

# THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

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An anthology of truth.  
A journal for the public.

*Fall 2014*  
*Tufts University*

**QUAIL QUEENS**

Kara Cochran

Laura Friedman

**FRIED FINCH**

Daniel Macdonald

**CUDDLE DOVES**

Abigail McFee

Alexandra Barkin

Amy Bu

Anastasia Antonova

Anna Oremland

Cameron Fisher

Cecily Lo

Daria Thames

Drew Zeiba

Eliza Dillaway

Hailey Gavin

Ilona Balagula

Iqra Ashgar

Jade Chan

Jen Che

Jessica Lu

Julia Stein

Kathryn Tweel

Katie Mihalek

Kayla Williamson

Nora Fleming

Ray Bernoff

Sofia Vizitiu

*Contact:*

*TuftsPublicJournal@gmail.com*

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Initial concept by:

J. Green & D. Greif

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Dear Tufts,

For the past four years we've had the privilege to sift through your most private thoughts. Year after year we are struck by the honesty and humor with which you share your experiences. Each and every semester we hear that people feel alone in navigating this campus. And in a way we are alone, no two experiences are identical. While the details of your submissions may feel so personal, specific, and un-generalizable, the moment you click 'submit' they become part of something larger. From our vantage point we are able to see the collective. Almost every submission we receive is echoed, reinforced, or complemented by a host of others. For every person who fills out the form feeling alone, there's likely someone else on this campus, maybe just across the hall, that feels the same. You might find their voice next to yours somewhere in these pages. Even if your actual voice is nowhere to be found in this journal, we hope that you can recognize it in those of your peers. In the time that you have left here, we ask that you listen to each other. This journal is a good place to start.

<3 Kara & Laura

**SAPPHIRE CASH**

Find a Jewel "◆" symbol in any spot and win the prize shown. Get a "5X" symbol in any spot and win 5 TIMES that prize automatically.

TICKET #  
221



# THINGS I OVERLOOK BECAUSE I LOVE YOU

That you confuse your and you're

you watched part of hotel for dogs on a plane, even though we promised each other to never see it

That we haven't had real conversation or sex for a month

Your age

you fart publicly with no shame. (maybe it's the reason I love you)

Our 9" height difference.

Your boyfriend. He is a lazy, rude, messy, and when our toilet got clogged with diarrhea I KNOW it was him.

my self-interest

you own TEVAS...actually, not willing to overlook it

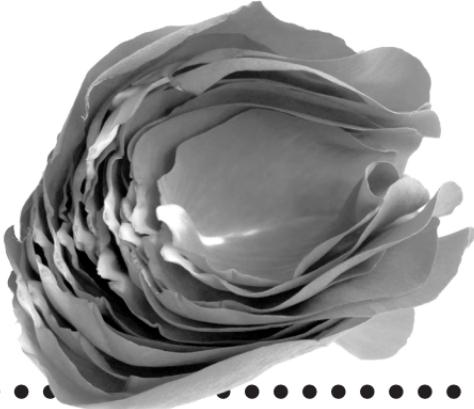
the way you pronounce 'milk'

Cargo pants.

you mouth-breathe when we watch 3o Rock

everything

Anything



# TINDER OPENING LINES

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Do you know how to make fruit smoothies or guacamole?

How would you dispose of a body?

I started using this app ironically but now that I'm alone I think I'm in love with you.

I see we both like Lady Gaga, Synesthesia, Facebook

If I took every chair out of the room would you sit on my face?

let's add a little tinder to this fire ;)

Are you the SAT? Cuz I'd do you for 3 hours and 45 minutes with a ten minute break for snacks, but absolutely no talking during that break.

How do you feel about baby pools?

heyyy

nice eyes! pics?????

you owe me

mom?

"you have three words to tell me how you like your oral sex"

did you swipe right accidentally or

I was really sad the other day so i dug a hole and climbed in and pretended i was a carrot. know what i mean?

...mom?



 Back

More

Nov 19, 2013, 5:00 PM

I think my house is haunted

Oh I'm sorry to hear that

Yeah it's a real mess I have  
a priest coming tonight  
though hopefully that clears  
some things up

Yeah I really hope it does.

I think it will. It all started  
after Halloween when I had  
a lot of open candy bars  
everywhere and like  
chocolate littered around  
the house. It must have  
attracted ghosts because  
soon I started seeing ants  
everywhere which is a  
definite sign of the spooks if  
you know what I mean.  
Anyway I left out more food

Message

Send

 Back

More

Well that's the thing they don't do much but I KNOW they're there. Sometimes I'll have good out to appease them and a little bit is gone in the morning. Also you know the whole ants thing is the ghosts fault so there's that

Food out\*\*\*



Well that's good that they're not bothering tou

It's just their presence that bothers me



Yeah I understand. That's scary.

Nov 19, 2013, 6:17 PM

So anyway do you wanna hookup or something

Message

Send

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I'm not your fucking therapist. When did I become your fucking therapist? I've never asked for your support and I never open up to you; we're just not that close emotionally. And I think that's fine, not everyone has to be really close with their parents. I think people should develop those relationships with people they feel most comfortable with, and I'm just not that comfortable having heart-to-hearts with you. But ever since we talked about Dad's depression diagnosis, you seem to think that because I'm majoring in Psych I can sit around and listen to you ramble for hours.

I'm not your fucking therapist. I'm not anyone's fucking therapist. I can listen and offer advice, but I can't be a receptacle for the shit-storm that's brewing in your head. Frankly, you're not that high on my priority list, and I don't feel shitty saying it. You have a therapist, talk to him, that's what he's paid to do. Just because you're paying for my education doesn't mean you can hijack my day to dump your seemingly endless strife on me. I can't deal with that.

