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Dear Reader,

Welcome! We could not be more excited that you’ve decided to pick up our magazine. Sit back, relax, and fall into the pages that explore what makes us human, what makes us tick. This year, the Center for the Arts and Humanities’ theme is Human Nature, but this semester we wanted to focus on the “human” side of the coin.

William Wordsworth said, “Fill your paper with the breathings of your heart.” That’s what we want you to find in our words, the rhythmic inhalations and exhalations of our hearts, so treat these pages with care.

This is my first semester as both Editor-in-Chief and Club Director of Inklings, and it’s been one hell of a ride. Inheriting such an amazing club from the beyond talented creator, Laura Rosenthal, was intimidating to say the very least. How could I follow in her footsteps, especially as just a sophomore? I learned a lot in such a short space of time, especially as Inklings has been restructured less as a disconnected circle of workshoppers and more as a small family, a small community. There is nothing like Inklings on campus. Though perhaps a distant cousin of the Pequod, we don’t resemble anything else on campus, and that’s what makes us a special. Think of us as a small haven of writers, busily typing away. We have all grown as writers this semester, and that was what Inklings was created for.

Neil Gaiman said, “being a writer is a very peculiar sort of a job: it’s always you versus a blank sheet of paper and quite often the blank piece of paper wins.” So think of this magazine as we, the writers, emerging victorious against the blank paper. It’s a hard balance, after all.

Finally, we’d like to take this space for a few important acknowledgments. I’d like to thank Debra Spark, chairman of Colby’s creative writing department and our club advisor, Student Government Association, Adrian Blevins for her support, Terry O’Connor for answering our layout questions, Sarah Braunstein for her wise words, Johanna Clift for her photography, scheduling skills, and kindness, and you, reader, for picking us up! Check out the digital version of the magazine at our blog, wed.colby.edu/inklings-magazine, and see you next semester in Miller 319! Happy reading!

-Jess Greenwald, Editor-in-Chief
SISTERS

Eenie Bernard

We lay on the earth and
let the cold settle into our bones,
feathers of ice spreading over my
glasses, the deepness of the evening
pooling in your collarbones. I couldn't
hear your voice over my heartbeat and
fell into the crystalline sky instead, turned
my head and watched as the reaching
fingers of shadow webbed your chest.

The sun threaded your long hair with the
last rays of dying light, so beautiful I could
hardly breathe. You played with my hospital
bracelet and told me I was too much of a
romantic, tears in your throat; you pressed
the gauze too hard and I shrieked and we
held our breath as we watched the blood seep
onto mom's old jacket. We pretended it was mud
when we went back inside hours later, smelling
of damp leaves and cigarettes and rust,
my hair so matted mom had to cut it off with
the dirty kitchen shears and I couldn't put
it up for months afterwards. I still remember
how the trees hung heavy with night and
how the stars winked at us from the inky
dusk before us, how you fixed my wounds
and kissed my cheek and knew each one of
my secrets but I never knew any of yours.

STILL LIFE

Nini Just

Your laughter is made of rising steam.
Teapot-crackling water.
Thoughts simmer on hot metal.

You stir the cup.
Thin spoon scratching porcelain-coast-lines,
sugar-sand-turbids rotate in hydrogen-winds.

Your tongue, an ancient tidal wave,
kisses coast and ocean - all at once
"No," I reply, feeling stupider. Why can't I just buy the damn book from the Hipster God and get on with my life? Must I explain my every move?

He chuckles. "Game Of Thrones is awesome." He keeps giggling through his teeth and I don't know why.

"Thanks," I say quietly.

Our interaction is coming to an end. I feel his gaze on me and I finally look up to meet his eyes. They are olive green with little specs of yellow. It's like I'm being hypnotized.

He hands me back the book, all nestled inside of one of those fancy bags made of thick plastic that only bookstores have. Our hands meet when I take the bag from him, and he smiles his crooked smile again.

"Have an incredible life," he says.

I scrunch my nose and eyes, stifling a laugh. "You have an incredible life too," I say boldly.

And I walk out, smiling. I think of all of the random strangers I interact with every day. I think of the faces I stare at for a brief moment while stopped at a red-light, while glancing out the window at work, all the people I pass by while walking down a crowded street, the ones I meet for the briefest of moments, on an airplane, in line at Panera Bread, in a bookstore.

