

## What the Wind is Blowing

## DJ Benjamin

Of all the places experiencing highspeed winds and dealing with the catastrophic effects of devastating weather phenomena, Houghton Michigan sure is a place. While the US South and Gulf Coast are getting clocked harder than a SPI serial communication line, Houghton is experiencing unusually powerful and chilling winds that are ripping across the Keweenaw, turning over Halloween decorations and lifting some poor souls straight up off their feet after they thought it would be funny to unzip their jackets and spread it out like wings. But according to reports, unwitting pedestrians who have failed to learn the lesson of Icarus and not tempt Mother Nature just to look cool are not the only thing the wind has been carrying.

Gabe Lowing, a resident on the west side of Hancock, reported a very unusual sighting last Wednesday. According to Lowing, "a large metal frunk" had become lodged in an oak tree in his backyard, exceptionally noticeable since it was stainless steel and thus shimmering in the sun. He claims that the "frunk" is still up there, but from the ground he says it appears to have plastic fittings and hinges that identify it. Lowing surmises that the "frunk" came from "one of them damn Digitrucks", and that he was hoping the wind would knock it out of the tree, but that it has so far failed to do so.

Tori Nado has a different problem, however. According to Nado, large sheets of cardboard with duct tape were seen rolling through her Chassell front yard, like tumbleweeds in a Clint Eastwood flick, and claims they are similarly invasive and unwelcome to the prickly weeds. Nado's pet



dog allegedly jumped on one of the pieces of cardboard because he's a good boy trying to catch the big thing rolling through the yard, only to have it lift him into the air and carry him away like he'd just asked a genie to be his wingman in trying to woo an Arabian princess. Fortunately, the wind didn't carry him far enough away to get lost, and he was safely reunited with Nado shortly after.

Reports like Lowing and Nado's have come from all across the Copper Country, claiming the wind is carrying everything from ashen couch bits, to 12-packs (of sparkling water), to bullshaped fursuit heads, to students' hopes and dreams. Although, according to some long-term residents, the latter is not unusual and is actually a seasonal thing. "You can usually start to smell the wailing and lamenting by about midterms", life-time Chassell resident Gale Brees reported, although also added that this year the salty smell of tears was quite a bit stronger thanks to the high winds.

## The Steaming Pile

Straight from you-know-where!

## **Reasons the Daily Bull Boat Sank**

- Not enough slimfast
- Forgot to put the plug in
- Net loss of buoyancy
- We brought too many bricks on board (they're there for emotional sup-
- port)
- Didn't sacrifice the Bull horns quick enough
- Boat needed to be made out of concrete instead
- Swiss cheese themed
- Pirates
- Ourselves (Pirates)
- Got ran over by Ranger III
- Shoulda used Flex Tape
- Too much daily, not enough Bull

Hull composed of too many piles and not enough articles

The wrath of Poseidon

- It wasn't finished : (
- Turned it in late
- Daily Bull condom failed to plug hole in bottom
- Built-in copier ran out of magenta
- Made of cardboard
- Got lost in Chassell, somehow sank in the Black Sea
- Willy Wildcat sabotaged us by drilling a hole in the bottom
- The Kraken
- The gale of November came early

- The water was too warm
- The water was too cold
- It never existed
- The real cardboard boat was the friends we made along the way (they couldn't swim)
- Bees?
- Too burnt out to stay afloat
- It's too fucken wimdy
- Couldn't have a gunwale on campus
- It was built for the other park; it would've floated there
- Forgot to charge it ahead of time
- Too many cards, not enough boards

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

Shane Oberloier