

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

*An anthology of truth.
A journal for the public.*

Fall 2011
Tufts University

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Hello and welcome to the Public Journal – anonymous submissions compiled for your reading pleasure.

Wading through your messed-up, hilarious, heartwarming and heartbreaking stories and secrets has truly been a labor of love for us this semester. This little book pays homage to the ordinary Tufts student, whether or not we're willing to admit that the vast majority of these confessions are indeed ordinary. As you thumb through the following pages, I hope you take away one thing: WE'RE ALL FREAKS. And if we're all freaks, then none of us are...

We gasp, laugh and shudder with horror at these confessions, forgetting that they come from our friends, lovers, roommates and classmates. So while I hope that you enjoy reading these submissions as much as we have, I urge you to focus on the similarities, not the differences, between yourselves and the authors. There is a reason that we have to make the process anonymous and there is a reason that most of these confessions will never be (soberly) voiced aloud.

It's about time we get down off our high horse and stop kidding ourselves, Tufts. We've all cheated, lied, dreamed about our professors and stolen dresses from little babies. Together let us re-evaluate what is normal and why.

Thank you to everyone who contributed. Sharing is important even if there's no name attached. And to everyone who held back, I will only say this: spill your guts and do it soon – the world's ending in 2012!!!

Love,
Kayla

P.S. As an employee of Tisch Library, I am deeply concerned about the outrageous number of you who wish to have sex in the stacks. THERE IS DUST EVERYWHERE!!!



IS THIS REAL LIFE?

I could easily compare my life in this Tufts bubble to being stuck in an amusement park. It's been fun, and there are even days when I can't help but think - is this real life?

As a freshman, every week and every weekend I spent here felt like another loop on a long roller coaster ride. There were ups and downs, highs and lows, moments that left me breathless and moments where I just wanted to throw my hands up in the air and SCREAM.

A few years later, and I am no longer just an innocent kid in this amusement park. I now feel like a bouncy castle; a bouncy castle that's slowly being deflated. It feels like people have tirelessly jumped up and down on me for the sake of their own amusement. I feel the air inside me being driven out from all the pressure, and I just can't take it anymore.

Fuck. What am I saying? Is this real life?
No, it's college. It's almost the weekend. I'm a deflating inflatable structure and now its time for me to get PUMPED.



the most regrettable thing i did this summer

My ex-boyfriend

Lived with Irish people

Listened to my mother

Wrote an incomprehensible note like a pussy
instead of expressing a fucking feeling

Cocaine with a girl named Bunny

Ate a hamburger in between two grilled cheeses

Got head in a girl's grandma's room with her parents
asleep in the next room

Didn't hook up in the Saturn V

Watched incest porn

Ate a moldy cheese stick



Took shots on a school bus

Accidently crawled back into bed in the wrong room, with the wrong boy, and spooned till morning

Lived with a drug addict

You can regret summer?

Chat Roulette

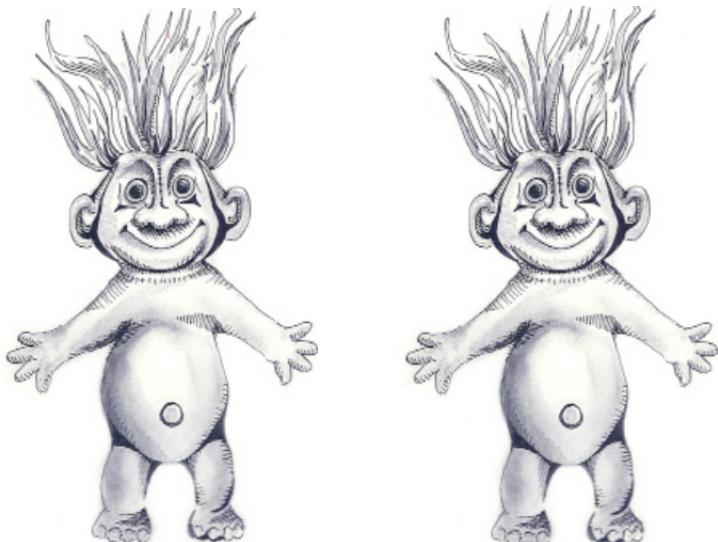
ChatRoulette is fucking fucked-up as shit. And please don't deny it.

The summer before senior year of high school, all of my friends had an obsession with the popular, fucked-up website known as ChatRoulette. I hadn't heard of it before, so I agreed to try it out at a sleepover one hot July night. Now don't get me wrong, I know that creeps and trolls rule the web. We all grew up in the era of chat rooms and "A/S/L???" But this fucked-up shit is fucked-up AND has webcams. Once we clicked start, the image on the screen startled me. It definitely wasn't a face. But it definitely wasn't nothing. Something was moving. Slowly. Oh sweet, a dude was jacking off in front of his camera. So we threw up a little and clicked to go to the next "person". Long story short, the whole fucking thing is penises. A world wide web of penises. If I wanted to see that shit, I would have googled the word 'porn' and had a much better night.

