

THE PUBLIC JOURNAL

An anthology of truth.
A journal for the public.

Spring 2014
Tufts University

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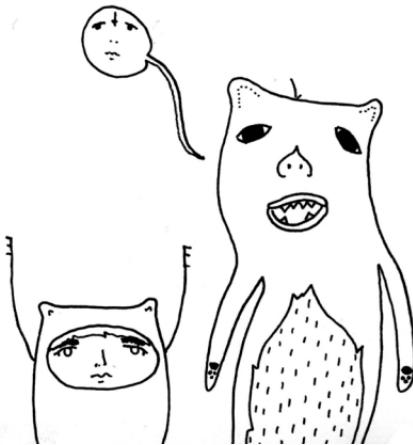
Dear Reader,

In your hands is the permanent record of an instant in your life that you will never get back again. These pages hold the voices of your roommate, the other nocturnal laundry do-er, the acquaintance that you're convinced could be your cosmic-friend-soulmate, and someone you don't know at all. You might be surprised to find yours in here too, even if the words aren't your own.

We gave you the floor, now hear each other out.

<3 Kara & Laura





reasons to wake up

Brown metallic lipstick

Muffin Tuesday

You can't watch Arrested Development and eat brie while
snuggling when you're asleep

oral sex

Every day there is a tiny, tiny chance, but still a chance, that
I will meet Ryan Gosling

there might be those triangle potato things in carm

there are leftover sweet potatoes in the fridge and in
regards to people eating them before me my motto is 'trust
no bitch'

cause you're gonna fucking save the world with that college
degree

Confessions, pt. 1

I had sex on Hillel roof and left the used condom on the skylight. We were both Jewish.

I masturbated into a complimentary blanket on the plane then left it. I'm sure they'll think it's dried snot

My vagina almost swallowed a rubbery green glow-in-the-dark dildo the other day.

I stole a guppy from my first grade classroom because I wanted a fish. I put it in my pocket.

I don't think I eat enough but I really can't eat more.

Once, i was walking home at 2 a.m. hungry and passed Moe's but i didnt have any money so i finished walking home, got money, and went back to Moe's

I want to live with a penis for just one day to see what it's like; those dangly appendages are so fucking weird.

I get really excited every time I see the vending machine in Tisch until I remember it sells pencils (they look like poptarts from far away)

When I was six I peed on the family room floor and blamed it on my dog when my parents asked. I just wanted to know what it would feel like.

After we broke up I had sex with three of your friends. I wonder if they'll tell you

i peed out my window because there were people in the hallway i didn't want to interact with

I eat my cereal separate from my milk. It just feels right to me

In the week after we hooked up, I hated walking around campus because I couldn't remember what you looked like.

I wish the story about you giving me chlamydia wasn't so damn good, because maybe then I would stop telling everyone.

i could never love a man the way i love peanut m&ms



THINGS MY PARENTS DON'T KNOW I KNOW ABOUT THEM

My mom was born out of wedlock

they were buying lube, not medicine, in that grimy 7/11 in
China

They hide the fancy chocolate in the laundry room

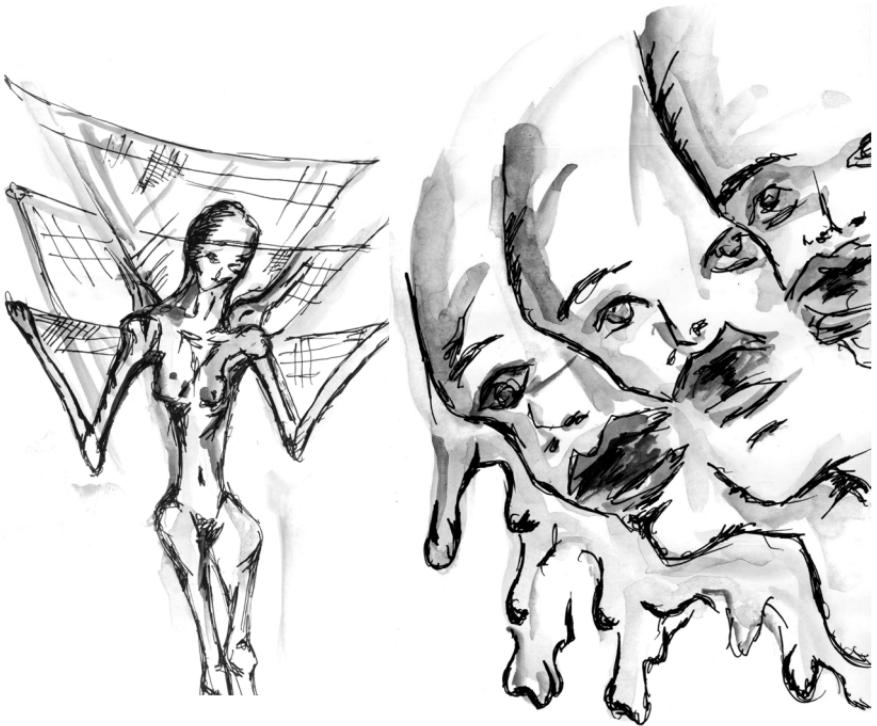
I once overheard my mom say to her friend that now she
understands why some women abandon their kids

Videos. They TOOK VIDEOS.

That they haven't had sex in 18 years. Well, my mom told
me that but my dad definitely doesn't know that I know
that.

