



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

Edited last night by: Big Cliff
Delivered this morning by: Lil Griff
vol. LXIX / no. 82 / January 31st, 2023

AN ENCOUNTER

The day starts out like any other. You're walking through the woods on your daily hike, pushing the branches aside as they swing toward your face, their leaves temporarily blinding you. When all of a sudden, He appears. You only see him for a split second before he turns and slowly walks into the woods, deeper than you were planning on going. But don't let this stop you. This man only appears to those who are worthy. Only those who are worthy and happen to be walking through that particular section of woods on that particular day at that exact time because his teleportation range isn't the best. But all of those factors matching your actions? A one-in-a-million shot, take this opportunity. Follow that man like he's your long-lost cousin (he's not, you'll never find your long-lost cousin).

As you follow the man, you will notice his pace quickening. Don't let him evade you, don't let him escape you. What are the odds you will see him again? They don't look good. You don't usually frequent this area of forest. And now you have plenty of motivation to never return again.

After what seems like hours of chasing this man, he finally comes to a halt. You, not expecting this, crash right into him. What did you expect? You were speeding right along without a care in the world, you need to learn to be more careful. The man will look at you curiously, as if he's slightly peeved you had the nerve to bump into him. But he doesn't say anything. Consider this a test, don't back out now it's almost too late (you could back out if you reeeally wanted to, like if you had yoga in a few minutes, but I'm pretty sure your yoga class got canceled today so you better stick with this).

The man stands in front of a log cabin. You didn't even notice it in all the confusion. Now, you gaze at it. It's a cute house, smoke billowing merrily out of the chimney, the bright red door with a brass handle blinking in the sun. You don't know what's inside, but you can feel yourself full of anticipation. Something must be in there, something good. Or else, why would the man lead you this way?

The man walks up the cobblestone pathway to the red door, you follow him, taking in the sights of the frosted glass and bright and cheerful flower boxes decorating every window. The excitement builds in you with every step. This is what you were meant to do. Whatever this man has for you in his cabin, this is the most important thing in your life. Every previous personal engagement you've ever made slips from your mind, you barely feel it, like it was never there. This new purpose, what this man has for you, this is all that matters now. All that will ever matter.

The man opens the door. You make your way down the cobblestone path, ready for anything he tells you. There's a new bounce in your step, the colors of the sky seem more radiant, and the trees and their shining, bright leaves cast small shadows around you as you reach the man in front of the door. He smiles a mysterious smile, his eyes shining with excitement before asking "Sorry, can I help you?"

*-Emmy Ayad,
"Bored"*

DENISON FROM A TODDLER'S PERSPECTIVE

Lately, I have been seeing a lot of children around campus, and I can't help but wonder what they're thinking. So, I put myself in their little velcro shoes for a bit.

Why are these people so tall? Do they all have those weird purple circles under their eyes? Why do they all look so sad? Where is the playground? Do they have recess? I wonder if they know that I can count to twenty. I should let everybody know I can count to twenty. I bet none of them know the whole alphabet. I do. Is that a swing? That's a lame playground. If I collapse right in the middle of this room and start crying, do you think they'll like me? They are looking at me. I think that's good.

I am going to show all of them my stuffed animal. I think they will love her. I will tell them her whole life story and why she is important to me. They are looking at their computer screens. I will scream at them until they listen to me. It is so important that they know everything about me. That person is ugly. I will tell them that. I think they should know. He has weird hair. I will also tell him that and probably make him deeply insecure about himself.

I don't like this music. They should play Baby Shark. I like that song better. The whole world revolves around me but I don't think the people know that. They need to know that. I want candy. They are all drinking chocolate milk. These people really like chocolate milk. What's tequila and why are they never drinking it again? I don't think I'd ever not drink something. They must really not like it.

There is a party this weekend? And I wasn't invited? What is "Dee Ki" throwing, and why are they throwing things? Mom said it's not nice to throw things. I want to go to Taco Dan's. I like tacos and I want to taste Dan's tacos. I hope they are as good as the ones from Taco Bell. I wonder if Taco Dan and Taco Bell are dating. I think Taco Bell has cooties. That's gross.

*-Ella Buzaz,
Resident Toddler*

DENISON FROM A BABY'S PERSPECTIVE

WAhhhhhhhhh goo goo gaga AhhhhhhWahhhh maaa ma ma. Ma ma. Ma. Ma. ooo ahhhh.

*-Claire Anderson,
Resident Baby*

DENISON FROM A DOG'S PERSPECTIVE

ARRRrrrooooofff! ARF ARF ARF! WOOF. sniff sniff sniff sniff sniff sniff sniff. WOOFA-DOOFA BARK BARK BARK arrrrrooooofff.

Sniff sniff sniff sniff TREAT! munch munch chomp CHOMP chomp mmm-mmmmmmmmmmmmm.

WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF!

*-Claire Anderson,
Got that dawg in her*

Staff "Real Spotify Mixes that Exist" Box

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