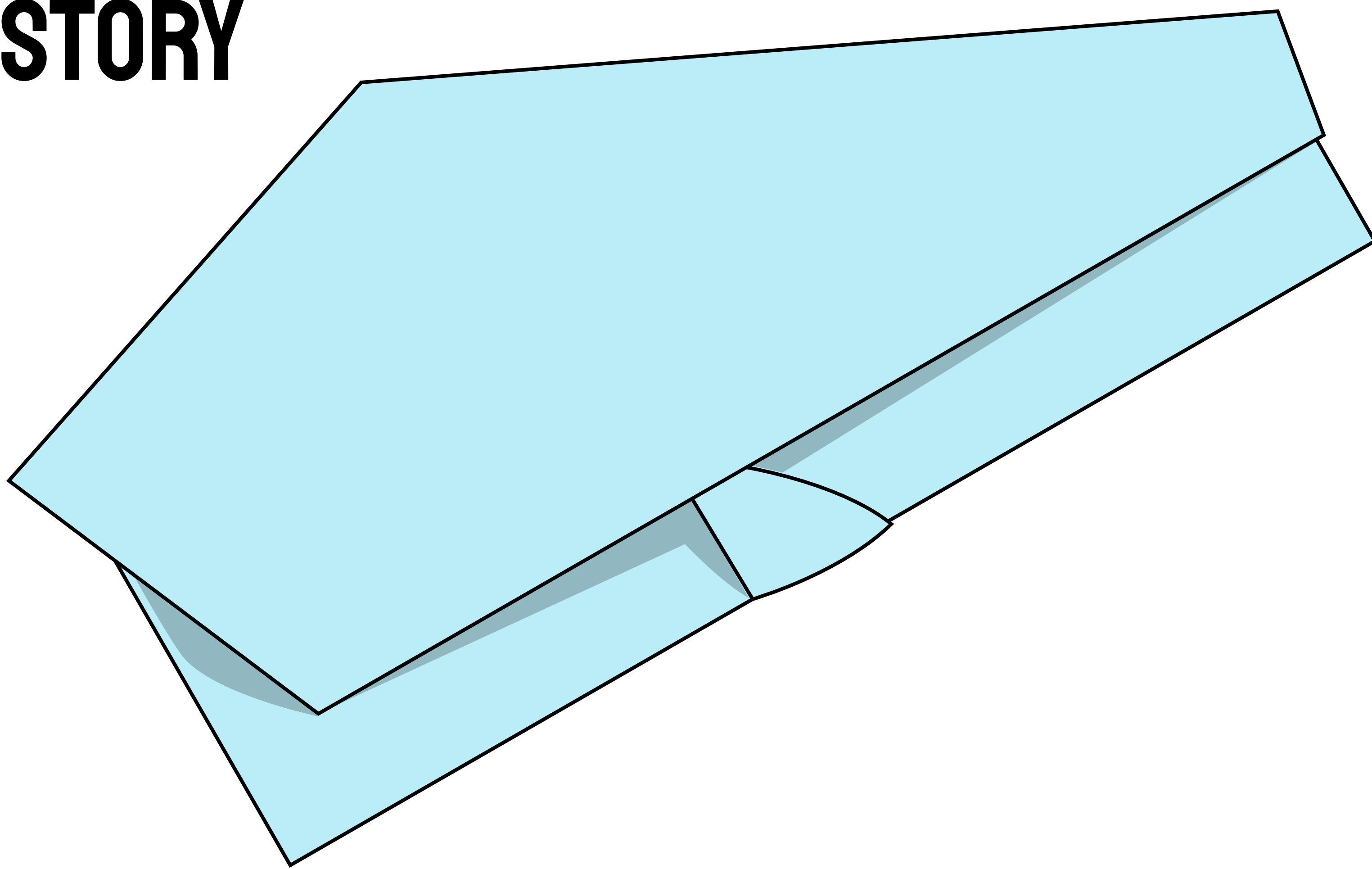


**SOHUM GUPTA**

# PAPER PLANES

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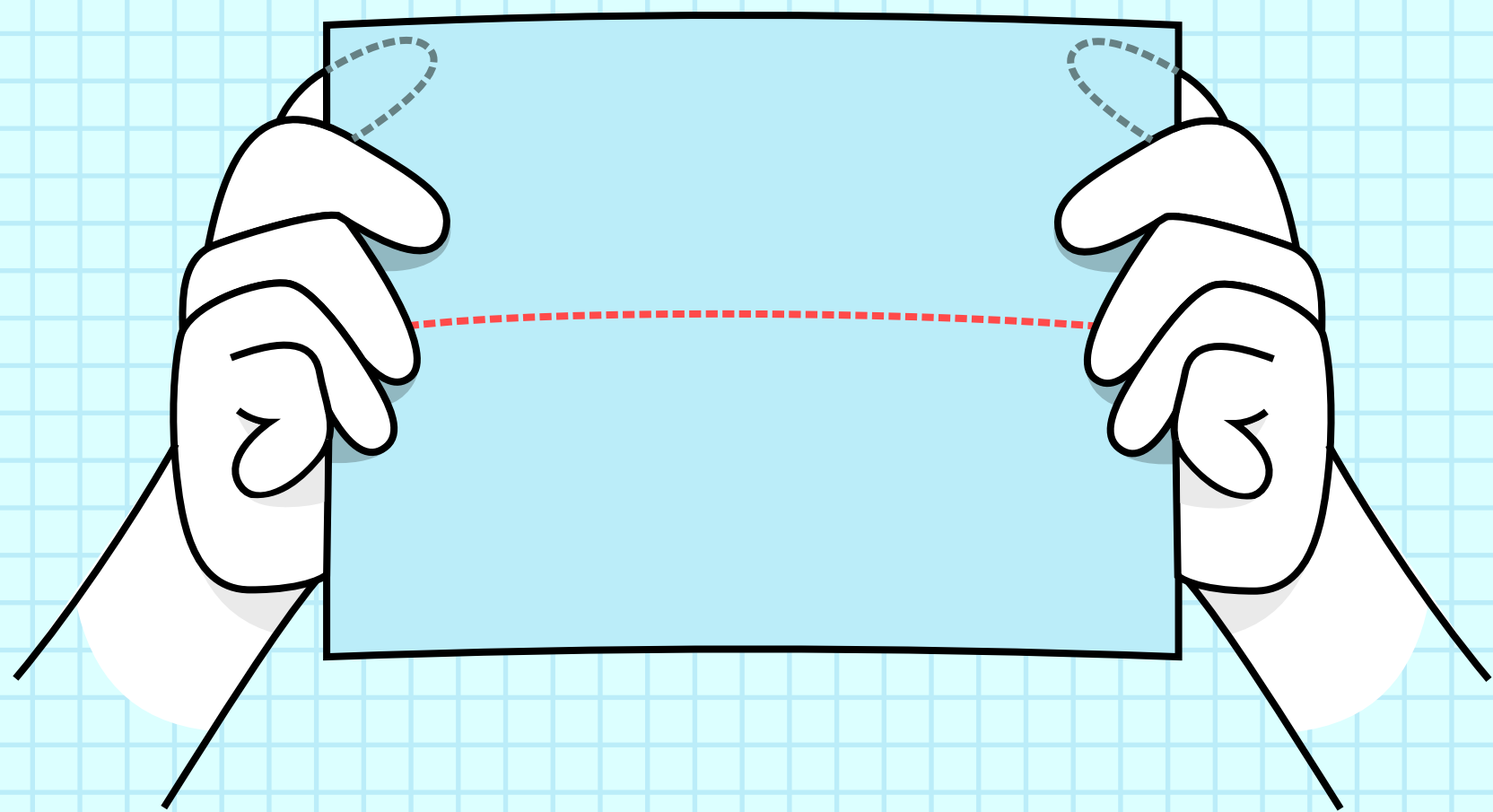
**A STORY**



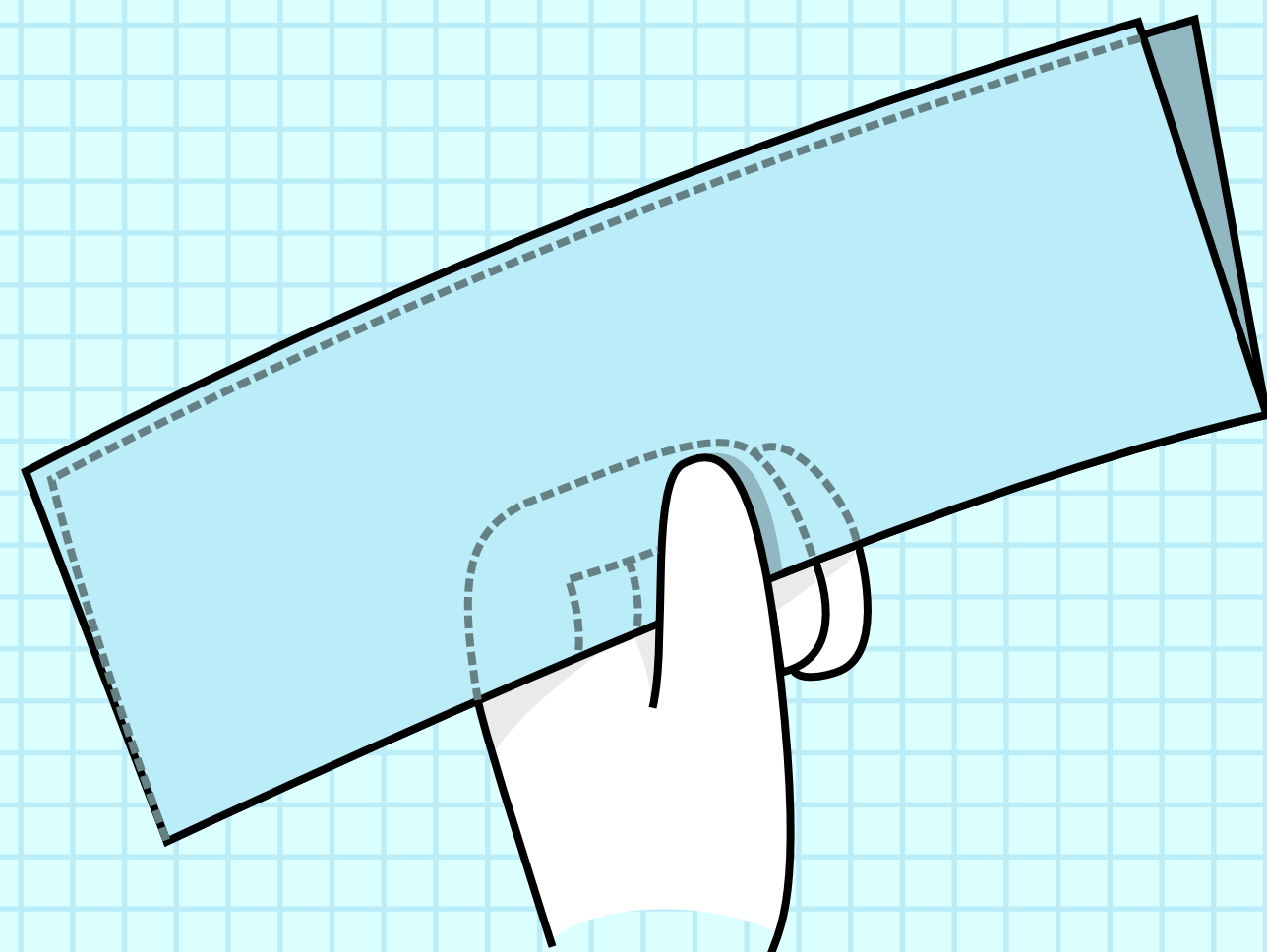
**ITEM NO. PP33ISG**

**AGES 19+**

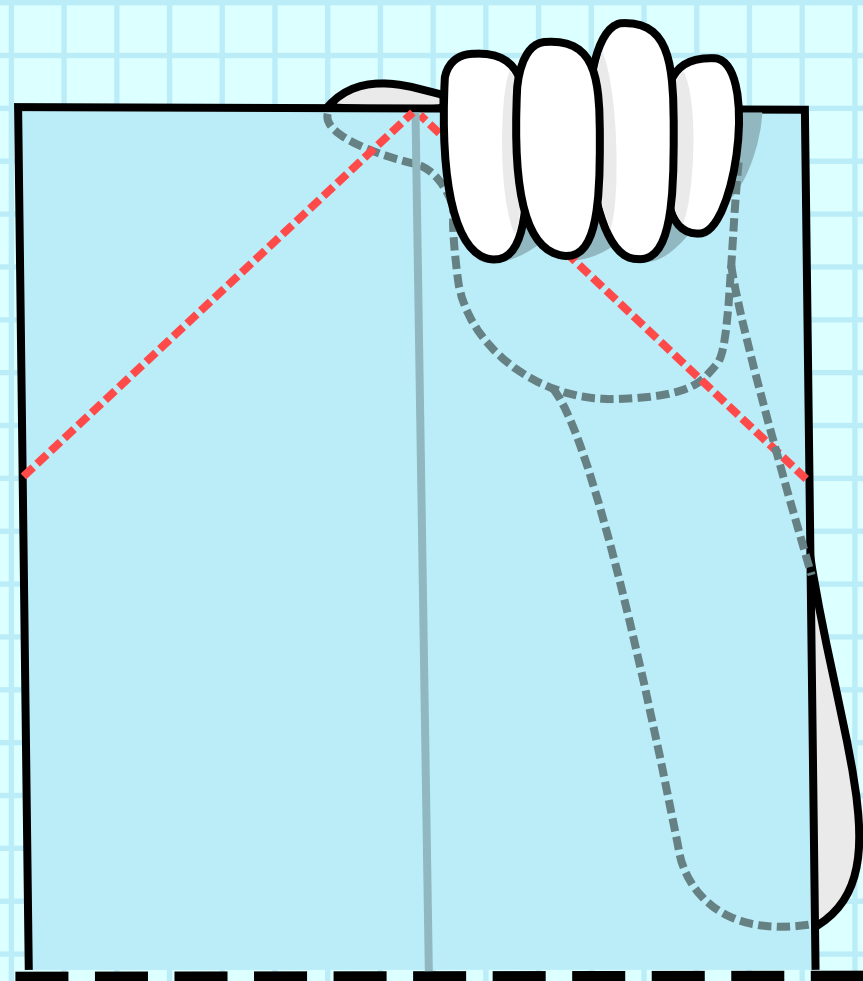
**1** | THIS IS THE WAY I LEARNED TO MAKE A PAPER PLANE.



