Final Staff Reading Tonight

We check your IDs, make your copies, run the Blue Parlor Readings, control the microphone, and carry the beacon of truthful journalism, also known as The Crumb. But the social and administrative staff are also writers, and we will showcase our work tonight at the Little Theatre. Come to the final 9:30 p.m. reading of the year to hear these former waiters and contributors: Cam Terwilliger, Meghan Dunn, Diana Khoi Nguyen, Chaney Kwak, Margaret Ross, Alexander Lumans, Michelle Peñaloza, and Nate Brown. Each writer will read for four minutes in the lightning rounds of prose and poetry—it will be short, sweet, and possibly salty.

Gala Event Today

Each year, the conference celebrates the hard work and dedication to craft of its attendees with a gala reception at 5:30 p.m. on the Treman lawn. This gala reception is one of the best-attended events of the conference, with many participants dressing up to enjoy complimentary drinks and hors d’oeuvres. The event will feature a hay ride around the field behind Treman.

Craft Classes: The Final Chapter

Today is the final day of craft classes. Handouts for some classes are available on the table outside the Back Office. Visit the sign-up sheets to secure yourself a space in one of these fine classes:

- Variable Voice, with Andrea Barrett, Barn classroom 2
- Fine Tune Your Tension, with Traci Brimhall, Barn classroom 3
- Balancing the Humors: Techniques for Utilizing Humor in Otherwise Serious Prose, with Jennine Capó Crucet, Barn classroom 6
- Rukeyser’s Historic Hinge, with A. Van Jordan, Barn classroom A
- Situation and Scene, with C. E. Poverman, Barn classroom 1
- Imagining Nature, with Scott Russell Sanders, Barn classroom 4
- The Craft of Travel Writing, with Abe Streep, Barn Observatory
- Telling the Story, with Tiphanie Yanique, Barn classroom 5
Tell The Truth But Tell It Slant

The time to say goodbye is gaining on us, and it makes me blue to mention it. We have three more Blue Parlor Readings, ending with—drum roll—the One-Minute in Heaven Reading on Friday at 5:30 p.m. in the Little Theater. Don’t forget about the From The Dark Tower Reading tomorrow morning at 10:00 a.m. in the Blue Parlor.

But today, at 1:15 (note the time change!) in the Blue Parlor, we'll have our last open reading. Come to cheer on TK-Kate Bollard Adam, Char Gardner, Holly FitzGerald, Julianne Warren, Kira Procter, Lisa Flynn, David Plick, Donna Sprught-Metz, Aimee Mackaro, and Lisa Fetchko! Tomorrow, From The Dark Tower Reading is taking place at 10:00 a.m. in the Blue Parlor. A traditional event that highlights works by writers of color, this reading is sure to be a captivating event. See The Crumb tomorrow for more information.

Questions, concerns, high fives? Contact Michelle Peñaloza

BreadMD
With Dr. Rancourt*

What Is BLARS?
Bread Loaf Acute Respiratory Syndrome. Experts believe it first developed in animals, particularly the wombat-like creature that romps through the fields west of Treman. The first outbreak occurred in 2003’s Bread Loaf; we don’t like to talk about it.

What Are the Symptoms?
The main symptoms are coughing, sneezing, migraines, fatigue, fainting spells, weird fevers akin to intoxication, and pretentiousness. The incubation period—the time from exposure until symptoms appear—is roughly 36 minutes.

What Can You Do?
• Avoid touching doorknobs, stair rails, barn doors, and the portrait of Joseph Battell.
• Avoid making out in the sound booth to Maud Casey’s lecture.
• Avoid breathing heavily on the necks of the row in front of you. Short, reserved breaths will suffice.
• Avoid asking waiters for more bread. Excessive grains spread BLARS rapidly.

Remember…
• Wash your hands after every reading.
• Vitamins work miracles, until they don’t.
• Only hug people in long-sleeves. Actually, keep hugging everyone—it’s good for your soul.

* Dr. Rancourt's medical degree is from an unaccredited institution that sits on the Maine-Canada border.
Assistant Director Jennifer Grotz was effusive in her praise of the hay ride. “It just isn’t Bread Loaf without the hay ride,” she said. “It’s not me, but it’s The Simpsons that determined it. If you ever saw the episode, you’d see that they got nothing right about Bread Loaf except for the hay ride.” This year, the ride will take place rain or shine. Get in line early.

Jamey Hatley and Nate Brown, heads of social staff, promised to bring back the traditional Bloody Mary recipe, thought to be lost until Ru Freeman, a former social staffer, rediscovered it in her old photographs.

Conference-goers are reminded to bring ID if they wish to be served an alcoholic beverage. If you’re over thirty and are asked for identification, we are not just flattering you—we do need to see your license or passport.

Dinner will be served at 7:00 p.m., following the event, in the Dining Hall.

