



THE BULLSHEET

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Delivered this morning by: Micah

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“GRANVILLE’S LARGEST DAILY PUBLICATION”

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IN THE INTEREST OF TRANSPARENCY

Micah Stromsoe DeLorenzo,
Sophomore Writer

I know how it goes. Woah, all the Bullsheet writers are so cool, you think to yourself as you pick up that day’s issue from Slayter. They must have perfect lives. I know because I’ve been there. Freshman Micah idolized the comedic minds of tomorrow that call themselves Bullsheet writers. But much like one Dorothy Gale of The Wizard of Oz, I have pulled back the curtain and I’m here to tell you all that it’s not as glamorous as it seems. In fact, I have now managed to collect dirt and/ or embarrassing secrets about every Bullsheet staff member. Despite being offered a large sum of money to keep my mouth shut, I’ve decided that the people deserve to know the truth. And so, I introduce to you all— Bullsheet staff secrets revealed.

Betsy: Does not know how to tie her shoes. Wears primarily Velcro. Makes it look good.

Ellie: Has never heard a song in her life.

Mick: Illiterate! Not worried about him getting mad at me for this article because what’s he gonna do, read it?

Claire: All her saxophone parts for the Cuties are pre-recorded. I’ve heard of lip syncing, but this is a bit much, isn’t it?

Will: Not necessarily a secret, but I once saw him put out a banana peel on A Quad and then hide in a bush and wait for people to slip. It was weird.

Blythe: First word was his own name. #narcissist

Lena: Biggest Lil Huddy stan I’ve ever met.

Evie: Rumor is she spent 6 months lost in the Granville sewer system. She’s weirdly dodgy when I ask about it, so I’m gonna go ahead and assume it’s true.

Lauren: She was the only one that slipped on the banana peel Will put out.

Emmy: Exclusively wears clothes from Justice. I didn’t even know they were still open!

Ella: Gets flustered during the LMNOP part of the alphabet and has never successfully gotten through it.

Griffin: Post-grad plans? Militia.

Caroline C: Is three kids in a trenchcoat. How unoriginal!

Micah: Ex-band/choir kid. (Sad to say this is true.)

Brin: I’ve never actually seen her blink. If anyone has, please let me know. I’m honestly concerned for her health.

Selah: Tried to rush Beta but was rejected for “unruly conduct”. She still won’t tell me what that means. I’m a little scared, tbh.

Caroline L: Has exclusively Scarface and Pulp Fiction posters in her room.

Carter: Only person alive who still has Flappy Bird downloaded on their phone.

BIG RED? MORE LIKE BIG GREEN!

Carter Seipel,
First-Year Writer

Saint Patricks Day is rearing its ginger head once again. The long standing Irish holiday can only mean one thing for the average American college student... wearing something green! Unless you want a bunch of grubby fingers grabbing at your arm hairs, you will be wearing green this March 17th. Don't know what to wear? That's okay! Let me take you on a shamrock colored fashion montage...

Pickle Rick T-Shirt

Nostalgia sells. Who wouldn't want to go back to the simple pre-pandemic times where teens were rolling around on sticky fast food floors shouting at underpaid fast food employees?

Green Scrubs

Have you ever seen scrubs? Well this is that Turk-type aesthetic. Just be careful of any dis-tressed students screaming "Is there a doctor here?". Boy if I had a nickel every time this outfit backfired I could pay off the lawsuits.

Green post-it-notes

Own nothing green? Slap on a post-it-note! I know you're worried they will fall off and you'll be left vulnerable to pinching, so slap on multiple! 5? 10?! Try 80.

Slayter Recycling Bin

Or is that the trash can? It's so hard to tell, but hey it's green! Cut arm-holes, and leg-holes into the Slayter trash cans, and wear those green boxes like pinch-proof armor

Green Eggs and Ham

Less of an outfit and more of a dish you could carry around campus atop an emerald plate. Remember in elementary school when teachers would give you milk and green food dye for St Paddy's day? Do any Professors do that? I miss that.

MORE EAVES DROPPIN'

Mick,
Listener

"You actually smell like poop"

"Last night I almost pet a squirrel"

"I would let him spit in my shoes"

"I wanna hang out and eat bread"

"My left nipple hurts"

"I didn't even know someone could drink that much milk in one sitting"

"I just blew it up in there"



Staff "Pong" Box

Betsy "Red Solo Cups" Wagner, Managing Editor
Ellie "Pong balls" Schrader, Senior Editor
Mick "Elbows" Smith, Junior Editor
Claire "Water cup" Anderson, Junior Editor
Will "Table" Kelsey, Head Writer
Blythe "traffic light" Dahlem, Senior Writer
Lena "Gentlemen's" Hanrahan, Senior Writer
Evie "Hello, I shit my pants and play pong" Waters, Senior Writer
Lauren "3-2-1" Ehlers, Junior Writer
Emmy "Diamond" Ayad, Sophomore Writer
Ella "Trick Shot" Buzas, Sophomore Writer
Griffin "Beer" Conley, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "Partner" Concannon, Sophomore Writer
Micah "Final Cup" Stromsoe DeLorenzo, Sophomore Writer
Brin "Frat" Glass, Sophomore Writer
Selah "For Fire" Griffin, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "One re-rack" Lopez, Sophomore Writer
Carter "fun" Seipel, Freshman Writer

