

# DAILY BULL



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

Tuesday, October 19, 2010

"I would not want her butt. it's gross! It reminds me of cottage cheese inside a big trash bag."  
-Paris Hilton on Kim Kardashian

## Broomball on the Brain

By Cameron Long ~ Daily Bull

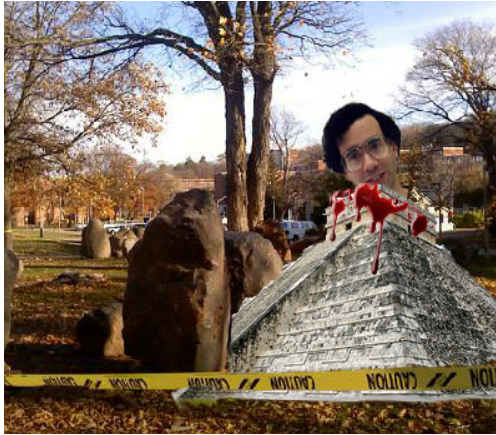
The broomball rinks are up! The broomball rinks are up! The time for that most glorious of winter activities is approaching! In two and a half months... I can only assume the administration enjoys tormenting me; some might say they need to stake – mmm... steak.... – the rinks in before the ground freezes, but that would be way too obvious.

In any case, the weeks between now and the start of the season will pass slower than the day before your 21st birthday. Since I can't ... see Broomzy on back

## Tech Re-Creates Tech-henge

By Jeremy Mr. Sunshine Loucks ~ Daily Bull

Recent developments outside of the Fisher building have led to many questioning the sanity of administration here at Tech. A large, grassy area has been taken over by a "Tech-henge" of sorts, with glacially deposited boulders strewn about the lawn with no real explanation. Some have speculated this is just another attempt by the administration to waste money and "beautify" the campus. Unfortunately, that is the least of our worries, as the real reasons behind this new landmark are far from just incompetent administrators.



Wait, Tech-henge, or Aztec Pyramid?

For years, Michigan Tech has been combing its image, carefully crafting itself from a top-notch undergraduate school for nerds and outdoorsmen to a state-of-the-art graduate school with standards on par with the likes of Harvard and Yale. While it hasn't reached that yet, there is marked progress towards that goal. Eliminating the Hobo Parade (hobos are so appalling) and clamping down on freedoms of speech (dining hall?) are just the starting phases. Building unnecessarily expensive apartment buildings (south Mcnair) and eliminating fun areas around campus are the next

...see STONERS on back

Good grief, what is happening?! There is SO MUCH FOOD YOU COULD EAT. GET SOME NOW.

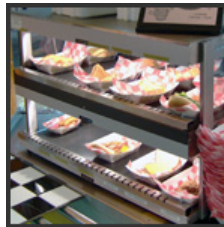


## Sudoku

9	4			2		6		
	1		3	9	8			
				4				3
1		2					9	
		9	7		2	1		
	8					5		6
8				3				
			8	6	9		5	
		4		7			1	9

By popular demand, we didn't screw up the sudoku... again . . .

**HOLD THE PRESSES!**  
Dining Services announces...



THE KEWEENAW COMMONS FOOD COURT IS NOW OPEN LATER! IF YOU'RE ON CAMPUS AND HUNGRY, IT'S THE PLACE TO GO UNTIL 8 PM! PLUS... SEE REVERSE

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# STUDIO PIZZA



A Pizza with radius "z" and thickness "a" has volume =  
 $\text{Pi} * z^2 * a$

# 482-5100

... YOU CAN WIN AWESOME PRIZES FROM DINING SERVICES, MOSTLY EDIBLE. YUM!



JUST CLIP OUT THIS AD AND DROP IT IN THE BOX AT THE FOOD COURT. THERE WILL BE WEEKLY WINNERS! HOORAY!

Your name:

Your email address:

... Broomzy from front yet recap the TOTALLY SWEET game I saw last week, here are some tips for first-years:

(1) Strap your helmet on tightly! It shouldn't be able to slide around once it's buckled to your head. The third game of my first year saw a collision between two players in which my teammate's broom handle got shoved inside the other player's face cage. The guy's nose was cut badly enough that play had to be stopped to scrape his frozen blood off the ice.



