



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, loves the alphabet, recycles, 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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Delivered this morning by: Ella
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WEEKLY HOROSCOPE

I have come to you through the wandering mists to deliver, from my eyes to yours, what your week holds. Read below to find what the stars have decided upon for you. Or remain in ignorance, it makes no difference. Fate is fate.

Aries - When you receive a phone call today, answer on the first ring. It will give you better luck. Not good, but better.

Taurus - Your candle is burning on both ends, the middle, and you just added three wicks on the side. Time to unwind and blow out a few of the flames before you turn into a wax puddle. Stop smoking. Or start. Whichever you are not doing.

Gemini - Some unexpected cash will flow into your day tomorrow; catch it before it circles the drain and leaves you not so high and way too dry. My friend, this week you may want to look your best because someone has noticed how hot you are. You **MUST** seize this opportunity because by next week you'll lose your chance.

Cancer - Whether you know it or not, you are born with an exceptional talent for cross-stitch. Capitalize on that this holiday season.

Leo - Friday will be a good day, with no emergencies, no bad hair, no fender benders. You get a free pass from the universe that day, so do not screw it up. If you really are unable to handle a stress-free day, hire a teenager to follow you around and comment on your decisions.

Virgo - There is a difference between looking on the bright side and realizing it is actually just the dark side on fire. If you learn how to tell them apart, your hair won't smell like smoke on Wednesday. Hopefully you will still have eyebrows.

Libra - In every life a little rain must fall, but you have been swamped so long, you have barnacles on your shoes. The sun will finally shine on you this Thursday. If someone hands you a towel, keep it with you at all times.

Scorpio - The only way you could love yourself more is if you lived in a disco ball warehouse. Someone should tell you to back away from all those mirrors, but gazing at your own reflection keeps you out of everyone else's business.

Sagittarius - Little birdies are telling you tall tales; what you think is a dove of peace turns out to be a stool pigeon. Have your meds adjusted before that big bird shows you who is boss. Your lucky number is a baker's dozen.

Continued on back!

Capricorn - Just your luck: the world becomes your oyster, and you are allergic to shellfish. If your good fortune is something you just cannot swallow, hang in there because hungry times are never far away.

Aquarius - While others curse the storm, you are out cruising for mud puddles. Jump in as many as you can, just remember to bring an inflatable duckie to keep yourself afloat in the deep end.

Pisces - Three words: Learn how to count.

All this is true I think. Until the week beyond this, journey forth, journey safe. And remember: finals week is only a week. This too shall pass.

- Balthazar the Seer

MY FOOD POISONING EXPERIENCE

I got food poisoning last week and I had some takeaways.

Food poisoning is such a random and awful thing to happen that it feels like a joke. Something about it is such pure humor. You eat something you want to eat and instead of gaining nutrients, you just throw up your guts for a day. It is like a prank. I was also the only person, out of the people I went to dinner with, to get deleted by my food. This made it feel slightly more personal, which sucked but also was special in a weird sense. The universe decided that I was the chosen one of vomit.

Another thing that I noticed when I was yakking in the private bathroom in the basement of my dorm building, is that “food poisoning” is the most overused excuse to get out of class. So, it was interesting e-mailing my professors begging them to believe what awful state I was in. There is nothing more humbling than throwing up everywhere but then desperately trying to convince an authoritative figure that you are throwing up everywhere. If you get food poisoning, my advice is try to find the humor in it, take a lot of tums, drink some water, and maybe just tell your professor you have the flu or something.

-Mick Smith, Junior Editor



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*Worst Staff Box
of the year....get
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