

THE BULLSHEET

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The Bullsheel, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, recycles, and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before our editors shamble into the office for next day publication via e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by: Carter
Delivered this morning by: Leah

February 21, 2024

“GRANVILLE'S MOST DELIVERED PUBLICATION”

Vol. XLIV, No. 97

PICOLAS CAGE

Lucy Dale,
In A Pickle

So I have a story that highlights my unmatched ability to embarrass myself any time I leave my dorm room. This past weekend I was sitting in my dorm (let's be real, I was lying in my bed) at around 11pm and I was having a bad day. It was, obviously, a problem that only pickles could solve. Now, does this campus have pickles? Yes. Did I instead opt to spend a half hour searching for a specific type of pickles online and then figuring out how I could order them directly to my dorm room? Yes.

Instacart came through like the OG it is. I ordered three packages of to-go pickle cups (each package containing 4 cups)...Ok Ok, I ordered twelve cups of pickles from Kroger to be delivered the next day at 1pm because I figured I would be awake by then and then I could wake up to pickles.

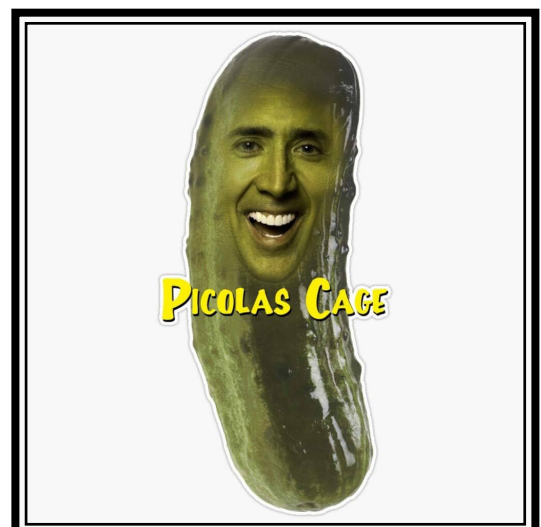
The next day I received the notification that the pickles had been delivered. I was so excited and skipped down the halls of Crawford to the back entrance where I usually pick up my DoorDash (a weekly occurrence). Now, this is where the story gets complicated. The pickles were not there. A panic set in and I had to embody my love my life, Nicolas Cage, to help me solve this mystery as though these pickles were a national treasure, because let's be real—they were.

I knew that when they delivered the bag the driver took a photo of the delivery point. The photo showed my pickles sitting on a porch of a white house. I felt defeated. How could this happen? Well, it's actually pretty explainable because when I double checked the address I gave for the delivery I saw that I let instacart use my exact location and it decided that I was ordering from the edge of campus.

So like Mr. Cage himself, I set out to my next location. I arrived at a white house out by the softball fields. I wasn't sure if it was technically on Denison's campus and started to doubt if I should proceed. But then I saw a Kroger bag, sitting on the porch and I knew that I couldn't give up now. I walked across the lawn and grabbed the bag, then proceeded to quickly walk off the property with my pickles.

That's when I heard voices calling from behind me. I turned around to see two guys and like Nicolas, I came face to face with my competitors. However, they were not after my pickles, allegedly. They asked me if I lived there, No. Did I just take the bag off the porch? Yes. The jig was up. Luckily their questioning was short and sweet. I made it across the lawn and back to my dorm, although on the way I recorded an emotional voice message to my friend and was talking so loud that I think I was overheard by some passersby. I apologize to anyone who heard this story prematurely.

You may be telling yourself, oh thank the Lord (Nicolas Cage), this story is over. But, I actually have more to tell. When I got back to my dorm I could not wait any longer and so I opened a cup of pickles and promptly spilled pickle juice all over my room. I then went in for a second cup because this is a free country and apparently I didn't learn my lesson because I spilled that cup all over myself. I did however discover that pickle juice is a great way to uncover secret maps on the back of the Declaration of Independence.



SPEAKING OF DELIVERIES...

Carter Seipel,
Stuck in a Loop

Dear North Loop Residents,

At the risk of doxxing myself I will publicly admit to living around (or maybe even in) the North Loop area for the last two years. I've circled the loop as they say. I've circled it more than enough times to notice a concerning pattern that must be addressed in print.

Just the other day as I was running fashionably late for class I was stopped by a car. The man in the car rolled down his window to holler at me. Luckily this wasn't some sort of cat call situation, he was just lost. He explained to me that he was a simple hard working American man who had the side hustle of dashing from door to door delivering fast food orders to college students who are most likely stoned and/or drunk (only if they're over 21 of course).

Mr. Driver was currently on the job as we spoke. He found himself on the hunt for a building by the name of 900 North Loop. Only problem? There were no visible addresses on any of the North Loop buildings, an annoying but intentional decision by 72 year old North Loop architect Bill Durrmen Jr.

Adam Driver, which was the driver's name, asked me if I knew which building was 900 North Loop but I shook my head and explained I only knew the buildings by their Big Red God given names. We both shook our heads in disappointment and I wished him the best of luck on his door dashing journey before running off to my Spanish class.

I arrived to class late and noticeably out of breath. As my Spanish Professor said something I could not understand, I opened up my laptop and began writing this letter. You see this is not an uncommon occurrence for the average North Loopian. We're swamped with confused cars driving opposite the one way road. I was almost hit by one of these cars! Even veteran delivery men and women must stop and ask for directions when navigating this devilishly confusing loop!

Which is exactly why I write you all this mildly heartfelt letter. I simply can't keep living in a neighborhood with streets filled with lost drivers. I can't keep bending down to talk to somebody still in their car (it hurts my back). And most of all I can't keep showing up late to Spanish class. Even though I can't understand my professor they don't sound happy when I show up that late.

I hope you all will take my writings to heart next time you solicit food from our modern day American heroes and consider specifying which building you hail from in the app's special instructions box. Or better yet, stand outside with a sign as you eagerly await the arrival of all your Taco Bells and Mac Donald.

Thanks for Understanding,
A Concerned North Loop Resident



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