



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 email to: [bullsheet@denison.edu](mailto:bullsheet@denison.edu). Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

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GRANVILLE'S "HORRIFYING" PUBLICATION

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## Things Overheard at/Takes on the Bald Party

Lucy Hays,  
bald

Some of these are even actually true!

**Brad Frenette** (in a Denison crewneck and First Position): I'm not seeing enough bold ass choices here on Silverstein lawn!!!

**Yikyak**: I just know those baldies are bad asf (58 upvotes by the way, mostly thanks to the Mucinex kid prob)

### Blue Man Group:

**Mr Worldwide herself**: I've been dreaming of a bald party since freshman year, and my mad vision was realized this weekend. We had it all - four Shreks, three Charlie Browns, Mr Clean, the Mucinex Man, Megamind, the Lorax, Tobias Funke, the Green M&M, and, of course, I showed up as the one and only Pitbull. It was an unbelievable experience - the commitment level, the red carpet walks, the screaming crowd - so grateful to my amazing friends, who turned out to be just as crazy as I was to make this happen!!!

**Shrek(s) and Alien and M&M (probably)**: we are all green

## MOVIES TO WATCH THIS WEEK

Leah Jackson,  
letterbox user

Theres Still Time! Here are my recs.



## HALLOWEEN HORRORS

Leah Jackson,  
nostalgic

If you've been paying attention, you might note that I have written about Halloween costumes twice already this month. Believe it or not I had another article idea pertaining to costumes this week but it felt like too much. So, instead I have decided to exploit my most painful halloween memories for your entertainment. This seems like a good idea right now but if you are my future employer (as I have so rudely been reminded of by a crude email) I am begging you to avert your eyes. I have no shame.

1. When I was seven. I saw my first Goth person. Something about the black lipstick really struck a chord deep within my soul because I decided that I NEEDED to be goth for Halloween. They didn't sell goth at Walmart back then so my mom bought me a vampire costume instead and girl I was pissed. I wore the dress anyway but refused to put in the fake plastic teeth. It didn't really make a difference because I had fat white expanders at the time that made me look like I was choking on a second jaw. Maybe it's global warming, maybe it's my relocation two hours south of my hometown, but it doesn't seem to snow on Halloween anymore. It used to be the bane of my existence. Hiding a showstopper costume under a coat? Disgraceful. These days all you need to stay warm is a bra and a few shots of tequila. This is a costume I'm glad to have hidden. I think a part of her stays with me because people seem to think wearing eyeliner is my trademark. A guy that was hooking up with my friend once accidentally called me her name and then backtracked by saying "no, no, I know your different people because you (Me) wear eyeliner"

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# ***HALLOWEEN HORRORS CONT.***

*Leah Jackson,  
nostalgic*

2. My freshman year there was a party at Lambson on Halloween weekend. I went as Aquamarine which I still consider the best Halloween costume of my career and I still stay awake at night wishing there were surviving photos of it. I had the starfish earrings and the blue streaks in my hair. It was beautiful. A bunch of my friends came to visit then too. We were having a great time until the boxed wine caught up to us and the line for the bathroom was 50 slutty Alice in Wonderland characters long. Someone thought it would be a good idea to make a run for Mitchell. ( as if the bathroom would be open there?) and we ended up behind a bush. This may have been the drunkest I've been in my life. I'm not promoting underage drinking but no one can get me in trouble because I'm 21 now. I think. I couldn't even squat. I just sat down and pissed in the grass. Later that night we all made it home in one piece and I insisted on showering while everyone else went to sleep. When I got back in my room there was a knock at the door. I opened it. An officer. Not Campo. Newark Police. I was naked and there were six people asleep on the floor of my Shorney double. I only found out after the fact that I had also turned completely blue in the shower. He paid me a personal visit to deliver my debit card, which looked like it had been trampled by 100 water buffalo. He left without any questions. The card didn't work after that but I kept it for my junk journal.

3. My sophomore year of high school I had a bunch of friends over on Halloween night to watch movies. I made a batch of my infamous chocolate-chip-nutella-cookies. I may have even lit a candle. Maybe that's where I went wrong. There wasn't enough space on the couch so some of us were on the floor. This included a friend who had just started dating her childhood best friend. 16 years of sexual tension led to them on the floor of my family's home, surrounded by 5-7 other people, with a blanket over their heads. The worst part: my parents were there. It ended horrifyingly with my father pulling back the blanket to "offer them one of my aforementioned cookies" thats a word right? Aforementioned?

5. At some point in my strange and blurred childhood memories, my best friend and I created alter egos for ourselves. I was Sylvia and she was BIRTHA. Together we were the Gutherthurd sisters. Fashion models. Designers. Actresses. This involved tying our hair up around water bottles, wearing too much lipstick, and for me, a pair of 6 inch stripper heels. We dressed up and made videos for them for years. For one halloween we decided to really go the extra mile. We went trick or treating as Sylvia and BIRTHA, staying in character the whole night while other kids our age had become "too old for it" . I'm doing a poor job explaining the extent to which the costumes horrified children and adults alike so please reference figure A.



*Figure A*

I'll trade my whole  
dad  
for a  
little bit of  
weed 🤪🤪🤪🤪🤪 100%

## Staff "Halloween Candy" Box

Carter "Candy Corn" Seipel, Managing Editor  
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Lily "Candy Corn" Reaser, Freshman Writer  
Lilly "Candy Corn" Andrews, Freshman Writer  
Aiyana "Candy Corn" Harrison, Freshman Writer



*"well looky here"-  
white guy opening  
your bra*