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Dearest Readers,

In opening this issue of Writers, you are opening yourself to the experiences and perspectives shared within this space.

With keen awareness and strong conviction, our contributors inhabit this space and welcome you to it, fostering a sense of belonging. Here, they reconcile their assertive individuality with a universal harmony.

Our contributors are aware of what separates them from others and yet acknowledge acute similarities between us all. We witness this divided duality in strangers, ("Toyota Celica," cover), our surroundings, ("Identity / Who am I?" Editor's Choice, 2), and ourselves ("mija," Editor’s Choice, 1). In recognizing this, they are creating — in words and images — the potential for mutual understanding by transcending our differences ("Rise Up," 18; "I Water the Bonsai," 24).

In exploring this vulnerability of duality, we commemorate a shared desire for togetherness ("Scenes from a Holiday for New Lovers," 45), while embracing a resilience found only in isolation ("I know not what to write," 42). These works speak to the tensions surrounding us ("Morning After" 50), and in doing so create space for openness. Each piece, in its own way, is able to resist definition and embrace multiplicity ("an apology to all the women in Berkeley," 21; "silence," 34).

By opening yourself to these works — those inhabiting a space of isolation and belonging — we welcome you to join us in being challenged by them and celebrating their inherent dualities.

Cheers,

Morgan Mann & Keaton Gaughan

Senior Editors
“That is part of the beauty of all literature. You discover that your longings are universal longings, that you’re not lonely and isolated from anyone. You belong.”

– F. Scott Fitzgerald

(in _Beloved Infidel_ by Sheilah Graham)
mija

By Dorian Pacheco

as a child I would coat my skin in baby powder
*to be white like mommy.*
her east asian porcelain and almond
da small effort to drown the *café con leche*
corn silk and jasmine flowers
evidence of the generational rape
still writhing, pinned through
the nape of my neck with their saliva
no matter the months or miles.

now, I greet the colonized and colonizer
in the mirror each morning
animal teeth bared.
So warm
The downy sheets around my head
No pillow
But his chest
The perfect rest
Clad in nothing but an old t-shirt

He rolls over
“I love you” he says
Half asleep
The first time.

His eyes jolt awake
Mistake
“I mean your hair”
he amends.
“I love your hair.
It just came out wrong.”
This item is unavailable via Pilot Scholars as author permission has not been obtained.
Dear Shadow, Alive and Well

By Jocelle Tade
This item is unavailable via Pilot Scholars as author permission has not been obtained.
This item is unavailable via Pilot Scholars as author permission has not been obtained.
These hands of mine,
I try so hard to keep clean.
These hands are washed,
to keep the smallest of intruders out.
Red and splitting,
fingernails bitten down so far they bleed.

These hands shake and sweat,
feel all of the fear.
These hands defend,
push away.
These hands clench tight,
to punish their owner for an act unknown.
These hands wipe away tears of sadness for the life not lived,
the one convinced to be lost.
Tears for the absent,
tears for the close.

These hands play and create,
catch balls and climb trees.
These hands hold onto the chains of childhood,
resisting the pull.
These hands guide ink across clean pages,
type thoughts unspoken.

These hands love,
care more than the heart attached would like.
These hands trace circles on the child’s back as she sleeps,
brush the horse’s coat clean of grime.
These hands comfort a friend,
hold the hands of others.
These hands have known good,
happiness.
These hands have known pain,
sorrow.
These hands have known love,
love,
and love.

These hands have memories buried in the cracks,
under the fingernails,
in the creases of the wrists,
between the knuckles.
But I still wash,
scrub and scald,
until they burn and bleed.

These hands have felt too much,
maybe they will never be clean.
Maybe someday I will stop washing.
Charcoal Scissors

By AngelMarie Summers
I thought, at first, that you came from the earth. That you were some natural thing, grown up to me from the ground or burrowed into me and nested before I could feel even the sting of a puncture.

You smelled like moss. Your hair was black straw in my hands. Your tongue, a fat slug, left shimmery rainbow trails on my lips and my jaw.

But when you put your hands on my skin, reddening me with your slow, gentle heat, you felt more like the sun. And I welled up under you, warm and wet and weak.

