The Evergreen Journal

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OPINION

VISIONS OF THE FUTURE

BY WILLIAM WALTERS

We all have a lot of questions about what the next year will look like underground, but what can we expect when we reemerge? We asked several experts what might have changed in 366 days. Here's what they have to say.

A SHARPER SKY: "The sky won't be the same blue we remember," says Dr. Aria Tran, an atmospheric physicist. "After twelve months with zero to no particulate emissions, the upper atmosphere will scatter light differently. You'll notice it in the first second you look up—cleaner, thinner, sharper."

REWILD ROADS: "Even though the cars will be gone, the streets won't be empty," says ecologist Julia Vega. "There will be green. Trees and critters repopulating the abandoned spaces. The world won't have waited politely for us." Vega and her team are already preparing "Reintroduction Corridors," safe routes where returning populations can return to housing and infrastructure without bulldozing the ecosystems that grew.

SOUND WAVES: The bunkers are designed to be acoustically soft—quiet hums, filtered ventilation, controlled voices. When we return, the surface will be overwhelming. "Bird calls might sound like screams," says psychologist Dr. Ann O'Brien, who specializes in sensory reintegration. "We won't be used to a breeze in trees, thunder, or the pound of rain. They will stick out to us as beautiful and unique, no longer background noise. We will be relearning what openness sounds like.

DECISIONS: Not everyone is eager. Some worry that the return will reignite the same consumption and inequality that forced our descent in the first place. "We can't emerge as the same species that went down," says writer and environmental philosopher Theo Turner, "If we resurface with our old habits intact, the Earth will close her doors to us next time."

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How Do We Say Goodbye to a Planet?

The World Prepares to go Underground for the Next 366 Days.

BY THE EDITORIAL BOARD

How do you say goodbye to a planet? Not a person, or a neighborhood, or a city – but the entire world as you know it?

Tomorrow night, the doors on the bunker will close. Humans will descend into the deep rooms we have built ourselves beneath the surface. While we are gone, the wind will blow. The ocean will sway. The forests will grow. And the sky will look down upon the empty landscape.

We have all partaken in many different kinds of goodbyes before, both structural and personal. We have burned cities, flooded valleys, abandoned sinking coastlines. We have melted glaciers and killed off species. Entire languages have gone extinct, we have lost people, we have ended friendships and relationships.

But we have to admit, this is one big goodbye.

The descent is the first voluntary exile in human history — an act not of punishment, but of resistance. For twelve months, we will live beneath the crust of the Earth to give the surface a chance to heal from us. For the first time in centuries, the planet will have a year without the human noise that has filled every corner of it. No jet trails. No neon. No drilling. Just wind, rain, animals, soil.

Still, the question lingers: How do you say goodbye to something we've just gotten to know?

In the grand scheme of things, humans have been puttering around the surfaces of the Earth for a very small percent of it's overall existence. You and I, as individual people, have been here for an even smaller fraction. And we have wasted so much of it looking at screens. This year will not just be a farewell from earth, it will be a reintroduction to a friend that we have barely gotten to know.

For the next 48 hours, people all over the world will be performing their own rituals of parting. People scatter flower petals into the Arabian Sea in Mumbai. Church bells ring every hour in Montreal. In Lagos, people connect with the Earth as they dance barefoot in the streets.

In these last hours, we are all inventing our own language of goodbye. Some write letters to the surface and the future. Others lay in the grass and listen to the wind. Others don't say anything at all. After all, goodbyes are never supposed to be tidy.

Some will leave angry, swearing that this descent is a mistake. Some will leave hopeful, believing that our absence will be enough. All of us leave afraid – of the dark, of the silence, of the possibility that the Earth won't miss us the same way we miss it.

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LIFESTYLE

Two Cubic Meters

BY ISLA HUNT

The suggested packing list for communal bunkers notes that each person is allowed to bring two cubic meters of belongings. That's it.

Two cubic meters – enough spaces for a couple suitcases, your favorite pillow, and a pitch of sentimentality. When we descend in two days, we will be bringing the bare minimum with us.

