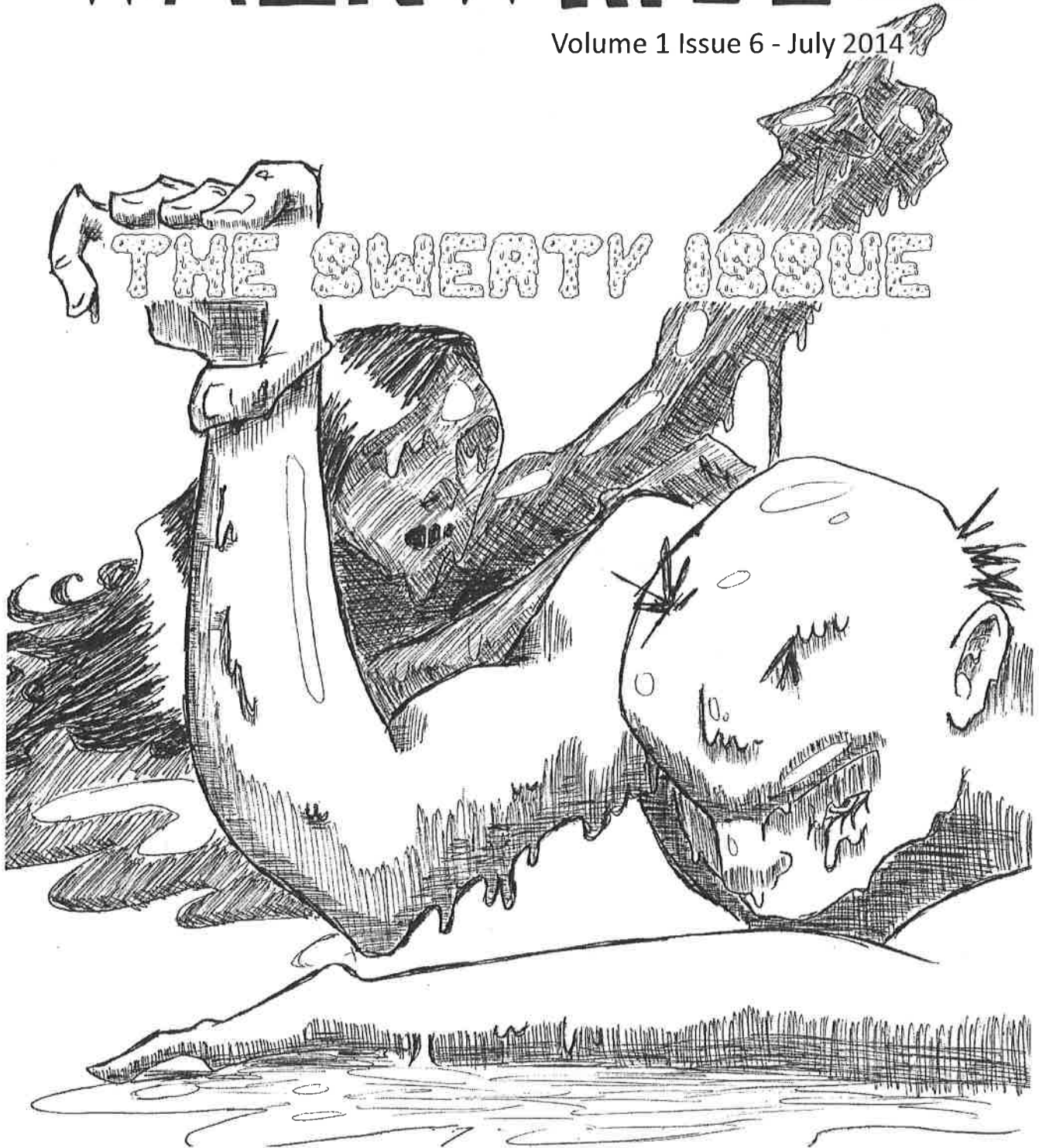


WALKWRITERS

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"prefers the cold"

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"more pockets, less bras"

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"Frog and Toad are frenemies"

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"likes to doodle and crochet"

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"there can never be too much orange juice"

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"a man, a plan, a canal, Panama"

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"have you heard about the corduroy pillow?"

