

Prologue: Fantasy

by Kait Mauro

You had an idyllic childhood — surrounded by nature and where no one possibly molested you. You had one sibling. Your parents both worked - your dad a private detective and your mama a feminist midwife. You were unschooled but read a lot - important books people are supposed to read - so you were prepared and analytically-minded when you got the scholarship to the university in St Louis. You were a photography / creative writing major. You graduated in four years and wore the green cap and gown with all of your friends. You took pictures in this cap and gown in front of all the right places. You looked thin in all of the pictures. You had your heartbroken a little bit, once, just enough to let you understand. You studied abroad. There was never a drunk man who refused to leave your dorm room.

