



# THE BULLSHEET

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## THE MAGIC ORACLE SPEAKS

*When is the best time to drink during the school day?*

There is but one rule when one is called to day drink. Finish your coffee first. This is the way of the europeans! If you don't drink coffee, anything after 10am is fine. It might be 5'o Clock somewhere, but you cant drink all day if you dont start in the morning! The early bird gets the clam!

*Dear Bullsheet,*

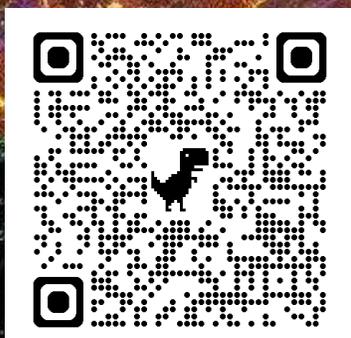
*Going into the winter I just know Im about to get a bad case of seasonal depression. Its lowkey already started a bit. Thus far, Ive been relying on madelines baked goods as a coping mechanism to get me through those moments where I feel low. Now I know the healthy thing to do is to just feel my emotions or whatever, but lets be realistic-- I'm gonna need a little sumin'-sumin' to get through the winter. So my question to you guys is this: what is a relatively healthy coping mechanism that could replace my madelines reliance (addiction)? Madelines are just so much sugar and so much got-damn flex money that my weight is going to overtake my flex balance pretty soon. To be clear, I need something healthy but thats actually effective. So like not cocaine but also not "a deep breath and a smile." Hopefully we can find a happy medium.*

*Thanks so much for your help. I know I can count on the infinite wisdom of the bullsheet writers to get me through the harsh winter.*

Seasonal depression plagues many of us. Its true we all have our vices but its wrong to make a person one of them. Madeline sounds like a sweet girl, but relationships are not coping mechanisms and I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but it seems like she might be after your money. I know its hard to let go, but healthy love shouldn't feel like an addiction. Have you tried cigarettes?

*The secret, surprise birthday party is a form of ritualistic torture for the self-effacing individual—What is your advice for fixing my organ-twisting, hair-splitting cynicism in world that slaps me in the face each morning with the cold hand of apathy? For example, I have loved poetry ever since I tried it in high school. I have now begun to fucking hate poetry and hate the people who write it. It all sounds like garbage and I hate it. Now, I read the News because it's the only thing I feel Adds Value to my life and day and conscience. The Value being information and the auxiliary emotions of confusion, hopelessness and crushing despair. Any advice? This is not a parody. And if this magic oracle isn't actually Jennifer Coolidge I am fucking transferring (Ok that might be parody).*

Ah yes the unbearable weight of humanity and its evil. A weight we all feel and do our best to ignore. Your not wrong for feeling this way. If there was a scoreboard for the worst kinds of people in the world poets would be right up there next to rappers and stand-up comedians. It seems like what your experiencing is a kind of social and political burnout. You are searching for answers in a world of Ai glass cutting videos, Addison rae, and insider trading. The answers are not in your phone. Read a book. It might be too late to choose blissful ignorance but its not too late to unravel your "confusion, hopelessness and crushing despair." This might come as a shock, but its not the first time the world has felt like this. Blah Blah, history repeats itself ,whatever. At least we arn't living through the bubonic plague. Just go listen to some Bob Dylan and maybe rewatch Fleabag.



ASK ANYTHING



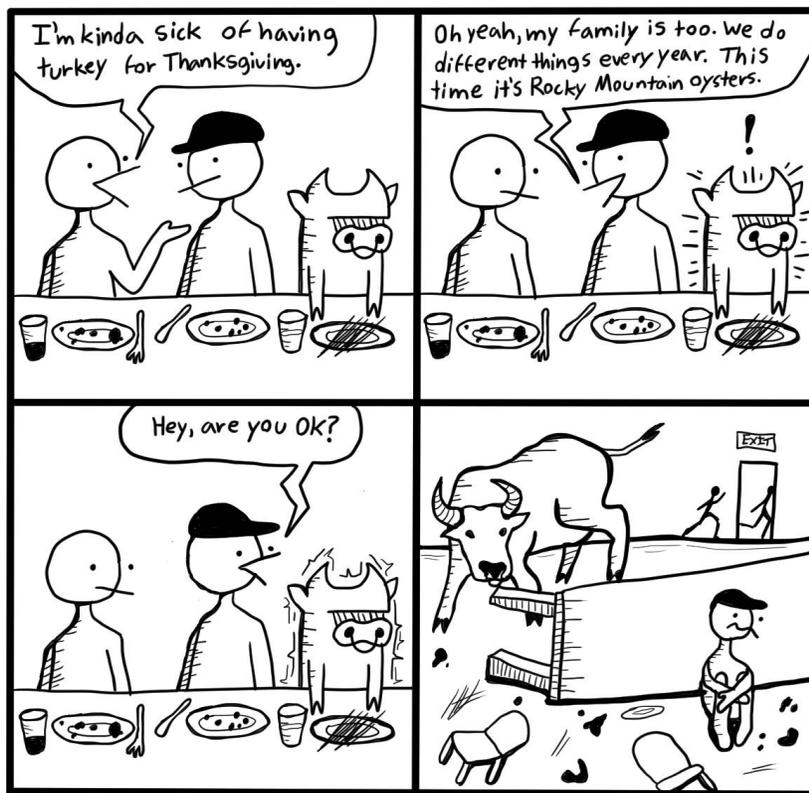
I don't know how much longer I can last like this. With a month left, I'm down to only eleven dollars and sixty-five cents in flex dollars. I've been surviving off the cheapest junk food in the Slayter store. Gone are the days of feasting on two bags of hot Cheetos and a king-sized Hershey bar.

Everyday the classroom dweller's riddles get harder. How was I supposed to know q stands for heat, that doesn't even make sense. No, I don't know how to do u-substitution, pleeeeeease stop asking me. If she announces another up-coming exam, I'm gonna jump off a bridge.

There is a light at the end of this tunnel, though. Thanksgiving break, a week away from this torment that I pay thousands of dollars to suffer through. Just a couple more days, then my mommy will come rescue me. Maybe, I'll leave and never come back. That's a lie, I will come back, I really need this degree. See you after break!

LAPHABULL: THANKSGIVING

Eleanor Mason



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