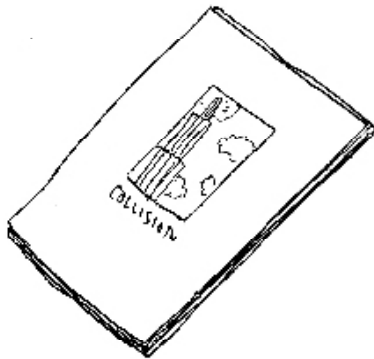


## WHAT IS COLLISION?

Founded in 2001, Collision Literary Magazine is a student-run literary magazine that features the work of undergraduate students not just from the University of Pittsburgh, but from all over the world. Our publication is made possible by the funding of the University Honors College.

We accept POETRY, NONFICTION, FICTION, VISUAL ART, AND PHOTOGRAPHY.





**DISCLAIMER:**

THIS ZINE IS A PRIMARY EXAMPLE OF WHAT TO  
NEVER SUBMIT. READ IF YOU DARE...



## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear reader,

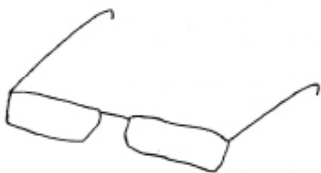
Myths, legends, and folktales are often difficult to trace. Their roots are muddled by retellings and reimaginings, by travels and time. Cultures and regions are often rich with mythologies that could fill volumes, and diving into those stories helps us better understand who we are, the people who came before us, the places we're from. Here at Collision, we have only one legend: the Mango.

It is a tale that began with a poem and an ordinary night, but you can read the full tale in "The Mango Origin Story." We've done our best to pass the legend down to the next generation of staff members, writing it into our history and incorporating it into the advice we share with others, as can be read in "How to Get Published in Collision." It's even crept into our creative work, as you can see with "A Mango's Journey to London" and "To be a Mango." We hope that it will make its way into your work as well through the prompts you'll find at the end of this zine.

I would also like to give my warmest thanks to the artists and writers who con-

tributed to this magazine, as well as our wonderful and dedicated design and layout team. And of course, to you, our reader. In sharing the Mango with you, we hope you will learn to love basking in its fruity glow. Thank you, and I hope you enjoy!

Yours,  
Kim Rooney  
Editor in Chief



## CHECK US OUT ON SOCIAL MEDIA:

### official website

<http://collision.honorscollege.pitt.edu/>

### facebook

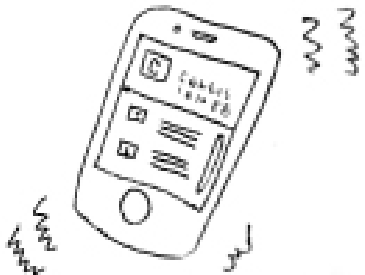
<https://www.facebook.com/CollisionLiteraryMagazine/>

### twitter

<https://twitter.com/CollisionLitMag?lang=en>

### instagram

<https://www.instagram.com/collisionlitmag>



## THIS ZINE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

|                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
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| Maggie Koontz             | Nonfiction Editor   |
| Brian Murray              | Fiction Editor      |
| Maria Pane                | Poetry Editor       |
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| Eva Bacas                 |                     |
| Claire Christine Molaison |                     |



## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| <b>How to Get Published in Collision</b> | <b>10</b> |
| by Kim Rooney                            |           |
| <b>The Mango Origin Story</b>            | <b>17</b> |
| by Maggie Koontz &<br>Maggie Medoff      |           |
| <b>A Mango's Journey to London</b>       | <b>22</b> |
| by Tori Pfefferle-Gillot                 |           |
| <b>Untitled/Rupi Kaur Imitation</b>      | <b>32</b> |
| <b>To Be a Mango</b>                     | <b>33</b> |
| by Maria Pane                            |           |
| <b>Art and Writing Prompts</b>           | <b>35</b> |
| <b>+ Free Pages</b>                      |           |

## LITTLE-KNOWN FACT

Every year members of Collision kill many trees printing hundreds of submissions from all over the world. We read each submission carefully and enthusiastically to prepare for our weekly meetings.

