared in

see Red One on back

## Sudoku, Y'all!

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|   | 4 |   |   | 1 | 8 |   |   |
| 5 |   |   | 3 | 9 |   |   | 7 |
|   |   | 8 | 4 |   |   |   |   |
| 6 | 3 |   |   | 1 |   |   | 5 |
|   |   | 5 | 9 | 3 | 2 |   |   |
| 7 |   |   | 2 |   |   | 3 | 8 |
|   |   |   |   | 6 | 4 |   |   |
|   | 1 |   | 4 | 5 |   |   | 3 |
|   |   | 4 | 7 |   |   | 8 |   |



Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backwards. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something - your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. This approach has never let me down, and it has made all the difference in my life.  
--Steve Jobs



It's a long story (phrase) - It's not a long story, I just don't like you enough to tell you.



from Pitbull on front

H1N1/Bubonic Plague supervirus with this stuff!"

"Wait, you serve this stuff as food? Why the HELL would you do that?" Why indeed. ☹

## Study: Bitching Leads to Jack Shit

by Rico Bastian ~ Daily Bull Bursar

A recent study done by Michigan Tech's psychology department has shown that there is no correlation between bitching and moaning about a shitty situation and the shitty situation getting better.

Twenty-eight participants were asked to describe their problems in detail. Then, they were each instructed to complain as much as they can about all of their problems to the researchers. After listening to an hour of listening to whining and self pity, researchers then asked the participants if their current situations had changed. On average, 0% of participants saw any of their conflicts improve.

"Our results are definitely showing a trend that indicates that no matter how much bellyaching some sad sack does, his or her life is still going to be as pitiful as ever," researcher Evan Spencer said. "Many of the volunteers had a completely different set of problems, but it seemed to have no influence on the results. Some dumpy guy who has no idea what he's doing with his life will benefit just as much from crying about it on a futon like the little pussy he is as some snobbish girl who's freaking out about how the dining halls offer almost nothing for vegans would from trying to vent about it to her roommate who's sick and tired of hearing her complain about something new every other goddamn week."

In some cases, droning on and on about a stupid problem was detrimental to participants' already insignificant situation.

"For individuals who were having what they call 'trouble' in their love life, or lack thereof, whining actually hurt their chances of success in the future," Spencer said. "For instance, we had this one poor sap who really liked his female friend. Then he saw her holding hands with another guy the other day and thought it was like the end of the fucking world. After hearing him voice his concerns and essentially keep repeating how he's never going to find anyone else, our researchers found him to be overly sensitive and figured he was a real loser. They then told their friends about him, and now no girls who heard about it could possibly feel any attraction towards him."

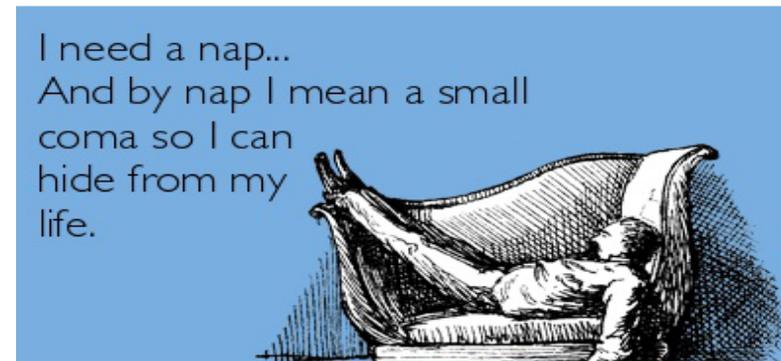
The research team is also planning to conduct a follow up study to see if they can find a link between individuals getting off their asses and going out to do something and resolving their problems. ☹

 [DailyBull.students.mtu.edu/](http://DailyBull.students.mtu.edu/)

from Red One on front

your exhausting marches and your perilous campaigns; it would have been natural enough if you had done all the work merely for others to reap the reward. But it is not so. You and I, gentlemen, have shared the labor and shared the danger, and the rewards are for us all. The conquered territory belongs to you; from your ranks the governors of it are chosen; already the greater part of its treasure passes into your hands, and when all Michigan Tech is overrun, then indeed I will go further than the mere satisfaction of our ambitions: the utmost hopes of riches or power which each one of you cherishes will be far surpassed, and whoever wishes to return home will be allowed to go, either with me or without me. I will make those who stay the envy of those who return."

Sir Cameron Clay's men let out a cheer, and followed their lederhosen'd leader into a bloody, glorious battle. Many a man became frostbitten or came down with hypothermia. Skin was chafed from the biting wind and nipples bled freely from friction burn. The blue ball was forced deep into the territory of The Pirate Sheep, and in the end, Sir Cameron Clay's team became victorious. The commoners cheered in joy, and Sir Cameron Clay was dubbed Lederhosen. When asked about his inspirational speech, he shrugged and said "I Googled it." It was then, with a groan, he quickly became Lederhoser. The End. ☹



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