I'm not your fucking therapist. I need my own fucking therapist. I have my own problems, my own challenges. I still have to come to terms with the fact that Dad now joins what seems like a mental illness epidemic in my life. I have to try get to sleep at night thinking about whether he can bring himself to get up in the morning, to urge himself to interact with anyone, to even conjure up the will to keep living. I have to pretend like everything's fine when I go to class, when I lead meetings, when I try to exist as functional human being. It's too much.

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I'm not your fucking therapist. I'm just your son. If this all makes me a bad son then so be it. I'm not your fucking therapist.

# ALTERNATIVE USES FOR EVERYDAY OBJECTS

grapefruit = blow job assistant (google it!)

Lie on a tennis ball. It'll work out the knots in your back.

wine as your best friend

anything is a dildo if you believe in yourself (aka sunglasses, gatorade bottles, etc)

biology textbook as a ball and chain to drag you into the inky deep

Clothes hanger with clips. Clip one end to your laptop screen and the other to your papers so you can read your notes and do stuff online at the same time.

cheese as an antidepressant

Put a sock around a mason jar and it's like a hip travel mug. I saw some girl doing this in my math class and she was having a ball.

Lazy poodle = impromptu mop

hair straightener = makeshift panini grillier

strand of hair = best floss evah

Lab goggles to carry copious amounts of dewick fruit

Boxed wine bag as a pillow.



# I KNEW YOU WERE A FRESHMAN/SENIOR WHEN YOU

said “I’m really excited to go to the library!”

asked me how to get out of carm

wore that lanyard

freshman, immediately wrote your name in the upper right hand corner of every handout we got in class

(freshman) I didn’t know what you meant by the Joey’s sigh until an upperclassman explained it to me.

asked me if the “Hogdon restaurant” was open

freshman, talked about your AP tests | senior, responded “basic bitch”

stated on the Joey that JP Licks is overrated. idk who you are freshman rando but I guess more for me.

asked what NQR is

started critiquing mainstream feminism like you were the first one ever to do so

made your printing password twelve digits long.

I knew you were a freshman the second you asked if Moe's is a chain restaurant

said, "yo, houston is the place to be man!"

puking at spring fling

raised your hand and asked the professor to use to restroom in the middle of class

tried to use your finger on tisch's printing touchscreen

i stopped going to class completely

asked if you had to speak Spanish to attend a La Casa party

Asked me to buy you beer "in a large enough quantity to share with friends"

started crying/ whooping with glee when the football team won

Excitedly told me that the frats were opening.

insulted my outfit in a British accent



# **why is the joey sighing**

You would sigh too if you had that many ugly tufts kids inside you  
every day

orgasm

His dad left to get a pack of cigarettes and never came back (he  
checks every time they pass through Davis)

it read your study abroad wordpress

It's a whale call

Its life is an uphill battle. It keeps going in circles. It's TIRED.  
Sorry.

Because it relaxes the butthole

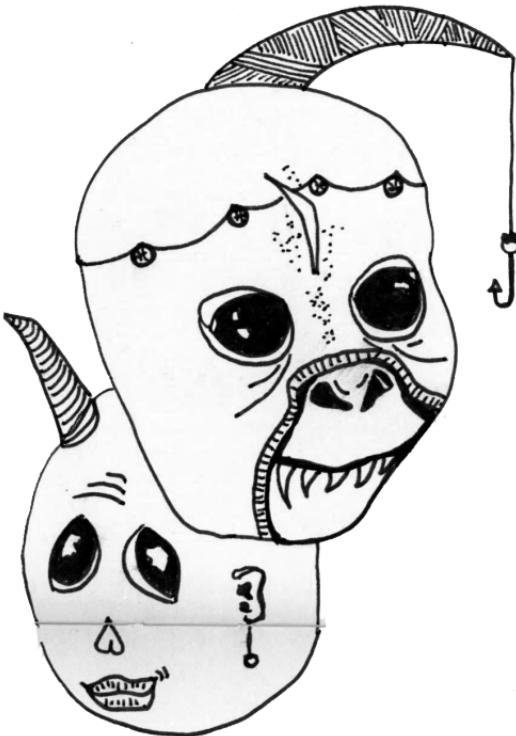
is this a trick question

Marsupial biddies tend to go for older men

Probably water in the carburetor.

still feels guilty from hitting that biker

the inevitable heat death of the universe



Someone once asked me what my favorite plant was, as we were lying in bed trying not to think about the sex we would probably have later that night. I had no true answer at the time so I made up some bullshit like Basil or something (which is quite delicious, but in no way deserves the title "My Favorite Plant").

I now realize that I had no response because I hadn't been to the Southern Scenic Route yet and stopped at the rocky beach with lazy angry seals and observed a little piece of wonderful that goes by the name of Kelp. At first glance you don't know if what you're observing is loose rocks or some animal or even a dead body being kicked around by waves. Then you realize that it's actually a plant, with long tentacles that rise and fall with the pulsing of the water, weaving through the waves without ever moving. The fact that the Kelp doesn't drift off into the wide ocean is the biggest wonder of all. The previously-mentioned tentacles stay stuck to the wet, slimy rock even as they get beaten and battered over and over again. Materials Science has taught me that with similar repeated motions, the strongest of steels snap. But the Kelps are just stuck. I even gripped the light-toned base, my fingers barely making it all the way around, and attempted to pull the plant off. But the Kelp didn't budge and then I got hit by a wave and cut up my feet on barnacles.

