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-Like The Onion, but shittier!

IT'S BEEN

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DAY SINCE OUR LAST SCAM EMAIL

MTU Students Receive Bizarre Email from Honors Society

Catboys United

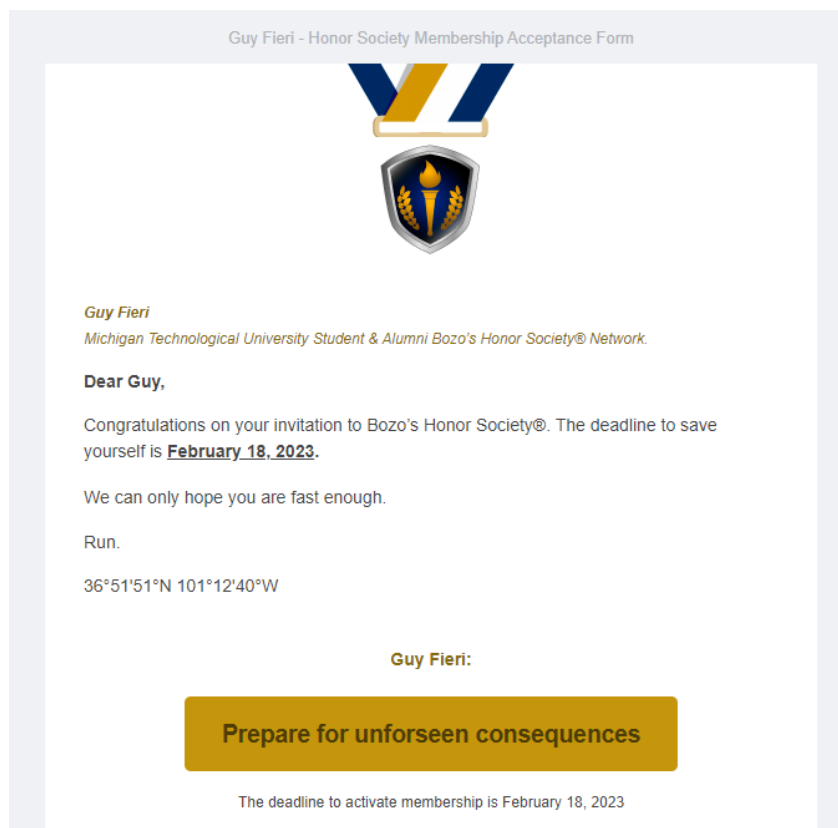
MTU students were SHOCKED this past week as many students reported receiving odd emails from Bozo's Honor Society. Bozo's Honor Society is a well-respected and honest Honors Society, one that MTU students have been lovingly pestered by for months on end. Bozo boasts a modest recruitment fee of \$256 and a 20% tax on scholarships you may receive through their program. Despite previous emails being described as "patronizing" and "appealing to my praise kink", recent emails have taken a bizarre turn.

Previous emails used a recruitment strategy lovingly referred to as "Praising Individual Stellar Students By Uttering Tall Tales", or PISSBUTT for short. The PISSBUTT recruitment strategy has been the prime recruitment strategy of Bozo's Honors Society for decades, involving persistent emails praising students for being such a "good girl/boy/puppy/kitten" in their studies. Despite this, students describe these new emails as "threatening", citing inconsistencies from previous emails.

"In previous emails, they just called me by my preferred name listed with Tech," says

Bogus Dudebro. "Instead of writing to Bogus, they wrote my full legal name and social security number. It was kind of weird. I don't remember my social security number being part of my name!"

Some students report a list of coordinates being given in these emails, often accompanied by a specific date and time. From what we've seen so far it appears that these dates are around 30-40 years in the future from now. Some emails contain a date only one month ahead from now. Some emails



only include a one-line phrase saying things like "I WILL EAT YOUR SOUL", "Your wallpaper is hideous. Rip it out.", or "Sign up today for a chance at survival!". One student reports their email consisting of only an image of themselves at their own desk while looking at their computer. Needless to say, this new marketing strategy has definitely caught our attention!

The Bull attempted to contact administration for a comment and received a threat to raise tuition, as well as one less hour in the ball pit. The Bull hopes a return to the PISSBUTT strategy is in order, as these new emails are a bit sus.

The Secret Sauce

Café Creature

After twenty-two long years, filled with trials, tribulations, struggles, loss, and many a night of watching Breaking Bad, notebook in hand, Dr. Boffin announced he had finally made a breakthrough. Between mountains of notebooks, his pet goat's divorce papers (the wife took the kids), thumb tacks, red string, and Francis A. Carey's Organic Chemistry, 4th edition, he had derived the recipe he had been searching for for so long. Finally, he could formulate The Secret Sauce.

Immediately, this discovery brought great fame, popularity, and wealth to Dr. Boffin. People from all over the world came to purchase the formulation from him, and he sold it to them to help them cross their haters up in games of b-ball (bocce), to maximize their shitty pickup lines, to get their Starcraft clicking technique just right. And they could, because now they too had The Secret Sauce.

However, with attention comes jealousy and notoriety among rivals. Dr. Boffin could have never predicted that by creating the Sauce he'd make enemies of them. Them, the powerful, wealthy elite who run the world behind the scenes, who pull the strings and influence the media, who do it all from behind a veneer of innocence and seemingly ethical business practices: Chick-Fil-A. The Chick couldn't allow its sauce to be out done, and so set out on the warpath to exact their vengeance and even the score.

While Dr. Boffin could never hope to match the Chick's near-endless resources of chicken and their mighty legions of advertising cows, he was fortunate enough to receive a warning of Chick-Fil-A's plans from one of his customers, who came to him on a Sunday knowing it was the only day Chick-Fil-A rested. Having been given a chance, Dr. Boffin packed his valuables, took the recipe, shouldered his goat, and set fire to the rest of his life's research before fleeing. When the agents of the Chick arrived, they found nothing but warm ash.

Dr. Boffin ran for years, and Chick-Fil-A began extending their reach over more of the country to find him and his recipe for The Secret Sauce. Nothing could stop Chick-Fil-A, and soon enough Dr. Boffin could feel their grasp closing in. Realizing the recipe was only serving to make him a target, Dr. Boffin knew he must dispose of it. But he couldn't bring himself to destroy his life's work. He had to give it to someone, so that the world could still share in the glory of his creation.

It was in a distant, remote small wintery college town that Dr. Boffin found his opportunity. Following a tour group around, pretending to be a parent, he snuck into one of the dorm halls and broke away from the group. He found a café downstairs, and realizing the Chick would be hot on his tail, he didn't have time to be graceful. He flung the notebook in the general direction of the café, striking the sign and knocking the accent from the "e". After that, the good doctor disappeared, and was never heard from again.

However, his recipe was picked up by a worker at the Cafe, who found the part labeled "Secret Sauce". Without realizing what he had found, the worker made a batch and learned it tasted like sweet Italian sauce. And so, from intrigue, deceit, fame, destruction and a goat's unfulfilling marriage, the Cafe Secret Sauce was born.

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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