



Unsolicited
Literature



**EXCLUSIVE
NOCAZ
EDITION!**



NOVEMBER 2016

ATTN:

NOCAZ FTW, IMHO.
BYOB or GTFO.
IDK your ASL.

TFW PPL LMK I'm the MVP.
AMA! JK...SMH.
DIY, BB.

OK, OK, TMI.
My SO DGAF, IIRC.
TY, QT. ILY.

BTW, WTF is happening IRL?
The USA is NSFW ATM, TBH.
SOS ASAP, NOCAZ.

**a scared mouse will
bite a cat.**



**this doesn't reclassify
the mice as predators
or the cats as prey.**

S.O.S

By Cara Zajac

Jane W. 1878

When I was a child, I collected towels. Hand towels. Dish towels. Bath towels. Towels with holes. Fresh ones. I was searching for things that last, I told my mother, and towels last for a very long time.

I was recently asked to write a short biography of an almost unknown local writer from the nineteenth century. I've been spending my afternoons with a cup of coffee and my laptop, hunting through the tidy fragments that mark a person's life and death. Birth certificates. Obituaries. Entries in high school yearbooks, census records.

Walker, born in 1834 to English parents, mother of five children. Occupation: keeping house.

A census report ten years later: *Walker, born 1834 to English parents, mother of four surviving children. Occupation: reporter.*

Mother of four surviving children.... I find myself repeating the details of her census entries as I walk to work in the strong sunlight. I record carefully the names of the books she wrote between those two censuses, the books that earned her the title of "reporter," though "author" may be more accurate. I am haunted by the fifth child.

Jane. Her name was Jane. In a newspaper record one hundred and fifty years old, I learn that she shot herself with her brother's pistol. The newspaper speculates that she stumbled on the carpet while cleaning his room and accidentally discharged the weapon on the mantelpiece. She was alone at the time.

I wonder about the privacy of their lives, how these records tell me a little but barely anything, like acronyms that, once uncoded, reveal not more meaning but only the unreadable slate of someone else's existence, their moods and personalities humming unseen.

I cannot find Jane's grave, but I find her mother's. On a sunny afternoon, I sit cross legged near the worn away name on her stone, thinking of things that last. Crickets chirp, hidden in the grass. I trace my fingers in the soil, leaving my skin hazy with dirt. Census records. Newspaper articles frozen online. Birth certificates. Death certificates. Towels. Gravestones. Memories, maybe. It is getting chilly and I stand up, brushing the dirt from my pants now gently stained with dust. I find a pebble and place it on top of her gravestone, wanting to let her know she has not been forgotten, wanting to comfort her. Maybe I am only comforting myself. I pull my jacket around me and head to the car, conscious that this moment of my own, this moment of quiet in the cemetery, has already gone.

Rose R. 2016

From Wikipedia: “**The world's longest**

acronym, according to the *Guinness Book of World Records* is:

НИОМТПЛАБОПАРМБЕТЗHELBETРАBSBOMO-
NIMONKONOTDTEKHSTROMONT

(Нииомтплабопармбетжелбетрабсбомони-
монконотдтехстромонт).

The 56-letter acronym (54 in Cyrillic) is from the *Concise Dictionary of Soviet Terminology* and means "The laboratory for shuttering, reinforcement, concrete and ferroconcrete operations for composite-monolithic and monolithic constructions of the Department of the Technology of Building-assembly operations of the Scientific Research Institute of the Organization for building mechanization and technical aid of the Academy of Building and Architecture of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

(научно-исследовательская [...] лаборатория операций по армированию бетона и железобетонных работ по сооружению сборно-монолитных и монолитных конструкций отдела технологии строительного монтажного управления)"

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