

Young Revolutionaries



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—/50

Happy Cobra Books 2008

Things I Know



Chelsea Martin

Things I Know About Men

Nobody teaches men “the sooner the better” in terms of asking you to take your top off. Everybody thinks they’ll just learn that on their own, I guess. Men also drive cars sometimes.

Things I Know About Egg Donation

Parents, when given the option, choose egg donors with long legs and big tits.

Things I Know About Alcohol

Alcohol is a tool of self-discovery. Drink four shots to see into the future. Drink five shots to heighten your sense of gravity. Drink six shots to double your chances of conception. Drink seven shots to undo the past. Drink eight shots to develop healthy sleep patterns.

Things I Know About Makeup

When drawing on eyebrows, remember that looking mildly surprised is both sexy and fashionable. Also, makeup should not be applied to hemorrhoids, ever.

Things I Know About Childbirth

I made this drag outfit for my brother before he was born. After the water broke, I fitted the outfit under my mother's vagina and knotted the giant blonde drag hair around her legs. When my brother's head came out, it looked like he was a drag queen with an upside down head, because he came out face up, which I didn't anticipate.

Things I Know About Sex Toys

My sister was in an uproar about who who would do this? who is sick like this? had used her credit card to buy blow up dolls, but I knew for sure it was my husband. I recognized the date and forged scrawl that were on the copied receipt that the store owner had given her, but kept my mouth shut out of either loyalty or sheer embarrassment, I can't remember.

Things I Know About Condoms

What do you do with a box of 50,000 condoms? Put the box by your bed and when people come over and look inquisitively into the box, make an exhausted, dreamy expression.

Spending Too Much
Time Around People
Who Like Me



Catherine Lacey

He had spent the summer leading a canoe trip in Virginia for “At-Risk” high school students. (When I thought of “At Risk” high school students I thought of a kid with ripped jeans and flannel shirt, placidly facing a huge green and white highway sign that said RISK CITY LIMITS.) The flats of his feet were maps of where his sandals had been that summer, a pale Z against ambered skin.

They reminded me of what a bomb can do.

In Hiroshima they at the market buying dinner things, or walking their pets paid no attention to their shadows, but that is what was frozen onto the concrete steps the ones that didn't crumble or on the carpet by the windows of burned out houses. Bombs can do that; they can make your shadows more permanent than you.



When I was a kid I became routinely obsessed with disasters or the disappearance of a city: Pompeii, The Titanic, Machu Pechu, The Lost City of Atlantis. Anytime I read a book about Pompeii it bothered me when the historians assumed every man and woman pair were husband and wife or at least in love or died in some kind of romantic way. How did they know that the couple in bed weren't just reluctant lovers who met at the market one evening, jaded and dizzied by palm wine, and occasionally spent an afternoon having sex in her husband's bed, feigning love for each other until they were suddenly coated in lava? Lava can do that. It can make people appear to be in love.



“I think my breasts got bigger.”

He turned his head sideways, the toothpaste foam dripping a little across his cheek as he looked into the mirror to see my breasts the way I was seeing them.

“Really?”

Would I have noticed this before he would have or would have he noticed this before I would? I decide that I would know first because I have known my breasts the longest. Breasts, to a person who doesn't have them, must fall into broad categories: small,

manageable, or intimidating.

“It’s probably the soy milk. I’ve been drinking a lot of soy milk,” I said, “or birth control.”

He wiped off his mouth with the bottom of his t-shirt. “I think it’s probably just because you’re a woman and this is what you do.”

What the hell was that supposed to mean? We went to sleep.



There’s a picture of us on my refrigerator at the costume party where we met. He was an octopus and I was a zombie and a few of his tentacles were draped over my tattered fifties dress. Ideally, I would have been Jackie O splattered with blood but I needed someone to play John Kennedy with a head wound.

