Ky Seltzer

“The Most Permanent of Inks”
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Introduction:
This year, Creative Writing was offered to take as an English elective. This class is only offered every other year, and I thought I would be a great opportunity to use my outside writing skills in school. I also wanted to take this class in order to improve my knowledge on structuring of different types of writing styles such as narrative writing and poetry. The class was extremely enjoyable and I found I was able to express myself more so than I had been able to in any other class. My personal writing goal for this class was to finish a narrative, and to write some decent poetry. I feel as if whether or not I had met the goals for poetry is subjective to personal taste, but I feel pride in the work that I had presented. As for the narrative, I did complete a short story, though I did not complete anything larger than that, which I was disappointed about.

My favorite class assignment was the Shakespearean Sonnet because it opened my eyes to different types of poetry, and the structure was something that I enjoyed using. I wrote many of these poems, causing a plethora of different material, most of which based off of love. These poems came easily, and I enjoyed the writing process and the challenges of finding words that rhymed with those in the last correlating lines. I would have to say my least favorite assignment was the elegy because it was difficult for me to not have the structure of a poem, but needed to write one in the form. I believe that the common theme developed throughout my poems was love, which is the strongest emotion, I personally believe, to use in something of a sonnet. As for other writings, I found real world connections to influence some of my writing. For instance, a natural disaster was a part of my narrative, and the Holocaust was a part of my one act play.

The class changed my perception of professional writing because though I could mass produce different styles of writing, not all could be considered great. This would cause issues on how to print and create a full length book of poems. Also, I found that though in that aspect it would be hard, it would also be somewhat easy if it’s something that you’re passionate about. For instance, writing in a journal all the time could lead to something found throughout those pages. I feel as if I have definitely improved as a writer by now knowing the structure to be used throughout different mediums of writing. I plan on continuing to write sonnets and narratives throughout the future, and hopefully one day, write a script using my knowledge of the one act play. I wish that there could have been a longer narrative segment of the course, but all in all, I enjoyed the class and have generally no complaints.
21 Line Narrative:

**A Little Too Late**

Isaac’s fingers brushed against the lavender colored bedroom wall. The thunder burst outside, an open window making the sound reverberate off the walls, and a collection of raindrops were starting to build on the window sill. The wind caused the branches outside to create, their thick arms groaning in the movements. In an attempt to side step the pale throw rug, in order to avoid any trekking of dirt, Isaac stumbled over a stray show, his feet stomping along the ground. “For the love of,” he mumbled, still trying to stay as quiet as possible. From his crouched position, Isaac watched as the hallway light flicked on, streaming under the crack below the door. With a creek on the other side of the hallway, he heard a fast scuttle and a tired groan, “Stupid dog always decides to go out after I’m in bed.” Slowly lifting a foot off the floor, Isaac straightened his body and moved towards the jewelry box on top of the dresser. Opening the smooth wooden box, his eyes landed upon a multitude of silver and gold adornments. Lifting the first ring in his sights, he inspected the small band covered in large jewels. Dropping the first treasure in his pocket, he smirked, thinking that if the ring had been a painting, it might have been the Mona Lisa. Perfect. Before returning to the mahogany box, Isaac scanned the top of the dresser for any loose valuables. Focusing his attention back on the box, Isaac fingered through the chains and jewels, mumbling quietly to himself phrases in the nature of, “could this have gotten any better?” Dropping the treasures into his palms, he transported them to his pockets. As he emptied out the jewelry box he added up his profits in his head—hundreds, if not thousands. It was like receiving his first paycheck, just without as much work. By the time only an empty box had stood on the table, it felt as if he had more gold in his pocket than every Olympian at Sochi combined. Isaac left through the window shortly after, a ghost in the night. “You forgot something,” he heard whispered as he looked above him to see a middle-aged man dangling Isaac’s wallet fell from his fingers, illuminated by red and blue lights.
Narrative:
This is About a Dog but It’s Supposed to Symbolize Inequality and the Human Struggle

