



THE BULLSHEET

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TALES ABOUT ABROAD #13

Carter Seipel,
superstitious

Dear Travel Diary,

The wife and I haven't talked for a week. I haven't even seen her. We're still sharing custody of our hotel room, which means I waste most of my days by hopping from one café to another. Caffeinated and looking for something to do, I tried to push out a single Bullsheet article that doesn't mention my wife. This is surprisingly hard, given that I don't even know her name. I finally settled on just listing Bath, England's finest cafés:

Good Day Café - The vibe? Great! The chai? Dirty. But one small problem ruined the whole experience, and it wasn't their high prices. It was the name. This cheery name only served as an ironic reminder of how bad my days have been ever since I found out about my wife's awful affair.

Bath Coffee Company - The only café in Bath where I successfully filled out an entire punch card. This says more than words ever can. Actions (much like affairs) speak louder than words. I mostly used my punch card to buy shots of espresso, but for my free drink, I went all out and got a dirty iced chai latte with almond milk. This was a much-needed boost to my morale.

Café Nero - This is the Starbucks of Italy. As an aspiring coffee snob, I aimed to avoid this place as much as possible, but much like the Starbucks of the states, it's sometimes the only convenient place available. Forced to spend time with something I loathe (much like I used to do with a certain wife), I found that I prefer their almond croissants over any of their drinks.

Kekolo Coffee - This place came highly recommended by former Bath traveler and fellow Bullsheet editor Selah Griffin. I was very excited to try this place, but alas, after following the directions on Google Maps I discovered nothing but an empty building. I haven't had the heart to inform Selah of the cafe's demise (much like my wife didn't have the heart to tell me about a certain affair).

Quiet Street Café - No wifi. I was forced to reflect, and at this point in the list I think we all know who/what I was thinking about.

Lulu Caffé - I only tried this place because back home I have a cat named Lulu. There were no cats inside, but the vibe was still good. The best part was the menu. Up there written in chalk were the two words I've been dying to see all trip. "Filter coffee." I ordered it with no hesitation or setbacks. It was an Easter miracle! I was soon brought a small pot of black coffee. It was a glorious sight, but one thing was missing... a mug! The barista totally forgot the most important part of a cup of black coffee. After a few minutes, I stood up and awkwardly asked for a mug. Everyone had a good laugh about that one, the barista included. Our laughter died down as I sat with my mug. I filled it to the brim with hot coffee, and for a moment I forgot all about my troubles, much like a certain barista forgot about a certain mug.

DON'T TALK TO ME

emmy,
haunted by spirits

I fucking hate parking lots. They are ugly and everything in and around them is ugly and stupid. I don't want to be caught DEAD in a parking lot. Anyone that is caught dead (or alive) should be embarrassed as hell. You think I like being like this?? You think I want to cringe everytime I park my car? You think I don't wish I could leave my car in a fucking field and never return? Well I can't, because society says I have an obligation to pick my car up from a parking lot at the end of the day. I have over \$4,500 in parking tickets because I refuse to pay for parking lot. I will not support urbanization. I will not support "progress." Get a goddamn bike and throw it away like the rest of us. Pollute the waterways with your bikes. I've seen your stupid little bikes. Out of sight, out of mind, that's what my grandfather would say. He just says he's disappointed in me. Because I borrowed his bike the other day. I didn't realize we can tell other people to throw their bikes away but not do it ourselves. Practice what you preach? Not on my watch. Or pavement. I hate parking lots and the people in them so much. Try me.

I'M BROKE LEAVE ME ALONE

Tatum Thomas,
broke af

Nobody tells you that when you're a freshman, being a senior at Denison consists of the university constantly begging you to donate to them. Yup, that's right. This place that you pay four years' worth of tuition to expects you to give EVEN MORE money to them. Things have gotten so out of hand that I get nightmares about Buzzy the Buzzard demanding money from me!



“Buzzy the Big Red Beggar” should be our mascot’s actual name. I find it absolutely dumbfounding that they beg the seniors to donate to the alumni fund when we’re not alumni. I mean, I get that we’re about to become alumni, but man, I wish they’d wait till I’m off this campus and not dealing with classwork to harass me for cash. I can appreciate the creativity in asking us to donate exactly \$20.25, but I am nothing but a broke college student who has \$7.39 in their savings account, so you will not be getting \$20.25 from me. I feel bad for the future Denisonians in the year 9099, those poor kids will be forced to fork over almost an entire Ben Franklin. According to my parents, they get frequent emails from the school asking them to donate as well, and ya know what? Begging our parents for money makes 10x more sense than asking the senior class. With the amount of nepo babies around here, that’s where the real cash lies; go straight to the source. I guess it shouldn’t surprise me that the school that has something called “The Day of Giving” where the main focus is to throw money at the university, would do such a thing.

To all the underclassman who finds themselves reading this, consider this a warning - you’re going to have to deal with a lot of institutional panhandling in your future.

ABOUT MY FRIEND, OR THE PARKING LOT PLAY



AN ORIGINAL ONE-ACT PLAY BY NORA CASHMAN

Thursday, April 24

Friday, April 25

7:30 PM

The Eisner Center Parking Lot Entrance

“House” opens at 7 PM

| Staff “Parking Lot” Box |
|--|
| Caroline “Parking Lot” Lopez, Managing Editor |
| Selah “Parking Lot” Griffin, Senior Editor |
| Emmy “Parking Lot” Ayad, Senior Editor |
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| Lindsey “Parking Lot” George, Freshman Writer |
| Lucy “Parking Lot” Hollingsworth-Hays, Freshman |
| Hayley “Parking Lot” Shay, Freshman Writer |

