

DAILY BULL

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

Friday, April 11, 2008

"America believes in education: the average professor earns more money in a year than a professional athlete earns in a whole week."

~Evan Esar

Blind People Don't Watch TV!

By John Hatch ~ Guest Writer

When I returned home from the north for the Thanksgiving holiday, I discovered that my parents had purchased a new television set, something that I deem a waste of money, but then again, I deem anything a waste of money if it doesn't run on gasoline.

What was interesting about this particular setup was not the unit itself, but the remote control. When I went to watch TV for the first time, I noticed several small bumps on the surface of the remote next to each of the channel-up channel-down volume-up, volume-down buttons. At first I thought, "Oh, I guess they put grips on the remote so that those crazy, obese, balding dudes with 3XL jerseys that the TV commercials always show scarfing down bean

...see the Televisors on back

Excerpts from the Diary of Leonidas, King of SPARTA!!!!

Translated by Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

Length: 687 words (that's long... for you).

Difficulty: probably within your cognitive abilities.

~Day One~

Today! We begin! Our! March! To GLORY [flying spittle]!!!!!!

~Day Two~

Today is clear and sunny, a good day – to DIE!!!!!! – for a long walk with the Three Hundred Ripped and Shaved Hunks of Man-Meat, also known as my personal 'guard'. However, upon looking up from admiring – in the Platonic sense, of course – the well-sculpted abs of Astinos, I couldn't help but to notice the mountains are abnormally tall and spiky, rather than rolling and rippling like the aforementioned abs. This is undeniably unusual, as Greece now resembles Tibet more than Greece.

I ponder this dilemma. Admittedly, I do not ponder very well, as I am more used to SHOUTING and kicking people down bottomless pits of death, rather

than pondering, but nevertheless I arrive at a thought. Is it possible that I have, somehow, been transported into an alternate reality where SPARTANS are strutting, aggressively heterosexual ninnies who (pretend to) actually enjoy having sex with women?

I certainly hope not, as that would spell doom for me and my pursuit of GLORY [flying spittle]!!!!!! I need real SPARTANS, the more fearsome warriors in all of Greece! Famous for their singing, and their dancing, and their [pant, pant, pant] shaven legs, and for their long and silky hair, and their stamina – on the battlefield, of course. I need twinkles with SWORD AND SHIELD, not closeted steroid-poisoned body-builders!

~Day Five~

The! March must! Cease! For! My legs! Tummy! And man-boobs! Have! [gasp] Stubble!!! [flair nostrils, bare excessively white teeth] SPARTANS!!!!!! SHAVE!!!!!!1! [spittle spittle spittle!]

...see LEONIDAS FOR 2008 on back

For a second there I thought spring may have sprung. Turns out IT WAS A TRAP!!!



The Steaming Pile

Straight from you-know-where!

Novel Uses For Human Skin

Genuine Indian moccasins	Anatomically-correct wineskins
Throw rugs	DnD dice bag
Gucci purse	Used bulletproof vests
Real "dolls"	Butt cheek bowling ball bag
Groucho Marx funny-noses	Stick shift cover
Bible covers	Lampshades
Floation device	Baby's bottle (they won't know the difference)
iPod cover	Authentic wig
G-string	Biker jacket
Ski masks	Lethal arms
Condoms	Tennis racket covers
Speaker diaphragms	

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...LEONIDAS FOR 2008 from front

~Day Nine~

Heard giggling during the night. Found it difficult to sleep while my MEN [slobber] were frolicking to maintain morale, so I took to practicing my various SHOUTING techniques, to better portray my solidarity and willingness to **DIE** in defense of the non-negotiable American way of life, carrying on the noble fight against al-Qaeda and the Taliban. Wait, I mean Greece and the Persian Empire. Wait... oh never mind.

At any rate, SHOUTING progress was most satisfactory; I can now unhinge my jaw to such a degree as to allow the Captain to inspect my tonsils. *Hey, you pervy moron!* Tonsil health is very important to all **SPARTANS!!!!!!**

In my other musings, I am becoming concerned that my heroic fight and

eventual death will be turned into a gay romp full-length feature film by future generations.