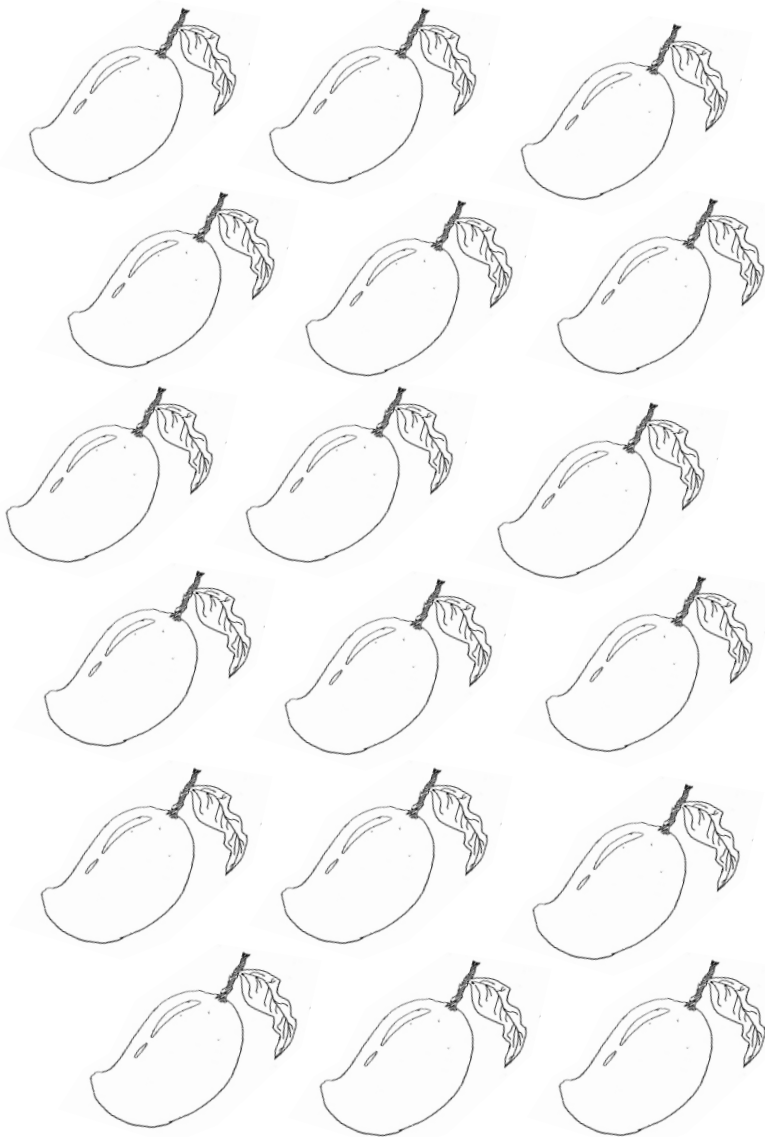
(Yes, it's worth it.)

(We encourage recycling. And composting.)

WHATS IN A SUBMISSION?







# HOW TO GET PUBLISHED IN COLLISION

**Nonfiction**  
**Kim Rooney**

It's a rough world out there for young writers. There may be a plethora of magazines and journals looking for submissions, but the number of options can be paralyzing. Sure a magazine says they're looking for emerging writers, or writing steeped in place and setting, or experimentation with form and structure, but parsing those preferences can feel frustrating or even Sisyphean as rejections pile up. As a staff of undergraduate students, we understand. So here's an attempt towards clarity, from editor to writer, from me to you. Here are five tips and tricks for getting published in Collision.

## **1. Don't send files as PDFs.**

Some magazines request writers send their submissions as PDFs or Word documents. Others insist on sending manuscripts by snail mail. Others require online forms or only accept pieces through Submittable. Here at Collision, we require Word documents.

