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TALES FROM THE THANKSGIVING BREAK

Carter Seipel,
Married For 4 Years
(feels like 4 decades)

So, you want to know about my Thanksgiving break? I'm so glad you asked!

I spent my flight home to Columbus anxious about what might transpire at this year's Thanksgiving dinner. You see, these days my family is rather splintered. They're all lumberjacks.

Last year, the family had a heated argument over the best type of wood to cut into. Knives and hand axes were thrown about. Despite this family-dividing fight, everyone agreed we could not break our sacred tradition of having a Thanksgiving dinner.

It was up to me, and me alone, to unite the family. "How?" you ask. Well, the only thing that beats hatred is more hatred. I knew if I wanted to bring us together and avoid any sensitive topics, I would need a punching bag we could all agree on. Something so undeniably horrible that we would have no choice but to put our differences aside and hate as one big happy family, so I brought my wife to Thanksgiving dinner!

Married for four years, and this was the first time any of my family had met the devil in clothes stolen from me. Some of them didn't even know I got married! "Well, uh, congratulations," said a confused cousin.

"Try saying that after you get to know her," I replied, pausing for a non-existent laugh track.

I'll admit, it was hard introducing my wife without knowing her name, but I think I hid it well by referring to her as "the old lady" or "the missus."

After introductions, my wife made a strong first impression by making a joke at my expense. The entire family, minus me, was howling with laughter at her wisecrack. Can you believe that? The nerve of her! I would never do such a cruel thing to her. For a moment, I began to panic that my family would actually enjoy my wife's company. I guess there's a first time for everything?

Without her as a punching bag, we'd surely move on to more controversial topics. Thinking on my feet, I decided to get my wife talking about her "programs." She yammered on and on about baking shows and TV detectives. You see, my wife is not media literate. Half of my family got bored of her yapping, and the other half were offended by her asinine takes. Crisis averted. Hate is back on this menu.

After that brief hiccup, my wife's social standing would only continue to drop. It didn't take long for my family to realize that they all hated my wife's guts. With her as our common enemy, my family became the closest it had ever been. Family feuds were put to rest, and a few divorces were postponed. It was truly a night to be thankful for.

And before you start feeling bad for my poor old wife, please keep in mind she at least got a plate of leftovers out of this whole ordeal.

