



About

Naked Truth, the literary magazine of The New England Institute of Art, has been dedicated to providing the college community with a place to exhibit its imaginative writing since 1997. We welcome student poetry, fiction, essays, as well as photography and artwork for our covers. We accept submissions year round. We also host a reading series that features readings by students, faculty, and also by poets and fiction writers of national renown. All inquiries regarding the magazine may be directed to the faculty editor, as may any electronic submissions. Please send files as Word attachments. The contents of the magazine are chosen through a democratic process by the editorial committee, with some oversight by the lead editors, the faculty editor, and our faculty advisors. For more information, or to submit your work, contact David Blair.



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Fiction

Letters by Andrew Lake

The desert sun had begun to sink low behind the dunes. The sky was a deep threatening red, and the wind was beginning to pick up, warning signs of the oncoming sand storm. Fletcher and I had just finished our lunch and were heading back to the hangar to join the rest of the maintenance crew in securing the jets to ride out the imminent storm. We trudged slowly down the desert path that ran between the chow hall and the flight line kicking stones ahead of us as we went.

"I wonder if those fools are finished yet," Fletcher said with a chuckle. "I bet Corp shop with his feet up on the desk his Maxim." He looked over at me. "The best I could muster was a tired look. I do any work unless we around,

When things were finally winding down and there seemed to be little left to say, Mr. Markson rose from his recliner for the first time while Boyd had been present.

"Boyd, do you mind if I talk to you in the kitchen?" he asked, though it sounded more like he was grating a fact, in a low Bostonian accent.

"Yes sir," Boyd quickly got up and went into the kitchen behind him, then watching Mr. Markson saunter in. When he finally came in, talking started back up in the living room.

"Thanks for coming and staying for so long. My wife and I appreciate the gesture," he said, while looking around the kitchen with his head as if he was looking for something in it.

Boyd took this as a sign that had stayed a while. He had failed to realize this, even though Carter's girlfriend, as Boyd had learned she was, had left previously. He knew what was about to be said to him in some variant.

"You don't have to stick around any longer if you don't want to. I'm sure you've got something planned for today. Maybe you'd like to read the book you've got there." He looked down at it. "You haven't even put the bag down."

He looked back up at Mr. Markson's face. Something about his eyes made them look sunken. He and his wife had had Rich when they were young, but they looked older than

What did get him to finally open it once more was Lorraine Aranda, an old classmate of his. He had seen her a few times since graduation, though much less than most of his other classmates and also mostly via web video. He had probably talked to her more often recently than most of his other fellow alumni, though. It was strange, too, that they talked so much, as they had not taken much notice of each other during most of high school years. He could not say when they started hanging out either, towards the end of senior year. A few specific memories have become stuck in his head over the years, but he mostly just remembered their mannerisms, like how he would twist his plastic water bottles tight when they traveled in groups to school or a fast food place, or how one could cut the air of anticipation while walking up to another friend's house with some lame, sarcastic remark. Details were not clear in his head, though. Trying to remember was like trying to see a show on an eight inch TV. He could not quite make out the images, but he got the gist of things.

He mainly had trouble pinpointing those months because they had all sort of blurred together from also juggling admission to a college and inconvenient work hours. After high school, Lorraine and Boyd had tried to keep in touch, she moving to New York for college and he having stayed in Boston. This worked out alright for the summer, but it became difficult when classes actually began. After freshman year, they agreed, both unwillingly so, to pick back up communication after graduating from college. In the meantime, they would send each other updates regarding changes in phone number, living space, or to give a



Contest Winners

2012-2013 PEN New England/ Naked Truth High School Writing Contest Winners

Universe by Laura White

Here I lean back into the gentle arms of galaxies,
Spirals dizzying my sight,
The soft space and freedom
Caresing my skin.
Here I find my head swimming in thoughts unspoken,
Vast and dark,
Little stars flickering in a galaxy far away,
The Emptiness and Everything slowly
Drowning me:
Those thoughts of today totalment and
Antimatter and
The color of your eyes.