

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



-Like The Onion, but shittier!

IT'S BEEN

Remaining Halloween candy

DAYS SINCE OUR LAST SHITSTORM!

Why Universities Are Actually the Biggest Victims of COVID

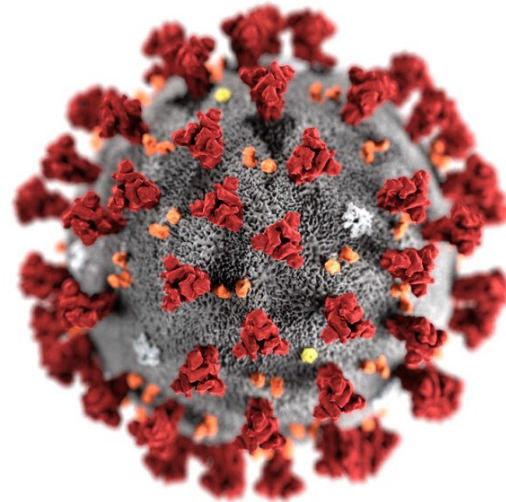
Tuentin Quarantino

The COVID-19 Pandemic has been hard on all of us. Some people lost their jobs, many missed out on school experiences they were hoping to have their senior or even junior year in 2020. Others have family, friends, and loved ones at risk still, even with the vaccines out. All around, this pandemic is rough for everyone.

BUT, if you stop being such a selfish salmon and cease thinking only about yourself and your own personal safety for *once*, you'll realize that the *true* victim of this pandemic is, in fact, none other than universities. That is the corporations themselves, not their student bodies, faculty or staff, of course.

First, obviously, is the lost revenue on behalf of the universities initially in the pandemic. Consider that while people were losing trivial things like their jobs and their ability to feed themselves and pay rent, universities were losing the ability to do *important* things, like buying electron microscopes and submarines. These terrifying setbacks are only just the beginning, but universities quickly found a way around this issue: have classes online and raise tuition to make up for the previous year. This worked flawlessly and had absolutely no adverse affects on students whatsoever.

One major thing online classes did do, however, was mitigate the second major, and longer lasting, impact of COVID: damage to universities reputations. After all, the reputation is what brings new students into the school. Without new students, universities can't milk new people for money they don't really have. This threat to university reputation is also why some universities, such as MTU, decided to remove all COVID infrastructure as soon as the 2021-2022 school year began, since by then the pandemic was officially declared



both over and non-canon. Systems aimed at keeping students safe and healthy, and inform students who may be sick on what actions to take as soon as possible (such as daily symptom monitoring, take-out option in the dining halls, reduced capacity and remote option for all classes, and free, available COVID testing at actually accessible times of the week) were all immediately nuked as soon as Spring 2021 ended. It looks much better to no longer be worried about the pandemic, claiming to have it under control and go back to totally normal except for a couple masks. Keeping the testing center at reduced hours helps reinforce that there's no problem, actually, and being able to close it randomly for a week can have no adverse affects at all. After all, it's not like someone who came in close contact with a positive case might want to get a test before a full week after possible exposure, anyways; that's just ridiculous.

By acting like COVID is basically done, universities are preserving their reputations. Besides, all the COVID guidance and infrastructure was doing was making the universities look bad. So long as the universities' reputations are protected and looking spiffy, that's all that really matters.

Tales of the Dogman: Part 2

Dogboy and Magmagirl

Last time, we left off with the tale of Robert Fortney, a hunter who claimed to have witnessed the Dogman leading a ferocious pack and very narrowly escaped. Today, we shall conclude this di-logy with an even more haunting tale of a young couple trapped by the Dogman and his pack.

While Fortney's is the most famous story about the Dogman with his pack, his is far from unique. Another story involves a young couple in their cabin, about thirty minutes from Munising. James and Renée had rented the cabin for the weekend, and had spent the evening outside under the clear night sky. After a night of lively conversation, star gazing, and roasting marshmallows and hot dogs over the campfire, they were both exhausted and turned in for the night. At some point during the night, however, the couple was awoken to the sounds of rustling and scratching. They both got up to investigate, and heard most of the commotion coming from outside near the firepit. Upon going to the window, they were able to make out several four-legged shapes moving around purposefully in the dark, maybe searching for the source of the smell of hot dogs. James was about to get up to turn on the light, before Renée stopped him. Amidst the pack of dogs, one of them had started to stand up. At first, she thought it might be a human in a large coat of some kind, but from its silhouette she could see it was far too large and furry for that to be the answer. It turned towards the house, and they both caught sight of a pair of glowing orange eyes, before they ducked below the window and out of sight. They heard the sound of scratching on the wood, that of the dogs' claws on the outside walls, from all around them. It moved all around the cabin, as the dogs spread out and scratched all around it, searching for a way in. They also heard the sound of footsteps, far too heavy to be from the normal dogs, moving to another wall of the cabin. James and Renée realized it was moving to another window, and shuffled as quickly and quietly as they could to get underneath that one too. James peeked up to steal a glance out of the window, and was met with two deep amber eyes staring back at him. Then, they heard a splintering and scraping of wood from right behind their heads, like a set of massive claws raking down the side of the house.

The beast and the dogs continued to circle the cabin for some time, all the while James and Renée moved to stay out of sight of whatever window the large dog would look in through next. Finally, the scratching stopped, and the house was shaken by a scream that they were only able to describe as that of a man simultaneously in agony and wrath, followed by the howls of all of the other dogs. With that, the pack wandered off into the night, and the couple didn't sleep until morning. It may go without saying, but they never spent that second night in the cabin.

If you know of any stories of the Dogman, or any other haunting tales, please send them to bull@mtu.edu. Thank you.

This weekend, in Fisher 135:

Cruella

11/05: 5:30 8:30 11:30

11/06: 5:30 8:30 11:30



Tickets are \$3, concessions are \$1 each for soda, popcorn, and candy.

The Daily Bull

staffwriters: Nuns on Ripple, Christian Naval, Buggy, Asian Diddy, Jane Scott

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Think you can do better?
I'D LIKE TO SEE **YOU TRY**
Send feedback and challenges to **BULL@MTU.EDU**
Questions, comments, concerns, advertising inquiries and hate mail also accepted.
Please

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