

# DAILY BULL



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Friday, October 9, 2009

The goal of all inanimate objects is to resist man and ultimately defeat him.

- Russell Baker

## Hobo-Be-Gone

By Jeremy "Mr. Sunshine" Loucks ~ Daily Bull

There is something noticeably missing from Michigan Tech's campus this Homecoming. No, it's not women. It's HOBOS! While the frats and the Pep Band are still doing Hobo-related activities, the university itself no longer sponsors them! This has led to some mixed reactions, as outraged citizens took to the streets and those that support the ban stayed at home, listening to Mozart and eating caviar.

This reporter dug deep into the bowels of the bureaucracy to find the answer to the missing Hobos. What I found was not only devious and vile, it was also covered in shit and undigested corn.

The university hired consultants, also known as people that create panic and then rob you blind while you're panicking about various imagined issues. These people did some research

...see Where's my bum on back



## Movie Review:

# THE COOK

By Stephen Whittaker ~ Daily Bull

If there ever was a movie made by a 16 year old boy in a fantasy land, this would be it. "The Cook" is movie that finds itself in more ridiculous situations from one moment to the next. I must warn you, it may be required to go brain dead for a bit to fully watch this movie. To be honest, this movie made me want to punch baby seals in the face (oh wait I want to do that already.) Ok well it makes me want to punch something in the face I normally wouldn't.



Eddie?! That's rather a tender subject... another slice?

A sorority house, Lambda Epsilon Zeta, needs a cook. Enter the cook, a Hungarian that just happens to have a giant bag of knives. None of the girls seem to notice this. Half the girls in the house end up leaving on a holiday retreat and several remain in the house.

What I really love (sarcasm) about this movie is how it depicts the sorority girls. We got the slut, who talks about knowing where to get gang banged; we got the stoners who we see drinking more te-

quila than any human should while smoking pot and doing topless body shots off each other; the militant dominatrix lesbian girl who we see trying to seduce the "good little Christian" girl who has a bible the size of T.V. set. Then we got the girl that's always studying, and the girl that's always exercising. Oh and did

I mention? Most of them are constantly talking about each other behind each others backs.

It doesn't take long til one of them finds themselves talking to the cook alone, and when her back is

turned, well you know what happens. Dinner that night, sloppy Joes, or should I say, sloppy Jennies... I couldn't resist. What I don't understand is why is a Hungarian cook making sloppy Joes? Is that a big thing in Hungary, or did I miss something? All the girls in the house loved the stuff and didn't think much about their missing friend, probably assuming she was out getting gang banged or something.

...see Smith, Party of Dead on back

"I can say whatever I want. So do not bring the kids. It's definitely rated R."

Kathy Griffin. Chicago. Saturday. Be there.



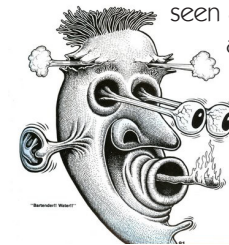
## Nathan Wonders: GRE

Brought to you by Nathan "Invincible" Miller

So I took the GRE (Graduate Record Exam for those of you don't need to worry about it) this Monday. Man, craziness. I had to go all the way to Duluth to take it, cause Tech isn't advanced enough in the art of torture to support a testing station here. How kind.

Anyway, I was hoping to tell everybody all about my adventures, but I kinda zoned out. Usually when I'm going through some horrible ordeal, I'm totally aware and looking around for things to make fun of, such as going through airport security or other places you're not supposed to be looking around suspiciously. When I got to the GRE test center, I was totally fooled into not acting suspicious by the dentist office-like appearance.

Then they put me in front of this computer with font like this that was all gray-scale. Next thing you know 3.5 hours had gone by and I'm on my way out the door. Wait, I didn't get to look around the room! Ahh tunnel vision! I might've



seen a camera out of the corner of my eye, but all I really remember was my hand on the knob, and one thought on my mind: freedom. You've seen the last of me standardized tests!

