

an anthology of truth,
a journal for the public

The Public Journal

Fall 2009

Issue Nine

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

Tufts University

ISSUE 9 / FALL 2009



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Letter from the Editor

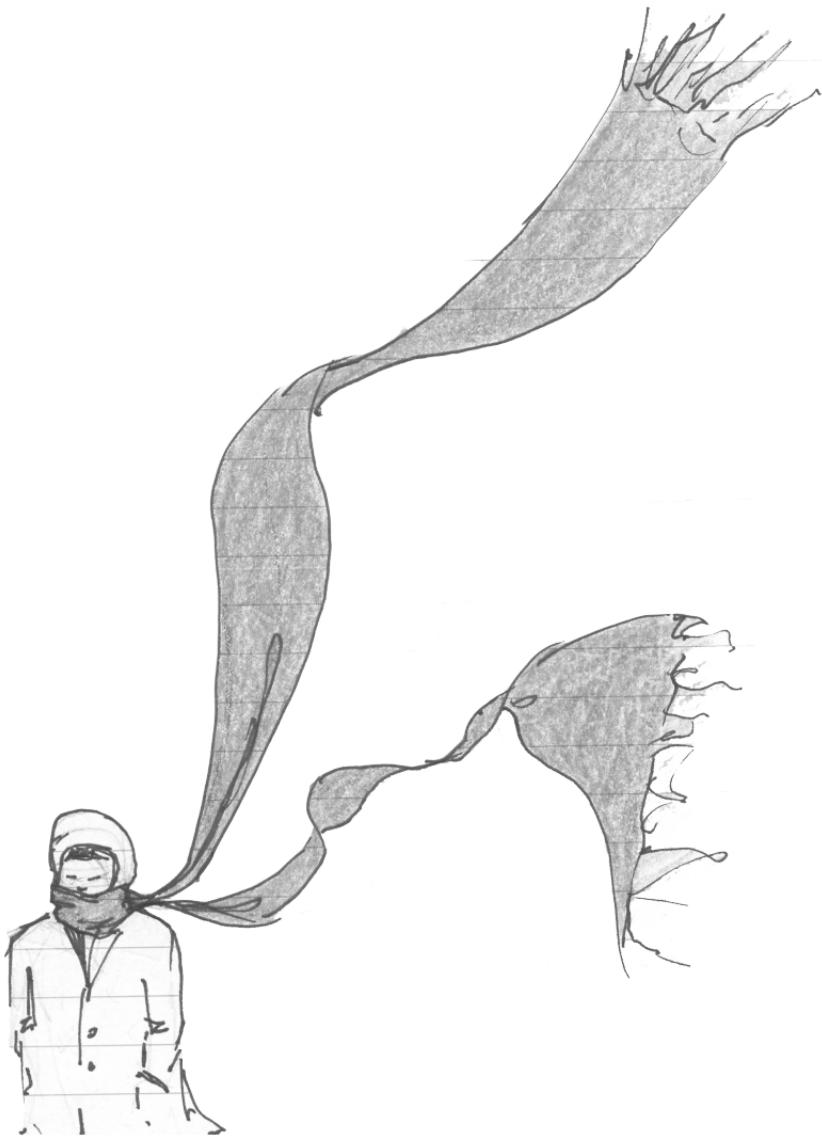
This is the Public Journal revival, a testimony to the quirkiness and honesty that persists on campus.

We walk around campus with our heads on straight, determined to change the world, but here, in these pages, we just are. From mundane to inspiring to silly to heartbreakng, we take it all.

Open the journal. Read. Read. Read.

We are the Public Journal. We are Tufts. We are back.

Yours,
Aviya



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Earplugs

I HAVE to sleep with earplugs. If I don't have them in my ears, I either make them out of Kleenex or I don't sleep. Literally. From the age of 4 to 10, I had sleeping problems. I would constantly wake up in the middle of the night, rous my parents, and beg them to tuck me back in. Sometimes it would take me hours to fall back asleep, and I would make sure my parents were aware of that.

Once I had awoken in the middle of the night, every noise would freak me out. I would be afraid of my fish tank bubbling, wind softly whistling through a window, and even the sound of the dishwasher scrubbing away. Yes, it is comical, but it also drove me insane.

My parents tried everything: they read the books, bought me a new mattress, and even gave me bribes like trips to Disneyland. Nothing worked until they suggested earplugs.

It was heaven. I couldn't even hear my thoughts at first; it was so immaculately quiet. I've slept like a baby ever since, and my parents are the happiest people on Earth.



Confessions from Freshman Year

I had never seen a girl completely naked before my wilderness trip.

When I see the blond girl who was my support staffer walking around campus, I can only picture her naked, her breasts covered in body paint. She may seem like a normal lady walking across the President's lawn, but for me it's something entirely different, and I have to stop myself from staring. It's problematic.

I think I might be in love with a girl named Kristen. On my iTunes I have access sometimes to "Kristen's Music." But I do not know who Kristen is or where she lives, though she has fantastic taste in music. I wish to meet her someday.

