

DAILY BULL



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

Wednesday, March 5, 2008

"I have a rock garden. Last week three of them died."

~Richard Diran

Things in My Cellar & Other Sundry Affairs

By Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

Some of you may know me, but probably most of you don't, or would like to disavow any previous association with me as per various escapades which I will not elucidate due to possible ramifications and/or legal 'difficulties.' Be that as it may – since I really don't give a foetid dingo's kidney about what you think of me – I have unilaterally taken it upon myself to write this article, detailing in exquisite prose and convoluted grammar nothing in particular from my life. I do this mostly because I am my own favourite topic, but I also take some sadistic pleasure in the knowledge that you, my Dear Reader, will read this article simply because you don't want to pay any attention to the class you're presently sitting in. This does raise the question of why you're taking the class, or why you're even in college at all, but here you are nonetheless, reading my

...see Affairs on back



The Lode: Anti-Husky?

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller ~ Daily Bull

In a rare turn of events, I, famed Daily Bull writer Nathan "Invincible" Miller, picked up a Lode the other day, and this time not to use for a pizza holder. No, I was to read this Lode with gusto, for I was on a mission – I had to avenge the damaged pride brought about by the terrorist Richard Goodell.

That's right, the Lode's very own editor-in-chief wrote a slanderous article (sports, 2b) last week bashing his, no, our Huskies. How could a man in such a prestigious position in our fine university turn on the very people he loves? Your guess is as good as mine. Obviously he has no respect for you or I, or any of his fellow Huskies whatsoever.

First off, I find it a shame how he blatantly misspelled our MTU hero's name, John MacInnes. His version: John MacGinnes. Atrocious. Has he no dignity? Has he no Internet connection for which to search for the correct spelling? This error by their editor-in-chief brings serious doubts to my mind as the competence of the entire Lode staff.

After thoroughly insulting the name of our coaching champion, Goodell goes on a smear campaign on the hockey Huskies themselves. Claiming the Huskies are the "bottom feeders of the WCHA," he overlooks one key fact: the WCHA is completely stacked. We've got teams like Colorado College

and North Dakota rampaging around destroying the rest of the teams in the conference, and if the NCAA tournament were to begin right now, 7 out of 16 teams participating would be from the WCHA. Remember, that's out of 59 teams in NCAA Division 1 hockey.

Sure, everyone likes seeing the Huskies kick some Wisconsin and Minnesota butt, but has he forgotten our nearly star-studded performance at the GLI? We beat 6th ranked Michigan State 4-1, and fought long and hard against then-#1 U of M in a 1-0 loss in double OT. Still think we're pitiful?

If so, take a look at the USCHO.com weekly polls. Not only have we received votes in 21 of 21 weeks, we made it into the top 20 rankings half the time. And again, 8/10 of the top teams are consistently from, you guessed it, the WCHA. Funny how being in a conference of titans makes even the mightiest mortal look puny.

Of course, Goodell does mention our phenomenal goalies, including Teslak, who has amassed over 17 million votes towards the Hobey Baker award. Now that's a feat of engineering right there. But that has done little to abate the anger caused over the blasphemous accusations.

...see Lode = fail on back

Chicken-flavored ramen:
the collegiate white meat.



The Steaming Pile

Straight from you-know-where!

Things I Need to Know but Didn't Learn in Kindergarten

differential calculus

that's not hair gel

how to use a condom

macaroni ornaments are useless
and your parents hate them

the max HP of a pikachu

glitter is not the perfect compliment to all art work

elementary school doesn't matter

you will never use brass fasteners again

you don't have to say the Pledge of Allegiance

'the farm' really means 'tied up in the woods'

not to stop in Bat Country

money does buy happiness

sig figs

4/5 of you will never understand math

How to mix a drink

...or an astronaut

I can sue for anything!



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...Lode = fail from front

Especially angry are Mitch's Misfits. Spearheading the campaign against the Lode's Husky Haters is Misfits ex-President Bethlyn McCallum and her enforcer Scott Yager. Says Yager, "If ever I see that punk Richard Goodell, I'll don my hockey gear and cross-check him from behind, just how he likes it!"

The Misfits are planning a campus-wide boycott of the Lode and their lies until a written apology is presented in the once-reputedly great newspaper.

Pick the wise choice: Read the Daily Bull. We'd never put down our amazing hockey team, misspell our famed coaches, or elect a terrorist to run our organization. And that's a fact. ☺

...Affairs from front

little article listlessly as the schmuck at the blackboard drones on and on about something or other that you should be paying attention to, but aren't. Hahaha, you chump, you didn't study, did you? Hahahaha.



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At any rate, it's been quite some time since I last appeared in this tome of wisdom and wit, this paradigm of virtue meets vice, the red-headed syphilitic lovechild of the Lode and the Rozsa Center, the immortally offensive Daily Bull. In case you haven't yet figured it out – I know how slowly a Tech student's neurons can fire whilst in a classroom environment – my little hiatus is at an end. Before this vacation of sorts, of approximately six months (during which I had been kidnapped by wolves, taken to Afghanistan, and forced to call this tall, scrawny guy named Omaha-something-or-other "O Great and Terrible One Whom Hast Conquered the Infidel" over and over again, among other things), I tried very hard to offend someone – anyone! I tried stereotypes, I tried ridicule, and I tried outright libel. Most unspeakably, I tried outsourcing to India. But nothing brought me the hate mail I had been looking for; and nothing I wrote seemed to offend anyone. During my tenure in that dark and weasel-infested cave in Afghanistan, I reached the conclusion that people were too stupid to realise I was viciously insulting them. Although I did, for a time, despair, I found the strength needed to survive my ordeal, escape from the caves by setting the weasels loose, and then swim out into the Persian Gulf to hitch a ride on aircraft carrier, by the conviction that I will, seemingly against all odds, royally piss someone off. Know now, that I declare: this shall be! I will have hate mail, for I shall henceforth strive for even greater levels of eruditely, phlegmatic, and pulchritudinous invective! May I add that I do not expect any such thing from you, my Dear Reader? I'm sure you can figure out why.

