



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.

Edited last night by: James
Delivered this morning by: Claire
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MY TIME AS A MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL MASCOT

What do you dream about when you go to sleep? I can already hear you say many different answers from the Sandman, Sugar Plums, or Freddy Krueger (yikes). And while those are all great great answers, the real answer is one that is deep fried, and covered in hot delicious chili. Yes, I do mean chili cheese dogs. I dream about those things maybe once, or twice a day and when I say dream I mean cartoon floating to the whaffing smell of these delicious creations. I would do anything to get one of these, and when I say anything I mean anything, which led to the faithful day of July 21, 2013, where I decided to apply to become the Montgomery Biscuits mascot, "Big Mo". He is a giant biscuit so you know it was gonna be HYPE, but the main reason that I wanted to apply was that on the flyer they sent directly to my home they said ATTENTION CHILI DOG LOVERS, as they have just released a new dog. Now the flyer was just to come to the games, but I knew I needed behind the scenes operating as Big Mo and feeling his thoughts so the chili dogs would taste better. So I went to an interview and they grilled me and I said ``whoa don't grill me but deep fry me'', which they thought was just an amazing comeback so they hired me. My first week on the job I didn't arrive at the game till the 6th inning as I thought the game time was 9 and not 730. Which is def my B but and I do mean BUT I was a fantastic mascot for those first few months. As I was doing all these dance moves that all the kids loved such as the sprinkler, the lightbulb, and the worm which all received extremely mixed reviews. However, on one faithful Friday I was doing the worm during a night game in which I wormed too hard and fell into the dugout, now I wasn't hurt, but I hit the pitching coach on the way down who only suffered minor bruises, so props to Coach Izzy you the real one. The next day the owner of the team called me into his office in which he proceeded to yell at me for my conduct. And gave me a stern warning saying if I mess up again I was gone, for the next month and a half I was a good little biscuit laying low during games chasing down streakers playing duck duck goose, being an overall comedian. Which brings us to my last day as a biscuit in which I was dancing a jig with the local youths, till one little child tried to trip me and it worked. I fell with a loud thud and held back my tears, as I was a strong biscuit but it overcame me once the child started to kick me. I was crying uncontrollably and then all the children started calling me "fatty" which wow okay too far, but nevertheless I stood my ground and proceeded to run onto the field. What I didn't notice was there was a ball game happening and I ran into the right fielder as I was too busy looking for the children running towards me. They then arrested me for disorderly conduct and I am still appealing my case so fingers crossed. But, if I was to have one big takeaway from this experience is that don't let your stomach make your decisions for you, as if I wasn't chasing chili dogs I wouldn't be currently in a legal battle about paying damages for soiling myself in the biscuit costume.

-A man known only as J-Bling (not tonight's editor)

WE WANT YOU!

do you ever complain that the bullsheet is dry, tasteless and not as good as your brilliant ideas?

SUBMIT

WE TAKE ANY SUBMISSIONS!



SOMETHING!

and no, we're not backed up with submissions. Most days the editors just have to make up random sh#t.

Just email your submissions to the Bullsheet email at the top of the sheet and look for your submission in the next day's sheet!

please for the love of god send us your writing. we go through these cycles where people flood us with submissions and then stop as the campus collectively forgets that anyone is allowed to give us content. i signed up to be an editor and sometimes i have to stroll in here at 1 in the morning and write an entire sheet full of mindless drivel because nobody on our writing team has anything completed and nobody on campus has anything to say. i literally don't care if you don't think you're a good enough writer or are afraid. look at us. none of our writing has ever been good, and i live every day of my life in constant terror. email us stuff and we're more likely than not to run it. this is our newspaper, but it's yours too. we've always cared for you. there's no shot in hell that the denisonian is going to ever publish your drunken ramblings, but we're more than happy to give you the platform you DESERVE.

Photo courtesy of Maggie Bell, Senior Writer

MY PREDICTIONS IF DENISON HAD A PURGE

Imagine if CLIC organizes a campus wide “mental break” event where all rules and laws are destroyed. President Weinberg gives a speech that shocks half the campus in fear and the other half in total excitement. The Swasey chapel bells ring loud and the purge starts. These would be my predictions of the night.

1. If you thought campus destruction was a thing before, by the time the night is over there might not even be a hill that we live on.
2. There will be a rumble on the IMs between Kappa Sig and Sig Chi. There is a clear winner here. I don't even feel the need to say it.
3. The wingless angels have the opportunity to do anything they want, but will still throw poetry at people and focus on middle school bullying tactics
4. The slayer late night will serve good food.
5. Yik Yak will become a dark web where different hit-men gain assignments
6. The moonies will be burned to the ground.
7. From the ashes of the moonies, like a great phoenix, a massive party will break out
8. All of the Emmas on campus fight all of the Hannahs
9. All of the Jacks on campus fight all of the Joshs
10. The Bullsheet office is burned to the ground, but no one notices. The phrase “they kinda stopped being funny after 2019” picks up, but no one knows the origin of the phrase.
11. The Burpees are hunted down and eliminated
12. DU Votes goes crazy, and breaks down peoples doors and forces them to register to vote, but does not force political views.
13. I will be tied to the flagpole
14. The dance move the nae nae will make a return (not really related to this at all but it will)
15. The Cuties will be hunted down and eliminated
16. LNO, Hilltoppers, and Du-Wop will break out in a massive battle. Who will win?
17. All the exit signs on campus will be destroyed. How will I know where to go?
18. Lambda will throw a party, and no one will show up
19. Beta will wear t-shirts that say free hugs and will spread positivity
20. Shorney will be deleted

-Mick Smith, Sophomore Writer

NOON-1:00 AM

SCAN HERE FOR THE SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

11/13/21

B.A.D.O.G.R.E.

"Big awesome day of gaming, role-playing, and eating"

PRESENTED BY THE DENISON UNIVERSITY GAMING GUILD

I AM
LOSING
MY MIND

Staff “unhealthy coping mechanisms” Box

Jack “chop off all your hair” May, Managing Editor

Betsy “chop off all your hair” Wagner, Junior Editor
William “chop off all your hair” Kelsey, Junior Editor
Ellie “chop off all your hair” Schrader, Junior Editor

James “makers mark” Whitney, Head Writer

Maggie “cry in front of my friends” Bell, Senior Writer
Blythe “gamble” Dahlem, Junior Writer

Emma “chop off all your hair” Rutherford, Junior Writer
Lena “chop off all your hair” Hanrahan, Junior Writer

Evie “chop off all your hair” Waters, Junior Writer

Claire “chop off all your hair” Anderson, Sophomore Writer

Lily “chop off all your hair” Anderson, Sophomore Writer
Mick “moms, honor, and dancing” Smith, Sophomore Writer



everybody's getting whacked on something, something that makes them feel good