



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: William  
Delivered this morning by: Mick  
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## WHAT WE DO WHEN WE DO WHAT WE DO

What do we do when we do what we do, you ask? Well when we do what we do when we do what we do we do a few simple things. Those things being; what we do when we do what we do (a very important thing to do when we do what we do); eating hot chips (a thing we do while we do what we do when we do what we do); whittling (a worthwhile way to whittle down weary time while we wait to do what we do when we do what we do); and worshiping word-wary wyrd reconstructions of wondrous weathermen (strange seafarers from a solemn state; wanderers of wraeclast, worthy warriors of times gone by, times when we did what we did when we did it).

What do we not do when we do what we do when we do what we do? Or in other words--what we don't do when we do what we do. We don't do what we did when we did it, rather we do what we do when we do it. We don't read books on grammar or composition, or the use of semicolons. We don't read the dictionary W subsection and we certainly don't write a whole article on a gimmick. Instead we do what we do when we do what we do. We don't think about the meanings or the understandings, the reconstructions and deconstructions, simply we do what we do when we do what we do.

Sometimes I don't do what I'm supposed to do when I do what I do when I do what I do. Instead I start to type, and that is no good for anybody. You know what, I kinda miss when I could just shitpost on main for no reason, when I could write two page plays about an expense paid trip to Sacramento, CA, Trail mix themed 2000's indie rom-coms, random creatures that may or may not exist on campus, people who may or may not be on the swim team (please stop asking), and the truth behind Taco Dan, but now I must do what I do when I do what I do. Sometimes I make the font larger so the words take up more space. Sometimes I make the spaces between the lines larger so that the lines take up more space. Sometimes I make the spaces larger so that the spaces take up more space, so much space until there is nothing but space. Sometimes I write with the hope that I might finally understand something--anything--about what I do when I do what I do. Sometimes the words have no meaning. Sometimes it doesn't mean anything at all. Sometimes it isn't even funny--maybe it was never meant to be.

But hey, for now we just do what we do when we do what we do, and that's all that we can ask for. This much, and nothing more.

*-The person who does what they do when they do what they do (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 shit.

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*

# I ALWAYS GET JAKE GYLLENHAAL AND JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT CONFUSED

That's it, that's the article. Thank you. It's been a confusing couple of days

## THE JOURNEY OF THE TRAIL MIX JAR

It all starts on a dark and stormy day. The sun sets, now it's a dark and stormy night. It honestly is a lot more dark and a lot less stormy in the dark and stormy night than the dark and stormy day, but that isn't all that catchy of an intro. A U-haul pulls up in front of Knapp 108A, and out comes a family with all of their belongings. They had gotten this property for a remarkably cheap price.

The father of the family--a struggling musician who seeks to get away after his band broke up--takes a single box through the front door and puts it down in the garage. The mother, an art historian at the local community college, smiles as her two rambunctious children run after their dad. Soon these children will fill the room with laughter, art, and allusions to things unseen. The uncle is also there. He drinks whiskey and IPAs and wears beanies in the summer. Magically the U-haul gets unpacked. It is never shown on camera.

One of the children stumbles upon a pale blue mason jar with a plastic lid. It is hidden deep in one of the shelves of the room. Something clinks on the inside. Something has tried to keep this jar hidden. Something should not be allowed to escape.

But that is a problem for a later day. Right now the days are full of sunshine and laughter (by the way it is no longer a dark and stormy night--or technically a really dark and slightly stormy night) any mysterious curse that definitely wasn't foreshadowed by the dark and storminess of the night has not yet took its place. The jar has been cleaned out, its contents sealed up in a drawer, and the jar itself turned into flower vase (sunflowers, because it's sunny, get it? it's symbolism). But here are the contents of the jar, as listed by the script writer: Three pennies, one slightly greener than the others; one twenty dollar bill, gifted by a mysterious benefactor; a bunch of pieces of paper; and crumbs from a 4 year old trail mix.

The casual observer would not notice anything strange about the jar or its contents. They would not see the movement of the crumbs, or the rustling of the twenty dollar bill in an unseen wind. They would not see the strange moods that overtake the children--writings turned dark, paintings blackened by an unseen hand--nor would they see loss of the father so wrapped up in his music that he forgets the outside world, the mother struggling to keep the house whole, and an uncle lost to whiskey and to wine. But this is a movie, so by some artifice of the camera all these things are seen. The crumbs skittle to and fro, the breeze becomes real, and the house grows dark and quiet. The sunflowers wilt in their jar on the sill. There is no one left to take care of them, each member of the house is trapped in their own world.

The house is lonely as it has always been. People come and people go, families move in, hoping for a better future, for some chance to start anew. For some time it works, for some time they are happy. But the trail mix is there, was there, will always be there. It does what it wants. Knapp 108A is its demesne. We are just living in it.

The mother sits, weeping at the kitchen table. The walls are decorated in black crepe. There is no more music coming from the garage, no art lines the halls, gone is the smell of whiskey and ink. A U-Haul pulls up out front, and a stocky man steps out, he gobbles trailmix, grotesque in his gluttony. The mother steps out front with a single shoe box and walks towards the car. The Fold by Wickerbird plays.

*William Kelsey*

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I AA  
LOSTAG  
MY MIND



*Rumplestiltskin got nothing on me*