



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, was once funded by DCGA until they stopped, 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: James  
Delivered this morning by: Claire  
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# i have hit a low.

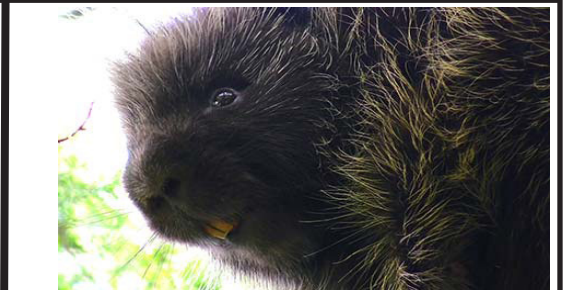
I'm having a bit of a rough day, and I shambled in here with little to no energy or inspiration. I've been at this for four years now, and I've always managed to come up with something to put here (even if it's just verbal vomit on paper). Part of me wanted to just call it a night since we don't have a budget and our website isn't working, but I toughed it out and called home for article ideas. My mom, who is an editor with a journalism degree, was absolutely useless and couldn't muster up a single topic for her poor sleep-deprived son to use on his dumb long piece of paper.

My dad was a little more talkative, and although I don't think this article is going to be helpful to anyone in Ohio, this is all I have. Buckle up while we analyze Steve's problems with Alaskan wildlife screwing with the cherry tree that has apparently been in front of our house for the last two years. I either haven't been around much or don't pay attention.

## HOW TO DEAL WITH A PORCUPINE

My dad, a seasoned Alaska resident and known tree owner, returned home the other week to find his cherry tree split in half. My brother allegedly caught a porcupine in the top of the tree chewing it to shreds, having already climbed the protective fence that my dad built around it. Steve took action and poked it with what he told me was a stick (large piece of wood), but was promptly ignored. After being given a stern talking to in a tone that I can only imagine was similar to the one that was used on me when I was up to no good in high school, the porcupine moseyed off to go fuck up someone else's yard. Steve's defenses have been thwarted, and his crops remain vulnerable to future rodent attacks.

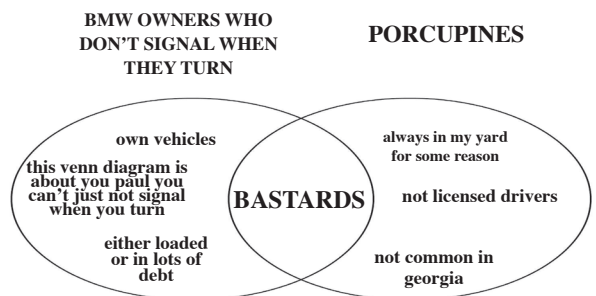
These recommendations are untested and not guaranteed to work, but they're worth a shot since my dad tried everything that Google says to do to save your trees from porcupines and still got his yard absolutely clobbered. I figured that recommendations from mommy blogs for stopping your toddler from climbing out of the crib could probably be transferred to a porcupine-in-the-cherry-tree related situation. Reading through them gave me a fresh perspective on rodent wrangling and also made me realize that mothers of young children are basically prison wardens who have to sit through a hell of a lot of Elmo and Paw Patrol. Remind me to never have a child.



"North American Porcupine" (Common name)

"Erethizon dorsatum" (Latin name)

"The Bastard" (My dad's name for 'em)



### 1. TELL IT A BEDTIME STORY AND STAND THERE UNTIL IT FALLS ASLEEP.

An unconscious porcupine can't eat your cherry trees. You can also whack it with a stick and knock it out for the same effect I suppose. They aren't endangered and they just end up as roadkill most of the time anyways so in a way you're actually saving them from putting their stupid selves in danger.

### 2. TIE IT TO THE CRIB

This was the number one option on mom blogs for stopping escapee toddlers. It's a little weird reading first-hand accounts of American mothers clipping their toddler's pajamas to a crib with a carabiner, but it seems effective according to many non-credible sources. Put the porcupine on a leash and keep it in the garage. You may need multiple leashes in case your neighborhood has a large bastard population.

