

DAILY BULL



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

Thursday, November 2, 2006

"Hard work never killed anybody, but why take a chance?"
~Edgar Bergen

Nacho Chip Eating 1001

By Jake Appold ~ Daily Bull

Nachos are a very complicated food, although they are very tasty to eat. But, for one to fully enjoy his or her nachos, he or she must know the proper way to eat his or her nachos. I will go into detail on some basic and advanced techniques on how to properly eat, and therefore, thoroughly enjoying your next "Meal of the Gods".

Every good structure starts with a solid base. Be sure to get plenty of chips to accommodate your mass of topping. You don't want the Leaning Tower of Mexican Pisa. Also, all of the chips will come in handy for the eating part. Which brings me to Rule #1: Do not eat nachos with any eating utensils besides your god given moving digits. It doesn't really matter if the chips are spread out evenly, we'll get to that later.

Next comes the toppings, it doesn't really matter what kind of toppings you put on

...see Nacho Chip on back



An Inconvenient Assignment

By Andrew McInnes ~ Daily Bull

Some of you may have had the misfortune of experiencing the leaden pathos and bizarrely David Lynch-like incongruities of the ninety-minute political infomercial known as *An Inconvenient Truth*, as played here at Tech in the charming #135 Fisher Hall. Perhaps some of you actually went willingly, only to either leave in disgust or wonder why you had wasted ninety precious minutes of your otherwise irredeemable life. Others, myself included, were not present for the incessantly pedantic propaganda willingly, and were therefore obliged to sit through the entire, painful session with grit teeth, due to scholastic constraints.

I'm sure that there are many of you that would not immediately classify yourselves as "knee-jerk liberals," even after imbibing large amounts of adult beverages, as is customary at Tech. Personally, I am of a more libertarian persuasion, and therefore often considered completely evil, but that is beyond the scope of this critique. Anyone who actually liked that so-called movie should consider looking in the mirror and asking themselves exactly what political league they are truly part of. If, after doing so, you still find the flick endlessly fascinating and mind-expandingly informative, you should just stop reading right now. I mean it.

Perhaps the first thing that I noticed about the infomercial was the utter lack

of continuity and reference. Did anyone else wonder exactly what the hell the little squiggly red line, or the fuzzy glowing cloud around the Earth, or the big amoeba-like red spot on the (soon to be no longer) North Pole, actually meant, other than showing that to show that Herr Gore was of a mental calibre far above and beyond any other human being on the planet, including mine? Dr. Albert Gore, Jr., inventor of the Internet (a.k.a. Intertron), saviour of civilisation as we know it, single-handed defeater of the global EVIL known as communism, et cetera, et cetera, ad nauseam, ad infinitum, has spoken jewels of wisdom unto us – separated by odd, non-sequitur vignettes about little boys hit by cars, beloved protecting sisters felled by sinister and immoral tobacco companies, and something about cows – and therefore we have our marching orders. Up with consumption! Down with conscious thought! All hail the *Reich*!

The whole debacle left me feeling somewhat violated; it was ninety minutes of my own, personal, irredeemable life, which I could never, ever recover, no matter how hard I might try, up in smoke. Poof. Who, exactly, was this pompous, arrogant, self-congratulating and –serving, clearly overfed buffoon, lecturing to me from atop his constantly referenced moral high-ground? Did anyone ever see him walk someplace,

...see Assignment on back

It's starting to get cold outside...
Time to move to Florida!



How To: Scare Your Roommate's Parents

By Tim Kotula ~ Daily Bull

Greetings! Over the last four semesters I have spent here at Tech, I have collected many strategies and tips for successfully scaring the crap out of your roommate's parents. I've decided to share some of my favorite ones in today's How To column.

Once you have determined that your roommate's parents will be coming to spend the weekend, you will need to coordinate a plan of attack. Begin by purchasing a box or two of condoms, a bottle of white, liquid hand soap, several sandwich baggies, twist ties, and a bag of flour. Save your empty beer bottles and cans for the rest of the week, and purchase a whip, some tight-fitting leather clothes, a couple of unusual sex toys and a small amount of fake blood from a "costume" shop. Finally, collect dried leaves and enlist the help of a friend (or two!) who is/are willing to act as your "lovers" for the weekend.

