



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, recycles, is gonna be ok, 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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## YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED

Selah and Emmy,  
[REDACTED]

You won't believe what happened. I went to the Denisonian first but they turned me away - clearly Weinberg got to them first. Put a stop to this whole thing before it could even begin. The Bullsheet, our community forum, our beacon of truth, picture of integrity, is my last hope. I just pray that this sheet doesn't fall into the wrong hands before it reaches the public...

It all happened the other day, when I was eavesdropping on two shifty looking dudes in suits by the condiment counter in Slayter. I was waiting to put some ketchup on my burger (medium rare) when I saw one pass a briefcase to the other. In a moment of instinctual investigative journalism, I pulled out my phone and started recording. Below is the transcript of that conversation.

Suit 1: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] First Year Quadrant.

Suit 2: [REDACTED] Adam W [REDACTED] [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Suit 1: Your mom's wet and slippery!

Suit 2: Bitch, please [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Suit 1: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Doane gas leak [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] 12 casualties.

Suit 2: [REDACTED] just as planned.

Suit 1: [REDACTED] ?

Suit 2: Nail polish remover.

Suit 1: [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] weapons of mass destruction [REDACTED]

Suit 2: [REDACTED] energy core [REDACTED] big old battery [REDACTED] Tomorrowland.

Suit 1: Word. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Suit 2: [REDACTED] ketchup.

Suit 1: Hey, kid, can you pass the ketchup?

Unknown Speaker: (unintelligable)

Dear Denison Community,

My friends, please accept my deepest apologies, for I have lied to you all. If you saw me around campus last week, you may have noticed a none-too-subtle contraption strapped to my left arm. From a distance, it might have looked like I was turning into a cyborg, but closer inspection would have revealed it to be nothing more than an arm brace supporting my broken elbow.

To the few nosy Denisonians who inquired as to the source of my injury, I explained at length the story of how a raptor escaped the secret dino breeding facility in the basement of Talbot and made its way up the stairs, with the single goal of finding and eating Stone, the biology department's beloved turtle. Luckily, I happened to be exiting a nearby bathroom just as it emerged from the stairwell. I managed to vanquish the beast and, in the process, sustained little more than a few scratches and a minor ulnar fracture.

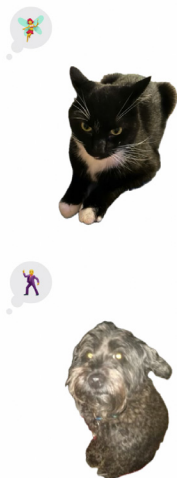
If you were one of those who heard this account and hailed me as a hero, I regret to inform you that the story, incredibly believable as it may be, is all a ruse. In actuality, I broke my arm after falling out of an unlofted bed early one Monday morning. How, you might wonder, does a person manage such a thing? Breaking an arm while sleeping? It's unheard of! And you would be right, for the most part. Among college students, such an injury is completely absurd. But here, we come to the true confession that I must make, the horrible truth that I have been concealing from everyone for so long.

I am secretly an old person. This may come as a surprise to those who do not know me, as my outward appearance does not reflect my elderly nature, but I'm afraid that this is merely a product of the carefully executed makeup that I do each day to maintain my disguise. Those who know me well, however, may now be putting the pieces together. If you have ever received a hard, strawberry candy from me after asking for a snack, listened as I complained about how I can feel the rainy weather in my knees, or watched as I hold the phone three feet from my face to read a text, now you know why.

While I would like to say that present admission comes only from a place of honesty and personal accountability, I'm afraid that this, too, would be a falsehood. I am writing this from the bottom of the Barney-Davis basement stairs. I have spent several nights here after a hip-shattering tumble some time ago, and I worry that the damp is starting to get to me. I know that you might find it difficult to look kindly upon me, knowing of my dishonesty. But, if you can bring yourself to do so, please come and help me. I've fallen and I can't get up.

Lots of love,

Grandma Eleanor



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