

DAILY DAILY



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

Tuesday, October 4, 2011

Never keep up with the Joneses.
Drag them down to your level.
Quentin Crisp

Purple Vest Guy's Daily Schedule

by Cameron Long - Daily Bull

For those of you who don't know who Purple Vest Guy is, ask someone who's at least a 4th year. For those of you who remember Purple Vest Guy, relentless stalking investigative (get it? in-VEST-igative? Huh?) reporting has uncovered what he does with his time now that he and his similarly-purple-wearing wife are banned from campus.

Instead of raving at students, "YOU'RE GOING TO HELL, YOUR PARENTS ARE GOING TO HELL, YOUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO HELL, YOU ARE A SINNER AND I'M PERFECT, CHURCHES TEACH YOU WRONG, GOD HAS SPOKEN DIRECTLY TO ME, I'VE GOT MY HEAD SO FAR UP MY ASS THAT I'M WEARING IT AS A HAT, ANYONE WHO PREACHES THE WONDERS OF GOD AND NOT HIS WRATH ARE PART OF A HUGE CONSPIRACY, PURPLE IS WONDERFUL, PURPLE IS NEXT TO GODLINESS, I WANT PURPLE INSIDE ME, AND OMG YOU'RE WEARING WHITE AFTER LABOR DAY?!?!?!?!?!?" ... this is how he spends his time:

... see DAMNED LEAD INS on back

A Day in the Life of an Ethiopian

by Nathan "Invincible" Miller ~ Former Dictator

- 0600:** Hey, it's the sun! Good morning again sun!
- 0615:** Better start looking for breakfast.
- 0700:** Uhh... I forgot what breakfast looks like and accidentally ate a twig. Rats.
- 0705:** Dude a rat would be so tasty right now, where can I find one of those?
- 0745:** Time to start walking across the desert towards the Red Cross depot.
- 1015:** Ought to be getting there by now...
- 1120:** Ah crap I've been walking in the wrong direction. I am a terrible at navigation.
- 1145:** A vulture is circling over me; maybe he'll show me which way to go.
- 1210:** Water! I've found water! Mmmm it's so fresh and clear.
- 1212:** I think I just ate poison ivy. This heat is giving me hallucinations.
- 1230:** A friendly hyena just walked off with my last edible rock.
- 1300:** I think I'll hunker down and try to plant some crops.
- 1315:** My crops are all planted, I hope I get some good food!
- 1340:** Talked about life in the desert with the vulture.
- 1400:** Ohmygosh my crops are sprouting already I can't believe it!
- 1402:** The sun baked my little seedlings to a crisp. Not even a sprout salad for me :(
- 1410:** Might as well keep walking before I run out of muscle to metabolize.
- 1500:** The sign says, "You are now entering Somalia. We apologize for the lack of anything that can sustain life."
- 1520:** Somalia isn't so bad, I hear they have lots of beautiful beachfront property.
- 1530:** Finally, I made it to a Red Cross depot. I haven't eaten in days. Or was it weeks?
- 1545:** "Closed for the season." What are they talking about, the Horn of Africa only has one season!
- 1555:** Broke into depot in search of food. All they have are Band-Aids!

... see What's Food? on back



Whoah.... Sorry bout that guys... Totally forgot.... But I forget what I forgot...



Sudoku - MUFFINS

	1	2	3	6			5	
4								
	3		4		5	1		
6	5			7				
1	7						9	6
				5			8	1
		3	9		2		7	
								4
	6			4	8	9	3	

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Advertising inquiries, questions & comments should be directed to bull@mtu.edu

... DAMNED LEAD INS from front

8:00am – Wakes up, damns his slippers for being out of place, damns the floor for being cold

8:30am – Showers while thinking about yelling at people

9:00am – Eats breakfast, damns his cereal for getting soggy

9:30am – Gets paper, doesn't read it because it's full of sinners

10:00am – Does vocal exercises to keep his ranting voice in top shape

11:00am – Prays facing away from Mecca, for spite

12:00pm – Eats lunch, tries to decide where to protest against everyone and everything today

12:30pm – Picks a quiet park bench, walks there with crazy wife because vehicles are a sin because if God had wanted us to move that fast he'd have made us that way.

