



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, recycles, dreams, 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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GRANVILLE'S ALIVE AND KICKIN' PUBLICATION

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## TALES ABOUT ABROAD

Carter Seipel,  
in an airport

Dear Travel Diary,

Traveling with my wife is a nightmare! She insisted on bringing two bags with her. This means we have had to haul a total of five bags with us on this trip! I would've packed lighter, but I needed two bags to separate my light and dark clothes, and my third bag is for all of my hats, of course.

Adding to the stress, we got into a screaming match over who should get the window seat. I wanted it for the nice view, but my wife insisted it "helps with her motion sickness." That's modern medicine for you.

Mind you, this was all just to get into the taxi taking us to the airport. I'm afraid of what this 13-hour flight across the pond has in store for us. This flight will actually be the longest amount of time I have ever spent with my wife in one sitting. Who knows? We might be divorced by the time this plane lands! I only kid.

I must end this entry here as my wife is back from her search for the smoker's lounge. She looks frustrated and the cigarette between her fingers looks unused. Bad omens all around. Here's hoping that our trip will be better than the journey to the airport!

## ELLA'S COVER LETTER TEMPLATE

Ella Buzas,  
78 job offers  
and counting

*It's job application season, fellow seniors! Here is a comprehensive guide to writing the perfect cover letter to score the job of your dreams.*

Dear Person who is going to determine my entire future,

My name is y/n and I am so so so interested in this job at your company. I am literally so cool because of these reasons. These reasons are also why it would be so awesome that you hired me instead of anyone else. I am so jazzed about this application because I want to gain so many cool and unique and specific skills from this opportunity!

At my last job or in school or whatever, I did so many really transformative things that nobody else did. I saved children from burning buildings and I think that reflects my ability to work under pressure and in high stress situations. I also am probably the coolest and funniest person you'll ever meet, as evidenced by how much the children liked me and how much I made them laugh after I saved them. I also train service animals in my free time, which means I am patient and selfless.

Your company is the best company ever, and this job fits perfectly into my future goals. My awesome presence and my unparalleled skills make me your best candidate for this job. Thank you for taking the time to read about how freakin' cool I am and how much I love your company, and this job specifically. I look forward to chatting with you, and I'm sure you're looking forward to talking to me because of this cover letter.

Stay chill,  
y/n

# WHAT HAPPENED TO GIRLS WHO ACT LIKE GIRLS?

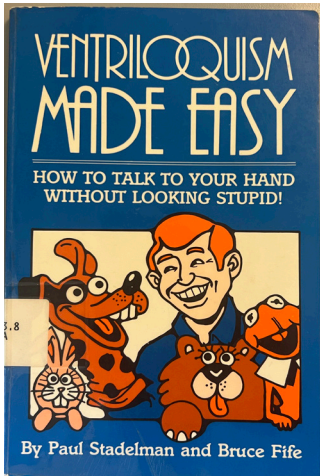
Hayley Shay,  
girl

I've noticed a crisis nationwide that has seemed to slip right past everyone's large, mannish noses, and that is the erasure of girls. Real girls, the way God made girls to be girls. What happened to being a woman? (and by woman I mean girl). It seems you can't find them no matter how hard you try nowadays! I remember the good ol' days when me and my girlfriends did all the girly things girly girls do! I miss eating tubes of lipstick with my girls! We'd huff nail polish while we waited for the oven to preheat so we could bake our artisan, rubber-free, pumpkin scones! Back in the good old days of long ago there were girls acting girly like girls who are girls, whereas now girls aren't being girls to be girly girls who act girly nor are there women who are girls or girly, because no girls are girls ANYMORE! It has me thinking to myself: "Girl, what are we gonna do, girl?" And honestly, girl, I don't even know. Girls don't even wear high heels anymore, or pearls, just butt-ugly Hokas and yoga pants that have never been to yoga but have only ever seen Panera Bread and the dispensary. Meanwhile, I wear lingerie to bed EVERY NIGHT. Because I am a girl, a woman girl, and a girl is a couth woman girl. I know a "woman" (hardly), named Joanna, who works as a teacher at the elementary school next to the Hobby Lobby I manage. Joanna wears trousers and has a face piercing. Joanna comes in to buy colored pencils and violently disrupts the beautiful divine feminine ambiance I have imbued in my store with her pungent masculine musk. I wish Joanna would crawl back to the bridge she lives under and never come back. My son shakes in fear when she enters the building, "Mama, where is her fresh blowout? Where is her manicure? Doesn't she know she will never get a husband without wearing matte lipstick?" He cries, tears trailing down his chin. Then I have to breastfeed him to calm him down before his shift at Buffalo Wild Wings. After sharing my harrowing anecdote, I have just one message for you, America, and Americans, and Girls: Be a girl, girl! Girlllll, if you don't act like a girl...GIRL. Girl Girl Girl. Come on, girls. Woman! Get to it woman girl! Girl? Yes. Woman? Yes. Girl. Girl.

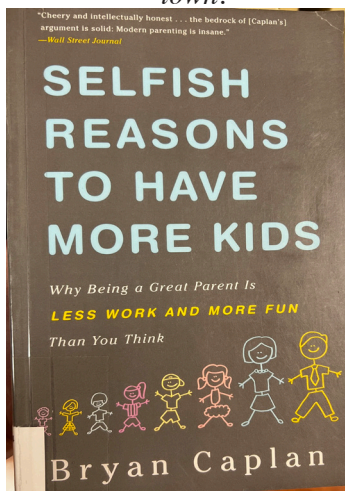
## EMMY'S BREAK BOOK CLUB

Emmy Ayad,  
confused and  
tired

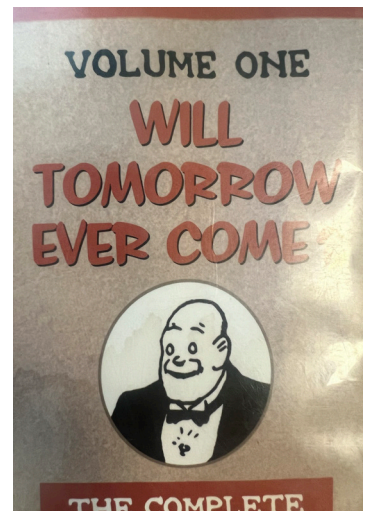
*I work at a library. Here's some of the bullshit I had the pleasure of checking in over break from the freaks in my town.*



*This one was fun because the minute I put it down, the covers started flapping and it called me every name in the book*



*How brave of you to say, Bryan.*



*His eyes communicate a definitive "no"*

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