It sounds simple, until you start packing.

I began with my essentials. Clothes, two toothbrushes, notebooks and pens. The official communal bunker handbook recommends a "personal comfort item" which feels like a euphemism for "whatever will keep you from going insane while you are locked underground with other humans." I chose a couple books, including my personal favorite The World According to Garp by John Irvine. My friend Leanne choses a jar of her grandmother's honey. My neighbor, a retired electrician, packed his tool kit – "Just in case something needs fixing."

Every conversation I have had this month seems to revolve around the same question: What are you bringing?

Some people are treating it as a challenge of efficiency, debating whether a frying pan or a photo album is the correct item to pack. One viral thread asked "what's in your cube?" playing off the "what's in your purse" trend from the early 21st century.

Most bunkers ban perishable, flammables. Your favorite scented candle will have to wait for you above ground. But memories have no restrictions.

Across the country, families are scanning old photos into compact drives. Teenagers are recording the sounds of their neighborhoods — traffic, waves, rain — to play back underground.

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A NEW SEED VAULT

BY MARCUS HERNADEZ

In the far north of Norway, the air still smells like salt and snow. The landscape feels completely untouched by humans. The sun hangs above the horizon for nineteen hours a day, reluctant to set. On a ridge just below the town of Longyearbyen, behind a thick steel door cut into the permafrost, a group of botanists are doing something that feels both ancient and impossibly modern: tending to the garden of the future.

They are preparing to seal Fremtidig Jord Seed Vault, the largest (and newest) biodiversity repository on Earth. When the world goes underground in 48 hours, the original Svalbard Global Seed Vault will remain sealed – but this new facility will also be closed, designed to survive five decades without human oversight.

The old vault began as a form of insurance. The new one serves as a form of resurrection.

"Think of it as Noah's Ark, but quieter," says Dr. Alice Banks, the chief curator of the vault.

The new vault sits two kilometers below its predecessor, embedded in the rock of the ancient mountain. Its temperature is kept at –18°C by geothermal chillers powered by a micro-reactor — a design meant to keep the seeds viable even if global systems collapse entirely.

Rows of titanium drawers extend for hundreds of meters. Each is filled with vacuum-sealed pods: 30 million samples from 191 countries, representing 98 percent of the world's known edible plants. Wheat beside wild barley. Coffee beside sea kale. Maize beside its drought-hardened ancestor, teosinte. This bank even includes non-edible plants, citing their importance to global biodiversity.

For months, agricultural ministries and research labs have been racing to send final deposits. Cargo planes arrived from Ethiopia, India, Brazil, and the Philippines carrying hundreds of last-minute additions: indigenous rice strains, Amazonian medicinal herbs, heirloom beans saved by families who refused to let their lineage end. One crate arrived from Louisiana marked only: "Okra, hand-picked. Grown by the Johnsons, 6th generation." Inside the lid, a handwritten note: "For whoever needs gumbo again."

