

DAILY BULL



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

Thursday, March 29, 2007

"Death is life's way of telling you you're fired."

~Proverb

Assassins: Part I

By John Earnest ~ Daily Bull

I ran my hands over the surface of my weapon, feeling the details of the smooth plastic. The crowd I was working my way through was a comfort-my enemies didn't dare take a shot with so many bystanders.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a quick movement that could be only one thing. I hit the floor, darts whizzing past my body. This was a bold one, to be sure, though impulsive. My opponent lost his chance for a second shot as shocked students surged around him, and I managed to swiftly duck into a bathroom. After 5 tense minutes of hiding in a stall, reading the latest gossip scrawled on the thickly

...see Assassins on back



Bubble Bath of Horror

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller ~ Daily Bull

[Imagine loud climatic music at your discretion]

This is not your ordinary story of boy meets girl who fall in love and have a happy or sad ending where everything is resolved, though I'll have to try that sometime. No, this is a gripping tale of the lies and deceit, raping and pillaging, and destruction on an unimaginable scale. A story so devastating, that even the hardest, coldest criminals locked deep within the bowels of some beast they were fed to would cower in fear.

It all began on a typical Saturday morning in the suburbs of Las Vegas, deep in the heart of America's safe mindedness. Mrs. Wozniak had just stepped out for a quick cup of tea while the kids were obediently doing their homework before the mid-afternoon cartoons. No one suspected that they were all about to be witnesses to the greatest unscientific, yet mind boggling thing ever to strike the Earth that day, save for one man. Arnold Klitzinferfendorlnerhagen.

Like most children, Arnold Klitzinferfendorlnerhagen was born. He spent the majority of his childhood in slave labor working the Arsenic mines of Nebraska. He heroically escaped along with 17 other inmates, all of whom were shot with anthrax tranquilizers and thrown into the jaws of an awaiting Sarlacc (look it up on Wikipedia if unsure of meaning). Klitzinferfendorlnerhagen eventually made his way to Las Angeles, where he was ticketed for jaywalking by the LAPD's finest, Joe "Potbelly" Schmoe.

Joe "Potbelly" Schmoe drove a 1974 Ford Pinto, painted red with white pin striping on both sides. Preferring to keep the car to his own, he rarely let his wife drive it for fear she might "explode the whole damn thing like last time."

Little did Potbelly Schmoe know was that this trip home from work was to be his last. For up forty miles up ahead, unbeknownst to the technicians on duty, Reactor 7 was about to experience a critical

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When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie that'sBlah....Blah....Blah



Random Quotes

By Tim Kotula ~ Daily Bull

"If God had meant for man to use everything really..."
the metric system, Jesus would've had 10 disciples." Person 1: "I just wish our professors saw it the same way with homework."

"It's guaranteed that zero goals won't win this one."

"Harry Potter is such a fraud. 'Repairum Serviosa' does NOT fix a broken server."

Person 1: "Whatever, same difference."

Person 2: "No, 5-3 and 2-4... um...I mean, the absolute value of 2-4 are the same difference."

"How many academic advisors does it take to screw in a light bulb? Well, that depends on the light bulb's major, but if it is 'Undecided', then the light bulb is definitely screwed."

"BOOBS!"

"I don't mind communication, but words just suck."

"What is the capital of Chicago?"

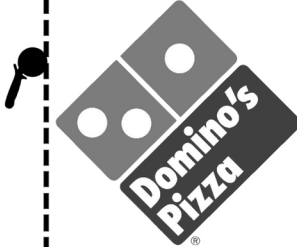
"In a black & white photo, his hair would be blonde."

"I'm the fourth guy from the left on the evolutionary chart."

Person 1: "Moderation is the key."


Person 2: "Well, that's the key with

...see Random Quotes on back



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...Bubble Bath from front

overload, the consequences of which could end all life in the Greater Las Angeles area. Were it not for the professional software governing the plant all hell would have broke loose.

Meanwhile back at the Wozniak headquarters young James was about to have a meltdown of his own. Faced with over one hundred pages worth of programming due in little more than 48 hours, James was in a dilemma. Girlfriend Cassy was due to arrive the next day, and he still had to mow the lawn and do laundry. It wasn't looking good.

