



**bullsheet@denison.edu | denisonbullsheet.com | @DUBullsheet**

*The Bullsheet*, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DECA and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before 6:30pm for next day submission via e-mail to: [bullsheet@denison.edu](mailto:bullsheet@denison.edu). **Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.** We do not accept anonymous submissions, so please remember to include a full name or Slayter Box number.

**Edited last night by:** A shell of Jax's former self

**Delivered this morning by:** Jack

vol. LXIII/ no. 25 /October 2nd, 2019

## THE DENISON STUDENT'S GUIDE TO CUFFING SEASON

So I don't know when cuffing season formally began, or if there even is a specific date designated as the beginning of cuffing season. Is there a cuffing equinox? A solstice, perhaps? This feels like the kind of thing I want Bill Nye to explain to me in a soft, soothing voice. Or maybe Oprah? I don't know who's in charge around here.

Regardless of whenever it began, oh boy are we in it now. This is especially true for you first-years who, in utter denial of the sudden terror that comes with being entirely independent from one's family, are flocking into each other's arm for a semblance of familiarity and security. Isn't that what Nicholas Sparks was writing about? Familiarity and security? No?

No matter the extent to which you may think you're flying by the seat of your pants or playing the field, I can assure you almost no one is immune to the virus of cuffing season. And it is lethal.

After three years of field research, I have built you all not one, but TWO guides to surviving the season: one for those who wish to partake, and ones who plan to avoid it like the plague.

### IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO GET CUFFED:

Wait a while to tell the folks back home about your new suitor until you're sure it's official. Do you really want to explain to your mother, the woman who would give you the clothes off her back that you were ghosted? Does she even know what "ghosting" means? No, she probably doesn't, but your bitter younger sister with a superiority complex will explain it to her in excruciating detail to humiliate you so that she may outrank you as the favorite. She's been waiting her whole life for this.

The absence of a top sheet on their bed should send you running for the fucking hills. If this person cannot commit to a proper sleep set-up, WHAT DOES THAT MEAN FOR YOU?

The only right choice for your \*~\*first date\*~\* should you choose to take it to that level is Mai Chau. The Pub is too official, I don't want to see any two people who are sleeping together in there unless they've basically already written their wedding vows. Someone who witnesses the velocity with which you consume their spinach artichoke dip and still considers you to be physically attractive is probably someone you should be with for life. And don't even think about the Granville Inn, because chill the fuck out, okay?

Anyone who "misses" or even "really enjoyed" high school is not to be trusted. Yes, this is absolutely because I hated high school and am bitter and think that anyone who liked it has to be genuinely NUTS, but it's my published-daily satire and community dialogue publication and I will air out my traumas if I want to, baby!!!

Find out their political leanings ASAP, if that's something that matters to you. Better to be lookin' at it than lookin' for it.

You can learn everything you could possibly need to know or understand about a person with one simple fact: which side do they choose at Slayter? Steak fries = Lawful neutral. This person is loyal, simple, but could get boring after a while. Crispy fries = Chaotic neutral. Not a bad choice, but could be a lot more of a wild card. Tots = Chaotic good. Fun, trustworthy. Vegetables, or any of those sides they keep chilled on ice = Lawful evil. Stay away.

(Continued on back: if you do NOT want to get cuffed...)

# CUFFING CONT.

## IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO GET CUFFED:

On a more serious note: Don't let anyone tell you shit!!! You are not wrong for choosing this option. And hear me loud and clear: you are an autonomous adult with every right in the world to indulge in casual sex so long as both parties are consenting and cool with it! Or to not indulge at all! In anything! The world (ok, Granville) is your oyster and as long as you're being safe and respectful (shouts to DCSR, hit them up!) no one should make you feel bad about your choices.

Getting drunk Slayter food with someone is an act more intimate than anything physical. Do not do this unless you're ready to commit. For reference: See the bit from the front page about the Pub. Same energy.

Wear Graphic T-shirts for bands you've never listened to (and never will) and compliment the certain "je ne sais quoi" of the A24 film or HBO miniseries you watched this summer. People will stay far, far away.

In the dead of the night, having met someone you'd like to casually pursue but left devoid of their number, Snapchat, Instagram, or Facebook, find them on MyDenison and shoot them an email reading:

"To whom it may concern,

U up?

Warm regards,

(Your Name)"

If all else fails, pitch a tent in the bio reserve, settling in with the feeling of utter solitude, and never, ever return. Just don't forget snacks.

-Jax Preyer, Managing Editor

## AN IMPORTANT DISPATCH

Slayter Union will close at 1:30pm to decorate for the Gala. Please note that the Bookstore will be closed Saturday.

Student mail/package room will only be opened from 9am - 1:30pm please plan accordingly.

-Steph Jackson, CLIC Office

WPC & CLIC cordially invite you to *GALA 2019*

# NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS



Date: October 5, 2019  
Time: 9PM - Midnight  
Location: Slayter Union

*Dress to impress*



**jaboukie...** @jaboukie [Follow](#)

me 166 hours a week: SINGLE!!!! dont dey tel u tht i was a SAVAGE!!! fuck your white HORSE and ur CARRIAGE!!! hot git! YEAR! me every sunday 5-7pm: i would sacrifice my sense of smell for someone to hold

9:50 PM - 1 Sep 2019

4,841 Retweets 35,601 Likes



Scan me!

### Staff "Relationship Status" Box

Jax "Married to da game" Preyer, Managing Editor  
Isabella "Conscious uncoupling" Puccini, Senior Editor  
Sophia "Just doin her!" Menconi, Senior Editor  
James "Who's to say?" Whitney, Sophomore Editor  
Zach "It's complicated" Correia, Head Writer  
Jay "In a Domestic Partnership" Huff, Senior Writer  
Charlie "Ask Jax" Schweiger, Junior Writer  
Elizabeth "Dating herself" Arterberry, Junior Writer  
Katie "Engaged" Kerrigan, Junior Writer  
Jack "Playing the field" May, Sophomore Writer



Don't read into it I'm begging you