

THE RESURRECTIONIST

Jacquelin Cangro

Carob Mott kept watch on the almshouse across Hudson Street. He'd been waiting for the better part of two days for the signal. Sometimes he'd pace, but mainly he sat on a neighboring stoop, not daring to take his eyes off the second-story window for longer than a passing carriage.

His son knew he often forgot to eat when he pursued a lead, so the boy brought food and drink from the tavern a few blocks away and relieved Carob when he could no longer keep his eyes open. For the most part though, Carob was on his own.

As the sky turned violet, a second candle was placed on the sill. Carob calmly strode across the street and lifted the latch on the gate leading to the rear of the house.

A woman was already at the back door. She wiped her hands on her dingy apron. It would never become white again, no matter how much lye

she used. Their eyes met, hers a greenish blue, resembling the patina on the silver utensils he'd stolen from his grandmother. He opened his fist. She reached toward his hand, then paused mid-air. He needed her to hurry, but this was her first time, he'd been told. He remembered his first time and decided to afford her a moment to gather herself under the magnitude of what she was about to do.

"I'm Anika." She took the coin from his palm.

Carob shook his head. "Don't tell me anymore."

She nodded, seemingly on the verge of tears, and slipped the coin into her apron pocket. She disappeared into the shadows. There was scraping and a thud, then a rusty squeak as a wheelbarrow poked into the doorway. Carob peeked under the burlap. There it was, the freshly dead body, wrapped tightly in bed sheets from its forehead to its ankles with a tuft of brown hair sticking out the top.

He tucked in the cover and tipped his hat. "Miss." He lifted the handles of the wheelbarrow.

Anika grabbed his elbow. "What am I to do with these?" She held up a satchel and pulled out a prayer card, an assortment of ribbons, and a small rope doll. The doll had buttons for eyes—one black, one white—and a thin,

black line stitched straight across for a mouth. Its hands had been worn to a fray. He almost reached out to touch it, but caught himself in time and recoiled as if it were on fire.

“What do you usually do with them?” he asked without meeting Anika’s urgent stare.

“I send them along with the body for burial.” She put the things back into the satchel. “So they can be used in the next life.” And the silent tears came.

“Miss, please. Control yourself.” Carob looked around to see if anyone was watching. “It gets easier. I promise.”

“But she won’t have a next life, will she? Not after they get through with her.” She discreetly swiped at her cheeks. He was unable to acknowledge what they both knew was in store for this body. He grabbed the satchel from Anika’s hand and stuffed it under the burlap. She offered a smile of thanks and gently closed the door.

Carob pushed the body along the path in a southeasterly direction, cringing with each squeak of the wheel. Ahead the path appeared clear, lamps casting amber spots between the shadows. The village was quiet on this blustery night. He tightened the drawstring at the top of his thin shirt

and kept moving. He couldn't help thinking about her, the woman at the almshouse. The way she'd grabbed his arm. He sensed his skin was still warm under his sleeve. It had been a long while, maybe since his son's mother, that anyone had touched his arm so fervently, and meant it.

He heard them before he saw them, but there was nowhere to hide. Two men with muskets slung over their shoulders became visible in a patch of light. Carob was experienced at appearing unconcerned. If they stopped him, he'd say he was transporting bricks for the townhouses going up around the parade grounds. He was not too proud to abandon the body as a last resort. When the men got close enough, Carob could see the smooth skin around their beards and eyes, much smoother than his own skin. Full of whiskey, their laughter pealed across the empty square and reverberated inside him. He'd wanted to join the militia for the comradeship, if nothing else, but they wouldn't take him. As they passed, the men nodded without so much as a second glance.

Carob forgot to send word to his son that he'd collected, but he wouldn't be worried when he came to bring Carob's evening meal. Nearly ten years old, he was bright, that boy was. Witty and sharp, too. Made him think of the boy's mother more with each passing day. The boy used to come with

him on these jobs. Before he could walk, Carob would sit him in the wheelbarrow, making him the perfect foil. People pitied a man with a baby. Besides, he was good company and hadn't fussed much—as if he knew their livelihood was at stake. He didn't want to put his son at risk, so Carob made the trip alone.

