

# The Creative Coordinates of Contemporary Nonfiction: Matters for Readers and Writers

Holder Lecture  
Nebraska Wesleyan University

Doug Hesse  
University of Denver  
April 21, 2022



*Golden Gate Canyon SP, CO. Photo: Doug Hesse*

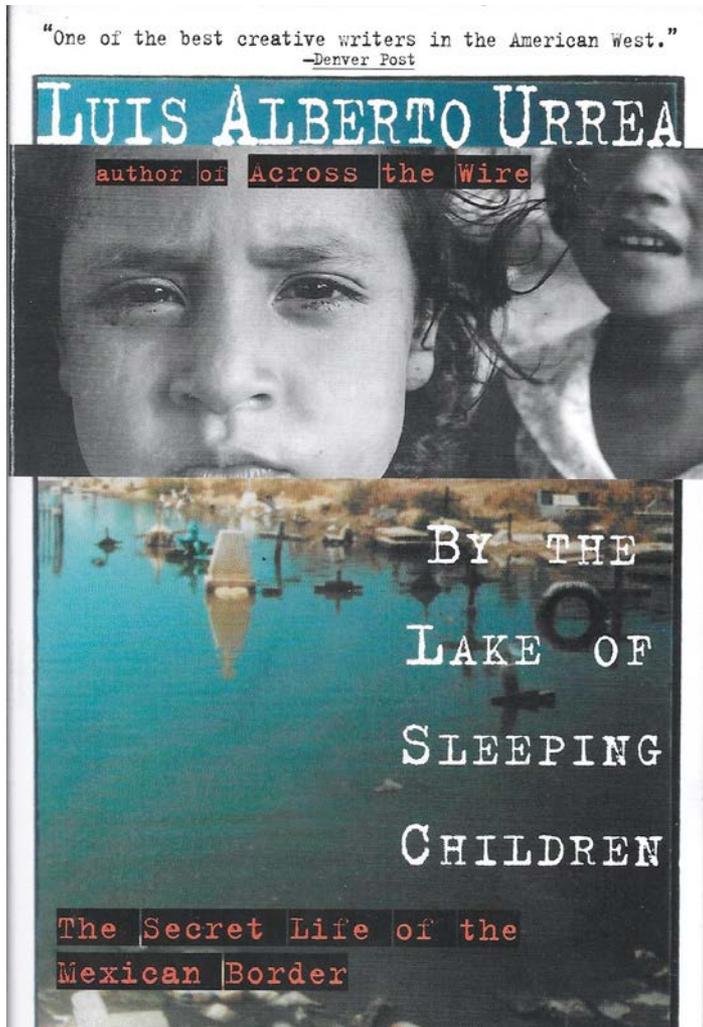
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## Resourceful Poor Find Survival in Stink of Tijuana's 'El Dompe'

BY PATRICK MCDONNELL

JULY 25, 1988 12 AM PT

The fly-infested Tijuana dump covers 22 acres of privately owned, largely unoccupied land sprawling on mesa tops and canyons not far from the Pacific. Sea gulls scavenge alongside the people. Errant plastic bags and other scattered litter from the dump cling to surrounding hillsides and flutter in the wind like the refuse of a forgotten settlement. On a bluff above the site, city officials have opened a cemetery, where users pay about \$8 to bury their dead. Some graves are dug in the landfill.



And we looked in, deep, where the bed of the lake was mud, and the mud was drifting up, and the rotten soil was broken, and the coffins, the cardboard boxes, the pillowcases, the wood crates, the winding sheets were coming up. They were coming up. The children themselves were rising, expanding into the water, and the gulls were eating them.

The gulls had grown too fat to fly on the flesh of these sleeping children.



Article [Talk](#)

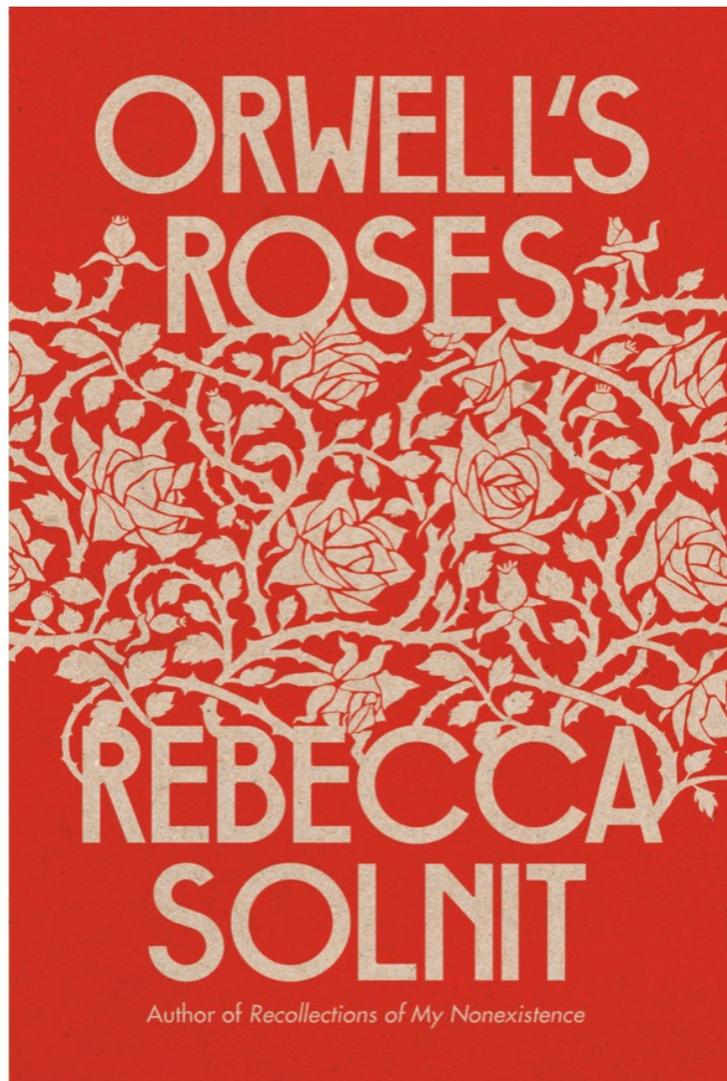
## George Orwell

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Orwell needed somewhere he could concentrate on writing his book, and once again help was provided by Aunt Nellie, who was living at Wallington, Hertfordshire in a very small 16th-century cottage called the "Stores". Wallington was a tiny village 35 miles north of London, and the cottage had almost no modern facilities. Orwell took over the tenancy and moved in on 2 April 1936.

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## Day of the Dead



**I**n the spring of 1936, a writer planted roses. I had known this for more than three decades and never thought enough about what that meant until a November day a few years ago, when I was under doctor's orders to recuperate at home in San Francisco and was also on a train from London to Cambridge to talk with another writer about a book I'd written. It was November 2, and where I'm from that's celebrated as Día de Los Muertos, the Day of the Dead. Back home, my neighbors had built altars to those who had died in the past year, decorated with candles, food, marigolds, photographs of and letters to those they'd lost, and in the evening people were going to promenade and fill the streets to pay their respects at the open-air altars and eat pan de muerto, bread of the dead, some of their faces painted to look like skulls adorned with flowers in that Mexican tradition that finds life in death and death in life. In a lot of Catholic places, it's a day to visit cemeteries, clean family graves, and adorn them with flowers. Like the older versions of Halloween, it's a time when the borders between life and death become porous.

