



THE BULLSHEET

bullsheet@denison.edu • @dubullsheet • denisonbullsheet.com

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Delivered this morning by: Micah

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“GRANVILLE’S WORST DAILY PUBLICATION”

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WHERE HAVE I BEEN?

Balthazar,
The Seer

At last, I return.

My readers, I have faced an odyssey almost inexplicable by human tongues. Join me as I recount my trials and tribulations in hopes that you may step from their path, should it be a path you’ve found yourself upon. Hence, we begin.

Many months ago, I received a letter from an unmarked address inviting me to a meeting of the best minds in the astrology world. It promised fascinating panels, discussions with the very individuals from which I derived my original passions, and, best of all, goodie bags (with lanyards!). The difficulty, however, was the means of transportation to this bespoke convention. Dear readers, a coalescence of such a field could not, nor should not, be readily available to The Rabble. Nay, this gathering of the clouds was accessible only through the dreamworld. Dear readers, you are correct in your understanding; I would have to learn to lucid dream.

Thus, the reason for much of my silence here in my regular publication. For many months, I have spent every waking moment reading, pouring over ancient tomes (Reddit threads) of age-old techniques of controlling one’s dreams. In moments when I was not reading, I was sleeping, dreaming, attempting to attain the unattainable. Finally, two weeks ago, I broke through.

As I laid myself down to rest, spraying the usual lavender sleep spray upon my pillow, I could sense something was changed. With eyes closed, I sank into a deep, yet controlled slumber. I awoke, still dreaming, on a beach. The tide gently lapped at the heels of my Ugg slippers. I followed a trail of solar powered lanterns and a distant mix of Katy Perry’s Greatest Hits to the base of a large pyramid. Looking up from the lights, I noticed myself surrounded by other dreamers milling, socializing, and sipping from tall glasses of vibrant pink and green elixirs. I followed various signs urging me towards the Check-In Table, where I gave my name, social security number, and blood type in exchange for a plastic bag filled with various tricks and treats. I then donned my lanyard, hot pink and embossed with the words “Just Keep Swimming” on the strap, and was shuffled into the crowd. Someone in a Dream-Con embroidered polo shoved a violently green elixir in my hand and urged me to the front, where a speaker was stepping up to a microphone on a tall stage.

Now, readers, at this point, you may begin to wonder where the astrology may be. I must admit, I, too, was curious of such a point. I had yet to discover that which would rupture the illusion entirely, and whisk me away from all that I know and care about. Indeed, it wasn’t until the speaker was well into their speech that it dawned on me: this was no astrology convention. This was a marketing scheme! Of the multilevel variety! Suddenly, I found myself stumbling backwards, away from the stage, away from the crowd, away from the elixirs and lanyards and incredibly loud 2010’s pop. And yet, as I attempted to make my way back down the path to the beach, I was blocked by three identical men in DreamCon polos. Their eyes were a hazy grey, with no pupils or irises. In perfect unison, they dictated to me, “You have yet to enroll in our Boss Babe program. Would you like to enroll now? For yes, say, I’m ready to be my best self. If you’d like to opt out, say, I am not up to the challenge.”

I did as asked, I told them I was not up to the challenge. I expected to be released immediately, but the middle guard cocked his head and said, “I’m sorry, I didn’t catch that. Did you say, I’m ready to be my best self?” We continued on in this way for many infuriating, circling minutes, until finally, we were mutually understanding.

“You have chosen to opt out. May the trials begin. Your first labor is to climb to the top of this pyramid.” I was handed two packages, poorly wrapped in brown paper. As I took them, the guards ushered

me around to the other side of the pyramid, where I found an impossibly tall flight of stairs. They stretched in front of me. "You may begin," the guards said, and then they were gone.

My dear readers, I faced three trials in my path to escape DreamCon. These trials will be recounted in the following weeks, including recaps of the previous week's installment. For now, I leave us here, at the base of the Aerobic Pyramid.

Until next week, remember: The stars cannot reach you. Sleep Well: They lie in wait.

LOOK! A SHOW FROM OUR VERY OWN BLYTHE!

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

featuring:

Blythe A. Dahlem

**A FABULOUS
AMERICAN ROOTS
RECITAL!**



"He's nasty on the banjo."
- Claire A.

"I love that guy!"
-Betsy Wagner

"He's good!"
-Griffin Conley

"I also love that guy!"
-Evie Waters

"I will be there!"
-Blythe's long lost twin

and his bluegrass band

MARCH 30th, 7:30pm

Burke Recital Hall - Free admission



Staff "Does Mick Like The Bullsheet?" Box

Betsy "Yes" Wagner, Managing Editor
Ellie "Kinda" Schrader, Senior Editor
Mick " " Smith, Junior Editor
Claire "IDK" Anderson, Junior Editor
Will "NO" Kelsey, Head Writer
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Evie "I just shit myself" Waters, Senior Writer
Lauren "YES!!!" Ehlers, Junior Writer
Emmy "Probably" Ayad, Sophomore Writer
Ella "Who?" Buzas, Sophomore Writer
Griffin "He loves the bullsheet" Conley, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "Who knows?" Concannon, Sophomore Writer
Micah "I guess" Stromsoe DeLorenzo, Sophomore Writer
Brin "Does anyone?" Glass, Sophomore Writer
Selah "100% No" Griffin, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "For sure" Lopez, Sophomore Writer
Carter "Not as much as me" Seipel, Freshman Writer



*We need a
Bull Costume
for the office*