

DAILY BULL



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Wednesday, September 27, 2006

"I'd rather be called 'Sleazy' than to be identified as intelligent."
~Phil Donahue

Bureaucracy How I Despise Thee

By Scott Nelson ~ Daily Bull

In the passing weeks, I have been trying to add a class to my schedule, a class that I already have been in for the past couple of weeks. Now I would love to take this class for credit, since I don't want to deal with any more distribution credits than I have to. So, I make my way to the Admin building into the large room, surrounded by counters with no discernable place to queue. I speak to one of the nice ladies and told her that I wanted to take FA3401. Well, it turns out that it puts me over my 18, by one credit. Damn, now I have to go somewhere else.

I was told to go talk to the Dean of Students to get a waiver to be able to take this new class. This seemed simple enough, walk down

...see Bureaucracy on back

Biblical Diaper Found in Bethlehem

By Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

Archaeologists were ecstatic to announce that there has been a large sheet of cloth, roughly two feet by four feet in size (3.14159 square cubits), which bares the impression of, well, a bare baby – and obviously male – bottom found several days ago within the walls of the old city of Bethlehem. Almost immediately after the find, many of the members of the local community – apparently of the Christian persuasion – were discovered congregating within the general location of an archaeological dig, which happened to be almost completely on the opposite side of the city from where the diaper had been discovered. The gatherers, upon being interviewed by an Israeli newspaper reporter, made claims that the cloth in question had been the first diaper worn by the newly-born Jesus of Nazareth, as applied upon said person by his mother, the (allegedly) Virgin Mary.

The individuals in question, after the reporter had informed them that they were in almost the exact place they didn't want to be, became belligerent and made various references to obscure biblical passages which have no bearing upon the story in question;

suffice it to say that these persons soon relocated to the actual dig site where the cloth had been discovered. Shortly thereafter, the sky darkened for a brief period, followed by the incessant buzzing of innumerable flying insects, both of which soon faded after a moment of healthy, vigorous earth trembling. Upon cessation of these phenomena, the previously ecstatic archaeologists were dismayed to discover that there prized discovery had been purloined by persons unknown, and it quickly became apparent that the group of apparently pious individuals were most likely responsible. The scholars filed an immediate report to the Israeli Antiquities Authority, who then put out an arrest warrant (a.k.a. "shoot-to-kill") for all persons of the Christian persuasion carrying a biblical-epoch diaper.

Beginning just yesterday, however, there have been an increasing number of sketchy reports of strange, inexplicable events in the greater Bethlehem metropolitan areas; upon investigation, it is becoming more and more apparent that the perpetrator of these events is a large piece of discoloured

...see Diaper on back

I enjoy sitting and watching the Starfield screensaver in the dark for hours!



Sudoku Makes You Stupid

By Heather Vingness ~ Daily Bull

From what I hear, SuDoKu puzzles are all the craze these days. Who knew that 49 little squares of numbers could keep an idiot busy for so long? In truth, unfortunately, SuDoKu is not what it seems. Those little boxes of boxes mean much more to the universe than cheap entertainment during lecture in Fisher 135.

SuDoKu was actually created by an Alien life form. In Alien, SuDoKu is pronounced Lkasdjflkxvr. It was introduced on Earth through a student at Northern Michigan University, whose brain was taken over and controlled for several years by the aliens. (This could explain her above-average intelligence, since it is unlikely that any normal NMU student would be very brainy).

This woman, Jane Doe, had her

alien abduction encounter during her first semester at NMU. She wasn't very smart originally, since she chose to go to Northern in the first place. Unfortunately, by the time she was abducted she was already settled in to her new home, and the smart alien never had her transfer schools because it would arouse suspicion.

Jane Doe, with help from Alien, managed to brilliantly translate Lkasdjflkxvr into "Such Dumb Kids": SuDoKu. (Not even Aliens could help this poor girl's spelling skills).

SuDoKu has spread all over the world due to the efforts of Jane Doe and her other Alien-compromised comrades. (The MTU Lode even features the puzzles).

...see Sudoku on back



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...Diaper from front

cloth, of approximately two feet by four feet, in the hands of various unnamed persons of the Christian persuasion. Then, just today, a reporter managed to infiltrate one of these underground and outlaw cells, and barely escaped with his life with a large pink binder filled with hastily scribbled notes clutched in his hands.

“Jesus’ diaper cured me of my UTI!” exclaimed one woman, giving her name only as Sophie. “All I had to do was to touch the yellow spot, and I could just feel the power of the Holy Spirit flowing through my bladder!”

Another man, calling himself Saul, had a different experience to report. “I’ve been bothered by hemorrhoids for well-nigh unto thirty years, and just having breathed the holy air around the Diaper of Bethlehem,

I could feel Jesus reaching into me and bringing a calming glow of healing and rebirth!”