I thought about the surprise party where someone had knocked the cake to the floor as the birthday boy entered the room. He had made snowballs out of it and split the room into teams. We left a few hours later—our hair matted with smashed yellow cake and our skin splotched with blue icing.

I remembered of how we used to take turns telling the wait staff at a restaurant that it was the other’s birthday purely for the free slices of pie or

sundaes with the maraschino that he always pushed aside.

“It’s even better when they sing to you,” he had said, “It’s even better when the whole restaurant sings.”



If a bomb came down in the city right now, would the historians think we were in love? Would they photograph the remains of my apartment and explain to children fifty years unborn, “See here? See the loving couple spending an afternoon reading? Do you see how the A bomb burned their shadows into the hardwood floor?”



“What are you thinking about?” We were drinking iced tea and sitting on a bench and he was punching something into his blackberry and I was staring at a tree limb. My tea kind of tasted like soap.

“I’m thinking about verbs,” I said.

He tried to slide me closer to him with one arm not looking up from his blackberry. I sighed a little, not really on purpose, but it didn’t seem unfitting.

“Verbs? What kind of verbs?”

“Ah, just verbs, you know. Verbs that I maybe don’t use very often. Or better versions of verbs that I do use often...”

This was not interesting.

“What were you thinking about?”

I didn’t think I actually wanted to know but you have to ask the same question when someone wants to know what you’re thinking about. He nodded absently at his blackberry, furiously thumbing. He looked up and grinned in a kind of glittery jacket, casino bum way, as if I was supposed to know exactly what he was thinking of. He leaned into me and kissed my jaw chastely, and it felt like he was initialing a contract. He must have thought I didn’t detect it, the ownership he was feeling. There is a chance I made it all up, but I was young and reasonably satisfied with my life and I didn’t want to feel insensitive as I did when he smiled at me and kissed me and stole a sip of my iced tea and all I could do was look for what was wrong with him.



At some point I started occasionally dreaming about having sex with people that were not him. And then I started dreaming exclusively about having sex with other people. All kinds of people. People I had met

before and people whose faces I invented. A boy who had once taken me on a hysterically awkward date while he was still getting over a girlfriend who had left them for a mutually had English professor. Men who were driving cars before I could walk. Even some women, and not even good-looking ones. Women who could play Jane Eyre in a made for TV movie.



I could never sleep past nine, but on weekends he would just sleep and sleep until I started to think he was dead. Until I started to kind of wish that he was dead so I could just call an ambulance and they would take him away.

I woke up one morning at about ten 'til nine, and began to regret letting him stay over again. I could have made something up, I thought, about a deadline or a headache or something. I was actually bad at lying but I had become pretty OK at lying to him, when I needed to. I could have told him last night that he needed to go back to his place. I could have said this. It would have made sense.

I left my apartment and went grocery shopping. What is Almond Milk? I bought some. I bought oranges. I bought sunflower seeds. I came home and he

was still sleeping. It was 10 am. I made oatmeal. I used the almond milk and decided it would be something that I buy now. He was missing so much, I thought. He's probably dreaming about hamburgers or his blackberry.

I sat on the counter in my kitchen and ate my breakfast and read a memoir that made my life seem not so bad. I went to the post office. I called my sister on the way. I came back and read part of *The New Yorker*. I looked up words in the OED that my godfather had given me. I cleaned my room. I vacuumed the hallway. He kept sleeping.

I left the apartment again. When I locked the gate I thought, *This Is The Third Time I Have Left The Apartment This Morning And He Is Still Asleep*. I didn't even know where I was going this time. I came back after walking around the block a few times. I made a big sandwich with sprouts in it and went to my room and ate it and stared at him. Still sleeping. It was 1 pm.

Didn't I like him though? He wasn't so bad. No, not terrible. We talked well together. We could both talk about things that the other person found interesting. We could read some of the same books sometimes. We made fun of the same people. We disliked similar things. Yes. This was OK. This was an OK thing, I decided. OK. OK Fine. He'll wake up soon, I thought.

