

# DAILY BULL



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

Friday, April 3, 2009

"For a list of all the ways technology has failed to improve the quality of life, please press three."

~Alice Kahn

## Creepers!

By Ruben Garcia, who insists on staying a Guest Writer

Hey! You! YES YOU! I wouldn't look behind you... there's a creeper! Yeah, I bet you can feel his creepy eyes staring creepily at your back. Creepers are something that your parents didn't tell you about when they gave you the, "In college you'll expect this" speech. We all know who the creepers are, don't try and deny it. You are consciously aware of their presence. Not out of affection or interest, but rather by a deep instinct to survive. You see these people enter the room and your brain automatically scans for exits and escape routes. What makes it worse is that these pasty people seem to always know where you are at all times. They make it their prerogative to try and sit next to you in the cafeteria or keep a weird collection of things you've written, touched, looked at, or bears an insignificantly small resemblance to you. The fact that

...see Behind you! on back



## The Invincible Diet

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller ~ Daily Bull

Have you ever stopped and wondered, "Gosh, how much do I eat in a given day?" That thought crossed my mind a month ago, so I set out on a tedious journey I like to call, "The Month I Decided to Count Every Single Thing I Eat and Tally it up in an Excel Spreadsheet." This is the finale to that journey. Imagine it like a marathon – nobody wants to watch every minute of it. They only care about the finish line. What follows is the post-game show.

Do they have post-game shows for marathons? Who knows. What I do know is that I ate A LOT of things in March. 92,033 Calories worth in fact, for an average of 2969 per day. Put into perspective, that's about 150% of what I need to survive in a day. Would you believe that I didn't gain any weight? I'm sorry if I'm making you jealous. I have an overactive metabolism.

It was fairly interesting to keep tabs of how much I ate. The highest day was 4762 Calories, on my birthday, when I ate a gigantic burger at the Ramada. It was yummy. Needless to say, the next day was the lowest at 1775. Most days,

though, eating breakfast, lunch, and dinner was simply not enough. Thus, I was forced to supplement my real food with candy and other sugary snacks, averaging around 546 per day, or the equivalent of 127 skittles. My candy intake for the month was around 18.4%, which could've been much higher had I been in possession of circus peanuts.

Once I had tabulated my results, I got to thinking, "What could I have done with all those Calories instead of eating them?"

After all, you can survive a month without food, so that leaves 92k Calories to use on more important things. Such as boiling 920 liters of water from 0 degrees Celsius. With that much water, you could fill a little more than 2 of those plastic kiddie pools. Now that's a lot of soup.

But let's say you wanted to use that energy in a useful manner. 92k Calories is a bit more than 385 million joules. In realistic terms, that's about 107 kilowatt-hours, which would cost you around \$18 if you're on Upco. With 107 kWh,

...see Food! on back

There is no spoon.  
Only a portable scooping instrument.



## Nathan Wonders: Holding Doors

Brought to you by Nathan "Invincible" Miller

PET PEEVE: doors. Doors are almost as bad as stairs, but since they move and aren't sitting there insidiously, waiting for me to trip, they don't get the worst of the worst pet peeve. Also, doors aren't bothersome unless accompanied by one additional factor: bad manners.

You know the type. The person who can see out of the corner of their eye that you're within a reasonable distance behind you, so holding the door is entirely possible and expected. But no. You're not *really* there, and you're not *really* following right behind them, and you *can't possibly* expect them to hold the door for you for *even one second*. These people are also known as terrorists. Trip them on sight.

I can't stand it! I'm right there! Even when I know they saw me, they still dodge inside without propping it open for even a moment. Send it out a little so I can try and catch it on my way in at least! Are you so busy that you can't be nice to a stranger and be courteous for a change? I hold doors for people that are barely even in view and you don't see me complaining. Even when I have my hands full.

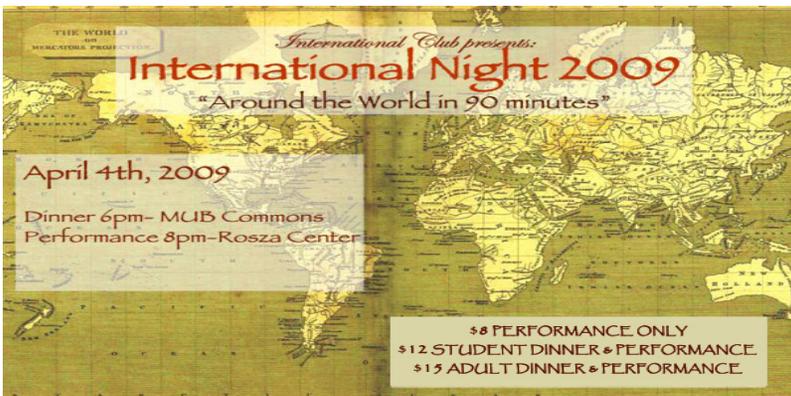


See, I believe in a thing called karma. Heard of it? Hold doors open for people? You're in good shape. Expect something good in your future. For everyone else who can't be expected to help someone out unless there's an instant reward, you suck. Go fall in a well or something. ☹

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**...Food! from front**

you could run a standard 15-watt fluorescent bulb for 7131 hours, or 297 days straight. But if you ask me, I'd rather eat than have light for 10 times longer than I'll be alive if I don't get some food in me.

