

NONFICTION

ial importance, minor battles for footholds in a larger war.

I'm left to believe that this incident is a symptom of a persistent communication breakdown. It makes sense to the point where I can't question it. Though, I'm still left with a feeling of a greater issue. I tried to fight for my job, which came to its own conclusion independently and regardless of my actions: next semester I will once again be jobless.

I taught myself on the basics of Financial Aid, I have spent my time of isolation with Fa, and I realize I have never known college without knowing issues with loans orchestrated by him. Perhaps that is how it's meant to be.

I still look for a hint as to why I almost lost my job. Why I was able to go twelve weeks without seeing a dime during my first year at university. How it becomes acceptable to expect Financial Aid to be late, when, according to a new Wells Fargo study, "which surveyed 1,414 millennials between the ages of 22 and 32, more than half of them financed their education through student loans." Fa exists to help, or torment, at his leisure through either merit or need-base aid, orchestrating a system that communicates through Dixie cups and strings. I will pursue it, this accountability. Until then, I try to focus on what college is meant for: teaching.

A lesson of life, and of choosing your friends..

INTERVIEW WITH WRITER REBECCA BROWN



How did you get your foot in the door of getting published? Any advice for writers trying to get started?

I guess my experience was, getting published was a way to make the work public somehow, right? Whether through reading it or Xeroxing it and printing chapbooks with friends or making small magazines or a small book publishing house among friends or community. And then those things eventually branch

out, and then you meet other people doing big presses and by the time it gets to where you've got a community that's interested in your work. So to get published is like a long process of engaging in creating a publishing community of which you want to be a part.

Quote from Rebecca's story "A Ventriloquist"

"She is behind me, underneath. I'm on her lap and hollow and her hand is up my neck, that hole. She's got her hand -- it's firm and stiff -- around the wooden end of my wooden tongue. It's painted black with that special spiffy waterproof paint that makes everything look shiny and wet. She's got her fist around that stump and she is tugging it, she's wagging it and saying things that I would never say."