

BEGINNINGS

By

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DEBUT

9/2 7:28 p.m.

“Y-y-yo-you ar-are o-off to gr-gree-greeay-”

“Great.”

“Great pl-pla-plac-c-placks?”

“Places. You’re off to great places.”

“You’re off to great places. T-t-toa-toaday-today is yo-yoo-your d-day. Yo-our m-m-mo-moon-moont-a-moontayn?”

“Mountain.”

“Mountain. Is wa-way-wait-ii-ing-waiting. S-so g-ge-jet?”

“Get.”

“So get on yo-our way.”

“Great, Josh!”

“Mommy, this is hard. Is reading always going to be so hard?”

“No, honey, it’s not always going to be so hard. Everything’s hard at the beginning but then it

gets easier. The more you do it, the better you'll be at it. And the less scary it will be, too."

They were sitting on the bench next to me in Coolidge Corner earlier this evening (the time of day when it was exactly warm and exactly cool enough). Just before I was drinking a chocolate milkshake (alone on the bench) and I guess I was thinking about the thing the writer said about how no one looks around these days. And the thing that Bowie said, too, which is "turn and face the strange."

So then when Josh and Josh's mom came to my bench and Josh began to read, I wrote it down.

I'm always going to write it down.

That's what I decided on the bench.

Labels: what are the labels for ?

9/3 6:54 p.m.

"I want to buy something healthy," said the guy, looking at a bag of frozen broccoli at the frozen foods isle of Trader Joe's. "I feel like I'm always eating crap."

"So buy something healthy," said his friend, I guess, tossing a bag of frozen chicken wings into their cart. The guy dropped the bag of broccoli in, too.

"Yeah but then you buy these frozen wings and I eat them because nothing looks good next to frozen wings. Vegetables do not look appetizing next to chicken wings in the freezer."

"So eat some chicken wings and eat some vegetables. You can still eat them both," said his friend, walking toward the ice cream section.

"I guess. I just wish there was a cheat sheet for nutrition or, like, an app. There's gotta be an app for nutrition," he said, typing into his iPhone. "Food makes me so confused."

Labels: go for the strudel

9/4 7:05 p.m.

We were on the T. The train had just stopped at Kenmore, letting people off.

"I remember the West End in the 40s," said one senior citizen to the two senior citizens sitting beside and in front of her (a man and a woman). They were in the cart's three front seats. They wore sweaters and slacks and their skin was wrinkled. You could see from a few seats down.

"Everybody lived there," continued the woman. "The Irish, the Armenians, the Greeks,

everybody. But it wasn't too crowded. And people got along."

"Oh yes, and I remember the Vilna," said the woman sitting next to her. The other two nodded.

"Yes," said the man, "And then Hynes came in..." The three nodded. The T started moving and the first one said,

"Now what is it? A giant stadium? A metro station?"

"Yeah," said the other woman. "There's no sense of community or anything in the West End, now. Or even in Boston. I don't envy kids today."

Labels: a stadium where a grocery used to be

7:17 p.m.

This is a blog.

I mean, I guess this is a blog? I'm not sure what a blog is or what I'm supposed to write in a blog but I'm sure this is a blog. I guess I have been writing about things around me. I guess you know that, blog. Today at work I wondered, though, if maybe I could write some other things here, too.

Like, for instance, I've been thinking about writing and remembered something my professor said about it once.

"Use your sense when you write," she said.

So I burn my tongue on hot tea every day (like just now I've done it). My senses say this hurts.

I drink two cups of green tea every day, blog, in case you're wondering. One in the morning when I wake up and one when I get back from working for the writer. I drink them in the heavy mugs my roommate's mom once sent us. Before we lived in this apartment we lived together in the dorms. And my roommate's mom would send us Valentine's Day gifts and Easter gifts and Halloween gifts. Sometimes I wonder what my mom would send us in that situation. The one where I'm living with my roommate in a dorm in college.

They're more like bowls though, actually, these mugs. If you try to lift them by the handle they wobble a lot and maybe you will spill a little on your sweatshirt as you try to sip (I've also just done that as well).

Usually when I've just gotten home from working for the writer? Usually I read. I guess I love to read. Right now, specifically, I'm reading *In Praise of Messy Lives* by Katie Roiphe. It's about moms on Facebook and about *Mad Men* and about divorce. And about messy lives in general, which I guess is something everyone has? No, I shouldn't say that. I don't know that.

I saw *In Praise of Messy Lives* on a table at the entrance of Brookline Booksmith and I felt connected. I'm not sure why. I guess the title felt a little comforting.

"Ugh, God I can't stand her," said the cashier when I went to buy the book. And I wasn't sure what to say except the title of the book made sense to me. But I didn't say that. I said,

"Oh."

"Yeah, she's so entitled. Anyway, who writes a book about people's messy lives? People are way more together than she thinks."

I nodded and looked at the counter. "But I don't think I'm together," is what I wanted to say. But I didn't say that. I just nodded. And I like the book so far, paced and pensive and calm. And it makes me wonder, even just the title made me wonder if, one day, if I were to see Ms. Roiphe, I wonder if she'd have the answers.

If I had to use my senses, I would say this book looks and feels a little tattered and wrinkled from getting rained on when I ride my bicycle but smells like new books do between the pages.

