Page Count

AC E C AGE Bowdoin College, 2021 Creative Nonfiction

journal, so that I could write with the intention of sending it all to her when I was back. At least in some way, I thought we could still do something together.

gambit of date-related questions. What day of the week was it? What was yesterday's date? Two days ago? What was the day of the week then? It was a helpful reminder of our Japanese dates and an unintentional reminder of time's slow procession. At the top of every morning of every day of classes, sitting in the tallest building on campus, answering question upon question about what day it was, what day it had been, and what day it will be soon, the beginnings of these classes were the page numbers at the top of my life.

The numbers went by slowly, but by either great mercy or great cruelty, time always moves forward. December 19 did eventually come around, and Amy and I