Carob had been doing well for himself. His take was his own. Two bodies per week kept him in drink and shelter. That was before they closed the potter's field last year, sending him, and by extension the boy, into a precarious situation. It was the boy who'd said, "Why don't you get them before they go into the ground?" Carob gave him a hug for that one. The upshot was that he didn't have to shovel all the dirt, but he did have to give a cut to the almshouse women and the barkeep at the tavern, who acted as the middleman, forcing Carob to increase his collections and travel farther to get them.

It took thirty minutes along dirt roads and across the creek to get to the college. The wooden footbridge sagged under the weight of Carob and his wheelbarrow. He picked up his pace lest the boards dip into the water and soak his shoes.

The lanterns were ablaze at the mansion-turned-resort on the hill. Between the squeaks of the wheels, a tinny piano melody rolled on the wind. There were shows nearly every night these days. Carob recognized the tune to “Home, Sweet Home.” He knew it well from the merchant seamen at the tavern. That thought made him worried about the boy frequenting the tavern. He saw the way the boy got stars in his eyes from their fanciful tales. Truth be told, so did Carob. He decided to ask the barkeep if he could get the boy a job at the resort. Keep him out of the tavern. And, it was high time he contributed to the cost of their room at the boarding house.

Carob approached the college’s small rowhouse, third from the end, the one with the shutter slightly askew. He took a quick glance of his surroundings and approached the doorway tucked under the front stoop, pulling the lever for the bell as softly as possible. Once, twice, three times. The door opened, and Carob pushed the wheelbarrow down the stairs with a thunk on each step.

His eyes did not have to adjust to the light in the basement—the curtains were drawn tight, only one lamp flickering in the corner. The doctor closed

the door behind Carob and smoothed the black smock over his round stomach. Carob remembered a time when the doctor's waistline was as narrow as his own.

Carob nodded. "Doc."

"Let's see what we have." The doctor patted the wooden table.

Carob removed the burlap and was surprised by the hair sticking out from the bed sheets that served as wrappings. He'd have to tell Anika to be more careful. He gathered the body and lifted it onto the table. When the doctor unraveled the sheets, Carob's breath hitched in his throat. Not much surprised him in this work anymore. He'd been close to death for many years and seen it in its many forms: pox, lesions, missing parts, etc. But to see a girl so young, so small and fragile, so innocent lying there with her flawless but pasty skin. She was only a few years younger than his boy.

"A fine specimen." The doctor took a handful of coins from his pocket and they clinked together in Carob's palm. "Cause of death?" He held up a hand. "Don't tell me. Let's see if I can make the diagnosis. If I'm right, I'll give you ten more cents." He chuckled at the bet he'd just made with himself.

"I'm going to need two or three more this week," the doctor said without looking up. "Think you can manage?"

“That just for you, or the other docs too?”

“You know I can’t tell you. Too risky.”

Carob lingered, wanting to get a reassurance that the girl would be treated well, but the knives on the sideboard said differently.

“It won’t hurt her, will it? What you’re going to do?” Carob held his cap in his hand.

“She’s gone from this world, but she’s helping me help the living,” the doctor said.

“You could say that we’re bringing her back,” Carob said.

“You could say that.”

“What do you do with them when you’re done?”

“Why the sudden interest?” The doctor looked at Carob and adjusted his pince-nez. “She’s not one of yours, is she?”

Carob shook his head. “But would you mind if I came back for her?”

“Come tomorrow or Wednesday latest.”

The boy was snoring softly when Carob came in. He stepped over the mattress on the floor and perched on the edge of the cot to pull off his boots, careful not to let the springs groan. Inside the left boot, he placed the girl’s satchel for safekeeping. When he stood up to drop his pants, the change in

his pocket jingled. He froze. The boy snorted a bit, but went right back to sleep. Carob relaxed. Lately, waking him was like waking a hibernating bear.

It had been a long time since the sight of a dead body unsettled Carob. When he first started, he had nightmares. The boy's mother came to him. *How dare you*, she'd say. *Let those people rest in peace.* Then she'd disintegrate into ash before his eyes. He found a strange comfort in her ghostly presence. (He may have continued stealing bodies just to see her again, but that is not something he was willing to acknowledge to himself.)

He'd brought her to Manhattan City when she realized she was with child. Staying in Philadelphia was not possible. The minister refused to marry them upon seeing her rounded belly, but Carob promised they would be married afterward and no one would be the wiser. They would just have to pretend for a little while. One November morning she awoke in their bed, the one he lay in now, and told him she was the happiest she'd ever been. She'd smiled a dreamy smile and he took a heavy breath, aware that this was all fleeting.

