

The Owl
Spring 2019



The Owl

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Dear Reader,

During my four years at Santa Clara University, I have been lucky enough to come into contact with many of the exceptional creators on our campus. There is a thriving, growing community of people who just love to make stuff, and I'm thrilled that I get to showcase some of their creations in this magazine.

This edition of *The Owl* will take you from the streets of Kansas City, where food-insecure families struggle to put healthy meals on their tables, to a shelter beneath a group of boulders in Yosemite National Park, where you will contentedly wait out a rainstorm. Our art ranges in style from realism to the abstract, and in medium from digital drawings to ceramics.

This is my first and only year editing *The Owl*. It has been a pleasure interacting with the creators and staff members that helped this magazine come to life, and I can't wait to see what lies in store for our magazine under the guidance of our future editors.

Here's to a bright future, full of art and beauty,

Ethan Beberness Editor, *The Owl*

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Cough Syrup

KELLAN WEINBERGER // POETRY

It all started for me

With a paper towel windpipe

Molten forehead

And chilled weak limbs

Grape mercury my only counter-measure

Let it glide down my throat

Warm my innards

Let my eyelids become iron

Flip the off switch we all wish we had

That purple mercury with excellent taste

Brought adventure into a dry and wasted life

I just planned on going to sleep

Who knew I'd become a spy alongside jennifer lawrence Working to save the world

From one of my best friends

Who knew I'd leap on a cosmic trampoline
Simultaneously bouncing in between galaxies
Alongside my prom date I don't regret never kissing

A wicked lead sleep

With an addictive adventure to follow

I promise

I had just planned on going to sleep

Night after night

My mind granted free access By that holy syrup

Morning after morning a crude awakening
To sunlight and Kanye West's Good Morning

The sickness faded with exuberant amounts of rest

But I still desired the adventure

The night time release

So the liquid continued to stain my esophagus

Initially I wanted to be healed in body

But in spirit I was given unequivocally excellent adventure

But eventually my night time adventure supply

Ran dry

I was forced out of my lives

Back into my life

The one where I can truly live and truly die

We Began At Thirteen

FELICIA JARRIN // NONFICTION

The night before our high school graduation, we drive into an abandoned parking lot next to the highway. You are wearing a blue sweater, the one I got you for your thirteenth birthday. I don't know if you remember.

In three months, we will be four hundred and seventy-two miles apart from one another. We do not talk about it.

You tell me about your brother's summer internship in the city and I remind you of the time last spring when we jumped into the lake by your house in our underwear and I sliced my foot open on a piece of glass walking out of the water. And as someone ran to get a first aid kit you sat next to me, your hand firm on my shoulder and your eyes averted from the blood dripping off my heel.

My best friend calls to say that everyone is meeting up at the park next to the high school and we should come. You start the car before I even finish the sentence.

We used to go to the park after school freshman year, back when no one had driver's licenses or part-time jobs. We would play soccer on the field and race to see who could swing highest on the swing set. It was here where boys and girls grew up, where we touched and laughed and grew into our new limbs.

When we get to the park I point out the front windshield to where people are running through the sprinklers, slipping and spinning on the dark expanse of grass.

I start running toward the field but right as my foot touches the grass the sprinklers shut off. Something catches in my lungs as fingers and palms and forearms press against my skin.

We set out blankets and eat red seedless grapes and drink alcohol stolen from parents' liquor cabinets.

Your arm is cool pressed against mine. The blue sweater is now stuffed behind your head as you look up into the night sky.

 $_3$ // THE OWL THE OWL THE OWL // $_4$

I remember your thirteenth birthday party. You invited nearly the entire class because your mother thought it would be rude not to. I wore a striped shirt and stood in the back of the room through the cake cutting. When it was time to open presents, I hoped my father picked out something normal for you. I didn't have time to ask him what he bought before he dropped me off at the top of your driveway, placing the box in my hands.

"Here, where the stars spread across the sky like the map they once used to be."

