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## A SUPER FAN WALKS INTO A BAR...

Lindsey George,  
Starstruck

Dearest readers, last Friday night, March 28th, in a small bar in Columbus, Ohio, a few bands took the stage to perform some **FANTASTIC** music. The lineup started off with Gorilla Tuesday, followed by two of Denison's very own student bands, The Overalls and Doghouse, who put on great shows, and were **VERY** impressive.

The final band to play was Runner and Bobby, a band made up of three Denison alumni. Dressed with **IMPECCABLE** style, they took the stage and began to play their **PHENOMENAL** music. As the audience started grooving, I was overcome with awe. The intimacy of the venue made it that much more unbelievable that I was witnessing this **REMARKABLE** performance.

They started their set with some newer music, and, while they had limited time on stage, they played so much **AMAZING** music. Even those who were unfamiliar with the band were dancing and tapping their feet.

Just when the electrified crowd was convinced the concert was over, a monumental moment struck: the band took their instruments back out and played an **UNRELEASED SONG**, only ever played together twice before. And they **KILLED IT**. The song was mesmerizing, and the end came all too soon. The audience cheered and cheered.

Before the show, in an unreal moment out of a dream, I was approached by the **EXTRAORDINARY** Lula Burke, Runner and Bobby's **EXTRAORDINARY** and **BEAUTIFUL** bass player. She was incredibly kind, thoughtful enough to remember my name from the whole Cubby Bear debacle (Cubby Bear 21+, Half Baked 18+, go figure), and friendly enough to shake my hand. I was on cloud nine.

Hold on tight, readers, it just gets better. After the concert, I ran into fellow Bullsheet writer Caroline C. As a senior, Caroline knows the band members personally. I was too afraid to introduce myself to the other band members on my own, and she offered to introduce me (**SHOUTOUT CAROLINE!!**).

First came the **AMAZING** Mick Smith, Runner and Bobby's highly talented drummer. With such excitement, he introduced himself eagerly ("I know who you are," I thought). I was honored to meet a former Bullsheet writer, and, of course, **THE** drummer from this **REMARKABLE** band. Thrilling. Another handshake, nearly passed out, so it goes.

Last but **DEFINITELY** not least, Caroline ushered me over to **THE** Parker Bailey. Awestruck, I shook his hand and enthusiastically agreed when he generously offered me a zine (a small magazine of fun facts about and drawings of and quotes from the band), which now sits in a place of honor in my dorm.

At this point, I wasn't sure if I was still engaging in reality, or if all of this was a dream. I met all three kind, excited, real-life band members. They all thanked ME for coming (**DUH ARE YOU KIDDING I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT**). I got a zine. They played my favorite songs. I watched from the front row. To this day, I wonder if it all really happened. Let me know, readers, did it?

Anyway, the tales of a first year superfan are over for now, though sophomore superfan tales may be on the way. Still underage, but still seeking marvelous musical moments. Stay tuned, readers! Ta ta!

### Shoutouts:

- The friends who went with me without knowing who the band was or literally anything about the concert. They said yes without hesitation and matched my insane excitement the entire time. I love you guys. You're the best.
- The two amazing ladies who drove us to the concert just because they had nothing else to do. 30 minutes there 30 minutes back. Wow, that's dedication. I love you guys.
- The other bands that opened!! Go Denison, producing amazing musicians! The Overalls and Doghouse were fantastic. I'm so impressed. Denison students need to SHOW UP for these FANTASTIC bands.
- Caroline C., who made my dreams come true, instead of letting me chicken out.
- Lula, Parker and Mick. Need I say more?

Dear Travel Diary,

I returned to my shabby Bath, England, hotel room alone. My wife was off doing God knows what. You may think she'd be off with that recurring detective character, but this theory would be proven incorrect, as Gary Holmes was waiting outside the very hotel room door we first met him at. "What are you doing here?" I asked, excited to see the esteemed detective in his finest clothes.

After some hesitation, Gary gathered an air of confidence and declared, "I'm here to confess my love!"

I was nervous because I didn't feel that way towards Gary, but he quickly clarified that his love was not for me but for my wife. A shocking twist for anyone who has ever met the woman. Relieved, I tried informing him that this was simply impossible because I'm already married to my wife and he isn't, but this fact didn't seem to deter the detective. He then dropped a shocking revelation that would make his distant relative and star of Dawson's Creek proud. "I've been sleeping with your wife for the past two months."

I was no longer relieved that he wasn't in love with me. Desperate for a rational explanation, I decided that the English must have a different understanding of the sanctity of marriage compared to us noble American romantics. Perhaps Gary's heinous acts seemed perfectly acceptable to someone born across the pond, but I just couldn't accept it. I told him that I'm just a simple, honest, hardworking American man who is, above all else, monogamous before showing Gary the exact Bullsheet article (February 7th, 2024) where I first claimed as much. Sadly, as Gary read my article, he didn't laugh a single time, which almost hurt as much as finding out that he had been sleeping with my wife.

Gary elaborated that he was actually hoping to catch my wife here at the hotel (which he nicknamed the Bath Shabby); however, upon seeing me, he felt a great deal of pity and figured that he at least owed me the truth. Little did he know, Americans don't want the truth. Fired up by his honesty, I struck him with my infamous right hook. Unfortunately, my right hook is infamous for how weak it is. Gary Holmes quickly beat the shit out of me. He finished by bending the hotel's fire poker over his knee, which just felt like showing off at this point. And off Gary went to declare his love to my wife. The nerve of that guy.

My ego, along with my jaw, ribs, and legs, was badly bruised. I decided I had no choice but to try and beat him to the punch. If my wife had to hear the words "I love you" for the first time, it might as well be from me. So I jumped up. Scribbled down this diary entry and ran off to track down my wife before the world-class detective could.



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