We try to stay as contemporary as we can, which means we take submissions online, but we still enjoy our fair share of traditions. And one of our most time-honored traditions is the Appeasement. As the editor in chief, I format all submissions into a packet for Collision's staff to read and review. To transfer the submissions from the files you send to the Word document packet for my staff, however, I must appease the deities Copy and Paste.

They are fickle gods—capricious and cruel, when the mood strikes them. When I offer up PDF documents to them, I never know what to expect. Sometimes it's a mere scoff, and with a flick of their wrists, line breaks appear where there were none before. Other times they laugh outright, and strange symbols appear between words of stylized text. And at their worst, they fly into a rage, and they do both.

I do not pretend to understand the anger of these deities. I have tried every method of appeals, but they do not yield. Perhaps one of my predecessors dueled their sister deity, Cut, and won, and Collision must forever bear their wrath. Perhaps they enjoy augmenting the suffering of the undergraduate experience. But they have given us the mercy of the Word document, and we ask that you do not further anger these gods.

## 2. Good language lets you get away with almost anything.

Literary magazines have preferences. Even if they deny it, even if they claim to just be looking for excellent work, their staff is made up of people, and those people have preferences that shape what gets accepted. At Collision, we'll admit that we have a soft spot for pieces saturated in place and setting, and those that feel intimate, whether that's between the reader and the narrator, or the narrator and another character or place. But like any preference or rule, there are always exceptions.

As disingenuous as it would be to deny our preferences, it would be even more so to deny that we break our own rules. If anything, it can be refreshing to see a piece that flies in the face of what we articulate we like, yet works so well that we have to publish it. But knowing whether you're breaking a rule well enough is almost impossible. Luckily, there is a way to express that you have pondered this question and have determined, yes, this is good language. Good enough to do anything.

While we have strict maximum word counts for prose submissions, we welcome dissertation-style and -length papers on

the good-ness of your work. Spending the time necessary to get a Ph.D. will also give you plenty of time to grapple with what you have put down on the electronic paper of your submission and truly explore what it means to be good. We only accept submissions from undergraduate students, though, so you may want to accelerate that dissertation to the fast track. Sure it may feel like long nights and thankless hours put towards non-guaranteed publication in a magazine aren't worth it, but just think about the results. You'll be able to get away with anything—just maybe not murder. You'd have to go to law school for that.

### **3. Send us a cover letter.**

No, these aren't quite the same as the ones you send to potential employers. I was confused, too, when I first read a magazine's website and saw that they requested a cover letter. But even if a magazine doesn't explicitly ask for one, it's a nice gesture to show that you're willing to put a little effort into researching a publication. I know, I know, you've already gone through the hard work of creating and crafting your submission, and writing your dissertation about good language. It seems like too much to ask, but I promise it's not too bad.

A cover letter is really meant to present you and your writing as they are, without being bogged down by ostentatious shows of humility or pride. Just give a quick sentence about who you are—really try to squeeze in as much of your backstory into one sentence as possible. Start with your birth and hit upon every major point since then. But keep it to a sentence.

Then, another sentence about why you chose to submit. It's always nice to hear that a piece we recently published resonated with you and your style of writing, but if we haven't, that's O.K., too. Here's where the research comes in. Dig deep into our history—track down every editor in chief who ever presided over the magazine, find them on LinkedIn, and make sure to mention your new connection to the magazine in your cover letter.

In your last sentence or two, mention where else your work has been published, and thank the editors and staff for their time and consideration. Just remember the most important part of the cover letter: addressing it to the appropriate editor. This one's as easy as looking up our staff list, otherwise known as the masthead. But we understand that our website may be difficult to navigate, in which case I recommend appealing to the other deity of Collision:

the Mango. If you print out your submission and leave it with a mango and a burning candle overnight, the name of the genre editor to whom you should address the cover letter will appear in the mango's skin by morning. It's foolproof, and you can enjoy a delicious mango afterwards.

