

DAILY BULL



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

Wednesday, September 13, 2006

"Brigands demand your money or your life; women require both."

~Samuel Butler

Ways Tech Eats You Soul

By Robert Smith ~ Daily Bull

Community Expo Day

What other place besides Michigan Tech has their own version of a Damascus bazaar to besiege students with an onslaught of unwanted merchandise. I can still vividly picture that poor freshman surrounded by vendors trying to out-shout each other about why the student should patronize their business. The guy must have had to go into rehab after that incident. That just goes to show how market capitalism is invading the campus and targets the delicate, fragile souls of ignorant undergraduates, ripping them to shreds and devouring them faster than that chocolate brownie I had for lunch today.

The Saunas

The saunas in the dorms are touted as one of the reasons Tech is such an awesome place. I say that's a load of crap. The saunas are only a form of mind control the university has over the students in the dorm. Once students go to the sauna for

...see Soul on back



Further Info on Remedial French for Learning Challenged

By Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

We here at the Daily Bull have received several inquiries regarding the Gogebic Community College class that we had listed in a previous article; namely, Remedial French for Learning Challenged. Why these questions haven't been directed towards the proper authorities – namely, Gogebic Community College, the Hancock Public School System, and/or the Michigan Department of Natural Resources – isn't precisely clear to us, we feel obligated to provide at least some information regarding this class, as well as some of the experiences that people seem to have undergone in search of this class's location.

First, let us begin with a warning: as we had mentioned in the previous article, the class is located in the murky, leopard- and weasel-infested subbasement of the Hancock High School. Before you think that you already know what the warning is about, please pay attention, as the situation isn't quite as it seems. The leopards in the subbasement are actually quite harmless to humans, as their primary source of food is the weasels; the leopards are rather fond of the company of humans, and there are even some that enjoy the occasional well-meaning ear scratching. No, it's the weasels that you've really got to worry about. Any individual found wandering alone, unarmed, by these ravenous creatures will be immediately devoured in the most vicious and painful

way imaginable (a description of which is completely unprintable, as it would easily deprive you, gentle Reader, of the refreshing bliss of a deep sleep for approximately three months). By the time that an individual might detect the beady red eyes of the weasels, it's already far too late for any hope of rescue, or survival.

There are only a few ways to avoid the aforesaid painful devouring by weasels, which we will list briefly here. First, always carry at least three juicy slabs of human flesh, preferably from an eleven-year-old, as the weasels have been found to prefer – shall we say – a younger, choicer meat. When confronted by a pack of these bloodthirsty monsters of the darkness, toss one of the slabs in their direction and immediately begin to run towards the nearest weasel emergency exit, which are clearly marked by signs bearing a rodent's head. While running, be sure to toss the remaining two slabs over your shoulder, so as to throw off any further weasels that might have ignored the first slab.

Second, carry a fully-automatic machine gun, preferably using either 9mm or 7.62mm hollow-point rounds, with a magazine capacity of fifty rounds minimum; if one is not readily available, a .50 caliber Desert Eagle loaded with wad cutters, or a shotgun with flechette rounds, would also be acceptable. Don't

...see French on back

My dream in life is to make a living raising Sea Monkeys!



Random Thoughts

By Niki "Sanchez" Lopez ~ Daily Bull

Big cell phones do NOT have any effect on how big a guy's antenna is. enrolled in business courses... girls outnumber them 3 to 1.

How come a technological school has yet to connect all the buildings in a city with 300 inches of snow? I like cheese... a lot!

Brett Favre is still around? When is Dane Cook coming to Tech?

Are there still any single freshman girls at this point in time? ...Not that I care or anything!

I think we should exile one of all sets of twin girls so guys can get over the fantasy.

In my opinion, Applebees is the new heart of Houghton.

Men on campus would stop complaining about the lack of women if they

Away Message of the Week- "Suicide is man's way of telling God, "You can't fire me - I quit." -- sick"



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...French from front

think that any, or all, of these weapons will allow you to go head-to-head with these screeching carnivores, as you will still be devoured, just even more slowly and painfully as these creatures have a rather nasty temper and tend to dislike being shot at. No, these are to facilitate your escape through the nearest weasel emergency exit, in conjunction with the tossing of the aforesaid juicy slabs of human flesh. The way that these weapons should be used is as follows: when running towards the weasel emergency exit, some of your fellow students might get in your way. Do not let personal affinities, friendships, and/or moral qualms to impede your self preservation: gun the fuckers down. In fact, the more of your fellow students that you mow down on your way to the weasel emergency exit, the more time it will buy you for your escape, as the rampaging hoard of beasts behind you will possibly divert towards your now-deceased friends and loved ones. It's either them, or you. Don't let bourgeois sentimentality blind you to the stark reality of the situation! This is WAR!!!!

Third, if at all possible, try to make friends

with as many of the leopards in the murky subbasement as you can. Although they won't be able to help you in an all-out confrontation with the weasels, there is a chance that they will help you in your escape, or at least give you warning that a weasel attack is imminent, giving you a few extra seconds to run screaming towards the weasel emergency exit. Typically, the leopards keep accurate tabs on the movements of the larger weasel tribes, and this information just may save your life. Never pass up the opportunity to befriend a leopard, your life may depend upon it.

As a final precautionary measure, if you hear a silky voice purring from the shadows, saying "*voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?*", run. It's a trap. The weasels are known to have been listening in on the Remedial French for Learning Challenged, and have against all odds mastered the language in its entirety. Do not let your sex-deprived, hormone-laden, porn-addled brain trick you into thinking that someone actually wants you.

