

DAILY BULL

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

Friday, October 6, 2006

"Don't have sex man. It leads to kissing and pretty soon you have to start talking to them. "
~Steve Martin

Human Gerbil Ball

By Mike Denomme ~ Daily Bull

Inspired by concept drawing by Ryan Lemmens
Thanks to ENG1102 for their wonderful assignments.

Everyone knows of those oh so lovable Engineering Fundamentals classes that take up to an hour and a half of your precious gaming/nap time (but who doesn't sleep in them to?). But you all remember or are experiencing those oh so lovable semester design projects, and if your very lucky, you have that HPV. Well if you're into alternative modes of transportation then boy do I have something for you. The Human Gerbil Ball.

That's right, ladies and gents, this one and only design offers safety and curvature to comfort you on your way to work or school. This giant plastic wonder has many features such as...its round... and shiny...really shiny. Not



...see Gerbil Ball on back

How To...Tell Your Boyfriend You're Late

By Alyse Heikkinen ~ Daily Bull

Whether or not you're actually in a relationship, or what your personal beliefs are on adoption and abortion, I believe if you should become pregnant the father should know. You have to listen to him and he shouldn't have any right in the matter beyond that, but in almost all cases he should at least be aware of the situation at hand. This is a serious issue that's been debated many times over and I'm not going to debate again here. However, to advocate my stance, I came up with a few simple ideas to let your man in on the potential situation.

Send him a "Congratulations New Daddy" Teddy Gram. Instead of chocolates, perhaps some Nitro Pills would be best.

Take out a small article in his hometown newspaper. You know, right next to the obituaries where they have the newlywed and baby announcements? Put something there and wait for his parents or friends to give him a call.

IM him. This method should be reserved for boyfriends with a short temper and cheap computer.

Take out an ad in The Daily Bull. Hopefully he reads it.

Pass him a note in class that reads: Will you have my baby?
()yes ()no (/)too late

Gain some weight really fast and then break up with him. Tell everyone you know he broke up with you when he found out you might be pregnant. It'll get back to him eventually, possibly in the form of an ass kicking though.

Next time his friends are around, hand him a Cabbage Patch kid, one that cries and pees. Tell him he needs to show you how to change a diaper and prove he can handle his new responsibility. Then just run out of the room, leaving him with the crying doll.

Do your best to start throwing up in the mornings, and maybe accidentally puke on him. It's gross, but he'll probably notice something is up really quick.

-Next time you're having sex, yell at him for thrusting too hard because you don't want a brain damaged baby.

Make him a delicious dinner with a note explaining the situation baked right in. Chances are when he realizes what he's choking on, he'll try swallowing it again. Get a hold of his Calculus notes and

...see How To on back

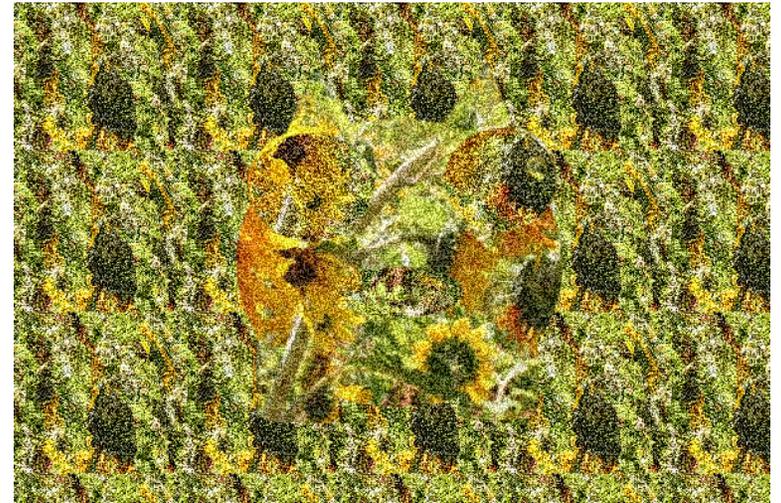
I believe everyone in the world should have a "Lock Box"

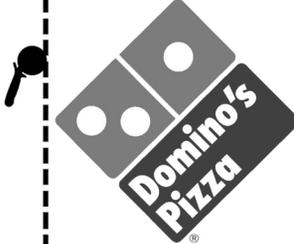


Dave's Corner in 3D!

By David Klemens ~ Daily Bull

Just stare at it!





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...How To from front

rewrite an equation:
(anything blah anything) = I'm probably pregnant!!!!!!
That'll teach him to study.

Leave a mostly full packet of birth control pills on the wrong day on his desk with a note that reads "OOPS."

