



When she invited me (generously but platonically) to spend the summer with her in Springfield MO it sounded like a Vanderbilt body lotion crush. I thought I just liked the smell of her Gloria that the feeling I had for the team's captain was a I was so clueless and repressed that I wasn't aware

I tried. I joined the volleyball team College in Oklahoma City, OK

find my people at Mid America Bible I should have figured out that I wouldn't

WHEN I WAS 17: DIDN'T UNDERSTAND I WAS QUEER, BUT I KNEW I WAS...SOMETHING.



this seemed to be "not brain surgery" and "not rocket science" but mushed together. I knew what she meant. But I didn't feel all that reassured

ME YOU DON'T NEED ANY SPECIAL SKILLS?
HER IT'S NOT BRAIN SCIENCE

THE VERY BORED LOOKING PERSON WHO CONDUCTED MY "INTERVIEW" CHECKED THAT I WAS OF LEGAL AGE AND HIRED ME

IT WAS 1987. PEOPLE STILL ORDERED FROM CATALOGS

MAIL ORDER CATALOG FULFILLMENT CENTER



THE ONLY PLACE HIRING IN SPRINGFIELD MISSOURI WAS THE

BAD IDEAS GOOD STORIES PRESS

WORMS, BIBLE COLLEGE & TRUE LOVE



BY KELLI DUNHAM

WE VISITED AND MADE OUT PASSIONATELY UNDER THE SHADOW OF TAXIDERMED BLACK BEAR

AND THAT MIGHT NOT READ LIKE A TYPICAL **FAIRY TALE** BUT I AM SOOOOOO **GRATEFUL!** FOR MY HAPPY ENDING!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: KELLI DUNHAM IS a hilarious ex-nun comedian/storyteller/author living in Brooklyn, who you might have seen on Showtime or the Moth Mainstage. Kelli is a kind soul who probably wants to talk with you about whatever is on your mind. kellidunham.com



ME How do you find the item though?
HER YOU...UM. LOOK

THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF BINS, all filled with tiny pieces of fishing related paraphernalia.

Pick up the catalog form from the box as it goes down the conveyor belt. Look at what it says. Go get the item from the bins.

I ARRIVED AT 11 PM FOR MY OVERNIGHT SHIFT AND WAS GIVEN A THREE MINUTE ORIENTATION

YOU'D THINK THAT SUMMER WAS MISERABLE BECAUSE OF THE WORMS, RIGHT? **NOPE**

WELL. NOT JUST THE WORMS ANYWAY. HAVING AN UNREQUITED CRUSH ON MY HETEROSEXUAL VOLLEYBALL TEAM CAPTAIN THAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS A CRUSH MADE NIGHTS SPENT WITH THE WORMS SEEM COMFORTABLE BY COMPARISON.

IT TOOK MORE THAN A DECADE FOR ME TO FIGURE OUT I WAS A BIG HUGE QUEER.

RECENTLY I FELL IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE WHO LIVES IN MEMPHIS

HOME OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST **Bass Pro Shops**



I HAD CREATED THE BASS PRO FACTORY CATALOG FULFILLMENT CENTER EQUIVALENT OF LUCY AND ETHEL IN THE CHOCOLATE FACTORY



I DID LOOK. BUT BECAUSE I WASN'T FAMILIAR WITH THE MANY FISHING RELATED ITEMS, I LOOKED MUCH SLOWER THAN THE OTHER FOLKS FILLING BOXES LINED UP AND THEN BEGAN FALLING OFF THE CONVEYOR BELT.

I WAS DEMOTED TO **WORM COUNTER***

IF I STOPPED FOR A SODA ON THE WAY HOME FROM WORK, SOMEONE WOULD INVARIABLY SNIFF & SAY

WHAT SMELLS LIKE WORMS?

NOT WHAT. WHO. ME. I SMELLED LIKE WORMS.



*THE JOB DESCRIPTION IS WHOLLY ENCOMPASSED IN THE NAME. I COUNTED OUT WORMS. ALL NIGHT. IN A ROOM KEPT VERY CHILLY, FOR THE SAKE OF THE WORMS.