

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like people being depressive on V-day!

Monday, February 15, 2010

Some of the worst mistakes of my life have been haircuts.
~ Jim Morrison

Why Clowns Should Drill for Hydrogen on the Sun

By Bryne Jane ~ Guest Writer

As I sat down to study for classes, I realized I had a duty, a responsibility to write about the epiphany I recently came to; that clowns should drill for hydrogen on the sun. People value hydrogen. It is a possible source of renewable energy. It is really light and stuff and you can make super balloons with it (like the Hindenburg). I mean, honestly, the stuff explodes. We're talking those big explosions, the type that mark the climatic points in movies and get people on the edge of their seats and cheering for the protagonist. Explosions are awesome. Hydrogen explodes. Thus, hydrogen is awesome.

On the other hand, people fear and hate clowns. Children might like them for a little while in their innocent

...see Hot in Herre on back



Google Exploration

By Liz Fujita ~ Daily Bull

Reading FailBlog is always an adventure, isn't it? There are a lot of pretty ridiculous fails out there on the internet, and even more in real life. Recently, a FailBlogger posted regarding Google's predictive search – you know, start typing your query and it pops up a list of things you could be Googling. Often, this is very helpful. For instance, if you start typing "lunar pha" the first hits are "lunar phases" and "lunar phases 2009." Perfect! However, start typing in "why won't."

The first hit, as pointed out on FailBlog, is "why won't my parakeet eat my diarrhea." I don't want to know why that's the first hit. I really don't. But, what I DO want to know is this: what other seemingly innocuous phrases lead to completely irrelevant or awkward suggested searches?

I set to work Googling random phrases. Here is a short sample of what I found.

Intended search: Why does Quebec want to separate from Canada?

Suggestion: Why does Queen Latifah have a scar on her forehead?

Admittedly, the Quebec question was the first hit. Queen Latifah was a close second. And anyway, I didn't even

know she had a scar on her forehead! Why is everyone being so nosy about where it came from? It's Queen Latifah. She probably wrestled a tiger and won or something.

Intended search: Crazy train

Suggestion: Crazy monkey games

On further exploration, I realized that Crazy Monkey Games is a website. But, of course, since I wasn't thinking about that and just wanted to get some Crazy Train lyrics, I was puzzled. Crazy games to play with your pet monkey? Crazy games that monkeys play? I thought the only games they played were "find the ticks" and "bonk things with sticks."

Intended search: Should I light this on fire?

Suggestion: Should I light the torch for mania or dementia

Okay, seriously? Elder Scrolls? I keep hoping these weird results will be something fictional or irrational, but no. No, this is actually from some game or other which I, living under a rock the size of Montana, have never heard of. Damn!

Intended search: What's in lasagna?

Suggestion: What's in Lil Wayne's cup?

...see Google Mania? on back

SNOW! About time, Houghton.
Even TEXAS beat you this time.



RE: THE OLYMPICS



U-S-A! U-S-A! For anyone who's not following the Olympics, you totally should. So far, about a million things have happened: the cauldron for the Olympic Flame malfunctioned, the luge is getting revamped because a man died during practice, Wayne Gretzky was referred to as "one of" the greatest hockey players ever, and the first annual Yeti Snowball Fight, hosted by Colbert, will be held on Thursday. Well, maybe not that last part. Michigan Tech should make that!

Coming soon: Monday Mad Libs and Tuesday Raffles! Get your creative juices ready for even more, even Dailier fun!

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...Hot in Herre from front

years, but I have never actually met someone over the age of 10 who genuinely enjoyed the thought of being alone in room with a clown. Clowns are generally composed of the downtrodden members of society, the people who are desperate enough to put aside their dignity and dress up in a smelly suit, performing degrading antics in front of children for the sake of a few dollars, or running around and providing alternate targets for bulls to stab in dangerous games. Clowns are generally down on their luck. How would it look, then, if a country could harness the collective despair that is their profession and use them to get some hydrogen for the common man to use?

