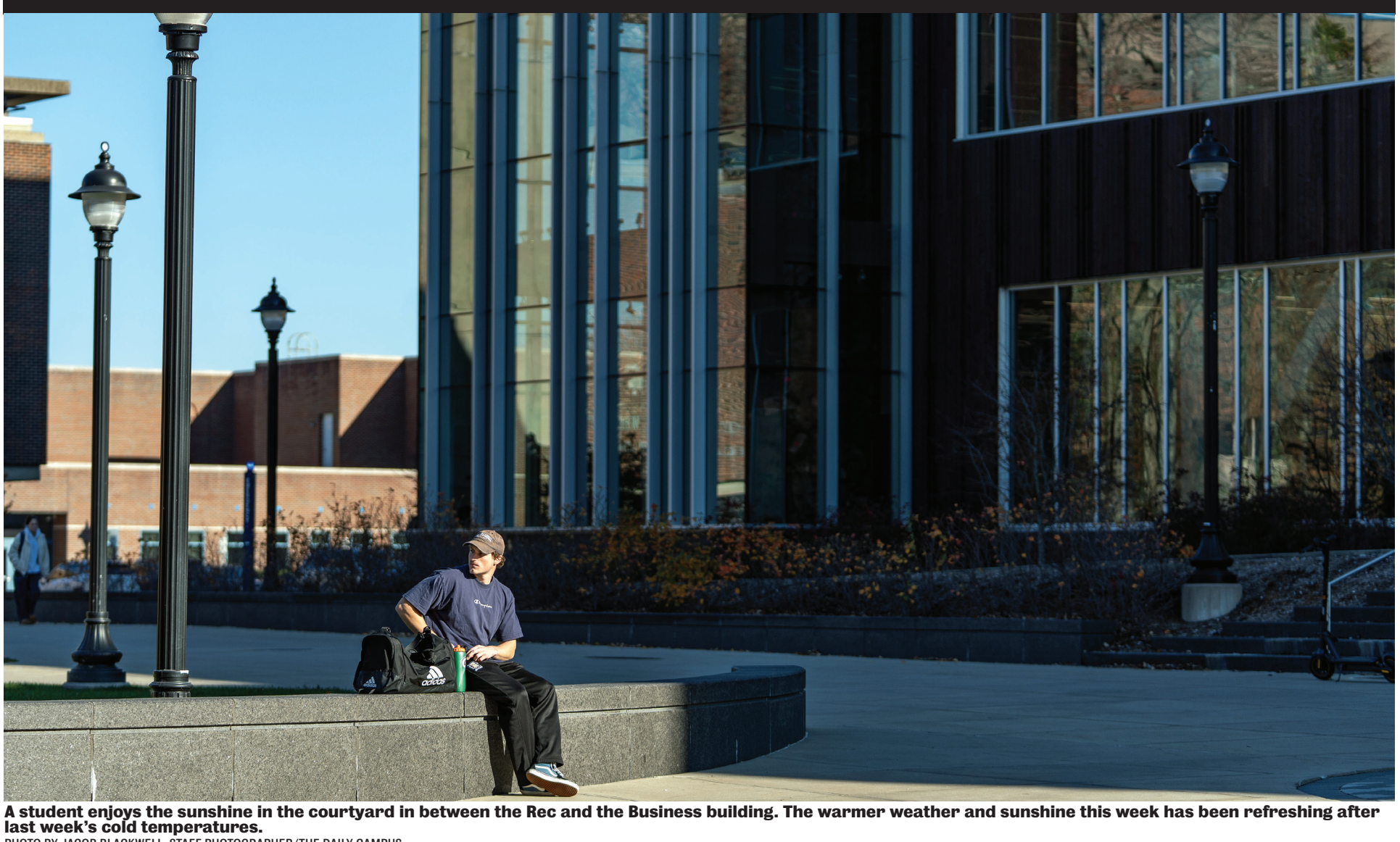
Opinion

Photo of the Day |

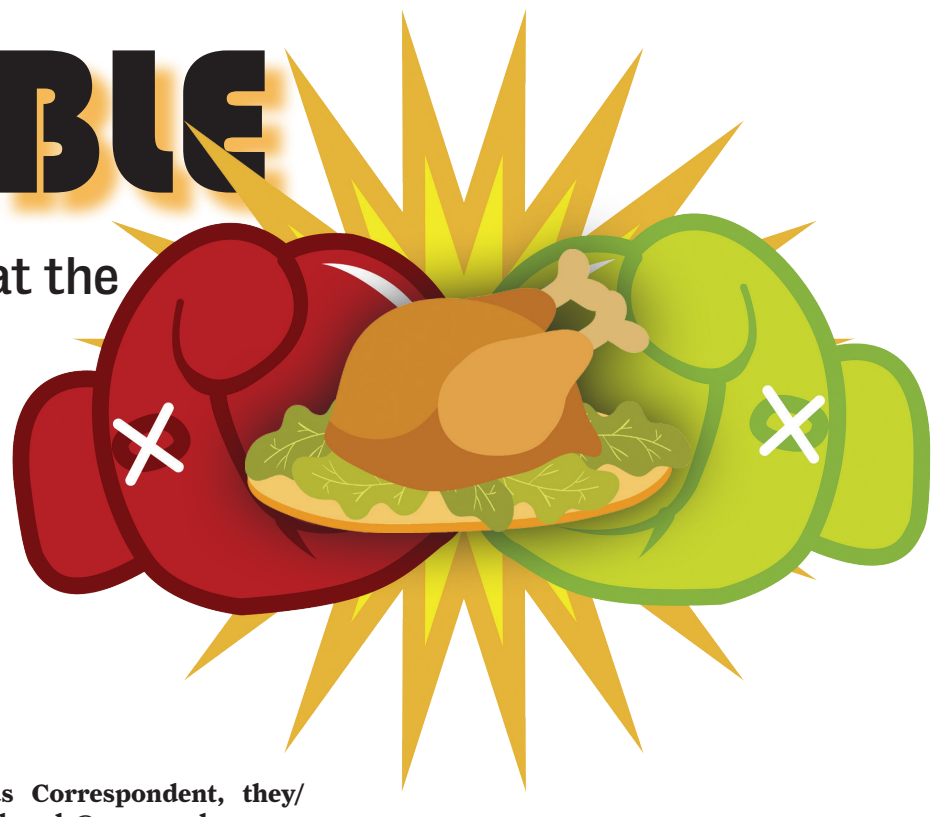


A student enjoys the sunshine in the courtyard in between the Rec and the Business building. The warmer weather and sunshine this week has been refreshing after last week's cold temperatures.
PHOTO BY JACOB BLACKWELL, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER/THE DAILY CAMPUS

GRAPHICS COURTESY OF CREAZILLA

ROUNDTABLE

What's the best way to start a fight at the Thanksgiving dinner table?



We're down to the last week of classes before Thanksgiving break! Here at Opinion, we're excited to put down our books, eat some great food and perhaps turn on the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade to catch a glimpse of our very own Opinion Editor marching with a tuba...

Of course, in classic Opinion fashion, we're also excited to do what we do best: argue. This week, we're putting The Daily Campus' argumentative writers to the test with the ultimate Thanksgiving question: What's the best way to start a fight at the Thanksgiving dinner table?

Gianna Cassino, Associate Opinion Editor, she/her/hers, gic23015@uconn.edu

Picture this: I'm sitting around the table with my family. There's a comically large turkey in the center of the table. We've just said grace and shared what we're thankful for; it's time to eat. Someone offers me a knife to carve the turkey. I shake my head. I will not carve this turkey with so much left unsaid. I take a deep breath, woman up and reveal something I've been hiding for years — a secret that, once uncovered, will change my experience at the dinner table for life: "Mom, dad... I'm a vegetarian."

Patrick Minnerly, Opinion Editor, he/him/his, patrick.minnerly@uconn.edu

Tragically, the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade will keep me away from much of the traditional Thanksgiving festivities. But if you think about it, the tuba section is one big family anyway. Without a doubt, the best way to start a fight in this family is to pose a completely unserious question and watch it turn into an unnecessarily heated argument. Some famous questions that have sparked major debate in the tuba section include, but are not limited to, "What city is considered The City?" and "Is Massachusetts shaped like a gun?" I won't elaborate on these, except to say that the debates raged for hours. And I'm right about Massachusetts.

Ayden Mirabella, Campus Correspondent, He/him/his, zwj24003@uconn.edu