Good luck students! Or, should we say, *bonne chance!* ☺

Gary Agin and the PRS

Honestly, does anyone learn anything useful in that class? For the first week of Physics 1 I actually was dumb enough to not bring anything to keep me preoccupied, naively believing that I was going to pay attention in class. By week 3 I was doodling pictures in my notebook, and from week 5 on I was playing Halo on my laptop through class, stopping only to take those annoying PRS quizzes. For those of you who don't know, PRS stands for Pointless, Revenue-generating Shit, not Personal Response System like the school says. So far the PRS virus has only infected a few classes. However, if left unchecked, it could contaminate every single class in the university. Our lives would revolve around the PRS transmitter. We'd open our rooms with it, lunch selections would be beamed to the serving people with it, Public Safety would arrest you for not having one and someone would probably even invent some new erotic use for it just as we have invented phone sex and cyber sex. I shudder in horror just imagining the possible roles the PRS could play in getting it on with your significant other. This should not be allowed to happen. Death to the Republic...I mean, the PRS.

Oblivion

Oblivion eats your soul. Face it, if you've played Morrowind, just playing Oblivion will probably give you an orgasm. At the least, it'll make you drool with delight. Since Bethesda didn't put any sort of copy protection in it whatsoever, CS majors are ripping it off by the dozens. It is even dangerous to non-geeks. It'll give World of Warcraft a run for its money in the rankings of most addicting games. Friends do not let friends play Oblivion. ☺

Tales from the Hotel - Part I

By Scott Nelson ~ Daily Bull

Over the past summer, I took a job as a desk clerk at the "Award-Winning Quality

Suites in Evergreen" (My hometown.) During my tenure as a hotel desk clerk, I had many interesting experiences, with evil guests, horny guests and most of all, drunk guests. If anyone has ever had the pleasure of working at a hotel, you might understand what I am about to tell you. Also, if you have ever seen the movie, "Four Rooms," it's essentially the same thing. As we embark on this journey of chaos and calamity, I will assure you that these are ALL real people in real events, who's names have been changed to protect their identity.

The Drunken Wedding Party (Rm. 314):

One dark May evening, a wedding party came slogging into the lobby of the hotel carrying 24 packs of domestic beer. The guests proceeded to load case after case on to the luggage trolley. I was on-shift to make sure that these wedding parties didn't get out of hand, and I had no idea what was in store my colleague Marty and I. Since, we aren't allowed to halt the entrance of anything that the guests were bringing in, unless they were bringing in illegal drugs or guns. So, we had to sit back and watch. An hour passes without incident, until we get a complaint from outside. Someone was peeing off of his balcony. So, I run outside and I politely ask the gentleman to stop urinating off of his 3rd Floor balcony. Though, by that time, he had run out of fluids to urinate, so it wasn't a problem. We had some other slight problems, slight noise issues, but for the most part it looked like I got to go into my own room and call it a night.

At 3am, I heard the most ear-piercing scream; it was obviously the fire alarm. I ran up to the 3rd Floor and saw smoke, but more precisely a talcum-like powder covering the entire floor, wall and ceiling. I made the call, everyone evacuate. Most people think that evacuating Wads in the middle of the night is bad. Try evacuating a DHH sized building full of businessmen, moms with tiny kids and

pissed-off drunks at 3 am. The volunteer fire department arrives to assess the situation, it turns out the best man got pissed off at the Father-of-the-Groom and they had a fire extinguisher fight as determined by the Jefferson County SWAT Team, which happens to be the same team that responded to Columbine HS. The majority of the wedding party was arrested, and charged with felonies.

The Lovers' Quarrel (Rm. 327):

I was on the evening shift in July, and a nice looking couple came up to the desk wanting a room. I obliged, but I noted that they were coming from Denver, CO; which happens to be 30 minutes to the east. Then all hell broke loose, when they came back from their car the wife started yelling at the husband, anything from, "I hate this hotel, why do we have to be here," to the normal, "Why don't you ever change the baby's diaper." Well, this argument took place across our large lobby, not wanting to get involved, I retreated into the back office to continue to watch movies.

Later on in the night, I heard a gunshot up stairs, followed by more shouting. I immediately called the cops, but before they could arrive. I had the couple, kids and guns in hand at my front desk insisting that I put them into the loudest room in the hotel and that a baseball team had been keeping them up all night long. The held me at gunpoint insisting that I had made a mistake and that I must have a grudge against them. They promptly stormed back to the room, raving about Colorado's 10.6% Tax rate for hotels. Once again, I called the cops and had the cops escort them to the county jail.

This is just the beginning of the fun that I had at the hotel. Watch for my article next week as this short-overrated saga continues. ☺



Daily Bull

...Soul from front

a relaxing sweat soak, the want to go again, and again and the whole process repeats until it becomes an addiction. Then, when the students come back next year, they shut the saunas off. People go mad, mourning the loss of their sauna and clamoring for Facilities to fix it. While in this state of mental derangement, students are more susceptible to various forms of mind control, which has been a secret project of the Biomedical Department for years now. You don't actually think that they actually make useful things like digital thermometers, pulse detectors, and automated wheel chairs, do you? No, they've been searching for a way to control other people for nearly a decade. Thankfully, eating Twinkies seems to lend a certain measure of resistance to the effects of their new synaptic transceivers.

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