

SIXTH SENSE




story and art by Isabella Yu



1959
Wolfe Prize in Mathematics
Awards Ceremony
6:00 p.m.
Cocktails
7:00 p.m.
Reception and Dinner
8:00 p.m.
Ballroom



I've always hated awards ceremonies.



It's about to start, Joy! Let's find a seat out in the front.

So that when you win, you won't have to walk far to the stage.



Roland Crowe!

Kyle Morrison!

...

Wolfe Prize ²⁰¹³ Nominees
Maxwell Lee
Jackson Melrose
Joy S.

And for their contributions to nonlinear oscillation, the Wolfe Prize in Mathematics goes to

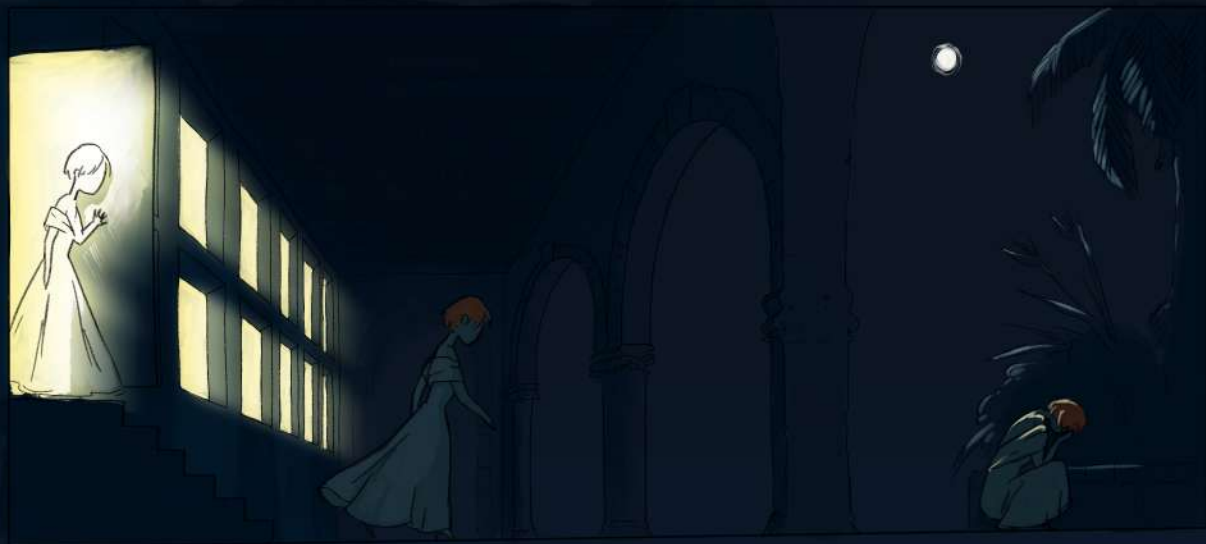
Maxwell Lee!

Wha-No way!
I thought it'd be
you, Joy!

You should come up
with me - I couldn't have
done it without you.

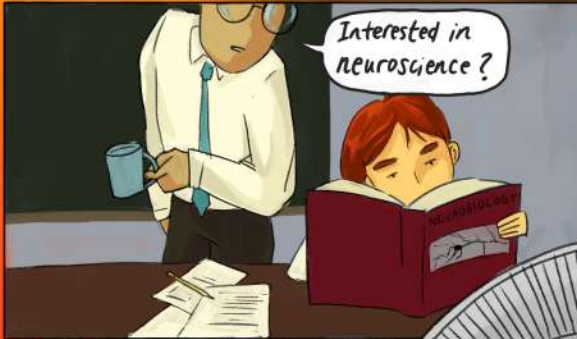
Sorry, I really
need some fresh air
right now.

Congratulations,
Max.



Stop crying, idiot.

It's just a medal.



Joy —
According to the scans, your brain is the only one suited for the operation. So it turns out we don't have
— Dr. Hotchkiss





I'm visiting family.
I'll be back soon.



