

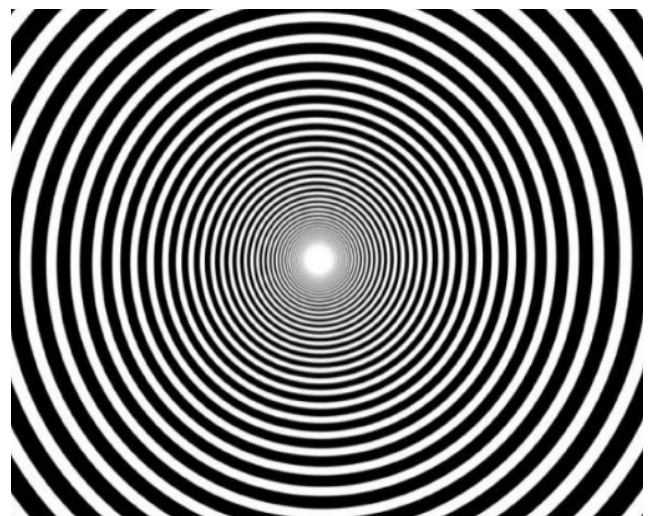
## *Leah's Lovely Last Sheet (Literally Forever)*

### ARTICLES I WAS GOING TO WRITE BUT NEVER DID

1. Secret Slayter/dining hall recipies
2. Gossip collun but half of its true half of its made up you have to guess
3. MTV Cribs but its dorms and frat houses. First article is KSig coke room
4. Naming all the animals I can think of
5. How I think AI models talk to each other when humans are not around
6. Wiki How article with FAQ's ex: How to know if everyone hates you
7. Cannon events freshman-senior year
8. Ranking kinds of addictions from best to worst
9. Proposing campus design changes Ex: 70's conversation pits, on campus bar, mini aquarium, ect.
10. Noah's Arch but i'm Noah and I tell you what I would save
11. How I would cast different hypothetical live action films ex: Inside Out- Joy: Zooey Deschanel, Fear: Jim Parsons, Disgust: Kristen Bell, Anger: Danny Devito, Sadness: Phyllis Smith (from the office), Bing Bong: Matthew Gray Gubler



# You will come to Film Festival



# Leah's Goodbye Letter

Hi Guys, It's me again. Coming to you with one last captivating, ground breaking, and truly authentic last minute article. Who could have seen this coming? How will I ever say goodbye? What message do i want to leave behind? What is the meaning of it all! Alright calm down. It's not like Adam Wineburg lines up the seniors at graduation and shoots them with a gun as they reach for their diploma. To be honest, the first thing people warn you about college is how fast it goes by, but I feel like I've been here forever. When I look back at myself freshman and sophomore year, it feels like a different lifetime. Before college, I had never done anything crazy before, I never really lied, and I could count on my fingers how many times I had been drunk. The furthest I'd traveled was Florida. Now I have stories that would have made my highschool self shit her pants. I've gotten arrested (sort of) at a casino in Atlantic City where I was also employed at the Margaritaville restaurant. I didn't sleep for three days during one finals week. I woke up in the hospital with a 0.25 BAC, almost got kidnapped in Prague, jumped off cliffs in Malta and when to England in search of King Richard III. I lived in a retirement community, became a certified yoga teacher, started a band, started a club, and quit a lot of things. If I could give someone one piece of advice, it would be to try everything once and quit things more often. There's nothing more freeing than quitting something you don't like and moving on. Quit that job, switch your major, quit selling yourself short, and quit being friends with people who treat you like shit. Eventually you will find something that sticks. I took one cinema class freshman year and knew that was gonna be it but I kept doing things that didn't feel fulfilling. Overall, I don't have too many regrets. I was the least stable I've ever been. I was the most stable I've ever been. I met my best friends, I met people who were sent up from the depths of hell to torture me, and I met people who I must have signed contracts with in another life. I spent two summers in Granville. In the dead of July, when the student population is dwindling and everyone else in town is going about business as usual, you start to realize; there's nothing special about this town. Of course everything is special, but only because it becomes special. The IMs are just a grass field, Station is just a coffee shop, and the Cinema House is just a building with a moldy basement. It's the people that make a place meaningful. Graduating is strange, but I couldn't imagine spending another year here without my friends. And I wouldn't have done a single thing differently if it meant I wouldn't have gotten to know them. If you don't know me and you don't care now is when you should stop reading. Rory, I know we swore we wouldn't go to the same college but I couldn't be more grateful to have you here with me, to have someone who has known you at your best and worst and has still stuck around. I don't think that the universe would let us get away from each other if we wanted to. If it weren't for you I would have never met Kait, who makes everyday feel like we are in a sitcom. I would have never met Andrew, who we all pretend to hate (because he's a twat) but secretly love (because he's a nerd). I would never have met Wyatt. Wyatt, I'm sorry about what I said when we met at the murder mystery party. One day you won't be around to dance seductively and yell at us in Japanese and I'll miss it. The best thing you ever did was introduce all of us to Erin. Erin (Smerin) I cherished being your roommate. Erin, (Lerin) I also cherished being your roommate. It was the best summer of my life. Substance abuse summer will never die. Speaking of substances- Talya, some of my favorite memories of Denison and study abroad were with you. You, Josh, Joanna, and Anna have made the Cinema Haus a home since intermediate. Thank you for being down for anything and thank you, (along with the grace of King Rich3) for bringing Hadiya into my life. Hadiya you might be the funniest person I've ever met. Ana, to this day I still can't believe that we met on Instagram, but don't know who I would have become if I never met you. We've had so many adventures. Oghap, I'm convinced that if there is a god, he brought us together freshman year. That or we've known each other in many many lifetimes. Olivia, if there is a devil, he brought us together through printmaking, shitty ex-roommates and shitty ex-friends. I love you guys. Thanks for being my friends. If I named everyone who had an impact on me over the last four years I would need a lot more space. I guess I'm just trying to say that if things would have been different then everything would have been different. You can regret everything or you can regret nothing and I've chosen nothing. I know I'm starting to sound like some cheesy liberal arts propaganda, but I do feel really lucky to have been a part of it all. I've been lucky to have a few amazing professors that made me feel like what I had to say mattered for the first time in my life. I have them to thank for my love of Cinema and Art and the community I got to be a part of while I was here. Shout out to my mom who read the Bullsheet to her best friend while she threw up a TDans Margarita on parents weekend. Thank you to the Bullsheet empire (staff, alumni and readers) for giving me an outlet to be creative and literally say whatever I want. Now when you google my name all this incriminating stuff will come up. Remember this is a satirical publication and it's not to be taken at face value! Well I guess that's all guys. Stay Up.

Love, Leah



## Staff "Things to do before graduating" BOX

Carter "a backflip" Seipel, Managing Editor  
Christine "Pochos Banana Marg" Trueh, Head Writer  
Leah "Streak" Jackson, Senior Editor  
Lindsey "Swim in Ebaugh" George, Sophomore Editor  
William "Library Sex" Eddleman, Sophomore Editor

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Lucy "Roll Ash" Dale, Foreign Correspondant  
Elliot "Shit Pants" Harpham, Senior Writer  
Eleanor "Shrooms" Mason, Foreign Correspondant  
Lucy "Step on Seal" Hollingsworth-Hays, Sophomore Writer  
Anna "Become Twitch Streamer" Crum, Sophomore Writer  
Lilly "Picnic" Andrews, Freshman Writer  
Lily "Bury a Body" Reaser, Freshman Writer  
Aiyana "Go to Church" Harrison, Freshman Writer  
Meredith "meditate" Havre, Freshman Writer

