

DAILY BULL



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

Thursday, November 11, 2010

If at first you don't succeed, find out if the loser gets anything.
-Bill Lyon

The Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest

By Cameron Long ~ Daily Bull

Ever distressed at the fact that you write terribly? Ever started to write a novel, only to stop and think, "Holy fuckballs this is stupid whydoieventry?!" Have I got an idea for you!

Why not enter the Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest? Quite a mouthful, but don't dismiss it just yet! Remember Snoopy's famous line, "It was a dark and stormy night?" Turns out Snoopy is a low-down, rotten plagiarizer – those words were originally penned by Edward George Bulwer-Lytton in the novel Paul Clifford. Actually, the entire bit is, "It was a dark and stormy night; the rain fell in torrents--except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the housetops, and fiercely

...see My Immortal on back

Recently, as much of the populace has noticed, there hasn't been any snow. For many of us that have been here for a few years, we know that by Halloween, it has at least flurried, if not snowed a few inches. There have been many theories to explain just why no snow seems to want to fall, ranging from Global Warming to Mid-terms. The Daily Bull is quite a fan of winter and snow, so we set out to find the source of all this early winter warmth.

Instead of coming up with some crackpot theories, I decided to go straight to the source, Father Winter. At first the

Hot Date

By Matt "Undercover Minority" Villa ~ Daily Bull



Father Winter, as seen here, in a rare glimpse from last year's Winter Carnival.

big FW wouldn't return my calls, so I went to go pay him a visit at his chateau on the Superior. He reluctantly answered the door, and as I introduced myself as a reporter for the Daily Bull, I heard the faint voice of a woman, warm and enticing, asking him who was at the door. He told me he had nothing to say and shut the door on me. Not being one to back down from a juicy story, I left him a note telling him that we all wanted answers, and if he was willing to divulge us,

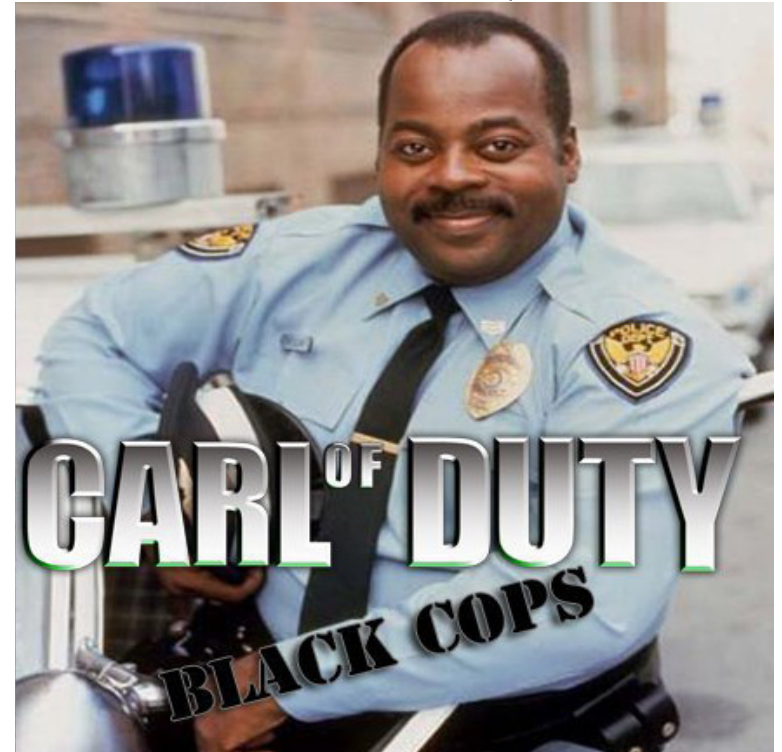
he knew where to find me. I received a call from FW the following day, he told me to meet him at his favorite spot to hang out, [location expunged]. I began my set of questions:

...see Ice Ice Baby on back

Black is the new red, which was the new orange, which is now the new green. Anyone else lost?



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STUDIO PIZZA

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... My Immortal from front

agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness.”

As you've probably guessed by now, the Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest is named in honor of Mr. Edward George Bulwer-Lytton (the man who coined the phrase, "The pen is mightier than the sword") Shocking. But that's not my point! This is my point: that the Bulwer-Lytton contest celebrates those who write terribly (its tagline: "Where 'WWW' means 'Wretched Writers Welcome.'")

The contest – henceforth, “the contest,” or something along those lines, because it would be stupid to have “Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest” jumping out from every other line throughout the article for a number of reasons, not the least of which is no one wants to see it, and not the most of which is I don't feel like typing it out over and over or copying and pasting it a bunch of times and anyone who thinks I should can go to Hell (say hi to Hermann Göring for me (and by hi, I mean punch that fat fuck in the face (alliteration!))) avoiding passing Go on their way and declining to collect \$200, £123.879, €144.024, £282.48, ¥16,169.83, or even £4,000,000 (LOLZ Vietnamese currency is called dong :D) because honestly who

could deal with 4,000,000 dong? :P – has very simple rules.

The contest has been sponsored since 1982 by the English Department of San Jose State University and was created by Professor Scott Rice, of the same institution. The goal of the contest is to write the worst first sentence of a novel that you can. You may also enter as many first sentences as you like (submitting the same one again won't make you more likely to win). The deadline is April 15, though entries are accepted throughout the year. The record for submissions is upward of 3,000, though there's no record that he won anything. One submission is picked as overall worst and the rest are categorized and judged by several notorious genres: detective, romance, science fiction, etc. Each category has a winner, a runner-up, and any number of “dishonorable mentions.” ☹

I've entered the contest for the last two years with a total of six awful entries. I've yet to write badly enough to win anything, but that I won't be discouraged in my quest for terrible prose! I challenge you to do worse than I can!



... Ice Ice Baby from front

UC: First things first, why isn't it cold out, and where is the snow?

FW: Calm down, I understand where you are coming from. You have to understand, this is something new for me, I want to enjoy it.” FW responded.

UC: Enjoy what?

FW: I've been, seeing someone new. She's quite the firecracker, not like that frigid bitch Mother Nature. No, this girl is the one, I can feel it. Her name is Summer.

(Father Winter then shows me a picture of Summer, and I have to admit that she looks pretty hot)

UC: I can understand, but don't you think you should find someone a little, I don't know, closer to season?

FW: Don't you think I tried? I dated

this one chick for a few weeks back in October, she was calm and collected, not that hot, but with a beautiful aura. Her name was Autumn, but things wouldn't last, it felt like she just kept shrugging me off with one hell of a cold shoulder. No, I like things the way they are. Please don't ruin this for me.

UC: Don't you feel like you owe the populous an explanation?

FW: Just tell them that for now, my lazy nephew Jack is taking over the winter gig, he was never very good at it. I've got nothing else to say.



Playing this card will NOT bring Winter, sadly...

And so my interview with Father Winter ended with just as many questions as I had brought. Who was this Summer girl, and how big of a hold does she have on his frozen heart? Will we ever get a proper Winter? The Daily Bull will keep on top of this story and print more on it when details arise. ☹

Daily Bull

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