

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

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

Spring 2012
Tufts University

THREW THE PARTY

Kayla Hogan

PLANNED THE PARTY

Ellie Henningsgaard

WENT TO THE WRONG PARTY

Hallie Gluk

CAME FOR THE FREE FOOD

Adam Bangser

Averi Becque

Hayes Peebles

Jen Che

Jessica Lu

Kara Cochran

Laura Friedman

Liz Stockton

Morgan Kee

Nidhi Chillara

Nikita Rahman

Peter Balonon-Rosen

Rachel Adelsberger

AND LEFT GLITTER EVERYWHERE

Dayna Safferstein

Katie Reeder

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Initial concept by:

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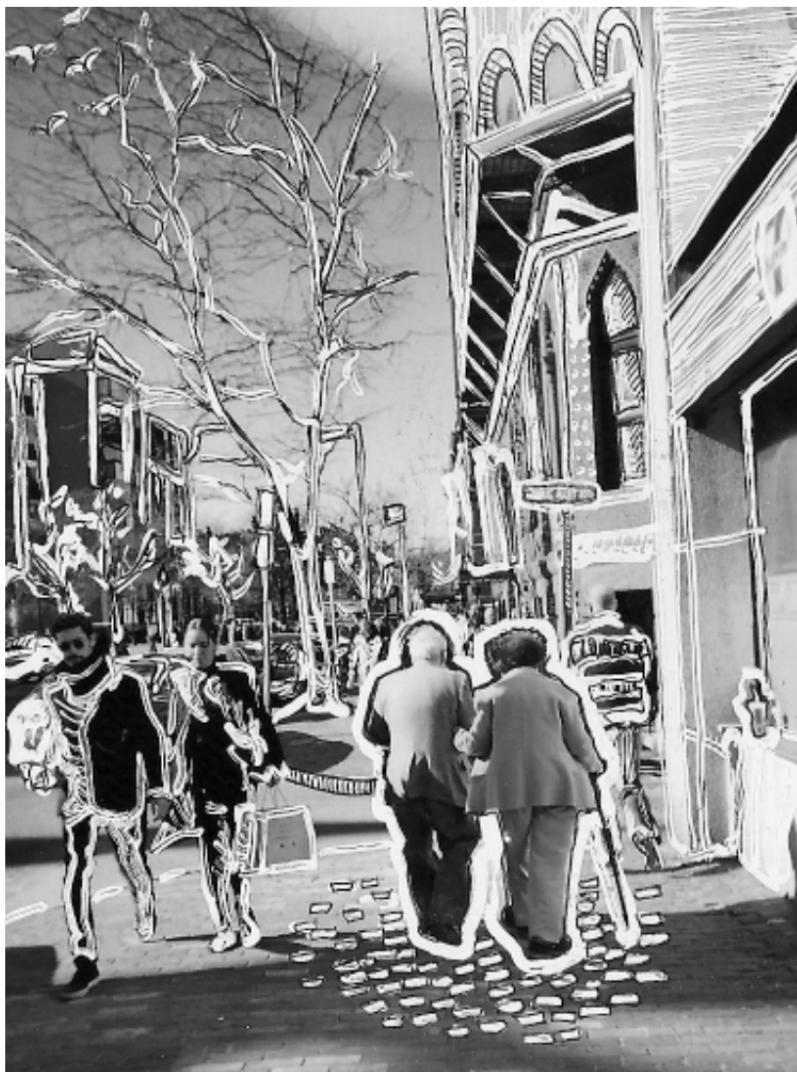


Good sir/kind lady/someone in between or not at all,

Hello and welcome to the Public Journal. This is the Tufts brochure that didn't make it to your high school. It is our collective autobiography, author unknown. What you read here may not be the version that you tell your parents. But you wrote it. And you live it. So, please, laugh at the confessions. And disapprove of the stories. But don't forget to eventually tell someone that you actually wrote that one thing. And that you're actually the naked guy in that one picture. Because in the words of someone wise (Dr. Seuss??), "Those who matter don't mind, and those who mind don't matter." You're all so much more interesting than you're letting on. But THE WORLD IS ENDING, so its high time we stop acting like we're so boring. We've got bigger fish to fry, people.

It seems like we're all up to no good with nowhere to go. So can we go there together? I am preaching ACCEPTANCE but you've gotta take off your earmuffs to hear me. They are really beautiful earmuffs, but I know there is more to you than that. And you know I know. So just tell me.

