

DAILY BULL



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Thursday, October 22, 2009

"I love acting. It is so much more real than life."
~ Oscar Wilde

Dexter Gloves

By Mike Friesen ~ Daily Bull

Some people have a House Cane. Y'know, a cane like Dr. House has in the show. Some people have a Friends sweater. A Teenage-Mutant-Ninja-Turtles weapon. A power-rangers level of mental process impediment.

Well, I have Dexter Gloves. For those of you who don't watch enough TV to know the show, Dexter is about a person who serially kills serial killers.

So I was recently gifted with a pair of suave, comfy, and thoroughly black leather gloves. Donning them changes – nay! - transforms me. One minute I am just an average dorky college student sitting at my computer... but then I slide on the cool black Dexter Gloves and I become a dorky serial protagonist sitting at some dorky college student's computer. Time to put a virus on his computer and punish him for all the what-

...see Groves! on back



IRHC: I Really Hate [this] Crap

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

OKAY, MICHIGAN TECH – I KNOW A LOT OF you probably feel like I'm a nit-picky, grammar-freak asshole after on of my previous articles, in which I ripped on IRHC for saying "good" when they should have said "well." That's fine. I accept that people think I'm crazy. This time, however, I know you will agree with me when I say that IRHC failed all over themselves with their last series of table tents.

Let me preface this whole thing by tossing in a tiny ingot of praise. [praise] It's fantastic having recycling bins in the dorms. They're provided by IRHC for our convenience, and I really do thank them for arranging this whole system... just not for how they advertise it [/praise]. I'm going to go back to what I said before: what would you do if I walked up to you and declared, "You can get burritos the Mexican restaurant!"

At first, your brain would process the words "burrito" and "Mexican restaurant," and you'd say, "Awesome!" Your stomach would growl. Your mouth would water. Then you would blink, turn on the higher-capacity section of your brain that sets you apart from the chimpanzees, and realize what I said. I can get burritos... the Mexican restaurant?

I feel like that picture would be better if it were lo mein noodles instead of paper.



Since this is an engineering school and we like to take theoretical knowledge and apply it to real life, let's cut to the chase. Please look at the picture I have included – can you spot the two glaring, FAILBlog-worthy mistakes? I'll give you a few moments to read it over. Feel free to write on the Bull if you need to.



Jeopardy! music plays

See?! Do you see that? You're not mistaken. The table tents that promoted our awesome little recycle bins really did say, in huge, eye-catching font: GET A BIN THE RECEPTION DESK.

What?! Get a bin. The reception desk.

Come on! And as if that weren't bad enough, a further explanation just underneath decreed, "Recycling is a fre service of the Inter-Residence Hall Council."

F-r-e? What in the nine hells is fre? Freh. Is that like an alternate form of the GRE? Is that the sound some creature makes when it gets hit by a car, then breathes

...see Made a fail back

Pic o' the Day

Get a bin the Reception Desk

Recycling is a fre service of the Inter-Residence Hall Council.

When your bin is full, simply bring it back to the desk.

Details on what can, cannot, and shouldn't be recycled are included.*



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Hey you! Are you a Daily Bull fanatic? Read us everyday? Hoard every issue as if your life depended on it? You're not alone. There's more of us than you think.

Course, you could always be a little bit more fanatical. We're not saying you should go burn down the Lode office or anything, but there's tons of ways you can show off your Daily Bull spirit. Did you know we've got an email list? Yep, everyday we print, I send off a stunning, bazillion-color .pdf of the Bull. Now you'll never miss an issue again.

Getting an electronic Bull is nice and all, but how are people supposed to know your undying love for us? You can't very well wear the Bull around all day... or can you? Shirts! Of course! We've still got some ravishing white-on-black shirts left, replete with revolutionary slogans and Daily Bull logos. What more could you possibly ask for?

Don't bug me about the website. I'm workin' on it. If you're interested in a shirt or being put on the email list, send a message to bull@mtu.edu and we'll get back to you promptly and with pleasure. Anything for our loyal readers!

~ Invincible

...Groves! from front

ever it is that he does.

Thank goodness that I can't type with those things on or my computer would be trashed. I saw myself try to hack into my stuff – I have no idea how I know all of my passwords, but my every attempt looked more like “baqnanap;hnoled” than my actual password. No, I won't tell anyone what it actually is.

I've noticed that I take some ideas from the show when I don my Dexter gloves. Don't worry, they've not driven me to serial kill; it's all minor things. My friend notices the same sort of thing when having his house cane makes him a smartass and gives him cravings for Vicodin. My friend who has a license plate that reads “FRESH” had an unbeatable compulsion to put dice on the mirror. What happens to me when I put on the Dexter gloves?

