

# DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like classes during Spring Fling!

Friday, April 17, 2009

"Maturity is only a short break in adolescence."  
~Jules Feiffer

## Wugs

By Kiri Kennedy ~ Daily Bull

Ahhh, spring. 'Tis the season for fresh air, playing outdoors and allergies. Oh, and wugs! That's right, folks, wugs. Wugs are cute little fictitious birds that are used in a simple test to see if young children have the ability to turn single words into their plural form. The test is also used to see if an adult has genetic dysphasia. I'm not going to explain what the hell that is, just go look it up in Google. Seriously.

Anyway, these adorable little birds have been the subject of many a discussion between a few of my friends and I. Steve finally decided to make shirts for us, and they finally came in on Tuesday! Now, the plan is to have all nine people that have the shirts in their possession (including me) to wear them today. Why you ask? Well, duh! Spring Fling!

We want to make an impression, you see. We want people to not only go "Awww,

...see Birdies on back



## Spring is in the Air!

By Nathan 'Invincible' Miller ~ Daily Bull

Ah spring. You know what is wonderful about spring? About a trillion things. Ok, maybe not a trillion. I'm not one of those people who gets all gushy over every living leaf or speck of dirt I see, but I do really like spring. So to be safe, there's probably only 874,692 wonderful things about spring.

For example, when else can you get away with playing in the mud? It's only socially acceptable for the months of April and May, and anytime else you're just a hick or have some sort of fetish for women covered in worm poop. Come on, there's so many better things that they could wrestle in. Like peanut butter. Or even salsa. Now that'd be hot.

Speaking of hot, spring is about the only time of the year when the sun is truly appreciated. See, in the summer everybody gets those SunSetter Retractable Awnings specifically design to block out the sun, in winter you can't feel it (or it's

hiding), and in the fall, well, fall is fall. Only in spring does anybody actually want to have the sun shine on them.

And aside from the ugly piles of snow, one could argue that spring is the most beautiful season of the year. Once the plants start coming to life again (in May), the greens are greener, the flowers flowerier, and the birds hungrier for seedier seeds and wormier worms. Everything is happier, even the rainy days and garbage trucks. It's like everything gets a big happy smiley face.

Here's a thought: with the ground unfrozen, grave robbing all the sudden starts becoming profitable again! The industry must have to shut down in the wintertime, since the cost of digging in solid ground is so high. But once the ground goes to slop, ohh boy. There gold teeth in them there hills! Where's my spade?

...see Sunny days! on back

Are you sitting inside on a day like this?  
Stop! Go enjoy Spring Fling!



## Senior Walk - A Long-Standing Tradition

By Tom Rozich "72" ~ Guest Writer

Aha, the end of spring semester nears, which not only brings geese, sandhill cranes, robins, and summer vacations to Michigan Tech, but also a long standing tradition! What tradition you ask? Senior Walk, which dates back at least fifty years! Senior Walk? What's that? Senior Walk is a custom of graduating seniors, accompanied by various and sundry associates - underclassmen practicing, tagalongs, curiosity seekers, alumni, etc., - making their last visit to the local adult beverage serving emporiums in Hancock and Houghton.

A semi-diligent search for the origins of this annual event was conducted, with the following theories offered:

One researcher proposed the walkers were testing Cliff Claven's (Cheers) "Buffalo Theory" (drinking beer actually makes one smarter),

but Tech's tradition pre-dates Cliff's hypothesis. Other theories include shaking off cabin fever after the Copper Country's long winter; getting mentally prepared for finals week (supports Cliff's theory), and getting exercise (both leg and elbow). However, it is probably as simple as another reason for beer lovers to quaff more of their favorite brewski!

A more recent nuance of **SENIOR WALK** is the periodic printing of souvenir **T-SHIRTS!** Formerly, they were produced by a campus fraternity, but this year will be made available by another entity, and will be available at the **COPPER ISLAND BEACH CLUB** (on the Hancock waterfront) beginning, **APRIL 17th**. A very limited number of these collector's items will be produced (they must be seen to be appreciated), so get yours early. Reserve one at 101 Navy Street, or call 482-2422 !!