You opened my present and held out the sweater in front of you. The blue

fabric pooled onto your thighs. It was far too large.

I felt my stomach sink to my knees. As our eyes met across the room, I saw that the tips of your ears were blushing.

Your mother swept in and said, "It'll shrink in the wash."

It didn't shrink.

But it fits you just fine now.

We drink vodka and lemonade and pretend that we grew up somewhere where the buildings rise higher than five stories, somewhere where we don't run into our elementary school teachers on Friday nights at the movie theater.

But we didn't grow up in that somewhere.

We grew up here.

Here, where the stars spread across the sky like the map they once used to be. Where I called my home on all my college applications. Where I once vowed, staring at the town lights from the top of a mountain, to leave and never come back. Where I will walk across a sturdy wooden stage

tomorrow with seventy-four other people—chemistry lab partners and former preschool playmates and best friends. And you.

Last month we visited the city with your parents.

They took us to a restaurant at the top of a glass skyscraper. Everything was dark wood and dim lighting, hushed voices and a waiter with white teeth.

We sat side by side, trying not to reveal our fingers were brushing against each other beneath the table.

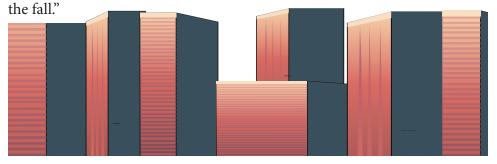
At the end of dinner your mother's cheeks were pink. We slipped away to the back of the restaurant, where the wall was replaced by a single pane of glass, clear and clean, from floor to ceiling.

I put my hands on the glass. We were up so high.. I once read that if someone dropped a penny off of the Empire State Building, it could kill a pedestrian on the sidewalk below. I was almost positive I could do some serious damage up here, too.

Thousands of people below me. Lights from an infinite amount of places—art museums and hotels and fast food restaurants and tech companies and apartment buildings.

I looked at you. Your forehead was pressed against the glass and your breath fogged up the surface as you stared down, down, down. I knew you were thinking the same thing I was, about life and youth and how it was just beginning for us, as I said, "It's amazing. Everything that's out there."

And you turned to look at me with a sort of absent mindedness in your eyes and there was a wrinkle between your brow as your face slowly folded into two and you opened your mouth and said, "I was just thinking about



Sliced
ALEC GONZALES // DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

You Don't Buy Me Flowers Anymore Annie Albers // INK ON PAPER





Light Study
ANNIE ALBERS // PHOTOGRAPHY

Octopus Jar AUSTIN DICKIESON // CERAMIC





March in Yosemite

JUSTIN HYUNMOO KIM // POETRY

Rain showers gently along the old dirt patch Cleared and smoothed by a thousand other feet Over the decades, past and to come. I move unhurried as I lift up my head And, tongue free, drink in the cool manna Until I come upon an outcropping by the road. Massive flat stones balance on each other To form a shelter. Dripping, I collapse Onto its carpet of soft, brittle fuzz And take in the thick, cold taste Of moss and dirt newly fed. Rough, ragged speckled stones Warm slightly at the touch As I breathe heavily, ever softer, And look out on the grey and green land That grows darker by the second Until nothing shows in the blackness, Save a flash and a shatter. Then silence.

When my eyes crack open,
All is white.
The breeze's kiss stings.
I hold out a hand to the open air
And watch a single pale speck
Fall into my palm.
A single pinch
And it's gone.