#### **4. Follow the submission guidelines.**

It seems too obvious to include this, but you'd be surprised how many submissions we receive that go over the maximum word count for prose, don't include the basic information we ask for in the body of the email, or include the submitter's name in the document they're submitting. We have a page of submission guidelines on our website, and we ask that you read them carefully. Really dig into the text, like an archaeologist at a new site. See what you can uncover.

They say hidden within the text of our submission guidelines page is the first clue to a map. A map to find the greatest treasure of all: the Mango Grove. No one has yet been able to crack the code. Staffers have lost countless hours of sleep staring at our concise and undemanding specifications, but the mystery of the first clue eludes us still.

According to our lore, the first team of editors discovered the Mango Grove in 2001, and they knew that they had to protect it. So they did what they could to hide it, then created a map of clues with a cipher that was to be passed down among the staff. But it was lost to time, and all we're left with is the promise of the Mango Grove, if only we can crack open the submission guidelines and find it. If you are able to unlock the first clue, we wish you the best of luck. Find the Mango Grove, and bring us back a single mango. We will be forever in your debt.

**5. On the eve of your submission, sacrifice ten mangoes.**

Even if it can't be from the Mango Grove, it's always a good gesture to make. Go to your nearest supermarket or fruit stand and pick out the ten best mangoes you can find. That night, lay them in a circle with a printed version of your submission in the center. You will know what to do from there.

So there you have it—five tips and tricks to help you get published in Collision. I hope this has been of some help to you, and I wish you the best of luck in submitting.





## **The Mango Origin Story**

**Nonfiction**

**Maggie Koontz and Maggie Medoff**

Every Wednesday night, on the fifth floor of the Cathedral of Learning, the staff of Collision Literary Magazine meets to discuss and review magazine submissions, crack jokes, and pass around snacks.

Collision Literary Magazine is an undergraduate publication of the University of Pittsburgh Honors College. We accept poetry, fiction, nonfiction, and art submissions from undergraduate students all over the world. The material we receive ranges from rhymed poems to pastel drawings of flowers to more serious pieces about mental health.

We follow a lengthy process, first reading submissions on our own, then coming

and voting on them as a group on Wednesdays. Majority vote rules, but members are encouraged to argue for writing they are passionate about. Sometimes arguments bubble up between members, while other times we come to a unanimous conclusion. When submissions are maybe-d, that means we'll revisit the piece later, postponing any one decision.

Most people in Collision annotate their submissions on their computers using the comment function in order to save the trees and avoid using up their print quota. However, Leland Cacayan, our editor in chief at the time, preferred to print out his packet of submissions and annotate directly on the paper.

Last year, during one of our weekly meetings, Brian Murray, our poetry editor, was leading the discussion. When we got around to analyzing "Mangos," something changed. There was a dramatic shift in the room.

The poem described the fruit in vivid detail, how they hang from the branches of a tree, bright and glistening in the sun. The language was actually very beautiful. However, we couldn't figure out the structure since one stanza was in a normal font, while the other stanza was in italics and

kind of indented. The staff liked the imagery, but couldn't quite figure out why the one stanza was so strange.

"Wait, I think the second stanza is the mangoes talking," said Al, the art editor at the time.

With that revelation, our staff was silent. We would have moved on with the meeting, if not for Leland's response to Al's comment. Leland stood up. He took his packet of submissions and threw it across the table, pages splaying across the wooden surface.

"I can't believe it was the mangoes talking!" yelled Leland.

Now, you have to know that Leland is a quiet person, so this cry of indignation and disbelief was shocking to the rest of us. I don't know if he was having a bad day or even a bad week, but this action was so out of character that this night would forever go down in infamy. Everyone sprung to life, debating whether Al's statement was true. Eventually, those in opposition conceded that yes, the mangoes were talking.