He woke up while I was chewing a too big bite of my sandwich and looking at him.

“Hey,” he said, surprisingly alert, “You’ve been up?”



We drank Rolling Rocks on his friends back porch and started talking about the funny ways that people had broken up with us or that we had broken up with people. Was this a contest or a way for us to get to know each other? That was not clear.

“One time a girl I was talking to tried to bring me to her mom’s house for Christmas and I had only known her for a week. Plus, I mean, being Jewish, I couldn’t say that I was busy, so I just stopped calling her.”

“Once a guy I was dating told me that he had gotten his palm read and the woman told him that he needed to cut off communication with all cat-owning brunettes.”

“This one girlfriend in college crawled in a window to my apartment and wrote a break up letter on my dry-erase board. I didn’t think that was a really good idea.”

“A guy I had broken up with used to call my cell phone when he knew I wouldn’t answer and he would

leave these voicemails telling me about something nice that he was doing and how happy he was.

“He would say, “It’s such a beautiful day, so I took my niece on a picnic in the park and people are throwing Frisbees and she’s laughing and I just thought I would tell you how happy this makes me. I mean, I feel really really great about life and everything. Well, I know you’re busy, so don’t worry about calling me back. I know that you’re happy too and I think that’s good. OK! Bye!”



“Who is this?”

It was a grainy polaroid of me and Miles. One arm was crooked around my neck. I was facing him, and he was facing the camera. His was head down, nose against the scalp but he was looking up, looking right above the lens at whoever had taken the picture. I couldn’t remember who had taken the picture. I couldn’t even remember where we were.

“That’s Miles. We never slept together. I mean, on purpose. I mean, we purposefully never slept together.”

This was actually true, but I had said it all wrong and now, I was sure, he thought I was lying to him.

“I mean.... It’s OK if you slept wit him, you know. I

mean, hi, we've both slept with other people before.” He held out his hand like we had just been introduced to each other.

“Yeah, but he wasn't one of them. He's a good friend.”

I shouldn't have said good. “Good Friend” is one of those code phrases for “Person I Have Slept With On Occasion.” Everyone knows this.



We would sometimes have arguments just for the sport of it. This one was about Whole Foods. We were on our way to Whole Foods. In the car this argument started as a conversation with unusually high stakes, and we were standing in the produce section when it escalated.

It was really only abstractly about Whole Foods. We were trying to make barely differing points about buying local versus buying organic food, which is something that we really know almost nothing about. We have both read books on the topic. The same books as everyone else. Our opinions had been fed to us, and we liked to think that they were our own.

“Who fucking cares? Who really fucking cares, really?”

“Fine. I don’t care. I think I’ll go over here and buy this conventional celery. This is America, after all, right? I can fucking buy whatever the fuck I feel like!” Had I really said this? Did I even need celery? I didn’t. Had I used “fuck” twice in one sentence? This is when you realize that you’re becoming the kind of person that you don’t like very much, I thought.

I walked over to the celery, expecting him to follow me. I put one in my basket, walked a few paces, put a lemon in my basket, an organic one from Florida, and then put the celery back. He hadn’t followed me. I couldn’t tell where he went. Fine, I thought. That’s Fine. With a Capital Fucking F.

An unspeakably tan woman was squeezing and smelling organic peaches—lifting each one slowly to her sculpted nose, contemplating the aroma and rejecting each one. She glared at me, or maybe I glared at her. It didn’t matter. People like us never looked at each other normally.



For a while, I felt like the way he put his hand on my back when we were in a crowded bar or subway would always feel as good as it did. The way that we talked to each other would always be the way that we talked to

each other. We would always sleep through the garbage trucks that came at five am on Tuesdays. The weather would always be just cool enough, just warm enough and when it rained it would be the kind of rain that was pleasant to walk through.