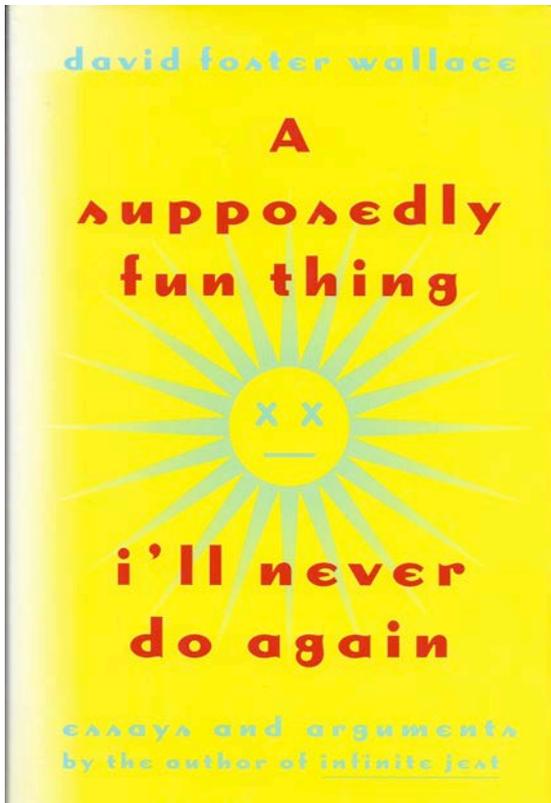
But I was on a morning train rolling north from King's Cross in London, gazing out the window as London's density dissipated into lower and lower buildings spread farther and farther apart. And then the train was rolling through farmland, with

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Sought Experience  
Research  
Journalism

Lived Experience  
Memory  
Memoir

## “Derivative Sport in Tornado Alley”



Between the ages of twelve and fifteen, I was a near-great junior tennis player. I made my competitive bones beating up on lawyers' and dentists' kids at little Champaign and Urbana Country Club events and was soon killing whole summers being driven through dawns to tournaments all over Illinois, Indiana, Iowa.

...

I had gotten so prescient at using stats, surface, sun, gusts, and a kind of Stoic cheer that I was regarded as a kind of physical savant, a medicine boy of wind and heat, and could play just forever, sending back moonballs baroque with spin.

CONSIDER  
THE  
LOBSTER

And Other Essays

David Foster Wallace

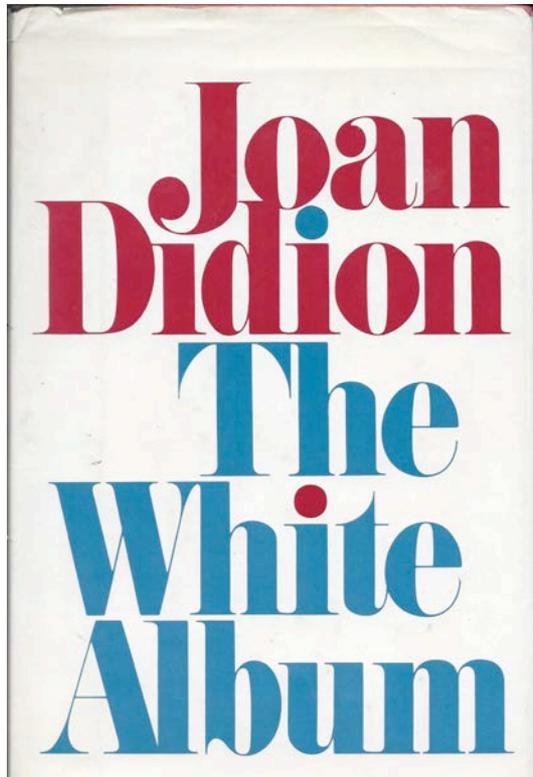
Author of *Infinite Jest*



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THE ENORMOUS, pungent, and extremely well-marketed Maine Lobster Festival is held every late July in the state's midcoast region, meaning the western side of Penobscot Bay, the nerve stem of Maine's lobster industry. What's called the midcoast runs from Owl's

There are lobster T-shirts and lobster bobblehead dolls and inflatable lobster pool toys and clamp-on lobster hats with big scarlet claws that wobble on springs. Your assigned correspondent saw it all, accompanied by one girlfriend and both his own parents — one of which parents was actually born and raised in Maine, albeit in the extreme northern inland part, which is potato country and a world away from the touristic midcoast.<sup>2</sup>



## “On the Morning After the Sixties”

I am talking here about being a child of my time. When I think about the Sixties now I think about an afternoon not of the Sixties at all, an afternoon early in my sophomore years at Berkely, a bright autumn Saturday in 1953. I was lying on a leather couch in a fraternity house (there had been a lunch for the alumni, my date had gone on to the game, I do not now recall why I had stayed behind), lying there alone reading a book by Lionel Trilling and listening to a middle-aged man pick out on a piano in need of tuning the melodic line to “Blue Room.”

...

That most of us have found adulthood just as morally ambiguous as we expected it to be falls perhaps into the categories of prophecies self-fulfilled: I am simply not sure. I am telling you only how it was.



Neil Gaiman  
 June 16, 2014

## Rolling Nowhere, Part Two

A quasi-legal, father-son mission to train-hop through the changing American West

**I**t felt like finally teaching my son to hunt. But instead of wilderness, our game preserve was the industrial zones northwest of downtown Denver. And instead of the ducks my grandpa used to shoot in Minnesota, our quarry was freight trains.

I had hopped freight trains a lot, from this city, my hometown, thirty-some years before. Old-time tramps camped along the creek had schooled me: Don't catch on the fly if you can help it. Just walk into the yard, figure out which train is which, and climb on before it leaves. It's a lot easier. And safer, I came to learn, than trying to board a moving train.

But Asa, an 18-year-old New Yorker, appeared to have grown up on the same movies I had—the ones where the hero hops a rolling freight and steals a ride out of town, the law in hot pursuit. He'd been disappointed when we got to Denver and I explained that my goal, actually, was to avoid that scenario. Instead, as I sketched it out in the Starbucks that is part of the REI store that has since been built about 200 yards from where those hoboes camped back in the eighties, we would stalk a train at rest. We would sneak up on it, find a vulnerable spot, and hide ourselves there before it moved, thereby avoiding the loss of our legs.

“She is eleven and a half. When I was eleven and a half, I liked to play the Commodore 64 and read Choose Your Own Adventure Novels and I liked making tapes of my favorite songs that I recorded off the little radio my parents let me have in my room.”