# WORST CUDDLING EXPERIENCE

forced into a ‘cuddle puddle’, bronny kept  
putting his hand on my boob

we were watching the dr. bronner’s documentary  
and he just...kept...burping

He licked my neck a la Daniel Day Lewis in My Beautiful  
Laundrette

My cat bit me

period blood everywhere

people have bad cuddling experiences? how could you fuck it up?  
literally just lie there with another human and touch each other

my face fell asleep

was drunk. threw up on cudlee

a guy cut my leg with his broken toenail and drew blood

every time the small spoon has poofy hair



# **When I Wasn't Thinking About You During Sex, I Was Thinking About...**

your sweat dripping from your armpit hair onto my face ugh

Marx's economic policies (you last longer)

the concept of getting fingered at the gynocologist

why I'll never be able to fucking memorize Dewick and Carm  
closing hours

the end of Studio Ghibli

nicki minaj thinking about jessica biel

you not during sex.

how much dessert I had at Carm

Carob covered almonds from Whole Foods.

My gender and sexuality studies honors thesis

the weird sounds that accompany sex

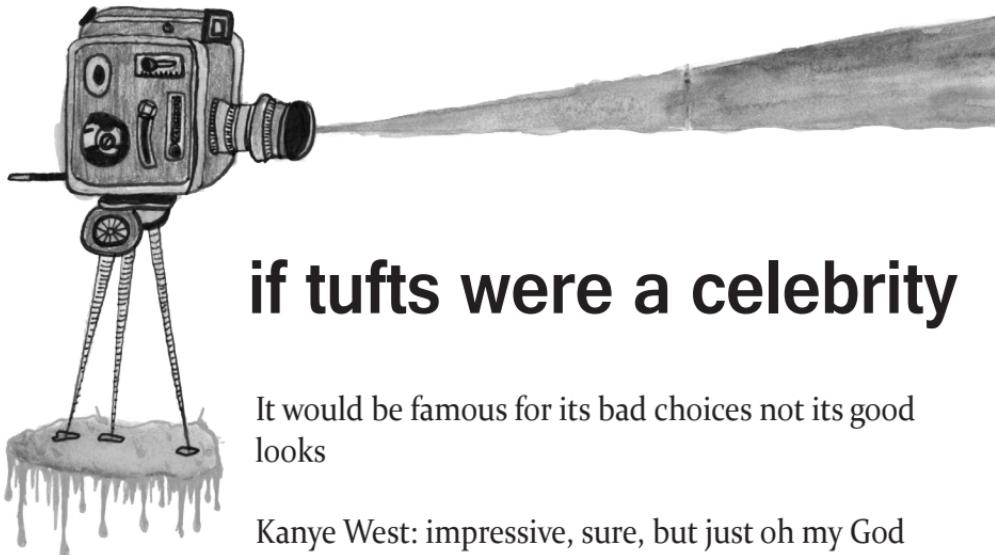
my favorite plant

If it'd be weird to start eating fruit snacks right now

Tony Monaco's dead fish handshake. So comforting - safe.

runescape circa 2007





## if tufts were a celebrity

It would be famous for its bad choices not its good looks

Kanye West: impressive, sure, but just oh my God shut the fuck up

Michael Cera

Lupita N'yongo on the best days, Jennifer Lawrence on the others.

ron paul 2012

it'd be ignored until it would leak a sex tape

Andrew Garfield, spiffy and smart with an ambiguous sexuality

It's be a mix between Miley Cyrus and Erykah Badu

Susan Boyle ten years from now

Ze would ask to be addressed as “ze”

Benedick Cucumbersnatch

Alan Ruck (specifically as Cameron from Ferris Bueller's Day Off)

blue (little) ivy

# LET'S TALK ABOUT THE RAIN GARDEN

Construction woke me up all of freshman year now ????????

It's fun to run through if you stick your arms out like an airplane,  
lean forward, and make whizzing noises.

honestly i'm down with it, i took some rocks from there and  
painted them in the crafts center

Fuck the raingarden that shit was built between the hours of  
6-9am outside my Hodgdon window.

How many gallons of excavator fuel for this small, green-washed  
plateau of gravel?

one time I saw a girl drawing in the dirt with a stick in the rain-garden and I totally related. Some days you just got to go draw in the dirt like a little kid and pretend the rest of the world does not exist.

not a bad place for an orgy

"You live in Tilton too? Let blaze in the rain garden!"

I'm pretty sure it rains on the sidewalk, too

Public Litter Box #1

Each time I step only on the square steps, I feel like a sperm swimming to an egg.





काली  
TIME,  
Bringer of Death  
KALI-MA

I.

I pretend to go to sleep earlier than I really do so I can stay up and read without being bothered. When we're together, when I'm with anyone, I mostly want to be alone.

II.

Remember in the backyard, elementary school by the swing set we joked that we'd give you twenty bucks if you ran around the house pants down. You both did it. Dicks flopping, innocent and weird. Then gone, split, cleavage furrow, mitosis, I dunno. Distance. Never paid you either.

III.

We had drinks at the hotel bar. Four or five each. We had been drinking all day anyway, not drunk, but those weekends where you never stop drinking. Like it's water. Have to piss a lot. Leave a tip. Five. Blue bill, never feels real when you pay in a currency that isn't your own. I'm always afraid they won't accept it. Order you room service later, the TV is on. You want a burger. The door knocks and you hide in the bathroom, I go get the door, sign for it. I'm a little spinning like global motion. One of the same guys from downstairs. French-Canadian accent, wants to know why I didn't tip him. I'm yelling, just cause I'm drunk now, can he tell?, wavering back and forth like those Japanese skyscrapers, earthquake proof or something. I tipped you, other guy must of stolen it we agree, he furrows his brow. I tip him extra now, in coins of value. Foreign for six hours northwestish. You eat, I drink a few more beers, I open the gin when you're not looking, we pass out without touching.