Love,
Kayla



GIRL V. BOYS

Once, a boy kissed me but he was actually licking my face. He was so uncoordinated that he even licked my nostrils. I couldn't help but wipe my mouth with my hands after. I wonder if he noticed.

I'm not White but I think White boys are beautiful. I like the deep-set eyes and all the creases and lines on their faces. And their soft, thin hair. Oh for fuck's sake, make love to me already. Shit dawg, do I really have White Fever?

I was six. My dog bit the garbage. I had to clean up the floor. I found my brother's used condom. I picked it up, threw it back in the trash, and pretended nothing ever happened. Dear God.



鈴木香信画

weirdest thing you've ever woken up to

My roommate's alarm goes off. She leaps out of bed, runs to a bowl of M&M's and throws one in her mouth. She then runs to the trashcan, spits it out and goes back to bed.

Rimjob. Nuff said.

Hannah Montana fans screaming and throwing cereal at my window

My sister telling me Aaliyah died

Half of a homemade Bluezone underneath my pillow and next to my boyfriend

A text from my orientation leader saying "I'm in your house"

A bed 50 miles from the hammock I fell asleep in

Nipple in the ear

Someone else's drool on my face

Nudity, throw up, and a broken watch



Guinea pig in my bed

An empty handle of vodka, a pile of Robb & Stucky catalogues, and three half-eaten bowls of instant oatmeal

A naked guy with his legs wrapped around me

A smiling cat's face in my fucking face

I woke up, hungover, lying on the floor in the shower with the water running and my friend singing "Bridge over Troubled Water" in the next room.

HOW YOU'LL PROBABLY DIE

On the toilet, like so many before me...

Surprised I finally had an orgasm

Telling one too many racist jokes

Canadian geese attack

Heart disease

Crushed by a vending machine as I hit it to try to get free candy

I will hold in a fart for so long that the gas build-up in my body will cause my head to pop off

Headbutting a moving train

Starving myself to look beautiful

High blood pressure...can't get 'nuff of that salt

How do short people even die?

It's a sunny day, Los Angeles. I cross the street with tempo and a relatively ambivalent appreciation of life. I smile as the sun glints off of a young girl's sequined costume dress and suddenly a motherfucking bus hits my ass before I even have time to scream, so I die smiling.

Choking on a deep-fried, cheese-covered bagel bite

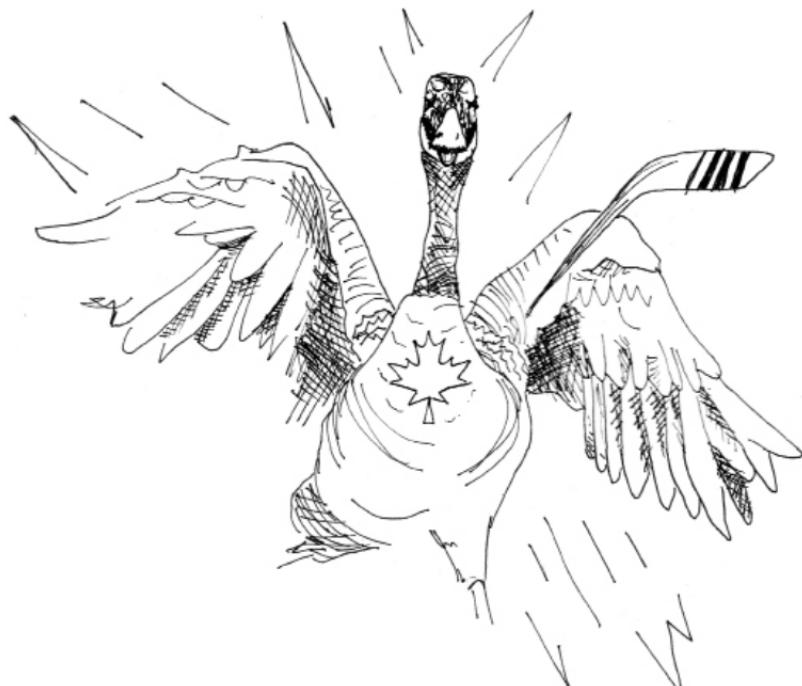
Taking a bunch of sleeping pills in a filled bathtub. I still consider it sometimes.

Freak carrot cake incident

Masturbating to Megan Fox pictures while being lit on fire by angry Catholic nuns

Bit by a house cat. Cats have dirty mouths.

