

DAILY BULL



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

Wednesday, November 12, 2008

"Anyone who is capable of getting themselves made President should on no account be allowed to do the job."
~Douglas Adams

Shameless Plug

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

Lights, camera... action? Um, can we get some action here? I mean it, seriously...we could all use some action here.

If you're not getting enough action, you should consider this; members of the MTU Television club get more action than they can handle. Literally! We've got so much, we'd like to share with you, the everyman.

We're getting caffeined up and writing, acting, filming, editing, and sending in a short movie in a 24-hour span. Apple is sponsoring a film festival on November 15th, starting at 9am. They'll provide three things we have to include in the movie, and then we have only 24 hours to write, cast, shoot, edit, and send it in. It's one hell of a marathon session. And you, the reader, can become involved for fabulous prizes! (including free

...see Movies! on back

Don't Get SAD, Get Vlad

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller ~ Daily Bull

Inevitably another winter has arrived, and following on its heels are a fleet of plow trucks, gobs of salt and sand, and layers upon layers of clothing that both keep you warm and keep your friends from recognizing you. Gosh, it's been a long time coming. Unfortunately, like most good things in this cursed world of ours, there are side effects to this winter wonderland: Seasonal Affective Disorder

Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD), to be quick, is a condition that causes perfectly healthy individuals to turn into depressing blobs in the wintertime due to a lack of sunlight and happy flowers to cheer them up. Every year millions around the world are afflicted, draining on productivity and libido levels everywhere. In some northern reaches, entire towns are forced to sit around on the couch and mope all day from lack of motivation to do anything. SAD, like cancer and shaken baby syndrome, is a silent killer.

How do the masses fight a disease that causes them to lounge about like cats and sleep all day? As they've done in the MUB student org offices, they install really bright lights. Somehow through alien science these abnormally white

lights send good photons into our primal brains instead of bad photons, thus reversing the effects of SAD through ways that no ordinary scientist can explain. Luckily for you, I am no normal scientist. I am a Social Scientist and have been thoroughly trained for 3/4 of a semester on how to properly deal with this sort of problem.

After nearly two minutes of thought and research, I made a breakthrough. Instead of calling them white lights, I decided to call them silver lights. Unlike ordinary incandescent lights, silver lights (as well as the sun) have special photons that are particularly adept at fending off supernatural beings. Namely, you guessed it, vampires. Everyone knows vampires are best killed with silver bullets, so it is only logical that silver photons do more damage to them as well.

But why should we need to kill vampires in the middle of winter? Where are these vampires anyway? Think of those silver lights as more of a pre-emptive measure, a vaccine if you will. During the winter, there are longer nights and cloudier days, which is the perfect time for vampires to move in and take over as it resembles their homeland back in Tran-

...see Blood Suckers! on back

On account of terrorists, The Daily Bull is almost out of ink for our printer. This means we're going to run out very soon. See you when we get more.



The Secret Life of Punxsutawney Phil

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

On November 8th, as the first real snow of the year fluttered down from the sky, word came to the Daily Bull that Punxsutawney Phil was recently spotted on holiday in Cancun. The Groundhog's Day icon allegedly panicked when spotted by a Bull reporter - he fled the scene with two women in skimpy bikinis. The reporter, hoping to secure an interview, went undercover to discover some of Phil's secrets.

Punxsutawney Phil, as it turns out, is not a permanent resident of Pennsylvania. In fact, he doesn't spend more than several days there a year. "Too damn cold," he muttered. "I have a stand-in that stays there during the rest of the year. You wouldn't believe the check I have to write him every month to stay there."

Phil first moved out of the Northeast in 1997, when he began renting a winter home in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. After it was mercilessly destroyed by four simultaneous hurricanes, he decided to try out the Hollywood life he felt entitled to. Upon arriving in California, however, there was no fanfare. No cheering crowds. No paparazzi.

"It was like no one even cared that I was there," said a melancholy Phil. "It turns out very few people in California had even heard of me - not enough of a tough winter for them to care! I had to get out...I had to get away..."

Even through the hardship of being an everyman, Phil continued to return to Pennsylvania to fulfill his annual duty of predicting winter until Mother Nature and global warming

...see Punxie "The Pimp" Phil on back

STUDIO

PIZZA

even better than your mama's pizza

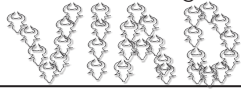
482-5100

10% STUDENT DISCOUNT!
But you gotta ask for it & show us your Tech ID as you pay, because we won't remember.
Discount only on pizza and no extra discount on specials or with coupon.
Oh yeah, no discounts if you piss us off!

...**Blood Suckers!** from front sylvania. By shining obscenely white silver lights around, you're effectively warding off the vampires.

Unfortunately, those who don't have this luxury are often secretly bitten by the vampires, causing them to slow down and want to sleep in a casket all day. Wrapping themselves up with bundles of blankets that closely resemble vampire cloaks, these poor souls drag on through the day primarily due to a lack of blood to fuel their demon hearts. You think it was a coincidence they had a vampire blood drive around Halloween this year? Cause I don't.

So this year, take the offensive. Go out to Wal Mart, buy some expensive silver photon emitting bulbs, stick em in your house, and get busting bad-dies. Remember, the best offense is a good defense. Don't get SAD – get Vlad.



Mr. Phil enjoying himself in sunny Cancun while millions freeze because of his predictions.

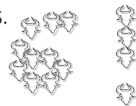
...**Punxie "The Pimp" Phil** from front threw him a curveball wrapped in a fastball wrapped in Canadian bacon. He misjudged.

He recalls that he felt his career was "over and done" following the incident. It drove him to drink, drove him to debauchery, drove him to - Mexico.