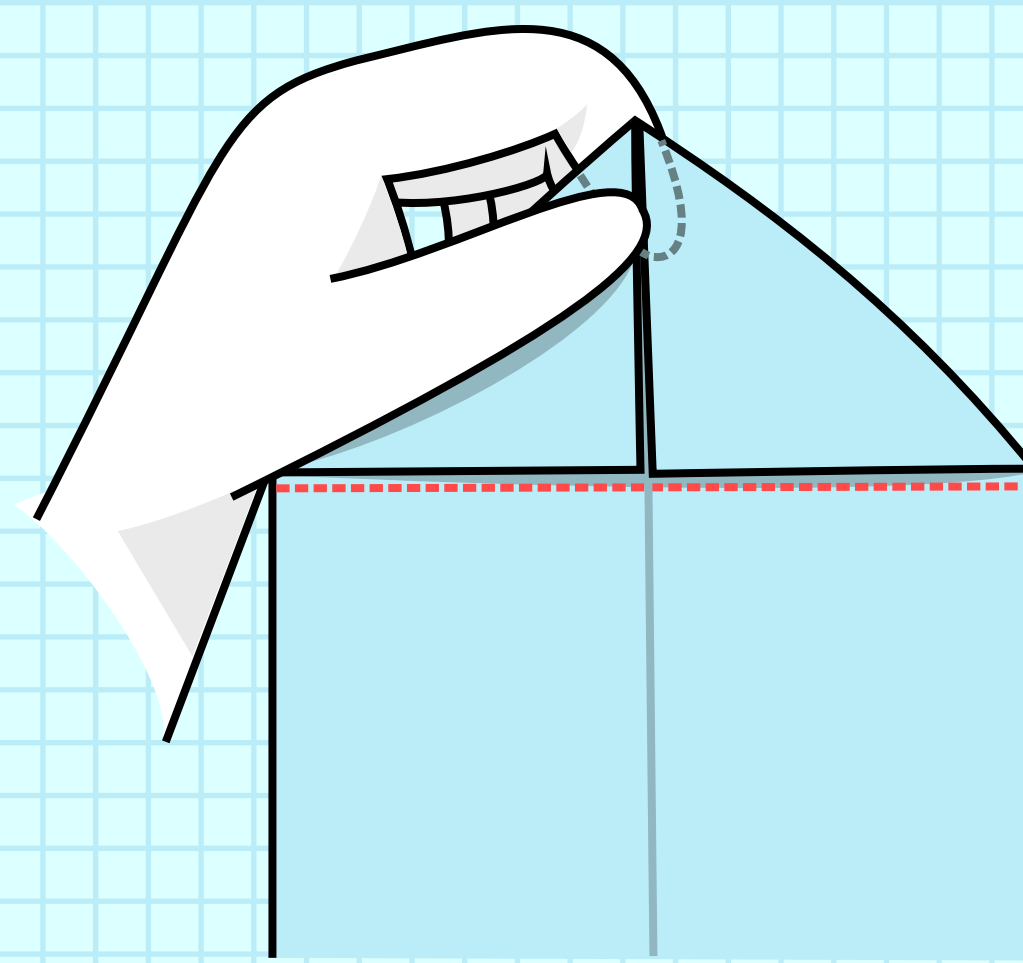
**2** | I REMEMBER I MADE PAPER PLANES FOR LIKE A WEEK AFTER I LEARNED HOW.



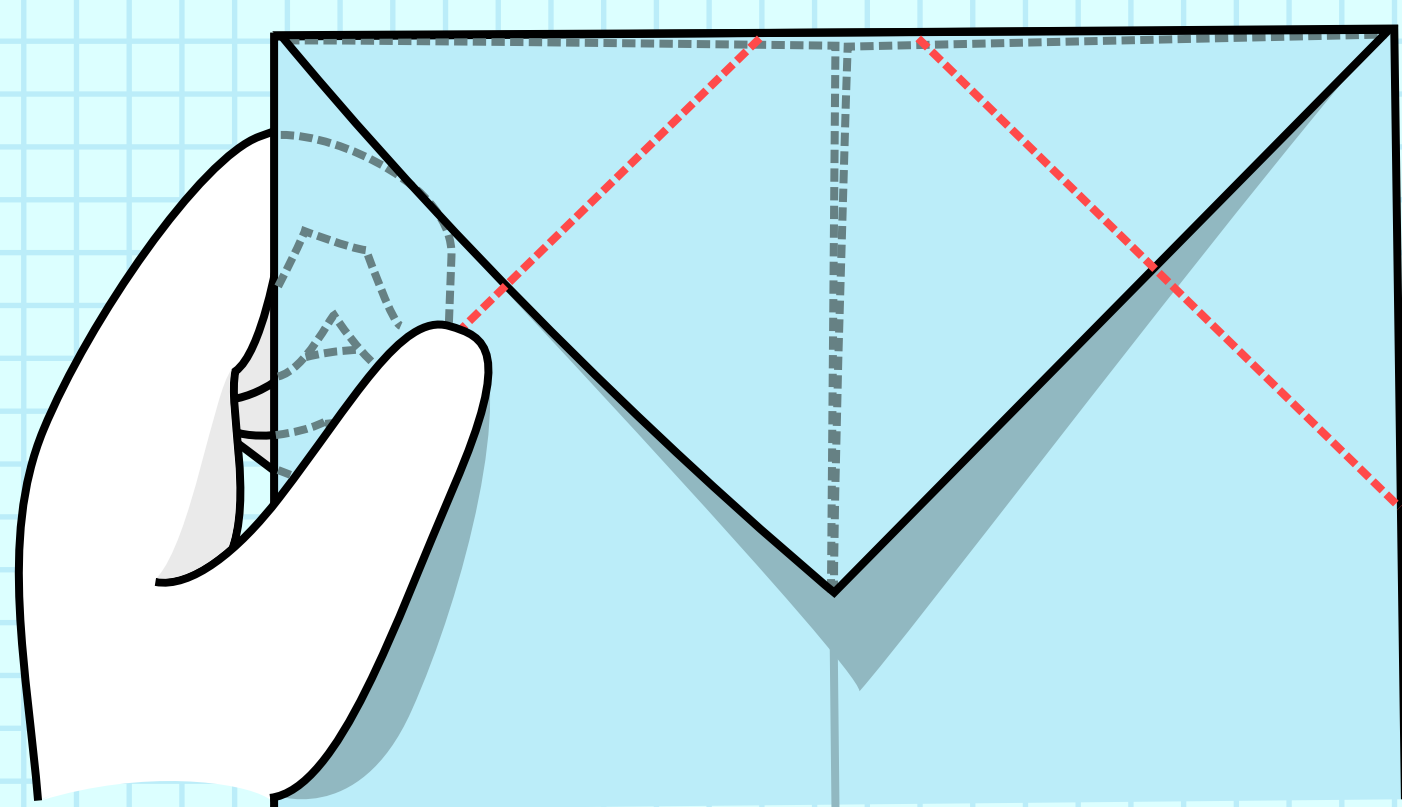
**3** | I THINK MY BROTHER WAS THE ONE WHO TAUGHT ME.



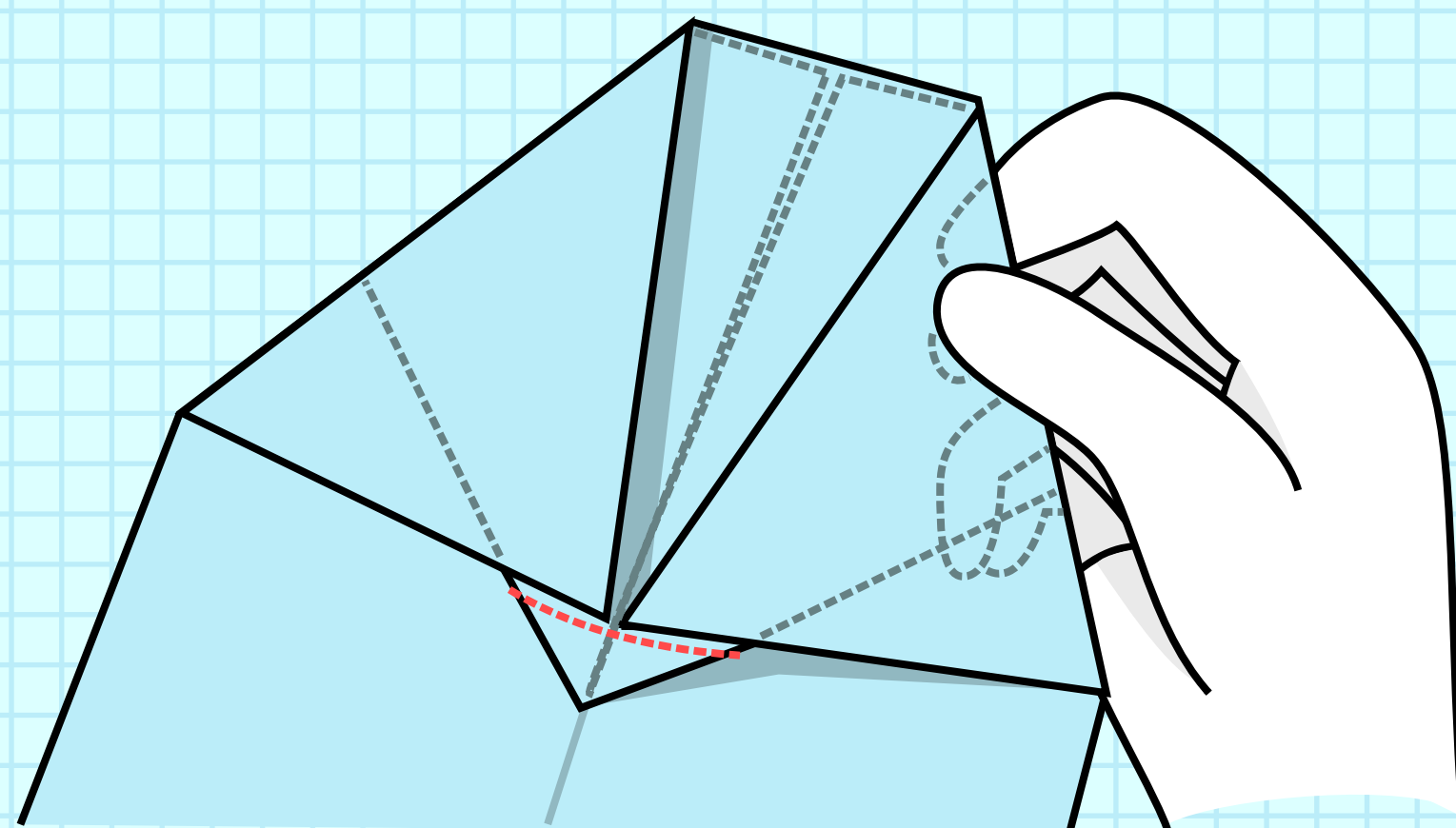
**4** | HE TRIED TO TEACH ME QUADRATIC EQUATIONS WHEN I WAS IN THIRD GRADE.



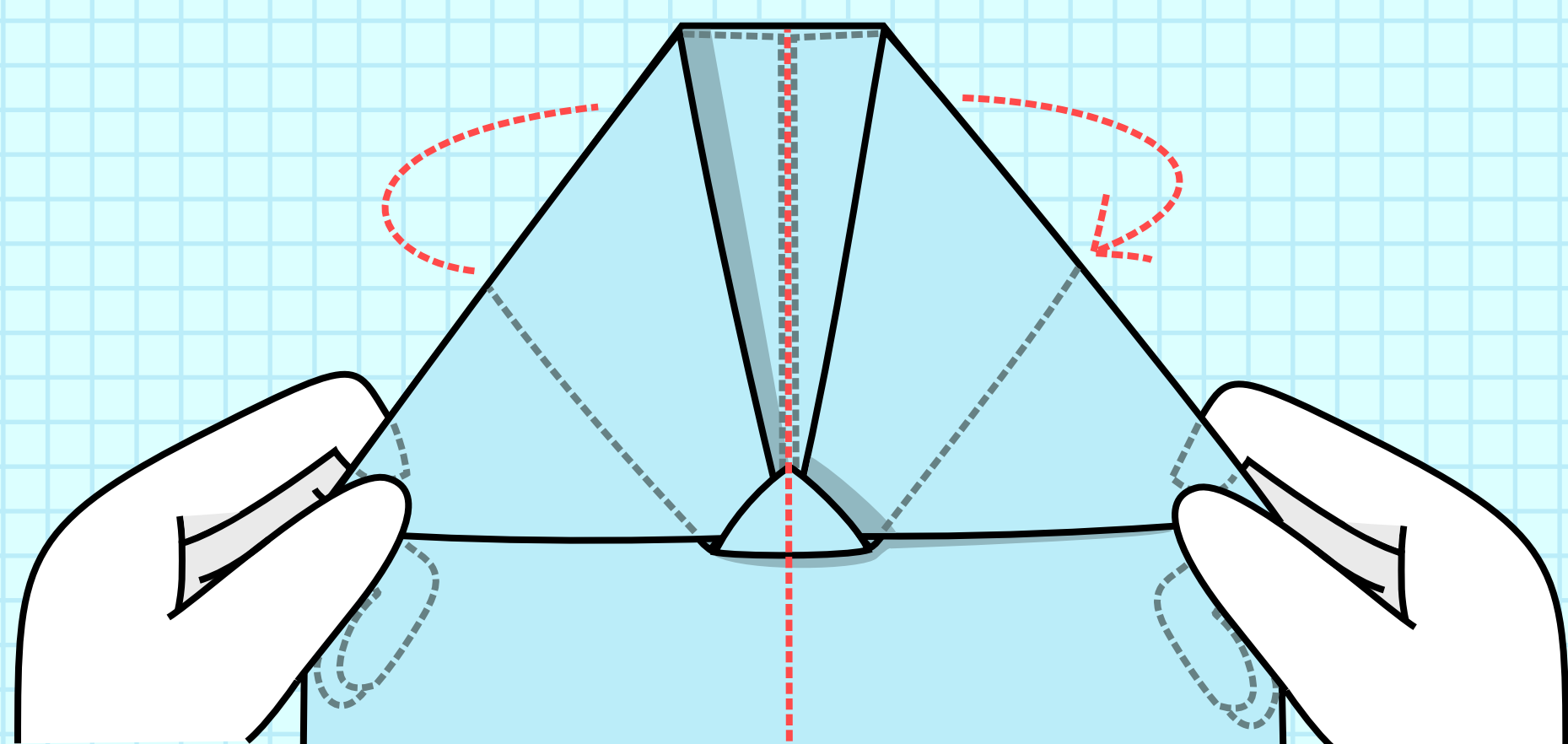
**5** | I ONLY EVER KNEW HOW TO MAKE THIS ONE TYPE OF PLANE PLANE.