Alone in the world with a little fat man



two things that should NEVER be mixed

socks & semen (and yet, it happens occasionally)

absinthe & bowling parties

peeing in a field & a poor sense of balance

glitter & sex (it never goes away)

ritalin & a voice lesson

insomnia & Jim Carrey's video diaries

sex & med students

nick b & asian girls. seeeeeeeeeeeriously.

longing & free alcohol



people from crafts house & other people from tufts

chicken bullion & pepto bismol

8-year-olds & breast feeding

gold bond creme & one's butthole

spite & social media passwords

sneezing & handshakes

pistachios & weed

whatever they put in arts haus punch

confessions

I offered to give you a blow job WAY too early on in our relationship.

I'm sorry I never told you the cookie dough you ate on New Years had been puked in. But by that point you'd taken a few bites and I had to leave the room.

I blew my nose in the tissue you just used to wipe your face.

Sometimes I lie to my boyfriend so I can play Sims 3.

We hooked up this summer, and that was cool, but I WANNA FUCK ALL YOUR FRIENDS NOW. Is that ok?

I reassure myself through feedback from Hot or Not and OkCupid that I might actually get a girlfriend someday.

I'm scared to lose my virginity because I don't want to get blood on my bed.

20-year-old virgin who can't wait to have lots of sex.

I have a hard time understanding Gender Studies as a legitimate career path.

I've never told you but your hat is really ugly.

I've made it a goal to become greater than the Tisch Masturbator by wanking in every building (every blessed one) on campus.

The first time I tried chewing tobacco was with a group of 13-year-olds....when I was 20.

I had a dream that my dad was feeling me up in a theater and I was only upset because he wasn't doing a very good job.

I made up elaborate lies and still couldn't get into a TDC dance.

President Bacow told me that I was the only person who he ever had to speak to twice about being TEMSed and sent to the hospital.

I'm an alcoholic.

I am R. Kelly.



**When my \$200,000 education
fails me, I will...**

fall apart.

pretend it didn't and hope my parents don't notice.

do LOTS of drugs.

write an extensive biography of Courtney Love.

work at the strip club/breakfast joint called Legs and Eggs.

pee on Ballou.



open a bake shop that doesn't horribly over-frost their pastries.

make meth. More than easy given some of the labs I've been in. I don't even know if this is a joke.

enroll in Kindergarten again and figure out where things went wrong.

become an impoverished fisherman off the coast of Mexico.

tend the seediest bar I can find and rely on poetry and stale bread for nourishment.

smoke dat kussshhh and eat some pussy.

be part of every research study ever.

shit on people's doorsteps.

become a drunken vagabond. Except probably not drunk because I'll be too broke for alcohol.

sue Tufts.

work the street corners like I always do.

get my MBA at Harvard and become a stripper to spite my father.

occupy something.

strangest thing you've ever done with your hands

Got into the habit of holding my boobs during class

Wiping

I once tried to give my friend's pet fish a massage while I was high

Fingered a girl while using the remaining fingers to make myself throw-up

Massaged someone with gravy

Searched for a Q-tip I lost in my vagina

Fished mini-marshmallows out of a toilet

Showed a birthmark on my vulva to my two friends at my 12th birthday party

Signed a petition for cloning Elvis



what is your ____ doing in my ____ ?!?

gay, boyfriend

NuvaRing, bathroom

hot ladyfriend, dreams

Russian nesting doll, Ukrainian nesting doll

vibrator, shower caddy



cockroach, brassiere

penis, nutella

leg hair, kitchen

diary, hands

naked mother, bed

NEW YEARS TEXTS

Fccuk theworl s gonna end but dowe kniow what mothn??!

MY DICK. YOUR LIPS. HAPPY AMERICA.

Happy bee yety!!; Ad cF as; sorry i'm very rrino

I think you havra a cute face.

It's the fact that I couldn't send any that is probably worse..

Hoppy my yea! (Happy new year! in fake-drunk)

I'm currently in ***'s room, wearing lacy white lingerie she got for a dollar from the salvation army, and stuffing a 7 inch peppered salami into her sex lamb blow up doll. how does this happen? [later] Also only with *** would I accidentally end up at a BDSM Christmas pajama party

Attacks of mah hairs! AHHHHHHHhhhhhhhHHHH

Puhnhnuhnuh Kuhnuhnuhnuh

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!

how's your AARP party going?



