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# TRADESIES: MY AIR FRESHENER FOR YOUR GAS CAP?

Caroline Concannon,  
Victim who wants more attention

I don't know about you guys, but I can't think of a better way to spend my Wednesday morning than hanging out with Denison and Granville's finest. Let me tell you a little story about how I made my new best friends. I hope that you read this in like a 1940s detective John Mulaney-esque voice. It's not written that way, but humor me.

I was in my 8:30 psych class (so, yes, it was already a perfect start to the day) when I started receiving calls from an unknown number. Awww wait—I'm already getting nostalgic, this feels just like when I got to fill out the police report. Take me back for reallllll. Anyways, I left my psych class and ran into my good friend Gabe. He gave me a hug as he told me that his car parked by the Moonies was broken into last night. I then looked down at my phone and immediately realized who those calls were from. I told Gabe that my car was also parked at the Moonies and we both started cracking up.

We then decided that it might be a good idea just to head on over to P1 real quick. Gabe filed his report and I was brought to the scene of the crime. Here's a picture of our matching break-ins. Don't they look kinda sweet next to each other like that? Who would have thought that when Gabe and I met on the third day of freshman year we would be here today? Us. This for some reason makes sense to me.

I then sauntered over to my car, Monkey, as the campo officers explained some things to me. The most important being why 97% of my stuff was on the pavement. The (for lack of a better term) perpetrator had laid out a fun guessing game for the 5 cars they hit.

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## IT'S TIME TO PLAY LICKING COUNTY'S NEW FAVORITE GAME...IS THAT MY SHIT OR YOUR SHIT?

Hosts - Detective [REDACTED] & Campus Security Officer [REDACTED]  
Players - 5 of the suckers who decided to park at the Moonies on Tuesday night.

**HOSTS:** Ok folks please give a big hand for our third sucker of the day—sorry, what's your name?  
**SUCKER #3:** Fuck, my car. Oh uh. It's Caroline—oh my god.  
**HOSTS:** Oooo that's not looking too good, is it studio audience of Licking County? They really just demolished your mirror. What do the kids say these days, they ate "no crumbs"?  
**SUCKER #3:** No officers, its left no crumbs. And they actually left a crap ton of glass crumbs covering every inch of my trunk.  
**HOSTS:** Yikes! Right you are! Well, I think it's time we start up. Whaddaya say?  
**LICKING COUNTY STUDIO AUDIENCE:** IS THAT MY SHIT OR YOUR SHIT?  
**HOSTS:** Are these tote bags your shit?  
**SUCKER #3:** Um, yeah.  
**HOSTS:** How about these t-shirts?  
**SUCKER #3:** No. I've never seen those.  
**LICKING COUNTY STUDIO AUDIENCE:** ITS, NOT, HER, SHIT!  
**HOSTS:** That's right!  
**SUCKER #3:** Wait, how did this all get out here anyway?  
**HOSTS:** Oh, all this? Well they didn't take any of your stuff. Instead they just moved some of your shit into her car and swapped things around for no reason.  
**SUCKER #3:** Is that my insurance card?!?!?!  
**LICKING COUNTY STUDIO AUDIENCE:** THAT'S, HER, SHIT!!!!

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Gabe and I are just kind of bummed that they didn't leave us a little sweet treat behind. It's kind of the least they could do. A cake would be cordial but not even a cookie is impolite, and I don't take joy in saying that. They did leave me a weird plastic tomato on my passenger seat which in hindsight I definitely should have pretended was mine and kept. This is probably a good time to tell Abby that I want her to keep Snoopy if she wants him, I already ordered a new one.

