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GRANVILLE'S PRO-HOMESTEAD PUBLICATION

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## VICTORY: HOMESTEAD REIGNS TRIUMPHANT

Slayter Boxes 7041 and 8487,  
Submission

In a surprising turn of events following a harrowing week of war, the Homestead has secured victory over CLIC in the battle for the outdoor property.

On Thursday morning, the Homestead had extended a community dinner invitation to the CLIC staff, who had twenty-four hours to respond. CLIC declined to speak on the matter, but student and full-time staff members alike were seen muttering to each other on the third floor of Slayter all throughout Thursday afternoon.

As the sun began to set on Thursday evening, a pair of Denison-branded white vans driven by two First Year Fellows pulled up to the Homestead, and the entire CLIC staff piled out. The gauntlet had been picked up.

The Homesteaders solemnly lead the CLIC staff to their outdoor table. The atmosphere was tense, the tension thicker than any milkshake ever blended at the Bandersnatch. The CLIC staff stood uncertain, wondering if they should take their seats.

A rustle of leaves. From the surrounding plant life emerged the Denison Outdoors Club. They sat down around the table, prompting CLIC to do the same.

Then, a clip-clop of hooves. Sketch's Sketch Comedy Troupe appeared, holding onto the members of the Equestrian Club as they rode in together.

Slowly, more. Hacky-Sack Club hacked their sacks and Yo-Yo Club yo'd their yos as they advanced. The members of the Denison Left-Handed Club sat down around the table and awkwardly bumped elbows with their neighbors.

A powerful electric guitar strum heralded the biggest surprise of the night so far as the Cuties burst forth from their postgraduate graves, instruments in hand, followed closely and amiably by the brothers of Beta Theta Pi, armed with some of the cheapest beer Big Red Bucks can buy.

The Homesteaders brought forth the collegiate vegetarian meal they had prepared for CLIC, oodles of Maruchan Instant Noodles, microwaved potatoes, and slightly burnt scrambled eggs.

The table was silent and all eyes turned to CLIC Director Dana Pursley, faced with the meal in front of her. Slowly, tentatively, she raised a forkful of microwaveable ramen noodles to her lips.

The moment the salty, Brita-filtered broth touched her lips, the Cuties kicked up into a rock-and-roll rendition of Sir Mix-a-Lot's 1992 hit "Baby Got Back."

The flood of young adult memories hit Pursley like a Campo car. All of a sudden, she was eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, broke, drunk, and happy. She took another bite of ramen, then another, and followed it hastily with the burnt scrambled eggs. After a moment of [blissful gobbling], she came up for air.

"Man," she said, eyes glazed with nostalgia, addressing Beta, "hand me a beer."

The brothers burst into raucous cheers as the Director of the Alford Community Leadership and Involvement Center drove her key into the side of a can of Natty Lite and proceeded to shotgun the whole thing. Like an idealized elementary school version of the First Thanksgiving, everyone around the table lit up and chowed down. A peace had been reached.

Upon returning to campus, CLIC would find that the third floor of Slayter had been overtaken, a joint effort by the TruCha employee team, Gaming Guild, Ballet Club, and Women's Rugby. Armed with the power of bowling balls and a tidbit of Denison history known now only through legend, these groups restored The Roost to its ancient glory in the name of their alma mater's ancestors. CLIC was not immediately comfortable with these changes, but they have admitted it isn't the end of the world.

"It is an on-campus student space for building community," Pursley concedes, bowling balls crashing in the background. "That's what we wanted in the first place."

# VICTORY: HOMESTEAD REIGNS TRIUMPHANT (CONT.)

Slayter Boxes  
7041 and 8487,  
Submission

Although uncertain, the future of the Homestead appears to be bigger and redder than ever. CLIC has moved to begin electric scooter shuttling to the Homestead to allow community diners to be attended more willingly by students. The Homesteaders have bought some new chicks to raise as their own. Reports say the cats are doing well in their newfound homes.

On campus, CLIC has returned to business as usual. They have retreated back behind their frosted glass windows, relegated there by the thriving social scene on Slayter third floor, though their door remains open for students to come and talk. And students do talk, though mostly to each other. They will talk for a long time about the campus unity, solidarity, and victory at the battle for the Homestead.

## LUCY: 1 CARPET: 0

Lucy Dale,  
Sophomore Writer

Ok, so, here's a story that happened to me. I'll start by blaming my mom cause all good stories do. So at the end of last year when my parents and I were loading up the car, my mom told me that we didn't have room for the beautiful and glorious rug that served my freshman year well. When I arrived on campus many weeks ago, I knew I needed to buy a rug. But when I opened the door to my Shep double, I discovered a fully carpeted room. Now, I don't need to list the stains and the possible causes of such stains that I spent the first couple of days obsessing over. Let's just say that my need for a rug was elevated.

I measured the room dimensions as any girl would, by measuring how many me's could fit across each wall. I figured that if I buy a carpet that would take up the whole space then I would solve all my current and future problems in life. So, I ordered a 11x14 foot (2.25ishx2.7ish Lucy) carpet from rugs.com(shoutout).

This rug showed up a week later at our one and only Slayter Mailroom. When my fellow Denisonian brought this behemoth of a carpet out from the back, I knew and they knew as well, this wasn't going to happen. They asked, "do you have a car?" and I was starting to question how I ever thought I was getting this carpet across campus. But I am a strong independent woman(at least that's what I tell myself.) So I asked to borrow a mail cart and started my journey.

Here were the hardest parts of the walk from Slayter 2nd floor to Shep 3rd floor.

- Getting the cart out of the elevator once I arrived on the first floor of Slayter
- Getting the cart through the two doors to exit Slayter first floor(why are there two doors there? Don't they know that girls are trying to move carpets across campus here??)
- Getting the cart through the video-game-like-passage that is the winding ramp on East Quad(I've never hated my life more)
- Getting the cart down the steep hill next to Craw without losing the carpet, the cart, or my will to live(my dignity was already out of the question)
- Getting the cart into the Shep elevator(It didn't work. I had to ditch the cart and travel the rest of my journey alone with the carpet)

ps. The challenge of getting the carpet down and under all the furniture within my room is a story for another day...



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