



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, recycles, 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: The Ghost of Suffering
Delivered this morning by: The Spirit of Delivery
vol. LXIX / no. 42 / October 28th, 2022

A RECIPE

As Time winds down a broken spine,
and ticks begin to tock,
as autumn leaves fade in to fall
and leave the world behind.

We begin to sing, to think of things, both forgotten and afar,
and list those things we'd wished we'd seen before our master calls.

Twelve carrots, a goose, a long lost pen. Lost puppets called by name. Three vulture's eyes, a mistle's toe, and we begin again.

Turn once or twice, and cross the palms, then whisper in my ear. And sing a song of solitude--quite simple, show no fear--and let the words drip down your tongue, and the hair from off your head. And gather those forgotten things, that crawled beneath your bed.

And take them to the new-born moon--quite simple, show no fear--and gather it in a little cup and drink its single tear. Give the moon what it has asked--exactly and no more--and measure loss in tablespoons upon a moonlit floor. Then look behind the veil of fact and look behind no more, and glimpse a glimpse of glimmers deep, a'gleaming in the gloam.

Stretch out your hand, stretch out it more, feel the sinews twist and snap, and grasp at things beyond the things that whisper in the black. And do not ask the three horned crown--which wanders where it will--do not ask it why it came, or whither it will go. Just smile and nod three times, and let it eat its fill.

And then when bones have met with bone, and shallow are your eyes, and grizzled gullets groan with game, and wish to see the sky. Then when all is done my child, then when time is one, then let down the star bright sky and swallow what you've done. For certain things have certain needs--the naming has its price--and not all rhymes make sense with thyme, and herbs are never nice.

And when thyme ends you will be there, the thing inside you grown. It's gullet grizzles as it grins and asks to play a game, as shadows stretch across the sky and sinews start to sing, you will be there, there at the end, to shed a single tear.

And then we rest, our duties done,
our songs have reached their end.
The naming named, the price been paid
the circle has begun.
a meter made, I met a maid
upon a deathless sun.

HOW I CAME UPON THE AFOREMENTIONED RECIPE

Hi everyone, nice to meet you, my name is Suffering Gorton. I died in 1692 because some crazy lady thought I was a witch. I know! How rude! Well long story short, after my unfortunate and untimely death I decided to travel the world. I saw all the greatest places, Jamestown, Boston, Providence, I even went on over to Williamsburg for a spell. I know, how crazy!! All my friends think i'm a little crazy, they're always like "Suffering, stop drinking so much, you know your ghostly body can't digest it!" or "Suffering, just because you and the Devil hooked up one time, does not mean that he's in love with you!!" Well anyway they're a bunch of liars.

After I traveled, I started to get really into self-help books. My Boo stopped returning my calls after I sank some stupid boat in the North Atlantic, so I decided to take a break from dating and really work on myself for a couple of years. You see, there's a lot that 430 years of pent up aggression can do to a person. Did you know that the splitting headache I've been getting is not caused by a hangover? Turns out I've had an axe stuck in my head this whole time! How silly, Goodie Hawthorne did always love sticking axes through the heads of witches so they couldn't come back after all. As she always said, "Wow, now that there is an ax in that witch's head I bet she's never going to come back".

Some of you may be wondering why I talk so modern. Well you see in my favorite book, *How to Win Your Soul: 10 Tricks to Beguile, Bargain, and Bang Your Way to the Afterlife* it recommends that you learn the modern parlance so as best to seduce unassuming college students. Did you know that the souls of twelve virgins is enough to get me into Hell! Talk about a bargain! So, anyway that's where I learned the art of talking like a normal human being, as well as how to play with Tek Deks. They're so silly! In my free time I like to play with my normal worm (not on a string) and make him move, I also like to browse myspace, and post on my Tumblr blog.

There was one day when I was in the deepest, darkest place in the internet (Facebook) when I came across a prophet! They started to send me a bunch of videos about how Anime leads to satanism and how the gay frogs are making all the children into transgender lesbians! So I immediately started to watch some Japanese Animations. Puella Magi Madoka Magica is my favorite! Those girls are just so cute! I wanna squish their little faces!!!

Did you know that there are witches now too? One of my new Anime friends, Sage, has taught me all about witchcraft! Apparently you don't have to enter into a dread pact for powers! We like to cosplay together, and we have the best HomuraXMadoka costumes! It's so darn cute!!

Anyway, Sage and I are going to be moving in together next week so I need get rid of all my old junk. For some reason people don't want Magick textbooks anymore so at this point I'm just abducting kids and forcing them to take a book. It's working quite well, and the HOA hasn't caught on yet! I almost have enough space on my bookshelf for my plants now! When Sage gets here she can keep all her crystals and incense there! I don't really get it but as long as she is happy, I am too.

-Suffering (Sandy) Gorton

Staff "17th Cent. Witch Names" Box

Betsy "Chastity" Wagner, Managing Editor
Ellie "Prejudice" Schrader, Senior Editor
Mick "Hunger" Smith, Junior Editor
Claire "Patience" Anderson, Junior Editor

William "Temperance" Kelsey, Head Writer

Blythe "Purity" Dahlem, Senior Writer
Lena "Hope" Hanrahan, Senior Writer
Evie "Joy" Waters, Senior Writer
Lauren "Faith" Ehlers, Junior Writer
Emmy "Tituba" Ayad, Sophomore Writer
Ella "Tabitha" Buzas, Sophomore Writer
Griffin "Selma" Conley, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "Reservation" Concannon, Sophomore Writer
Micah "Annabelle" Stromsoe DeLorenzo, Sophomore Writer
Briin "Calluna" Glass, Sophomore Writer
Selah "Selah" Griffin, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "Abstinence" Lopez, Sophomore Writer
Carter "Perseverance" Seipel, Freshman Writer