He lay there, listening to the boy snore. He should have slept soundly knowing that they would have a roof over their heads for another week. Instead, every time he closed his eyes, he saw the brown tufts of hair. Carob

didn't believe that the dead needed anything from this earthly life. They certainly didn't need their broken, diseased bodies. The afterlife was only a story men told themselves to stave off mortality. In the event that he was wrong, though, he hoped the boy's mother was still whole in the ground and not chopped up by a curious doctor. He'd never had the courage to check. Ten years on, she'd be mostly bones by now. The doc had told him that. On nights like this, when he couldn't drift off, he thought about breaking into her coffin to see if she was there, and, if she was, telling her how sorry he was. About everything. In the light of day, apologizing felt ridiculous. He was the one who had put the cross with his last name at the head of her grave to pretend it had been official.

When Carob came upon Anika by accident, a week had passed. He planned to reward himself with cider for supplying the doctor's entire order. There she was at the bar, drink in hand. It was unseemly for an unescorted woman to be in the tavern, but he didn't think any less of her. Quite the opposite, it showed she had grit. He chose the stool next to her without asking, straddling the line between impropriety and courage as well.

"I buried her," he told her in a low voice. "Under a tree, near where the sheep graze."

She nodded and took a swallow without looking at him. She didn't recoil when the bite hit the back of her throat. Anika's face seemed to soften a bit, but she wasn't giving him what he wanted: an acknowledgment, gratitude for the extra effort of going all the way to the meadows, which cost him a nickel for the carriage, and a good hour of digging. Carob was unsure if she was aiming to be discreet or if she had anger in her. He tried again. "I buried the satchel too. So she will...have her things." He couldn't help the sarcasm that crept into his voice.

Her hands cradling the cup were raw with a rash from laundering bed sheets for the sick and dying. He couldn't offer her a life that would make them supple again, but something small stirred in him just the same. The boy needed a mother.

He assumed she had no family, like most of the almshouse washerwomen. The nuns plucked girls out of Old World orphanages and put them on ships across the Atlantic when they needed help during the last fever outbreak, trading one grim situation for another. Carob didn't pity the washerwomen, but he found it unfortunate that they had no recourse. Looking at Anika now, eyes glazed over and back hunched over the bar, Carob was glad he was his own man. Still, she would not be mistaken for a haggard

woman. Her unlined, unmarked face told a different story. Carob put her at twenty—halfway between the boy and himself. This was less than halfway to the end, if she was lucky. (He did not believe in luck, but lately he had been reconsidering his position.) No one in Carob's family had lived past forty; he was three-quarters done. The boy already had instructions to send him to a watery grave in the river. Better to be left to the fishes than the doctors.

The barkeep wiped a mug clean of its previous contents and poured Carob a cider. "Tell your boy to go up to the big house and ask for Pieter. He will put him to work clearing leaves."

Carob raised his mug in thanks. "Very kind of you to arrange it. I'll have him there tomorrow. He won't let you down." Carob felt a little sheepish being so obvious, but he wanted to show Anika the proper way to be appreciative. Maybe these things were done differently in her country.

The barkeep tilted his head, tossing the towel onto his shoulder. They went back since before the boy—he had helped Carob drown his sorrows when the boy's mother left this world, and he was the one who told Carob about the high demand for good cadavers. A good cadaver, he'd said, was one that was fresh, gone one or two days at most. Don't bother with the

cemetery at Trinity Church. The well-to-do have their graves guarded. Stalk the potter's field after dark. Sometimes they don't even have coffins. Carob never thought to ask if he could find work as a guard instead.

Pieces of wiry hair, in this light almost as brown as the girl's, had escaped Anika's bonnet and hung around her neck at odd intervals. The longer she sat there in silence, the more he was convinced that she was too frightened to continue their arrangement. Frightened by propriety, by ghosts, by God. Her breath became shallow; her eyes closed. She seemed to be fading away. In a moment he would wonder if he had imagined her.

"Miss?" He tapped his cup on the bar a few times. "Anika?"

Then she inhaled sharply, nearly shuddering, as if she'd willed herself to return from a netherworld. "I was released from my employment."

"Unfortunate."

"The nuns found out about the girl. They said horrible things about me. Maybe they're right. What kind of person does this sort of thing?" She turned to face him, answering her own question. "This is entirely your fault."