In case of rain, the reception will take place in The Barn.

Community Items

**YOGA**

Attention early birds: Join L.A.-based yoga instructor Ani Raya-Flores for another session of yoga in the upper library at 7:00 a.m. on Friday. All levels and genres welcome, and $5 donations are suggested.

Send us your limericks at blcrumb@gmail.com!

**TWITTER DIRECTORY**

Saturday’s issue of *The Crumb* will include a Twitter directory. Email blcrumb@gmail.com your name and Twitter handle if you want to be included. Remember to tag #blwc14 when you are posting on social media.

**TODAY’S TRIVIA QUESTION**

Which faculty member was the only person in her parachute class to jump out of moving plane and land without breaking or spraining a limb? *(The answer will be published tomorrow.)*

**YESTERDAY’S TRIVIA ANSWER**

Nina McConigley has a tattoo of a covered wagon from the Oregon Trail road signage. To protect our sources, *The Crumb* will not reveal where the tattoo is located.

**GUESTS**

The following guests are leaving the mountain today.

- Dawn L. Davis
- Alex Lemon
- Anna Pitoniak
- Ladette Randolph
- Janet Silver

Please wish them safe journeys.

**GALA EVENT TODAY**

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**OH!**

“We always have Blake.”

“No cancer—I advocate equal opportunities for illnesses.”

“It’s pretty much eight and under here.”

“I wanted to be a human being, but I overcommitted to art.”

“Britain is gross.”

“It’s not authentically faux.”

“Awards and fellowships are nice, unless they are happening to someone else.”

“Ryan Gosling does nothing for me.”

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**GALAXY ITEMS**

- Yoga: Join L.A.-based yoga instructor Ani Raya-Flores for another session of yoga in the upper library at 7:00 a.m. on Friday.
- Bloody Mary recipe: Rediscovered by Ru Freeman, a former social staffer.
- ID requirement for beverages:
- Dinner at 7:00 p.m.
- Reception in The Barn in case of rain.

**THE FOLLOWING GUESTS ARE LEAVING TODAY**

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(continued from page 1)

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But I know where the well is. I measured it from the north side of the house. Twenty-seven steps. I touched its weedy lid, smelled its mossy dampness, pushed a few of its rotten boards aside, and felt the cool round stones lining its rim. I threw a small rock in and listened for water; it sounded dark green and black, mostly black. I never told Mama I found it. She’d have a fit. “Being blind,” she’d say, “you have limitations.

— from “You Belong to Me” by John Copenhaver

The Main Event cast the living room in blue. My parents primped for a night out, father with a loose four-in-hand, dabbing a nick on his jaw, eyes on the set.

My mother blotted lipstick on a kleenex and handed me a list of precautions.

— from “Madison Square Garden: March 24, 1962” by Tom Carrigan

But she lived inside me in a way, at least genetically, and my face struck Hayato as being the contested terrain of two battling kingdoms, a map whose borderlines shifted from month to month, year to year. ... I remember Hayato pointing at my noise over the breakfast table with his chopsticks. “Right there,” he said between bites of fish and with his usual lack of delicacy. “The dead woman is winning. Your nose belongs to the ghost. But the shape of your face—somehow I think that belongs to him, though the only way to know for sure is to see the actual man. That is, if you are so inclined.”

— from “Out of Silence” by Jenka Eusebio

It is 6am in Portland, Oregon and my father is complaining about old people. At seventy-eight, my father complains about everything. Tattoos, strangers, yogurt. Life annoys him. I used to stay away, worn down from being insulted in the driveway. Now I visit five or six times a year. The rest of family has given up, preferring to stay out of his cross hairs. He is alone. This is where we are.

“The way they drive,” he says as I make coffee. “They go too slow.”

My father drives ten miles an hour in a 1982 Ford pickup truck. It has dual tanks and a gun rack. Underneath the passenger’s seat is a sawed-off axe handle. My father says it’s for people who ask too many questions. When he creeps through the street, people honk and swerve. Strangers give him the finger. When I tell him he should go faster—there is a minimum speed limit after all—he guns the truck through the intersection before pumping the brakes to slow back down to his preferred speed.

“Paid cash for this,” he says to anyone who compliments the vehicle. The truck is in pristine shape, not a dent, not a scratch. He cleans it from bumper to bumper every Wednesday.

“You drive slow, too,” I say.

He grunts, eyeing me like I have horns.

— from “This is Where We Are” by Tonya Canada
...He seems to be growing weary, 
the man hauling lupine for skins, and in a breath 

he stops, sees us and pulls her closer towards him; 
like we might try to tell him no, our hunt. 

Like we might undercut him, force as two. 
Cardboard runaways and a box of snow, I hurl forward with my own hair and every one of us strips to the animal. 

