



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, recycles, cries, 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:  
Caroline C.  
Delivered this morning by:  
William

February 11th, 2025

GRANVILLE'S MOST FIXABLE PUBLICATION

Vol. XLV, No. 85

## COMPUTER BROKEN

Hayley Shay,  
Freshman Writer

Denisonians! Hello! I have a few questions for you:

Are you ok? Do you need to get serious help? Do you think I need to get serious help?  
How much money do you have, and where did you get it? Can I borrow fifty bucks?

Sorry for the questions. I'm just nervous. Really nervous. Nervous and confused. Some would say lost and hapless, but I would never use those words to describe myself because that's past the threshold pitifulness that I allow for myself. But if this article is any indication, that threshold actually has quite a generous berth!

I spilled soda all over my laptop keyboard so when I type on it it looks like this. No I'm not joking this is really what it looks like when I try to type on my laptop.

I spilled the liquid very late at night in my dorm so in my sleep deprived state when my giant, bird elbows clunkily knocked over the soda onto my laptop, I was paralyzed with fear. When confronted with the choice of fight or flight I chose the secret third option: go to sleep. As such, I forgot all about it in the morning until I tried picking up my computer and it started leaking all over my desk. When your computer starts making computer juice that's bad! You really shouldn't be able to milk your laptop like a goat since they got rid of that feature after Windows ME.

I immediately texted my mom and she replied with crushing nonchalance: "Ok. Sorry." I haven't even bothered calling Dell because my warranty expired a year ago, and I refuse to spend more than \$75 dollars on anything, ever. So, I decided to dish out twenty dollars to buy a cheap bluetooth keyboard on Amazon. It worked for almost four days. Then, oh boy, guess what happened. You seriously are not going to guess what happened.

Three words: Bluetooth driver error.

What's that you're saying? You have no clue what that is? Uh, yeah, me neither, buddy! I also have no idea how to fix it and I have tried.

To really drive the point into the ground, this is what it looks like when I try to type an exclamation mark. That's the shift key and the "1" key, just two keystrokes. Watch this, ok?

Look, are you ready? Alright, here it goes:

!w2i0Q!

Like what the fuck was that? What the actual fuck? What little trickster guy is inside my computer hardware right now messing with me? How do I kill it? I actually want to cry. Why is my computer a vessel for the screams of the damned?

I have come to characterize my keyboard's deficiencies as the result of the pranks and hijinks of an evil Keebler elf-like figure living inside my computer, snickering and kicking his feet every time he messes with me. His grotesque and deformed face is sandwiched between two giant ears so as to give the appearance of being concave like a football that was sat on. His teeth are craggy, black slats like a silhouette of the Seattle skyline (I HATE that city.) I am committed to destroying this tiny, sadistic creature. This sick delusion is the only salve for my broken psyche at the present moment.

I have resolved to use an on-screen keyboard whenever I have to use my laptop. I have to click on every single letter with my mouse like an idiot. Attending computer science class is like a humiliation ritual now.



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# COMPUTER BROKEN (CONT.)

Still Hayley Shay,  
Still a Sophomore

I guess I got lucky that I only messed up my keyboard. It also takes at least ten minutes to turn on my computer every time, but whatever.

In conclusion, I want to give a big shout out to any student that doesn't own a laptop or a loaner and is just raw-dogging the Denison curriculum right now. I don't know if that person exists but if they do, WOW. There is no room I can think of that is consistently as soulless and liminal as computer labs, and that's something you've got to subject yourself to everyday. I mean you're literally our nation's bravest and strongest. My Great Grandpa died in some war and I think what you're doing takes infinitely more courage. Keep it up, soldier. Love you.

## TALES ABOUT ABROAD #4

Carter Seipel,  
The Bullsheet's #1 Foreign Correspondent

Dear Travel Diary,

The funeral, much like a certain somebody's casket, came to a close. With no reason left to stay in Bath, England, my wife and I decided to pack our bags and return to the states (that's what British people call America).

It was a shame we had to leave so soon. Not because I wanted to stay in this beautiful city longer, but rather because leaving caused another heated argument over packing. Luckily, our verbal fight was interrupted by a knock at our hotel room door. I was afraid the knock would belong to one of our hotel room neighbors; however, this was not the case. To our surprise, the knocker was a police detective sent to investigate the suspicious circumstances of the death of my wife's father. The detective introduced himself as "Gary Holmes."

To address the elephant in the room, yes, this British detective with the last name Holmes is, in fact, the distant, distant, distant relative of American actress Katie Holmes. You can't make this stuff up! I shook Gary's hand and asked him to tell his distant relative how much I enjoyed her work on Dawson's Creek. Unfortunately, they lost touch after her marriage to Tom Cruise. So that (cruise) ship had long since sailed.

Gary then informed us that we were expected to stay in the UK during his investigation of my father-in-law's death. He said something about wanting to interrogate us, but I kind of zoned out at that point. My wife, on the other hand, became very invested in this whole suspicious death thing. When I finally zoned back in, I heard her promising her complete cooperation to the detective. She offered to help the man in any and all ways possible.

Looking to avoid another argument with my wife, I agreed to stay in the UK until this case is shut (again, much like a certain somebody's casket).



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