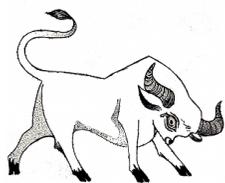


THE BULL SHEET



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. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by:
Leah Jackson
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Lily Andrews

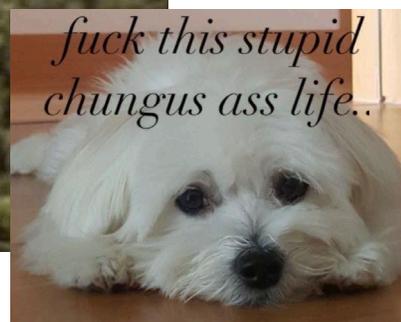
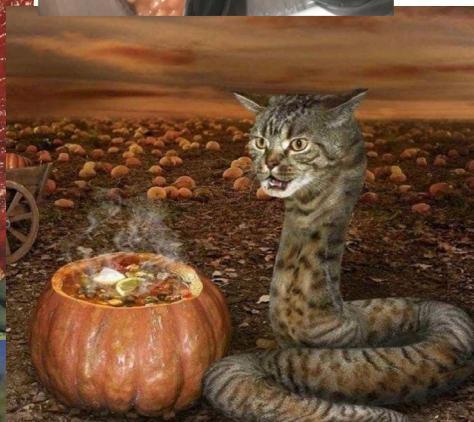
November 5th, 2025

GRANVILLE'S "MOST" PUBLICATION

Vol. XLV, No. 47

NOVEMEBER MOOD BOARD

Leah Jackson,
Missing October



This Thing Most Hate: An Ode to my Love

Anna Crum,
hopeless romantic

"It started with a whisper/And that was when I kissed her" - Everybody Talks by Neon Trees

Fingers graze glass and mere seconds pass before I am given entrance.
use you and then speak ill, like your security is some kind of malicious pill.
They batter and bruise what lets them peruse all that they use in this school.
Let not their harsh words, their ungrateful curses, their full-of-brick purses, hurt you.
I'll stand besides, or maybe near-ish and hide, as I protect you.

I'll love what they hate.

Each number in its box I'll worship like a blessing.

Every green check I'll take as a sign of your requited devotion that I won't be second guessing.

I love what they hate.

Duo Mobile: my twin-flame, my sweet-cheese, my soulmate.

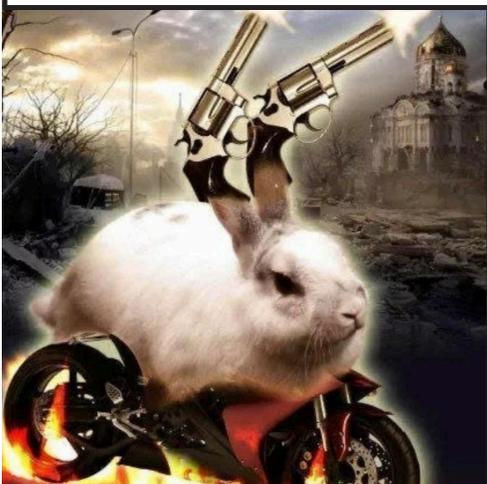
A Call to Parking

Anna Crum,
part of the cause

The public's initial rage toward the parking situation was palpable, invigorating, and downright revolutionary. It seemed as though this campus of young, bright, progress-driven individuals were finally going to put their energy toward something meaningful: being able to park within 200 feet of where you live. Historically, college campuses have been a place of collective action, where ideas of what should be clash with how things are. Denisonians were on the precipice of real change, wheels to the concrete, car horns putting the horny in shorney, boots on the pedals. But, this spirit seemed to be dying down. Or so I thought.... Right outside of the Smith Graveyard a symbol of grassroots resistance is standing strong against the force of the administration and the apathy of the masses.



Now one could say that it is just one individual taking a stand. That it is just one person who decided to make a new parking spot when one was not provided. One person against the grueling tide of the administration. But no, day after day this "spot" is taken, created, it stands as a beacon of hope in this dreary parking land. This is what grassroots action looks like. This is what we fight for. This is what we park for. Rise comrades and park in the dirt, in the grass, but never park your hopes and dreams for a better tomorrow.



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