

DAILY BULL

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

Wednesday, February 27, 2008

"As you journey through life take a minute every now and then to give a thought for the other fellow. He could be plotting something."

~Hagar the Horrible

Living in the Tex-ass

By Nathan "Invincible" Miller
~ Daily Bull ~

Over this past summer I was unfortunate to have moved to Tex-ass. Now, what could be so horrible about the biggest, baddest state in the entire world? Nothing if you were born and raised there like it was another country. But for those of us who knew of the outside world before going there, I've noticed a few things about our strange neighbors to the south.

For one, it's a giant, smelly ass, hence the name Tex-ass. Everything is brown, full of grungy plants that can be mistaken for hair, and a good part of the time smells like one too. It could be all the cows and horses and other farm animals living on every square inch of the place, but I'm often led to believe the Tex-ass really is the ass of the

...see Tex-ass on back

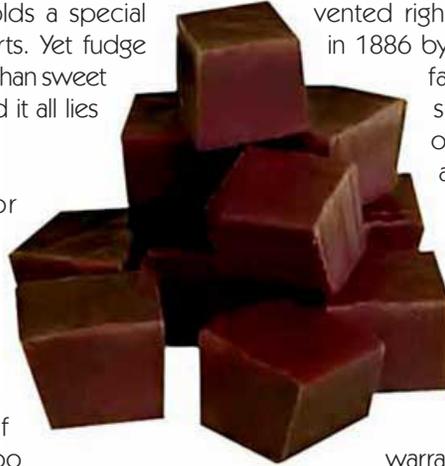


Oh, Fudge

By Simon Mused ~ Daily Bull

We all know of the awesome goodness that is fudge. Fudge and pasties are the staples of the UP diet after all. It's really the only reason people still visit Mackinac Island (unless they have a real fetish for steaming mounds of horse crap). Whether it's the soft, chewy feeling in your mouth or the fantastic flavors, fudge holds a special place in our hearts. Yet fudge has more to offer than sweet deliciousness, and it all lies in its roots.

The process for creating fudge is not all that different from crystal meth, except in fudge production you want to make as little of it as possible (too much of a good thing is bad for you? Conspiracy!). It involves hindering the rapid crystallization of a supersaturated solution so that only fine, small crystals are formed. These desired crystals have a creamy feel to them because they are so small. The formation of crystals too early will result in fewer but larger crystals, resulting in brittle, chunky fudge (and nobody likes the appearance



of chunky fudge). The process itself involves mixing a sugar seed crystal, milkfat, corn syrup, and any flavor additive. I could outline it in detail for you, but unless you have a meth lab readily available, I doubt you care.

This chew of the gods was invented right here in the USA in 1886 by nitpicky bake sale fanatics. After that some chick came out of nowhere and got a hold of the recipe, selling it from women's college to women's college all around America. Thus fudge was born! Its discovery would have warranted a Nobel Prize had the development of the stuff waited a decade. Fudge has many applications that one may not be aware of. It has been used since its creation in medicine, manufacturing, home maintenance, and politics.

Medicinal fudge is a very special branch in alternative medicine. Application of

...see Fudge on back

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Video Game Movies That Should Never Be

Chronicles of Pong	Final Fantasy 300
Sim Ant	School of Rock Band
Die Hard: Easy Mode	Kirby and the Golden Compass
Mario & Peach, the Final Divorce	Gears of Juno
Being Gordon Freeman	Star Ocean's Eleven
Little Sim Farm on the Prairie	Micheal Jackson's Moonwalker
In Pursuit of Zelda	30 Days of NIGHTS
Oregon Trail II: The Legend of Curly's Gold	Civilization 10,000 BC
Katamari, Da Movie	Call of Duty: Lost in Vietnam
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...Fudge from front

fudge to an itching sore has been known to cool and sooth the area, though the repercussion of this is a larger sore. Fudge mixed in your bath water may also increase self-confidence and increased alertness, though leaving the bath with this new alertness will make you realize you smell like caramel, thus rendering any increase in self-esteem void. On the plus side, you'll gather a whole new level of attraction from the surrounding males. If it worked for the Planters chick and a cashew it will definitely work for you ladies (and assorted gentleman).

Fudge has been used in manufacturing for its multiple beneficial properties. Fudge's creamy texture makes it a wonderful lubricant for large industrial-sized gears. Able to retain its texture and consistency in temperatures up to 240°F, Fudge makes for a cheap alternative heat shield to machines that tend to overheat. Fudge also

has some adhesive properties when mixed with the right amount of corn syrup. Spreading this mixture over a wooden surface would work just as well, if not better, than most glues on the market.

For those in need of a quick cleanup around your living area, a pound of fudge could go a long way. Spreading heated fudge against a wall surface and then peeling off the layer a few minutes later is a little known trick for lifting marker or crayon marks off of walls, not that the mature students here at Tech have this problem. Instead we face the more annoying pen and highlighter messes (we is so mature, we do goods in our schools), along with beverage spills during those tipsy late nights. Rubbing wet fudge rigorously over a beer, wine, or pop spill stain in the carpet will remove said stain in a matter of minutes. Ironically, adding alcohol to the wet fudge would create a solution strong enough to remove puke stains even from wooden surfaces. The stronger the alcohol the better, but for the sake of ready convenience a can of beer would suffice if the surface is carpet or fake wood (rubbing alcohol works better though).