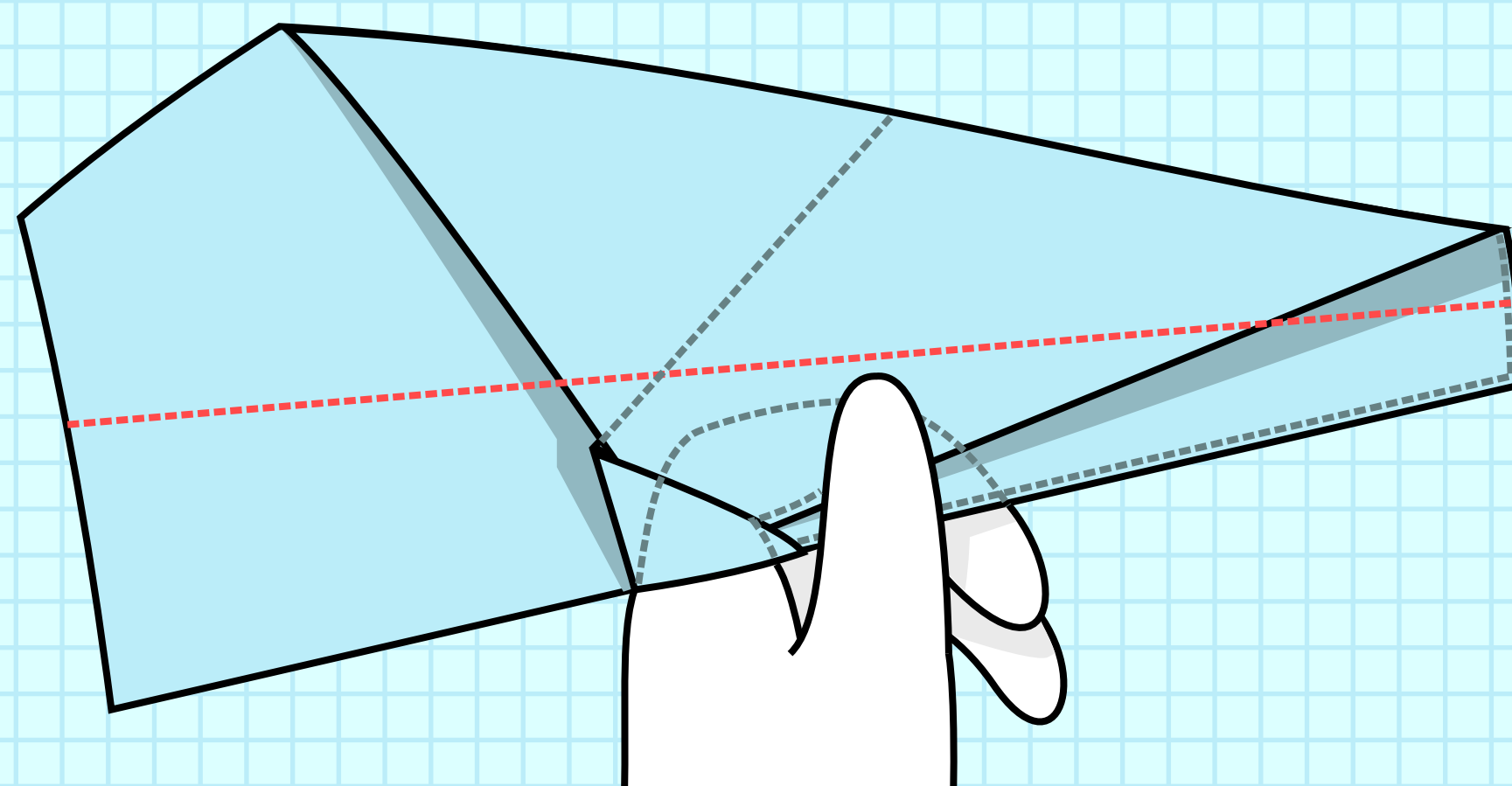
**6** | ACTUALLY, THIS IS STILL THE ONLY ONE I KNOW HOW TO MAKE.



**7** | BUT ANYWAY, YOU JUST HAVE TO FOLD THE WHOLE THING BACK, LIKE THAT.

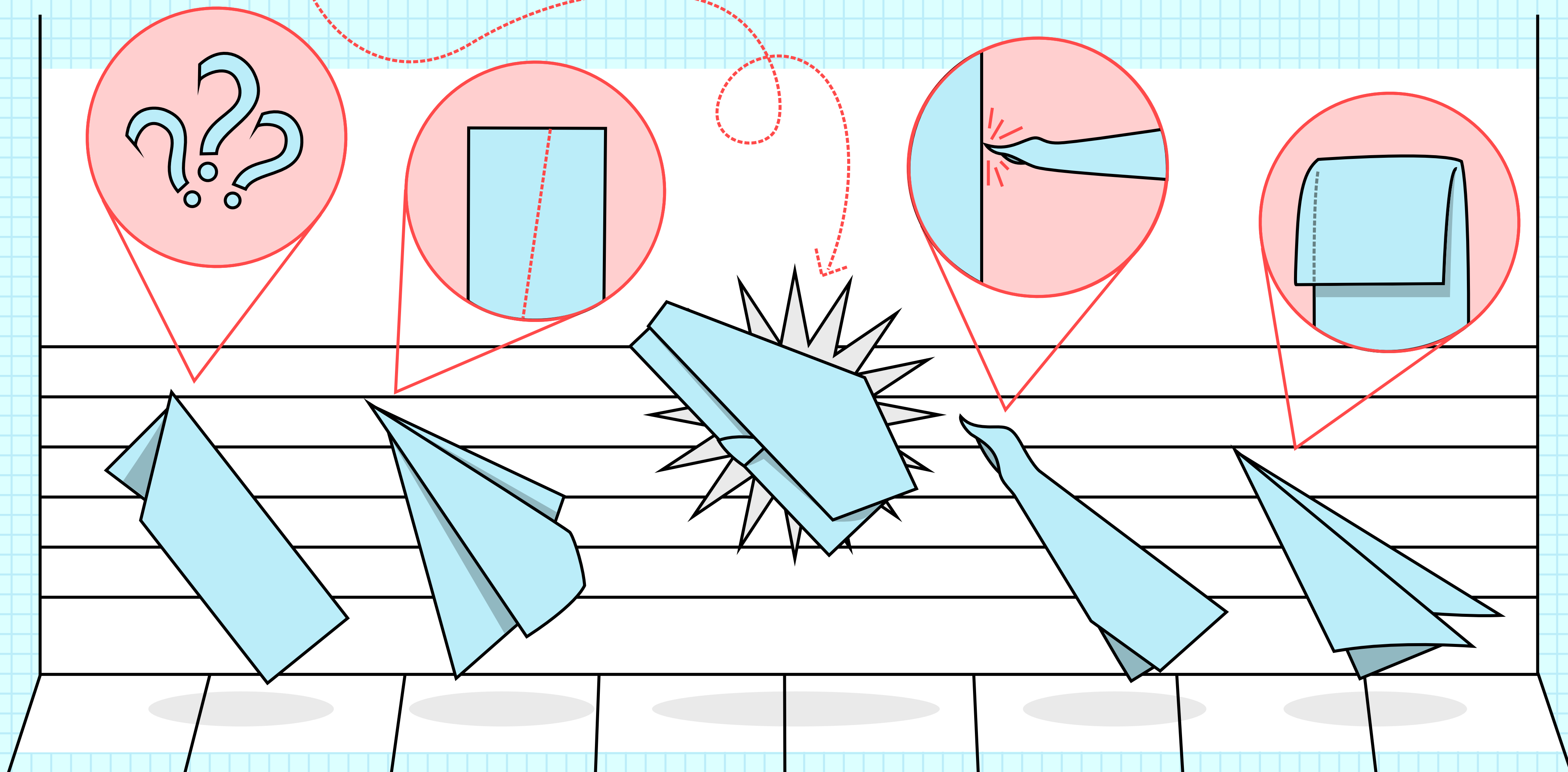


**8** | NOW FOLD THE WINGS DOWN - WHEREVER YOU WANT, REALLY - AND YOU'RE DONE.



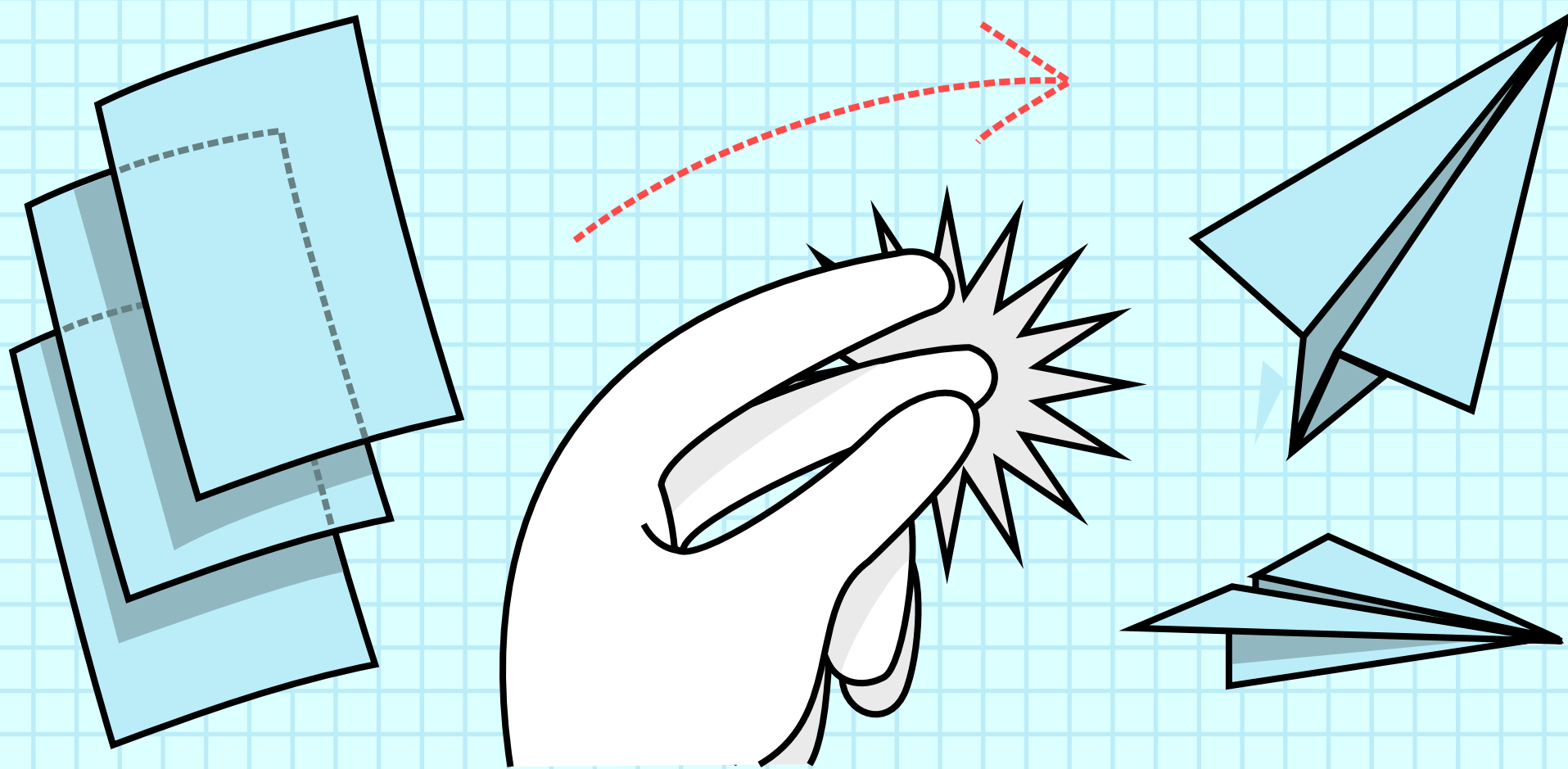
9

IN FIFTH GRADE, WE HAD A PAPER PLANE CONTEST. IT WAS CLEAR MINE WAS THE PRETTIEST. A SHARP, CLEAN JET IN A LINEUP OF BAD FOLDS, SMUSHED TIPS, AND DULL CREASES.