It was then that he had asked me to come to his parents' house for Thanksgiving. November seemed like an impossibility. I said OK. I thought about how we would have pumpkin pie and then take a nap in the same room he lost his virginity in. I was already nostalgic for something that hadn't happened.



We drove a rental car to Maine and he took the back roads, driving too fast, being annoyed when I gripped the sides of my seat.

“Relax,” he said, “I know what I’m doing, you know. I always drive like this.”

His parents were awake when we came in. They were sitting on two couches in the living room and it seemed like nothing had been said in a few hours. His father, dressed in a plaid pajama set that looked more like a costume than actual clothing, shook my hand. His mother hugged me and her earring got caught in my hair and it took a few moments of untangling. I

tried to laugh I did think it was funny, the way we had to crook our heads to avoid ripping something but I ended up looking annoyed. My face was tense and tired.

“Ha! Well. Ha. That sure was something,” his father said after we were finally unlinked. No one said anything for a minute. We looked at our feet.

“Well, we better be getting a little shut eye before turkey day,” he said. We nodded and everyone agreed “uh huh” “yeah” “yes, indeed” all speaking at the same time and leaving the room as if on cue.

Over the next few days I noticed how his parents don't actually look at or speak to one another. Occasionally I noticed them squinting at one another for a few seconds, until one of them remembered something they? wanted to do or eat and one of them would wander off, leaving the other with crossed arms.



On Thanksgiving, family members arrived in clumps all afternoon and I was introduced as his “friend.”

“Aunt Sherri, I would like you to meet my friend...”

“Have you met my friend...”

“This is my friend...”

And my hand was shaken and I was told that it was nice to meet me.

His uncle, who looked just like him, only taller and wrinkled, told me about the pit kiln he built in his backyard for almost an hour as I tried to change the subject.



“Do you see that reservoir back there?”

“No... the what?”

“The lake, the reservoir.”

He was pointing out the back window of his mom’s house, through the backyard speared with a million thin pine trees. I felt like a flea looking through a tangle of dog fur, or like a zoomed in picture of a bed bug crawling through the fibers of wall to wall carpeting.

“Oh, I see it.”

It was a thin shiny sliver, almost white, almost invisibly thin.

“It used to be a valley with a little town on the bottom. In the twenties they broke the dam and flooded the city.”

“On accident? Did the whole city drown?”

The idea of a whole city drowning was so aesthetically pleasing to me, I thought I was going to

vomit or cry or punch a hole in the window.

“Nah... I guess they had, like, a month’s notice or something. Everyone just left and the government bought their houses and stuff.”

“Well, what good is that?”

Probably Going to Die
Alone



Ellen Kennedy

Judy is visiting the town where she grew up. She visits her parents. She visits her friends from high school. She isn't sure if she likes them sometimes. Judy's friend that she has known the longest has just broken up with her boyfriend and is depressed. Judy likes her more now that she is depressed and feels unmotivated in life. Judy feels unmotivated in life. On the first day Judy is home, her friend picks her up and takes her to her apartment. They lie on her friend's twin-sized bed. Judy's friend says 'I like my room I think. I sit in it and stare at it.' Judy says 'It's a nice room'. Judy says 'I want to move, I hate college'. Her friend says 'I want to move too'. Judy says 'I don't know where to move, everywhere is shitty.' Her friend says 'Me either.' Judy says 'Moving will probably not make me feel any better anyway, I'll just sit in my room alone and reload my empty gmail inbox and feel bored.' They watch mtv true life: I'm on steroids. A man says he does steroids to win a strip contest at a dance club and that one day he hit 'rock bottom' and decided to kill himself. The

