

THE BULLSHEET

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.

Edited last night by:

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Delivered this morning by:

Arianna :3

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BUDGETS ... AMIRITE

Brin Glass,
never leaving

If you are a member of an executive board for an organization on campus you probably know that the budgets for next school year are due today. If you didn't know that, now you do. Since we are a professional news publication and believe transparency is vital, we will share what we requested DCGA grant us in our budget.

\$100 for ant traps



\$50 for Obamas cutout



\$25 for press hats



\$15 for red dye 40 jar



\$1,242 for 14k white gold wedding ring



\$205 for magenta handchair



\$25 for vape phone



\$80 for ninja airfryer



\$22.99 for big league chew team rally bucket



\$500 for label maker per staff member



let us know what you think <3

Oh, fellow late-night ramen maker. Can you possibly know how ardently I adore you? Perhaps not, for the time we have together is all too short. In mere moments, we shall depart, never to meet again, and this moment will be little more than a drop in the oceans of our lives. And yet, what a drop it is!

In some respects, we are worlds apart. There must be nearly five feet between us, the stretch of grimy countertop seeming in all its emptiness like a vast, impassable desert. We hardly glance at each other, and, even when we do, our eyes never meet. You bend over the stove as if in prayer, willing the hot water to soften the noodles as you whirl your spoon about the pot. I dare not look too long, lest my kettle boils over in my moment of distraction. But even as I cast my gaze down again, running a fingernail under the lid of my stout styrofoam pot, I smile.

Do you feel it too? For though no words pass between us, we are brothers, you and I, even if only for this moment. Twin fawns, resting against one another in a sun-dappled glade. Rivers, flowing through one another on the way to distant lands. Binary stars, each basking in the momentary glow of the other and daring not to think of how dark the separation will be in comparison. Our bodies, it's true, may be at a distance. But our spirits have never been closer.

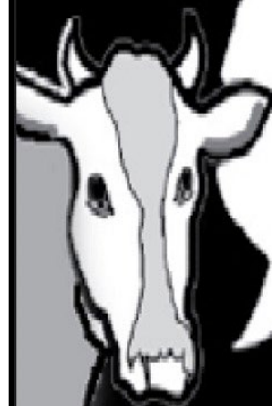
For three minutes now I have held the lid closed, ignoring the pangs of pain as the hot steam burned my palm. Now, it is time for me to go. And so, I leave you with this final thought.

Humans have long searched for the element of love, some concrete, quantifiable substance that can explain the connections forged between two people. As of yet, we have not found it. Perhaps, one day, we will succeed in this hopeless quest. But still, looking back at you over my shoulder, I am glad to know that, at least until that day comes, it seems sodium will suffice.

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*hi guys this is the
bullsheet*

