

enclosed middle-class lives, taunting women and men argued incessantly. "The last—it was as if he were sitting at a ceremony," his mother had said

her said when he came home. n't so good. Deepa was distribution system, it's very as neither nor there. nera for ar, like all the things ald d mother had immense em- ars people, she was superstitious eak into her house.

Now, for Lajp ing read he direc Ma life a cha tion. When time to himself. He got out of the entrance, walk

The A ground acuity hajan terrori himself dynam

Ayub. Ay was as if he

CENTER OF THE EARTH Its action was felt even to the very top of the earth; the plants then in existence, being deprived of the warming rays of the sun, had neither buds, nor flowers, nor roots. The earth of early days drew a strong and vigorous life from the sun. There were but few of what may be called trees—only low, creeping plants, immense turfs, briars, mosses, and lichens. However, in those days were covered with sand.

WARBY PARKER

Summer Reading List

HERE'S OUR PERSONAL LIST OF (NON-REQUIRED, BUT EXTREMELY FUN) SUMMER READING MATERIAL. GO SNATCH THESE TOMES!

AUTHOR	TITLE	DATE READ
KARAN MAHAJAN	THE ASSOCIATION OF SMALL BOMBS	
BOB PROEHL	A HUNDRED THOUSAND WORLDS	
YAA GYASI	HOMEGOING: A NOVEL	
CHUCK KLOSTERMAN	BUT WHAT IF WE'RE WRONG?	
DON DELILLO	ZERO K	
ALAIN DE BOTTON	THE COURSE OF LOVE: A NOVEL	
EMMA STRAUB	MODERN LOVERS	
EMMA CLINE	THE GIRLS	
ALICE ADAMS	INVINCIBLE SUMMER	
KAITLIN GREENIDGE	WE LOVE YOU, CHARLIE FREEMAN	
JULIAN BARNES	THE NOISE OF TIME	
CHARLES BOCK	ALICE & OLIVER	
SLOANE CROSLY	THE CLASP	



the meaning of the term Zero K, with plotted stops and restarts, and temperature called absolute zero, and seventy-three point one named Kelvin was men-



an espresso and he wouldn't think I in the kitchen." en up around the eyes, pt a few hours. was down so my neck and mornings, before service, Not interested, I told him said it was an emergency." he was ready for a showdown ver his station with his head in ally they would start fighting, he he moaned instead. n her." r. That girl loves cock, I can't help it." and stuck up her middle finger, the nail I'm sorry, I will re, I'm

Autumn
"You're disgusting. But you're not untalented. I want to about this." She clapped her hands. "Okay, beverages first." Sundays had a candid feeling. There were no laws, no Howard and Chef were both off, as was most of the senior staff. Scott ran the kitchen and Jake was the most senior on the staff. It was his only day shift, and it was clear he was in a fog for service. It was also Simone's day off. The people who worked on this pared-down crew were usually mildly hungry and actively ill at worst. Ariel pulled down a stack of clean quart containers and filled them with a stack of clean quart containers into the wine cellar. Those quarts, which once held a light, shallot vinaigrette, aioli, tuna salad, shredded chicken, came back as "beverages." "It's just Sancerre on ice, splash of soda, and a straw in it and it looks like seltzer." "I need the treats, Ari, I could've had Scott's." "Skipper?" she asked me. "Barbie's little sister." I shook my head. "Scott is better than the last." She had a handful of blue pills. "Two for you because you're huge, and two for me because we are tiny." She broke a pill in half and handed it to me. "I haven't eaten," I said. "Also, what is it?" "Adderall. Fixes everything. Obviously." "Obviously. I took my half and sucked on my straw. I felt dizzy as soon as I swallowed. It wasn't noon yet." "Delicious." Scott gulped his down in two sucks and handed the quart back to me. "I'm creating, breathing hard, and I had a vision of him keeling over."