



THE BULLSHEET

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Delivered this morning by: Bookie de Pepo

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“GRANVILLE'S TRENDIEST PUBLICATION”

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SPRING SEMESTER INS AND OUTS

Caroline Concannon,
Junior Editor

Now that we're approaching the first weekend back, I feel like it's the Bullsheet's main jurisdiction to set some campus wide ground rules. As your trendsetters, it's our responsibility to let you know what will take you from fool to cool. So treat this sheet like you would a sacred text, except this time, we're your parents and you pretend that you both believe in our religion and follow everything I write below. And we'll believe you in completely blissful ignorance <3.

IN

Forgetting about your friends who are abroad
Baking
Music leagues
People who have the same names as celebrities
Blankets
Megan Barker's Hunger Games themed 21st birthday party
Lighter rings
Saying no
The Marble League
Beatboxes
Skipping
Magnets
Dave Grohl's cover of "Copacabana"
Fboy Island
Burpees
"Facts on god"
Marshmallow fluff
Smiling

OUT

Un-themed functions
Not dressing for cold weather
Complexes
Electric scooters
Excuses
Minimalism
Burpees
Hickeys
Caffeine
Chainsmoking icky sticks
Chipotle mayo
The rat race
Cramps
No show socks
Tiktok trends
Not dancing
Frat flick
Irish theatre
Not having a hobby

OVERHEARD @ DENISON

Anonymous

Denison students say the darndest things! Here are some examples...

“iPads are my Roman Empire”

“Is Flo Rida still alive?”

“Encouraging more women to write could potentially be a bad thing”

“That's redonk”

“I fucking fell into a millennial couple”

“It be a night!” -Erm

THEY'RE STILL TALKING...

“the tunnels in Boston go like underground so I’ll look at my GPS and be like “I’m underwater right now””

“He loves his grass, he loves his greens, he loves his blue, he loves his beans”

“My whole friend group is transferring”

“I went to a fancy feast pop up... that’s where I got that spoon”

“I thought you got that when you were born?”

“No, that was fancy feast”

“I just heard two Slayter grill employees sing Dumb Ways To Die”

POOR THINGS MOVIE REVIEW

Caroline Concannon,
Junior Editor

SPOILER ALERT

!!!! I want to start this story out with a big fat disclaimer !!!!

ALWAYS remember to look up what a movie is about before you take your mom to go see it. I'm talking a Common Sense Media level search. Let my cautionary tale haunt your mind forever so you never make the critical error that I made during my winter break.

Emma Stone had just won a Golden Globe for her performance in Yorgos Lanthimos' *Poor Things*. I had been wanting to see the movie ever since I saw the trailer (NOT ACCURATE AT ALL BTW) and heard the buzz about Stone's performance. After her win I bought tickets for my mom and I to go to the closest theatre showing it which was 40 minutes away. Remember this detail. We were both so excited to get to spend time together before I went back to campus by watching one of our favorite actress' in an award-winning performance. I mean the cast alone should get you to the theatre: Emma Stone, Willem Dafoe, Mark Ruffalo, Ramy Youssef, Margaret Qualley. What could go wrong? A lot.

The movie starts and instantly is very clearly art house cinema which I can tell has already thrown my mom off. The premise is explained and we enter into a story that seems to be really cool. Its pretty gory which I could have expected from the R-rating, and Stone's character holds a dead man's penis early on which in the context of the film we both thought was funny. From then on all hell breaks lose. Full masturbation scene. Followed by another full masturbation scene.

THE WHOLE MOVIE ESSENTIALLY BECOMES A PORNO THAT I BROUGHT MY IRISH CATHOLIC MOTHER TO SEE.

Mind you, my parents didn't even give me "the talk", so you can only imagine the reaction she had to the film. Stone's character becomes a prostitute and has by far the most graphic sex I have ever seen in a movie. The sex makes up probably an hour and a half of the 2 and a half hour movie. My mom's eyes were closed for the entire time. But Emma Stone remains insanely talented and Mark Ruffalo was so silly. The movie is so batshit that I kind of feel like I have to tell you to go see it.

The 40 minute car ride home in a terrible rainstorm was a trip. I apologized to my mom profusely and for sure traumatized her. In the end I guess I have *Poor Things* to thank for the memories and enduring trauma!



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