

# THE BULLSHEET

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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The #1 Carter

Delivered this morning by:

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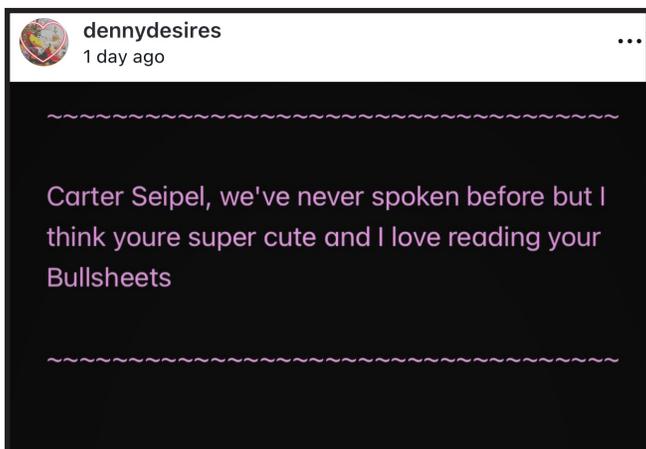
October 6th, 2025

GRANVILLE'S "MOST DESIRED" PUBLICATION

Vol. XLV, No. 27

## I GOT DENNY DESIRED

*Carter Seipel,  
As suprised as you*



Post from @DennyDesires, the Instagram account where Denison students can anonymously compliment, flirt or describe each other.

Every Sunday night I stay up late into the night tinkering away at Monday's Bullsheet. It can often feel like a thankless job. I wake up confident that no one has or will read my deranged late night ramblings. But every now and then this notion of anonymity gets challenged.

Such was the case on Friday, October 3rd, 2025. I was speeding down the freeway when I received several messages in all caps from my roommate. I gleaned no information from these except that it was really urgent.

I was terrified. My first thought was that The Bullsheet was finally being sued. My second thought was, "I probably shouldn't be texting while speeding," but it was worth it because I discovered that the unthinkable had happened; I was the target of a Denny Desire. No really! For once, this isn't a bit. I have the photographic evidence to prove it.

I honestly don't know what's harder to believe, that someone would find me cute or that someone actually reads the Bullsheet! The whole thing read like a prank but that didn't stop me from faxing my ex-wife's boyfriend a picture of the post. Take that, Gary!

After the fax, I sat down at my little writer's desk with the goal of crafting the perfect response. Initially I wanted to comment, "come talk to me," but then I reread the post. I realized that if this person has never actually talked to me before, then they have no idea how annoying my voice sounds. I immediately enrolled in speech therapy and started talking two octaves lower.

Turns out, suddenly straining your vocal cords has horrible consequences. I spent the weekend speechless, and not out of shock. I genuinely lost my voice because of all the strain. During my forced vow of silence, I started counting how many people on this campus I have never talked to. And that's a lot of people! In fact, I've never spoken to the majority of campus.

Paranoia then ensued. This person could truly be anyone. Everywhere I looked was a potential Denny Desirer staring back at me. Dining halls, parking lots, and even the posters hanging around campus were littered with watchful eyes. The anonymity I once naively complained about felt shattered. I became a shut in, driven mad with a desire of my own. A desire for answers! I created several suspect boards and started chainsmoking, which made it even harder for my vocal cords to recover. My weekend was just like that classic story, "I Have No Mouth but I Must Ask Every Single Stranger if They're my Secret Admirer."

But luckily after many sleepless nights, my voice, much like that boomerang I threw last month, returned to me. It's back and better than ever! So, if you wrote that Denny Desire post and weren't completely repulsed by this article, please reach out. I have two Instagrams and can often be found loitering around the library and Common Grounds. Now that I'm able to talk again, I would love to have our very first conversation! I even promise to use my real voice.

# THINGS I MISSED DOING WHEN I LOST MY VOICE

Carter Seipel,  
Speaking From Experience

*Not having a voice was hard. I couldn't even complain about it! Until now...*

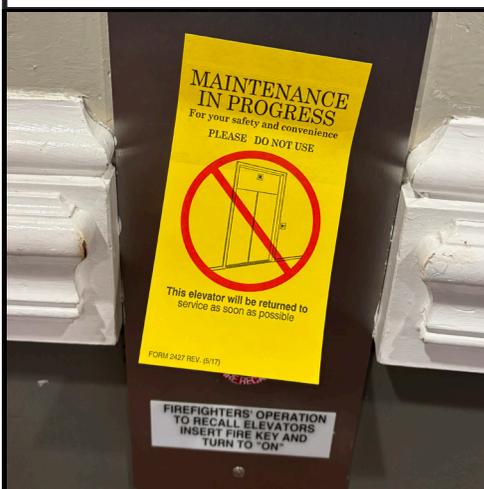
Yelling at pedestrians from the comfort of my own car  
Saying the phrase, "don't accept any wooden nickels"  
Accusing  
Bragging about not having any midterms this semester  
Critiquing the latest Taylor Swift album even though I haven't heard it  
Ordering croissants  
Playing the devil's advocate in class  
Standing up by a stool and telling people my subpar jokes  
Singing SpongeBob songs in the shower  
Calling my cat's name even when he's miles away  
Yelling "Boo!"  
And most of all, telling people to read the Bullsheet

## I KNOW WHO RUNS THE DENNY DESIRES ACCOUNT...

Carter Seipel,  
Gossip Train

Not really! But it'd be pretty cool if I did. What happens if their secret gets out anyways? Do they resign? Or do they keep doing it but with the knowledge that all of their arch foes are now going to go after their dear old Aunt May? That would be a shame! For the record, if I did know who was behind this Denny Desires account, I would not reveal their secret identity. Unless it was Adam Weinberg. How weird would that be? I don't think it's Adam, though. He seems too busy to run a successful Instagram account. And what a success it is! Truly something uniting the campus and spreading positivity in these trying times. I hope you guys think of the Bullsheet that way. I mean, I know we've never done a single thing to unite the campus, and we thrive on spite and negativity but, I'd like to think it's all for the greater good. Anyways, there wasn't really a point to this article. We're low on submissions, and I didn't have anything else to say, but alas, the page must be filled. What's that Lorne Michaels quote? "The show doesn't go on because it's ready; it goes on because it's 11:30?" That's what it's like in the Bullsheet office every night. You're not special Lorne. Anyways, sorry for that clickbait title and for wasting everyone's time. Go back to studying.

Wait! One last thought! Wouldn't it be cool if the unknown person in the Buzzy mascot suit hung out with the unknown admin of DennyDesires? They could even form a little club! Call it anonymous anonymous! Good luck setting that up, though. It probably would be kind of hard given all the anonymity...



### Staff "TS Album" Box

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