

DAILY BULL



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Thursday, October 5, 2006

"When did I realize I was God? Well, I was praying and I suddenly realized I was talking to myself."

~Peter O'Toole

The DB Blotter

By Tim Kotula ~ Daily Bull

A mix of the usual crimes happened this past week, and the *Bull* has all of the details...

Ya, Eh? A tourist was apprehended in a local cafe by police Tuesday morning, and charged with the poor impersonation of a Yooper accent. The suspect reportedly pronounced a common Yooper phrase 'dat them thar', when the correct pronunciation would actually be 'dat dem der'. Two additional charges were later added after it was discovered that the suspect's car had Wisconsin plates and featured a "Meat is Evil" bumper sticker. The suspect has since pleaded guilty and been deported to his home state.

Mother Nature, Not So Motherly. Mother Nature was arraigned in Houghton County Court Monday, on multiple ...see Blotter on back

It started off so simple.

I was walking to one of my classes in Fisher when it happened. I slowly became aware of a deathly silence- the halls were empty. Scattered papers blew across my path like tumbleweed, and then I heard it- a faint sobbing. Rounding a corner, I saw a figure hunched over a laptop making animal sounds of rage and pain. The screen confirmed my fears, and I could feel my heart turn to ice. "Unable to establish a network connection".

It was down. The ethereal, nearly mystical linkage that connected our isolated abode to the outside world had been cut... probably a backhoe or something. Before I had a chance to react, the figure whirled. His face dripping with shreds of a former classmate, his eyes blazing with an unholy aura, I knew what to do- my only option.

Run like hell.

Turns out, I can sprint quite well when properly motivated. Dodging the internet-zombies with a speed I had never known myself capable of, I worked my way to the closest exit I could find amidst cries of "N33D t3H

PRO|/|!!!1!!" and "N33D T3h 1nT4R\W 3B!!!!".

Wads was a straight shot across the street. I could feel my legs burn as I forced myself to keep going. Tires screeched behind me as drivers swerved to avoid the mass of crazed Myspace junkies, gamers, and porn addicts. I was helpless to aid these innocent bystanders- there was nothing I could do to help them. Their screams still haunt me in the darkness.

I slowly fought my way through floor after floor of the monsters, armed with nothing more than a calculus book used as a bludgeon and my trusty multitool. "At last", I said as I staggered to my room and quickly locked the door. The light was dim, and I could barely make out my belongings strewn about the floor. Glancing to my roommate's desk, my blood ran cold. "No... not you too," I stammered. The only response was a guttural roar.

I sat in the darkness of my bathroom for what seemed like hours, rocking slowly back and forth, trying to forget the sound of the thing my roommate had become clawing at the door. Suddenly,

...see System Down on back

You're only cool if you have different font sizes in your newspaper...that's why the Lode isn't!



How To...Become That Guy

By Alex Dimitrijeski ~ Daily Bull

We all know "That Guy". Some of us have been that guy. Most of us hate That Guy. Secretly, however, most of us want to have the courage of That Guy. The courage to just say, "Screw it," let loose and have fun without regard for other peoples' physical or mental well-being.

The first step is to become embittered by anything, and possibly everything. Whether it be a bad high-school experience, being at Tech too long, having a really screwed up relationship history, or just being poor. Whatever the reason, focus on that and use it as your driving force for hating people.

The next step is to be very cynical. Watch and listen to a lot of Lewis Black, Carlos Mencia, Chris Titus, and other angry and offensive comedians. There's a reason that people love these guys. They tell it like it is and understand that if people are offended, they should just die in a fire.

The third step is to work a lot. Whether it's on school work, at a job, or just volunteering, you need to eat up all of your free time. If you're sleeping more than 6 hours a night, and taking naps during the day, you're not doing enough. You shouldn't be able to

breathe without putting it in your schedule. Only leave yourself one free Saturday night per month, because that's crucial to the final step.

Drink a lot! This doesn't mean drink every night, this means that on the one free Saturday night that you have, you need to get wasted. The goal here is to not remember anything after the first two hours of drinking (and that's being generous). The combination of bitterness, cynicism, and the stress of always being busy, when mixed with exorbitant amounts of alcohol, will lead to you becoming That Guy, or so I'm told. I'm not really sure since I don't remember those nights, and neither will you!

Just think, you can be a total douche and wake up the next day only remembering being a charming, though mildly intoxicated fellow.