She is eleven and a half. When I was eleven and a half, I liked to play the Commodore 64 and read Choose Your Own Adventure Novels and I liked making tapes of my favorite songs that I recorded off the little radio my parents let me have in my room. I liked New Kids on the Block — I liked them so much I called it LOVE — and I liked sitting next to my friend on the long bus ride home when we could talk for hours about who we liked better, Joey or Donny. I liked Joey. She liked Donny. (Wrong.) I liked to climb the row of mulberry trees that grew beside the long driveway to our farm. I liked to wander into the woods and eat blackberries straight off the vine. I liked being alone sometimes, but not always, and I liked how my arm hair glowed in the sun.

When I was fourteen, two and a half years older than my daughter is now, I liked a boy who was a few years older than me. He played on the basketball team, was over six feet tall, had chest hair, and on his upper lip grew what was, in retrospect, a very sad excuse for a mustache. I liked that he wore Drakkar Noir, stood with his hands in his pockets, drove a fast car. I wanted him to like me back, so I agreed to sneak out of my friend house, where I was supposed to be spending the night, and I agreed to meet him down the road, and when he picked me up in his fast car and drove to a liquor store that mostly disregarded the state’s liquor laws, I agreed to drink from the bottle he handed me. I liked how it tasted, how giddy and free being drunk made me feel. I agreed to sneak him back into my friend’s house, to the basement. I didn’t like what he did to me. I didn’t like how he kept kissing me after I told him to stop, or how he overpowered me, held me down, put a pillow over my face so no one in the house would hear me crying for help.



Tin House

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## ON LIKABILITY

AN ESSAY BY  
LACY M. JOHNSON

NONFICTION, CRAFT | October 11, 2018

[< Back to Archives](#)

If a man who writes feels like going to a zoo, he should by all means go to a zoo. He might even be lucky, as I once was when I paid a call at the Bronx Zoo and found myself attending the birth of twin fawns. It was a fine sight, and I lost no time in writing a piece about it. E.B. White *Paris Review*



Frozen Dead  
Guy Festival,  
Nederland, CO  
Doug Hesse

Self-Full

Sought Experience  
Research  
Journalism

Lived Experience  
Memory  
Memoir

Self-Less

## Urrea Original, Self-Full

My first home, where I stumbled into life and first greeted the astonishment of daylight, was on a hill above Tijuana. The house to the east was already giving way to gravity on the day I was born: it slumped downhill, a wooden trapezoid rushing slowly into the dry arroyo beneath our yards. In the shadow of this woozy building, bananas and pomegranates grew. The poor boys and I scrabbled in the dirt and grit of our street, throwing wooden tops to spin in the dust, herding amazingly huge red ants and pillbugs back and forth between the stones, and ambushing each other with bright pink and yellow squirt guns bought at the corner *botica* for the change left over from the kilo of tortillas we were sent to buy each afternoon

## Deformed, Self-Less

In the 1960s, poor neighborhoods stood on the hills above Tijuana. On one hill, the houses were unstable, tilting downhill into dry arroyos below. Bananas and pomegranates grew there, and poor boys played in dirty streets. They played with wooden tops, herded insects, and shot each other with pink and yellow squirt guns. They bought those guns at corner *boticas*, where each afternoon they purchased tortillas for their families.

### *Deformed*

For three months, off and on, I worked with Rich Hodgson, selling his vegetables and produce at the Greenmarket, sometimes in Brooklyn, sometimes in Manhattan. I was living in New Jersey, teaching at Princeton, and I'd get up at five some Saturday mornings to drive into the city. By time I got there, the farmers' trucks had already arrived. I was always interested in what the ongoing turn of seasons would bring: spinach and snap peas, broccoli, onions, squash, plums. I'd buy a coffee and see what help Rich needed setting up. I knew I was an interloper and poser, someone inserting himself into a world not his, for the sake of a story. Rich knew that, too. Still, I pondered the ethics of the thing.

**John  
McPhee  
Giving  
Good  
Weight**

YOU PEOPLE COME into the market—the Greenmarket, in the open air under the downpouring sun—and you slit the tomatoes with your fingernails. With your thumbs, you excavate the cheese. You choose your stringbeans one at a time. You pulp the nectarines and rape the sweet corn. You are something wonderful, you are—people of the city—and we, who are almost without exception strangers here, are as absorbed with you as you seem to be with the numbers on our hanging scales.

“Does every sink grow on your farm?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“It's marvellous. Absolutely every sink?”

“Some things we get from neighbors up the road.”

“You don't have no avocados, do you?”

“Avocados don't grow in New York State.”

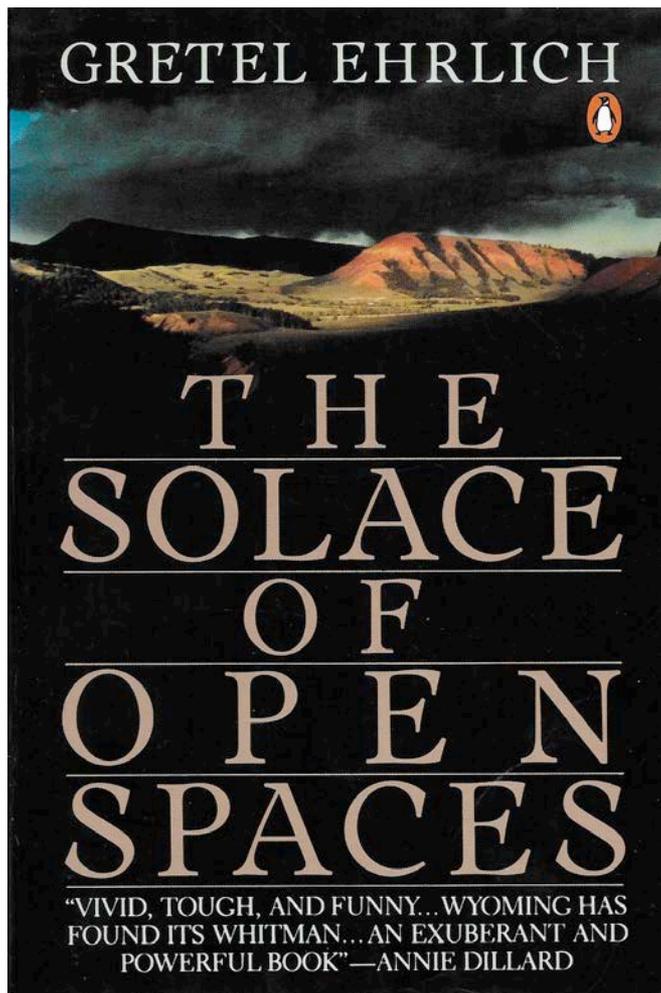
“Butter beans?”

“They're a Southern crop.”

“Who baked this bread?”

“My mother. A dollar twenty-five for the cinnamon. Ninety-five cents for the rye.”

“I can't eat rye bread anymore. I like it very much, but it gives me a headache.”



## JUST MARRIED

I met my husband at a John Wayne film festival in Cody, Wyoming. The film series was a rare midwinter entertainment to which people from all over the state came. A mutual friend, one of the speakers at the festival, introduced us, and the next morning when *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* was shown, we sat next to each other by chance. The fact that he cried during sad scenes in the film made me want to talk to him so we stayed in town, had dinner together, and closed down the bars. Here was a man who could talk books as well as ranching, medieval history and the mountains, ideas and mules. Like me he was a culture straddler. Ten months later we were married.

