

DAILY BULL



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

Friday, February 29, 2008

"Time is an illusion. Lunchtime doubly so."

~Douglas Adams

Fire Ants: Ants from HELL

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller
~ Daily Bull ~

If there's one thing I do love about Texas, it's the fire ants. The fact that I can be bit by practically hundreds of the little buggers never ceases to entertain me, in more ways than one. Actually, without these pestering creatures infesting every square inch of soil like some sort of plague, I wouldn't have survived break.

Now, for most people down here in Texas, fire ants are something to fear. People will keep their distance even if they suspect for there to be fire ants around. It's like they're about to fall into acid. The only way to kill fire ants, so I'm told, is a very liberal sprinkling of the most toxic pesticides all over the mound, particularly DDT, though mustard gas and anthrax supposedly work just as well. I had to find out.

...see Fire Ants on back

MTU Competition Rifle Team Takes Match

By Tim Kotula ~ Daily Bull

In a stunning display of savvy technical skills, creativity, and luck, the Michigan Tech Rifle Team was able to capture their first Western Intercollegiate Rifle Association title in 37 years.

"We had a great run this season," stated club president and self-appointed coach Zach Simpson. "We started a little weak out of the gate, but after we got some CS majors to help us successfully hack the conference's match database we were able to rectify a few results here and there to come out on top."

The Tech shooters recently traveled to the campus of "The" Ohio State University (not to be confused with that other, less important Ohio State) to take part in the final match of the season. Before their departure, they were able to secure the assistance of two professors from the Materials Science and Mechanical Engineering departments in building a weather machine. This ensured that a raging blizzard swept through Wisconsin on Thursday evening, trapping UW-Superior and UW-Oshkosh and preventing them from traveling to the event.

With the Wisconsin schools convenient-

ly out of the way, the team departed around 3 AM on Friday, before being held up at the Mackinac Bridge due to "falling ice". In reality, it was a massive conspiracy between Michigan and Michigan State, who lobbied Governor Granholm to order the closure, to prevent Tech from making the match on time. Unfortunately for the trolls, Tech's team was smart enough to realize what was really going on, and promptly sent their most charming member to seduce a young, lonely, semi-attractive female working one of the tollbooths. This task completed, they were able to secure passage over the bridge and continue on their way.

During a stop for dinner at the Detroit home of an MTU sympathizer, our Huskies hacked into Ohio State's telephone system and initiated a call to the coach of Grand Valley State's rifle team, informing him that the match was cancelled due to a rampant flu epidemic on campus. A quick swing through Ann Arbor allowed them to slash the tires of the cars Michigan was using to travel to the event (including the spares for good measure), and approximately six hours of smelly farm country later, they found themselves in the armpit of the United

...see CRT on back

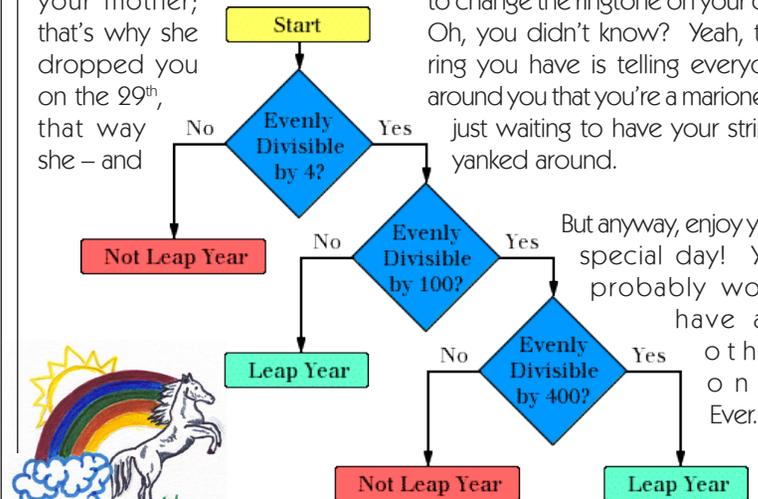
Today's Birthday: February 29th

By Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

Happy birthday, Pisces! It's at last your special day, isn't it? Have you noticed that people only really celebrate your birthday every four years? Oh, they may throw you a consolation party, like on the 28th of February or the 1st of March, but we all know they're doing that to secretly torture you. In reality, they hate your guts, especially your mother; that's why she dropped you on the 29th, that way she – and

everyone else in your miserable life – can steadily buy you fewer and fewer things, until at last they can stop giving you anything at all and save bunches of money. You know, they'll probably start pretending they don't know you anymore, simply because you're such a neurotic, whiny, ankle-biting doormat that doesn't have the guts to change the ringtone on your cell. Oh, you didn't know? Yeah, that ring you have is telling everyone around you that you're a marionette just waiting to have your strings yanked around.

But anyway, enjoy your special day! You probably won't have another one. Ever. ☹



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February 29th...
Three new articles...
Welcome to... The Twilight Zone!

...CRT from front

States – the city of Columbus, Ohio. The team checked into a cheap motel in a very bad part of town, since it was the only one that would allow them to keep their rifles in their room, and promptly went to bed.

The following morning, the Huskies sat down to figure out how to navigate the city of Columbus and find tOSU's shooting range. This challenge was made difficult by the fact that they had deliberately been issued incorrect maps by Ohio State, in hopes that they would miss their firing time and forfeit the match. Tech wandered around the campus almost all morning and just when it looked like they would never find the right building, they ran into Michigan State's rifle team. MTU promptly pulled out their Class 4 laser devices and successfully blinded every Spartan, then knocked them out, tied them up, and dragged them into a nearby closet. MSU's team had found an accurate map of

campus, which led the Huskies to the correct location of the rifle range.

