



6-6-2019

Colby Colgate the Toothbrush Writer

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Recommended Citation

Baumann, Elisabeth (2019) "Colby Colgate the Toothbrush Writer," *HUMBUG*: Vol. 2019 : Iss. 1 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.dartmouth.edu/humbug/vol2019/iss1/9>

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Cover Page Footnote

This work was created during workshop as a writing exercise in 19W. The prompt for this exercise: to write a short form piece about a randomly generated character.

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The wind cracked her cheeks and lips as she knelt behind one of the large shipping containers. Her recorder would be useless with the wind thrashing at the waves, so instead she had her pocket-sized composition notebook and her favorite red Bic pen. She bit off the cap and leaned out from her hiding spot, squinting against the spray of the waves to get a clear look at the goings-on in front of her.

It was him. Cristian Crest. He looked smug as he stood in the background, trench coat billowing behind him as he watched his poor workers (probably not paid overtime, because Crest was a bastard and a half) carry containers similar to the one Colby hid behind from a truck onto the tarmac.

This was the big moment, the smoking gun. Stamped across the sides of the boxes were the damning letters *Made in China*.

Colby pulled out her phone and snapped three quick, semi-blurry photos and ducked back behind her box to furiously scribble in her notebook. This was going to be *it*. Greensboro, North Carolina her *ass*, Crest took any means he could to cut corners and make more cash. This was going to *end him*. Colby was going to write the most scandalous story in the dental hygiene journalism field since Trident had that big sex scandal back in '02.

“What are you doing?”

Fuck.

Colby looked up. She blinked a few more times before the backlit figure in front of her became a person, and she shivered, not because of the cold. It was Christina Crest, daughter of the toothpaste empire and star forward for the Boston Pride. She was a marvel—the only hockey player with perfect teeth.

(And, *he-hem*, if Colby had anything to say about it, perfect everything else.)

Christina Crest stared down at Colby, one (perfect) eyebrow raised, and she knew that, one way or another, she was definitely fucked.