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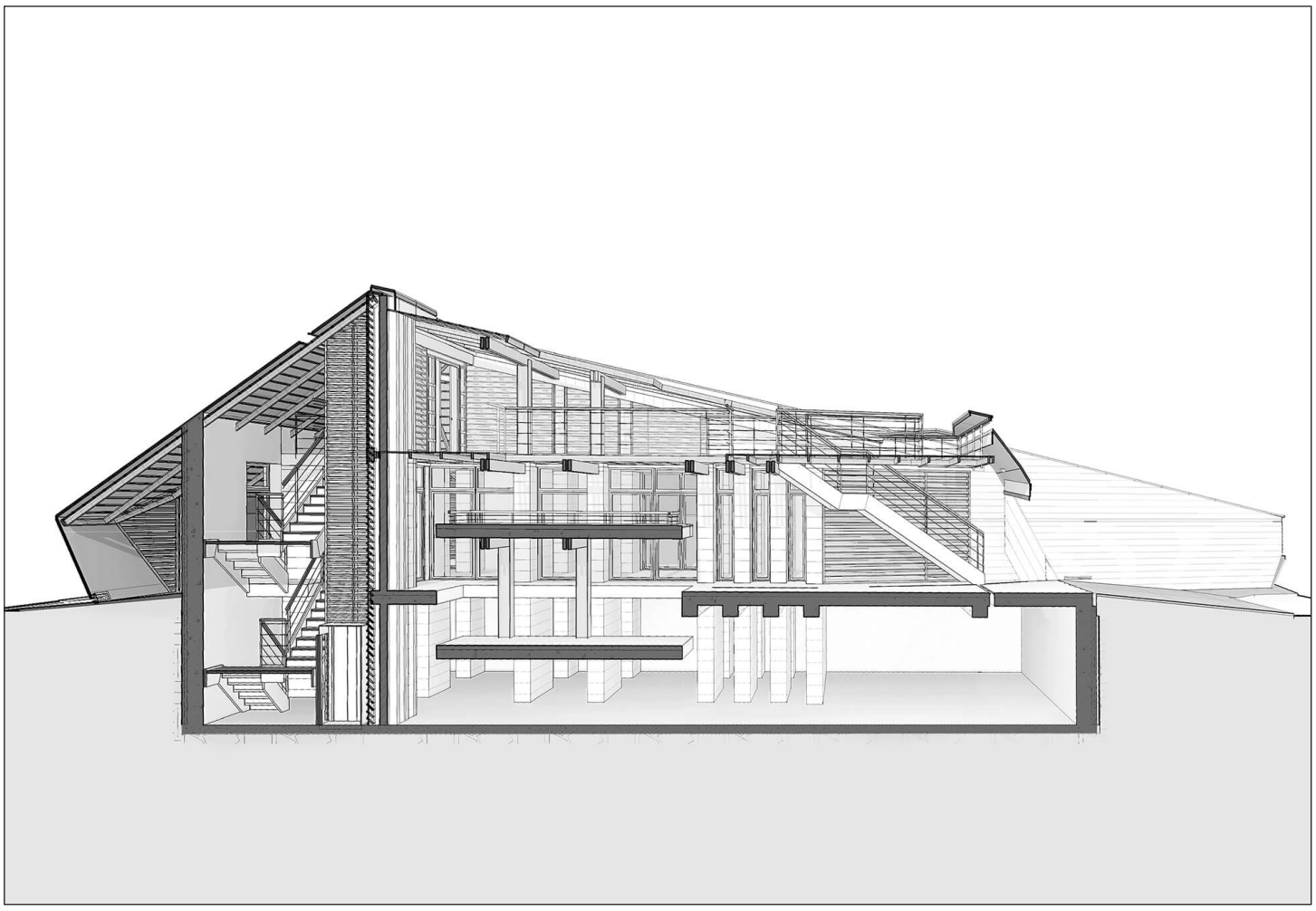


A Tale of Two Bunkers

We are all going underground, but not all of us are going to the same underground.

BY LEONARD BUCKLEY

In two days, humanity will disappear. At least, that's the plan.

Every human on Earth is scheduled to move underground for a full year—part of an unprecedented initiative to let the planet breathe, to let nature heal after centuries of extraction and exhaust. Aboveground, the world will rest. Below, we'll try to remember how to live with ourselves. But as with everything in this century, even salvation has a class divide. Already, two very different versions of bunker life are taking shape.

In the Wyoming plains and under the Swiss Alps, private bunkers have been built out over the past few months: luxury survival palaces that could pass for five-star hotels if not for the reinforced titanium walls.

Architectural Digest's leaked preview of the "Eden Vault" shows an underground botanical garden illuminated by programmable skylights, temperature-controlled wine cellars, and even "gravity-free meditation pods." One investor bragged on social media that his family bunker includes an indoor wave pool: "We can still surf while the world resets."

To hear the ultra-rich tell it, they're doing their part—retreating, reducing their footprint, embracing humility through isolation. But it's hard to square humility with imported marble. These bunkers are less about healing the planet and more about preserving privilege while pretending to vanish. They call them "Eden Bunkers." But like the original Eden, they're designed for a very few.