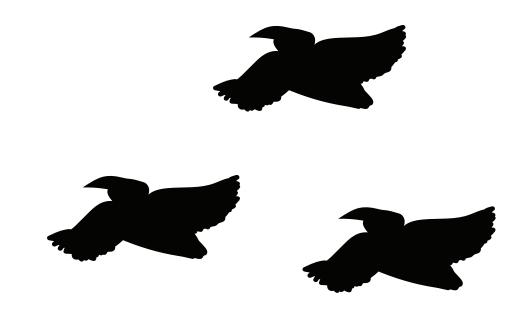
A Stroll Through My Future Graveyard

DANNA D'ESOPO // POETRY

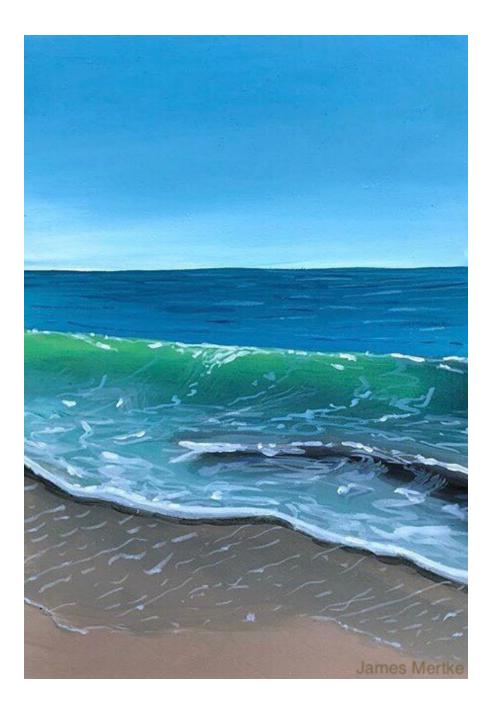
the moon in the sky does not shine bright enough for you to read the name recurrent on every headstone. not for the girl gifted a choker of crimson delivered by a man who treated his knife like his limb and snuck in with the breeze from her window. the girl whose throat burst with Panic! At the Disco lyrics her hands clenched onto the steering wheel until her car screamed verses flash to screams as she released her last breath. the girl last seen at midnight walking near empty tennis courts jumps as sprinklers awaken pepper spray slips through sweaty palms tumbles to the sidewalk left behind as she's pulled to the shadows. the girl who choked not on inhaling food but by the thought of it. the girl who laid still amongst carved pumpkins and wooden stakes circus clowns and an unplugged strobe light whose pleas for help blended with the chorus of teens parading around the gravel labyrinth. the girl whose eyes

blinked at blank walls shivers run like mice across her body

until the wheel left of her chest stopped spinning.



Jewel Tones
JAMES MERTKE // ACRYLIC ON WOOD BOARD



The Pull ERIKA KUO // POETRY

I am miles from the sea but I still feel your tide pulling blue salt from my body. I have already made a home in the sputtering swell and even in the dark I can see your soft sun-soaked warm soul, spilling.

A Lesson on How to Devastate Properly

MELISSA BALLETE // POETRY

a lesson on how to devastate properly (because my mother never taught me how)

- 1. do not be an ember warming the soul only sparking fires never having your own.
- 2. do not be the river that bends around jungle trees to let them grow.
- 3. do not succumb to the suns and stars determined to prove you an Icarus.
- 4. do not be a wonder composed of velvet, white wine, honey, fingers soft as spider's silk.
- 5. do not be a casualty of war.
- 6. be reckless and indeterminate high tide low tide growling waves ebb and flow rise aglow into a tempest.

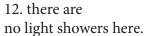
7. when you exhale the gales of winter, bite.

8. in your glorious wake they should bend like reeds.

9. they should exalt you like flowers do the ascendant sun.

10. listen

11. do not be gentle.





Face Series 1 and 3
BROOKE WAZENBERG // ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

Face Series 2 and 4
BROOKE WAZENBERG // ACRYLIC ON CANVAS









THE ESCAPE

NICHOLAS CHAN // NONFICTION

Every family has a story about its brush with history. This is mine.

It was 8 hours after the attack on Pearl Harbor and Japan had turned its attention to conquering Hong Kong.

The Japanese particularly wanted Soong Ching Ling dead. She was the widow of Sun Yat Sen, the man who had toppled the Qing Dynasty to establish the Republic of China twenty-nine years before.

A Japanese spy discovered where Soong lived. The spy placed two red balloons in her backyard, signaling Japanese bombers to destroy her house.

Bombs tumbled from the bombers' bellies, whistling through the air. The earth trembled. Buildings were shattered. Billows of smoke tainted the sky.

