

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. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by:

Lucy Claire Dale

SSN: *****

Delivered this morning by:

Anna Pipilongstocky Crum

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GRANVILLE'S "MOST FINE-ARTS DRIVEN" PUBLICATION

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FINALS POEM

*Meredith Havre,
words-smith*

The impending doom is near
Because finals season is here
No, you can't get a girlfriend in a week
We all feel the need to shriek
The weight of all this work
Is going to make me go berserk
Let's soldier on brothers
So, we can all go home to our mothers

Also I love Josie Knee
She makes me filled with glee

Who am I, What am I?
Kill me, Cade.

I AM IN CLASS RIGHT NOW

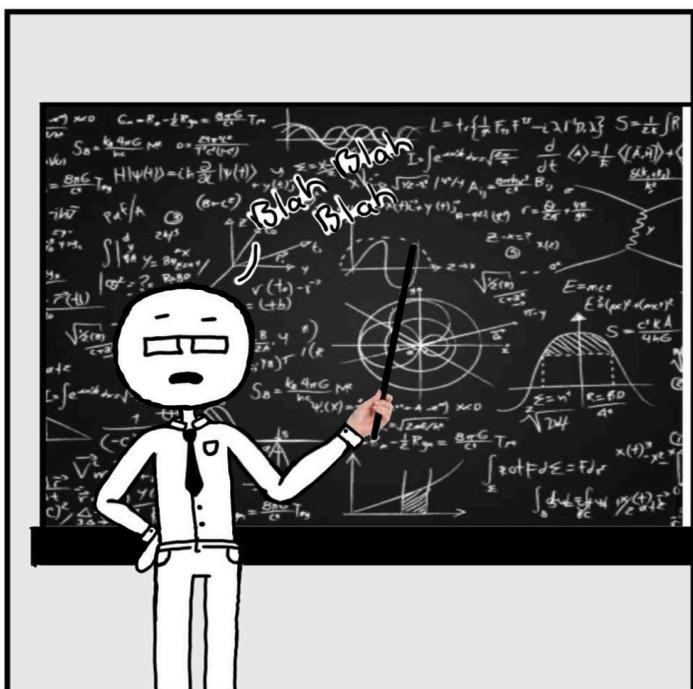
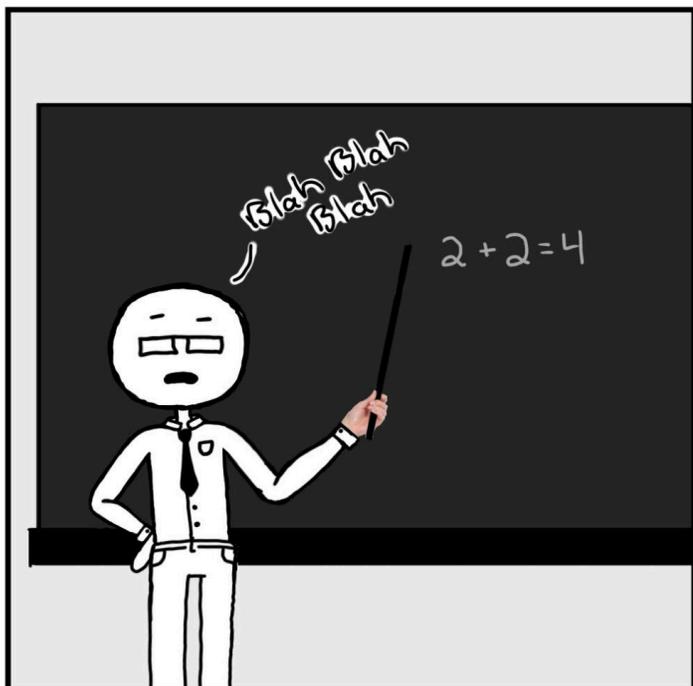
*Elliot Harpham,
in class right now*

I am in class right now. We are playing a kahoot. I am sitting next to Christine Trueh. I am also eating a cookie, while being in class and playing a kahoot and sitting next to Christine Trueh. Christine is currently telling the professor and a student how to work the projector. It is December. My avatar is a moose with a viking helmet. It is 3:11 PM and I am in Higley 223. The student is still unable to figure out the projector. He is trying to get extra credit.

