

# THE BULLSHEET

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Edited last night by: Claire, Mick, and Lauren

Delivered this morning by: Christine

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“GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE GOODBYE”

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## GET FUCKED, LOSERS



**Claire:** Sometimes, being at a small liberal arts college, it feels easy to imagine your experiences as transferable. The same things are probably happening the same way at a different school, but I know for a fact there is no other Bullsheet in the world. This publication has changed my life in unimaginable ways since the fated day I picked up of a copy of Freshman Disorientation in Common Grounds. Being a part of this staff, and getting to be Managing Editor, is genuinely one of my proudest accomplishments. I have met the best people ever through the 'sheet. I made like 25% of all of my Denison memories on the jouch in the office. I love this publication so deeply, and I will never get over the fact I got to do something during college that allowed me to call myself 1) A writer, 2) Funny, and 3) That I was able to share it with the community. I can graduate knowing I got to do, say, and publish everything I wanted here. There will be Bullsheet-sized hole in my heart for the rest of my life, and I've been slowly coming to terms with the fact that the only equivalent to the 'sheet in the real world is starting a substack. Farewell to the coolest thing I've ever been apart of, to the funniest, most clever (conniving?) group of people I've ever met, to the Copy Center, and specifically farewell to Jouch. I will miss you more than you know. Okay now it's time for my Bullsheet memory highlight reel.

- When I got onto the Staff.
- When J\*\*\*\* W\*\*\*\*\* let me try cat food in the Bullsheet office because he got it for free and I was so excited about it.
- Drinking PBR with Mick, Jack, and Will and writing Freshman Disorientation.
- The day I published my first Bullsheet and a picture someone sent of it into the CA GroupMe chat got 17 likes. Never get it twisted, I do it all for validation and attention.
- Weinberg dropping a \$20 into the Bullsheet tip jar at the involvement fair my sophomore year because we genuinely did not have a budget and could not afford to print.
- The Bullsheet Marriage Pact.

- Watching Will, Blythe, and Ellie edit the sequel to “How to Catch Animals With Your Bare Hands.” In particular, witnessing Will drop his Nest pizza onto the carpeted office floor.
- Hanging up the P\*\*\* P\*\* poster in the office with Betsy.
- Drunk editing the last sheet with Mick and then being permanently embarrassed about the things I said, us doing it again the next semester and the same exact thing happening again.
- The time I uploaded the 'sheet to WhatToDoU and it individually emailed my message to all 4,000 students, faculty, and employees in the WhatToDoU registry.
- April fools parking tickets. Scheme of the century.

**Mick:** I wrote this about 30 minutes after I shit my ass out in the basement of Knapp Hall. The Lot just runs through me. Anyways, The Bullsheet has been a good time.

## ***GOODBYE FROM LAUREN EHLERS***

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**Lauren:** When I asked Claire what balance she struck between funny and sentimental in her farewell, she said she went with “normal.” Obviously this was super unhelpful, so I’m just going to go with the classic format known as “chronology,” in which I start at the start and end at the end. I first heard about the Bullsheet during a campus tour I got dragged on when my older sister was checking out colleges. I immediately was like, “Yeah I wanna do that,” and subscribed to the website. But then I didn’t go to Denison! And no ‘sheets ever appeared in my inbox! Maybe I put my email in wrong. Anyway, I wound up transferring schools so now I *do* go to Denison but soon I *won’t* go to Denison because in like a week and a half all of this will be *over*. I’ve amassed 4 delicious semesters writing for the ‘sheet over the 2.5 years I’ve spent here, and coincidentally the sum of those numbers is equal to my cumulative article count. Not actually, but probably close. Oops! Highlights include “Death by Coconut, Alligator, or Lightning?” and “A Sister in Shadow: Groundhog Day with Punxsutawney Margaret,” which maybe tells you everything you need to know about the sort of contributions I’ve made to this publication. That said, I couldn’t be more serious, genuine, honest, and prone to the use of synonyms in order to get a point across than I am right now as I declare my infinite love and mid-sized respect for the people on this staff and the work they create. With every quiz, ad, exposé, and cartoon, I’m reminded of what a truly special and talented group of stupid dumb lamos I lucked into when I joined. I’m sad to be leaving these lamos behind, cold and scared in the absence of my beauty and underachievement, but I know they’ll be fine. Hopefully those of us departing will be fine as well, but I’m not so sure about Mick in particular because he’s farting it up in here right now. As he might’ve told you, The Lot just runs through him. On that note, goodbye. I love you. It’s been a pleasure. Maybe I’ll take an afternoon nap on jouch tomorrow for old times’ sake because maybe sometimes I like to do that. Maybe that’s gross but maybe I don’t care. Maybe jouch is comfy and welcoming. Maybe I’m meant to sleep on jouch forever while the other writers bring me food and water like a stray animal in the garage. I think I would like that.