“baby ocelot”...what?!?

threesome?

Stopit... This is a dream. ppl still railing to dup[step].

Hey, wanna participate in 12 in 12? 12 girls in 2012, and I gotta start somewhere.

fuck yeah it's an open bar for the next 5 minutes

CHAMPAGNE DREAMS AND BUBBLEGUM
BOYFRIENDS FOREVER

more confessions

I didn't actually go out, I stayed in my room the entire night and texted you pretending that I was stuck at another club and that's why I couldn't meet you.

I dreamt I was masturbating with a chicken strip instead of my hand, meanwhile nibbling on the other end. The next time I ate chicken strips I got really turned on.

At spring fling last year, I woke up to a cop taking nips out of my pockets...we've been friends ever since...

For the first week of freshman year, I couldn't find the dish carousel in Carm so I just left my dirty dishes by the cereal.

I once snorted a line of salt in 9th grade for \$5. My nose then started to bleed.

I had sex in the Crafts Center.

I once had sex under the table in the Sophia Gordon study room.

If you have a thick, but not long, lumberjack beard, I will hook up with you.

Anthony Monaco reminds me of that dog from "Up."

I am obsessed with babies and pregnant women.
Whenever I see them on the T, I have to remind myself
to stop staring and smiling in a somewhat creepy way.

My most exciting and emotional dreams are those when
I have a chronic illness and I get to see who comes to
visit in the hospital. It's never who I expect.

I've never really looked at my own vagina.



When I first got my new Macbook Pro for college, I
didn't masturbate for a good 3 weeks because I didn't
want to ruin the "innocence" of my new computer with
porn.

This one time, I bruised my dick. Like, actually.

Your semen tastes like persimmon.

THE SANDWICH

The girl wants a sandwich. She has never eaten a sandwich before, but now they're all she thinks about. For the longest time, she had convinced herself that sandwiches were no good. She was so sure that they would make her sick or, in the very least, taste awful. Everyone else loves sandwiches, can't believe she doesn't eat sandwiches, tries to take her soup away from her, etc. But she always stood her ground. "I can eat sandwiches when I die!" she said. "There are far more important things than sandwiches," she said.

But today she wants a goddamn sandwich, goddamn it.

So she finds the perfect ingredients, the perfect knife and the perfect gingham picnic blanket, and she sets out to make the perfect sandwich. When she's finished making the sandwich, she brings it to her lips, opens her mouth, and then stops. "Do I really want to eat this fucking sandwich?" she asks herself. "It could be gross. This is the first time I've ever even made a sandwich... it could be *really* gross." She debates whether or not she should eat the sandwich for quite a while. Then she realizes that the sandwich is waiting, too. "Sometime this year would be nice," says the sandwich. "Oh shit," says the girl. "I did not factor you into this decision at all." "Yeah, I noticed," says the sandwich. "You went through all the trouble of making me as delicious and ready-to-eat as possible and now you're not even going to eat me?" The girl thinks that the sandwich is making a pretty compelling argument.

"You're making a pretty compelling argument," says the girl.

But the girl knows that her stomach will hurt if she finishes the sandwich. And she knows that once the sandwich is gone, it's gone. So she takes exactly one bite. Then she looks down at the sandwich and he looks so pleased. "Are you pleased?" asks the girl. "Very pleased," replies the sandwich. "And you shouldn't feel like you have to finish. You shouldn't do anything you don't want to do," he assures her. "But wait, before you leave, you've got a speck of mustard on your lip that you might want to take care of." And that's my story about a good old-fashioned blowjob.



pet names for your genitalia

poulaki. It's Greek for "little birdie".

My vagina's name is Lolita.

her name is vaJune

The Decision

The Octagon

Wonderkitty

Regis Philbin

Justice.

Big Bad Boris

The Cookie Monster

Mrs. Valerie Beansprout

Spot, because of the freckle

Gandalf and the two hobbits.

"The Doctor," i.e. "The Doctor is in."

I call my boyfriend's penis MUFASA

Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band



shit tufts people say

Shit ____ Say is offensive because it promotes stereotypes that boil down people, groups, and cultures in a way that reinforces the very negative hegemonic institutions they purportedly try to satire.

He's black - which automatically makes him awesome.

I would never have actually run NQR, I just wanted the option!

That's definitely a bias incident.

Our endowment is all going to the creepy blue and red underlighting of the benches in the Campus Center!!

When I was on birthright...