He had planned to propose while we were crossing Cougar Pass—a bald, ten-thousand-foot dome—with twenty-two head of loose horses, but a front was moving through, and in

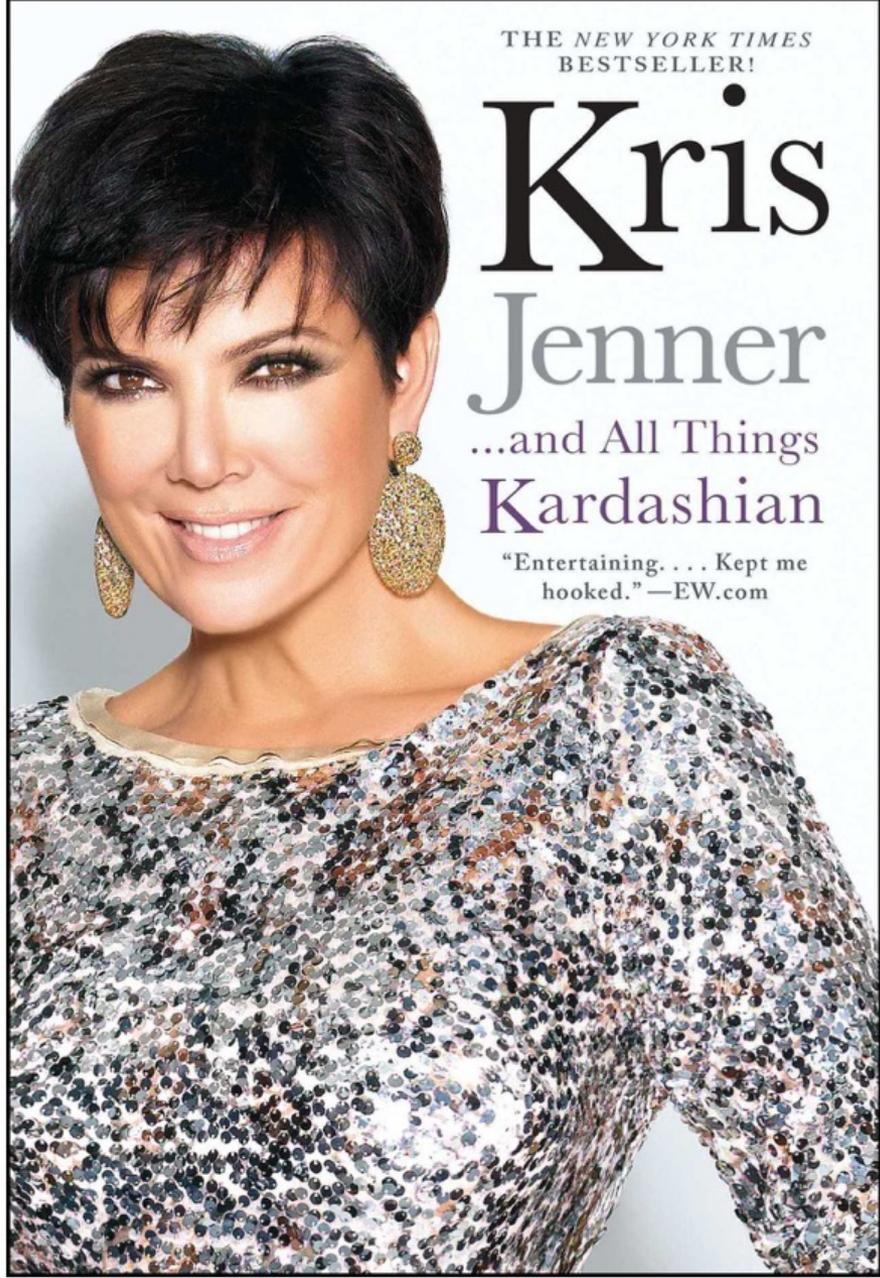
I know this sounds crazy, but this is exactly where I'm supposed to be: screaming through the streets of Paris in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes with my daughter Kimberly, on our way to see the *Mona Lisa* in the Louvre. How I got here has been a long, wild, and winding road, which we will get to in a moment. For now, I'm going to ask you to sit back and experience the ride.

It was September 2010, and Kim and I were in Paris to meet the international media to celebrate the fifth season of *Keeping Up with the Kardashians*, the hit reality show about our family, shown in many languages in 150 countries around the world.

 The show's producers, E! and Comcast Entertainment Group, flew us to Paris first-class on British Airways. From Paris we were flown in a shiny, sexy private jet (which looked just like a beautiful black Chanel handbag), along with our glam squad, to eight European cities for the media tour. The jet was stocked with my favorite champagne, Kim's favorite snacks, and all our favorite blankets and movies. *Fabulous*.

One day long ago, I looked at myself as I faced a full-length mirror and saw my image darken and soften and then seem to retreat, as though I was vanishing from the world rather than that my mind was shutting it out. I steadied myself on the door frame just across the hall from the mirror, and then my legs crumpled under me. My own image drifted away from me into darkness, as though I was only a ghost fading even from my own sight.

I blacked out occasionally and had dizzy spells often in those days, but this time was memorable because it appeared as though it wasn't that the world was vanishing from my consciousness but that I was vanishing from the world. I was the person who was vanishing and the disembodied person watching her from a distance, both and neither. In those days, I was trying to disappear and to appear, trying to be safe and to be someone, and those agendas were at often odds with each other. And I was watching myself