Meanwhile, in the public sectors, construction crews work around the clock to finish what the government calls "communal resilience complexes." Each is designed to house between fifty and a hundred people, divided by neighborhoods—stacked beds, shared facilities, rotating work duties, and rationed resources.

These spaces are practical, not pretty. Think old subway tunnels fitted with hydroponic grow rooms, converted missile silos now lined with sleeping bunks and shared kitchens. Each resident will be given a cot, a set of drawers, closet space, and a privacy curtain.

And yet, among the people I've spoken with, there's a sense of cautious hope. Community gardens are already being planted. Artists have volunteered to paint the gray walls of the classrooms with murals before lockdown day. There's something raw but real about it—a belief that maybe, just maybe, living close together might teach us how to be human again.

The human descent into the underground world is being marketed as the most egalitarian act in human history: everyone, rich and poor alike, going underground to give Earth a year to heal. But let's not kid ourselves. We're not all going to the same underground.

Some will dine under synthetic skylines. Others will eat freeze-dried lentils under flickering LEDs. Some will emerge next year with new business ventures already planned for the freshly oxygenated surface. Others will step out with nothing but gratitude that the air is clean enough to breathe.

The irony of this "shared sacrifice" is that it might expose, once and for all, how separate our realities have become.

In two days, the sky will empty. The forests will fall silent except for birdsong. When we resurface next April, will the air be cleaner? Almost certainly. But will we?

Our year underground has been sold as an environmental reset. It might end up being a moral one. And what we learn underground—whether luxury can substitute for community, whether equality can survive scarcity—may determine what kind of civilization climbs back into the sunlight. ■

FROM PAGE 1

Someone started a project called "SurfaceSound," an archive of field recordings meant to preserve the noise of the pre-descent world. One submission was labeled simply: "June wind, 4:32 p.m. When space becomes currency, every object demands justification.

My mother wanted to bring her wedding dress. "It's not practical," I told her. "It's beautiful," she said. A week later, she replaced it with a single lace sleeve, folded like a holy relic. A friend of mine is a minimalist. He packed nothing sentimental — just a water filter, a multi-tool, and some clothes. "Emotions don't purify air," he said. But when I asked if he'd downloaded the voicemails from his deceased mother to take with him, he looked away.

We are all accountants now, balancing nostalgia against necessity.

The top recommended personal items in the handbook include: noise-cancelling headphones, journal and pen, favorite book, deck of cards, and additional spices and seasonings and a personal item to "preserve psychological continuity" is also encouraged.

That last phrase — psychological continuity — has come up in several government and scientific publications about the descent.

But what if continuity isn't the goal? What if we're supposed to break, to become new people down there?

At the Descent Processing Center in Queens, volunteers help families pack and weigh their cubes. The line stretches around the block. One man shows me the scrapbook he has made from family photos to minimize space. Elsewhere, a woman tells me she left behind a violin she'd owned for forty years. "It's wood," she said softly. "It deserves to stay where the trees are."

There's a grace to these small surrenders.

When I sealed my own cube, I realized that what I was really trying to pack wasn't comfort — it was continuity. Proof that the person who went below would still be me when I came back.

But maybe the better question isn't what do I bring? Maybe it's what I can bear to leave behind?

Aboveground, the world is already changing. Grass grows through the cracks in the sidewalks. Pigeons have started to nest on the empty billboards. The Earth doesn't care what we take with us – it cares what we leave behind. ■

Underground Education Takes Tools from the Past While Pushing Forward.

How the Bridge Generation will continue their education while underground.

BY PIPER BURKE

When the world goes dark in two days, class will still be in session. Across the globe, tens of thousands of children are preparing to trade sunlight for subterranean schooling — part of humanity's one-year retreat underground to let the Earth heal. While their parents pack rations and filtration tablets, teachers are packing lesson plans for a world with no sky. Education, like everything else, is going below the surface. And it's being reinvented along the way.