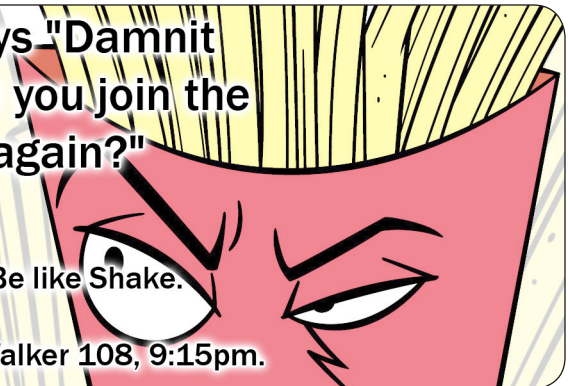
The night before they arrive, pile all of your dirty laundry up in a corner of the room, and sprinkle it with some sort of cheap, pungent-smelling liquor. Gently crush the leaves and place them in small 'portion-sized' sandwich baggies. Put these in your drawers, alternating them with small baggies of flour, although be sure to leave a few half-empty ones strewn about, and the drawer half-opened. Place all of the empty cans and bottles you saved in rows on the shelves and heat registers, and wipe a little bit of flour under each nostril. Proceed to spend the rest of the night getting hammered, so your eyes will be good and bloodshot come morning.

That should be enough to freak them out when they first walk in the door the next morning, but you aren't finished yet! While your roommate is out, fill a condom or two with generous portions of the white, liquid hand soap you purchased and leave

...see How To on back

Frylock says "Damn it Shake, did you join the Daily Bull again?"

Screw Frylock. Be like Shake.
Join the Bull.
Wednesdays, Walker 108, 9:15pm.



...Assignment from front

besides around an airport or to the lectern? Did it seem off that he never, ever once was seen riding a bicycle, a mode of transportation widely known to reduce paunch and save the environment simultaneously? Was that a highly fuel-inefficient, heavily armored Mercedes that I kept seeing him chauffeured around in? Perhaps it's the new, gopher-powered variety of Mercedes, available only to the rich and politically connected. Perhaps the aeroplanes he was flitting around in were actually held up by storks, on their way to deliver a new, screaming bundle of joy to some lucky parents in the suburbs, their gas-guzzling SUV parked in the driveway with the engine running. Now that's what I would call killing two birds with one stone.

Call me over-attentive, call me anal-retentive, but honestly, did anyone else notice the carefully engineered, more-or-less deftly orchestrated manipulation, obfuscation, distortion, and editation of well established scientific facts into a milieu of political finger-pointing

and guilt-tripping, which serves not to educate the public about a serious ecological and social problem, but instead gives an onerous and odious disservice to science and the environmental movement? The overall message of this ninety minute barrage, as we see Gore tooling along in his first-class aeroplane seats, or top quality Mercedes sedan, or some of the most expensive cell phones and laptops currently on the market, was not, in fact, to reduce our rampant consumerism, but instead to just passively carry on as if nothing was wrong. Oh, but of course, if you voted for Al, here, he could have solved the problems just like that, and we could all still have our triple-mortgaged home in the suburbs, and our leased SUVs in the heated garage. Nothing would have really needed to change, except for more careful (Democrat-controlled) management of our precious natural resources. "In America, political will is a renewable resource!" touts this overbearing hypocrite, his voice unnaturally amplified, and we all get to leave feeling good about ourselves. We're Americans, damnit! Everything can be fixed by a simple flick of the switch from red to blue!

Sensing something slightly amiss here? Doth mine ears deceive me, Horatio? Have we been told that the environment is as steady as a rock, and we're futzing it up, and mere moments later we're grandly informed that the Earth runs in cycles? Huh? I missed something important along the way, and I think it was consistency and logic. Yes, our beloved American car manufacturing companies are indeed royally screwed and shall be collapsing shortly, but not because they make inefficient cars; Japanese manufacturers are making their cars right here, in America, and they are very happy with how thick their wallets are getting with these funny pieces of greenish paper that we obsess incessantly over. The true reason that Ford and GM are tanking is because their entrenched, bloated,

and ingrown unions and management are bleeding the companies dry with exorbitant benefits and greed-driven pay hikes. If Toyota had to pay the same expenses in their American factories, they would have never opened their doors on our soil, end of story.