That they were dating while my mom was still married to
her first husband

My mom thinks my dad's body is disgusting and he knows
it



They both have genital herpes. I dunno who gave it to
who...

one time i was looking for a sweater in my dad's dresser and
i found a copy of "the joy of sex"

i read my mom's diary and in it she only talks about my
siblings. she mentioned me once or twice, but only to write
about my GPA.

alcoholism

weird things about bodies



When I lean over and look at my vulva upside down, and I pull the outer lips outward a little, the inner lips and clitoral hood make the shape of an avenging angel.

If I'm not gaining altitude where the hell is this queef coming from

your neck is this weird fragile tube thing that no one ever pays much attention to. i want to stare at peoples' necks more.

ears, man

Vaginal discharge. This is real.

vestigial shit like the appendix and the nails on pinky toes

Navel. How do they tie off so nicely?

Wrinkles. They're literally folds. In your skin.

Molluscum. God, I hate molluscum.

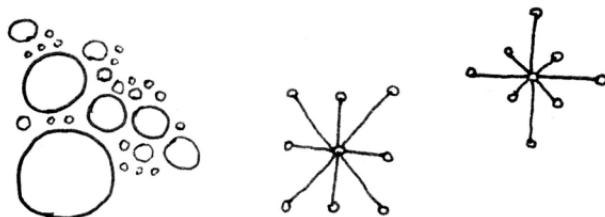
that weird thing that happens when you stand up and you get really dizzy and suddenly go blind and you feel like you might fall but people keep talking to you like nothing's wrong

bellybutton lint, weenises, and that SKIN IS
WATERPROOF

Hair everywhere but our palms?

we can never REALLY see ourselves -- only in a mirror

I usually spend my eyelash wishes on you. I think that good literature could conduct a symphony. Sometimes I speak to myself in cliches, and my favorite one is “my, this city is beautiful after it rains.” When I’m happy, I wake up too early and can’t go back to sleep. My favorite place to have a panic attack is the gym, for obvious reasons. What I love almost as much as college football and shadows from clouds is when someone learns something about you without you having to tell them. Eyelash wishes are blown into the universe and probably defy all laws of physics, so of course they mean something, and of course I spend them on you.





what questions should be on the roommate survey?

What's your horoscope sign?

Are you gonna puke in your shoe this semester? Do you have the mental capacity to remember to carry a key?

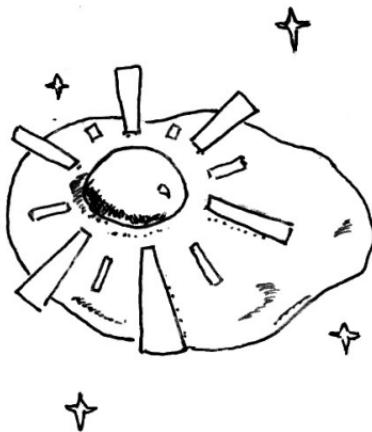
how often are you naked/ how naked are you right now,
scale of 1-10

If I were to fart, would you a) ignore it b) laugh with me c)
call me gross

preferred temperature

Big spoon or little spoon?

if i stay in every friday night watching food network will
you judge me



Are you a pathological liar when it comes to the categories of: stealing food, borrowing clothes, and strange stains

Will you watch The Magic Schoolbus with me high?

Will you be staying together with your obnoxious high school boyfriend?

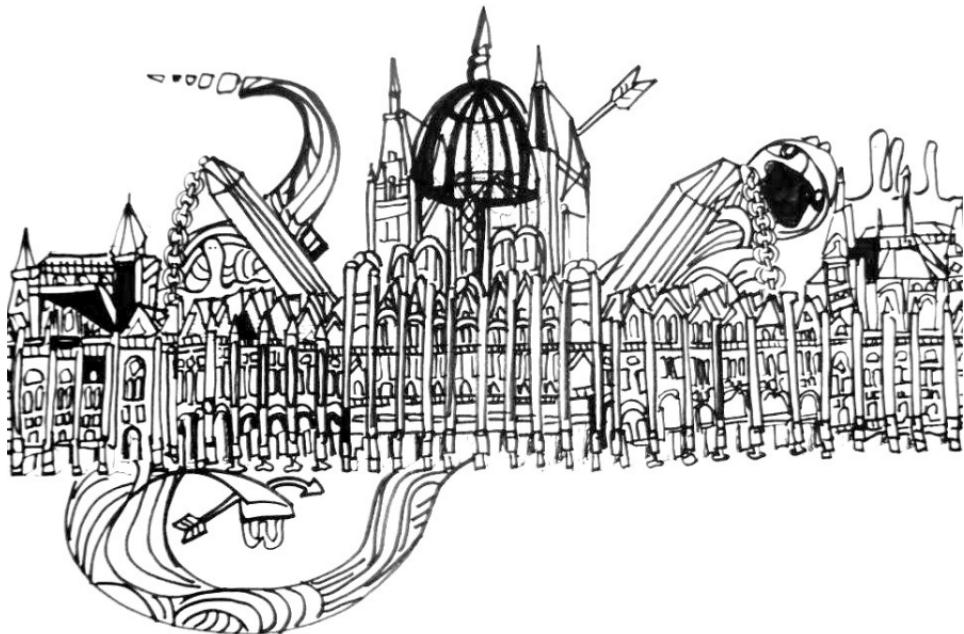
do you like to keep your room clean or do you hate yourself?

