

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  
0  
DAYS SINCE WE FELT  
THE TOUCH OF  
ANOTHER HUMAN

## Lode of Bull Alliance?

*The Daily Bull writing staff*

This is an open letter to our beloved fellow student organization known as The Lode. We've been watching you from across the ballroom and we've been entranced by your beauty. Your long, tan, and handsome pages, your full color printing, your organized layout, everything about you captures our attention. We've had disagreements in the past and I know we haven't been the closest of friends... But we cannot deny our feelings for you any longer. Our fonts get all flustered and we feel all warm when we think about you, like the warmth from a freshly printed newspaper. We stare at your gorgeous technicolor pages and wonder if we could ever become something more than just two newspapers wandering aimlessly on this Earth.

We've seen how you embody our personality with The Lewd, and truly, we are flattered. Truthfully it feels like a dream to know you even pay attention to us. Oh, how we long to touch our papers with yours, wistfully watching a sunset together on top of the MEEM. We dream of dancing with you at the Swing Club's ball. We've been intertwined in this tango of two rivals, interconnected by fate and attitude. We've been together for ages, yet separated by a veil of foolish desperate pettiness. It's time to put our differences aside and confront what we've been missing out on. Love. Comfort. A blossoming relationship full of potential and dick jokes. Let us take you out on a date to Staples or another printing supplies store. Give us a chance... pick us... choose us...



# New "Head of Lettuce" Crowned at this year's 47th Annual Lettuce Club Meeting

## *Cabbage Patch Kid*

It was a hot Friday afternoon. A small smattering of gawkers, located on Walker Lawn had the once-in-a-year chance to see the competition for the Head of Lettuce Title.

Originally founded at Heritage High School in Frisco, Texas in 2017, this club meets once per year to devour nature's most mediocre creation, lettuce. The agenda consists of a competition to eat an entire head of lettuce at break-neck speeds. You may be asking, why the French-toast fuck would someone do that for? Rest assured, dear reader, that the winner of such rigorous is rewarded handsomely; they are crowned head of lettuce and are responsible for arranging the next year of festivities. This year, the competition was stiff. Competitors glared at one another as they arrived at the makeshift table taken from the DHH dining hall. While there was plenty of smack-talk between members (and a plethora of panned puns), there was no easy-to-project winner until the final half. Veg. T. Baul ripped each leaf off and shoved them into his mouth. Scurr. V. instead

took the offensive and went whole-hog, biting into the lettuce without a shred of humanity present. In a surprising technique, Tom. Eto slathered each bite in an uncomfortable amount of Ranch.

We were able to speak to Tom afterwards about his strategy. "It helps it slide down the gullet." He noted. Yikes, dude. Yikes.

The ordeal reached a climax in the last 4 minutes. In an act of desperation, Veg quoted veggie tales to summon strength. Somehow, he crammed the final remnants of his crunchy water into his lettuce hole, that weird watery shit dripping down his chin. He then slammed his fists on the table. The presumably self-gratifying speech that followed was entirely incomprehensible due to the mouth salad still present.

Next year's competition has been scheduled to take place in the Dean of Students' office.



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