Contributor...Halima Rae Scott

"I feel like the baby but I have the ability to suppress like the adult"

Contributor...Ben Weber

"wants to pitch you his idea for a podcast"

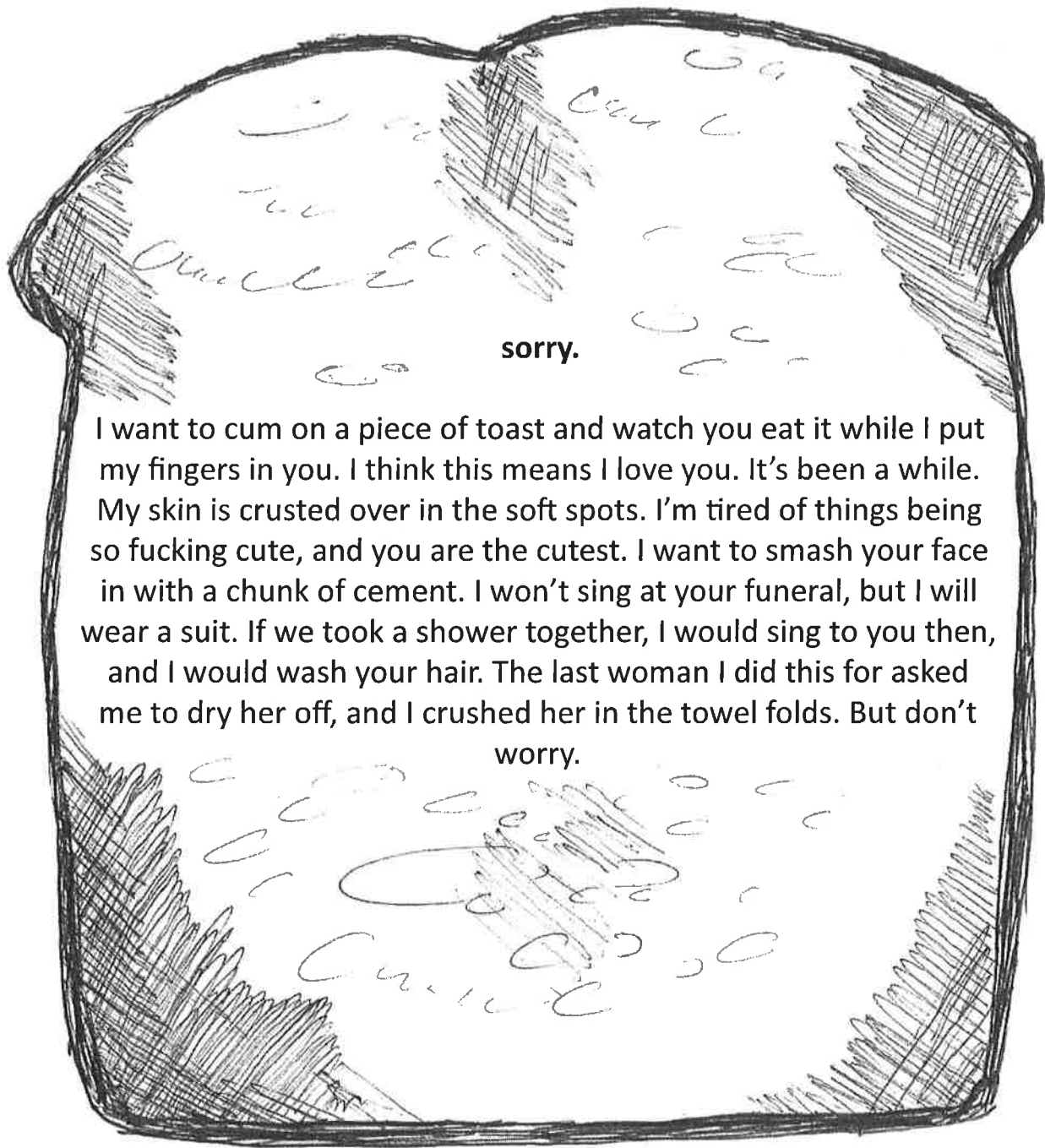
Contributor...Jenny Morris

"no, the other Jenny Morris"

