



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: Mick  
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## HE SEES YOUR DREAMS, HE FEASTS ON YOUR... DONUTS?

FEATURING THE CHARACTERS: [REDACTED], bruno like from we don't talk about bruno  
WRITERS: three of [REDACTED]'s secret admirers  
RATED ALL AGES

[REDACTED] sighed and rested his head on his desk. It had been a long afternoon of addressing first-year students' concerns about academics, off-campus trips, dining halls, and whatever else they could think of. [REDACTED] was tired. It had been a long time since those coffee and donuts. With a start, he realized it was now 4:30 and he hadn't had anything else to eat all day.

From the wall behind him came a familiar tapping. It was a playful rhythm, one that made [REDACTED] want to get up and dance, and he couldn't help the smile that slowly spread across the face.

"Hi, Bruno," he said quietly.

The poster of Swasey Chapel fluttered and from behind it emerged Bruno, brushing sawdust from his green poncho. [REDACTED] was pleased to see that Bruno's bashful grin matched his own. "Hungry?"

He laughed. There Bruno was, cup of coffee in hand, and two powdered donut holes in his other.

"Got your favorite. Two sugars in the coffee, too."

"You spoil me, Bruno," [REDACTED] chimes. Bruno smiles warm, handing [REDACTED] the food and drink.

"You do good work, you know," Bruno tells him. It's refreshing to hear it from him, he who sees all in the walls. He's the one who knows everything that happens on this campus. He knows what the true Denny Difference is.

"I appreciate it, Bruno," [REDACTED] responds.

"Don't mention it. I know how it feels to do nothing but try to help others and have no one talk about your good deeds. I know that all too well..." Bruno gazes out the window of Higley Hall as a disembodied music track starts to play.

"Wait... where is that music coming from?" [REDACTED] asks. The music abruptly stops as [REDACTED] mentions it.

"What? Oh, the music," Bruno's eyes flash with lime green(?) recognition. "I dunno, that just happens sometimes. Usually I just go along with it. It usually causes some fun, family-friendly schenanigans."

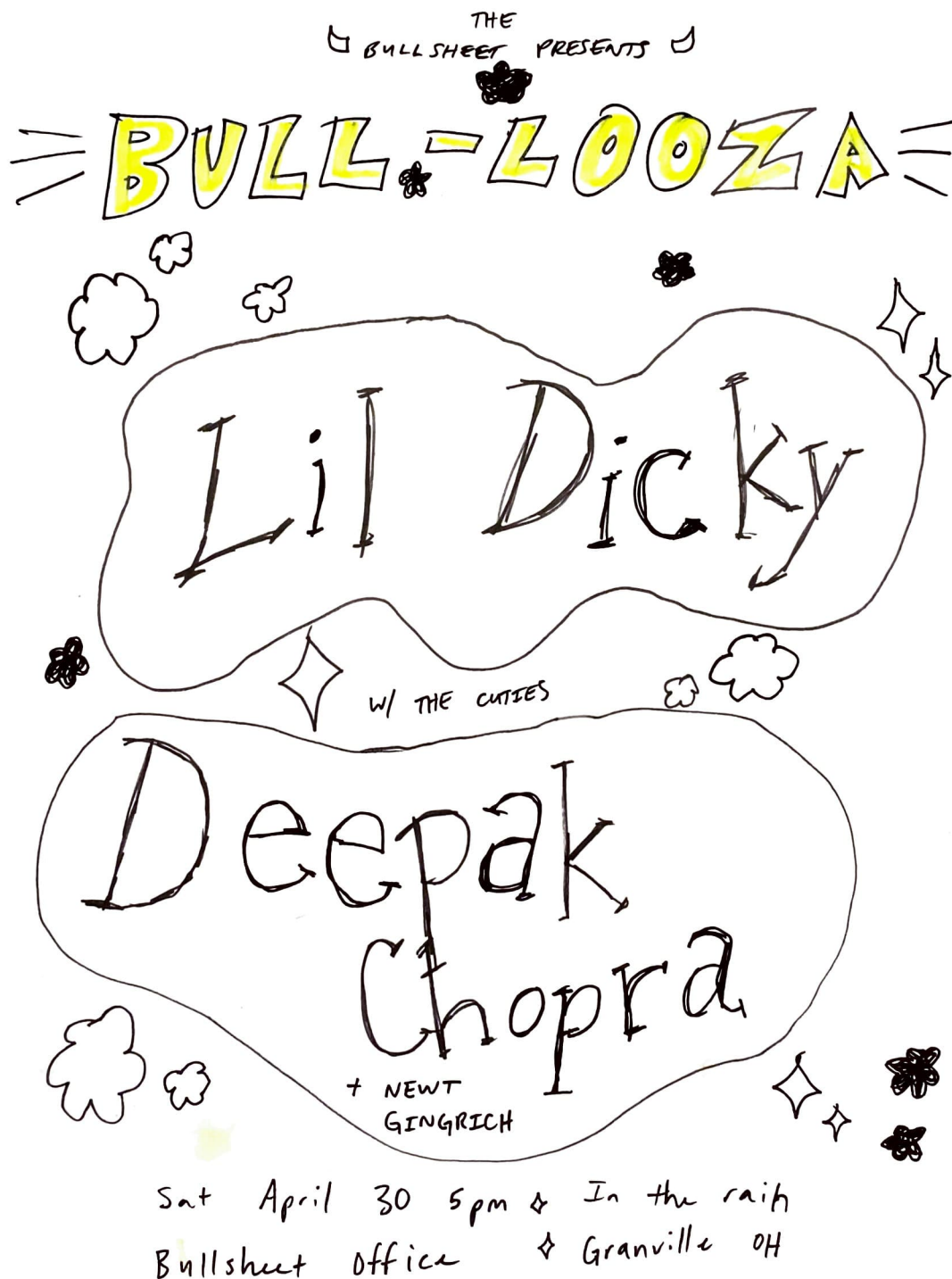
# FASCINATING STUFF

“Fun, family-friendly schennanigans?” [REDACTED] asked, his eyes lit up with that million dollar smile. Like, y’know when Nathan gets excited about something and looks really cute? It’s that thing. “Y’know what we could use some un, family-friendly schennanigans for? AUG-O! How would you like to be an Aug-O leader?”

“I would like nothing more!” Bruno replies. And they ran into the sunset.

- [REDACTED]

## BULL-LOOZA!



- Claire Anderson, Claire Anderson

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*Honest, Blunt,  
Student-Focused,  
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