

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

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

Fall 2012
Tufts University

DRUNK UNCLE JOE

Kayla Hogan

KOOKY AUNT SUE

Hallie Gluk

SECOND COUSINS WE HAVE CRUSHES ON

Adam Bangser

Alexandra Barkin

Averi Becque

Hilary Ludlow

Ilona Balagula

Izzy Star

Jen Che

Jessica Lu

Julia Stein

Kara Cochran

Laura Friedman

Liz Stockton

Peter Balonon-Rosen

STEP-CHILDREN WE HATE

Anna Furman

Anya Klepacki

Katie Reeder

Maddie Moe

Contact:

TuftsPublicJournal@gmail.com

Visit:

TuftsPublicJournal.wordpress.com

All rights reserved. Copyright 2012.

Initial concept by:

J. Green & D. Greif





Hello and welcome to the Public Journal. This is your place to unload. It's where you get to tell the world all about the crazy, sad, gross, deviant nonsense in your life. Free of judgment. For no other reason than that it feels good to tell someone. Even if that someone is actually the whole school.

I'm a firm believer in laying it all out on the table. But does that mean that I do it? Hell no! I have loads of things that I don't tell people, for one reason or another. We all do. And that's normal. But sometimes it sucks. And sometimes it gets to be too much. That's when PJ is there for you. You give PJ tiny snippets of your life story and you get other people's snippets in return. Then, little by little, you realize that we're all in this together and should probably be going to therapy.

I am a classic example of someone who doesn't have her shit together. And I've got to say, it is so nice to hear that you guys don't either. Because I meet you at parties and you seem so social. And I see you in class and you say smart things. And goddamn it, your résumé is amazing. But at the end of the day you still have a lot you're figuring out about yourself. And I'm sorry

I sound so much like Dr. Phil right now, but all I really want to say is this: I hope one day you can own up to the things that you've written here, because these are the things that people love about you.

It has been so good getting to know you, Tufts.

xoxo,
Kayla



and all of the sudden

I don't think death is funny. It mostly scares the shit out of me. And I can't take it lightly. Because it's huge. And it's final. One second you're there and people know you and people love you. And the next second you're gone. And those people cry, but they eventually accept the fact that you're not coming back. And they move on. They'll remember you, sure. But not for long. Because all of the sudden, the person who gets dinner with you on Tuesdays can't get dinner with you anymore. And all of the sudden, the person who sits next to you in class finds another person to sit next to. These people knew you and loved you, but they have no choice but to forget you. I know this because I've forgotten everyone I've lost. And that scares the shit out of me. That's why I don't laugh when people joke about death. Because some of those jokers know me and some of them love me. And they'll come to my funeral when I die. But then they'll forget about me and they'll forget about how they cried and they'll just keep on laughing at death.





I hate that you've never gone down on me. I could consider the amount of time I spend with your dick in my mouth a part-time job.

I stole my best friend's adderall.

I still wipe my boogers on furniture.

I once jumped the gun on removing a tampon and consequently peed on my hand for a good five seconds.

I'm not really a vegetarian (but my girlfriend thinks I am).

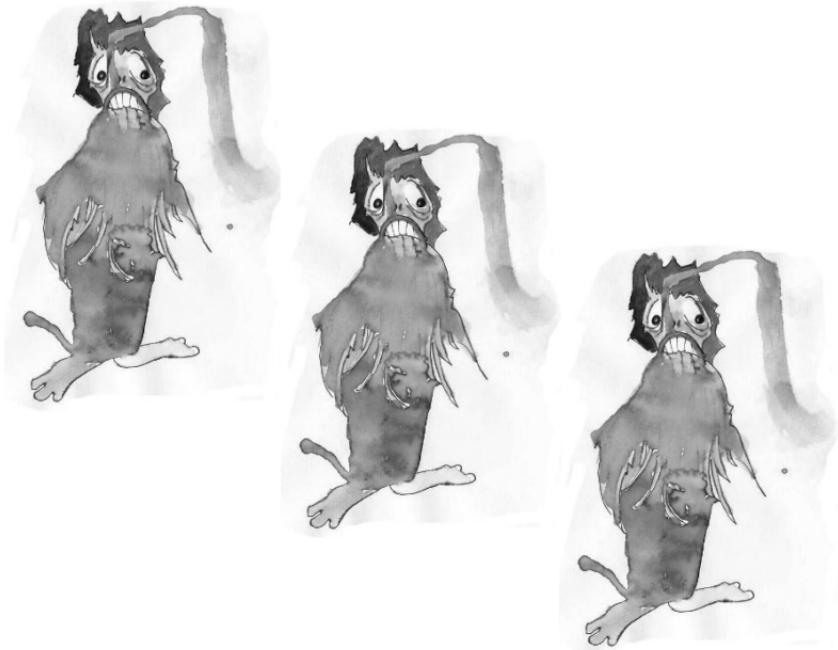
I don't believe that anyone will be attracted to me until I lose weight. People tell me this isn't true. Whatever.