The rain poured down on the tin roof, the sound reverberating throughout the hollow walls. The decrepit furniture was held together with tearing duct tape, the paint on the walls scratched and chipping. Levi’s soft fur was shaking in the cold, his paws dry and bleeding from the futile attempts to claw his way out of the house. Feeling tired and cold, the dog curled its tail around its legs, attempting to find solace in the worn out couch. Finally giving up, Levi reflected on the past week or so of his life. Since Alice and Jeremy left, it had been a waiting game. At first, Levi thought that maybe they had gone to the grocery store to pick up more Purina. When they didn’t come home for a few hours, he thought maybe they had just gone out of town for the night. It wasn’t until the third day when there was a hurricane in his stomach and the burning desert in his mouth that he realized they weren’t coming back. Survival instincts kicked in, and Levi began to attempt to locate sources of possible protein that could help him feed the hunger until he found a way out. Unfortunately, the stuffing in the couch didn’t suffice, and the amount of food he could find in the cabinets that lined the floor was dwindling. There seemed to be only a few boxes of Rice Krispies left, and the water in the toilet was falling lower and lower every day.

From the curled position on the couch, Levi rethought the mistakes he had made that could have led him to be abandoned in this low budget house. There was that one time he ate the steak off of the table, and Alice had gotten so angry that she chained him outside in the rain for two hours. Then again, afterwards, she had let him in and cooed her apologies while giving him a bath. Maybe it was when he peed on the welcome mat near the door while they weren’t home. Jeremy didn’t seem too happy about that, but again, he apologized for leaving Levi home alone for so long. The wind started to howl loudly outside, shaking the fragile walls that lined Levi’s prison cell.

His weak movements lead him off the couch and into the bedroom, where he pushed his way underneath the thin bed sheets. At least the warmth under the bedding could be some type of resistance against the cold winds that were blowing through the cracks between the ceiling and the walls. Levi began to think again, and think some more; thoughts of his family coming back, thoughts of the food that they’d bring, thoughts of freshwater that they’d provide. Then again, he knew that none of this would be any good for his fragile and cracking psyche. He thought it was revolting, the way humans didn’t realize that dogs could think intelligently. Just because something didn’t have opposable thumbs they were just automatically inferior to the massive intelligence that the human species contains. The inequality between humans and dogs wasn’t fair in Levi’s eyes. They were both mammals, they both breathed oxygen, and they both communicated with other of their own species. He had heard of these types of situations, whether it be from the television shows that Jeremy would watch as
Alice slept, or from other neighborhood dogs. It was just not something he thought could happen to him; he thought for sure that Alice and Jeremy had an unconditional love, one that no one could every break. The wind blew harder, and Levi could almost feel the freezing air sting his back.

There was a loud slam that came from the living room, though Levi refused to move from his somewhat comfortable position. There was no way that they had come back, especially after all this time. It was probably just a branch from a nearby tree that had become dislocated and hit the wall. He sat, still thinking about everything that he had done wrong when the cold hit him like an ocean wave. Shivering, Levi popped his head out of blankets and looked around. Everything in the bedroom was still intact; the curtains remained frayed and too short to reach the ground, the windows slightly dirty and not entirely translucent. From the looks of the room, nothing was different, but there was no mistaking the fresh, cool breeze that came to his nose. Humans don’t have a heightened sense of smell, now do they?

Levi leaped off the bed and stumbled towards the living room, the lack of actual proteins affecting the strength in his muscles. Once entering the small, once cozy room, Levi looked upon what as one might call a gift from the heavens. The branch that he had assumed hit the wall was actually the entire tree, and it had broken straight through, leaving a hole large enough for a family of five to exit the home at once. With excitement pulsating through his small legs, Levi ran for the hole, jumping through and landing hard on the dirt below.

When he lifted his head, he saw that many of the homes where he was located had been abandoned. There were no cars, no people, and not even a light on. Levi ran down the street, barking, hoping that maybe someone would find him, and give him even a little piece of food. He realized that he no longer had a collar on, and that no one would be able to contact Jeremy or Alice in case someone really did find him. Then again, would he really want to see them after they had left him there for so long? He trotted along as he could, the lack of energy starting to become apparent in his slowing pace.

