

Editor's Note

Dear readers,

After college, my friend worked for Habitat for Humanity. Along with her crew, she worked in the hot Texas sun, putting together houses for those in need. This sounds difficult on both a literal and an abstract level. How strange, to put together the beginnings of a home.

Soon, my fiancé will be moving into my home. We will call it “our home,” because it is the truth. We’ll mix in his paintings with mine, my old couch will go in the garage, and none of the dishes will match. My house will smell like his candles, maple syrup, brown sugar, and endless coffee. How strange, to put together the beginnings of home by starting with material possessions.

All my jobs have been in offices. I know nothing about building homes. But I will try—by gathering the right people and working it out as I go along.

I like to think I did the same thing here on our third issue of *Thimble*. Unlike the first two issues, this one is a full issue, and we used an open call (as opposed to invitations). The contributors are mostly strangers, but I feel so connected to their words, as if we have known each other for years.

This is a small house, but we built it together. Please come in.

Best,
NADIA