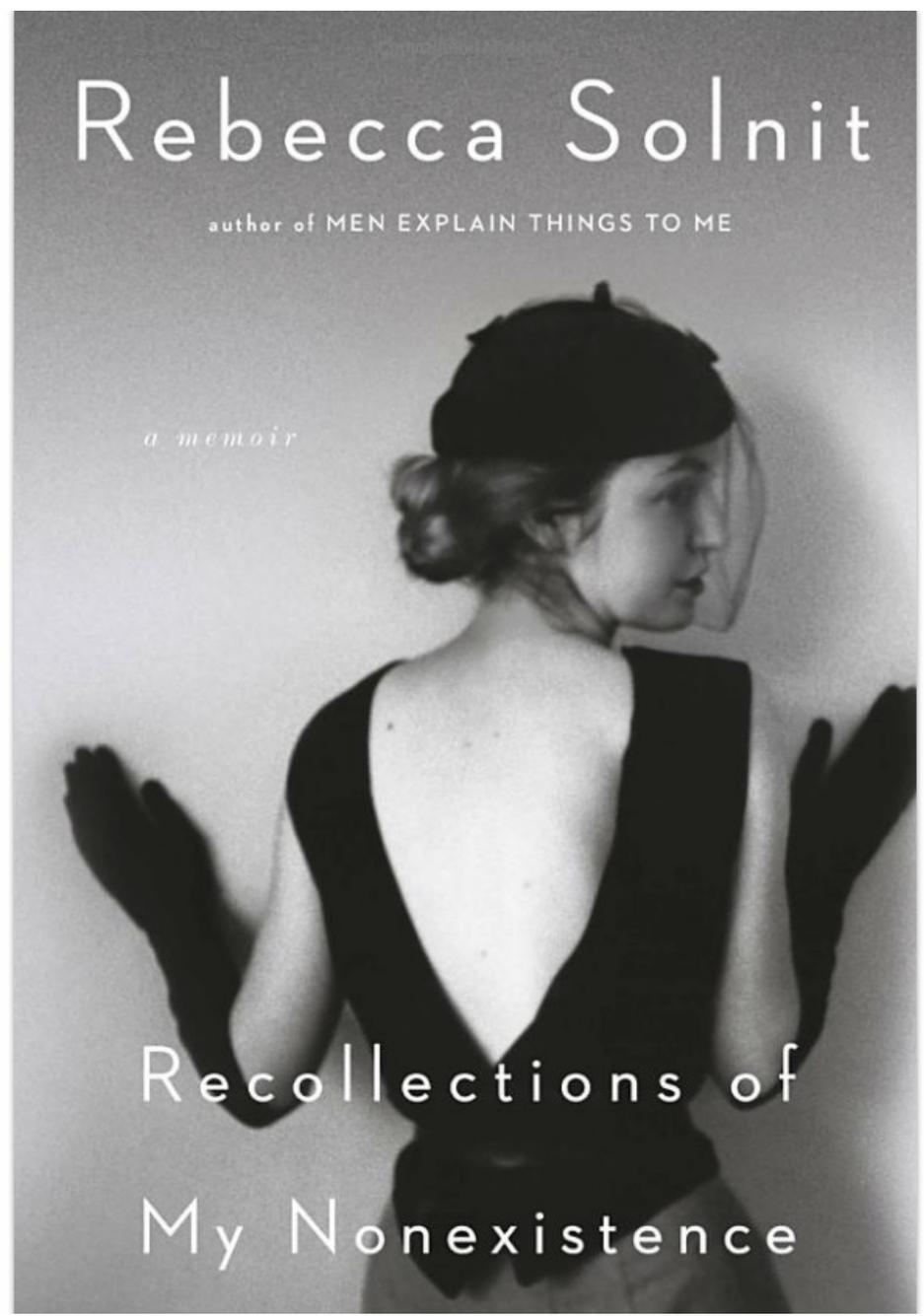


THE NEW YORK TIMES  
BESTSELLER!

# Kris Jenner

...and All Things  
Kardashian

"Entertaining. . . . Kept me  
hooked." —EW.com



# Rebecca Solnit

author of MEN EXPLAIN THINGS TO ME

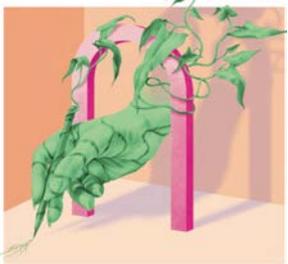
*a memoir*

## Recollections of My Nonexistence

# WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND

Molly Sepkoski St. Clair

**CREATIVE** ISSUE 19  
**NONFICTION.**  
TRUE STORIES, WELL TOLD.



## JURASSIC—ENDED 145 MILLION YEARS AGO

March in the Pioneer Valley is mud season. On the precipice of spring, the ground thaws into a gooey, soupy mess that engulfs truck tires, commandeers hiking trails, and swallows rubber boots with all the hunger of an enduring winter. Into this fifth season, dormant trees and torpid snakes awaken. Wild turkeys take advantage of the fresh landscape, unveiled of snow, to scratch and scrounge for young grasses and buds. Robins fill the branches once more, and those of us who are wanderers stretch our legs along the meandering paths of New England, sinking and sticking with each step. Mud season is the bridge to new life and warmer weather, and even as our tires spin fruitlessly on dirt roads or our boots are slurped into the quicksand of melting snow, we venture forth. Through it all, our tracks accumulate.

...

In the basement of the Beneski Museum of Natural History at Amherst College, there is a room full of footprints. The walls are lined with

partially illuminated slabs of sandstone and shale (compacted silt, sand, and clay). Below a display counter, carefully arranged drawers catalog hundreds of unique specimens. The rocks are shiny and smooth or dull and rough; some feature the pockmarks of ancient raindrops, others the ripple marks of long-vanished lakes. But across each geological surface run the ancient tracks of dinosaurs.

In 1835, Edward Hitchcock—a former pastor, professor of natural history, and future president of Amherst College—followed a colleague's urging to investigate mysterious, footprint-like markings that had been discovered on quarried flagstone in Massachusetts' Pioneer Valley. Once a primordial swampland, by Hitchcock's lifetime this portion of the Connecticut River Valley was nothing short of bucolic. The imprints Hitchcock found there were sharp, three-toed, and distinctly birdlike. Intrigued, he took to hunting down and categorizing samples throughout the valley until he had amassed what remains one of the most extensive collections of Jurassic tracks in the world.

The largest tracks were a foot and a half in length; analyzing his samples, Hitchcock quickly developed the tenuous theory that they belonged to giant prehistoric birds, introduced by the creator ages before. By the time the word "dinosaur" was coined in 1842, Hitchcock had already created an elaborate taxonomy of ancient avian species, aided by the meticulous illustrations of his wife, Orra. Even as the scientific world around him was upended by early evolutionary thought and ultimately Darwin's theory of natural selection, Hitchcock clung to his own familiar interpretation of the New England trackways and the "sandstone birds" until his death in 1864.

...

Tracking down Dr. Stephen Gatesy in the back room of the prep lab at the far west end of the first-floor hallway in the Beneski Museum is no easy feat. Gatesy doesn't work for Amherst College; a few times each month, he makes the trek from his research lab at Brown University to Western Massachusetts to study the Hitchcock Ichnology Collection in person. Although we'd arranged to meet at the museum, staff were unfamiliar with his name, and no one could point me toward any labs in the building. Eventually, a determined janitor took up my cause and

## Star-Struck

Alec Baldwin wants to make sure he pronounces my name correctly. We're standing beside a stage on the top floor ballroom of the Mandarin Oriental on Columbus Circle in New York City, for a quick run-through of the Norman Mailer Gala, October 4, 2012. Baldwin is the master of ceremonies, and I'm presenting big checks to student winners of creative nonfiction contests I've organized for the National Council of Teachers of English. Baldwin is shorter and slimmer than I expected him to be, more Hunt for Red October than 30 Rock, and he's taking all his responsibilities very seriously. I'm nervous as hell. "Hesse," I say, "rhymes with messy." A few minutes earlier I'd met Mohammed Ali. A small group of prize winners and presenters had been ushered into a small side room. Mr. Ali was seated in the middle of a couch, wearing sunglasses and looking remarkably frail,

## Creative Nonfiction in the Life of NCTE

From 2009 to 2016, the National Council of Teachers of English awarded \$5000 and \$10,000 prizes for creative nonfiction writing to high school and college students. These awards resulted from a partnership between NCTE and the Norman Mailer Foundation, and I helped negotiate the arrangement and coordinated the judging. The winners were recognized at a gala dinner in New York each October that featured lots of celebrities. In 2012, for example, the master of ceremonies was Alec Baldwin. Muhammed Ali was there, as was Garrison Keillor, Joyce Carol Oates, Oliver Stone, and many others.

