A tattoo artist named Candace is also a book of the same name.

He and his father were the same height now, both straight and ordinary, bodies like mannequins with their hands in the pockets of identical suits.

There was still something about the house’s creaky wooden floor-boards that reminded her of being sixteen and miserable, sneaking in at three in the morning from someplace dangerous, and her father snoozing away peacefully upstairs. Sometimes there would be a note: *Wake me if you’re injured.*

The last thing my mother said to me before I took off on my own was spoken through a scratched car window over the blast of the air conditioning: “Don’t forget to separate your whites and colors!”

Licorice got her name from the first death she ever witnessed

Deep at the bottom of the sea there is an immortal crab.

She had come to love him in a strange way—the love of tasteless Eggo waffles, the love of bus drivers, the love of all the things you rely on to make your life the way it is.