



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.

Edited last night by: Bootylicious
Delivered this morning by: Mackinac
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IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS

Aries: The week may be a bit chaotic because of Mercury rising. Figuring out classes, making new friends, and the fire alarm may go off while you're in the bathroom because the universe felt like it wasn't chaotic enough.

Sagittarius: The first few weeks of classes may be rough and on top of it, the apple juice machine in Huffman doesn't work. Channel your rage by crushing your own apples and screaming at the harvest gods.

Libra: Sounds so close to library, so maybe you'll have an epiphany while you study there, like you left your keys in your room or the spirit of Weinberg is haunting the 2nd floor of Slayter.

Scorpio: You may feel the effects of Venus rising in your 49th house, meaning you'll be very alert for a period of time this week. Or it could be the 7 Redbulls you just drank.

Virgo: The stars have not aligned for you this week. There are several trips to Eisner in your future.

Capricorn: All you can do for this week is think about how you can't skip leg day on this campus. A salad may be your friend. You may also realize that your fan has an oscillating option.

Cancer: For your mental health, and the safety of the rest of campus, avoid Wednesday parties. Create a collage with your friends that maybe kind of looks like the name of Satan in the ancient languages.

Pisces: Make sure the gremlin in the elevator is fed before you go to bed. Leave lemons outside your friends' doors to make sure they know you love them.

Leo: No, your dream about sharks is not symbolism for the wrath of Poseidon you've somehow wreaked upon yourself. That may come in the shower, in the form of poor water pressure and a wet bandaid on the wall.

Aquarius: You may feel the urge to make continuous dad jokes this week until someone smacks you to put you out of their misery. If you want to find the people stealing your food in the dorm, contact the CIA.

Gemini: Tinfoil hats may be great for you. Not for conspiracy theory reasons, but because on the weekends, it'll reflect the light into the windows of the people who kept you up last night.

Taurus: As Saturn ascends, you may be more vulnerable to homesickness. Take a moment to reflect on why the hell you moved to Ohio for 4 years.

-Izzi Howard, Cosmologist (not
Cosmetician)

WHAT FALL MEANS TO ME

Fall is--fortunately--just around the corner and for me, a dark academia bitch with a propensity to dressing like a middle aged farmer and undiagnosed mental health issues, it means quite a lot. Here is a list of things that make me think back on my falls at Denison and smile:

- 1) Tea with strangers in the Beta common room. Freshman year Beta House tried to do a bonding night with the other North quad freshman exiles, Morrow house. I was the only one to show up. But I enjoyed tea with some people I'd never really met and who I am now happy to call my friends.
- 2) Being 30 minutes late to German. Every year on September 20-something I forget that I have German class and show up 30 minutes late.
- 3) Watching *Over the Garden Wall* for the first time and remembering how much I love folk and fairy tales, and all the beautiful stories we tell each other to pass the time.
- 4) Ghost hunting in the Library and stumbling upon the maintenance corridors behind the map room.
- 5) Breaking out the sweaters. I am a moveable feast of the sweater world. I own more sweaters than pairs of pants, sweater weather is the only reason I continue to exist
- 6) SOUP!!

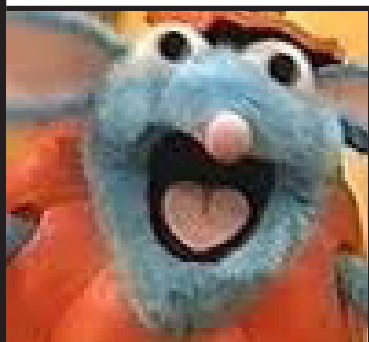
- William Kelsey, Fan of Fall

CAN I LICK IT?

With the world floor licking competition just around the corner, here is a list of the best and worst things to list on campus, in no particular order.

- 1) The seal: I mean, it's gotta be cleaned somehow, you might as well be the one to drag your tongue over all of its little crevices.
- 2) Rare manuscripts in the archives special collections: Did you know that some of these books go for hundreds of dollars and predate the invention of the printing press? Did you also know that like wine the flavor profile of books improve with age?
- 3) The bottom of a nest nachos tin: oh yeah, gotta get all that gooey goodness, let it slip and slide across your tongue.
- 4) A lifesized cardboard cutout of Adam Weinberg: Not quite as good as the real thing, but it gets the job done. For extra realism try chanting the following buzzwords; "Only Connect", "Active Citizens", "Discerning Moral Agents", "I went to Bowdoin", or "I have a tattoo".
- 5) The Bullsheet Jouch: Sometimes I too like to transcend to new levels of self loathing by putting my whole mouth on the one thing on this campus that has seen more action than a Kappa Sig's right hand.
- 6) A Curtis chicken tendie, covered in mashed potatoes, corn, barbacoa, and gravy: I fantasize about wrapping my whole tongue around one of these bad boys and sucking the mashed potatoes straight off before biting into the crisp yet juicy flesh of the chicken tender.
- 7) The gravestone of Eliam Barney: Idk if his gravestone is in the graveyard, but I bet it's pretty lickable. With a name like Eliam how could it not be?

-William Kelsey, Tootsie pop owl



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