

DAILY BULL

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under age 18 and should not be taken seriously... like post-80s hip-hop phenomena!

Friday, September 28, 2007

"A cynic is a man who, when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffin."

~H. L. Mencken

The West McNair Experience

By Jamie "Hank" Davis
~ Daily Bull ~

Meeting new people was easy, but the diversity of my neighbors was beyond belief. Each person had their own hobbies like darts, soccer, WoW, Magic (not the bunny kind), Guitar Hero, Anime, late night Wal-Mart runs, and pizza rotations to name a few. One of the most diverse people I have met here at Tech is a man with unusual porn tastes and the greatest gay chicken player I have ever seen. For those who do not know what gay chicken is, it is where two straight men pretend to be gay with each other and who ever quits first loses. Weird I know, but what else is there to do at 2 AM on a Tuesday? I assumed all freshmen go through some hassle from the second years but what happened to me, I never expected.

One day, coming home from class, I walked into my room to a surprise – all my food was gone and someone made my bed. As I sat on my bed wondering who could have done this, I realized that my mattress

...see W. McNair on back

How To: Be a Pompous Asshole

By Nick Nelson ~ Daily Bull

One of my friends, we'll call him Dike Menomme, was telling me about his vehicle situation the other day. This sort of topic for most people our age follows the generic outline of "I wish I had one" or "I don't drive mine more than five miles because it could fall apart any second." However, in the case of Dike, it went more like this: "I don't want to turn my [less than one-year-old] vehicle back in to get a [brand-spanking-new] Jeep Challenger – they get like a half mile per gallon less." I later found out Dike gets a brand new Jeep every year from his parents, and this time he's complaining about it. At this point, I basically asked: "WTF?!"

The previous story is a good example of the dealings with the shunned human subspecies, *rectus gigantus*. In their attempts to become more like normal humans, they have labeled their daily activities and hobbies under "high society" (keyword "label"). By now, you're probably wondering: "Hey Nick, how can I be as pompous as Dike, liek 0mG?1?!" Well, there are several factors involved with being a pompous asshole. The following paragraphs will outline the necessities so you can get started with your hands-on training toward becoming a *rectus gigantus*.

Beginning Training. Before you start practicing the arts of *rectus gigantus*, you should spend some time observing them. A good place to do this on campus would be the Wadsworth Café – just look for the people that are studying.

Other places to observe could include: Internet cafés (be careful distinguishing between *rectus gigantus* and people just too lazy to pay for a computer and Internet), coffee shops, tea shops, organic food stores, wine-tasting events, any ritzy nightclubs, and any building with a BMW parked outside it. If you can't get to any of these places, just substitute this part with watching reruns of *Frasier*.

Music. If you're going to be a *rectus gigantus*, then it's time for you to start listening to classical music – exclusively. Bringing up Rachmaninov, Phillip Glass, Beethoven, or any classical composer should be enough to show others how superior you are to them. If not, just add some fancy adjectives to musical instruments and use musical terms in your conversations. They'll cringe in no time.

Dwelling. Once you practice being pretentious, talking about the prices of homes in the "nice neighborhoods" should be an unconscious direction of conversation. You will want to tell everyone (in as much detail as possible) of the superiority of your home, but internally, your home's style and arrangement will never be just right. Take note, if you own furnishings that are not beige, grey, black, or another neutral color, your skills need work. You should also strive for consistency in your furnishings in both style and color. All of your kitchen appliances should follow the same rule and be either chrome or black.

...see Pompous on back

The Steaming Pile

Straight from you-know-where!

Things We Don't Want Supersized

| | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Churches | Eyeballs |
| The Lode | Sea Urchins |
| Hamsters | Road Kill |
| Cancer | Tuition |
| Happy Meals | Wal-Mart |
| Toddlers | iPhone Bills |
| Black Holes | Hair |
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Has your NERF weapon drawn blood today?



...Pompous from front

Dress. Your casual dress should include khaki-style pants and shirts that button up at least part way. The rest of your wardrobe should be only suits. The color scheme should follow that of home furnishings, with white as an accent color.

Manners. After your observation, you should be able to pick up most of the mannerisms of *rectus gigantus*. A common method of laughing is to stress the first "ha" and to laugh in a tone that exhibits an egocentric view. Once you've got this down, add in a backwards motion as you begin laughing. A second mannerism you should adopt is chronic squinted eyes. This shows how difficult it is for you to maintain conversations with those less intelligent than yourself.

Conversation. The ability to quote fancy-sounding literature is key to being one of *rectus gigantus*. If you can't manage this, then just follow two simple steps to converting your language into *rectus gigantus* language: reverse the order of your sentence (like Yoda) and then make as many words as possible sound Shakespearean. For example, a

normal human may say: "How's it going this morning, Nick?" Someone of *rectus gigantus* persuasion would say this as: "Art thou proceeding well this morn, Nicholas?" Learn much about wine (more than any normal person should know) and talk about it commonly. A *rectus gigantus* touch is to talk about wine as if it were a person. Gossip among others should always be referred to as "news," and should be expressed negatively toward the person under the mask of concern. Finally, jokes should usually end with a word being stressed. For example: "... but I thought she said 'Let's screw.'" It doesn't matter what preceded the line or whether you're going to prison for it, as long as you physically italicize the last word.