# 2012 GALA LEADERSHIP



HONORARY GALA CHAIR

**TINA BROWN**

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

**ALEC BALDWIN**



TOP: 2011 Third Annual Benefit Gala  
ABOVE: President William J. Clinton  
with High School, College, and Community  
College Writing Awards Winners

PRESENTERS

MUHAMMAD ALI

LONNIE ALI

NICOLAS BOS

TINA BROWN

JOHN GIORNO

DANIEL HALPERN

DOUG HESSE

DYLAN JONES

GARRISON KEILLOR

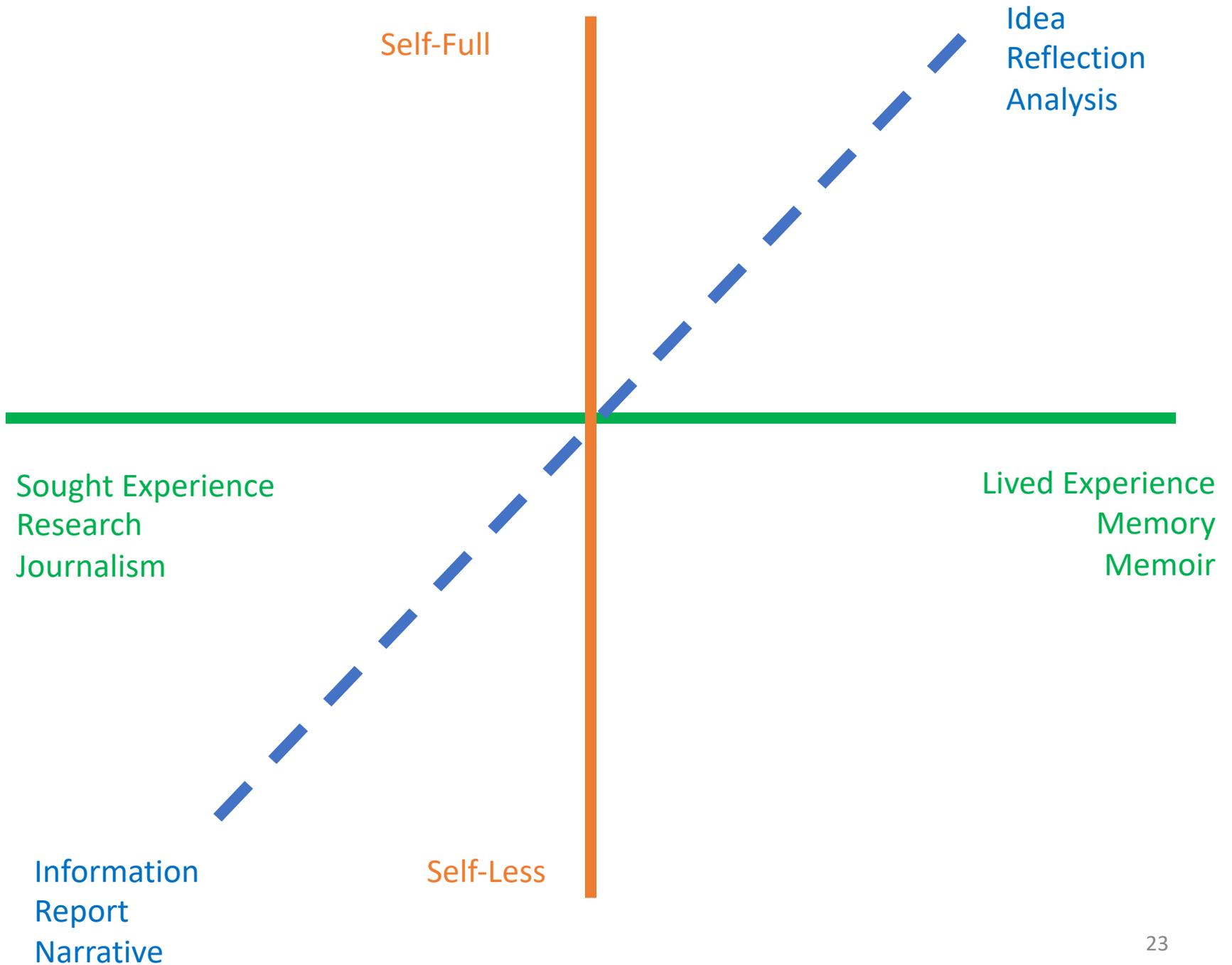
CHARLES MCGRATH

SUSAN REESE

OLIVER STONE

THIS EVENING'S UNDERWRITER

**Van Cleef & Arpels**



## Orwell, “A Hanging”

It is curious, but till that moment I had never realized what it means to destroy a healthy, conscious man. When I saw the prisoner step aside to avoid the puddle, I saw the mystery, the unspeakable wrongness, of cutting a life short when it is in full tide. This man was not dying, he was alive just as we were alive. All the organs of his body were working—bowels digesting food, skin renewing itself, nails growing, tissues forming—all toiling away in solemn foolery. His nails would still be growing when he stood on the drop, when he was falling through the air with a tenth of a second to live.