Fudge has worked its way into politics as well. Chocolate fudge from right here in the UP is considered a delicacy to congressmen. Lobbyists would leave bricks of the stuff on the desks of delegates with special bills attached. Alternative varieties serve special functions in the political world. Rocky Road represents a bill that may end up hurting some people's rights, but the majority will benefit in the end. Turtle fudge (chocolate with a peanut butter center) would represent a bill that seems simple in context

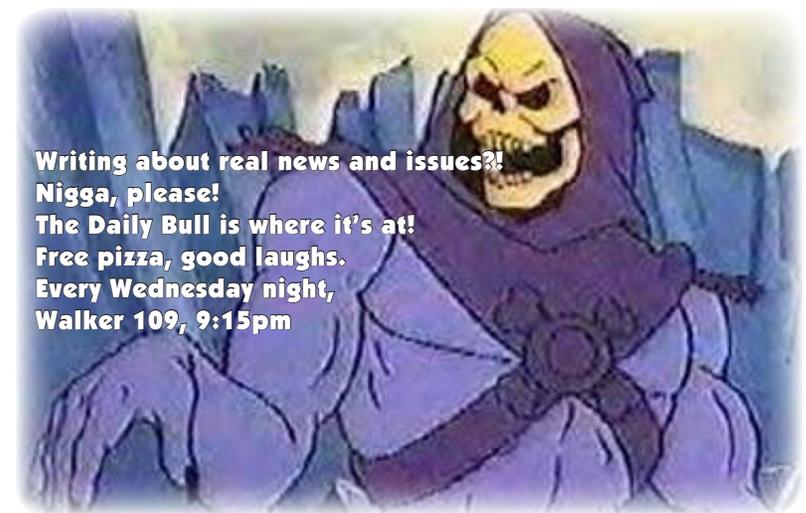
but once implemented would probably spiral out of control and lead to a slippery slope of abusive power. Marshmallow fudge represents a bill that represents both Rocky Road and Turtle fudge bill qualities (the Patriot Act, for example, was definitely a marshmallow fudge class bill). Peanut butter fudge is placed on top of those lame "feel-good" bills that serve no special purpose (May 1st is Loyalty Day as defined by title 36 of the United States Code. Celebrate or report to Guantanamo.) Of course, white chocolate fudge is used as an ultimate insult and punishment for undesired behavior.

If at this point you feel the need to create a shrine for fudge, be my guest. You could use Howard Dean's as an inspiration if needed. Too bad Huckabee took down his fudge shrine, his was awesome. This urge is understandable, as fudge obviously is the greatest stuff on the planet. America wouldn't be where it is today if it weren't for the magic of fudge. ☺

...Tex-ass from front

country. I mean, come on, it's right where a big fat ass would be if the country were sitting down too.

Not to make fun of our resident overweight population, but you pale in comparison to the big people I've seen down here. You know what they say, everything is bigger in Tex-ass, and it seems people are no exception to this rule. There were so many in Wal-Mart one day, no more than 2 could pass by each other in the main wide aisles, and all



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other aisles were blocked. Add in the 500+ pounders riding their little scooters, and you start worrying whether you'll make it out alive.

I was trapped, and if I called out for help, all I got was a, "Howdy there junior, name's Kenny, what can I do fer ya'll." Doesn't sound so bad, right? Well what if everyone talked like that, and half the people were named Ken? That's right alls ya'lls, it cud git that bad. I were afearerd fer mah life, ya see, cuz I was in stranger territy than I ever seen without mah boots and frien' Earl, bless his soul. An jus when I thought I weren't a gonna make it out alive, I prayed to the almighty savior and got saved.

Not really. But I was heckled on more than one occasion about my faith by religious soldiers who are spawned from massive church barracks, costing 100 minerals and 25 vespene gas each. Everything is bigger strikes again. Unrivaled in their sheer size, these churches make a pile of 3 or 4 super Wal-Marts look small. When I first saw one, I thought it was a college campus. Then I realized my mistake and started hoping that the missile

silos attached to them didn't contain what missile silos usually hold.

Lucky for me, I have found the native's true weakness: cold. Once the mercury drops below 60° or so, everybody's wearing coats and warm clothes. Another 10° or 15° cooler and people don't even go outside anymore. In the off chance that it gets below freezing and it snows a few flakes or things accumulate .00149 inches of ice, the idiots will go out in their cars and crash, start stocking up for the apocalypse, and get frostbite in a matter of minutes. It's that sad. Then when I tell them about how we get more than a foot of snow in one storm (3 feet once! Wow!) they act like that's impossible.

Meanwhile, I'm out wearing no shirt in an attempt to get a tan, killing fire ants with fire instead of running away in terror, resisting any attempt to acquire a Tex-ass accent, and making sure there is still some sanity in the gigantic bland world I've been forced to inhabit. Oh how I pined for the frozen shores of Lake Superior and the wonderful scum encrusted sidewalks of MTU – Ha! ☺



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