

# DAILY BULL



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

Friday, November 16, 2007

"All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others."

~George Orwell,  
"Animal Farm"

## HPB: The Noisy Infection

By Jake Appold ~ Guest Writer

"I'm sorry to tell you this, but you've tested positive for Husky Pepbanditis." These are all too common words in many doctors' offices. For the patient, it can be devastating news that fills their head with many questions.

Husky Pepbanditis (HPB) is the name of a group of over 200 students that have nothing else to do. Within this group, over 100 are aurally transmitted. HPB is the most common aurally transmitted disease at MTU. It is very uncommon for the body to clear the infection on its own and for the victim to have no control over their actions. HPB may lead to cross dressing, wearing striped clothing & outlandish hats, and jousting.

According to the Diseases of Control Institute Kryptonite (DICK) there are currently 200 people infected with HPB in Michigan's Upper  
...see HPB on back



## Prose Bowl

By John Pastore ~ Daily Bull

In the future, things will doubtlessly be different. First off, barring the whole video game market over to something like the "Wii", humans will be sitting down to use technology more often than not – making them weak and pasty. Children are also being kept in school buildings completely isolated from the world and utterly lacking sunlight - making them weaker and pastier. They'll also be exposed to more chemicals from commercial and industrial sources, boosting toxic disease syndromes. As nuclear testing is on the rise, we can also count on being able to breathe more radio-nucleotides; so health is kinda going to go downhill.

Further, the climate will be adjusting soon, causing everyone and their environment to have to adjust. This will pretty much fuck over the ecology for a few decades 'till things stabilize, as animal and plant species simple can't move that fast. This will result in three things – the food supply will probable start sucking a lot more, the environment is going to suck ass for a bit, and the humans are going to have to face the stress of both of those AND the fact that everything they have learned by living in their climate zone suddenly turns out to be WRONG. So, reactions to surroundings are going downhill.

Furthermore, while the recent push

towards fascism in the U.S. government may start to be rectified in a year, its legacy will pervade our society for at least another generation. Not to mention that, since society has yet to learn that electing Republicans typically causes massive social/economic/political/geological problems, we very well may have fascism again. This would demotivate the next generation, and cause any action even remotely interesting or active to become really, really illegal.

So there we'll be, lacking the physical stamina to play in an environment which actively kills us, and with any luck having the First Amendment left at our disposal in a world where all physical contact sports have either been sued out of existence, or banned for being a potential source of terrorists. What do we have left to drink beer and eat nachos to on a Sunday night?

Writing, that's what. Not just any old writing, competitive writing. Imagine a stadium long ago, re-purposed for the task of competitive writing. A chair, a small table with extra paper, a cup of "FUEL", whatever that may be, and a camera focused on the screens before each writer, projecting it to the jumbotron. The crack of a bullet – the crowd chanting the name of their favorite writer, the announcers detailing

...see Prose Bowl on back

Thanksgiving: a time where we give thanks to the native Americans for moving to the Nebraskan Rainforest with the zebras.



## Pic o' the Day

Been wondering why Resnet has been worse than dial-up this semester?



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### ...Prose Bowl from front

each sentence...sorta like that Monty python sketch, but with PULP FICTION writers. Writers just like the *Daily Bull* staff, with real deadlines to meet and only minimal sense of writing pride – PULP writers, paid by the word, not the story.

It would be a mad world, this society where writers are revered as sports heroes are in our present day. Can you imagine it? Writers driving around in stretch SUV's, getting all the hottest chicks, and committing various crimes inside of all the trendiest bars. It'd be just like how they are now, but with more money – what a world of difference that would make!

This may seem like a very unlikely hypothetical situation, but as president of the PFRC, it is my mandated duty to protect my world against such predictable (if unlikely) surprises through experimentation upon these sorts of events. As such, I am announcing the First MTU PROSE BOWL, to be held at this Nanocon. With the results from

# GEAR SWAP



**BRING GEAR FROM HOME TO  
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**SWAP TAKES PLACE  
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487-2290  
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TRADE OR BUY BACKPACKS, SLEEPING BAGS/PADS,  
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SLEDS...ETC.

