



THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
ROY J. AND LUCILLE A. CARVER
COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

CREATIVE WRITING ANTHOLOGY

WINTER 2021

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FOREWORD

In the recent words of Dr. Rita Charon, founder of the field of narrative medicine, “...when done in good faith, narrative work accelerates justice by generating connection, challenging bias, animating conscience and changing minds.” Now more than ever, storytelling, creative writing and the study of humanities are essential in the practice of medicine. The University of Iowa and the Carver College of Medicine have long celebrated literature and creative writing and are proud to share some of this important narrative and creative work through the CCOM Faculty, Resident and Fellow Creative Writing Anthology.

This anthology is comprised of poems and short stories written by a diverse group of current Carver College of Medicine faculty, residents and fellows. These pieces cover a variety of topics and are not necessarily medically related, but all touch on the human condition in some way. Readers are invited to explore this collection and appreciate the insightful perspectives of the colleges’ creative minds.

These poems and stories were selected from a large group of submissions through a double-blind peer review process by non-conflicted faculty at the college.

Cate Dicharry
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THE LAST DIVE

No one knew what had possessed Dr. Robert Whalen to dive off the Washington Street bridge into the icy waters of the Mississippi River in Minneapolis in the winter of 1982. To most of those who knew him well, his apparent suicide was unexpected if not downright mysterious. As I had been up North over the weekend to join my wife and children for the start of their 10 day skiing holiday, I didn't learn of his death until I returned home Sunday evening and read the newspaper.

The front-page article reported that the prominent psychiatrist, Dr. Robert Whalen, had plunged into the freezing river early Saturday morning and had subsequently died of hypothermia before his body was pulled to shore. The police were ruling his death a suicide as there had been three witnesses: two runners on the shore 100 feet below, and a man who had been waiting for a bus at one end of the bridge. The man at the bus stop reportedly saw Dr. Whalen park his car halfway across the bridge, calmly get out, climb on top of the cement sidewall, stand firmly erect, and then without hesitation make a perfect dive into the icy river below. No one else was seen with him on the bridge or in the car. One of the runners immediately rushed to a public telephone to call for help while the other runner and the man at the bus stop kept sight of him in the river. Apparently, the shock of the icy water changed Dr. Whalen's mind about suicide for he was heard to have yelled for help, but the rescue squad arrived too late. An autopsy was performed which revealed no evidence of foul play, and pharmacological studies were negative.

The newspaper further reported that Dr. Whalen's wife and peers were grieved and shocked by his death. There had been no reason whatever to believe the man was unhappy. On the contrary, he was happily married, and had recently been appointed Chair of the Psychiatry department at the medical school, a prestigious appointment all said he wanted and deserved. Furthermore, he had no history of depression or other mental illness. He was liked by most everybody and was generally thought of as emotionally stable, dependable, and responsible. In fact, there was no indication he was contemplating suicide, as he had confirmed several appointments he had made for the next week, and had even been on his way to a hospital conference at which he was to receive an award the morning of his

death. He loved his job and with his recent promotion to Chair he was eager to implement major changes within the department.

His wife stated that as far as she knew he was in good health and was even very pleased with himself that he had given up smoking several weeks before. She had noted no change in personality which had remained cheerful, outgoing, and energetic until the end. In short, there was nothing in his behavior recent or past that would indicate he had any remote inclination of committing a suicide as bizarre as diving off a bridge into an ice-cold death. Ironically, Dr. Whalen had been an award-winning diver in college thirty years ago, but had no active interest in the sport in as many years. One would think with a physician's easy access to drugs, a lethal injection would have been preferable.

All this was true as far as I knew, for until Saturday Dr. Whalen had been a colleague of mine for twenty years in psychiatry at the hospital. We had both joined the department the same year. Although our training had been similar, we quickly adopted different approaches concerning psychiatric therapy. Dr. Whalen became a strong advocate of the relatively modern use of psycho-pharmacology, whereas I adopted and continue to espouse the somewhat out of fashion Freudian concept of psychoanalysis or as we call it today "individual psychotherapy". The two approaches are quite different. Psychopharmacology attempts to cure or at least alleviate psychopathology through the use of psychotropic drugs. Individual psychotherapy, on the other hand, seeks to provide an emotionally corrective experience by helping the patient clarify the way he experiences the world, which supplies reasons for his actions, about which, he may know nothing. I truly believe that in experienced hands the use of in-depth psychoanalysis aided occasionally by hypnosis can be very effective therapeutically.

Dr. Whalen, however, thought otherwise. With an expanding arsenal of psychotropic drugs, he had come to believe that individual psychotherapy had little to offer the patient except perhaps in an occasional case of elevator phobia or in breaking a bad habit such as a stutter. Over the years our difference of opinion regarding therapy became more obvious in committee meetings. Nevertheless, he was always courteous and at times was surprisingly open to suggestion, but given time to reflect he always upheld his original position with more conviction. Still, we respected each other, at least outwardly, and always remained civil with one another.

I must confess the news of his sudden death gave me some relief, especially since his recent appointment to Chair of the department. It is no secret that we had both applied for the position when our former Chair announced his retirement. However, in spite of my qualifications I was not surprised when Dr. Whalen was chosen over me considering he was a singular favorite of a very influential

Hospital Board member, a Mr. Brundage. I had no doubt that once appointed Dr. Whalen had plans to restructure the department much to my disadvantage. Although he had made no conscious effort to tell me so, it was clear to me in these times of tight budgets, where staff and funds would be cut. I cannot deny his death had certainly allayed my fears at least temporarily.

At work the next morning, the clinics and wards buzzed with the news of Dr. Whalen's death. The totally unexpected nature of his act had left everyone, especially other physicians, uncomfortably uncertain about their knowledge of human behavior.