"LUCKY STIFF" REVIEW

*Lucy Dale,
extremely qualified to review musicals*

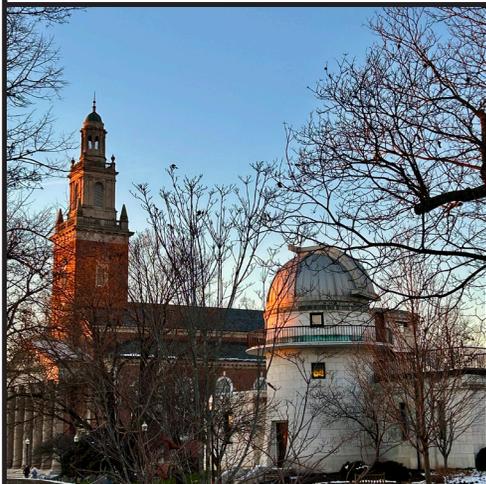
I went to see Lucky Stiff on Tuesday night and I'm still thinking about it. So, I decided to write a review where I basically just explain the entire musical from memory and see if I can infuriate 10+ theatre kids, fingers crossed. So, we begin with a song telling the audience that something odd is going on, um...I was 18th on the waitlist and still got a seat, so yeah, I know something odd is going on. A character in an amazingly fugly leopard-print jumpsuit then shoots a man and at first I was like um, I thought this was a murder mystery but I'm pretty sure I already know who did it. Anyway, I think the next scene opened on a British shoe-salesman doing inventory and singing about how he wished something, dare I say odd, would happen in his life. And then as he's walking home we see the landlord and some other people who aren't really explained but I guess they are flabbergasted that this common boring man received a telegram and then they proceed to try and read its contents. They're like holding it up to the light and then holding it over a candle to try and melt the seal, but honestly this shoe-salesman was not only dressed like a Victorian rug, he was one, and they could have ripped it open and he probably wouldn't have batted an eye. Anyway, the telegram alerts him that his uncle from New Jersey has died and has left money for his nephew in his will. They have never met, which leads me to say that this shoe-salesman is the luckiest duck because he gets money from the will and didn't have to endure creepy small-talk with an uncle at Thanksgiving, though I guess British people don't celebrate Thanksgiving...Anyway, then we see back in New Jersey the leopard-print gal threatens the life of her brother because I guess the uncle was her lover on the side and she killed him but they also embezzled 6 million dollars and she wants the money now. So off to Monte Carlo they go, with a song and a dance, of course. The shoe-saleman finds out that in order to receive the 6 mil he has to go to Monte Carlo with his dead uncle in a wheelchair and take the corpse scuba-diving. And the craziest part of this whole interaction is that he only agrees because otherwise a charity for dogs would get the 6 mil and he really hates dogs. So, then we're in Monte Carlo and everyone has French accents and is oddly sexual. There is a woman who works for the dog charity following the shoe-salesman to make sure he upholds all the uncle's requests because if not, the dogs get the money. They instantly hate each other because she loves dogs a little too much. Like actually, she sings a song about yearning for the company of a dog and it made me question the sanity levels of pretty much everyone in this musical. Anyway, obviously the two of them fall in love, as per the classic enemies to lovers trope and get drunk, hook-up, and lose a dead body because an alcoholic french maid accidentally takes the corpse to the laundry room, which is basically just a Thursday in my life, so I felt well represented. Oh yeah, the contestants of Jersey Shore show up at some point to the same hotel and both the lady and her brother end up in french maid costumes and waving guns around like they're stage props, oh wait...The musical ends when we find out that the dead corpse isn't actually the uncle but the uncle's best friend and the actual uncle was dressed as either a monk or someone out of a horror movie, it's not totally explained. The dead corpse has his heart in a heart shaped box and a bunch of jewels where his heart used to be?? Anyway, everyone ends up in love in Monte Carlo which is also a song they sing so all in all, better than Wicked Part 2 but not Part 1.



CONVERSATION STARTERS

Elliot Harpham,
extroverted extrovert

**BALL
THIS BULLSHEET
UP
AND THROW
IT
AT
A
STRANGER**



Staff "final grade calculation" BOX

Carter "99%" Seipel, Managing Editor
Christine "99.2%" Trueh, Senior Editor
Leah "99.05%" Jackson, Senior Editor
Lindsey "99.67" George, Sophomore Editor
Lucy "32%" Dale, Head Writer
Arianna "99.999" Griffiths, Senior Writer
Elliot "99%" Harpham, Senior Writer
Eleanor "101%" Mason, Junior Writer
William "98.85" Eddleman, Sophomore
Lucy "102%" Hollingsworth-Hays, Sophomore Writer
Anna "99.00000009" Crum, Sophomore Writer
Lilly "99.5%" Andrews, Freshman Writer
Lily "1070.0%" Reaser, Freshman Writer
Aiyana "100.99%" Harrison, Freshman Writer
Meredith "99.314295" Havre, Freshman Writer