## She Titles the Email “Things are Moving Along”

by CAITLIN SCARANO • January 15, 2022

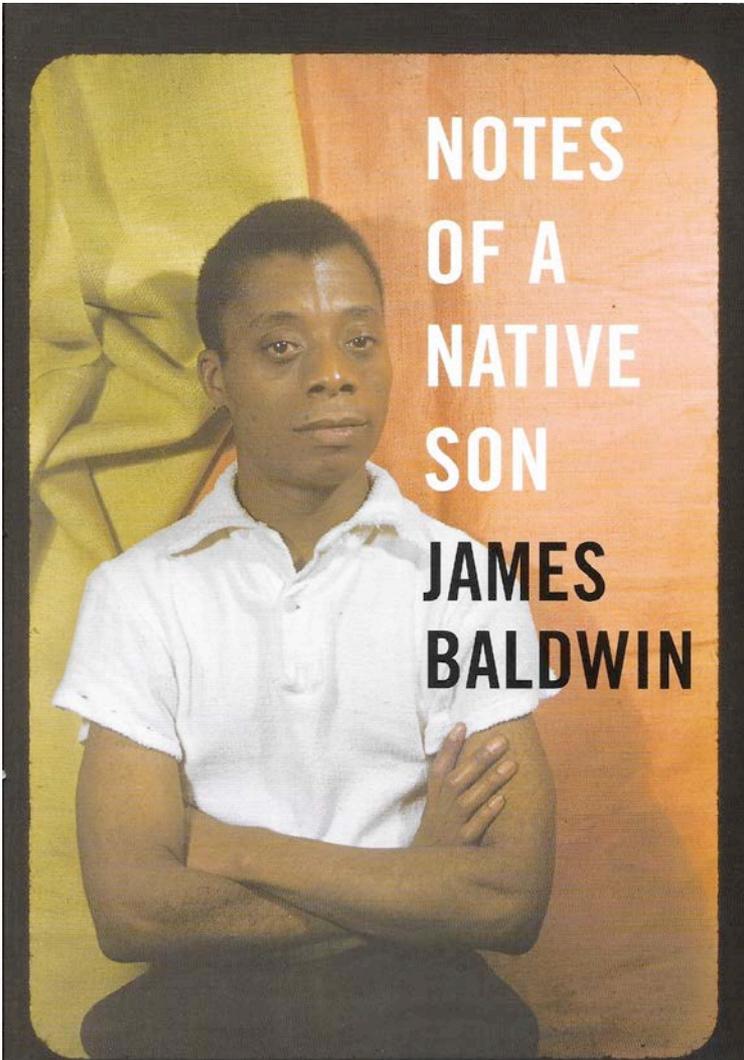
5 Comments

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My best friend from high school emails me, *It's been so ungodly hot*. Her horses go unriden and stand under pitch pines, slapping horseflies away with tangled tails. I remember Virginia in the summer, humidity threatening to throttle us. *We're down to three dogs*, she writes, *because Kylie got hit by a car a few months ago*. Another loss in another isolated year.

The morning her email arrives I haven't seen another person in person for eight days. Living alone and working from home, I've memorized every imperfection on the white walls of my apartment. The summer I turned sixteen, she and I swam a mile across Lake Gaston and nearly drowned. It still stands as one of the greatest memories of my teenage years. When I was seventeen, I left for college





NOTES  
OF A  
NATIVE  
SON

**JAMES  
BALDWIN**

With a New Introduction by **Edward P. Jones**

## Stranger in the Village

From all available evidence no black man had ever set foot in this tiny Swiss village before I came. I was told before arriving that I would probably be a “sight” for the village; I took this to mean that people of my complexion were rarely seen in Switzerland, and also that city people are always something of a “sight” outside of the city. It did not occur to me—possibly because I am an American—that there could be people anywhere who had never seen a Negro.

It is a fact that cannot be explained on the basis of the inaccessibility of the village. The village is very high, but it is only four hours from Milan and three hours from Lausanne.

For this village, even were it incomparably more remote and incredibly more primitive, is the West, the West onto which I have been so strangely grafted. These people cannot be, from the point of view of power, strangers anywhere in the world; they have made the modern world, in effect, even if they do not know it. The most illiterate among them is related, in a way that I am not, to Dante, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Aeschylus, Da Vinci, Rembrandt, and Racine; the cathedral at Chartres says something to them which it cannot say to me, as indeed would New York's Empire State Building, should anyone here ever see it. Out of their hymns and dances come Beethoven and Bach. Go back a few centuries and they are in their full glory—but I am in Africa, watching the conquerors arrive.

The rage of the disesteemed is personally fruitless, but it is also absolutely inevitable; this rage, so generally discounted, so little understood even among the people whose daily bread it is, is one of the things that makes history. Rage can only with difficulty, and never entirely, be brought under the domination of the intelligence and is therefore not susceptible to any arguments whatever. This is a fact which ordinary representatives of the *Herrenvolk*, having never felt this rage 27

CONSIDER  
THE  
LOBSTER

And Other Essays

David Foster Wallace

Author of *Infinite Jest*



## Information

”There is no cerebral cortex, which in humans is the area of the brain that gives the experience of pain.” Though it sounds more sophisticated, a lot of the neurology in this latter claim is still either false or fuzzy. The human cerebral cortex is the brain-part that deals with higher faculties like reason, metaphysical self-awareness, language, et. Pain reception is known to be part of a much older and more primitive system of nociceptors and prostaglandins that are managed by the brain stem and thalamus. (245)

## Idea

I'm not trying to give you a PETA-like screed here—at least I don't think so. I'm trying, rather, to work out and articulate some of the troubling questions that arise amid all the laughter and situation and community pride of the Maine Lobster Festival. The truth is that if you, the festival attendee, permit yourself to think that lobsters can suffer and would rather not, the MLF begins to take on the aspect of something like a Roman circus or medieval torture-fest. Does that comparison seem a bit much? If so, exactly why? (253)

Unlikable to whom? I'm saying women are told we are unlikable, but let's be honest, this pressure isn't exclusive to women, especially not just to white women. The world tells black women they are unlikable when they are angry, even though they have the most reason to be angry. I find it unlikable that more of us aren't angry alongside them. The world tells black men they are unlikable when they are too confident, too intelligent, when they behave like kings, when they are not men but children who reach into their pockets or stand together on corners. People who have immigrated to this country are told they are unlikable when they "take American jobs"; they are just as unlikable when they do not work. They are unlikable when they cross the border in the desert under the cover of night and when they come through a checkpoint in the middle of the day. We put their stories in cages.

This is not a metaphor.

There is no end to the reasons people are labeled unlikable — because of the way they look, or the configuration of their bodies, or the choices they have made about how to live their lives, what kind of family to build, how to love, how to worship God, or not, or the language they speak, or the country where they were born, or because someone does not like the things they have to say. At some point, we must acknowledge that the question of likability is not one about craft, but about sexism, racism, homophobia — it's about bigotry.

The pressure to remain likable exerts power over us and the stories we feel it is safe enough to tell. "We tell ourselves stories in order to live," Joan Didion famously writes in "The White Album." Stories are how we know ourselves, how we understand our relation to others; stories are the lenses that allow us to look at the chaos of the world and see with<sup>29</sup>