As usual, I went to my office at 8:30 AM. After exchanging condolences with my secretary, Mrs. Kinney, she informed me that Mr. Brundage had called and would like to see me as soon as I arrived if I had no pressing matters to attend to. I told her to tell him that I would come up to his office right away.

Ten minutes later, I was shown into Mr. Brundage's office. It reeked of smoke, but I was not annoyed. Mr. Brundage crushed out his cigarette and rose from behind his desk. In contrast to myself, he was a tall powerfully built man in his mid-fifties with a no-nonsense approach which undoubtedly had helped him in his successful business career. He was known to have amassed substantial investments in the health care and drug industries, and was considered to be a very influential member in the community. It was understandable that the hospital board of directors was pleased when Mr. Brundage accepted its offer to become a fellow director several years ago. Without much ado, we shook hands and he directed me to take a seat.

"Doctor, excuse the cigarette smoke. I have tried to quit a hundred times, and it will probably be the death of me yet, but you never know, do you? I assume you know of Dr. Whalen's tragic death."

"Only as of last evening", I replied. "I was up North over the weekend with my family skiing. I only returned last night so I have no more details than what I read in yesterday's paper. Do you have any additional information?"

"There isn't much more to tell. It's just incomprehensible to me that he committed suicide. The man was as stable as I am. I just can't believe it, and his wife is more surprised than anyone."

"It does seem out of character. Was there any evidence of foul play or suicide notes?"

"None that anyone can find", replied Brundage. "The witnesses are reliable, and the autopsy findings and pharmacological studies reveal nothing that's suspicious. No, it appears he just stopped his car and dove off the bridge on impulse. It's as if he suddenly thought he was the champion diver in his college days. As a psychiatrist, what do you make of it?"

“The human mind is exceedingly complex. Unconscious aspirations or fears can surface and take control under the most normal of circumstances given the right stimulus. To know what that stimulus was in Bob Whalen’s case, one would have had to have had access to his subconscious or perhaps know him extremely well. As you probably know Bob Whalen and I were not intimate friends. However, I believe it has been said that high achievers in particular can be unusually vulnerable to the intense power of their subconscious desires under certain conditions. Perhaps this was the case. People, especially many of my colleagues, tend to forget the human mind is infinitely more powerful and intricate than the psychotropic drugs used to influence it. The key to understanding the health and pathology of the mind is through in-depth analysis of its fears and aspirations and of the dynamic process through which these fears and aspirations effect behavior. The idea of saturating hypothesized brain cell receptor sites with nonspecific chemicals shows superficial understanding and treatment at best.”

Mr. Brundage interrupted, “We have been through this before. Perhaps in Bob Whalen’s case you have a point, but I needn’t remind you that the biochemical basis for the proven efficacy of psychotropic drugs has been shown repeatedly. I am well aware of your views as well as the success of some of your clinics in treating phobias, bad habit, etc., but psychotropic drugs are here to stay and evolve. I would like to think that this department under new leadership would move to the forefront in this area of development, which brings up the main reason why I wished to speak with you.”

At this point Mr. Brundage lit up another cigarette and took a forceful puff and exhaled briskly. “As you are undoubtedly aware, Bob’s death leaves the position of Chair vacant. As head of the search committee I am prepared to make you Acting Chair with the full understanding that you will not submit yourself as a possible candidate for the position and that you will step down when a permanent chair is hired. What do you say?”

I took a deep sigh and kindly replied, “Mr. Brundage, I will not hope that I can change your mind. Moreover, I have become fully resigned to accept the situation as it stands, and am prepared to serve as Acting Chair of the department until a permanent Chair is hired. All I ask is that my clinics and research continue to be supported with personnel and funds after the new Chair is chosen.”

“Doctor, I understand your concerns, but I can give you no guarantees. Budgets will be tight in the coming years. How resources will be allocated is really not up to me, but up to the new Chair. I promise you though I will make he or she aware of the good reputation of your work. While I will not pretend that I fully understand your methods, I have heard much praise regarding your smokers’ clinic in particular.” As he said so he put out his cigarette.

Tactfully, I answered, "Thank you for saying so. Cigarette smoking is difficult to stop as you well know. I am pleased to say this is one area I have had much success. Perhaps you would consider a round of treatment at no expense. It can't hurt and I would feel more comfortable that you had first-hand experience with the nature and hopefully success of some of my therapies. I realize you may not quit smoking, but I have enough confidence in my program to take the risk."

"Doctor, I admire you for doing so, and I am willing to try it depending on what's involved. I'm a busy man, and I come here but once a week."

"It's simple really. As you are probably aware, I teach people to quit smoking through hypnosis. Normally it requires just four sessions, one half hour each. We could schedule one session every other week. My success rate is nearly 100% provided you truly want to quit."

Mr. Brundage thought a moment and gave a slight shrug. "I'm somewhat skeptical of the method, but I sincerely want to quit and am willing to give it a try. However, I want you to know that the success or failure of this treatment will not influence my view as to the direction of this department."

"I understand perfectly."

"Good. Well then, now that you are acting Chair, tell me when I can start my first session?"

"I have an opening at three o'clock this afternoon, if that suits you."

"That's fine, If there is nothing else, I have other matters to attend to."

"No, that's all. Thank you for your time and this opportunity. I will see you later in clinic."

We shook hands and I returned to my office where I found my secretary. "Mrs. Kinney, are there any openings this afternoon in the smokers' clinic for Mr. Brundage?"

"Well Doctor, we're pretty full, but there is an opening at three o'clock this afternoon when Dr. Whalen was scheduled for his last session."

"Yes, that will do just fine. I will call Mr. Brundage myself."

Brooks Jackson, MD, MBA
Professor
Pathology

RENDITION

I stand on my side of the border,
holding out my hand,
waiting for you to cross over,
continuing a journey that began
with the call, "I'm sorry—your biopsy was positive."

