

# DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like virgins in the porn industry!

Tuesday, September 18, 2007

"If at first you don't succeed, failure may be your style."  
~Quentin Crisp

## Reasons Why Last Summer Sucked

By Nick Nelson ~ Daily Bull

An introduction would normally go here. Oh well.

**Weather:** The entire world was on fire. My hometown is on the shore of Lake Superior, and during the summer, the average temperature is about 75°F. Last summer, the temperature was above 90°F at least 90% of the time. To put this in perspective, the normal summer temperature of the surrounding inland regions is 85°F. My hometown, being on the lake, usually has winds coming off the lake, making it much cooler. (If you want to experience this wind first-hand in your dorm room, open your mini-fridge, put a box fan in front of it on the highest setting, and stand in its breeze naked for the entire day.) However, crank up the heat 15-35°F on people that are accustomed to cool summers, and, per-

...see Summer on back



## (Pending a More Humorous Title)

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller ~ Daily Bull

Ah, it feels good to be back at Tech. Back with all my friends, back to the terrific Houghton weather, back to the same great food in the dining halls, back to the totally awesome yet suppressing nature of the dorms, and back to writing for the *Daily Bull*. Oh how I love everything about this place.

Over the entire summer, I managed to write approximately one Bull article, mainly due to lack of trying. I figured once I got here, it'd all come back to me and I'd continue on my trail of glory. Ha! Not only was it hard to figure out something to write about, it seemed as if all my humorous qualities had been stolen from me. You can only imagine my grief when I found this out.

"Good grief," I thought to myself as I sat down for perhaps the second time to try and think of article ideas. "It's as if someone has stolen all my humorous qualities! I must get to the bottom of this and figure out who or what has been doing this to me!"

On a whim, I decided the best course of action was to create a list of possible suspects into the loss of my humor. My list was as follows:

- Ralph, a 5' block of wood that stands guard inside my room
- Alfred, the bat that has been hanging out by the Cellblock entrance of West McNair
- JackFM, a classic rock station I listened to all summer
- The Minneapolis bridge collapse
- A paper clamp that I decided to clip onto my lip while writing this article (painful)

Simply put, what I did next was too fascinating to write about. Or I just don't know what happened next, because I couldn't think of a bridge fast enough.

I deftly knocked the Minneapolis bridge collapse out of the picture, because even though it was very sad hearing about how many bodies were pulled out of the wreckage, I couldn't help but think that it was a good time to be going into civil engineering, what with practically half the country's bridges ready to fall down.

The paper clamp that was sitting on my desk had only been there for maybe 5 minutes before I decided to put it on my lip, so it had nothing to do with my lost humor. It still hurts by the way, so

...see (Pending) on back

You haven't experienced College Avenue until you've encountered a bread golem.



## The Steaming Pile

Straight from you-know-where!

### Things We Wish We Had Seen at the Parade of Nations

Elephants	The Three Lost Boys from Sudan Mounties
Concubines	Entire Cast of <i>Rent</i>
Car Bombs	Glen Mroz in a Burka
Led Zeppelin	Guy in a Pacman Suit
North Korean Tanks	Blizzard T. Ferret
A Truck Full of Mexicans	Crazy Evangelicals
Tickle-Me Castro and the Fideletubbies	Geek Squad
Amazonians	Strangers with Candy
Dish Abducting the Spoon	Jimmy Hoffa's Body
Columbian "Chocolate" Dealers	Mr. Bean
Hezbollah	Spock, The Rock, Doc Ock & Hulk Hogan



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...(Pending) from front don't make fun of me.

Cute little Alfred couldn't have taken my humor, even though I did poke him, because he never bit me, so there was no transfer of humor and/or rabies. He did make a funny noise when I petted him, and his eyes are so beady I could eat them.

That left Ralph and JackFM. At first I suspected Ralph, because he has previously betrayed me on more than one occasion. But when I thought about it more, I knew it would have been impossible for him to take my humor, unless he was using another block of wood as an extension of his body, seeing as how I was in Texas and Pennsylvania all summer. This left only one option: JackFM.

Not only was JackFM the only one left on the list, I even managed to come up with a method for its treachery. JackFM plays classic rock, which typi-

cally comes from before I was born. This led me to believe – correctly of course – that JackFM was attempting to turn me into an old man with no humor. What a horrible fate.

As for a motive, I couldn't really come up with a reason why JackFM would want to do this to me, except that it was probably for the money. It's always about the money, no matter what the situation.