"I keep telling my students: the sky isn't gone, it's just waiting," says Camille Reed, a seventh-grade science teacher in Denver. Her classroom sits three stories below an abandoned light-rail station, where construction crews are rushing to finish — one of hundreds of underground educational centers designed for communal bunkers. The ceilings are low, the air cool, the ceiling lined with LED panels meant to simulate daylight.

"It's surreal," Reed says. "We'll be teaching the solar system without ever seeing the sun." To prepare, she and her colleagues have rewritten nearly every curriculum. History lessons now include the story of the descent itself. Biology includes soil recovery and pollination robotics. Art classes encourage students to paint from memory — "Draw your backyard."

A telegram "pen-pal" system designed to preserve global empathy in confinement is being developed. The system has been promoted in an attempt to prevent the devastating isolation many young children faced during the 2020 Covid-19 Lockdown.

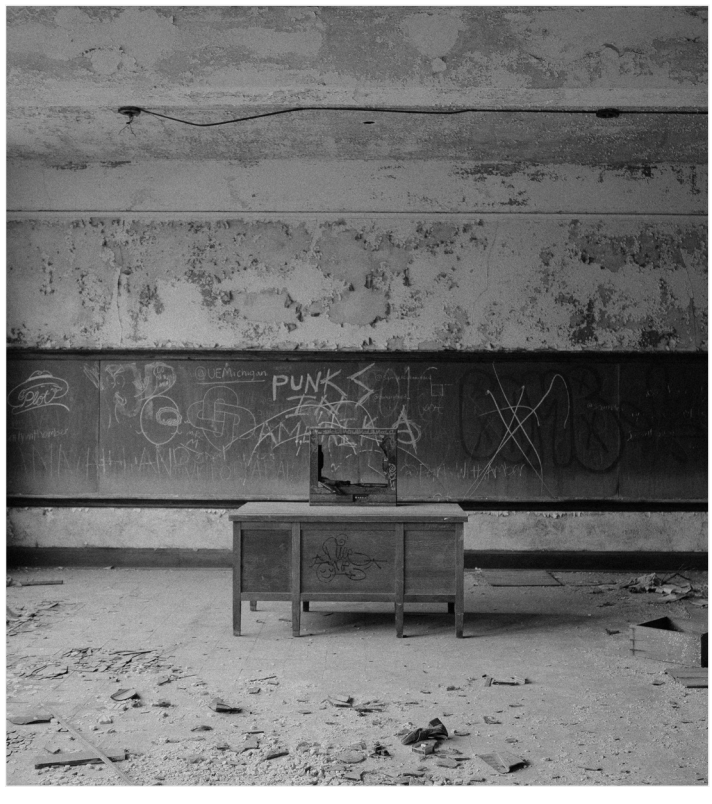
"The goal is to make sure kids don't feel like their world has shrunk," says Dr. Hana El-Masri, lead architect of the new education plan and former UNESCO education chair. "We can't give them trees and oceans right now, but we can give them connection — to each other, to learning, to imagination."

Every subject will integrate environmental recovery themes. Math students will track energy efficiency metrics. Literature classes will read pre-descent eco-fiction. Even physical education has been reimagined: short, guided "movement circles" to keep muscles strong in tight quarters.

For parents, the emotional weight is heavier than the logistics.

"My daughter just turned six," says Malik Owens, who will move with his family into one of Chicago's communal bunkers. "She asked me if she should say goodbye to the clouds."

Parents and guardians are encouraged to speak openly about the world above, describing sunsets and plants. Reminding children that there will be a world we return to. "It's about preserving the memory of light," says child psychologist Dr. Li Xia. "Children build identity through place — and right now, 'place' is shifting from open to enclosed. We have to make that transition poetic, not traumatic."



In many ways, the descent is pushing public schools toward experiments educators have dreamed of for decades. And that doesn't always mean adopting the news technology. Due to funding and electrical limitations, many class rooms are reverting to the teaching tools of the early 2000s. Students will journal by hand in composition notebooks. Physical calculators will be shared for math assignments. Many bunkers have even designated space for small, communal libraries. Students will go into the artificial grow-scapes to interact with natural materials.