Penises aside though (which is a phrase that should never be said), the most disturbing part was the fact that people, namely men, halfway around the world took time out of their nights to talk to three 17-year-old girls. One guy we got was in New Zealand. His name was Rob, apparently. He talked to us for a solid hour. We were innocent and laughing hysterically, but he was fucked-up. He told us that it was 6 AM his time, and he was only in a t-shirt and boxers, clutching a beer bottle

and cigarette. Mmm, breakfast. But then my friends got creepy too and started testing what he would do for us. This guy danced for us, took his shirt off, shook his butt in front of the camera and then wanted our email addresses. I started to notice how creepy he was early on, but my friends didn't care. In fact, when Rob asked us to take our shirts off, one of my friends actually did. That's when I shut it down and insisted that we compose ourselves with root beer floats and a nice romantic comedy.

So if you're wondering if people lose all decency when they think they're anonymous: they do. And if you're wondering if the internet is making it disturbingly easy for creepy, fucked-up men to hold their penises with one hand and type "luv u gurls, should we take clothes off??" with the other: it is. **SAVE YOURSELF, SAVE YOUR CHILDREN, THE CREEPS COME OUT AT NIGHT.**



TUFTS BUCKET LIST

PEE ON EVERYTHING

Hook up with the ferocious lady cop on TUPD. Pretty cute, when not handing out \$300 tickets. Yowza.

Go to every stop on the T

Fuck in public

First kiss (sad, I know)

Pumpkining and spiking Hodgdon slushies

Walk down the Memorial Steps on my hands

Have sex in a Hodgdon laundry room

Streak past an admissions tour

Order a beer from Hotung. Does anybody do that?

Steal a street sign

Have sex in every dorm

Lose my virginity

Kiss someone while sober. ONE DAMN TIME.

Have sex in a hammock in that huge tree on the president's lawn!

Naked sledding on prez lawn

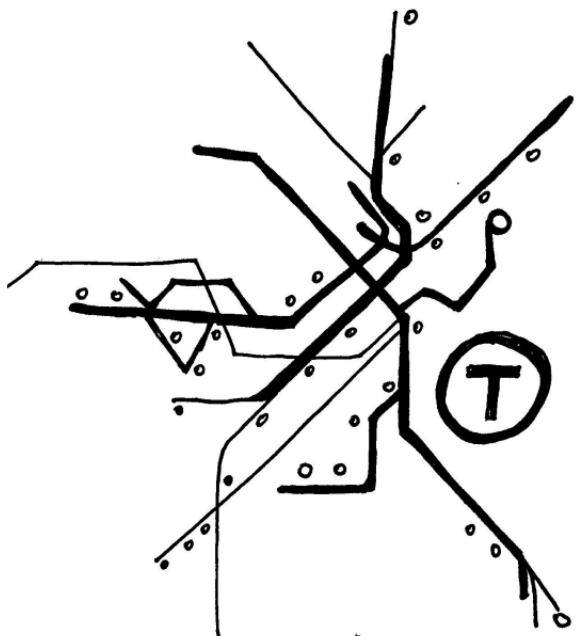
Find a guy who doesn't wear running shoes

Sex in the stacks in Tisch. Give a blow job on Tisch.

Have a semi-meaningful relationship.

Sex in the stacks. Obviously.

Movable bookstacks..need I say more?



confessions

I don't like telling people I grew up privileged, I am Libertarian, or I believe in God because I'm afraid they'll judge me.

I still get awkward erections.

I eat my roommate's gummy bear vitamins when he's not in the room. On a daily basis.

I don't have any ambition anymore and it scares the shit out of me.

I made out with another girl on my team in exchange for a box of donuts.

I'm in love with a girl who's in love with a boy who I'm also in love with.

I masturbate often thinking of my best friend.

I think I'm going to live vicariously through my children.

I get off on upperclassmen talking to me.

Last spring break, I met an ex-stripper who gave me a lap dance and hooked up with me. Seven months later, and I still think about her all the time.

I JUST GOT TOILET WATER IN MY EYE!

I ignore people because I think that no one wants the burden of being friends with me.

I hate talking to old people because I can't stand to think that I might end up that sick and unhappy someday.

Almost every day I take some of my roommate's gummy vitamins. I hope she doesn't notice, then I won't be able to get my daily dosage of Vitamin C.

I'm kind of a bitch sometimes. If you can't deal with that, who the fuck do you think you are?

