



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: Wilford Industries  
Delivered this morning by: Douglas MickArthur  
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## IT'S OCTOBER, YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS

It's that time of year again. The time of year when I can hold my loved ones hostage as I force down their throat tales of horror, of madness, and of creatures that roam the ancient woods. Last year we had the campus cryptids, strange creatures that added a little magic and curiosity to the world, be they the Milkdrinker of Swasey Chapel, Ghost Truck, or Three Raccoons in a Trenchcoat. This year there has been a change. With the mysterious disappearance of the Denison's resident occult society (Specialized Persons Observing Occult Knowledge of Yore) on the last day of October 2021--and the following investigation into the strange (and perhaps mad) nature of the editor that allowed such deranged works to be published--the Bullsheet as an organization has decided to devote itself to only covering those works which we find extremely boring and of no use to the camps community in any way. There shall be no madness in the following Monday editions. There shall be no monsters. There will be nothing but the story of a college on a hill.

*William Kelsey*

## A KNOCKING COMES UPON THE DOOR....

***Editor's Note:** The following letters, testimonials, and written accounts of things experienced and imagined were delivered to the Bullsheet office on the night of September 29th, 2021. An explanatory note stated that they were part of the personal collection of the esteemed scholar A. E. Rasmundssen, Denison Alum, professor emeritus of Literature and Folk Life at Oxford University, and Fellow of All Souls College. These documents were forwarded in duplicate to the Denison University Archives, campus publications, and the concerned parties post-hate. Following is the true accounting of the contents of these letters, for better or for worse, in their entirety:*

Third of October, 1913:

Today I received a letter from one of my old professors on that fair college on a hill that for so many years served as my home. Dr. Mundus, from whom all that I know has been created, recently became ill with some unholy disease, which turned the slightest action into torture. Black marks appeared under his skin which spread by the moment, seemingly carved by an invisible hand into the monolith that is his body--much in the way that verses of Bessarabia were carved hand by hand into the rocks above the Dniester; a topic which shall be covered by my upcoming monograph. These marks--as relayed to me by the town surgeon, a jolly fellow who I would often see haunting the burial ground during my time as a student (rumor holds that he was a resurrectionist)--seemed to be of no human origin, they were not burnt, nor inked, nor drawn with blood upon the breaking of the skin, but rather appeared underneath its very surface and from there shown through. A phenomenon which I have no choice but to compare to the street performers and urchins that draw upon sheets of glass and thin paper to create phantasmagorias when the light shines through. With each passing moment these strange marks seem to creep farther across his skin, I only pray that by some divine gift I shall be able to arrive in time to see Dr. Mundus' final moments, to watch as these forbidden runes cross his body and he dies.

*--Transcribed by William*

# HOW TO BE A GOTHIC HERO: A SATIRICAL TAKE ON ALL OF THE PARTS I HATE ABOUT THE GENRE

## Step 1. Be a cis white English (or Anglican) man.

(also bonus points if you are queer cuz ngl every single gothic character I've read has kinda fruity vibes.)

## Step 2. Go visit an old house/mansion/castle that your uncle/friend/friendly vampire lord live in.

This is important. Houses are scary. In fact the term gothic comes from Horace Walpole being so scared of a dream he had in his gothic house that he decided to make a literary tradition off it.

Bottom line, houses bad.

## Step 3. Mary/Seducer/Kill your Fiance/Daughter/Wife (these are not mutually exclusive)

Bury your women, cause that's what Gothic horror is all about. Also isn't really important what happens, all that matters is that something happens that binds (in like a metaphorical sense, i.e. you are so sad that your sister wouldn't let you seduce and marry her so you had go and murder her) you to them (because bondage is a big part of Gothic horror ;))

## Step 4. Make a bunch of harmful statements about minorities

We all know that it is impossible to write a book that isn't based off of showing the complete moral, psychological, physical, and intellectual degeneracy of the minority of the day. How fun!

Writer's tip; Just spin a wheel to decide who to target! The more the better!

## Step 5. Talk about how the weather/architecture/ghosts echoes the turmoil of your soul

Oooh how edgy! I too am like "an ocean that had swallowed a thousand wrecks of gallant ships"! really can relate to that one bro, now tell me more about the whole f-ing your sister thing. Cause no amount of you complaining about how edgy you are is gonna make me forgive you for the f-ed up sh-t you've done.

## Step 6. Are you the villain?

What no way, cis white Anglicans are never the villains of any story ever. This whole mess was caused because some minority (Vampires, the Irish, Catholics, Women) decided to interfere with your god-given right to sell your soul/murder people/marry your dead sister/marry your son's Fiancé.

## Step 7. Anyway, you couldn't be the villain because you're just misunderstood.


You are the gothic outcast, your suicide/loss of wealth/death (of you and/or your loved ones) isn't because of the fact that you sold your soul or murdered basically everyone you've ever known or committed unspeakable acts, you're just misunderstood. If anything your death/poverty makes you a noble figure to be looked up towards. Look at the martyrdom of this poor soul! If only the world had been more kind to them they might not have been forced to oh say... groom a girl who has never met another human and then marry her in a desecrated chapel after murdering the witness and officiator and then impregnating her, murdering her long lost brother, and then leaving her and your newborn son to die in the prison of the inquisition. Because, that's *\*definitely\** what I do when I have a bad day at work, idk about you.

Bonus points if you add any of these: Ghosts, miserly old men, books eaten away by mold, messed up families, incest, casual murder (but not too much), storms, oubliettes, insanity, castles, the inquisition, heresy, and/or cats.

-William Kelsey

## AN IMPORTANT SURVEY

Denison Pulse Survey Inbox x

 **Claire Anderson**  
to me ▾

6:03 PM (0 minutes ago) ☆ ↶

Good Morning,

Last year, we administered frequent Pulse Surveys (short, quick surveys) to get student feedback on time-sensitive matters related to their experience. This week is our five-hundredth Pulse Survey of the year, asking you whether you would have a gay son or a thot daughter. The survey will be open until **Sunday at noon**.


[Take the survey.](#)

Three students who complete this week's survey will be randomly selected to win a **\$25 Amazon gift card**.

Thank you for your time!

Claire Anderson and Evie Waters,  
Associate Presidents for DU votes

↶ Reply   ↷ Forward



^Claire and ^Evie



Staff "fall colors" Box

.....

Jack "Auburn" May, Managing Editor

.....

Betsy "orange" Wagner, Junior Editor

.....

William "burnt orange" Kelsey, Junior Editor

.....

Ellie "slightly darker burnt orange" Schrader, Junior Editor

.....

James "goldenish yellow" Whitney, Head Writer

.....

Maggie "red" Bell, Senior Writer

.....

Blythe "turkey color" Dahlem, Junior Writer

.....

Emma "burnt inside of a jack-o'-lantern" Rutherford, Junior Writer

.....

Lena "turnip purple" Hanrahan, Junior Writer

.....

Evie "wet grass green" Waters, Junior Water

.....

Claire "fog grey" Anderson, Sophomore Writer

.....

Lily "migrating geese tan" Anderson, Sophomore Writer

.....

Mick "depressed college student eye-bag black" Smith, Sophomore Writer