The children of the ultra elite will be experiencing a different form of education in what has been dubbed "Eden Bunkers." In many of these communities, state of the arc projectors and headsets have been installed. "These simulations aren't escapism," says El-Masri. "They're training empathy. We're teaching the generation that will return."

Still, teachers worry about attention, isolation, and fatigue. "You can't ask a ten-year-old to stare at screens for a year, no matter how immersive," says Reed. Sociologists are already calling the children born after 2030 as the Bridge Generation — children who will remember both the polluted world before and the repaired one after.

"They are the generation of humanities pivot," says Adebayo, the environmental philosopher whose essays helped shape the ethics of the Descent. "Their education will decide which world wins: the one we destroyed, or the one we deserve."

Back in Denver, Reed has taped a small poster to her new classroom wall. It shows a hand reaching up toward a circle of light. Underneath, in her own handwriting, it reads:

"When we return, bring your questions back to the surface."

She straightens the poster, checks the air vents, and begins labeling her supply crates. "I've taught for twenty years," she says, smiling faintly. "But this time, it feels like I'm teaching the future how to remember us." ■

THE FINAL COMMUTE

BY JAMES O'CONNOR

The 7:12 to Grand Central was late again this morning. No one seemed to mind. For once, the delay felt like a gift — a few more minutes of sunlight through the grimy windows, a few more glances at the skyline before it disappears behind concrete and memory.

In forty-eight hours, the trains will stop running. The streets will empty. The surface will exhale. All over the world, people are making their final commutes. On Wall Street, traders carried cardboard boxes filled with the things no one will need below: family photos, plants, and the ritual of morning coffee. "I took the subway for twenty-three years," said Samuel Park, 58, as he watched the turnstiles beep one last time. "I used to hate this ride. Now I'd give anything for another rush hour."

The city's transit authority has promised one final run of every major line tomorrow night. No destination — just a slow loop through the boroughs, for those who want to see the surface lights flicker past one last time. People who want to hear the screech of the trains on the tracks, want to accidentally bump into a stranger when the driver breaks too hard. The subway cars are expected to be packed.

In Los Angeles, highways glowed with nostalgia instead of rage. People drove with windows down, hands outstretched into the air they grew up breathing. The commute that for many had been the bane of their existence, is now part of their ritual goodbye.

"I'm driving to the ocean," said truck driver Miguel Hernandez, 46, over the hum of his engine. "Not for a delivery. Just to park. Watch the waves. Say thanks." He paused. "When I go below, I want to take that sound with me. The crash and the foam. That's the world working."

In Chicago, street musicians played "Here Comes the Sun" until their fingers were cramped as the morning commuters walked by. In Kyoto, commuters bowed to the cherry trees that had bloomed out of season. In Paris, café owners offered free espresso to anyone "on their last walk." A woman named Camille left a handwritten sign on her closed shop door: Merci pour la lumière. Thank you for the light.

Not everyone's last commute led to a city. In the Midwest, farmers finished their final rounds on tractors, waving to neighbors they might not see for a year. Many left their fields half-plowed — a deliberate act of trust in the Earth's recovery.

In Kenya's Rift Valley, schoolchildren walked home barefoot through the red dust. Their teacher, Miriam Ochieng, said she let class out early. "What's left to teach today?" she asked. "The lesson is to remember the sky." At airports, departure boards still flickered even though the planes were grounded. A group of retired pilots in Denver gathered on a runway to drink beer beside an old 747. They took turns sitting in the cockpit, watching the horizon. "I flew for forty years," said Captain Aiden Holt. He gestured to the empty sky. "I still can't believe we're leaving it behind."

In Copenhagen, thousands of cyclists rode together through the twilight — the city's famous bike lanes turned into a moving festival of bells and laughter. At the end of the ride, they left their bikes in a park, kickstands down, neatly lined up. A field of resting metal and rubber — a fleet waiting for return.