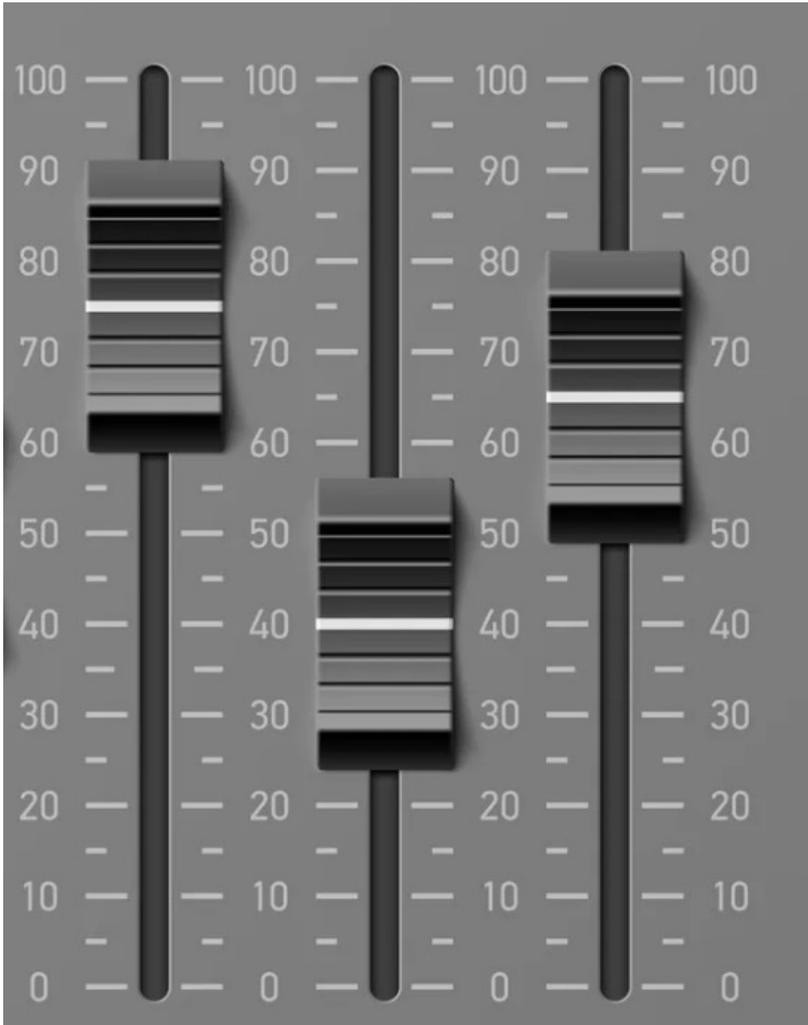
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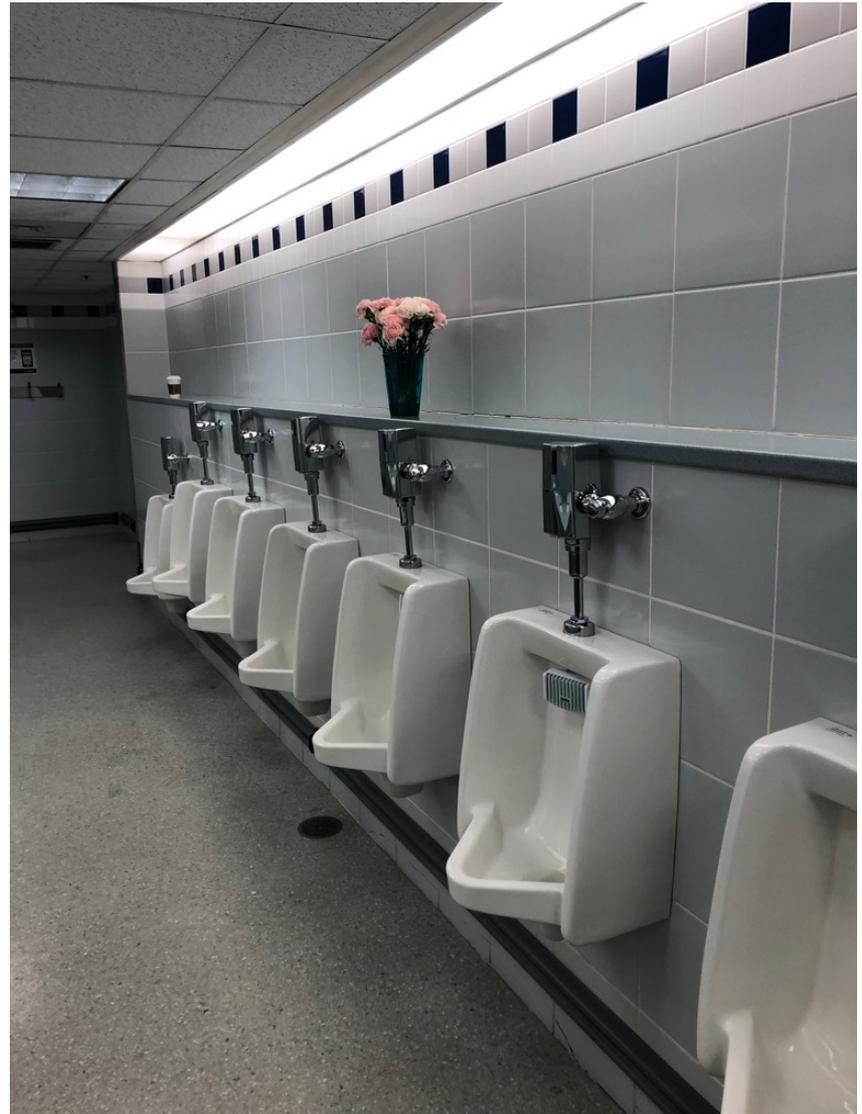
ON  
**LIKABILITY**  
AN ESSAY BY  
**LACY M. JOHNSON**

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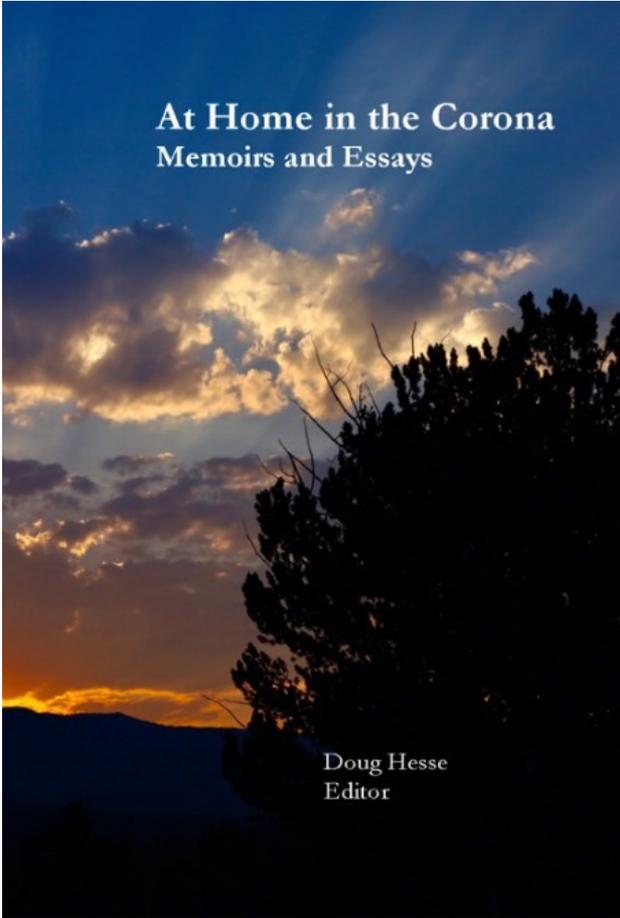
Baltimore Airport, 21 March 2022



Sought

Self-less

Idea



At Home in the Corona  
Memoirs and Essays

Doug Hesse  
Editor

DANIEL NAVA CABRAL

*Magic Tricks, Invisibility Cloaks, and  
Funhouse Mirrors*

Memories of my elementary school days are filled with long hours on the playground and a revolving door of friends whose names now escape me. But prominent in my mind rests Nicolette, a thin short black girl who was my first ever best friend. Our favorite pastimes were playing hopscotch and one-upping each other on the monkey bars with new tricks. I can also remember Pureh, a gentle soul with an ever-present smile. Pureh was a refugee who had just arrived from Asia when I met him, but our language barrier didn't stop us from becoming close friends.

There were also people like Sasha, who I made cry after she called my parents "illegal aliens" in the fifth grade. (Get this: my teacher ended up making me apologize to *her*). And who could forget my fourth-grade teacher Mrs. Adkinson, who on the first day of school told our (mostly Latinx) class that we had to throw our toilet paper in the toilet and not on the floor,

Thank you!

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