The highlight of all my weekends so far has been eating an Italian Sausage from Moe's stand in drunken glee.

I wasn't actually a ball boy at the U.S Open. I don't know why I keep telling everybody that I was. The lie just gets worse every time, from "Yeah, I was there, to "Yeah, Andy Roddick is really nice in person, he let me hit with him on the practice courts after the match." Why I compulsively lie is an excellent question.

Once, I clogged the dorm sink with Honey Bunches of Oats. Then I blamed it on the dudes next door.

I cried when I didn't make it into B.E.A.T.S.

One of my T.A.'s does this thing with the chalk when she speaks, where she kind of shakes it up and down in her hand. The problem is that it looks very sexual, and when I am trying to focus on verb endings, all I can think about is her shaking something else up and down rhythmically in her hand.

My friends, my roommate, the kids in my hall, and my two little brothers all think that I have had sex. This is because I lied to them. I am afraid that since no one around me knows that I am a virgin, the first time I do have sex the girl is going to assume that I am some sort of expert and then I will fail miserably. I know that this is probably silly for me to think but it makes me really nervous.



my "A-HA" moment

By various authors

- I showed him where the clitoris was
- Other girls used their electric toothbrushes to masturbate too!
- So this is what a heart attack feels like
- Eminem = Marshall Mathews = M&M
- When I realized everything actually mattered much less than I thought it did
- Boys are no less sensitive than girls
- I don't have to be in a snobby intellectual job with stuffy people when grow up and I can still be smart!
- "Shoulder width apart" not "Shoulder with the part"
- Maybe YOU don't deserve ME



Love the One You're With

I'm on a Greyhound. The guy sitting next to me is from Kentucky. He says "inkpen" instead of "pen." I don't usually talk to strangers on Greyhound buses, but when you are sitting next to someone for 18 hours, it's unavoidable. He tells me stories about his childhood, wants to know what I'm writing in my journal. We joke around. We talk for hours. He has friends on the bus; they got in a car accident in Texas and are on their way home, broke.

He tells me about working on the farm and dropping out of high school to work in the oil business. We see the moon over Kansas, and start talking about space. He doesn't think that the reason the moon looks so small is because it's far away. He thinks it's just small. He doesn't believe me when I tell him it's thousands and thousands of miles away, and that's why it looks so small. He doesn't think it's possible that it's far away.

We play that game where we put each other's palms together and try to slap the top of the hands. He holds my hand just a bit too long one time, but whatever, I'm on a Greyhound. He's kind of cute and I never do random crazy things like befriend strangers.

He goes to sleep on my shoulder for a few hours. Later, when he wakes up, I go to sleep and he puts his arm around me. That's a little strange, but oh well. When I wake up it's dark out. We stop in Oklahoma City. He doesn't leave my side.



THINGS I DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT PRE-TUFTS ME

By various authors

- I was fat
- I was a loser
- That I wore sweat pants every day until 9th grade
- I ate the same sandwich at school everyday for four years
- My nose. Oh the joys of plastic surgery
- I was a female magician
- I tried to learn Elvish
- I watched the Weather Channel (a lot)
- I tried to look at other girls naked at sleep-overs when I was little
- I read slash fiction
- My awkward stage. I had braces was under 5ft tall and had DD cup breasts



Party Pooper

Two years ago, I committed the dirtiest prank that a girl could possibly do. I pooped in a bag and put it under someone's pillow.

Yes, it was ridiculously dirty, but also ridiculously hilarious. It all started when I was a counselor at Jewish Camp. There was this male counselor that all the other counselors and I detested. He was loud, obnoxious, and, worst of all, a womanizer. I HATE womanizers.

After he two-timed two of my friends, I had had enough. I took a large Ziploc bag, and the rest is self-explanatory. Then, my friends and I, futilely attempting to restrain our laughter, crept into his room while he was at dinner and slipped the special surprise under his pillow. He slept on it for two days.

But someone decided to be a "party pooper."

He was livid, and I was the most congratulated counselor at camp. Now, whenever I see any of my fellow counselors, they always remember me as the girl who pooped in a bag.

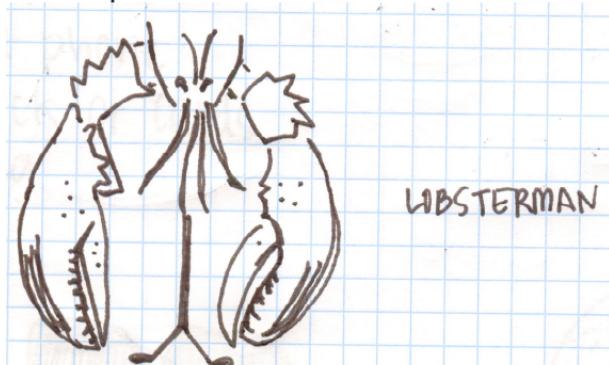




my middle school crush is now...