They are the characters of my life that were only hired as extras – only needed to appear in the corner of the frame, in the regular-ordinary-normal-everyday background. Man With Red Shirt eats an egg sandwich in the back of the diner while Katie grabs her coffee-to-go, looks toward him, and then walks out the door. Just like that, Man With Red Shirt becomes another memory for the pile, another one of those little interactions that pass me by without a second thought.

The Hipster God now floats into that pile of memories too. I'm glad we said our proper goodbyes, just like any old pair of strangers ought to do.
TWO SINNERS

Jess Greenwald

tears in closed eyelids, overpriced
cologne, skin on skin, wanting to
be so close we wanted to cut each
other apart, and climb inside each other’s
unzipped collarbones, we wanted to know
what it felt like to breathe in someone’s mouth.
it tasted like cigarettes and salt and papercuts
and house fires—the crying and whiskey and
fingertips on the tiny space between your jeans
and your skin, spilled wine, and mascara-stained
pillows, bitten lips, but we didn’t realize that
cutting each other apart wasn’t going to tell
us anything, it was just going to make a mess.
wanted the sort of love they put in movies,
the kind that takes a bullet, the kind that
would let the world set on fire and not watch
it burn, the kind that you write poems about,
but all we had was broken wine bottles and
bleeding from one thousand papercuts.
“this isn’t love,” I tell you, “this is an illness.”
and when you got out of the car,
my lipstick on your earlobes, the moonrise
overhead, dark and loud, my lips tasted like
salt, and I knew what you were going to say.

forgive me father, for I have sinned.

UM, HI

Katie Monteleone

Your eyes are so green. Sorry, is that too forward? I’m no good at this sort
of thing. It’s just, I look at your eyes and I wonder about things, you know?
I wonder what you see when you look up at the sky. I wonder what you see
when you get that mesmerized look on your face, staring at the ocean. I
swear I’m not trying to be cryptic or seem deep, none of that artsy bullshit.
I just wonder. Look up - sky. Look forward - water. I wonder what you see.
Maybe you see promises you forgot making. Maybe memories. Maybe
some mystified version of the future. Maybe you see all the words that
stream through your head at night just sloshing around in the relentless
crash of waves. Who knows, but you see something, right? Everyone sees
something. But the really fucked up thing is that all I see is sky and water,
water and sky. It’s like I could disappear right into it if I stared too long. And
maybe no one would notice. I could fade to green and your eyes would
swallow me right up. And maybe you wouldn’t notice. Sorry, is that too
forward? I’m no good at this sort of thing.
TIMELESS
Tonayo Crow

Emma was having a staring contest with the ancient grandfather clock in her kitchen (ironically, it had previously belonged to her grandfather), and she was losing. Dammit, she thought, I’m off my game. In all fairness, Emma often felt older than the prehistoric clock. Every time she attempted to move, or walk up the stairs, or sit down, her joints creaked like stairs in an old house. Emma frequently found herself fondly recalling the days when she could still run, wind in her hair, sprinting past trees in the forest that blurred into bright shocks of color in the fall. But those days were long gone. Emma stood up, as straight as she could, and sighed as she adjusted the red headband in her thin white hair. She huffed, cursing her son and his family for moving so far away. He had finally decided she was worthy of his time, and had called last week to let Emma know he and his family would be coming up for the weekend. She sat down again, slowly, at her kitchen table (she had forgotten why she had stood in the first place) and stared out the window that opened into the garden. She always loved that garden, how she felt so energized and young when she worked, hot sun beating down, causing drops of sweat to bead on her brow and run down her face and neck. She and her husband, Richard, had tended to that garden for the entirety of their marriage. She’d lost him five years ago, and the garden was a bittersweet reminder. She still went out every Tuesday, rain or shine, to encourage the rose bushes to grow. She felt closer to him then, and much younger than her 81 years. A knock at the door pulled Emma from her memories. She walked slowly to answer it, opening it up to see her pre-teen grandkids, Jack and Travis come sprinting into the house yelling at each other about some Game station or Play cube. Her son, Randall, came in next and gave her a kiss on the cheek, “Hey ma,” he said as he brushed past her. Randall’s wife came next, carefully balancing Jack and Travis’ piles of gear and a glare at the back of her husband’s head that could kill. “Hello Emma,” she said kindly. “Ah, Janice, always a pleasure” Emma replied, and she smiled genuinely for the first time that day. Emma thought Janice was the best thing to ever happen to Randall, and had even had a hand in pushing them back together after a breakup. Randall was a stubborn one, too proud to tell Janice how he felt. So, Emma had decided it was in everyone’s best interest if she gave Janice a call and told her what Rand-
TALES OF TRADE
FINI JUST