You had worn your best clothes for that trip, but
they hooded you and threw you
into the belly of a cargo plane. You were
confused by the constant turbulence,
the change in time zones, and now the language.
You had been a citizen of the country
of the well all your life, but
they took your passport.
Who are you now, without papers
or statehood? And who am I,
standing on the wrong side of the border?

But, somehow crossing over
you take my hand, and we talk
and we talk again
and again, until you are ready
to speak the name
of this country.

Dr. Carol Scott-Conner, MD, PhD
Professor Emeritus
Surgery

THE TIME OF NO TIME

Spring 2020, New York City

Here in the pause of anticipation, we set up field hospitals and morgues,
while we wait for the plague to reach us. We are caught in the time of no time,

and I recall how you and I once walked every day as I waited to hear
if I would need chemotherapy. Step by step through the time of no time,

just as we once huddled in a small room on high ground while the storm crept toward us,
so sure that this hurricane would veer, go out to sea, waiting in the time of no time,

and now the waiting is over. Turning from the dead toward the half-dead,
death after death, we have no time to grieve. Will we lose our souls in the time of no time?

Dr. Carol Scott-Conner, MD, PhD
Professor Emeritus
Surgery

NOT A POEM

This is not a poem.
 But the broken shards of one.
 Needling and numbing,
 Just a few words left in juxtaposition.

This is not a poem.
 Careful! The edges are sharp!
 Glistening with poison,
 The grief of the broken heart.

This is not a poem.
 But the Japanese know of one.
Kintsukuroi *
 Celebrating the undone.

This is not a poem.
 But the renaissance of one.
 This is not a poem,
 But it is a beautiful one.

**Kintsukuroi* – “to repair with gold”; the art of repairing pottery with gold or silver lacquer and understanding that the piece is more beautiful for having been broken.

Ashmita Banerjee, MD
 Resident Physician
 Psychiatry

PHANTOM KISS

Each night she comes when moonbeams gleam
And beckons me in foggy dream
An apparition of pleasing guise
With plumrose lips and vibrant eyes

She approaches slowly, her voice enchants
With endearing whispers that entrance
Her wispy breath evokes a time
Of passion thrills and life sublime

So soft and gentle is her kiss
More fresh and moist than morning mist
Her parted lips against mine press
Her eyes embrace in sweet caress

As starlight dims she fades from sight
And is no more at morning light
The day is long but it will end
When evening shadows fall again

And then appears my phantom mistress
Approaches me as I lay listless
And throughout the night imparts a kiss
That renders slumber gentle bliss

Brooks Jackson, MD, MBA
*Professor
Pathology*

THE IMPOSTOR

She's been told
That she won't need
That MBA
For she will never be
Anything more
Than what she is
After all, let's get real
She is a she
For she will never be
Anything more
So when she achieves
She expects to fall
Or be discovered
As a fraud
She is an impostor.

Kokila Thenuwara, MBBS, MD, MME, MHCDS
Associate Professor
Anesthesia

SYNESTHESIA

It's easier to breathe,
 The air is brighter
 Luminous with star-spangled dust
 It has never been easier.

It's easier to see,
 The darkness is gossamer
 Softly treading in,
 Tasting of a milder winter.

It's easier to touch,
 The brilliance of the conifers
 Weaving a cloud of reverie
 It has never been easier.

It's easier to taste,
 The redolent jasmine that withers
 Resplendent in turquoise
 A fragrant pianissimo that lingers.

It's easier to hear,
 The tartness of your fear
 The light in your burning eyes
 It has never been easier.

The smoke-filled fireflies gather,
 Setting ablaze that tinder
 It has never been harder to say
 It has never been easier.

Ashmita Banerjee, Resident, MD
Resident Physician
Psychiatry

THE LAST SHOT

The rhythmic creaking of the rocking chair broke the silence of the moment. The chair's weathered features matched those of the old man rocking quietly. The size of the chair seemed mammoth for his emaciated frame, wasted away by age. Rocking in the chair was his favorite pastime, sitting on the shaded front porch of the family farmhouse, surrounded by the prairie grassland stippled with wildflower pastels. Sometimes he would nap but mostly he liked watching the swallows flit around the porch or the manic chipmunks madly chasing each other.

It didn't matter that he no longer knew whose farmhouse he was living in or why he was there. What was important was that the people living there took care of him. He especially liked the woman and the young man who helped her. That they were his daughter and grandson had gotten lost years ago.

His daughter, Emma, was inside the house preparing dinner for her men folk. Occasionally, she'd check on her father through the open front door that led to the porch. As usual, he had made no effort to undo the reins that kept him tied in his chair. He had wandered off once too often and the reins were his security strap. Emma and her husband, Luke, had decided the spare set hanging in the barn would solve the problem. To everyone's surprise, Calvin didn't mind it one bit. Said it reminded him of being back on his horse.

Emma stepped on the wooden porch, bent over to kiss him on his forehead. She had cut his long unruly white hair and shaved off his scraggly beard when her son, Jeremiah, had first brought him to the farm years ago. He'd been living with her brother, but it had become too difficult to look after their father. Sitting there, his hair neatly combed and his beard a mere silvery stubble, he didn't have that bedraggled appearance that he had when he first arrived. Along with most of his memories, the frontier look was now part of the past.

He seemed happy. He was often confused and had problems recalling details and past events, but he always went along with anything she or Luke wanted or what they said. Her son, Jeremiah, was devoted to his gramps — especially ever since he had saved the boy's life in the now famous stagecoach episode.

Luke and Jeremiah came on the porch having just washed up after spending the afternoon in the cow barn.

“Time for dinner,” Emma announced.

