



THE BULLSHEET

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BREAKING NEWS

The Bullsheet
Fairy, Fairy

I broke something. I can’t tell you what it is but rest assured it is broken. I’m sorry that I did it but more importantly I’m sorry that you had to find out this way. If I could turn back the clock I would. Trust me I would. I would do anything to see it whole again.

Here’s how it went down. I was walking to my 8:30 class. It’s Introduction to Literary Theories of Reconstructionism--really cool class. I’d recommend it. That’s not important though, what matters is what I broke and how it happened. As I was saying, I saw It there, lying in the gutter, on the way to my 8:30 class (Introduction to Literary Theories of Reconstructionism for those who forgot). I picked It up. Who wouldn’t? If you saw it lying there, in the gutter, on the way to your 8:30 class (say Introduction to Literary Theories of Reconstructionism or some liberal artsy bullshit like that) I’m sure you would too.

For a moment It made me happy. Happier than anything I had ever seen. I spent every waking moment staring at It and every sleeping moment dreaming of It. It was my world. It was everything I had ever wanted. But that’s not the point. The point is that I broke It. It doesn’t matter how much I loved It, only how much I broke It. You see, my college is on a hill (I’m sure you’re familiar with hills like it, it seems like a mountain when you’re climbing up, and at the top you feel like you can see the whole earth curving away beneath you). It was on this hill that I found It. Up there at the summit of the world, at this weird little college where they teach courses with stupid titles (courses like Introduction to Literary Theories of Reconstructionism). That’s where I found it (lying in the gutter on my way to my 8:30 class). That’s where I broke it (much later, and completely unrelated to my 8:30 class).

Well I guess it (the breaking, not the thing I broke) is actually related to my 8:30 class. That’s what Reconstructionism is all about really. You can’t fix something that isn’t broken. There is no need to reconstruct the whole. I’m happy Eve got us kicked out of the Garden of Eden, it gave us something to put back together, or whatever. Thank god that the fall of the Tower of Babel gave us all those languages, or else what voices would we have to sing? Sometimes it’s nice not to speak a language--to just float on the blissfully emptiness of consonants and phonemes that you don’t quite understand. We put ourselves back together with whatever we’ve got at hand, be it Pushtu or Urdu, German or French.

So there I was in my 8:30 class. Smashing stories to smithereens and scotch-taping them back together. “Something’s rotten in the state of Denmark” the Baker said as he reached deep into the darkest corners of the oven. ‘After all, Hansel and Susan haven’t answered my riddles three.” Or something like that. You can do a lot with what you have once you stop caring. That’s what fucks us up really. We think so hard about what we’re doing, If anything we say ever really makes sense, that we forget to just do it. There I go again, sounding like a Nike ad. “Just do it” and all that. That’s what I did. I did it. I broke It. That’s what this is, one massive Mea Culpa, stamped on my forehead like some scarlet letter gained after killing a king, or phantasmal blood which accuses me of adultery. Maybe I’m mixing things up again. Maybe it doesn’t really matter anyway. After all, things are meant to be put back together. I think? I’m not quite sure anymore. I’m not quite sure of anything anymore. A liberal arts degree will do that to you.

I am sure that I broke It though. That’s one thing that I can be sure about. It’s like a phrase that keeps popping up, a leitmotif of my life. If my life was a book of fairytales, the fact that I broke It would be the Rule of Three. It would be the Donor, the Hero, the Dragon. “All fairy tales end with a wedding”. Mine ends with me breaking It. It happened like this: I was wal



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