My body is an ocean.
Waves crashing,
tides breaking.
You stir your ships through bloody currents.
Sandy winds.
Your sails are full.
My body, is an ocean.
Drainages that feed,
grainy soil into water.
Your ships are carried to the shores of my skin.
You do not ask; you enter.
My body is, an ocean.
At the shore, I accept,
your offerings.
Long-forgotten feelings,
emotion-speckled memories.

My body is an ocean.
And I trade,
and I sell.
Everything.
Until my veins remain, empty.
My body is.
An ocean.
Rough surface covered in trade-ways.
It is easy to find the path.
My body is an ocean.
And my soul is the storm.

ZONKER HARRIS DAY
EENIE BERNARD

Loony toon blotter paper dissolving into my saliva,
into my blood, into my brain, you holding my hand so hard

I saw the crescent moons of your fingernails shining white
on the back of my skin, us giggling, waiting, nervous.

We sat on the hill in that honeyed light,
tripping on our serotonin morning breath,

me gripping the grass so I wouldn’t fall off the fragile earth rotating below me, anchoring myself

so hard I could taste the raw dirt under my fingernails for weeks afterwards, you, my best friend, rolling
down the slope screaming with laughter, crashing into me as we felt our own unfathomable revolutions,

champagne popping endlessly behind our eyelids, foaming out of our ears.

We watched the clouds parade across the blue above us, consuming it, dancing, exhaling against our skin, you took my hand and asked me not to tell your mom and I said I wouldn’t if you didn’t tell mine.

You looked at me and touched my face, my skin static beneath your fingertips, glass shimmering down my spine,
your pupils yawning so wide they swallowed me whole, grass tickling my nostrils, leaves in my hair.
“Who was he to declare he felt more pain?”

when he was seven, he liked his sandwiches cut into rocket ships, and his favorite color was blue, blue like that artificial shit they put in crayon boxes, and when he was alone, when mommy was at work, and daddy was in the shower quietly fucking their neighbor Nicole, he liked to pretend that he was an astronaut, he would point out the window and say to his teddy bear, Mr. Buddy “look at that! a black hole!” and he would pretend that Mr. Buddy had asked what a black hole was and he would tell him what he had learned when daddy had taken him to the science museum, and then he would explain how a meteor had probably killed the dinosaurs, and then he would pretend a dinosaur had taken over the rocket ship, and he and Mr. Buddy had to fight it off. “Mission accomplished!” he would shout when they had dumped the t-rex into the black hole, and somewhere, two rooms over, his father and Nicole would pause, unsure who had yelled and why.

when he was twelve they placed him in advanced science, but he didn’t care, his favorite class was art. he loved the way the acrylic paints felt under his fingers, the way the chalk stained his t-shirts, the way the paper smelled before he started, the way his art teacher mr. schultz said no matter what he made it was art, it was always art, and that was easy, easier than going home, thinking about mom and dad and the fighting and the name-calling and the whiskey, the crying behind locked bathroom doors, mom staying later and later and work, dad leaving to stay at motel 8 for a few days, dad forgetting to pick him up after school, mom forgetting that he had joined art club and getting him vanilla cake on his birthday instead of chocolate, even though he hated vanilla, and his favorite color was purple, purple like night, where somewhere, there were stars and black holes, orbiting and revolving, not knowing any of this, it made nothing meaningless, nothing too big or too empty, and didn’t that make everything okay?