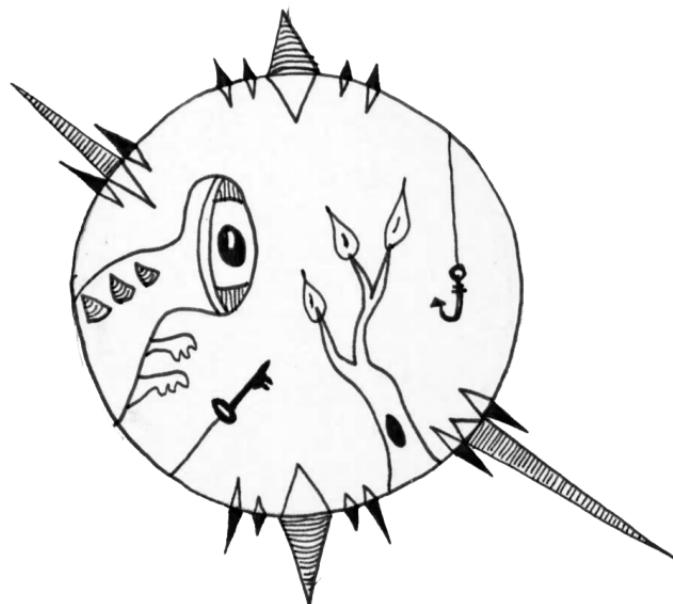
IV.

My brother flipped on my lights, the yellow loud like a tidal wave, like it's not even 6:00 can you leave me alone. I need a ride to school. No. I can just stay home. I'll give you a ride. It was three

degrees out. Negative fourteen with the wind. Arctic, like tundra and permafrost riding on the air into my skin and fingernails and underwear. My car rocks and shimmies and sounds like a go-cart. It took longer to start up in the cold. Hesitant. I should talk to my brother. Perfect opportunity. My head hurts, I went to bed three hours ago. My mom wanted me to talk to my brother, tell him to stop smoking, tell him to stop selling weed up the street. He's sixteen. I don't want to, a waste. There's traffic in my town before the high school starts. Funny, traffic in New Hampshire, funny idea. I should talk to him. Later. They say Nairobi on the radio. I try to place it: Kenya. We're there. Guess it's too late to talk to him. With him. At him. Prepositions imply purpose and he gets out of the car before I'm fully stopped. Talk to him later.

V.

I got the feeling my mom had killed herself. That I'd find her on the washing machine or something like that. Domestic like Mrs. Dalloway, less inexplicable, burden of children. And I'd have to push her aside pathetically and she'd crumple like wet towels and I'd have to finish the laundry she started dividing into hampers of light and dark before I could do anything. It's an homage.



# **redesign**

**the**

## **distribution**

### **requirements**

- 2 semesters: working up the courage to make your own doctor appointments
- 1 semester: enough about taxes to avoid being tracked by the IRS
- 2 semesters: how to hide vegetables in food so you don't taste them
- 1 semester: how to confront your boss/parents without crying

get rid of all existing requirements and replace them with various literature courses to ensure that no quirky tufts man-child will ever tell anyone that his favorite book is from the harry potter series ever again

- 2.0 credits in the world is racist
- 2.0 credits in you won't get hired if you don't learn programming
- 9.62 credits in Gospel Choir

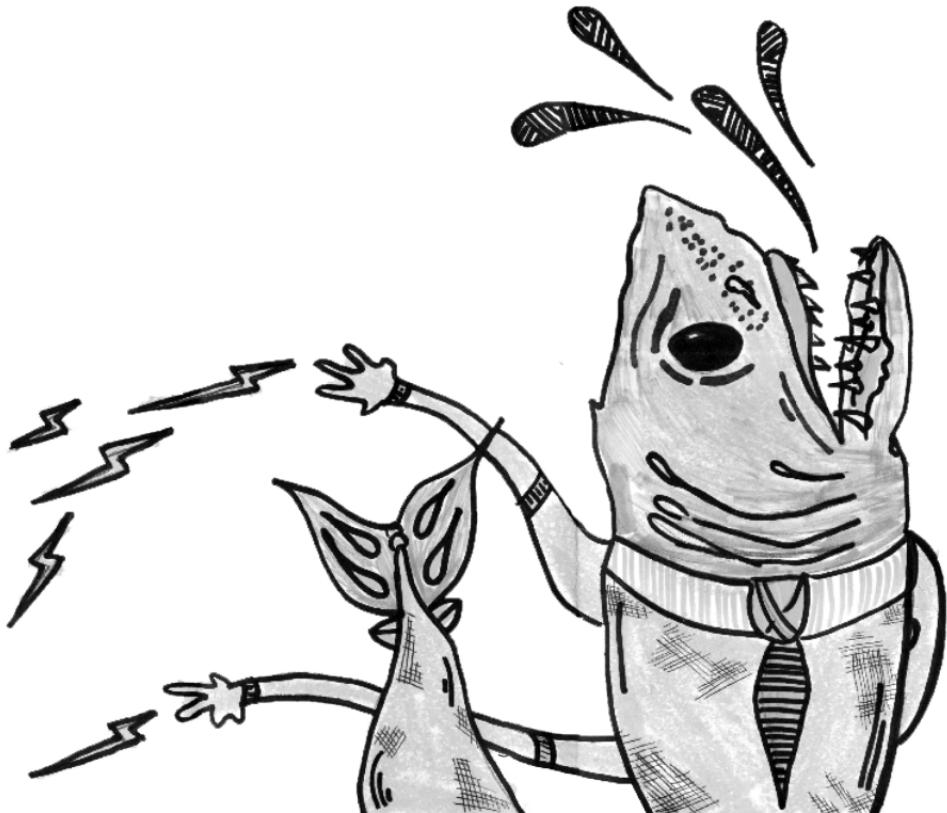
2 credits computer science/engineering/economics/math (you colonialism studies majors will thank us later)

All semesters in Talloires.

