

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like lucky 7s 9/11 anniversaries!

Thursday, September 11, 2008

"I'm not a real movie star. I've still got the same wife I started out with twenty-eight years ago."

~Will Rogers

On Originality and Poster Sales

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller

~ Daily Bull ~

I have a problem.

"Aw Nathan, it's ok, we all have problems," you may be thinking. Except my problem is the poster sale, which is brought about by everyone else's lack of originality and their insistence on conformity in a society as a whole. "I don't know what that means but I like posters."

I like posters too, my little imaginary public opinion voice. The stuff down at the MUB is kinda cool. They've got a bunch of neat posters of bands I like or movies I like or even philosophers I like. Who would've guess there'd be so many things I like? Like, certainly not California girls and the like.

"I really liked that poster of those girls making out that turns me on cause I'm a

...see Mural Mania! on back



The Man With the Purple Vest

By Simon Mused ~ Daily Bull

This year the community expo here at Tech has once again brought us the magical man in the purple vest to remind us we are all infidels who will burn in hellfire. Oh joyous day! Many people, especially Christians ironically (not really), found him annoying and enraging, as made evident by the chalk messages apologizing for his

presence by the local Christian community, but I found him vastly interesting. In his defense, Detroit has tons of guys just like him, except we call them drunken homeless

people. I particularly enjoyed his advice to cure your sinning ways by becoming 'greater than human'.

With a booming voice as if granted by God (or at least a god, something tells me it's not the same one as everyone else's), he managed to stop and annoy all who walk past him. Not even Public

Safety could keep this man at bay, as he was escorted off campus by them twice. By then I think they (there was a woman with him who didn't say much) got the hint and returned to their citadel to plot for next year. Until he returns next fateful community expo, we can only wonder what kind of church he works for the rest of the year...

As the sign-wielding apostle of the modern day (I believe his sign hides underneath it the Spear of Longinus, used as holy protection in case sin-

ners or Public Safety attack), it is his job to remind us we are all screwed in the afterlife. Sometimes I wonder what the higher-ups Jesus/Buddah/Shiva/Xenu really think of me. What better way to absolve yourself than to confess your most horrifying acts of blasphemy to the free world? Let's start with me.

...see Infidels on back

Well we're all still alive, which means the LHC didn't destroy the world afterall. Yet.



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...Infidels from front

I beat up an amputee; it was over a game of soccer if I remember correctly. I exposed a mall Santa for who he really is, and I have a 350 gigabyte external hard drive dedicated to porn. Just have about 20 gigs left to fill on that baby. I created a mosaic of Bert from Sesame Street using those free, colored condoms. I successfully turned cats and hamsters into projectiles, and I told a prostitute she sucks, both literally and figuratively.

I robbed someone with Attention Deficit Disorder while wearing a flamboyant shirt. I often thought about cutting off someone's arm just to convince them to get the replacement 'blinged out'. I thought about voting for John McCain once or twice, and I created unnatural life by sticking a turkey sandwich in a toaster floating in a filled bathtub and plugging it in. I spoke the Lord's name in vain to get agnostics/atheists to leave me alone

(this does not work on the religious types, you will get screwed over). Once I got drunk and pissed my best friend's name in the snow, and while I'm not sure that's a sin, I'm just throwing it out there.

I figured out the hard way that saying "I love kids" is completely different from "I love 10-year-olds". I sometimes wonder if Obama has a huge shlong, and I apparently can't tell the difference between a can and a squirrel if I'm holding a BB gun. I collected cats for cadavers in anticipation of a mistake I might make in Anatomy and Physiology Lab. I'm a card-carrying member of "Kappa Kappa Kappa".

I have often wondered what it would feel like to have sex with the following (feel free to stop anytime and discuss this with your friends): a cripple, a paraplegic, a dead body, a cancer victim, someone with herpes, conjoined twins connected at the hip, a lesbian, a gay dude, a straight dude, hermaphrodite, robot, Kirsten Dunst, Katie Holmes, Meryl Streep, Condoleezza Rice, Cindy McCain, Sarah Palin, the Boogeyman, a Jehovah's Witness, the Amish, a horse, a greyhound, kittens, baby seals, porcupine, shark, chameleon (think of how awesome that would be), a bald eagle, bear, lion, snake, bee hive, trumpet, toaster, hole in can of Pepsi, a sprinkler system, bottle of bleach, an empty ball-point pen, a filled ball-point pen, a garden hose, a closed padlock, hot tub jets, a Macintosh desktop, vacuum, amplifier, plants, the air, and the moon.

As I gaze upon my sins, I avert my eyes in shame, and save this document under the filename "The Aristocrats". ☹

<http://homokaasu.org/rasterbator/>

...Mural Mania! from front

talk of the town." Wrong. Donnie Darko was a cool movie when it was a small cult thing, but it is mainstream now. They're even making a sequel. It's done and over and you're not special anymore. Sorry.

An awful lot of people. How awful. Because if there weren't a bazillion other people who have the same poster, I might be compelled to get it myself. I might as well not have it right now, since I see it everywhere else.

"That's right, I got that 300 poster it's really neat. And I have the one of the cool car with the bikini babe on it, she's a hottie." I know that, and I agree. But that doesn't fit into my whole scheme of being different, which starts by not having the same beer posters or Scarface portraits on my wall. Being different requires originality, and having the same thing as everyone else is not original.

"But Nathan, we all breathe and wear clothes, so you are conforming there ha ha." That is because if I didn't wear clothes, I would A. freeze or B. get pummeled by anti-naked people. I can, however, make posters that are original and cool and not what you would expect.

"You know what would be totally original? Having a poster of Donnie Darko in my room. Practically nobody has seen that movie, I would be the

neat is that? Way better than that poster of Jessica Alba you've got going there. "Nuh-uh, she's hot and in movies and stuff..." But does she have a dog named Muttley? Didn't think so.

Best of all, using the Rasterbator is completely free as long as you've been forced to pay your lab fees. Just use your lab printers and never have to worry about using up ink ever again. Forget paying whatever they're asking for down at the MUB. Make your own posters.

Yes, I use a program called the Rasterbator to make humongous posters of things you've never seen on walls, let alone ever before. They're that cool. "Oh yeah, like what Mr. Smart-yoriginalpants?" Three words: Pee Wee Herman.

Nobody else had the guts to do it, but I did. Unfortunately, nobody else liked it, so it's gone now. But I replaced it with Dick Dastardly, how

"Well Nathan, you've convinced me, I'm going to be unoriginal and follow your lead in order to discover originality myself. I feel enlightened. I feel empowered. I feel like sticking it to the man and printing 100 pages of solid black on my lab printers. Because I can." That's the spirit disembodied voice of the masses! Leave your days of being a stereotypical college student behind and enter the realm of *thinking differently!* ☹

How cool is this? So much better than the original Pulp Fiction pose. Also, dibs.



Daily Bull

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Are being wasted unless you print like there's no tomorrow

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Nathan "Invincible" Miller, Tim Kotula, John Earnest, Caitlyn Pierce, Liz Fujita, Jeremy Mr. Sunshine Loucks, Simon Mused, Some guy called Mark, John Pastore, DeForrest Warren, A couple of other people, fourteen smurfs, two turtle doves, and a whole bunch of space that should be filled.

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