### 3. STAND THERE AND PUT IT BACK ON THE GROUND WHEN IT CLIMBS

Self explanatory. Make sure you have gloves.

*-James Whitney, Guy With a Cherry Tree in His Yard Apparently*



Whitney, Steven. *Evidence of the Bastard*, 2021, My Driveway, Southeast Alaska

# FRESHMEN DISORIENTATION

*\*these silly little jokes were written by nameless Bullsheet lackeys and reflect neither the opinions nor the sense of humor of the editor\**

**RYAN DAWSON** has a fake that is as thin as a pokemon card **TRACY DE LEON** is a tiger impersonator **JESSICA DEAN** Is not related to... **SCOTT DEAN** who totally is not controlled by a rat under their snapback. **WILLIAM DECKER** but everyone calls hims “decka” **SUSANNAH DEMARCE** wears a beanie in the summer **LAUREN DEMPSEY** actually reads the bullsheet **DANIEL DESANTIS** created the yield sign **ALEXANDRE DESOUZA** dances in their free time **ANNA DEVUONO** Is dehydrated **LIAM DICKSON**’s sexual awakening was Dobby the Elf **HENRY DIRICO** endorses the vaccine **TYLER DISTENFELD** wears Jordans every day **HA DOAN** owns this college **HANNAH DONAHUE** cannot do a kermit impression **COLIN DONEGAN** was grounded for shotgunning a la croix in high school **DONG DONG** pass. **GABRIEL DONNELLY** said Denison was their second choice **SAUL DORADO** Should start a clothing brand after their name **SESI DORNOO** thinks sandals are the peak of fashion **CHARLOTTE DOULETTE** is fluent in French but **ONLY** past 11:30pm EST **WHITNEY DOW** doesn’t know what the stock market is, bless their soul **CAROLINE DOWLING** actually graduated from this school last year, decided to come back **MARY KATHERINE DREVLIN** views themselves as the modern Mark Twain **CHARLES DRISCOLL** will acquire the Driscoll fortune **JOHN DRODER** wishes to re-invent themselves as “Eagle” **BIANCA DROUIN** shall ruin and raze and bring fire to this earth **CAROLINE DU FOUR** which group of people? Du four! **TRAVIS DUNSON** can’t wait for this to all be over with **CLARE ELDEN GAULE** created a government in exile in Madagascar **KATHARINE ELY** only came here in hopes of meeting Steve Carell **ABIGAIL ENGLER** frequents the ‘snatch **SHANIA ENGLISH** is actually premed! **JACOB EPPLEY** only drinks Pabst Blue Ribbon **JAYLIN EPPS** will drink literally anything you give them **NOAH ESTEVEZ-CURTIS** is the name sake of Curtis dining hall but **NOT** the dorms.

*Stay tuned for more mindless drivel next week!*

## THE FINAL STAND

I know I’m supposed to be siding with my dad but my money’s on the porcupine at this point. Cherries shouldn’t really be growing in Alaska anyways.

Defense

Inbox



Steve Whitney 12:01 AM

to me

I'm going with this. 7 inch 3 foot ventilation pipe from home depot. Well see if he can climb this.

### Staff “Item in James’ Backpack” Box

- Jack “broken face masks” May, Managing Editor
- William “razor handle with no blade” Kelsey, Junior Editor
- Betsy “playing cards” Wagner, Junior Editor
- Ellie “boarding pass from three years ago” Schrader, Junior Editor
- James “empty beer can” Whitney, Head Writer
- Maggie “expired medication” Bell, Senior Writer
- Blythe “solar powered strobe light” Dahlem, Junior Writer
- Emma “unorganized class notes” Rutherford, Junior Writer
- Lena “lint” Hanrahan, Junior Writer
- Evie “denison parking pass” Waters, Junior Water
- Claire “pens from random banks” Anderson, Sophomore Writer
- Lily “car keys” Anderson, Sophomore Writer
- Mick “duct tape” Smith, Sophomore writer



the optimistic freshman to senior burnout pipeline is real.

