

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like going back to classes!

Monday, February 8, 2010

Some high-rolling douchebag bought a one dollar button with a hundred dollar bill!
~ Simon Mused

Tales of a Masked Man

By Nathan 'Invincible' Miller
~ Daily Bull ~

As you may or may not recall, Winter Carnival just happened. Yes, I know the homework you did on Sunday may have erased your memory of some of the nights' proceedings, but you probably had a good time anyways, whether you were 'there' or not.

I, too, had a good time, especially the all-nighter. I'd go on about all the usual stuff associated with it, but this year, things from my perspective were a wee bit different. Instead of blending in with the crowds or working on sculptures, I went all out, donning the blue and green crazy mask pretty much everybody saw. Oh yeah!

With the intent on either scaring the drunks or just making a show, I headed out with my gang, cruising up and down the main drag probably a
...see Glow-in-the-dark on back



WARNING: Birthdays May Be Closer Than They Appear

By Mike Cardwell ~ Daily Bull

I was watching *Scooby Doo: Monsters Unleashed* on my birthday a few Sundays ago, and it got me thinking. It seems to be a well-known fact that women appear to mature faster than men, but does that mean they age faster, too? It seems not. While women between the ages of 4 and 20 seem to wish (and sometimes claim) they are years older, men seem to do so far less often. It seems, then, that there must be a correlation between the two sexes' favorite ages and the time it takes them to finally die. Women have had a far greater life expectancy than men for ages. Something about that just doesn't seem right.

A recent study by mysteriously aged Crazy Lady found that the use of birthdays may, in fact, shorten one's lifespan. The study, based on the Unified Theory of Ageability, shows us that aging can be completely stopped, and it has been for years. "Guys are idiots," says Ms Lady. "They spread their age around like it's AIDS or something." Lady, refusing to be aged, rated, sexed, tested, or questioned, followed me yesterday everywhere I went, during our "interview."

"For aging to be prevented," she says, "you only have to stop admitting you're aging." Women have done this for millennia. Currently, the life expectancy worldwide is approximately 66 years for women and just 62 years for men. "The reason women know how to extend their lives is because they've done it for so long," she says. Cumulatively, over the last 40 years, women as a species have amassed over 6.5×10^{11} years more experience than men in denying their true age. "That's a lot of time," said somebody, and he was right.

The difference in male/female life expectancy has been growing for ages, but has only just recently taken off so quickly, which leads me to believe that the relationship between the two is exponential... and therefore staggering. Based on Crazy Lady's data, coupled with that of the US Census Bureau, women will have double the life expectancy of men by 2080. By 2110, women will occupy 83.33% of the world's population. This, my fellow men, may seem like daunting news.

...see Man! I feel like a woman on back

OMG SUPER BOWL, BLAH BLAH BLAH
FOOTBALL RAH RAH GO TEAM. Or something.



JOHN OLIVER!

From Nathan Invincible

Dude, John Oliver was this past Saturday. Hilarious! Uproarious! Super-endous! A class act, in other words. If you missed it, consider yourself a lame-o, cause you totally skipped out on the best thing since the Bull went Daily. Heck, I'd go as far as to say he was better than we are, if not for the fact that I had to pay to see him and he was only here one time.



THIS IS YOU IF YOU MISSED IT!!!

Details aside, anyone who's seen him on Comedy Central would have enjoyed his show at the Rozsa. Who knew that such a normal looking comedian had once seen his father's penis? Poor guy. Kinda makes you wonder what they're doing over there in the UK... I knew they had bad teeth, cooking, and self esteem- those poor kids! I guess America can't be *that* ridiculous.

Ah, good times. It was a blast to be right down in the second row. We were right behind the journalist kid there, so it was especially hilarious to see him flounder as John picked him to pieces. We offered to let him run a piece in the Daily Bull, but he declined on account of not being clever, i.e. working for the Lode. Lame!

Says Liz: My abdominal and facial muscles are still recovering from laughter! And by the way, whoever asked him that last question is a jerk. Since we were right there in row B, I was about to stand up and ask if I could have a high five :(Ah well. Awesome nonetheless!

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Ruben Rant: Backpacks

By Ruben Garcia ~ Daily Bull

Moving on... it happens... the end of college comes and friends scatter into the winds. Jobs are found, lives are started. However, one thing out of this whole process chills me to the bone...the loss of my backpack. As soon as that diploma is in hand we all know it happens. We are adults. We are confined to social norms. We must adapt the image that society gives us. A backpack-less image.

My backpack is my best friend. It holds everything. My laptop, my assignments, my books, my life, my hopes and dreams. And what does society do? Locks it down. Only people in school or kids are allowed to carry these bags of holding. Dammit, I want to go to work at Microsoft with a trot in my step and my backpack on my back. Its not like it's a waste, it has a function. I could hold papers, news briefings, coffee mugs, whatever else typical parents carry. Why should I be doomed to a briefcase tomb?