- 2 classes you take just because that cute kid you met in orientation is taking them
- Half a class of either Arabic or Chinese before you realize you can't do it
- 2 classes on Fridays, just to put a damper on your drinking before it gets out of control
- 2 classes you take just because they're taught by a hot professor

6 classes that make you happy to go to class, 2 that challenge you, 1 you never imagined taking

P/F mandatory credit to graduate or not pretending I don't exist whenever we pass each other in Dewick. Credit only granted if you say hello.



# What does the acorn head dream about?

being propped up so she can see us passing by

eating all the squirrels on campus: tables have turned, bitches.

Being smelted into something useful.

being attached to Jumbo where Jumbo's head would normally go

having a beautiful slender neck like ostrich II

A better world

Where is the rest of its body? Specifically, the ass?

How to prevent rain from getting in his nose

What's beyond the hill.

What a dick banjo the ostrich was.

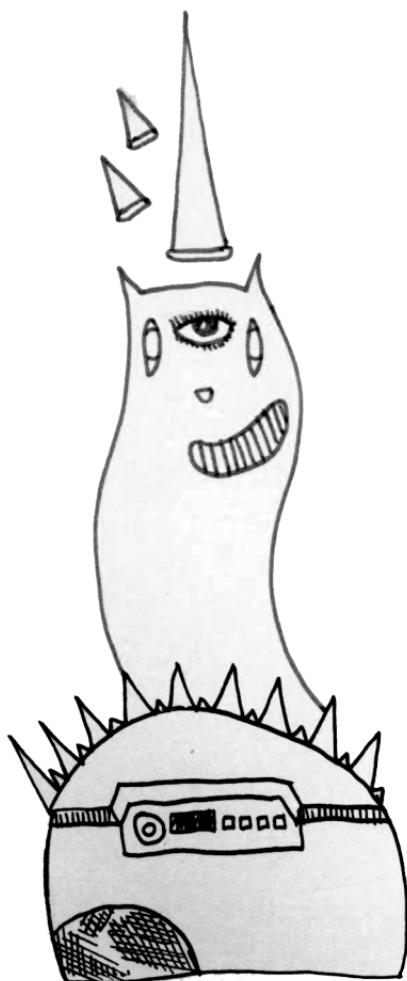
a world full of statues of people heads

getting acorn \*head\*

Going to 123's Call on Me Party. He has heard the jazzer-sizer music playing faintly in the distance, has heard the beefy, buzz-cut brother planning the festivities on their way to econ class, has seen the freshman biddies walking by in their neon leg-warmers. He wants to wear those leg warmers.



I NEVER SAID  
THANK YOU  
FOR...



That time you gave me your last condom

being the best non-committal college ‘thing’ i’ve had

all my Hanukkah presents  
you teaching me how to play D&D  
holding hands with me in your mom’s car when we were 13 and  
didn’t realize we were gay yet

Being my friend after I so abruptly ended our relationship. I’m not  
the best boyfriend, but I tried until I realized we weren’t meant  
for each other.

not making me suck your dick

taking an interest in me when I needed it most as a child. I came  
out of your classroom a better person.

Rubbing my back while I knelt naked over the toilet puking be-  
fore I got TEMS’d.

bringing me chicken soup from chabad when I had pneumonia  
and it was 0 degrees out. I was incapacitated and never made the  
effort to bring it up. I suck.

everyone who forgave and forgot my freshman self  
reporting me to the Associate Dean of Students for bulimia.

Not getting really weird after I tried to kiss you.

leaving Tufts

being chill about the time I passed out in your lab class.

# confessions

Sometimes I pretend you're sitting across the table from me and I have conversations with you in my head. It makes me feel a little crazy, but it helps with missing the shit out of you

i consecutively bought four bags of cheetos from the vending machine and ate them all while crying

I had sex in a girls kitchen at her parents house. The next morning her mom was chopping fruit on the counter that we had been using. We still ate it. Im not really into fruit salad anymore.

I stole a football practice jersey from the men's locker room and it's currently a proud member of my pajama drawer

I slept with you every night for a month to prove that monogamy is not a social construct. Go fuck yourself.

Until I was four I ONLY pooped on the floor while hiding between the gap the wall creates with the door when its open.

sometimes i change my tampon in the car

Had sex with four guys in 48 hours...and they say fat girls can't get it

despite its socially awkward student body, its waspy frats and japy sororities, its loser sports teams, its uninspired traditions,

its robot president, its yuppie admissions office, its hipster everything, its confusing public art, its pointless student groups, and its over-saturation of mediocre publications....I kind of love this place and am gonna be sad as hell to graduate

I use K9 Web Protection, this thing parents use to restrict their kids internet access, to keep me from watching porn too much.

too white to be of color, too of color to be white.

my housemate and i bonded over that fact that we both used to pack as much goldfish into our mouths as possible, chew the goldfish into a big cheesey glob, and then take the glob out of our mouthes to appreciate our work

i only used to believe in god/heaven because i wanted to be a pokemon trainer in the afterlife

I don't think I can ever show my face again after being the drunkest bitch at the Burren yelling at townies across the street.

My "family" at Tufts is a million times better than my real family. What the fuck am I going to do next year when we graduate?