In the evening rush hour, back in New York, the last commuters stepped off the last train. A woman paused at the top of the subway stairs, breathing in the heat rising from the street. "I used to dream about leaving this city," she said. "Now I just want to promise I'll come back." Above her, the sky turned amber — smog and sunlight combining into a color no one could quite name, but every New Yorker knows by heart. For one more night, the surface hummed with movement: buses sighing, traffic lights blinking, sneakers scuffing on pavement. The world, for the first time, seemed aware it was being watched — a living thing slowing its breath.

In forty-eight hours, it will sleep.

But tonight, the trains are still running, the engines still turning, the air still trembling with life —

and everyone, everywhere, is taking the long way home.■

They Call Me Reckless

Why I am Staying Above Ground for the Next Year

BY WALTER HODGE

My friends call me reckless. My sister calls me suicidal. The government calls me "noncompliant." I don't know what I want people to call me. I just know I am staying. In two days, the world will go underground.No cars. No factories. No us. But someone has to stay to watch the sky.

I have spent my whole life in Northern Vermont. Up here, it is starting to smell like spring. The air is sharp with pine and thaw. The hills are dotted with the bright green of new leaves, the kind of color you only get after a long winter. The cows and sheep and chickens don't know what is about to happen.

I've watched the convoys pass for days: families in electric vans, their possessions packed neatly into regulation crates, heading toward their designated bunkers near the old granite quarries. They wave sometimes. They look relieved. And I don't blame them. The underground complexes are safe, temperature-controlled, and well-supplied.

But when I picture that world, I don't see rebirth. I see absence.

This whole plan has been sold on the idea that it will help reset the Earth. But I don't know if this is what the Earth wants. Maybe she wanted us to get to know her, learn to live with her, instead of disappearing. Maybe we don't need to erase ourselves, we might just need to learn to live small.

When I told the officials I wasn't going, they handed me a waiver. Three pages of fine print absolving the state of "liability in case of injury, illness, or death due to environmental exposure." They said the satellite systems will monitor me "for safety" as if I'm the last specimen of a failed species.

My house runs on leftover solar panels and a gravity-fed water system I rigged from the old fire tower. There's a greenhouse out back where tomatoes have started to bloom. I keep bees. They don't know we're leaving.

At night, I listen to the forest getting louder. Already, the deer have begun to wander down the roads. The raccoons look less afraid. I imagine what this place will sound like without human engines for a year—no planes, no leaf blowers.

And still, I can't convince myself to join the others below.

I keep thinking: if everyone hides, who will remember the way sunlight feels on skin? Who will keep track of the smells, the sounds, the pulse of wind through the trees? We say we're doing this for the Earth, but maybe she deserves to have one of us here—not to fix her, not to ruin her again, but simply to witness. To know what the healing looked like.

I'll miss my sister's voice, even when she calls me a fool. I'll miss the hum of cities—proof of life, even if it was too loud.

I won't miss the constant fear that nothing we do matters. I won't miss the noise we made just to avoid silence.

They say the bunkers have simulated daylight, but you can't fake the way it burns your eyes when it rises too fast. You can't copy the smell of rain on asphalt. You can't engineer the erratic nature of bird song.

For the next year, I'll keep a log. I'll send transmissions to the satellites every month so the underground world knows what's happening up here. Maybe by December, snow will blanket the highways and moss will grow through the cracks in the asphalt. Maybe the air will taste different. Maybe I'll finally understand what "healing" really looks like.

And if I don't survive—if a storm takes me, or hunger, or loneliness—then at least one person will have stayed to witness the turning.

I don't want to live beneath the Earth. I want to live with her.

When they come back next April and step into the sunlight, maybe they'll see a greener world. Maybe they'll see my footprints in the soil. Maybe they'll remember that one person refused to hide from the sky—and maybe they'll understand why.

Until then, I'll be here. Aboveground. Breathing.■

FROM PAGE 1

Turner imagines the first day as a test: "Will we plant something, or will we start building again? That first gesture matters."

