

When I first finished “Family of Four,” I wanted there to be an overarching moral to the sum of their stories. Specifically, I wanted them to say, “The truth of what has happened is always smaller than the truth that life goes on.” But I’m no longer convinced that this is correct, and I’m almost certain that “Family of Four” doesn’t say either way.

This is what the stories are to me now: four different colored windowpanes looking in at the same little human, a skinny black-haired thing with no shirt and bare legs.

—*Samsun Knight*



Drawings by Aaron Gerfinkel