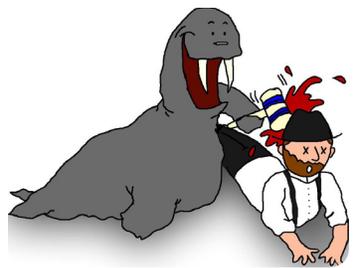
I had a great conclusion to this story, but I got interrupted and played a little roulette game too many times, so I forgot what it was. THE END 🍀

...Summer from front

sonally, I'd rather sauté my face in a cast-iron frying pan. On a lighter note, the weather did bring about one good laugh during the summer: hearing some dumb chick talk about how she thought the I-35 Bridge in Minneapolis collapsed because of the heat wave – on national news.

**I-35 Bridge Collapse:** Actually, that was pretty funny. (Just kidding! The preceding statement is not the opinion of the *Daily Bull*, though I suppose it is a good thing that I don't believe in Heaven and Hell.)

**Kittens:** This summer, I traveled to Alaska for 10 days. Unfortunately, my plane landed amongst heavy kitten resistance. I managed to slaughter many kitten foes, but one persistent little scoundrel simply refused to stop cuddling with me. I survived and returned to the lower 48 with some minor scarring, having left many dead in my wake. My people, the war still presses on! Fight in the great Human v. Kitten War!



**The Creation Museum:** Yes, the creationists have opened a museum in the Mongoloid-infested hills of Kentucky. Filled with all of the images, exhibits, and ideas of a scientific museum, the creationists now have a home to boast all the wonders of Intelligent Design – like how Intelligent Design is evolution, but it's not because creationists say so.

**The Iraq War:** The “war” that isn't even a war. We've been hearing about it in the news for six years now, and nobody's wanted to hear about it for even a second. I'd say the Iraq “War” has been reported on for 189302400 seconds too many. However, it provides me with an excellent talking point against President Bush: he is the first American in the history of the United States who has failed to impose his will on another group of people. I hate to say it, but even Jehovah's Witnesses are more persuasive than George W.

**Zebras:** Hints of zebra activity were detected in underground caverns below the plains of Nebraska. Thought to be extinct, zebras are now planning to resurrect the Nebraskan Rainforest and procure a hoofhold in the breadbasket of the U.S. Keep an eye out for stripes on the next postal worker you see – it might be a zebra!

Summer's thankfully over. Welcome back to Tech, hosers. 🍀

# Mmmm... Starbursts

By Alyse Heikkinen ~ Daily Bull

I don't know about you, but when I eat Starbursts it drive me nuts to unwrap each piece. My mouth starts to water in sweet anticipation of their artificial fruity goodness, only to be not completely satisfied by their way too little bites of chewy yummy.

So one day I decided to unwrap a handful of them and eat them like popcorn at my discretion to satisfy my little sugary craving. Well, I opened one, tried not to eat it, but ended up eating it anyway. By the time I unwrapped the next I was craving more so bad I ate that one! and then again...

A single person just can't open them fast enough! I understand why they must wrap them individually, but why must they glue down the flaps? It's like being in prison with big, strong metal bars. The prisoner aching for salvation on the other side and then making the bars electric too, just in case. It's just unnecessary and makes everything more difficult for everyone involved.

But I keep eating them and eating them and am never satisfied! All I wanted was a little satisfaction! JUST

A LITTLE! From the Starbursts that is.

Next thing I know, I've eaten nearly half the bag. Not a little bag, but a very large bag the size of three or four stacked laptops, and I keep going. Had they not been wrapped, a small handful would've done. However, this delay of satisfaction only makes my mouth water more. It's like a trail of bread crumbs to the end of the bag, except these bread crumbs are a slow, gooey trickle of false fruit flavor going down ones throat. Each new bite tricks the mind into thinking *one more Starburst will do it!*

But no. Can't open them fast enough. Need more Starbursts. If only I could open them faster than I eat them, but I can't! I have no nails because I bite them, which only makes it more difficult. Perhaps I could eat the wrapper. I want to! I bet I wouldn't even taste it, but that's probably a bad idea.

HELP ME OR I'LL EAT THE WHOLE BAG.

Damnit.

Those Mars Inc. people really know what they're doing.

*Editor's Note:* I recommend learning how to unwrap them with your tongue. It's a win-win situation. 🍀

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**Frylock says "Damnit Shake, did you join the Daily Bull again?"**

**Screw Frylock. Be like Shake. Join the Bull. Wednesdays, Walker 109, 9:15pm.**