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this event, we shall be prepared to defend our world and way of life against any sudden change regarding the elevation of writers to superstar status.

If you'd like to participate, the rules of the simulation follow. For want of computational power, we'll be having preliminary rounds during which the writers select from a given set of themes (SF shootemup, 1990's Noir, Historical RetroFuture, etc.) and then are simply timed. They just have to show up Saturday afternoon and run the test within the time limit. Spelling, grammar, and continuity errors will constitute 10 second penalties; the fastest two writers will then be selected.

These two bastards will be brought to a classroom filled with Skittles and Mountain Dew, and placed before a pair of scraped computers. The machines are going to be networked, and the results of their work will be projected onto one of the screens and continuously critiqued by our most brutal of judges, the Grammarator. It will have the power to lock

the computers for the 10 second penalties shortly after they happen. To complete the simulation, we will have buxom cheerleaders making entertaining rhymes with our contestants' names. Finally, to provide actual motivation, we'll give a shot at paying 2 cents a word for the story.

Unfortunately, due to the way that society has been progressing, people may very well enjoy the Prose Bowl idea far too much, even going so far as to replicate this event later – leading inevitably to the same end that we had only thought to be a simulation. If such is the case, then I can only conclude that we as a society will be screwed. With the sudden focus upon writing, and the associated activity of reading, we'd all be in a position where we'd want to absorb written information. Unfortunately, the density of reality in the written medium far outstrips other mediums, such as television, or music. People simple cannot handle so much reality. Their sudden addiction to it will result in a horrible, brain-melting condition not dissimilar from that of the voodoo zombie. This would afflict most of

the society at some point, shortly taking complete control over all. This would lead to a society composed of writers, zombies, and buxom cheerleaders. That would mean that all of the children of this society will be either spawn of zombies or spawn of writers – something I can't say I want to inflict upon the next generation.

What's worse, the amount of paper this new society would consume would be fantastic. We'd quickly use up all the trees supplying society's newest addiction, and have to switch over to faster growing plants to supply our pulpy fiber needs – perhaps even the hemp plant. This would lead to absolutely abysmal conditions around paper processing facilities, where crowds of zombies would aggregate to inhale the byproducts of the paper production process. Society would then be faced with a hoard of foul smelling, violently mellow zombies. We'd be screwed six ways to Sunday.

That is why I advise to anyone going into Fisher Hall this coming Sunday to tread carefully, in case they should be the ones to set off the cascade leading to the downfall of civilization. In this society, pulp writers will abound, and they won't care if you don't want to be remembered as the jerk who ended society. You've been warned – this Nanocon may well be the one that ends the world. ☹



### ...HPB from front

Peninsula. Within the next year, over 100 people will hear the devastating news from their doctor. Both men and women can get HPB and can pass it on to their partners.

HPB can be contracted by attending MTU sporting events, sharing mouthpieces, toilet seats, and touching an infected person's weenis. Even with the use of earmuffs, you can still become infected.

According to the DICK, "The surest way to eliminate risk for HPB is to refrain from aural contact with another individual." Other risk factors include going to ones first MTU hockey game under the age of 10, being a civil engineer, memorizing Pi to the 50 places, and playing a large number instrumental partners. Currently, there is no hope for men with this virus. Women, however, can be tested for HPB as part of their normal Pap test. HPB is divided into Upper and Lower winds. The Upper winds cause the infected to have big egos and no friends. The Lower winds cause laziness and dementia.

After testing positive for HPPB, patients wait to see if their bodies can clear the infection. This is highly unlikely. Most doctors believe that HPB has a direct correlation to MTU hockey. When the Huskies win more games, more students contract this virus feeding the Huskies souls to win more games, which in turn, infects more students. It is a vicious cycle of the inevitable. Most, if not all, of the infected become assimilated and consumed. There is no escape. Treatments for genital warts are only for cosmetic reasons. There is no "cure" for HPB. The best course of action is to deal with it. ☹



## Daily Bull

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