

MCMURDO

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# HOME & GARDENS



## Fresh Ideas

For Your Garden, Home, & Table

Wise Buys for Your Living Space

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Friends & neighbors, hello & welcome,

Here at McMurdo Home and Gardens, we celebrate not only one's interior design prowess, but one's objets d'art and fine curios they have assembled over the years and generations as part of the home they create. Though simple to some, the start of a collection may seem daunting to others. How does one decide which items are of personal significance enough to acquire more?

And what makes a collection not only personally significant, but of cultural value as well? We believe the curation of a fine set of items must involve passion, creativity, and the willingness to go above and beyond in your Skua runs. Networking is a must, as trusted Janos and Wasties may be the source of your greatest finds. Sharp eyes and good pair of gloves are the only physical attributes needed to net you the best pieces, but continuity, the willingness to look in the same areas day after day, though it may be tedious, will be your greatest strength in acquiring,

maintaining, and growing your own amalgamation of items. In this issue of MH&G, we highlight the curated collections of Ian Stuertz and Auden Mucher in their shared bay side condo in the 208 Building. From puzzle pieces, to plastic lighters, to the ubiquitous bowl of saved freshies, their homes invite the curious to step inside a world of playfulness and imagination. And we hope, dear reader, they will inspire you to begin your own collection of artifacts. Gather.

xoxo,  
*Kelsy*

“Here,” He said. “Have some.” I drank the viscous, putrid green substance he had concocted.

Though my memory of the evening from there becomes frantic, I shall never forget the grin he bore. As the Cheshire Cat taunted dear Alice, so, too, did his grin oppress me.

I glanced at my notes, recalling that I was meant to meet with the other denizen of this cozy duplex. This thought, within which I became lost, was broken by the clattering of five or six disposable lighters.

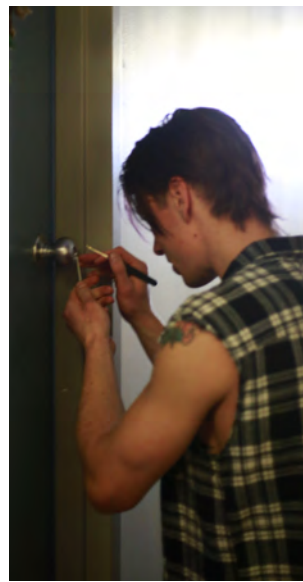
“I don’t smoke,” Ian said, his mouth a piano board of teeth. “But I hope to one day!”

The room swayed, my mind began to falter. The super greens sat heavy in my stomach. I needed the bathroom, the door to which I was already opening. My head spun.

The toilet bowl was filled with a yellow liquid. Two squares of toilet paper, folded together, floated in its auburn glow. I heard the voice of a woman calling to me. It was Auden Mucher.

“We’re conserving water,” she said, waving a jaunty hand toward the soiled toilet bowl. My mind raced. She beckoned me toward her own side of the duplex.

Entering the abode I was set upon, immediately, by an overwhelming sense of tranquility. The space was comfortably lit,



## Inside the World Of Ian Stuertz & Auden Mucher

As I approached my lunchtime appointment for this very magazine, I saw the shape of a hunched, gnarled man working his hands against the knob of a door I had every intention of breaching. His name - a matter that would enrapture my curiosity far later in the evening - was Ian Stuertz. He held in his hands the tools of a roguish type; lockpicking implements.

“It’s for the people,” he said, laughing. His smile was radiant, beautiful, cunning. I shuddered.

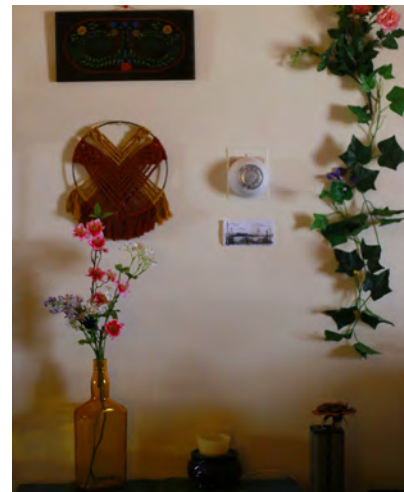
He fumbled a while, failing to open the portal that caught his eye; no bother, he

seemed to say as he shrugged it off, we’ll just go in through his room instead.

Upon entering Ian’s apartment, I was transported to a hollow and forsaken place. Here it was hot, dry, spartan. My steward, the man who makes our drinking water, began to speak of rocks.

“I don’t want to name them until I know them,” I recall him saying. I ruminated on this sentence, chewing its gristle. The meat of it broke me. How do you know a rock?

He then prepared me a cup of Super Greens.







tastefully decorated. Most of a puzzle was assembled on the floor and I gingerly stepped around it. We stood for a moment and watched her fireplace - any port in a storm. The cataclysmic impact of my encounter with Ian and his Super Greens began to subside, if only for a moment. I glanced over my shoulder to see if he were around but I saw no indication of his presence.

As is so common in the MH&G visits, Auden cracked open a book and began to read as she lounged on her sofa, basking in the warmth of the hearth.

I, too, settled into a storm's-eye of comfort. We spoke of her critters around the room, some small dinosaurs here and there. The room was warm and cozy, a

kind of urban treehouse with verdant vines and fun string lights.

The respite was brief, however, and the bathroom once again occupied my singular focus. My stomach began to quake, my forehead perspired. I bid Auden a farewell and, retiring through her bathroom (I conduct all my affairs in the privacy of my own powder room) my weakened mind was completely broken.

Ian's room was completely empty. No rocks, no lighters, no powdered veg and, crucially, no resident.

"It's been empty the whole season," Auden tells me. She has no idea who Ian is.

*Experienced and Written by Ryan Emma*

