



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, pushes Pan, 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.

Edited last night by: William Koboldsey
Delivered this morning by: Lauren Elfears
vol. LXIX / no. 30 / October 7th, 2022

FEARSOME CRITTERS OF THE HILL

Now way back when I was working up along old hogshed trail, I stumbled upon what I can only rightly describe as some of the fearsomest, do-no-goodest critters my eyes have ever laid their steely gaze upon. Let me regale you how I first learned about them. I was walking through the woods with my good friend and fellow lumberjack Teapot Sam, when we stumbled upon a strange little clearing wherein resided one strangest miniature shacks I have heretofore seen in this great green world of ours. From it's chimney climbed a thin stream of smoke, and before it's door, not more half a foot in height, laid a teensy-tiny, little book of secrets. Now being the inquisitive type I perched my monocle upon my eye and set my lumberjack brain to reading. This here is what I found, a bestiary of sorts, explaining categorizing and calling by name all those fearsome critters that dwell, hidden in shadows, on the environs Denison University:

Belled Buzzard

An omen of disaster, swooping over the Hill, a bell swinging from his neck. The Buzzard is a musician in its own right, playing its favorite songs as it inspires fear into the hearts and minds of the students. Students listen in fear for the day's tune, hoping it is one that promises safety. Only when one hears the faint chords of Megalovania, one knows the Buzzard is pleased and they are safe.

Snow Snake

A white serpent with shocking pink eyes, slithering through the snow for upwards of three feet until it freezes in its coil. As there is limited snow for the snake to hide in, the frozen animal stays on the ground for months, rain hammering upon it as it earns quizzical looks from unimpressed passerbys. It is rather pathetic.

Teakettler

The backwards troublemaker. Halls across campus echo with the sounds of a teakettle, luring students to the sound's origin. They run, in hopes of ramen and hot tea (not coffee, those who enjoy the dregs of coffee grinds may respectfully exit), only to be disappointed by the grinning, stocky, dog-like creature.

Sidehill Gouger

A creature with legs on one side of its body shorter than the other. It only can live on hills, exactly why it, like 2,200 other misguided beings, call the Hill its home. It spends its days hiking to the top of the Hill, but alas, once it reaches the top, it has become stuck, cursed to walk in a never-ending circle. Most nights, it can be seen, circling North Loop, caught in the cruel and unforgiving cycle. Remarkably, it is similar to the hordes of freshmen that also spend their nights wandering the loop, listening in vain for a hint of 2010s party music.

Denison Devil

A beast of the worst variety. One sees this and loses all hope, all faith. The euphoria that was created by a canceled class, gone. The devil lurks about campus, stalking students, creating pitfalls in the hearts of the masses trying to make their way from Knapp to Fellows in the most streamlined fashion. It has been said that this is nothing more than a figment of the imagination of overworked students, but what kind of figment follows you from moment to moment at all hours of the day, cawing nothing but its lawn-mower-like screech?

-Shaky Jones, Lumberjack to the Stars

TEAPOT SAM WEIGHS IN

Yup, them be critters alright. Matter of fact I seen the Snow Snake with my own two eyes, yee haw. It was just sitting there, looking like some kind of frozen sock hat some clever fellow taped a pair of googly eyes to, but I know--more than I know me own name--that that critter was as fearsome as any i've seen before.

Now my neighbors call me Teapot Sam on behalf of the tragic incident that occurred to me while i was working down at the ranch. You know which ranch I'm talking about, let's just say it's in a Hidden Valley ;). Well when I was working at that ranch I was talking to my boss--a man by the name of Texas Steve if I do recollect correctly--when what would you know but a buzzard the size of me walked by. Now the local folks call that monstrosity Buzzy and tend to give him an OSHA mandated break every 15 minutes, but I knew of no such thing, so I (rightfully so if you ask me) pulled out my six-iron and dropped some lead between that buzzard's eyes, screaming the whole time like a teapot boiling off some steam.

After that the locals ran me out of town and I worked a while as a longshoreman over in this small village of Gambier. Ain't nothing of import ever come in or out of that town, save a pretty bad movie starring Josh Radnor and Elizabeth Olsen about a 35 year old alum who falls in love with a spunky 19 year old college student (it's called *Liberal Arts* by-the-by because it's the only art those liberals know). As time went and I got older and older, by now well past the age of 35 and well past the best time to date 19 year olds, I decided to take up the noble career of lumber jacking down in the vast spruce forests of Johnstown.

Now that's when my life changed for the better. I met some fine lumberjacks and ate some flap-jacks, even played some jacks, and used a pneumatic jack, all while hanging out with my friend John (he goes by jack, and let me tell you he knows a bit about everything). I learned to be nimble, I learned to be quick, I even learned how to jump over a candlestick. By golly I even learned how to spin a yarn. Maybe next time i'll tell you the real reason why i'm called Teapot Sam.

-Teapot Sam

IN CASE YOU CAN'T TELL ITS SPOOKY SZN

It's that time of year again. The time of year when I can hold my loved ones hostage as I force down their throat tales of horror, of madness, and of creatures that roam the ancient woods. Two years ago we had the campus cryptids, strange creatures that added a little magic and curiosity to the world, be they the Milkdrinker of Swasey Chapel, Ghost Truck, or Three Raccoons in a Trenchcoat. Last year there was a change. With the mysterious disappearance of the Denison's resident occult society (Specialized Persons Observing Occult Knowledge of Yore) on the last day of October 2021--and the following investigation into the strange (and perhaps mad) nature of the editor that allowed such deranged works to be published--the Bullsheet as an organization decided to devote itself to only covering those works which we find extremely boring and of no use to the camps community in any way. There was no monsters. There was nothing but the story of a college on a hill, a story that devolved into madness murder, and the imprisonment of dark forces beneath our hill.

This year we return to our roots. To the simple folkloric musings of honest laborers telling their tales around the fire, whispering about those things that go bump in the night. Of the monsters that exist in the deep dark backwoods of our souls.

Staff "Sleepy" Box

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