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Delivered this morning by: The Carolina Killer  
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## A PEASANT'S PANHELL!

The season is upon us! 156 eager young students descended upon the sorority houses last night for a riveting round of discussion, posing, and base salesmanship. There was, however, one student that was not present at this marathon of rushing. One student that we all hold near and dear to our hearts. That's right, Crispin, the little medieval peasant who lives in the basement of Bancroft House. Due to a sudden bout of consumption brought upon an imbalance of their humours Crispin was unfortunately unable to make it to tonight's festivities. In honor of our beloved peasant let's consider which sororities would allow Crispin to be their sister:

**KKG:** Yes. Absolutely. 100%. There is not a doubt in my mind that the lovely Kappas would see Crispin shivering in a snowbank wearing nothing but a potato sack and one sandal and invite her in. They would set Crispin down at the fire and give her some tea. She would be scared, but she would feel loved. She would say such things as "forsooth, with what sorcery hast thou brought the light of the sun to bear on this cold winter's day" she would play with their lamps and lounge upon their couches, and the Kappas shall worship her as their queen.

**Kappa Alpha Theta:** What better place for a wee peasant girl than a Wee White House. Crispin would walk in and feel at home with the age of the place with the organization. She would face a mirror and chant three times "Bettie Locke, Bettie Locke, knock upon this door. Bettie Locke, Bettie Locke, out upon the moor." And like magic Bettie Locke would appear and say to her "welcome child, to the first greek letter fraternity known among women" and Crispin would respond "but ma'am I don't speak greek, I'm just a poor little peasant lass" and with that the ghost of Bettie Locke would disappear.

**Delta Gamma:** It's sink or swim, baby! Can Crispin dive in? Can Crispin do good? If someone were to throw Crispin into a pond would she sink, or would foul devils lift her to the surface? Is she worthy of bearing the anchor? I think it doesn't matter. Sink or swim Crispin would feel welcome in DG. She may be terrified by their nautical nature (Crispin has never bathed, and as such fears the sea) but the welcoming ladies of DG would welcome her with open arms.

**TriDelt:** There was one thing that Crispin learned from her father before he was killed in the crusade, and that was that the Godhead was split into three parts; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. As such all things emanate from the Monad in bifurcating ranks. The great triangle of the Monad gives way to the two lesser triangles of the Archons, which give way to the triangles of the spirits and of the material world. Crispin would see the symbol of the TriDelts and she would know that they were holy women indeed. That they would shelter her from the crusading hordes. She would gladly join their ranks (though she would be shocked to learn that there are not, in fact, an order of Gnostic nuns).

**Pi Phi:** I cannot name a single fact about Pi Phi other than that they live super far away from everyone else and have, in the words of Crispin "bursa bursting with bullion". Crispin would love to be a part of their sisterhood, for any sorority that can win Anchors-plash since time immemorial can certainly spare a few Groschen for a starving peasant girl! Under their tutelage she could perchance buy a new potato sack, or a second sandal for her foot! What generosity! What Noblesse Oblige!

- Will "Peasant Whisperer"  
Kelsey

# TROPE CONFESSSIONALS

Welcome to the confessional booth record. Yes, our confessional booth staff have decided to keep a record of all confessions, and no, we don't know if it's illegal but we're not going to check. Here are the highlights from our favorite confessions.

## **Killian Killer III** (*Her friends call her a "femme fatale"*)

Everyone around Killian dies, either at her own hand or randomly and she just happens to be in the room when it happens. She is often the sole survivor among her friends, some may call her an omen. It's exhausting to find new friends every few months, but she feels this is the lord's way of reprimanding her. She details the number of murders she's committed and her motives, ranging from vigilante justice to forgetting the mustard on her half-double cheeseburger. Throughout her confession, she speaks in poems and large words that no sane person uses in daily life. She claims the men around her submit to her will, picking up her dry cleaning and making stir fry for her, something she swears on her life she cannot get right despite how often she tries. She feels no shame for the men she employs to do her bidding, she's just happy they can be of use to her before they inexplicably die via the rare venom of a viper indigenous to Sri Lanka.

## **Ingrid Normalperson** (*Behaves as all women should*)

Ingrid hates her husband. Every man she meets, she throws herself at him. Dramatically draping a hand across her forehead, sighing ridiculously. She begs them to run away with her, to leave the life they lead. Although she just met a man mere moments ago, she is sure that this is who she should spend the rest of her life with. But what about her husband! No, she can't. She can't betray him like this. But that thought only lasts a few moments before she decides her husband is not important. This man is truly who she belongs with, this tall, handsome stranger eyeing her from across the dance floor. Her husband does not deserve happiness, he is a cold-hearted man that only wants to control Ingrid, he cares nothing for her. He only likes her money and status. Ingrid doesn't care for any of that! She has cursed her husband a thousand times over in the span of the 3 minutes she's spent looking at her potential new lover. The more she thinks about her husband, the more she hates him. She must be with this stranger if it kills her. Who is her husband to stand in the way of true love? She will marry this new man and they will run away to Tahiti. After all, no one checks Tahiti. Ingrid feels no remorse for her actions, she believes she is above all and any governing laws.

## **Mac Guffin** (*Everyone wants him*)

Mac simply wants to be loved, to find someone to settle down with. He feels as though he's been searching for years. Yet, whenever he finds someone, they seem unsatisfied, like once they're with Mac, their story is over and they cease to be interesting. He feels like he's being used by every person he's met. Mac is so desperate for a life partner that it has made him cynical. Mac came into our booth to explain to us the wild goose chases he has sent people on. Convincing them it's of the utmost importance that they find a compass hidden by their grandfather. People lose their minds over the small tasks and rules he sets for them. And with each person he fools, there grows a morbid excitement at someone else's demise. He believes this is for the best.

- Emmy "Writes stuff about things" Ayad

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