I sometimes think about you in a teletubby suit. So hot. Literally and figuratively. Nice reflective tummy.



things i never wanted to know about my family

Back in the early 1800's, first cousins in my family married.

My great-grandfather was an indentured servant.

My grandma used to use an actual douche bag.

My dad decided it was necessary to tell me a story about the coke-induced nosebleed he got at the opera on his 25th birthday. Please tell me why one would do cocaine before going to an opera.

My dad was married before he met my mom. That really cute son of a family friend? My half brother.

My dad told me he married my mom because she “gave good head, and it was between her and the other girl who didn’t put out quite as much.”

I gave my mom post-partum depression... oops!

I was a test-tube baby. My parents don't know I know. I wonder if they were ever going to tell me...?

When I was like 7 years old, I had a nightmare and so I slept on the floor of my parent's bedroom. They thought I was asleep, so they proceeded to have loud, gross sex. I felt too weird to get up and leave in the middle of it, so I just stayed until it was done...they took a shower afterwards and I took the opportunity to bolt out back up to my own bedroom.

My uncle thinks my aunt's breasts are "a perfect handful."

Rumors about my dad and his secretary.

How big my dad's dick is.

The intimate details of my mom's IUD... grossgrossgross

Apparently my long pubic hair comes from my dad >.<

My dad has a sparkly purple man thong hidden in his sock drawer.

My parents have planned to divorce twice.

What it looks like when Mom and Dad have sex in the butt.

My mom moans in Russian.





This summer, my three best friends came to my hometown for Fourth of July weekend, which is a pretty big deal in my town. I live in the most suburban of suburbs, and my friends are all from mostly urban areas. Needless to say, they were flabbergasted. One of them kept calling it “Candyland.” Especially when he was high. That’s really only when he said it. Anyway.

The fourth was a Monday, so on Sunday night we stopped at a liquor store, bought the cheapest tequila known to man (you’re not supposed to actually drink it, it’s for mixing only) and we ventured to the house of a friend of a friend, who I had met approximately once. Her house was quite normal for my town, which is maybe the only town in America where the 99% are the 1%, but an anomaly for the rest of the world. My friends’ eyes lit up: here was a place where booze was free and the night was endless. Except for the tequila. We paid for that. And it ended the night.

As soon as we got there, I knew it was a bad mix. Not just the tequila and beer: my friends’ tight pants didn’t work in well with the stain-resistant Dockers worn by my fellow suburbans. Needless to say, the party was a fun one, made exquisitely entertaining by my friends.

Candyland guy got caught talking to the host of the party at one point, and when she whined exasperatedly “My parents won’t even heat the hot tub unless we want to go in it! They’re so cheap!” he responded with the more intentionally hilarious, “It’s like you’re on welfare!” She nodded vapidly. My memory becomes fuzzy at this point, mostly because the hot, muggy air that night that was making me dizzy. Fine, it was the tequila. The one thing I do remember is Candyland throwing up outside of our designated driver’s car. It sort of made a nice flame decal on the window.

The next morning, we woke up groggily and discovered a few things. We had taken, in no particular order, a unisex bathroom sign, a pair of high-end ski goggles (which, judging from the picture on my phone, one of my friends wore to bed), and a full-sized American flag. I protested feebly against their attempts to assuage my fears of getting caught, which I still feel were perfectly justified. Has to be the worst day of the year to steal a flag, right? I continued my argument, saying that we had to drive over, apologize, and return the items.

The flag is hanging on the back of our door, next to the bathroom sign, which is propped up on top of a framed poster. The ski goggles sit on top of my roommate’s record collection. I’ll never know if the girl noticed anything missing. I can only hope that, in this tough economy, her welfare checks still arrive right on time.

THE MOST AWKWARD ENCOUNTER I'VE EVER HAD WITH A PROFESSOR/ANIMAL

Just some kissing (which option I refer to is for you to never find out).

Sniffed my crotch over and over again.

Swooped down and grabbed the sandwich right out of my hands.

Got turned on when one was purring in my lap.

Saw one running towards me, and jumped on top of the hood of a car.

My Arabic professor started talking to me in Market Basket this summer. I totally didn't recognize him or the language he was speaking for like 2 minutes.

Having a professor tell me I am the prettiest one in the room. Out loud. In front of everyone.

When you changed your name and I thought you had gotten married, divorced you told me.

My professor saw me staring at her boobs. And I'm a girl.

Ignoring each other on adjacent treadmills for half an hour.

Using the urinal next to professor Kenny and getting pee-shy.

In high school, I walked in on two female teachers talking about their boob shapes.

