



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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*Here's the deal: we had a bunch of ideas but didn't want to commit to any of them. Here's a bunch of eye-catching headlines. Feel free to use them for your final essays.*

*By: Micah, Carter, and Emmy*

## ***THE CHRISTMAS WHORE***

The classic holiday tale. A lonely, overworked street whore meets a dashing mall Santa who teaches her there's more to life than the non-festive prostitution grind. Watch as their lives change through the magic of Christmas, mall, and romance in this NC-17 romp that's fun for the whole family!

## ***CARTER DESCRIBES HIS EXPERIENCE.***

A meditative reflection of a man. He goes, he leaves, sometimes he stays. He is. Occasionally he isn't. Quite an experience.

## ***THE PATH TO VICTORY: THE TIME I PUSHED MY ACADEMIC RIVAL OFF THE SPELLING BEE STAGE***

The stage is set. My hair is in a very tight bun. I see Andrew Stalee strutting ahead of me. The cocky bastard. But little does he know, he's dangerously close to the microphone chord...

## ***HOW TO RUIN A RETIREMENT PARTY***

Retire? Not on my watch. Why are we celebrating people giving up? Why are we celebrating closed mind-sets? Here's a step-by-step guide to ruining any retirement shindig that comes your way. First, start with the cupcakes. Coat that damn floor in red and green frosting like you want to kill the custodian's spirit. Really just throw those little cakes on the floor. Fuck it up. And by "it", I mean your friend's shoes. Be prepared to apologize to any casualties that get in the crosshairs. And by "casualties" I mean your friend's shoes.

## ***HOW MANY PAGES SHOULD MY (EMMY AYAD) FINAL PROJECT BE?***

I like actually have no idea, my professor has never mentioned it. Hit me up if you know. Or send me the essay you write about it. I wanna say 59 but that doesn't sound right...

## ***IS IT EMBARRASSING TO BE FUCKING HILARIOUS?***

No.

## ***CHRISTMAS WHORE 2: THE SQUEAKQUEL***

We open on the Christmas Whore's funeral. There's only twelve days until Christmas and we need a new whore. The prophecy must be realized. Three candidates set out on the journey of a lifetime. Full of fun, magic, and butt stuff! If you and your kids liked the first Christmas Whore then you'll love this straight-to-DVD squeakquel.

In the past few months, my views on masculinity have been pushed to their limits. I had hoped that my coastal upbringing would allow me a moral superiority over the average person, but here amongst the cornfields, I feel regressive and, dare I say, a misandrist? Has my anthropological experience within a fraternity completely failed my comprehension of men in the 21st century?

Firstly, I associate Golden Gooses with women. There I said it! And while I may be wearing a pair as I am writing this, I subscribe to a cultural assumption about whose feet would be in a pair on our fair hill. This semester allowed me to witness my bias being proven untrue. During my International Relations course, I have seen three male classmates adorn the infamous and commentary provoking shoes. Admitly, it was difficult to comprehend at the beginning. Thankfully the course material of surveying theories of global interaction allowed me to accept the developing and emerging Western Liberal Order of the 2020s. One in which I need to remove binary causalities between shoes and sex.

The second came from watching Die Hard. A friend sent out an invite for a viewing party in a room self titled "The Ranch". I marched over assuming this would be a rewatch for the men of the room. But no. As the various roommates passed through and commentated, many had not seen it. The closest to viewership was someone stating "I think I've seen a few clips?". Wow. There I was being politically incorrect and assuming this group of principled fraternity men would have been inundated with Die Hard. Baked into their upbringings. Integral to a sink or swim hierarchy. Reflecting on the night sucker punched my interpretation of varsity athletes and frat guys. So long as fraternities are bringing themselves into the 21st century, I suppose I should bring my assumptions of them up to modern standards. That being said, none of them have seen The Family Stone, so it's more likely I need to temper my expectations of my brothers.

## WHICH ONE RESONATES WITH YOU THIS WEEK?

Ella Buzas,  
Doing fine, thank  
you



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