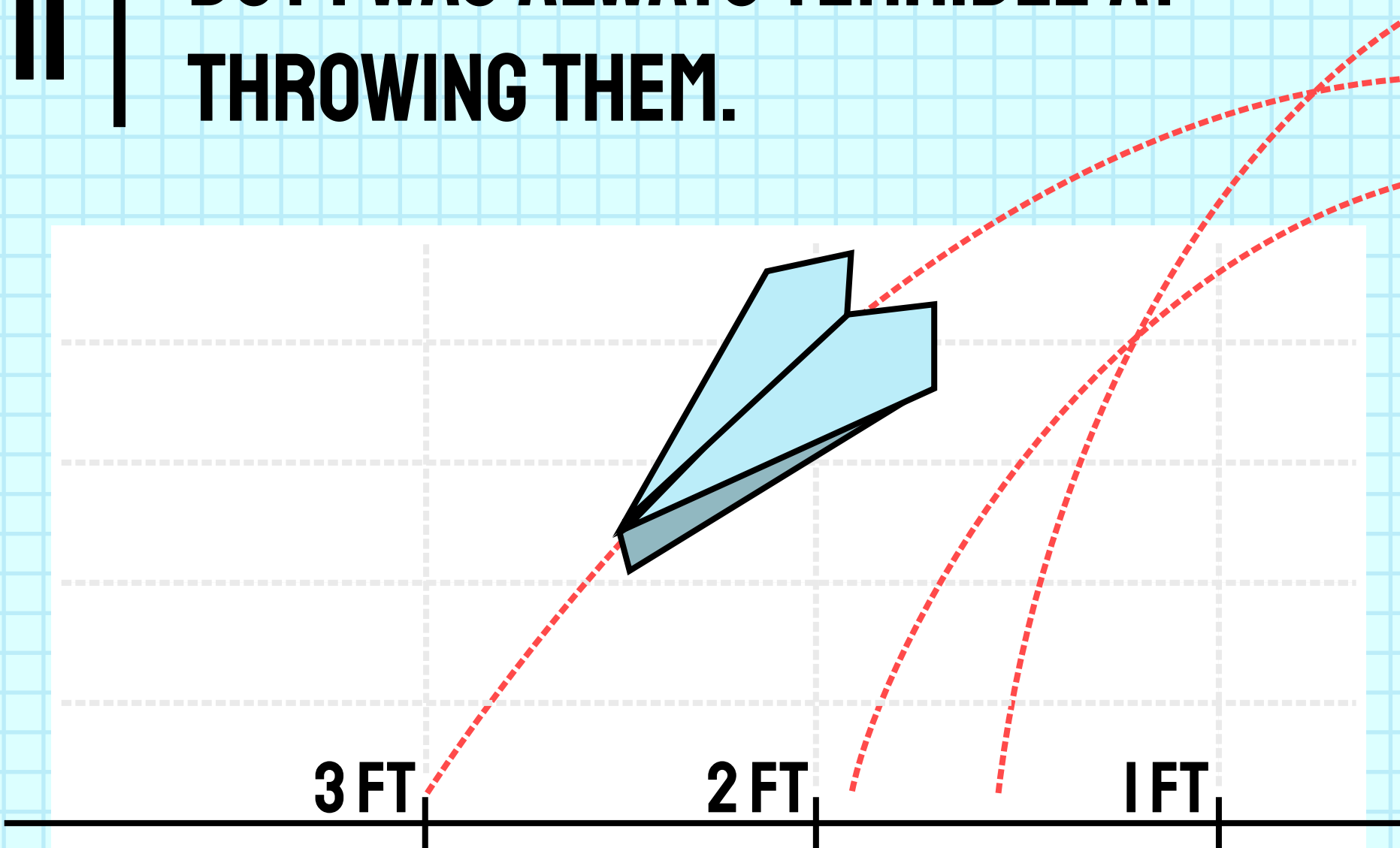
10

I WAS ALWAYS PRETTY GOOD AT MAKING PAPER PLANES.



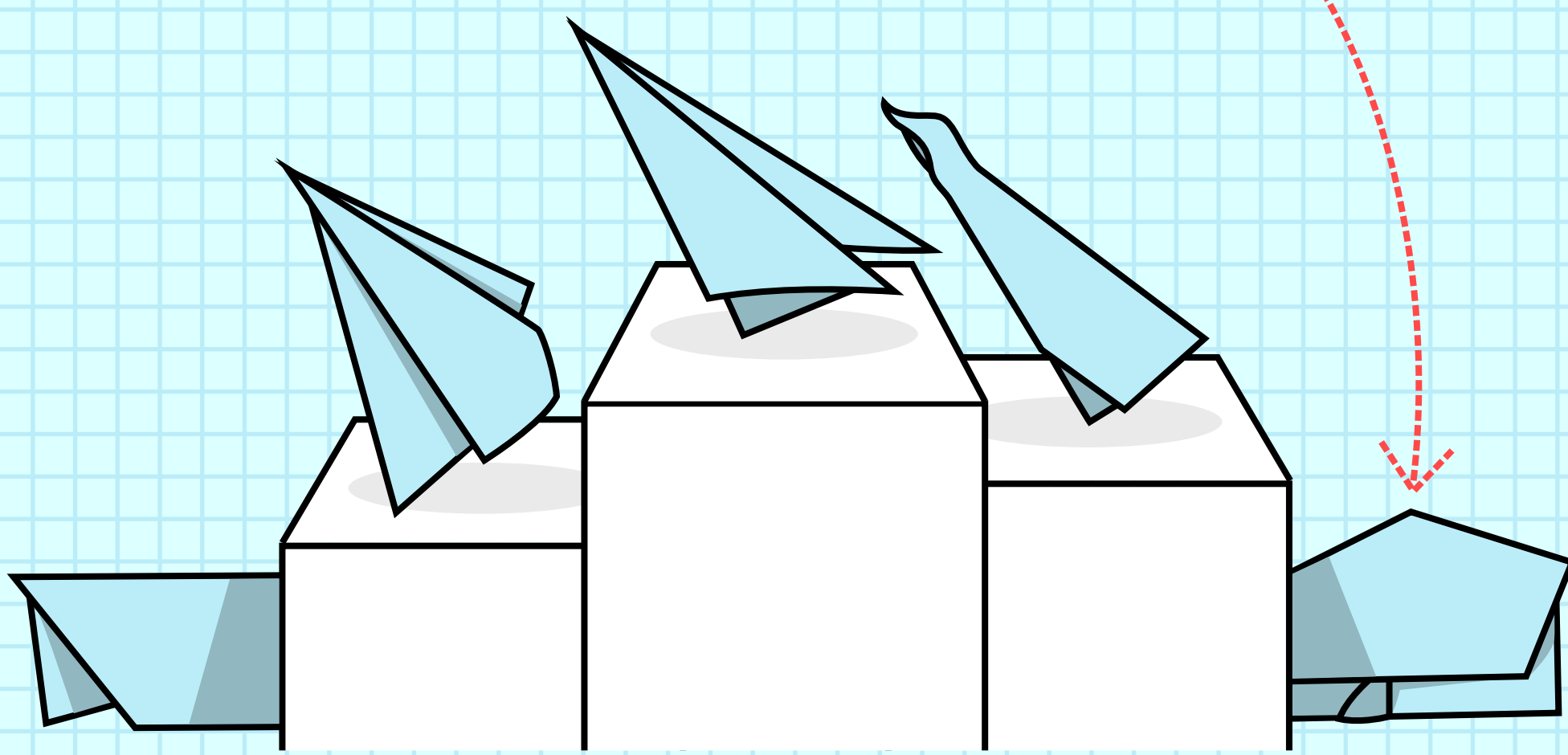
11

BUT I WAS ALWAYS TERRIBLE AT THROWING THEM.



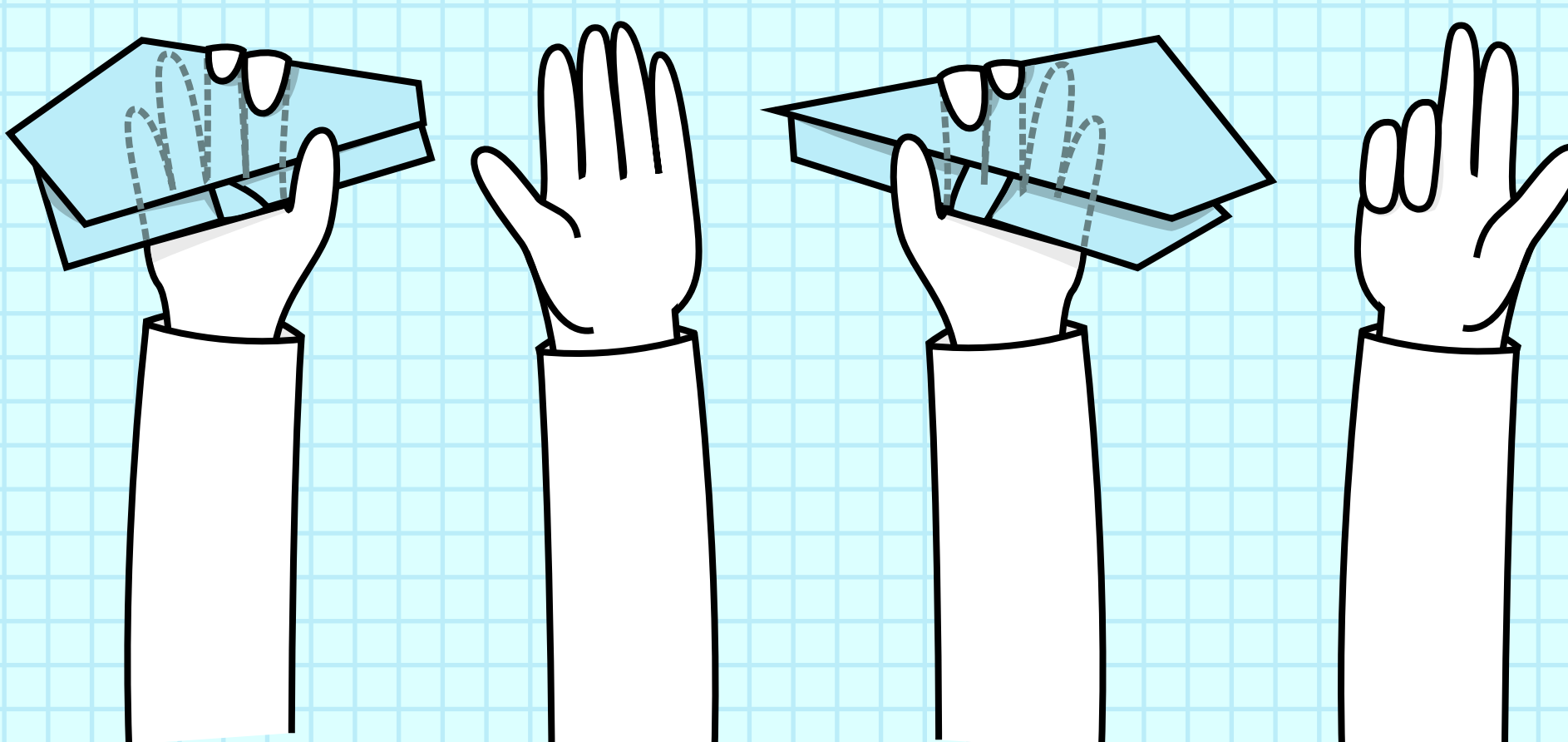
12

SO I LOST THE COMPETITION IN THE END. BUT I THINK PEOPLE LIKED MY PLANE...



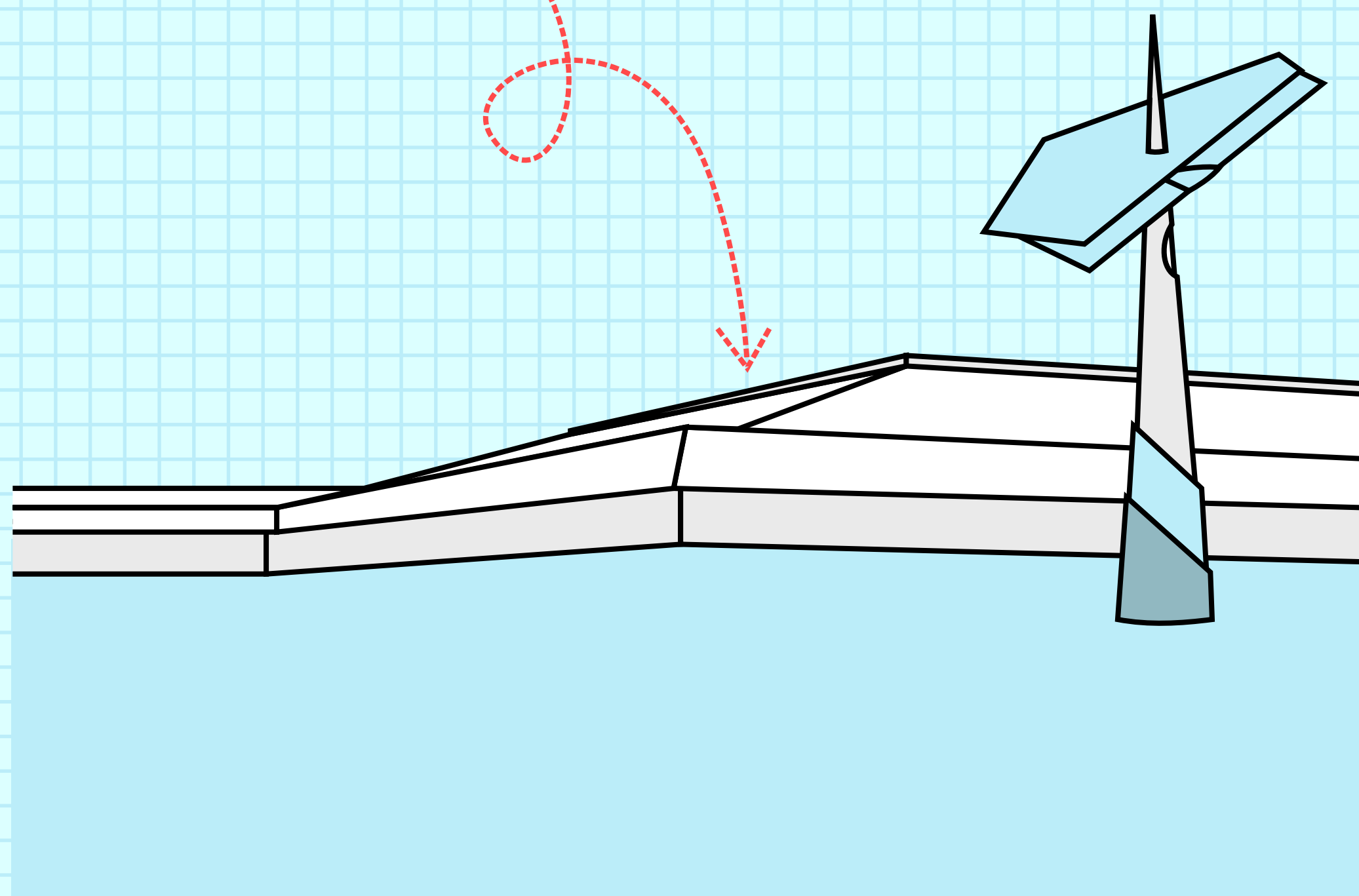
13

'CAUSE THEY ASKED ME TO TEACH THEM. OR MAYBE I'M JUST MISREMEMBERING.

