



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: nobody  
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## I H8 STANDING OVATIONS

Denison University has recently updated its codes in regards to hazing and group-based acts causing humiliation at the risk of social exclusion. This is good. This is important. This fails to address the most prevalent form of peer pressure on this planet.

I have not once, ever in my life, given a standing ovation of my own volition. Every time I have given a standing ovation it has been because everyone else around me was giving one, and I didn't want to be That Guy. I can steel my senses in preparation for the seven straight minutes of nonstop clapping at the end of a performance, but I am never, never, prepared to give a standing ovation.

This is what it feels like. Every single time.

It's been three hours. The cast is finally giving their final bows. The lead is neatly doing their humble little hop-skip-bend-at-the-waist-arm-swoop-wave-smile-thank-you. Then you see it. The oldest lady you have ever laid eyes on is wobbling her way to a standing position. You watch in horror as her vertebrae straighten one by one, praying silently that her arthritic back will stoop her so low that no one else will notice her wicked little plot. But they do. They always do. At first it's just her orderly that stands with her. Then, slowly and then all at once, the room lifts. People are on their feet. They're climbing onto their chairs, clapping with their hands above their heads. There's spittle flying out of their mouths - they've spotted you. They're no longer facing the cast. They're turning, beady eyes gleaming out of musical theatre sunken sockets, cold and black. Even the cast is staring at you through the blinding stage lights. Emotionless. You have no choice.

You stand. Everyone turns back to the bows, like nothing happened. Your feet ache to run, burning to feel anything but the semi-plush carpet of Sharon Martin Hall. But you're under their gaze, even when they're not looking. If you wait that long to stand next time... you might not make it out alive.

*-Lena Hanrahan, Sophomore Writer*

## EVERYBODY HAS THE PLAGUE AND CAMPUS IS A BLOCK OF ICE

Things are picking up and it doesn't look good. Think you can guess how many COVID cases we'll have week 3? Email us at bullsheet@denison.edu and give us your best guess. The person with the closest answer will receive a KN95, a mini bottle of hand sanitizer, and the nastiest thing any of our seniors can find in their fridge. The window to guess closes as soon as we get the new results.

Week	Dates	Cases*
Week 2	01/24/2022-01/30/22	58
Week 1	01/17/22-01/23/22	17

# THE BULLSHEET IS GETTING ITS OWN CRYPTOCURRENCY

That's right, we might have jumped the gun with the NFT news on Tuesday's sheet but the Bullsheet is going on the blockchain! This way, everything that us writers write exists forever on the blockchain, and our legacy is preserved forever and free of DCGA regulations. No more budgets, no more printing, only freedom. The bullsheet is already as decentralized as can be, with friendships that exist solely on groupme and erratic gatherings thrown once a semester.

The new cryptocurrency that we are producing will be called "DecliningCoin" (DEC) that will be just as inflated and worthless as the things you spend your declining dollars on, except this is just even more stupid and burns more greenhouse gasses with the power of the \*Blockchain\*.

And that's not all, with your DEC, you can buy so many more. Introducing "WeinBerger" NFTs. With DEC you can be the proud owner of JPEGs of your favorite Dension items including (but not limited to): Chicken Avocado Sandwiches, Spice Bowls, "you got mail" emails from the mailroom, President Weinberg's tattoo, Connie's Thanksgiving turkey costume, and so many more.

Last but not least, each Bullsheet will become an NFT and accessible only to whoever buys them. If anyone right clicks the bullsheets and downloads them that would be extremely not cool and we would not like it. Don't look at it like you have to pay for the bullsheet now, it's a chance to INVEST in ART and help out the ARTISTS!

You might be asking yourself: "Is this illegal?" No, but it's somewhat immoral and definitely not a ponzi scheme.

**So what are you waiting for? INVEST IN DECLININGCOIN!!**

*-Blythe Dahlem and Matthew Sing*

## Staff "shaving methods" Box

Jack "straight razor" May, Senior Editor  
Betsy "office scissors" Wagner, Junior Editor  
Maggie "lasers" Bell, Senior Editor  
Ellie "gun" Schrader, Junior Editor

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James "electric trimmer" Whitney, Head Writer  
William "four blade minimum" Kelsey, Foreign Correspondent  
Blythe "chainsaw" Dahlem, Junior Writer  
Emma "let it grow baby" Rutherford, Junior Writer  
Lena "blowtorch" Hanrahan, Junior Writer  
Evie "a healthy yank" Writers, Junior Water  
Claire "Lawnmower" Anderson, Sophomore Writer  
Mick "Gabe's Really Big Hands" Smith, Sophomore Writer

