Although I enjoy writing, let me be honest: I did not enjoy writing this editor’s note. To me, it’s too formal, too informative, too restrictive. I really can’t slip into the world of fiction here. There’s a structure to it that has to be followed, and certain things (the introduction, the thanks for reading, the overused cliches of universal truth) that must be included. None of these things are enjoyable to me in any way.

The whole thing is like writing an email to a professor you don’t know. Although you would much rather just get to the point, you can’t. Instead, you’ve got to beat around the bush with formalities before you can get there.

And there’s inherent pitfalls in doing so. If you’re too formal, you risk coming off as pretentious, or, even worse, sucking up. On the other hand, if you’re too informal, you might come off as rude, lazy, or disrespectful. So you have to toe the line, hoping that your tone comes off just right. (Of course, you have to figure out where this line is first, and it varies wildly.)

My point with all of this is that there are some times when writing just isn’t fun, and I imagine reading what results is just as bad. Thankfully, that is not the sort of writing that is in this magazine. What we do have are pieces that are witty, hilarious, thoughtful, touching, evocative, or maybe all of them.

Within these pieces, you’ll find unrepentant juvenile delinquents, goddesses in Hanes underwear, and irksome goldifsh. And you’ll find stories about bitter exes and baguettes, antique stores and animal science majors.

Most of all, though, you’ll find pieces that are fun and enjoyable. And not just the poems and prose—the photography and artwork as well. It was a pleasure putting the magazine together, and I hope that you, as the reader, enjoy what follows.

Chris Adams
Editor-in-chief
I’d Like to Think

I’d like to think I’m talented.
I’d like to think I’m smart.
I’d like to think I’m generous and have a great big heart.

I’d like to think that I got love, and that I let it show.
I’d like to think these things are true but really I think no.

—Zach Velcoff