

Caro Beth Clark  
*The Kind I Really Am*

He's old and quiet. The city has been threatening to evict him for years, at least as long as Mindalee and I have lived next door. Everyone is trying to get rid of everyone around here.

Melanie Lefkowitz  
*The Mango*

Let me just spend a minute describing this job for you. Let me tell you there were so many roaches in this ice cream store that we had a special button on the register for roach-related refunds.

Matt Bell and Benjamin Percy  
*Interview by Jeremiah Chamberlin*  
Percy: "I had a spear I always carried with me."  
Bell: "This is the manliest origin story of a writer I've ever heard!"

M. Sean Rosenberg  
*Southern Candyland*

Carson made the mistake of telling us in advance that Savannah lacked an open container law—tennis without the net—so by the time we got there we had no conscience whatsoever.

Stephen Langlois  
*Uncle Jerry*

At least once a week she called each of her five brothers, relaying various bits of insignificant information from one to the other. My uncles probably dreaded these calls, but for my mother it created the illusion of unity.

Geoff Wyss  
*The Dissimulator*

I didn't know whether Boyd was his first name or his last name, and after calling him that for two days, it was too late to ask.



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*"In two straight lines they broke their bread  
and brushed their teeth and went to bed."  
Madeline by Ludwig Bemelmans, 1939*

Douglas W. Milliken  
*Blue of the World*

He does not understand yet that a kind person can be hard sometimes and still not be a mean person.

Jo Llybyd  
*Uganda*

They taught me how to tie a tie, how to shave, the importance of thinking big (which they took mostly on hearsay), how to drink a pint, where to take a girl if you happened to have been a teenager in the sixties.

Paul Crenshaw  
*Uniform*

Matt Lawson's brother John got shot through the throat in Afghanistan in early September while Matt watched out the windows of his biology class as the first leaves fell.

Shannon F. O'Neill  
*The South End*

There, she felt like the future could happen. Before she met Edwin, she almost tasted it once, as a part-time telephone operator at a law firm in Beacon Hill. A place where you could wear nylons and men took notice.

Robyn L. Strong

*Rhombofungdombobumbla-  
groofscurrlialiadiscopulate*

I opened one once and the man yelled at me. I opened one again and he yelled at me again. It's a very yelling place here.

Stephen Dixon  
*Flowers*

We always had Plymouths. "The Jewish Chevrolet," my father called it, though I'm not really sure why.

Julian Zabalbeascoa  
*Gernika*

Near us, a woman held her dead child as though it was only sleeping. Nobody approached her to tell her differently.