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The Daily ^{-ish} Bull

-like The Onion, but shittier!

IT'S BEEN

69

DAYS SINCE OUR
LAST VELOCIRAPTOR

ATTACK

Construction To Continue Until the End of the Eon

Drew Gooden

They say in Michigan, there are really only two seasons: Winter and Construction Season. But the Michigan Department of Transportation has decided that this will no longer be the case.

"The slated period for construction on US-41 through Houghton, Michigan, has been extended" An official said in a press release. The updated documents for the project revealed that the timeframe was extended line up with to the duration of the Phanerozoic. From here on out, according to MDOT, neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet, nor nuclear war, nor global climate change will stop construction crews from fucking up traffic patterns and installing potholes. There is no longer winter, nor are there even Ice Ages; there shall be only the Construction Age.

The stated reason for the extra time is to allow all the construction workers to achieve 100% completion on *Road Maintenance Simulator*, its sequel: *Autobahn Construction Simulator*, and its lesser-known, cult-classic prequel: *Dickly Simmons and the Asphalt Vibration Compressor*. This measure is to help ensure the quality of the road, to ensure it fails after a decade or two. They also have been allotted extra time to play in the sand with the diggers, like the sandbox toys at the park.

While students, faculty, locals, and tourists all groaned and moaned at this terrible news, a few certain groups were elated. Pipe enthusiasts, for one, were excited to hear that the underground pipes were going to be exposed for viewing for a much longer period than previously expected.



"It's a real solid pipe." One observer said watching the construction. "Nice thick materials, straight, girthy, and plenty long to service all of your piping needs. 8/10."

The Renegade Archaeology Club at Michigan Tech was also excited for the announcement. They cited the exposed dig site as an ample opportunity to go on impromptu digs in the middle of the night, when the workers aren't present. Ignoring the moral and ethical implications of digging for artifacts on Indigenous land for dubious purposes, the club also plans to leave a time capsule at the site for future renegade archaeologists to find when the construction final exits the "digging a big trench" phase. The contents of the capsule are not settled yet, but so far they've hinted at such things as including several pictures of the immortal Keanu Reeves, for future comparison, and a Daily Bull-branded condom. Nice, RAC.

For now, and likely the rest of human existence, Houghton residents and commuters will just have to put up with being trapped forever in the eternal Main and Montezuma loop, watching helplessly as every side-route exit is blocked off right as they reach them.

A Long Long Time Ago, in a Campus Far, Far, Away...

Wendel J. Starkiller

It's a new year here at Michigan Tech. New freshmen, new classes, new bubbling witch's brews in Wads dining hall, new vile green slime oozing out of the cracks in the walls of Chem Sci, and a brand-spanking new student org. The Extra-Terrestrial Student Union has been established to give students previously without a voice (except, of course, on the nights in which they enter our dreams to collect data on our planet) a say in their college experience. Making up approximately 16% of Tech's student body and 98% of Tech's organ donor recipients, Galactic-Americans have been a part of our campus from the very beginning.

Of course, we all know the story of Douglas Houghton making contact with the first Extraterrestrials to come to this solar system- You know, the story of how he changed the course of human history in a single night, saving all mankind and unlocking the secrets of the universe. You're telling me you've never heard it? Jesus, what rock have you been living under? Listen, I'm just a half-conscious imp devoted to the cause of hard hitting university journalism, not a kindergarten teacher. Next you're gonna ask me how to melt armor plating with your mind. Kids these days. They don't teach the classics anymore! Anyway, the ETSU is going to be holding a party in celebration of their recognized status at an unknown date and time in the MUB. Just walk in whenever and if your vision goes a blinding white and you wake up in the middle of a crop circle, you'll know you had a wonderful time! Well, probably. We don't really know what that means. It just happens sometimes. Upon club approval, Galgorgrox Blaggorrhimrop, the president of the ETSU, released a statement on all known wavelengths of energy:

"FROM THE BRAIN SLUGS OF GANYMEDE, TO THE GRABBLEBORPS OF ALTERA-9, WE, THE GALACTIC-AMERICANS OF THIS PUNY HUMAN UNIVERSITY ARE TRULY GLAD THAT WE HAVE CREATED A SPACE WHERE FOUL AND MALEVOLENT CREATURES LIKE OURSELVES CAN FEEL SAFE AND HEARD. WE WILL BE HEARD. IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO NOT HEAR US. THE MERE SOUND OF OUR MANY-LEGGED ARMIES MARCHING ON THIS CAMPUS WILL REDUCE THIS STINKING PLANET TO A PILE OF RUBBLE. YOUR INFERNAL RACE WILL BE ENSLAVED IN THE SULFUR MINES OF GREMULON-8, THE MOST FOUL OF THE GREMULONS. WE ARE NUMEROUS, YOU ARE FEW. WE ARE NUMEROUS, YOU ARE FEW. COME CHECK OUT OUR BOOTH AT K-DAY."

How exciting! How horrifying! How wet? Who knows! It's always invigorating to immerse yourself in other cultures, to remind yourself how puny, weak and stupid you are. No, not you. You. In the back. With the flannel. And the stupid hat. You know that makes you look like a dweeb, right?



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Hi, my name is Big Al, and I approve this message