In my dreamy childhood summers, the Central Valley sunlight would stream in through dirty windows to wake me from sleep; sometimes thick orange and others paper thin, white, it was a welcome and unwelcome thing all at once.

And now, months after leaving you behind in the green and in the rain, I somehow find myself ten years old again, mid-July, drowsily opening the blinds at my bedroom window to let you in.
What Sticks

By Sarah Broussard Weaver

In Indonesia they love teak furniture
Because Americans demand
It and they glue this teak together
With polyurethane.
Hallelujah.

Praises be to polyurethane for
The stickiness that brings life
To broken things.
I carried my dad's football trophy home in a suitcase;
He didn't need it anymore.

Thank you Lord Jesus for
Mark Singer, a woodworker like Yourself
Who brought Gorilla Glue to our shores.
I wrapped my dad's trophy carefully
I swear to You.

I glorify the name of this formula because
It only married my fingers for a day and a half,
An aftermath I handled with grace
After American Airlines mishandled my checked bag.
I know what my dad would say about his trophy.

Bless me; I know what he would say about
Many things, some of them humidly unpalatable
And the dead shouldn't speak anyway
But his voice inside me advises,
Oh that old thing?
All honor to my father for
Drinking chicory coffee from Maw-maw’s dented pot,
For waking up in dark hours
To work graveyard shift, and
Praying for me, forgiving me.
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Geese wave...

Geese wave,
congregating in pockets of marsh
folded into thickets of smooth grass roughening around
edges of islands of cattails and wheat.

Brows congregate in fitted plumes of wonder,
faces undulate
like the edged voices of birds
falling and rising shades of indigo.

Brows tilling wing-tipped ridges around
eyes engulfing heft
like the stone-ground blue-bound bodies of birds.

Geese engulf,
fitting themselves deep in the thickets of grass
fates un-bound to the rolling expanse
waving wings at the worry and wonder underneath.
Yosemite

BY SUNSHINE HUANG
Rise Up

By Emily Fitzgerald
Patience Knows

BY STEPHEN KELLAR

Grandmother was hinged like a crow on wire, standing amidst the detritus, that taciturn farmyard; hair a permanent response to every seasons labor. The chore of building a day from each ounce of feed, each inch of dirt. No time to attend the artifacts: toy mower, renovated coupe, nailwood pile. Cultivating her little finger nail, growing a tool for counting, picking, directing the chickens in their earnest, clumsy herds between the freeranging borders of this husk of wilderness that was and would be all her own.
You Look Nothing like your Mother, You Look Everything like your Mother

BY JACQUELINE OTT
an apology to all the women in Berkeley

BY Hannah Vogel

dear ryan, it had been over ten years since the last time

dear ryan, you are the definition of acquaintance rape. you are not a man in the bushes, you were a boy in my classes

when we met my freshman year you wanted to be my first kiss. I would always say no and you always let me go to biology and I thought I could say no to you

three years later we are at the river. you try to throw a stone into the water but it hits a larger rock on the other bank and shatters. one of the fragments embeds in my knee. I used a tampon to stop the bleeding. I still have the scar.

dear ryan when i was told you were majoring in gender and women’s studies i left my body and couldn’t reach my hands i wonder if you are making the acquaintance of other women and leaving scars inside their cervices.

i feel responsible for every rape in Berkeley.

dear ryan, you said your mom would be home. she’s a social worker. she made us dinner once and talked about the cotton trees in your backyard i was on my period you put a towel under my pelvis smiled at me and said you like it that way my hands white knuckle gripped your bed sheets.

dear ryan i remember when you brought me into your bathroom. a trickle of red blood sliding down the inside of my thigh you put both hands on my shoulders as if to say “this memory will never leave you” as if to say “your body will never belong to you”

i used a tampon to stop the bleeding.

dear ryan I STILL THINK ABOUT YOU
when people ask me “why don’t you trust men in feminism?” i think about you in your women’s history classes. i think about you nodding slowly and going to rallies and posting shit on facebook – i think about you. i think about the women you have invited into your dorm room. i think about their white knuckles and scarred knees and i think about how i am responsible for it.

dear ryan i thought this would be cathartic but all i can think about is the edge of a razor blade and the cotton trees in your backyard

nobody puts trigger warnings on tampon boxes.
I know my father loves me because of email. He does not text or call because he has no cell phone and he rarely hugs me because he is so distant, but he sometimes emails me pictures of his morning commute to work.

