

# THE BULLSHEET

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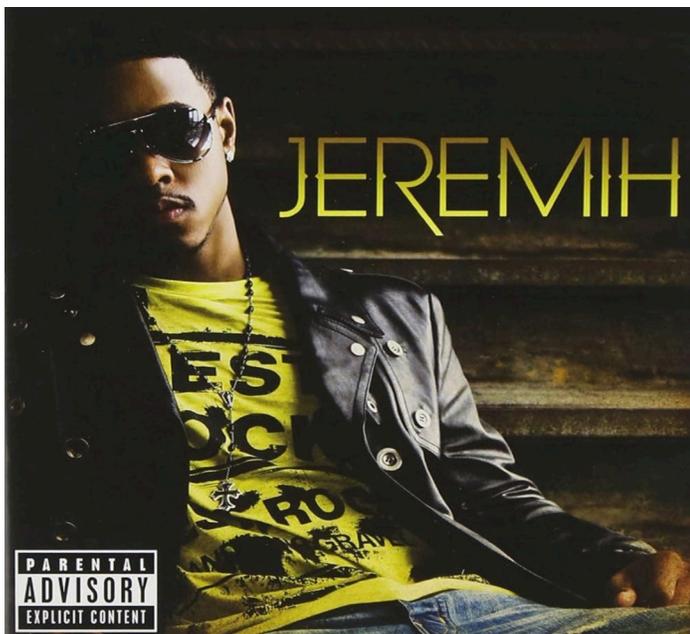
GRANVILLE'S "MOST BETRAYED" PUBLICATION

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## BIRTHDAY WHAT NOW??

Meredith Havre,  
a little lonely

You may have seen a cappella groups serenading people with "Birthday Sex" by Jeremih on the internet. We (Lilly A. and I) get it into our heads we could do the same for our friend, Mars Harmon, with an upcoming birthday. It was mostly Lilly's idea (say hi Lilly! "Hi, Lilly"- Lilly.) We recruited a group of scrappy young misfits who could sing, dance, or had a real passion for the song, to help us on our mission. (Big thanks to them.) For days we learned the lyrics, choreographed a dance to accompany it, and practiced. We all were tormented with the non-stop singing of birthday sex. Day in, day out our brains were consumed by "girl you know I-I-I." My deepest apologies to the person who heard our little performance through the walls. I hope you can understand that we only did what we had to do. Before you read any further, I have something to confess. Lilly isn't actually here with me while I am writing this. I made that up. I don't even know if she would make a stupid dad joke like that. It's just... sometimes I get lonely; I thought it would be nice to pretend. On another note, if you have any birthday song needs, feel free to call 1-800-qua-rter to hire us. You only have to pay each of us a quarter. This comes at an amazing price for you as some a cappella groups charge 80 dollars for this kind of thing. The price we have to pay, however, is far greater. It'll cost our dignity. But let's get into the real meat of this story, the song itself. I can't deny that it's an incredible song, but the reality of it is highly flawed.



So, we are all on the same page: this guy is singing about his girlfriend's birthday. It's not about having sex on his birthday. It's HER birthday. Spoiler alert: he doesn't even get her "candles or cake." He also mentions that she's in jeans, so using my analysis skills I can deduce that he did not take her out to a nice dinner beforehand. On top of that, this guy is the worst gift giver. One lyric is "tell me where you want your gift, girl." This "gift" he refers to is not a nice pair of earrings, or clothes, or something she would actually want. He's not even talking about his penis.

He's talking about the stuff that comes out of his penis. And I'm not talking about piss. That is an awful gift. A disgusting gift. It is egotistical, arrogant, and thoughtless. The one thing she asked for was "flowers on the bed" and he didn't even do that. Let me state this clearly, birthday sex is not an acceptable gift....However, a group of people dancing and singing "Birthday Sex" for someone is the perfect birthday gift.

## THE BETRAYAL

Anna Crum,  
horribly betrayed

Shirley Temple, The Curtis printer, All participants in the performative man contest, Hand Sanitizer, AWS, Phallic imagery, Multiple midterms in one class, Zesters, Shin splints, My roommate's brother's ex-bestfriend, Hard drugs, Broken Curtis Booth, San Francisco, The Abyss, Footloose (1984), Thin cardstock, Huffman cottage cheese, Sylvia Plath, The phospholipid bilayer, Snow shoes, Fellows 308, Metacommentary, Retainers, Abiotic features, Bandersnatch tall chairs, Feathered boas, Richard Nixon, Office hours, 6/7 seas, Silverstein margarita pizza recipe

# TIS THE SEASON OF SWEETS!

Anna Crum,  
willy wonka

What *YOUR* favorite candy says about *YOU*:

**Twix:** Childish. Twix are for kids, someone get that uncomfortably large rabbit here.

**Kit-Kat:** I'd heard I had clones on campus, doppelgangers if you will, but I didn't want to believe it. Only one of us can continue, please meet for a cage match fight in the pickleball courts tomorrow at 5:00am. Wear closed toed shoes, clothes you can move around in, and a water bottle. Also have your last will and testament prepped and ready to go.

**Snickers:** You think that's funny? You're gonna smirk and chuckle and giggle in my face?

**M&Ms:** His last album was a bit of a let down...

**Sour Patch Kids:** Overachiever. Three words for one candy? I am not going to be reading all of that. My classes give me enough work.

**Skittles:** You're clairvoyant, you can in fact talk to the hand. Reading the palm you may see a mystical sign. A rainbow of stains indicating your patron has sweaty hands.

**Raisins/Dates:** Speaking of clairvoyance, I see a vow of silence in your future. Not optional. Start that now. Right now. Shhh.

**Reese's:** Wow. Attractive, smart, funny, personable, athletic, accomplished, well-rounded, and over 6 feet. Do you ever get tired of having it all?

**Starbursts:** You have a paper due Sunday by 11:59pm. Or an assignment due tonight by 11:59pm. Or you have something to work on at some point due on a day by 11:59pm. (Sometimes I scare myself with how accurate I truly am with my insights, I mean you just tell me your favorite candy and from that I know these intimate details of your life.)

**Nerd Gummy Clusters:** You work at a dog grooming facility in Michigan. You offered them to me when I came to pick up my dog. The crunchy and unsettling outside mixed with the chewy overwhelming inside came together to create an experience that left me forever altered. I'm still trying to put the pieces back together after that day.

**Twizzlers:** You're a liar. They are not your favorite candy. You like them, but they aren't your favorite.



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