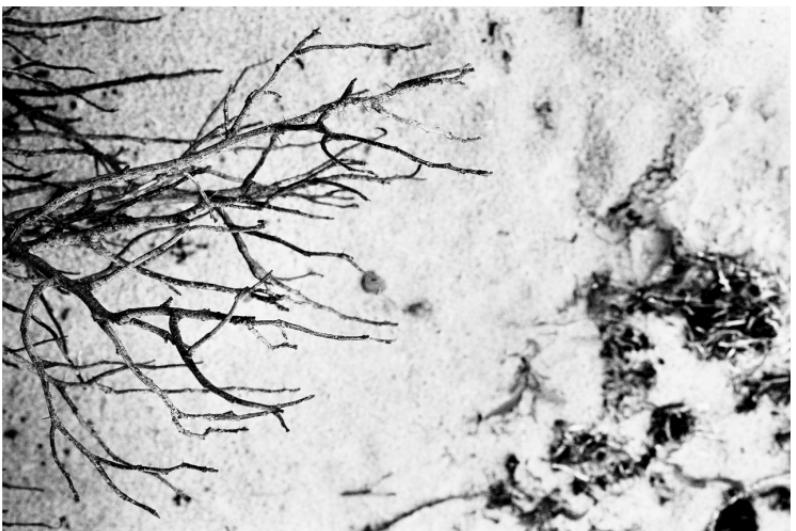
Do you maintain bladder control when blackout?

How many times do you snooze your alarm before actually getting up?

if you had a pet chinchilla, what would you name it? tread carefully.

Wanna be in my band?







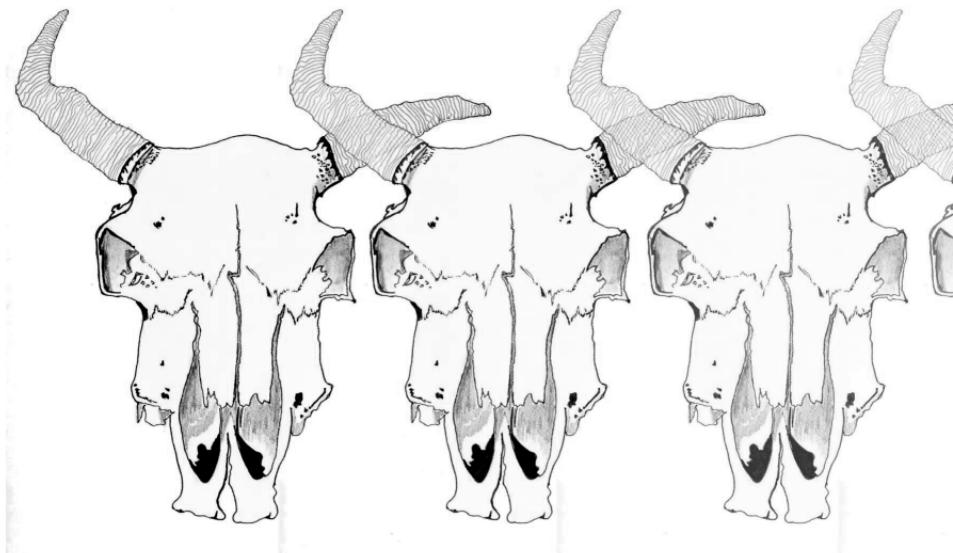
major metamorphoses

Anthropology to Environmental Studies, because people
are the ones who fucked it up

environmental studies to child development (bc it's easier
to teach kindergarteners to write than it is to solve climate
change lol)

Chem to Women's Studies because fuck the patriarchy and
titrations.

chemical engineering to still chemical engineering because
who needs a social life



stripper to performance art because then the onus is
society's

IR to poli sci because fuck learning a language

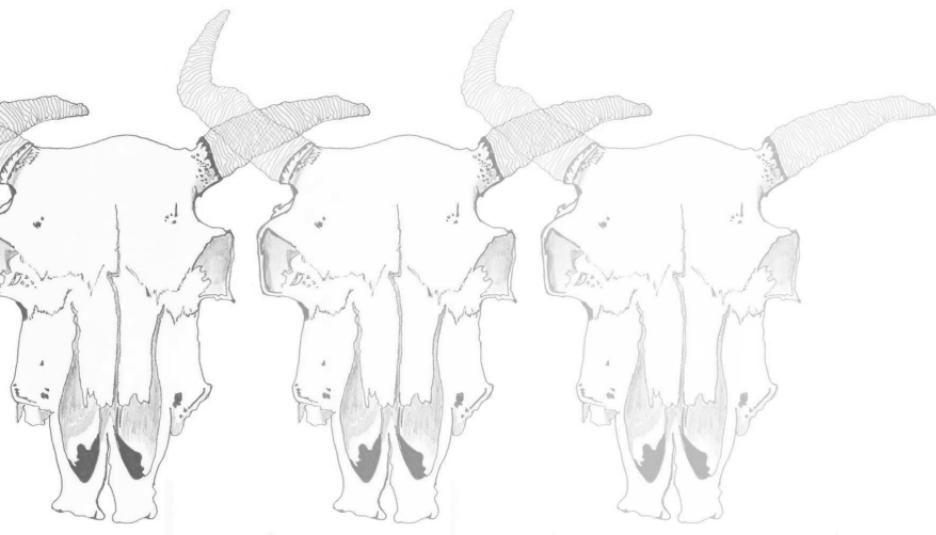
Philosophy to anything else because I can't spell conshuss
(fiiinnneee, conscious)

poetry to biology because life

Environmental Engineering to Civil Engineering because I
don't want to treat waste water the rest of my life.

Women's Studies to Comp Sci for the sausage fest

IR to English because I got over feeling obligated



public transit horror stories

One time I was eating a popsicle on the T when it was full. The popsicle fell off the stick, and began to melt on the floor. The sugar water acted as lube and everytime we changed speed the popsicle would slide up and down the car, leaving a trail of slime behind it, and leaving me to deal with the stares of the annoyed passengers, as they had to dodge the 'sicle with their feet.