Calvin never missed the call to eat. He tried getting out of the rocker, pushing on the arm rest without success. The two men, as they always did, took his arms and helped lift him out of the chair. His tiny steps were slow and wobbly, but Calvin made it to the big front room. Luke and Jeremiah let go of his arms as he sat down at the head of the table where Emma had decided years ago Calvin belonged. These were his waning years but, for Emma, he was still the head of the family.

Sitting in the middle of the table was a large chocolate cake. Emma had been talking about making a chocolate cake for some weeks now, after she had read about the recipe in a recent Philadelphia newspaper that they occasionally got. The article had said that chocolate was good for people’s memory and that really caught her attention. A lighted candle was planted in the middle of the cake.

“Must be some kind of special celebration,” Luke half said, half asked.

“It is,” Emma answered. “Today is the tenth anniversary of the stagecoach holdup where Calvin saved Jeremiah’s life. It’s a special day.”

“And everyone else’s life, too,” Jeremiah added. He had only been a boy, but the events of the attempted robbery were still indelibly branded in his mind. They were the origin of his worst nightmares.

As it turned out, it had been one of the finest days in Calvin’s life. Standing half hidden in the shadows of the stalled stage, his two shaky hands holding the gun that had been buried in his shoulder holster, he maimed the three outlaws with three quick shots in succession. It became a legend in the town of Derecho and the whole new state of Iowa. The old retired sheriff performing one last encore.

Everyone turned to look at Calvin for a moment. Emma clapped her hands. Calvin looked back blankly, his eyes fixed on the chocolate cake and candle. He was waiting for the food. It was time to eat. Emma tied the eating towel around his neck. His hands had gotten less shaky since the stagecoach episode, but a lot of the food still ended up on the towel. He insisted on a piece of the cake before he let Emma serve the stew.

The next morning Calvin was back on the porch in his rocking chair. The prairie flowers were in full bloom—the black-eyed Susans, butterfly weed, daisies—distracted Calvin from seeing the small whirlwind of dust in the distance. Jeremiah had seen it as he had helped Calvin walk across the porch. As it got closer it unveiled two horses and their riders coming up the wagon road toward the house.

One of the men tied his horse to the hitching post in front of the porch. The other remained on his horse, making no move to dismount. Their faces had the look of brothers—the same shaped noses and eyes that looked like they could burn holes in you. Neither man smiled.

“We’re looking for Sheriff Tate,” the first man said to Luke, his wide-brimmed hat pushed back, exposing his balding forehead. His beard would have matched the color of the hat if it didn’t have all those flecks of white in it. “They say he lives someplace around here.”

Emma stood in the doorway, Jeremiah half-hidden behind her. He had recognized both men. They were two of the stagecoach outlaws. His nightmare was becoming a reality. Luke had stepped part-way down the porch steps. Calvin was smiling, watching two eagles soaring high off to one side of the house.

“Why are you looking for him?” Luke asked.

“Well,” the young gunman began, “some years ago me and my two brothers had a run-in with him and we ended up in prison. All three of us got shot up by him. One of my brothers never come out of it. Died. My brother on that horse back there never been able to walk right since. We just wanna’ have a chat with him and see how he feels about what he done to us.” He paused. “Know where we can find him?”

Calvin still had his eyes fixated on the two eagles floating over the cows grazing in the nearby meadow. “Must be turkey buzzards, too big for crows,” he said to no one in particular.

“Yes,” Luke answered, “we can tell you where to look.”

Jeremiah was frightened. They were here to kill Gramps and there was no way to stop them. He knew the whole family would get killed if they tried. This was Jeremiah’s most terrifying fear. He stepped back into the shadows of the front parlor. He was afraid the men might recognize him, never mind the holdup had occurred ten years ago when he was still just a kid.

Calvin was still watching the birds. “Nope, ain’t buzzards,” he said. “Doubt I ever seen birds like that before.”

“Can you shut that old guy up?” the man adjusted his gun belt.

“Don’t pay any attention to him,” Luke answered. “He lives in another world.”

“The sheriff,” the gunman was getting impatient. “How do we get to the sheriff?”

“Up in cemetery,” Luke said quietly. “Sheriff Tate died five years ago. He’s got the biggest headstone up there. Can’t miss it.”

Calvin looked over at Luke. “I don’t know, only birds up there by the cemetery are those pesky crows and these guys are too big for crows.”

The gunman ignored the old man. “What he die of? Get killed in a gun fight?”

“I don’t rightly know,” Luke answered, “but they say his heart just give out.”

The gunman turned away from the porch and untied his horse. “Me and my brother are riding up to the cemetery and take a closer look at that grave. Thanks for the tip.”

Calvin was still preoccupied with the soaring birds. “Dadburnit, them must be hawks.” He frowned. “It sure is hard to tell about birds anymore.”

For a few minutes the rest of the family watched the two gunmen ride up the hill toward the town cemetery. As they disappeared behind some trees, Luke put an arm around Jeremiah’s shoulder and pulled him close.

“When you brought Gramps here ten years ago so we could all help look after him, this is what he was worried to death about. That those gunmen and outlaws he put into prison, would be coming back for revenge. It was his idea to put up the tombstone.”

Lud Gutmann, MD
Clinical Professor
Neurology

THE GIRL ON THE SWING

The little boy gazed at the girl on the swing
And thought to himself on this warm day of spring
Who is this girl with looks so fair
In a pretty white dress with wavy blond hair

Whose radiant smile gleams in the sun
Whose charming laughter reflects the fun
Of the merriment shown in her twinkling eyes
Of a girl whose looks can mesmerize

She swings high in the air and laughs with glee
She looks all around but not at me
Perhaps I can show her how fast I can run
How far I can throw which is second to none

Alas she will notice and be eager to know
Who is this boy who impresses her so
And then I will smile at her curious eyes
And hope I'm the one she will idolize

But his mother then called and led him away
And he'd have to wait for another day
For a chance to impress this pretty young miss
In the hopes of receiving her affectionate kiss

Brooks Jackson, MD, MBA
*Professor
Pathology*

MISSIVES FROM THE AGE OF AWKWARD

Mary Pat prayed before eating ice cream.