man says 'I just woke up one day and decided to end it so I took Tylenol and woke up in a hospital.' He wins the strip contest. After winning the strip contest he goes to pick up his car from the valet person but he lost his ticket and they won't give him his car. They show him screaming in a parking lot while smoking. He says 'I just want my fucking car. Give me my fucking car. I'm having a roid-rage on this shit.' Judy feels depressed. Judy says 'I want to watch MTV True Life: I'm fucked.' Her friend says 'I've hit 'rock bottom' and laughs. Judy says 'I've hit 'rock bottom.' Her friend says 'I'm beneath rock bottom.' Judy says 'I fell into the magma core.' Judy says 'I feel stupid.' Her friend says 'Take some Tylenol.' Judy says 'okay' and laughs. Her friend takes out a bottle of Vicodin and they each take one. Judy doesn't feel tired. Her friend looks tired. Judy plays a cd and wants to concentrate on the music. Her friend takes out a bag of mini brownies. She eats one and looks in the bag and says 'what the fuck, only three brownies, what is this bullshit.' Judy stares at the ceiling with a neutral expression. Judy wishes her friend would stop talking so she can concentrate on the music. Judy spends the night. They sleep together on the twin-sized bed. Her friend is fatter than she is and takes up most of the blankets. Judy feels cold and bored. 'I wish I had another Vicodin' judy thinks. Judy wakes up in the morning after sleeping for six hours

and her parents call her and say they are picking her up. They tell Judy they are going to Walmart. Judy's dad is driving. When they get into the parking lot of Walmart Judy's parents fight about where to park. Judy's dad parks in a spot that is far from the entrance to avoid carts and other cars. Judy's mom says 'do you have to park so far away?' Judy's dad moves the car closer and parks next to a cart. Judy's mom says 'There's a cart here.' Judy's dad says 'Well you were the one who didn't want the other spot, heaven forbid you get some exercise and walk a little further for once.' Judy's mom is fat and her dad is skinny. Judy's mom says 'Shut up'. In Walmart Judy and her dad walk separately from Judy's mom. An employee gives Judy's mom a bag of free promotions. Judy and her dad say they don't want them and keep walking. Her dad looks at his cellphone and wonders why it is saying he has an appointment this month. Judy looks at it. Judy's dad doesn't know how to check what appointment it is. Judy's mom hears them talking and says 'Don't worry about it.' Judy says 'I know how' and takes the cellphone. Judy's mom says 'I said don't worry about it.' Judy's mom looks embarrassed. Judy opens the calendar and sees that it is a note to remember valentine's day'. Judy's dad laughs. Judy laughs. Judy's mom says 'Shut up' to Judy and says 'I wouldn't have done that if you made me feel confident that you

weren't going to forget' to Judy's dad. Judy says 'Valentine's day is stupid' and her dad agrees. Judy's mom walks away. Judy dad picks out a jar of olives. Judy sees a giant chocolate covered apple. She points at it. Judy's dad laughs and says 'I want that.' Judy laughs. Judy's mom is walking towards them. Judy picks up the apple and looks at the calories. When they are walking to the checkout Judy says to her dad 'Guess how many calories are in that?' Judy's dad says 'probably like 800.' Judy says '1860' and laughs. Outside of Walmart Judy and her dad separate from Judy's mom again. They are walking faster. In the car Judy's mom opens her free promotion bag and finds a chocolate-covered pretzel bar. It says 100 calorie snack on it. She says '100 calories.' Judy's mom opens it and starts eating it. Judy's dad says 'Where's my 50 calories?' Judy's mom says 'You didn't want to get the bag,' and eats the whole thing.

Judy's parents have a new dog. When they get home the dog barks very loudly at Judy. Judy walks upstairs and takes a shower. Afterwards, Judy's dad says 'I want to show you my earthworms.' Judy says 'Okay.' They walk to the basement and he says 'They came in a giant ball in the mail.' Judy feels good. Judy says 'This is good.' Judy's dad looks proud. Judy goes back upstairs and then drives her mom's car to pick up her friend.