He saw the headlights on an oncoming car, and his heart started to beat in frantic, rapid patterns. This was the only chance he had for a saviour, and there was nothing he wouldn’t do to achieve that opportunity. He went straight in the middle of the street, somewhere he knew the car would see him. Levi saw how rapid the car was approaching and at that point, it was unnerving to think that it might not be able to stop in time. He heard the brakes squeal, and suddenly the passenger door flew open, revealing a small girl with long brown hair.

“Daddy! There’s a puppy!” The daughter’s shrill voice called over the wind. She ran over to Levi, lifting him in her arms and running him back to her father’s car.

“We can’t keep him, Lucy, he probably has a family.” Her father’s disgruntled attempt at a plea was futile, and he knew she wouldn’t take no for an answer.

Levi kept an inward smile as the father and daughter argued about keeping him, though he knew that the girl called Lucy would end up
winning in the long run. See, sometimes you’ve got to take a chance, and usually it’ll end up alright. If not, there’s always the lottery.

What/Who Am I?:

What am I?
I have no home, a gypsy per say.
I travel the world and through your hair.
I am a nuisance for fisherman, and a tool for sailors.
A whistle is my music, and the clouds are my paint.

Imagist:
Untitled 1
steam rising
amongst hot dark streets
shadows dancing
among city buildings
wails slice through
the silence of the night
red blurs by
carrying a gold 5

So Much Depends Upon:
Untitled 2
so much depends upon
the raggedy laces
sprawled along the asphalt
the worn red fabric
a way of identification
for those who are lost

Over the Mountain
The sun sinks
over mountain tops
purple splashes
and pink drips
over fir trees
reminding me
it’s time
to go
inside
**Tanka:**

**Uncertainty**
I’m not really sure
how I’m supposed to write this
I guess I could try
but I don’t feel very well
I guess this will do for now

**Like The Ocean**
Remind me who I
am important to because
sometimes I forget
and feel an immense lonely wave
like the strongest rip currents

**Overshadowed**
So if the sun sets
but we still know that it’s there,
does that mean that when
our love gets overtaken
by rage we still know it’s there?

**Cinquain:**

**After Dark**
my veins
run dry with doubt
and sorrow alongside
thoughts of what happens when ridden
of pain.

**Confession**
Let me
explain myself.
I love your defiance
and sarcasm. I love all of
your flaws.

**Untitled 3**
You can’t
put a time stamp
on an emotion or
even just an inkling of love
can you?
The Woods
Have you ever wanted to walk so deep into the woods that you just disappear? Same here

Untitled 4
Tell me why I hate what I thought of myself just a minute ago when the sky had cried

Haiku:

**Lightning on the City**
Lightning striking down cordially intertwining with hot city streets

**Golden**
Golden leaves bludgeon the horizon matted white mountains stretching tall

**Blue**
Hues of blue reaching across the vast island sky - palms rise toward the sun

**Droplets**
Sheets of morning dew envelop the vivid leaves - water lying still

**Brown**
Aggressive winds blow leaves brown and green alike - help you find solace
**Pindaric Ode:**

**Untitled 11**

Stubborn although delicate hearts  
Blaze through the night set on fire  
Burning and writhing from the start  
Lust visible like a church spire  
Calls to be heard through the wind and rain  
Unexempt from impending pain  
Enjoyable for the first phase  
Falling in love, losing all fear  
Though tormented through the second  
Shattered and seared through turmoil and tears  
No one in love comes out unscathed

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**Horatian Ode:**

**Untitled 12**

The eloquent hues of the sinking sun  
cause sparkles to dance along the water  
though the summer has only just begun  
I’m beginning to fall in love with her  
The cold and the snow I profusely shun  
And for the heat I become its martyr  
The smell of the forest irradiates  
my senses. The view of the lake marvels  
my eyes as the moon’s rays illuminate  
the unmoving surface causing angels  
to fall upon their knees and weep. Traits  
so beautiful it has gods approval.  
Reaching the purest form of some solace  
the want of leaving is nonexistent  
the only place even close to flawlessness.  
Anywhere else there almost no pigments  
Causing one to become truly breathless
Petrarchan Sonnet:

