

## LUCY'S WEATHER CORNER

Lucy Dale,  
Correspondent

As a not-born-but-raised Ohioan, I have the education and training to be a weather reporter. Or at least I know a thing or two because I've seen a thing or two (is that Farmer's Insurance commercial a Roman empire for anyone else?)

*Here's the word on the street...*

On **Monday** it's gonna be about 55 degrees when you're walking to those 8:30s and 9:30s but by the time Slayter is jampacked and the mail line is down the stairs, it'll be 85 and blazing. Also, I apologize to all of my non-Fahrenheit users but I am a stupid American and Celcius is an energy drink that makes my tummy hurt. It's a 6% chance of rain so it will definitely downpour. Hidden secret: there are random packs of rain ponchos on the floor near the mailboxes on the right side of the mail room. I have never taken one but if you're in a pinch, I'm not not not not saying that they're up for grabs.

Taco **Tuesday** and it's a full moon? Sounds like a night to remember. 80 degrees with 80% humidity is a combination ordered by the devil himself(of course the devil is a man). I think he ordered it on Harvest Table X GrubHub for Friday the 13th and got the notification it was ready on Tuesday the 17th.

My sources say that **Wednesday** night is also a full moon and I'm no Astrophysicist—although I did consider changing my major to this after Astro 100 claimed my heart and then broke it by giving me a 50% on the first exam—but this seems illegal. Its a 50% chance of rain but if you think about it, every day in the Midwest has a 50% chance of rain. Just like every day I try to use the printer in Slayter there's a 50/50 chance of my document printing.

The weather got boring so I'll let you all check **Thursday** and **Friday** for yourself. All I can say is that Waning Gibbous sounds like something that would come out of an Australian man's mouth on the Animal Channel.



# REMEMBERING STEAMROLLER BAGELS

Ella Buzas,  
Very Sad

Many of you may not remember what once held the space that is currently Mai Chau. For some, that's all you've known to inhabit that little Granville corner. I'm here to educate, to remember, and to pay respects for what once was.

Steamroller Bagel Sandwiches was a lovely little restaurant that would provide the hungriest of bellies with a glorious, steaming, and quite substantial bagel sandwich. Not only would it feed the body, but those bad boys would feed the soul. It left us too soon.

The establishment closed due to a lack of employees, which, from a business standpoint, is completely understandable. I'm just saying that I miss it. The bagel sandwiches at the surrounding establishments are good, don't get me wrong. But, the experience of eating one of them will never carry the same euphoric satisfaction that one may get from eating a true, classic, Steamroller Bagel Sandwiches bagel sandwich.

Reader, I leave you with a request. Appreciate the next bagel sandwich you eat. Relish in its cohesion, its deliciousness, its sanctity. You never know when they will be taken away from you.

## APPLY TO THE BULLSHEET.



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