



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, was never funny but is still trying its best, 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: Hydrogen Helium  
Delivered this morning by: Lithium Beryllium  
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## DENISONIAN

Nestled in the attic of Barney Davis lies the headquarters of The Denisonian. This open concept loft office is out of reach of both the workhorse Barney Davis elevator and comfortability.

On a recent evening, I wound up attending a meeting led by some of my incredible peers. Coming into the room I noticed several familiar faces successfully commanding a room full of fresh faced journalists. Outside of their journalistic mantles, I know these campus leaders as positive role models, outstanding musicians, socializers, and vibrant disc jockeys. However, seeing them in this new context I started to think they successfully pulled off hiding demure personas.

Tension hung in the room like laundry floating on thin cord. Breathing was masked by the sound of a pin dropping. Fidgeting and the usual sounds of bodies having blood pumping through them seemed to be suspended for the session. Besides the usual reverence given when one speaks at a Denison club meeting, people were uncomfortable no matter how plush and worn in their seats were. Words were extracted using pliers, and sentences needed the jaws of life.

As I scanned the room between pitches of technological improvement opinion pieces or the request for photographs of upcoming matches, I saw engaged faces. Faces of people interested in the crucial campus coterie and willing to carry on the history of the group. Yet nonetheless an eerie feeling settled in between speakers. This feeling that simultaneously everyone had something to say, yet no one wanted to wake some horrifying creature hidden behind the several odd sized doors to nowhere.

*-Griffin Conley*

## FRESHMAN DISORIENTATION

**Drue Thielking** is the King of the Thiels. **Colin Thomas** dreams of a world without holes. **Taylor-Ann Thomas** likes to dig holes with a spade. **Joshua Thomas** hides canned peaches in upside down boats for a little snack. **Annabelle Thomas** was framed for stealing a pair of shoes and sent to dig a bunch of holes in the desert. **Maya Thompson** can only vaguely remember the plot of Holes but still decided to write a bunch of stuff about it. **Maya Thornton** thinks the book was better than the movie. **Brooke Toigo** questions the usage of child labor. **Sarita Toledo** thinks child labor is good because it creates a proper work ethic and fully indoctrinates them to the glory of Capitalism. **Caitlin Toohey** was cursed by a witch and can only say "Squawk Squawk Squawk." **Samuel Toomey** likes to be the devil's advocate. **Jan Trauer** it's pronounced "yahn." **Mia Treboni-Hogan** eats subway sandwiches without chewing, just swallows the whole thing like it's a hot dog and they are Joey Chestnut.

*- Staff*

# A POEM

I SIT.

I'm hungry I sit, I wait, I want, I hunger. There is food nearby but it is too far, the nest will open in one minute. I will wait for the nest to open. I will wait for nachos.

I sit. I SIT. I wait.

I want nachos, chicken loaded nachos please. I have been here for three hours? idk how long i have been here i just want nachos. I sit. I wait. One day I will be able to east nachos.

But for now, I sit. I wait.

I fill up this blank space on the back of this sheet. i fill it up as the nachos will fill up my stomach. their cheesy goodness will drip down the inside of me, filling every single nook and cranny of my soul.

I sit. I wait for the nest to open so that i may eat some nachos.

I hope that I can afford them. Surely I will be able to.

So I will sit and wait and wait and sit and wait some more until at last i get to eat some nachos.

And the nachos will fill me up and i will look down upon what i have eaten and i will see that they are good.

*Satire*

*- Definitely not Will*

## SCAN FOR SEXINESS

## THIS IS NOT AN AD...

### DEADLINE FOR WRITER APPLICATIONS THIS SUNDAY (9/18.)

Make your family proud. Become a respectable member of society. Fix your chronic depression once and for all. **APPLY!**

Scan the QR code to access the application. Applications will be anonymous this year.

Until then, we will accept student submissions forever and always. E-mail those to

*bullsheet@denison.edu.*



### DENISON INDEPENDENT THEATER ASSOCIATION PRESENTS

## ONE ACTS

YOUR CHANCE TO WRITE OR DIRECT A ONE ACT PLAY!

SCAN CODE TO SUBMIT SCRIPTS AND/OR BECOME A DIRECTOR



### Staff "What did they do?" Box

Betsy "Ate" Wagner, Managing Editor

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Mick "Ate" Smith, Junior Editor

Claire "Ate" Anderson, Junior Editor

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Blythe "Ate" Dahlem, Senior Writer

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