These Are All For You

i could attempt to use meters and rhyme to pull apart and explain emotion, but how does one adequately portion the recollection of all the time plotting and perfecting the gorgeous crime? the theft of our hearts set into motion, fierce and swelling like the tides of the ocean. all that was left was to pay off the fine for perjury amongst the mess we made. you swore under oath you’d never let go; this was always something we could harness. over time the feelings started to fade. naive little me, how was i to know, forever is too long to be promised

Shakespearean Sonnet:

Untitled 13

You are like the last cool night of summer, bitter sweet and desperate for more time. Words permanent like a concrete rafter. Though this may not be forever sublime, we have loved each other like the brightest blaze that eventually burns out into dark remembered through eyewitness paraphrase, photographs, and poems: everlasting marks in our history together. Dispel doubt, for this could last into infinity, a shout into the void from reckless mouths; one that could be beautiful; and maybe the impending end of our story is near but for right now there is nothing to fear.
I Sewed Some Stanzas Together
You give me hope that there’s a god up there
Strings of fate sewn to hold us together
long nights, car rides, loud fights, and tangled hair
losing ourselves always and forever
cursorial hearts destined for failure
fueling others with tales of our own
time, width, or length is not any measure
held together with the cord of the phone
irony always was my favorite part
“fear not until wood comes to Dunsinane”
Only as if the castle was my heart
And the forest was the sound of your name
It is crazy that even after days
The thoughts of you never do seem to change.

A Love/Hate Stronger Than The One I Have With The RIPTA
You are completely intolerable
You’re absolutely egotistical
Nine out of ten you’re not responsible
And not everything is statistical
You are pretentious about your music
You’re weird vendetta against corporate rock
If I play Mumford and Sons you lose it
You are so close minded it’s like a lock
Your stupid pants and how they’re super tight
They probably cut off air to your brain
You try to fight me but I’m always right.
And our arguments are always the same.
And even after all the things above
You’re still the “stupid” person that I love.
Another One About You
We have so much miscommunication
That even scientists would be confused
But somehow we fit in tessellation
Because our feelings and hearts became fused
I know what you mean when you mumble on
And you know what I mean when I stutter
This has been going on for pretty long
And you still make the butterflies flutter
The concept of us still makes me nervous
Your smile still makes me weak at the knees
But it’s something hidden on the surface
Though haunts me in the nights during my dreams
I may never adjust to what we are
But I think it was written in our stars.

Mistakes Easily Unmade
I stopped myself from thinking about you
It hurt too much to even bare a thought
That you might be thinking about me too,
And wishing we had never even fought.
I wish I could curl up inside your mind;
Snuggle up to all your thoughts and reason,
But I lost all privilege trying to find
Why you kept hidden all of your demons.
It was stupid and I know this time
Just maybe you were right and I was wrong
Maybe these secrets weren’t rightfully mine
But I thought if you were they’d belong
Now I can’t replace you nor them
Because you’ve left me alone and condemned.
Collisions and Provisions
We collided through the slightest of chances
Somehow at the wrong place at the right time
Then you gave me the smallest of glances
And I knew I needed you to be mine
I sat there teeth clenched and bloodshot eyes
Listening to you sputter and spew things
That should lead to our untimely demise
And lord knows how much the truth cuts and stings
They always say it’s better I know
And you promise it won’t happen again
I’m much too stubborn to let this thing go
I’ll vent through the lacking ink in my pen.
And though this life might end in tragedy
Id rather it end with you next to me.

Untitled 15
A spring days wind that blows the blades of grass
Is nothing like your breath on my neck
Because the feeling of the wind may pass:
Your closeness leaves me a permanent wreck.
The color of the leaves cascading down
Matches the colors that lie in your eyes,
And the hues in your hair wrapped in your crown
Lighten and darken like the sun’s demise.
Your voice as soothing as an oceans tide:
Fixes all the problems I’ve come across,
Reveals all I’ve been trying to hide,
Helps me find my way whenever I’m lost
Though you give me stress and internal hell
You’ve helped me more than I could ever tell
Untitled 16
If I could scribe your name into my heart
I would use the most permanent of inks
For even if we ever were to part
And lose one of the most beautiful of links
I want you written in my memory
Something that can be recalled forever
So if we are to end in tragedy
The remembrance of your name can’t be severed
I love you like all the greats once had
Like Bonnie loved Clyde and Eve loved Adam
Something so intense it’s driving me mad
You’ve taken the heart that’s rightfully mine
Causing this love to stay frozen in time.