By various authors

- a lesbian
- a convicted felon
- homeless
- in the bubs
- a recovering anorexic
- an eagle Scout
- he's a 'g'. (to people who don't speak gangster: he's a wannabe gangster)
- a self-professed Indian princess
- a lobsterman
- a high school drop out
- a college drop out
- Aaron Carter
- now enrolled in the Culinary Institute of America
- a fan of penis (I don't have one)



MISSED ↔ CONNECTIONS

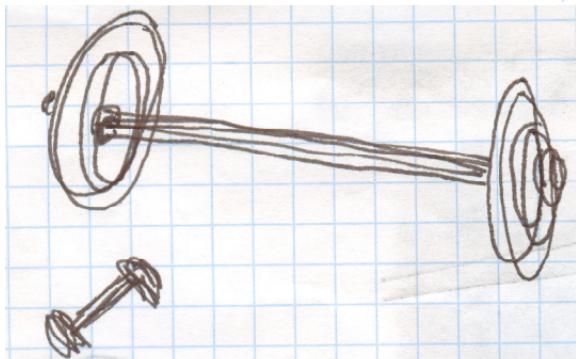
there is some hot dude who sat behind me on the Joey last year that I am dying for - he was wearing flannel & rolling his own cigs & I just wanted to snuggle up inside his corduroy jacket forever he has this little silver hoop earring & an adorably scruffy lower face. I know you are still at Tufts - I saw you in Hillsides last week & almost peed my pants with excitement. please, God, find me.

MATH CLASS. YOU WEAR
FLANNEL AND
STUPID WHITE



SNEAKERS.

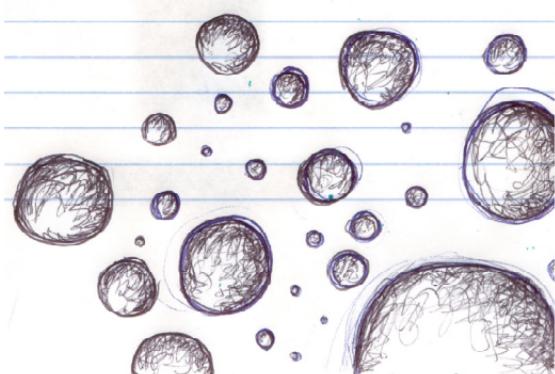
I see you in the gym
all the time + you are
super sexy + we make sexy eyes all
the time o mr. bulky man where
are you



you sat across from me on the T
and endearingly chuckled at me as I
attempted to eat my soft serve with
something resembling grace.



YOU WERE A WILDERNESS
LEADER. YOU WEAR
RANDOM QUIRKY THINGS
& IT MAKES ME SMILE.
YOU HAVE CURLY BROWN
HAIR. I WANT TO
BE YOUR FRIEND.



Smoking



he told me last spring that if i was even a casual smoker, i'd be a walking nicotine fit by the second week of college. every inhale somehow feels like a defeat, no matter whose arm is around me and no matter whatever else i've imbibed that night, no matter the giggles and exposed breasts and other things that feel intimate that don't get mentioned when everyone's sobered up.

lighter flickers, "can i have one?"

fire catches, "you smoke?"

embers glow, "sometimes."

smoke builds, "either you're a smoker or not, which?"

first exhale, "i'm a social smoker, i guess."

seeps into the lungs, "that's a bullshit excuse that people use when they're trying to figure out how they want to be labeled."

deep into the chest, "okay."

out through the nose, "i'll give you one this time." his clothes always smelled like blunts and soap and when he smiled his face would all scrunch in and his breath always smelled like good beer even when we woke up and he said,

"i want to see you smoke it."



1 shot if you realize that Stolow looks like a baby bird who has just broken out of his egg shell
 2 bodyshots off Stolow every time he uses the same machine as you at bantcher

10/10/07

Orgo Drinking Game

1 shot everytime Robert Stolow's voice crackles

2 shots each time a molecule attacks from the "back side"

1 shot everytime Stolow raises his right eyebrows

1 shot everytime Theodore McMahan snorts the answer to a rhetorical question and is ignored Haha, OH! tee...

2 shots everytime he's correct

1 shot everytime Lord Voldemort sits up front and center.

2 shots each time he blows noses

1 shot everytime ^{question} ~~Indian girl~~ raises her hand, and is ignored

^{raises} ~~Indian girl~~ ^{ICL name}
IS QUESHIN
girl

2 shots everytime she is actually called on

3 shots if she asks multiple stupid questions

1 shot everytime Stolow knocks off his microphone

1 shot for every bad doing the jumble instead of listening to Stolow

1 shot everytime Stolow plays with his molecular models

1 shot for every time Stolow chuckles and half smiles with his seemingly one tooth grin.

4 shots for every time he's an asshole. ~~Best~~ ^{WASTED} ~~Ever~~

1 shot for every time he puts the textbook ^{name} ~~up~~ as an overhead. ^{Made} ~~WASTED~~

1 shot for each time he explains how to use blackboard.

1 shot each time he says "Quality control"

10 shots for each time you get marked off for a correct answer + you go to Stolow + he ~~says~~ says yep your right but wont change your grade.

