

THE TUFTS DAILY WAS TOO SCARED TO PUBLISH THIS ARTICLE

By Tuck Weenus

Dear Sheeple, it is official. The Tufts Daily can no longer be trusted. They have engaged in active war crimes against the truth, and are unsafe for the Tufts community.

I am done being silenced. My strike-force infantry of student hyperjournalists have been digging up deep-state operations like a dog that can't stop shitting. For weeks, our weapons-grade truthbombs have been blasting fact-napalm onto the burning backs of brainwashed leftists. We are the last line of defense, the hero cops fighting the evil organizations turning this libertous, justice-filled campus into a police-state. We know about the collusion networks. We know what DARPA and the Engineering School are doing in the Middle East. We know about the custodial staff chemicals that cause infertility in Christians. We know about the paralegal death squads. We know about the French Department.

Recently, we have been investigating a P.T. Barnum bankrolled, heist of advanced alien devices from Egypt. We noticed that the sub-administrative bluepill operation runs deep enough that none of our interviewed subjects nor leads displayed any knowledge of the enterprise whatsoever. When we brought this to the attention of the Tufts Daily, they refused to publish our findings citing an "entire lack of any evidence." However, our organization determined that the so-called 'authors' of the Tufts Daily are actually blackmailed porn-addicts who operate pseudonymically. We do not trust our information in their compromised, semen-crusted hands.

It is a well documented fact that the Tufts Daily is a disinformationist propaganda conglomerate. However, we mustn't forget another well-known fact— there is an ongoing infiltration of the Tufts administration by a cabal of transhumanoid pedophiles who outsource their brain function to the supercomputers in Halligan Hall. Naturally, these same cybersapians oversee the computer-generated Tufts Daily fake news articles. All the while, the new computer science building (aka. false flag brain-host mainframe expansion) was paid for entirely by Hunter Biden's 14-year-old stepcousin using extorted debts he owed to Ukranian prostitutes.

So why do they want me silenced, you may ask? Stupid question, you rhetorical imbecile. Obviously, I am the only wolf on this campus who is lion enough to dismantle the Tufts Daily's MSM lies. They're terrified of the deprogramming crusade my truth-warriors could achieve wielding a full arsenal of facts. Unfortunately though, so much evidence has been destroyed that, barring baseless speculation, there is no way of knowing how far the mole-hole scrolls. So baselessly speculate we must, as it is the only unbiased truth we have left.

We are witnessing an American crisis worse than Benghazi, Pearl Harbor and Obamacare combined. To the brave patriot reader who is committed to joining the revolution, we meet in the plastic bike shed outside Tisch Library. In the meantime, do not listen to your professors or classes, for it will turn your brain to yogurt. Only in the Zamboni can you trust, OBEY THE ZAMBONE. 

A Foreword

WASHINGTON (Reuters) - A new Broadway play by visionary playwright Cornelius Vanderbilt is rumored to be making its debut in the burnt-out Chevy Cobalt on Chetwynd somewhere between 3 and 9 pm on Thursday. A harrowing tale of loss, and even double loss, *Hamlet 2* is set in the early 1930's (B.C.). Reporters from The South Lexington Elementary Journalism Club obtained the first page of Act 1 through a sting operation on Vanderbilt's most dangerous mid-Atlantic oil rig. Our partnership with the LEJC has given us exclusive access to the alleged new work which we have published below. Prepare to laugh, cry, and fall asleep halfway through because you had too many canned pinot grigios in the mezzanine bathroom before fist bumping Anna Kendrick but she's surprisingly strong so it really hurt your hand and you asked for an ice pack but they said you couldn't be near the props table bc ur not even Atticus, butt boy.

Anyway here's the play (next page):

Art by
Alex Bradley

