



THE BULLSHEET

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Edited last night by: William James Kelsey

Delivered this morning by: Caroline Lopez

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"THE LAST BASTION OF MY SANITY"

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BS INFILTRATES GREEK LIFE

Griffin, Emmy,
Caroline

The Bullsheet is confident in making the following claim: spring has sprung. The scent of daphnes permeates A-Quad. Adirondack chairs are always inhabited. But most importantly, spring formal season is roaring. BS sophomore writers E. Ayad, C. Concannon, and G. Conley were proud attendees of Kappa Alpha Theta spring formal on Friday. As some of the lucky few to be added to one of the most prestigious Date Docs on campus, we thought it would only be right to bring Skylight to you.

Our evening kicked off with a stroll in the rain to The Wee White House. Before we crossed the threshold, we realized that none of us had ever been inside the Theta house before due to our unfortunate neglect of Sorority Recruitment, now two years in a row. To account for this, our lovely hosts provided their arm candies with the royal treatment by clapping and singing as to why we should fly our Kite high. Whatever we said seemed to do the trick. Next thing we knew we were being led across the threshold.

Upon entering the house, the first thing we are greeted with is the 1931 Denison Wedgwood collection. Far from drab ware, these fine bone China plates watch over the women that enter the hallowed Wee White House. We were shown the home, but most importantly the flower wall. We will not count how many photos we took with the letters of Kappa Alpha Theta emblazoned in the back, but it was a considerable amount.

Then came the beginning of the true festivities. We loaded onto a bus. We're talking about a full sized coach. The kind that plays movies and has a bathroom in the back. Incredibly unnecessary for the twelve minute drive. The bus was so nice that even a Pi Phi was jealous. Editor's note— along the way we were informed of the important landmark we passed. C. Concannon pointed to the DoubleTree where her parents stayed.

We excitedly approached the venue and jumped out to the warmest welcome imaginable. The Skylight sign was lit up with "DELTA GAMMA" and immediately we understood the kind of night that we were in for. As we entered Skylight the most important question of the night was presented. "Are you over 21?". With zero verification a wristband was in our hands and we were pushed through as the person behind us was met with the same question. Past an incredible lobby and coat room was the dance floor. Well lit with wooden floors. The bathrooms, a fan favorite, were a sight to behold. The women's room was far too small for the constant number of people milling about. It contained a secret hallway leading to what we can only assume was a doctor's waiting room decorated by a southern housewife. On the other hand, the basement men's room can best be described as recovering dungeon. We will leave it at that.

The sound for the evening was a musical chairs of several Spotify accounts and queues. As soon as one phone was plugged in, you can be sure that seven songs later, a new phone would be plugged in. Get Low brought everyone to the floor. Foggy Mountain Breakdown locked everyone into spin circles. But most importantly, everyone shut up for Shut Up and Drive.

Highs and lows from the evening include dancing on tables prompted by the event staff, Theta exec members skipping not one but TWO Beyonce songs, and a crowd that wanted to get down. In the words of sophomore editor G. Conley, "This is my rumspringa"

None of us wanted this night to end and luckily, this wish came true when all three of us neglected to get on the first or second bus and were left to stand in the rain until the venue's staff took pity on us and invited us inside. However, not before G. Conley, hopped up on Red Bull, led the remaining formal guests in a resounding cheer of "I say T, you say LAM!"

MORE HIGH STAKES INFILTRATION

Griffin, Emmy,
Caroline

I really think that the notes we took at the formal and on the bus home best encapsulate our experience.

Here's everything we had to say in the moment:

- We're getting married in Utah
- Nirvana cover band is playing at the wedding
- Griffin is interviewing a kid who plays hockey asking if he was recruited...Griffin the hockey team isn't even varsity
- I think Emmy escaped on an earlier bus
- Emmy did not escape, Emmy fell victim to "not being aggressive enough for a bus spot"
- Mick was supposed to be here
- Horns up!!!
- Griffin thought this would be Studio 54

LETTER TO FUTURE CARTER

Carter,
Worked for the Bullsheet

"Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened" - star trek's yoda

In highschool, my 9th grade math teacher had us write letters to our senior selves. So I recycled that idea for my last article of the school year (they can't all be as groundbreaking as top 10 campus floors). In 3 years, just before I graduate I'll be reminded via my cell phone to read this:

Dear Me,

Can't believe the world is still spinning! I mean how 'bout that election two years ago? And that thing that celebrity just said? Bonkers. I bet the bullsheet had a field day with that one! Speaking of the Bullsheet, did you write an article every week for three more years, or did you finally get a life? I kid, I kid. Good job on being funny, it's in high demand these days. Speaking of funny, the Bullsheet staff of 22-23! What a staff! Too bad the "new recruits" of 2025 jumped the shark.

Topical humor aside, I hope you had a ball in college. Do people still say "have a ball" in the future? I can't believe you're 23 now, that's like super old. I bet you're all wrinkly, and use a cane. Praying you have at least a little hair left, but on the brightside you'll be getting a discount for those picture shows you love so much. Brightside aside, you'll be a pile of dust before you know it. So go live a little! See a rock and/or roll show, play in the snow, hug a girl, punch a kid, learn to juggle, or maybe even eat an apple! The world is your oyster, eat it up!

Alright, enough fun. No more jokes. Let's get down to business. Real talk. What the hell are you actually going to do with a creative writing degree? Write a series of romance novellas? Work on a sitcom? Be a Dr. Seuss type? In this economy? Yeah right! Well if you're reading this I guess it's too late to pick something useful. Have fun ghost (re)writing for the crypto equivalents of pennies. Maybe Cade (your freshman year roommate) will let you crash on his couch for a couple of years? The life of an artist! Exciting isn't it? Sharing your unique perspective and humor all from the comfort of your mother's basement. Keep at it! If you beg enough times, someone important will eventually read your screenplay! Then maybe you'll make it in this town and go on to have the wonderful and fulfilling career as a writer like you've always dreamt of. Or not! In that case, have fun being "that funny homeless guy".

Love you platonically,

Carter (before fame changed him) Seipel



Staff "I Copied Ellie's Staff Box" Box

Betsy "End of Beginning - Djo" Wagner, Managing Editor
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Mick "Icky Thump - The White Stripes" Smith, Junior Editor
Claire "Spring - Saint Etienne" Anderson, Junior Editor
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Lena "Boy - Ra Ra Riot" Hanrahan, Senior Writer
Evie "Spanish Flea - Herb Alpert" Waters, Senior Writer
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Emmy "Dangerous - Joywave" Ayad, Sophomore Writer
Ella "Gotta Get Up - Harry Nilsson" Buzas, Sophomore Writer
Griffin "Straight Up - Paula Abdul" Conley, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "Praise You - Fatboy Slim" Concannon, Sophomore Writer
Micah "#3 - Aphex Twin" Stromsøe DeLorenzo, Sophomore Writer
Brin "Return of the Mack - Mark Morrison" Glass, Sophomore Writer
Selah "Spoon - Cibo Matto" Griffin, Sophomore Writer
Caroline "Gothic Surf-a-rama - Vampire Beach Babes" Lopez, Sophomore Writer
Carter "Puttin' on the Ritz - Taco" Seipel, Freshman Writer