I was riding the T into town and there was a woman across the aisle from bawling. She was alone, and everyone on the train seemed to be trying to ignore her or too uncomfortable to say anything. I hate myself for being one of those people.

I watched a 4-year-old boy repeatedly lick the pole on the T, while his grandparents stood by and didn't even try to stop him

Homeless man told me that if I wore a romper like one of my fellow (more bodacious) bus riders then I too could “make my ass clap”

I took public transit for a year to get to my high school, and one day my friend whispered to me that i should close my legs (i was wearing a skirt) because a man was discretely photographing us

she started throwing up at the front of the bus and i was at the back of the bus

i keep falling in love with girls reading by themselves that
i'll never see again

I was getting off the red line and the guy in front of me would not stop screaming at his dog. he was yelling at it all the way into park street station and then outside.

This older dude with messy dreadlocks pointed at my boots and said “Your shoe’s untied.” I thanked him and started to put my phone away to fix it when he asked, “Do you want me to tie it for you?

One time in Japan, my mom and I got on one of the trains and I saw my first Japanese hobo ever. Usually the Japanese are very diligent and careful at hiding away the homeless, you know, for image and all. However, this was in the middle of the day, in broad daylight, and the hobo was just sitting there in the corner in his own little bubble of space. You could tell everyone was ignoring and denying his existence to their utmost. You’d think this was kind of sad but the thing is, the hobo had a gaping hole in his pants, right at the crotch area, and he was just calmly jacking himself off through the hole. Long, slow, methodical strokes; no urgency, no hurry. Pubes, balls, and dick displayed in all their glory. I couldn’t tell from his expression whether he was crazy, actually pleasuring himself, or just giving the biggest ‘fuck you’ ever to Japanese sensibilities. Could be a combination of the three. I was still pretty small when I saw the hobo and my mom quickly turned me away, saying the usual ‘don’t stare’ kind of shit, but the fact that this scene imprinted so vividly in my mind probably means I’m suffering from some residual trauma or something. Ah well, not the worst thing to happen to me.



shit you said yes to you that you wish you said no to

//

shit you said no to that you wish you said yes to

While I was at a strip club, a man mistook me for a stripper and told me he would pay me whatever my going rate was for a lap dance

Being on the TMC e-list.

having sex against the brick of Fletcher's exterior

working for the daily

Do you really love me?

Threesome with my best friend and her boyfriend. God, he's so fucking hot.

Tufts orgy email

Anal.

not wearing underwear to Winter Ball

Once my Rez coffee sleeve had a phone number on it but I never called because even though the male barista was hella fine the female seemed like a giant B who would prank me just to have a laugh

what they won't call the kosher deli

Smelly Deli

Yeah, We Know You Want
Cheese but We're Kosher

Jews R Us

No Pork On My Fork

Another Jewish Tufts Thing

The Deli Lama

The Porkery

"yes this is still jumbo express"

Just Jew It

Cut Pickles



tisch is to ginn as

_____ is to _____

back of the mullet is to the front

drinking is to binge drinking

Ke\$ha is to Pavarotti

A library, a different library

a sweaty ball pit is to a golf green

disney is to euro disney

My pediatrician is to my gynecologist. One is friendly and welcoming and the other is uncomfortable and mildly terrifying

tequila is to merlot

Shrek is to Silence of the Lambs

places i hate are to places i hate

Crazy in Love Beyonce/secret album Beyonce

Joke's Over, God

One week from today is my twentieth birthday. It will bring in the usual horde of gifts: a shopping spree with my grandma, something “practical” from my parents, some money from relatives I see once a year, and those dreaded phone calls from your parents’ or grandparents’ friends who confuse you with your siblings. It’s a courtesy, I guess. But this year there’s a gift that I hope never comes. What’s worse than the awkward phone calls, the heartless facebook wall posts, yes, even worse than sitting silently with a frozen fake smile while a restaurant full of strangers sings you “happy birthday insert name here”, is this:

My death certificate, from God, dated for sometime in the near future. Happy Fucking Birthday.

I’m a romantic. I romanticize bad boys, homeless poets, civilians in war zones, West Side Story type gang violence, terminal illness, and yes, even death. Especially death. Because you could be the biggest, most self-centered, backstabbing, non-recycling, psycho bitch on the planet, yet there’s something about dying that makes people realize that they need you. Because dying, especially dying young, makes people wonder what you could have been, and to them you could’ve been anything. And it’s always good. You could’ve saved the world even though in life you didn’t give a fuck about it.

I always thought there was something heroic about battling an illness—the more fatal, the better. There’s something about enduring pain that makes the most terrible person seem strong and selfless and loving. And whether good or bad, it got you attention. It meant that people cared enough about you to want you to be better. I wanted that. Maybe it was some fantasized lack of attention as a child—I wasn’t carried enough, or I never talked enough, or something. I wanted to be sick. Dear God, let



me overcome something that could kill me so that I can be a hero. Dear God, let me spend months in a hospital so that people will miss me. Please please please dear God let me be sick.

And then I discovered a lump in my breast.

When it comes to things like this, people are always quick to play the blame game. Blame genetics, or radiation from the microwave, or whatever's in deodorant. Blame UV rays, or drinking too much caffeine, or not going to the gym. But I know that the only one to blame is me, because I asked for it. Because I wanted to be fucking special.

So I go to the OB/GYN, the same lady who delivered me when I was born, and she feels me up a bit and declares it's a cyst. A cyst? That's it? That's not enough. You don't get admired for enduring the struggle of having a cyst. Then she refers me to the surgeon down the hall to get an ultrasound and have it drained.