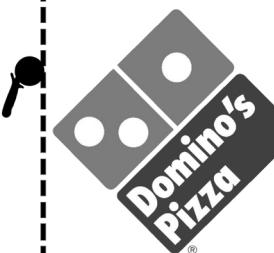
A bonus tip is to sign up for things while you are sober that you know you would only do if you were totally wasted, like a hard-body contest. This will give you incentive to get drunk more quickly so that you don't remember being embarrassed on stage. ☺

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...System Down from front

I was thrust from my pit of despair by a joyous sound- "IT'S BACK! THE INTERNET! IT'S BACK!". I carefully gathered all my remaining courage, and opened the door. The rooms around me were filled with sobs of joy, the once zombies curled happily around their computer screens. The internet- realm of viral videos, Chuck Norris, and illegal filesharing- was back, and we could all return to our normal lives.

I sit now, writing this late at night, because I can't sleep. Although things are as they were again, (minus a couple students that became zombie-food and a handful of zombies I gave a blunt-trauma crash course in limits and derivatives) I can't help but think what might happen the next time... will you be ready?

My monitor flickers for a moment, and there's nothing I can do to stop the gnawing fear. ☺



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...Blotter from front

charges, which include 189 counts of excessive annual snowfall, dating back to the winter of 1817. Additional counts are possible as the local weather authority continues to dig through the historical records. Unfortunately, Mother Nature somehow managed to post a bail that stood at several million dollars, meaning she is free to continue wreaking potential havoc this winter. Students all over campus have been expressing their concern, given the recent chilly, wet weather. Mother Nature could not be reached for comment.

Bigfoot Burglary. Police responded to a call from a local man claiming that his home had been burglarized by Bigfoot. A footprint which was determined to be approximately size 26½ was discovered at the crime scene, thus confirming the nature of the visitor. Interestingly, the only item missing from the home was a pair of women's panties. Apparently,

Bigfoot has developed a new fetish. Police will continue to investigate this newest lead in the ongoing hunt for the creature.

Pranked! Around 2:00 AM last Friday, Public Safety received a sudden storm of calls regarding various "pizza delivery", "free HBO" and "male escort service" offers. Individuals with information leading to the discovery of the person or persons responsible for the blue phone dialing prank are encouraged



Bull vs. Bull

What Should Happen to the Guy Who Killed the Internet on Monday ?

Good Things ~ Joel Fox

As you all probably noticed, the Internet went out on Monday. Not completely out, mind you; those



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in the dorms still had the school's network to operate on, including such gems as the expertly designed MTU website and the ever popular Banweb.

Now the rumors circulating are numerous: a pirate killed Al Gore, a pirate didn't kill, but severely injured Al Gore, and some guy in Wisconsin (probably a pirate with no great love for Al Gore) severed a fiber-optic cable. Of these, the last is probably most credible, seeing as some cell phones went out too, and we all know how Wisconsin feels about phones.

So, as journalist walking his beat, I have heard a lot of bad talk about this mystery man in Wisconsin (lets call him Chuck E. Cheese). "Let's kill him," or "I hate that guy," and even "Chuck E. Cheese licks the sweat off a dead man's balls." (p.s. my beat consists of watching Robin Williams movies).

Why all the hate for Chuck E. Cheese? He's done nothing to hurt you—short of destroying your only window to the world in the land of ice and snow, which is thousands of miles from civilization. After all, it's just the Internet, right? Not like you need it for your classes or anything—except classes where you have to do research, or talk to people outside the MTU network, or know anything about the world outside of Houghton (and how many classes are there like that?)

So Chuck E. Cheese? I salute you. You've freed (if until 11:30pm) the students of MTU from their hideous dependency on a useful and wide-reaching technology. Someone give that man a raise—hell, how about a couple. ☺

Bad Things ~ Nic Leatherman

So, what should happen to the person that left us without Internet for all of Monday? Well let me tell you what I think.

Since this is the second time a wire was cut somewhere in Wisconsin, I say that it has gone too far. First off, let's show the guy how we felt when we had Internet by putting him in a room showing free porn and blasting our illegally acquired music. After he becomes accustomed to that environment and living off of nothing, but Mountain Dew and some microwavable pizzas, we will pull the plug on everything leaving him in an empty void where there used to be the Internet. Then he will feel the massive panic that went through all of us....

Since he would not be accustomed to his life suddenly going down at a power outage or "family trip" we probably wouldn't need to do anything else; he would simply explode. But, if he didn't then we would have to beat him, and leave him in Detroit somewhere. From there he would become a successful rapper that no one will care about after he puts out a movie.

Now we focus on the fact that we get our Internet from Wisconsin. Why would we do something like that? Do not get technical with me, saying that that is where the central hub is, or whatever you call it. I really don't care we could easily build a magical Internet giving center on the cloud station that Tech secretly built for the "super engineers" to find and claim as their "paradise". ☺