Labels: praising messy life

9/5 8:50 p.m.

"What does that say? Sith World?" said one girl to her friend, I guess, as they were riding scooters by the grass in Harvard Square (where Peet's Coffee is). They were looking at a car's license plate.

"No, it's 'see the world'. C-TH-WRLD," said her friend.

"Whatever, that's a stupid license plate."

"Nu uh, it's cool! When I grow up, I want a license plate that says something about me. Like that one."

"E-E-T-M-P-U-P."

"Hahaha! L-K-M-Y-T-O-E!"

"How about H-I-5-A-H-O-L? My brother always says that."

"Hahaha! Meg that's so rude! Hahaha!"

They rode off and I was wondering ... I guess I wondered if CTHWRLD's the answer.

Labels: How about F-N-D-T-H-E-A ?

9/6 5:35 p.m.

I was thinking about something else that my professor said once about writing, blog.

"Write what you know."

Well, so, my name is Tom.

My name is Tom because when my mom was 15, she went to a clothing store to find her jeans. There was a girl there who helped my mom find the-right-size jeans. This girl's name was Tom and my mom liked it: a girl named Tom. So my name is Tom.

Right now I'm sitting in my mustard room, in this apartment that Chloe, my best friend and roommate who I told you about, and I share. Specifically I'm sitting at the blond wood desk which Chloe said would match the walls. Which are mustard-colored (which I told you, actually). I'm wearing a light blue t-shirt bought at a thrift store called Another Time Around. It's a t-shirt of New Hampshire with a cartoon man climbing a mountain, sweating and super fatigued. The t-shirt tells him that he's "Almost there." I'm not sure why I love it as I do.

I live in green and urban Brookline, Massachusetts. Once I lived in Mediterranean Israel. Humid, colorful, history-laden Israel once. Then I turned five and we came to America.

My dad, Offer? When I was five, someone asked him to help start a start-up company for biotechnology in Boston. So we moved - my dad, my twin brother, Omri, and I.

But ... I think maybe it was also because of my mom. My mom died when we were one. There was an accident. A man drove fast behind her on the road ... I guess he had been drinking.

She was gone and four years later we were gone as well. I don't remember my mom, I guess that's obvious. But I don't remember so much from before we moved from Israel to Brookline, either. I remember that we lived on the second story of a building of apartments. Across the street there was a playground where kids from pre-school played, crowding the sidewalk across from our apartment when Omri would yell that he was coming down to play. He'd stand there at the blue balcony railings, which I remember smelled like iron and like paint.

Israel's a small country. That's what they used to tell me. When I was five, though, Israel was huge, huge, huge. But I guess he always saw her there. Or maybe felt her there.

Something else that my professor said...

"Write."

Labels: venus as a boy

9/7 10:26 p.m.

OK, blog. There are two things that I have to do.

Sometimes Chloe has her people over. Chloe is my roommate (also my best friend), did I tell you that? Before she would have people over in the dorms or last year in another apartment where she lived. And they drank and drink alcoholic things. I drank, too, actually, and do, still, but... Well, the truth is, blog, usually they have conversations about working at their new accounting jobs or their job at Whole Foods or doing more school but the truth is, I don't usually say anything. I think I used to try, blog, but I don't anymore. Usually I'm sitting on the side just listening to their conversations over gin.

A few days ago, Chloe had a party called a "Summa's Ova Fuckers" party on the roof and now there is a bottle of brandy left over (sitting on the kitchen table). Earlier today Chloe said "we should probably finish the booze" and so I guess since I have to do the laundry and finish the booze, I guess that I will do them both at the same time.

I did some research and apparently brandy can be served "neat" or "on the rocks." I've just run out of "rocks" (which means ice, blog) so I will drink this brandy "neat." Then I'll go to the 24-hour laundromat across the street.

I'll be reporting back, OK? Right now it's 10:58 p.m. - actually my computer's clock is really fast so maybe it's more like 10:30 p.m.?

OK,

10:30 p.m.

BLECH this is strong brandy! Omg, this is gross.

Labels: gross

11:14 p.m.

11:42 pm so probably like 11:24 pm

I guess the goal for tonight is to have not a headace... headACH. Headache.

Found the laundromat! A very nice woman gave me her laundromat card. Very nice woman. And how much brandy did i have?

Id on't know.

Labels: very nice womean

11:46 p.m.

This is a stupid esperiment maybe

DEFINENITLY Maybr

I'm going to NOT do drunk laudry again ok?

It's 12:14-20

pm

Labels: pm

11:49 p.m.

Ithought drunk laudnty would be good bu it;s was stupid

Also its raiiiinininnn. outtised.

outiede. oudside

it's 12;17 pm minus 20 minutes pm.

Labels: ok where si my umraella ?

11:52 p.m.

dear crush guyguy

hi ? ok

you re face

your face is good ok?

a

the end

its' 1220 zero am. minues 20.

Labels: guyy !

9/8 1:00 a.m.

128 am miues 20

I am drunk

sort ofish

I don't know beacaue

drunk landr night was stupid

no more brand and drinking

and laundr

Labels: stupids

5:42 p.m.

I'm never doing drunk laundry again, blog.

Labels: HANGOVER