

THE BULLSHEET

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Delivered this morning by: Selah

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“THE LAST BASTION OF MY SANITY”

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GOODBYE BULLSHEET! WE WILL MISS YOU!



Betsy: God! The last thing I want to do is to say goodbye to the sweet, sweet publication the Bullsheet. I don't think I will ever be able to articulate how much being a part of this group has meant to me. I am so thankful for all of the people and creativity that has come from the BS. I can proudly say that the nights I chose to torture myself by editing till 3 am and sleeping on the couch were worth it. And thank the lord our writers are so awesome this year because I don't think this past year I have had one 3 am night this year. Thank you guys, 4 real.

I am so happy that I learned In-Design enough to edit this paper, but not

well enough to pass the LinkedIn test. I am also so thankful I have experienced so many moments of exceptional journalism such as **a)** dressing as Dr. Fauci and questioning people at a Saint Patrick's Darty via clipboard **b)** Covering the 2022 DCGA debates with C.A. C.A. (exceptional interviews with A. Pan & M. Murphy) **c)** laboring over handwritten sheets that only had a 50/50 chance of actually turning out nice.

I know there is way way wayyy more that I could say but at the end of the day I just really do love the Bullsheet. I love everything about it and what it stands for. I love how it flexes and flows with how campus changes. I love how rinky dink it is. I have made some of my closest friends through the Bullsheet and that's incredible to me. So thank you Bullsheet for everything :.)

William: My freshman year I almost transferred out of Denison (as almost every freshman considers) I didn't know where I wanted to go I just knew that it wasn't here. I stuck through it though in part because of the Bullsheet. It gave me something to do in the dark nights of the soul that accompanied covid semester. Since then I've just used it to ramble. It's kinda fun ngl to fill a piece of paper up with Bullsheet (haha) But anyways it's been real, thank you for allowing me to ramble and all that. I've had some good moments on staff. I hope y'all have a good time wherever you may go.

Ellie: On the last day of my life, I imagine myself in hospice care, frail body tucked into bed, yearning for the comfort of the couch. My family and friends stand above me solemnly. Tears are being shed. A nurse enters the room quietly, a stack of every Sheet I've ever edited or written held in hand. I close my eyes as they begin to read them aloud in a soft, hushed voice. The kind of voice you sing lullabies to a baby in. My heartbeat becomes fainter and fainter as they reach the end of the pile. As they read my last Staff Box, I flatline. The trace of a smile resides on my now cold face. I've left this life knowing my existence wasn't entirely meaningless, for I was once a writer and editor for America's last bastion of journalism, the Bullsheet.

Thank you Bullsheet for forgetting to email me telling me I got an interview freshman year and subsequently telling me 10 minutes before it was scheduled. Thank you Bullsheet for introducing me to at probably least 15 people. Thank you Bullsheet for teaching me Kings Cup and InDesign. Most importantly, thank you Bullsheet for teaching me that Selah's legal government name is actually Selan because her parent's wrote the H a little weird.

GOODBYES FROM SENIORS CONTINUED

On my deathbed, I'll remember our parties, late nights editing, friendships and enmities, and the jouch fondly. I like and love you all respectively. Bye for now!

Lena:

Dear [Satirical Newspaper Name] team,

As I approach the end of my college journey, I find myself reflecting on the experiences that have shaped me into who I am today. Writing for this satirical newspaper for the past three years has undoubtedly been one of the most memorable and rewarding parts of my time here.

As I bid farewell to [Satirical Newspaper Name], I want to express my gratitude for the memories, the laughs, and the friendships that we've shared. I am confident that the publication will continue to thrive under the leadership of the talented individuals on this team.

Thank you for everything, and I wish you all the best in your future endeavors, and thank you ChatGPT for putting it better than I ever could.

Sincerely,

[Lena]

Blythe: Oh boy. I remember when I got on the Bullsheet and I finally had undeniable proof that some people actually found me funny. That was the day my life changed forever.

Anytime someone told me I wasn't funny, I'd go show them that I was in fact a member of the largest satire publication Granville, OH has to offer. They would eat their words. I was unstoppable. The fame, the money, the cars, the parties. I was the most popular man on campus and I didn't think it would end... But then it all came crashing down.