But it's not a cyst, and I realize that I might just get what I wanted. It's not a cyst because it's solid—tumor—and then there are two—tumors—and I have a family history, and then I come in for a biopsy the next day, and then I get the results Thursday, which then decide whether I live or die (because I can't survive this thing, no one in my family ever has). Tomorrow is Thursday.

Ok, joke's over, God. I'm calling your bluff. You got me. I didn't know what I was asking for. I was wrong, wrong, wrong. There's nothing romantic about it, any of it. Nothing romantic about

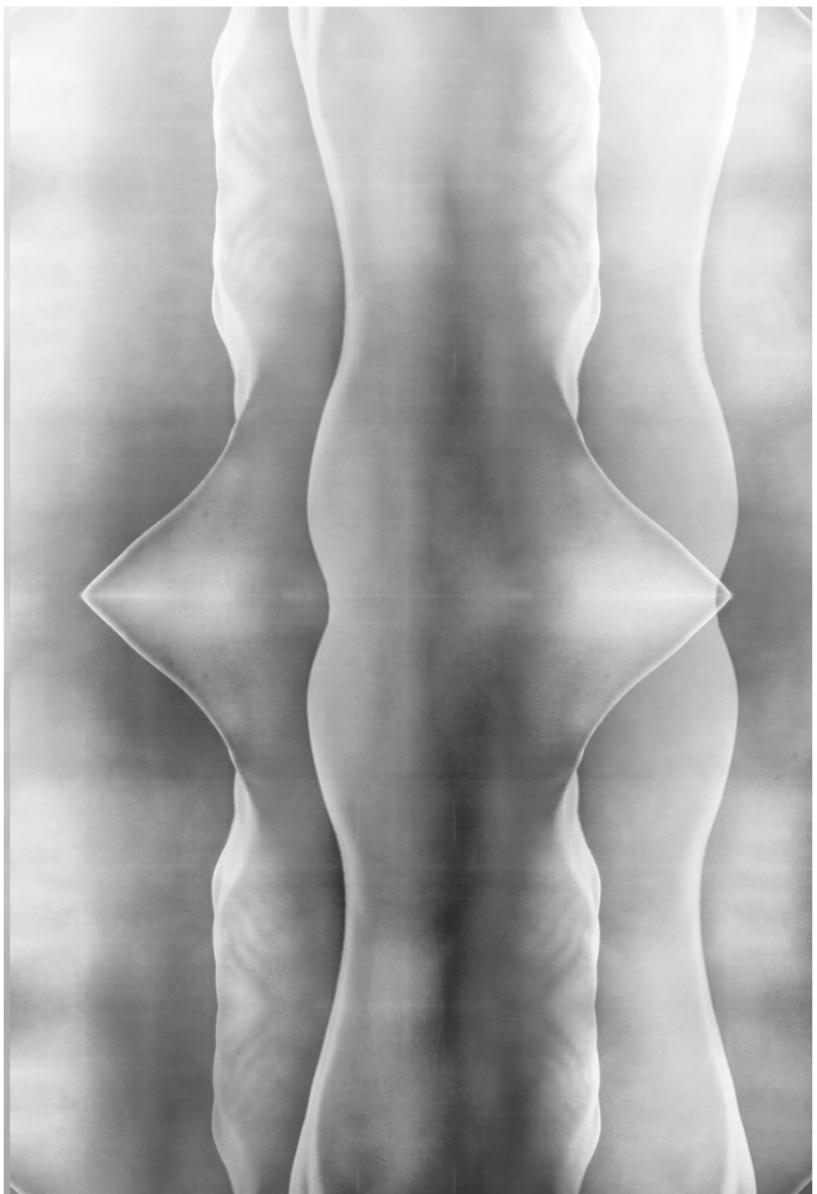
laying on a table, bare tits to the world, hearing that your future is uncertain. Nothing romantic about losing all your dignity as you lay there shaking with needles prying into your skin in a room full of people who might as well be strangers. And you're trying not to let the surgeon see the tears threatening to crawl down your naked face because that's weak, that's foolish, because nobody gets breast cancer this young. But you know that's bullshit because your cousin who by all rights should be married to her fiancée by now and starting a family no longer has that chance.

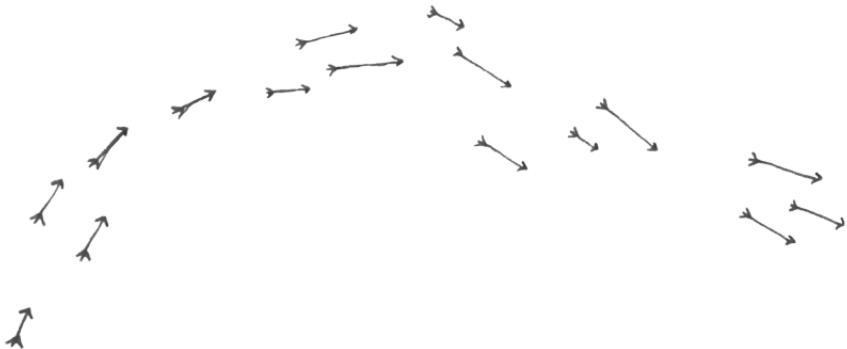
And there's nothing romantic about losing your life. Once you're dead, you're gone. And it's not only other people wondering what you could have been, it's you losing out on what you would have been. You don't gain values by being ill, you use the values you already have to fight illness, and I am not strong, or selfless, or heroic. I am terrified. Dear God, let the results be good tomorrow. Dear God, let me be safe. Dear God, let me be healthy. I don't want my family to suffer. Please please dear God please let it be nothing. Never have I asked for nothing.

