



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, is hanging on for dear life, and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before our editors shamble into the office for next day submission via e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by: Jack
Delivered this morning by: Lena
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THREATENING THE DENISONIAN

If you're anything like how I was when I was a starry-eyed first-year, you signed up for way too much shit at the fall involvement fair. I thought I had enough to say to have a Doobie show? I thought I was athletic enough to hike up and down the hill for the Vegetarian Club? Most laughable of all... I thought I was interested in the Denisonian?

I admit it. Baby Lena put her name on the Denisonian mailing list in the fall of 2019. Baby Lena thought she'd find a spark in the thriving journalistic community of the Denison campus. A home on the Hill writing about all of Granville's breaking news: IFC allows patio events on Saturdays...? :O

I mean, to be fair, I didn't apply to the Bullsheet immediately. In fact, I was the Bullsheet's #1 hater. I read it out of spite every single day - to the point I was cutting out fragments to tape to my wall (I still do this). Yeah, no, I know, it's fan behavior, but you know what they say: you are what you eat. And I was consuming a lot of Bullsheet content. So here we are.

Not the point. The point is the Denisonian. Despite never once having gone to a content meeting, never once even lifting a publication with my wicked little fingers, I receive a Denisonian sponsored email every 37 seconds, 36 on a Wednesday. Last year it was kind of charming, you know? The world was falling apart, there was no community, I was eating dinner alone on my floor for the fifth time that week, but oh look! The Denisonian is on my little phone making little requests for my little input, how quaint. Maybe I'll send something in. Maybe I'll win a Pulitzer or whatever, who knows.

I'm not gonna do that. I never was, in all honesty, but I was mentally ill so whatever. Now I'm facing the truth that I'm not gonna go to their bidaily 5:30 content meetings to drum up news on the recent chipmunk activity, so I'll just ask Aaron Skubby to remove me from the mailing list. No sweat, right?

Wrong.

I asked him politely, first.

Hey Skubs, can you take me off that mailing list?

Yeah, sure thing Lena.

Thanks man.

Next day, Denisonian content meeting alert rolls into my inbox, bringing with it the stench of stale office air and polite Ohian interest. That's fine, I'm sure Skubs is a busy guy.

You pickin' up what she's puttin' down? Continued on back!

MAD AT THE DENISONIAN STILL!

I'll just block their email. No harm no foul.

Somehow. The Denisonian is immune to being blocked. It's like they have first amendment rights to harass my inbox about meetings I have never once considered attending - and I've told Skubs this.

Hey Sudsmeiser, you've gotta get me off this mailing list.

Of course! No problem.

Apparently, yes problem. Here we are, almost a month after my decision to sever ties with Granville's most popular student newspaper, still receiving emails. Skubwad skips the niceties at this point, too. We're lobbing insults at each other from opposite ends of Huffman dining hall over baked tofu steaks and squelchy green beans.

So, this is my official threat to you, Aaron Skubby. In writing, in perpetuity. If I receive a content meeting alert this upcoming Monday, I will begin replacing your personal belongings with exact replicas made of unsalted butter, and I will slice all of your shoelaces.

Your move, Skubs. Tread wisely.

*-Lena Hanrahan, Junior Writer &
NOT on The Denisonian staff*

FROM THE DIARY OF A.E. RASMUNDSSSEN: PART III

Mundus was buried today. I was there when the life left his lips. It was strange, almost beautiful, like the sparrow I kept as a child—I buried it in my backyard, twisted and deformed from the effects of strangulation. The storm that surrounds the college has made the soil soft, easy for burying. The widow and young John were there to see their husband and father buried. They ran from me before I could ask them about Mundus' studies. I will retire early tonight, there is work yet to be done while the ground is still fresh and the rot has not yet set in.

My hands are stained! My work is done! Ink has seeped beneath my finger nails, and mixed with flesh and blood, already I can feel the change coming upon me. I was right that Mundus was hiding something from me, and he has given it up in his death. Freud said that "betrayal oozes out of [mankind] at every pore" and such is the case of Mundus, if only one knows how to liberate the skin from the body. It was hard work, the weather was as tumultuous as ever and I dared not light a lamp in fear of being seen, so I contented myself to work by the flashes of lightning that arced across the sky. It was easy enough to find his grave, the soil was still loose from that morning, and his skin peeled from his frame like a book wishing to be read.

I was right! There are words inscribed on the underside of his skin, they speak to me in strange ways. Among them is the symbol of the winged cat, and ouroboros twice twisted—in the manner of the Turkish çengel—*and a strange abomination of the Sator Square*; Sator-Rotas, Arepo-Opera, Tenet-Tenet-Tenet-Tenet. With each step I crawl closer to the truth, a worm in a pile of dung seeking for the sky. The moment of my liberation is nigh!

*Editors note: In this case a reference to what is now known as the "Cool S", a geographic pattern with origins in basketry which was given religious meanings by the Dacians and later Gnostic and alchemical thought

*A quadruple palindrome, which read the same forward, backward, up and down. It is believed to hold significant magical and religious (in Christianity) power. The organization revealed on the skin of Dr. Mundus is relatively unusual, turning it into sets of opposites which loosely translate into "Oh Creator, you who cause all to rotate, I crawl towards you with difficulty, preserve the rotation."

-William Kelsey, The Man

Staff "Whits flavors of the week" Box

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Did you know that Dr. Dre mixes his own radio edits?