As I hid the evidence

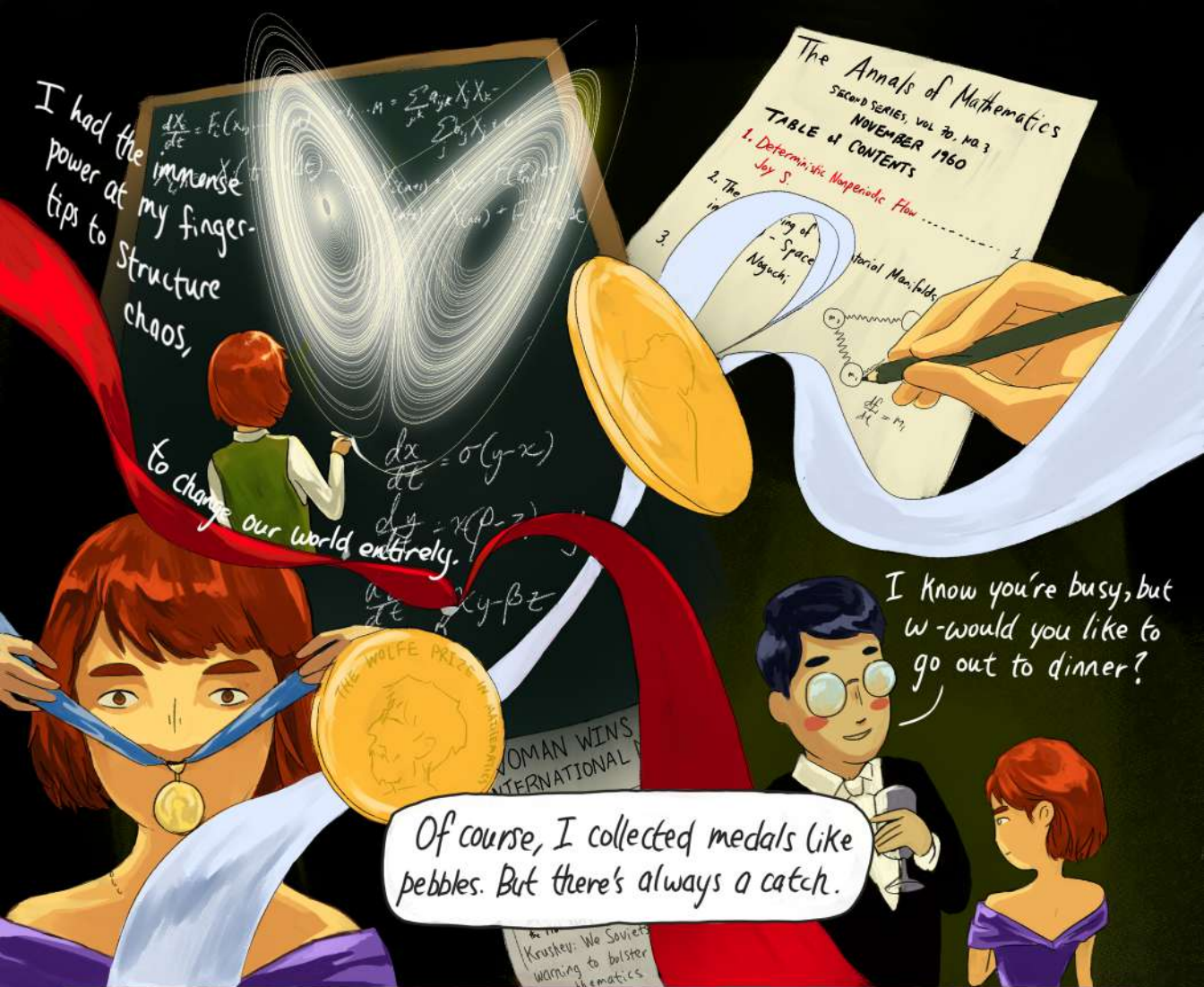
of my cheating,

I felt it.



Another world had opened before my eyes.

I couldn't believe I had been this blind before.



Jesus, this is the spiciest chicken I've ever eaten!



August 1, 1967



If you guess the right number, you get a prize, Mommy!



Claire's much brighter than me when I was her age.

I tell her about how the sun's rays give us warmth and color,

Maybe it's because I try to inspire her with the world I used to sense.



how the smell of soup rises to the second floor,

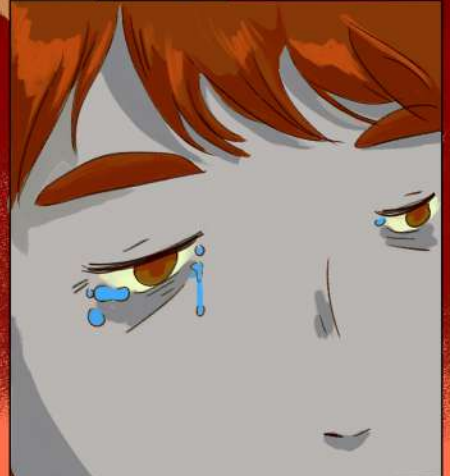


Fuck.

As it turns out, it's hard to navigate without touch.



It's okay! You guessed the right number, so here's your prize! Mommy gets so many medals already, so I dried some flowers for you.



Most of all, I don't want her to end up like me.

As my eyes and ears clouded over,
I tried to drink the world in,
remembering all it gave me.