“After my donkey kicked me in the butt, I’ve (sic) been suffering from a horrible bout of constipation,” claimed a grandly-sized man by the name of Joseph. “But then I laid my forehead upon the sacred brown, and I feel like God himself squeezed my bowels into motion! Praise be!”

There were also additional claims of cures for the following, abbreviated, list: diarrhea, bladder stones, kidney stones, erectile dysfunction, projectile vomiting, bloating, hiccups, gonorrhea, premature ejaculation, porn addiction, hormone imbalance, menopause, excessive menstrual bleeding, enlarged prostate, “dribbling,” PMS, vaginal yeast infections, genital warts, pubic lice, syphilis, genital herpes, and gas.

Apparently, there were notable aftereffects to the “healing process,” which the aforesaid reporter also noted in his daring escapade. All of the persons healed (all of them of the Christian persuasion) became, shall we say, randy, to the point of nymphomania and satyriasis; namely, utterly indecent, especially considering that the persons involved were of the Christian persuasion.

“Well,” said one Father Malchior O’Shaunneycy, of the local Our Most Serene, Pious, and Chaste Lady of Bethlehem (reformed) Church, “It seems that when Jesus and the Holy Spirit worked these miracles here today, **SATAN** decided to try and corrupt myself and my flock with

SIN in the form of **LEWDNESS** and **INDECENCY.**”

The reporter, as a personal note, suggests that the Right Reverend’s comments were pure crock, a sentiment echoed by one person by the name of Bob. “Jesus was probably just a horny dude, yeah?” 🍌

...Bureaucracy from front

the hall, take a left and get a waiver. No problem. Oh no, it turns out I was wrong, looks like I actually have to make an appointment with the Dean or an advisor so I have a counseling session to make sure that I am able to take this course. Well, I guess that I had to go through their hoops to be able to take this course, which is a music class that I’m taking anyway. So, I have to make the appointment for the following Monday, much to my annoyance since I would much rather just sign up for the class and not have to deal with this any further.

The next Monday, I walked back into the Dean’s office, but it turns out that the person who I had made the appointment with, was strangely delayed for some reason. So, I had to come back the next day for the appointment, luckily he is there so I can fulfill the appointment. After 30 minutes of questions regarding my current course load, past course load and extra curricular activities, I finally obtained the waiver for the course overload. Now, I could finally register for my class, or so I thought.

When I returned to the Records and

Registrations room, I tried to register once again for my class. Well, it turns out that the Friday prior (the day after the first day in this saga) was the last day to register without the late add form. However, I couldn’t get the late add form from the Registrar, I had to get it from my instructor. All right, so I walk to the other end of campus to talk to my instructor and after waiting an hour to be able to talk to him during his office hours, it turns out that he doesn’t have the form, but I would have to obtain the proper form from the Departmental office down the hall. So, after waiting in line for 20 minutes or so, I finally got the proper form. I take the form to my instructor, and I finally get it signed.

So, I take the form back to that stupid room, hand them the form and I get put in the class. It took a total of 1 minute to add me to that class. It took me exactly one week of bureaucracy to achieve my final goal of adding a one-credit course that I was already participation in. My question is, why does the university feel that it is necessary that I have to submit a total of three forms, two interviews and hours queuing in the admin building to eventually end up giving them more money.

This last week, I sat down and I watched “Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy.” It was the movie, which isn’t as good as the books by far, but it still provides a good base of reference for my overall point. I saw that the Vogons in this allegedly fictional universe are very bureaucratic in nature. Though, after all is said in done, people and aliens are still queuing in line, filling out the proper form,

whether it is cyan, puce, periwinkle or Kelly green in color, while the protagonists are completing whatever it was that they were attempting to do in a very roundabout fashion. So, I guess my point is, let’s forget all these bourgeois forms, paper trails and queues, the only thing that matters is the proliferation of a better society and the proletariat. 🍌

...Sudoku from front

Hundreds of Sudoku puzzles are completed every hour. Every time a puzzle is completed, part of the puzzle-doer’s brain is sucked away. The concentration put into the puzzle is radiated through space to the Alien’s home world, the planet formerly known as Pluto. This small bit of brainpower is used as an alternative fuel to energize Pluto, since the planet does not have any natural resources of its own to speak of.

SuDoKu’s presence on Northern’s campus is a great detriment to the Marquette community, since every time a puzzle is completed the students get stupider and stupider, rather than smarter as one would believe after doing a logic puzzle. Then, since their brains have been compromised and they are losing their marbles, they continue to do SuDoKu puzzles to make themselves smarter, not realizing that it is those same SuDoKu puzzles that are working against them.

Don’t fall into the same vicious cycle as the NMU students. Don’t give your brains to Aliens by completing SuDoKu puzzles. Do your part to preserve the brains left on Earth. 🍌



Daily Bull

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