

DAILY BULL



The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like holiday dinner on Pearl Harbor Day!

Wednesday, December 8, 2010

"I like to play blackjack. I'm not addicted to gambling, I'm addicted to sitting in a semi-circle."

-Mitch Hedberg

Fashion Alert: BOOTS!

Brought to you by

Nathan "invincible" Miller

I have a really bad feeling about this whole 'winter in the city' thing. You know why? Boots. I'd leave it there, but since you can't read my mind from 1200 miles away I'll explain.

Let's get one thing straight: not all boots are bad. Ski and snowboard boots are fine. Boots for romping in the snow are great. Hiking boots are a blessing. Moon boots? Uggs? What's the purpose? Oh yes, that's right: because they're cute.

Ohmigoshdouliekmynew-booootttsss?! Short answer: no. Long answer: your boots are awful, I'd rather you give them to a charity that sends them to kids in the Antarctic who have no boots. Since there aren't any kids in the Antarctic, it really sends them to an incinerator instead. Sorry.

...see a-boot on back



Maybe

By Bill Melcher ~ Daily Bull

Recent studies (i.e. living every day on this planet) have concluded that the most popular answer to a question involving any sort of commitment is "maybe". Modern individuals no longer dive headlong into anything, but they can't look away either. When you're talking to someone you can gauge how much of their attention you have by how they're standing. If they're facing you head-on looking at you, congratulations, they've probably got a thing for you. If they're facing away, you lost them. But if they're standing at that half-ass 45 degree angle looking off to the side and brushing off everything you say, it's probably time to send them one way or the other. Here are some

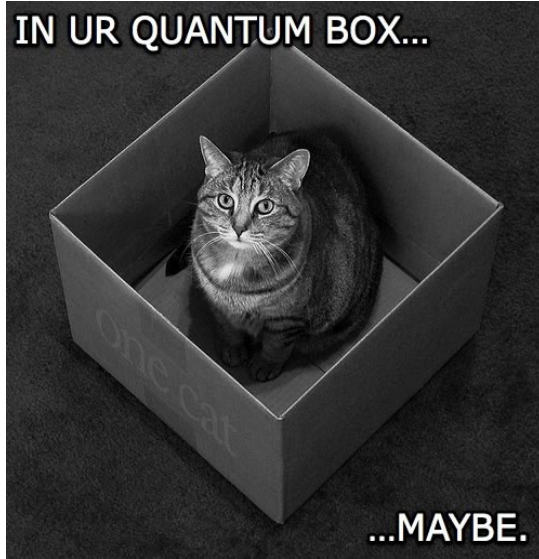
examples:

"Hey, would you like to hang out Saturday night?" ... "Uhh, I dunno man, I'd love to, but I've got all this to do, how about I text you at like 9 or so ...". (Responder looks away and down)

"We should study for this exam later." "Okay, what time?" "Six." "Okay, well I have to eat, and then there's some other shit I've got to do, and then I need to call my

parents, and then I might have to pee. Sooo I don't know. I want to, but I'm so incredibly unorganized in schedule, mind, and matter that I can't tell you a concrete time when I'll be able to do something that needs doing, and everything you say is immediately entered in

...see possibilitea on back



Quantum stuff. It's something that I would really like to get into and understand... maybe.

Im gonna need a chihuahua, a bathtub, and a whole lot of jell-o. Meet me at the Grand Canyon in 12 hours.



The Steaming Pile

Straight From You-Know-Where!

What We Want for Christmas!

Political Tolerance
Women's Rights, JK
Moar Lapdances
A girlfriend
A megamilk T-shirt
Coitus In a Can
An epic stein
Hookers and blow
A bottle of bukake
A bulbasaur
A Twilight Book (firewood)
70's era collectable Porn
First Edition Charizard Card
Imagination
Lower Lab fees
Japanese Massage Therapist
An unusually Large magnet
Four Loko
MRI machine
5 o'clock
A gallon of Everclear
A lump of coal
Justin Bieber's Head on a Platter

Iron, lots and lots of Iron
Women At Tech
Silicon lego set
An elf
Greater than .500 Hockey Team
Viking Warship, Vikings included
Lions To Win a Game
WWIII
A United Korea
A blown up Korea
A Korean
357 Magnum
A Friggin' 12 Gauge
Parking On campus
The EERC Tree Back
Glen Mroz to dress up as Santa
WikiLeaks Obama's Birth Certificate
The Return of Firefly
TSA Scanner Vision
Hopes and Dreams of Orphans
72 Virgins
A soul for every ginger
More Swagger

Check Out Our Daily Specials On Our Facebook Page! Or Enjoy a 10% Student Discount On All Other Pizza Orders! If You Have Great Taste, The Studio Pizza is the Only Pizza that Tastes Great!!

STUDIO PIZZA

The trouble with eating a Studio Pizza is that five or six days later you're hungry again.

482-5100

... a-boot from front

Unless things have taken a turn for the worst, the number of girls who wore Uggs in Houghton was pretty low compared to the number who wore them simply to get to class everyday. Utility came before fashion. Here in the city, as soon as it got a little nip-py out, EVERY girl got out her winter boots. Get out your Uggs ladies, cause here comes the fashionwave!

Literally overnight, shoes became passé. Boots were in, even when the weather was halfway decent out. And since nothing says, "my boots are cute" like accompanying leggings, they all started wearing those too. Bah!