**STUDIO PIZZA**  
even better than your mama's pizza  
**482-5100**

**10% STUDENT DISCOUNT!**  
But you gotta ask for it and show your MITD—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!

...Sunny days! from front

Nah, I wouldn't dig up a corpse. Everyone knows that's a surefire way of getting attacked by zombies. Who, might I add, never seem to come out in wintertime. Are they simply entombed in the frozen ground, or are they massing their forces for a springtime assault on lovey-dovey picnickers? Gosh. All of the sudden spring might not be so merry after all...

I better watch out. Here I thought an ant invasion was the worst thing that could happen to us as we lay out in a field on a summer's day, holding hands without a care in the world, but zombies?! Aren't they affected by the nice smells wafting from pretty flowers? I thought it was like poison gas to them. Maybe they're hippie zombies and all they want to do is make flower drawings on everything and sing happy songs.

I sure hope so, because I'm definitely

not in the right mindset for slaughtering the undead right now. I've got a puppy to take care of, Spring Fling to enjoy, squirrels to chase, friends to have fun with, and that's barely the tip of the iceberg. I think I'm suffering from "Springtime Besting," where everything is automatically better just because it's spring. Hell, even waking up at 7:15 in the morning isn't so bad anymore. Never thought I'd say that.

I'm pretty sure this is some sort of Commie plot to lull America into a false sense of security and blissfulness. They've probably infected our water supply with Love Potion No. 9 extract, just like they did with fluoridation. Next thing you know, everybody's outside having a good time instead of manning the ICBM complexes to keep the Ruskis in check. Oh no!

But hey - if I'm gonna get vaporized in a nuclear explosion, I better be enjoying myself. Make it worth it. De-stress. Eat a flower. Go spring! 🌸

...Birdies from front

they're cute!", but to also show interest in the linguistic tests that the little bird is involved in. We want people to love what they stand for.

So, if you want to see the wugs, please come wander the campus during Spring Fling, and help us get the word out! We love the wugs! 🐣

**Filmboard Presents:**



**Underworld: Rise of the Lycans**

The Electronic duo *Underworld*

**Werewolves and vampires and monsters oh my! Ready for some madness? Get to the Fisher!**

See it this Friday and Saturday in Fisher 135!

Tickets are \$3. BRING TECH ID!

Showtimes: 6:00, 8:30, 11:00



This is not the Senior Walk we were talking about. Look at that - they're not even wearing the cool matching t-shirts, and those dumbbells probably don't double as containers for beverages. Please age responsibly.

# End of the Semester Blues

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

With sincere apologies to the great Jim Croce

Well, I had just got out of a room in Fisher  
Doing calculus for hours straight.

Tried to find me a less studious position

But my homework just could not wait!

They wouldn't listen to the fact that I am busy  
The prof said, "Your brain's gonna be abused!"

Now I got them steadily depressin',

Low-down, mind-messin'

End of the semester blues.

Well, I should be reelin', soaking in the feeling

Of sunlight on my smiling face,

Talking 'bout summer to the other students

Saying, "Here there, buddy, get on outta here!"

Instead I'm stuck here mastering physics once again,

And studying 'til quarter to two

With them steadily depressin',

Low-down, mind-messin'

End of the semester blues.

You know a girl of my mentality

She should be runnin' round beneath the sun.

But till the class sets me free,

I'll take no part in my glee -

In my study lounge 'til finals are done.

Well, all I can do is to write and work

And try to forget that it's true,

But coming up next week at the start of the day

Is the time for this report to be due!

So baby, don't 'spect to see me lyin' in a bikini

Baskin' in sunlight without any shoes

'Cos I got them steadily depressin',

Low-down, mind-messin'

End of the semester blues!

So baby, don't 'spect to see me lyin' in a bikini

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End of the semester blues.

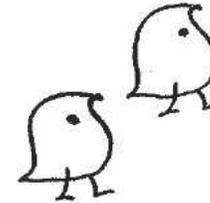
Yeah, I got them steadily depressin',

Low-down, mind-messin'

End of the semester blues!!!



THIS IS A WUG.



NOW THERE IS ANOTHER ONE.

THERE ARE TWO OF THEM.

THERE ARE TWO \_\_\_\_\_.



## Daily Bull

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