Where'd you
get this book
from, Mom?



It gave me Claire and Max, whom
I've hurt too much.



At least, I'm thankful
for all the secrets it shared with me.

Mom, can you
~~hear~~ me? with
Heartho??



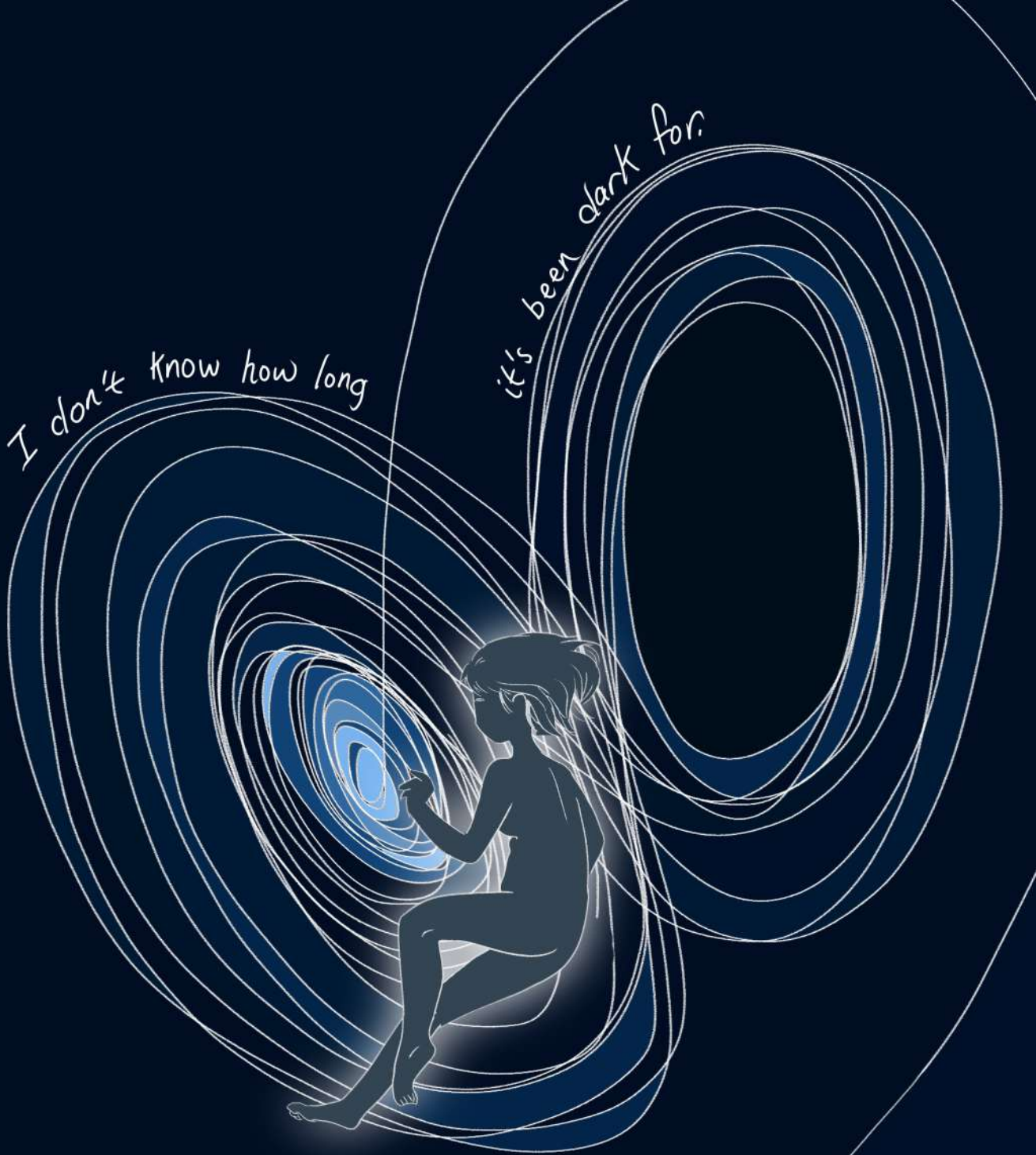
It gave me
validation, which
I no longer need.

~~At least~~



I don't know how long

it's been dark for.



Sometimes, I dream
of how things used to be.

I often dream about my childhood, before I started school.
My parents owned a sunflower field in Santa Rosa back then.



I would spend hours, even days



examining the sunflower seeds,



I think moments like those made me want to become a mathematician in the first place,

Someone with
a sixth sense

for beautiful
coincidences.



I miss those days before I knew of ambition.

Sometimes, I swear...

... I can almost smell them.

Claire, I know it's your mother, but you've been trying for years and —

Hey ...

Mom?