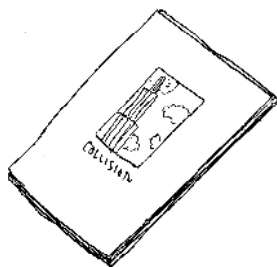
The rhythm of the dialogue in the poem almost resembled that of a song or a chant. They began singing about their glowing bod-

ies and their shape changing in the sunlight. Needless to say, the extent of this overt personification was something we did not see very often in our submissions. The poem became what we have dubbed "The Mango Poem."

Since that night, mangoes have become an important symbol for Collision. Whenever we've had potlucks for long meetings, someone would bring dried mango slices and leave them at the head of the table in front of Leland's chair. He'd always look at them and sigh, still unsure why that night kept being brought up during meetings. To this day, even the author of the poem has no idea about the impact that their work has had on the Collision staff.

Although Leland has left Collision, the mango legend lives on to this day. New members are told the story of that fateful night. They always seem bewildered, but the original members know the significance of the tale. Mangoes are slowly being incorporated into the Collision aesthetic. In talks of the not-so-distant future, we've discussed the possibility of creating pins, t-shirts, and even a mango-themed logo as an homage to this historic day. We hope to leave a mango legacy behind, long after all the members from the mango generation leave.

Our current editor in chief, Kim Rooney, says, "I never thought Collision would become so mango-centric. But honestly, I'm really glad that it has."





## **A Mango's Journey to London**

**Fiction**

**Tori Pfefferle-Gillot**

Once upon a time, there was a mango. This mango lived in America, and his name was Martin. He had lots of family all around the world, and he dreamed of meeting up with every one of his relatives. So, to raise the money, he set up a fundraiser selling baked goods and store gift cards. One day, he got a phone call from his Uncle Manchester in London, and Martin decided that he would go there first.

Martin was nervous, as he wasn't the kind of mango to stray far from his grocer, but he knew this trip was one that he needed. He could feel it, deep in his pit. Like a good mango, he wished his parents well, and made sure to kiss them both goodbye before he left.

"Give us a call when you see Uncle Manchester!" said Marcie, his mother.

"Don't get into any trouble there across the pond," said Mason, his father.

"I promise," Martin replied as he set off to the airport.

Soon, he'd be in London! He could hardly believe it.

One eight-hour flight and complementary airplane breakfast later, Martin had come to Heathrow Airport. What a large place it was! Martin was baffled at the enormity. What was a mango to do, and where was he to go?

Thankfully, the staff around Martin were kind enough to point him to the Underground booth, where he got himself an Oyster Card.

"All you have to do is tap your Oyster Card on the sensor going onto the platform, then again when you get off at your stop. The Piccadilly line goes from here, all the way into the city," explained the lady at the front desk. "It's the dark blue line on the map."

"Thank you," said Martin.

There were a lot of people with large suitcases getting on the Piccadilly train,

and Martin was worried he wouldn't get a seat. He managed to find a spot near the rear doors of the car just as the train was ready to depart.

A cool announcing voice spoke inside the train, "The next station is Heathrow Terminals One, Two, and Three. Please remember to keep all your personal belongings with you at all times."

Martin made sure to check if he had on his favorite sunglasses. As he was a mango, he didn't have eyes like people do, so it was hard for him to tell sometimes.

The ride was long, and relatively quiet besides the occasional voice announcing where the next station was and to mind the closing doors. No one paid Martin any mind, and he was grateful for that because he was very tired from the plane ride and needed to focus on where he could get off in the city.

"The next station is Green Park. Change for the Jubilee and Victoria lines. Alight for Buckingham Palace."

Buckingham Palace, Martin thought. That would be a great place to visit as his first London landmark!



"Mind the gap between the train and the platform," the cool announcing voice called out once the train had stopped.