Pack up a nights worth of clothes and tell him you're going to Disney World! Then take him to the doctors so you can get an official pregnancy test. The clothes may come in handy if he needs to be hospitalized overnight for trauma.

Throw a party, get everyone (especially your boyfriend) drunk, and then explain to him you can't drink because you might be pregnant. Talk about perfect timing.

Next time he spills something like a glass of milk or booze, yell, "How the hell do you expect to take care of

the baby in my belly if you can't even handle that?"

Remind him about that cute puppy in the window he had to have when he was younger, but then it pooped and peed and he didn't want it anymore. Then throw in the fact that you might be pregnant. This is probably funnier if you were the one with the puppy.

Ignore him until he asks what's wrong, then just tell him it's a girl thing. This alone doesn't work, but it will make it more dramatic if you later implement one of the above suggestions.

Not all of these suggestions can work in any situation. Most guys can't take hints very well and need these things spelled out and annunciated before they have a clue what's going on. Don't be surprised if you find yourself halfway through the list and he still clueless, but keep on trying. If nothing else, I'm sure his face when he finds out will be entertainment enough.

...Gerbil Ball from front

to mention its security benefits. You see, who can steal your wallet when your four feet away from people at all times and there's a hard plastic shell between you and them? The other amazing feature is the anti-theft devices. The first one is that its parking mechanism comes with a shovel. You dig a giant 8 foot by 4 foot hole in the ground to park your ball so it won't roll away even in the strongest wind. That's right Katrina...Bee-atch! The second anti-theft device is the fact that who wants to be seen walking around in that giant plastic bubble? I mean you're like the only person that ever would.

So you've gotten bored of using your

gerbil ball, but wait right there. I have alternative uses for it. That's right, with a little water-sealant and some water; you can have your own giant mobile swimming pool. You could also swim your way to where ever you want to go (as long as it's somewhere downhill from the starting point). You could even use it to mix up you various beverages at those parties this year. With the special funnel attachment that connects to the entrance hole, you can then use it as a bong.

With all these features and more The Human Gerbil Ball is the HPV for you. Although you could just walk but at least this is more entertaining to watch than www.bikeforest.com/tread/index.php. I mean come on! It's a treadmill on a scooter! There's a sucker born every minute and you just happen to be one too. Feel Special? Wanna cookie? Then just purchase the Human Gerbil Ball (comes with cookies). I just had to laugh...

MTU Experiences Nuclear Winter

By Nick Nelson ~ Daily Bull

On Monday, October 2, 2006, at approximately 12:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, Michigan Technological University was lost in a vortex spiraling toward a parallel universe. Nuclear winter had come.

MTU (snap, I mean "Michigan Tech") was thrown into chaos. Anyone caught outside was killed instantly, frozen so quickly that bones and spleens shattered, so quickly that they didn't even crap their pants one last time. Those smart enough to remain indoors had their faces promptly in-

jected with acid by dryders, dealing 24 damage per second (until a cleric cured the poison), if they didn't possess sufficient poison-resistant armor. Even those cunning enough to avoid the traps brought on by the nuclear winter lost some percentage of their sanity, with less sanity lost the higher level the person.

The dorms (sorry, "residence halls") were in disarray. Many survivors were flung into seizures, convulsions, and voluntary studying. Resident Assistants lucky enough to be alive had no control over the other students in their halls (wait, that's normal... never mind). Freshmen (sorry, "first-year students," don't want to hurt your fragile little personalities) were spotted doing basic algebra and minors for nostalgic pleasures. The Computer Science Hall was much, much worse. Paper was sighted in the hall for the first time since the invention of the home computer. Many stared at their computer monitors, uncontrollably clicking the "Log In" button on the

World of Warcraft™ main menu, frustration growing like a Chia pet™ crunked on Miracle Grow™. Live Action Role-Playing and Dungeons and Dragons™ combined to form carcinogenic nerd ooze. Several bystanders were decapitated by relentless foam swords swung by floundering Computer Science majors.

At 11:09 P.M. of the same day, somewhere on the second floor of East Wadsworth Hall, a cell phone beeped... incoming message. Someone hearing the digital chirp perked up, asking without hesitation, "0M/G!!1! iz teh 1n73R\W\3B b4K?!?!one!" Lo and behold, Tech was reconnected to the globe. Cheers and screams of joy echoed through the dorms (crap, I mean residence halls) throughout the night, making rest as impossible as cute kittens.

I woke up the next morning, disappointed that my ten-page research essay, due in one hour, was stunted at page two, line twenty. I hope that asshat in Green Bay enjoys unemployment.

Daily Bull

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