**Daily Bull**

<b>EDITOR IN CHIEF</b> Liz "Mojito" Fujita	<b>'ROCKET GRUNT'</b> Jon "Big O" Mahan	<b>BREAD WINNER</b> Simon Mused
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(2) Invest in elbow pads, knee pads, and hockey gloves! Breezers are also nice, but a bit less necessary. Ice is slippery! No matter how good your balance is, you will fall over. Everyone will try to get the ball from you; your hands will get hit by and crunched between brooms. The proper gear will give you the confidence to play hard.

(3) Read the rule book! Especially the part concerning penalties. There's nothing more frustrating than having to sit out and watch your team get scored on playing a man down. Also, if you know the letter of the law, you'll know exactly how far you can push the rules ;)

(4) Don't take it seriously! You'll see teams that yell at each other and get pissed. Believe me, it's not fun. If you see someone getting waaaay too into the game, focus all your attention on them. For example, I could have been called for boarding (a 5 minute major) last year. When I wasn't, the guy flipped out - he practically had to be restrained by his team. While he was pleading his case, my captain yelled over, "No one touched you; you fell on your own!" after I had clearly knocked him over. He was so mad that he was useless for the rest of the game.

(5) Don't stop with one broom. Hell, make three - I broke that many last year. One handle snapped during warm ups, one head flew off after a particularly hard shot, and one was intentionally broken by an asshole who was convinced I play dirty (IRONY). Customize them your your playing style: if you like defense, go with a wide, flat one to block shots and loft the ball. If you're a forward, make a skinny one with hockey tape on the end for control in traffic. Or, make something completely different. Consult with your RA, hallmates, or anyone else who has played before.

Play on as many teams as you can during your time at Tech. It's more fun than anyone should legally be allowed to have :D

... STONERS from front step. After that, however, come the human sacrifices.

Yes, human sacrifices. Tech Professor Carl Blair, while off on one of his many Indiana Jones-esqe adventures, dis-

covered some ancient writings carved onto a glacial erratic, up by Mohawk. This stone told of an ancient ritual that would purge any group of its weak, underachieving members, simply by sacrificing a few of them to the gods now and again. Tech had found a short-cut to making the student population look more talented and prestigious than it really was. Thus, the Fisher Tech-henge was born.

Tech imported the rocks surrounding the stone and has spent the last few days assembling them into positions representing the four elements: Snow, Water, Fire, and Beer. As soon as it is complete, Vice President Les Cook will begin the sacrifices, beginning with those people who sit in the front row of classes and constantly ask stupid questions for no apparent reason.

Those people can bring down prestige simply by being retarded enough to ask obvious questions, thus making Tech look bad. After the supply of those runs out, the plan is to move on to CS majors, the Pastafarians, PFRC,

Blue Key, and anyone that makes fun of Glen Mroz's awful hair.

An alternate theory for Tech-henge is being proposed by frazzled Geology student Alex Guth. She believes that two professors in the Geo department discovered a cache of glacial boulders in one deposit and decided to use them to make a rock garden. Donating their own funds to pay for the entire project, they have had them arranged to create a kind of "flow", with room for plants that will help accent the features of these particular glacial rocks, some of which are quite fantastic examples of what can happen to glacially transported boulders. There would still be room to study and lounge, and even climb the rocks once the site is complete.

I wanted to believe her, but when I talked to her she was in the middle of harvesting crab apples to make a potentially delicious wine with. I'm just not sure I can take wild theories seriously from someone like that.



## News in Briefs: Editor Discovered to be Old as Dirt

By Riz Moojita ~ Spy

It was recently discovered that the editor in chief for a major campus publication is, in fact, a terrifyingly old hag. In fact, the social sciences department that discovered the reclusive cave where it dwells described the creature as "Gollum-like in size and Yoda-like in old." They predict that the being has endured 21 full revolutions around the sun, which is equivalent to 147 dog years.

"It's a wonder this editor thing hasn't crumbled up and blown away in the wind," remarked Professor Mary Durfee. "Somehow it survives in a secret cave in Fisher, guarded by a monstrous blue creature."

The editor's lair is guarded late at night by various gremlins of the deep. The Roving Net Demon befuddles any who approach the Ancient by spontaneously healing its wounds and resetting itself at a specified time of night. The great Blue Thunder roars up and down the rocky corridor, sweeping the ground clean of any footprints left by the perilously aged editor. Secret doors shut that few can open. No one can find it.

Nonetheless, an exploration team discovered it doing old-creature things late Sunday night and recorded it for science. With any luck, it will be spotted once more so that the secrets of its life can be exposed. Until then, the editor will simply lurk, take another revolution around the sun, and try not to die in the process.