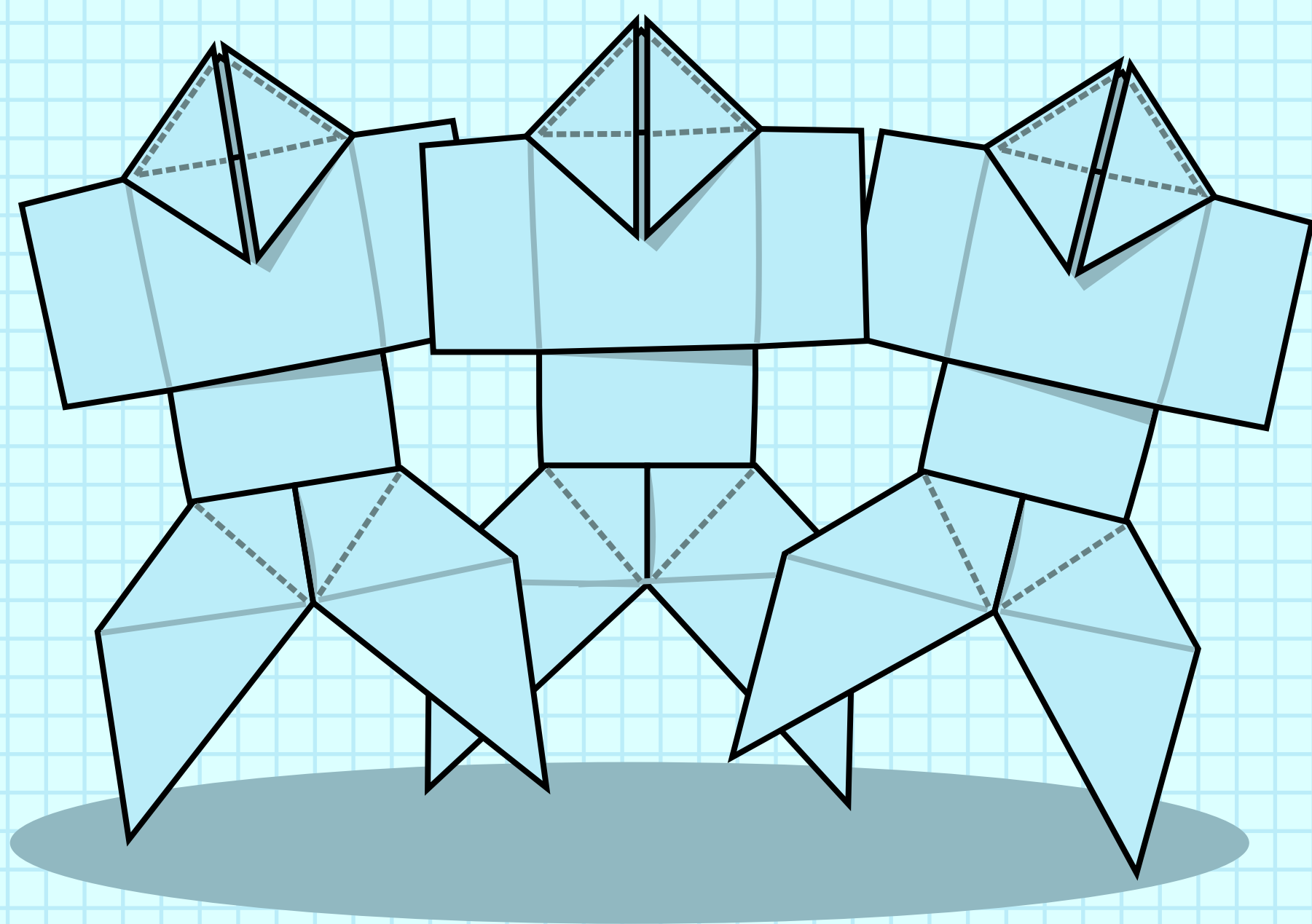




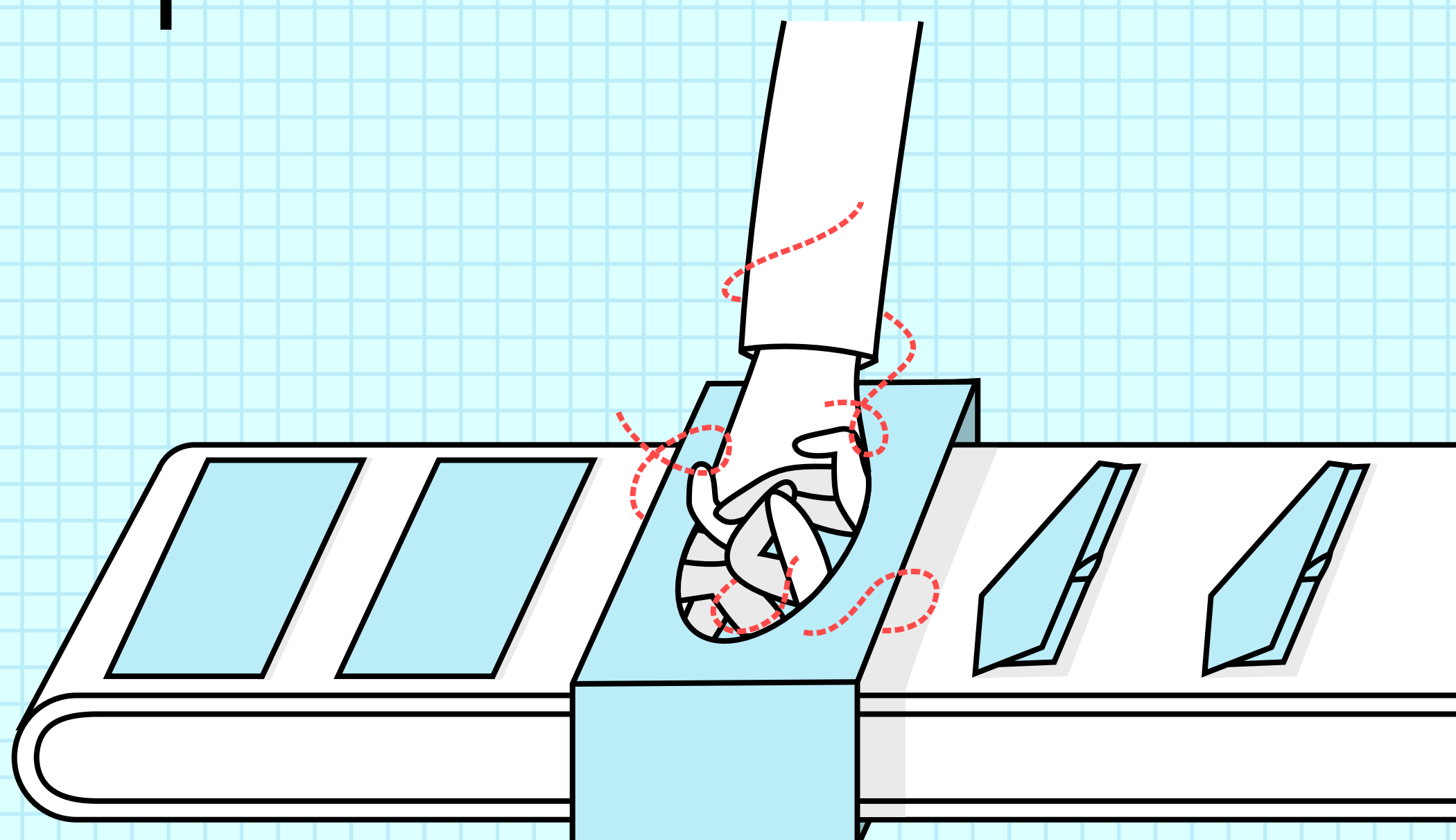
14 | IN HIGH SCHOOL, WE HAD ANOTHER PAPER PLANE COMPETITION.



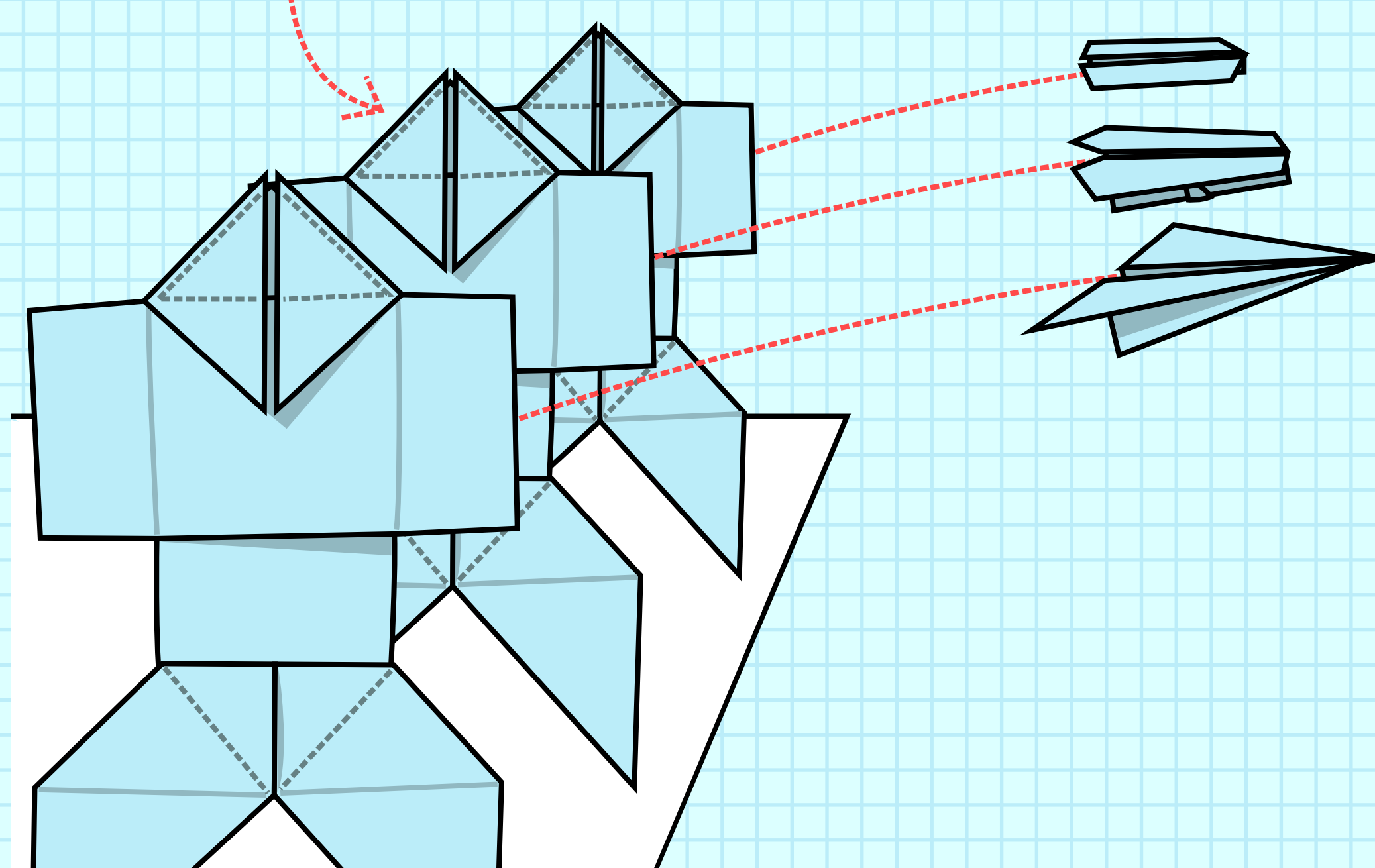
15 | IT WAS IN TEAMS THIS TIME.