What he likes to photograph best is a place called Big Break, which is a confluence of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers in California.

As he drives his work-issued van over the bridge above the water at 5 a.m., he points a small Nikon digital camera at the sunrise and without taking his eyes off the road, shoots.

The photos he sends me are all blurry, each one almost identical to the last: a gradient of orange, yellow, and pink, fading behind a glassy-golden orb into blue.

This summer, in the heat of late June, we picked our way together through Portland’s Saturday Market. I lost him in the crowd for a few moments but he returned to me clutching a small bonsai tree which he placed in my hands, saying it’s important to have something growing.

We don’t talk about the years I would not speak to him.
and we don’t talk about
the way he broke my mother.
He doesn’t write
to ask me how I’m doing and
I don’t write
to ask him either.

But he sometimes sends me emails
and I water the bonsai,
and that is enough.
In His Pockets

Breath Mints

Daddy bought Certs — white disks with colored flecks of flavor in a tight aluminum paper roll. Spearmint and wintergreen burned my mouth — cinnamon was my favorite. Daddy made sure his breath wouldn’t offend; I just ate candy. Church went longer than a child’s stomach could stand. I whispered into Daddy’s ear, a hot breathy request. I sucked the sweet spicy coolness, swallowing the juices that filled my mouth, quieting my hunger. I asked often. He rarely said no.

The Certs were eaten long ago; I use Altoids now.

Change

He brought clenched fists from his pockets and opened his hands over a bowl that lived on the yellow Formica kitchen counter. It was a dull pewter dish with a rarely seen engraving on the bottom: “Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread.” Using cash instead of cards meant coins raining down with a rich clatter every night. Sometimes he gave me a quarter so I could visit the row of red metal machines at the grocery store. A brassy adjustable ring with an opaque pink gem, a blue plastic alien, or a handful of Runts — lime and cherry were best; banana was gross so I gave those to Daddy.

Mom spent the change from the pewter dish at garage sales; it’s her dish now.

Pocketknife

Daddy used his pocketknife to help me — slicing my apple, hacking stalks of sugarcane for chewing, cutting tags off toys, etching my initials in tree trunks. He would usually say one of his stock phrases before starting the task I set him, “That’s what daddies are for.” In his boyhood woods we cut “chadrons,”
— a Cajun French evolution of *chardon*, the French word for thistle. He taught me to eat the stalks. Crisp and watery, the chadrons tasted like celery with a wild sweetness. Dad ate them as a child — a snack on the go for a leather-footed boy.

My younger sister tucked the oldest and dullest knife into her pocket without discussing it with Mom, who was too disoriented, too disappointed, too dissolved. She chose the one I would have chosen. It’s the one she remembers being pulled out to help her; she helps herself, now.

**Handkerchief**

He wiped up my tears, blood, snot — whatever was needed — with his thin white handkerchief. I held the filmy fabric up to the light to see the world through a haze. He never carried tissues, only handkerchiefs — a habit I’ve never seen in anyone else. Mama prepared the handkerchiefs for him until I was old enough to handle the hot steamy iron, and then I took over. I gingerly sprayed the linen scented starch before smoothing the hissing iron over the soft cloth. Daddy always kissed me on the cheek and said, “Thank ya, darlin’,” when he saw the neat stacked pile of white squares in the hall closet. I’d found something I could do for him.