My grandfather heard a hurried knock on his door. It was his neighbor: Soong Ching Ling.

"The bombers had missed Soong's house," my grandfather would recall, "it was so close that pieces of shrapnel flew into my backyard. Soong had long feared for her life. She carried a pistol in her purse. She fled to our house. We hid her in our basement."

It was only a matter of time before the Japanese would find Soong. The noose was closing. Soong had nowhere to go. She already had fled from Shanghai to Hong Kong when Japan invaded that city in 1937. Since then, the British crown colony – tucked away in the Southern province of Guangdong, protected by a tenuous peace between Japan and the British Empire – had remained unscathed.

Now, as Japanese forces had attacked American and British soils, that safety was at an end. The Japanese Army had been pushing south across the Middle Kingdom of China, invading the southern province of Guangdong. Japan had cornered Hong Kong.

On December 8th, 1941, Japan attacked Hong Kong. Japanese bombers destroyed the entire British air force within 5 minutes. Thirty-eight thousand Japanese troops poured over the border of Hong Kong, punching through the main line of British fortifications – the so-called 'Gin

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Drinker's Line.'

As Japanese troops inched towards the Kowloon Peninsula, Soong received a call. It was from General Chiang Kai Shek, head of the Nationalist Party and leader of the Republic of China.

He informed Soong that he was sending a private plane to rescue and transport her to the wartime capital of China, Chongqing.

It was an unexpected, but not unlikely, call. The Japanese invasion of China had united former arch enemies. Soong supported the Communists under Mao Zedong. She believed that the Nationalist Party, the party her husband founded, had become corrupt. That it no longer represented Sun's vision of nationalism, democracy and freedom. However, General Chiang, the successor of Sun Yat Sen after Sun's death in 1925, believed communism would never work in China.

In 1927, General Chiang had purged the Communists from the Nationalist Party, triggering the Chinese Civil War. Soong fled to the Soviet Union, not returning to China until 1931. When the Japanese launched a full-scale invasion of China in 1937 (they had first attacked Manchuria in 1931), the Nationalist and Communist Parties formed a united front to fight the

Japanese, halting the Chinese Civil war.

Soong was astonished that General Chiang, who ousted her from the Nationalist Party 14 years before, would now offer to save her.
Remarkably, after agreeing to General Chiang's offer, Soong's first thought was to save her neighbor.

At 4 a.m., under the cover of darkness, a car arrived at my grandfather's house.

At 4 a.m., under the cover of darkness, a car arrived at my grandfather's

house. Standing on the front steps was Soong Ching Ling. She asked my great-grandfather whether she could take my grandfather with her. He was 10 years old, the youngest in the family. Soong didn't want his youthful innocence to be tainted amidst the savagery of war. He had a full life ahead of him, Soong thought.

My great-grandfather understood that his son might be the only member of the family to survive.

The Japanese, after all, were notorious for their atrocities. They had already executed tens of thousands of Chinese civilians – including babies – and soldiers, raping 20,000 women in Nanking alone. They used prisoners for mass beheadings or bayonet practice. No one in Hong Kong had illusions of the impending horrors that the Japanese would inflict upon them – and the prospect of living years under the cruelest tyranny.

"If you didn't bow to the Japanese soldiers," my grandfather would tell me, "they would slap you. They would force you to kneel on the ground for an hour. The Japanese shackled the hands and legs of the British prisoners of war, force-marching them like a herd of cows."

Yet, in the end, my great grandfather turned down Soong's offer. The family had to stay together.

Soong understood. But she had one more request, an especially dangerous one. She asked if my greatgrandfather would hold Sun Yat Sen's personal belongings for safekeeping. They both knew that the discovery of these items would be a death sentence.

"If the Japanese found Sun's memorabilia, we would be beheaded."

"If the Japanese found Sun's memorabilia, we would be beheaded."

But my great-grandfather agreed. He placed Sun's memorabilia in the family's ancestral hall, the devotional space where his family paid respect to the Buddha and their ancestors.

