



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

Sochi Preparations: Curling

by Chase 'Cupcake' Peterson ~ Vatrushka

So I didn't know curling was an actual thing. I mean, 40+ year old guys heading to the Olympics because they can whip a rock down a sheet of ice and have Parkinson's so severe that when they try to hold a broom they melt the ice underneath it. Man, I may just get my Olympic gold medal yet. This whole thing must be an inside Canadian joke (they still have to answer for Justin Beaver). Anyway after spending literally minutes, I am now the world's foremost expert on all things curling and with this new found knowledge we will make the most epic drinking game,

So the ground rules are pretty standard, there are drinks, shots and the fabled "kill your drink".

Take a drink when:

- + You see a broom on the ice (up to 8 times)
- + You see someone not white on the ice
- + There is a rainbow on the ice
- + A stone whacks another stone
 - 2x if is of a different color
 - 2x if it's the same color, but one ends up closer to the bulls-eye
- + You hear someone shout "HARDER!!!!"
- + You hear someone shout "SWEEP!!"

Take a shot if

- + You understand any of the following terms: Sheet, Hammer, Burning a Stone, Rocks, Hogline, Free Guard Zone, Hacks, Skips (yes, these are actual terms)

Kill your drink if:

- + A team concedes defeat
- + You hear "Sorry"

see Molson on back



by Anony-whaaat? ~ Staff Writer

Snow muncher.
Demon snow thing.
Bigass snow blower.
That... that... you know?

There are many names for the mythical monstrosity that roams the streets of Houghton/Hancock. More often than not, it roams the roads at night, slowly and steadily, with grinding patience. It slumbers in the day, while the residents of our fair town marvel at how wide and clean the roads suddenly have become. Any animal smaller than a moose quavers in its shadow.

Its maw strikes fear into all but the stoutest hearts. Rotating blades, swirling like the angry combination of a combine harvester and a deep-sea creature, make light work of all the snow. It is always hungry.

The nozzle-chute atop its majestic head spews digested snow tens of feet, up and away into trucks to be carried away. This is the only instance in which it coexists peacefully with another automobile -- most of the time, it is busy devouring lesser vehicles.

No one knows where it is parked. Its lair remains sacred and undisturbed, like a great dragon guarding its hoard.

Have you seen this fabulous creature? Accurate and descriptive though 'snow muncher' is, its true name is Snogo.

Not Snow-Go.

see LaBatt on back

"Oh the sky will be blue, and you guys will be there too
When I finally do what frozen things do in summer"
-- Olaf (Frozen)

Repost IRL: The Norwegian Curling Team



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from Molson on front

- + If a team Burns a stone
- + A team from a cold country wins
- + You have understood any of this

Editor's Note: As always, we at the Bull do not condone underage drinking or drinking to excess. Consume your alcohol safely and legally. ☹

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from LaBatt on front

Snogo.

The Snogo, terrifying though it may be, is a creature without which our snowy community could not survive. So long as we continue to give it a wide berth, it will ceaselessly awaken in the night to feast on packed, heavy, icy, sandy, dog-pee-filled snow. Swiftly it digests. The Snogo needs us, and we need the Snogo.

The next time you see this magnificent machine, give it a wave or friendly smile (but avoid gazing into its whirling snow-blades: they are hypnotizing, and will draw you in to your shreddy death)! Maybe if you are lucky, you can one day own one of its teeny baby hatchlings, the snowblower. But beware! If you feed it too much, it could easily metamorphose into its final form, and there's no way to press B to cancel that evolution. ☹

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