I love your ass. I tell you all the time. Can you please reciprocate once in a while?

I'm fucking hairy and I'm a girl and it SUCKS.

I really can't tell if you're peeing a lil bit when I'm giving you a blow-job. So salty...

I only ever fall in love with people I've hardly spoken to.



I don't know if bus breath is a thing but YOU HAVE IT and that is why I always offer you gum when you come over.

I thought I was too old to have not lost my virginity so this summer I found a 50-year-old man on Craigslist and had sex with him.

I think that the fact that I had an STD is the most interesting thing about me.

I have dated the same girl for two years. She doesn't go here. I'm not sure how much longer I can stand seeing all the beautiful girls here.

I'm worried I'm going to end up beloved by many but loved by none.



YOU'RE a PART-TIME
lover & a full-time
→ cunt muffin

big booty bitch

fat stoner asshole

spelunker

TEMS officer

banana bread nommer

Duran Duran enthusiast

Social Security recipient



squid

squid enthusiast



ophthamologist

stay-at-home mom

cookie man

PR rep for hot pockets

vagina owner

reasons I'm looking forward to

old age

yelling at whippersnappers

pretending to be senile

selling all my current belongings to the next wave of
dumbass hipsters

transhumanism and better weed

not having my period anymore. consequence free sex!

hovercars and hoverstrippers

diapers

please just let me look like meryl streep

beekeeping

apple sauce all the time

being able to fart in public and it's okay

senior discounts and not being dead

get to have sex with ladies in visors

NO TEEF NO RULEZ

being able to wink at children again

i want to be walked across the street and not have to worry about acne

free pudding

death



more confessions

TTTF (Too Tight To Fuck)

Sometimes when someone gets a piercing, haircut, etc., that I think looks terrible, I make it a point to tell them how good it looks.

When I shop at Whole Foods, I write the number for Thompson raisins on the twisty tag instead of the number for cherries, because cherries are \$11 more expensive per pound and cherries look just like raisins.

A Beelzebub came home with me after a party and peed in my bed.

When I run more than a mile (a rarity), it feels like I have to poop.

I'm so glad girls don't get boners cause I get turned on during super awkward moments just like you do.

My housemate was in the shower with her boyfriend and I couldn't hold it so I pooped in my desk side trash can, put it in a trash bag, sprinted outside to put it in a bin and don't think that I could ever tell her what happened.

When I kiss your neck it's often just an excuse not to actually kiss you. You can be a bit slobbery.

I'm the one. I'm the one racist at Tufts.



MY DEAREST FRESHMEN HOUSTONERS,

Trying to navigate the ins & outs and odds & ends of your first month at Tufts may seem at times like a terribly daunting (albeit equally exciting) task. And as an upperclassman, I am ineffably excited to have you all on campus. Thus, it is with a heavy, heavy heart that I extend my deepest apologies for

PULLING THE FIRE ALARM AT 2:30 AM
SUNDAY NIGHT DURING LABOR DAY
WEEKEND

and implore you to show a silly fool some mercy.