Contributor...The Invisible Phiji

"all the cool Myspace names were taken. :("





Date Activities That Won't Make You Sweat: Taking Yourself to the Movies

1. Choose a movie. One that will satisfy you. Whether it be robots and explosions, or kisses and rainfall, or fart jokes and pratfalls—pick something that will satisfy you. Fill you up. The choice is yours and yours alone—so make it a good one.
2. Treat. Yo. Self. Don't worry about calories or cost. Buy concessions that somehow taste better in a darkened theatre. Personally, I go for a large Coke (Coke Icee if the movie gods be good) and large popcorn, extra butter.* You must include the extra butter.** There will be no sharing, and therefore, no judgment on your (lack of) portion control. Remember: Treat. Yo. Self.
3. Stake out your spot. First row? Sure thing. Very back? No problem! Aisle, or straight in the middle—you got it. Sit wherever you may fancy. But turn off the phone. Give your date the attention she deserves.
4. Watch the movie. Laugh as loud as you want. Cry if you feel like it. You don't have to worry about any hand holding, so therefore, no sweaty palms! Relax. Watch. This is your time.
5. Don't leave yourself at the door as you exit the theatre. This is crucial to the activity. Let the date linger. As you drive or ride or walk back home (or wherever your next destination may be) don't try to fill the silence with texts and phone calls. Be alone with your thoughts. Form your opinions. Ride your feelings. There will be time to share them with others later. Right now, save these things as a secret between you and yourself.

*The key to extra butter is the popcorn attendant. If the popcorn attendant fills the bag halfway with popcorn, squirts butter, continues filling the bag then puts additional butter on top of that—you know she too is a lover of extra butter. This is vastly superior to extra squirts added to an already full bag.


Some people don't like butter on their popcorn. To me, that's like ordering the vegetarian plate at Famous Dave's.* But, you know, you do you.

*** Famous Dave's "is a chain of barbecue restaurants serving pork ribs, chicken, beef brisket and several flavors of barbecue sauce," as defined by Wikipedia.




Summer Savior


I begged summer to come. I held my breath and refused to eat and stopped wearing my jacket, despite the snow still swirling, an uninvited guest of April, holding on strong. Summer would fix it all.




Scissors came out and jorts were cut and sunblock was smeared and we spat watermelon seeds into the sand but something was not right. I packed picnics and peeled my sunburn and peered out from under my giant pink hat, but under the glistening sun my friends were still crying.



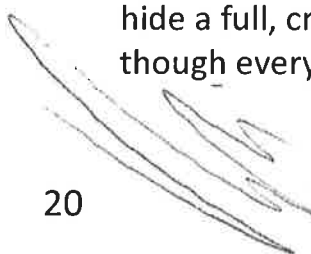
I thought if we only waited a little longer the blues would go away. I thought- if I force feed them fresh pesto and whipped espresso icing and put two different colored straws into their arnold palmers at brunch their eyes will smile, not just the corners of their mouths, not quite making its way down to the middle- but I thought wrong.



In the city the air conditioners sweat on you from above and hit you with drips you're never totally sure aren't bird poop. It is so hot that fashionistas slip right out of their tall chairs at happy hour after only a sip of caipirinha. The entire front walls of restaurants disappear overnight, patrons overflowing onto the sidewalk, dogs underfoot and electronic cigarettes in hand- new yorkers love to gesture with full hands, moisture spewing from their mouths and their arms and their drinks. Subways are either too humid to breath or the frozen tundra of every AC the MTA ever purchased blasting into one car; a happy medium is the place of fairy tales.



I dreamt of summer and here it is but my friends still carry their winter weight. We are old enough to feel like we should be adults but still too young to act that way. We exude selfishness, talking constantly of careers and dating, comparing ourselves to one another, desperate for success. I fear that this feeling is forever and I sigh when I am told it is, that there's no escape with age. But I just can't quite believe it. I'm holding out.



I place my wide brimmed pink hat on top of my sun bleached head and hide a full, crooked smile behind my giant sunglasses because even though everyone around me has a sadness in their eyes: I like to sweat.

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