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The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, needs their writers to submit something soon... 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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## THE "TIPPA" - DEMIC

Recently, I have found myself succumbing to an idiotic epidemic. I am hoodwinked by people I consider to be "friends." These vile creatures take advantage of my gullibility and caring nature in the most sinister ways: Joe Mamma jokes.

It starts with a riveting and highly intellectual conversation, the only kind I engage in. A so-called friend and I are catching up. Chatting about our daily routines and classes, maybe what we did during the week or why you don't let a pigeon drive a bus. I enjoy these genuine moments with my dearest peers and followers.

But, recently, their demeanor has changed. Their tone becomes psychotic as they ever-so inch you closer and closer to their trap. Dangling the bait in front of your face like you're some kind of zoo animal. You are only there to satisfy their pleasure-driven love of embarrassing others. Their eyes pierce into your soul, licking their lips, snaggle tooth exposed. They wait for you to say it. To say: Who's Joe? Which Ben? What happened at the Wendy's in Newark? That, my quiet grasshoppers, that is when they've caught you. That is when you are officially **#WASTED.** 

This sickness is taking over all of my friends, which has motivated me to become a teacher. A teacher who teaches the avoidance of falling for a Joe Mamma joke. This is how you do it:

1. Avoid ALL of these words. UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES NECESSARY.

Joe, Candace, Eucalyptus, Pudding, Wendy's, Imagine, Dragon, Ben, any white man's name (just to be safe), Ligma/Sugma, Hugh, Sofa, and many, many more.

2. Avoid any questions that start with, Who, What, Where, and Why.

- 3. DO NOT talk to anyone in D-Chi.
- 4. Get less gullible.

5. And my final lesson. I have decided to share my stories of being tricked. Of my

stupidity and vulnerability. Here are word-for-word convos I have had; hopefully, you will never fall victim to these:

(I am B, the rest of the identities are secret.)

M: I think I am going to yak. I have had some
beverages to drink tonight.
<b>B</b> : Oh no! Is there anything I can get for you?
I want to help you since you are my friend.
L: Yes, let us help you!
M: Do either of you gracious people have any
Pepto-bismal or Tums?
<b>B:</b> I don't, but is there anything else you can
think of. I would really like to help out my
friend! I am very sociable!
M: Hmm, I heard Eucalyptus helps. Maybe
some of that?
L: Wow! We actually have some eucalyptus to
help your tummy-ache.
<b>B</b> : Yeah, we do, since we are lovely friends
and would never trick you. Would you like the
eucalyptus?
M: YEAH, EUCALYPTUS-DICK!!!!!!!
Just evil I was trying to help my friend's
digestive system. I was tricked!

Writing this has been extremely difficult, but I knew I needed to raise awareness of this sickness plaguing campus. I hope this has been a help to those especially socially-unaware. Remember, never trust anyone during the Tippa-demic. What's the tippa-demic definition you ask? TIPPA - DIS D\*CK!!! Sorry. - Sensei Brin

## WHAT TO DO FOR FALL BREAK SINCE YOU DON'T HAVE PLANS

