

END	
Yes	There's a small amount you can clean off without showering
No	There's still too much glitter
Get back in the shower and repeat steps 4-6	
a. Step around the bath rug and clothes	
b. Get a plastic bag	
c. Put the bath rug and clothes in the plastic bag	
d. Hand the plastic bag to an adult to clean what's in it.	
And ...	Then ...
Step	1 Get to a bathroom.
Step	2 Stand in a tub or a shower.
Step	3 Take off your clothes and throw them on the floor away from the tub or shower.
Step	4 Shower for at least 10 minutes.
Step	5 Check your body for any remaining glitter.
Step	6 Is there any glitter remaining?
Step	1 Get to a bathroom.
Step	2 Step carefully around and away from the glitter.
Step	3 Get an adult to clean up the spill.
Step	4 After evacuating the glitter spill ...
Step	1 Hold your breath.
Step	2 Step carefully around and away from the glitter.
Step	3 Get an adult to clean up the spill.
Step	4 After evacuating the glitter spill ...
Step	1 Get to a bathroom.
Step	2 Stand in a tub or a shower.
Step	3 Take off your clothes and throw them on the floor away from the tub or shower.
Step	4 Shower for at least 10 minutes.
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What to do Here's what to do when there's a glitter epidemic.

Why glitter epidemics are bad Here's why glitter epidemics are bad:

- You find it in weird places on your body you don't expect for days, sometimes even weeks. This happened to Rita Gray in 2014 after we saw her in her bathing suit during swim class. She was referred as Little Miss Sparkles for the rest of her time at Neil Armstrong Middle School.
- You could breathe some in, like Tom Robinson; he almost choked to death in fourth period art class.
- It's impossible to clean up all of it. My mom keeps finding it in my little sister's room when she's cleaning.

Define: glitter epidemic A glitter epidemic is when some idiot doesn't pay attention and spills glitter everywhere. When it happens, there's no way of avoiding the spilled glitter.




How to Survive a Glitter Epidemic


J. BRADLEY

How to Survive a Glitter Epidemic

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S. YARBERRY

Self-Portrait in Orthopedic Black Tie



from *Sleeping with the Pope*

GF KORRECK

Capitol Gains

I am the air between the ripples
of the flag atop the Capitol dome
below me there is shouting
Mitch McConnell is pointing
to the gallery
the Pope is up there
tossing pennies
at senators
he laughs as they huddle
beneath their chairs
this has to stop McConnell shouts
let's vote to repeal this guy
but nobody wants
to stand up.

Road Trip

I'm driving a cloud westward
the Pope passes me
on a flight to the Dakotas
where he sits on Lincoln's nose
and wonders
why more men are not bigger.

Broken

I am drifting through middle night
rustling the treetops
& hear a language
I do not recognize
a small man with a crewcut
is waving his arms
shouting at a plume of smoke in the sky
as he clutches a broken model airplane
the Pope appears
with some glue
& an orange
says merry christmas.

Deliverance

Wide awake
it seems
standing over a bed
in the cold sweat
of a 1920s tb ward
the Pope arrives
with a banjo
to cheer you up he says
because your grandfather
will live
& so might you.

Point Blank

Tossing all night
no cool side to the pillow
troubled by what seems a rainstorm
but it's a hail of bullets

they keep missing me
& hitting little kids
playing in the street
the Pope walks into the middle of it
his hands raised
he says please
but the bullets hit him too
& he explodes into the sky
like fragments from a piñata.

With Feeling

Rolling over
I find myself in the eye
of a candle flame
the air is heavy with incense
children are singing a litany
the Pope is leading the way
once more with feeling he says
over & over & over.

Velocities

MARY HELEN CALLIER

The two birds on the beach
flying alone with each other,

hovering, it seems, above me,
backlit by the fading

light. The brief
flash of joy their bodies make,

their shapes, obscuring
each other, then not.

Indecipherable, for a moment,
the line segmenting where each

one ends and the other
begins.

How two trains seem
when they stall

in their speed, in retrograde,
passing each other. Or me,

giving you head in the kitchen,
feeling my whole

body throb. My voice now
entering, aligned with the clarity.

How I felt the whole world once,
not since.