OMG, YOU'RE A BUB?!

I'm thinking of doing IR.



I might have to drop my PJS class on Social Welfare and take that PS class on Socialized Welfare.

I'm totally taking Race in America next semester.

That's sooo HETERONORMATIVE.

c o n f e s s e d

I actually graduated already.

I figured out your schedule and take absurd routes to class so our paths cross.

I hate who my best friend has become.

I think my mom is happier since my dad died.

I hate you because of your religion.

Sometimes I feel like I was just a lottery number to my suitemates.

I can never remember a time when I looked up to anyone in my family.

I miss collegeACB with a fiery passion.

I'm jealous of people who want to move in with their significant other after graduation, because I don't.

I like my face but not my body.

My boobs grew and now it makes me uncomfortable to realize that I actually sort of have cleavage.

When I went abroad, I got a map of Europe and put a pin in every country that I had sex in.

My best friend is a girl. I am a girl. We're both into guys, but I'd still love to take her virginity.

I can't decide if I want my first time to be with a special someone I love...or a drunken stranger to get it over with.

The best sex I've ever had has been with my two best female friends.

The best orgasms I've ever had I gave to myself.

I liked her so much I masturbated to her profile picture every day for a week.

I was so relieved he had a big penis.

Zoloft permanently killed my sex drive and now I just cuddle.

I honestly did not know girls could be as horny as I am right now.

6 MONTHS 26 DAYS

It's been six months and twenty-six days. I'm stuck in this post-breakup purgatory and seventy percent of the time I think it will never end because I can't seem to shake this twisted, masochistic hope that if I'm sad enough for long enough, you'll come back to me. What's actually sad is that I know you won't ever come back to me, but I still do this weird, fucked up thing where I let myself believe that what I do is still relevant to you. I can't help it.

Like that new dress I bought because this melodramatic scene flickered through my head of you running into me in it in a couple weeks at a Christmas party and thinking I looked sexy enough to pin up against a wall again even if it's just for one night. Or that new song I downloaded that I've already listened to twenty-six times and thought each time how I want nothing more than to somehow arrange for us to go driving along the coast like we used to and play it so that you can marvel at how sophisticated my musical palate has become since our blowout when you left me standing alone in the quad of your stupid college. If only you knew how much cooler I've gotten in the past six months and twenty-six days.

I keep trying to tell myself I'm better without you. On particularly bad days, I grab a pen and scrawl lame self-affirming phrases across a notebook page:

“I have friends and family who love me.”

“I am a worthwhile person.”

“I have princess hair and a great ass.”

I feast on these lies—suck down the bullshit, binge on the mantras until I can't breathe and my ego is so engorged I think I can solve world hunger and find the cure for lymphoma just by wiggling my little finger...

...That's when I open my desk cabinet and see that picture of you—the one with you in your suit all handsome and coiffed and gentlemanly; the one that any normal person would have torn up and burned ages ago—and all I want to do is turn on John Mayer and cry myself to sleep. Seventy percent of the time, I do. Except I can't even escape you when I sleep because there's a little dream-You in my brain.

Once, after I spent the entire winter sobbing to my girlfriends that I was cursed to be single for the rest of eternity, this really nice, decent guy asked me on a date. At first, the conversation went pretty well. We agreed that the weather was getting nicer, that our science classes were hard, that we were excited for summer. But then he told me he was studying to be an engineer... was a track athlete... liked Led Zeppelin... That's when things got weird.

'Cause you're studying to be an engineer.

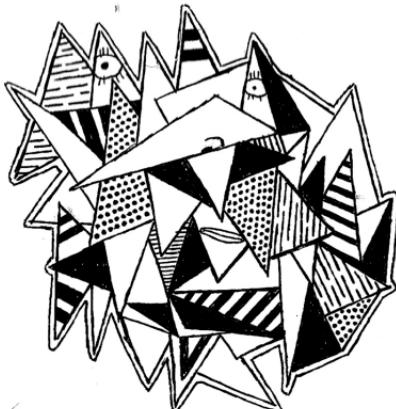
And I met you when you joined the track team.

And your Led Zeppelin vinyl was what you made me listen to when we played chess together on rainy days like an old married couple. Remember?