Moving on from that little diversion, it's now the part of the article where I will froth at the mouth for no reason in particular. It seems that, while I was away, the Fine Arts Department has renamed itself the Department of Visual and Performing Arts. So, this is

progress, right? Conveying the exact same amount of information with roughly 1.95 times as many letters and twice the stupid factor? Please, even the acronyms don't compare: FAD (which is both pretty damned handy, if you ask me, and a not-so-subtle comment on the activities that go on in the name of this department) versus DVPA? Hell, DVPA looks more like a covert intelligence agency from Soviet Russia, rather than a place you can go and see chicks in tutus prancing about the stage making these fay little gestures synchronised to music that would come off better being played on tiny speakers inside the EERC elevators. What, couldn't Tech get all the engineers edjumacated enough to realise that there is more to life than pouring concrete and shagging the first thing that looks mostly like a girl that they can get sufficiently inebriated to not run away screaming? It isn't all that hard, if you take the time to think: Fine Arts equals "doesn't necessarily involve concrete." Super simple, right? I'd like to meet the geniuses who came up with the name change, because I would really like to see if they have any idea about anything at all that involves the Fine Arts! Because hey, guess what? I've got breaking news for the DVPA operatives reading this article: the "fine arts" have been the Fine Arts for centuries. We – as in the impersonal 'we', as opposed to the inclusive, as I am not feeling inclusive at present – as a society managed to survive quite nicely for centuries calling the fine arts the fine arts, but apparently here at Michigan Tech the people are so fucking "special" they don't know what the hell Fine Arts really are, beyond the items I mentioned previously. To think Americans wonder why we are as dumb as a bag of cement when compared to the rest of the Third World.

As an aside, yes, the United States is now becoming a Third World country. That six-figure job you were expecting to get in order to pay off

your tens of thousands of dollars' worth of student loans? Poof, gone. That big slice of American Apple Pie (i.e. the SUVs, the credit cards, the house in the suburbs, the trophy wife [since statistically you're a guy, thank you very much]) with your name on it? I ate it. Do yourself a favour: quit school now, get a real job, and don't buy a house. Don't say I didn't warn you, because if you don't take my advice, you'll be in debt beyond your wildest dreams, and I will laugh at you, because I'll be rich, and you won't be. Nanner nanner goober.

I would say "why, you ask, will I be rich and you won't be?", but that seems to be a wasted effort on my part, as you clearly aren't interested in what I'm saying. Instead, I will say "you will be poor because you'll have tens of thousands of dollars of debt that someone is going to squeeze, squeeze, squeeze from you until they have every last penny (plus interest) that you owe, because debt is debt, and you'll be forced by the mounting pile of bills you'll inevitably receive to work longer and longer hours at your dead-end job that you hate just to keep up with the payments, leaving barely enough left over for you to have meager little meals consisting of porridge and half-eaten biscuits in your one bedroom apartment that you share with three other people who are just as royally screwed as you are, because the four of you never listened to my advice, now did you? On the other hand, I listen to my own advice, and I'll have my own little business that will earn me gobzillions of dollars even though I'll only work part time, and I won't have any debt, and I'll probably own your debt, so I'll be the one draining you of every last penny to your name, wrenching the money right from your hands as you crawl on the floor, sobbing, begging begging begging me to just please leave an extra dollar to pay the heating bill for the month. And I'll say no, because you're a worthless swine who owes me tens of thousands of

dollars (plus interest), and I won't be satisfied until I have every last thin penny of money that I own, that you have to work your ass off to get for me, because you thought you had it all figured out, but you didn't, did you?"

It occurs to me, as I type these words, that it is getting dark, and as I get up to light the lamps clustered around my table, filled with the aromatherapeutically-spiced body oils of unbaptised illegally aborted third-trimester babies, I can hear the vast legion of daemonic, impossibly-sized rats beginning to chew and scratch at the cellar door, their sharp white teeth gnawing, gnawing, gnawing away the reinforced metal as they try to release themselves from the prison I have made to prevent them from painfully devouring me, all while the thin, monotonous piping of two reed flutes and the pound, pound, pound of titanic drums of war from deep within the cellar echo over the horrendous screeching of those unearthly denizens of unspeakable nether realms. I had picked up the reed flutes and the drums – five bucks apiece, on sale! -- at this cutesy tourist trap near Felch, and it seemed like a great deal, but I think I should have kept the instruction manual, as I do not know how to cease the thin, monotonous piping and the pound, pound, pounding. Previously the rats had snatched the three and sequestered them deep within the dank and foreboding depths of my cellar, there to wine and pound away at all hours of the day and night until just plain I'm sick of it. Bastards. There's a perfectly good bottle of scotch down there too, so I think I'll have to pull out the Uzi again, and grab some more whores from Uphill 41 to use as cannon fodder while I get the scotch...and those damn flutes. The rats sound pretty hungry...

Offended? Send hate mail to mc-innes.bull@yahoo.com ☺