

THE BULLSHEET

bullsheet@denison.edu • @dubullsheet • denisonbullsheet.com

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: Caroline
Delivered this morning by: Lucy

April 25th, 2024

"GRANVILLE'S MOST DIFFICULT-TO-READ PUBLICATION"

Vol. XLIV, No. 139

GOODBYE! FOR NOW.

Caroline Lopez,
Junior Editor

The end of the year is approaching! Fortunately, I have another year left. Unfortunately, I have another year left. Here are some things that happened this year:

- Anastasia and I won the inaugural mineral cup. It was awesome and serpentine is the best mineral.
- The Bullsheet gave everyone parking tickets. Lots of people were confused, some people were angry, but most people just felt alright about it.
- Leap Day!
- Patrick Fina left Denison. Biggest loss of academic calendar.
- The solar eclipse took place but doomsday didn't happen.
- I think we landed on the moon again.



And that's it! I can't remember anything that happened before last week unless it made me feel a very specific feeling.

COMEDIANS AND OUTER SPACE

Tatum Thomas,
Sophomore Writer

Does anyone else notice the amount of things about space that feature comedians?! What's going on?! Is there some sort of thing going on in Hollywood that requires these people to make a movie or show about space? Steve Carell has Space Force, Hugh Laurie has Avenue 5, Tim Heidecker has Moonbase 8, Seth Macfarlane has The Orville and now Adam Sandler has Spaceman. The crazy part is most of these came out around the same time in 2020. Call me old school but media about outer space should be made by NERDS and not class clowns!

Have you ever sat down and watched any of these things?! Avenue 5 is about a cruise ship that's stuck in space, in Moonbase 8 they're not even on the moon, and in Spaceman you get to watch Adam Sandler interact with a telekinetic Spider for almost 2 hours.

All these plots are whacky and hardly about space. As a pure-blooded Ohioan (yup I'm from the state that has produced the most astronauts) I find this annoying. Give me less interpersonal drama and give me more space shit!

Seth Macfarlane had it figured out with The Orville. Out of all the space shows with famous comedians in it the creator of Family Guy did it the best.

The show very much started off as a Star Trek parody, it was as if The Next Generation was a comedy but by the end of the series it actually became really good. In fact, it was more Star Trek than the current Star Trek was at the time. The world-building, the dialogue, the visuals, the stakes were all perfect, and on top of that was funny! It'll have you laughing at a woman trying to build a relationship with an alien robot one moment and then crying about that same woman and robot the next. This show is the perfect balance between funny shenanigans and space shit!

Imagine a world without Michael Scott, Dr. House, Tim & Eric, Brian Griffin, and the Vampire from Hotel Transylvania. ... exactly you can't! These dudes have played some of the most iconic characters ever but unfortunately for most of them, the characters they play in these shows/movies don't hit. Except for Macfarlane, they're all giving pretty basic performances. Don't get me wrong, these shows are fun to watch but 2 days after viewing them you won't remember what happened. You'd be better off watching the 2012 Nickelodeon show Marvin Marvin where the guy who made Fred Figglehorn (Lucas Cruikshank) plays an alien that can only hear people with his butt!

SLICE OF LIFE: COLLEGE STUDENT STRUGGLES TO KEEP UP WITH SOAP OPERA PLAYING ON TVS IN SCHOOL GYM

Lauren Ehlers,
SENIORRR

As finals season bears down upon the students of Denison University, one junior in particular finds himself trapped in a peculiar quandary. Smartypants McGee, known to friends as "The Glute," wants nothing more than to finish his academic semester on a high note, keep his gains up at the gym, and finally discover the fates of his favorite characters on the nameless soap opera playing near-constantly on the TVs in Crown Fitness Center. Unfortunately, the balance he's maintained between these three objectives up until this point is being thrown off by his steadily increasing workload.

