

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



IT'S BEEN
12
DAYS SINCE SHE
LEFT ME

-like The Onion, but shittier!

The Missing DOW Printer

Printer Hunter Extraordinaire

There I was: it's late at night, I'm in the Dow Atrium, summoning the last vestiges of brain power within me to finish an assignment due at 8 AM the following morning (even though the class wasn't until 11). Needing my beauty rest, and wanting nothing more than to flop down on the floor after a very long day, I was pushing to get it done as soon as possible. Alas, I made a fatal error in my working out of the last problem, and reached the end to find the answer was horribly incorrect. My method was, as experts would put it, Very Flawed™, and I was left with no choice but to restart on a fresh piece of paper. No problem, I thought; I'd just reprint that last page of the assignment and try it again. So I danced to the printer gods, made a holy sacrifice, and through the magic of PaperCut MF Client, my assignment was queued up on good-ol' "husky-bw" (aka the network black and white printer queue for all the printers on MTU campus). So, my ID in hand to tap on the printer and actually release the print, I set off toward my second favorite printer on campus: DOW 7th floor.

It's only a short walk from the Atrium to the printer in question, literally just around the corner. It was a path I had taken a hundred times before, but I found myself second-guessing when I turned the corner and discovered that in the place where the proud, reliable, dutiful black-and-white printer once resided, there was but open air. Yet this was certainly the right place, for the printing posters still hung around the space, proudly proclaiming that "This location is husky-bw"; a bitter and cruel lie that was a truth in better, former times.

Upon making this discovery, I fell to my knees in lament and anguish. How could this have happened? How could the printer have vanished without so much as leaving a trace, or the whisper of a goodbye? How could they have stolen my boy right out from underneath me? I wept, momentarily not knowing what else to do. Then, I steeled my resolve, and climbed to my feet, passion and anger building in my core. I would not let them get away with this, I decided. I would find the printer and rescue it from whomever's evil clutch kept it away from its duty, from the people. My homework would have to wait as I struck out on this rescue operation. The possibility that I may be putting myself in danger, and that I may not return from such an endeavor, never troubled me, for I knew that failure meant life without the DOW 7th floor printer, a face worse than pouring a bowl of cereal and then discovering you have no milk.

I write this from my camp, somewhere in the dense jungles of Borneo, as an explanation of where I have been all this time to anyone who might have missed me. The last page of my homework served as my firestarter today, for there are more important things on the line here. Please, if you get this message: I really need you to water my plants for me. I've been really bad about doing that regularly and they need some of that high-quality H2O to live their best plant life.

P.S. I need any and all leads I can gather to find the DOW 7th Floor Printer. If you find the printer after receiving this message, please send your best selfies with the printer to bull@mtu.edu, for me to review when (if) I again have an internet connection.

Fun Alternate Ways to End Your Proofs

-1/12th Believer

Have you ever been in this position: you've spent weeks, *months* even, writing the perfect proof. A proof for something that mathematicians have been groveling over for centuries, finally in your hands! You finish it up, turn it into Big Math Headquarters in Greece, and the Lord-God of Number Theory takes one look at your life's work and scoffs, "Really? A black square? Lameeee." and then the ghost of your celebrity crush Carl Friedrich Gauss laughs at you for 20 minutes. Really, we've all been there. It's a rookie mistake that happens to even the best mathematicians, but that's why I'm here to help. As a third year pursuing a master's in Cool Symbols to End Proofs In, I'd like to share a few tips with you all today to really Wow your math professors!

Instead of Q.E.D, try...

Play around with words and phrases! My personal favorite is a "The End! Or is it..." crudely scribbled in crayon a-la an elementary schooler's first short story. A simple "And them the facts!" will show your professors that you really know what you're talking about *and* you're confident about it (really, it's a more succinct way of saying "the proof is trivial"). If you prefer to stay humble, try "But I might be wrong!" to show that you understand nobody is perfect. Also a snobbish literature fan? "So it goes" has all the finalization of proper conclusion with an added implication that someone died in the making!

Instead of ■, try...

Emojis, emojis, emojis! When can you ever go wrong with emojis! Leading again with my preferred method, 🤔. A quizzical emoji will exhibit your curious nature and eagerness to learn — even after that rigorous proof, you still crave more. Proof not that good? 😏 is ample to show that you *really, really*, want the proof to be valid. 🍷 or other cute kaomojis will make you appear more excited about the proof while also adding an air of simplicity. Alternatively, leave no symbol at all! Keep em guessing, is the proof over, or is more to come? Well, that's left as an exercise to the reader!



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Hi, my name is Big A1, and I approve this message