



# THE BULLSHEET

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Edited last night by:  
Liiiiindsey  
Delivered this morning by:  
MeeeeeereditH

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## DIG IN!

Anna Crum,  
Stuffed

### A MICHELIN Guide Food Inspector's Review of the Menu Offered in A Charlie Brown Thanksgiving

Upon entering the backyard of a quaint and comfortable suburban two story, the atmosphere is immediately one of comfort. The grass already fading to a lighter green put in harsh contrast with the bright red of a dog house just beyond the table as well as the leaves that scatter about all tell an intimate story of the passing of time. What stays the same, as well as what doesn't. This comfort did not end at the atmosphere, it extended to the dishes. Comfort foods including popcorn, toast, sundaes, pretzel sticks, and jellybeans were served. Fellow patron Peppermint Pattie remarked, "What kind of Thanksgiving dinner is this?... Don't you know anything about Thanksgiving dinners?"



While the shock factor of the selected items on the Thanksgiving menu was, to me, rather tantalizing, the meal itself was unremarkable. The beginning pieces of popcorn were deliciously salty and buttered, but as one approached the bottom of the heap salt culminated on singed kernels. The pretzel sticks provided another salt-covered sting to the plate and while the sweetness of the jellybeans cut it well there was still a lack of balance. The chef's job is to master flavor, to combine and craft to near perfection. Here it becomes the patron's job to combine as they see fit. While experimentation is essential to greatness in one's culinary field, here the attempt missed the mark. After the attacks of salty and sweet, the integration of a fresh pallet cleanser would have done the meal well.

Now to the staple of this dining experience. Chef Snoopy, Chef Woodstock, and Chef Charlie Brown offered a buttered wheat toast complete with a variety of local seeds baked into the bread. The Chefs' use of local ingredients as well as nutrition focused flavor was appreciated. Overall, the experience still left me wanting.

The secret menu, however, is a different story. After all other guests left, Chefs Woodstock and Snoopy served a succulent turkey. Juicy, flavored with a variety of fresh garden herbs, cooked to perfection, and the meat melted in one's mouth. The complaint of dry turkey was not to be conceived in this dining experience. Followed quickly by a remarkable pumpkin pie, these Chefs showed mastery in these classic dishes while keeping the pallet entertained with a modernization of flavors. The hint of anise in the pumpkin pie and almond paste in the crust to bring out a more nutty nuanced flavor was particularly inspiring. While Charlie Brown's kitchen has not earned its place in Michelin star fame, Chef Woodstock and Chef Snoopy have a promising career ahead of them. I expect big things from these rising stars in the restaurant industry.



## TRAVEL ADVICE

Lindsey George,  
Definitely NOT Packed

As you all make your way home for a cozy Thanksgiving break, I must warn you about the potential dangers of the journey. If you're telling yourself "I'll make it" to a flight that leaves an hour after your class ends, no you won't. If you're driving, leave at a time that will not require you to intersect peak rush hour. If you're hitching a ride with someone, bring the driver snacks. Pack at least 30 hours in advance. Don't forget your deodorant. Do not recline your airplane seat (ever). Drop your bags before walking in the door to your home so that you have free arms with which to hug the dog. Make and download playlists beforehand. Fill up on gas before you're desperately looking for an exit. Book your uber a day in advance. Most importantly, enjoy your TGiving break.

Why do people like things that they shouldn't? Popping pimples, Nokia by Drake, awful movies and shows. We wanted to provide some insight. And I (Meredith) want to start this article off on the right foot and build trust with our readers, so to prove Lilly is really here this time, she will say something now: "HALLO this is Lily....." Thank you, Lilly.

Okay, let's talk about it. This is Lilly now for real. [That was Lilly for real up there. I don't know why she said "now for real"; it was a quote from her, I promise.] We are both here writing the rest of the article now. Seriously.

First up on the chopping block: Taco Bell. I swear to god this only tastes good 30% of the time. Every time I convince myself that it's going to be at least decent, and I am always disappointed as I sadly bite into my shitty burrito. They got rid of the actually good flavor of the Doritos Locos tacos. So, now, when I want a Cool Ranch taco shell, I have to settle for nacho cheese. And the shell is soggy EVERY TIME. Our stance, however, on slushie baja blast is that it does hit EVERY TIME, and don't get us started on those cinnamon bites things.

Up next, Storage Wars! Yuuuuupppp! You better believe it. Storage Wars—the one where to open abandoned storage units. This could apply to most reality TV shows from the 2000s, but Storage Wars is especially terrible. Perhaps, though, it provides a sense of nostalgia for the times of cable television. At times, it might be slightly boring, but damn, they really make you invested in how much money they are going to make off other people's junk. Plus, it will definitely make you feel better about your marriage. No couple in the world is worse together than Brandi and Jarrod. (If you've never seen it, you can tell Jarrod is an asshole by the way his name is spelt.) We just watched the episode where Barry found these ice carving tools, and he said he "had a friend" who was an ice sculptor, but we don't believe it! They made up this whole friendship just so they could have some expert guy look at these tools. But Barry is super tough—you can tell by his cool skeleton gloves—so we forgive him.

Last but not least, Twilight. I (Meredith) am not ashamed to admit that if I had Letterboxd, Twilight: Breing Dawn Part I would be in my top four. And I (Lilly) do have Letterboxd cause I'm a movie asshole, but it's not in mine. Sorry. This series is laughably bad, which is what makes it so good. From the invisible ketchup to the back-breaking scene (interpret it how you want), there is just so much material here. It makes you wanna come up behind someone and say, "eh Arizona, how you lyka the raiiinn, girl?" or "Bellaaaa... where the hell you been, loca?" I know it doesn't matter, but I will fight you over which team you're on. If you're team Jacob, I think you should reconsider. Seriously.

[Some honourable mentions that didn't make it because this article is already too long: Ugly dogs, YouTube Shorts, Once Upon a Time, Wattpad, mustardayo, and singing Birthday Sex lyrics incorrectly]

YUPPPP,

Lilly (with two L's) n' Mereddith (in 3D)



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