

# DAILY BULL



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

Friday, February 27, 2009

"I have enough money to last me the rest of my life, unless I buy something."  
~Jackie Mason

## Battle at LFS

By John Pastore ~ Daily Bull

In these fabled halls, heroes gather - half man, half surgeon, half cyborg, half centurion. There, these heroes - men beside themselves, one and all - gather to wage battle against the only force left to fight in this universe - Decay.

These men, these necromongers of the digital scourge, are brought together under the Judginizers watchful electronic visage, in order to feast their hungry hands upon the freshly baked corpses of ancient and modern machines alike. Their necessary powers shall be divided, allowed to rise, and then fired in the forge of partial contact mortal combat. Those survivors shall in turn be tallied onto their ma-baker score - with one ma-baker being equal to one successful bank robbery, no ma-bakers being equal to no successfully completed machines, and minus-one ma-baker being a fully func-

...see Linuuuuuuuu:xxx on back



## Goo Rehab

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

### Day 1 – 4.30 pm

Checked in today, after being dragged away from the computer by a concerned friend. Haven't eaten in two days, thanks to being in the middle of Chapter Two. Works better than the Atkins diet, at least.

There's an air vent up near the ceiling, and the only thing I can think about it how I could best build to it, and get sucked through it to freedom. But there's nothing to build with in here, so I'm going to have to resort to drawing a sketch of what I *would* do. How lame is that? Especially when you consider the fact that I can't draw for shit.

Perhaps this won't be too bad. I can survive on only a few hours of Goo per day.

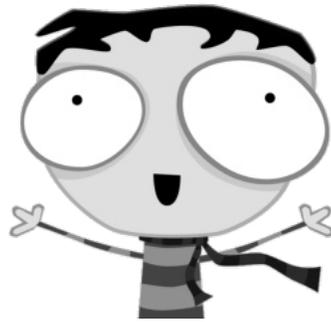
### Day 2 – 8.47 pm

They only let us play for four hours today. It was pretty challenging, but I feel like I can handle it. I usually stop every five hours or so to stretch and go to the bathroom, so it isn't too much different, right? Poor Colin, though... he cried

when they turned the monitor off on him. Bastards. He had just reached the Information Superhighway. They won't let me visit him, though – "He has to overcome this on his own."

### Day 3 – 2.06 am

Woke up shaking. I heard them in my dream: those little chuckles, "woo-hoo!", the whistle. In my dream, the green ones no longer separated from each other. Absolutely terrifying – how would you climb the Ivory Towers? I need to go back to sleep to build some strength for the coming detox. It's already starting.



GOO!

What is this place? This empty place, with no Factor Z.

### Day 3 – 9.00 pm

They're cutting down Goo time faster and faster – right down to two hours today. I feel like everything is becoming worthless. I need Goo. I need to wake them. They need to be set free...

Started rolling my socks instead of folding them. If I think hard enough, they

...see Goooooo on back

The Bull got a new printer! It's beautiful!



## Nathan Wonders: Thinking

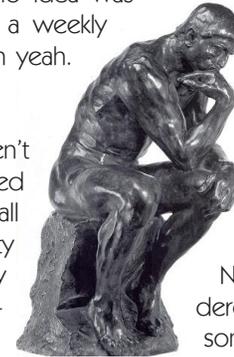
Brought to you by Nathan "Invincible" Miller

You know, thinking is hard. Why, just trying to come up with a topic for this week's Nathan Wonders practically had me knocked out cold on the floor. *What to write about?!* Who's dumb idea was it to come up with a weekly column anyway? Oh yeah. Mine. Oops.

But seriously. I haven't actually wondered about anything all week. It's been pretty slow. Really the only thing worth mentioning that happened was I cut myself with a knife that I owned for

20 seconds, the Bull got a new printer, and a plane crashed in Amsterdam. I already wrote articles about the first two, and nobody wants to hear me lament about jet

airliners. Not even me. If the Bull office had a suitable wall to bonk my head against, I would. Then I could wonder why my head hurts. I couldn't blame Broomball, since that's all over and done with (or nearly so, championship game tonight!) It's almost as if I have, dare I say, *writer's block!* Gasp! The horror.



Nah, it's probably just wonderer's block. It happens sometimes. Maybe I'm being lulled into a false sense of security, and the world is really sneaking up on me behind my back. I'm watching you world! No funny business! I know your tricks. I'll wonder about something, and when I do, you're gonna regret it!

# STUDIO PIZZA

**Mo' Better Pizza!**

## 482-5100



**10% STUDENT DISCOUNT!**  
But you gotta ask for it and show us your MIT ID—because we won't remember. Discount only on pizza and no extra discount on specials or with a coupon. And no discounts if you piss us off!

...Goooooo from front look like the white Goo Balls, except without eyes... poor dead souls. They also smell pretty bad, but I'm willing to endure it. I have Febreeze.

**Day 4 – 3:55 pm**

Only allotted thirty minutes of Goo today. It would have been all right, but one of my bridges kept collapsing. Wasted five entire minutes restarting and using timebugs. That's one-sixth of my time. I feel so empty, so alone, with no hope of seeing HER.