I started taking Zoloft a few days ago and I feel like I took the easy way out. Some people are always beings of light, they don't need to try. Want that kind of aura. Too alienated, too alone feeling. Bored and scared. Have to try so hard. Some of you people just do your shit, study for your pre-professional degree, go to the gym, hook up at frat parties. I don't want it to be that way, Please god I want everyone to go crazy

The random boners I get in class are way harder and longer lasting than the ones I get when I'm having sex. Fuck you body, jesus christ





# h8rs gonna \_\_\_\_\_

Twerk Twerk Twerk Twerk Twerk

Yik yak about it

passive aggressively tweet abt me

FULLY REALIZE THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS, GET EDUCATED, AND STOP BEING ASSHOLES

let the h8rs BLANK BLANK BLANK BLANK. They'll always do that. It's in their nature, they are simply contrarian. It's a sign of maturity to accept this and move on.

avoid making eye contact with me because I am a queen.

fuckin get shake it off stuck in your head

lie about our Greek Life percentages (\*cough\* admissions \*cough\*)

reject me from their TDC dance

Write a response op-ed in the Daily that no one will read

uber to harvard

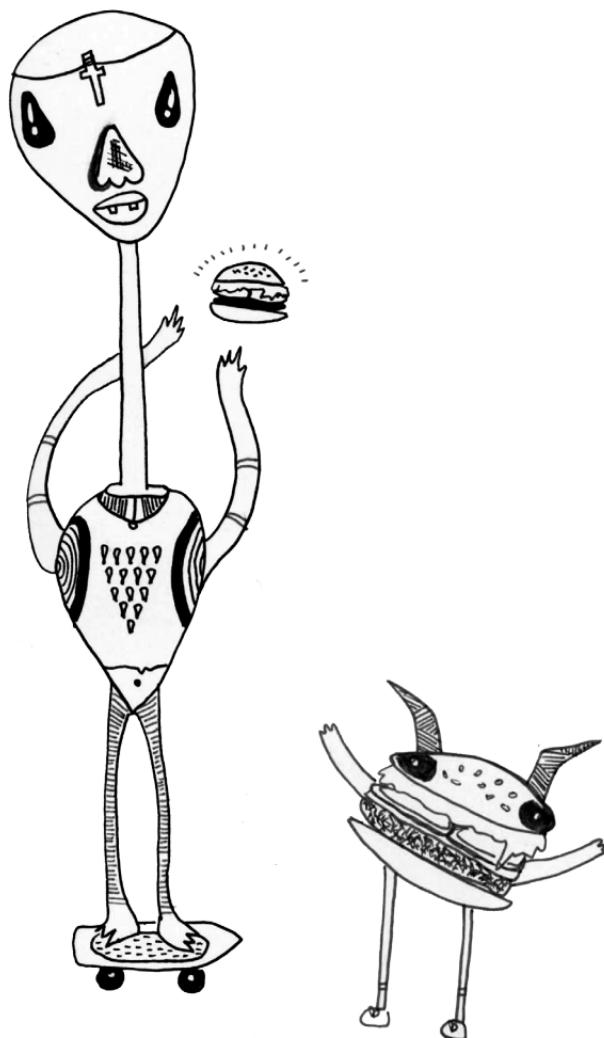
forget why they hate after a couple drinks and try to hug you

look at me funny when I sauté vegetables on the panini press in Carmichael

WIGGLE WIGGLE WIGGLE WIGGLE WIGGLE

respond to yahoo answers

disrespect the ostrich head



# EULOGIZE

trick turning o trick turning  
you once were my love  
now tufts took you away  
and you watch me from above

you were sexy you were tasty  
you were convenient and sly  
i miss you so terribly  
as each day goes by

#tbt #hodgdon #freshmanyear #missyoueveryday #never4get  
#guardianangel #quesadillas #RIP

Trick turning, you were a good friend. I can't actually put this into a joke. As a poor student who eats 4-5 meals a day because of my sport, I really, honestly needed you. Living in hodgdon and having you for 4th meal every night saved my family hundreds of dollars that we just actually didn't have. I really really thank you for that, and am sad that others won't have the same opportunities. Peace.

I wish I could have known you better, but that does not stop me from thinking about you every single day.

We loved you like a child loves their dog-you were our best friend, even on the worst of days. When I needed a burrito even after stuffing my face at Dewick, you were there. When upperclassmen made me get mixers, you were there. When I was high as fuck and wanted ice cream, you were there. You were convivial, affable, and fearless. Campus will never be as bright as it was with your light of hope and freedom.

# TRICK-TURNING

A haiku:  
supplied great chasers,  
free burritos--you'll be missed  
i gained fifteen pounds.

I hope you're in a better place now with NQR and all the other lost traditions.

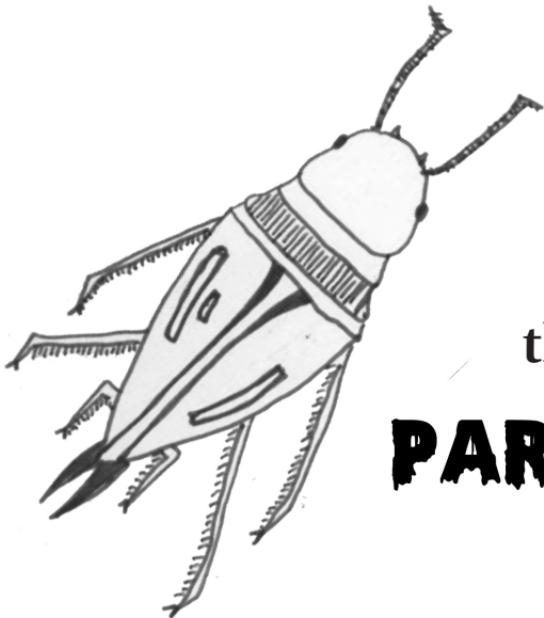
It may be gone from the kitchens of Hodgdon, but trick-turning will never leave my heart. Swipe on, good people, swipe on.

Trick turn, trick turn, is it right?  
It gave us all that food that night.  
Trick turn, trick turn, we'll miss you so.  
I don't see why you had to go.