when he was seventeen he smoked a lot of pot and cigarettes. mom had gotten custody, but he was allowed to see dad at christmas. it was june, the nap of his neck was sweaty and his palms and his colored pencils too, and outside he could see the neighborhood kids playing in the sprinklers and he smiled a crescent moon in a purple sky, he hadn’t heard from dad since christmas. he took a strong pull out of a cigarette, dabbing the end of it on his paper, he watched smoke bloom and paper burn like an inkblot flower, then he continued his charcoal drawing around it, smoking quietly, listening to the cd his girlfriend had burned for him. when he was twenty-two he had his own place with his girlfriend olivia, an apartment in a big city that smelled like the cigarettes he couldn’t stop smoking, he graduated with a degree in visual art (a waste, mom had sniffed) and the walls were his canvas, the carpet paint-stained, and the galaxies were in the art, he realized. he found out olivia had gotten an abortion without telling him the same day his mother called with the news that his dad had OD’d somewhere in new mexico, and he didn’t feel like crying, he just felt like smoking. he felt like he was finally feeling all the papercuts he’d gotten his whole life but had not bandaged, and he was bleeding everywhere, inside, outside, and what did any of this mean, who was he to declare that he felt more pain, when every twelve seconds someone died in a hospital somewhere, and that was somebody’s mother or somebody’s boyfriend, and there were wars and cancer and car crashes and seemingly random universe fucking that he couldn’t explain, so all he did was smoke, smoke, and watch evening fall, thinking about the sound a black hole made, somewhere far and distant that was, but was not, here.
Come here,
He told me, and he put his arm around me
even though he’s not supposed to do that.
I made my way over to the maroon sofa and sat,
a pool of Oreo crumbs rolling toward me.

I thought of the last time I had cried.
My eyes drifted.
A Ouija board from that night when we all sat around in the dark.
A post-it note that read, “LAUNDRY – DO IT.”
An apple core.
A fingernail that had flung its way behind the couch.
An empty bottle of cranberry wine.
Too many green pushpins on the blank bulletin board –
reminders of all the times I’d messed up.
My eyes twinged with the slightest hint of
salt water and I turned my knees in the other direction.

What?
he asked me, and his voice was soothing and concerned,
even though he’s not supposed to be like that.
The air was thick and reminiscent of
forgotten socks and sour coffee and too much perfume.
Dark Kiss, it was called, or was it Dark Lies?

I turned back to him and cautiously
rested my head on his shoulder.
He smelled sweet,
like brown sugar and firewood,
and his breath was warm near my ear,
like Cinnamon Altoids.
I curled my legs up onto the couch
and wished my heart would stop
rattling, that is,
I wished my mind would stop—

It’s okay,
he whispered, and he held me closer,
and I wanted him to,
even though I’m not supposed to want that.

His thumb rested gently on my back
and it looped around, drawing small ovals
across my skin.
With each loop,
my chest became tighter
and there were not butterflies
in my stomach,
but rather bumblebees
and wasps
and baby lady bugs that
kissed my insides and said,
oh well,
just,
oh well.

I felt his words brush against my ear
and I thought again of the
green pushpins.
There were too many of them.
When your world shatters,
A mirror breaks.
Shards of glass as sharp as words tumble down around you,
And the pieces no longer fit together, a lock with the wrong key.

Cancer,
A dirty word.
It echoes in my brain,
Jeering, laughing,
It’s the invisible hurts that cut the deepest.

When your anchor is ripped away.
You’re left reeling, spinning, choking on too much salt water.
Waves beat you down, but you’re not the one drowning,
She is.

So we beat on,
We beat on,
And hide feelings raw as an open wound
To stand strong, to anchor her.

It feels wrong to be angry,
Anger is selfish.
And it feels wrong to be sad,
Sadness is selfish.
Everything feels wrong, wrong, wrong.

And when the sickness finally leaves,
When the world is no longer a spinning amusement park ride,
That fear, invisible,
Of loss, of death,
Hits you like a semi-truck going too fast on the freeway.
It’s impossible to fix a shattered mirror.

I.
I dream about wearing his jackets in
the winter, walking to the bookstore.
I shiver in the hot water of
the shower, don’t look at the
mangled shadows, the blooming
thunderclouds that ripple across
my ribs when I lift my arms.
I cannot run from this.

II.
I hit him, I say. I repeat it to my mother.
I hit him; he wouldn’t get off me.
I try not to think of the crack
his head made against the wall, the
shouting, finding my clothes in the dark.
She tries to breathe for the both of us.