"It's not that I didn't see it coming, but it still hurts," says McGee. We're sitting in the Slayter Pit, which is fitting due to the pits of sadness in his eyes. "The second my comm professor assigned us a podcast, I knew I was done for. Normally I've got a couple 50-minute exams and a presentation for whatever elective I'm taking, pretty standard. Get in, get out, you know? But this time it's like, 'Damn, I've never used Audacity.' I hope the software isn't too complicated."

McGee, who's said I'm allowed to call him "The Glute" like his friends do but I'm too professional for that, takes a big bite of his Power Bowl, which is loaded with pico and five additional beef patties. He pushes his duct-taped nerd glasses farther up his nose, which are foggy from the steam rising off the rice in his cardboard trough.

"I haven't had time to pump iron or run tread these days because I've had to re-tape my podcast script like three times now. They tell you to record in a quiet room, but they don't say that there's such a thing as too quiet. Now there's this droning static in the back I've gotta fix somehow. Kinda nightmarish type shit."

He looks troubled but I don't cut in with any sort of emotional support because of how professional I'm still being. McGee wipes a tear from his eye and chipotle mayo from the corner of his mouth.

"But I don't even care. All I really want is to get back in the gym so I can work on my namesake and find out what happens to Amelda and the mailman," he presses on. "I need to know if Charles ever welcomes his estranged father back into his life and whether Sherry's really a gold digger or she loves Dr. Levine for real. The sound's never on and I have to make up voices in my head to read the subtitles in, but I'm still pretty attached."

I ask if there's anything else he misses about being in Crown.

"Oh yeah. I like being in there and seeing all my friends—Shredder, The Bicep, The Tricep, and Plain Dylan. We take turns spotting each other while we guess which of the people around us is there to avoid difficult feelings or to try to look like Chris Heria. It's awesome."

I agree that it sounds awesome, then tell him I hope he can return soon when his podcast is finished. "Me too." McGee shakes his head, forlorn again. "At this rate, I'll never get back in time to see if Ricardo wakes up from his coma."

Stop by the library (near the front entrance) to write a thank you note to a professor or staff member who has positively impacted your life this year at Denison. Cards provided.

MY PARKA WAS STOLEN FROM A FRAT PARTY AND I'M STILL NOT OVER IT

Lucy Dale, Sophomore Writer

This was a traumatic experience and for this reason I have waited several weeks to tell this story. There is definitely no other reason, especially not my laziness.

Once Upon A Time, on the coldest and windiest night Denison University has ever seen, I journeyed from East Quad to North Loop to attend a soiree put on by Lambda. I wrapped myself up in my floor length puffer coat, secured the hood, and made my way.

When I arrived at the elegant affair, I unveiled my revolutionary outfit (i.e. jeans and a tiny top) like a butterfly coming out of my cocoon. I placed my excessive parka on a pile of coats in the corner.

I proceeded to white-girl-dance my heart out and little did I know that a drunken individual was snatching my cocoon.

When it was time to say my goodbyes and politely thank the frat boys for their hospitality, I could not find my huge-ass coat. I felt a panic come on as I rushed around like the wild butterfly I am, searching for my coat.

I only mention the name of the fraternity because some of the guys were very nice and respectful and tried to help me find my coat. I thank you kind gents.

I did not find my coat. I attempted to run home. I made it to Slayter and took cover. I did make it home, if you were worried.

The big question is: did I find my floor length, puffer, mint green parka?

YES.

MY PUBLIC APOLOGY TO MY STRUCTURAL GEOLOGY CLASS

David Luffman, My Best Friend

My name is David Luffman, and I must confess that recently, I did something horrible. I must be held accountable.

For context, I am a Geosciences major, one of the last that Denison will ever produce since the former Geosciences department rebranded to the Earth and Environmental Sciences department. I am also an outgoing senior with little to lose, so perhaps it is inevitable that my hinges came off yesterday.