100 shots - question girl asked you a question)

150 shots - Stolow does NAR

afterthoughts

You were my first, and you gave me an STD.
I will never say that I regret it.
Because I'm afraid that now you are all that I have.
Now I can never have promiscuous sex.
My conscience would never allow it.
And besides, I'd probably end up with something else.
I wonder if we can ever be as happy as we would have
been if this had never happened.

I worry that I'll give this to my children,
That they will be labeled sluts, and stay virgins.
I can't help but think that I was somehow irresponsible,
And at the same time that this was somehow unavoidable
Part of me isn't surprised that this would happen to me
my first time.

When I have an outbreak,
I walk around as if I bear the scarlet letter.
I am ashamed, I feel dirty and alone.
I am jealous of virgins sometimes.
I want to tell them to be so very careful of what they still
have.
I want to know if any of my friends are keeping a similar
secret from me.
It makes me feel better to imagine.
But deep down I know they really don't.

I feel like no one else our age has to deal with this.
I feel forced into maturity before I ever had a chance for trial and error.

I don't understand how other people can have such frequent random sex and never have this be the consequence.

If we should ever break up, I hate the thought of having to confess this condition to a future boyfriend.

I hate that he might not give me a chance.

I hate that if he does, I'll have to take a pill everyday to hopefully not infect him.

I hate the thought of being on medication for the rest of my life.

I wonder why if 5 million Americans have this, I still feel like I'm suffering it alone.

... SO that was awkward

By various authors

- “You have a very powerful mustache”
- “No you cannot rim me in the bathroom”
- That time we saw you two fucking as you watched TV while you held his baseball cap with your foot and repeatedly slapped him in the face with it
- “That’s fine, farting doesn’t turn me off”
- A walk of shame after Halloween and passing a Tufts tour
- My roommate had phone sex while I was in the room
- I saw a TUPD officer in his patrol car on Facebook and we made eye contact
- When I catch people looking at my bra which is constantly poking out because for some reason it likes to misbehave and show itself
- When we woke up (not in the same bed) the next morning and you remembered drunkenly putting on my bra the night before. You’re my roommate’s best guy friend











Confessions I

By various authors

- I turned down sex to do a mock fantasy baseball draft
- I don't like asparagus because it reminds me of pee... I'm not sure why
- I constantly feel like the stupidest person in this school because I see a tutor, go to office hours, and STILL don't get math 5
- I told my mom I'm bi and she thinks I'm doing it for attention
- I am always horny after long naps
- Twelve hours ago I was half-naked in my bed with a hot junior from Dubai. I don't know what country Dubai is in, but now I want to look it up
- I don't actually have time to be upset about things
- I'm going crazy and thinking about taking a medical leave of absence, but I'm afraid of what I'd do in all that free time
- I wonder if art school would have turned out better
- I'm juggling men on thin ice
- I've been in love with my best friend for the past year and he has no idea. It's so sucky... but sometimes I kind of like it

33

* a-f*cking-men. *that's one little i f*cked up & learned about it's linguistics*

ZYE! 12/3/07

Snow solves everything. Sometimes I just get so frustrated with school and restrictions that are self-imposed but so hard to rid oneself of. I want to scream and my brain feels fuzzy and prickly, like it won't fit inside my skull anymore and I wish I were back home so I could just have a TANTRUM and scream + cry and release the tension... but then you step outside and everything is muffled like a secret and you feel the familiar thrill flutter in your chest and even though you're by yourself, you don't fight the urge to laugh out loud. And you are brought back to days of enormous neon-colored winter jackets and cumbersome boots and you pause to let yourself fall over and sink into that snowbank and smell the cold and the snow and the pine trees as you gaze up into their boughs and that moment is eternal.

FANTASTIC

GRADES DON'T MATTER, AMEN.

YOU TOOLS.

YOU HAVE ISSUES

I reached this conclusion yesterday! it started snowing the moment I finished!

Times change, friends forget you, but grades NEVER go away. 3/31/2008

THINGS I WISH MY mother TAUGHT ME

By various authors

- the art of tweezing the unibrow
- how to walk in heels
- how to really not give a fuck what other people think
- how to give head... long story short she offered to teach me how to give head by demonstrating on a cucumber and I didn't take her up on the offer. I regret that now
- how to ride a bike
- I wish she had given me "the talk" before i turned 18

... MY father TAUGHT ME

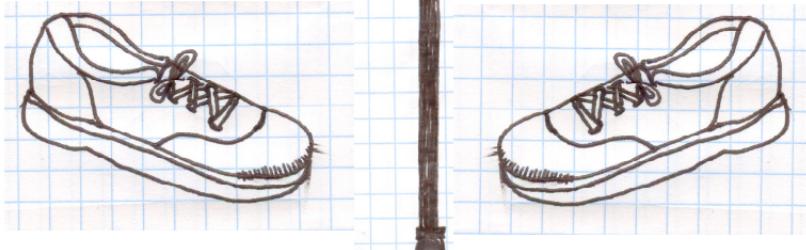
- how to be brilliant in finance
- how to always look at everything, take pictures, and walk really really slow, even when we had to be somewhere... 30 minutes ago
- how to fully dismantle and rebuild an engine. Or where we keep the tape that covers the 'check engine' light

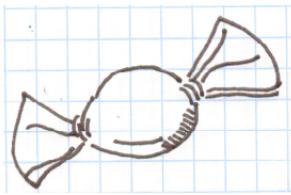
DREAM LIFE IN 2049

I'll be 61 - great age. Senior discounts, but I still hopefully have my mind in the right place. I'm old, so I get to say inappropriate things with the excuse that I'm from a different era. I don't care what I look like that much and retirement means I can sleep all day.