III.
I cannot sleep without hating myself.
He has a new girlfriend.
We don’t talk anymore.
I am distorted light bursting fluorescent
but I still fear all the times
I woke up counting the seconds
it took to remember.
Jesus Christ, I thought I killed him.
MEADOW
Jess Greenwald

two sisters
sit in a meadow
small hands
wrapped
around skinny knees,
locked elbows
like wound knots
bitten lips,
chipped nail polish,
the older is all popped
pimple scars
the younger;
scabbed knees from
tree-climbing,
and pigtail braids
like two swings,
side by side.

sunset blooms,
and the sisters are gone,
home for dinner,
squabbling
over arguments they
had already argued.
in the twilight come two lovers,
hands twined
and knotted
like brine-washed rope
of an old sailboat
sloshing and creaking
and weaving.

they sit on an old towel
that the belonged to the girl
when she was little,
and eat green grapes
and refrigerated
peanut and butter jelly sandwiches.

they make plans to see The Martian
next weekend,
try to guess each other’s
favorite candies and favorite colors,
laughing.

she throws a grape at him, he kisses
the nape of her neck, she
traces constellations
on the back of his
pianist fingers.

in the evening
come two old friends,
who have known each other
for sixty years,

they sit in grass,
they hold hands,
they discuss the time
the older had been the
first to get color television
on their block, the time the
younger got married
and the other gave a
drunken bridesmaid
speech, when both their
brothers died in the war.

they will close their
eyes, they will go
home, and the meadow,
will wait.
Everything changed when the first flake of crystallized water hit the ground. The first snow of the year drifted from the light grey sky, white flakes like a feather falling on the moon. Erin breathed out, large puffs of air filling her vision, cold nose turned red in the winter chill. She buried deeper into her soft purple gloves and blue coat, shaking the new snow from her red curls. God, she hated being cold. She stood on a bridge crossing a wide, swiftly moving river. The bridge, which saw hundreds of pedestrians and cyclists each year, boasted chipped black railing showing red rust underneath, and cracks in the cement that Erin thought might very well break her mother’s back. But she wasn’t there for the cracks and chips that held memories up to her like a mirror. The snow was a sign to her.

She stood on the bridge and she thought. She thought about all the crap she’d been through that year and she wanted to laugh and scream and cry all at once. She picked silence instead; silence was easier, less messy. She stepped back from the railing and turned to her right, eyeing the other side of the bridge. It all felt so metaphorical to her. Cross the bridge and get over it, Erin, she thought. But “it” happened to be a lot of things. Erin had finally quit her monotonous 9-5 job; said goodbye to her noncommittal boyfriend; accepted the loss of her father. Each worry, each problem she’d dealt with in the 365.25 days of this year was like a piece of the falling sky, and as it hit the ground it shattered, became nothing in its explosion. Erin slowly, delicately, allowed herself to smile. And she put her right foot forward. Then her left. And she walked to the other side of the bridge, and as she walked, the first real laugh she’d had in what felt like years echoed from her tired mouth. And so she laughed, and charged ahead into the gathering snowstorm. And she knew, then, that she would make it to the end of the bridge and not look back; she’d just keep on walking, then running, and feel the snow build and build to some great crescendo like a symphony composed for her, for this moment. And when she got home, she could leave the bridge and the river and its memories behind, and start over, her blank slate forming slowly in the winter storm.

It is estimated that more than 750,000 refugees have entered Europe by boat in 2015. More than 3000 have died. This poem is a reflection on being far away from Austria (where I was born), a country that is entangled in the current crisis, and not being able to directly influence the situation.

The first time I saw you, you seemed desperate. Your salt-freckled skin shedding layers of pain. Eyes tired from piercing the dark, always searching for land. But I was wrong.

The first time I realized your stories were real, I cried. Made your pain mine, stole your struggle for home out of your palms, and claimed to know how you feel. But, again, I was wrong.

Refugees, we say. We make you all one, combine the multiple hearts to form one person. Forget, you each carry a story. Lives mended into your paths, and You are not desperate. Your feet, they walk the paths of power.
of drifting winds,
and of turning lives.
No one ever asked you
how you managed to survive.

Today,
I refuse to see you as helpless.
I refuse to overlook your power.
And I try to learn.
I want to see you.
See you and your eyes,
and watch the tides
break the silence.
Tell me the story
of your wrinkled smile,
and let me hear
the laughter of your child.
Teach me,
how to open my fine-lined borders.
Show me what it feels like
to inhabit planet earth.

But this
is not your duty.
You are no teacher.
You are no migrant.

You are human.
The world
is your basic right.
And I have learned,
that all I can do is open my eyes.
And not turn my head.
Do not allow me to close my eyes,
and make me promise,
that I will honor your lives.

