

# DAILY BULL



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

Tuesday, October 27, 2009

Equations are the devil's sentences.

~ Stephen Colbert

## GHOULS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

DEAR DAILY BULL,

Hello. My name is Sinister V. Darkblood. I am a ghoul – a ghost, a specter, a haunting, and I would like to express my dissatisfaction at your people's representation of my holiday.

First off, whose idea was it that all we say is, "boo!" or "oooOOOoooOOOga?" We are a very literate people, you know, and we don't appreciate being presumed ignorant. The LOLcats join us in this stance. Could you perhaps make some decorations that say, "CAUTION: I AM SNEAKING UP BEHIND YOU TO SCARE YOU ON A DARK NIGHT" or something else more accurate?

Next, I would like to point out that we don't appreciate being exorcised. You

...see Ghould Griefl on back



## Tech Support, Please Hold

By Nathan 'Invincible' Miller ~ Daily Bull

ROCKY THE DAILY BULL PRINTER STARTED ACTING UP last week, and has come down with a nasty paper feed sensor bug that's preventing him from printing his usual 52 pages per minute. 'Tis a sad day, especially since I had to do something I've dreaded my whole life: call tech support!

Woe are we poor souls with broken technology and no other option but to phone up everybody's favorite pains-in-the-butt. Sometimes I'd rather just buy a new whatever than try and deal with those angels of the call center.

My problem with tech support is that almost every single time I call them, I get some random ethnic person on the line. Mexican, Korean, Transylvanian, or Lilliputian, you name it, they work there. I'm not racist or anything, but when there's complex terminology flying around, the last thing I want is a heavy accent garbling it all up.

As soon as they pick up the phone and give me their name, I know I'm in for it. "He-lo my name is Rahul how may I be of service to you to-day?" he says in a thick Indian accent, sounding out every

syllable as if his life depended on it. Ugh, what did I do to deserve this? I only make fun of minorities when they run around with Hello Kitty umbrellas.

From there, it immediately goes downhill. Or should I say, downcliff. As soon as they start giving me instructions, I'm lost. It's almost as if they're sitting in their little cubicle reading to me instructions straight from *Tech Support for Dummies*. "Ok, insert approximately ten pages into the paper tray. Ensure that the guides are aligned properly. Are they aligned properly?" Of course they're aligned properly, I'm not in kindergarten. I know better than to try and put 11"x17" paper in the A4 size slot.

Around this time I start getting snarky. Lucky for me, foreign tech supporters have really bad smart-ass detectors. *Rosetta Stone* must not have a chapter on how to tell when people are making fun of you.

...see BROKEN on back

Herro? Herro? I fix compooter?



## Safe House Experiments

By Ruben Garcia ~ Daily Bull

\*BREAKING NEWS\* TODAY WHILE STUMBLING AROUND CAMPUS, THIS REPORTER DISCOVERED a secret plot centered on the Chem Sci. While wandering through the basements of the building, I uncovered a secret dossier hidden behind one of the water fountains. It seems that Michigan Tech is now attempting to brainwash minors into coming to the University using psychotropic drugs.

Dubbed Project SafeHouse Plus, the University plans to hold SafeHouse normally. However, at the end of the tour, tour guides are ordered to inject each person with a cocktail of LSD, PCP, XYZ [you don't even want to know], Meth, Crack, Cocaine, Heroin, Salvia, 2 types of Snow-Cow tranquilizers, Red Bull, and Monster energy drink. The combination of all these drugs causes the subject to enter a highly suggestible state. They are then ordered to watch a "movie" which is actually a series of subliminal messages meant to instill a love of engineering and math [the monsters!].