My husband: he's just there - being cool, giving me some cash, maybe old people sex? I love him, but c'mon - I've been with him for 28 years so it's kind of the same old, same old. Glad he's still here, though.

Children: about 3 or 4 of them. They're all older with their own kids, although I want one of them to be sly and cool and forever a bachelor(ette). He/she'll be my favorite. They visit me every two months or so and bring me lame souvenirs and gadgets. I want them to live about two hours away by car. That way, they can get here fast enough when I break my hip, but aren't in my face all the time. I mean, I raised the kids for 20+ years - I've had enough of them.



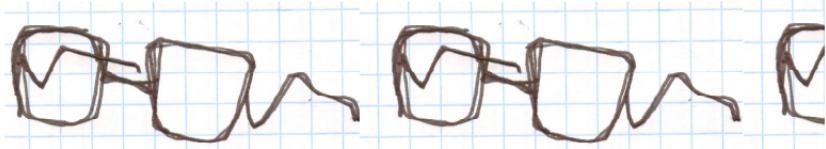


Grandchildren: best thing ever. They're entertaining and cute, but I don't have to take care of them. I paid my dues a long time ago. I like fucking around with them so I make up stories and speak to them in a British accent. Those dummies will believe anything. I buy them fast food and candy, too, so they worship me.

Friends: only a few of them have died - early heart attacks. But in general, we're all still okay. My besties live nearby and my best friend from college and I talk on the phone once a week and visit each other twice a year. We play bridge and talk about celebrities and sitcoms.

Lifestyle: by this time, microwave dinners are to die for. Cooking's overrated anyways. Definitely go out to eat at restaurants thrice a week - once with my man and twice with my friends. I dress in head to toe pink once a week, including a pink wig, which smells bad. I also have a cane - I don't need it, but it provides many a free pass.

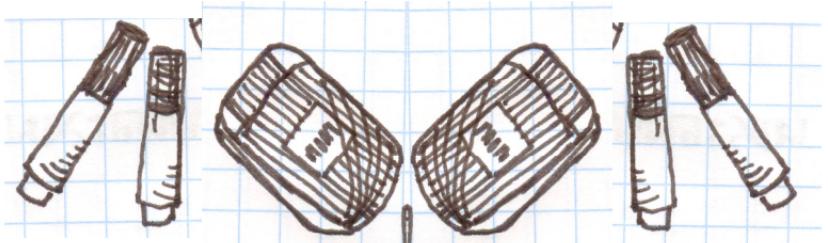
Life's good, but I still complain.



happiness is...

By various authors

- homework in the bathtub
- chipping my nail polish
- a Hulu Marathon
- trashy MTV reality shows
- breakfast club in Carmichael
- a bowl full of vanilla ice cream and rainbow sprinkles
- Dunkin Donuts iced coffee
- watching the biggest loser and laughing at them because they are fat and sweaty
- calling my mom and hanging up five minutes later before she has a chance to nag me
- weed
- barbecue
- soundbites breakfast
- magic markers
- solving the log problem
- sweaty
- when your roommate leaves for the weekend
- something that I've learned you must create for yourself, it is not automatic
- having time to make tea before an 8:30am French class
- hitting the snooze button
- not comparing yourself to others
- blueberries



COLOR-CODED

On days that are not rainy, but not sunny either, I sit in my bed thinking nothing in particular, or thinking about why some people hurt other people, and wishing my candle would just burn my whole room down.

I have nothing much to do except for some jotted color-coded notes of obligations that fill up the lines of my moleskin monthly planner, filling up my days, my time, my months, my children, my wedding, my successes (because I'm going to be so fucking successful one day, do you know how charming I am, it even makes me sick).

On those kinds of days, I lie there long enough that my legs fall asleep and they feel like they don't belong to me anymore. Once you've stayed in this position for so long, it becomes like your body is challenging you to not twitch or squirm and ruin what you've already spent so much of your time committing to.

These are the days that my eyes stay open longer than they should be able to without blinking. My eyes can do that when I watch my candle twitch. Your eyes can do that when you zone out and let the candle be what it wants to be for you rather than scrutinizing it. When I watch it that way, I imagine the flame jumping to my gauzy curtains and climbing them. I imagine it lapping up the collage of paper magazine celebrities and pictures of my friends ornamenting my wall. For isn't that how fragile these friendships are anyway? A lie, a kiss, a fuck, a secret told, and it's all lapped up anyway.