So, Martin did mind the gap, with a little hop from the edge of the train to the yellow line on the platform, and followed the signs that led him to the way out. He saw that the right side of the escalator was crowded with people, so he sat himself on the left side. After a moment, he heard a polite cough.

"Sorry, are you alighting?" asked a woman from a few steps below his.

"I'm not alighting, I'm a mango," Martin replied.

Nevertheless, it seemed as if the woman were in a hurry, so he moved over to the right side of the escalator step to let her pass him.

The Tube station was at the edge of the eponymous Green Park, which stood between him and Buckingham Palace. The sky was bright and there was nary a cloud in the sky. Alright, Martin decided. It's a good day for a walk, and all mangoes can benefit from a nice stroll in the park.

He passed by lots of people, some accompanied by their dogs. It was very dif-

ferent from back home, because these dogs weren't on leashes. They were walking right by their people and didn't even stop to sniff Martin or try to bark a series of hellos. Very well-mannered dogs! The numerous pigeons, on the other hand, were quite interested in him. Martin made sure to travel close to people in order to deter the birds.

Soon he reached the other end of the park and could see across the street Buckingham Palace and the tall gates that surrounded it.

"Amazing," he marveled. "I bet only the classiest of mangoes get to step in there."

He moved through the swarms of tourists to peer through the gate. Just like he imagined, there were the guards with their long furry black hats, standing still like figurines. Behind him was a magnificent statue, but lots of pigeons were roosting on and around it, so Martin figured he'd move along.

As he walked to the other side of the premises, a bus came by and Martin gasped. A red double-decker bus, Martin thought. I need to get on one of those!

So he hopped on a bus headed towards Westminster, and went up to the top deck of the bus. It was convenient that his Oyster Card also counted on the bus. One less thing to worry about carrying in his mango pockets. He looked out as the bus passed by detailed stone buildings one after the other. He supposed they were important to look so intricate, but then again, most of the buildings he'd seen so far were very detailed. Perhaps it was just the way London was.

From a seat behind him, Martin heard a little gasp.

"Mummy, look, it's a fruit! A fruit is sitting on the bus seat!"

"Don't stare, Emma, it's rude."

Martin turned around and regarded the young child and mother sitting behind him. If he had arms and hands, he'd wave. So he settled for a tilt, the mango sort of wave. The child lit up with delight and gave a little wave back.

In less time than Martin expected, the bus reached Big Ben, and Martin looked up in awe of it. Once the bus stopped, Martin hopped off. From the front viewing window, he had seen a pier on the bank of the Thames River, and he would peel if he

didn't get a chance to ride on a boat up the river!

He got on a boat and headed up to the top to see the view. It was particularly windy, but Martin didn't mind. It was a nice enough day for a little bit of wind. It almost had a bit of a salty smell to it, even though Martin was sure that the Thames was a freshwater river. Even though Martin didn't have a nose to be sure, the feel of the air made him wonder if there wasn't a point upstream where it turned to salt-water. A friendly commenter pointed out the various sights along either side of the river as they went up the Thames, like Cleopatra's Needle and Tate Modern, going under several bridges, including London Bridge, which was definitely not falling down. Thankfully so, Martin thought, as it would have easily smashed a mango like him.

The boat stopped at Tower Pier, adjacent to the Tower of London and Tower Bridge. Martin got off, and stared out at the water. He certainly traveled a long way. He still had a ways to go. Martin hopped along and made his way over to the bridge. The young mango followed the pedestrian pathway that led across, and he stopped in the middle.

Martin looked out over the side of

the bridge and quivered in his skin. The wind whipped all around him, and, suddenly, he felt scared and anxious. He'd had a big adventure, and he was out all alone in a strange city. It hit Martin for the first time that day that he was very far from home, and he felt very different from who he was before he left. Was he even the same mango anymore?

Would I be better off as a more sensible fruit? Martin asked himself. A pear, a plum, a peach...and then Martin thought, he was listing all fruits that began with the letter "p," though he didn't know exactly why. He considered that pineapples and pomegranates weren't as sensible as the others he'd listed, and much more adventurous than he, but all of the pineapples and pomegranates Martin knew were very sure of themselves.