(Although I'm not saying it wasn't HILARIOUS)





she's trying not to talk to me

selling her car because she's broke

idk, but his facebook says he goes to "harvrd college"

working at burger king

rehab

heaven

never had one

10,000,000 on temple run

still a high school gym teacher

THEY ALL ENROLLED AT TUFTS

engaged. like, what the fuck? am i getting that old?

i'm pretty sure he's in jail. or smoking a lot of pot because he got out and is celebrating.

adopted a dog whose name is the same as mine, with his
OTHER high school sweetheart

still getting me off every once in a while

law school bound, but with that same sheepish stare

wishing me goodnight

being gay in montana

as far as I can tell, just posing for fb pictures



what is

jerkin' it

tuesday boozeday

gettin' tipsy

tuggin' yo' dick

boozeday. all the booze.

tuesdays are for doing the dick.

tuesday is boozeday

S.E.X.

the obvious answer...boozeday

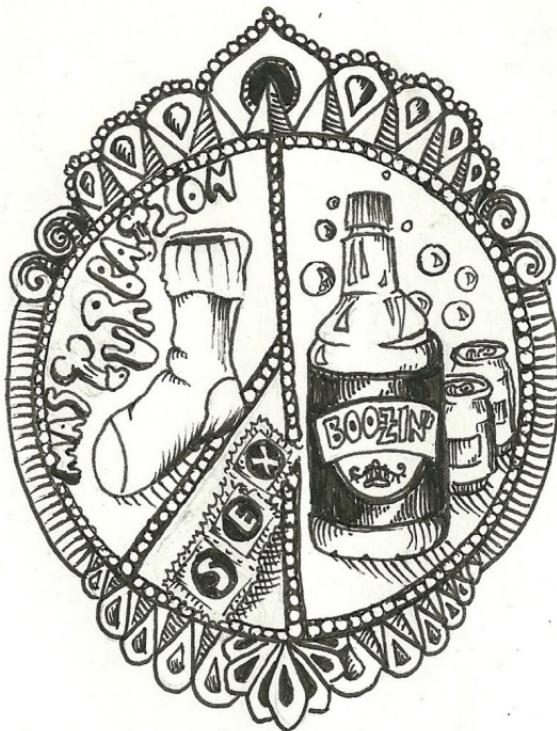
afternoon sex

TEMS tuesday

jerkin it till the tears fall

drinking. just like every other day.

tuesday for?



orgies

boozeday, guys. come on.

fucking

BOOZEDAY!!!

even more confessions

I'm sorry I peed on you. But everyone I talk to says you deserved it. Try to be a nicer person.

I once sang happy birthday to myself because I didn't know that's who we were singing to.

I'm a boy who has never been able to feel sexually comfortable without wearing a dress, but I'm a lot happier if I just try to ignore the issue. I don't want to crossdress again.

I will always pick sex over class. If you look at a graph of my GPA, it's overwhelmingly clear when I'm having sex.

I don't think I know how to have sex.

The real reason for me being 15 minutes late to class was that I walked entirely out of my way to poop in my favorite bathroom in the campus center.

There's this really cute freshman my friend and I always take photos of and text to each other when we see him.

I googled all of the Hey Arnold episodes that heavily feature the Arnold/Helga relationship and put them on my iPod so I can watch them while waiting for the Joey.

I imagine boys in their mid-50's, balding, with a beer bellies, and wearing cheap suits. Then I see if I still think they're attractive.

I peed on the tennis courts.

I like honey pretzel-scented hand sanitizer so much that I bought 20 mini bottles online so I never run out.

I'm really good with people's names, but sometimes I pretend not to be so it's not awkward when they forget mine.



You broke up with me the night I was going to tell you that I'm pregnant.

When I was 8, my parents walked in on me masturbating under the bathtub faucet. They asked what I was doing and I said it was just comfier to sit that way.

I've called the cops on myself three times this semester.

the big L

I've been signing my emails differently for my parents since I don't know when. My dad always gets emails that end with "Love, Katharine." My mom gets ones signed lower-case, "love, katharine." It was my way of quietly showing my feelings for each of them.

My dad expects proper grammar, a kiss on the cheek in the morning, and thank-you cards. He would notice if I switched to lower-case and I wanted to make the change as invisible as possible. So I changed how I ended emails to my mom, turning the big L into a little one. I made it into something intimate, not a title.

I've had two identities since I was six-years-old. With my father I am respectful, dutiful, and clever. I cultivated sarcasm to protect myself against his cutting intellect. I don't need this sarcasm with my mom; with her I am affectionate, silly, and open. But I can't shed it and sometimes I can see that it hurts her.