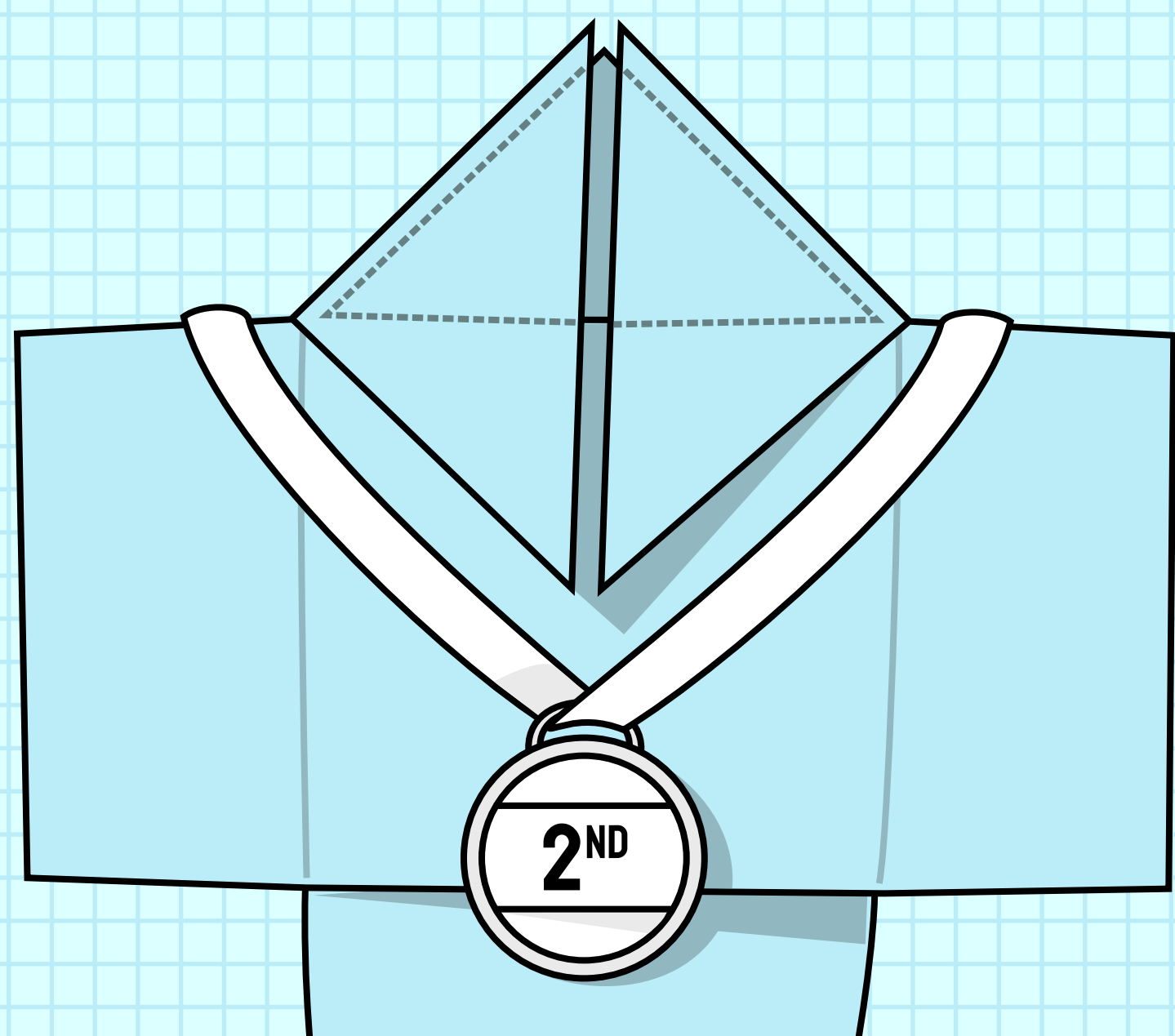
16 | I MADE THE PAPER PLANE, OF COURSE.



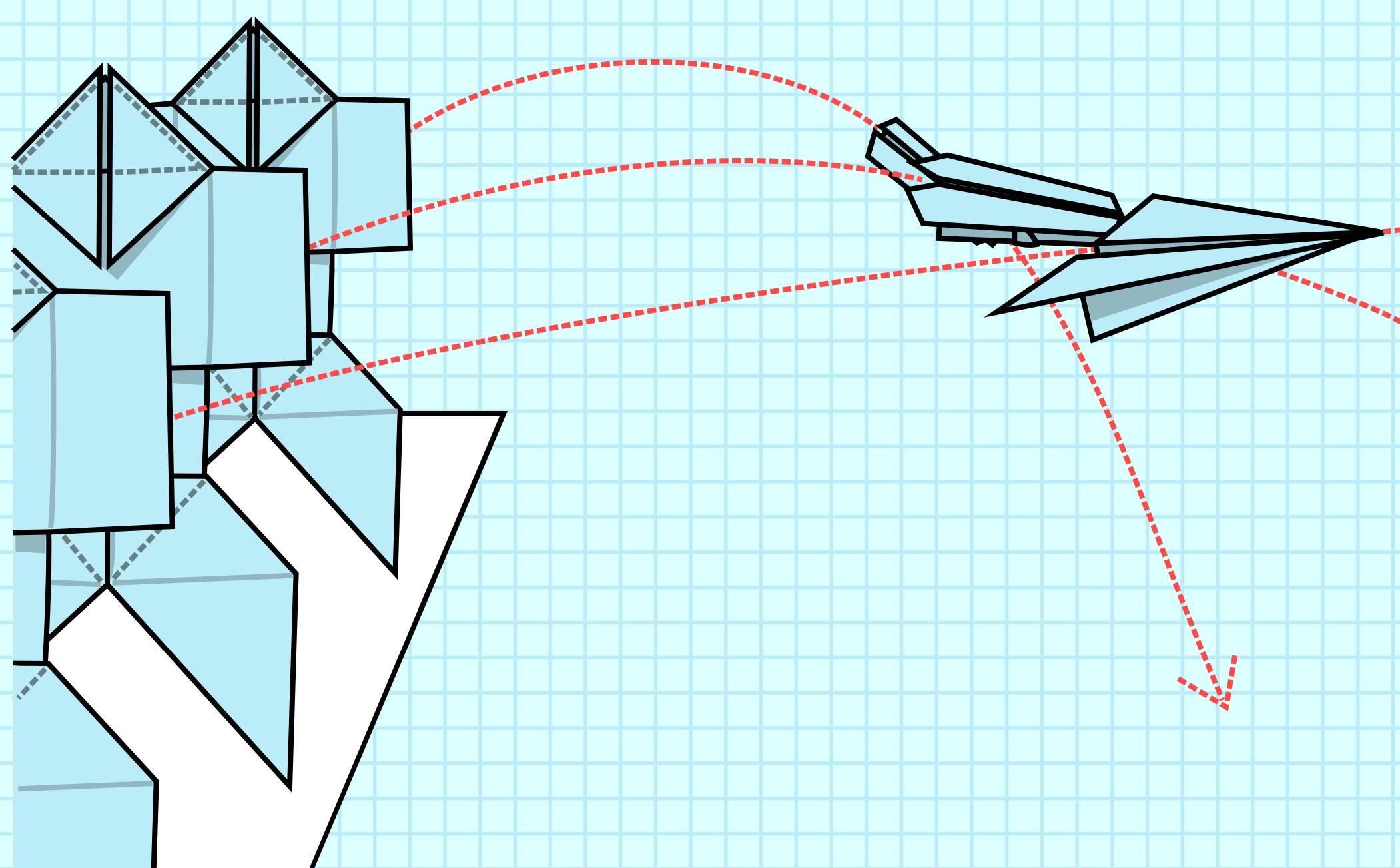
17 | I DIDN'T THROW IT THOUGH. SOMEONE ELSE ON THE TEAM THREW IT.



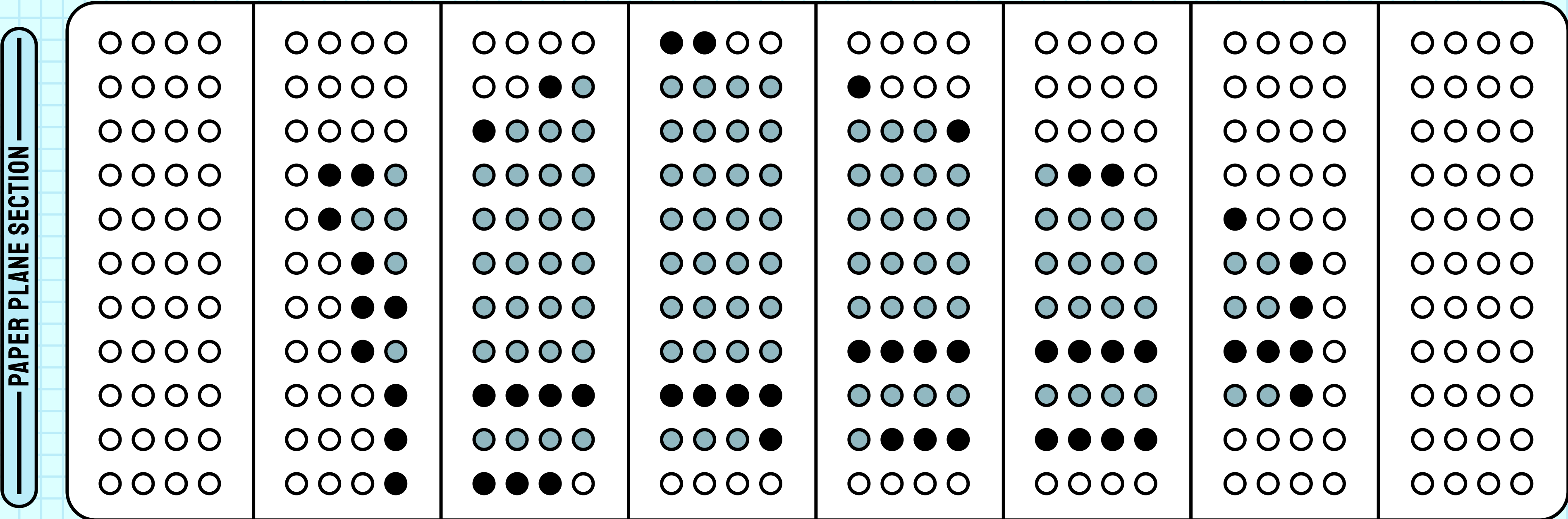
18 | I THINK OUR TEAM GOT SECOND PLACE.



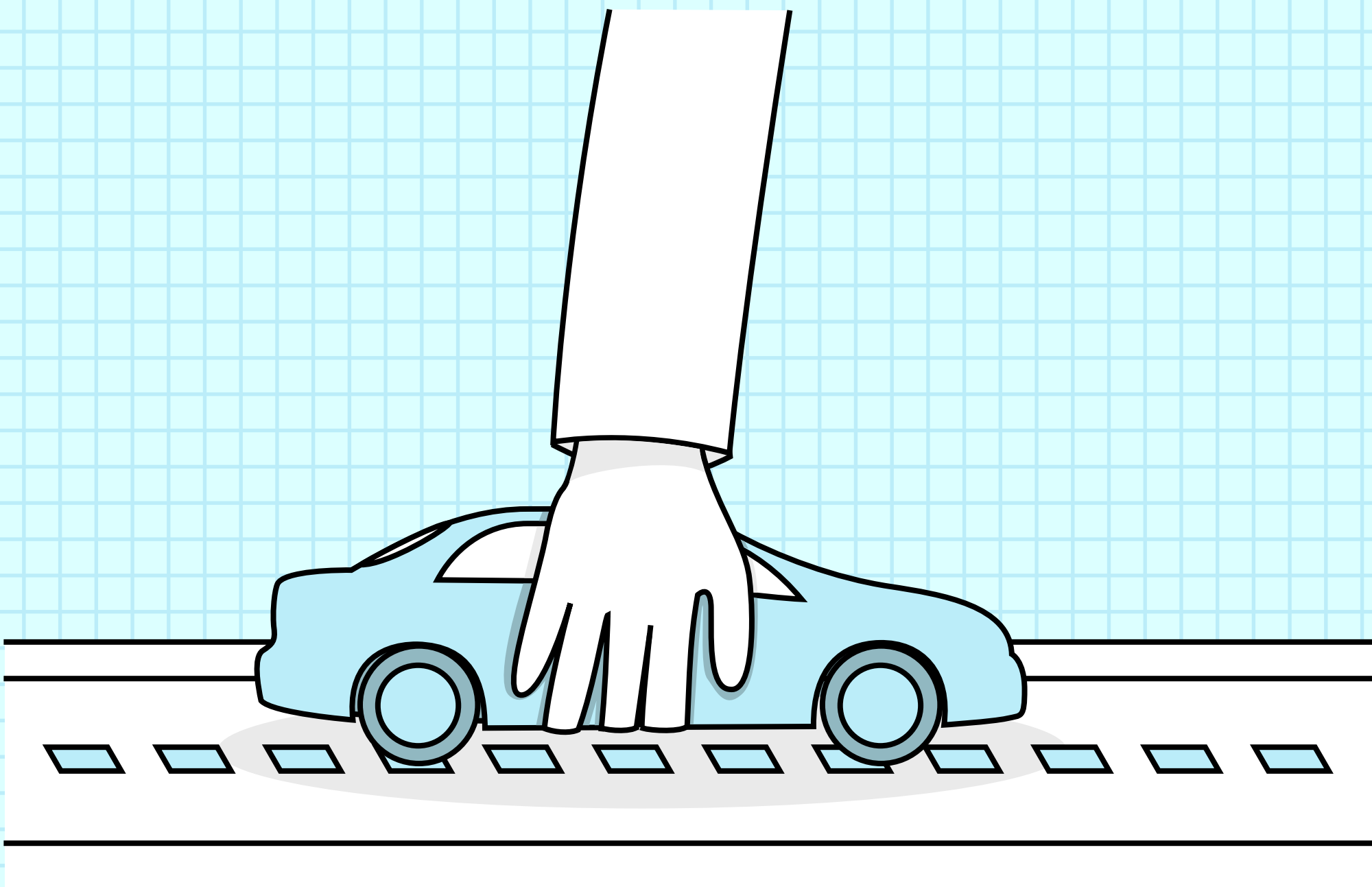
19 | I GUESS HE WASN'T THE BEST AT THROWING PAPER PLANES EITHER.