## ***KIND GOODBYES FROM THE REST OF THEM***

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### **CLAIRE**

**Caroline Lopez:** Clarf, most people will never get to be as cool as you. I am one of those people. That means that I am always jealous of you, your ideas, your music and musical talent, and your ability to command a group of Bullsheet staff members with such grace, chill vibes, and humor. Thank you for keeping the spirit of the Bullsheet alive this year, no one loves this organization as much as you do, all the rest of us can do is fake it until we make it! Love you lots <3

**Caroline Concannon:** Claire! It hasn’t quite hit me until now just how much I’m going to miss you next year. You were one of the first people outside of my class who cared enough to get to know me in the early days of my freshman year. I got onto the Doobie that Fall and was intimidated by absolutely everyone. Kat and Rohan took me under their wings and I’m so glad that my anxious self was dragged into Twinnem. I remember the day that we met and how your warmth and kindness was so refreshing that I left with my anxiety melted away and a happy assuredness that I had just gotten to meet one of the coolest people on campus. Each interaction we have had since then has left me with that same happy feeling. You’re always present and hilarious, somehow knowing exactly what to say that will put a smile on people’s faces. Something that I have always admired about you is how much of yourself you give to others— your time, care, attention, and talent (I still can’t shut up about how incredible your recital was) lifts others up in a really cool way, yet you never anticipate any recognition in return. That’s pretty special. I’m grateful for the time we got to spend together and wish that we had more of it. Thanks for being such a great leader for the sheet. LONG LIVE CLARF!!!

**Carter:** It will be a cold day in hell when Denison forgets the legacy left behind by Claire “in a band” Anderson. A saxophonist by day, and the managing editor of the Bullsheet by night, she was a true double threat. In terms of talent. She was not an actual threat to the safety of this campus. I will never forgive myself for dropping the one class we could’ve had together, although that class sounded difficult and kind of boring so maybe it was for the best.

**Brin:** Love you Claire! You are the best and I hate that you were born a year earlier than I was, you try hard!! You have probably been one of the best things to happen to the Sheet ... uhhh and my life! The dog to my

## ***WAIT THEY HAVE MORE TO SAY***

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poker. The bull to my sheet. The pink to my whitney. The hater to my U sad. We're losing a real one. #Tit-sout.

**Griffin:** The sheet losing you means I lose an Internet Ally. Who else can I count on to get esoteric twitter or have perfect Other Two references. The office during the weekday won't be the same without you. I hope to find a new lunch buddy that will fill the saxophone shaped hole in my heart. To say I am grateful you weren't completely weirded out by me that one August day on Reece is an understatement. "O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding"

**Ella:** Claire, you superstar, you. You are one of the funniest people I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. I hope to be half as cool as you and your sexy saxophone one day. Thank you for making the sheet such a welcoming place! I'll forever picture you drinking beer at the homestead. Idk. That's just your vibe for me I guess

**Selah:** Kinda wish we could've played a round of golf or gone fishing together... something that requires wearing visors and drinking beer in the daytime. They'll write poetry about you and set it to jazz, Claire Anderson. Godspeed.

**Micah:** Claire. Flipping. Anderson. Boy oh boy. I think you are so cool and so funny and so talented and I am so sad to be saying farewell to you it hurts. You were there for my first legal drink and that's a bond that never ever breaks. No one else understands the cultural significance of Selena Gomez & the Scene the way you do and frankly I'm scared no one ever will. Thinking of a campus without DJ Clarf makes me sad so I'm pretending it's not real and you're actually gonna be a Super Senior. HAGS!!

**Emmy:** Yeehaw! Nifty-neat! I'll never forget when I first met you the day before my freshman orientation and you lied straight to my face. It took me a full semester and a half to figure out your name was not, in fact, Lily. Sweet memories! And yet, you are quite possibly the loveliest person I've ever met. I'm having trouble conceptualizing what the Sheet will look like without you. I'll allow myself to live in denial for a bit longer. I'm sure the walls will reverberate with saxophone solos for years to come. Good luck out there! Fuck it up!

