

DAILY BULL



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Friday, September 29, 2006

Confessions of a Mascot Hitman

By Mark Cruth ~ Daily Bull

There he was, jumpin' around like there ain't no tomorrow...well for him I guess there isn't. I lined up my cross hairs on with his big rubber head. I took a deep breath, and by the time I exhaled the deed was done. Tony the Tiger just ate his last bowl of Frosted Flakes, and I'm guessing they weren't that great.

I can't remember when I got into the business of knocking of the icons of the world they call mascots. Ever since I can remember I have been knocking them out of the public eye, one by one. I'm guessing it all started when I went to Disney World when I was six and Goofy wouldn't take a picture with me. I strangled that son-of-

a-bitch by tying his own ears around his neck after he neglected to pay attention to me.

Since then I have by paid to do this gig. Whenever a company had a problem with a mascot, whether it was because

the mascot didn't show enough enthusiasm, was boozing up before, or was banging the CEO's wife, I was there to take care of the problem. I've taken out mascots such as the Famous Chicken from San Diego, Big Red from Western Kentucky, the Irishman from Notre Dame, and even the Corn Flake Brothers.

When I've told people what I do, which I don't often do, they tell me that there are actually people inside of those costumes. They always questions, "Don't you feel bad that you're killing another human being?" I always respond backing saying that, "Once they've put on the costume, they are no longer a human, but something else, something amusing, but hideous at the same time." I then tell them that "my job is about a population control in the mascot world. You can't trust those things, so I'm here to make sure that they don't screw up."

...see Mascot on back

There better be no hobos in my yard when I wake up or I'm turning on the sprinkler!



...see Chickenball on back

How To...Build a Golem

By Nick Nelson ~ Daily Bull

Golem construction is not your everyday arts-and-crafts hobby. It takes dedication, precision, and a little bit of ingenuity. Now, if you're like most people, you're probably wondering, "I know the main ingredient in golems is pure liquid awesome, but how could I go about building one?" Well, I happen to know how to build several types of golems, and you can always trust me with good solid information...

Iron Golems: One of the simplest types, iron golems require only some iron ingots, a basic electrical system (depending on the types of tasks you want your golem to perform), the beating hearts of three kittens (can be substituted with five hearts from rabid chipmunks or squirrels), and, obviously, a vial of pure liquid awesome. First, you will need a mold for your golem's shell. Your roommate will do nicely. Next, mix the molten iron with the pure liquid

awesome and, before pouring into the mold, throw in the hearts and wire network. When you wake up in the morning, presto!

Kitten Golems: These are lesser known golems, but are quite easy to create, nonetheless. Take a kitten of any breed (make sure it is soulless, though) and give it daily injections of pure liquid awesome directly into the blood stream for a week. You will quickly begin to notice changes in your kitten. After one week, however, its complete mutation will be finished. The inner workings of your kitten golem now only need a shell to be a whole golem. Luckily, it will create this itself by killing all nearby kittens and adsorbing them to its skin. Enjoy your new kitten golem! (Note: if you try to make a kitten golem out of a kitten with a soul, it will promptly eat your face.)

...see Golem on back



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...Mascot from front

On only one occasion I did not complete the work I was hired out for. I was assigned to take out Toucan Sam, the sorry bastard from the Fruit Loops cereal. With this particular hit I wasn't able to snipe him because I never had the opportunity for a clear shot, so in came down to hand-to-hand combat. When it appeared that he was alone, I came out of the shadows and grabbed him. "Follow your noise now, Mr. Sam," I said as I was about send him back from where he came from, but all of a sudden I got whacked over the head. I woke up in the dumpster behind Taco Bell covered in Mild Sauce. Come to find out that Toucan Sam's nephews (those little birds you see in the commercials) were actually still in the room and they hit me over the head with a box of stale Fruit Loops. Sam fled the country and has yet to come back. He better not show him peak in this country again or it will be his last.

People ask do I like my job, and my

response is, "Does a fish like water?" I live for this job. I get a thrill like no other when I'm doing a job. And on a final note, Barney, if I hear you sign that damn love song again, you'll be the next one up on my mascot hit list. 🐼

...Chickenball from front

the door, so I followed. He took me to the back of the building and threw me into a room.

The room was a lot like a basement furnace room with a loading dock. On the right side of the wall was a desk for me to sit in. There were other people doing random stuff in the room like tightening nuts and bolts, adjusting valves then loosening nuts and bolts, then readjusting valves, etc. Someone yelled told me to get to work. I responded with, "I have not idea what I'm supposed to be doing. I've never been here before. I just came with my dad to see what he does at work." The man didn't look very pleased with me. I continued, "I'll just sit at this desk and act like I'm working. Is that alright?" He nodded his head.

