

DAILY BULL



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

Wednesday, October 15, 2008

"Frisbeetarianism is the belief that when you die, your soul goes up on the roof and gets stuck."
~George Carlin

Farm Fresh

By Jeremy "Mr. Sunshine" Loucks
~ Daily Bull ~

I live on a farm. A farm with very strange and exotic animals. Names have been changed to protect the innocent. Here are their stories.

Four Legged Chicken

Yes, you read that right. A lovely freak of nature, born not of two eggs, but one mega-egg, the physics of which would baffle even Mr. Skullet Agin himself. It was normal from the head to the waist, but that's where the chicken ended and the freak began. Two vestigial legs (like a T-rex, but way more ugly), two tails, and two...poopers. Yes, it could poop from two places at the same time, a skill much sought after in circles like the Brotherhood of Instant Pooping and The Colonic Irrigator. Unfortunately, it died from laying two eggs at the same time. And what a shame, the Colonel had offered us mega money for our 'superchicken.'

...see Animal Farmers on back

Love of My Life: The Circus Peanut

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller ~ Daily Bull

If there's one thing I've learned in my nearly two decades of life, it's that finding one's true love is one of the best feelings in the world. I myself spent many long years searching in vain, and at last I thought I'd found it. But then it dawned on me – I'd already found my true love, long ago. I just didn't know it. Probably because I wasn't looking in the right place, namely the candy aisle.

Yes, I admit it – I'm in love with Circus Peanuts. No, not your real grow-in-the-ground peanuts. I'm talking those squishy, yummy, outrageously delicious, unnaturally orange "things" you find in cheap gas stations and dollar stores everywhere. Sure, it may seem like an improbable harmony, but based upon my findings I think my days of soul-searching are over.

My love affair with the Circus Peanut began many eons ago. Like many of us here today, I was a small child, and did many childish things. In particular I was very good at putting things into my mouth, no matter the texture, taste, or consistency. Play-do, ants, rocks, pennies, you name it, I probably tried to

eat it. This habit of eating strange things eventually led me to my Dad's open bag of Circus Peanuts.

Curious, I reached for the bag. I remember my dear ol' Dad's warning he gave as I grasped my first orange blob. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, son," he said to me. "Look at me and your grandpa; we're both crazed fools thanks to those things. Do you really want to wind up like us?" Not that I really cared what he said, all I wanted was to taste whatever these things were.

So I put the Peanut into my mouth. I chewed it. And I concluded that I had just experienced my first orgasm – even though I had yet to learn that word. I just knew it was really *really* good.

Looking back, I should've never taken that Peanut. I don't know how many hundreds of thousands of bags of Circus Peanuts I've eaten since that fateful day. Probably enough to count as an addiction. Rarely do I not have a stash somewhere nearby to draw off of in

...see OMG DELICIOUS on back



The Stock Market is a lot like the weather around here lately. It's all over the place. Typical.



Resnet Outages: Revenge of the Grannies

By Jacob Rau ~ Guest Writer

Perhaps when sitting with an elder relative, you have heard the words uttered, "When I was your age" followed by a long, drawn-out explanation of how it was in the dark ages. And you must give it to them: life probably was terribly difficult with no way to talk with dear, loving, caring parents and siblings, no access to your long list of educational websites published by credible, reputable institutions, and no line of communication with your amazing, hard-working, honorable professors.

Luckily for us, we have had this amazing interweb for quite some time now; most of us have used it since the days of floppy diskettes, 4GB hard drives, and Windows 95, dialing up through a 14.4kbps modem (business majors: move along). We have gotten accustomed to today's technol-

ogy-reimbursing artists for our legally-acquired MP3 files, submitting assignments to our teacher assistants well ahead of the due dates, and watching fascinating educational videos from across the world.

However, twice in the past several days, we poor, defenseless college students have been mercilessly cut off from this great source of education. The IT department can claim that this outage happened on its own, and that they are trying their hardest to restore service, but we know the truth. Who is to blame for this heinous offense to the student population? Your grandma, of course!

Think about it. What is the motive? Well, when is the last time you took your dear sweet grandmother seriously when she detailed her ex-

...see My internet! Nooo! on back

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...OMG DELICIOUS from front times of stress.

Yeah, I had a lot of good times with those Circus Peanuts – I mean, how am I ever going to forget all those times in the car together, or in the dark by the fire, or out back in the woods all alone, just me and the bag, together until it was empty. It's stuff like that that lingers with you for the rest of your life.

Figuring I was still alone in this world, I continued searching for that special someone who would complete me. A tough hunt, I'd say, considering most people didn't even pass the basic test of eating even one Circus Peanut. What about the old adage, "A friend of yours is a friend of mine?" And here people were turning down Circus Peanuts right and left. It made me sad.