You really almost had me there, God, you're really something. Ok, I've had my scare. I've learned my lesson. Please tell me this is all just some joke. Tell me that I'm going to celebrate this birthday, and the next one, and the next, until I'm old and gray and have children and grandchildren who will never question whether or not they have been loved.

I get it. I don't need a disease to make people care about me. I don't need a defect to make me feel loved. I just need to be me, and I want to be me, and I want to be all of me.

Joke's over, God. Just let me blow out the fucking candles.





overheard at late night commons

“That rack is so hot. Really. This lamb sandwich is like 200 degrees.”

“what kind of burger do you want?” “ham”

“If I have unlimited, is it like Dewick where I can swipe every 15 minutes?”

“My feet would look better without pinky toes”

“I’m really in to oral hygiene right now”

“We should start a restaurant that’s all just different types of fried potato”

‘its so easy to steal hot dogs i’m gonna get so fat’

“Waffle battered chicken is making me re-examine my entire life”

“I’m so over the foreplay thing”

my candy cane gave me the answers

tufts student body: who's missing?

POC Indigenous folks

half the junior class?

International kids that are not loaded

my future husband

I'm convinced 40% of Tufts is comprised of white girls who wear leggings, boots, and expensive winter jackets everyday.

Wait. someone's missing? Jesus christ check the milk cartons, call TUPD, blow a whistle, lure them back with Thin mints!

idk but can i just say less basics pls

the queer ladies

Sports fans. (How have I not made friends with anyone who likes sports?!)

Clowns are severely underrepresented in our student body. I insist that the administration take action immediately to attract more clowns to Tufts and support their highly refined culture on campus.

Emma Watson

A chimp.



The End

There was an invasion of Zombie Mice.



One day

The End



Max met some Aliens



This is Max

O k, so I've been thinking about this a lot lately, and I'm really mostly serious about it. It started the other morning, when I thought I had a sore throat, and I was drinking some water to see if it would go away, you know? Like if it was a real sore throat or if my throat was just—sore, I guess. Anyways it went away after a minute, and I was thinking, like: I haven't gotten sick in months. And that's a huge thing for me because I used to get sick all the time. Like, seriously all the time, like I couldn't go more than a week or two without picking up a runny nose or a cough or something. But that wasn't for my whole life, right, just in the past couple years, so I was thinking back to when it started and I realized it was the summer after freshman year, which stood out because you don't usually get sick during the summer. But it was when me and a bunch of friends were doing a beach trip, and half the group had to leave early, and one of them was this guy I'd been seeing, and I really liked him, and we'd slept together a few nights before and he'd started calling me his girlfriend. And we were lying in this hammock together while everyone else was loading the car, just kissing and giggling and all that silly bullshit, and someone was like, "C'mon, man! We need to get going," and one of my friends said, "Give them a minute, they're young and in love," and it was like my whole brain just froze, because it hadn't even occurred to me that I could fall in love with someone. And after he left, I kept wondering, "Am I in love? Am I in love?" and that night my friends and I went down to the boardwalk for the last time but I had to go back early because I felt shitty and my vision was getting blurry. I thought it was just because of the wind and sand, but when I looked in the mirror I realized there was all this gross, stringy mucus in my eyes that I had to clean out with a Q-tip. And I had to sleep in a separate room from everyone else that night so I just lay there in the dark, wondering, "Am I in love? Am I in love?" and sometime before I fell asleep I realized I was, and when I woke up my eyes were all crusted shut.

So that was it, I dated that guy for like the next year and a half and it was just one thing after another. I remember I had this cough that was so bad it felt like my lungs were gonna come out through my mouth, and the only time it stopped for any length of time was when we were having sex, like all the stuff that was in charge of making me cough was preoccupied. And afterwards I would start hacking up chunks of phlegm again and he would rub my back and tell me he was sorry, but it wasn't his fault, you know, he wasn't the one getting me sick. I don't think he was sick once, that whole time. Anyways, I remember I had a pretty bad cold near the beginning of the fall, but not, like, even a sniffle since the time I started fantasizing about breaking up with him. And now it's over, and I think, I mean my theory is, that being in love is bad for my immune system. I don't know how scientifically sound that is, but it makes a lot of sense to me.



i woke up like this

Morning breath like Cady Heron

hangry

disappointed

Vibrator in hand

Eating my housemate's cake

wondering what my dream about Justin Timberlake and mac n cheese meant

Naked, barely covered by a blanket laying next to my then boyfriend on the Miller couches staring up at my RA

sweaty, holding a piece of toast, and disoriented

with my underwear inside out

braless

With sharpie eyeliner and blue boogers

emotionally unavailable, horny



GREEK LIFE

@ TUFTS

Pros

You learn the Greek alphabet

they provide a party scene

sisterhood

Free beer, groups of freshmen guys can sometimes get into a party, most of the houses are near Moe's

an easy way out of freshman year friend groups, a community to associate within the larger Tufts community, a way to continue meeting new people.