They drive to another friend they know from high school's apartment. Her name is Sarah and she lives with her boyfriend Scott. Judy has never been to their apartment. Judy's friend says 'They fight all the time, it's horrible.' Before going inside, Judy and her friend smoke cigarettes. Sarah comes out and says 'It's cold, I was asleep, Scott is still asleep.' Sarah says 'I'm going to go inside, just come up with you're done.' Judy and her friend throw their cigarette butts in the next-door neighbor's yard and go upstairs. The apartment is messy. They sit at the table. The door to their bedroom is open and Judy sees the outline of Scott's body in the blankets. Sarah makes coffee and asks if anyone wants some. Judy says 'okay.' Her friend drinks wine. Judy says 'I don't want to drink because I am driving home.' Judy's friend says 'I'm hungry do you have any food.' Sarah gets her some cheese and crackers. Judy's friend takes it and slices the cheese and eats it. Sarah says 'You're cutting it so big.' Judy is staring at things. Judy feels bored. She picks up a salt-shaker, looks at it, and puts it back down. Judy eats a cracker. Scott wakes up and walks into the kitchen. Sarah says 'Your hair looks stupid.' Judy's friend laughs at him. Scott just stands there. Judy says 'It looks okay to me.' Sarah says 'Put your hair back or something.' Scott stares at her and says 'What? I live here,' and goes outside on the porch to smoke a cigarette. Judy feels uncomfortable. They

talk about Dungeons and Dragons. Judy says 'I want to learn how to play Dungeons and Dragons.' Judy thinks it would make her feel less bored. Sarah says 'Scott can recite every line from every star wars movie from memory.' Sarah yells at Scott to come in. 'Start saying the Empire Strikes Back.' Judy's friend laughs and says 'I want to hear this.' Scott does it. He looks depressed. He speaks in a monotone. Sarah and Judy's friend laugh. Judy stares at him. Scott stops talking. Sarah says 'Come on keep going.' Scott looks depressed. Judy feels uncomfortable. Sarah asks Scott if he has any pot and Scott says no. They go in the other room to watch tv. Scott sits next to Judy. They watch the news. It talks about the primaries. Scott says something about how he likes obama. Judy's friend says 'I'm drunk.' Judy's friend keeps asking her for cigarettes and Judy keeps giving them to her. Scott says something about global warming and al gore. Judy says 'I saw an inconvenient truth and it was a movie about al gore.' Scott says 'that's not true at all, it was mostly about global warming.' Judy says 'I don't trust al gore.' Scott goes to the computer and loads a chart that says something about global warming. Scott says 'see?' Judy says 'I don't think global warming is important, people shouldn't need to use global warming as an excuse to stop being wasteful.' Scott says 'How can you not believe this?' Judy says 'There has been golf ball sized hail storms

and hurricanes for a long time, it didn't just start all of the sudden. In the movie al gore drives in an suv.' Scott leaves to have a cigarette. Sarah says 'al gore owns his own farm.' Judy stares at the tv. Judy thinks 'No one in this room cares about global warming, this is ridiculous, we are all smoking cigarettes and eating cheese, how can anyone of us care about voting? No one in this room cares about anything.' Sarah says 'Scott and I just watched Elizabeth and it was really good, do you want to watch that.' Judy's friend says 'Okay.' Judy doesn't want to watch it really. Judy says 'Sure, I don't care.' Sarah plays the movie and makes popcorn with Judy's friend while Judy sits on the couch alone. Judy pets Sarah's cat. It is very obese. Judy thinks 'I'm sorry this is your life.' The cat purrs. They come back with the popcorn and say 'We burnt it.' They eat it anyway. They ask Judy if she wants some and she says no. Sarah says 'Scott go buy beer and chips or something.' Scott doesn't reply. Scott puts on his jacket and gets his keys. Sarah says 'What are you doing.' Scott says 'I'm going to get beer.' Sarah says 'oh' and Scott leaves. Sarah says 'This movie is so good.' Judy says 'I thought queen Elizabeth killed a lot of people. I don't remember who.' Sarah says 'No she was awesome, she wanted religious tolerance and like blessed babies and shit.' Judy says 'I'm pretty sure she killed a lot of people for some stupid reason'. Judy's

