



THE BULLSHEET

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The Bullsheet, 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

March 20th, 2024

"GRANVILLE'S SICKEST PUBLICATION"

Vol. XLIV, No. 112

MY SICK AND WICKED SPRING BREAK

Carter Seipel,
Sick in every sense

My last article for the bullsheet before spring break was about the nasty habits of students on campus. Specifically the obscene number of students not washing their hands. I thought writing about this was a good deed, a civic service even, however not even 48 hours into my spring break, I was struck down by karma. In an ironic twist of fate, the hand washer became the germ spreader. You could say karma came back to bite me like a flesh hungry dolphin.

Day 2 of spring break I officially fell ill. What started as a common cold grew severe. It spun out of control into an uncommon cold, leaving me a bedridden puddle of mucus. All the king's men came to my humble abode but none could put me back together. I thought I was done for! I saw the light. Although I soon realized the light was just my phone's flashlight which I accidentally turned on.

There was only one person who could shake me out of my sniffing state. The only problem is that this person lived deep in the fog filled forest. As one may guess, I was too frail and sickly to hike through the dangerous monster infested woods by myself. So naturally, I was strapped into a horse drawn carriage guarded by a party of eccentric fantasy adventurer-types. I would recount their silly fantasy names, but alas they all had too many vowels for me to remember.

After days of travel we reached the straw-built clinic ran by the beloved and occasionally acclaimed witchdoctor. After hours of sitting around in a waiting room I was called in by the witchdoctor. Dressed in a tattered black cloak, decorated with crystals and bright dyed hair, she (that's right "**SHE**," witchdoctors can be women and **SHE**) began to search through a trunk full of dangerous medical tools.

Before I knew it, she (don't forget it's **SHE**) sliced my chest open with a wooden scalpel. "Just as I thought!" she cryptically announced as she examined my insides, "His heart is fine."

The witch doctor sewed me back up, and began to ask the important medical questions you'd expect at the start of a medical examination. Such as "What's your star sign?" then most pressing "You can pay for this visit, right?"

After giving up most of my life savings, I began to tell her of my symptoms. Stuffy nose, sore throat, and a persistent sinking feeling of emptiness, not just physically but more so spiritually. Concerned, she cut me off to ask "What about ear aches? Any ear aches?"

"Only when my wife is talking." I replied with a smug smile. The witch doctor didn't laugh, leaving a long pause in our conversation, until I asked "So what should I do? I can't go on any longer being this sick. For heaven-sake I have a daily publication to write for!"

The witch doctor stroked her chin before taking a drag of a nearby vape. Deep in thought, the witchdoctor silently recalled decades worth of first hand medical experience and all the hours she spent watching Scrubs. Finally, she answered my question "Maybe the real cure is the friends you made along the way?"

"That's really stupid." I replied.

"Fine. Just get some rest and stay hydrated." she said, scribbling down a prescription for bottled water.

"Gee thanks."

REMEMBERING THE LEGACY OF RUTH BADER GINSBURG

Antonia Baylor,
Student Submission

This week, an Alabama court ruling granted embryos legal classification as ‘children’ sparking strong reactions on either side of the abortion debate. In light of this landmark case, let us revisit some of the sacred words of reproductive health pioneer, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg.

“Real change, enduring change,
happens one step at a time.”

“I ask no favor for my sex. All I ask of our brethren
is that they take their feet off our necks.”

“It matters not what you’ve done,
but what you do with what you’ve done...
...for others’ - Noah Centineo” - R.B.G.

“Live Laugh Love 🇺🇸”

“I fucking love David Getta...
Play *I’m Blue if I Was Green I Would Die!*”

“Nina, nina, nina, NINA. NINIA”

“What the dog doin”

Yes. Justice Ginsburg originated this iconic 2016 meme

“Ryan, don’t listen to the haters. I love you, and you love me. We do not owe anyone anything. Our family is who matters. If you get likes and good comments great, if you get hate then whatever because THEY DON’T MATTER. I love you 💖 besides they jealous because you are rocking my world every night...yeah I said it, the D is fire 🔥 happy wife happy life ❤️”

Also, bonus quote: “Sooooo, are you gunna show me how you squirt”

ERM... THAT'S INCORRECT

Disgruntled student,
Student Submission

Erm... in that previous article I couldn't help but note she incorrectly states that the Alabama court made that ruling this week. That was nearly a month ago! A MONTH! Are we supposed to believe that the esteemed paper "The Bullsheet" doesn't have fact checkers??? Or worse, did they get that submission and then wait almost a full month to post it?! That'd be bonkers! Shouldn't a daily publication be topical? For shame! I surely shame the sheet! Try saying that three times fast! Can't? Exactly! Boy I really hope somebody got fired for that blunder. While I'm at are we supposed to believe that guy is actually married? He's in college! And too mean to his wife. I would never! But personally I'm a nice guy so-



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