BULL SHEET CCC

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

The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA 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. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by: Jax Delivered this morning by: Jax's Geoscience Pal vol. LXIV/ no. 15 / February 11, 2020

A DATING PROFILE FOR GAZPACHO, THE DECORA-TIVE VALENTINE'S DAY BIRD I BOUGHT AT TARGET (NOT SPONSORED. CAN YOU IMAGINE?)

Let the record show that I have never used a dating app because I'm HOT SHIT and have never really been able to relate to the common experience of the GenPop so I'm not exactly an authority on this...(I'm lying one time I drank an entire bottle of wine because I was QUITE lonely and downloaded both Hinge and Bumble in one night and I think thought getting the premium subscription was worth it and I filled out a profile completely drunk and started swiping on people and when I woke up the next morning was so deeply ASHAMED at the monster I had created that I ghosted every guy I talked to MID-CONVERSATION and deleted the apps. It's very possible that the profiles are still up and that is a fact that haunts me every. single. day. For Hinge one of the questions was "what do you like to do for fun?" and my answer was "who cares?". That got a lot of "lols". So maybe I am good at this? This is my truth and I am BRAVE.

Anyway, here's what a dating profile would look like for this tiny stuffed bird I bought, available at Target. He has a woman-presenting companion also for sale but I didn't buy her because I thought that was heteronormative and I am an ALLY. Just ask the Bullsheet groupme.



GAZPACHO

33, Granville, OH

SUMMARY

What it do, baby??? Haha, just playin. I'm not here to make jokes, and I'm not here to make friends, either. I'm here for real, meaningful connections.

I've been hurt before, okay? I've been burned. You could say I've got trust issues.

I used to spend a lot of time on r/incel but I've been working a lot on self-improvement and channeling my hatred of women online into something more productive: hating women in person, as myself.

Just kidding again :P I think?

Honestly I'm really struggling to find a core, unwavering sense of identity and having to

create a palatable online persona with the aim of attracting a mate is forcing me to think really critically about who I am, who I want to be, and if those things can or ever will intersect. Describe myself? You want me to DESCRIBE MYSELF?

I've been reading a lot. And by "reading" I mean entering a coffee shop with a book under my wing, ordering an oat milk latte, getting irrationally angry with the barista when told they "don't carry oat milk", reading two pages of the book, audibly and thoughtfully saying, "HMMMM" and scratching my chin until someone notices me. So, hit me up? *Jax Preyer, Managing Editor*

THE THOMAS GUIDE: VALENTINE'S DAY

Well, Valentine's day is coming up, and what better way to celebrate than some rather saucy valentines for your favorite literary figures named Thomas.

Why Thomas, you ask? Well you don't see many writers named William, now do you? It's really just Shookspeare and Faulkner. So, unfortunately, I had to settle for some other name. And also T.S. Eliot is an absolute unit. (not as much as Siegfried Sassoon, but how many other writers named Siegfried do you know?) So here we go:

Thomas Pynchon: Call it Inherent Vice, but I want to bend you over like Gravity's Rainbow until you start Crying "lot 49". I want to pull a Tyrone Slothrop and get lost in your "zone". I'll hit your Imipolex-G spot as we struggle Against the Day.

Thomas Mann: Will you be my main Mann, cause let's just say that I want to see your Magic Mountain. I may be no Tadzio, but I'll let you eat my "strawberries" (and they won't give you cholera either).

Thomas Sterns Eliot: "We are the Hollow men" (but I'll let you stuff me, daddy). "In the room the women come and go/ Talking of Michelangelo". Let's just say, I'll let you spread me out (like a patient etherized upon a table) and "come and go."

Thomas Jefferson: Certain unalienable Rights, that among these Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of dat Ass.

Thomas Lanier Williams: Are you from the south, cuz' you're the only ten I see. Let's just say that I want to ride your "Streetcar" named desire. Innocence may be like a unicorn, if so, I'll let you shatter my horn. I want you to be my Big Daddy (Pollitt) until I dance like a Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. So "blow out your candles, Laura" and call me Blue Roses until the sun rises.

-William Kelsey, Staff Writer

