

DAILY MILLER

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Wednesday, April 11, 2007

"I can resist everything except temptation."
~Oscar Wilde

Anna Nicole Smith's Baby's Father Wins Lottery

By Nathan Miller ~ Daily Bull

Anna Nicole Smith's baby's father won the lottery earlier this week when it was announced he was the true father of the disputed child.

"It's almost as good as winning a million dollars," said Larry Birkhead, the now revealed father. "In fact, it is better than a million dollars. This baby and what it stands for is worth at least a few million easy, that kind of cash can buy a lot of stuff, let me tell ya."

Until Tuesday it wasn't yet apparent who was the clear father. Birkhead, Howard K. Stern, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and 16 other men who had slept with Smith within a two-week period when she got pregnant were all possibilities. The winner ended up being Birkhead, who now stands to inherit millions from

...see Anna Nicole on back



The Nalgene

By Nathan Miller ~ Daily Bull

In my years of outdoorsmanship, I've never owned a better product than a Nalgene. This indispensable, indestructible, and irreplaceable water bottle of choice can withstand anything you can throw at it. Of course, it won't survive being thrown off a cliff, being shot up, or filled with explosives, but neither will anything else you buy that isn't bomb proof.

Being so invincible, the only reason a Nalgene needs to be replaced is if it is lost. This also is a long shot as Nalgene's have a habit of returning to their owners, much like STDs. Natalie Helms, who wishes to remain anonymous, recently was united with her long lost Nalgene after many months of separation. This is her Nalgene's story.

Spending many months never leaving Natalie's sight, Pierre the Nalgene finally managed to roll away from her. He rolled around in bliss for a while until he went one corner too far. Danger lurked ahead, and he was powerless to stop it.



"Help! Help!" he screamed in vain as he was kicked and trampled beneath dozens of steel boots. "Natalie, save me! I loooovve yooooouuu!"

It was too late, Pierre was out of sight and out of mind, as Natalie could not hear the pleas for help over the blaring Guitar Hero playing. Even on her way out, Natalie forgot to take her beloved Nalgene.

Cold and alone, Pierre rolled into a dark corner and assumed the fetal position. There he lay for many months, slowly being encased in a shell of dust, pizza boxes, and women's clothing. History had all but forgotten our fallen hero as the ages slipped by, until he was discovered by chance by two brothers, Déagol and Chuck Hansen.

"Oi, brother, come look at what I found! So shiny!" said Déagol. "What a lucky find we have here! Won't papa be proud?"

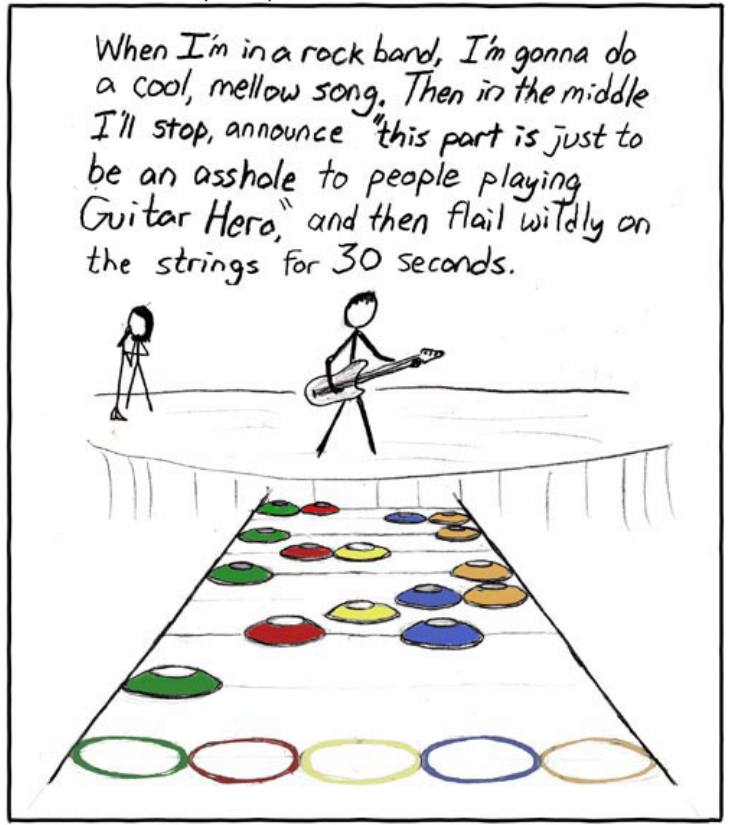
...see Nalgene on back


It happens all the time. You should look out the window more often



Pic O' the Day



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...Nalgene from front

"He will be proud of our find," Chuck replied as he moved menacingly towards Déagol. "You should give it to me, it is my birthday. Wouldn't want anything bad to happen now, would we?"