I know now, that,
your strength exceeds mine.
I never lost my feet to the waves,
never lost my past to the path.
And unlike me,
you walk.
You walk the paths of power,
you sway in the winds of hope,
trenched in the waters of strength.
You walk,
and the world is your land.

IM: How did you get into writing?
SB: I just remember writing for as long as I could. When I was a kid, I would always write stories, I would read novels, and then I would try to write fancy summaries of novels I liked. Someone gave me a manual typewriter and I remember as a really little child sitting in my bedroom with a manual typewriter on the floor just typing stories. So I was always writing, not in any serious way, but it was always just fun. It was what I did for pleasure.

IM: You teach fiction classes at Colby this semester; have you ever explored other genres?
SB: I write nonfiction as well. I write essays and I have a new essay that is going to come out this February in a magazine called The Sun, which I’m excited about. I also wrote a play that was produced in New York City and at Vassar College a few years ago, which was really fun. Primarily, I see myself as a short story writer and a novelist, but I dabble (in other genres). I teach nonfiction as well sometimes, but here at Colby I teach fiction. Generally, I think we need to not cling too ardently to a particular form and try our hands at lots of forms. And I try to practice what I preach.

IM: How important are workshops for the writing process, in your opinion?
SB: Workshops were profoundly important for me as a young writer and workshops brought me into a literary community. The friends and colleagues whom I met during those workshops still read my work now, and are, in some ways, my allies and early readers. So I think for me the workshop was critical. It forced me to take myself seriously as a writer; I think it’s a very powerful and rich experience to offer up some work that you wholeheartedly created and then to sit silently. It requires a great deal of humility, to let one’s ego sort of rest and to sit back and let the group really talk about what’s on the page. That experience in humility is critical for a writer.

IM: Any advice for aspiring writers?
SB: I have two major pieces of advice for young writers: 1) make a mess on the page, and 2) apprentice yourself to reading deeply. If you read a book that you love, read everything by that author, and then read, of course, who that author read. A friend of mine recently sent me this quote by Carlos Fuentes: “Tienes que amar la lectura para poder ser un buen escritor, porque escribir no empieza contigo.” “You have to love reading in order to be a good writer, because writing does not begin with you.” I think it’s so important to think of literature as a web; it’s a big dialogue. I want students to feel that they are participating in the dialogue, but I think that if we’re not reading deeply, then it’s hard to know with whom we’re communicating.
**Jess Greenwald’18**
Editor-in-Chief

Hailing from the distant mountainous region of Denver, Colorado, she could tap the alphabet at the age of 7, but only since she can kill that on her resume as she boast! Besides it since her balanced diet includes Tweets, Barbie’s Gerg, string cheese, and an affinity for anything containing excessive amounts of salt. Favorite hobbies include scarf collecting, dog petting, and hermioning in the winter.

**Tondya Crow’18**

Tondya hails from an island twenty minuets from one of the finest cities in the continental U.S., also known for its delicious coffee and drink bars. She loves historical stuff, and is secretly a cat person. Not feline kind books are her favorite pastime, and she is imagining in caricature, with a concentration in big humor.

**Katie Monteleone’18**

Katie grew up in a minature town. She happens to live miniature things in general. In addition, she loves singing Broadway show tunes, eating pomegranate seeds and google searching pictures of baby hedgehogs. Something that not many people know about Katie is that she once had a run-in with the police after she “accidentially” threw a red velvet cupcake at her teacher outside of a bookstore. Katie has an abnormal obsession with honey and her favorite words are “discombobulate”

**Eenie Bernard’18**

Eenie is from a small town just north of New York City. She likes to doodle, match her socks, and sing in the shower. She constantly struggles with her writing abilities to listen to the Ollinian Brothers Band or the Justin Bieber Christmas album on repeat. She likes long walks in the woods and only eats in Food Court.

**Finn Just’19**

Finn comes from a city, 3,798 miles away Vienna, across the Atlantic Ocean, has a special place in her heart, but in the past semester she has made good friends with Marie. For Finn has a hard time describing herself which goes along with her recent indecisiveness. She enjoys being outside and trying new things. Colby has been very successful at making her an expert napper.
OUR ROLE AS HUMANS IS TO RECOGNIZE THE COMPLEXITY OF OTHERS*