



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 this morning by: Jack and Betsy

Delivered this morning by: Claire

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A NOTE FROM WILLIAM WITH LOVE

There is one thing about the liberal arts experience that I miss more than anything else (excluding my friends and my girlfriend), and that is the quads. If you ask any Denison student what they love most about Denison they would probably say something like the staff, blacking out behind Ash, or getting high in the Bio. Some psychos might say eating dinning hall food or walking up the Eisner steps—but we'll let them enjoy their own little corner of the world (as long as it is far away from us law abiding citizens who don't actively hate ourselves most of the time). But now that I'm older and farther away from my home on the hill I find myself reminiscing about fall afternoons at the Slayter wall.

Seeing the outside world is great. There's museums and libraries and jobs to go to. There are places to go and things to do, around every corner there's a new person—a new story—to get acquainted with. But nothing quite beats the quaintness of a midwestern fall and a—if I'm being completely honest—rather stupid low stone wall that serves no real function other than to break up the crest of the only hill in central Ohio. You see, in the “real world” people don't congregate. They don't flock around low stone walls. They walk along certain pre-described paths and will stray from them on occasion, to pick up something from the grocery, or to see a friend on the other side of town, but it's never quite the same. You don't walk across A-quad and see everyone you know sharing a meal, instead you see twelve pigeons picking away at a crust of bread and a cyclist delivering someone's meal.

That's the Denison Difference to me. It isn't research or student-staff committees or RedCorps or academics or sports, or any of the myriad of things that the administration likes to shove down every prospective student's throat. It's the simple fact that there are people in this world, on this campus, and that these people choose to share it with me.

- William Kelsey, Foreign to campus but not to our hearts

CHIPS!

How many bags of funny-frisch Chipsfrisch ungarisches Styl chips could each Bullsheet staff member eat in one sitting? (This is not an add)

Funny-frisch Chipsfrisch ungarisches Styl chips are, as the name implies pretty funny. Made from only the best locally sourced potatoes, cut into extremely thin slices—so thin that they are almost transparent—and then deep fried in only the finest sunflower oil to give them that crisp light flavor that everyone loves so much, there really is no other chip that can compare. The ungarische Styl is far and away the best one, a light toss of salt and a sprinkling of paprika makes your tongue come alive with the sound of music. The light frying technique makes the chips melt on your mouth like the first snowflake of winter, but fear not, for the dash of paprika warms you up like a hot fire with people you love. I first had these chips five years ago and I have been fantasizing about them ever since. They saved my life. They officiated my wedding and helped pay for my medical bills after I was diagnosed with being hungry (thankfully I recovered). Anyway, here's the ranking:

William: Probably about 10? Idk the store by my apartment is having a buy-one-get-one free deal so I might stock up. I do love paprika and potatoes so I could probably down a pretty good amount.

Everyone else: 0. Suck it. These chips are mine.

- William Kelsey,
Junior Editor

BENDER

A one-act play about really bad friends.
written by Jack May & Caroline Brink
directed by Jack May & Caroline Brink

DITA presents:

Auditions Monday, February 21st, 5 - 8pm in Eisner Center

NO ACTING EXPERIENCE NEEDED!

If interested, email
may_j1@denison.edu or brink_cl@denison.edu

DITA
Drama & Theatre Institute
est. 2005

Staff "Fears" Box

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Evie "being unlovable" Writers, Junior Water
Claire "black country new road" Anderson, Sophomore Writer
Mick "disappointing the people you love" Smith, Sophomore Writer



Show me the place
where he inserted
the blade, officer!