"If they can do that," Martin mused aloud, "I can certainly be assured in my being a mango. Even if I am a changed mango."

Martin then realized he still had to find Uncle Manchester. According to what he'd told Martin, Uncle Manchester lived in a place called Borough Market, and it wasn't too far from Tower Bridge, on the south end of the river. So Martin took one

last look out over the Thames and took in the city, before making his way to the other end of the bridge and onward to Borough Market. He followed a few small signs which pointed him in the right directions through twists and turns and hidden cobblestone streets. Soon enough he could hear the sizzle of food stall grills and the bustle of tourists and locals. All he needed to do was find Uncle Manchester in one of the grocer stalls. Martin hopped past a handful of butcher and fish and cheese vendors, some spice and honey vendors.

He came by one grocer stall, and asked the resident fruits if his uncle was there, and they pointed him to a stall two vendors down.

Sure enough, right at the front of the stall, there was a cart full of mangoes, and Uncle Manchester was there at the top.

"Uncle Manchester! It's me, Martin!" the young mango shouted.

"Cheers! How delightful it is to see you, my young nephew," Uncle Manchester crowed.

"It's great to see you, too!" Martin replied. "I crossed the whole city today, went to Buckingham Palace, went down the Thames, and across Tower Bridge! I'm glad to have found you."

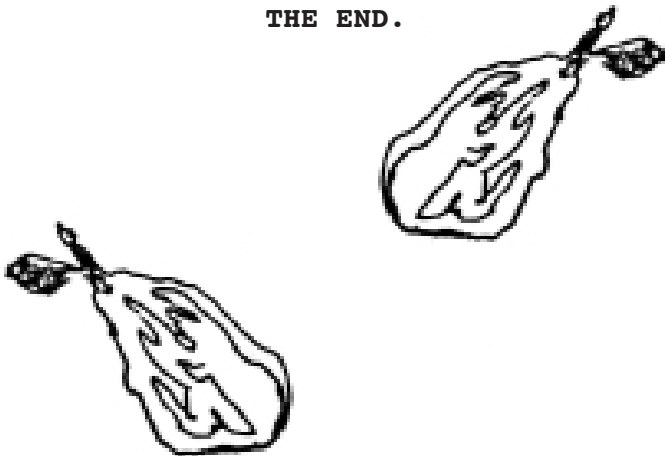
"It sounds like you've had quite the journey," he said. "How about we finish it with a special trip to the Globe? It's not too far from here, and there's nothing like a good Shakespeare in London!"

If mangoes could smile, Martin would be beaming.

"That sounds perfect!"

Martin stood beside Uncle Manchester that evening, watching King Lear play up on the stage. Today had been a good day, and he could not wait to discover more in the days to come!

**THE END.**





## **Untitled/Rupi Kaur Imitation**

**Poetry**

**Maria Pane**

the mango tree refused to sprout  
until we germinated the blossoms  
when you left  
the flowers fell  
wailing  
don't you realize  
the branches needed to let go

-acceptance





## **To Be a Mango**

**Poetry**

**Maria Pane**

i am a mango  
and i am ready to tango  
small and lean  
pink, orange, and mostly green.

oh no!  
yike!  
i am not ripe  
enough  
to eat.

sadly, no dancing for me.  
instead, i must flee.



# MANGA?

## PROMPTS

Besides mangoes, late-night poetry readings, and a fun (though often exhausted) staff, what's Collision made of? YOU! We're made possible by the support of our readers and contributors who submit to our publication, come to our events, or send love from afar. We put together this zine with lots of love, and we want YOU to be part of it.

The following pages will include a few more doodles and some silly mango-themed prompts if you're feeling a creative push. What you choose to write or draw is up to you, but the next pages are all yours.

