

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

The Daily ^{-ish} Bull

-like The Onion, but shittier!

IT'S BEEN

V = IR

**DAYS SINCE OUR
LAST SHITSTORM!**

“TSA Took Away My Hydrogen Fuel Cell and I’m Pissed”

Nuns on Ripple

Okay you're not going to believe this. I've been planning a trip to see the West coast for two months, found the cheapest set of flights I could and a friend to host me. It was all on par to be the perfect week. Until I get a callback from *Russian tech company* with an offer. They're based in Seattle and want to interview me. Sound great, right?

Wrong. A condition for the interview is that I bring that hydrogen power cell that my dad, Dr. Nasa has been working on for six decades. The thing is finally ready for a patent and all. This isn't the bad part, oh no, but you see, TSA had recently banned fuel cells with more than four megawatt hours of capacity from carry-ons. Just because it's going to keep my phone charged for longer than the queen of England has been alive doesn't mean it's a threat!

Sure, I could have put it in my suitcase. They're allowed there, but what if it went missing? When I asked him for advice, my dad told me about the time his suitcase with the scorpion farm and me in it caught fire, so they dumped it into the Atlantic. Obviously there was a genetic backup so I'm fine, but come on! Those were premium scorpions, and I'd argue they taste better than lobster.

So what's a guy to do but sneak the fuel cell on board? See that part was easy. I put it in a shampoo bottle filled with vanilla yogurt and emptied the thing into my mouth when TSA got mad. They were mortified but let me pass. No biggie. But I get on the plane and the kid next to me asks for some. No way kid, you've got the window seat, you don't need anything else. Plus he was kinda sweaty and kept brushing up against my arm.



Anyway it was a red eye flight and I start dozing off, shampoo cradled in my arms. I wake up to find the kid giggling to himself while pouring metallic hydrogen-3 on his head, laughing about "sticky glitter" and just making a mess. I hate to give it to him, but the stuff did sort of look like glitter.

The kid's dad was pissed off at me of all people, can you believe that? All I was guilty of was negligence! Teach that kid to keep his hands to himself and you won't have this problem!

So a flight attendant comes over to drag me off of the dad, who was a total wuss by the way, and just takes my screwdriver, switchblade, stick of gum, oregano, scorpion farm and shampoo bottle away! I can see the other ones, but why the shampoo? They said some crap about "You haven't showered in at least a week" like that even matters.

Luckily thirty bucks was enough to get the scorpion farm back, those were the real treasure here. I guess *Russian tech company* won't be hiring me any time soon, but hey, at least I got a good story.

MTU Flex Reveals Horny Jail at Max Capacity

Cinnamon Toast Dunce

The student body was in horror this past week after a harrowing announcement from MTU Flex. After several delays and warning signs, including MTU Flex members REEE-ing and flinging themselves out of windows when asked about the situation, the team revealed the terrible news: The horny jail is full.

It wasn't long before campus descended into chaos and uproar. At first, the main change seemed to be heightened concern—students furtively hurried about, avoiding contact with others, wearing masks over their mouth and nose, even outside, to hide their faces, keeping their ankles covered, and bonking anyone who came too close with baseball bats. However, this was merely the calm before the storm. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, it started to shift to something more sinister: The masks became more suggestive; cursed cat ear headbands stuck out from under hoods; soft moans could be heard from the bonked; and, most notably, men and women alike hiked up their pants to show off those racy ankles.

It seems that, at first, the good people of MTU realized that the horny jail being full meant there was a real problem, and that there was nowhere to put more horny. They thus took caution, and were careful. But then, sooner or later, it also occurred to them that there was now nothing stopping *them* from being horny.

Amidst the chaos that followed, MTU Flex was seen fleeing campus. "We had no idea this would be the reaction. We're getting on a plane to the Caribbean until all this—" one representative told the Bull before being interrupted by a pod of shirtless dudes comparing their "guns"—which, by the way, was weak as hell, which isn't surprising considering this is a nerd school, but still.

After some hours of unrestricted horniness, doubtless seeing many questionable Google searches and gallons of bodily fluids expelled from individuals at high velocity, the Horny Patrol was brought in to quell the horniness. Internet connections were shut down, horny bats were deployed, and many an anime body pillow was seized. Peace was restored around 3 A.M.

The MTU Flex team has not yet announced their intention to return, or hinted at when they might be coming back to deal with the continuing coronovirus. However, it is safe to assume that, in future, they will likely refrain from making any more announcements regarding the horny jail.

This weekend, in Fisher 135:



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

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



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

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Advertising inquiries, question and comments should be directed to BULL@MTU.EDU. Guest submissions are welcomed and encouraged. Guest contributors may write under a pen name to remain anonymous.

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