



THE BULLSHEET

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"GRANVILLE'S MOST TRUE CRIME PUBLICATION"

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CAMPUS CASE FILES: A MYSTERY IS AFOOT

Carter Seipel,
Smoking a pipe and
thinking real hard

Monday, March 25th at 9:33 am:

"Yeowch!" I squeal as I hop down from my dorm's lofted bed.

That's when I knew something was amiss on campus. For some inexplicable reason my right ankle kinda hurt. The pain persisted as I went about my business. Why is this the case? And more importantly can we solve this case? In this issue of campus case files, we will review my working theories on why my ankle kind of hurts.

Theory #1: I'm Old

Did you know I'm 20? I can't believe it either! When people ask me my age I have to think about it for a second. A whole second! It feels like just yesterday I was still in the single digits (ages 01-09). Maybe this ankle pain is just time's funny way of saying it's time to get my will in order.

Theory #2: That time I slipped down the Eisner steps on January 24th 2024

I know that was two months ago. Skeptics may wonder why it's hurting now, but that's elementary my dear reader. You see when in a life threatening accident, one can't help but experience a surge of a little chemical called adrenaline. High traces of adrenaline can reduce the amount of pain one experiences. It's one of the body's many miracles. Now skeptics may wonder how I was able to sustain such levels of adrenaline for multiple months, but please consider I have been mentally reliving this memory for weeks out of embarrassment.

Theory #3: That wasn't a trampoline.

Have you ever been on one of those trampoline things? They'll have you bouncing like a healthy baby boy after baby's first pot of black coffee. I love a good trampoline but alas I have found none on campus. And trust me, I've been searching. Couches. Desks. And even flower beds. You name it, I tried jumping on it. Maybe after nearly two years of jumping on every odd surface in hopes of a bounce, I've finally broken my ankle.

Theory #4: Sympathy pain

I don't like telling people this because it damages my reputation as a stoic and mysterious noir detective but I'm kind of an empath. It's possible I may have stumbled upon someone with ankle pain and took on their pain as my own. If any recent sufferers of ankle pain have reason to believe we crossed paths, please contact me at once. I'd love to give the pain back to you (okay, maybe I'm not *that* empathetic).

Theory #5: I keep jumping off my dorm's lofted bed

I mean why would I even do that? I have a ladder.

Case files continued on the back...

My theories are well thought out, however there's one glaring flaw. They all blame me. And I've never done anything wrong. Ever. So we should consider the possibility of foul play. Like every good detective, lets point some fingers.

Suspect #1: The Old Lady (My Wife)

Ever heard the expression "The Old Ball and Chain?" Well it may have been more literal than we believed. What does a ball and chain wrap around? That's right, your ankle. While a compelling suspect, I can't think of a motive that would bring my wife to harm me.

Suspect #2: My doctor

Money is the root of every doctor's appointment. Perhaps my doctor was low on funds and looking for an advanced paycheck? What better way to guarantee a pay-day than to make a patient out of me?

Suspect #3: My Roommate

I have published articles warning of the signs your roommate could be a vampire or even a zombie (*published 10.27.22 and 10.24.23*), but never have I once considered the possibility a roommate would break my ankles. But who else would have such unrestricted access to my ankle? As for motive, perhaps my zombie theory was getting just a little too close to the truth..?

Suspect #4: Ride Share App Owner

An app owner secretly hurting its users may seem far fetched, however consider what my lack of mobility will drive me to do. Key-word being "drive." Now tell me who benefits from a demand for drivers?

Suspect #5: The Denisonian Staff

Printing the truth weekly earns you a lot of enemies, especially when you're as wide-reaching as The Bullsheet. I have picked several fights with the so-called "serious" campus publication. Perhaps they thought they could silence me by preventing me from making it to the office? Little did they know I will **always** publish weekly. Rain or shine. Legs or none.

Suspect #6: My Life Long Arch Nemesis Ryan

Ryan hates me! They're always trying to cause inconvenience or hurt me. But I don't think Ryan did it, the obvious suspect never does.

Conclusion

The suspects? All equally suspicious. Using The Bullsheet's funds I will be conducting intense interrogations throughout this week in hopes of uncovering the mad ankle spraining culprit.

As for my theories? All still equally plausible. But without strong evidence they're as useless as a duck in a game of dodge ball. The animal duck. Not the move.

...stay vigilant Denison.



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