

IT'S SO OVER, FOLKS

Selah Griffin, signing off



ONE FINAL TALE ABOUT
ABROAD (#14 IF YOU'RE
COUNTING)

Carter Seipel,
Foreign Correspondent

Dear Travel Diary,

I have never been more ashamed. I'm afraid there's been a horrible mix-up! For the last four months I have been writing Bullsheet articles into my travel diary and submitting my diary entries to the Bullsheet! No wonder no one ever complimented my groundbreaking article "Top 10 Floors in Bath, England."

I don't think there's ever been a bigger mistake in satirical paper publishing history! My private affairs (not to mention my wife's) were never meant to be displayed publicly for all the half-interested eyes of tired college students to read all about. I turned this serious and beloved publication into nothing more than a gossip column, and for that I am truly sorry.

As much as I want to put this matter behind me, I fear, after sending in so many diary entries, I at least owe every loyal reader, real or imagined, a semi-satisfying conclusion. So here we go:

My father-in-law's murderer? Nonexistent. Turns out Gary Holmes was irresponsibly wasting police resources just to get close to my wife. And it worked! My wife, after five long years of my neglect, appreciated the effort. My marriage, much like the semester, has reached its inevitable end.

I recently received a heartfelt fax from Gary Holmes informing me that the "investigation" is formally over and I am free to return to my old life in Ohio. My wife, however, will not be returning with me. Instead, the two plan to run off to Bristol to stop Kelsey Grammer from tearing down a historic cottage (look it up). I know that sounds like an exciting, star-studded adventure that would be thrilling to read about, but unfortunately, you are stuck with me as your narrator.

I plan to spend my final weeks in England traveling alone. Finally free from my wife and you, the Bullsheet-reading audience. For once I will have no one to entertain but myself. Divorce won't be as funny as hating my wife, but I'll try to make the most of a financially bad situation. Maybe this will be my opportunity to finally "find myself," which you're apparently supposed to do when traveling abroad, but the only thing I want to find is a few more cups of black coffee.

Despite my eagerness to be free from writing these convoluted diary entries, I do honestly look forward to writing to you all again in what will be my final year of being a Bullsheet-er.

I hope everyone is pumped for an onslaught of ex-wife jokes!



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