Mary Pat and Melinda—Lindy—were the only two girls working at the ice cream shop; the other four were guys. All were in college but Lindy, who had just finished the 10th grade. She looked younger than her 16 years, a liberal sprinkling of freckles across her face and a Princess Diana haircut still growing out. Lindy was not a great conversationalist but knew if she asked enough questions, she wouldn't have to talk much.

"Are you in a sorority?" Lindy asked Mary Pat.

"No, I belong to a religious fraternity." That was not surprising. They lived in the Bible Belt; religion was a way of life. Lindy didn't go to church herself. She *had* gone to Sunday school for years but had retained almost nothing of what she was taught, apart from a lesson about not using marijuana after the teachers took the class to see the movie "9 to 5."

Lindy got to know the others—listening more than talking, naturally—during new employee orientation, where they learned they were allowed a free scoop of ice cream for every shift worked. And she always got her scoop, until a day when Keith, an easygoing fellow who made her laugh with his wry and sometimes sarcastic observations of the goings-on at the store, inquired, "Want a sundae?" Lindy watched with interest as he created a jarring concoction of three flavors of ice cream topped with hot fudge, caramel, pineapples, nuts and a glob of whipped cream. "My 'scoop,'" he explained, winking. Lindy laughed. "Does everyone do this?" He looked at her in disbelief. "You've only been taking one?" She nodded. "Live a little," he advised.

Lindy didn't go all out with the ice cream around Mary Pat, though, who seemed more like a rule bender than a rule breaker. Mary Pat usually ate two scoops with whipped cream. The first time Lindy worked with her, they prepared their treats and Lindy dug in with delight. But when she looked to see if Mary Pat was enjoying hers (she was trying a new flavor today), she saw that Mary Pat had her head bowed and was moving her lips ever so slightly in prayer. Lindy didn't realize ice cream was a prayerful food and felt strange witnessing this, as if she had accidentally walked in on a private conversation not meant for her ears.

This was but one of many uncomfortable moments for Lindy. She suffered from profound cluelessness. She always felt hopelessly inexperienced, never more so than when working with these college kids, who seemed so grown up. Parties? She never got invited and she'd have nothing to say anyway. Drinking? She'd tried beer once at age five, when her dad had poured some into a Tupperware cup for her. Dating? Lindy had never been on a date or kissed a boy...She wondered if people could tell.

Dull days at the shop were sometimes livened when Lindy's best friend, Jennifer McDuffy, dropped in. Jennifer, a stick-thin, slightly dysphoric, well-dressed girl with permed hair and excellent social skills, was one of eight Jennifers in their class. Lindy called her by her full name, "Jennifer McDuffy," to her face (it amused her) and when referring to her in conversation (to avoid confusion). She and Jennifer had similar senses of humor about many things, collapsing in fits of laughter at the wrong times during Monty Python movies, or when Lindy delivered her version of one of Jennifer's mother's diatribes. (Lindy had an uncanny talent for mimicry.) Jennifer also had never dated. Each felt the comfort of the other misfit kindred spirit.

They shared a locker at school but weren't in any of the same classes, so they wrote prolific notes to each other during the day, dropping them in the locker for the other to find between classes. They possessed no shortage of opinions about everyone and everything, so their notes were generally cryptic to avoid the potential disaster of a note falling into the wrong hands. They also spoke to each other in this coded shorthand, part of the lexicon they had developed from stream of consciousness jabbers and loose associations. They usually signed their notes with dramatic valedictions. Once, Jennifer signed off "Poor Unfortunate Me," so Lindy began calling her "Poor Unfortunate," or simply "PU," which sounded like "pew," the unintended consequence of which was that others assumed she was saying Jennifer was smelly, which she wasn't. PU created alternative names for Lindy as well, with "Wretched" (as she often was) being most frequently used.

Jennifer/PU strolled into the shop one slow afternoon when Lindy was working with Mary Pat. "Feeling suitably wretched?" she asked, having heard many rants about the tedious job. Lindy chirped, "We had some nice customers earlier!" so Mary Pat would think she liked this work, hopefully giving the impression she wasn't the misanthrope she secretly suspected she was. Mary Pat, seeing Lindy had the counter covered, asked, "Mind if I take a break?" and then put a single (large) scoop of pistachio ice cream in a waffle cone and retreated to the back, where she was still visible to Lindy and PU. She bowed her head. "What's she doing?" PU whispered. "She's praying," Lindy whispered back. PU let that sink in a moment, then turned her attention to the reason for her visit, which was to

ask, “Can you pick me up for gym in the morning? Mom can get me after but can’t take me.” Jennifer did not have her license yet.

Summer gym was the bane of their existence. Lindy, PU, and a mix of their classmates were taking gym over the summer, something a few kids did to keep their schedules flexible during the school year. Each weekday at 7:00 AM they presented themselves for three hours of activity. Luckily, summer gym offered things like bowling at a local alley and swimming at the indoor pool at the college. Lindy earned an A for treading water in the deep end for 15 minutes but did not fare so well at bowling. They were not allowed to rent shoes (too expensive), so they bowled in their socks, and Lindy’s lack of coordination led to several skids halfway down the alley while attempting to release the ball. She once fell in a heap in the gutter, prompting PU to double over in laughter, rendering her incapable of checking how Lindy was. (She was fine.)