**Tatum:** Claire, I've only known you for a short time, so let me say farewell with a joke I found on google. How do you get two sax players to play in perfect unison? Shoot one. I hope you never get shot or shoot another saxophonist. I hope the only thing you shoot for is the stars!

**Christine:** Claire fucking Anderson... When I first met you, it was at June-O and I remembered thinking, "Damn, she's kinda cool, I'd love to be friends with her." Our short time in the summer was such a memorable experience for me. I loved hanging out with you: our shared memories during a challenging escape room, Tuesday night trivia at the cidery, and the amount of times I've watched you drop your caseless phone. You managed to convince me to join the Bullsheet staff, and I thank you for inviting me into this space. I'll miss you Claire. \*tear\*

**Leah:** Claire! I can't tell you enough how much you will be missed. From my very first shift at the snatch to your very last I have been so lucky to get to know you. You have always been incredibly welcoming, kind, and funny. Every time I walk down those stairs from the parking garage or hear closing time I will think of you. You can graduate but you can never leave. I'll keep telling the people to "make it like you want to eat it"

**Eleanor:** What can I say that you won't have heard already? When I was wandering around the involvement fair at the beginning of this semester, I was terrified to approach any of the tables. But when I passed by The Bullsheet table and saw you greeting everyone with such incredible enthusiasm, I knew I had to check it out. I didn't know it then, but, over the course of this all-too-short year, I have gotten to know you not only as a comedic genius and saxophone extraordinaire, but also as an all-around amazing person. I have no doubt that, as you go on to bigger and better things, you will continue to shine just as bright.

**Lucy:** Claire, I'd like to use this space to bring up the elephant in the Bullsheet office—You were my June-O leader and that's how I learned about the Bullsheet but I'm pretty sure you don't remember that or maybe you do but I never said anything because I was too shy at the beginning and then too much time had passed and I felt weird bringing it up then so anyway... I hope you continue to crack jokes and wear glasses cause you do both very well.

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## MICK

**Caroline Lopez:** Dear Mick, the other day I was sitting with you in the Bullsheet office and slowly started to realize that the Bullsheet (and Denison) will never have anyone like you again! It's sad but true. Nothing I will miss more than your ability to turn any and every situation into a hilarious story. Someone will have to take over for your beer-themed sheets. I volunteer as tribute. Miss you already :(

**Caroline Concannon:** HAGS <3

(If you actually think that I would say goodbye to you through the sheet...)

**Carter:** Many things can be said about Mick "don't include my last name" Smith. Regardless of what you choose to say about him, we can all come together and agree that this is a man who knows how to accuse someone of shitting their pants. This is perhaps his greatest and most useful skill, just above drumming, improvising and head writing.

**Brin:** Mick Smith! For a while I couldn't tell if we were friends but now I am pretty sure we are! I have had a lot of fun swiping you into the Bandersnatch, folding under pressure and making you a free jalapeño popper bagel that makes you shit your brains out, hanging out over the summer in Granville where there is a lot to do(!), and falling for your stupid jokes! But seriously, I will miss you and I agree with Caroline (Lopez) that it sucks Denison will no longer have someone like you.

**Griffin:** "Fuck". Originally, that is the word you used to refer to me. Whether it was preceded by a "you" or "that", I still found it a tall hurdle to jump over as a new member. But after unexpected office encounters and countless laughs shared, I decided to flip the script. While it was a fun calling you a "fuck" and acting like I didn't see you, I am glad it was short lived. I am writing this and struggling to get a philosophy joke in. I don't want to be lazy and just use think, but there is nothing I can come up with. Think on it for me, wouldya? Damn. Anyways, back to sentimentality. "Fuck" is now what I say thinking about the staff with out you.

**Ella:** "send articles". So real. Remember when I beat you at shotgunning when we first met? Haha. I'd do it again. Thanks for everything you do- your dedication to the sheet, the denisonian, and the music scene is nothing short of inspiring. Keep killing it, Mick!!!

**Selah:** Mick is like if you gave Chicken Joe a laptop and then took it back immediately after.

**Micah:** Some fun facts about Mick are that his dad is actually infamous 90's rapper Twista and one time after a Bullsheet meeting he looked me dead in the eyes and said "I hate talking to you." I think that could be considered workplace harassment?? But I hope it was a joke, because I think he's a really cool guy! Anyway, goodbye Mr. Smith- Denison's music scene will miss you dearly (and so will I).