It was like this dam in my brain suddenly burst into pieces and all of these memories started flooding my thoughts, and filling my mouth, and finally they splashed from my lips and I started drowning him in this pathetic puddle of you and me and our past. I must have mentioned you thirty or forty times. Even worse, I referred to you as my boyfriend. Three times. Not my ex-boyfriend. Not my previous boyfriend. My boyfriend, for God's sake. I'm pretty sure I read somewhere in Cosmo that mentioning old boyfriends was the ultimate first-date faux pas...I guess I would agree because I didn't get asked out on a second date.

Even as I'm writing this, a small part of me hopes that somehow you'll come across what I've written about you and feel moved. Moved to tears, maybe. Or even moved enough to chase me like I wanted you to (was that really asking too much?). But let's be real: you'll probably never see this and the only moving you've done is to Los Angeles, where you've probably found a new girl to play your Led Zeppelin vinyl for. She's probably better than me at chess, too.

Did I mention I miss you?





missed connections

You said you would Facebook friend me! WHY haven't you Facebook friended me!?!?

WHERE is that short girl with those small round glasses this semester!?!? I miss her!!! She was one hot tamale.

Tiny, blonde girl on the soccer team. I'd talk to you at the gym, but you look so intense.

Dark handsome guy who occasionally works the register in Dewick and smiles at me - I can't remember your name or how I know you.

I accidentally stalked you once, but I think we can work through that.

One time I grabbed a handful out of the Dewick cereal bin with my bare hand and you said, "That's disgusting." When will we speak again?

I should have made a move when I was your "tutor" and we spent all that time together.

I AM UNHEALTHILY IN LOVE MY TA. Why, God, WHY does he have a girlfriend?? I love everything about him. His bad jokes, his nerdy rants, his yellow socks. I'm willing to overlook the fact that in a certain light he looks like he might be a ginger.

We made eyes at each other in Brown and Brew for at least twenty minutes. Lots of eye contact. Then you put on your scarf and hat and walked away! You looked great in that cardigan.

Boy. Always in the Rez. Dark, curly hair. You're an odd blend of stereotypes, but I like it.

Tufts was deeply entrenched in finals. We were both walking home at 1 am, having both clearly decided to ditch Late Night Study. We crossed paths and smiled at each other, then you crossed the street but we kept walking in the same direction. I saw you look back at me, twice, before you turned onto your street. I don't know who you are -- I could barely see you in the dark -- but somehow that little exchange made my night.



**you really should have told me
to leave the room before you...**

whipped it out.

tattooed his nipples.

started headbanging to DEATH METAL....AAAARG-
GGGGGGHHHHHH,

pulled out your used tampon in front of me.

started blasting Vamos a la Playa.

wore the voodoo hat.

started having skypesex with your boyfriend.

started juggling alligators.

started watching anime porn with your headphones in
but turned up so loud I could still hear every detail!

started talking about computer science for an hour
because I DO NOT CARE.

jumped my bones in the common room that one time.

started crying while watching tv.

turned into the Hulk and crushed me.



farted.

masturbated.

started farting.

started masturbating.

farted and pretended to be asleep.

started masturbating in the next stall over.

let off that stink bomb.





embarrassing injuries

I deep-tissue bruised my right knee slipping in a puddle of Bailey's at a holiday party in Hodgdon my freshman year.

I stuck my hand in a food processor and am thus missing the tip of my finger. It happened because I was too busy rocking out to Stevie Wonder to pay attention to what I was doing.

In the fourth grade I suffered from testicular contortion (where one nut twists around the other) for a full three days before anyone took me seriously enough to give me a ride to the hospital.

A guy once tried to perform anal sex on me, but my body wouldn't have it. He kept trying and trying, but my anus wouldn't let him in. The result, I found out, was that I got a hemorrhoid from the whole ordeal...

Caused one: when I really hurt your butt because we wanted to try anal but didn't really think the whole thing through.

I was yelling at a townie who was watching NQR last year, but didnt watch where I was going, tripped over a trash can and scraped off my nipple. Adios, nipple.

Snipped off a chunk of my labia while trimming...down there.

Chipped front tooth à la 40 oz. of Olde English.

I sat around browsing Tumblr for so long that when I attempted to stand up, my leg completely gave out and I twisted my ankle. I told Health Services that I fell while running.

Broke my collarbone falling off a hayride.

I skinned my knee masturbating.

I twisted my ankle picking a wedgie.

Falling down the stairs at 123
onto the guy I had just
hooked up with.



outdated expressions you wish people still used

“Fetch the whipping boy!”

“Jupiter’s cock!”

Saying “gams” for legs, like in the 1920s.