“I’ll leave my house early,” Lindy responded to PU’s request and started a gripe about bowling in socks when the shop’s door opened. In walked Nick Wilson, a popular boy a year ahead of them. He was flirtatious and friendly, and for some reason he was nice to them. He and his friends even hung out at football games with them, a phenomenon Lindy and Jennifer found interesting, as they did not run with the popular crowd. Lindy tried to look competent and professional as she grabbed an ice cream scoop, piping brightly, “Hi Nick, what can I get you?”

Nick greeted PU with a friendly nudge, then turned and said, “Um, no ice cream, thanks. I was wondering if you wanted to go to a movie tomorrow night.”

Lindy looked at him nonplussed. And continued standing there with the scoop in her hand, just looking.

Behind Nick, Jennifer/PU glared at her and exaggeratedly nodded, signaling she should say yes.

“Yes,” she said stupidly, then searched her brain for more words. Nope—empty. Nick merely grinned, told her he would call tomorrow to confirm the time, and gave PU a friendly body slam—“Foul!” she called after him—on his way out. The whole interaction lasted maybe one minute. They stared at each other. Lindy announced, “I think I’m going to throw up.”

A lengthy discussion took place at the bowling alley the next morning regarding a date outfit, topics for conversation, and—most befuddling—why Nick wanted to go out with her. (“It’s not complicated. He thinks you’re cute,” PU concluded.) Lindy staggered through the rest of the day in a brittle psychological state, her fear of blowing this date ramping up minute by minute. As it happened, Lindy’s grandparents were visiting, so they and her parents were all available for introductions when Nick arrived. He was congenial and assured; inwardly she was dying of embarrassment. She feared it seemed she’d invited them here specifically for

this. (Grammy, Grandpa, meet my not-yet-a boyfriend!) She wished she had Mary Pat's faith, that she might believe she could survive this. She longed for Jennifer's social skills.

They went to a frozen yogurt place before the movie. Though Lindy worked at an ice cream parlor, she hadn't tried frozen yogurt. This, like parachute pants and neon sweatshirts, were 1980s phenomena she didn't understand. She hated yogurt—it was tart and the texture grossed her out. She could not imagine the frozen version being any better. She loved vanilla ice cream and had tried regular white yogurt, thinking it looked like creamy vanilla pudding—barf! She hung back a little as they approached the counter, so Nick stepped up and ordered peach yogurt with M&Ms. Peach? (Gag!) Meanwhile, she couldn't find the sign with the list of other flavors and felt her insides crumpling as her crippling self-awareness took over. The bored eyes of the server observed her with disinterest, and after about 10 seconds that felt like 10 minutes, she blurted, "I'll have peach with M&Ms too." Ugh. Same as Nick. He looked at her, eyebrows raised. She said casually, confidently...lamely, "I've never had peach frozen yogurt [because it sounded revolting] and I love M&Ms [she did]."

They sat across from each other at a small table. She paused a moment before eating, having learned the lesson delivered unknowingly by Mary Pat about pausing in the event one's companion might pray. (He didn't.) With trepidation, Lindy sampled the peach yogurt. It tasted like soft ice cream. She wished she'd ordered vanilla. Surely they'd had vanilla, everyone had vanilla. But what if she'd asked and they didn't have it? She blushed, just thinking about how ridiculous she would've looked.

Nick asked if her grandparents were at her house often. "Oh no," she explained, "they're visiting from Nebraska."

"I've never been to Nebraska," Nick mused.

"It's flat," she stated flatly, her mind blank.

The brief silence following this unenlightening pronouncement was excruciating. Lindy stared at her weird orangey-pink yogurt as if discovering new insights about the universe, then cautiously ventured a peek up. As she did so, Nick lifted his spoon, and she noted that he had an M&M stuck to the sleeve of his rugby shirt. To her, this was a faux pas akin to have snot on his face. She felt something curdling internally, so acute and exquisite was her embarrassment for him.

Maybe it would fall off.

"Do you like James Bond movies?" Nick asked. Now this was a puzzling non-sequitur; they weren't going to see a Bond movie tonight. Lindy didn't have any noteworthy feelings about them. "I saw 'View to a Kill,'" she offered. She did not tell him she went because the theme song was written and performed

by Duran Duran, her favorite band....This was a terrible reason to see a movie, incidentally. The song played, of course, but it wasn't like the band was in the movie....These thoughts flitted through her head as she spoke, staring at the M&M on his sleeve. It was a brown one. The dark brown kind, not the lighter brown. "Do you like Bond movies?"

"Yeah, I have a video collection of them at my Dad's house," he responded. She knew his dad lived in Florida. That's part of what made him cool. He'd go see his father on holidays and come back with a tan, wearing his Ray-Ban aviators just like Tom Cruise in *Top Gun*. So cool...*but that M&M!*

They finished their matching yogurts and left for the movie theater. She hoped the stray M&M would free itself, but in defiance of laws of physics and gravity, it got in the car with them. She'd have to say something if it was still there when they went in or it would melt into a weird poop-colored splotch. "This is dumb," she thought, "I'm not telling he has snot on his face. Interestingly, by the time they arrived the M&M had migrated to the floorboard. "Wonder where that came from?" Nick pondered. Lindy shrugged.

The movie's storyline was so complicated that Lindy lost it immediately. No matter; she was focused on the possibility of Nick taking her hand. She tried to arrange her hands loosely in her lap so he could easily take it if he wanted. She worried about putting it too close, as if in supplication, but she also didn't want to make it unavailable. Finally, he did reach over about halfway through the film and lightly stroked her fingers with his own, then pulled his hand back. "What did that mean?" she wondered.

"What did you think of the movie?" Nick asked on the drive back to her house. Lindy, confused throughout, murmured, "It was so intense—you really had to pay attention," which he interpreted as her endorsement of the film. They talked of plans they had for the weekend on the walk from the driveway to the house. The porch light was on, completely illuminating everything within 10 feet of the front door. Lindy knew her parents and grandparents were on the other side of that door: there was no way she would invite Nick in. Whatever was going to happen would happen in this spotlight.

