



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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emmy...

Delivered this morning by:

My Hero (lindsey)

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GRANVILLE'S CREEPY-CRAWLY PUBLICATION

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## *ELLA SPINS YOU A TALE*

Ella Buzas,  
funny alllll the time

I have something to get off of my chest.

I was talking to somebody one time, as you do, and I can not remember who it was. We were talking about microplastics, and they said something along the lines of "there is a credit card worth of microplastics in your body right now."

To which I responded, "I wonder if the number is valid!"

(The thing about being so funny all the time, is that it means you can't be funny all the time. You have your off days. This was an off day for me.)

Bad joke. I understand.

This person looks straight into my eyes and says, "It's not an actual credit card."

Anyway, that's it. That's the story. I think about it a lot. When I wake up in the morning and when I go to bed at night I think about the time that somebody believed that I thought that there was just a credit card floating around in our bodies. No shade to this person- I don't remember who you are, but I hope you know that you have made such a lasting impression on my life. It gives me much to consider: do I give off "I think there is a credit card inside of me" vibes? Am I so greedy that I am willing to extract a credit card from my body for some extra dough? Is my comedic delivery that rough?

Whoever you are, thank you. I love you.

## *I WROTE HALF AN ARTICLE*

Lucy 2H and  
a mysterious  
second party

Okay so. My dad went to Denison (class of '92 represent!) but all I get out of that besides a single legacy pin, highly illegal tales of the Good Old Days, and a book for Christmas titled How to Write Funny (not sure what that implies) is unsolicited lists. The man loves a Top Ten Reasons list, and many of my articles are structured that way too, so. I thought I'd play a little game. Five of the reasons below are mine, five are my dad's. It's your job to guess which are which. Best of luck.

### **Top Ten Reasons Curtis Dining Hall is Superior**

1. Access to a free daily xerox sheet covered in privileged sardonic dribble (meta!)
2. The admirable lack of urgency in the omelet man's eyes
3. The heads of Kenyon supporters on pikes at the entrance
4. Getting to wonder how much you would cost if you flung yourself into the waste calculation bin
5. Kathy <3
6. The convenient location near the L and A trains
7. Perpetually running into that one guy you never wanted to see again
8. Plenty of empty seats at the Deans' List Table
9. Chocolate milk!!!!!!!!!!
10. Huff is just too far.

Well? Is my writing improved or worsened by my having (and admitting to having) a 54-year old ghost-writer? Don't answer that! If you want to know who wrote what, stop asking. It's none of your business. Okay bye!

Dear Travel Diary,

It's time I dedicate some paper to sing praise for my one true love. I am, of course, talking about coffee. Anyone who has met me has likely listened to me make awkward small talk about coffee, and anyone who only knows me through my writing has likely noticed the topic of coffee coming up more than once. What can I say? I like coffee. So, the question on everybody's mind is no doubt, how am I enjoying the coffee in Bath, England?

The coffee culture here might be the biggest difference from America that I've encountered so far. Those who know me know that I'm a simple man with even simpler tastes. Give me a single cup of black coffee, hot or cold, and I'll be a happy camper. Little did I know, I had been taking this wonderful beverage for granted. Here in the UK, it's a struggle to find drip coffee on any café menu!

What I've found is that the majority of English cafés are entirely espresso-based. While I have come across one or two exceptions, I was told the point of going abroad was to step outside your comfort zone and try new things. So, I've been exploring the world of cafe menus and experimenting with strange brews with (not by) Cream. Here are my findings:

Lattes and Flat Whites - Not for me. I don't like milk like that.

Iced Americano - I thought this would resemble my beloved black iced coffee, but espresso plus water and melting ice makes for a very watered down drink. It's not bad hot, though.

Chai Lattes - Amazing. Delicious. #1 drink on the block, but lacks the caffeine I crave.

Filling up 10 ounce mugs with espresso - I thought this would be just like drinking a cup of black coffee but instead I had a heart attack.

And that's it for my café research. I may write up a second part should my findings further develop. Until then, please tell the Common Grounds staff I miss them and their black iced coffees.

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## THE CURRENT STATE OF MY JOB HUNT

Emmy Ayad,  
is from Colorado

### 9. This position is not available to residents who reside in:

- Washington (State)
- Colorado
- California
- Jersey City, NJ

Do you reside in one of these locations? \*

Yes

No



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