"My fault? I will take no such blame, Miss. You are of sound mind, are you not?"

“You flashed your shiny coins in my palm. Who was I to refuse?” Her voice was gaining traction and men were turning to look.

“I beg you to keep your voice down.” This was Carob’s regular tavern. He didn’t want a rumor to spread that he had paid a woman for her affections. He wasn’t one of the merchant seamen. He signaled to the barkeep to cut her off from more drink.

She rubbed her forehead. “I am cast out, and I have nowhere to go. Because of you.” She sank onto her stool.

“Go to another almshouse.”

“Go to another almshouse,” she mocked and shook her head. “As if it is that simple. The nuns talk. I am blacklisted.”

Carob felt himself digging in. Here was the main difference between men and women, he thought. At least he reconciled himself to the consequences of his actions. He would not accept responsibility for another wayward woman. This wasn’t the first time he was thankful that he had a son and not a daughter. No, he would not go down that road again.

The candle cast shadows along the stairwell. Each floorboard complained loudly. Carob was sure at any second someone would step into the hallway, and he would be caught red-handed.

“This is just for tonight, you understand,” he had told Anika before he opened the front door of the boarding house, a three-story building with six tenants—all men. “Tomorrow you have to find somewhere else to go.” Or someone else who will have pity on you, Carob thought. She’d nodded silently, her brazenness having worn off with the ale.

They crept into his room. He grabbed her shoulder quickly to keep her from stepping on the sleeping boy. She gasped, but didn’t cry out. Carob lowered the candle so she could see. He pointed to her, then his bed. He would take the sliver of space on the mattress next to the boy. They settled into their respective locations, the boy barely moving.

He would need to have her out by 5:30 a.m., when the landlady began preparing breakfast for the tenants, but sleep was elusive for him. He turned and got a whiff of the tavern, that unmistakable mix of stale tobacco and ale, which had embedded itself into their clothes.

“Are you awake?” she asked.

“Sakes alive,” he said before he realized it was out of his mouth. A woman never asked that question without wanting to talk about something she couldn’t say face to face.

“Every time I close my eyes,” she whispered. “I see body parts, floating around, knocking into me.”

He wanted to tell her that these visions would go away before long, but he didn’t want to encourage this conversation.

“Why do you do this?” The springs creaked and her voice became a bit clearer as if she’d turned toward him.

“The doctors need me.”

“I am sure you can do something else.” He knew she meant something more respectable.

“I think we should get some sleep,” he said.

He didn’t want to do anything else. Gave him a thrill: unearthing bodies from their graves, moving the dirt and splintering the wood. He’d learned how to expose only the feet. He would tie a rope around the ankles, sling it over his shoulder, and pull hand over hand until the dead were back among the living. It was admittedly less exciting now that he got bodies before they

were buried, but the part he loved most was making deliveries to the doctors. Sometimes they would be in the midst of a discovery and show him things: the perfect mechanics of a knee joint, how the diaphragm pushes the lungs. “You have to want to find out what makes people tick,” a doctor once told him while tapping the side of his head with a knife. These men in black were either diabolical or heroes, depending on who was asked. It didn’t matter to Carob; he felt smarter by association.

“You seem very capable. Can you not find honest work? Not living on the sly?”

Is that what he was doing? Carob found himself clenching his jaw.

“You have a nice look to you. You could be a bona fide gentleman. I think you should—”

“It is no business of yours what I do.”

Her voice brightened. “We could work together. Start our very own boarding house. Or a tavern.”

“Stop talking before we all get tossed out.” Carob felt a twinge of regret at being so blunt, but he knew her type. Subtlety was not her strong suit. It was times like this that he missed the boy’s mother so. He had loved her, even if he’d never told her in those words, but his heart had been filled. His

grief was still deep, so much so he felt he was participating in a protracted endurance test. It seemed a fitting penance that he had to go further afield to get bodies and the trip to the college had become more arduous.

The next morning, after he'd successfully gotten Anika out of his room undetected and sent the boy to the mansion to inquire about work, he made his way to the college. He stood across the street, on the edge of the parade grounds, pretending to be otherwise occupied while people crisscrossed the square around him. Below their feet, thousands of bodies were interred, the old potter's field covered over by a fresh layer of cobblestones. Gone and forgotten. Upstairs, the windows were open to one of the last warm days of fall. A young man sat on the table, his knees at the doctor's waist, and even from this distance he looked sickly, his hairless, concave chest heaving. The doctor placed a funnel over the man's heart and listened. He stepped around to the man's back and listened again.

