

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like L'Oreal feuds!

Thursday, December 3, 2009

Education is what survives when what has been learned has been forgotten.

~ B. F. Skinner

Deer Declare War on Mankind

By Simon Mused ~ Daily Bull

WITH THE OPENING DAY OF DEER season come to pass and the artificially-introduced UP deer species down 60% of their unnatural population, huntsman have been reporting increased suspicious activity among the deer. Congress has received a declaration of war from the Confederacy of Cervidae Tribes. It was only yesterday that the deer season was a time for great joy and enthusiasm, but now it brings the tides of war.

Reports of hunters who've mysteriously disappeared in the thick fog of the morning and ungodly screams from the distance suggest that hunters are not wearing their camouflage jackets with florescent orange vests properly. Soon, threat tapes

...see Deer Destruction on back



Dances with Gerbils

By Jeremy 'Mr. Sunshine' Loucks ~ Daily Bull

DUE TO FAMILY CIRCUMSTANCES, MY LOVELY girlfriend had a dilemma: what to do with her two Gerbils, Jethro and Warrick, over Thanksgiving break. She couldn't take them with her, but she also couldn't leave them on their own for a week. Of course, me being the romantic type, I volunteered to watch over them since I was staying up in the hoppin' town of Houghton. I figured two rats couldn't be too hard to take care of. Boy was I in for a surprise...

Day One: Got the gerbils here. Put their cage behind me, on top of my dresser. They seem a bit excited to be in a new place. Can't wait to watch them!

Day Two: Tried them out in the little ball I got. Jethro seemed strangely attracted to a pile of dirty laundry and kept getting stuck, while Warrick both urinated and defecated on my floor. I found that out by stepping in it. Got frustrated, but still kept my cool. I mean, c'mon, they're just rodents right?

Gave them a box to chew on so they have something to do. Noise is extreme as they chew it away.

Day Three: Jethro has chewed one of the sides of the box away. Strangely, a large piece of the side looks like a cutout of a person. Dismissed it as random chance. However, I turn around to find them both standing on their hind legs, watching me type. Kind of creepy since they'll immediately run into their nest if they see me looking at them.

Before going to bed, found the earlier cutout. They had chewed the head off.

Day Four: Didn't get a good sleep last night. Damn rats ran around all night, squeaking and chewing. Gave them another box during the day in the hope that it will wear them out. Maybe it's just the lack of sleep, but they seemed to be making something out of it. And for a second, I swear the Jethro made some sort of throat-cutting motion with his paw. I need to stop playing video games so late...



...see Gerbils O_O on back

It's Animal Takeover Day here at the Bull. Aw yeah. Watch your back, Shark Week!



Pic o' the Day



They tell little kids to check under the bed for monsters. Me? I check for the Burger King. *shudder*

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... Gerbils O_O from front

Day Five: Ok, now they're really starting to get on my nerves. The little turds managed to wake me up 7 different times last night with their screeching and chewing... can't even take a nap during the day because they run on their accursed wheel. Yelling at them seems to encourage them. I went to feed them and Warrick tried to bite me! Little bastard just stood there afterwards, looking smug.

Day Six: Actually slept well last night, but that was because I stayed over at a friend's place after a great party. Gerbils were right where I left them, looking as mischievous as ever. Actually, Jethro (the white one) has red splotches on his fur. I checked him over but the blood wasn't his, nor was it Warrick's... Now I'm slightly confused.

Went downstairs to ask my housemate what happened last night, but I couldn't find him. Odd, because

he's usually watching TV and playing video games instead of doing anything productive. Oh well, he's probably at the store or something.

Day Seven: He still hasn't shown up. Now I'm getting worried. Searched house and found him in the basement...or what was left of him. His face had been gnawed off, down to the

bone. Ok, n o w I'm flipping out. What did this to him? Could it be...the gerbils? O_O

Went upstairs to check on them. Noticed a bit of bloody skin under their food dish. FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK! Now normally I would have just killed the damn rodents, but they belong to my girlfriend. Destroy killer animals, or get laid? Now that was a tough choice.

Ran down to the local church and got Reverend Bucky to come help me. He brought his trusty exorcism kit along

(those are really hard to come by these days!) He started the ancient rituals, chanting and cursing the demons that obviously possessed poor Jethro and Warrick. Jethro's head spun in circles and Warrick began to levitate. That was too much for me, so I grabbed my axe. Luckily, at that moment the demons were sent back to the eternal depths of hell. Bucky collapsed from the effort and I had some pumpkin pie.

Day Eight: Sandra came back today. I gave the now demon-free Gerbils back to her and made her promise NEVER AGAIN to buy anything from that pet store north of Houghton. And Bucky went back to being the bestest Pastor ever. And my roommate is still dead in my basement. The End.

Author's note: This is what happens when I have a deadline, write half my article, and then play Gears of War 2 too much and forget I have to finish it. I apologize for nothing - but I promise my next one might not suck as much as this one. Thank you.



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Natural selection does not grant organisms what they "need".

...Deer Destruction from front

consisting of undecipherable murmurs were being sent to the government. It was only a matter of time before the deer of the nation publicly spoke out against "the oppressors" and issued the aforementioned declaration of war. The battles that followed came to be known as the War of the Mmm-mmrrrr.

The deer had a distinct disadvantage right from the start in that they could not wield guns, swords, catapults, or had any ability to wage a successful war on their own. Instead, they employed the help of small woodland creatures to ambush the stationed hunters. Once thoroughly distracted, the deer would charge with their sharpened war-antlers.

Moose, the largest deer species in the family, used their mighty girth to control the major highways, and through suicide missions managed to take out a large population of human civilians. The deer continued to breed larger and more resilient species of moose in the first attempt at genetic alteration to create the Supermoose, a fearsome behemoth impervious to all motor vehicles.

The deer have also called for foreign aid. This brought the attention of the mighty omnivorous red deer of Rhum and the scary-as-hell Chinese water deer, who have fang-like tusks instead of antlers. These last-resort recruitments had mixed results for the deer, as it gave them a fighting edge but made them more attractive to hunters who wanted to add the rare deer heads to their collections.

Deer fatalities soared during the beginning stages of the war. Taxidermists are working around the clock to meet the demands of the human hunters while fending off Cervidae spies from stealing their taxidermy techniques for the deer to hang their human trophies on their mantles in the forest.

ATTENTION! THE RESULTS ARE IN!

doodly doo! The Article-off results are in! I'd do a drumroll, but I totally suck at keeping a rhythm while having a seizure. By the rules set by Liz before break (1 article = 500+ words; anything less = half article), I, the respectable incumbent just trying to do his job, have trumped Liz at her head-to-head challenge. More trumpets! And ticker tape too!

The official score was 9.5 articles to 6.5, but was much closer until I wrote my hand off on the flights back. Had we competed against the other 18+ writers we've got on staff, their cumulative score would have been a meager 7. Sometimes I wish everybody had writer's diarrhea. I'd rather have a clogged Daily Bull toilet to deal with than one with a few rabbit turds floating around.

So there you are folks, your reigned champ-een lives to fight another day. As for Liz, she's knocked out on the floor behind me. "Sleep," she says. Mhm. More like unconscious from the fumes of my delicious cow pies.

The End!

~Nathan "Invincible" Miller