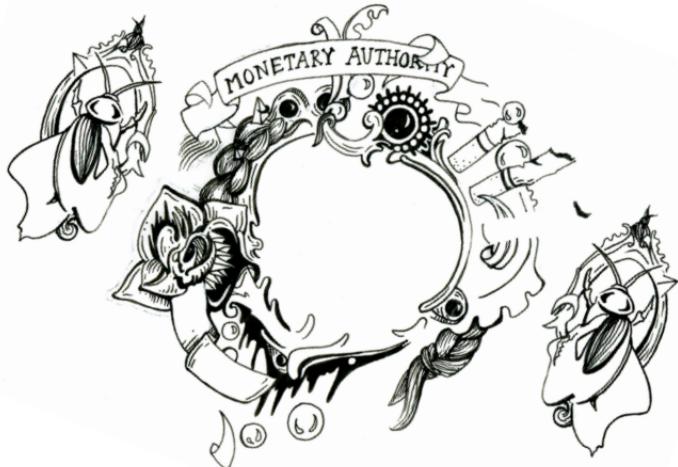
a place for freshmen to drink and be hormonal on the weekends

learn valuable life skills like how to exchange sexual favors for cocaine

Natty Lite

you have friends

Free booze as a freshman



Cons

You don't learn anything else

they provide a party scene

male congregation

Those motherfuckers think blasting country music is acceptable, fuck you this is Massachusetts.

further stratifies the tufts community socioeconomically, forces you to officially associate yourself with people you don't want/care to associate with, obscures other, more interesting forms of social life at tufts.

the girls wandering around in matching t-shirts and big bows in their hair. Let's talk about infantilism

herpes

Natty Lite

you had to pay for them

Everyone at the parties is a freshman.

why you're still scared of tufts kids

I can't live up to their level of righteous indignation

I feel like I might get attacked because I don't really care about politics.

Because they can cunningly hide their superficiality behind a facade of pseudo intellectual experiences

winter bash

Y'all are intense

Those EPIIC kids are terrifying.

tufts gays... goddamn incestuous

I'd tell you, but I'm afraid I might offend someone

They speak so many more languages than I do.

because people are fucking scary

a high incidence of micropenit

I'm not. But now I'm wondering if I should be.

PRAISE THE LORDE

She doesn't sing with an American accent like everybody else

her hair looks very conditioned

Younger, cuter, and has more grammys

she always talks about teeth and i can get behind that

Keep speaking your mind, dressing like a witch, doing twitchy dances, and singing in that deep throaty voice-- we fucking love you. Give us this day our daily Lorde.

But what about Audre Lorde am I rite?

she's like the stoner/pothead version of T-Swift

she is a CHILD i couldn't do jack shit when i was 16

Ribs makes me think of summers with my friends from home
can't beat that



[time when you were ashamed to be a jumbo]

every time I have to explain my major

When I read this prompt

When Gawker said Tufts was “a former clown college”

when we asked prospective students what ‘yolo’ means 2 them.....

whenever i look at our retention rates for black and latino students

Every time anyone brings up that divest info session video.

How many mass casualty events can we have people?

When I was walking home and heard two other ‘Jumbos’ worried about contracting HIV from the urine they “accidentally” drank.

“Speak slowly they go to BU”

When I heard that only 50% of people even applied to financial aid.

Winterbash; just kidding no one cared

The homecoming football game every year

When I found out that the people Tufts hires for snow removal couldn’t afford proper snow boots

Are you kidding me?! ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!?! No, fuck you. Seriously, fuck you.

You walk in here while I'm doing something else and start a conversation entirely about yourself (barely a conversation since no one else is talking). No one gives a shit about your brother's college band. You just want to sit here and talk and talk while surrounded by people so you feel like hot shit. Then, as the sweet icing on this whole asshat cake, when I try to give my two cents you dismiss what I have to say as "stupid". ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!?!?

Fuck. You. Get the fuck out of my room. In fact, get the fuck out of this house. Move out. I don't want to live with someone as selfish as you. You don't ever help cleaning, you eat our communal dinners but you never cook for everyone, and you act like you run the fucking place. I hate living with you. Every week you pull some shit like this that just drives me up the wall, and I'm tired of it. I'm tired of you, I'm tired of your shit, and I don't want to be around you anymore.

And I haven't even gotten to the worst part: when I wake up in the morning, I'll forget all about this, because you're my best friend, and I can't stay mad at you. I hate you so much for it, and sometimes I hate myself for it, but I can't ever manage to escape. I love you, and I'll see you at breakfast.



what i love about my grandparents

My grandma's traveling balloon volleyball team

Thanks Nana for the killer meatball recipe

Will use any calendar event as an excuse to buy a cake. This includes boxing day.

my Opa is the greatest, people in town call him the sexy senior.

my grandpa tells stories about the invention of condoms when my boyfriend comes to visit.

Did your grandparents teach you how to make your own vodka? I didn't think so.

When Grandma writes happy birthday on my ex's Facebook. Grandma, wtf are you doing? Stop, we don't like her.

They always sound happy over the phone. Always.

their green bean farm

My grandpa knew the guy who invented sliced bread. Actually my grandma gave me dolls when i was a young boy when everyone else was giving me sports equipment. she always understood.

they make the greatest jokes about death, and I don't know whether to laugh or cry

they don't give a fuck about how much they drink at family functions

Their cooking. Oh my god, it's like that cake in the Matrix 2 that gives that chick an orgasm.

Whenever I ask my grandpa how he's doing, he says, "every day is a good day." Except now that my grandma's dead he usually tacks on, "But some days are better than others."

They believe that when Obama causes the US dollar to fail, the gold and silver they gave us will be good in the apocalyptic fallout.





Confessions, pt. 2

Real thought I had after inviting a guy over to “watch a movie”: Should I take this half-eaten banana off my bed? I don’t want to look like I’m trying too hard

once i started keeping my skin hydrated my life became 11% more livable

within my circle of friends, my name is slowly becoming a verb meaning “to pee outdoors, especially while drunk.” i am secretly pleased

I’d fuck every character in the movie Die Hard. I’d let Hans Gruber fuck me in the butthole as long as he whispered, “I am an exceptional thief” in my ear as he stole my butt virginity

i think i might have an anxiety problem



sometimes i like to imagine that my genetics professor is lecturing only to help me fall asleep... & when i do, she'll kiss me on the forehead, turn the lights off, and tiptoe out of the auditorium

I get sexually aroused when I pretend to breastfeed my stuffed animals

I have a secret hamster

to the girl that demands to be heard in the purple hallway while everyone else is studying, I have stress dreams about your lax bro stories and they usually end with me punching you in the solar plexus.