For those of you who care, I did fairly well. I'd tell you how well, but the GRE people would kill me.

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**...Smith, Party of Dead from front**

I think one of the things that made me laugh the most in this movie was how the cook would literally tell all the girls that he was going to kill them and feed them to their housemates. Granted he said it in Hungarian and in casual tone, so all the girls though he was just being romantic.

Another stereotypical character comes to visit during dinner; it's the super nerdy tutor that comes to help this girl with her studies! It's obvious that he likes the girl and they all know it. He makes all these cheesy horror movie references throughout the movie, most of which are actually wrong, and by the end of the movie there is a scene of him talking to his penis.

There also is plenty of nudity in this movie. You know it was their sad attempt to make a bad movie good by throwing a few boobies in here, a few boobies there. This film took it to the next level with the dominatrix lesbian constantly hitting on the good little Christian girl, who finally gives in to the lesbian and ends up tied up to a cross in the lesbian's room. Don't ask me why she has this.

So if you like a terrible movie with full female nudity, the childish humor of a 16-year-old boy, a few stabbings here and there, sorority girls eating one and another unwittingly, and lots of terrible acting, watch this movie.

Send me your movie ideas, [Scwhitta@mtu.edu](mailto:Scwhitta@mtu.edu), 'til next week. 🐼

*[Editor's note: Yes, I do know the difference between The Cook and Rocky Horror Picture Show, thank you very much.]*



**...Where's my bum from front**

and came up with a startling conclusion: Hobo stab insurance costs were set to rise to epic proportions, possibly costing the university tens of millions! With the risk of losing a big chunk of executive salary, they decided to cancel the hobo festivities instead (hey, Tarvis Ecreip needs a new Porsche this year!)

You see, the recent economic depression has increased the number of foreclosed houses. This has lead to near Great Depression levels of the homeless, as they have no jobs to even afford cheap apartments. Overcrowding of the new homeless, who don't understand the ways of the streets, has lead to increases in hobo gang violence, as various desperate people band together and fight for the few decent corners available. Food kitchens and homeless shelters are overwhelmed

and have to turn the majority of the new folks away. Desperate, hungry, wanting something worth Twittering, these new homeless have taken to shanking each other, as well as unwary former bosses that happen by.

Insurance companies, rolling in bailout money, have noticed this disturbing trend as their costs for hobo-related stabbings rose drastically. To combat this, they raised the prices of stab insurance to a level so high, it was OVER 9000!

Thus, this is what the wonderful consultants found during their research. With a celebration of the homeless, some of the more desperate ones were sure to show up, probably envisioning creating crack attack squads to secure that last half-eaten piece of pizza in the dumpster on 12th Street. Visions of Tech students on the ground, writing in pain from sharpened toothbrush stab wounds, drove the Board of Control's voting. The only option, other than cutting salary, was to do away with the hobos themselves. When students heard the news, it was a mixed reaction.

Mitch Stone had this to say, "I'm glad those hobos are gone! I came to Houghton to get away from home. But during Homecoming, it was like I was really back in inner city Chicago!"

Another student, Ben Loucks, had this to say: "I think I'll really miss it. The fun lunch, cardboard boat racing, games of steal the bacon; all of these really brought the campus together. Even the hobo parade was unique, and something to be proud of. Besides, getting rid of this whole thing is a detriment to the Business department! I mean, how are they supposed to learn what they'll be looking forward to in the real world?"

Speaking to a senior executive member of Tech's staff, who requested anonymity, I give you these parting words: "You know, this is really a boon to our campus. The PC folks had been trying to get rid of this for years, but all it took was an economic depression to get the ball rolling! Thank you President Obama!"

Mr. Ecreip then took a swig of his Dom Perignon and had his butler, James, escort me out. Oh wait, I said I wasn't going to include his name...my bad. 🐼

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