friend says 'I'm drunk' and eats popcorn. Scott comes back and says everything was closed. Sarah says 'Fuck, that's bullshit.' Sarah says 'Scott did Elizabeth kill people?' Scott says 'Yeah I think so, she killed Catholics or something but I'm not sure.' Sarah says 'What? She was good.' Judy stares at the tv. Scott goes to his room and plays guitar alone. Judy thinks about Scott. Judy feels depressed. Judy thinks 'I like Scott.' The tv shows a peasant woman asking queen Elizabeth to bless her baby and queen Elizabeth does it. Sarah says 'See she blessed babies.' Judy says 'This is a movie.' Judy goes to the bathroom. She thinks about al gore taking a shit. She thinks about al gore wiping his asshole. She feels depressed. She thinks about people who can whistle with their hands and she tries it. She does it and feels proud. Judy scratches her crotch and it bleeds a little. Judy thinks 'I should shave my pubic hair soon.' Judy thinks about Sarah and Scott. Judy thinks 'They are so fucked, I am fucked, we are all fucked.' Judy flushes the toilet. Judy goes back into the living room and says 'I think we should leave, it's getting icy outside.' Sarah says 'okay' and Judy and her friend put on their coats. Judy looks at Scott when leaving. He is talking on his cell phone now. He stares at her. Judy says 'bye' quietly and follows her friend outside. In the car Judy stares at the dashboard. Her friend says 'Are you going to go, I'm cold and tired.'

Judy says 'I'm letting the car warm up.' Her friend says 'You don't need to do that shit let's go.' Judy puts on music and turns the volume up high. When driving Judy stares straight ahead with a neutral facial expression. Her friend asks 'So are you just going to take me home.' Judy says 'yes.' Her friend asks 'Do I get to see your mom's new dog?' Judy says 'no'. Her friend says 'Well okay' and doesn't talk for the rest of the drive. Judy thinks about her friend from college's brother. She told Judy that her brother was very angry all the time when they still lived with her parents. She said one time he got drunk and drove his car backwards really fast into a tree when leaving their driveway and then got out and yelled 'fuck' and punched the hood of the car a lot. Judy thinks about driving her car into a tree. The singer on the radio says 'I live in a house made of aluminum siding and go to work in a fucking strip mall.' Judy thinks about moving again and working as a manager for game stop in a strip mall. Judy thinks 'I feel bad, I shouldn't have said anything about global warming.' Judy pulls into the driveway of her friend's apartment building. Her friend says 'Do you want to have a cigarette with me before you leave.' Judy says 'No I want to pee, I want to go home.' Her friend says 'Please you can pee inside first.' Judy says 'okay.' They walk down the driveway. Judy's friend says 'Do you have a cigarette?' Judy takes the pack out of her

pocket and sees that it is empty. 'No you smoked them all,' Judy says. Her friend says 'Oh fuck I'm sorry.' Judy says 'I'm going home.' Her friend says 'Uh okay, when are you coming back.' Judy says 'I don't know.' Her friends 'Okay bye.' Judy says 'bye.' Judy gets back in the car. She starts it and waits for the lights to come on the dashboard before driving. She thinks about global warming. She thinks about her mom's double chin. She thinks about her dad standing in the basement alone staring at his earthworms, smiling. She thinks about Scott. 'what am I going to do?' Judy thinks. 'Sleep, just go to sleep' and she drives home.

Author Bios



chelsea Martin doesnt write her own martireal she
trys to be funny but she is not!!! she is a fake bitch
and she dies her eyebrows!



Catherine Lacey writes, works, interns and goes to grad school to keep her mind off the disappearance of the North American Honeybee. Her blog is www.catherinelacey.com. She is writing a book about sin.



ellen kennedy is a dog walker. she is bad at answering emails. she lives in new york city.

Cover image

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