“Cold as a witch’s tit”

“What are you wiggin’ out for?”

“What the Sam?!”

“I’ve taken on a lover.”

“Thank You”

bad puns

The Virgin Mary being a virgin? That’s inconceivable!

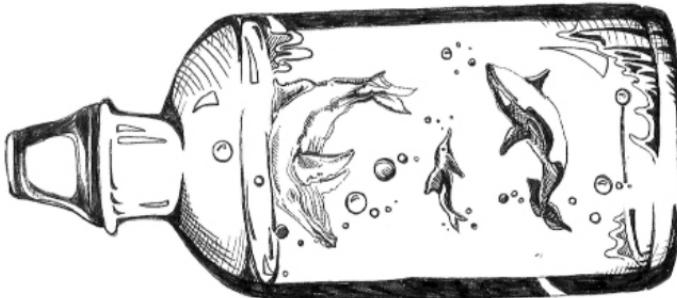
What do you say to a guy who has his dick stuck in a jar of peanut butter? You’re fucking nuts.

Did you hear about the man who was mauled by the bear? I heard it was rather...Grizzly.

How do you get a discount from a hooker who specializes in taking poops on you? Give her a poop-on.

I once tried to catch some fog around campus, but I mist.

giant things you wish were tiny & tiny things you wish were giant



California and Delaware, respectively

EVERYTHING. I WISH THE WHOLE WORLD
WAS A DOLLHOUSE IS THAT WEIRD

I wish the pimple on my dick would shrink, and my dick would grow, because the balance between the two is disturbing.

I wish whales were tiny so I could have one as a pet to carry around in my water bottle. And I wish snowflakes were giant for no particular reason whatsoever.

I wish the hill was tiny. I wish snowflakes were giant.

my boobs, your boobs

giants, alice in wonderland when she gets teensy

TINY TOP HATS

worst lie/excuse you've ever told

I didn't know she was a dude...

I told a professor I couldn't make class because I was at a funeral (the exact location of which I can't recall.. but it certainly wasn't in Medford.) Then I ran into my professor on the Joey.

I told her I loved her for months. Every time I said it, I meant it less, and that terrifies me because I don't know how to stop telling her.

When I was 4, my mom found a pair of my underwear lying in the hallway and asked me how they got there. I told her my goldfish put them there.

Telling my first grade teacher that a made-up cousin died so I could go to Disney World's 25th anniversary celebration.

I made it sound like my boyfriend was suicidal to get an excused absence from a 3-hour class.

Whenever I ask my roommates for an extra AA battery "for my alarm clock" it is always actually for my vibrator.

Lying that I had more than 23 people in my book club. I'm not even in a book club.

I just broke a mirror. I think if we start anything between us now, we're doomed with bad luck...

(To a boy I was dancing with at a party): “Sorry, I can’t get a meal with you; I sleep through all my meals!”

There was this girl in my school who was a huge jerk and bully. She would make mean comments just to get a rise out of people. I told my teacher she said something she didn’t, and that was the last straw - she was expelled. Maybe it would have happened anyway, but I can’t help thinking it’s my fault she was expelled. (This was second grade!)

“I have to go shave my cactus.”





*On the 7th day of Hanukkah, my
true love gave to me...*

stackable tupperware. What the fuck.

a little pouch that says “i love money” that had a pack of Obama mints inside.

coal...for my hookah.

free tickets to the Holocaust museum.

a fucking onesie with hearts on it.

socks and socks and then some socks.

a shakeweight.

the clap.

a GIANT Twilight poster.

50 dollars worth of Montana state quarters.

pooh bear plates.

a blowjob in a nursery.

I hate the sound of...

Jason Derulo saying his name.

Kleenex Tissue ripping.

baby talk.

wet skin slapping together.

B.E.A.T.S, but only sometimes.

oral sex.

popsicle wrappers peeling off a particularly icy popsicle.

forced hall snacks.



dubstep.

people crying.

nails being filed.

the Joey driving away.

my sister having sex.

rich people whinin'.

children's laughter.

silence, because it means I can't pee.

a used condom coming off.

competitive complaining.

squirrels barking/crying.

the word "scalp".

people's jeans as they walk.

people that make noises when they watch movies like those little sighs of agreement/horror.

Irish accents.

smart girls staying stupid things.

my vibrator. Way too loud.

sniffling. Get a damn tissue.

other people makin' out.

people swallowing.

my girlfriend.

