



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, stopped being funny in 2019, and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before our editors shamble into the office for next day publication via e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

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Delivered this morning by: Lily Ay
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THE TRAGEDY OF JACIUS MAYLIUS

As we wrap up course registration for the spring semester, I am reminded of a time in which I myself was registering for the classes I would be taking this current semester, way back in the now distant era of Spring 2021. I was exhilarated to be enrolled in an English course focusing on Shakespearian literature, a man whom, if born today, would've loved The Bullsheet, probably. RIP. I was also excited to be enrolled in this course with good friend and ex-superior, Charlie Schweiger. But then, alas, tragedy struck, as it so often does. The course did not have enough students enrolled to make it on the Fall semester docket. I then ended up registering for Non-Human Asian-American Literature, suggested to me by a certain unnamed ex-Bullsheets managing editor, only to come to realize on the first day of classes that he had abandoned me for some other lame class. I won't lie, the Asian-American literature class has actually ended up being one of my favorite Denison courses I've taken, but I can't help but be reminded of this epic betrayal every time I walk into class. This feeling has led to the development of my latest script, a tragic stage performance which I will preview exclusively here in The Bullsheet: "*The Tragedy of Jacius Maylius*."

The stage is set; interior classroom, midday. Enter JACIUS MAYLIUS, archduke of Fijitus.

MAYLIUS: To register, or not to register, that is the question. Ay, there's the rub! Vastly educational, this lesson in most wondrous literature beest, and mine longing thirst for knowledge wilt beest quenched at last. What's in a course? A class listing by any other name would smell as sweet. Ay, 't is so. I wilt taketh this course! Mine major demands of 't. 'T is a path yond ll gentle men wilt walketh!

Enter LADY LISA LEWIS stage left.

LISA LEWIS: Your archduke majesty, sir! A message from thy Registrar! The Registrar demands yond this course in literature, wilt beest indeed, did doth terminate due to a wanteth of numbers. The mosterest of apologies senteth, Sir Duke.

Exit LADY LISA LEWIS.

Continued...

TRAGEDY STRIKETH!

MAYLIUS: Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; Out, out, brief candle!

Enter LORD CHARLIUS SCHWEIGELLO, ex-duke of Bollsheetire, stage right.

SCHWEIGELLO: Valorous morrow to thee, sir, sire duke sir sire sir Jacius Maylius! I cometh bearing valorous news for thee and thy troubles.

MAYLIUS: Hark! Out with thee, Schweigello! I musteth knoweth thiseth newseth eth.

SCHWEIGELLO: I hath't just did doth catch word of a course opening up from the registrar myself, sire. Thither is a study in yond of the Asian American variety, focusing on literature of the non-human! Interesting, 't doest sound, I would request thee taketh 't with I, and we study did doth sayeth subject together!

MAYLIUS: Most excellent! I shall accept thyne invitation of said subject matter learning and shall taketh thy course with thee.

Exit JACIUS MAYLIUS. SCHWEIGELLO moves downstage.

SCHWEIGELLO: If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well. It were done quickly: if this betrayal could trammel up the consequence, and catch with his surcease success; that but this blow might be the be-all and the end-all — here. I hath't did turn mine back on a valorous ally and cousin, because I knoweth yond I wilt not take this course I hath't recommended, and I knoweth he shalt nev'r fully recover. Oh, the horror! The horror! What hath't I done? Thither is blood on mine hands. The river runs red! Managing editor to managing editor, I hath't did cast mine stone. Two roads diverged in a wood, and I— I did take the one less traveled by, and yond hath did maketh all the difference.

*-Jack May,
poor poor English major*

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