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Laura liked to think she was honest with herself; it was everyone else she lied to.

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From the Editor

Hello. My name is David, and I am still a liar.

Twelve years ago, I first introduced myself as an equivocator on this page. It was the fall issue of 2003 (Volume 5, Issue 3), which began with the first line, "So, all of it was just a lie?"

I went on to write about all types of lies and lying, and how even when we aren't supposed to lie in our writings, we often do.

I look back at that early issue with fondness, and just a touch of embarrassment. We were already five years into this little venture, and we were still trying to find our way. That issue, we published twelve stories and one essay in a scant fifty-eight pages. Today, we bring you fewer stories, but we've given writers more room to explore the lies people tell to others and to themselves.

Twelve years from now, if I'm lucky enough to reflect on this issue in another note from the editor, I know that I will be filled with the same pride (and probably a little embarrassment). And I already have a first line in mind for that issue.

Speaking of first lines . . . In that very same issue (5.3), we announced our second first line contest, where we let you create our starter sentences. Well, it's time for another first line contest, and you can read the specifics on page 73. By the way, twelve years ago the winners received ten bucks and a free one-year subscription. This year, winners will receive five copies of the issue that was inspired by their first line and a hundred bucks. No lie.

David