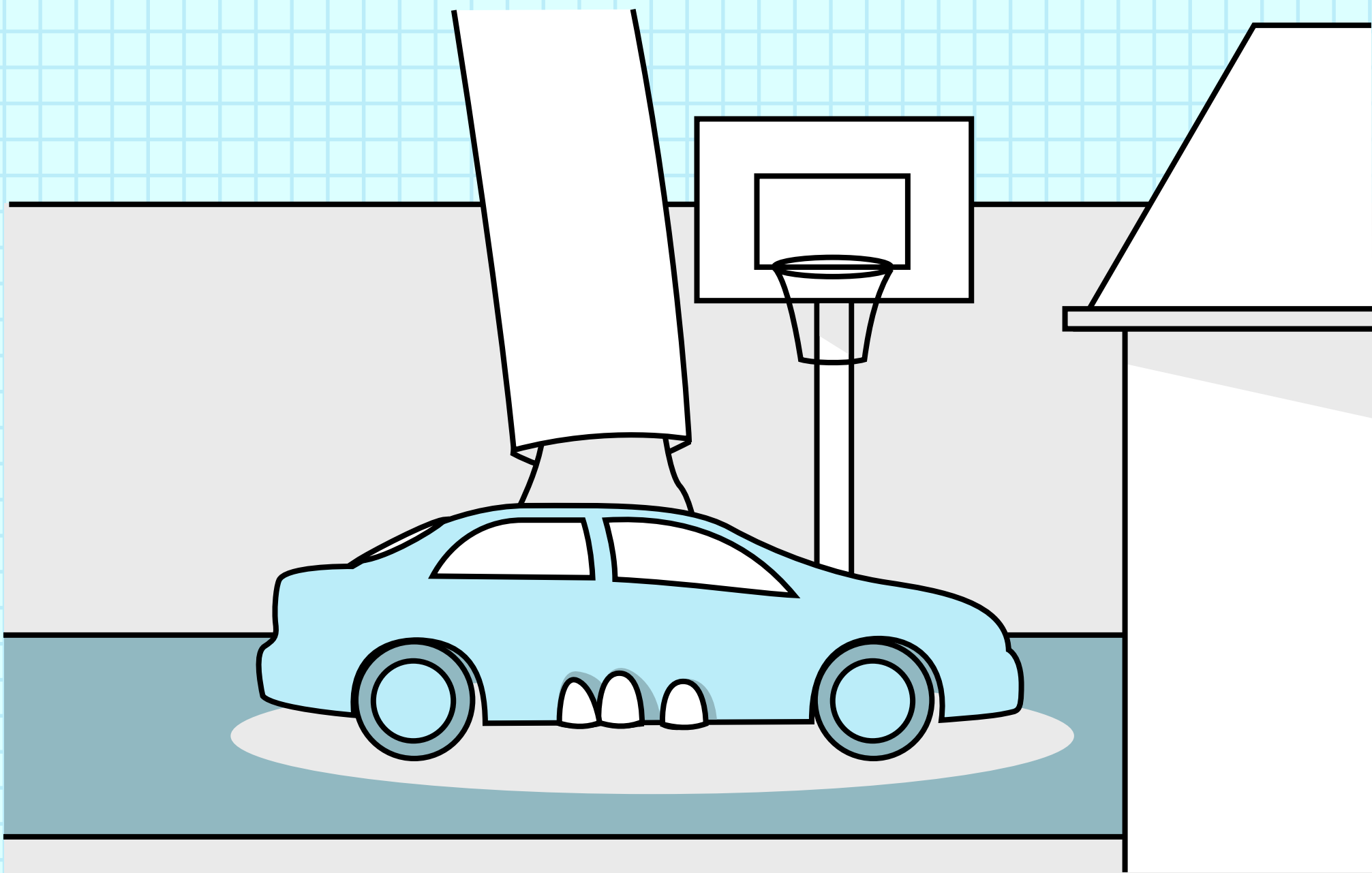
SENIOR YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL, I TOOK THE SAT. I'D ALREADY SUBMITTED COLLEGE APPS. IT WAS THE LAST THING I HAD TO DO.



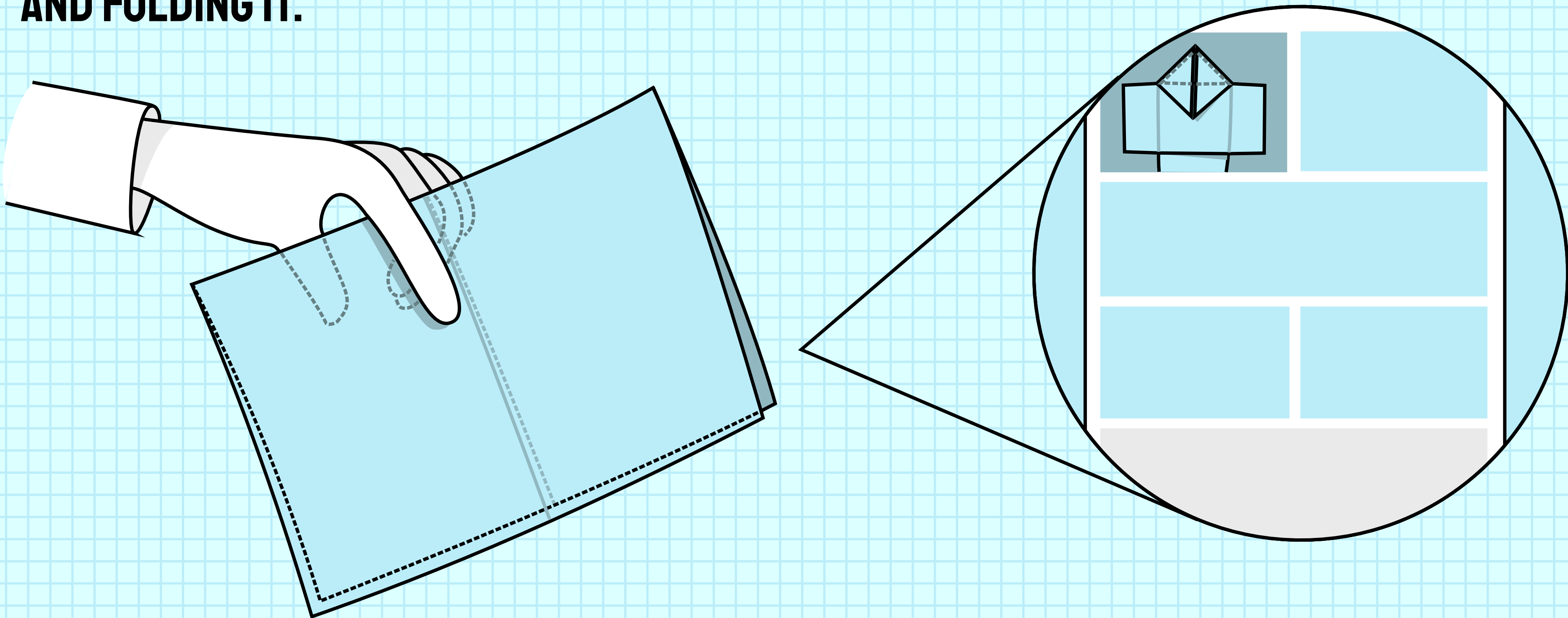
MY FRIENDS PICKED ME UP FROM THE TEST AND WE DROVE TO MY HOUSE.



IT WAS A NICE DAY, AND WE WERE JUST STANDING IN THE DRIVEWAY.

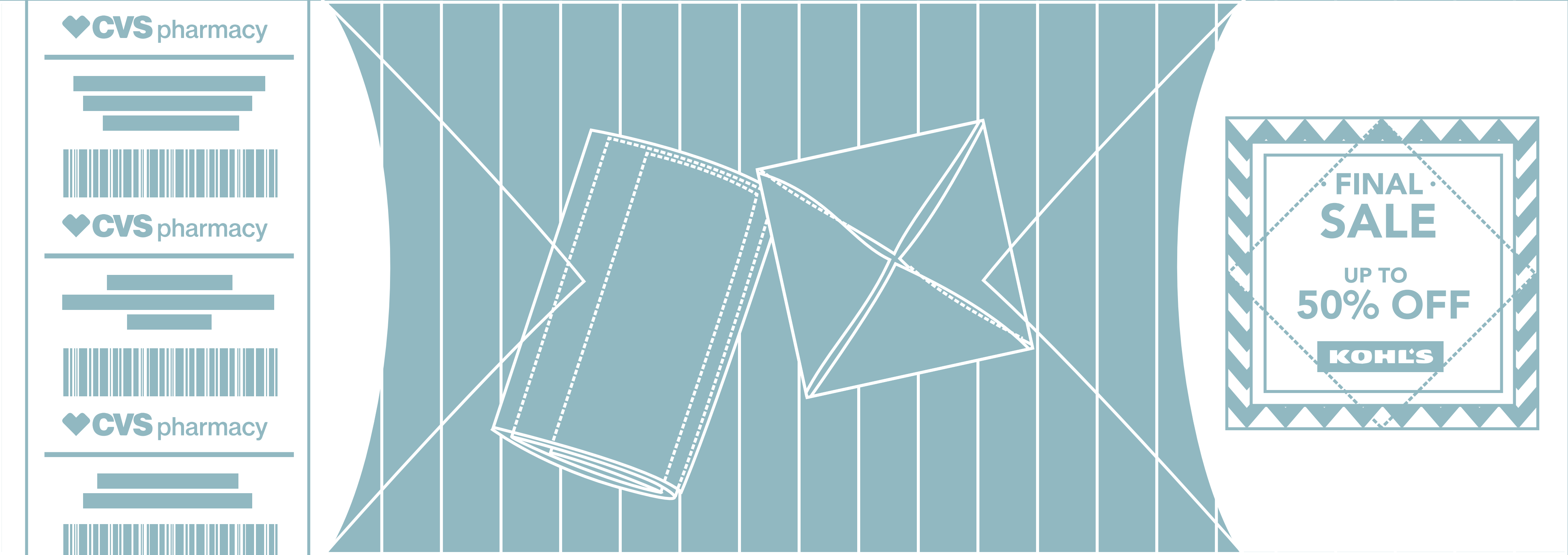


I WAS STILL HOLDING MY SAT ADMISSION TICKET. I HAD BEEN FUSSING WITH IT AND FOLDING IT.

