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The Daily ^{-ish} Bull

-Like The Onion, but shittier!

IT'S BEEN

1

DAY SINCE WE RAN
OUT OF TP

Jet Kayak on Portage Canal

Math Monkey

This past Friday, reports flooded into the US Coast Guard, Lighthouse Appreciation Society, Houghton and Hancock police, and the National Park Service Isle Royale headquarters, of a disturbance on the Keweenaw Waterway, also known as the Portage canal. Various reports from Houghton and Hancock cite a fast-moving small craft zipping down the waterway, moving towards the Northern Entrance at a purported speed of 100 miles per hour or more. Initially, the claims were largely dismissed by the various authorities as being outlandish, but when more started coming in and they contacted each other, they realized the strange reports may have some validity. In total, some eighty-five reports were collected, though only sixty-nine were from unique individuals.

While investigations were launched, and more people encouraged to report any related sightings, the authorities so far report that not much more information has surfaced. "For a one-time, short and rapid event like this, there's only so much any one person can know about it", Ranger Danger, head ranger at Isle Royale National Park headquarters, explained in an interview. Danger also noted that there has been no report of any injuries or damage.

This strange phenomenon has caused quite a stir among many Houghton-Hancock residents, amongst whom the reports and rumors have spread. One person who claimed to have personally witnessed the event, John Bravo, supplied some more specific details in the sighting than authorities have yet to release. Bravo, who said he was walking along the Portage when he paused to check his hair, claims he had full view of the craft from when it crossed underneath the lift bridge to where it disappeared past Chutes and Ladders around the bend in the canal, a distance of roughly a mile. However, once it passed him, he reported it was largely obscured due to the wake.



Artists Rendition

"It looked like some sort of kayak, with a big metal thing on top. Maybe some outriggers on the sides too. But the front was half out of the water, like this," (he angled his arms at about a 30 degree angle) "and it was skipping through the water. It looked like there were flames coming out [of] the metal thing on top, like some sort of jet. It was definitely loud like one." When asked about if he could see if the craft was occupied, he reported that there was one person he could see in it, though couldn't make out any of their features, stating "it looked like they might be wearing some sort of goggles."

Although a jet-powered kayak seemed unlikely at first, the volume and consistency of reports has led the authorities to consider the possibility. "We must remember, we share this canal with an engineering school. It's not out of the realm of possibility that someone could have run the numbers and welded this thing together," Danger added, before cautioning "don't let this give you any ideas." The search continues, and it's possible that the answer may never be found.

WHY IS THERE FISH EVERYWHERE

Broken Nicky

I just can't stand it anymore, everywhere I go, there is a countless number of fish. It all started innocently enough. I found a fish or two on my fishing pole. That's not strange at all. Then I started finding them in my boat which was also fine, I was fishing after all. Then it got worse.

I started finding fish in other weird places after that. One night I went to my bed to sleep like I usually do, but when I laid down I felt something slimy. I ripped the blanket off of me and there it was... a fish. I jumped out of my bed and ran into the bathroom to wash up but I couldn't help but think, where did that fish come from? Eventually I was able to go to bed. Little did I know the horrors that awaited me.

The next morning I woke up and got ready for class like I usually do. I grabbed my keys and went out to my car. That's when I noticed a putrid smell in the air. I opened my car door to find not one, not two, but five fish in each car seat. I was running late to systems so I threw them out and tried to put it out of my mind.

The state of campus wasn't much better. Lot ten was unusually full, not with cars, but with fish. There was a salmon in each parking spot. I ran out of my car, "what the hell is going on?" I shouted, futilely. I sprinted to my class, passing many fish along the way. Alas, I finally arrived at Fisher Hall.



I decided to take the elevator as I was out of breath from running. I passed walleye, pike, and trout, all sitting at tables and chairs. Eventually the elevator opened up but half of it was filled floor to ceiling with blue gill. I went up and left the elevator. I tried to ignore the scaly creatures I passed but I fear they may have realized I was scared of them.

Finally, I reached Fisher 326. I held my breath as I braced to open the door. "I really hope there aren't any more fish in here," I thought to myself. Eventually, I opened the door... and the fish started spilling out.

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