



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

# The Daily Boos

*-Spooky Edition!*

**IT'S ONLY  
7  
DAYS UNTIL  
Halloween**

## An Unwanted Visitor: Part 1

*Tad Iseri*

It was early in December when I first saw "it".

Winter had finally come and blanketed my small town and the surrounding area in snow. The month had mostly been light on snow up until this point, but it felt nice to finally have all the

ground covered in snow. It was a Friday and the sudden whiteout from the night before had canceled any instruction at my high school. Given the circumstances, it was going to be a nice night of sitting inside and enjoying my evening. That was the plan, until I was handed the responsibility of watching my brother. My parents had some sort of party that, regardless of the weather, would still be happening. It was not something I was hoping for, but it wasn't like I had a choice either.

After the usual spiel of my responsibilities and the like, my parents began to hurriedly leave for their event of the evening. As for me, I decided to lay down on the couch. My day had been relatively easy, yet I found myself suddenly exhausted. As I began drifting into sleep, I noticed the sun setting off in the horizon. The pinkish clouds surrounding the sun were falling into the blackness of the night as the edge of the horizon. It was a beautiful yet ominous sight to behold. Looking back now, I feel it was a warning.

Hours later I was awoken by my brother, who was shaking me awake. I looked at my watch, it was around seven thirty and he was



starting to get hungry. I got off my couch and sauntered over to the kitchen. I was too lazy to cook, and the weather didn't accommodate any deliveries; so, I decided a frozen pizza would have to suffice.

While the pizza cooked, I spent time watching YouTube on my phone. It was enough to grab my attention for the moment. That was until I heard an icicle fall off my house. This was strange, as the only icicles on my house that could make that kind of sound were decently large. For the wind to knock on off the building would take considerable effort. Upon hearing it, I broke out of my video watching trance. I looked out to our front porch only to see the icicle on the ground in pieces, illuminated by the outdoor lights.

I was a little spooked, but what I heard could be explained away. I returned the pizza, took it out of the oven, and called my brother to get some. But as I did so, another icicle fell followed by the distinct sound of something jumping off the roof and crunching through the snow. I ran to the window, only to see tracks trailing off into the night. The tracks I could see weren't like any I had ever seen before. They looked human, but the dimensions were too thin and long. What was worse was that whatever it was; it had long, thin claws...

*(To Be Continued)*

# What Is That Building Across From Jim's?

*A Concerned Scientist*

Most people don't even realize the building across from Jim's is owned by MTU. They don't know about the terrible, awful things that go on within those walls. It stands just far enough from the gaze of campus security. This building looks boring in the daylight, but come night time it glows a menacing hue of orange. They claim this building is full of psychology and human factors research. But what they don't advertise is that this building is a front for in-human-subjects-research.

Many Intro to psych students sign up for seemingly harmless SONA studies. They enter the building, and usually make it out unscathed. But what happens to those who sign up for the late night studies? Those who mysteriously drop their psychology courses? These students find themselves a victim of grotesque experiments carried out by mischievous grad students who call this building home.

Every year, innocent undergrads go missing, drop out without a word, move to "Canada". These are the common excuses for student who unfortunately fall victim to the Meese meat grinder.

I am one of those scientists conducting these experiments. For the past 4 months I have been working on a project involving complex AI systems that involve downloading student brains. Some students don't make it past the emotion lobotomies. Others are lost in the transference stage. But the project is growing exceedingly close to making a true, fully integrated human consciousness. The undergrads remember, they scream, the computer overloads.

I worry for Tech, I worry for the consequences of this work. Someone must do something, they are onto me. Let this be a warning to all those looking for HASS credits, avoid the Meese Center at all costs.

This is likely my last writing. Good bye.



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