What Anika called sneaking around, Carob thought of as discretion. He was proud of this—proud that his reputation gave him steady work. He saw his purpose clearly, and he wished he'd thought to tell her this last night, but he would tell her at the very next opportunity. He stayed there all afternoon, watching several patients enter and leave the doctor's office. They

each left a little happier than when they arrived. A few days before the fever took his parents, he had seen an improvement in their demeanor after the doctor's house call. They'd both sat up in bed, lucid and smiling, talking about the seeds they would plant come spring. Then, almost as remarkably to Carob, came the plunge from which there was no recovery. This led him to believe the only thing in the doctor's bag was false hope. But now, watching this doctor through the window, he understood. There was only hope. Maybe it was unrealistic, but it wasn't false.

By the end of another week, the change in his pocket had dwindled to one coin. He found that the nervous washerwomen, who didn't want the same fate as Anika, had shut him out of the almshouses. He had followed a funeral wagon beyond the city limits to the new potter's field, but it proved too difficult to haul a body back to the college without a horse. He thought about getting himself a horse, but he couldn't afford to offer a larger cut of his pay to the stable boy, and he would never go so far as to steal someone's livelihood.

He had stared at it a while before walking away. The man looked content, almost as if there were a slight smile on his lips. Here was the first body Carob had come across in a long time that he couldn't determine the cause

of death, though sometimes it was hard to tell with skin that dark. No sign of pox or diphtheria. No bile backing up into the whites of the eyes. He wished he could place his ear to the man's chest, like the doctor had done, and hear what had gone wrong inside to bring him to such a peaceful death. Such a waste, leaving that body in the brush as he did.

He walked across the island by the light of the moon through thicket and around swamp to the boarding house. Anika's voice permeated his thoughts. It had become difficult to rid himself of her; she kept appearing when he least expected it—at the tavern, outside the barber, in front of the boarding house. She turned up at the tavern so often, the salty dogs joked with the boy that he would have a new mother by the time the year was out. Thankfully, she'd found a room with a friend, though he knew that part of the old city and had some concerns for her safety. But right now he needed to concentrate on his take, otherwise he and the boy would be on the street.

It was one a.m. when he shook the boy awake. After much grumbling, the boy got dressed, and together they set out for the church cemetery. They walked past the mansion where the lamps were still lit. A few patrons sat on the porch. Darkness hid the broken steps and crevassed wood and

warped window sashes. The earthy smell of pipe tobacco reached Carob, which always reminded him of his old man. He wondered what smell would remind the boy of him when he was no longer here.

Once, when he was still small—how fast he could run!—the boy had gotten away from him and climbed into the marble fountain in front of the mansion, boots and all. Carob had to pull him out by his britches, the boy splashing and giggling as Carob drew his hat low on his brow hoping no one inside the big house was watching through the windows. Carob spent years afraid that someone would take the boy away from him. Yet part of him had wished for that very thing. What did a man know about caring for a child? He worried himself into many late nights and, though he'd packed the boy in the basket several times, he could never bring himself to go to the church and leave him there. The simple solution—to marry a young lady who could serve as both wife and mother—was not simple. Even women on the fringes of respectability did not want to live with a man in Carob's line of work, at least that's how he'd convinced himself to continue the status quo. He looked at the boy and thanked the heavens once again that he was not a girl, for what would he have done then?

“When this place belonged to Mr. Burr, it was second to none. Now look at it.” He didn’t usually fall into wistful remembrance with the boy. The only story Carob had told him about his mother was that they’d met at a church revival meeting. He had omitted the part about them getting caught playing dice. He’d loved that she was a rule breaker. The boy, on the other hand, had turned into a rule follower. Carob didn’t know how to feel about this. “Did you go inside?”

The boy shook his head. He had spent the past few afternoons clearing leaves from the mansion grounds. Just as asked. “You don’t bring me on your takes,” he said. “Is something wrong?”

“I need a lookout. High time you had more responsibility anyway.”