The pandemic sent us all home. We got back and everyone had to wear masks and the crazy part is, nobody recognized me when they could only see half my face. I took the opportunity to grow out my hair, a beard and go into hiding. I decided to start playing music, under a different name, and pursue a different passion. If I'm being honest, I got tired and the pressure of being popular and I enjoyed the change of pace.

But people kept wondering, "Where'd Blythe go?" It was so hard living a double life. But I had to do it for my sake and for the greater good of this university. If I kept going at that pace, I would have taken over Adam Weinberg's job before I graduated. I wasn't ready for that responsibility, and quite frankly the university was not ready for me to take over.

So now, I leave the Bullsheet. And honestly, I don't think I'm going to be able to control how other people perceive me from here on out. Maybe in a few years, my satire writing and banjo playing will launch me into the stratosphere. Or maybe I'll just burn out. But at the end of the day, I know I'll cherish the time I spent writing for this Bullsheet and the friends I made along the way.

Evie: Yes, yes, despite what Mick may think, I am a senior, which means I'll finally write something this semester (sorry, Betsy!)!! I will forever be grateful for Granville's largest daily publication and the people and especially the inside jokes that I will forget within the year!! I also loved having the Bullsheet as definitive proof that I am funny, cool, and hot, which I think I will miss more than anything else (except talk to me for one second and you'll be able confirm those things without the bullsheet). A few final words; (1) please do not wipe your hands on my towels .. I would rather you not wash your hands at all, (2) the crawfish boil is on April 14th, long live the crawfish boil, (3) I am no longer in contact with those Australian 6th graders... stop asking!., and (4) **NO I DO NOT POOP MY PANTS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

KIND GOODBYES FROM FRIENDS & FOES

LAUREN

Betsy: Betsy, you're hot! How fun for you. I know you stole music from a playlist of mine once and it's the coolest thing that's ever happened to me. I also know I'm not supposed to acknowledge it, so I'm sorry. I will miss you, frantically.

William: It was an honor reading poetry with you during Exile meetings, even if it only happened maybe twice. On an unrelated note, I'm sorry for how Mick, Claire, and I treated you over Spring Break. On a related note, you make a convincing dog.

Ellie: You have a kind face. You also speak kind words. Additionally, you are very talented. As far as I can tell, I enjoy you as a person, and I wish you wouldn't go.

Blythe: One time I saw you, Betsy, and Mick walking drunkenly to the Nest. That was fun for me. I feel like you'll own a penny-farthing one day, if you don't already. Best of luck with that.

Lena: Great eyeliner. I wish I could do my eyeliner that great. I'm glad we're friends on BeReal so I can look at your eyeliner and potentially improve my skills via osmosis.

Evie: Hey shitster. How's it hanging? Don't answer that, and also please don't leave! Who will remind me of all the cool things I learned during Science of Gardening? What if I forget the fact that bananas are berries? Don't answer that either.

EMMY

Betsy: No other person I'd rather spend hours perfecting the April Fool's Day quiz with. Perhaps one day the bull's pleas for the return of "babe" will be answered. The whole staff is in debt to you for therapizing and scribing for that lovesick cow.

William: Thank you for being my guide through the tangle of weeds and moss that is editing. You taught me everything I know so we'll know who to blame if I mess up. I will also be giving your name if I ever get pulled over. Anyway, I hope Austria is simply chock-full of perogies.

Ellie: You are a very cool artist! The Lovingly Handwritten files will be severely lacking next year. Also, remember when we were supposed to write together and you forgot? That was a fun time for us. It opened my eyes to the harsh realities of being on this staff.

Blythe: Top 299 Blythes of all time. Banjo it up at the Bluegrass Hall of Fame. I hope you enjoy your 5-minute walk to work. The GroupMe won't be the same without your reactions in youtube video form.

Lena: I hope you remember everything about the stars and/or planets we learned in Astronomy. Although if memory serves, you were at least 10 minutes late every day so who knows if that information stuck.

Evie: I'll never forget your kindness in showing me the interview notes stylized in all caps. Thank you for reminding me of the not-funny things I said in that dark room while I was mildly scared for my well-being.

ELLA

Betsy: I edited with you when I was a baby Bullsheet. You welcomed me to the Bullsheet with open arms. Thank you for paving the Bullsheet path for me!

William: Bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man bread man. You also like eggs and beets which scares me a lot. The devil works hard but your taste buds work harder.