Now most of you readers are probably thinking "Dude, chill, it's a backpack". NO. If you're a girl, you can stfu. You can carry purses. Guys, think about it for a minute. What would you do without a backpack? All of your items at your fingertips no more! "Oh but I'll have an office." ITS NOT THE SAME! Can you take an office around with you? Can your office magically hold ALL YOUR SHIT? I thought not. Therefore, I will not relinquish my backpack at the graduation ceremony. I will not buy a leather-box called a briefcase. If society wants my backpack they can pry it out of my cold dead hands. GIVE ME BACKPACK OR GIVE ME DEATH! 💎



Daily Bull

EDITOR IN CHIEF & MASK MAN
Nathan "Invincible" Miller

**LITTLE COMP EDITOR
THAT COULD**
Liz Fujita

**FACULTY
ADVISOR**

**SHOULD BE A MONTH-
LONG EVENT**
Carry

Once Upon a David Olson

Nathan "Invincible" Miller, Liz Fujita, Jeremy "Mr. Sunshine" Loucks, Simon Mused, Ray Martens, John Pastore, Matt Villa, Mary Kennedy, Ruben Garcia, Kiri Kennedy, Benjamin Loucks, Tyler Botbyl, Lauren Allen, Jon "Big-O" Mahary, Alec Hamer, Phil Pombier, Stephen Whittaker, Sam Schall, Sandra Custer, Frank McGuire, Mike Cardwell, and bye, bye, Miss American Pie...

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dozen times throughout the night. Now, getting from point A to point B is usually a straightforward process, even for those who resort to stumbling. But wearing the mask made everything take that much longer. Why? Well, if you were one of the hundreds of people who wanted to give me a high five, you probably know.

Pretty much everyone wanted a piece it seemed, which was what I expected and more. Not only did they want to give me pounds and hand shakes, some drunks were so mesmerized by the mask that they wanted to touch it. After putting in many hours of work into it, I wasn't about to let that happen, so I usually redirected their clumsy grabs and sent them on their way. Silly drunks.



Did you give this man a high-five or two during the All-Nighter? You bet you did!

One girl wanted it so bad, she even made sure to remember my name until the next time we met up. Mental prowess amongst the totally wasted?! Impossible! On one of my last trips through campus, I was graciously offered the chance to be first in line to bong a beer. "Tron face!" the exuberant drunk said, "You're gonna be the first one when my buddy gets here, then I'm gonna be the second. You're gonna bong a beer!" Turns out his friend didn't have any, and he forgot about me seconds later.

It really is something to have a whole pile of people cheering you on for hours on end. Everyone was a good sport, which is surprising considering how some people get when they're wasted. I felt like Moses parting the seas when I walked through crowds, with people on either side oohing and ahing and holy shitting as I passed them by. Favorite call outs of the night: "You're f-ing awesome," "If I knew you in real life we should be friends," and "Daft Punk is my hero."

One guy asked if I'd been to Burning Man. I wish! I was pumped though, because I had video cameras on me on multiple occasions, Tech camera folks hounding me, and I was even asked to pose for a picture and give my info into a microphone by a professional photographer. 'Man, I'm finally gonna be in some newspaper or photo album for my ridiculous costumes,' I thought.

Unfortunately, I *somehow* didn't even end up on Tech's all-nighter picture album. Impossible! The fire spinner got in there, and Buddy Sasquatch made it in with his giant hand! I was totally there! I helped make the 2010 Winter Carnival experience! Engineering and ingenuity at its finest, right? Guess I wasn't cool enough or something.

But! I did have a super time, my mask is still in perfect condition, and people are trickling in with comments on how they remembered me. Even if I'll never be recognized for doing anything original by my school, at least I've got thousands of people who gave me thumbs up for a job well done. Thanks everyone! 💎

...Glow-in-the-dark from front

... feel like a woman from front

For every man there are six women? Sweet deal? All you have to do to join up in this buffet-o-life is to deny the existence of your birthday? Not so fast. While this male/female ratio may seem friggish sweet and a welcome change to the [completely dissimilar, of course] ratio we've got here at Tech, it is less enjoyable for us testosterone machines than it seems. Called the "Crazy Lady Domination Effect" by many irrelevant scholars, women would begin to seize control of the Earth. Rampant PMS and tens of billions more breasts means that men would inevitably become slaves to the women they already seem to mentally bow down to. Although women can already control men with their minds, when in large numbers the effect grows and men become salivating, mindless drones capable of little more than forced concurrence.

A word to my fellow man: If you are to live long and enjoy the time you've got, find out when all of your lady-friends' birthdays are, write them down, and remind them their birthday is coming up as many times as possible, as often as possible. Then, on the day of their birthday, run up to them and violently scream, shuddering, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY! SCORE ONE FOR MAN!!!" Drop a simple present off – a rose and something else vaguely scented and completely useless, perhaps – to remind them of their folly, and your job is done. Thank you for your help. You will have saved humanity from huwomaniety. Congratulations. 💎