

The Daily Bull is probably not suitable for those under the age of 18 and should not be taken seriously...

# The Daily <sup>-ish</sup> Bull

*-like The Onion, but shittier!*

**IT'S BEEN**

November Already?

**DAYS SINCE OUR  
LAST SHITSTORM!**

## The Wicked Wiener Strikes Again

### Wiener Bro

Phone lines were flooded Halloween night with strange reports of some sort of unusual disturbance. Partygoers and trick-or-treaters alike from all over the Houghton-Hancock area called in claiming they had witnessed foul-play perpetrated by a certain-sausage-themed mischief-maker. Amidst the flood of reports, one thing was abundantly clear to authorities: the Wicked Wiener has struck again.

After a quiet, wiener-less 2020 Halloween, the bidpedal chimera of hotdog and man returned in full force this year: Report cited a wide range of incidents, from TP-ing houses to reverse-trick-or-treating (otherwise known as candicular assault), to standing ominously and spookily in cemeteries and staring at passers-by from the shadows, just distinguishable against the night. These were just some unsettling reports received this past Sunday night, but there were many more.

The Wicked Wiener has historically terrified this area— not because of its antics, but mostly because of its unsettling smile and the fact that its eyes will stare into your soul and give you nightmares about the things it would scream about if it had a voice. Coming from the Wicked Wiener, these things must be truly terrifying— like sitting in a poorly ventilated room full of CS majors at close quarters, or learning that your roommate is a furry and thinks you're attractive (“nyeh”).

Both the origins of the Wicked Wiener, while without a doubt necessarily terrifying



and unnerving, are still unknown. A local soothesayer, almost famous for almost participating on Paranormal Home Inspectors but not making the cut because she was not, in fact, an “intuitive healer”, attempted to provide the Bull with some sort of insight into the being’s psyche. She hypothesized that the Wiener is a spirit of an old hot-dog salesman who was kindly and played the occasional prank before he was murdered out of cold blood and bratwurst. However, our intrepid researcher R. Long posited a different theory: that the Wicked Wiener is an embodiment of pure and absolute chaos who seeks nothing more than to upset the fragile balance of the universe solely for entertainment.

If you sight the Wicked Wiener, please report it to local authorities and let us know at the Daily Bull! The Wiener is commonly described as about 6 delectable feet tall, curved slightly, reddish in color and with a pair of really nice buns to go along with it.

# Tales of the Dogman: Part 1

## *Dogboy and Magmagirl*

In the dark, remote woods of northern Michigan, far from humankind, there is said to reside a massive beast with the appearance of a man covered head-to-toe in fur, possessing a wolfish face with long, pointed teeth, a long snout, and two sharp, pointed ears. Its amber eyes glow in the night like distant fires, continuously ebbing and flaring if you look into them long enough- Pray you never should get the chance for a good enough look. Witnesses report it towers above them, saying even with its hunched stature it easily reaches seven or eight feet. If you do not see it, you may hear its terrible, blood-curdling howl resembling that of a human scream ripping throughout the dark woods. This creature is called several names, but it's most commonly known by the simple name, the Dogman.

The Dogman is often sighted alone, normally in a passing moment near a road or on the shore from the water. In encounters, however, it is most often spotted leading a pack of dogs- sometimes, they are feral or rabid pets, other times they are wild wolves. One encounter is documented in the story of Robert Fortney, a young man from Paris Michigan who was out on a hunt one crisp fall evening. He had been hunting small game all day, and was hidden in his blind with his rifle when he heard something emerging from the brush behind him. He turned to see a group of what seemed to be five feral dogs, in the formation and posture of a pack on the hunt, following his scent. Thinking quickly, he grabbed his rifle, loaded with too small a round to pose real danger to the dogs, stood up, and fired a shot above the pack. The smaller dogs cowered at the shot, but the largest of the pack- a gnarled-furred, jet-black, powerful beast- held steady, no more than ten feet away. Fortney met its eyes, and saw the unusual amber fire glowing in each of them. After a long moment, he fired another shot above its head, hoping to scare it off. In response, the great beast slowly rose, its massive haunches flexing visibly under the inky fur, until it stood seven feet tall on its hind legs. The fiery stare from its eyes sent chills down Fortney's spine, and after issuing its warning, the beast turned and walked off into the woods, rejoining its pack and leading them away.

Maybe the beast figured he wasn't worth the trouble, maybe Fortney managed to scare it off with the rifle. Or maybe, just maybe, the beast had no intention of harming the man, this time, and merely wanted to scare him out of his territory. This certainly was the result, after all, as from then on Fortney steered clear of that area. However, one final eerie detail from Fortney's story is perhaps the most chilling, and maybe even the most telling. According to Fortney, back in the forest, when the beast was towering over him on only its hind legs, he could have sworn that it was smiling.

**This weekend, in Fisher 135:**

*(To Be Continued)*



**10/23: 5:30 8:30 11:30**

**10/24: 5:30 8:30 11:30**



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*Hi, my name is Big Al, and I approve this message*