You let the freshmen have their day,  
all that food and nothing to pay.  
Bottles of soda, carelessly "bought"  
and all of the mixers, eagerly sought.

We no longer have a second dinner,  
which makes us all a wee bit thinner.  
Granola bars, cookies, a random snack,  
you once made up what our dorm rooms lacked.

Trick turn, trick turn, sound the bell.  
Trick turn, trick turn, hail and farewell.



# things you're **PARANOID** about

when I quickly cross the street so a car can go I get scared that the person who crossed before me is going to think I am chasing them.

anything coming into direct contact with my belly button, also touching dried mayonnaise

can everyone smell my vagina or is that just me??

professors putting tiny cameras on my handouts

after i dye my hair and go to the gym i'm scared it'll leech into my sweat and there'll be weird brown streaks all over my face

People finding my “Gangsta” playlist on spotify

Wet dreams. They happen far too often, and I don't have that many pairs of pajama pants.



saying the words “race” or “gender” on campus  
my cat running out the front door, only to never return home. you  
guys somehow guessing my identity.

My raging lesbianism and imminent immaculate conception  
facebook stalking in Tisch

walking between two parked cars on a hill when the parking brake  
malfunctions and i am crushed between two cars

That I am in the Truman Show.  
read receipts

How many butts has your butt touched if your butt touches the  
wall in the shower?

**2:17am**  
**“Come over”**

Typed in spite of obtuse, Friday-night fingers—the lack of punctuation almost apathetic, yet just desperate enough. Every time, it's always the same two-word invitation. Come over.

By now I've grown indifferent to our weekly drunken banter, in which we exchange empty promises of clandestine late-night encounters before—and without fail—retreating to our respective rooms for the night. Yet mildly impressed by your tireless gall, I briefly reconsider your proposition...but alas. Again I'm plagued by common sense and laziness and the comfort of my own bed. I can't. I won't. I'm tired.

But maybe this time I'm drunker or maybe you're nicer or maybe we're just a little more lonely. This time your two words feel different. Galvanized by boredom and boozy abandon, I reach for my phone.

“Haha”  
“Okay”

My roommate's long been asleep. In the dark, I put on a bra and lace up my boots—ratty black Docs with broken laces. Noiselessly, I slip out the door, taking care not to wake her.

I pause in the stairwell. Am I really doing this? Fuck it, I'm really doing this oh God help me I'm actually doing this.

**2:39am**

The cab drops me off two blocks from your dorm and I'm already shaking from the cold. We meet on the corner of Holyoke and

Mass, our jackets soggy with rain. You grab my waist anyway and I want to kiss you.

We run into your friends on the way to your room. The taller brunette eyes me up and down, but I let him. They don't acknowledge me otherwise. You don't bring me up.

### **2:42am**

Why are there so many god damn stairs

### **2:43am**

"Nice boots," you tell me as I slip them off my feet. Still half-drunk, I plop myself on your lumpy futon; it jars my spine with its sobering, unexpected firmness. You're sitting at your desk, blowing a lungful of viscous smoke out your bedroom window. I dangle my legs like a child, waiting for you to finish your bowl. I ask you about school. "It's good." You ask me about boys. I bite my tongue.

Moments later, you join me on the futon. You pull me in and I close my eyes. I think we're supposed to kiss now.

We do.

Instinctively—like a good girl—I pull off my mottled knit sweater and little bandage skirt. They join my boots, discarded and unwanted on your mahogany, Ivy-League floor.

"You have the nicest ass," you whisper into the contours of my neck. I know. That's what they all say, but you don't know that.

### **3:23am**

By now we're both dog-tired and I guess you're kicking me out. You mutter something about an unfinished problem set, but I

ignore your hint. You move back to your desk and pull out some papers. I lie there naked and count your ceiling tiles.

## **6:49am**

I'm woken up prematurely to crusty mascara and your suite-mate practicing the violin. (they weren't kidding about this fucking place.) Your desk lamp is still on, but you're passed out next to me, snoring. Bemused but still sleepy, I let your body press against mine for a little. I trace wispy patterns on your wall with my fingers. I try not to fidget. I try not to think about last night.

Three minutes pass, but it feels like eons. I wriggle my way out of your tangled sheets, taking care not to wake you. I pull my sweater over my head. I put on my bra. I lace up my boots.

My phone tells me it's Dad's birthday, and—like a good girl—I wish him a nice one.

"Thanks, honey. What ru doing up so early?"

I bite my tongue.

## **7:08am**

Walletless and profoundly hungover, I somehow find myself back at my dorm. I hand the cabbie a sad fistful of damp, scavenged singles and pray it's enough. I get lucky this time.

My roommate's still sleeping when I walk in. I slip into bed and don't get out for hours.

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"Can I come over"

I type, in spite of obtuse, Friday-night fingers. Fueled by 80-proof elixir and horny indiscretion, I forget not to. I forget about the cab fare and your asshole friends. I forget about the sixty thousand stairs that lead to your room. I forget about the coldness—and I don't mean New England winters.

This time I'm not any drunker and you're not any nicer, but I guess we're both still pretty lonely.

I guess I just miss your stupid futon.

I guess I miss you.







# Confessions, pt. 2

People in the room next to me moved out because it was too loud and they couldn't sleep. I think the noise was my vibrator.

Peed my bed.

while you were asleep, i read all your texts with your ex gf told everyone we had sex in Tisch, but it was just the bathroom in the reading room.

Told you I wouldn't tell her; told her.

I hate 80% of my sorority.

I wish I hadn't come back senior year, I had it all by the end of the summer

In 3rd grade I made my boy cousin kiss my girl cousin for a "movie" we were filming. My aunt found out and slapped me.

i stole the dewick cheese wheel last semester

I wore cornrows in a 6th grade Maine wide beauty pageant

I didn't know it was assault until someone else told me that being coerced counts.