This was just one example of the profusion of politically distorted half-facts that were slapped against our faces like slimy dead catfish. The boringly dead-panned Gore managed to be not quite as obvious as Michael Moore in *Fahrenheit 911* in his self-motivated aggrandisement and manipulation, but that did not make it any less of an offense to the intellect. His shameless usurping of hard science into political ammunition, combined with his equally shameless efforts to manipulate the emotions – and deactivate the brain – of his viewers, only gave rise to bile in the back of my throat, which I unfortunately had to swallow.

Here's the real Inconvenient Truth, ladies and gentlemen and those in between: the human race is rapidly proving itself to be no better than the yeast that helped create the beer which you wish you were swilling right now. We are on a glorious, cheap plastic crap-filled path to self-immolation, as we mindlessly breeeeeeeed, consume every available resource we can get our grubby little hands on, and then subsequently drown in our own excrement. We will starve our children to by that last gallon of gas for our Hummer, we will steal the last jar of anchovies so we can have that twenty-two inch pizza, we will kill whomever we need to so that the Spice Mélange – I mean oil – will flow. And the hero of the 21st Century, Albert Gore, Jr., says that this isn't our problem. It's only a matter of tweaking fuel efficiency standards on motor vehicle fleets, or building a few more shiny white windmills, or making sure that we only use recycled toilet paper. Conform, consume, obey. It's the American way! ☹

...Nacho Chip from front

your nachos because this aspect is a little more personal. Feel free to be creative and let your inner feelings be expressed through the nacho medium. There is nothing like the natural high one gets from putting toppings on their nachos, whether you're a just cheese or a Supreme-O kinda person, this is a fairly broad spectrum. But nonetheless, Rule #2: Get enough toppings to sufficiently use every nacho, and then get some more. This may be difficult to judge at times and may require some practice. Think of it this way, if the nachos were ugly people and the toppings were paper bags, you would want more than enough paper bags to cover the ugliness and some people are more ugly so they need more than one bag to block the ugly. Every nacho should get its quota of topping, but every once in a while it's good to have an extra special nacho. Remember: It is better to have leftover toppings at the finish than it is to have leftover chips.

The best part.....eating it. You may be all excited about your nachos, and you just want to dig in to it face first right when you sit down, but when you look at it, you could be puzzled and you may ask yourself "Well Jake, I got a lot of chips, and then I got even more toppings, so now I can't even get to the chips, and the chips I can get to don't even have any topping on them!" Just remember Rule #3: Utilize the Tool Chip. I was astonished to find out last week that one of my hallmates did not know what the Tool Chip was. What I am about to reveal to you has been past down from generation to generation in my family. The Tool Chip is the bitch chip that one uses to scoop topping onto a naked chip. To utilize this technique look for a chip that has no topping and maybe was at the bottom of the bag and was dwarfed by the other chips by an approximate ratio of 1:2. If a Tool Chip is inaccessible, it is only proper to sacrifice a preexisting

whole naked chip and fashion it to the appropriate size, yet another sacrifice is only crucial if naked chips still remain in the pile. The Tool Chip is generally the last chip eaten, unless, of course, it is broken to a size that renders it useless as a Tool Chip. When the Tool Chip is used in its proper fashion, it uncovers the chips beneath the topping, therefore letting you continue your journey to mastication erotica.

Upon approaching the end of your meal, it may become easier to judge how much topping to put on each chip, so that all the topping is used. Although, it is common to not finish all of the topping (assuming you followed rules 1 and 2) you may have feelings of guilt that some nachos weren't filled to full capacity. These feelings are quite common and one should not feel discouraged.

Lastly, after finishing your nachos, a delectable treat, one should be ready at all times to make emergency stops to the poop-shoot. From the moment you finish those bad boys, you are vulnerable to an attack. One should allow 24 hours of recovery time before lowering DefCon levels. Attacks may be long-winded or short and sweet. No matter how extreme these attacks can be one should always remember that your body is making those noises because you ate nachos. Think of all those underprivileged kids in other countries whose bodies never make those noises, the noises that only nachos can make. ☹

...How To from front

them on your pillow. Leave the room and grab the friends whose help you enlisted earlier. Head for the bathroom and get appropriately dressed, then go back to your room and wait for their return. I think you already know what to do when they enter. I'd be rather surprised if they didn't dash for their car immediately. ☹



Daily Bull

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