I have obtained an interview with someone who was very close to the project. To protect his identity, he shall be code-named "Baller." Baller had this to say: "With the great economic downturn, the University needed to find a way to attract more students. The problem was, as soon as they hit puberty, the chemicals being pumped through their body would offset ours. Because of this, we decided that it would be

...see Mad Trippin' on back

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**...BROKEN from front**

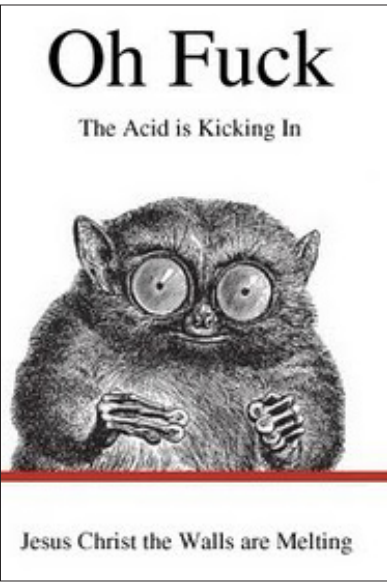
After the paper thing didn't work, Rahul suspected that maybe some little indicator levers weren't working. He told me to push them down manually instead of inserting the tray. I did this, which caused the paper feeder to start running, as it should. He got confused. I told him that that's because it thought the tray was in there, since I was emulating a tray with my hands. Rocky then gave us an error telling me to stop messing around in there.

"60.02 error you say? Please remove the tray indicated and look for any scraps of paper or foreign objects that may be jammed in the indicator levers. Can you see any foreign objects in the indicator levers?" Of course I can, it's called my fingers. You told me to put them there, dumbnut. Seriously, if I wanted to talk to people this dense, I'd ride the short bus.

"It's almost as if they're sitting in their little cubicle reading to me instructions straight from *Tech Support for Dummies.*"

What I can't understand is why big-name tech companies like HP outsource one of their most vital functions to people who have no idea what they're doing. Is labor really that much cheaper? Cause my customer satisfaction is rock bottom when I've got to deal with Ingrid in Denmark or Maria of Guatemala.

What's wrong with hiring good ol' fashioned Americans to deal with my problems? At least I can talk to them without having to ask 'what?' or 'say that again' every other sentence. So what if they're high school dropouts. If they can speak English and visualize my fingers in the paper indicator, then by golly, they're hired. ☺



**...Mad Trippin' from front**

best to get them while they were still young."

When asked why he left the project, Baller replied that they had started to test the process on scientists. "Scientists who were subject to the process would constantly switch majors so that they would be unable to leave the University. That is how powerful this drug is."

With this new development and the uncovering of drug FRIZ-B it seems the chemistry department has had a very busy year. It makes this reporter question, when will it end? ☺

**...Ghould Grief! from front**

*don't like Eminent Domain booting you out of your homes, do you? Well, possessing people's souls is just as failing a market as your housing there in the real world – do you know how few good, comfortable souls there are anymore? All these politicians and lawyers and football players... argh! They muck up perfectly comfortable places where we could live, so for the sake of all our little ghouls and bhoys, please stop kicking us out.*

*And what is it with thinking we never have to eat?! You give out candy to each other on October 31. You leave out cookies for Santa Claus. You leave little treats for leprechauns. Leprechauns and Santa are pudgy*

*enough as it is! We're floating out here, gaunt and hollow-faced not because we're the undead horrors or whatever, but because you people won't freaking FEED US. You even feed those sea rat birds whenever you see them, and all they do is squawk. So hungry... all those "spooky" noises are just our tummies rumbling, you know.*

*Finally, I simply must know – why white sheets? Many of my ghostly friends and I have truly great fashion sense, and dress in the best duds the underworld malls have to offer. Yet, all these years you people insist on portraying us wearing a big, baggy sheet! Now THAT is simply outrageous. We don't assume you all go around wearing black garbage bags or empty cardboard boxes, so why*

*can't you do the same?*

*I guess what I'm trying to say is this: people are crazy! Please stop making us look so damn bad. It's not our fault you can't see us all the time. We've been trying to express our anger for years, sending you rain or snow during Trick-or-Treating, blowing out the candles in your pumpkins, and making sure your grumpy neighbor "just happens" to buy raisins instead of candies. Since that wasn't working, I hope this letter will help you change your minds. Otherwise, I may have to haunt you into the bathroom every time you go, and trust me – I can make the toilet paper disappear when you need it most. Just keep that in mind.*

**- S.V. DARKBLOOD ☺**

## Daily Bull

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# blurb

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