



THE BULLSHEET

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STRANGE HAPPENINGS: RAT- ING A RECENT METEOR

Eleanor, Awesome

Monday night was a night like every other. Or so I thought. While I was out harvesting and sampling the fruits from a variety of campus shrubbery, I watched in amazement as a meteor flew over the Swasey bell tower and crashed in the Bioreserve. After I'd recovered from the shock of witnessing what was, no doubt, an ecological disaster, I thought instead about what this heavenly sign could possibly mean. Was it an omen? Was it a symptom of overconsumption of fermented ginkgo fruits? Perhaps I had partaken in too much of the mystery fluid that I found in an abandoned solo cup in the parking structure? Nah, probably the omen thing. Here's some weird stuff that happened to me the next day.

Everyone's worst laundry nightmare is returning with one less sock than you had before. It's all too easy to lose one of the damn things while loading the washer/dryer, and it seems like the machines sometimes eat them anyway just to spite you. But that's not what happened to me. Imagine my astonishment when, upon eagerly upending my laundry bag onto my mattress, floor, and disgruntled roommate, I discovered an EXTRA sock. That's right folks. It's really a blessing in disguise though. Now that the weather's getting chilly, it'll be nice to have something to cover my third foot.

After lunch, I went to get my flu shot down at CVS. Walking in, I was impressed by their dedication to the Halloween spirit. The entire building was empty except for a single, rusty metal chair and some guy in a flowing, double-breasted lab coat, black rubber gloves, and thick goggles. He was holding a needle of glowing green liquid that I assumed to be my shot, so I plopped down, got my injection, and walked out. Sure, flu shots usually aren't administered directly into the spine, but I figured this was some new doctor-thingy that I hadn't heard about. At this point though, I don't think it was a vaccine. I usually get a little achy, but I've never heard of "growing a series of massive keratin spikes down your back" as a common side effect. Damn it. Now I have to reschedule my flu shot.

So I got back to Shorney at the end of the day. I was tired. My spikes were hurting from being smashed through the backs of chairs which are, quite frankly, not too-accommodating of my new look. I had developed some scales, and my tongue was looking a little forkier than usual. I was ready to call it a night. As usual, I flip-flop slip-slapped my way to the shower, dreading the way the freezing trickle would feel against my newly cold-blooded body. But do you know what happened? Sit down for this one. The shower. . . was warm. Hot even. Without a toilet flush. I know. This was, by far, the strangest thing that happened to me that day.

Even though I'm now technically a reptile, I'll still put our meteor rating at 8.5 out of 10 (shooting) stars. Can't wait for the next one.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SOUP-BOWL: AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SEIPEL

The Bullsheet is finally doing our due diligence and giving a voice to the voiceless through an interview with the long besmirched, publicly ridiculed Mrs. Seipel. This poor woman, a victim of carbon monoxide poisoning at the hands of a negligent partner, experiences nothing but ill-treatment in her loveless marriage. In order to make up for our lack of solidarity with Mrs. Soup Bowl, we compiled a variety of questions that we believe will shed a much deserved light on the story of a silenced woman.

This edition answers the age-old question: If a woman passes out from carbon monoxide poisoning and no one's around to hear it, did she ever really fall?

As I sat down across from the feeble form that is Mrs. Seipel on the back patio of Taco Dan's, I couldn't help but notice a trepidation in her eyes, as if the obvious connection between her husband and I was enough to put her on edge. She had ordered a Cobb salad and an Arnold Palmer— it made the Guinness resting on the table in front of me feel out of place. Around us, Denison students that we both knew were underage yelled nonsensically at each other from across the lawn. There was an overwhelming sense that no one there should have been there, as if Mrs. Soup Bowl was just as afraid of her husband as these students were of the Granville PD. All my attempts at small talk throughout the evening had been thwarted by her obvious shyness, and so eventually I decided the best way to begin was simply to begin. I cautioned her that the questions I arrived armed with were deeply personal, and assured her that if anything made her uncomfortable she didn't have to answer. This seemed to soothe her a bit, and I was happy to see a smile form as she raised her drink to her lips. I took this as the go-ahead, and with that, the interview began.

Interviewer: Gay son or that daughter?

Mrs. Seipel: We don't want kids.



Griffin Conley

Tue, Oct 31, 11:53 PM (2 days ago)



to me, Brin, Caroline, Caroline, Carter, Christine, Claire, Copy, Eleanor, Ella, Emmy, Lauren, Leah, Lucy, ▾

Mick!! Again with the uncanny. The reason why I wasn't breaking in new shoes two weeks ago was bc I am on the hunt for silver sneakers. This is scary!!



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it's a triple entendre!