When I say "love, katharine," I mean it. I mean that I wish I could snuggle on the couch and bake and that I will always be her monkey girl.



“Love, Katharine” means this: I am your daughter. I am obligated to love you. This is a role I cannot escape. I pity you and I see your personality in myself, and I think this part of me is the part I’ve tried to run away from. You have hurt my mom and my sisters more than I can forgive and the only reason I’ve been unscathed is because I have enough of your shadow to serve as a vaccine. I don’t want to be at your house and I don’t want you to cry when I say goodbye. I don’t want you to call me Bean or buy me the things you think I want. “Love, Katharine” means: I’m not sure I love you at all.



i love you,
but i can't _____ you.

play “find the starburst” with
discreetly ball

rock wit

google
share a toothbrush with

share my dave’s sandwich with

keep watching Rent with
stop psychoanalyzing

schedule your hair appointments for

fingerbang

pee in front of

wax

stop thinking about Justin Timberlake when I’m fucking

president monaco is
coming to dinner...
what do you need to hide?

Larry Is My Homeboy/Adele is My Homegirl T-shirts

All my fruit from Carm

All of these LEGOs, these are hard to explain as a
grown man.

Vote Romney poster

The guinea pig we keep under the suite's bathroom sink

My guitar. If he asks me to play, I'm
fucked.

All this fancy ass cheese. He's going to think I'm rich
and take away my financial aid.

Plans to meet/befriend/possibly kidnap his sons because
THEY'RE JUST SO CYOOT!

My NQR Revival Campaign materials

My letter of refusal to Oxford

That traffic cone I stole

The condom tortoise

Ya kids, ya wife

Salsa dildo



a word of advice to ten - year - old you

Just shut up. Occasionally, at least. But for the love of God shut up.

Avoid shellfish.



Get some fucking jeans.

Never EVER let Velour go out of style!

PLEASE learn how to dance, damn it! Now is the time!!!

Don't sneak downstairs for that glass of water. Your parents WILL be having sex on the couch.

Come out of the closet earlier, bro.

Make out with Molly; she's gonna move to Virginia next year.

Stop picking your nose. And nobody cares that you can read the Artemis Fowl faerie language.

Keep playing basketball! Stop going to hebrew school!



Holy wow, please stop crying, you have no idea how awesome you are going to become. Keep on doin' you, you.

Don't make out with your cousin during truth or dare. That's weird.

You're about to get fat. But it's going to make you a lot cooler of a person.

Even though your panties technically don't count as "private parts," you still shouldn't show them to people.

Two years from now, your father will move out and your sister will leave for college. Learn to love your mother for who she is, instead of what she's not. And go over to your best friend's house more often, Susan makes the best roast chicken in the world.

In 7 years you will meet a bald man. Stay away.

Touch more boobs.

Wear that jean jacket every friggin chance you get.



Stop cutting your own hair. You are not getting better at it. There are people out there who will do it for you.

Kiss more girls (and maybe one boy)

Tell Cooper not to drive on the Maine Turnpike at 11 PM on 4/28/08 and tell Josh not to ride in a car with his friends on 06/09/09.



sex and a turd at a rave	kiss me, i'm the rear
belle is a rats	teenage minishop
cash loin	chained ma deli
a fat funk name	scalding rear

give us the name of the
last person you had sex
with in the form of an
ANAGRAM

fleshy nair	ample hag
blessed jogger	nice anal mall
vagina broken	diarrhoea minds
mr. rapist, run	a shirtless concern
nabriel gicholas	kinky jerk-off corsage







OVERHEARD

ON THE

Joey

“I love Fresh Air!”

“So, Israel is in Africa, right?”

“I think employers will really respect my PJS degree, right?!”

“Do you ever get the feeling that The Daily Show is reading your diary?”

“Let’s rename the Joey and call her Salma.”

“My tampon hurts so bad right now.”

“Is this the bus to Hemp Fest?”

“Well I’m lactose intolerant and I like oral sex.”

“My dad is really handsome but like...”

“I will literally lose my pants. Or literally just take them off.”

“I am SO oppressed.”