The class I'd take if Tufts offered it

Intro to Africana Studies

Lifecycle of Avocado

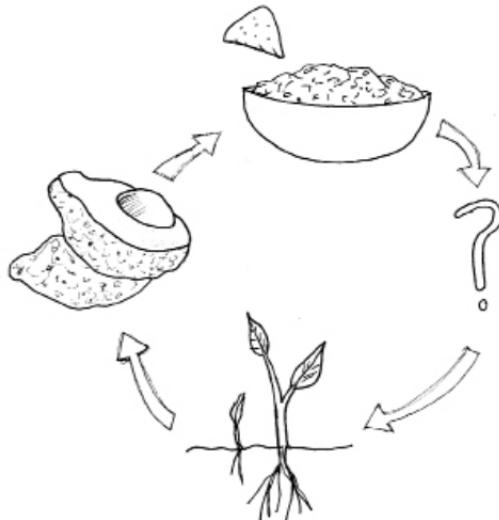
Gettin' High with Household Chemistry

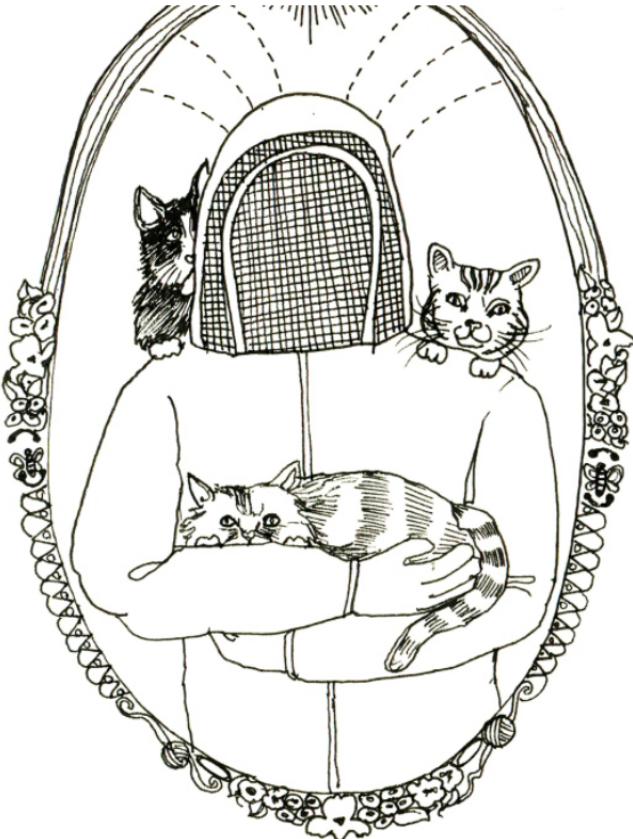
The Art of Breakfast Cereals

How to be a Sex Ninja

Beekeeping for Future Cat Ladies

Intermediate Reverse Bragging





Zumba and Gender Roles

How to Properly Shave Your Pussy

Pickling 101

Eating Girls Out 101

The History of Candy & Sweets

Math That's Actually Interesting

I was really into you until I found out you...

were really into me.

are actually a bit stupid.

are a cat.

weren't a cat.

don't like cats.

named your testicles.

have baby hands.

were pro-Israel.

didn't like Pokemon.

used "u" instead of "you" in your texts.

kissed like a dog.

cannot function without marijuana.

use peanut butter as lube.



are really racist, but in a way you wouldn't think was racist. Killin me, whiteboys, COME ON.

think Joanna Newsom's voice is whiny.

can't flip a cup.

scrape your fork on your teeth when you eat.

went on Wilderness Orientation.

have a 9 inch penis.

have a 3 inch penis.

are taking EPIIC.

wanted to bake cookies together.

were a part of 2015.

were only into yourself.

got drunk and asked my roommate to join us for a threesome.

were the worst.

...nope, still into you.

sincerely, some tufts student

I thought ‘suffrage’ was a synonym for ‘suffering’. Things make much more sense now.

Sometimes I linger by the dishes in Carm or Dewick because I like the song they’re playing in the dishroom.

You really piss me off most of the time, but I like kissing you.

I don’t love you anymore, but I won’t break up with you until after we graduate because I don’t want senior year to be miserable.

I’m learning German so that I can impress a 16-year-old girl I met abroad.

I want to have sex but I don’t want him to see me naked.

I think Franzia tastes good...







the end

