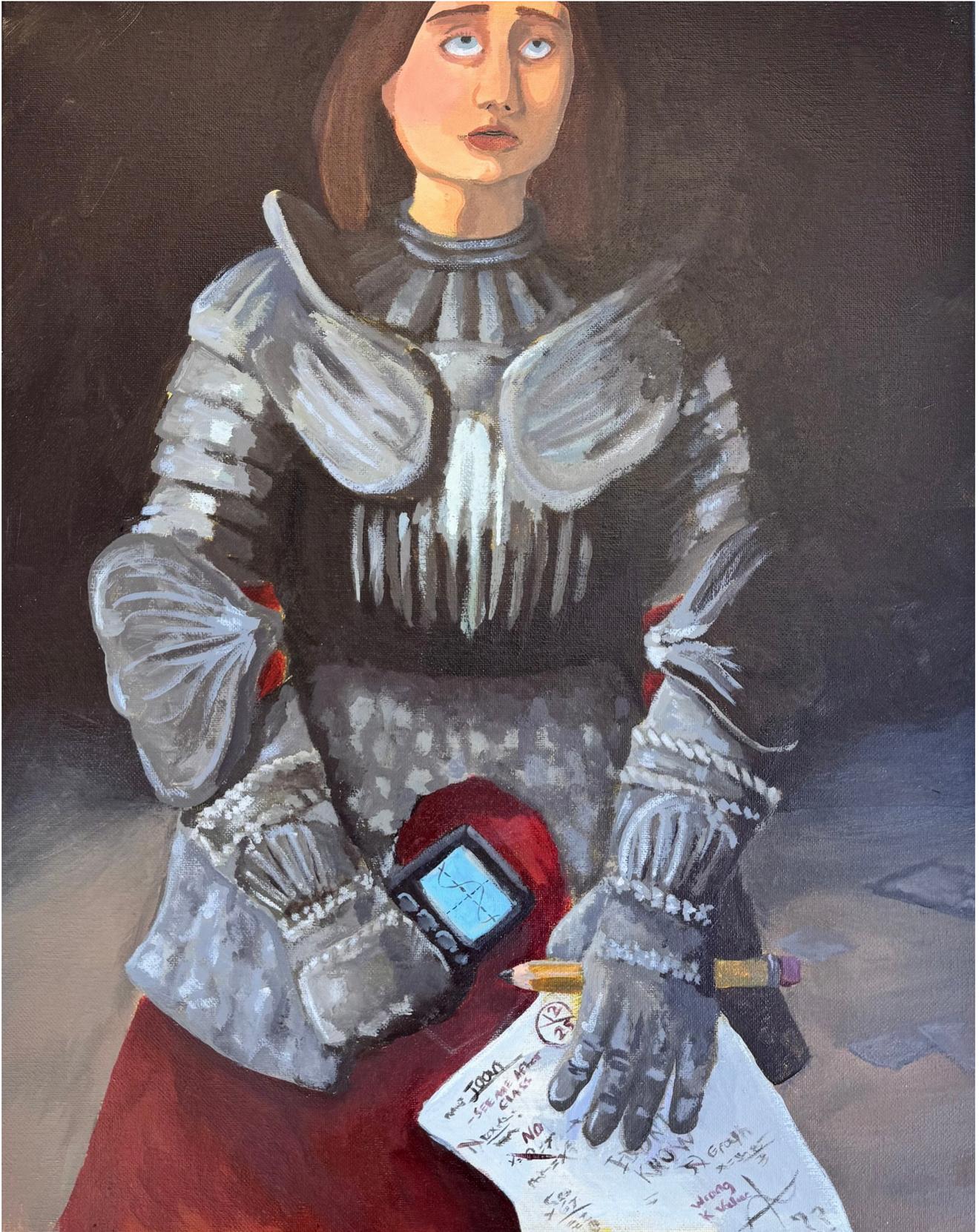


DISPATCH FROM
The Dome

a *monthly* installment of art & literature

October 2025



Totally Failing Calculus

Charlee Cate Cardot '27

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Yellow

Kat Nelson '27

I write in the color yellow, one I have recently promoted to my favorite. I write to fight with my little brother, the golden boy. I write so maybe he can realize that a girl isn't just a toy. I write to set me apart and to get more than a moment of praise. I write because I'm mediocre at almost everything I do; I can't play an instrument, especially not the kazoo. I write because I think rhyming is funny; it is quite obvious in my work that I do. I like to laugh and smile and tease, and writing is my way to. I write for my friends who are guys, so I can brag and they can believe my silly little lies. I write for my smarty pants roommate so that maybe I too can win a prize.

I write for my little sister and the very pink room that we share. I write so that I can stay in bed and keep writing from there. I write for my oldest sister, for all of her beauty. I write for the one-half that we are connected. I write to search the web for things that rhyme with duty. I write for my mother and her heart that is split in two. I write for her in the passenger seat, and I pray for her in the driver's seat. I write for her, almost driving into a lake and putting my family's lives at stake. I write for our shopping trips and her size 11 shoes. I write for our laugh that sounds the same. The one I hope I never lose. I write for my dad, so he forever calls me "baby girl", so that he always picks me up on my birthdays and compliments my curls. I write for him and his motorcycle, for the engine he revs. I write for his yellow jeep and the way he rests his head.

I write for my big nose, the same one my grandfather had. I write for my sharp tongue, which my nana always says is from my dad. I write in Times New Roman, for it is the only font that doesn't make me sad. I write for my nana, and her journey to the States. I write because she tells me to never be late. I write about her pantsuits and her favorite color, green. The same as my dad's, a very rare way for them to agree. I write in her voice and her stories. I write because a moment with her is never boring.

I write to dance. The floor will never leave me. I write because I know I am not that good, no matter what people tell me. I write because I can't cartwheel, but at least I can spell *because*. I write because I like to rhyme, it's stupid, I know, but it is how I make my stories mine. I write to write books for children who look like me. I write to write simple little stories about birds in the trees. I write because things make me sad, because I cried listening to Rihanna, or when I am watching YouTube and there is an ad. I write because I feel impotent and out of control. I write to be like Cher from *Clueless*, but not when she slammed her jeep into a pole. I write to be a character in the movie I make from life. To have my life planned out on a script, to end it as a good wife. I write to let people know who I am, to amplify my voice. I write to show people that I can choose my own choice.