

THE BOO! SHEET

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Delivered this morning by: Lucyington

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"THE BLOODIEST NEWSPAPER EVER"

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MURDER, WE WROTE

20:01 PM EST: Victim chooses Jiffy Pop for movie night.

20:07 PM EST: Victim receives phone call. Jiffy Pop: not popped.

20:12 PM EST: Victim activates home security system.

20:15 PM EST: Victim attempts to flee Knapp through broken revolving door.

20:19 PM EST: Struggle ensues outside of Knapp Hall. Multiple witnesses saw something, didn't say something. Bystanders!

20:20 PM EST: Approximate time of death.

20:21 PM EST: Jiffy Pop popped.

20:30 PM EST: Suspect drags victim across A-Quad.
Campus deer sit idly by.

"One of the corniest and most gruesome murders that I've ever had the displeasure of witnessing. The suspect is still at large, so if you see someone named Griffin Conley tomorrow, please reach out to The Bullsheet with any information."



DETECTIVE CHRIS-



GOOSEBUMPS! DON'T GO TO SLEEP!

Christine Trueh,
First Year Writer

Congratulations, I am finally deciding to share the ONE fun fact I have about myself. If you want to hear a creepy story, listen in. Welcome to fifth grade...the playground.

Normally, I ain't a bitch when it comes to scary things, but this experience changed my life forever. On a spooky October afternoon (yes this happened in October), me and my best friend—Izabella (fake name) and I were walking around when all of a sudden, our classmate, Ashley (also another fake name) approached us on the playground asking to play with us. Now Ashley was WEIRD, and not only was she WEIRD, she was also a LIAR. I had a sneaking suspicion of something crazy happening, but of course, Izabella and I didn't want to be rude.

The conversation goes as follows:

Ashley: Hey! Do you mind if I play with you guys?

Me: Hell no, I don't know you??? (I didn't actually say this, but I wish I did)

Me actually: Recess is almost over, maybe next time?

Ashley: Don't worry, we can come back to the playground tonight. Does 10 p.m. work?



Now at this point of the conversation, Izabella and I were already creeped out. Who plays at the playground at 10 o'clock at NIGHT? The spidey senses were already tingling, but I was too stupid to notice. Now let's resume.



Izabella: No, sorry, but that's not happening

Ashley: No, you don't have to come physically, just come in your dreams.



I know you're probably thinking, "bitch what?" and I was thinking the same thing. After this creepy interaction, Izabella and I return back to our class and get on with our day. By the time the day ends, both of us completely forget about the creepy interaction and move on with our lives... or so we thought.

The next day, we return to the playground and Izabella and I get on with our lives. That night, I didn't even dream about playing on the playground, because frankly, I didn't remember! When the clock hits 12:15, Izabella and I race onto the playground and we start to remember our deal with the DEVIL (not the actual devil*) We see Ashley running towards us on the playground and we immediately grow apprehensive, wondering where this conversation is going to take us.



Ashley: Thank you so much for playing with me! It was fun

Izabella: What are you talking about?

Ashley: Yes, you guys were there.

Me: Prove it.



Now this is where shit hits the fan. Ashley proceeds to list out Izabella and I's ENTIRE outfit from Isabella's blue fuzzy pajama pants down to my pink polka-dot socks. So many questions were left unanswered. How did she know what we were wearing? How could she see us? Why was I still talking to her? All these things were left unsaid to this day, and every Halloween, I continue to reminisce about the time me and my friend were stalked while this girl was watching us in the Avatar state. The moral of the story, is when a little girl in a white dress asks to play with you, **RUN**.



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