—from “Moon Forest” Laura Romeyn

When he raises his hand to push her she misunderstands the gesture and thinks there is something behind her that he wants to hit, perhaps a moth or a bat. When he pushes her, she goes down immediately, weak from fright and anger, the back of her head slamming into the wooden floor. Within seconds, he has straddled her, climbing onto her as if she is a bicycle. Her heart thuds until she can't catch her breath and she sucks desperately for air, her ribs straining against the weight of his thighs, the fabric of her shirt sliding under his jeans. Behind his head she can see another man coming through the door. It’s happened so fast, she’s caught somewhere between detachment and panic, the keen taking a few seconds to come. She hears it from a distance; a sound unrelated to her voice. It stops when the boy spreads five fingers across her mouth, star-fishing the centre of her face. 

—from “The Hat” by Sharon Millar

In the cramped dining room of my grandparents’ Baltimore rowhouse, on faded linoleum patterned to mimic a rug, I pushed a rickety oak chair against the marble topped buffet and climbed up for a closer look at a gilt-framed oil painting hung on the colorless stained wallpaper. While I studied the painting, my parents sat on a horsehair sofa in the next room, drinking high balls with the other relatives. Down the hall my younger siblings banged on an out-of-tune piano. At six I could be left alone with the painting. And following brush-strokes as if they were breadcrumbs, I’d find my way into it, ride the deep green waves away from the bow, clamber over rigging up past tiers of white sails unfurled against ghostly wisps of windblown clouds, and marvel at the precision of the tiny blue cross on a red and white flag flown from the topmost mast. I traced with my finger the letters of the clipper's name, Guldbringa. Later, at home, I drew my own Guldbringa with crayons. Was there ever a time when I hadn't known the story of how the terrible storm (brewing just beyond the picture frame) wrecked the ship? How Captain Johannesen went down with it while his wife waited in Baltimore, where only months before they had arrived as immigrants from Norway? She died of grief and my grandfather, at nine, became an orphan. 

—from “What Is Lodged Here,” Char Gardner

... but what is a knife if not a body 
wearing itself to its most perfect point? 

—from “According to Women, Nothing after Roger Reeves,” by Sara Brickman

Tina’s childhood was lonely, though she didn’t have a vocabulary for it at the time. Then, it was just called childhood, being a kid: being so shut out of the adult world as to have no say in it but not shut out enough to avoid absorbing its overflow of cares, its excess worry. It was a painful, seemingly endless, condition. 

—from “Penance for Eddie” by Julia Pecoraro
**Blelp**
Honest reviews by people with wild imagination

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reviewer</th>
<th>Rating</th>
<th>Comment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dave Madden</td>
<td>***1/2</td>
<td>“Dave’s service is reminiscent of a French bistro. Would come again.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jim Gavin</td>
<td>*</td>
<td>“It’s a good thing Jim can write because, frankly, his service sucked. Poor demeanor.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rajesh Parameswaran</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Raj bribed us by bringing us extra food. He is the tyrant of the kitchen and we got everything we wanted.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eavan Boland</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Not sure if the coffee was enjambed, but it was hot and delicious.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natalie Díaz</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“She gets extra points for her Sherman Alexie name tag.” “One of the most moving meal deliveries of my life. It had joy, pain, passion—and a bottomless glass of water.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arna Bontemps Hemenway</td>
<td>**1/2</td>
<td>“Talked a lot.” “Slowwwwwwww.” “Attentive, funny.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jamaal May</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“We could find him from time to time.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott Russell Sanders</td>
<td>***</td>
<td>“The soup was cold.” “Craft was top notch.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ursula Hegi</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“A rare combination of poise, patience and talent. I worry the service industry suffers without her.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose McLarney</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“I was her only patron—therefore most important patron. After lunch, I cried. I’m sure she did, too.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luis Alberto Urrea</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Attentive to the point of smothering.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Van Jordan</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Totally rocked the paper hat. Smooth. Sold the hell out of the quiche.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maud Casey</td>
<td>***</td>
<td>“Quick with the soup, not great with the ketchup.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jane Alison</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Didn’t make us feel guilty for not finishing. A great server but a better writer.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrea Barrett</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Attentive Nice Dashing Rad Excellent and with Aplomb”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marianne Boruch</td>
<td>****1/2</td>
<td>“Sensitively aggressive. We learned a lot.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molly Antopol</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Her waiting skills are so good they were almost unAmerican. The narrative distance on the quiche was perfectly calibrated.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natasha Tretheway</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Good handling of the sweet potato fries crisis.” “Provided literary commentary while serving quiche.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiphanie Yanique</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Tiphanie had ketchup on the table ready for us.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maud Casey</td>
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<td>“Quick with the soup, not great with the ketchup.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Margot Livesey</td>
<td>*****</td>
<td>“Wait, we had a faculty waiter? I thought she was an angel from heaven.” “Gracious and so sweet!”</td>
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