"What do you means by that? I founds it, it's mine!"

"Gives the pretty to me! It's my birthday! YEEEEARGH!!" Chuck slide kicked Déagol, and then strangled him with an old bra that was covering Pierre. "Nows the precious is mine! All mine, I have it. So pretty..." At this point Pierre was feeling a bit uncomfortable. He needed to get back to Natalie at all costs.

Lucky for Pierre, Chuck ducked into West McNair to escape from the April blizzard. Pierre was halfway home. He silently spilled some water on the floor, which immediately turned into ice causing Chuck to slip and

fall. Promptly proclaiming he was ok, Chuck attempted to stand up despite his leg not being on straight.

Hearing the screams of pain, West McNairites ran to throw the burden back out into the cold. Natalie was about to burn his backpack on the heater when she noticed something familiar.

"Pierre? Is that you?" asked Natalie.

"Of course it's me, now kiss me you fool!" Everything was better and everyone lived happily ever after. Except Chuck Hansen, who was sent to Guantanamo for being a terrorist and making too much noise after quiet hours. The end. ☹

...Anna Nicole from front

the Smith estate.

"I'm really glad I won custody of the child. I can't think of anyone better than me to have all that money," Birkhead explains. "I'll also try and be a good father too. When she's not in day care or being watched over by paid assistants, I might buy her an ice cream cone. Only if it's under \$2 though," he added. "Don't want to break the bank."

Stern, who was thought to be the father until DNA tests proved negative, is upset that things went so wrong.

"I was 95% certain I was the father and now that swine Birkhead goes and beats my sperm to that egg," says Stern, who fiercely defended his position as father for many months. "All my plans were going so well. Looks like I'm going to have to start over and find another celebrity to kill

off and inherit all her money."

When dug up from the grave, Anna Nicole Smith's half rotten corpse declined to comment. Legal proceedings will soon commence on whether it is legal to rebury her in the Bahamas, as there is a Bahamian law that states, "If a corpse is exhumed for any reason, the zombified remains may not haunt the good shores of the Bahaman coast, mon."

"I really hope she gets back in the ground quickly, for all our sakes," says Birkhead. "I'm tired of smelling her, and I'm sure it's getting hard to move her around as she decomposes." ☹



Allergic to Air

By Nathan Miller ~ Daily Bull

While eating lunch the other day with my good friend and still living roommate Joe, it dawned on us that it would pretty much suck to be allergic to air. This got me thinking- what would the world be like if you were allergic to air anyways? Here's what I came up with.

Breathing: It took me a while, but I think I came up with how to breathe. You would jump into a space suit, complete with bubble helmet and tubes would go into your blood stream, feeding you oxygen straight into your blood. They'd probably

take out your lungs since you won't need them anymore and use the extra space for storing batteries or oxygen tanks.

Eating: On the front of your suit would be a little air lock where you would put your food in. It would suck out all the air and then a little conveyor belt would transport the food directly to your mouth. Drinks would be poured into a holding tank, and a tube would dribble it into your mouth at your leisure.

Cleaning: Cleaning yourself would be a problem if you had to stay in a vacuum all day. That is why there would be tiny nanobots that would crawl all over and keep you as clean as the day you were born.

Bathroom: Tubes would hook up to your orifices that would collect all your feces and urine. These would be dehydrated and compacted into little bricks that would fall out occasionally as you walk around, hence the phrase shitting bricks.

Conversing: Since sound doesn't travel in a vacuum, you would have to have brain implants read your thoughts and project them to speakers mounted on your suit. The op-

posite would be done for hearing. In addition to wires going into your head, there would also be captions that'd scroll in front of you when people talk, so if you wanted you could turn off the sound and read the subtitles instead.

Entertainment: Playing outside would be all but impossible, as the suit would weigh a considerable amount and prevent you from swimming, climbing trees, or frolicking through the daisies. That's what virtual reality is for. Playing games on a computer would not be hard, as you could have direct feeds into your brain so you would have the fastest reaction times in all games. Sex could be had with the addition of sex modules, installed in the front, and/or back, depending on your preference. If you happened to find someone of the opposite gender with the same suit as you, you could link up and have sex together.

At this point if you managed to have this whole suit set-up, you might as well just download your brain onto hard drives and go 100% robot. It's way easier to upgrade, and you don't have to worry about eating, sleeping, or being allergic to air at all. The advantages are endless. ☹



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