Ellie: One time I couldn't make it to a Bullsheet gathering and you threatened to hunt me down with a **NERF N-Strike Elite Mega Magnus Blaster**. I haven't slept since. Thanks for keeping me on my toes!

Blythe: My favorite memory of you is when you had us guess the price of a soundboard. I don't know anything about music but I loved that you tried to keep me involved. Thanks, Blythe. Never stop banjoing.

Lena: Lena, you the first person I talked to at the First (Bullsheet) Supper. I was flattered that you talked to be tbh, and you laughed at my DU Votes jokes. Whether or not they were pity laughs, I still hold onto that. Thanks, Lena.

Evie: Evie. You gradugated Dengibon Gooniberdity. Congradudations.

GRIFFIN

Betsy: BWag: O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship(sheet) has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought(publishing) is won"

William: I will look back on our times silently sitting in the office with fondness. Please send us schnitzel!

Ellie: I hope every time you see a trailer you think of our time in the office. I hope you art hard wherever you go.

Blythe: When you move to the big city of Greensborough, don't forget your humble Granville roots.

Lena: Keep it up! Stay Gold Ponyboy!

Evie: You're more than OK(C) to me. Don't let other people's shit get you down.

GOODBYES CONTINUED CONTINUED

CAROLINE CONCANNON

Betsy: Betsy! You're probably one of the coolest people I've ever met. Thanks for encouraging me to apply for the Sheet, I never would have done it without you. Our Co-Star report today says that, "Good communication is the core of your [our] relationship right now". So I'm going to tell you exactly how I feel: you're going to be missed so much!

William: Will, thanks for making me feel welcome by explaining your heritage in regards to my hometown. It was one of the most random moments I've experienced but I soon learned that you are full of wonderful random information that I will miss hearing. Sorry if you hated Threepenny—you were the only person who cared honestly.

Ellie: Ellie! Your multi-media articles always made the Sheet so much better than anything us lowly writers could produce. What are we gonna do without your drawings and doodles? Do you think you can send us drawings so that we don't lose our cool factor on campus without you?!?!?! Your creativity is going to be deeply missed!

Blythe: Thanks for being the only person I could talk to about Norm Macdonald on this campus. I am going to be deprived once you're gone. I meant to ask you if you think I looked like I knew how to play a mandolin. Now the world may never know. Keep being rad, Blythe!

Lena: I seriously think you're going to live the best life after Denison. Travel the world. Keep being more interesting and better than everyone. You do it really well. Congrats on not peaking during your time here!

Evie: Evie, I don't know if I've ever told you this but you have one of the most infectious laughs I've ever heard. Not that I think about it, you have one of the most infectious senses of humor that I've ever known. Everything you say is funny! How will we survive without you? Maybe we won't. Are the ashes an omen?!?!

MICAH

Betsy: B-Wag! How will we go on without you! In my Bullsheet interview I had to do a Fuck Marry Kill for the Bullsheet staff and I said I'd marry you. I stand by that. Hope the embroidery thread holding your hair to your head never unravels <3

William: You don't know it but in my head you're my arch-nemesis. The problem with this is that I actually find you quite lovely to be around, so I keep changing my mind. Definitely one of my favorite Betas. Keep making that mead, king!

Ellie: My Riso hero, my savior, my knight in shining armor. The first time I saw you I thought "Wow, she's really cool." Once again, I was right. I will miss you so much Ellie Schrader.

Micah: Sorry I said your banjo was a red flag. If I had one chance to go back in time, I'd go back to that moment and punch my past self in the face before I could make such an outlandish statement. Also I liked that time you kept sending us tweets I didn't understand during finals week.

Lena: Honestly scared for the fate of Denison without our resident oracle. How will I prepare for the days ahead?? Please, don't leave me to the wolves!!

Evie: I'm genuinely stressed because I don't think Mick's gonna have any joke material once you leave. Maybe you should just stick around a little longer?? Just for fun??

BRIN

Betsy: Wow. The most bawse-ass Bullsheet Manager Warrior. I give you a BMS/10 rating for being the head of the Bullsheet this school year. BMS = broke my scale, and we need jingle bells in the office next year.

William: I admire your sweater collection and ability to write the most gripping, long-lasting, yet extraordinary but somehow extremely long; however, quite beautifully written, long bullsheets. Bye!

