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-like The Onion, but shittien!

The ONLY Debate Recap Worth Reading

DJ Benjamin

Last night, two presidential nominees took the stage for what was definitely the only debate that has so far happened this year. Randall "Grand Ol" Prickidick of the Leopards Eating People Faces Party, and Dirk Dirkista N. Collins of the Better Than the Other Guy Party, two political giants and certainly each in the top five most likely candidates to win this November, threw down with words and plenty more over the issues most important to Americans. Healthy debate helps form the cornerstone of our democracy. This was not a healthy debate.

At least one person tuned into the debate on BBBBBBBBC (Basically Belated But Beneficial Big Black British Bones Broadcasting Company) airwaves, which broadcasted during Aleutian prime time on stations across the continental United States. The debate was tightly moderated by BBBBBBBBC anchors Dana Tapper and David Davis, with rules agreed to prior to the debate by both parties. These rules included having to pass around the Talking Ball, and having a catapult of cream pie cocked and ready to launch it into the candidates' faces at a random time, in order to keep them on their toes.

The debate began with questions about the increasing ineffectiveness of the United States government, specifically regarding plans on how to avoid defaulting on the national debt. Prickidick immediately called Collins a Palestinian as a pejorative, and Collins shot back with the statement "I beat Medicare". Both agreed however, that taking a picture of yourself smiling in Arlington National Cemetery for a political





stunt would be an incredibly inconsiderate and morally defunct thing to do.

Following the discussion on how the US government almost defaulted due to a partisan game of chicken, conversation moved onto attention-grabbing topics such as for-profit prisons, the wars in Sudan and the Maghreb, and how the government could more effectively mine the private data of its citizens for "national security". The latter half of the debate focused on Climate Change, as the most existential challenge currently facing humankind.

The debate strayed off-topic several times throughout the night, including when both candidates discussed their golf ability. "I'm the best golfer, probably in the whole world. The whole world! I'm the best. You've got to be real smart to hit the ball that good. And I did." Prickidick replied. "I'll have you know that I got my handicap down to a six," Collins proudly stated. At the end, they both agreed to play golf together, as a nice reminder that if there's anything that can bring two rich old white men together, it's playing a round of one of the most elitist games known to mankind. Never mind that they never actually answered a single question directly throughout the entire debate.

Vegas Night Creates Debauchery

DJ Benjamin

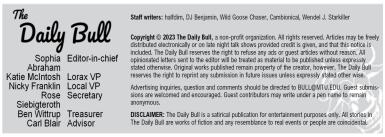
Every year, MTU hosts "Vegas Night", an event as popular with the area's lowlife and villainy as it is with the elitists. Order and discipline disappear as RAs and volunteers run the racket, heading the tables as they issue and collect counterfeit moneys from the student population. Some find themselves gambling away values equal to their tuition at the roulette table, or casting away the points along with the dice at craps, before the House pulls a Venezuela and adds three zeros to the value of the chips, instantly transforming 1 point into 1000, making and breaking fortunes with a single passing decision.

Allegedly, the racket is being run from the shadows by one mysterious Juntao, the most memorable character from *Rush Hour*. This rumor indicates that control has slipped from the powerful clutches of Mr. House, who previously ran the New Houghton Strip. While the previous kingpin tended to be more hands-off and relaxed, running a tight operation focused solely on reaping revenue from reluctant hands, the new management appears to take a much more proactive approach. The word on the street is that cheaters who previously would have simply been scolded are now being roughly removed from the establishment by mafia goons ("gooned" from the premises, as it were), and anyone winning too much at the blackjack tables is promptly taken out back and gets their kneecaps stolen.

So far, the masterminds behind Vegas Night have dodged any legal charges against them, having done an excellent job of covering their tracks and probably having a gambling license. In addition to posting a reward of one raffle ticket for anyone willing to ask the organizers if they do in fact have a gambling license, authorities are investigating every angle of the operation. This includes looking into the unregulated supply and unfair exchange of raffle tickets for charges relating to counterfeit and racketeering, and the pooling of prizes in the hands of the House, resulting in trickle-down-Techonomics. Money laundering is also suspected, though investigators say it is unlikely that they will be able to find evidence for it given that many of the people involved in the operation are CS majors, and it would be the only laundry they've done all semester.







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