Today might as well be next Monday, right? Close enough!

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Last Meals
By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

To all our loyal readers, I have a request - please, keep me off of death row. Don’t worry, I don’t exactly intend to get stuck there. However, if I’m ever in a situation where it looks like I’m going to be locked away in the slammer for a while before I meet an untimely end, consider helping me out. Why? Because I don’t want the burden of having to choose a last meal. I mean, I don’t want to die, either, but that’s a given in this hypothetical.

Let’s be honest here. College students like food. We love food. It’s yummy. Over the years, we’ve all racked up our favorites, whether they be dishes at a restaurant or your grandma’s top-secret family recipe that she will never reveal. Just imagine how difficult it would be to have the choice of anything at all to be your last taste on earth! Aah! Maybe for some of you it’s easy. Me? I would probably be horribly torn between the following:

Brownie Ice Cream Sundae. If I’m going to die, who cares if I fall into a sugar coma? This combines three of the things I love most in the foody universe - chocolate, ice cream, and sprinkles. I can almost feel my face contorting in a Homer Simpson manner...

Honey Bunches of Oats. Don’t even try to deny it – you know Honey Bunches of Oats is the best cereal ever created. I would just get a huge bowl and revel in their sweet, crunchy, filling perfection, complete with frosty, cold milk. But I would double my death sentence and eviscerate the prison staff if they gave me Just Bunches. Ugh. Those are pretty sickening, let me tell you.

Chicken Fajitas. If cheese weren’t so deliciously fattening, I would eat these all the time, regardless of whether I got incarcerated or not. The spicy salsa! The cool sour cream! The cheesy goodness! The green peppers! Jeez, if I keep talking, I’m going to end up jumping the Mexican border tomorrow.

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Monday MAD LIBS

The Daily Bull presents: Monday MAD LIBS! Each Monday, we’ll feature Mad Libs for you to fill out and enjoy. Plus, if you fill it out and think yours is the best and most hilarious, submit it to us at bull@mtu.edu - we might just feature it in one of our issues!

Here’s how it works: Fill in these blanks. Then flip the Bull over to see a paragraph with missing words - add yours! Ta da!

MAD LIB 1: The Summit

Noun.1: __________________
Nouns.2: __________________
Nouns.3: __________________
Verb.1: __________________
Verb.2: __________________
Famous Person: _______________
Past-tense verb: __________________
Verb.3: __________________
Noun.4: __________________
Noun.5: __________________
Adjective: __________________
Noun.6: __________________
Nouns.7: __________________

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Proof!
By Frank McGuire ~ Daily Bull

I have it dudes! Aliens are not only REAL, but they have been HERE before. By here I do not mean Houghton MI, (although there is some evidence that I could pull form...hmm, interesting) but rather, I mean here as in planet Earth. Those of you who know me (you poor bastards) are most likely aware that the GREATEST television show created on earth is Stargate SG-1. They have multiple examples of aliens being here on Earth, which are of course correct. If you do not agree you are either a.) Unaware that such a epic show exists b.) aware but, as Mr. Oliver said you are “Wary of Canadians” and could not watch it based on this, or c.) you are 100% brain dead and must see the nearest doctor and your earliest opportunity.

While SG-1 does a near perfect job of presenting...
Japanese food.

Meatloaf and green bean casserole. No, I’m not kidding. It’s right up there on my list of comfort foods; nothing can hurt me when I’m being filled up with delicious homey meatloaf. Not evil math exams, not stress or worry, not even ‘the chair!’ Okay, well, the chair might - but two out of three ain’t bad.

*Note: Ramen instant noodles are not Japanese food. They are sodium-based heart attacks in bright plastic wrapping. Don’t be fooled.

MAD LIB 1: The Summit

As many of you know, Barrack Obama held his __________noun.1 summit. In this summit, __________noun.2 and __________noun.3 were to __________verb.1 together and __________verb.2 to agree on what should be in the __________noun.4. It was hoped by __________noun.5 that the bill would then be __________verb.3. However, unfortunately for __________noun.6, the bill was just too different from anything the Republicans could __________verb.4, and that the entire thing was just a __________noun.7. With tort reform gone, and many other __________noun.5 saving options missing from the bill, it seems as the only option for the Democrats is a __________adjective __________noun.6. Dare they? What __________noun.8, now is anyone’s guess.

my case, I choose something much ‘closer’ to home. I chose you, platypus!

That’s right, platypus! One of the most whacked out animals known to, well, just about anyone. In order to understand just how whacked out this creature creation is it must be described. A platypus is basically a beaver, a duck, a chicken, and a scorpion combined into one epic creature of awesomeness. In order to understand just how amazing this creature is, I have included a picture of one for your viewing pleasure!

I mean come on! Look at the thing! It has a bill, but it has fur! Then you get to the back end and there are 3 cm long spikes on its feet that hold venom (at least on the males)! What kind of creature is this? Some people have claimed it is related to reptiles and shows a link between dinosaurs and mammals, but I disagree. This creature is proof that aliens have come to this world.

They came down in their little ships and landed in Australia and said, “Hmhm, how do we fuck with humans this time?” After much debate they settled on an animal. Luckily for us lowly humans, they only messed with one animal (or did they?) instead of making Australia one large monster. With one animal (or did they?) in their possession, they could have made Australia one large monster. They came down in their little ships and landed in Australia and said, “Hmhm, how do we fuck with humans this time?” After much debate they settled on an animal. Luckily for us lowly humans, they only messed with one animal (or did they?) instead of making Australia one large monster. They came down in their little ships and landed in Australia and said, “Hmhm, how do we fuck with humans this time?”

Alien 1: Okay so we have agreed to make one messed up animal to leave the inhabitants of this land! What should we do?

Alien 2: We should use a beaver!

Alien 1: Hmm... OK, but those teeth things creep me out. We should do something about that.

Alien 3: I know I know I know I know! Let’s put a duck’s bill on it! OK! Fire up the combobalatuor!

Alien 1: 1: OK, we have a beaver and a duck. What else?

Alien 2: I like rooster’s spurs. We should put spurs on the back legs of this thing!

Alien 1: Wow! That’s weird, but I like it!

Xhiaps: But the horns are so shiny! Aw.

Alien 1: Fine, it can have poison, but only on the males.

POISON!!! LETS MAKE IT POISONOUS!

But the horns are so shiny! Aw.

Alien 3: Really?! Really?

Alien 1: 1: OK! Fire up the combobalatuor!

Xhiaps: Xhiaps: Really?! Really?

Alien 4: OK! Fire up the combobalatuor!

Xhiaps: POISON!! LETS MAKE IT POISONOUS!

Alien 1: 1: OK! Fire up the combobalatuor!

All: YAY!!

They didn’t care in their little ships and landed in Australia and said, “Hmhm, how do we fuck with humans this time?” After much debate they settled on an animal. Luckily for us lowly humans, they only messed with one animal (or did they?) instead of making Australia one large monster testing ground for how to exterminate humans... or some other horrible concoction of horribleness. Either way, their conversation must have been something along the lines of:...