And my computer, with all its 7,000 images, organized by date and event, and My Documents, with its letters, stories, poems, assignments, lists, forms, applications, all alphabetized in their appropriate folders: they too would burn. Or at least the wires and chips and r's and o's would burn and so with it the archive of my life contained in one sterile, silver, MacBook Pro. And let my moleskin monthly planner burn too. I hate that fucking thing.

Those kinds of days don't happen often. And when they do I just sleep or fuck through it and by morning it all looks clear again, less blurry. Then I go to class.

(I never skip class.)

the UNSEXIEST thing i've ever found

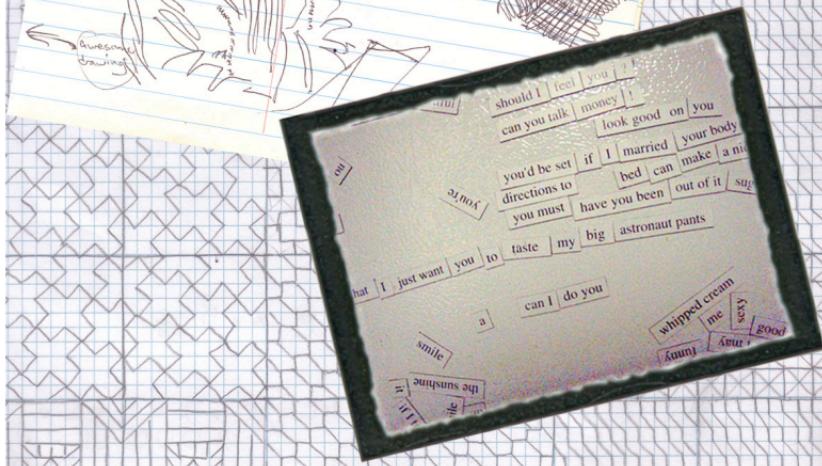
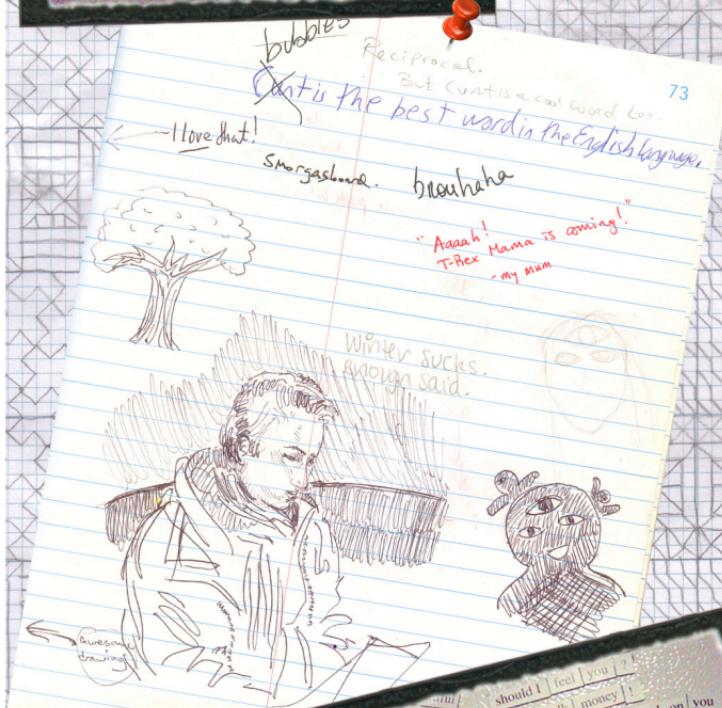
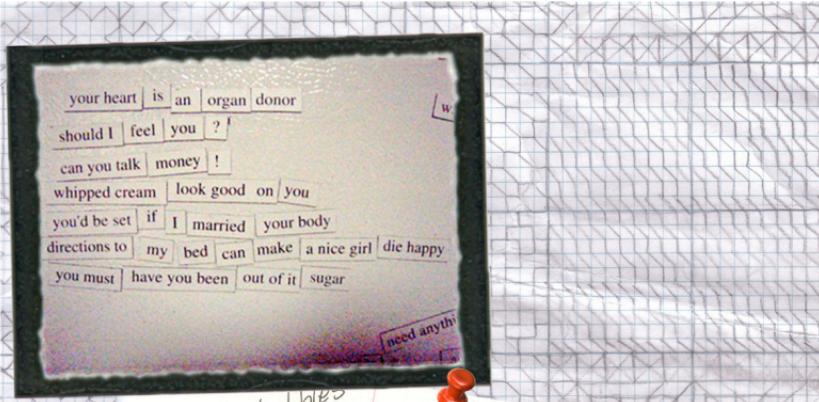
By various authors

Sexy ...