I don’t know where Dad’s handkerchiefs are. He wasn’t buried with one. The plastic bag of ashes — Dad reduced to so little — sat in a cardboard box. My mom, newly widowed and already worried about money, told the mortuary there were many vases at home already and she didn’t need to buy another. The pocketknife thief offered to do the necessary task. She sat in the pastor’s office of the small-town church, minutes before Dad’s memorial service, and set her jaw. The transfer required only a disposable coffee cup and Mom’s lidded brown ceramic container. The container was meant for flour, sugar, maybe coffee, but not Dad. My sister later divided the remaining ashes into more containers. She bought these, scanning the shelves for something suitable, a home nice enough for the reduction of a great man. She offered one to Mom and her siblings. I turned her down; Dad lives through us, now.
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Our cat prays
before her water bowl
like you plunge
your fresh yellow-feathered head into
the silky layers of water
and birds bathe
in the accumulating layers of dirt,
forming crests that
rest on the earth’s head.

And the inside of trees is layered
like the sinewy cords of
fresh antlers
hung from a head
accumulating bone-thick knowledge
stuffed in the corded brambles
of blackberry vines.
July 4th

BY Hannah Sievert
On the hair on the back of my neck standing up
(for once in a good way)

BY JACQUELINE OTT

Do you ever see something, something so magic, that you know, for a second, that that is why you existed?

Or maybe it’s taste, or maybe it’s sound, or maybe it’s feeling.

But for that second
you can see the atoms acting holy
and you can see
the mingling of your time.
And it’s okay. It’s okay. It’s okay

if

you are only here
to experience
that one second (toucthotastetoseetolistentofeel)
among all others.
Wait Outside

By Dorian Pacheco

I invoke the solitude of my childhood under the Los Angeles sun, tracing my initials in ripe guava. Exhale *chile de arbol* and the long afternoons belly-down on the bricks with the dog and the grasshoppers. I have always courted peace on the wrong side of a home. Come find me on the steps now, in the gray and the rain. Lips wet with the aloe of half-formed syllables. I brace myself against the door, wavering in the creases of entrance. Always, the yelling inside.
silence

BY KEATON GAUGHAN

silence descended down upon the room as my confession sunk in
my father was the first to breach the thick layer of disbelief,
well, women are the fairer sex.

his words dripped with irreverence. I shot him a loaded glare. that familiar,
acidic distaste that he evokes in me crept up my esophagus. daring me to
open my mouth. I swallowed, hard

suddenly finding myself dangerously unprepared for the swarm of shrapnel
hurdling toward me from the other side of the room

my mother gasped. dread devoured her, draining the blood from her sullen
face. it’s funny how denial has that uncanny way of scathing you with the
one truth that you just won’t accept

I watched as my truth tore my mother to shreds. she was now frayed and
fragmented. her broken state of being shown forth in her dejected posture

the tear-soaked blotches that stained her pristine, white blouse would eerily
resemble the crimson-tinted stains that ruined my pristine, white bedding
just months later

fresh-flowing tendrils raced down my thigh. attempting to replicate both the
restraint and the agony that existed behind those five excruciating words,
what did I do wrong?

although embellished with her icy and deliberate tone of voice, it wasn’t the
words,
but the grief-stricken stare that seared holes right through me

we drove home in an asphyxiating silence that night
the only audible sounds were the hum of the engine and her steady, stifled
sobs.
Raindrops are little explosions(!) when they hit the ground. (!) Little firecrackers hitting the sidewalk - where their sparks are water, are crystalline splinters of themselves,

and the sound they make is quieter(,).

It hurts them, hitting the concrete.

But the grass leaves trees and and

catch them, softly,
softly,
softly.

it must feel nicer than concrete. (____)
I Feel Rich When I Fly

By Nick Coogan
They were
carving out their own pockets
making pools with no depth as they
conquered aloe with cement. They
made us in white shrouds. Us–
the children of zephyrs and steel poppies
made from cells mean to hold nothing,

breaking shells

and for whose benefit?