You should now have the knowledge needed to progress through the world of *rectus gigantus*. This introduction by no means covers all you'll need to know to survive in their society, but if you're like Dike and can follow this advice without giving it a second thought, then you truly are a pompous asshole. Congratulations! 🍷

...W. McNair from front

was also gone. After a long day of talking to people who happened to "not see anything," I found my mattress in the closet of a person I never met before (the odd porn collector). So later that night as I went to sleep, I was woken up in a rather odd fashion something gently tapping me on my head. I put my glasses on and what I saw was the most horrifying object I have even seen. "Blackay" had just awakened me at 2 AM. Blackay is an 18-inch, black, double-ended dildo. Let's just say that waking up was the beginning of a long night I had not planned for. I would go into detail but it is just too hard to talk about the tragedy that happened that night in room 150W of McNair. As my roommate told me that this was normal, I tried not to think of it and went to class the next morning like nothing happened.

Wondering if this was how college would be all year, I went and talked to

my assaulter the next day. His advice to me was to laugh and pull some pranks on others. So the next day at lunch I reached for the salt and noticed it had a hole in the bottom. I was quickly told by a second year that this was common and I should leave it alone. When my friends joined me, I didn't tell anyone about the salt wanting to see what would happen. As it turns out a friend grabbed the salt and the whole thing dumped on his plate. Another friend was the victim of a prank, so I decided to help him get even. Let's just say that the good thing about a prank in a quad room is that you get to mess with four guys instead of two. We moved mattresses around making a fort that any kid would be proud to play in, then put the sheets in the fridge and taped pillows to the ceiling, and we also set one alarm to go off at 3:50 AM and another to go off at 4:30 AM. While all this was happening, we managed getting a unicycle taken away by an RA, but that is neither here nor there.

In only three weeks here at Tech, I have managed to become hall president and go by the name "El Presidente", start a prank war, and fight against a dictator for hall glory. I can only imagine that I have no idea what to expect. I mean, while writing this article I have been in a bed with three other guys, learned the only difference between Super Smash Brothers and Frank Zappa is that there are no pictures of Link sitting on a toilet naked in Super Smash Brothers, and that cold ramen doesn't taste that bad at 1:30 AM. So there it was, this will be the very first/last time I ever right about my ode to the dorm life. 🍷

The Truth About the Weather

By Rhiannon Thrasher ~ Guest Writer

With all rain that we have been getting recently, many on campus (including myself) have been wondering what the hell is up with the weather. I mean come on, usually we're in the middle of a blistering Indian summer right about now! So I decided to do some

investigative reporting to see if I could figure anything out. What I found was a variety of different theories to explain the recent weather.

According to an anonymous source in the School of Forestry, the weather is the result of global warming. My source attempted to back this up with many graphs and tables, all of which he said proved that global warming was to blame, however all I saw were lots of hand-drawn squiggly lines on the back of a KBC napkin.

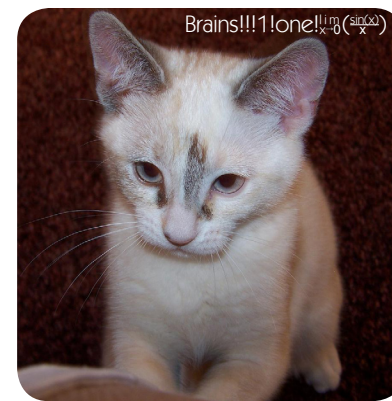
A random student on campus claimed that it was the result of rain fairies being spiteful over the loss of their home, the open umbrella, over the summer. She claims that the fairies, who were usually good natured, did not like their long confinement in closed umbrellas.

A Mechanical Engineering student claimed that the bad weather was the result of a jet engine test gone horribly wrong. He claimed that the failed experiment had created a weather vortex that was pulling all of the wet weather toward Houghton. Before the student could elaborate however, two men in black suits and dark sunglasses came and escorted him away. I am still trying to determine his whereabouts.

One student in the Dow accused the Electrical Engineering department of releasing too much electricity from the EERC, and that this caused the atmosphere to become supercharged in such a way that only a massive amount of rain could release it.

A seemingly level-headed Environmental Engineering major pointed out that it was just a result of the UP experiencing very little precipitation during the summer months, and that recent weather was just trying to balance things out. This may be me, but personally I think that he looked a little shady and may have been lying to me.

A rather sleep-deprived CS major claimed that the aliens had finally come and were using the storms to hide their presence. He was also quickly whisked



away by some shady-looking men.

A slightly hung-over TKE proposed that maybe "GOD" had been out at a few too many parties this month, and was still trying to work the last of the beer a out of his system.

A pretty stoned-looking hippie that was stumbling around campus claimed that we had finally pushed Mother Earth too far, and that she was getting her revenge. He pointed out all of the recent "natural disasters" as proof that Gaia had finally snapped and was trying to get rid of humanity.

One student claimed that the "Sky" was crying over a nasty break up that she had had with the "Sun". Of all of the explanations this one seems the most far fetched, but who am I to say?

And, my favorite explanation is that a homesick student from southeast Alaska had found a way to cross-dimensionally transport us to the Pacific Northwest in an attempt to feel more at home as she was missing all of the rain. When I pointed out that that most people here don't like this much rain, she looked at me and said, "But it's a beautiful day in southeast Alaska!"

Many of these explanations may seem crazy, far fetched, and down right stupid, but I feel that I must be getting closer to the truth. Yesterday, I received an anonymous e-mail telling me to watch my step, and those 'men-in-black' have started to follow me around. 🍷



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