

Raw Recall

The traffic doesn't seem to be moving for more than a few miles. I bang my head against the wheel in a quiet sense of frustration. I reached my destination, late as usual.

Sirens sing me to sleep most nights now. What sound sings Mike to sleep? Is it the frantic sound of secret writing, stealthy thieves pilfering words in the shadowy night? Or is Mike the one being robbed?

She reminded me to think about my inner desires as she poured, and asked me to drink the tea with reverence and focus. The candles would flicker as I sipped; she told me this was a sign that the spirits were with us.

When the journey was finally over, my father

whipped me up into his arms and we stood on the edge of the thin iron fence on the top step. Looking out around us, the world seemed endless.

In this opening passage, taken from the stories in this section, we hear different voices, different authors telling different stories. The human experience will always generate memories in its wake just as a ship generates waves while it travels across the ocean. How we handle those memories is subject to change depending on the perspective of the person whose eyes we are looking through. That's the beauty of the written word. In one sitting, we can be taken to a place where we are dealing with a long distance relationship or sitting in traffic in India. With the simple turn of a page we can be transported to somewhere else en-

tirely. We can gain an insight into what it's like to sail in a ship other than our own. We can see the wake left from other human experiences, and we can be told about them in voices that may be unfamiliar to us.

The stories in this section feature detailed recollections that bring the reader on a journey alongside the author as we are temporarily transferred from our own vessel to that of another. While on this unfamiliar ship, we have the opportunity to study the unique wake it leaves behind. In certain special circumstances, we may even be afforded the privilege to look up to see what stars guide this vessel and compare those to our own. Though these stories are centered around the fleeting, mundane moments in life, they do not fail to evoke the nostalgic feelings that arise from the simplicity in

the moments authors chose to share.

As you read these pieces, you might be tempted to put your own experiences on hold in order to focus on the author's raw recall. Or you might think about your own histories and connect them with those shared by the author.

This is your opportunity to leave what you know behind and venture forward into what is unknown. Challenge yourself while on this journey to analyze not only the wake left behind but also the horizon that stands ahead. Look up from the ships of these authors, try to see the stars by which they navigate and ask yourself: in the quiet moments when you look up from your own helm to find your way, are the stars you see the same?

—Destiny Renee Anderson, Zach Barlow,
Aidan Kelley, and Joy Muchtar