"Thanks so much for tonight," she said, nervously turning to him, afraid to look in his eyes. Once she did, he smiled warmly and leaned towards her. Was he going to...kiss her...?

Yikes, yes!

She puckered her lips slightly as he put his hands on her shoulders and drew closer, pulling her to him...into a hug. Her kiss-ready lips mashed against his shoulder; when he stepped away, she saw the ghastly imprint of her cherry Chapstick in a perfect "O" on an inconveniently placed white stripe on his shirt.

Her face flaming, she practically shouted, “Good night!” as she stepped into her house to the adoring eyes of her grandparents and curious ones of her parents. She gasped, “Oh god!”—her own little nugget of a prayer—and told the gathering she needed to make a phone call. She dashed to her bedroom, her Duran Duran posters now an affront to her, reminding her of the awkward yogurt / James Bond / M&M experience. She grabbed her phone, pulling it with her as she burrowed, fully-clothed, deep into the recesses of her bed covers. She agonized as the rotary dial lazily spun.

Poor Unfortunate picked up on the second ring, anticipating the call from her, answering, “Wretched?” A pause. “Oh god,” Lindy lamented again, then helplessly, hopelessly, exploded into laughter.

Jody Jones, PhD
Clinical Associate Professor
Surgery

SILENCE

A simple greeting affirms acceptance
 But silence utters louder than mockery
 Evading eye contact magnifies the indignation
 Of your presence, as you do not belong

You do not belong, the silence whispers
 You are not worthy, the demeanor signifies
 You are not like me, the reflection shimmers
 You should leave, the sign reveals

Calmly, I reverberate the implicit
 Words echoing
 Ceaselessly, each time
 I enter this space

If only, you could envisage
 The pulchritude of the communal courtyard
 Whenever I enter, your shadow retreats
 And you reappear, after I am gone

This is our space,
 Or so I understood when I moved in
 Desiring that you see
 My treasures, my gifts, my life

In obscurity you leave
 Me standing, in the courtyard
 Where thorns and roses thrive
 And with the thorns I stand

Kathy Lee-Son, MD, MHSc, FRCPC
Clinical Associate Professor
Pediatrics

THANKSGIVING

After getting weighed on the scale, a boy leaps onto his big armchair
 Ready to be attached by the Red and Blue
 Alcohol scrubbed lines that would tether him
 Close, not to his mother's bosom, but to his machine that cannot be touched

The machine blares an alarm to signify the start
 And with a gentle whirl of the roller pump,
 The acidic remnants are aspirated from the boy
 So that they can be swiftly disposed of

Diffusing past a gradient, his life is now rejuvenated and hypokalemic
 Over two hundred and forty minutes,
 One hundred and fifty-six times a year
 He lives in intimate communion, synchronized with his machine

He breathes in the gift of new life
 But gasps at the sudden tug of the Red and Blue lines
 As he tries to save Buzz Lightyear from crashing to the ground
 Which is now just beyond his reach — still tethered to the machine

His days are but suspended in thin air
 Where beneath a cool, sterile bedsheet
 Is his humble abode transmogrified,
 Warmed by the glow of muted fluorescent lights

"Come in, come in!" he summons us
 While his soup of brown construction paper scraps simmer in a plastic cup,
 He passes around the sizzling turkey roast, shaped like a rubber drumstick
 And so, we begin with a round of prayers and blessings

Our days are now intertwined, the machine and the boy
 An instant family is born out of necessity and love
 His Therapist, Dietitian, Social Worker, Nurse and Doctor
 All gathered around the boy, in his dialysis chair

Kathy Lee-Son, MD, MHSc, FRCPC
Clinical Associate Professor
Pediatrics

STRANDED

Deep blue lagoons
Tree kissed shores

No life but wild, untamed
No roads but trails combing overgrowth

A forest ancient
No light penetrates

On paradise untouched
I land by fate

Mists rise from the sea,
Beseech my inner compass

To be a pirate seeking treasures,
To be an explorer of old

I pray my boat doesn't flounder,
No savage attack me thus.

Stranded on this drop of land,
Amid a mighty ocean.

Rain and gale hold me captive,
And the angry sea.

Silent witness am I
To the clash of such magnificent Titans.

Priya Manay, MBBS
Fellow Physician
Surgery

TO ETERNITY AND BACK

I looked out through the window at the thick mist. Day one of a much overdue yet deserved vacation did not look promising. Surgery is a demanding love and a trainee, too in love to turn to much else when such obsession exists. I loved my work. My only grievance with surgery was my limited interaction with sunshine, blue skies, fresh air, healthy people, animals, and trees. Not a moment was to be wasted, therefore. What was to have been a road trip with family down the Pacific coast was now a solo trip. The news of my brother's divorce had disrupted original plans. The holiday could have helped him, but he wanted time alone. Although my mother couldn't help him, she refused to come along. So here I was, driving north along Highway 101 to Cannon Beach.

The mist hid the ocean from view, but I could hear the waves when I stopped at Yachats for breakfast. The Sun would be out by 11 am. That was still four hours away. It wasn't cold, but the mist made the air chilly. Despite ruined plans, I was excited to be where not one soul knew me, and the air was fresh with a hint of salt. I looked forward to the long drive ahead with hot chocolate to keep me company for a while. Barely an hour later, my progress was obstructed by a landslide. The detour would take twice the time to get to Cannon beach. It upset my plan to return the same day. It would further disturb the rest of my itinerary. With a heavy heart, I turned back, oblivious to the unexpected adventure that awaited me.

