



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, stopped being funny in 2019, 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 e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

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HOLLIDAY GIFT GUIDE

Here are some great gifts to get the loved ones in your life:

1) A 100 Euro note (and two postcards):

This is prime German humor. Like legit one of the funniest things to come out of German politics. Basically, old German election regulations mandated that political parties would get money from the federal government to continue operations based off things such as donations, results, and revenue from merchandise sales. So neo-nazi party AfD started selling gold bars to get mad money because of a legal loophole (revenue not income). In response the satirical party Die PARTEI (Party for Work, Rule of Law, Animal Protection, Protection of Elites, and Grassroots Democratic Initiative) just started to sell money using the same legal loophole until the government patched it up. We love Bureaucracy and German jokes!

2) Jolly Green Giant Zoodles:

Refreshing, nutritious, and delicious, Jolly Green Giant Zoodles are all you need for a refreshing and tasty snack. These edible noodle-based zucchini substitutes are perfect with sauce, however most customers like to eat them straight out of the bag. They are Gluten Free, Vegan, Vegetarian, Pescetarian, Keto, and Lactose intolerant friendly, still unknown if Phoebe Martin can eat them though. This is a great gift for foodies and zucchini fans alike!! run on down to your local Jolly green Giant store and pick some up post haste.

3) United States Postal Service Merch:

This stuff unironically goes hard. First off you get to support the only thin blue line that matters (postal workers, like seriously my postal worker does more to protect the community than nay cop i've ever seen. Man can survive the neighborhood dogs, I'll trust him with my life). Secondly, they got Pony-Express themed shit. Talk about the hayday of horse based transportation (get it, hay day? like hay... for horses?). Third, you can look all cool and Indie or whatever with your acid washed jeans and retro postal service shirt.

4) The Orb.

It's time to ponder the orb folks. Look into it. What does it say? What does it feel like? Taste like? There is a cold breeze coming from somewhere. It suddenly shifts and its a warm breeze. It's actually not a breeze at all. You pas out. You wake up crouched over a hole in the road the taste of bile in your mouth. You are a medieval peasant and the local old lady who lives in the woods and makes people drink sticks and twigs mixed into water has diagnosed you with the plague. You go home to your partner and 18 kids. Young Aileen (your youngest daughter, not to be confused with Tall Aileen, old Aileen and Pretty Aileen) bathes your forehead with a dirty rag. You suffer for a week and then drop dead. Your family buries you out back next to your 14 children who didn't make it through childhood. A cold wind blows... no its a hot wind...

Centuries later an archaeologist stumbles upon a midden heap behind the remains of a 14th century cottage. By now all that remains are the fence posts that held up the walls--they were preserved by centuries worth of mud. Packed into the dirt they find a child's doll, three buttons, and a single coin. They also find an Orb that shimmers with an unknown light. They dig up your body and display your skeleton as "the prime example of a mid 14th century peasant, stress marks on the fibula and minor breakages on the sternum indicate a poor diet. Strangely enough this specimen seems to have been relatively sedentary, spending most of their life on their ass. Pondering.

The Orb is sold off to a private bidder. You never see it again (you don't see much of anything again, you're dead after all)

-Will Kelsey, Editor

NEW ADMISSIONS POLICY

I recently had a discussion with a first year, who told me that the reason they came to Denison was because of the Bullsheet. That is so weird to me. The thought that a publication that started off as a simple news bulletin is now one of the main draws for incoming students is insane. We've come a long way folks, but we can always be better, we can always strive for more. Here are some new policies to hopefully increase the attractiveness of our school to incoming students:

1) All administrators must go through Bullsheet interviews:

I will only trust a president that can catch animals with their bare hands. @Adam Weinberg, pics of you with a deer in a headlock or it didn't happen.

2) Harassing tour guides is now actively encouraged:

We gotta prove that we are a cool campus, that we are funny. Go up to them (preferably only if they are your friends) and ask them stupid questions or say weird things. Some of my favorites are "Did you finish that diorama of the Titanic for our class on Tuesday", "Hi I'm Will, I'm a student that goes here... *Smile Awkwardly and then leave*", and "Have you shown them the shrine yet?". All of these are good.

3) The Bullsheet gains ownership of all IFC and Panhell spaces.

We need somewhere to hold our weekly meetings. It's not like they are using them for anything productive, think of all the quality journalism we could do if we converted the Theta house into a printing press or Ashe into paper storage

Will Kelsey

THIS IS MY LAST BULLSHEET OF THE ACADEMIC YEAR

Pros:

I can now actually go to sleep at a reasonable time
I get to study abroad in Vienna
I might finally have an excuse to not see Aaron Skubby every day. (kinda sucks that he is transferring tho)
I won't be here for recruitment
I can eat a lot of sauerkraut and Schnitzel and people probably won't judge me that much
Will be the legal drinking age
Won't have to edit the sheet
Can stop making up stupid listicles and pros/cons lists to fill up space
Can finally devote myself to my yodeling career
Can truly pursue yodeling as an art form
Can disappear for 3 years and then emerge from the Alps as the new Franzl Lang

Cons:

Can no longer gaslight my roommates
Don't get to see my friends/partner
Freshman vibes
Costs money :(
I'll still probably end up writing articles
yodeling might fall through
could be eaten by wolves or something in the Alps.
When I get back all my friends might go "yodel for us little yodel boy, yea that's right little yodel boy, give us a little show"

William Kelsey, Yodeler

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