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O DAYS SINCE BORE-

-like The Onion, but shittien!

"The Sun Gets Jiggy With It"

DJ Benjamin

A dazzling display of greens and purples lit up the sky on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, as thousands of people gathered outside under the starry skies to watch in awe. Witnessing the *Aurora Borealis* instills within a person a feeling of sheer amazement. The vibrant array of colors that dance across the sky makes them stop and stare, to witness that which shines over the head. The phenomenon inspires immense wonder in people of all ages, and many find themselves asking questions like "what causes this anyways?"

The Northern Lights are caused, indirectly, by astral projections from the yellow dwarf that sits 5.889 billion gumballs, on average, from your exact location. Whenever the sun gets a tummy-ache, it eventually burps up a shit-ton of stuff. The curious amongst you may ask, what is that stuff? Well, it's not Tesla Model 3s, and it's not chocolate ice cream, but it's kind of like the stuff that made Chernobyl really spicy except way lighter and not outwardly toxic, but would instead unalive you from the inside very slowly over the course of years. That galactic burp extends out across the cosmos, and what doesn't hit asteroids, or another planet, or the Moon, or just doesn't hit anything and goes forever and ever endlessly, hits the Earth.

Fortunately, we don't get the internal bits of the building blocks of our internal bits shredded by this stuff every time the sun gets jiggy with it. That's thanks to all the stuff in the air, though mostly not the stuff we've been putting up in the air that's threatening to undo our way of life and also



Ctrl+Z the existence of communities the world over. For the most part, it's a bunch of dynamic duos bouncing and spinning around up there that get hit by all the stuff before we do, like the veteran cop heroically throwing themselves in front of a bullet for the junior cop that they didn't seem to really like but secretly have come to care lots about over the course of a shitty cop movie.

These dynamic duos suck up the stuff and get jiggy with it in turn. Unlike the sun getting jiggy with it, which just looks blindingly bright because it's the sun and you shouldn't look directly at the sun, when the air stuff gets jiggy it starts glowing in purples and greens and all the cool colors of the Northern lights. Breathy-gas gives the green-yellow colors, while the non-breathy gas that's not the exhale gas but is still gas we breathe in and out makes the purple. And famously, purple and green make a very pretty sky, or a really bad bruise.

So that's how the Northern lights do the do. Sun gets jiggy, which sends jiggy stuff across space, which makes the atmosphere boogie down and causes the dazzling display that we all love to see.

What the PWHL Mascots Should Be

DJ Benjamin

After an explosive, buzzing 2023-2024 season, the Professional Woman's Hockey League has announced the team names for the league's six founding teams. However, the mascots are yet to be determined, meaning there is still time for us to make some suggestions, based on the team names and overall vibes.

First, while the New York Sirens are named after the wee-woo type siren, like the one that sounds whenever a goal is scored, their mascot, without question, should be a terrifying (but marketable) humanoid-bird monster, from Greek mythology. After all, mythological Sirens are badass, and it wouldn't be out of place in hockey along with the Seattle Kraken and the New Jersey Devils. New York, think about it: can you really pass up the opportunity to show up Jersey with a better terrifying winged beast? Hm?

Next, the Boston Fleet is named for Boston's maritime history, fitting in with other history-inspired Boston team names like the Celtics for the Irish, the Bruins for brown bears, and the Red Sox... because they used to wear red socks, I guess. Going off the maritime theme, naturally the Fleet's mascot should be The Admiral, in an homage to women in the Navy and/or the early United States Navy. Pick your animal of choice, put it in a white uniform, and call it The Admiral. Boom.

The Minnesota Frost are appropriately from the place where the winter will freeze your ears off. If the Yeti is already taken, you either need to pull a Texas A&M and get a real St. Bernard (named Jackie) or have a moose fursuit. Could be The Minnesota Moose. The Minnesota Moose Mascot.

Montreal Victoire is French, and therefore I expect them to overthrow their team management in a violent uprising and replace it every time they have a losing season. To stay within my daily allowance of French jokes, I will refrain from suggesting a mascot. But whoever they are, they need to use a guillotine like the Tampa Bay Buccaneers use cannons.

The Ottawa Charge is also secretly French, coming from Ottawa's official motto. It inspires the vitriolic adrenaline rush of a glorious charge in a battle, fearlessly barreling towards enemy lines in the pivotal moment. Now, when I think French, fearless, and a figure to lead people in a charge, Joan d'Arc comes to mind. That may be culturally insensitive to do straight up, but if instead you did a slightly more generic knight, you have an excuse to use an *obnoxiously* large feather in the helmet.

The Toronto Sceptres, admittedly, have the coolest logo, maybe up there with the Victoire. The name is in reference to the city's "regal history". So, sure, you could just have a queen. That'd be fine. Passable. But someone else also uses sceptres, and that's *sorcerers*. If you wanted a creative mascot that *nobody* has yet in professional leagues (sit down, G-Wiz; you're a wizard, that doesn't count), a sorcerer wielding a sceptre is right there for the taking. Come on: they could even cast ice magic. Way cooler than royalty.





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