

THE BULLSHEET

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“GRANVILLE’S COOLEST PUBLICATION”

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DEAR DENISON’S MERCH DEPARTMENT

Tatum Thomas,
Junior Writer

I’m not blind, I’m not dumb, I see what you’re trying to do! I see those officially licensed Disney shirts and that Mean Girls-inspired motto of #OnFridaysWeWearRed you had printed on a lot of shirts last year. My friend Josh even has a shirt that says “Denison” in the Friends font. We get it. People like Michael Eisner and Steve Carell went to this school. I see that relying on old media that Millennials and Gen Xers grew up with to show how cool you guys are is your thing and I’m here to say: why not go deeper? Go full out! Every old show that was popular in the ‘90s deserves to have its own Denison merch, especially the king of all ‘90s sitcoms Seinfeld! Now I don’t want a simple shirt that says “Denison” in the Seinfeld font. I want something extra. I NEED a poster of Buzzy doing the George Costanza underwear modeling pose to hang in my dorm. If you need the money to do a photoshoot of someone in the Buzzy suit doing the pose I’ll offer up all of my flex dollars. Attached is a drawing of what not only I, but the people, need this poster

Thanks for your time.

Hope to hear from you soon.

Tatum T



I'VE BEEN LYING TO YOU

Abby Webster,
Submission

Happy Halloween y'all. In light of this glorious holiday, I thought I should clear something up. You see Denison University is actually the 18th college I have been to. Some of those colleges include: The University of Michigan, The University of Vermont, Kalamazoo College, Harvard University, Yale University, and Duke. And also the deer have not been as active recently and that is not because of the cold weather. I eat them. Why you ask? It's all because.....I'm a vampire. You see I was bitten Saturday, October 27th, 1951 at 10:45pm EST while I was studying in my dorm room at Endicott College when my boyfriend at the time bit me while I was studying. I eventually dumped him as I learned that he bit other people and that it wasn't just me. My parents obviously weren't happy but we lived happily until they died. Now I live alone in a tiny town near an Amish community in Northern Michigan. In a house that I have not been paying for but the government thinks I'm dead which means it's fine if I commit tax evasion. Don't tell them though. I have gone by many names in my lifetime. The most recent of course being Abby Webster. The names I have used in the past are Abbey Webber, Abi Weather, Abigail Westminster, Abbie West, Faye Webster, Abie Welder. And more. I can't tell you my actual name or the government will find me. Also I am not from Michigan which I have led y'all to believe. I am from the state of Alabama. My use of the word y'all is not because I enjoy saying it. It's my culture. It's in my blood. No pun intended. In conclusion, don't believe everything you hear on the internet. It says vampires aren't real while I am existing.

A Chilling Tale of Spray Paint in Slayter

Liam James Lenzotti,
Submission

T'was the night of Halloween, and it was another night in the Slayter Union. I sat upon the 2nd floor, watching the most thrilling story of One Piece. I think there was a skeleton, a ghost, and a few zombies. I was so wrapped up in the fantasy, it took long before I noticed the scent of chemicals creeping into my lungs. Had I gone mental? I asked my compatriot, "do you smell it?" Nay, was the answer. Perhaps my mind was slipping. Perhaps it was the chemicals. I watched on as my innards grew increasingly infested with the mysterious substance that flew about the air. I would soon learn the truth from a group traversing from the 3rd floor. All while I idled by, a group known as the "University Programing Counsel" covered panels in golden spray paint on the 3rd floor. A building like Slayter has little ventilation. The fumes of aerosol had nowhere to escape to. I looked within and was surprised to see as my veins and lungs themselves became gilded. To the day I die, I live with the curse that I can never become pregnant. Let this be a lesson; never unknowingly breathe in spray paint fumes.



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