

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

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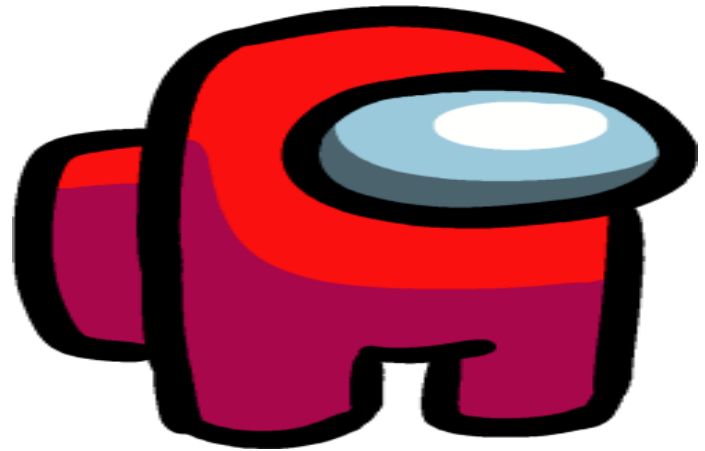
DAYS SINCE WE

JOINED THE BULL

Classroom in Chaos

Catmoder

Anyone who has talked to me for more than 30 minutes knows that I am, in very loose terms, a structured and organized person. Sure, maybe my car is a disaster and I haven't seen my favorite pair of socks in 38 days (rest in peace Dave and Bruce), but I enjoy structure. Order. Regulation. This is why I enjoy the phenomenon known as: unassigned assigned seating. The first two weeks are the hardest. You're locked in a territorial dispute between students fighting over the prime real estate of seating. Eventually, you may settle into a routine and all is well. All is stable. All is structured. You know you have your seat and everyone has theirs. You find comfort in knowing that your security blanket, your unassigned assigned seat, is there for you when all else fails. Beware, fellow students, for winter is coming. The order will change. One day, you may walk into your classroom and all is disorderly. Suddenly nothing makes sense. Which way is up? Which way is down? Where is my seat I've so lovingly warmed with my buttocks every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8 AM? You'll realize with mounting suspense that your seat has been SNATCHED by an impostor! Dearest Bullians, this is the worst kind of betrayal one can experience. This is when the order falls apart. Now you must steal ANOTHER unassigned assigned seat. The person you've forcibly displaced steals ANOTHER seat. This snowballs into Student Hell. This is especially catastrophic in a full-capacity classroom of 60+ pissed off students. One may find it hard to concentrate in such a state of disarray, your backpacks clanking

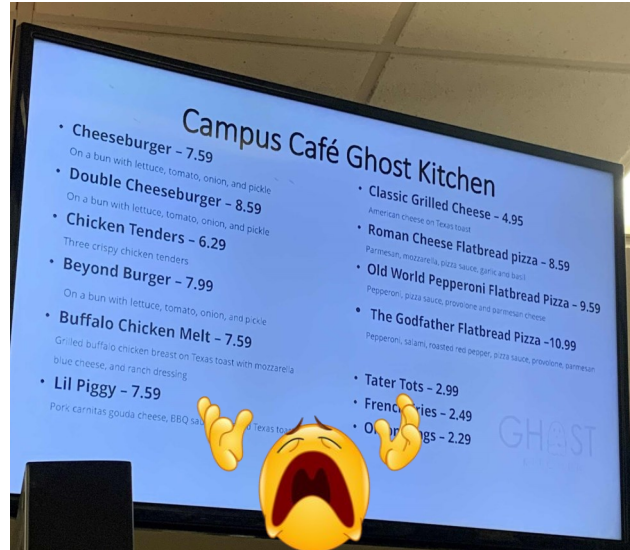


against your new neighbors as you fight for territory. There are two wolves inside of you. They are both anxious, afraid, and possibly hungover. Minutes feel like hours as the lecture falls upon deaf ears. All for what? A minor change in scenery? A chance to bring your Discord kitten to University Chemistry I for one day? Student seat displacement is NOT a joke. I don't even know why I'm writing this for The Bull. This should go straight to The Lode! (Lode HMU bbyg <3) I must advise you all: stick with your seat. Switching seats in a crowded lecture hall is a slippery slope to premarital sex and taking photos of the slides instead of actually taking proper notes. You know the saying: if you swing with seats, you'll swing elsewhere. You'll become one of those weird old people on cruise ships who put pineapple stickers on their doors and invite couples to "hang out". Do NOT "hang out". Worst mistake of my life. If you feel tempted to take someone else's juicy looking seat, I recommend instead standing at the back of the classroom staring unblinkingly at the professor lecturing. It works, just hear me out. Happy seat hunting, MTU!

In Memoriam: The Cafe

Big Sephiroth

In Spring of 2022, I went to the Cafe for a crispy chicken wrap. It took a suspiciously short amount of time to come out and the chicken tasted off, but I paid good money for it so by god am I going to finish my crispy chicken wrap. My next week was spent in agony praying over a toilet bowl to some deity and I'm not a religious man - to end my suffering. That, so far, has been one of the worst experiences I've ever had in college. Nonetheless, the moment my stomach was strong enough to handle anything more complex than bread and soup, I walked right back into the Cafe and ordered a crispy chicken wrap. Now, this year, I can no longer order a crispy chicken wrap. The Cafe is now naught but a shell of what it used to be, completely void of her joy and whimsy. The yellow paint has been replaced with sad, beige, minimalist white brick wallpaper akin to the tastes of a suburban mother coping with her loveless marriage. Pops and snacks have been cut down, replaced with overpriced microwave meals. The comically large cookies and JONES cream sodas are gone, and Ben and Jerry's is only available in mini cups. The F'real milkshake machine was quite frankly a health hazard, probably brewing bacteria that would put the bubonic plague to shame, but still, where else can one get a mediocre milkshake at 11 PM on a Tuesday? And the menu, oh god, the menu. The Bull Rider, cheese curds, pickle fries, and my beloved crispy chicken wrap are all gone, replaced with a menu that can be best described with one menu item: "Five Dollar Grilled Cheese." In the words of someone wiser than I: "It's a ghost kitchen alright, a ghost of its former self" May the Cafe live on forever in our memories.



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