Ridiculous enough for you? It wasn't for me. Converting to boiling water and power usage is child's play – I wanted something more. Something big. And hot. The sun. How long could I power the sun?

I tried to figure that out, but it was very small and not a surprising answer (0). But I wondered, could all the food I ate in a month power a very small portion of the sun? This was doable. The sun releases roughly 383 yottawatts (yotta is 10<sup>24</sup>) of power every second. With my modest 106,962 watts of food energy, I could more than easily power .163 square meters of the sun for a whole second. This is as much area as 14 CDs. The sun, in comparison, has a surface area of more than 3.3 x 10<sup>17</sup> CDs.

So in the grand scheme of things, anyone who's been overeating really isn't taking in all that many extra Calories at all. Sure, you might add a few pounds around the waistline, but if you were to fall into the sun, it wouldn't make a noticeable difference whatsoever. Think about the next time you eat that extra slice of pizza. And remember: you're fine just the way you are – not burned to a crisp in a fiery inferno. ☹

**...Behind You! from front**  
Michigan tech is a barren wasteland doesn't make it any better.

Now there is such thing as female creepers, but these creatures are rare. The more common variety is the regular male creeper. Now, male readers, you may ask yourself "am I a creeper?" If you know where a girl is at any time in the day because you secretly follow her to class without her knowing, if you know where they live using stalker net [mtu search / facebook combo], and if she leaves shortly after you sit down at a table in the dining hall then you are a creeper. Solution? Sorry, there is nothing that I can recommend. Maybe take down the pants, put the fanny-pack aside and shave the 80's porno mustache, but that's about it.

The sad thing is that most Michigan Tech girls are often far too nice to say anything to their would-be stalkers. They suffer and bear it. GIRLS! SAY SOMETHING! If you don't the creeper mistakes your silence for liking. AND DON'T TRAVEL IN GROUPS! The creeper views this as a hit-x-amount of birds with one stone. People who own creepers, remember to get them spayed and neutered, the creeper population is out of control.

*This has been a public service announcement from the Ruben Garcia Anti-Creeper & World-Righter Coalition. ☹*

**Bonus Points!**

And the winner of my "Guess my favorite movie" challenge goes to **James Maercklein**, who wins 4 bonus points! He clocked in his answer at 9:28:33 a.m. yesterday, a mere 5 seconds ahead of second place winner **Amy Hughes**. **Daniel Stroup** limped in at 9:44:20 for third, and our own Liz Fujita gets honorable mention for registering the winning answer, 'Dr. Strangelove' at 9:49:08. Thanks to everyone who participated!

Wait, you don't have any idea what I'm talking about? Maybe you should sign up for our daily email list! That's right, the Daily Bull, sent electronically to your inbox everyday! *Woah*. Wanna know how? Send an email to **majordomo@mtu.edu** with a blank subject line and **subscribe mydailybull-I [new line] end** in the body of the email. That's all there is to it! So start collecting those bonus points - sign up today! ~Invincible ☹

**Bombing Out With a Zero**

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

Where has my assignment gone,  
And where are all the notes?  
Where's the word-wise grammar nerd  
To help me cite these quotes?  
Can't there be a due date upon a later week  
Late at night I write and research, and I try hard not to freak...

[Chorus A]:  
I'll get a zero!  
I'm bombing out with a zero on my paper tonight.  
It's going to be crap,  
And it's going to drop points,  
And it's going to lose me this fight.  
I'll get a zero!  
I'll be writing this essay 'til the morning light.  
My failure is sure,  
And it's coming so soon,  
And it's going to ruin my life.  
Ruin my life....

Somewhere after midnight  
Right about my time for bed  
Someone says from down the hall,  
"It's due tomorrow, noon, and I'm dead."  
Racing with disaster, and typing at top speed -  
It's gonna take a superman to finish it by three...  
[Chorus A]

Up where the graders read these failures we made  
And where professors dish out C's,  
I would swear there is someone, somewhere  
Mocking me.

Through BS, and the stress, and the pain  
And the late-night caffeine  
I just say, F-M-L,  
If you know what I mean.

[Chorus B]:  
I'll get a zero!  
I'm giving up - take a zero on my paper tonight.  
It's done, but it's crap,  
And it's sure to drop points,  
But there's no way I'm winning this fight.  
I'll get a zero!  
I'm too tired to edit 'til the morning light.  
My failure is sure,  
And it's coming at noon,  
And it's going to ruin my life.  
Ruin my life....

Inspired by my last-second discovery of a paper being due, and of course Footloose! Go Bonnie Tyler! ☹

**Daily Bull**

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