**Day 8 – 10:17 pm**

Darkness.

There was no Goo on day five. No Goo *since* day five. Too weak to write more.

**Day 8 – 10:19 pm**

Can't sleep.

All I see are colored dots. Black ones, all alone... white ones, cooing as they awaken... green ones, pink ones, the

ones with her eyes, the little green vectors, flying all alone over steep edges...

Oh, God. Oh, God, save me... the balloons... they've tied explosive ones to the balloons... no... no...

**Day 8 – 10:24 pm**

Using my rolled socks to try to get to the air vent. I can feel the free air against my fingers as I reach up to grab the ledge... it won't pull me. I keep slipping back.

There's nothing for me here, not without my Goo. I don't know how much longer I can go on. I must escape.

**Day 9 - Afternoon**

Planning. Finally, finally, planning! There are a few of us with just enough desperation left to seek out our liberation. The small faction has been meeting, secretly, in between meals and group therapy sessions. We've all agreed that the risks involved with escaping are acceptable – if we make it out, we will be with the Goo balls again.

Our means of communication come in the form of short messages inscribed in toilet stalls - the Sign Painter speaks in mysterious places sometimes, but at least it keeps our little militia informed.

**Day 9 – time unknown.**

FREEDOM.

Several of us worked together to pull each other out through the vent, exactly like 'Leap Hole.' Marcy stayed behind – she hasn't been playing as long. She said she would make it through the detox program. For the rest of us, she said, life would be better worth living if we were allowed to go back to the World of

Goo Corporation.

God bless Marcy.

GOOOOOOOOOOO !!!!!!! ☹

**...Linuuuuuuuuxx from front**

tional Linux From Scratch computer.

Linux From Scratch, you say? What the fnar is that, you cry out? Please stop pulling my leg, you inwardly groan? Those of you reading this in class, prepare to get schooled.

Linux is made of tiny little Lego's called "modules". You can build a new module every day - two if you're dedicated - three if you find a typo. And because everyone has been doing this based off of the work of bell labs in the 1960's, when a functional standard named "POSIX" was written - all of the popular modules all work together. So you can just replace these things on the fly, when a new part comes out, just cause it was built in general to work with your thing. Just as you can put Space-Police heads on Train-Set bodies, you can make anything in Linux work anywhere else. Is this awesome? (Y/N)

Take enough people answer yes, and you'll get some pretty disparate Lego sets. Some sound really lazy, like Slack-ware, and some sound really vowel-y, like Ubuntu, and some even make some claims, like Damn Small Linux - but they're all Linuxes. You make module for one, it has the potential of working on any one. Linux From Scratch exemplifies



this - you must, before installing it, compile everything. From Scratch. No pussyfooted packs of cake mix, no ramen like simplicity - no, you've got your linux-flour, and your linux-eggs, and you're expected to make a cake. Only the most skilled of linuxous-chefs could make these souffles of operating systems arise from the disparate parts of source files. And arise they shall.

And therein lies the final extraneous challenge. These parts they are to be working with are just standardized.

Most are removed from their containment boxes, and running free across the floor. Some are downright 'bad, just waiting to burn low voltage circuitry with the flames of improper polarity. And some, the awkward some - are neither Intel nor Macintosh, but Sun.

Take heart, digital necromongers - your challenge is thus! To assemble a computer, you must! Add to that, a compiled flair - graphics and network are bonuses there. The older the better, the weirder the boot - how many in 8 hours can you do?

Go Linux nerds. **This Saturday. Rhe-ki 214.** Prove yourselves, or face combustion. ☹



## Daily Bull

**KING OF ALL COSMOS**  
Nathan "Invincible" Miller

**THESE ARE HARD**  
My brain hurts!

<b>FACULTY ADVISOR</b> David "Not smug" Olson	<b>SHIRT-WOOL</b> I want a random shirt!	<b>BUSINESS MANAGER</b> Caitlyn Pierce
--	---	---

Nathan "Invincible" Miller, Tim Kotula, John Earnest, Caitlyn Pierce, Liz Fujita, Jeremy Mr. Sunshine Loucks, Simon Mused, John Pastore, DeForest Warren, Ivan Yusevko, Zach Simpson, Brett Jenkins, Mackelyn Hilly, Ryan Richards, Matt Villa, Mark Cruth, Mary Kennedy, Kiri Kennedy, Elizabeth Masters, Kayla Herrera, Ray Martens, Mike Lennon, Heather Vingsness, Hylinn Taggart, Benjamin Loucks, Tyler Botbyl & friends, Lauren Allen, and all those smug professors who enjoy torturing their students.

©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](mailto: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 think you're leaving Sugar Mountain too soon.

The Daily Bull would like to thank the Daily Bull for buying our own damn \*old\* 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](mailto:dailybull@gmail.com)



To discourage the sending of personal e-mails at work, management randomly chose a worker's e-mail to be shown on the big screen.

**Filmboard Presents:**

## Quantum Of Solace



**The scene where 007 comes over the hill looking badass with the gun? It never actually happens :(**

See it this Friday and Saturday in Fisher 135!  
Tickets are \$3. BRING TECH ID!  
Showtimes: 6:00, 8:30, 11:00