I'm sitting at a table way up in northeastern Pennsylvania, surrounded by family I have known for my entire life. Surely, they wouldn't turn something small into a big thing. The Eagles are looking like the worst team to play football. Milton and McKee have combined to turn the football over at least three times, and it is only the second quarter. Everyone is in a bad mood already. People have said to just turn it off and find a Christmas special. I stand up, sensing the bad mood in the air. "Family," I call out. "May we please just sit down to enjoy this lovely meal. I'll even say the prayer." Everyone takes their seats, expecting a standard Roman Catholic grace. I instead begin to air out the family history of how the Catholic-Protestant divide impacted us.

Dria Rybczyk, Campus Correspondent, they/them/theirs, alexander.rybczyk@uconn.edu

Starting an argument is easy around Thanksgiving time. Tensions are high packing so many people into one place. Anything could set someone off. However, the question isn't what the easiest way is to start a fight. The question is asking for the best way. The one true answer is to scoop some stuffing with a plastic spoon, give it to a younger cousin, draw it back and watch it fly as precious little Tara starts an all-out food war across the house. Watch as your mom grabs the rest of the spoons to prevent further attacks, only to be taken out with a glob of mashed potatoes. Your grandfather sets up home base in his office but falls asleep in his chair halfway through. Your brother's girlfriend begins training your nieces and nephews to spy on enemy factions. I hope you're ready for a long night and an even longer day of cleanup tomorrow.

Eva Nyquist, Campus Correspondent, she/her/hers, eva.nyquist@uconn.edu

When your entire family is liberal, fighting about politics at the Thanksgiving table is not an option. I've had to get creative to partake in the classic Thanksgiving argument, and time and time again, I find myself returning to an ancient art form: ragebaiting. It's time to pull out all my controversial opinions — and not even necessarily my own. "Do you think the moon landing was fake?" Of course I don't. But for the sake of this argument: yes, Neil Armstrong never stepped foot on its dusty surface, and yes, the shadows are wrong. For years, we've had an ongoing debate about whether ham is real. The trick is to play dumb; when someone says something, question it in the most ridiculous way, then double down. Even if I don't actually agree with myself, it's time to be the most annoying person in the room and play devil's advocate. Or, if I'm really committed to talking about politics, I try to find something to disagree on. Bring up Elon Musk. Out-woke my grandma. I'm channeling my inner Bernie Sanders.

Hamza Zakir, Weekly Columnist, he/him/his, vsi.25006@uconn.edu

While many writers here have devised sophisticated, clever ways of starting fights this Thanksgiving, I would like to propose a more efficient, simple and elegant method — sock your uncle in the jaw. Happy Thanksgiving!