Carpe Diem:

Carpe Diem
The moonrise and sunset, twenty four hours
Seize the day and take what’s meant to be yours
The opportunities loom like towers
Nothing should be considered a closed door
Find something that encapsulates your mind
Burns passion into your heart like a flame
Something that makes the stars and how they shine
Nothing like the legacy in your name
With nothing to lose and nothing to fear
Jump into the void and risk all you need
And though the darkness the reward is near
The darkest of nights you’re sure to succeed
Jump in with both feet and trust what you’ve got
Nothing wrong with giving it your best shot.
**Picture Play:**

**Something about a Bear**

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**Scene 1**

The three bears are sitting around the dinner table, Mommabear, Jimmybear, and Chad. They eat spaghetti with spoons as Zedd plays lightly in the background.

**Mommabear:** How was school today?

**Jimmybear pushes the fring from his eyes as he struggles with the spoon through his neon pink fishnet gloves.**

**Jimmybear:** It was okay. They played Aviciii all day so

**Chad laughs and rises to play Let me Take a Selfie by Chainsmokers**

**Chad:** Aviciii sucks, loser

**Jimmybear:** Ugh again? We’ve listened to this song like a hundred times, what about the Sex Pistols?

**A record scratches, ultimate silence fills the room; Mommabear drops her spoon into her spaghetti.**

**Mommabear:** Jimmy! That’s enough blasphemy for one night!

**Jimmybear:** Man, I’m so sick of this place! Seriously, spaghetti all day? That doesn’t even make sense! We don’t even have thumbs! And all we listen to is techno. I don’t get it.

**Chad:** Hey man, you’ve just gotta chill-

**Jimmybear:** No, Chad! You’re not even my real dad! And your music taste sucks butt!

**Mommabear:** Don’t talk about Bear Music like that! To your room mister, you’re grounded!

**Jimmy walks away, grumbling something about meat sauce.**

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**Scene 2**

**Jimmy hangs from a tree branch as he stares around panicked, searching for help. Meanwhile in Bearkingdom, Papabear receives Jimmy’s note.**

**Jimmybear’s voice:** Dear Mom and Dad, I’ve had enough of this stupid place. I’m going to where I really belong, the Human World. You don’t need to worry about me: I’ll send my new mixtape from the Unbearable Truth next week.

**PS: I used the cannon**
PPS: Chad you suck
PPPS: Chainsmokers sucks

**Papabear:** This is an outrage! Get the human costumes we’re going to save Jimmy!

**Scene 3**

All the bears are dressed as humans to save Jimmy. Sir Duke Francis has arrived and has overtaken the crane. He punches Jimmybear in the face, and Jimmybear falls to his death.

**Papabear:** Alas! My poor son has succumbed to the fits of a warrior. If only he could understand!
One Act Play:

Oversleeping like a Dog on the Floor

Setting: Streets of some city, night time, mid-December, Christmas time

Characters: Johnson, Lewis, and Waitress

Ext.: The city sidewalks are lightly covered with snow. Johnson is walking back home from a late night at the office, a half-finished coffee in one hand, and briefcase in the other. The dark peacoat keeps him warm against the small winds, but still pulls up his collar to protect his neck. A small boy emerges from an alley and stands in Johnson’s way. The little boy’s eyes are glued to the ground.

Louis: Sir, do you have any change, sir?

Johnson: Yeah kid. (He drops a few coins into the mostly empty cup.) Go home and get some sleep.

Louis: (chuckling) I wish I could, sir!

Johnson: And why can’t you?

Louis: Well sir, mummy and daddy aren’t around anymore.

Johnson: Well, where are they?

Louis: Last I heard, they were picked out during selection.

Johnson: Selection?

Louis: Yes, selection, but I was in the warehouse so I’m not sure.

Johnson: Why don’t we get you some food and you can tell me more about this selection thing?

The boy and Johnson enter a nearby diner and (if this was a video) the camera catches a glimpse of the boys striped pajamas under his long bathrobe.