



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, recycles, 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 e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by: Will  
Delivered this morning by: Caroline Lopez  
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## I ATE THE PITA CHIPS IN THE BULLSHEET OFFICE SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO: AN HONEST REVIEW

*In the past the Bullsheet has been mired by scandal, by tragedy, even by our fair share of murder mysteries. In the past those who ate the food of other staff members--food that was left in the office for safekeeping--have gotten away with it and lived to eat again. However, i would like to think that we are in a new era of Bullsheet transparency, one that will make us grow together as a staff. As such, I would like to redefine every potential theft as a learning opportunity. I did not steal and eat the pita chips; I helped their owner learn.*

*The next time the owner of the pita chips steps foot into this office, they will notice that the container has slightly moved, and that exactly three chips are now missing. Perhaps they will notice loose crumbs on the counter, or maybe they will notice the empty space where there once were three pita chips, but at the very least they will know that they are gone. I would like to thank them for their unknowing sacrifice. They will never know how much those pita chips meant to me.*

*I was hungry--famished even--and looking for a little bite to eat. These pita chips were, much like all food, serviceable. I would say that they gave me a little bit of energy. I would say that they helped me get through my day. After eating the pita chips I realized that I was not just hungry, I was thirsty and tired too. So I filled up my water bottle at the water fountain in the hallway and then drank most of it, and then I lay down on the couch for a little nap. This nap didn't really last much longer than 30-45 minutes, but it hit the spot. Or did it? Now that I consider it a bit longer, I awoke from the nap feeling more tired than when I fell asleep. I am writing this now, tired, sleepy, a little bit of indigestion from the pita chips, thirsty. My water bottle is empty again. I guess I should fill it up. Did I drink the rest of it?*

*Did someone drink out of my water bottle while I was asleep?*

*I can't really remember much of what happened before I went to sleep. I know I ate three pita chips, wrote some nonsense, drank some water and then went to sleep. Maybe I should drink some more water. Maybe I should eat more pita chips--that might help with the indigestion after all. Maybe I should go back to sleep.*

*It took forever to fill up my water bottle at the water fountain. I was holding the little tap thingy open for so long and it only filled up a quarter of the bottle. By the time I got back to the office I felt like the sun had set and the nest had opened (it was 6:18). It's funny how just a bit ago it would have been dark by now. The times sure be a changing don't they.*

*Anyway, I should probably get back on topic. I told you all that I would honestly review the pita chips that I ate from in the Bullsheet office. They were kept on one of the shelves in a clear plastic container labeled "Pita Krunch: Hear how Good They Taste". They were sea salt flavor, and they belonged to someone who had purchased them either from Baby Slay or Slayter proper--where I remember seeing them stocked on top of the cooler that generally contains Covered Bridge Creamery Chocolate Milk TM. If the owner of the pita chips misses them I am very sorry and will maybe buy you a snickers as recompense. Anyway, the review:*

*They were kinda gross. They just tasted like fry oil with a little bit of salt. Would have been better with a dip.*

*-Will Kelsey, the one who eats*



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**HERRICK WALL**

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