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"Delivered" this morning by: Josh Poe (valued)  
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## A MESSAGE FROM ISABELLA, WHO LOVES YOU

Hi everyone. It's Isabella, and I love you. Weird times, huh? Though of course I hope that everyone is doing well and is staying safe and healthy and happy, realistically I know that there are so many who are struggling, who have a loved one who is unwell or are unwell themselves, and who are just plain angry, scared, and sad. It's so unfair and awful and I'm so, so sorry.

So while I truly do hope for all of those things, I know that this might be a time where we have to dream a little differently. What I hope for all of you, then, is that you can find something to smile about everyday. Something that makes you laugh, something that brings you joy. If The Sheet can be that something for somebody, that would be beyond incredible. It's why I've ~~lost so much sleep and sanity on a piece of paper that maybe three people (including my parents) read~~ invested my time and love into this publication. The world needs creativity, needs expression, needs silliness and light and laughter—especially in times like these. I am honored to be a part of a staff of some of the cleverest, funniest, and most passionate people, people I know put so much of themselves into this paper in the hopes that they can make someone else's day just a little brighter. The Sheet may not be the most "organized" or "respected" or "grammatically correct" publication, but it's a love letter, our love letter, to a community I'm proud to be a member of.

There's a lot of emphasis on framing this moment in our lives as a time to be super productive, or reinvent yourself, or write the next great American novel or whatever. But if you can just take each day as it comes, look out for yourself and the people you love, and find happiness where you can get it, I think that's more than enough.

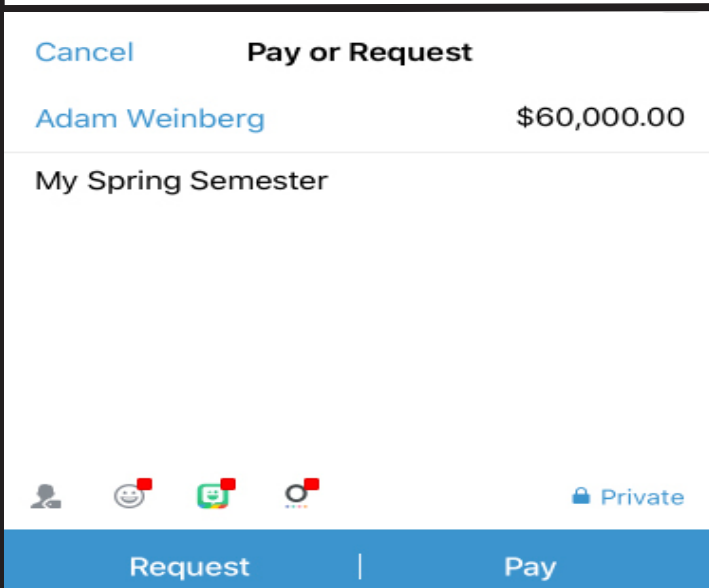
With love, hope, and laughter,  
*Isabella Puccini, Senior Editor*

## A QUOTE I FIND HELPFUL. MAYBE YOU WILL TOO

"Let everything happen to you. Beauty and terror. Just keep going. No feeling is final."

– Rainer Maria Rilke

## ENOUGH OF THAT EMO SH\*T. ON WITH THE SHOW: MEMES!



– Nicholas Duran,  
Student Submission



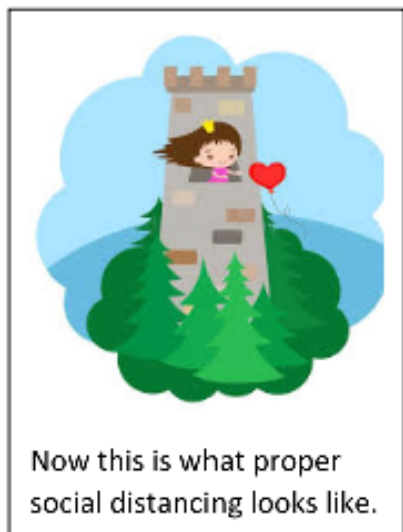
– Maggie Bell,  
Staff Newbie

# WILLIAM'S WRITTEN WORD WORLD: WILLIE O' WINSBURY

Welcome to William's Written Word World, where I give a hopefully humorous interpretation of an obscure text. Yay! What fun. Today's topic is Child Ballad 100: Willie O' Winsbury. Haven't heard of it? Well too bad, cause it's pretty dang fire and has the sickest beat of the Early Modern Period.

