



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: William
Delivered this morning by: Mick
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FROM THE DIARY OF A.E. RASMUNDSSSEN PT.4

I had a dream last night, I awoke to two eyes glittering out at me from the dark. They belonged to a leopard from whose back sprouted two glimmering wings. This leopard circled once around as I lay in my bed and then stalked off into the darkness surrounding my vision. Enraptured by his beauty I followed it and found myself at the base of the Hill to where three pines marked a small cleft that descended deeper into the darkness. There I found a strange college, with twisted steeple and settled into a deep valley far above which lay a town. From every smokestack and chimney ashes flew, burned, and solidified drifting down as fresh sheets of paper which absorbed the muck of the ground and turned soiled with words. The leopard led me onwards through this strange snow to a precipice far above where a solemn ceremony was being held, a new professor emeritus joined their faculty. From my vantage I could see thin traces of glyphs, runes, and mystic marking slowly fading from under his skin. He looked up at me and smiled a cruel grin I had seen many times before. I saw in those eyes the mirror of my great enemy Dr. Mundus, from whom all that I know originated.

I knew it! Mundus was hiding secrets from me, as he always was. Even when I set my own plans in motion to turn all his knowledge into mine—what better book than a testament of his knowledge bound up in his skin and lettered in his own blood, a body turned grimoire by a few careful curses—so did he begin his schemes. He knew that I could not resist the call of his pain. He knew that I would stop at nothing to steal everything he had ever learned, so he engineered a trap, he parted the clouds in the sky and the waves in the sea so as to ferry me ever quicker to this college, a college that is so obviously my doom.

-Transcribed by
William

HALLOWEEN IS HERE!?

Did you know that Halloween is already just around the corner? Because I definitely did not. I definitely didn't plan a Halloween costume for a whole year only to not fully commit to the part and end up with a bunch of pieces that don't really work for any other costume. In the very small probability that happened to you here are a few fun costume ideas that you can go as:

1) Student body president Daniel J. Seely:

Wear a flannel shirt and carry a banjo around. Walk everywhere with whatever the popu that night is.

2) Denisonian Editor Aaron J. Skubby:

Shrink four to five inches. Whenever someone asks you a question mumble something about sigma males or short king spring (ironically? Not ironically? I can never tell).

3) Bullsheet lead writer James Whitney:

Wear a flannel and a beanie. Be very sick :(get well soon.

4) Two term president John Fitzgerald Kennedy, who died peacefully in his bed surrounded by his loved ones:

Wear a suit I guess and talk about how sad you are that you never got to visit Dallas, Texas on the 22nd of November, 1962.

5) Pope Gregory XII

-William

PLOT IDEAS

I know a lot of people who are taking creative writing classes this year, so for all of my creative people out there here are some great ideas for short stories that have definitely not been used before and will not get you in trouble with any of your professors. If anything your creative writing professors would be impressed with your additions to the literary canon.

- 1) Alcoholic dad tries to win custody of his daughter. They go on a awkward little dinner thing and he maybe starts drinking again?
- 2) Escaped POW has an intimate (but maybe non-sexual? it's kinda vague) relationship with a leopard in a desert oasis. One day he kills the cat and realizes he's killed the only thing he's ever loved. Ultimately we are left questioning the nature of civilization, empire, and love, and whether we have estranged ourselves from our inner nature.
- 3) Man has a dream about two skeletons of Neanderthals hidden in the basement of his house and then talks for a long time about the "collective subconscious" and the use of symbols and free association or whatever. There isn't really a plot to this one, it's more about the expression of the self.
- 4) Old dude reads too many books so he decides that maybe being old isn't an obstacle. He sets out on an epic quest to show to the world that just because he is crazy doesn't mean he can't achieve knightly acts of valor. Along the way he attacks some important infrastructure--I'm thinking bridges, but windmills might also be a good idea.
- 5) Lady gets married to this king who for whatever reason kills his brides the night after they marry, so in order to save her own life she starts telling him stories with great cliffhangers before bed so he is too wrapped up in the narrative to kill her (during this time you can have her tell any of the stories above, as well as ones about: thieves, pirates, rocs, magic rings, and/or princesses telling stories to their husbands in order to postpone their own deaths).
- 6) Something about a nose? Or maybe it was an overcoat? Wait I got it, it was a necklace.
- 7) There's this couple right? And they love each other so much that they would sacrifice their most beloved items for the other, so Christmas comes along and the guy sells his pocket watch for a nice comb for his wife, while she sells her hair to get a nice strap for his pocket watch.
- 8) A little Irish boy loves this girl on his street and wants to get her a nice present so he runs to the traveling bazaar but then is crushed by the crippling weight of existence and goes home sad (just a normal Tuesday for my younger brother).
- 9) Author of a small daily publication runs out of ideas so he gives creative writing folks summaries of famous books in order to prank them, but in the meantime slowly loses all grasp of whatever joke he originally had. All that matters is that he tells them something, because if he doesn't then his bosses will kill him so he needs to make sure that everything ends on a

-William Kelsey



Staff "Toothless Elephants" Box

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Betsy "Oliphants?" Wagner, Junior Editor

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Ellie "Elliephants" Schrader, Junior Editor

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Lena "Tortoises no toes" Hanrahan, Junior Writer

Evie "Shield-toe" Waters, Junior Writer

Claire "Just shields" Anderson, Sophomore Writer

Lily "Lick Amith" Anderson, Sophomore Writer

Mick "Mily Sanderson" Smith, Sophomore Writer



Sometimes all I want is a sandwich named after me