Since this is an article, I cannot actually expect a response to the question. As such, I will assume you are agreeing with me and assume your acquiescence and shared opinion in this matter. So, we need to form the sun drilling committee. Said commit-

tee will be in charge of scouring the country for clowns and re-educating them in the lucrative business of sun drilling.

It's bound to breathe new life into the economy, with all the sub-branches of the sun-drilling business that will pop up. Imagine this with me; a spaceship with the image of a smiling but nervous clown holding a drill and wreathed in glorious solar fire. They would still be popular with the children (think of the cartoons!), they would be benefitting society in general, and they would probably be a whole lot cleaner when they got back to earth.

Put yourself, for a second, in the comically large, purple shoes of one of these clowns. Life would go from a dreary, hellish, humiliating existence of universal loathing to a fun, productive job where they could hold their (horribly charred) heads to the heavens and proudly proclaim to the friends of their children at bring your dad-to-work-day, "Yes, I am a clown. I harvest fire from that massive, life-sustaining ball of fire in the sky."

With such excellent potential, I think SCIENCE would be more than happy to extend its versatile arm and create ways for the clowns to get there, and for them to get back with the precious, dramatic gas. Would you believe that I started off with this article titled "Why Clowns Should Not Drill for Hydrogen on the Sun"? I can't imagine what I was thinking. ☹



How to Make a Man Happy for M-Day

By Frank McGuire ~ Daily Bull

So the big old V-day has come to pass. What a great day for the ladies who go the flowers and the chocolates and the cards and all that other crap that people give away every February 14th. Now I just have to ask, why is there not a day for those that are single?



This day should be called ME day and everyone that is in a relationship should go out a buy his or her single friends something. A pizza, a six-pack of beer, a new pillow maybe? For those who are adventurous you could get your friend(s) a box of facial tissue (because we here at the D-Bull don't support corporate giants!), or a bottle of moisturizing cream. For their runny noses and cracked skin in this drying climate you perverts!!!



It would be a great day for all those couples to sit in front of a sappy movie and eat ice cream and promise themselves that next year they too will be single for ME day. Who needs to be with that annoying person who hogs the blankets, or snores too loud, or leaves their dirty clothes all over the place, or ran over the cat (ok, so maybe the brake is on the left...), or those who just want some peace and quiet on a Sunday afternoon, not stuck watching some lame movie in which everyone makes up in the end and is happy, or doesn't want to hear about how having a hang over at 14:00 on a Sunday afternoon is not acceptable when parents are supposed to be over for dinner...

In short, I propose that from this day forth every February the 20th be ME day and everyone who knows someone single should do something nice for them, or be hunted by the axe wielding little fairy know as Bob whose axe renders you completely unattractive to the next person that you see! ☹



The Daily Bull tastes about as good as these candies. Consume with caution. Friends don't let friends get paper cut tongues!

... Google Mania from front

Hopefully not the same thing that's in my lasagna, that's all I have to say. Although now that you mention it, Google, I never stopped to care about what's in it. Maybe it's because I focus my attention on other things, like reading books, working, and not listening to Lil Wayne.

Intended Search: Why doesn't Rogain work?

Suggestion: Why doesn't Roger Federer sweat?

This goes along with the Lil Wayne search – who has the time or interest to think of these things? Roger Federer might just be too freaking cool to sweat. That's what happens when you're too good at sports, right? Too cool for the small leagues, too cool for sobriety... the usual.

Intended search: I think I am allergic to cats

Suggestion: I think I am allergic to condoms

This just in: cats are a terrible contraceptive.

Intended Search: Is there a God?

Suggestion: Is there any way I can get this popular guy to get me pregnant?

I didn't even get to type the "God" part before this one came up. Somehow, I don't think that chick got too many useful answers. Also, the juxtaposition could be misleading – God is pretty popular. Keep praying, chica, maybe you'll be immaculate conception, part two.

Intended Search: Google searches you shouldn't do

Suggestion: In Soviet Russia, Google searches you
Okay, Google. You win. ☹



Daily Bull

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TOTALLY STUPID

Bad ice for broomball

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