

THE BULLSHEET FILES

Lily Reaser, CIA

The Radical Denny doesn't want people talking about THE BULLSHEET SUCCESS. Now 1,000,000 more pages on The Bullsheet are found. We are being forced to spend all of its time on this Denison inspired Hoax.

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TAKE ME BACK TO 2016...

Christine, nostalgic



If we've ever spoken you'd likely think I was having the first conversation of my life. Truth is I suck at small talk, and given the recent break, I know I will be dealing with a lot of "How was your winter break?" So I have come back to campus prepared. Below is my well rehearsed small talk monologue, which I will be deploying throughout campus for the foreseeable future:

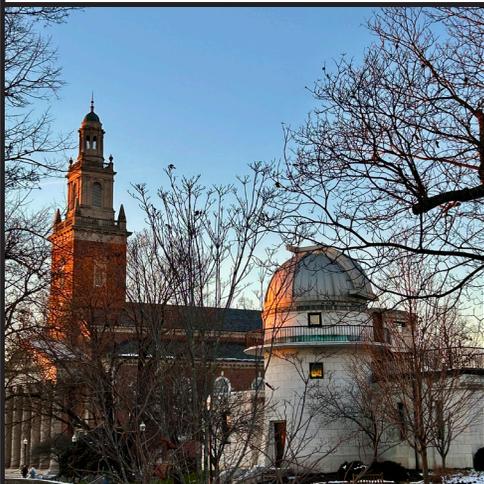
"My winter break? You want to know about my winter break?! We open on snow-dusted tables outside of a quaint Columbus cafe. I sat across from my ex-wife whom I was meeting for lunch. I say lunch, but the only thing her mouth ever touched was the cigarettes she brought with her. Hence why we were seated outside at those frigid tables. My butt was wet, freezing, and- I'm losing focus. My ex-wife was in the states on some unknown business and asked if I wanted to speak since that's what "healthy adults do." Having seen the episode of Fraser where he reconnects with Dianne and finds closure, I gave her an eager "Sure. Whatever. I guess."

I picked at my fries with gloved hands while she told me all about her globetrotting adventures with Detective Gary Holmes. Solving art heists in Paris, drinking aged wine, and most impressive of all, learning French. During her extensive travels, which put my semester abroad to shame, she even managed to finish her prized stamp collection. Yeah, I didn't know she collected stamps either, but she was very proud. There was a certain satisfaction in her voice that I had never heard while we were together. She then asked what was new with me.

My mind panicked. I don't know if you've heard, but I'm not the best at small talk. But I knew I had to say something equally impressive, so I told her I got rich quick by investing in an AI startup. Always seeing the worst in me, she easily bought into the idea that I'd shake digital hands with AI. She then asked what kind of AI the startup specialized in. I nervously glanced around, eventually spotting our hardworking waiter. "Just that amazing AI in fast food drive-throughs," I told her. "You know the one replacing all those silly minimum wage workers."

My ex-wife frowned. She was jealous of my made up riches. Victory! But our waiter frowned too. I could tell he would spit into anything else we ordered. It was time to wrap up lunch. My ex-wife and I both delighted in the chance to say, "separate checks." After a silent tip measuring contest, I got in my car, and we split ways for the umpteenth time. On my silent drive home alone, I realized something heartbreaking. The saddest part of lunch with my ex-wife was that nothing funny happened! A comedy writer's worst nightmare. No wife jokes, no Bevi machines, and no waiter slipping and falling, which I often hope for. No wonder I struggled to impress her. I wondered if my winter break would impress anyone. I was then forced to confront the fact that over my last 3.5 years writing for the Bullsheet, I may have developed habits, cliches, tropes and so-called callbacks that I tend to fall back on (see the 4 part "Tales From _____ Break Series"). All crutches. Well, if I can't impress my ex-wife, I might as well try to impress the Bullsheet readers! I want to use these crutches as little as possible as I enter the final leg of my Bullsheet career. Get it? Leg? Crutches? Yeah, I still got it...

Anyways, we're doing lunch again next week! So keep reading the Bullsheet so I can rub its staggering success in my ex-wife's face. But enough about her! How was your winter break?"



Staff "Favorite days in January" BOX

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