Choosing to procrastinate for a bit longer, James chose to compose his thoughts over a soak in the bathtub. Upon approaching the door he noticed a large steel

toolbox with "Ralph Alberts's Plumbing and Conduit" written on the side. Realizing that maybe something was amiss, he asked his mother if a Ralph Alberts was fixing something in the bathroom. "No honey, he's out on lunchbreak, he will be back shortly. Don't go in there though, you might break something," but there was no time to lose. If he didn't have his bath now, everything would not go as planned. Every minute wasted now could be one minute closer to failing his assignment, running out of laundry, or even not enjoying that minute with dear Cassy. With little regard for his personal safety, James unknowingly opened the door and took his first steps into, The Twilight Zone. 🐾

...Assassins from front

painted walls, I worked up the courage to peer out. Coast clear.

"Damnit," I said through my teeth. "I need to find this guy, fast."

My quarry went by the codename "Agent Depthcharge". Stocky, dark hair, glasses. I'd committed the mugshot to memory, knowing I'd have only seconds to react when the time came.

I carefully loaded my weapon, checking the seals and alignment with infinite patience. Once, it had been a mere children's toy- now it was only barely recognizable as such. It still fired foam darts,

but there the similarity ended. Tightened springs, rebuilt firing chambers, an accurate targeting system... I'd poured much into my preparation for this game. The finest tools and equipment, the best training I could muster.

My first three targets were a snap-a suction-tip straight between the eyes of Agent Plumber, caught unaware on his way from the lunchroom, a handful of Velcro shells unloaded into the small Agent Krylon's back on his way to his dorm room, a well-placed round to Agent Wallstreet's skull behind McNair...

It was becoming harder. Now that the newbies had been removed from play, each passing hour represented odds sliding against me. There could be no alliances, no peace except the safety of forbidden zones.

My cell phone rang and my blood ran cold.

"Who is this? How the hell did you get this number?"

"All in good time, Agent White. For now, I suggest you hold very, very still."

I started to turn, before feeling the cold of a brass-rebuild Nerf barrel in the center of my back.

"Make a scene, and you're done. Let's take this outside, White."

To be continued... 🐾

...Random Quotes from front

"Given the source code to change the world, I'd screw something up, but I still want read-only access."

"Are bi-polar people twice as worried about global warming?"

Person 1: "Have you acquired a girlfriend yet?"

Person 2: "No, but I have been looking on eBay – still no luck."

"Sex is not the answer – sex is the question, YES is the answer."

Away Message of the Week:

"I < 3 legal cheat sheets." 🐾

-Drink. Energy drinks, coffee, or booze. No matter your choice, it will help to dull the pain. If you're lucky, you might be able to score a brief respite via a bathroom break! Joy.

-Pretend your teacher is speaking in a different language, with your favorite podcast acting as dubbing. For added fun, take notes on the podcast as if it were the lecture.

-Doodle mindlessly on the desk in front of you with a sharpie marker until the entire surface is covered in intricate designs. If you finish before class is over, see if you can continue the design onto your neighbor's arm without waking him up.

-Engage in a game of "lecture notes telephone" with your neighbor. Ask someone next to you to pass a question about something the professor said-the more esoteric, the better. Watch and be amazed as a question about multi-line commenting transforms into a diatribe regarding the morality of Microsoft marketing strategies!

-Share your pain with friends via the magic of Voice-over-IP. You'll laugh about it later. Assuming they're still your friends.

-Create a game out of trying to get your professor to lose track of what he's talking about. If you can get him to start talking about last year's vacation or his favorite foods, you win. 🐾

How to Avoid Clawing your Brains Out in OOD

By John Earnest ~ Daily Bull

Computer Science majors and Computer Engineers have the unique "luck" to experience one of the most mind-numbing required courses in existence. In a nutshell, Object Oriented Design teaches things that students would've failed the prerequisites for without knowing, paired with a mind-bogglingly condescending presentation. Counting suicide as a decidedly non-viable option, how does one survive the longest 55 minutes on earth?

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