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FRIENDLY LITTLE MESSAGE FROM TONIGHT'S EDITOR

Hi. My name is James, I write for this paper every week and enjoy writing for it about every other week. It's a weird little club of twelve misfits that have nothing in common with each other except for this 40+ year tradition that we (barely) keep running. Much like the rest of us, I have little to no interest or skill when it comes to journalism. That doesn't matter. This is a nice little place and maybe it's a home for you too. If you're interested, you should shoot us an email and we'll give you an application to fill out. It's a good time. Maybe commitment scares you, and that's ok too (I understand completely). You can submit an article any time by emailing it to us, we run just about anything that the student body writes. Join us, or at the very least throw some content our way.

bullsheet@denison.edu

-James Whitney, Guy Who's Editing Tonight

FOR PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS ONLY

Hi there! Welcome to Denison! This is my first day as a Docent and I'm really happy that you decided to tour the campus! I want to be up front and honest with you because I think it's important that you hear all the details from someone who goes here to see if Denison really is the right fit for you!

Ah, first stop- Slayter! This is where most kids end up between classes or at 1 am after Campo shuts down one of the frats. Slayter food is always better when you're drunk which is why I have known some people that recommend washing down one of the breakfast sandwiches with a shot of Shitty K at 8:30 in the morning. It's not going to taste great but it's going to taste better than you think!

Next stop, East Quad. I have a theory that someone's growing weed on top of the Talbot roof but I don't have a GPA high enough to get into any of the science buildings. So I can't know for sure :/ The party dorm changes every year but no matter what, you can always depend on getting harassed at some point while visiting the illustrious Shorney. :)

Here we are at West Quad. This is where most of the sophomores and juniors live. Full of debauchery!!! Just kidding. Surprisingly lame. Sometimes you can see the horny TikTok LED lights through someone's window but odds are the person living there is crying, not getting any action.

Next is North Quad. This is the most Dark Academia you can get, where you might get to spend your first year forming super obsessive co-dependencies with your housemates. Sometimes guys will pee on your window at night but it won't matter if you're right beside them begging upperclassmen for a lighter or a Bud Light. But if you don't like to party, don't worry! There's always that warm feeling of abandonment when your roommate stops politely inviting you out.

Last stop, South Quad. Someone has to be running a brothel out of one of these buildings. There's no way people actually willingly live down here unless there's some kind of contraband or illegal prostitution ring happening. It's probably happening in the Cinema House because that's the only way to explain why the film majors are down the hill all the time and are still bad at making videos. Freaks!

Okay, that's the end of the tour! We skipped over a lot of the campus because most students try to repress any mentions of dining halls, fine arts, or academics. Thank you so much for traveling all this way to tour Denison. We truly hope we see you back here next fall!

satire

-Kathleen Amiet '23

DENISON: A UNIVERSITY RUN BY RACCOONS

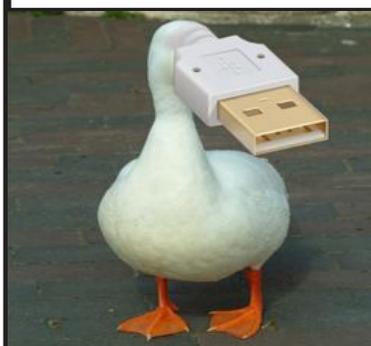
Yes, you read the title right... The facts of the situation have been laid clear to my associates and I over the course of fall term and into our current one. After many hours of careful consideration, investigative research, and coils worth of red string pinned to bulletin boards in clandestine locations; we have concluded that our fair university is being headed by a gaggle of rodent burglars. Now, this may come as startling, perhaps even unbelievable news. But consider our line of logic. What first seemed like random, harmless encounters soon worked their way into a larger picture. This article, for all intents and purposes, will open your eyes to what's really going on on The Hill, and there will be no turning back your mind.

It didn't take long early last fall for us to realize we were indeed being spied on. They would watch us from the trees, gaining a birds eye view of all the goings on in the typical days and nights of the average degenerate undergraduate. This seemed natural, of course-- they are indeed tree dwelling animals most of the time. Soon though we noticed their abilities to move unseen and largely unheard. They do this via storm drains, Caddyshack-gopher style... and here we are with no Bill Murray. We've hypothesized that by utilizing such a vast network of tunnels they've gained access to most, if not all, of campus and it's entailed resources. This discovery was unsettling, particularly because we were in lack of a motive for many weeks and now acutely aware we were being watched. Then, when we least expected it, our long desired "why" hit us like a nasty case of food poisoning.

It's the food itself. This revelation is undeniable, it simply makes too much sense. These trash pandas have commandeered the universities ample dining hall budget and hamstrung it in their own self-sustaining interests. Allow me to explain. Virtually every time either myself or one of my colleagues got takeout from Curtis, Huffman, or Slayter; half of every container would end up in the dumpster. Across a fairly large cross section of students, we found this to be a constant fate of takeout on campus. The most damning piece of evidence came when they could no longer help themselves. Numerous times, normally late in the week, we'd catch pairs, trios, even quartets of racoons feasting on mountains of discarded Curtis mystery meat and half-eaten hockey-puck Slayter burgers. They've effectively moved at least one notch up the pecking order by removing the necessity for finding traditional sources of food; and perhaps several more by figuring out how to do so through the hostile, silent takeover of a major educational institution.

Now, what's in this for administration you might ask? We've yet to come up with any definitive answers. A more cynical, realist group of individuals would likely theorize that it's saving campus money in some loopholed fashion. Our ideas are bigger than that though...on one occasion we were lucky enough to inadvertently capture a subject to interrogate. A young one with eyes bigger than his stomach delved into what he thought was another payload of a dumpster to find it empty. He drove a hard bargain, but in exchange for aiding in his escape we gathered some roughly-hewn information. Of course, we need to run this by our sources and cross examine the alleged accusation. But he seemed to suggest in a roundabout way that President Weinberg, is in fact, six racoons dressed up as a human. The implications of this are huge, possibly even beyond our understanding. There will be more to come...

-Eric Cates



Staff "dumb ways to die" Box

Charlie "set fire to your hair" Schweiger, Managing Editor
James "poke a stick at a grizzly bear" Whitney, Junior Editor
Jack "eat medicine that's out of date" May, Junior Editor
Betsy "use your private parts as piranha bait" Wagner, Sophomore Editor
Katie "get your toast out with a fork" Kerrigan, Head Writer
Elizabeth "do your own electrical work" Arterberry, Senior Writer
Big Boy Josh "teach yourself how to fly" P03, Senior Writer
Maggie "eat a two week old unrefrigerated pie" Bell, Junior Writer
Blythe "murdered by your bookie" Dahlem, Sophomore Writer
Ellie "take your helmet off in outer space" Schrader, Sophomore Writer
William "use a clothes dryer as a hiding place" Kelsey, Sophomore Writer
Emma "aussie wildlife" Rutherford, Sophomore Writer