I love Daddy Doms

ive never seen the lion king i know i know im sorry

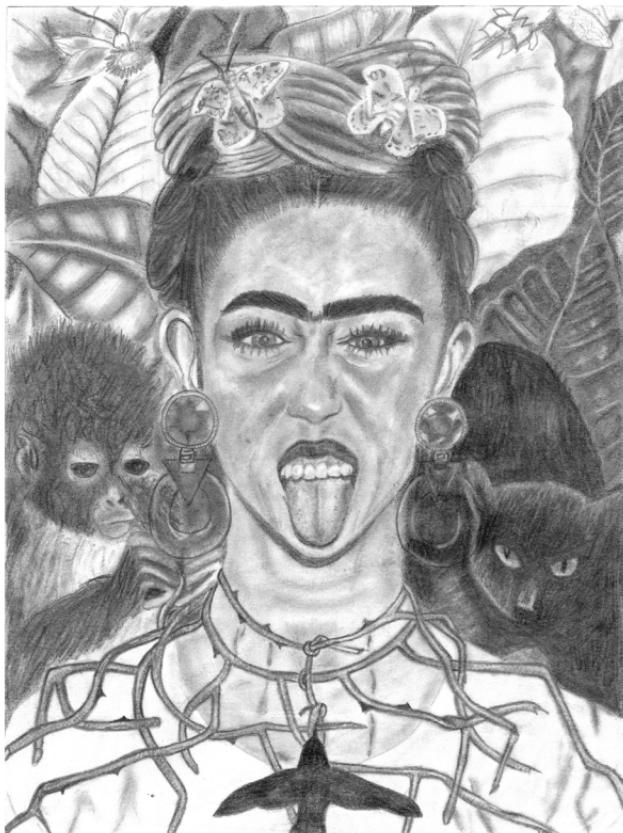
I just used you for a grilled cheese

I secretly hate burlesque. Everyone says its supposed to promote body and sex acceptance, but how come the only people who do it have perfect bodies, and people starve themselves before the show?

ive counted every calorie ive consumed since may 2010

Dear cello player in Granoff: Your locker wasn't stuck. I was having sex in it and holding the door closed. I'm sorry.

i jacked off to your linkedin pic



## Pulling the Trigger\* [Trigger Warning]

I had just finished my evening snack, my post-dinner treat. An entire burrito. This is what college is about, right? Late night food. Burritos. What college kid doesn't like burritos. The oozing cheese and spicy salsa and crunchy lettuce and soft tortilla. The more I sat there at my desk listening to my roommate type behind me on her laptop the more I felt the grease clogging my veins god I was suffocating did I swallow that thing in one bite? I can't breathe my stomach is about to explode and so to prevent disaster I walked quickly to the bathroom [thankfully no one else was there] and with two fingers I let that burrito fly in chunks down the pipes. Sh.

One time in high school I stopped bringing lunch to school, but it had to be a secret. Stupid high school me didn't think to leave a knife covered in peanut butter like I do every morning, and it wasn't long until my mother picked me up from school as usual and asked if I had made a lunch that day. And I lied because what else do you do when you're 15 and your mom has you trapped in her BMW moving at 35 miles an hour? She cited the lack of a dirty knife and I caved so weakly. Why would you stop eating lunch? I don't know. There must be a reason! I don't get hungry at that time of day. Why didn't you just say so? I didn't want you to think I was trying to lose weight- well ARE you trying to lose weight?? No. She knew that was coming. My mother is a shark and sometimes I just want to be an eel. Thin and ugly in dark corners.

I'm in a family of sharks, really. I turned down mashed potatoes at dinner one night (my favorite) and my brother pounced: But sister they're your favorite! Are you trying to lose weight? All eyes pinned themselves to me and I felt like a photo on those crime evidence walls they always show on cop shows. You see what I mean?

So of course pulling the trigger at home must be done with ultimate care, with the utmost precision. Timing is everything. Soon soon soon after you eat it must be soon or it will be pointless. Will your insides stop sponging up the calories. Always upstairs, downstairs they do the dishes that they won't ask you to do because they love you too much. Imagine if they knew. Actually, don't. So upstairs it is, close the door, turn that faucet on as much as you can. Toilet seat up, head down, go.

I know it's totally fucked up. And I know it sounds like a lie when I say I don't have a problem, but I don't. I can count on maybe 1.5 hands the number of times I've pulled that trigger, and that's for my whole life. The only downward spiral with this comes with the flush, I swear.

\*None of this is encouraging these actions, it is merely my experience with them.

# missed connections

all the rando's who made tufts confessions about me last year and whom i never heard from again

all of the freshman are just too hot. all of them.

You, walking to fletcher on that gorgeous sunny, me smiling at you, both did a double take. but kept walking. Who are you bearded wonder!

we rolled together once and i didnt let you kiss me but i should have

I forgot to text you and I'm sorry.

you played the guitar at the folk night and my heart melted inside. i want to get coffee with you.

All the hot guys on this campus that open the door for me. I know we're meant to be together.

to the man at the barren with serious dreadlockage, we shared a nice moment on the dance floor. Let's make it happen again.

Runnin opposite directions down Boston ave. It took a lot not to stop and stare.

you made me a burrito in Hodgdon and I thought I could taste the love in it



We both wear horn-rimmed glasses and sat across from each other in Dewick last year. I really hope you're gay.

we were walking on the sidewalk in opposite directions and didn't want to make awkward eye contact so we pulled out our phones at the same time and pretended to text.

You were their union's intern, I was the finance intern, we were both assigned to fix the label printer and I've never had more fun

The boy who played jazz guitar well and sat pigeon-toed.

# *The End*