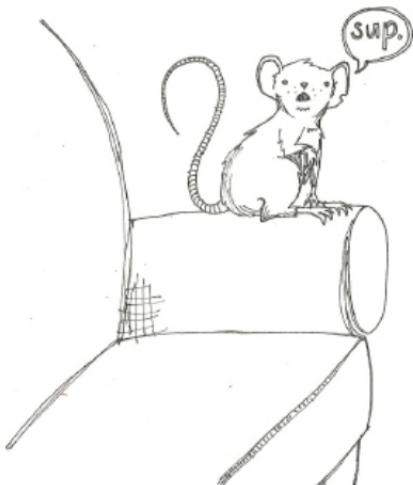
That moment when a dog licks you and you think, just for a second, about putting peanut butter on your balls.

My cat walked in on me masturbating once. And she wouldn't leave until I chased her.

One time in Haskell, I was watching Doctor Who, when I looked over and saw a mouse chilling on the other end of the couch. I said "sup."

My sister and I tried to help a baby blue jay who had fallen out of the nest, and then the momma bird bitch dive-bombed us!

I once got lost in the woods while backpacking so I sat down and cried. A turkey starting gobbling somewhere off in the distance and I yelled at it to STOP LAUGHING AT ME.



more confessions

Dear kid with free compliments sign, I hate you.

I had masturbated into the tissue that you picked up and spit your gum into. Sorry.

I'm really not a bad roommate, I just hate you.

I didn't even know Tom Calahan and I miss Tom Calahan.

I see you. When you touch your penis in class, under the pants. EVERY. TIME. And I really wish you would stop.

I've noticed how much weight you've gained since we broke up. It's my main motivation to keep working out.

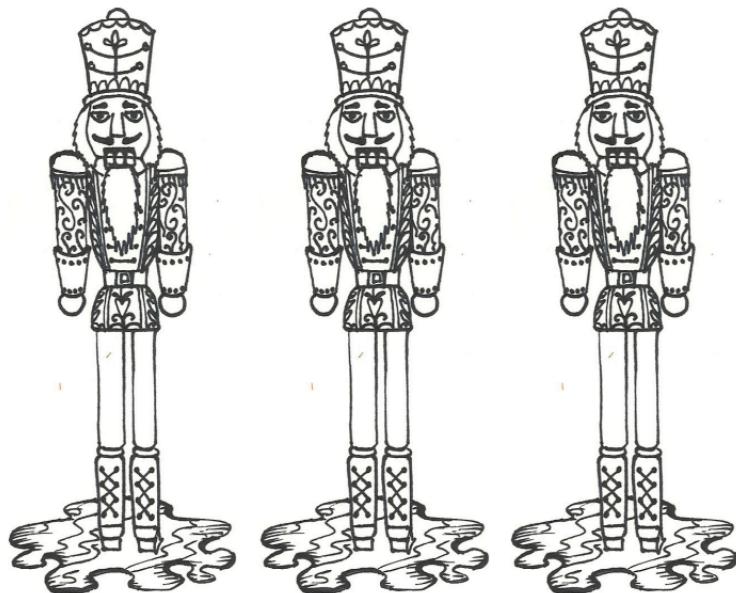
You may have ended it, but I cheated on you anyways. Oops.

I was in a production of the Nutcracker in first grade and I peed my pants on stage. They had to pause the show to mop the stage so the dancers didn't slip in it.

I think Hillel has too much power.

I'm the one that cut my pubes in the shower freshman year. The drain was smaller than I realized. Sorry, guys.

When I was little I talked to doorknobs.



I think I got into Tufts for diversity reasons and not because I deserved to.

'I can fap to this' applies to far too much of the Internet for me.

I'm eavesdropping on and staring at Sol Gittleman right now. Because he's adorable and no one can stop me.

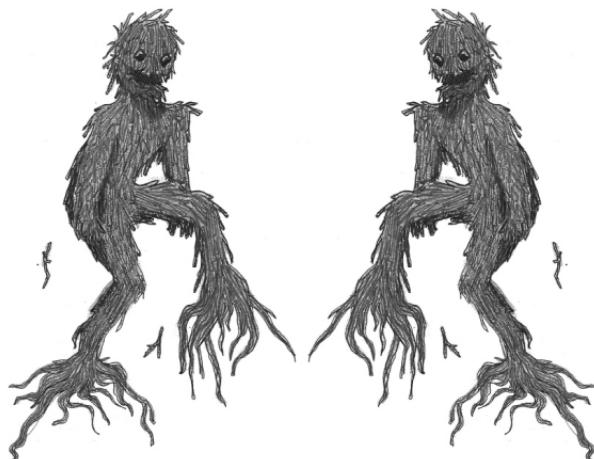
When my older sister made a Formspring, I would anonymously hate on her and tell her things that annoyed me about her.