My great grandfather's wit saved his family.

Soon after, Japanese soldiers took over my grandfather's house, making it the living quarters for Japanese officers. And because Sun's memorabilia were in a sacred setting, the Japanese never found Soong's treasure.

During the war and after, Soong continued to support the Communist Party. She spent the years raising funds for children's welfare and health in Communists controlled areas.

After the Japanese surrendered in 1945, the Communists and Nationalist Parties descended back into Civil War. When the Communists defeated the Nationalists, Mao appointed Soong as one of the vice chairs of the newly established People's Republic of China.

Just as her husband, Sun Yat Sen, was widely regarded as "the Father of Modern China," Soong became to be known as the "the Mother of Modern China," the figure who embodied the conscience of the Chinese people. She was awarded the Stalin Peace Prize in 1951. And she became one of the two deputy chairmen of the Chinese Communist Party in 1959.

Soong never forgot the day my grandfather's family sheltered her that day in 1941. Before her death in 1981, Soong Ching Ling invited my grandfather and his brother to Beijing to thank them for protecting her – and even more, for risking all to save a vital piece of Chinese history.

Suicide Prevention

ALEXA ALFANO // POETRY

up in the clouds the Mathematician asked me what I wanted to be like & I said this, this, this I watched Them mix blue (n.) with one light-up sneaker coated in mud then goo of my soul injected I was sent hurdling down heavy & dripping & not even realizing just how heavy & dripping & it was enough until I spotted the face of the Glimmer I wish I'd hurdle faster & pow! according to Plan I hit the ground forgot everything & light in open eyes felt like winter-cold seats in the car but discomfort is fine as long as you're going somewhere nice like you know waiting there will be yourself, different yet still growing forward & still wishing it were better than this though I was in love for a year, maybe a couple other times too but how would I know if this is already the coveted "better," my breath & violent realizations of hilarity & flip-flopped feet running so I hold a patterned umbrella under the enormous waterfall of continuity— oblivion can wait

Untitled, 2019
BROOKE WAZENBERG // ACRYLIC ON CANVAS



Untitled, 2019
BROOKE WAZENBERG // ACRYLIC ON CANVAS



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NO DROUGHT OF IGNORANCE

KATIE BYERS // NONFICTION

After completing a 12 hour day of grueling labor at two jobs, a mother picks up her kids from a local non-profit daycare. With 2 rambunctious 9 year olds and a toddler in hand, she must choose between a 7.2 mile roundtrip journey to the closest supermarket or a 1 mile trek to the local gas station to pick up instant mac'n'cheese and off brand Doritos. She thinks about holding both her toddler and a bundle of groceries whilst corralling the other children and how she'll manage the 3-hour-long trip after scrubbing tables and taking orders all day. As the sun begins to set in one of the most dangerous neighborhoods in Kansas City, she opts for the gas station. This will not be the last day that she is forced to make a decision that will hurt her family in the long run. Every year, 23 million people living in food deserts—defined by the Food Empowerment Project as "geographic areas where residents' access to affordable, healthy food options (especially fresh fruits and vegetables) is restricted or nonexistent due to the absence of grocery stores within convenient travelling distance"—will be forced to make the same decision. Kansas City, Missouri contains of one of the most extreme food deserts in the United States.

Kansas City has a population of around 460,000 people, but the low cost of land allowed the city to spread out over 319 square miles. More than a fifth of the city lives below the poverty line, compared to only 12.7% of the population of the United States, according to the UC Davis Center for Poverty Research. The city is known for barbeque and the Royals, but their true claim to fame should be their inability to care for their impoverished suffering at the hands of food deserts. A quick Google search of food deserts will uncover article after article that supposedly debunk this topic. Food deserts are unlikely to exist in large, densely populated cities, but sparsely populated areas are more likely than not to have them, and serve as a major issue to people in Kansas City.