Girl 1: “And then you made out with him!” Girl 2: “No I did not!” Girls 1+3: “Oh yes you did.”

I was conceived...



In:

a test tube

a car, on the roof of a parking garage, during New Year's fireworks. But the highlight of my time in the womb was definitely that REO Speedwagon my parents attended seven months in.

my grandparents' home. Ew mom and dad. You were thirty, and houseguests!!

During:

the X-Files series premier

Clinton's victory speech, aw yeah

On top of:

a lifesize Han Solo cardboard cutout

Half Dome in Yosemite



It was ME”

I WAS THE TURKEY ALL ALONG!

That kid who threw up on the president's lawn on 4/20

I put those flyers in Metcalf Hall in 2009 that forged ResLife letterhead and warned residents not to masturbate in the showers

I organized the spice rack. And then you all shat on me for three months. Sorry for trying, y'all...

I stole the toothpaste from the shower at your bro party. I needed some.

That freshman girl who got TEMSed in the Theta Chi bathroom last year. Sorry about the judicial affairs investigation.

I was the kid with lice in third grade -- the one they had to send home letters to parents about.

I PUT THE SCREW. IN THE TUNA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THINGS MY PARENTS

think I DON'T know:

They're broke.

They have an overnight case full of whips and handcuffs.

They hide wine glasses under the bed.

I'm not the favorite



I'm the favorite.

My dad has a lot of lesbian porn on his computer.

One winter, a day or two before Christmas, I went into the living room and found an empty condom wrapper under the tree.

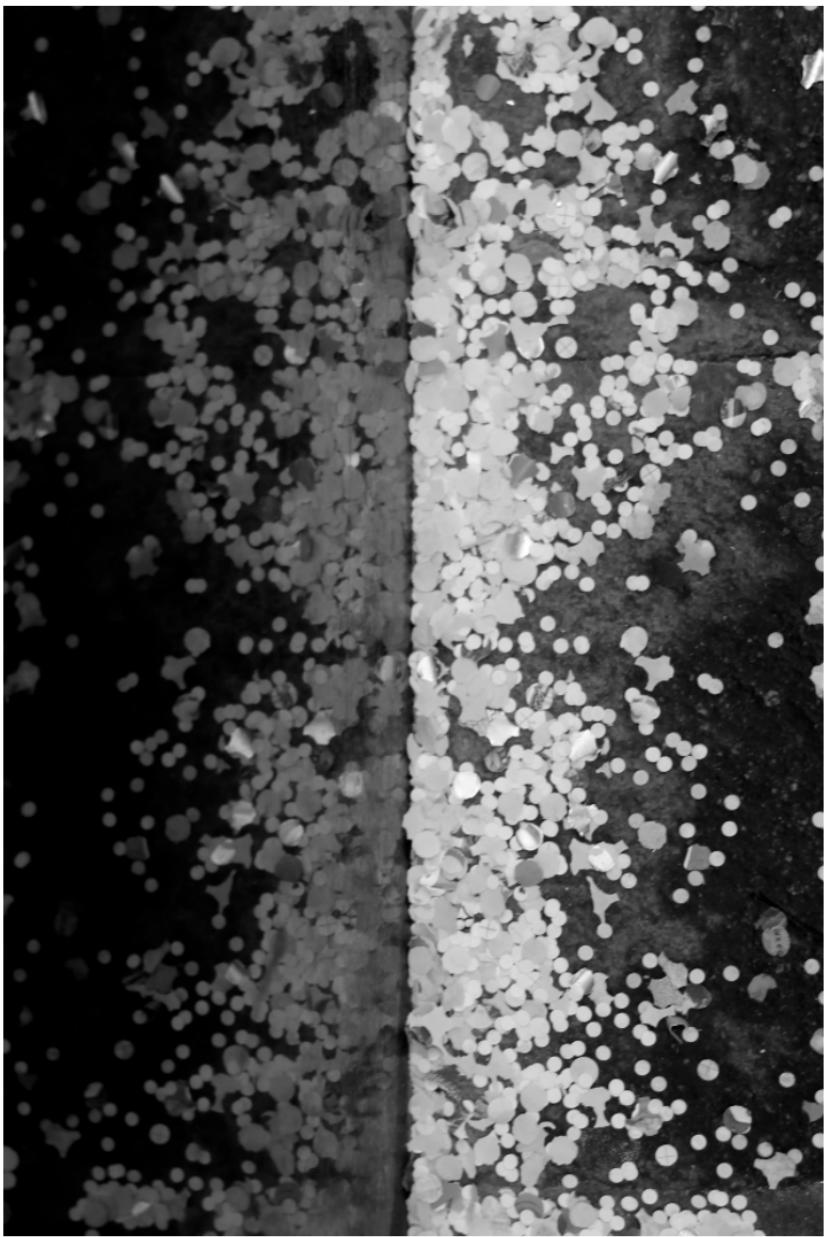
Dad, that lock box with your sex dice and dildos doesn't require a key to open...