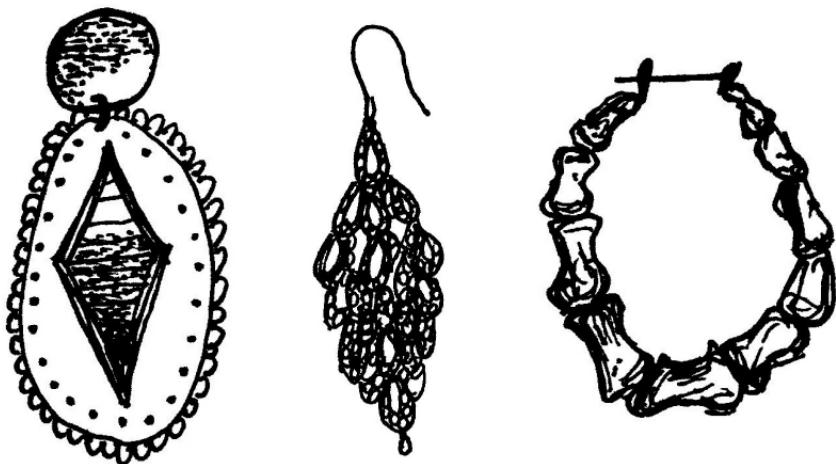
I feel myself becoming more of a bitch as I get older.

When I'm driving up a hill, I think I'm going north.

OH BBY

Babies weird me out. They're little, vulnerable forms of life which you solely are responsible for. They cry, they want food, they go to sleep, it's all on you to not screw up and make sure they grow up (half) normal. I feel compelled to squish them and see if their bones crack under my thick press. Is that sadistic or just plain curiosity? I'm not sure. Although, making noises at them, rubbing their tummy, eating their food first, and acting like an idiot to make them laugh is all worth it when they smile at you. It's as if they're saying, "Congrats, you're not as much of an inconsiderate asshole as I thought you were. I like you." Their tiny feet and involuntarily moving arms make me question whether they're the same species. Will they remember anything when they're older? I'm not sure. We seem to know so much about our genetics and body, but not really. Oh bby.





nice swishy velvet man

I'm the guy that likes earrings, but that's all it is. Okay, and maybe some swishy velvet and a silk cravat or something. Potentially particularly nice ribbons of some kind. But I don't *actually* want to be a girl, just a guy with some pretty things. Wonder if at some point we can stop it with the smaller and smaller multiplicity of boxes.

when i'm home alone (and not masturbating) i like to...

start masturbating.

light a candle, turn up the Barry White, and eat chocolate in the shower...which obviously leads to me masturbating.

watch embarrassing TLC shows and cry.

smell my fingers.

listen to music and pretend to be in a music video.

scrub the floor clean with Lysol wipes.

walk around in my underwear and sing “I Wanna Be” from *The Little Mermaid*.

write fiction!

hold my boobs while I’m running somewhere.

scream-cry along to Adele.

walk around in my underwear, hoping my neighbors will see.



turn my music up really loud and pretend it's the soundtrack to the movie I star in.

clothespin my nose and let the farts rip.

plan my career as a sexy librarian.

imagine I'm Matt Damon.

translate stuff over and over in Google Translate until it makes absolutely no sense.

talk to myself in a Yoda/Louis Armstrong voice.

omg more confessions

I'm afraid to admit that I've done anal more than anything.

Up until last year, I thought a camel toe was the same as a hammer toe.

Up until last year, I thought a wet dream was just when you woke up sweating.

I'm a girl and I've squirted everywhere and it was great.

This summer, I very nearly had to stop in the middle of the street to shit, because it was that much of an emergency.

I'm good at cooking and baking, but when someone asks me if I washed my hands, I say yes anyway even if I didn't. ;)

I find '70s pornstaches incredibly (INCREDIBLY) attractive for no reason at all. I don't even really watch porn.

I told my roommate that we should print out our schedules and put them on the door. I don't think he knows it's because I think it'd be nice if we could schedule the times we masturbated accordingly.



I really, really wish that I had a Marauder's Map for Tisch Library.

I think "wrenchgate" was the most idiotic thing I've ever seen. And not just because people need to stop attaching "-gate" to the end of everything.

I'm really upset that I haven't found time to use my vibrator since I've been here.

I steal my roommates candy when she's out.

I stole a dress from my cousin's new born baby and kept it because it was so little and cute.

a slow disease

I don't really talk to my sister. She was older, and never really seemed to want anything to do with me. She talked down to me, ignored me, and wouldn't even begrudgingly take me to the movies with her own friends, as I imagine the standard is for siblings. Eventually, we stopped trying to be siblings. It's been this way for a few years, neither of us really ever paying attention to the other. We have no interest in each other, no reason to interact, and when we do, it is rarely pleasant. We maintain an air of calm to help my parents keep their illusion of family.