We gnash and groan,

righting stress with angular manners like Frank Lloyd, wrig
gling in our smallness,

throwing rocks instead of paper cranes as clouds
tower over wind turbines. Our

pockets of change no match

for the white apples that grow

in the shade.
big

BY JESSICA BUSEK

B I G
as in “wow, you’ve gotten so B I G!”
usually coming from parents’ friends or family from the mainland
good-natured, we say, they don’t mean it
just faced with the task of having to relate to a preteen
they mean you’re TALL, we would tell you
they don’t mean that OTHER THING
you hate it
recoiling like it was a bitter taste in your mouth
you whose palate was made tender with books and stories and questions and
baked tofu recipes
(I’m skeptical of my memory, but I’m pretty sure that the strength of your
baked tofu game began around age eight)
remember when you got skinny in high school?
your bones pushed through your face like they had something to say
I was scared for you
(By fifteen I had decided I didn’t categorically hate you anymore so I was
scared for you)
It’s not good to eat past 3 p.m., you said
and when you moved away for college I snuck
granola bars
into packages that mama mailed you
because as much as you cut down your soft, sister edges, your presence in my
life
was always
unapologetically
b i g
and now you take that bitter word and you
(Add 1/3 cup brown sugar, agave, honey, or any other sweetener)
tell me on the phone that for the most part you like taking up space now
(I definitely recommend minced ginger)
that you’re good at it
it’s no big deal, you say
(cut tofu into pieces and marinade for 30 minutes or as long as overnight)
and I hang up and walk back into the library trying not to cry
cause I’m pretty big on you
(It will stick to the pan a bit, but don’t worry)
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i read too much into things

there was something symbolic about me, fully dressed looking at you still in my bed tangled in the flowery sheets sitting upright, half-asleep, you say “I thought I spray painted you gold” open mouth but before i speak, you are face in pillow lightly snoring

there was something symbolic about my voicelessness, your dream state desire of me unmoving painted gold like a petrarchan woman trapped in a sonnet, unable to write my own narrative left at your mercy

you said “I thought I spray painted you gold” laughing to myself there was probably something symbolic about your use of spray paint instead of sculpting real gold about capturing me and not my likeness about trying to fit me in a thin layer of artificial glitter instead of braving molten metals

i asked you am i pretty

you said “your shadow looks like a knife”
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This item is unavailable via Pilot Scholars as author permission has not been obtained.
La Virgen loves me through all of the reluctant returns as sun breaks through the gray on the morning freeway. City Terrace is quiet now, still, the vecinos can smell the sin of all the places I’ve been. Me gusta la mala vida. In middle afternoons, with goose down prickling my arms and paper cranes twirling slowly above me, the banging and scraping and screaming upstairs blend together in testament. My tongue carves my own skin, taking in the salt.
Scenes from a Holiday for New Lovers

By Stephen Kellar

We took our morning meals in the garden: the air of the young summer more bracing than expected

I gave a layer of clothing to you each day until I had nothing left to wear: naked, as you’d say, was how you wanted me: the grass was soft and often forgiving: the mosaic of blades most defined with your weight upon me

You prepared eggs with coriander, which you claimed was a foreign name for cilantro: foreign to what: foreign to our tongues: and when we burned our tongues it was not because of heat, but impatience: youth is not kept waiting because it has everywhere to go and no where to stay

We wanted flowers, but without the heart to pick flowers, settled for making impressions of flowers: here is the stamen, here is the pistil: we were gentle voyeurs: perhaps the lavender would forgive us

Some evenings we drank wine: most evenings we drank: you sang pretty songs about birds and heartbreak: even the birds were heartbroken: I lost count of the stars and so counted money instead

On our last day I took photographs: here is the house where we stayed and here is you in the doorway: here is the ceiling of our bedroom: a reminder of what we saw when we woke up
untitled

By Angelique Silvestre
The serpentine roads whip back and forth with fervor as we climb the colossal incline.

My car sits high upon its wheeled pedestal, daring to tip with each sudden curve. I crack the window; the acrid breeze slices the warm air that is trapped within. I focus, intently, upon the faint yellow line that remains flush to my left front tire. I have made this cumbersome task of ascension a particularly challenging one because I stubbornly refuse to release my clenched grip from around your left hand.

You are tense.

I can tell from the subtle way you tighten the muscles in your abdomen. This shift in your core causes what I can only describe as a chain reaction; one that is specific to you, but only when you are feeling uneasy. This movement causes your back to stiffen and thus forces you to readjust your posture ever so slightly. Your jaw tightens as you allow the worry to consume you. So, I do as I always do and flash you my most sincere grin. I grip your hand even tighter in an effort to tell you that we are absolutely okay, that you are safe here with me. You unclench and sink lower into the beige leather seat beneath you as relief descends down upon you.