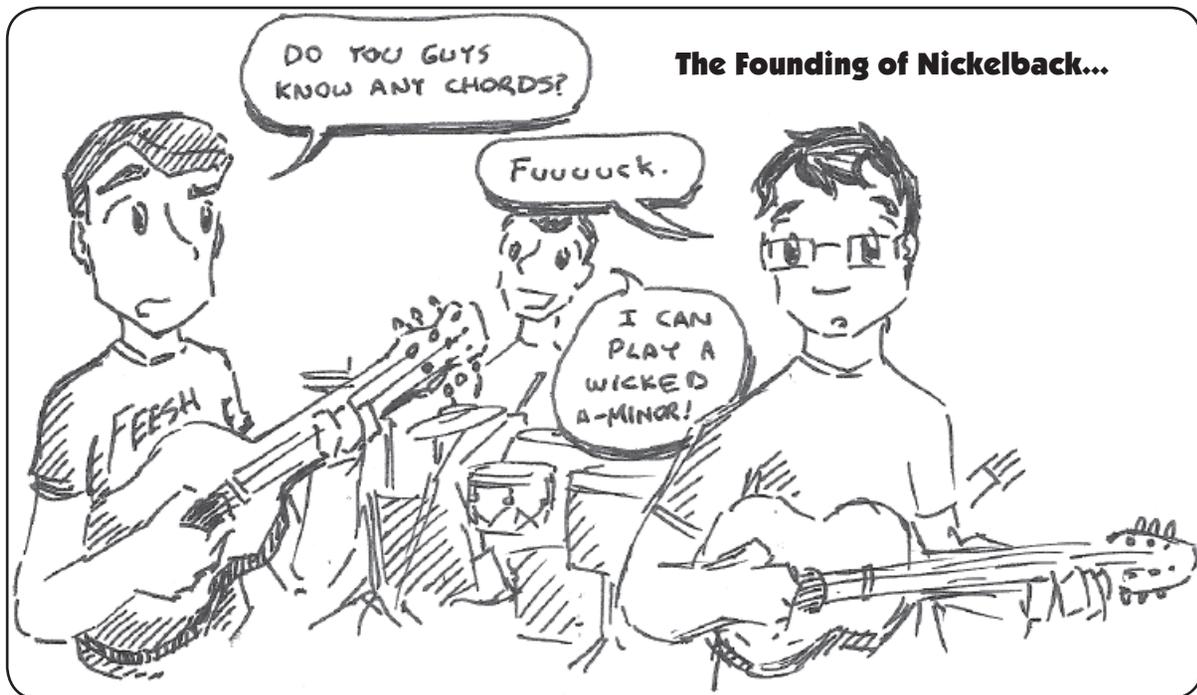
Upon arrival, they found out that Purdue had also failed to make it to the match, probably because they ran into the Chicago mafia goons Tech had hired to "hold them up". This left our Huskies and "The" Ohio State Buckeyes as the only teams on time for the match. However, Tech had one more trick up their sleeve. A week prior, they had bribed a plant manager at Ice Mountain to contaminate a shipment of water bottles that Ohio State's team had ordered with anabolic steroids. Thus, during the pre-match drug screening, all of tOSU's shooters tested positive for performance-enhancing drugs and were automatically disqualified, allowing Tech to shoot the match uncontested for the win and the overall league title.

The Daily Bull would like to congratulate the Michigan Tech Competition Rifle Team for their success in trickery and espionage, and can't wait to see what treacherous schemes all of the WIRC teams will develop next season. 🐻

...Fire Ants from front

Unfortunately, we didn't have any of these great poisons in our garage. How was I supposed to kill these fearsome beasts without the upper hand? Hmm... upper hand. Hand. I have hands. The ultimate test of manliness: can you possibly kill the ferocious fire ant with your bare hands!?

Thus, I began the hunt for my first fire ant nest. My family pleaded, "Don't



do this Nathan, you've so much to live for!" I kept my resolve though, and continued searching. Not three seconds later, I found them, innocently tending to their young just beneath the surface of their mound. Or so it seemed, until I punched their nest and began my own, 'Tex-ass Desert Storm.'

What would seem to Persians as being madness, I showed those fire ants who was Sparta and demolished their city, taking many of them with it. But that was just one mere nest- I had hundreds to kill, and as much fun as punching them was, I needed more firepower. Enter my blowtorch.

For some strange reason, most Texans don't use fire to kill fire ants. Haven't they heard the saying, "Fight fire with fire?" Apparently not. Throwing caution to the wind, I went out once again into the very dry grass to find some more victims.

Even though I may not be killing the queens, killing fire ants en masse with fire is one of the most enjoyable things I've ever done with fire. The sound of hundreds upon thousands of seething fire ants popping like popcorn brings a smile to my face like nothing else can.

For a while, I thought the fun would never end. There were seemingly millions of fire ants to kill, and I could even return to mounds I'd burnt up the previous day to find out they had 100% HP regeneration on! The cheaters! Only after 3 consecutive days of burnination could you even begin to tell there were 50,000 less fire ants. It truly was a battle comparable to 300.

Only after I accidentally burnt up a very small (luckily) portion of grass did I finally put down the fire maker and go back to my old tricks. It's not like I was afraid of torching all of Texas

or anything – it could burn up for all I cared. I just didn't want to be the one to blame, cause I didn't have any scapegoats.

I guess from there I didn't do anything too particularly exciting worth writing about. It was kinda like in Lord of the Rings, where Aragorn is fighting baddies in slow motion and he sees someone die, but he keeps on fighting. That's how I feel. It's a never-ending battle. I'll never give up, no matter how many times I get swarmed, and the fire ants know they have superior numbers. Something on the order of 10¹⁰:1. Good odds for a Spartan any day. 🐻



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