- extreme shortness
- the elevator in Mugar
- a fat person
- speedos
- the secretary of treasury
- when a guy's voice cracks
- computer geeks
- your super sweaty self chatting up your male friends
- discovering musicals in his itunes library
- long underwear
- chest hair
- engineers
- grad students
- football fans
- songs about cladistics
- scruffy beards
- rubiks-cube solving boys
- skinny boys
- bellybutton lint
- back freckles
- socks
- gapped teeth
- guys in dresses
- being confined to a wheel chair
- homelessness
- conservative values
- bare feet
- desperation
- how your three letter name looks when it pops up in my text inbox







Vagina Blow Up

Freshman year I ordered some clit enhancing, warming, “best sex you’ll ever have” cream. It was to be applied to the vaginal area 30 minutes prior to intercourse. I really wanted to spice up my sex life with my boyfriend at the time, and this, I was convinced, was the answer.

After a week of anxiously waiting for the email from Mail Services that my package had arrived, I called my boyfriend over and told him I had a naughty surprise for him.

Knowing he would be there in about a half hour, I put it on and it felt interesting... warm and definitely tingly.

He got there and I practically pounced on him, not wanting the magic of the cream to wear off. Contrary to my expectations, during the first thirty minutes with the cream on, sex didn’t feel good at all... it actually started to hurt a little.

I spent like \$30 on the cream, so I thought, “Suck it up, it’s probably supposed to be a little painful before it gets good.”

Two minutes later, my vagina felt too irritated to bear the bumping and grinding and rubbing any longer.

I dismounted and turned the lights on only to find that my privates were not looking so hot... I walked over to the full length mirror, and to my horror, one of the lips of my vagina was at least 3 times the size of the other lip.

It looked like a cross between a massive tumor and balloon.

I was mortified and it definitely wasn’t sexy.

Reasons why I hate you and why I am so glad we broke up...

1. You don't know how to speak French or you don't even try, you are destroying this beautiful language.

TO CONTINUE:

2. You are the typical average American guy. (THIS IS NOT A COMPLIMENT!!!)

3. If you had a chance you would have sacrificed this relationship to sleep with one of the players of the Red Sox team, if not all of them!

4. You don't have any friends. (ROOMMATES DON'T COUNT AS FRIENDS... THEY'RE JUST YOUR WAY OF TRYING TO BE NORMAL)

5. You sing horribly... you are always out of tune (windows and champagne glasses would pop).

6. You don't have a personality. :-)

7. You love crude American humor that makes me want to gag.

Some People I've Hooked Up With*

BA: First makeout was in ninth grade in the basement of my synagogue at a youth group sleepover.

LR: In ninth grade in the basement of my synagogue at another youth group sleepover.

ZE: In ninth grade at the third youth group sleepover; worked at the local radio station so I led him on for another two years to get free tickets to concerts.**

MS: Tenth grade; cute Jewish boy who went to private school; made out in someone's home movie theater in my bathing suit; was incredibly awkward.

SA: First Tufts hookup, the first night of orientation. His line: "I know something better we can do than eat Swedish Fish..." Lame.

HT: Too gross to mention. Happened on the night before classes started. In the middle of our makeout sesh, asked me if I wanted to have kids. The next morning, he told me about his fake teeth.

BD: Face rape (grabbed my face and started slobbering all over it, then wouldn't let go).

T?: Cute MIT frat boy. Thought I was trying to rape him, so it ended pretty abruptly.

TK: Nicest boy on Earth; was with him for the greater portion of freshman year. Unfortunately, he was too nice and so I dumped him for the evil M.G.

TZ: Made out at Falafel Ball. He went to Harvard but his name was Yale (uber facetious). Spotted at Sig Ep a year later wearing a sombrero and no shirt.

MG: Ruined me forever by making me lose all faith in the male gender. The end.

AJ: British boy. Really cute, but ultimately I realized it was a bad decision when he started licking my face.

AN: Met him as a pre-frosh. We almost hooked up, but my vomiting intervened. We sort of had sex (the penis went in). Not sure if it counts.

GI: Apparently I mauled his back. Who knew I was a scratcher? Apparently all his housemates...

ME: His stubble butchered my face, which literally was bloody for a week. Had an ear-licking fetish and practically gave me an ear infection from the high levels of saliva inside my ear.

MH: Freshman from Emory who apparently wouldn't leave my room even though I was vomiting everywhere (too many free Valentine's Day shots at Sagra). My friend was hooking up with this guy and I walked into her room naked, sat on the bed, and politely asked to be TEMSed.

TA: Refused to stop masturbating in my bed.

AJ: My first Latin American lover. Overrated.

MD: After too many tequila shots one night, I woke up naked in his bed and hightailed it home at seven AM. Not sure if he remembers it happened. Before we'd hooked up, I thought he was gay. Guess not.

SJ: Was obsessed with him from afar for years, then once we hooked up, I realized he was insanely boring. And then he wouldn't go away. And was two inches shorter than me with an absurdly hairy chest.

*Note: Initials and locations have been changed to protect the innocent. This is actually a factual list of everyone I've hooked up with (that I remember).