Structural Geology is a 300-level EESC. It has a demanding and rigorous curriculum which requires mathematics, intuition, memorization, and application of many different skills. It is also a very small class, with only 7 students. The class is a tight-knit community and everyone in it knows each other well, each other's strengths, each other's weaknesses, each other's dreams and goals and friends and enemies. What a wonderful class it is. I'm sure that Adam Weinberg would be ecstatic to hear about rigorous classes having great communities etc... and then he could say some line about how that's what makes the liberal arts education great. Unfortunately, the nature of this article is much more sinister than fun times in a fun little class.

In the hours of 10:00 - 11:20 AM of April 23, 2024 in the year of our lord, I was in Structural Geology, and the class was having a review session for the final exam.

The class was assigned to bring 3-5 review questions to class, so that students could go up to the board and answer review questions to practice working through problems under pressure. I don't know what came over me. Maybe it's the culmination of my Senior Spring, maybe it's my massive superiority complex, maybe it was even pent up rage that the spice bowl made my tummy hurt this week.

After me and my class partner went up to answer questions at the board, it was our turn to ask questions of the students at the board. I asked them if they preferred the medium hard question or the really hard question. They answered that I should just ask and not worry about it. So I gave them my problem. "Draw a structural cross-section of a metamorphic core complex and schematic stress and strain ellipses." The class went silent. I looked around, the students at the board gave me strange looks. I started to realize that people weren't ready for a question of that difficulty. The class stayed quiet, and awkward. The students at the board did their best to work through the problem with help from the popcorn gallery. But something was wrong. It was awkward now, the vibe had shifted. I realized the shame I had brought upon both them and myself.

You might think that it ends here, that I ask a hard question and make it awkward. It gets worse. The next group went up to the board. I had another question ready. I thought this one was simpler, easier, more straightforward, that I wouldn't bring shame upon myself and my classmates. I asked the question. The students had no idea how to do it. Our instructor was disappointed, she said that we should all know how to do this problem by this point in the class. The remainder of the review session was an awkward back and forth trying to help them do the problem at the board. It was awkward, again.

My only thought: what have I done? They all hate me.

At the end of class, I went up to the board, and issued a public written apology on the board to the other students in class, naming all the people that I had wronged. I thought I had sunk to rock bottom. Then I realized that I had misspelled one of my classmates names. Unacceptable. I have known this person for over a year now, we had been lab partners in our intro chem class...what kind of person am I? I didn't even spell their name right. To this person, I am sorry.

To my entire structural geology class, I am sorry. I asked questions that were far too hard and stressful to do in front of class messed up the vibe, I embarrassed myself and everyone in class. I ruined everything. Bridges burned. This article is my lackluster attempt to make up for it, to prove that I'm not a terrible person (I am).

I also want to apologize to my friends and family. I'm not the person you think I am. I'm not studious, not cool, not interesting. In fact, I'm hated by my Structural Geology class, and everyone else on campus.

This is also a call to all my haters out there. Come out of the woodwork. Tell the world how you feel about me. Lord knows I deserve it. In the name of God, obliterate me.

MILESTONES

Arby's

Bullsheat, congratulations on 14 years at Arby's! External Inbox x

LinkedIn <notifications-noreply@linkedin.com> Unsubscribe to me



Staff "Can we fit more text?" Box

- Claire "Yes" Anderson, Managing Editor
Caroline "Obviously" Lopez, Junior Editor
Caroline "Bro..." Concannon, Junior Editor
Carter "Always" Seipel, Sophomore Editor
Mick "Shut up" Smith, Head Writer
Lauren "Idrk" Ehlers, Senior Writer
Brin "Girl..." Glass, Junior Write
Griffin "NO" Conley, Junior Writer
Ella "YES" Buzas, Foreign Correspondent
Selah "Pls no more" Griffin, Foreign Correspondent
Micah "Duh" Stromsoe DeLorenzo, Foreign Correspondent
Emmy "Mmm..." Ayad, Foreign Correspondent
Tatum "Fine" Thomas, Junior Writer
Christine "Idk..." Trueh, Sophomore Writer
Leah "Stop" Jackson, Sophomore Writer
Eleanor "If you wanted to" Mason, Freshman Writer
Lucy "Yes please" Dale, Freshman Writer