Kansas City is particularly susceptible to food deserts because of the low population density and lack of adequate public transportation. Grocery stores tend to space out their stores to have the same number of shoppers per store, which ensures the highest profit per store. This proves detrimental to those who rely on public transportation or walking. The lack of walkability of the city and sparse density of grocery stores proves to be a double edged sword which creates the perfect scenario for food deserts. Kansas City is the 42nd most walkable city in the United States, according to Walkscore. com. Simply put, living in Kansas City requires another mode of trans-

portation besides walking. Kansas City covers 319 square miles, an almost unheard size of for a city of less than 460,000 people. Miami, in comparison, has a population of about 463,000 people and covers only 55 square miles. The average number of citizens it takes to sustain one grocery store is about 5,500, which gives Miami a grocery store every .65 miles and Kansas City one every 3.84 miles, respective to their population density according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The average US citizen makes a grocery trip 1.5 times every week, which puts the total trips in a year to 78, according to Statista. This would mean the average trip to the grocery store would force someone without adequate transportation to walk almost 300 miles per year to find healthy and sustainable food sources. This statistic doesn't even begin to address that people without a car can only buy as much as they can carry, forcing them to make additional trips. This paired with multiple jobs or lack of childcare makes grocery shopping an unattainable goal for most lower class citizens in Kansas City. No wonder many families opt for the closer fast food restaurants or bodegas to sustain their family, which later leads to greater health issues.

The lack of walkability of the city, however, wouldn't be a problem if Kansas City had adequate public transportation to make up for it. Public transportation in Kansas City was ranked 20th out of 25 cities, according to a news release by Walkscore.com via PR Newswire. Kansas City has 57 transit lines which utilizes 300 buses and 1 light rail line, which is more for show than legitimate transportation, according to the Kansas City Area Transport Authority. For comparison, Miami has less than 5,000 more people, but was awarded a Walk Score of 79, and has a fleet of 1,000 busses and a metrorail system. Miami serves as an ideal comparison point for their lack of food deserts, which can be attributed to their adequate transportation and abundance of grocery stores. Kansas City's public transportation leaves impoverished people to walk or take long and indirect routes using buses.

So, what can be done to combat these food deserts? In Topeka, Kansas, when one of their last remaining grocery stores shut down because of the sparse population and lack of expendable income, it was clear that changes had to be made. The government stepped in to encourage a Hy Vee to open in its place, and offered 20 years of tax subsidies to ensure the grocery store would continue to serve the public, according to the Gazette of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. The store made it incredibly clear that without the help from the

government, there would have been no way that they would have opened the store. Though Topeka is much smaller than Kansas City, the demographics and issues with food deserts are similar, and a similar tax incentive to companies can be applied without too much risk.

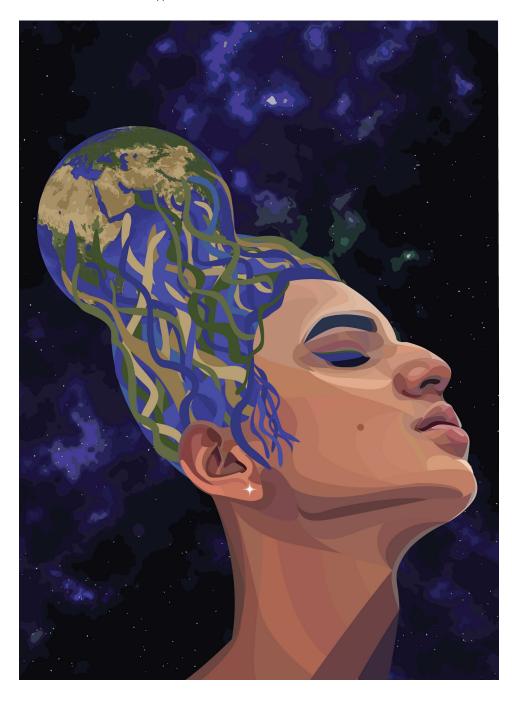
Topeka did, however, face backlash from citizens and government officials because of the increase in taxes. Though an increase in taxes is noteworthy, the long term effects of eliminating food deserts could plummet the \$190 billion spent annually on obesity related diseases. This doesn't even begin to mention the quality of life change for people deeply affected by food deserts. The unfair burden shared by poor people will be lessened, as 8 mile walks to and from the grocery store can become 2 or 3 miles. Fiscally, it makes sense for the government to fix food deserts, but it has more benefits to the people actually affected by them.

