

HOMIE & GARDENS

*Find your
Look*

- RUSTIC
- COASTAL
- ROMANTIC

MAKE A
SMALL
SPACE
SHINE

Decorate with Color & Texture



MISSING

Community members and readers of McMurdo Home & Gardens,

It is with my deepest regret to inform you that our beloved Editor in Chief, Kelsy Haggblom, is missing. She was last seen by most at B-140 during “hug line” on March 22nd though it has been reported that she was getting on a 757 shortly after

this. If anyone has any information on her whereabouts, please email our hotline.

The staff of McMurdo Home & Gardens anxiously await her return, but until then, we have decided to push forward with this issue, in light of her disappearance.

xoxo,
*the McMurdo
Home & Gardens
Staff*



“It’s pumpkin flavored.” Your smirk left me quivering, waiting with bated breath for an invitation that would never come. What message do you think this sends! All I can do is write...and dream...of being with you.

There is no blueprint to the way you live your life...wild, free, untamed. Pangs of regret run through me as I think back to my moment of weakness, asking if I could be half of the diva that you are. “You won’t know until you know.” And you, my darling Michael, know.

Oh sweet love, how I dream of you. From the moment our eyes met, you spoke to my soul with naught but a look, a quadruple entendre hidden in the blink of an eye.

The sorrow that winds around me as I carve these words out of my frozen heart is jealous, full of teeth...our few moments of sweet refuge together were not enough, intertwined flashes of connection, minds floating to the ether, the safety of your warm home, two souls transcending the physical limitations of wall and floor and space....to be together. I will always wonder what could have been.

Faithfully yours.*



I found it in Skua!

Join Eleni for the thrill of the hunt for something special, unique, needed...or just another piece of trash!

This week we feature Karen P. who states that “my best skua finds are when I find just the thing that I know someone is looking for, it’s fun to skua for yourself but even better to skua for others.” With that in mind, so far she has found two athleisure wear dresses, for herself, this season. She claims that even though they are not the most flattering dresses she has ever owned they are “ridiculously comfortable, warm, and they have pockets.” And we all know everything is better with pockets!

Email Eleni Ziogas with your best skua finds and you may be featured in next week’s issue!

*The author has requested to not be named to maintain anonymity.



Open Letter to Michael Reinhardt

My dearest Michael,

My love for you is eternal. I am beyond grateful for the reveries you shared with me...but my heart longs for so much more.

As you invited me into your sanctuary, I couldn’t help but let my mind wander as I lost myself, daydreaming of sharing your most intimate moments with you. If only freshies could speak! What I would give, to spend a night laughing and dancing in your kitchenette, overflowing with apples, with oranges...with possibilities. As you showed me your twisted, shrunk-en-head of a bell pepper, my heart wandered to a future that could never be, dreaming of holding each other through a

tangerine sunset. Would the infinite shades of love permeate our very souls! Heather Rae Young, February 2010’s Playmate of the Month, shot me a knowing glance from her shrine by your bed as you gestured broadly around your palatial apartment. How many men have stood in my shoes, hearts racing, feeling as small as if they’d drunk Alice’s potion? The contents of your walls overwhelmed me, every square inch exuding sex, sophistication, political activism. As you whispered in my ear, “I am a more-is-more person,” I knew that you wanted me to feel overwhelmed...I could never be enough. Perusing your bedside tchotchkes, fingertips tracing where yours were moments before, I couldn’t help but ask, “What’s the lotion for?”

The Real B-209 HOA President

Written by Vicky Wang

When I arrive at Mr. Justin Chase Chamber's home he is surprised to see me, in the way an old hound is surprised to see a squirrel run across its path. That is to say, only mildly concerned. "Oh," he says, lounging on his bed without getting up, "I thought it was tomorrow." His complete lack of embarrassment inspires doubt in myself. I double check my calendar. It is not tomorrow. His gaze is steady, eyes glinting with challenge like the rumble across grassy plains before lightning strikes. My spine straightens. I'm unprepared for a battle but always ready to go to war.*



"I go by Chase," he says, "Mr. Chambers is my father." His lips tilt up as if he's sharing something funny, but I don't know what to laugh at. A single ChapStick sits atop a glass Nutino jar. "It's the Italian version of Nutella," he says while I stare in disbelief. But Nutella IS Italian?*** When asked to spell his home state of Mississippi, Mr. Chase calls the letter S the "crooked letter" and then doubles over in laughter. I panic. Does he know the American alphabet? Can he spell? I'm too afraid to ask. I ask instead about the Costco sized bag of whey protein tossed on his floor. "I snort it every morning to get me going," he fires back with the confidence of a seasoned press secretary. I'm being stonewalled. On the chess board, his knight advances.***



I'm now desperate to get a single usable, honest quote, any hint at the man behind the impenetrable mask. In a frantic Hail Mary I ask how his mother might describe him. Surely the woman who birthed him can offer some insight. He heaves a breath and appears to think. "Gentle," he starts, "idiotic, caring, idiotic... forgetful...idiotic..." As the list goes on, I begin to have a revelation. I blink. The twinkle in his eye is still there, but it's less cutting, more joyful. Perhaps Mr. Chase is not the PR spin tactician I have imagined. Perhaps the simplest, most obvious answer lies right in front of me. Justin Chase Chambers is a himbo.

I've been the only one on the chess board this whole time. I still feel like I've lost. Truly, I should've known. The sign on his door reads **'NO WEENIES ALLOWED.'**

*A war of the mind. **Yes it is. Introduced 1964 by Pietro Ferrero. ***I have no idea how to play chess.