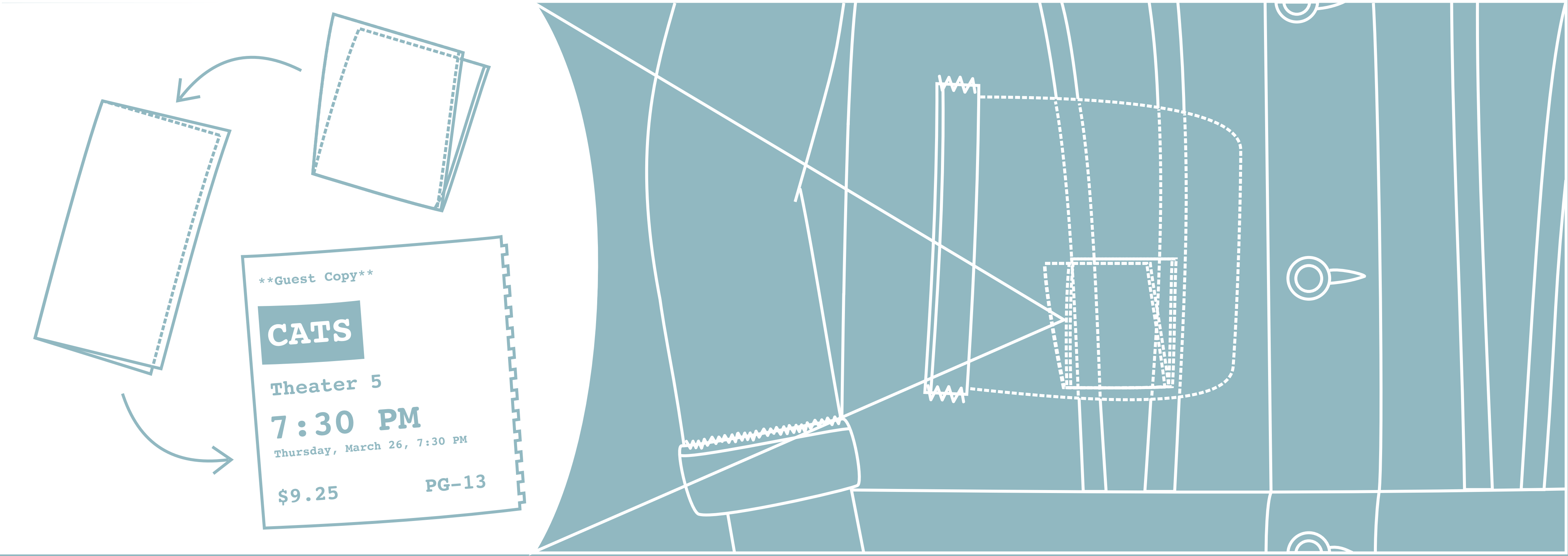




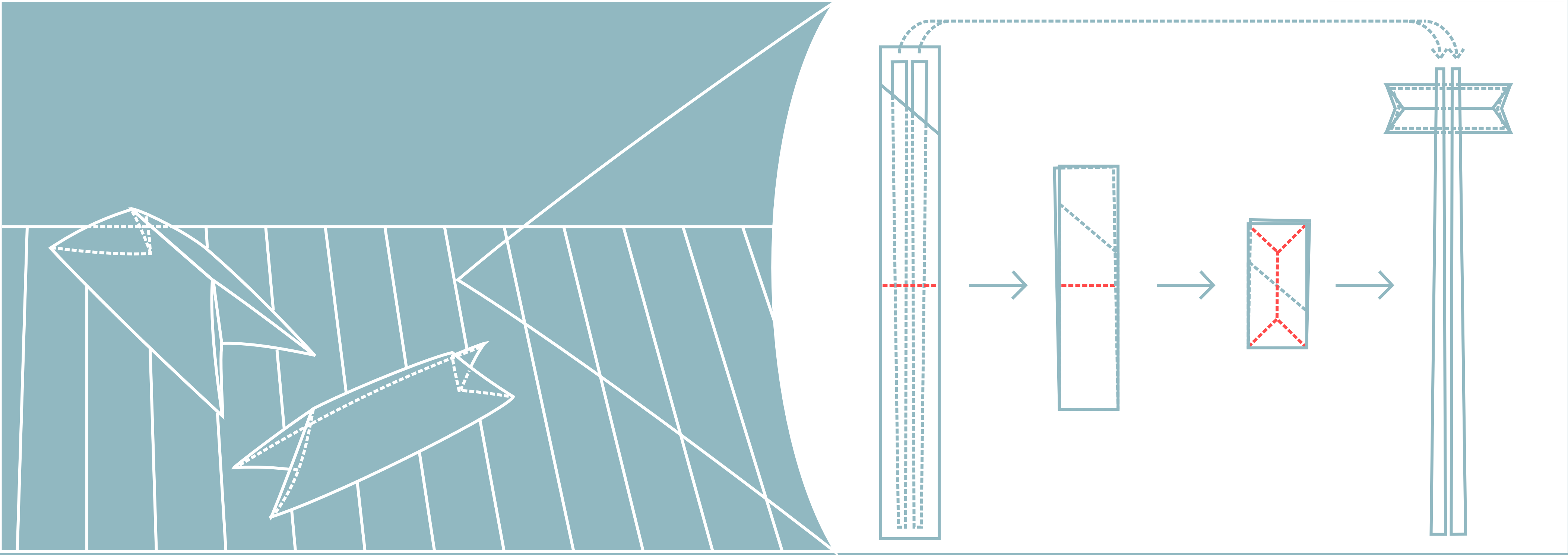
AN ASIDE : I FOLD THINGS A LOT. RECEIPTS, COUPONS, YOU NAME IT.



SOMETIMES I'LL FOLD THINGS UP AND PUT THEM IN A JACKET POCKET, SO THE NEXT YEAR, WHEN I WEAR THE JACKET AGAIN, I GET A LITTLE SURPRISE.

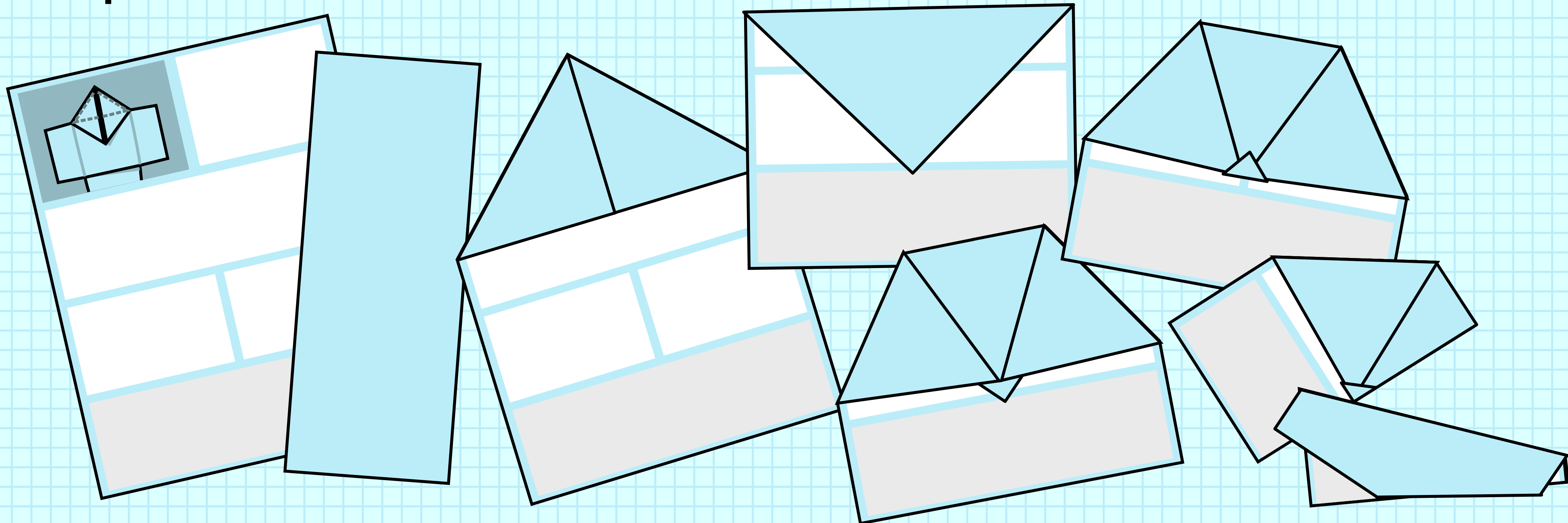


MY FRIEND SHOWED ME A WAY TO FOLD CHOPSTICK WRAPPERS TO ACT AS A LITTLE CHOPSTICK STAND. NOW I DO THAT SHIT WITH EVERYTHING.



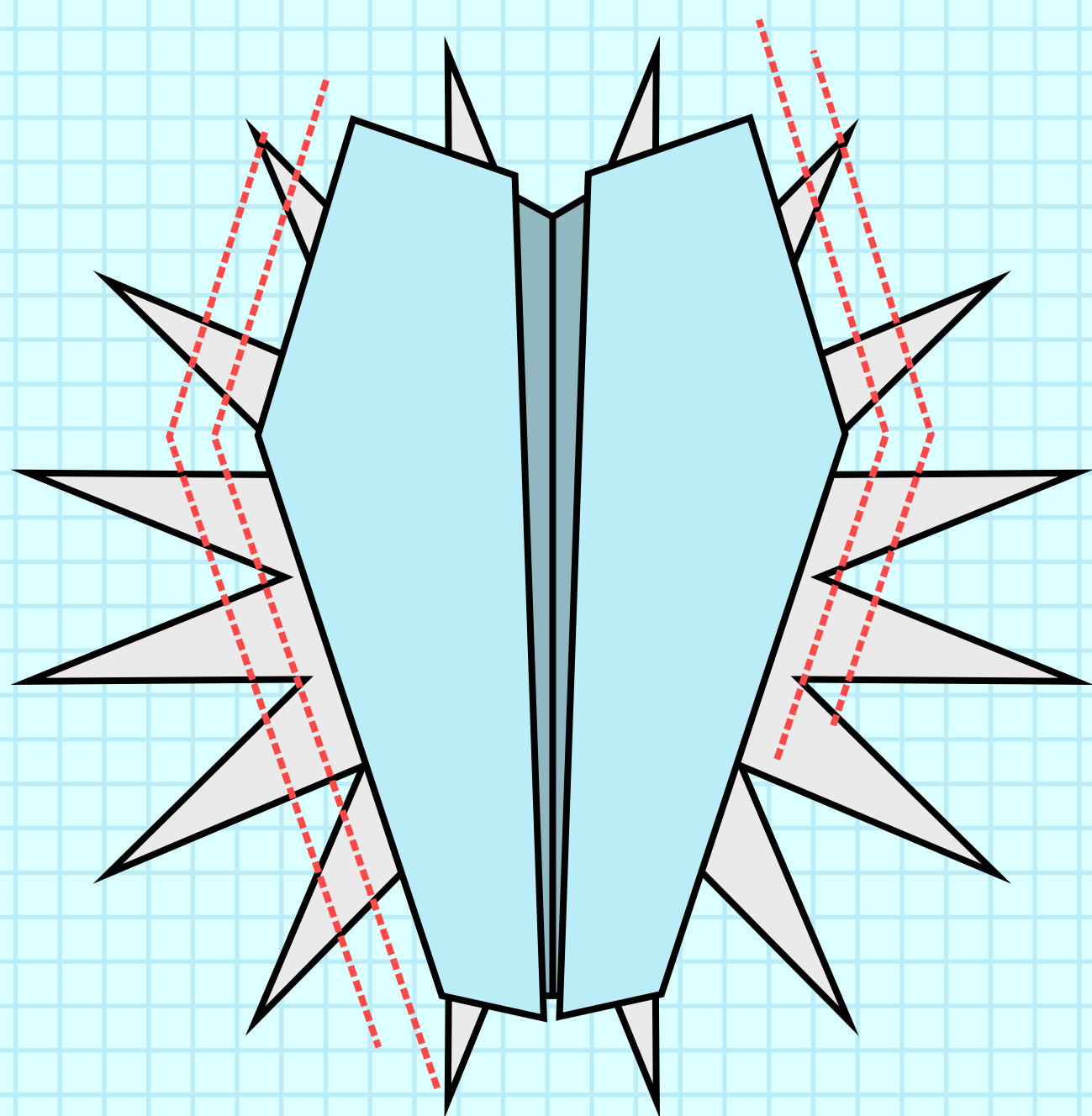
24

SO I FOLDED MY ADMISSION TICKET INTO A PAPER PLANE.



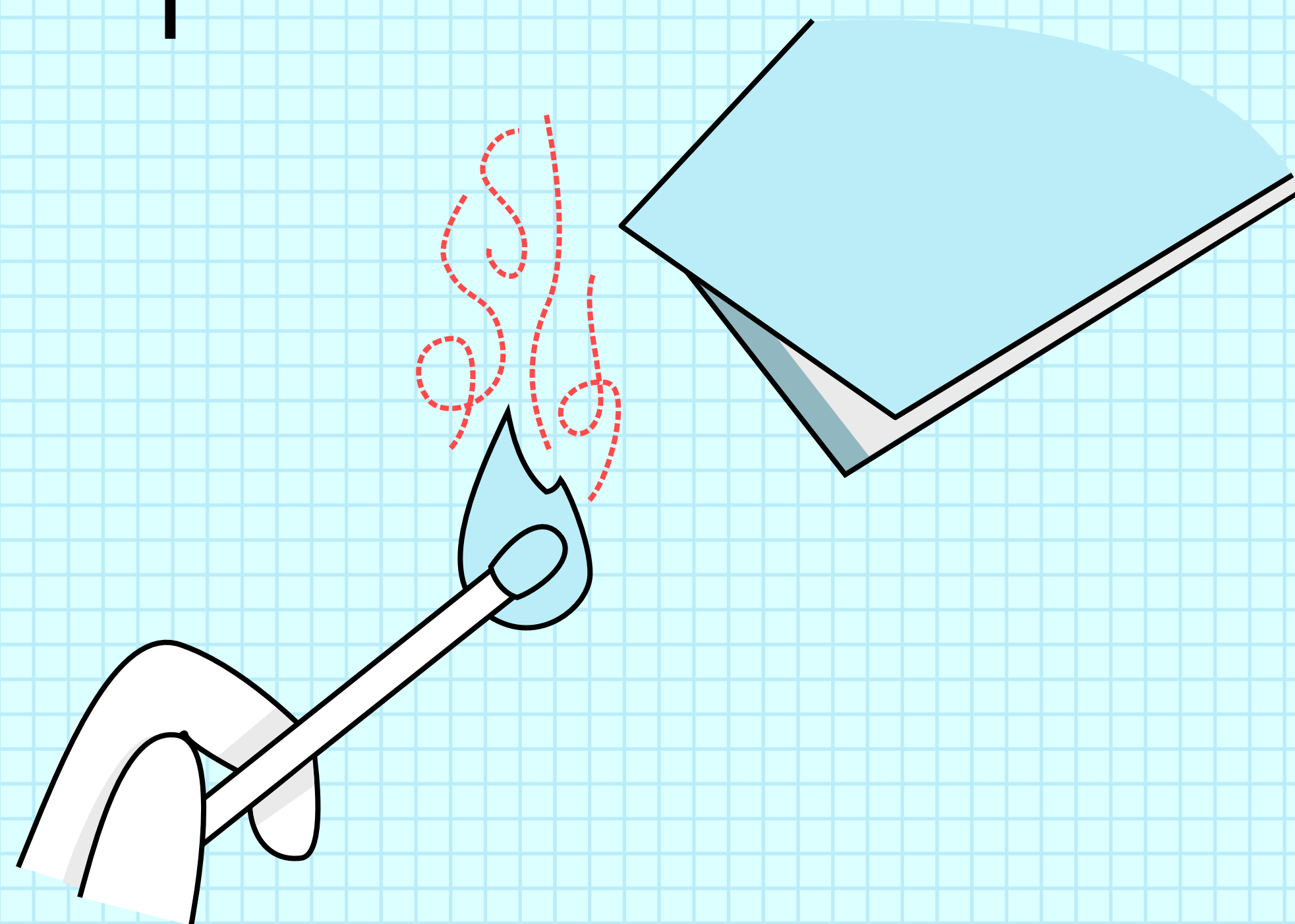
25

IT WAS A GOOD ONE.  
CRISP, CLEAR, CLEAN.



26

WE FOUND A MATCHBOX IN THE HOUSE.



27

I LIT THE END OF THE PLANE AND LET IT DRIFT TO THE GROUND.  
I WAS NEVER GOOD AT THROWING THEM ANYWAY.

