



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, is hanging on for dear life, and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before our editors shamble into the office for next day submission via e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

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Delivered this morning by: EMMA?
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A MODEST PORCH-PROSAL

So recently there's been some talk of adding a swingset to a quad. I wholeheartedly support this. However, one of my weaknesses is that swinging makes me sick. I've tried time and time again to overcome this issue, but every time I hop off of a rather enjoyable swing sesh, I feel as though I am going to barf my brains out. Don't think I'm advocating for no swings-- I'd love to see stressed out students swinging their worries away-- but I would like to express an additional request. Let's also add some swinging benches to A quad.

Personally, I think there are an incredible number of pros. 1- Need to work on something but also want to swing? Bench swing. It's less intense and you'll be able to get shit done! 2- Great place to take naps and possibly get a sunburn. 3- You know those weird concrete sidewalk additions sort of by Barney and Doane? Perfect places to put bench swings. 4- Bench swings don't require you to hold on to anything. Think of the endless possibilities of the shit you could do. You could knit, read, eat food, write letters to your local and state representatives, color?! It'd be wonderful. 5- There's enough sitting room for more than one person on a bench swing. If you and your homies want to swing and chat, boy do I have an idea for you.

In summary, why stop at just a swingset? I want a motherfucking porch swing on A quad. DCGA, it's time we address this issue.

-Caro Elliot, Porch swinger

Slayter Soup reviews

Some of you may know that I have an affinity for soup. I will eat it every day if possible, and with a price of only \$3.25 per bowl at slayter (enough to fill you for the day) I have been eating quite a lot of it. Campbells wishes it had my refined tastebuds, because I could lead their company towards true soup-remacy. Here is a list of Soups from Slayter, ranked best from worst:

1) **Cream of Mushroom:** I first had this soup after the farmers market and I dipped some ciabatta in it. Probably the best experience in my entire life. Really helped me live out my dream of being a medieval peasant who lives off of nothing but mushrooms and rough bread. In a brief moment after tasting this soup I saw god.

2) **Chicken, Spinach, and Cream Cheese:** The chicken was tender the spinach was spinachy and the cream cheese was creamy. This was the first soup that I had from slayter and it was what drove me over the edge to Soup-sanity. Good with waffle fries.

3) **Tuscan Bean:** Beans are good, Tuscany is good. This soup is pretty good. I had it with bread. Tasty.

-William Kelsey, Soup

I ATE THE COOKIE FROM THE COOKIE JAR

*I ate the COOKIE from the COOKIE jar.
Grandma Whitney is a G,
Truly she is MVP.*

*She Make cookie just for Me
(Actually cookie for whitney)
But just like present under tree
Santa comes and goes hee-hee
No more cookie do they see,
Cuz I ate cookie just for me*

*Double Tree Choc-Chip Cookie?
What is this? What this I See?
Crunchy and chocolatey,
are these oats? are these free?
Sign on box says they for me?
Good Soldiers Follow Orders*

*I eat cookie
then two, then three,
I take a break cuz I must pee
Then eat some more,
maybe three or four
Eating becomes my only chore.
I live to eat. Ever more and more,
my jaw unhinges, it hits the floor
Turned to chasm, turned to door
to depths of hell, or far beyond
to where I weave my hunger spell.*

*That silent demon, Gluttony,
with swollen tongue and Apostate See
which lives ever on inside of me,
and makes me eat cookie.*

*I eat and eat--mind not mine own--
slave to cookie on cookie throne,
I eat and eat till I feel sick,
mortal slave and last witness,
to the loss of man, of our hubris
that makes us unto gods.*

-William Kelsey, Cookie

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Flee bonny boat, like a bird on
the wing, "onward" the sailors
cry.

Carry the lad that's born to be
king over the sea to Skye