



THE BULLSHEET

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

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“GRANVILLE’S COOLEST PUBLICATION”

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False Notion Buster: Sophomore

Carter Seipel,
Sophomore Writer

As the only sophomore on The Bullsheet (for now), it’s my job to investigate one of the biggest myths that consumes America: The Sophomore Slump. What is it? Is it real? Do I have it? Do you have it? Is it behind you right now? All these questions, and more soon to be answered.

What Is The Sophomore Slump: I was under the impression it meant Sophomores suck, but after an intense 5 minute research session I found the true dictionary definition. The Sophomore Slump is a “Disappointing follow-up to a successful first record album.” Urban Dictionary elaborates with a timely example from 2008: “Hey, you ever heard of Vampire Weekend? Those guys are a sophomore slump just waiting to happen.”

Is It Real: I don’t know, I’m not a musician. I was going to interview my musically talented friend but I couldn’t be bothered. I mean I completed an entire year of college. It’s not my job to do all this work to educate you. Why don’t you go get some stupid Freshmen to do it for you? Better yet why don’t you do the work for yourself? Or do you feel like you’re in some sort of second year slouch?

Do I/You Have It: Let me come up with an analogy that’ll put this Sophomore Slump stuff into perspective. A perfect, airtight analogy that’ll completely change how you look at productivity, work ethic, and your own motivation. You see the Sophomore Slump is a lot like...

[Note to self: come up with a good analogy before submitting to the Bullsheet. It’s got to be a perfect, airtight analogy that’ll completely change everyone’s perspectives on productivity and whatnot. Should also be kinda funny]

Is It Behind You: Only if you’re a Junior.

And More: I don’t think Contra (Bonus Track Version) is a bad follow up album.

Things That Feel Inevitable In The First Month Of School

Mick Smith,
Head Writer

Everyone gets sick with something

The Mail Room employees wish they worked literally any other campus job

A first-year discovers a new form of alcohol that isn’t twisted tea, white claw, or shitty vodka

Beta throws the paint party and you can still see some blue paint in some people’s hair

You hear the words “Roll ASH”, “Roll Beta”, and “Roll Phi Psi” way more than one ever should

You wear a hoodie to your 8:00 am class and end up sweating through it in your 12 pm class

One of the kids you met in AUG-O has already decided they are transferring

The food here is destorying your digestive system

You haven’t been to the Bioreserve

You have already spent too much of your flex dollars

The Most Expensive Dunkin Donuts Drink: A Scathing Critique of Newark Ohio

Carter Seipel,
Sophomore Writer

Last time I visited Newark, Ohio I was looking for a late night spot that could satiate my late night hunger. I eventually settled upon a Wendy's. With its doors barred shut, I waited in line at the drive thru. After some time I made it to the drive through speaker to which the woman greeted me with "Welcome to Mcdonalds!"

That should have been my sign to never return, however once again I succumbed to my earthly desires. I of course am talking about my craving for caffeine, specifically a strawberry dragonfruit refresher from the acclaimed Dunk and Donuts. Unfortunately for me I took the wrong exit and found myself lost in the desolate and depraved depths of Newark.

First off, why are most of the neighborhood streets curved? One wrong turn leaves you holding your steering wheel to the left for miles as you experience Ohio's worst. On this Mario Kart like turn I took note of some of the Newark houses. It was a Saturday, so many houses were having yard sales except you'd never know which ones since most houses in Newark display a good chunk of their belongings in their front yards.

Second, for a Saturday, there weren't too many people outside. The few who were out, stood around with vacant stares or were driving at a head-numbing speed. Even when the traffic lights turn green you can expect a long line of cars given the average Newarkian's reaction time. Speaking of the drivers, don't even get me started on the highway!

I happen to be a city dweller who grew up with the silly little notion that highways were meant to be the fast way. A high-speed way if you will. This is not the case in such a place like Newark.

The highest speed limits in Newark, reflecting the average citizen, are alarmingly slow. If I asked you to guess the highway's speed limit you'd likely be fifteen over, which as the officer who pulled me over informed me is highly illegal.

That's right I was pulled over by seemingly one of the few Newarkians good at their job. I have nothing but respect for this boy in blue, given the Newark natives he must meet and deal with on a daily basis, but unfortunately that earnest respect was not enough to get out of the speeding ticket my average city speed had earned me. On my way back to my home (on the hill), my outrage towards all those drivers going sixty turned into a forced and bitter respect towards the few who dare go five miles over Newark's offensive 55 mph speed limit.

That, my readers, is how I spent hundreds of dollars on a small Strawberry Dragon fruit refresher. I felt compelled to write my account of this day to warn my fellow Denison Denizon of the dangers of Newark. And I advise anyone who dares to drive into Newark to remember my troublesome tale and at least spring for a large drink.



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