

Keith never dreamed, after dropping out of college for the second time and walking to his food-service job through the shadow of the Hall of Languages on the Syracuse University “hill,” that he’d ever end up publishing a story in the *Notre Dame Review*. For thirty-plus years, his life was pretty much a dreary pan of Chicken Marsala that coagulated because *somebody* put too much demi-glace in it. But one day his adult son suggested he go back to school, and with the encouragement and support of his wife, Keith ended up selling his small restaurant to pursue a BA in English and Textual Studies on the Creative Writing Track at Syracuse. He graduated with distinction in spring of 2017, and is now a student in Syracuse University’s MFA program in Creative Writing. You can often find him on the fourth floor of the Hall of Languages; Keith is the old guy pinching himself to make sure this is all real.