I've had to stop wearing the Dexter Gloves in the morning because every time I shave with them I nick myself and become fascinated with the blood. And then there was this one time that I recalled the line “[A proper kill room] should look like the inside of a paper bag,” so I put my head in a paper bag so that I could see for myself and be able to identify a proper kill room.

Luckily my roommate found me. And then there was this one time I found myself in the DOW building doing bloodwork... but there wasn't a crime to investigate. I still have no idea what sort of work I was doing with the blood, or where I got it. And other minor incidences, but if anyone asks I was at the lab was all.

By far my favorite thing to do with my Dexter Gloves though is to watch the show while wearing the gloves. The experience is incomparable; it's like darkly dreaming. Oh, to see the gloves in their finest use from the mostly-protagonist as he tactfully navigates his subterfuge vigilante justice.

And then the gloves are on my hands and it becomes an impossibility to change the channel, partly because I'm hooked and partly because gloves make using remotes impossible.

Lastly, to demonstrate their awesome power, I will don the gloves and allow myself to write for the readers...

It's vbeen servefral dfays since I wsaszsd aswaskened. I've been pon then lololkohtf forf this imbeciole, and I know this is wherte4 hne likverwsm, bjutg so far he;'s yhegt gto show hnis fvascel. I'v3 evertyhing treraqdfy fpor whjern oi dpo find him. I cvasn snreak hniom out the bacik outit to daniel heighjts aner [prt4epare hjik top be wsecattered iojn the wppods. They'll never fi9nd hiom, tjeyu'll; never suscepvt a thing!...

In the me4aqntime, aqn abuwsive relaqtionship with aq coow3erke34r from the station soujndsw good. And why th4e frvcuijckkij am i9 typ8ing wi8th th3ese gloves on:? Thaqt woujnds like sometyghning thje idiot i'm ttraqcvkling wpoil;d do.

-Lunartic

“Hey, Joey!”

By Alec Hamer ~ Daily Bull

Joey and his friends are having a night on the town... The following is a real life account of the madness a Guido faces every Saturday night.

[Getting ready to go out] Yeah, so what if I'm a fricken' Guido. Anyways, so me and my boys from Jersey—Tony, Vinny, and Tommy - are thinking about heading out tonight. Problem is, we only have 2 hours to get ready. How am I supposed to get a spray on tan and get my hair just right so quickly? I mean what am I? One of those guys who goes out without tweezing first?

[Cab ride to the club] Hey Vinny, look at that hot chick over there. Holy shit! Tonight I'm going to grind every piece of pussy that walks through the door until my dick falls off. Did you see that?!?! Did he just give me a weird look? Oh man. I'm totally gonna fight anyone who looks at me weird. LETS GET EFFED UP TONIGHT!!! WOOO!!!

[Entering the club] Hot Damn! Look at all this pussy!! It's like we are at the humane society. Hey bartender. Jägerbomb! Screw it. Jäger-train! I'm gonna be drinkin' Jägerbombs and Heinekens all damn night.

[Couple of hours in] Girls love my haircut and ripped jeans. They just can't keep off of me. Must be the tank top I'm wearing. Bartender! Another Jägerbomb! Man I'm going to be so fucked up tonight!

[The boys wan to leave] What's that? You want to leave? Not now chief I'm in the zone. The party has just started. 3 A.M. is not late! Anyways I think this girl over here is digging my cock. I'll see you guys tomorrow.

[The next morning] Oh shi-! You weren't that big last night. What happened? Did you eat someone last night? Bro I need to stop drinking so much. My liver hurts. I need some breakfast. How 'bout protein shakes? 🍌

...Made a fail from front

its last breaths in the arms of a caring old woman who stopped to help it? Or is that just... a really, really stupid typo?

I can't wrap my mind around the fact that (a) spell check didn't scream wretched things when it saw that, (b) no one noticed when they looked over the table tent for publication, and (c) however many *hundreds* of these things got printed and put all over campus. I did feel like people would consider me a nit-picker for caring about “well,” but I just feel vin-

dicated now – and I didn't even have to make any bullshit up! Ha! Thanks for doing my job for me, guys!

You must admit, the picture of the puppy was cute. It caught my eye, which led to me reading the thing in the first place. But do its cuuute widdle puppeh eyes really melt IRHC's brains so much that they can no longer string together a coherent sentence? Here's a helpful hint, free of charge: *spell check*. Or, if you're not tech-sawy enough for such an innovative tool, use the common sense that is stored your brain. 🍌



Daily Bull

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