One of these days my parents will die, I think. Perhaps in ten or fifteen years my father will have a heart attack or stroke while driving my mother on some sort of road trip, and the ensuing highway accident will kill them both on the scene. Me and my sister will come together to plan the funeral, splitting tasks evenly but separate. We won't agree on how the other manages their half, but we will at least put up with it politely. It will turn out to be a nice, dour affair, small, with mostly their old friends and a few remaining family members. A few people will cry, sad music will play, some Tom Waits for my dad. Me and my sister will stand next to each other in black, silent, as it isn't out of our way, watching the bodies be lowered into the ground.

After that my sister and I will part, having let go of the only ties that held us together. We won't meet for Christmas, we won't send each other birthday cards, or even remember each other's birthdays. We will both be successful, her a moderately skilled lawyer, powerful, still coffee driven, me a rather work-absorbed scientist. Perhaps we'll both be married, have families, but neither of us will particularly like or even know the other's family. Perhaps we'll occasionally read about each other in the news, mostly passing references, and it won't catch our eyes much. We will both carry on our lives, hardly remembering that we were once siblings.

In another fifteen or twenty years, I'll get a call from her, the first in that long a time. She is dying, she'll say. Her husband died a few years ago, she'll also say, and it will be news to me. I'll tell her I'm sorry. She'll have no children.

I'll go to see her in the hospital, it'll be a slow disease, maybe cancer again, or some heart trouble. I won't take my family with me, they don't really know who she is, and I'll prefer it that way. She'll look terrible, I'll hardly recognize her. Maybe I'll expect some kind of apology, a sadness of how things turned out. She won't smile when I see her again.

“I’m sorry,” she’ll say. But not about how she never really talked to me, not about the years where she never called, never visited. Not about how we were never really brother and sister. “I’m sorry,” she’ll say. “I didn’t have anyone else to call.”

Those words will give me a bit of a vindictive pleasure, that here she is, the sister who never considered me a brother, who never was particularly nice to me and never really liked me, dying here alone with no one to call but that very same unwanted brother. I’ll want to say that I am not sorry how things turned out, that I am not sorry we never talked, that I never wanted anything to do with her either, but instead I’ll just say “It’s alright.”

She’ll ask about my family. My kids will be in their twenties, starting successful careers of their own. She’ll say that that is nice. I’ll tell her I’m sorry her husband died. Heart trouble, she’ll say.

We won’t talk much. I’ll get a room at a local hotel, and every time I see her I’ll think about how she never talked to me, and how she never really wanted me in her life until now when I was the last one left. How typical, I’ll think. In a few days she’ll be dead.

When I inquire at the front desk that morning as to why her room is empty, they’ll tell me that they are sorry. I’ll want to say that she didn’t really like me

anyway, that she never really had any room in her heart for me and so I never had any room in mine for her, but instead I'll just say "It's alright."

And I'll walk across the street to the Starbucks. I'll order a grande mocha frap while looking for a seat in the crowded place. I'll pull a chair off of a table with some lonely businessman sitting there, reading the newspaper, and I'll sip my coffee absent-mindedly, playing with my phone.



I'll realize then that maybe when she said that she was sorry she had to call me I should have said that I was sorry too. Sorry that we were never really friends, sorry that we never really knew each other. Sorry that I never called, sorry that I never visited. Because, at that point, I'd realize that I was sorry, and that I'd wish that if there was something I could have done to change it I'd wish I had. I'll think that as I'm sipping my coffee, and then I'll think that I need to book a flight home.

I never said I was *!?\$!*@!,
... but !!!!!!!!.

a slut, but I'm ready for action.

gay, but I would love Sam & Frodo homoerotic fiction.

into bros, but I've hooked up with four athletes. TIGHT BUTTS MAKE ME NUTS.

I never said I approved of smoking, but I love the taste of someone else's cigarettes.

bitchy, but I hate you.

pregnant, but I take pre-natal vitamins.

a crackhead, but I loveee crack.

I never said I like liked you, but I sure do stalk you on the internet

racist, but Asian cliques seriously piss me off.

conservative, but I voted for McCain.

gay, but here you are kissing the back of my neck anyway.