No matter what, in a year the airlocks will open. A wave of cold, unfiltered air will spill downward into the tunnels, smelling of soil and rain. Children will emerge, squinting at the light. Somewhere, an old man drops to his knees, laughing through his tears.

Above, the forests hum. The cities are half swallowed by vines. Roads have softened into green seams. Birds circle in curiosity.

Someone steps out—one person, then another, and then thousands—each blinking, dazed, their skin pale from months under LEDs. A child picks up a handful of dirt and doesn't let go. Someone else takes off their shoes. Someone else starts to sing.

By the time the last of us comes up from below, the planet will have changed without us. The real question is whether we'll have changed enough for her. ■

FROM PAGE 1

But there is something profoundly human in this gesture — this collective pause. To love something enough to step away from it. To admit that the best thing we can do for the planet, for now, is to stop touching it.

So tonight, look up. At the stars, if you can see them. And whisper a simple goodbye — not because the world is ending, but because for once, we are letting it begin again.

When we return — and we will return — the planet will not remember our words. But maybe, if we are lucky, it will remember our silence. ■

FROM PAGE 2

The original Svalbard vault was built in 2008 as a backup — a "doomsday library." But the scientists here say that metaphor doesn't fit anymore. "This isn't about the apocalypse," says Dr. Leila Anwar, a plant geneticist from Cairo. "It's about rebirth."

For the first time, the vault is not just preserving crops but ecosystems. Bundles of wild grass seeds are packed alongside their pollinators — tiny cryogenically stored bees, butterflies, and microbial soil samples.

"The old vault saved food. This one saves relationships," Anwar says.

The biggest variable, of course, isn't the seeds — it's us.

The descent is designed to remove humans from the biosphere for twelve months, allowing ecosystems to recalibrate without interference. But if the climate doesn't stabilize, or if re-emergence is delayed, the seeds may wait decades for sunlight.

And even then, will anyone remember how to plant them?

To hedge that risk, Seed Vault 2.0 includes an Education Annex, an archive of global agricultural knowledge. The archive stores everything from ancient terracing techniques to soil pH data for Kenyan maize fields to children's drawings of fruit.

"It's not just about DNA," Varga says. "It's about culture. About how we fed each other."

Tomorrow, on the final day before the Descent, a small group of scientists will perform what they call "the closing planting." Each will choose one seed and bury it in a narrow trench outside the vault — exposed to the surface, unprotected.

"It's symbolic," says Banks. "If we don't return, those seeds will. They'll find their way."■

OUR SECOND TO LAST ISSUE UNTIL APRIL 2032

BY THE EDITORIAL BOARD

Tomorrow, April 22nd, 2031, will the the last issue of *The Evergreen Journal* published until early May of 2032.

We love reporting for you and have been working tirelessly to report on the lead up to the descent on April 23rd, 2032. In our past issues, and this one, you have read stories about the social, economic, and personal impacts of the descent. Most importantly, we hope that you have found some form of connectedness or hope in these articles. It is a scary time for everyone, but maybe having a little bit more information about what is going on helps lessen that fear.

In our ideal world, we would be able to continue reporting for you over the next year. Due to resource rationing and space limitations, however, that is not currently possible. But know that our staff will continue to observe and take note of the matters at hand. As soon as we return, we will hit the ground running.

Tomorrow we will run our last issue. We have decided to highlight the stories of you, our readers. For the past month we have been collecting love letters written by our readers to various aspects of the world that they are leaving behind. The idea was to allow people to grieve, to remember, and to laugh.

We have recieved thousands of love letters and will publish some tomorrow. While we cannot publish all of them in one issue, we will be keeping an archieve of every single one we recieve.

There is still time for you to submit these love letters. You can submit them via our email, our webstie, or by leaving a message at the hotline listed on our website.

We know it is a busy time and that you likely have a million other things left on your to-do lists, but if you find youself with a minute to spare, please consider adding to our collection.

Til next time,

The Editorial Board

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