Throughout the day people came and went. Here are some of the highlights. Mikey Toles bringing these big orange tubes about 5 feet long and 1 foot in diameter. He put them in the freezer and left. Some Siamese twins were walking around randomly. Late in the day I went over to inspect the tubes. I realized that they were actually freeze pops. I was ecstatic. For the rest of the day I would walk over and break off a piece. An hour later when I was done eating that I would head back over.

Finally the workday was over. I went outside and somehow I was at a ski resort. So I said to myself, "I might as well go skiing." So I grabbed my skis,

despite the fact that I snowboard, and hit the slopes. I was skiing for a while and decided to take a huge, steep black diamond. Near the bottom of the slope was shaped like a giant V. I got going really fast and rode up near the top of the V. Then the V just stopped and I went flying through the air about 20-25 feet in the air. By some act of God, I managed to land on my feet, and then some judges appeared and gave me first place.

I hung around the top of the ski lift for a while and met up with two of my friends and some very hott girl (not just hot, hot with two t's). We decided to head back so we started to leave and I noticed that the hott girl didn't have skis so I took mine off and walked down with her. On the way down I realized my pants were down and I was like, "I should probably put my pants on."

She responded, "You don't have to if you don't want to..." as she got down on her knees.

I thought to myself, "Hmm, this could get interesting."

At that exact moment another friend, Ira W. Hall III, yelled over to me, "Hey, Dave, wanna go sledding?"

I responded, "Yeah!" I turned to the girl; she took out a piece of paper with and wrote her phone number and AIM screenname. Then instead of talking, little text bubbles appeared above my head saying, "0_o?" "ZOMG =)" "thx" "kk, byes." I then ran over to Ira.

Ira was sitting on this big pink sled that he got from Sandy. That was the only sled. Ira handed me a soup bowl and said, "Race ya to the bottom. Go!" I sat down on the little bowl and took off. Boy was it bumpy. However, I

did manage to make it to the bottom intact. I lost my broomball shin/leg pad things on the way down. Luckily, someone found them. They didn't return them though; they walked off with them. I was mildly disgruntled. At the bottom of the slope was a large mass of people crowding together for some reason.

Alex Dimitrijeski pulled me over into the fray. Chickenball is set up as like this. There is a big deck with a 5-foot drop into a pit as wide as half a basketball court. There is one lone man down in the pit, the pitcher. Chickenball revolves around a chicken. Get a dead chicken take the meat out and grind it out for the chicken equivalent of ground beef, then they stuff it back inside the skin and bones of the chicken. The pitcher takes a small ball out of it and pitches it at the thrower on the deck. As far as I understand the thrower throws the wad of chicken (to what means I do not know). Anyway, 2 people throw and then I am sent up to the plate. The two previous throws were waiting down in the pit. The pitcher threw me the meat ball. I took the ball in my hand and threw it as far as possible. I jumped down into the pit and started running to the bases. That's when I realized there were no bases and that everyone was staring at me with angry faces. Alex screamed at me, "Dave, you lost us the game!"

I responded with, "I don't know how to play this games. I've never played it before."

Alex yelled back, "You've never played Chickenball before? I used to play it all the time as a child and I still do."

At this point the butch lady umpire/person in charge stepped out from the side wall. She said gently, "I feel the need to express myself and explain this

game...in song." Immediately everyone around lined up in formation like for a Broadway musical. The sounds of instruments sounded through the air in a loud crescendo. Dudun dudun dun dun! *I wake up* 🐼

...Golem from front

Flesh Golems: Simple follow the directions given for creating a kitten golem, except remove the skin from your kitten before beginning injections of pure liquid awesome. (It is now inhumane to make flesh golems out of humans according to the Patriot Act and the rulings of Roe vs. Wade.)

Golem Golems: These are built with the same concept as kitten golems, except with any traditional metallic golems.

Bread Golems: These golems vary in difficulty to create based on your location (luckily, College Avenue at night is a very good place). Make sure to have at least two loaves of your favorite sliced bread with you, pre-injected with pure liquid awesome, of course. Next, find any drunken person (already unconscious works best). The bread loaves should be soggy enough at this point such that you can begin placing the slices on the drunk's body. When done, allow the alcoholic concussion to pass naturally through your subject's body. Upon awakening, you will have a fully functioning bread golem!

Fire Golems: Slip some pure liquid awesome into a friend's drink, then light them on fire. Bingo, fire golem! (Unfortunately, fire golems tend to have a short life span.)

Enjoy your new golem friend, but please leave them at home when you go to class FFS! 🐼



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