Government money isn't an easy thing to come by, however. Another possible solution to food deserts is being done by a store called Rollin' Grocer. This for-profit group customized a mobile grocery store inside a 24-foot trailer that travels around Kansas City to food deserts, according to Forbes. This idea isn't new—many organizations have done this with fresh produce, but this is the first true grocery store on wheels. Here, customers can find fresh meat, produce, toiletries, and anything else someone could find at their local grocery store. It started when a friend of one founder told her that she travels out of her way to shop at a "white grocery store", because her local ones didn't have the same access to fresh, healthy food, says Forbes. The truck makes 5 stops 6 days a week, which creates easy access for as many people as possible. Rollin' Grocer has received no grants from the government, and if we can encourage more businesses like these to start up, food deserts can become a thing of the past.

Food deserts, though often ignored, are creating major problems for the citizens directly affected and the country as a whole. If communities continue to ignore the health and well being of their citizens, the detrimental effects of food deserts will only grow. If Kansas City wishes to compete with other major cities for business and labor, the city must first establish laws that work for their current citizens and ensure that further growth won't worsen the state of transportation and food deserts. Kansas City doesn't need another museum or fountain—it needs grocery stores closer than 4 miles away.

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Reclamation
MARIAH MANZANO // DIGITAL ART



Clouds
JAMES MERTKE // ACRYLIC ON WOOD BOARD



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AMBULANCE

BISHOP WASHINGTON // FICTION

It was loud, and too bright. I don't know why they make the lights in the inside of ambulances so bright. My mom never let us turn on the light in the backseat when she drove at night; she said that the light interfered with her vision. Someone was gripping my left hand tightly. I knew the hand was not my mother's. It was not the hand of a lady I had loved so dearly, no, this hand was small. The skin on their fingertips, rough; and the sweat on their palms constant.

A man and a woman were in front of me. the man kneeled, the woman sat on a bench within the back cabin of the ambulance. They wore navy shirts, and pants; the letters EMT were stamped on the left side of their chest where their hearts were supposed to be. There was an oxygen mask covering my nose and mouth; it too felt to tight on my bare skin. The woman looked nervous. She yelled the words: "Yes, triage external and internal," into the walkie talkie. I didn't know what "triage" meant, so I laid there in the back of the bright ambulance; my eyes half open, thinking what the word triage meant.

I had no control over my body. I could not speak. I tried squeezing the hand that had been gripping mine, but I could not find the strength to do so. I looked right. The cabin was spacious. There was a bench that came out the wall, where the EMT woman sat. I moved my eyes towards my toes and saw that tubes leading into my mouth. I rolled my eyes back to my chest, and saw the once-beige bandage that wrapped my forearm was now red.

I had no control over my body.
I could not speak.

They did not bother to make the ride on the stretcher enjoyable or comfortable for that matter. It was the opposite; rough and bumpy. Four small, black wheels screamed as they rolled on the pavement leading to the Emergency Room. Once they moved from the gravel path outside to the tile in the building, the wheels no longer screamed. They rushed me; I felt like I was on like an amusement park ride.

I was forced through one set of swinging doors, and then another. I tried to read the signs that were mounted above the doors, but my half open, drowsy eyes couldn't make out the letters above me. I wondered why there

were so many staff members surrounding me.

Never once did it cross my mind that something was seriously wrong. I didn't know why I had been in the ambulance, just as I didn't know why six people were urgently pushing me down a well-lit corridor. It was loud again and there were tubes and there were wires and there were medical staff members around me. Still, I wasn't worried.

I was too weak to keep my eyes open, so I closed them.

