

# DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like warm temperatures this late in the year!

Thursday, October 30, 2008

"Experience is that marvelous thing that enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again."  
~Franklin P. Jones

## The Oval Essence

By Kayla Herrera ~ Daily Bull

There are few who can say they have broken a genuine Wadsworth Hall china plate in such a way that the clatter of the shattering china tickles the linings of the surrounding stomachs and flutters the hearts of those who are near. The utter simplicity of the plate's design almost causes one to liquefy at the mere, graceful stroke of its sleek surface against the pads of one's fingers. Reflected in the plate, I not only see a face of a seeking soul, but I see the beautiful aspirations of every essence that had ever gazed upon that plate as I was then.

I only wish I had broken that plate on purpose.

The night began just like any ordinary Sunday night lying sprawled out in the hallway of third floor chewing on a raspberry Tootsie pop and comparing the textures

...see China Groove on back



## Fuck You Too, Buddy

By John Pastore ~ Daily Bull

There are two proposals on the Michigan ballot this year. Prop 1 deals with legalizing medical marijuana. That's cool and all, but it doesn't impact me. Prop 2 deals with legalizing and encouraging research into embryonic stem cells. That's cool too, and as a high-risk personality for cancer, I'm all for that too. But there's a group that says Prop 2 goes "2" far. I will now tear into them.

Prop 2 says, in no uncertain terms, that it will allow and not prohibit research based upon the donatee-approved fertility waste product of - duh duh da dah da dah - un-implanted human embryos.

Think for a second - this isn't a fetus, this isn't even visible to the naked eye. You have literally just shed more human matter from your skin blinking at that statement then there is contained inside of this pre-cancerous little spheroid of cum and eggs mixed in a lab.

I'd like to take a moment here. If you're pro-life, you may find this somewhat despicable - just wasting perfectly (or not) implantable embryos. You are, however, lying to yourself. You aren't

taking these eggs into your guy-womb, you aren't encouraging these fertility treatment couples to adopt, and while you might've helped adopt a few of the 30,000 children adopted from America last year, you sure as hell didn't adopt the other 100,000 children in America, let alone the world. How many orphans,



Why we have cancer.

by the way, did your righteous campaign in the Middle East make? Thousands? Millions? You don't even include these in your belief structure, so bite me. You are too confused to have any relevance here, you woman-hating jackoff.

Now, back to Prop 2. This is just about the most ethical way of going about this that you could ask for. First, the facility has to approve of the use of these things by any university or research lab. Second, so would the wankers who had the fertility treatment applied to them. Third, these cells would have been destroyed - that is to state, this is actually cutting down on waste. Forth, these can't be sold - that's banned. Fifth, it's stem cell research. Do you have any idea

...see Save the Stems! on back

I hope everyone hasn't forgotten about the real candidate out there: Ralph Nader.



## Joe the Plumber Fined By FCC For On-Air Plumber's Crack

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller

Joe the Plumber was fined by the FCC Monday for showing an obscenely large plumber's crack live during a news interview. Claiming to have been wearing normal attire for his profession, the FCC nevertheless slapped a hefty \$55,000 fine upon him.

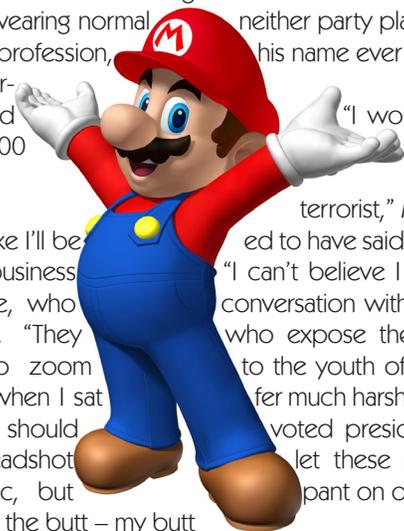
"Doesn't look like I'll be buying the business now," says Joe, who regrets nothing. "They didn't have to zoom in on my rear when I sat down. They should have cut to a headshot of Katie Couric, but nooo. Right on the butt - my butt even, not hers! At least they don't tax fines."

With this unexpected extension of

Joe Wurzelbacher's fifteen minutes of fame, his image of the American everyman has fallen greatly. Now branded for indecent exposure, neither party plans on mentioning his name ever again.

"I would hate to associate myself with such a disgusting terrorist," McCain was quoted to have said after the incident. "I can't believe I had a telephone conversation with the man. People who expose themselves like that to the youth of America will suffer much harsher penalties if I am re-elected president. We cannot let these people run rampant on our great land."

In his defense, Joe reminded everyone that he was not wearing a thong and that it could have been much, much worse.



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...Save the Stems! from front how important this shit is? I've been exposed to asbestos, mercury, lead, and red 40, and I will probable die of cancer - a very painful, protracted cancer that will leave me crippled as I slowly die in my own fluids.

This is why I find anti-prop2 people this year to be incredible offensive. What about MY right to life? We've already decided on the free market that these cells must die. They are telling me, by their political choices, that they would prefer I die, then a speck of tissue. They prefer the ignorance granted by morality over study of a legitimately interesting cell. And let them tell you, they prefer lower taxes, particularly if it's for not funding programs which don't even exist yet.

They state that there might be taxes spent at some indeterminate point in the future on -gasp- RESEARCH. Locally, this is really offensive - the university is the only thing in the surrounding

50 miles circle that actually turns a profit. It's the only thing keeping this economy afloat. And unlike bombs or border patrols or crap like that, it actually PRODUCES something. If one is anti-prop2, then one is supporting snuffing out the local economy.