Dad, I know you're gay. Please stop telling me you're "storing his stuff."

The reason my sister and I had the same due date two years apart. 9 months after my dad's birthday is not a coincidence.

What ravioli is. My mother started explaining to me last time I went home.













Missed Connections

Short haired girl with round glasses, come read your book in my bed, but forget about the book.

You: Wren RD, Me: LAX bro with rockin' bod -- let's play hall sports?

I tried to strangle you at a Rainbow House party once and I think you secretly liked it.

You RT'd a joke I made on The Twitters. Hook it up?? Please RT.

English boy at the Rez. You served me a Mind, Body, & Soul. Now I'd like your mind, body, & soul.

You fix bikes in the bike shop, I am a bike enthusiast. I think you have a girlfriend, but I'd like to be your boyfriend.

I taught you how to fold your clothes one night in the Houston laundry room. You smelled like Downy and all I wanted to do was hug you.

Guy only eating the crust off your bread (?????) in Dewick: I'm all about your denim shirt and you seem really interesting, though idk it might just be the bread thing, seriously what is with that?

I was filing in the office on the third floor of the community health building, and you went to the third floor bathroom approximately 5 times over the course of 12 minutes, but I still think you're pretty cute, even if you have gastrointestinal trouble. Let me make you chicken soup?





no

I will not

I cannot

nope

nah dude

fuck no

rather die

they're keeping polaroid alive, man

mason jars are utilitarian vessels

I like pbr too

c'mon. flannel is sexy.

B-)



you're secretly a boring white guy underneath an exterior of good music. you think i'm a crazy whore -- i am but maybe i'm not.
whatever, you still fuck me to the weeknd.

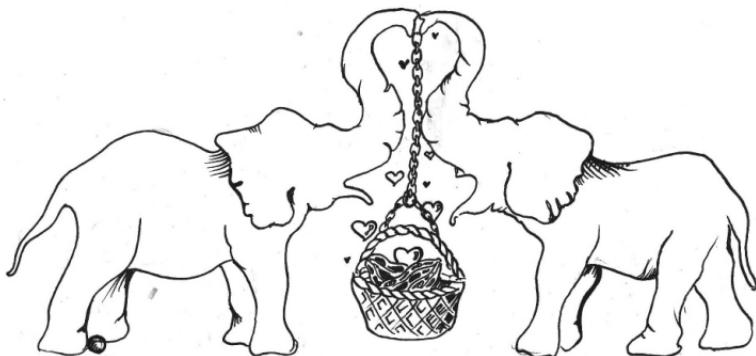


CAPTIVITY

So there's this huge gay elephant in the room. It's a problem because the elephant knows that we know it's there. We played with it a few months ago. Fed it some peanuts. Took it for a walk. But then we decided to take that thing back to the zoo. You wanted to know what life was like without all of the burdens of owning an elephant. And I, with no experience in elephant handling, couldn't possibly have taken care of it by myself. So we sent the elephant away. And we both said that we were going to be okay. But then I sent you that stupid fucking text that night that was all, "AHHH I WANT THAT ELEPHANT BACK!!! I'M LONELY AND I WANT THAT ELEPHANT BACK!!!" And man oh man, you shut that shit down quicker than I could say "Captivity." I was hurt, but it was just the tough love I needed in my time of elephant-withdrawal.