I was too weak to keep my eyes open, so I closed them. I remembered when I was a child, how my friends and I would race our bikes to school. I never wanted to lose. Nobody did. We'd ride every day that year, regardless of the clouds and rain constantly above. At first, we'd say that our bikes had powers. My bike was a mountain bike, so it could take shortcuts through the grassy, muddy terrain. The boy who lived down the street, in the green house with the off-white door, owned a road bike. It was actually his mothers, so we often poked fun at him for riding the pink, girly, bike next to our manly bikes. Still, his pink bike was certainly the fastest. He often won our daily races. And the last boy, the one who grew up in the small pale house miles away from me; his bike was, well, his bike was shit. Often the chain would fall off on the way to school. The first time it happened none of us knew how to put in back on, so we were forced to call his dreaded stepfather to help us. To our surprise, he did. He was a raging alcoholic, we all hated him. But from there on out, we all vowed to learn how to fix the chain in case it ever fell off again. And it did.

It was now that I realized being in the hospital with doctors rushing all around me probably meant that something bad had happened. Maybe I was hit by a car, or maybe I was diagnosed with a rare venereal disease. Maybe I had fallen down the stairwell in my shitty apartment complex, or perhaps I had a skydiving accident. But that is unlikely. I am afraid of heights, so I cannot imagine myself willingly jumping out of an airborne plane. In fact, the more I think about it, the more dreadful it seems. I have never liked heights.

Mom took my brother and me to the state fair when we were younger; it took some courage to will myself to go on the Daredevil roller coaster. I

gripped the chest harness tightly, the clicking sounds the car made as it pressed along the track did not help my mental state on our journey to the top of the hill. At first, I did not mind the height, but that was only because I was only thirty feet off the ground. Closing my eyes did not help as I now had no visual reference to pair the clicking sound of the track too.

So I opened them once again, only to look right and see my brother, a wide grin across his carefree face. And then I looked to my left, only to see a bunch of small cars that looked like ants sitting in the parking lot. Then I looked straight up towards the sun. I opened my eyes once again only this time I was not on the roller coaster, I was in the ER and the sun had been replaced by the bright lights in my face. The doctors rushed around me. I closed my eyes again and I was back on the roller coaster. I looked down and saw the track drop. The cart slowly went over the hill and then rushed down the track, it was loud. I opened my eyes again, the loudness of the track had been replaced with the shouting of the doctors. They seemed frantic. And so, I closed my eyes and when I did I was back on the coaster. I sat there, tightly gripping the chest harness as the the coaster made its way around the track. We went left, right; up and down and during all of it I was scared.

When we reached the peak at the top of the hill I was more than scared. After the dreadful minute long ride had ended, I didn't bother looking at the monitor that shows the picture taken of riders on the coaster, I was probably crying, or worse I may have shit myself. It felt like I did.

The ride was over, so I opened my eyes once more. Like before, there were lights in my face and doctors around me. And even though I knew something bad had happened, I wasn't in pain, nor was I scared. My mind was to busy and preoccupied traveling through memories to be scared. Plus, the only thing I am afraid of is heights.

The Owl

Call for Submissions

Dear Reader,

Enclosed in these pages are the creative works of over a dozen of Santa Clara University's undergraduate students. These works come from a time of rapid personal development, and we couldn't be prouder to showcase the poems, essays, and art that we have for you today.

The Owl itself is also in a time of rapid personal development. After the publication's revitalization last year, we have sought to craft a publication which both represents and celebrates the talents and passions of our student body. And, as we grow, we'll use our valuable connection to the Santa Clara Review to launch ourselves into the future of the arts at SCU.

We can't fulfill our goals, however, without you: the SCU student body. We need your help to fill our pages with your work, to design our digital and print magazines as part of our staff, and to engage with the SCU creative community as we all grow together.

You can join our mission to foster an on-campus creative community by submitting your work, notifications of upcoming events, and ideas for the magazine to santaclaraowl@gmail.com.

Ethan Beberness Editor, *The Owl*