~Day Eleven~

The Captain... informs... me I am... beginning... to sound... like... Bill... Shatner. Maybe if I make my Scottish – I mean Greek – accent stronger, I will be too ferocious for anyone to dare make such a comparison! If it doesn't, then at least my legs are still the silkiest in all of Greece, ever since I switched to the new Venus Embrace, featuring five blades for an extra-close shave and incredible smoothness.

~Day Thirteen~

Earlier today I noticed Dilios playing grab-ass with Astinos today. Feeling jealous. No, now feeling jealous and depressed. Must kill someone soon. Perhaps Stelios, for being too obviously "into" Astinos. That's *my* piece of painted-on-CGI-enhanced abs, damnit.

Am thinking too much. Must shave legs and then practice shouting, in preparation for **GLORY!!!!!!** Will soon arrive at Ther... Thermopa... Thermopenis... err, that place where I get to kill lotsa people in sword-and-sandals bullet-time and shout really loud. Friggin' sweet, yeah? Dig my crazy helmet, cat?

~Day Fourteen~

Met Xerxes today. He called me a nancing, well...you know. No idea what that means, but it doesn't matter: I got to kill thousands! Tens of thousands! MILLIONS!!!!(according to Herodotus)!!!! BWAHAHAHA-

HAHAHAHAHAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! **SPARTANS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!** Let's put the laughter back into slaughter!

~Day Fourteen, second entry~

The scenery was beautiful, my SHOUTING magnificent, the casualties heavy. My personal 'guards' are all dead, but they died with honour: in each other's arms. I'm dead too! I've reached my **GLORY!!!!!!** Booyah!

Wait, one more thing: please don't make me a Caucasian? That shit pisses me off.

Don't know who Herodotus is? Your ignorance amuses me! Share more



...the Televisors from front

dip, alcohol, and anything else as directly related to football as the former two, don't lose grip of the remote while speed-surfing in an attempt to watch the Yankees, the Celtics, the Patriots, the Red Wings, and of course, the Bills (that's for you Bean) at the same time, resulting in a miniature stroke, heart attack, or similar medical catastrophe upon realization that they had missed more than four seconds of a corporate event that consists of highly paid individuals whom they believe they relate to because of their hometown when in fact the odds that even one member of the team is from that city is about as good a chance as a Toyota Corolla has to be purchased by Toby Keith the next time he gets drunk and wrecks his new Ford F-450 or whatever the hell the good ole' boy drives." (*deep breath*)

But alas, upon further investigation,



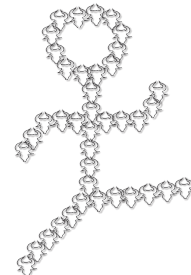
I found that this was not the case. After moments of speculation, I realized that it was, in fact, brail.

Yes, brail on the remote control of a device that requires eyesight to enjoy. On the side of the TV, it reads (not in brail), "Purchasing this device if you can't see is like a paralyzed guy buying a Ferrari." Wait, no, at least he can SEE his fatty sports car and be like, "Shit, does YOUR lawn ornament have 500 horsepower? Nope! 'cause you didn't just get nine million dollars from suing the bejesus out of the teenager in the DeLorean with a bunch of shit attached to the back of it who appeared out of nowhere and rear-ended your ass at approximately 88 mph causing permanent damage to your spine and making you physically useless from the neck

down for the rest of your life! Ha-ha!"

Come on Samsung, if that's not bad enough, you forgot to put brail on the screen. You gave blind people the ability to change the channel, but not the ability to know what's on TV? Christ. You've got some nerve you know that?

You should really try to be more PC and less douchebag, honestly. 🙄



Join the Daily Bull or this little man will Judo-chop you. Meetings every Wednesday, 9pm, somewhere in Walker. HIYA!

Daily Bull

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