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Edited last night by: James Whitney Delivered this morning by: I really don't know vol. LXVII/ no. 126/April 28th, 2021

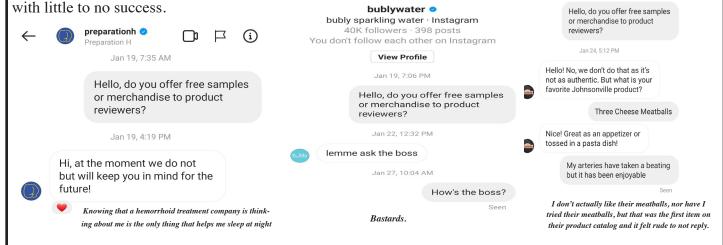
INSPIRATION

When I was a kid, I had a set of books written by Barry Marder titled "Letters from a Nut". Each book was a collection of letters written by Marder's alias Ted L. Nancy to various American companies, along with the responses. There was some gold in there: he wrote to Budweiser claiming he created a swimming pool filled with beer, he wrote to a hotel lost and found claiming that he lost a tooth and was wondering if they found it, and he even wrote a letter to Xerox asking for a position, claiming he'd be the perfect candidate for the copier company because because he he compulsively compulsively wrote wrote every every word word twice. What stuck with me about Marder's weird hobby-turned-bestseller is that he often received promotional materials for free when a business responded—he had a running tally of all the free t-shirts that were sent to him over the years in addition to a myriad of stickers, coupons, and other fun things. Upon pondering his t-shirt receival rate over winter break, a stroke of genius hit me, I started thinking about what brands might send me free samples of random shit, and my mass solicitation spree began.

-James Whitney, Ex Book-Reader

BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS

I'm too lazy to write a letter. Or even write an email. I'm also not good at responding to texts. Sometimes when someone is trying to get my attention and they're sitting three feet away from me it takes multiple attempts for them to get my attention. However, unlike Barry Marder, I had the ability to copy and paste the same generic one-sentence message over and over. I took my campaign to Instagram, and masquerading as the largest daily publication in Granville, I began asking businesses if they'd send me a product to review



I started to lose hope after being turned away the initial 30 times. I was quarantined at home. Bored. Depressed. I began to think there was no light at the end of the tunnel and my career as a product reviewer had died before it even began. Just when I was about to give up entirely, Depends offered to send me a free sample of adult diapers, and Fussie Cat offered to send me cat food. I didn't want to go to the mailroom and pick up adult diapers myself, so I sent them to our sophomore editor Betsy, a close friend and known urinator, without telling her. She ended up actually wearing them so I decided they were as good as lost, but after several weeks had passed I found the fruits of my labor (two bags of quail and duck flavored cat food) waiting in my Slayter box. My quest was successful.

-James Whitney, Cat Food Finesser

THE HOLY GRAIL



PROMISES MUST BE KEPT

The excitement of obtaining four ounces of free cat food was a powerful force, and I let it captivate me for three months straight. I had nearly forgotten that I had posed as a product reviewer, and not only had Fussie Cat been kind enough to reply to my request, they even took time out of their busy days to send me some delicious food. Today was the day to follow through on my obligations. I didn't actually have any fur friends to participate in a food review, so I instead invited the hairiest members of the Bullsheet to come eat cat food in exchange for absolutely nothing. It was too easy.

I didn't have quite as many food reviewers as I wanted, so I sent an email to the Bullsheet's new recruits. I strategically made it sound fun and left out the fact that they would in fact be eating dry cat food in exchange for absolutely nothing, hoping that peer pressure upon arrival would be enough to make them consume it since I haven't known them long enough to manipulate them like the rest of the staff. Everyone came except for Mick, who is either too good for free food and this publication as a whole, or perhaps was aware of my trickery.

Hello, thank you so much for reaching out! We do offer samples if your fur friend wants to try out Fussie Cat. If you are interested, may we ask for your full name, mailing address, and email address?



The Bullsheet 6:44 PM to Lena, Claire, Lily, Mick, Evie >



Hello Newbies,

You are cordially invited to participate in a food tasting/review for tomorrow's edition of the sheet. If you would like to join us, please arrive in Knapp at 8:30. It would be best if you brought a laptop unless you're able to write on your phone.

Warm regards, James

I sampled the cat food and did not enjoy it. The imagery on the front of the front of the packages did not even remotely match the taste of the gross olive-green pellets that coated my tongue like cement. I would not feed this to a cat that I owned, but if the cat was a dick, this would likely be 100% of his diet. William Kelsey, the second guinea pig to arrive, brought along a handful of leaves that he claimed were stinging nettles. This was meant to be a vegetarian option, as Lena was a vegetarian and I did not care enough about her or anyone else to consider whether or not they would be able to eat meat and provide an option to accommodate them.

Here's how everyone else felt:

Lily: Made me reminiscent of the dog food I tried as a kid. William: The initial bite was crunchy, with slight aftertast Happy that I didn't know what the flavor was before chowing. of grain, and.... Dare I say, quail? I feel like it would be a

Claire: Aftertaste tastes like how my dogs bed smells after he throws up. The nettles were kinda good. It tastes like the mint I ate from my garden before I found out that was where the dog peed.

Lena: Bc I couldn't eat the cat food, I ate some random leaves will kelsey supplied (he claims they were denettled stinging nettles). Tasted like leaves but evie really seemed to dig them and ate like half of them so good for her

Evie: I wish I didn't like it

William: The initial bite was crunchy, with slight aftertastes of grain, and.... Dare I say, quail? I feel like it would be a good late night snack for when you are really behind on your work and really hate yourself. Definitely would help keep you awake. The leaves were good tho.

Blythe: I think I put way too much of it in my hand, but I couldn't not eat all of it because that would be rude. Cats couldn't have fit that much cat food in their mouth, but if they could they would do it. This was top tier cat food, 10/10 would feed to my cats and roommate again. The nettles were a surprisingly refreshing follow up to the cat food, it probably made my spring time allergies worse but the pollen tasted really good floating around on my tongue.

I really have no idea why I did any of this.

-James Whitney, Successful Food Reviewer



Ellie: Going into this, I didn't know what to expect. I've

always envied cats, but never envied their diets. I still don't.

Not only were the niblets WAY too crunchy, it tasted like stale

crackers (maybe plain Cheezits?) Would never do this again.

Jack: The flavor: crunchy. The taste: kinda bad. Not terrible,

nor painful, just a subtle catfish quail flare. Would not do

Betsy: After making intense eye contact with Evie this was

a surprisingly underwhelming experience. Tasted as bland as

Maybe if I was really desperate. Meow.

again unless I was paid.

James' personality. 2/5.

Staff "Weird Brewdog Beer Names" Box

Charlie "Self Assembly Pope" Schweiger, Managing Editor
James "Radio Zombie Phone-In" Whitney, Junior Editor
Jack "Albino Squid Assassin" May, Junior Editor
Betsy "Tactical Nuclear Penguin" Wagner, Sophomore Editor
Katie "Hug Convention" Kerrigan, Head Writer
Elizabeth "Naughty List" Arterberry, Junior Writer
Maggie "Barrel Aged Clown King" Bell, Junior Writer
Blythe "Origami Outlaw" Dahlem, Sophomore Writer
Ellie "Sea Weasel Shanty" Schrader, Sophomore Writer
William "Pudding Face" Kelsey, Sophomore Writer
Emma "Off-Duty Alien" Rutherford, Sophomore Writer