Nonetheless, Phil's predictions continue to be relatively spot-on. Following each annual celebration of his psychic abilities, winter does in fact carry on for weeks. How does he do it?

"Ha! How do I do it, she asks. How do you think? You're from the U.P. - you know as well as I do that shit ain't going away in six weeks!"

Get used to the snow, freshmen (sorry, *first years*) – it's the only thing you're going to know for the next, oh...six months.



...**Movies!** from front macbooks and apple software!)

Interested in writing, but don't think you have the style for the Bull or *gasp* ...the Lode? We offer a different outlet for your creativity, especially witty situational jokes and one-liners.

(Editor's Note: Writing for the Lode is not encouraged. Ever.)

How about you tech geeks out there? You know, the aspiring pornography cameramen, or the 'I've-got-a-massive-keyboard-and-know-how-to-use-it' folks. Not only is this a chance to further your 1337 skills, but who knows, this might look good on that resume of yours, right next to "Cameraman for Backdoor Sluts 9."

And of course, how can we forget the standard attention-whore, the guy/gal who will get up and act crazy just for the laughs? The TV club is a perfect outlet for your...talents. The only difference is that instead of do-

ing it for Youtube or Stickam, you're doing it for the entire college community! (Shameless plug: watch episode three at www.colledgesit.com to see me doing exactly that.)

The best part of all of this is that you could be famous! Seriously! With projects including a one-day movie competition, to making a film for Mt. Bohemia, you'll get your name/face/*insert random sexual body part here* out for the public to see! Just come to a meeting at 6pm, Thursdays in Walker 144 and we'll get you set up for happy funtime. 🐻

Snow-ish?

By Kayla Herrera ~ Daily Bull

Click your heels, tap your toes, and shriek in utter elation in response to the swirling and churning flakes falling around the Keweenaw. Yes, snow has officially made its first appearance of the year. It's a proven fact that a good majority of the first-years are without winter jackets, hats and gloves and insulated boots.

What the hell were you thinking?

The U.P. is infamous for its early winters, which usually extend far into the month of April and sometimes into May (beware, I've seen snow banks hang around till June). This current, measly collection of the white, fluffy stuff is nothing compared to what lies ahead for the Michigan Tech students of 2008-09. Back in the 1900s, snow was used as a tool of survival, providing nourishment to those who lacked the skills of hunting. It was verified that if a person believed hard enough while shaping their snowball into a turkey leg, the power of the mind would enable the taste buds to actually duplicate the flavor. Thus, snow was actually the basis of

Thanksgiving dinner. Those pictures of glorious turkey feasts with ears of corn and corn bread you see in textbooks; it's a lie, all a lie meant to glorify the times of the pilgrims and Native Americans. Snow is the future; it's inevitable.

Sure, the simple thought of snow is thrilling and the dominance of white actually seems to suit the Keweenaw now, but give it a few months and the incessant lack of color and the seasonal affective disorder will be gnawing at whatever's left of your sanity. I highly recommend participating in winter activities such as snowboarding, sledding, or broomball. Throw a couple snowballs between classes. Hell, go streaking for all I care. Just get outside as much as you can and utilize what little daylight there is. Or just think really hard and maybe your snowball will start tasting like chicken.

As for those who are jacketless, gloveless, bootless, and hatless, here's to a couple weeks of sodden feet, numb fingers, and perpetual shivers. Enjoy! 🐻

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?!?!?

The Daily Bull now has an email list where you can get the Bull every day we print, **VIRTUALLY!!!** That means in your email if you are a newb. All you have to do is send an email to majordomo@mtu.edu with a blank subject field and **subscribe mydailybull-I end**

in the body of the email. Then you're good to go. Unfortunately, unless we can get more than 400 people on the email list, we won't have any issues after we run out of ink (we're getting more, so don't worry. It just might be a while). So sign up and save us! 🐻



Daily Bull

EDITOR IN CHIEF
Tim Kotula

COMPOSITION EDITOR
Nathan "Invincible" Miller

MAY RUN OUT OF INK
The Daily Bull Printer

FACULTY ADVISOR
David "Tubular" Olson

SURVIVED WORLD WAR ONE
Cthulhu

BUSINESS MANAGER
Caitlyn Pierce

Nathan "Invincible" Miller, Tim Kotula, John Earnest, Caitlyn Pierce, Liz Fujita, Jeremy Mr. Sunshine Loucks, Simon Mused, John Pastore, Deforest Warren, Ivan Lysenko, Zach Simpson, Brett Jenkins, Madelyn Hilby, Ryan Richards, Zach Simpson, Matt Villa, Mark Cruthy, Mary Kennedy, Elizabeth Masters, Kayla Herrera, Mike Lennon, Heather Vingsness, Hyllinn Taggart, Benjamin Loucks, and Bond James Bond.

©2008 by the Daily Bull, a non-profit organization. All rights reserved. Articles may be freely distributed electronically or on late night talk shows provided credit is given, and that this notice is included. The Daily Bull reserves the right to refuse any advertisements or guest articles without reason. All opinionated letters sent to the editor (on paper or to dailybull@gmail.com) will be treated as material to be published unless expressly stated otherwise by the sender. Original works printed in the Daily Bull remain the property of the creator; however the Daily Bull reserves the right to reprint any submissions in future issues unless specifically asked not to do so by the creator. If you keep reading this small text, you'll devour a plate of spaghetti and meatballs.

The Daily Bull would like to thank the Daily Bull for buying our own damn printer that this publication is printed on. We would also like to thank the Student Activity Fee for helping to pay for our paper and toner costs.

Advertising inquiries, questions & comments should be directed to dailybull@gmail.com