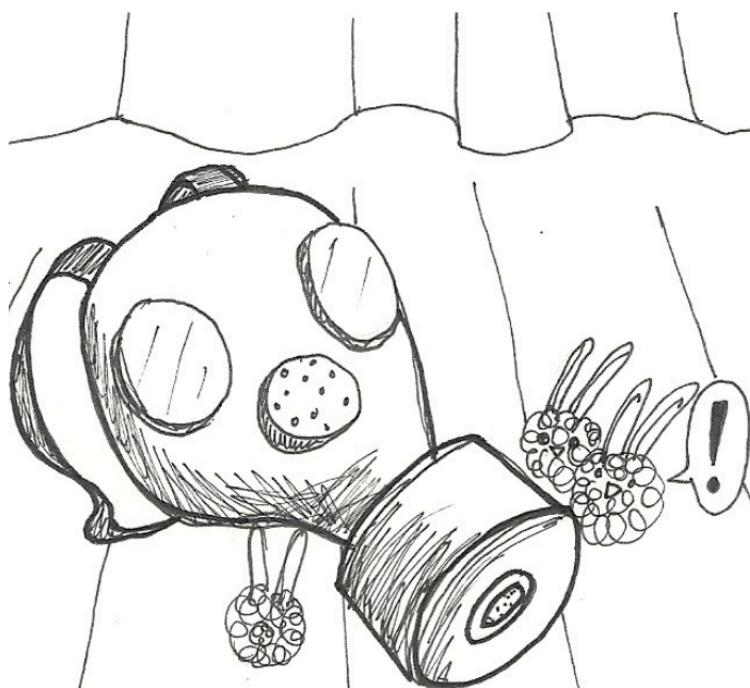
smart, but I go to Tufts.

ironic, I just like things that make me nostalgic.

pretty, but I would do me.

a survivalist, but I have a gas mask under my bed.

in love with you, but I'll take the blowjobs anyway.





an extra bladder -- you'd only have to go
pee half as often!

gills

a nubbin a periscope

definitely wings

a third clitoris

pubes for teeth

a retractable arm that comes out of my knee -- this
arm would be solely used to finger myself.







**what i did
didn't do
think i did
during fall ball**

i didn't get peed on this year

got groped, but to be fair my dress was really soft

texted "ugh i'm around, ill see you latr" while i was by myself

made out with someone that could possibly cost me jail time

didn't even make it there

accidentally flashed everyone climbing over a railing to jump the line

i possibly mooned everyone on the dance floor

i unfortunately did not get drunk, but i grinded for the first time awkwardly with a boy from my french class

pulled off my tights and heels, sprinted home, peed in public alone and someone saw me, then fell asleep on my bathroom floor

i went to a movie by myself.

i did not get my dress pulled down this year. first time ever.
sad but true.

rolled on the ground because i thought i was on fire

youtubed 'stealth cat'

convinced my entire hall that i was sober

i went to see fountains of wayne at northeastern

homework

crack



THAT STAIN IS FROM...

I DON'T KNOW

ORANGE JUICE, I SWEAR

the red lollipop i sat on, i swear

tooth paste, i swear!

silicone-based lube

i don't know, can snow stain?

i wish i knew

a fallen waffle

santorum

red wine, not blood

repeatedly vomiting

fall ball... why'd she have to grind on me so hard?

chobani yogurt, not jizz

coca-cola. yes, on the walls and the ceiling

a whipped cream fight



that time you came into my room for the first time in months
and we just talked but it was all an apology and an acceptance and
halfway through i realized your leg was bleeding or you had some
weird red shit on it and it was staining my blanket but i didn't
want to ruin the delicate moment

earwax

boy drool

hell if I know, i don't own anything pink

chocolate syrup

sex

i dunno, but it doesn't glow under a UV light, so not jizz

that time we wrestled in the mud

menstruating

when i sat in mustard at a movie theater. how do you sit in
MUSTARD at a MOVIE THEATER?

the cup of coffee i spilled on myself not once, not twice, but
three times

birth

cockroach. i threw my shoe. screw this dorm.

vomit sonnets

irrational reasons i hate people

someone told me to

breaking the sanctity of my pooping alone in public restrooms

too pretty, too skinny, too social, too wilderness

they look like they truly don't worry about what everyone else is thinking

this one kid had way too many allergies for me to handle

southern accents, escalefting (standing on the left side of an escalator)

i hate smart people who have no common sense

TIGHTS ARE NOT PANTS. LEGGINGS ARE NOT PANTS.

failure to follow proper dining hall procedures

bangs, dreadlocks, and tracksuits

he smells like tuna

your accent is fake

they wear Ed Hardy

resting bitch faces



THE PJ NEEDS A SLOGAN. WHAT SHOULD IT BE?

All for one and one for LOL.

PJ's even better than BJ's.

All the news that isn't fit to print.

BJ'S AFTER BJ'S.

For horny sons of lovely women.

Secrets for Everybody.

I did not have sexual relations with that woman.

MO MONEY MO PAGES.

HERPIN MAH DERP LIKE YEAHHH

THE JITLE OF MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Oh, the Places You'll Poo

Jizzin' on Bitches

Soaking Alone

Cagadoo: An Imaginary Life

Well This Sucks

And Then What?

Breaks from the Internet

Fuck Yeah

Silkcutter

Twelve Coconuts in a Cherry Tree

The Life and Times of a Racial Turducken

Epidermal Shreds

Wait, Who are You Again?

