

ASSOCIATE EDITOR APPLICATION
Goose: An Annual Review of Short Fiction 2024-2025

Please copy this document to your Google Drive or download them in .docx format.

Email completed application forms as .docx or pdf to goosefiction@gmail.com
by **11:59 PM on September 20th, 2024.**

Name:

Pronouns (optional):

Email:

Program:

College:

Year of Study:

Favorite literary technique:

Please select one of the following questions and answer it in around 200 words:

1. Describe any of your previous experience that offer skills that are relevant and beneficial in terms of being an associate editor.
2. Discuss any of your personal qualities that are beneficial in terms of being in a collaborative and creative environment.

Please answer the following question in around 300 words:

1. The following story “Teeth” by Cheryl Lee was published in the Goose Journal 2021-2022. Please close-read the following text. We are looking for a thoughtful and specific analysis. There is no right answer.

You might be grinding your teeth in your sleep again. You definitely did it as a kid; your brother said so. The two of you shared a room. The sound of your teeth scraping together got on

his nerves in the dead of night. He'd throw a pillow at you, tell you to quit it, and then you'd lie in the dark, awake for hours.

You know you did it as a teen; your mother noticed. She'd worry and fuss, more so when you brushed her off. She'd check on you when you were trying to sleep. She took you to the dentist, who said it was just your teeth's way of settling in—some didn't quite fit, so your body wore them down to size. Your mother got you braces. The metal cut into your cheeks and tongue and you wore them through high school. You didn't smile for pictures.

You did it two years ago, according to Jen. She said it happened on nights you were tense, or angry. Nights you didn't want to talk. You denied this—you'd always considered yourself a laid-back guy. Someone who rolled with the punches. Someone slow to anger. But your teeth gave you away, long before you saw she was right.

This time, you're not so sure. Your teeth feel sensitive. Your jaw aches. You wake to the faint taste of blood. There's an edge to your smile. But you don't know for certain. There's no one to tell you.