

The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, recycles (?), and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before our editors shamble into the office for next day publication via email to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

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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 reall!!!. 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.

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!!!!

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.

TRADESIES: MY AIR FRESHENER FOR YOUR GAS CAP?

Caroline Concannon, GIMME ATTENTION!

We got to go to GPD today and it's actually really cute in there. I would definitely recommend checking it out if you want the full cozy Gilmore Girls/Granville experience. Except I'm not Rory and I didn't commit Grand Theft Boating. My car was just broken into. I'm gonna go pound some Modelos at Senior Trivia now. Marco–I better win.













Images from Left to Right: Gabe and I's matching break-ins, Gabe and I @ scene of the crime, email from Campo, Campo police report, My Joan Didion poster looking down on me, my Hilltopper audition rejection letter (I'm the Joker now.)

D-DAY REPORTING COMING YOUR WAY!

The Bullsheet, Media

Who wants to be melow and sad this Saturday night? 1.) Jeremy Zucker & 2.) All of campus. We're reporting from Jeremy Zucker's D-Day performance! There's also going to be a ton of cool performance groups like The Overalls and Doghouse (I'm assuming) and dance groups galore, etc. We have no clue what us being media actually means, but email us at bullsheet@denison.edu or email me at concan_c2@denison.edu for what you want to see. Or things you want us to ask or say. Or if you like long romantic walks to GPD and drinking Modelos;)

!APPLY TO THE BULLSHEET!

The Bullsheet, Media

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Staff "Jeremy Zucker Song" Box

Caroline "comethru" Lopez, Managing Editor Selah "this is how you fall in love" Griffin, Senior Editor Emmy "18" Ayad, Senior Editor Brin "please" Glass, Senior Editor Carter "Flying Kites" Seipel, Junior Editor

Caroline "not ur friend" Concannon, Head Writer
Ella "Cozy" Buzas, Senior Writer
Griffin "No one hates you" Conley, Senior Writer
Micah "Micah's music is better" DeLorenzo, Senior Writer
Tatum "Supercut" Thomas, Senior Writer
Leah "oh, Mexici" Jackson, Junior Writer
Christine "Sex & ciagrettes" Trueh, Junior Writer
Lucy "Therapist" Dale, Sophomore Writer
Eleanor "Can't catch me!" Mason, Sophomore Writer

