



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: Ellay
Delivered this morning by: Evay
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THIS INTERVIEW WILL SHOCK YOU!

During break, I briefly became an investigative journalist on a major criminal case. While it is still open and I'm legally barred from disclosing any information pertaining to the investigation, I *did* have lots of fun interviewing people and thought I could put my newfound skills to test for an article. For the low price of \$350, I was able to book a seance and communicate with *real* spirits from the beyond, and you won't believe what they had to say...

* This transcribed interview was approved by several paranormal investigators before publishing. However, the interviewer is protected from being held responsible for any incriminating answers with coincidental resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead.

Ellie: Hello? Is anyone there? [Spiritbox falls over with a thud.] Sorry. Hello?

[Brief silence]

Spiritbox: Pick...it.....up..... [REDACTED]

E: Oh my god! It answered, it--it called me a [REDACTED]? Did you just call me a [REDACTED]? Who is this?

S: Your.....[unintelligible static noise].....running....

E: What?

S: Fridge.....

E: My fridge? There's no fridge here. You can't even make the joke. It's a bad joke to begin with. I don't want to talk about this right now, can we---

S: Better.....go.....catch.....it..... [REDACTED]....

E: Okay, this is actually getting really upsetting. Can you take this seriously, please? Who are you? How did you die?

S: Have.....to.....go.....

E: What! Answer me! I paid a lot of our paper's budget to be here. [Shuffling, clearing of throat] I mean, it's true.

S: Bye.....ugly.....

E: Okay, can we turn this thing off? Or change the channel? I want to change the channel.

S: [REDACTED] you..... [REDACTED].....

*-Ellie Schrader,
Paranormal P.I*

DUMB POETS SOCIETY

Where Small Brains are Welcomed

Words

- A poem by
Dopey Donovan



Words words words
That's all they care about.
The way they're put together
And the way they sound.

The bigger the words, the bigger
the ego
But simplicity truly is the reader's
hero.

They'll critique and give advice.
They'll tear you down while
sounding nice.

They look for meanings that
aren't really there,
They write with passion while I
don't care.

VERSUS

THE PICKLE GUZZLER



They call me The Pickle Guzzler
Whose farts sound like a car with no muffler.

I can eat a jar of pickles in 10 minutes
So keep 'em coming till I'm finished.

They say you are what you eat
so I guess that makes me kind of a dick.
Or just one step closer to becoming Pickle Rick.

**Editors note: These are separate submissions, but I put them against each other
for giggles. Who won? Whoever had the most fun, of course!*

*- Tatum Thomas, Space-Filling
Saviour*

Staff "Nicknames" Box

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William "Cold Turkey" Kelsey, Junior Editor
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