Now, you sit calmly, smiling at me while I refocus on the road and race with childlike wonder up the hill that you’ve come to know much better than me.

This excursion is not like most other adventures we’ve taken, rather, this one bears its own significance for us both. You are finally letting me in, allowing me to see what lies behind those worldly, opalescent eyes, something I’ve spent the past year awaiting.

We reach our destination.
It is your safe place; the place you have escaped to for years whenever you need to feel grounded.
Your solace.

I am struck by the breathtaking view, completely baffled by the way that at this extraordinary altitude, the fog, thick and dense, is able to swallow miles of mountainous terrain, making it completely disappear before us.

I snake my arm around you, our gazes meet and in this blissful moment, I am abundantly aware of what happiness is supposed to feel like.
Waves Don't Die

BY NICK COOGAN
The cries of the children sound like a dirge, although they are just laughing on the playground. Their mothers wear black. Any kindness today will bring them to tears; they are so close already, again. And I stand with them, fitting seamlessly into this ancient band of women, the Rachels weeping in Ramah. The sun is hiding behind that bank building, wondering if she should stay there. It’s hard to know her place in this new world, or if there is one. But by afternoon, the sun, tired of fear, will blind the world again. Our daughters lift their chins; they see perfectly, hands shading eyes. They point, showing us the way.
About the Contributors

Sabrina Bernaldo-Olmedo is a junior psychology major who has been dabbling in photography since age eleven. She recently began taking it more seriously as an emotional and artistic outlet, and is beginning to try her hand at analog photography. (40, 43)

Karen M. Brown is a Halfling that may or may not have plans to start a Mexican food cart in South Africa. She spends far too much time painting flowers and drinking wine. (42)

Jessica Busek is p. damn into deconstructionism, but also admits that she is solidly stitched together by peanut butter, good intentions, bobby pins, and angsty alt-J lyrics. She is so happy to be a part of the Writers team this year. (38)

Brandon Chadney is a junior theater major who loves art, adventures, and your smile. Photography is one of his passions so he is happy to have his work in the magazine. Thanks for taking a moment you beautiful people, have a lovely day. (15)

Coito: (1) an inherited name shared by people who love to move together and capture these movements in silver. (2) Spanish for "coitus." (8, 28)

Nick Coogan is a senior nursing major from Los Angeles, California. (36, 49)

Isabel Cortens is a freshman philosophy major and Spanish minor who likes to get funky. (4)

Mia Rose Davis is an org. com. and fine arts junior who enjoys the art of portrait photography, coffee, and flowers. (23)

Bridget Donnelly is a first-year who is interested in everything. Her favorite things to do are talk about her cat, eat cookies, and nap (sometimes simultaneously). (35)

Kate Fennimore is a poet, tea-drinker, dreamer, kayaker, vegetarian, naturalist, and an adventurer. (16, 30)
EMILY FITZGERALD is a senior English major who loves to write, take photos, and play the ukulele. She’s been told that no one would be surprised to find her hunched over a glass of whiskey in the dead of night muttering to herself. She is currently coming to terms with this. (18)

KEATON GAUGHAN is just trying to transcend the gender binary and be tattooed head-to-toe by age 30. (34, 47)

SUNSHINE HUANG is a junior education and English major who loves God, loves people, and loves photographing emotions and beauty. (2, 17)

STEPHEN KELLAR is a senior English major // neurotic-romantic. (19, 45)

KELLEY McCAFFERY is a 19-year-old writer from Clovis, CA making a home for herself in Portland, OR. She is sunshine, skinned knees, and the sting of the wind on your cheeks when you finally fly high enough on the park swings. (37)

ABBY NEIRYNCK is a senior studying English and theater. When she’s not reading, writing, or in theater, she is eating vegetables or sleeping. (3)

JACQUELINE OTT is a senior English major who loves dancing, walking under trees, and hording decades old national geographic magazines to look at places that no longer exist. If you have any questions about grocery stores, she’s your girl. (cover, 20, 32)

