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Edited last night by: Senator Puccini Delivered this morning by: Supreme Ruler Preyer vol. LXIV/ no. 6 / January 28, 2020

#### **5 NEW #WOKE DIVERSITY EMPOWERING CLASSES TO HELP YOU FORGET THAT POSSE'S GETTING GUTTED**

# ENGL 211 - INTRO TO BUZZWORDS

Learn how to smoothly integrate "inclusion," "pluralistic," and "equity" into written correspondence

#### MATH 121 - ELEMENTS OF IMPRESSIVE SOUNDING BUT ULTIMATELY UNDERWHELMING STATISTICS

How to make a less than 2 : 5 ratio of students of color to white students sound a lot better than it actually is

# ARTS 352 - RADICAL POSTERMAKING

Craft the perfect culture-shifting poster with bold slogans such as "I respect women" and groundbreaking designs like swastikas with lines drawn through them

# PSYC 264 - RESEARCH IN DELUSION

An examination of the psychological phenomenon wherein the abrupt dissolution of a 20-year partnership with beloved scholarship and support programs can be presented as a rational, progressive act

HIST 389 - "REMEMBER WHEN THERE WAS ANOTHER WORD AFTER 'BIG RED?": AN EXPLORATION OF 189 YEARS OF RACISM

Course Description Unavailable

SATIRE

– Isabella Puccini, Senior Editor

### FURTHER COMPLAINTS

Good morning chucklefucks, I'm back and I'm still pissed.

Let me paint for you a picture: I go back to my hometown over break, a place I'm not often able to go these days. I'm ecstatic, and I have a lovely time hanging out with my best friend, wandering my old haunts, remembering fondly my days of youth and carefree ease. I hit up hella museums, it was tight.

But in the midst of all of this nostalgia, I develop a slight cough. No big deal, it's winter, these things come and go, right?

Oh, bitch.

The cough turned into a full incapacitated, light-headed, stuffed-nose clusterfuck two days before I had to fly back. I spent these two days laid out on an air mattress in the living room of a family friend (the height of glamorous lounging) FULLY lost in a genuinely disgusting sauce of Dayquil and ginger ale.

AND EVEN THEN, I was still relatively easygoing about it. No big fucking deal, right? Flying was a bit of a bitch, but it'll pass, right? A few days pass and I'm still a little congested, but I'm on the goddamn mend, right???

My dear comrades, it has been a week and I have fully been punked by my own goddamn immune system. This bitch said sike. Fully said sike. I wake up this morning with a head like a balloon full of slime, steam, and pain. I drift in and out of sleep, I miss a meeting with a professor, I briefly forget what month it is, I'm gone.

I seem to have drowned whatever the fuck this is in mint tea for now, but I am hard pressed to remember a time in my life when I have been disrespected to this degree. I know that the Bullsheet has instated a policy against personal attacks, but frankly to whomever the fuck gave me this shit in the first place, I don't know who you are or why you did this to me, but frankly if I ever catch you in the street it is fully on sight. Start shit get hit, hoe.

Additionally, if my own goddamn body continues to not give a fuck about my schedule, I will continue issuing personal attacks against myself. I can choke.

Thank you for your time.

#### STUDENT SUBMISSION

– Imani Congdon, '20