They walked the rest of the way in silence. Carob led the boy to the far end of the churchyard, straight to a mound of fresh dirt. He breathed a sigh of relief that the bodyguard had taken a break or fallen asleep. Still, they’d have to be careful. He unsheathed from the satchel the ceramic spade: the tool of the trade, it was lighter and quieter than metal. He scooped the first shovelful of dirt and felt the familiar flutter down his spine. Like a home-coming of sorts. How he had missed this. He worked quickly while the

boy stood watch. Carob had told him, if anyone came along, to run as fast as he could to the river and hide beneath the pilings until daybreak.

When enough earth had been moved, he used a hoe and the handle of the spade to crack the coffin. This was the point where many of the less experienced were arrested. Repeated whacks on the hoe resulted in parted curtains and shouts for help along the lane. Carob could afford just one sharp snap; he had a knack for it. The hoe made a seam in the wood and he smiled smugly in the darkness. He wiggled it back and forth a few times, feeling it give way. In a clump of bushes, beneath the stained glass window of winged Saint Michael, he found the cart that he'd hidden and wheeled it to the foot of the grave, careful to stay on the grassy areas in case the bodyguard was nearby. He was checking that the rope tied around the body's ankles was good and tight when he heard a crunch of leaves.

Carob froze. He hoped it was just an opossum. He crouched for his spade and gripped the handle tight.

"It's only me."

The tension drained from his body. He stood and faced her. "What in God's name are you doing here?"

“I wanted to make sure no one was following you.” Anika put her hands on her hips.

“You could have ruined everything.”

“No, I saved everything. I gave the bodyguard a few coins to go to Miss Ming’s on the Bowery.” Carob would need to have a word with the barkeep.

“You owe the barkeep a half dollar,” Anika said as if reading his mind. He was angry but impressed by her daring. “You should not have come.”

“I saw that guard. I would have had to nurse you back to health.”

“Very well. Thank you,” he said, not wanting to be indebted to her.

“It was my understanding you were done digging up the dead.”

You left me no choice, he wanted to say. He refused to fish for an apology again like he had in the tavern. “Did you not find this immoral two weeks ago?”

“Curiosity got the better of me.”

Mercurial woman! “Please take your leave. I have work to do.”

She didn’t move. Carob hesitated for a moment, then turned his back to her. He picked up the rope, giving it a gentle tug. Slowly the feet eased out. Once the hips appeared, he’d be home free. The body’s unnatural stiffness provided the right amount of leverage. He hooked his arms around the

knees. The combination of this stately churchyard and the smoothness of the trousers left no doubt this was a society man. With effort, Carob hoisted him into the cart, but not before he palmed the man's gold pocket watch. High risk deserves high reward. He'd remember to tell the boy that. He had been thinking he should impart his wisdom so the boy could tell his own boy one day. Leave a legacy.

The boy appeared from nowhere to help Carob push the cart. There was a mixture of pride that for once the boy did not do what was expected of him and annoyance for the same reason. "I believe the first thing I need to teach you is how to be a good lookout." He nodded in Anika's direction, now walking next to them with her hand clasped over her mouth.

"Horrible...to see him ripped from the ground like that," she said. But she had stayed.

Carob was glad there weren't any lamps in this part of the churchyard. Otherwise he might have felt compelled to comfort her in some way. Together they pushed the cart past the cemetery gates. It was an old flatbed cart, the kind used for selling flowers or fruit, perfect for transporting bodies too big for the wheelbarrow.

Her voice quivered. "He's all alone."

“Of course he is. That’s what death means.”

“He is not completely alone,” the boy said.

It had been some time since Carob had used this cart, and it was lighter than he remembered, even with the body inside. The wheels took the cobblestones with ease. They kept to the narrow side streets lined with connected stoops and shuttered windows. Anika stifled a snuffle, but remained in lockstep with Carob and the boy. Apart from that, the only sound was the rhythmic thump of their boots and the click of the wheels, which became its own music that each was responsible for keeping in tempo. Carob felt a surge of fraternity in this, and for the first time in a long time, death felt far away. The three walked on toward the college, each with a hand on the cart.

Jacquelin Cangro is the editor of *The Subway Chronicles: Scenes from Life in New York* (Plume), an anthology of 27 essays. Her story, "Secrets of a Seamstress," was selected as a finalist in the *Saturday Evening Post's* Great American Fiction of 2014. Her fiction and essays have appeared in *The Macguffin*, *Pangolin Papers*, *Narrative.ly*, and *HerStories*, among others. She is an editor and creative writing instructor living in Brooklyn, New York. She can be found at www.jacquelincangro.com.