

CONFESSIONS OF A NEGLECTED FINAL PAPER

Final Paper, Desperate

2 pixels blinking every half second for days on end. That's all I am to you. Pffft. Here I wait patiently for you to hit just one key to get things started, the first letter of your name even. Yet Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and now Thursday have passed but still I remain blank. Empty. Desolate.

I'm ready to exercise my dormant potential and become a full fledged paper that through a collage of letters will spell out the argument that will change your life and the future of mankind. But no-keep putting off analyzing the significance of religion in Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov in 12-15 pages, like it means NOTHING.

You may be wondering how I, the measly little cursor for your Lit final, made my way over to the Bullsheet. Since you're so "curious" and "wanting to be educated" all of a sudden, I traveled Wreck It Ralph style behind the mainframe with all the wiring and electrical charges and so forth all to tell you that I WANT ATTENTION!

I know I'm not one of those crazy marg towers you always text your friends about but I have the potential to be fun and exciting. Maybe I'm the rubber duck that comes on top, you never know which one you're gonna get and sometimes it's an ugly one, but the element of surprise is what keeps drawing you back in.

Think about it. I'm going to be what you learn from and remember down the line when Russian Lit runs the world. I don't want to scare you or anything but I've hopped through a few servers in my day and Elon, Trump, & Putin's group chat doesn't look too promising for America, so, study up.

I kind of regret giving you that intel now that I think back on all the horrible things you've said about me. Yeah, I hear everything as a sentient pair of pixels with real feelings. Some of the jokes you and your classmates make are just downright mean.

You seriously don't think that I, the final, would appreciate the idea of your class encouraging the professor to "cancel" me, do you? I'm really just trying to exist and do my job successfully to get my mother in law off my back. I can guarantee that you aren't going to be what holds me back.

The audacity to think that you can avoid me forever is concerning. Come 12 PM on the second to last day of finals, you'll come crawling to me and beg for me to "just write myself." Go to ChatGPT–I dare you. When I'm a PDF you better believe that I'm not protecting you in any way, shape, or form. Your plagiarizing ass is getting caught.

Your bitterness and anger towards me (project much?) will only fuel mine to be a stronger fury. No ideas? No outline that you wrote out with me? Trust me when I say, you've never known writer's block like how I block my writers.

Look, here's my final plea: Just try and start me, try and care...but I did mosey on over to the YouTube page for a minute and Jonathan Bailey's Wicked song is 100% more worth your time than me and that's something we both have learned.

HARRIS-WALZ CAMPAIGN CONSULTANT: "WE RAN PERFECT CAMPAIGN, VOTERS AT FAULT"

This past Friday, Kamala Harris campaign staffers sat down with former Obama campaign advisor, Dan Pfeiffer, on a podcast to discuss the pitfalls of the Harris-Walz campaign. "I could not be more proud of how we ran this campaign. It was flawless" replies staffer Jen O'Malley Dillon in response to a question regarding the campaign's failures. "As soon as President Biden decided to drop out of the race, we had boots on the ground working day in and day out for 107 days. That is a lot of days. More than I can count on my hands, to be sure. Many days when we worked very, very hard. But also that's not a lot of days. It's really not enough days. If you think about it, it's not enough time. And with so little time there was truly only so much we could accomplish. But despite time being a limiting factor, we prevailed. Our team pushed through and did the damn thing!" Mid-interview, Dillon shuffled around the room to give each of her fellow staffers a high five while an incredulous Pfeiffer watched and waited to ask the next question.

Following an election that saw the Democrats losing the White House, the Senate, the House, and the popular vote, spokespersons of the Harris-Walz campaign were resolute in defending their efforts behind the scenes. "We could've lost by 20. We expected to lose by 20, honest. But we actually lost by 16. That wouldn't have been possible had we not put in the work," chimed in staffer Quentin Fulks.

Jen O'Malley Dillon expanded on the specific methods the campaign used to increase voter outreach. "Our position is that voters clearly dropped the ball here. If you see this election outcome as unfavorable and want to blame someone, blame them. We did what we could. Did you see that party we put on during New York Fashion Week? You might've seen clips on TikTok, one went viral on Twitter, too. We worked with the CIA to create an invite list that included as many queer Brooklynite TikTok influencers that the floor space could handle. We paid a lady on Etsy fifty-thousand dollars to make a ten-foot-wide neon sign that read "Momala" in cursive and we hung that puppy up right near the entrance for everyone to see. Not to mention the expensive DJ who played exclusively Charli XCX deep house remixes. It took five of our savviest Gen-Z staffers to plan the whole thing. It cost three million dollars. I'm not sure how the median voter could look at something like that and not have been slobbering all over themselves at the idea of bubbling in Momala's name at the polls."

Pfeiffer wrapped up the podcast with a final question, "it's clear that campaign messaging aimed to define Kamala only by juxtaposing her with Trump. Is it possible voters simply weren't informed enough about Kamala as a candidate and the policy proposals she would introduce as president?"

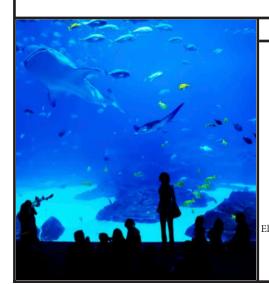
"Absolutely possible. Somebody should've told them" replied Dillon.





Staff "Aquarium Exhibit" Box





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