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## The Crying of Angels (excerpt)

Katherine M. Carithers

Katherine.M.Carithers.20@dartmouth.edu

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### Cover Page Footnote

This piece was written and workshopped in 18X and brought into workshop in progress. Because we operate under a workshop model, we see value in an unfinished piece. This piece was presented as a branch piece.

## The Crying of Angels (excerpt)

It's funny, sometimes, thinking about how we both started off like that, sort of the same. Pre-pubescent bodies, grown-out bowl cuts, and my then-flat chest. In the photograph, it's hard to know which one's which. We weren't meant to look the same - no more closely related, at least in blood, than any other siblings. I know they say at that age it's hard to tell boys and girls apart, but even then it was something strange. As if before we were born the universe knew it needed to let the world know we were not made for being separated. At least that's how I like to think about it. But it is John who's crouched down, wearing the loose rope necklace round his neck - the one I lost earlier that summer. He's looking at something in the water so it's really only his profile that's visible. I'm next to him, standing, stick in hand, staring at the camera. Our hair is blonde, and thick, and unruly. I imagine it's how we entered the world, before anything was thrust upon us, which matters most. How we were lanky and mosquito-bit, wearing baggy cotton underwear wet with lake water that clung to our skin. But I don't know. It's just, when I think of John, I like to think of us like that.