**Emmy:** Bang, boom, crash! Thank you for your tireless dedication to the Sheet. The urgent calls for articles are always fun to receive. I only wish you dedicated more time to your favorite beer in the few MSOs (Mick Smith originals) that graced the sheet. Maybe we can discuss it over a Dr. Pepper sometime. Have fun out there!

**Tatum:** If I were forced to choose between hanging out with Mick Smith and watching wrestling I'd hesitate before choosing wrestling. Hey man, that hesitation has to count for something right?

**Christine:** Mick- before I joined the staff, I only knew you for your blue drum kit. After I joined the staff, I began to appreciate your dedication to the Bullsheet. Your GroupMe texts to submit articles was one of my favorite things to ignore...mainly because I wanted to see what you'd eventually come up with. Your sheets were always funny, and slightly-severely unhinged. This campus is truly going to miss you. And may your hair forever stay curly.

**Leah:** Mick. \*gunshot sound effects bang bang bang\* Six months ago you dressed as a pickle for Halloween and Antonia and I asked you if you'd miss any of us when you graduated. Your heartfelt and sincere response was "life goes on man" \*bang bang\* \*get wrecked\* \*fart noi\$e\* that being said, life will probably go on but campus will be d i'm getting it tonight. What are you The voice type. \*gunshot sound effects

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bang bang bang\* \*bruh\* Last year my freshman ones were really short and then I ended all of them with like peace and love I've loved reading your sheets and watching your performances this last year and I'll be genuinely excited to see what you do next. this is me voice typing the rest of your message because I need to be done faster. Thank you Mick for the music yeah every single one of the music. Claire Anderson is an only child and plays the saxophone. Griffey. Okay. Everything you do you do it fully most of the time and I appreciate your commitment to the things you are passionate about and your efforts to support others instead of creating competition, your creativity never fails to surprise you are were like indie kids cosplay as poor people what do we think of the new Joni siwa era I think it's funny.? I'm sorry about all the times you waved you waved at me and I couldn't see who you are and I'm sorry I told you I wasn't going to audition for the cuties because I thought it wasn't a real band. And also punching a hole through your sweater. And that one time I told you you look like that guy in Austin and ally and then photoshopped it to prove it. I'll save the photo for another day as a final act of kindness. I'm glad I got to know you.

**Eleanor:** Though I haven't known you long, I can say for certain that you are one of the funniest people I have ever met. When I first joined the Bullsheet staff, a mere two semesters ago, I must admit that I was very intimidated by you and all the other amazing, genius writers and editors on the staff. However, your cool and laid back attitude in every meeting has helped me to get over my silly anxiety, and I am so glad that the Bullsheet I joined had you among its staff. Over the course of this semester, I've gotten used to seeing the same thing on top of every sheet: "Edited last night by: Mick, Delivered this morning by: Eleanor." I've gotta say, I'm gonna miss it.

**Lucy:** Mick—I do not believe we have ever had a conversation and so I have little to nothing to report, however, I have heard many things from other staff members over the year and I would like to thank you for not interacting with me.

### LAUREN

**Caroline Lopez:** Hey! Please don't leave! The Bullsheet needs you. I need you, especially when I'm editing the sheet on a time crunch and I realize I need your help with ideas because you're the best writer I've ever met. The Bullsheet was light work for you because you will be a very famous author in several years but it's gonna be cool because people are going to look at your Wikipedia page and find out that you were on your college spoof newspaper (which is also one of the few collegiate satire publications with its own Wikipedia page). The first time I hung out with you was at a Bullsheet staff dinner and now you're graduating and we haven't been to one since. I wish I had the chance to go to every future Bullsheet staff dinner with you, write 1000 more shitty articles, and lament the fact that only 2% of the school finds anything we publish even remotely funny. Love you and will miss you more than anything!

**Caroline Concannon:** Lauren—you are the most talented writer in the English department. The essays that you wrote last year have stayed with me since and have proven to be very fundamental in learning how to write creative nonfiction. So I guess I want to thank you for being so good that you showed me what good writing was in that class. I've tried my best to even slightly emulate what you're able to put on a page and am a far better writer because of it. I was in awe of them then, and am in awe of them now. I always look forward to reading your work and can't wait to spot your essay collections and memoirs on bookshelves in the coming years where I'll get to say "I knew her when". You've always been a friendly face on campus and I wish that we got to know each other better! Still, I'm happy for the laughs we shared in the office and that I've gotten to know you through your writing. Please don't be a stranger and if you ever see a "Caroline C." blowing up your Amazon ratings with 5 stars, remember me!