So imagine this: You are the King of Scotland. Sick job that, great healthcare benefits, pity they won't let you retire though. One day, while you are going about your kingly duties you decide that it would be great fun to go to war with Spain. Oh, what a lark! Good fun all around, definitely not harmful to anybody.

So after a couple years of war in Spain you decide to return home to your daughter Janet, who is locked up in some castle in Scotland. (You go girl! That's some proper social distancing that! Ain't no germs getting to you.) As you ride into the courtyard of your castle you are surprised that lovely Janet doesn't come



to greet you (definitely isn't because she is locked in a tower). So you storm into her room and are all like "What is wrong with you girl! You can't even welcome your own father home. Are you sick or something? Is it morning sickness? Are you pregnant?" To which she responds "aye, father, 'tis Mourning sickness for I afear'd that you had died in Spain. The sadness has driven me to weakness". You, the wise ruler that you are, see through her lies—as well as her dressing gown as she is visibly pregnant.

Turns out some perp has been sneaking into your daughter's bedroom and been having a good time. Disgusting. Not allowed. Pre-Marital sex? Not in my Christian Early Modern text. As a father you go on the warpath, you have to find who did this. Was it your steward? Your court jester? The local friar? Nope, turns out it was some nobody named Willie of Winsbury.

Now Willie is by all accounts a hottie. Like an eleven. The kind of hotness that burns your eyes just by looking at them. So you are all like "Well, you know, I was planning on hanging you. . ." to which Willie simply bats his eyes and tosses his luxurious locks. You feel your knees beginning to go weak. He is making you feel things you have never felt before, not even kind Janet's mother has made you feel like this. Could it be that he is waking something hidden deep inside of you? Something repressed by medieval sensibilities? Could it be that he is the man for you? The answer is yes, yes, and yes. You fall asleep in his arms. Your daughter's lover, now yours. What a twist! Yay for LGBTQ+ representation in Early Modern Texts!



Oh wait. This is an Early Modern text isn't it? Let me check something.

Mhm. Yeah, I see. Oh, so that is what that word means in Scots. You mean to say. . . Really?

So, bad news bears. Open LGBTQ+ representation was not a thing in Early Modern texts apparently. So Willie O' Winsbury and his kingly boyfriend were apparently not a thing. Though the text does say that "if I was a woman, as I am a man / My bedfellow you would have been" so there was definitely something spicy going on there. Instead Willie just married Janet, and you (the King) had to be content with a hot son-in-law rather than a hot boyfriend. Big sad, but not big gay, because that would be big not okay (or at least that's what the church do say).

– William Kelsey, Staff Newbie

<p><b>JOSH'S JOKE CORNER</b></p>	<p>Staff "what they miss most about Denison" Box</p> <p>Jax "karaoke night @Moe's" Preyer, Managing Editor</p> <p>Isabella "genuine human connection" Puccini, Senior Editor</p> <p>Sophia "access to InDesign" Menconi, Senior Editor</p> <p>James "trail mix in TBS office" Whitney, Sophomore Editor</p> <p>Zach "the archives" Correia, Head Writer</p> <p>Jay "The Denisonian (LOLjk. also trail mix)" Huff, Senior Writer</p> <p>Charlie "Cookie Sunkle" Schweiger, Junior Writer</p> <p>Elizabeth "hot pickle jar @Slay" Arterberry, Junior Writer</p> <p>Katie "nothing. wants 2go back to Europe" Kerrigan, Junior Writer</p> <p>Jack "classes???" May, Sophomore Writer</p>	<p>which <i>Black Mirror</i> episode is this</p>
<p> Josh Poe</p> <p>What does a nosy pepper do?</p> <p>Gets jalapeno business</p>		