1:00pm – Spews vehement hatred at an elderly couple walking their dog for controlling one of God's creatures

1:15pm – Spews vehement hatred at a young girl jumping rope for not covering up to her wrists

1:30pm – Spews vehement hatred at a man driving an ice cream truck for promoting commercialism

2:00pm – 5:00pm – Spews vehement hatred, spews more vehement hatred, professes to be a devout Christian, follows it with more vehement hatred

5:00pm – Heads home, pauses to dress down a nice teenage couple for being fornicators, blasphemers, and daring to hold hands

5:30pm – Has a polite, civil dinner with wife

6:00pm – Rushes outside to tell a driver that his loud music is a sin

6:30pm – 9:30pm – Watches TiVo'd editions of The 700 Club and feels smugly superior

9:30pm – 10:00pm – Writes complementary letter to Westboro "Baptist Church" fucktards

10:00pm - 12:00am – Repressed sexual tension and fetishes are released in wild BDSM session.

12:00am – 8:00am – Dreams of an army of purple-vested followers.

I hope this has been informative. I almost wish he'd come back. And then I wish he'd crash into a bridge abutment. Then I realize that there are better things to think about, like puppies, or sunny days, or driving nails into my eyeballs with a ball peen hammer, or pretty much anything other than him. 🐮

... What's Food? from front

1610: I'm not the best at reading but I'm pretty sure "appendixes" are good eats, right?

1630: Time to start heading back to my home desert before I get recruited into a pirate navy.

1640: I think it would be really great if they invented dog sleds for the desert.

1745: Djibouti!? For the love of cacti, somebody needs to buy me a compass.

1800: I am so hungry, I think I'll sit here for a while and hope a spider or fly crawls into my mouth.

1905: I can't close my mouth because of my poison ivy blisters. Ugh.

1920: I'm not really sure how I'm supposed to eat anything NOW THAT MY WHOLE MOUTH ITCHES GRRR

1935: Finally back into Ethiopia. Luckily they recognized me, because I forgot my passport.

2015: Dune sweet dune. It feels good to be back where I feel at home.

2020: Uh... I think a shifting sand dune covered up all my belongings. DAMN YOU DROUGHT!

2100: Guess I'll just curl up on this rock and go to sleep. I sure hope nothing eats me in the middle of the night... not that I'm much of a meal anyways.

0245: SOMEBODY HELP ME A BUNCH OF TERMITES BUILT A NEST ON TOP OF ME AHHH

0330: It's going to be really hard to fall asleep again with these termites tickling me.

Hour-by-Hour: Math Grading

by Never Going Back to Those Days ~ Daily Bull

6:01 pm – Sit down to begin grading. Flip open the solutions guide, scramble around to find a red pen. I really can't read that... uh... I'll give them the benefit of the doubt and assume that says 34,908 m/s, rather than hieroglyphics.

6:30 pm – The first non-stapled paper of the night. Minus two points. What the fuck does this even say? Maybe we should start requiring typed homework.

7:15 pm – This kid again, the one WHO LEAVES THE FRINGY FRILLS ON THEIR PAPERS. We're not in middle school here, people. Minus five.

7:16 pm – AND you didn't staple. Minus two more.

7:17 pm – Wait... what? How did you solve an integral, by parts, in your head? I DON'T BUY THAT. Minus one, no work. Wait. You didn't get... you didn't get any of these non-stapled-together-fringy problems right.

7:20 pm – Take a break to get a shot glass. Return to grading pile.

7:25 pm – YOU CAN'T FACTOR LIKE THAT. HOW DID YOU GET -2/3?! Take a shot.

7:45 pm – I understand that this doesn't converge, but that doesn't mean you can write "something DIVIDED BY ZERO." Shots.

8:00 pm – If your handwriting were any messier, I'd be led to believe you have a condition. Dump Jager on their papers.

9:00 pm – Brandish stapler like a weapon. Staaaaaples everywhere, staples in the currrrrtains, staples in the floooooorrr, staple staple staple everywhere. But not on their papers because they're dummmmbbbb-de-dum-dum-dum.... Fall asleep on stack of papers, mostly graded. Get red ink all over face.

2:00 am – Awaken, confused. Wash ink off face, invent grading scale so that more than two people get A's on their homework. Go to bed. 🐮