**Carter:** Though there are many creative writing majors in the Bullsheet, one can't argue against the fact that Lauren "friend to all" Ehlers was one of them. I have run into her at least once at a creative writing event to prove it. Though we are all sad to see her leave this daily publication, I rest easy knowing she will be both creative and writing in any and all future endeavors she may embark upon.

**Brin:** Lauren. I love you. My sexy sadie, nap-loving, friend. I remember when we first met and were only mean to one another. I am glad we stopped that, but also do love making fun of you. I am so happy you transferred here because I have learned so much from you, and have enjoyed everything we've done together. There is no one like you, no one as Sweden-Pacifist and I fucking respect you for that because too many people are negative as hell at this school. Thank you for being a breath of fresh air, David Baker is rolling around at that cliché I just used but it is TRUE.

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**Griffin:** Lauren, our relationship started like any other meet cute. You removed me from a google sheet sign up doc. I responded by publicly shaming you at a group dinner, and then forgiving you ofc. Ahhhh young love. After two years of knowing you, I can confidently say you are funny! While I regret not spending more time with you, I do enjoy all of the moments we have shared together. Hopefully, our relationship will end like any other Hollywood story. We sure were one for the ages!

**Ella:** you're the coolest of the cool, the funnest of the fun, and the bullsheetest of the writers. Thank you for all you do for this publication- your articles always make me nose breath (at the minimum!). I wish you all the best, and make sure to always remember what's in the box <3

**Selah:** Superfan describes Lauren as "a quirky indie kid who brings snacks to the party and dances alone," but I would describe Lauren as "pretty darn neat!"

**Micah:** You probably don't remember this but one time I went to a party you were at and I was really nervous because I showed up alone but then you saw me and yelled "MICAHHH" and ran over to hug me and then I ended up having a super awesome time. The moral of the story is you single-handedly defeated my social anxiety and you didn't even know it, so thanks for that. If you ever need half a four loko again don't hesitate to call. Missing you already, my friend Lauren!

**Emmy:** Bibbidi Bobbidi Boo! I had to look up how to spell that! Not what you would expect! Magic class was wild, amirite? Birds and all that? I sure enjoyed bonding over our shared love of Not Doing The Readings. But anyway, LE, you are one of the funniest and friendliest people I have ever met. It was an absolute dream for you to assist in creating the pop-up ad from hell Sheet, despite the prison-like conditions I put everyone in for six hours straight. Kill it out there (or wherever you see fit)!

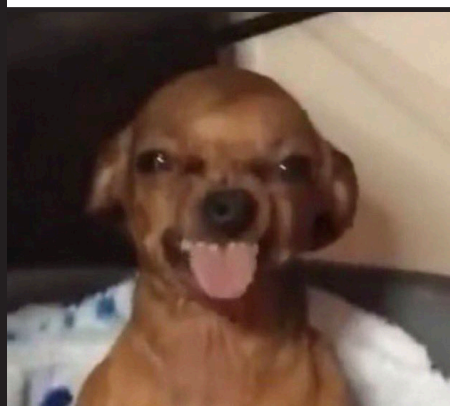
**Tatum:** Lauren your name has 6 letters.  $6 \times 6 = 36$  if I knew 36 other people named Lauren I'm pretty sure you'd make the top 3!

**Christine:** Every time I play "Lauren" by Oden & Fanzo, I always think of you dancing to this song. Don't know why... I've never seen you dance in my life. Thank you for allowing your name to make me feel groovy. You will be missed!

**Leah:** Lauren, I wish I would have gotten the chance to know you better. I've known you as nothing but talented, funny, and an incredibly genuine person.

**Eleanor:** I am but a humble freshman, and there is still so much about Denison that I don't know. I don't know which bathroom is the best, I don't know who any of the campus celebrities are, and I don't know why everyone makes such a big deal about Barney-Davis because I've never been in there, and, up until two weeks ago, I couldn't even tell you where it was. But there's one thing I do know, and that's that the Bullsheet (and hell, this whole campus) will miss your comedic wit and cheerful attitude more than you can know.

**Lucy:** Lauren—every time I see you in Barney Davis I think about saying hi but as previously stated I am shy, anyway here is your greeting "Hi Lauren, Hope your day is going well, I love your outfit!"



### Staff Box

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