But when we saw each other next, we didn't mention Li'l Phant at all. We hid away all the old living room photos. We talked about other things. But soon enough you started hinting that maybe you wanted the elephant back. Leaving elephant catalogues out on the table. Coming home with family-size bags of circus peanuts. And you knew that I wanted it too, but I wasn't going to say anything because of the aforementioned shutting me down. So we both just tiptoed around the subject, waving our dumb gay elephant flags where nobody could see them.

When you finally told me of your desire to buy back the elephant, I had already moved on. And I was pretty sure you didn't actually want it anyway. And I would have been the one left heartbroken if it were to die. So I told you that I couldn't do it. I don't remember the exact excuse I used. Maybe I said that elephants were too expensive. In any case, you said, "Okay. No elephants."



So then why is the huge gay elephant in the room again, you ask? Because the son-of-a-bitch broke down the back door and we didn't do anything to stop it. But we're not feeding it! And we're not letting it take mud baths! And it is going to die! But I know we're better owners than that. We need to look it dead in the eye and stop pretending that ignoring it hasn't been killing us. Or we need to take it back to the jungle section of the zoo right now and keep it there this time. I don't think you're ever going to make a decision, so I'm just going to come out (lawlz) and say it: I've never wanted an elephant so much in my life.



John's, Patricia's, Armando's, and Phillip's.

I'm better at pleasuring myself than others have been.

I once made love to a Hot Pocket.

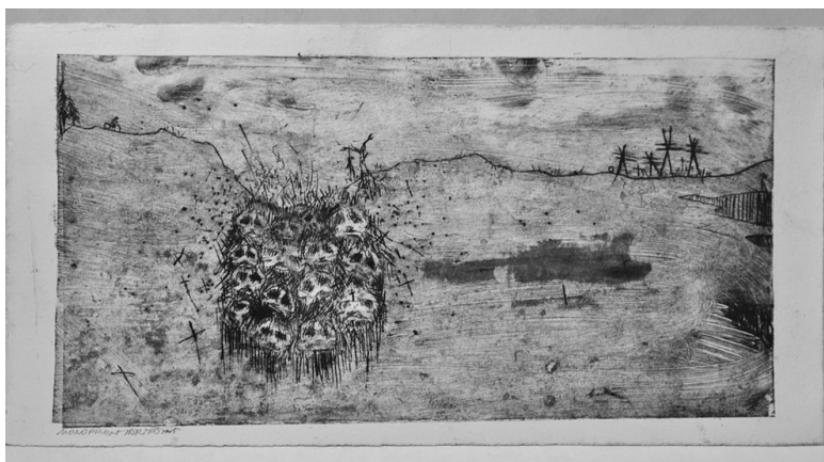


I might have helped lead to the “medical leave” of my freshman year roommate.

I used to wear polo shirts with popped collars and straighten my hair. And I’m not sorry.

My mother was emotionally abusive to me as a child and I think that’s why I’m so shy.

I loved that Grateful Dead album!



That Harry Potter slashfic I wrote in the summer of 2010.

My mom has a brother but we don’t know his name or where he is.

Molested in third grade.

Sometimes I think about killing myself just to see who would come to my funeral.



greatest / most embarrassing thing you've said after sex

“wait wait WAIT! just the tip.” (Except instead of after, it was before and also i’m a lesbian. This is way too much explanation.)

“No homo.”

“Catan?”

Screamed his screen name.

“That chest queef was really weird.”

“So I take it you like when I wear the storm trooper mask?”

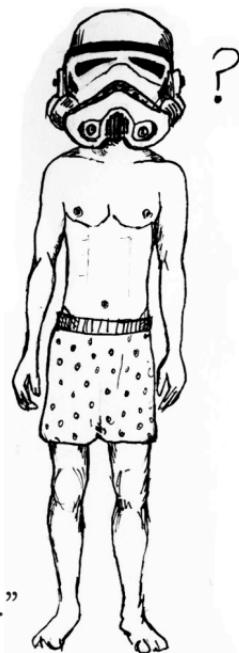
“Ayyooo”

“We don’t have anything in common. I mean, wait, that’s not what I meant.”

“YO I HEARD U LIKE MY DICK SO I PUT ANOTHER TINY DICK IN MY CONDOM SO WE CAN HAVE SEX WHILE WE FUCK.”