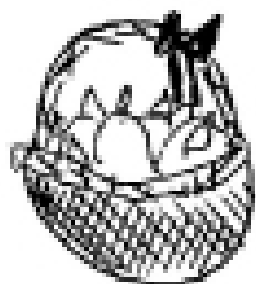
Fill them up.

(And hey, maybe you'll make something you want to submit to our annual magazine! We could always use more mangoes.)

1. Write a story or poem where the first sentence or stanza starts with a word beginning with "m." The second sentence or stanza starts with a word beginning with "a." Continue like this through "n," "g," "o," and onward from there. If drawing, draw something that starts with an "m," then an "a," and so on through "n," "g," and "o."

m  
a  
n  
g  
o

2. A stranger knocks on your door. You were expecting a friend, so you open it, but they are cloaked, the hood hiding their face in shadow. You slam the door, but after several minutes, your curiosity gets the better of you. You peek out the window and see that the stranger is gone. All that's left is a basket full of mangoes. What happens next?



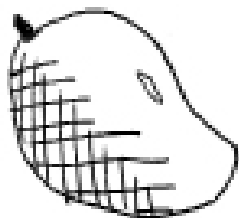
3. Freewrite. Poetry or prose. In the first three paragraphs or stanzas, include a mango.



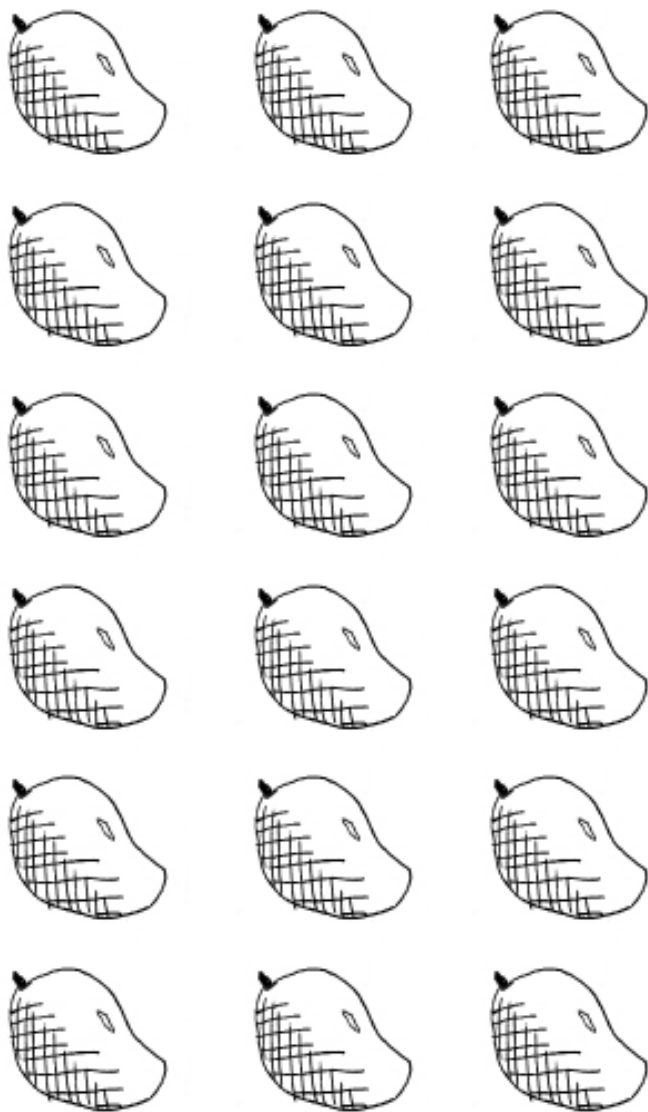


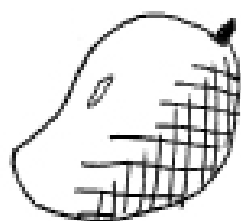
4. Write or draw what you want to dream about tonight. Now add a mango.











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