

Tell me, and I will forget.
Show me, and I may remember.
Involve me, and I will understand.
Chinese proverb

Today you are a five-year-old leaving cookies for Santa.

Your purity makes nuns look like hookers dressed for Halloween. — LONG WAY FOR THE HAM SAMMICH
THERE A QUICKER WAY TO GET THERE?

You are yet to shake hands with week one. *like*

I know why you're reading this.

You want ~~the~~ secrets; the sullied truth from a weathered soul ~~on the inside~~.

But I won't give it to you.

It doesn't work that way.

I could tell you every idiosyncratic tick each professor has,
I could show you all the coffee-stained assignments,
I could warn you with flashing lights and sirens stolen from our firemen neighbors,
but it wouldn't do much except tango with your nerves. *like*

} THERE ARE THINGS THAT EVERY BC
STUDENT CAN RELATE TO. THE
FIREMEN NEIGHBORS KINDA
THROWS OFF YOUR RHYTHM

No one fully understands something until they've experienced it themselves.

And we have.

For sixty transformative weeks. — ew. ANY NON-BC MORE TAL WAY TO SAY THIS?

It gives us a past to pull from, *— sexy!*

And morphs us into the future of this industry.

We learn by doing.

Kelly calls it focused chaos. Fenske calls it magic. _____ *— A 3RD? WHAT DOES TAL CALL IT?*

We work behind a velvet curtain, tuning the unexpected so what you never saw coming -
that moment, that reveal - is genuine, real, and completely delightful.

I want you to retain that, if only briefly.

So clasp your purity like a new leather wallet.

Week one will pick your pocket soon enough. *!! GOOD, WOMAN*

Talia Ledner

YOU THOUGHT ABOUT ART DIRECTION
ON IT YET? FEELS TO ME A LEE BIT
LIKE IT COULD BE A LOVE LETTER...