

# THE BULLSHEET

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.

**Edited last night by:**  
Emmy and only Emmy  
**Delivered this morning by:**  
Leah and maybe more??

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GRANVILLE'S WELL-RESEARCHED PUBLICATION

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## D-DAY HAPPENED!

Basically a Greek Chorus

*Well! It certainly did. And four out of the eleven Bullsheet staff members who promised to be there showed! So for those of you that also flaked to go see a different 2014 Miles Teller, or because you already made your Saturday plans before three (give or take) day heads up, sit back, relax, but don't close your eyes! Here's the evening in snapshots, through the eyes of the staff.*

**YEAHHHHHH**

*- Crowd when J-Zuck wore Denison sunglasses*

*He was very polite*

*- Caroline Concannon*

*His haircut could have been better :/*

*- Laszlo Whittaker*

*I don't remember this from The Social*

*Network*

*- Tech Bros*

**BOOOOOOOO**

*- Crowd when J-Zuck took off the Denison sunglasses*

**HE HATES US**

*- Caroline Concannon (from earlier)*

*He's my pookie and ate :D*

*- YikYak user*

*Buy me dinner!*

*- J-Zuck when asked to strip*

*The crowd was not on Jeremy's side*

*- Carter Seipel*

*He camethru!*

*- Everyone's Instagram story*

*He seemed sad :(*

*- girl with Converse and beanie*

*I was at a concert in Columbus and had a great time!*

*- Emmy Ayad*

*Not the J-Z I was expecting*

*- Chrysanthemum Doyle*

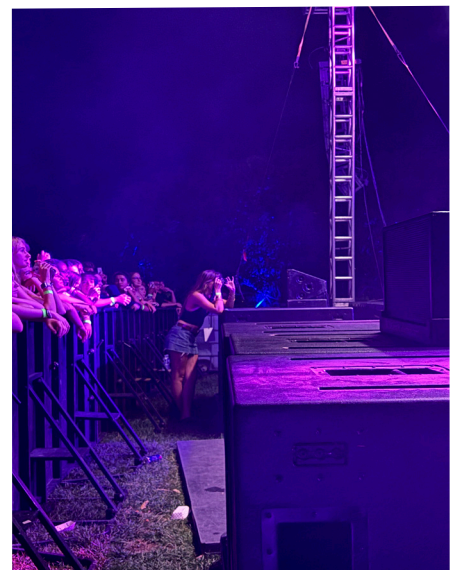


*An enthused crowd*

*I wish he played "No Hands"  
- Nostalgic Audience Member*



*J-Zuck, almost center stage,  
pre-being joined by a Denison representative*



*The Bullsheet's media pass hard at work*

# *D-DAY OPENER? MORE LIKE D-DAY DOPE-ENER!*

Carter Seipel,  
Music Critic Fan

Students early to this year's D-Day event were treated to a performance put on by the lone student rapper, Drip. At least, I believe he goes by Drip. He only announced his name once and I may have misheard him. Regardless of his name, this guy was something to behold. I feel bad for anyone who missed such a show.

At one point, the opener began one of his songs with a line like, "I feel like I can smell you a mile away." This caused a nearby group of girls to all burst out in (unintended) laughter. I can only assume that this is the ick I hear so much about on my many first dates. Getting to witness their reaction was not only the highlight of his set, but the highlight of my entire D-Day experience.

Before you start to feel bad for this student artist, I will add that the opener did have a group of devoted fans showering him (or dripping him) in love. While those girls were laughing at him, the stage was lined with men cheering and swooning for the performer. Like my favorite throw pillow reads, "Bros gotta support bros, I suppose."

And throughout his performance, he garnered a brand new fan in the form of this Bullsheet staff writer. That's right, I'll gladly call myself a Drip-head any day of the week. Truly a D-Day to remember.

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## *IMAGINE WITH ME, IF YOU WILL...*

EMMY,  
LONELY

It's September 28th. Noon. You just woke up, your head reeling with your adventures from the night before. It's slightly foggy, but it comes to you in bits. The third vodka shot. The walk to [FRATERNITY]. The Long Drink. Losing your swipe. The seventh whiskey shot. Seeing flashing lights and running. Returning once you realize it was just [FRIEND] taking a selfie with their new blue and red camera flash. Finding your swipe. The bull ride, diving off the Newark covered bridge, laughing as you steal a motorcycle and switch the indicators' wiring. You smile, it's all coming back to you now.

You shamble out of bed, every joint creaking, the room swimming in front of you. And then it hits you. The Bullsheet. You forgot to apply for The Bullsheet. It was due yesterday, Friday, September 27th, by the end of the day ish. A bolt of panic runs down your spine and into your feet where it stays. You collapse back onto your bed, paralyzed. Your roommate looks at you and throws up. They're disgusted by you. You slap a hand to your forehead, bruising the skin. What were you thinking? The only chance ever to apply for Granville's Well-Researched Publication and you blew it. You were supposed to meet your parents for lunch, but now you can barely stomach opening your eyes. How can you face them now? Your roommate throws a slushie in your face. Welcome to 4 years of sitting alone at lunch and getting swirlies in the bathroom. You're better off changing your name and moving to the Alaskan wilderness, where you will remain indefinitely. You would give anything to go back and time and fix this blunder. Just hit submit on the Google Form, conveniently linked to the application. Don't let this be you. **YOU CAN AVOID THIS FUTURE** by scanning the QR code. Hope to see you soon ;)



### Staff "D-Day Location" Box

Caroline "The Court" Lopez, Managing Editor  
Selah "Pickerington" Griffin, Senior Editor  
Emmy "A&R Music Bar" Ayad, Senior Editor  
Brin "WE" Glass, Senior Editor  
Carter "Autumn Harvest Punch Bowl" Seipel, Junior Editor

Caroline "Barricade!!" Concannon, Head  
Ella "New Orleans" Buzas, Senior Writer  
Griffin "Shaffer Conservatory" Conley, Senior Writer  
Micah "Comfy Reclining Seat" DeLorenzo, Senior Writer  
Tatum "Herrick Hall" Thomas, Senior Writer  
Leah "Center Stage" Jackson, Junior Writer  
Christine "Slayter 3rd Floor" Trueh, Junior Writer  
Lucy "Reese-Shackelford" Dale, Sophomore Writer  
Eleanor "Court" Mason, Sophomore Writer