That's when I realized my true love was right under my nose this whole

time, housed neatly in transparent bags. I was so excited I went out and bought four whole bags all for myself, nearly eating an entire one while I sat in traffic on my way home. But it didn't matter anymore – I was finally in love.

Hopefully you'll find the love of your life someday, just as I found mine. Be prepared to look in places you weren't expecting. You'll never guess how many intimate relationships are waiting for you inside your snack cupboard. ☺

...Animal Farmers from front

Fainting Goats

These are small, cute goats that have a funny problem: if you scare them, their legs stiffen up and the fall over like a one-legged unicyclist. It doesn't hurt them at all, but it's hilarious to watch. I can only imagine the rednecks who first bred these goats:

Billy-Jo: woooooee Clem, watch this! *fires shotgun*

Clem: Oh boy Billy-Jo, look at them goats fall over. You done killed em from fear! Wait, the dern things er getting back up!!

Billy-Jo: Ain't it great? I'll go get some more shells, you get Uncle-Dad; I'm sure he wouldn't miss this for all the tobacco in Tennessee!

Yes, only rednecks would breed an animal like this, purely for our amusement.

Llamas

Ah, the cuddly, loveable bundles of joy that are llamas. Not only do they make for great stage crews (a la monty python), they are great for riding and cuddling. They even make this mewling sound which I will dem-

onstrate to anyone that asks: "oooouunnghooooouunngh." Did I mention they're cuddly?

Now, we did have one troublesome llama. Middle of a violent thunderstorm, one of our llamas decided it was a great time to get some munchies from the middle of an open field. After a loud thunderclap, my dad noticed the llama lying down out there. Braving the storm, he ran out to herd it into the shelter. Only, he found it lying down, SMOKING. It had been struck by lightning and was cooked extra crispy. Mmmm...llamaburgers.

Turkeys

Turkeys are the dumbest animals on the face of the planet, Northern students not included (they're justyeah...). Anyways, I had a turkey drown itself! In HALF AN INCH of water! I mean, that deserves a Darwin award or something cause that's clinically thick.

Americanas

While applying both to a great Offspring album and chickens, we're more focused on the chickens, which could only have been the lovechildren of Dr. Seuss and the Easter Bunny. See, Sam I am, these chickens lay green eggs, which you can eat with ham! Not only green, but pink, blue, and orange eggs too! I think they're wonderful, don't you?

La Manchass

We weren't limited in our goat-y weirdness either. See, although we had fainting goats, we also had this wonderful breed: instead of long, floppy ears, they had NUBS. It seriously looks like they got their heads caught in a fence and ripped back a bit too hard, slicing them right off. I mean, even Mike Tyson couldn't do

a better job. I think the best part about them is explaining to city folk why they don't have ears. Apparently most people think WE amputate them or something. Of course the obvious explanation is that we use them as flyswatters, I mean, isn't that what they're designed for in the first place?

Great Danes

There's an old saying: "my dog is better than your dog." Well, in this case it's more appropriate to say something like: "my dog is Arnold schwarzenndog and will beat your dog into a bloody pulp while blowing up half the neighborhood and banging your mom." See, some people play fetch with tennis balls or sticks; we had to play fetch with 2X4s and basketballs. And don't even think about playfully headbutting one. Don't believe me? Try it and I'll send cards to whatever hospital you wake up in. The best part of a dane? You can so put a saddle on them and ride them like a pony. And finally, the greatest detective in the history of the universe, Scooby-Doo, is a great dane. 'Nuff said.

Pigs

They smell bad and eat anything. Stereotypical college student jokes apply.

Well, that's it for a tour of my crazy, zany animal farm. Enjoy the rest of whatever class you're about to sleep through! ☺

You wanna know how to be really awesome like me, Nathan Invincible, or Mr. Sunshine? Just ask Jacob Rau. I've probably never seen this kid in my life, and then out of the blue he sends me a Daily Bull article, being all like, "Dude, I wanna be cool. Print my article." So I was like, this guy has spunk. So I did. Now he's elite. Be elite. Write for the Daily Bull. Meetings every Wednesday, 9:15 pm, in Walker.

...My internet! Nooloo from front perience of walking five miles, uphill (both ways), in the snow, barefoot, to her unheated one-room schoolhouse? Enough said.

How about means? You may figure that the average seventy to ninety-year-old woman who can't even change the channel on her television set wouldn't have the know-how and the cunning to disable an enterprise-class router. However, this logic is flawed. If you consider that grandmothers are the moms of the IT department staff, this makes more sense. All these evil Grandmas have to do is use a steaming heap of motherly stubbornness, and possibly Cane Power, and ba-BOOM. The student population is cast into darkness.

So what do we do? Nobody wants to see another DHCP request time out. We all like our constant torrent of brain food from across the world. So we need to band up! Let's show these geezers what we've got! Chant it with me: Up with ResNet! Down with Grandma! Up with what? Don't look at me like that! I swear every bit of this is true. ☺



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Daily Bull

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