DORIAN PACHECO is a senior English and social work major hell-bent on perfecting her glare and finding the best hot toddy in Portland. (1, 33, 44)

ANNIE SCOTT is a sophomore communication major with an affinity for rollerblading and Steely Dan. (29)

MCKENNA SEGEL is a freshman English major from Tigard, Oregon. She likes to spend her time riding her horse, hoarding books, binge watching Netflix, and writing. (9)

HANNAH SIEVERT is a sophomore English and communication major. When she grows up, she hopes to be a writer, but would also be very happy as a yoga instructor or kombucha brewer. She’s an avid fan of The Office, tofu pad thai, and correct grammar. (31)
ANGELIQUE SILVESTRE is a junior who likes astrology and downhill longboarding. (46)

ANGELMARIE SUMMERS is a theatre artist who likes to make art out of the mundane and unique. She likes to explore all art mediums and is particularly challenged by charcoal. "Charcoal Scissors" is inspired by the multiple shadows various lights create on one object. (11)

JOCELLE TADE is a junior civil engineering major, passing the time chasing light with her 50-year-old camera. (6)

HANNAH VOGEL is your local friendly neighborhood commie cat mom. (21, 41)

SARAH BROUSSARD WEAVER has written lots of bios, but won’t ever forget she wrote her first for Writers 2015. (13, 26, 50)

JONATHAN WILEY is a Bellingham native who learns best with hands-on activities. He eats the white around hardboiled eggs first, and then eats the whole yolk at once without chewing. (7)

ERICA WRIGHT is a senior English major who dreams of a world where everyone could sleep in as late as they desired on a daily basis. She likes happy people, sad music, and writing to figure out how she feels. (12, 24)
Acknowledgments

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Fr. Pat, for his readily available advice, gentle guidance, and, above all, for appreciating the craft of storytelling.

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The English Department, for supporting this publication and empowering students to embrace their creativity.

Our editors, for working long hours on tight deadlines, and for their thoughtful and tireless hard work.

Our contributors, for sharing their most vulnerable experiences and perspectives, so that we may be challenged by and celebrate them.
About the Editorial Board

JESSICA BUSEK is p. damn into deconstructionism, but also admits that she is solidly stitched together by peanut butter, good intentions, bobby pins, and angsty alt-J lyrics. She is so happy to be a part of the Writers team this year.

COITO: (1) an inherited name shared by people who love to move together and capture these movements in silver. (2) Spanish for "coitus."

KATE GARCIA is actually a mollusk inhabiting the body of a human. Even so, she has been totally blown away by the caliber of creative talent on this campus.

KEATON GAUGHAN is just trying to transcend the gender binary and be tattooed head-to-toe by age 30.

EMILY KLINE will graduate in May with a BA in environmental studies and English. After trying more than a hundred Salt and Straw ice creams, Emily determined Olive Oil is the most versatile flavor. She prides herself on her Jell-O salad and cites Emma Watson as her inspiration for many things.

MORGAN MANN used to be bothered by the fact that 'Morgan' is a 35-year-old-catlady-librarian name, but has embraced this fate. After four years with Writers, she is honored to see and share the work of so many talented people.

EMILY NELSON is a sophomore and the other Emily on staff. She can be found in the library making lists of things she needs to do and then not doing them.
About Writers

Writers Magazine is the University of Portland's annual publication of written and visual works. It offers students the opportunity to showcase their creative endeavors, and gives editors the challenge of selecting works representative of the community's collective culture. Writers offers all those at the University of Portland and around us a glimpse into our campus' imaginative resources.

Writers Magazine has been sponsored by the English Department since 1977, before which it was titled Dedalus. With guidance from a faculty advisor, the magazine is entirely student-run.

Submissions and inquiries can be sent to up.writersmag@gmail.com.

Submission Policy

Writers Magazine accepts submissions of original creative work by current students of the University of Portland. These works include but are not limited to short prose, poetry, short plays, photography, visual arts, and cartoons.

Each person may submit up to three written and three visual works. Written works are limited to 2,000 words. Visual works are considered for the cover.

All submissions are evaluated by the editorial board. Submissions are kept anonymous throughout the evaluation process.