The Girl with the Pearl Necklace

The Ballad of Firebush

Page of Wands, Nine of Swords

Tippy-Toe Girls

How to Rule the World with a Mustache and a Naked Girl T-Shirt

Moshing with Trotsky!

!#¤@\$ and Nutella*

Memoirs of a Popsicle Addict

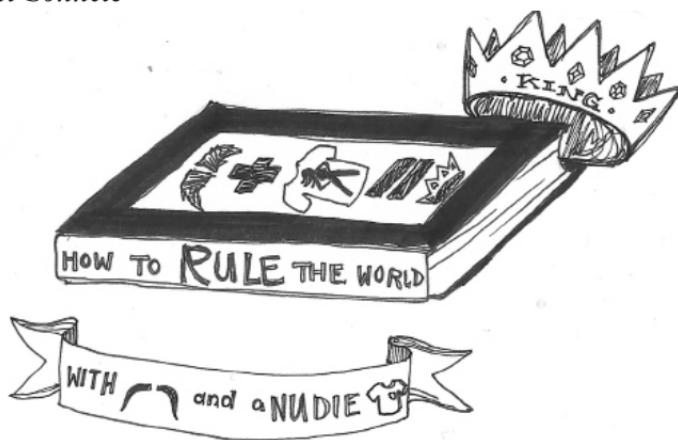
Awkward to my Socks

Procrastinating

The Nerd that Tried Too Hard to be a Hipster

Searching for an Answer

Vomit Sonnets



TIMES I WISH I WAS A

BOY/GIRL

Two Mondays from now...

SEX--I wanna know how it feels with a penis.

Watching *Love Actually*.

High heels.

Anytime I have to pee at a frat house.

FUCK binaries! TRANSLOVE.

When I don't want to pay for drinks.

You all just look so pretty in those sun dresses.

If I was a boy, I'd grow a long beard and lace it with all my worldly possessions.

When I went on TWO and had to pee in the woods with no toilet paper.

When girls go to the bathroom in packs - seems like fun!

Wish I was a girl: at dances, yo.

I like being a girl because no one can tell
when you're turned on.

4.



srsly, more confessions?

Every year since I was about 13, the diary entry I wrote on my birthday would say something to the effect of “Well, another year older and I STILL haven’t had my first kiss!” And you know what? That’s what next year’s entry is looking like too. I don’t know whether to laugh or cry.



If I could guarantee never getting caught, I’d cheat on you all the time.

I get anxious when I don’t eat apples.

My first gay sexual experience was underneath Jumbo.

I found your tumblr.





hell

buckets

this awkward moment where a penis fit into a vagina
like a puzzle and then was removed

the asshole. up until about eighth grade.

my brother thought women burped up babies through
their mouths

i thought adults got naked, rolled around, and the guy
just kind of peed; pretty close

i thought women pooped them out and i always
wondered why babies didn't fall out into the toilet

cans

the hospital factory

i knew they came from a woman's stomach. but how
they got in there was as mysterious to me as how those
ships got in those bottles.

synagogue

ballou hall?

belly buttons

i thought grandma got them from her dead mother and brought them wrapped up in a blanket from an ill-defined bright place that may have been heaven.

i thought a girl had to drink a guy's pee. yup.

mens' urethras

seeds. like you could plant a baby seed and water it and then it would come out of a flower like in those creepy baby pictures.

unicorn tears

a box where other unnecessary elements of life are kept

when a mommy and a daddy hold hands and make a special wish

kissing

“girls”

central casting

i didn't give a FUCK



vomit sonnets

Oh my god
That shirt
Why
Vomit everywhere

I don't remember you.

When instructed to write out a sonnet
The theme of which was to be vomit
Not a sonnet I said
But a limerick instead!
And promptly blew chunks in my bonnet.

I stared that tequila shot in the eye and thought,
“tonight’s gonna be good”

Puke in the trash, puke in the shower, puke in the toilet too. I may not have made it until morning if it wasn’t for you.

You goddamn drunken assholes. Learn to aim.

Enshrined in tile, whiskey eyed and naked I did see my fate in the reflection of my face floating in meals of days past. I bow and pray to the porcelain gods, that they may relinquish their hold on me, that I may open my mouth and release only words of repentance, nothing more. Release me oh noble ones, that I may call Helens before 3 AM.



(Google-Translated from Swahili)

Vomit

Anapotapika foolish in the boarding
Wanalitia entire room and
Requires killing pen.

My little brother Anapotapika
I seek the fever, I yekupa
Dawa. You must keep the house.

Ninapotapika is because
I've been sick or have fear
Until my body rebelled.

Hulala, if I can run.
Nitachukia profanity constantly.



the end