**Yes, I am a youth group sleepover slut, but aren't we all?

Confessions II

By various authors

- I'm really good at giving head, but I'm too lazy to do it
- I have no deep thoughts
- I need to make a lot of New Years resolutions
- I feel as if erect penises are cyclops that stare me down
- I really wasn't kidding when I said I hooked up with your best friend. And it was amazing. And the moment I break up with you, I'll do it again
- I puked from too much beer during my first final ever at Tufts, in front of the teacher, and it was obviously only beer and water... And I still got an A-
- I'm sad, but not as muh as the kid crying next to me
- I'm just waiting for the right moment to destroy you
- One time I ate a Skittle I found behind the toilet because it was green
- My dad gave my mom HPV, and sometimes I think she deserved it
- I enjoy distracting people from doing their home work.... It's so easy
- When I was little I peed on my front lawn in an attempt to potty train my dog. I think I confused him. And then my mom grounded me
- I once overdosed on purpose. I'm really glad I didn't die. Life is kind of great

Spotted: Dick

Ahhh.... I had been waiting for this for a long time. I was finally getting my first blowjob. Unfortunately, it didn't feel as good as I had expected. It almost hurt a little. Whatever, a blowjob's a blowjob. Nothing could take this moment away from me. Needless to say, I was a happy camper the next day... well at least until I took a shower.

As I looked down at my newly fellated manhood, I noticed that there were small black spots on its tip. What the fuck! I got a sudden rush of panic as years of STDs lectures raced through my mind. I knew pregaming health class in high school would eventually come back to bite me in the ass. I couldn't believe one little blowjob could result in an STD. Is that even a thing?

So, I did what any kid would do. I called my older and more promiscuous brother. I'm sure if this happened to me after one blowjob, he'd have dealt with this at least once. After a couple minutes of laughter and repeating the story a few times so his friends could hear it too, he assured me that I had nothing to worry about. In the worst-case scenario, I may need some antibiotics. I hoped he was right. So I took my first (and hopefully only) trip to health services for an STD test.

Checking in at health services proved a little awkward. "Reason for appointment?" Hmm... is 'penal spots' an appropriate answer? I'll just put, personal issue. After a mild smirk from the secretary, I was invited to wait for my doctor.

Fortunately she couldn't have been better. I mean, she didn't even bat an eye when I said, "I'm here cause I have spots on my penis." She just calmly told me that she'd be happy to examine my penis if I would remove my pants. I guess being a college doctor, you've seen it all.

So there I was, spotted penis, STD ridden, my doctor playing with my junk. I think it's safe to say that my day could have been going better. And then just like that, my luck changed:

"Have you been engaging in oral sex recently?" the doctor asked nonchalantly.

"Well yes... yes I have" I replied with a little grin, amused at my own life.

She paused for a second, squinting her eyes as if she were deciding how to say this. "Well, what you have here is like a hickey... but on your penis."

Even though I was naked in a doctors office with a middle-aged women still fondling my shaft, and I still had spots on my dick, I don't think I could have been happier.



my favorite smell is...

By various authors

- wood smoke
- basements
- the smell of my boyfriend. Him or freshly ground coffee beans. Both work
- the smell of chicken and pickles mixed together
- spring time in the South of France with a glass of rosé wine in hand
- Top ramen
- my mom's perfume
- fresh laundry. If I could, I would roll around in it all day
- pumpkin chocolate chip cookies
- other people's clean laundry. Not my own. I hate folding
- fresh tar
- gasoline
- candle smoke
- Old Spice swagger on a good lookin man

Off Key Voices

I'll say it. Off-key voices turn me on. And I don't mean slightly off-key voices; only the absolutely tone deaf really arouse me. I love it when a girl sings so off-key that the tune is unrecognizable. I love it when the lyrics are so mumbled or so far from correct that it just sounds like noise. The less I can recognize the song, the better.

And I like it when girls sing loud...really loud. Grossly loud, actually. Sinfully loud. When they use that nasty, guttural part of their voice, it turns me on more than Naughty Teachers Nine.

In crowds of people singing, I listen for the voice that is off from all the others and I gravitate towards it. I pretend that I lost my bag and follow the sound of the yelling, grunting alto towards the front. Once she stops singing, I abandon my façade and slink off while replaying the experience in my mind. I'm generally too nervous to talk to girls with off-key voices. They're intimidatingly hot.

Sometimes I try to explain it to people, but it never works. I just assume that bad voices turn everyone on. To me, it's so intuitive, so natural, so hot. I expect that everyone thinks this, but it's a faux pas subject and I just missed out on the social cue. People ask if good voices turn me off and I usually lie. I say "No, of course not!" cause too often, I'm in front of someone who's in an a cappella group or a chamber chorus and I don't want to insult them.

But really, that on-pitch vibrato makes me want to choke on my own vomit and die. I like listening to it in music, but it kills me to watch people struggle to continue rippling their voices during the high notes of 80's punk songs blasting through someone's shitty iPod adapter connected to the car stereo. I make sure I sing twice as horribly to make up for those who can sing.

After all, it's a battle between those who can sing and we who can't sing. Those who can sing waltz melodiously through life. We who can't sing stand on our lawns and make lewd gestures at those waltzing by. We jump up on each other's shoulders and pantomime cunnilingus and moon them and strongly suggest they suck our collective dicks.

Frankly, I just want to bone everyone on our side.

the end