



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.

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Delivered this morning by: Evie
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FANFICTION (AGAIN) <3

Ordering food in Slayter (formally known as Slayter Market) I often find myself deep in thought. If only there was a way for me to live out my hidden fantasies... but then I realized...wait...The Bullsheet is a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue! I can finally flesh out these dreams and help those who may have passions aligned to mine. So introducing the 2nd Edition of Bullsheet Fanfiction (Reminder put your name where it says Y/N (duh!))-

Slayyyyyyyyyyyter

“Y/N!” I heard my favorite Slayter employee call. I was desperate to hear that voice. “Your *big, meaty* sandwich is alllll ready for you.” Damn. I couldn’t wait to take a big bite out of that worke....er...uh...I mean sandwich.

“It’s literally sooo cool that the Greenie program is opt out now, Y/n” they say as they wink at me. I go to grab the freshly douched box when my hand accidentally grazes their gloved member. In that moment, I quivered with post-anticipation, my heart was indefatigable, and the blood rushed to my face turning me “BIG RED”.

“Oh! Silly me, sorry!!” I hide my face and shake a leg out of there.

The next day, I shyly walk back into the market. It’s 12:20 (aka Witching Hour) the line is out the effing door. Today I made sure to wear my best, a “dad band” t-shirt, flannel, and ripped skinny jeans. They’re in their usual sexed up outfit. *Damn, how could they make that apron and KN95 look so good*, I thought to myself.

As I wait in the hour and fifteen minute long line, I read my favorite book, “Catcher in the Rye”. I can’t believe the author fucking killed John Lennon*! WTF! I was so entrapped in the novel, I didn’t even realize I was next in line...

“The regular, Y/N? Oh my god, I love that book...can you believe John Lennon’s dead?! Why not effing Raingo?!” I’m stuck in my tracks, they’re too perfect.

“So...the regular? Someone must be in Lalaland haha!”

Continue on back...

I WANT SOMEONE WHO CAN READ

“Er...I...uh...no we’re in Slayter (formally known as Slayter Market),” I stammer. An awkward silence passes, “I mean yes, the regular thanks.” I’m such a dunce. He fills up my Poke Bowl with literally just tuna, just the way I like it, extra tuna.

It’s common hour Thursday, as I go once again to satisfy my appetite...some might even call it my irrational cravings. I’ve had sooo much tuna things are starting to smell fishy. When I *enter*, my regular is already made but... what’s going on? I’m feeling a loss of coordination, memory problems, numbness, pain, problems with vision, seizures, and tremors** these are all classic symptoms of mercury poisoning. Damn that tuna!

As I fall to my knees in Slayter (formally known as Slayter Market), I see my Spice Bowl lover lunge from behind the counter stepping in the Tempura Shrimp as they come to my rescue. Everything goes black.

Location: Licking Memorial (Historical?) Hospital

The doctor walks in, “I have some grave news for you, Y/N.” My stomach drops, this is obviously gonna be grave. “We needed to perform kidney surgery but because your poisoning was sooo bad we had to take out both. I’m so sorry, Y/N. Luckily we found a perfect match.”

“Where’s my favorite Slayter (formally known as Slayter Market) employee?” I moan breathlessly. Surgery sure sucked.

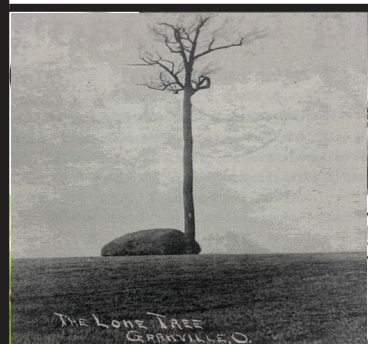
“Y/N . . . who do you think gave you the kidney?” *The End*

Appendix

*Check out “Crimedoor” on the IOS Appstore to see an animated recreation of John Lennon’s assassination (this death is free fyi, others may require in app purchases)

** WHO (not the band). (2017). “Mercury and health.” In *World Health Organization*. doi <https://www.who.int/news-room/fact-sheets/detail/mercury-and-health>.

*-Betsy Wagner, Evie Waters.
Claire Anderson*



Staff “Would you rather do whippit on live or get slapped Will Smith?” Box

Jack “whippit” May, Senior Editor
Maggie “slapped” Bell, Senior Editor
Betsy “whippit” Wagner, Junior Editor
Ellie “whippit” Schrader, Junior Editor

.....
James “slapped” Whitney, Head Writer
William “sit this one out” Kelsey, Foreign Correspondent
Blythe “whippit” Dahlem, Junior Writer
Emma “slapped” Rutherford, Junior Writer
Lena “slapped” Hanrahan, Junior Writer
Evie “whippit” Waters, Junior Water
Claire “whippit” Anderson, Sophomore Writer
Mick “both, cuz hes a douche lmaooooo” Smith, Sophomore Writer