“One sec, I have to go buy tickets to Six Flags.”

Crying. Just a lot of crying.



the last little page of confessions

My mother talks to my cats more than she talks to me.
And I'm not jealous.

To a Certain Professor of Philosophy: You may be one of the worst professors I have ever had in my time here, but I would still jump your sexy, sexy bones.

All I want in this world is for someone to write a missed connection about me.

I thought the clitoris was the urethra until an embarrassingly old age.

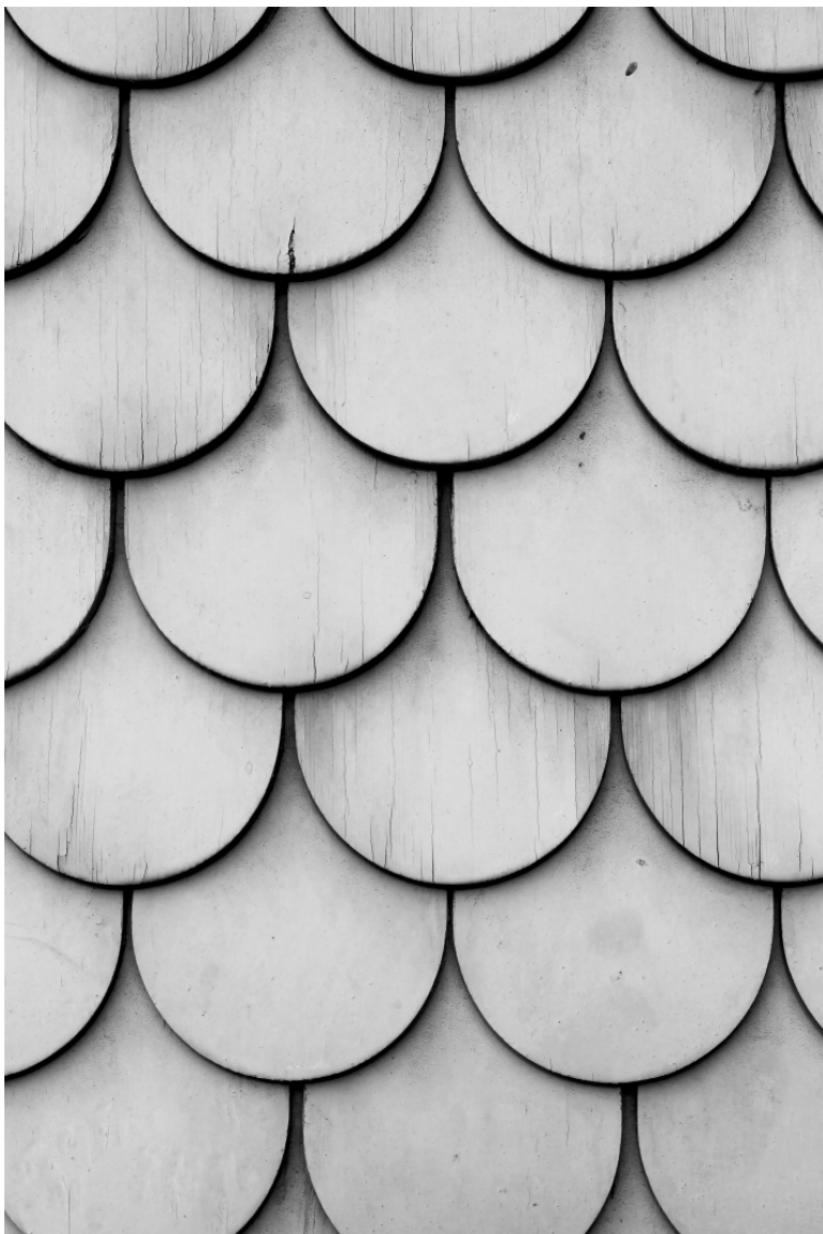
Sometimes I go to frats and leave after 5 minutes just because I can get in now and I couldn't freshman year.

I never want to spend time with my boyfriend when I'm high.

I shoplift. A lot.

Sometimes I'm embarrassed that I date you because your ex sucks so much.

I'm a guy, but I prefer to sit on the toilet.





the end