So here we have it. Christoids, Republicans, and other such criminals want me to suffer, want me stupid, and want my right to life to be suspended for god, gold, and glory. They seem to think I should die. All together, they are acting like I am their enemy. So be it.

So to all you "vote no on 2" jackoffs out there... Fuck You Too, Buddy. ☺

...China Groove from front of the walls from different floors of Wadsworth. It had never occurred to me that tonight would include the moment that my broken-china cherry would be thoroughly popped.

I rested the tray on my protruding hip bone and reached for the lucky plate that would soon near the end of its long, lustrous life. As it turned out, I had not even filled my tray to full capacity for both corners stared back at me, barren and disheartened. The

incident did not occur while in motion which upon hearing the subject of breaking a plate, one would concur that perhaps a slight jerk or misstep may have caused a minor accident, leading to the actual fatality of the plate. But no.

Somewhere along the duration of the meal, food no longer becomes a necessity, but a toy, that is if there is any left. We've all played that elementary game of who can make one's food look the most revolting. I guess tonight was my night to display the

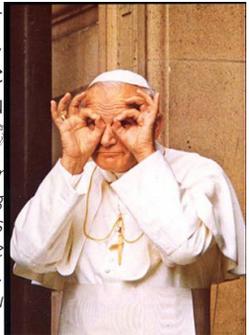
center of the repulsion because one after another, they poured a different liquid into what was left of my apple juice. Without my consent, someone placed a stiff biscuit into the mixture and it bobbed at the surface, peering at us with its vesicular surface like a million gleaming, chocolate milk eyes. By then, I had placed my tray on my lap in order to make room for new arrivals at the table.

I threw a pea. She threw a pea. He threw a pea. And by the time it reached me, the pea was just too quick for me to see amongst the laughter of us three. All I caught was a flash of green and perhaps the small scent of stagnant sweat; my arms twitched and I gasped. The plate, that luminescent and stunning article of eatery, slid down my tray and onto the base of the table below. Damn the peas! Damn the peas to Hell!

But once the plate lay shattered at my feet, a new kind of liberty resonated from within. Amongst the infamous applause, I could hear a new era dawning before me.

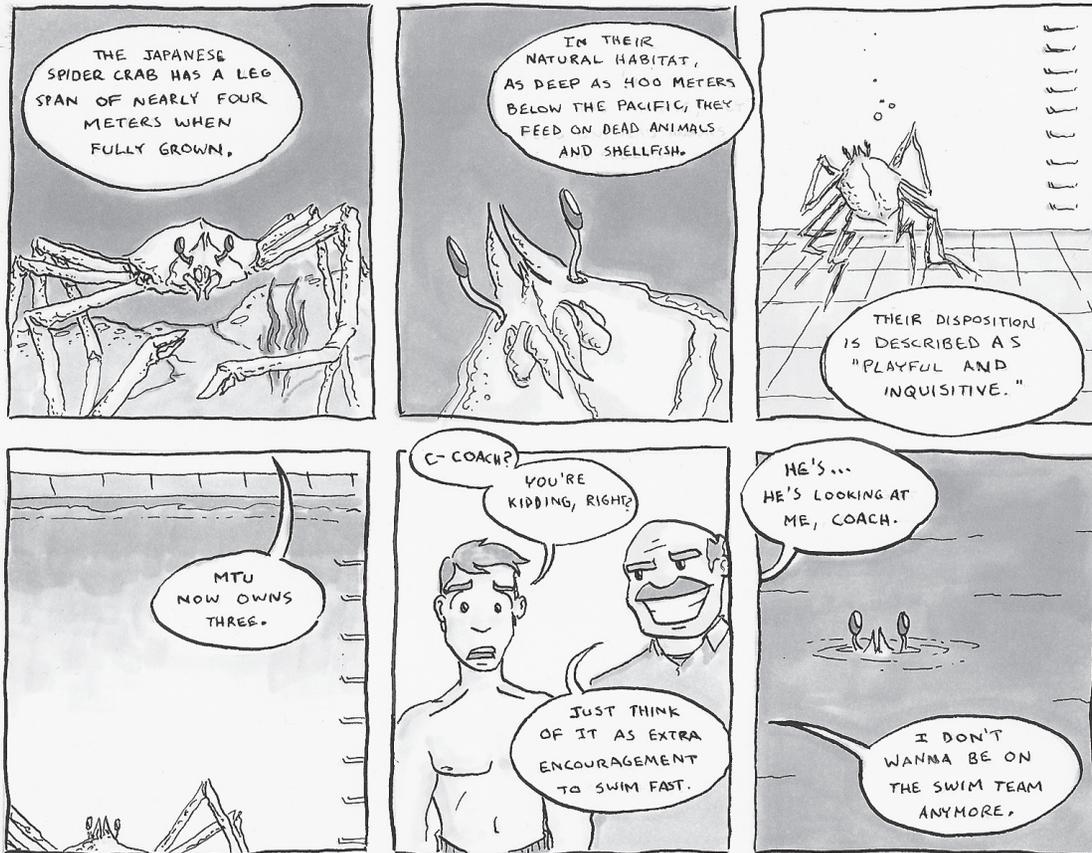
Everyone's doing it now. Standing up, sitting down. After you've done it, life takes on a new form of significance. You can do it with desserts or (if it tickles your outlandish fantasy) the salad bar. Anything, really. Everyone's breaking plates, so what the hell have you done lately? ☺

I see you over there, being blasphemous as usual. Shame shame shame. I still love you though. <3.



## Continued Languish

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