I'm a little bit afraid of sex

I have a certain stall that I always use in every bathroom I go into

thinking about you getting fucked by different people turns me on

I orgasm when I do certain abdominal exercises.

I told you that I brought you home with me because I heard that you bit your last hook up and made them bleed. It was really cause you were wearing flannel and I liked the way your mouth looks.

I once peed myself in math class in 5th grade because the Russian teachers wouldn't let me leave. My punishment was another math test which I (SURPRISE) FAILED. But then I still got into Tufts. SUCK IT RUSSIAN MATH TEACHER.



why you did // didn't go abroad

I work in the fucking Palace of Westminster

engineering and poor planning

To get my MRS degree in a foreign country

You don't really appreciate where you come from until you leave it for a while

FOMO

because abroad blogs are THE WORST

To get away from the activists.

to learn to be by myself



To get out of my comfort zone. To reach my personal peak. To find myself. To see the world and become humble blah blah blah but mostly just so I wouldn't have to see you.

pro II

Dewick

My gpa wasn't high enough. I tell everyone it's because I miss home too much.

Because I wanted to know what using a bidet was like

dick too heavy 4 plane

to start over

tufts in 10 years

still not green line accessible

Still advertising a quirky, creative, and driven student body but everyone will actually be sad and repressed because they banned Spring Fling in 2016 and replaced it with the Spring-Left Wing political debate. class division increases, the light on the hill takes on a sinister green hue

tufts observer finally becomes 100% pictures, “the rez” employees found dead in cult suicide, tufts daily website hits 500 views, president monaco short circuits and is replaced by an amazon drone carrying a piggybank that follows around trustees -- the drone proves more likable and better at raising money, bacow builds statue of himself and donates it to tufts, Sherman Teichman successfully clones self, IGL sends student to moon with mysterious grant money, first year there is more than one black student taking epiic

Top circus school in the nation

Ragnarok has come and gone. Now, all that remains of the once-lush campus is the ruined brick-red of Giffords House. Emerging from the rubble, there is a figure with broken glasses and a pained look on his face. He says, “Welcome to Tufts, Class of 2028.” At once, as if possessed, Anthony Monaco begins to grin like a demon. He opens his mouth, and says, in a much lower register, “You WILL enjoy your stay...” There is nobody around to hear him but the wind hushing over the President’s Lawn. It is dark. Night has come.

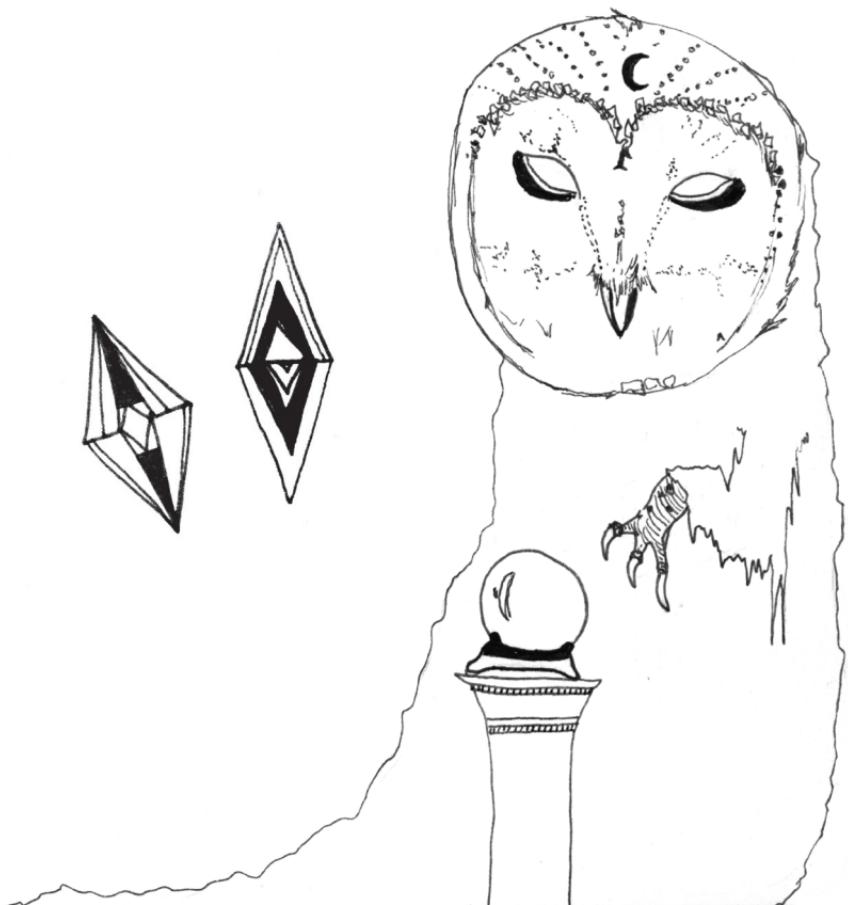
Underwater paradise

Tufts will be a social construct.

tuition costs \$1,000,000 and a blood sacrifice

the bathrooms will be the same and we will have seven sororities

"Class of 2028 Most Competitive Yet"



The End