Now I'm a pretty utilitarian sort of guy. If it's not going to be put to a good use, why bother having it out? This definitely goes for boots. There isn't any snow on the ground and it's 45 degrees out, so shoes (or sandals in my case) are still perfectly fine. In other words, put those boots away

Sunshine's Searcher: Apology

Brought to you by Jeremy 'Mr. Sunshine' Loucks

I have to APOLOGIZE for LAST WEEK'S SEARCHER. I was in the MIDDLE of a TURKEY HANGOVER and HALF-ASSED the DAMN thing in about a HALF HOUR. That and PLAYING the ACCURSEDLY AD-DICTIVE GAME KNOWN as HALO: REACH. I PROBABLY SPENT five FULL DAYS KILLING COVENANT, PWINING NOOBS on XBOX LIVE, ANNIHILATING GRUNTS in FIREFIGHT, and GETTING ACHIEVEMENTS. I MANAGED to get FORTY-SEVEN out of FORTY-NINE, INCLUDING the AWESOME "ASSASSINATE an ELITE in order to SURVIVE a FALL that would NORMALLY HAVE KILLED YOU." It got me so DISTRACTED that I even FORGOT to REMOVE my SECRET WORD from the LIST, "PORN."

So I did the QUICKEST and SIMPLEST WORD SEARCH I could THINK OF,

NAMELY one BASED off the HOLIDAY that was CAUSING me to be INCRED-IBLY LAZY. Not to MENTION STUFFED. Yummy.

Now that that's OUT OF THE WAY, I need some INSPIRATION FOLKS. After a year and a half of doing these PUZZLES, I'm running out of IDEAS for long lists of WORDS TO HIDE. So if you have any THOUGHTS or ideas, FEEL FREE to send me an EMAIL DIS-CUSSING them to JMLOUCKS@mtu.edu. I rather appreciate Y'ALLS INPUT TREMENDOUSLY, CAUSE this is a SER-VICE INDUSTRY and WHATNOT.

So what I'm really TRYING to COM-MUNICATE to you is that THE DAILY BULL is FREAKING AMAZING and you should READ US and send in INPUT and things of that NATURE. Do it, you could be famous! 🐻

P A G E S C Y E L R N F M M S H V Y J T T U E A N Y N N
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T B V D E F F U T S A Q B G H S S N T I H B O S U R U A
K A A N N I H I L A T I N G T B D D N H I F K X S T A Y
H F I R E F I G H T B H P C F B R G E D G C L T L V O I
W H A T N O T R Y I N G S W O P O Z E G U O U A Y I C N
R S D D E M A I L U P X Y I T K W R N O A R O P H A V G
K J J V R T S E L P M I S Y U R C C L O K N N H U N F E
J S G G W X D M X W F T S Q O N M M F E W Y A S T H V B
L Y U R T H I N K O F M P Q I V J D Y M X U E M H C X I



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for a little bit; it's not even freezing out yet.

But alas, I'm stuck here where most people haven't even seen snow deep enough to warrant wearing heavy boots to begin with. I'd almost prefer everyone wear Doc Martens instead. That way, everyone will really be prepared for the apocalypse, no matter what type!

[Editor's note: while in New York City, we actually witnessed something one step worse, if a step beyond slash-my-eyes-with-a-rusty-spork is even possible. There they were, sitting in the window: sequined Uggs. "Ugh!" I declared in a fit of bewildered punnery! "What is the world coming to?"]

The only conclusion I can draw is that

maybe somewhere out there, people have decided to try fashion-practicality. Maybe the sequins reflect more sunlight down to the feet, which helps heat up the snow and melt it faster. Is that within the realm of possibility? Or am I delusional in hoping that maybe there was a plan other than the craft store vomiting all over someone's shoes? 🐻

... possibilitea from front. my mind at the lowest priority level."

Sometimes the "I don't know when I'll be done" excuse applies, like when you're working on something that you're not sure when you will finish. But it seems one encounters the "run-around" response way too often to be justified by this one reason. In the above situation, the question ask-ee clearly could have said "Yes", "No",

or "How about 7?" to give himself a decent time cushion.

This type of response has caused sufficient gear grinding in the more straightforward population. Why can't we have straight answers? "Yes, No, Sure, Yep, Nope, Definitely, and Perfect, and Hell No" are all great answers to commitment questions. In contrast: "I don't know, Maybe, We'll See, and uhhhh" are not.

When one encounters such a situation, it's often easy to drill to the bottom of the inconsistency. Most folks are boggled by the simplest of determinations, like figuring out how long a trip to Wal-Mart will take. It takes a few minutes to drive there, a few to drive back ... how long is to spent inside? That depends on the trip, but if you

know what you want you can be in and out in 10 minutes. That's a 25 minute round trip, add a time cushion of 20 minutes and you've got yourself 45 minutes all-inclusive.

So when your buddy asks "Hey, want to go get food in an hour?", just say yes. If you're seriously standing in Wal-Mart an hour later, it's not that hard to pick up the phone and give him a call. For the love of bacon, just say yes immediately. The answer should never be more complex than the question.

Here's another thought: the fewer wishy-washy commitments we have, the fewer things we have figure out before making a new one! Whoah! To combat all this nonsense, us straightforward types invented "the interruption". => 🐻