Ellie: Ellie, Ellie! I'm so glad I found your [REDACTED] and Denison ID at Beta right after you lost them! You silly goose. I hope you have big dreams.

Blythe: One time, I played Country Grounds by Béla Fleck during my Bandersnatch shift. That made me think of you because you play the banjo. Not because a girl walked in and said, "My friend, Blythe, loves Béla Fleck."

Lena: Your Doobie show was right after my Doobie show this year. That's crazy fate. I believe in it. I believe in you.

Evie: I remember when I made you cry on the Silverstein stage-thing, sorry. You'll be missed, Evie Waters!! Not dead just graduating. XOXO

GOODBYES CONTINUED CONTINUED CONTINUED

SELAH

Betsy: In my phone as “betsy aug-o;” it was your Beaver six-man aug-ee party my second weekend on campus that I legitimately met my closest friends. When I move into MY Beaver six-man next year (with two of those people!!) it will all be because of you. U rock my world betsy aug-o. Peace n love.

William: Will. Hanc aenigma responde, et argentum tibi dabo, nescio: “Sine spiritu vivo est quasi morte frigida. Nunquam sitio, sed semper bibo. Quid sum?”

Ellie: I gave this girl her start! She would be nothing without my Denisonian article, and she didn’t even read it! Hurts, Ellie. Pains me. You can make it up to me by continuing to be sick af.

Blythe: I’ve had class with Blythe for the past 13 weeks and I don’t think he has any idea. But I do. I know. I know Blythe. What you did, your real name, you can’t hide much longer.

Lena: If I were 85 years old, I would greet you like this: “That’s a sharp outfit, Doll. You’re just darling, Darling!”

Evie: P.U.!

CAROLINE LOPEZ

Betsy: You rock the Bullsheet’s world! Please submit anonymous content next year because the sheet will not be the same without your contributions. (We’ll also miss your impeccable style)

William: Nice overalls. Farewell, soldier!

Ellie: Roof, roof! Bark, bark! Meow, meow! Voted best hair on the Bullsheet staff. Please leave a strand for each of us so we can put it in a petri dish, propagate it, and eventually all have the same head of hair. Best wishes in your artistic endeavors, Ellie!

Blythe: Doo doo, do do do... name that song! Save some **ass** for the rest of us.

Lena: Earbuzz was always on during my Journalism class. That’s crazy fate. I believe in it. I believe in you.

Evie: Pee-pee, poo-poo. Stop shitting your pants in his car. Take your ashes with you, they’re curdling in the office. Psych! The ashes are your own, you already suffered a terrible fate in the office. We found you mummified after several years of not knowing where you were. RIP.

CARTER

Betsy: I may only be a first year, but I know for certain Betsy “B-wag” Wagner was the best managing editor The Bullsheet has ever had. Proof? How about her idea for a sponsored bullsheet? We piled into the office to work on adverts with pens and papers supplied by Betsy. The arts and crafts energy this establishment needed, plus we got all that under the table advertising money.

William: I may have been on this campus for two short semesters, but I know Will will go down in history as the student who read/spoke the most German whilst on campus. This guy is a real genius, he once lived in Morrow, and we all know only the smartest people live in Morrow. I hope the children Will plans on raising in Austria will grow up to be as good as a fishing partner as Will was.

Ellie: I may be a dorm room shut in, but Ellie had the coolest Bryant arts exhibits of all time. I did not get a chance to see it, but it was the talk of the town. Plus I know for a fact Ellie is an artistic talent not to be underestimated as she once made Bullsheet buttons. I wear mine like a badge, often flashing it to gain respect. Thanks Ellie.

Blythe: I may spend most weekends away with the wife, but I can say without a doubt Blythe Asman Dahlem was the best darn bluegrass player this town has ever seen. I’ll never forget the hours of dedication he put into painting each blade of grass blue. A true inspiration.

Lena: I may only know a handful of seniors, but I think we can all agree Lena was pretty tall. I planned a long and heart-felt goodbye for Lena, however at the Doobie-palooza she called me Caleb. Though she immediately corrected herself, and felt bad I had to scrap the whole goodbye.

Evie: I may only be a freshman (aka a freshie), but no one will take Bullsheet interview notes like Evie. She truly struck the fear of sounding stupid in the hearts of all the new writers. I still have flashbacks to that strange interview, an experience only the funniest of the funny will ever get to experience. Goodbye Evie. Good luck Mick.