I stopped at Whaler's Cove, which afforded an unobstructed view of the ocean. One could spot whales from here during their migration but not this time of the year. The pristine beaches along this road led to the dramatic Thor's well and finally, Sea Lion Caves. I still had half a day ahead after my tryst with those boisterous but lazy creatures. As I cruised toward Florence for lunch, I noticed a marker that I had failed to before. It said lighthouse. The sign seemed to require some repair. Perhaps, not many people visited the site. It suited me perfectly. I had never been to a lighthouse.

I found a spot to park, a mile down from the marker. My excitement grew as I began to walk down the meandering path toward the sea. It seemed rarely trodden and grew narrower. I had to brush overgrowth aside at certain places to make

progress, only to see it get worse. Finally, I decided to give up and turn back only to find overgrowth everywhere, effectively hiding the path back. My cell phone had no service in the dense thicket that surrounded me. Was I lost? As I looked around for a way out, I noticed stones that seemed set as part of a staircase. If that was a staircase, where was the rest of it? What choice did I have? With a quiet prayer, I began climbing down those stones. Perhaps I would find some help beyond them. The steps opened on to a small cove eventually. It was hidden from the sea by a cave that jutted out at just the right angle. It seemed deserted.

Even if the cove had been visible from the sea, the mist would hide me. It was moving in rapidly from the sea. I was almost ready to panic when I thought I saw something glinting inside the cave. Maybe, there was a way out from inside the cave. If not, I would retrace my path back up the stones and try my luck through the overgrowth once more. I decided to explore the cave. At this point, perhaps it was only my surgical training that prevented panic from setting in. I felt nervous as I entered the cave. I saw a rock jutting out the cave wall on the left. As I turned to walk around this outcrop, I began to feel a sense of fear, dread, longing, pain, and deep love. Behind the rock, from a crevice, dangled a gold chain with a black stone locket that was glittering. On the bezel were inscribed the words — TO ETERNITY & BACK. Tears welled as I touched it. I began sobbing as if some eternal truth had dawned on me after centuries of wandering in the dark. The last thing I remember is falling to my knees. When I woke up, I was no longer in the cave.

I was standing on a rocky ledge overlooking the very ocean I had glimpsed this morning, albeit without the mist to hide the miles of emerald green water racing to meet the horizon. I was looking eagerly at a ship about to dock down the coast. There was a small congregation of buildings near the dock that looked archaic in design. I looked for the highway but couldn't find it. As my mind tried to make sense of what my eyes were drinking in, I happened to look down upon myself. Where were the sneakers and shorts I had set out in? Wasn't I overdressed, in boots and long-skirt? I did not have my cell phone or backpack on me. I turned to get my bearings and saw a lighthouse. It hit me like a jolt of lightning — I was in a cave. How did I end up here? Why was I dressed differently? I patted my hair, which, unlike before, was tied up neatly in a bun. I ran my hands over my body to make sure this was not a dream. My hands touched something cold that hung around my neck. I held it against the sunlight to see it better. It was the same black locket from the cave. Impossible! And yet, I could see the words "to eternity & back" etched more clearly, as if it was brand new.

"Irene", a man called from somewhere below. It was a voice I recognized and loved. "Where are you?" As I opened my mouth to answer, I felt a hand cover my mouth. I struggled to free myself from the death-like grip that had trapped my

arms and chest in that same instant. My attacker was suffocating me. I heard my name called again. Tears began streaming down my face. I knew I had only moments to live if I could not get free. I lifted my legs off the ground as I flexed both my knees and hips and kicked my attacker as a horse would with its hind-legs. Instead of breaking free, I found myself in a free fall with my unknown attacker. Perhaps I would never see the man whose voice I loved. That was who I was looking for from my perch on the ledge. How did I know I was about to die? It felt like there were two people within me, one the person who experienced this moment and the second, the person from this morning who was on vacation. I crashed into the waves below. The crash loosened my attacker's grip, finally setting me free. Alas! I had no time to take a breath before I began sinking. My lungs were in pain. I barely managed to surface before the world turned black again.

I woke up to something hot and sticky, moving all over my face. I choked as if there was water to cough out, but there wasn't. I flung my arms as if to swim only to find myself on my back on solid ground. There was a yelp, then a mock bark. I opened my eyes to see a giant retriever breathing all over me. I was back in the cave. The mongrel began barking loudly on seeing me move. "Sinbad, where are you? Why does this cove fascinate you so much? Come on, boy! Don't make me come down there again." I knew that voice from somewhere. I was too shaken to try to place it. It took me another second to realize I wasn't alone. Oh, the joy! I heard the voice come closer. Although I opened my mouth to shout for help, no words escaped my lips. I wanted to get out of that cave and forget Irene's last minutes.

There was silence now. Sinbad suddenly raced away from me as if he found something more interesting. "Oh! my God! It is you!" I looked up into green eyes that were watching me with genuine concern. Then my world blacked out again. It was quiet when I awoke, except for seagulls squawking outside the window. I found myself in a bed, covered by a thick quilt and surrounded by whitewashed walls. The window was tall and wide, with a beautiful view of the Pacific glistening in the Sun. I saw some biscuits and milk on the bed stand. My stomach rumbled, and hunger overcame curiosity. I gobbled up the cookies and gulped down the milk. My movements had alerted Sinbad. He quietly glided into the room, forcing me to realize his owner was my host. "Sinbad, let her rest" came the familiar voice again.

Sinbad gave me one more look of longing then obeyed his master. I was dead to the world again, for how long, I do not know. It was dark when I woke up. A note said dinner would be at the kitchen table. My muscles rebelled against my intent to get to it. Through the kitchen door, I saw a bonfire in the backyard and chairs facing out to the sea. I stepped out after my meal to thank my green-eyed benefactor. As I got closer to the fire, I looked back only to see the same

lighthouse as in my dream of Irene. Impossible! Sinbad looked up, excited at my approach. His master turned to say hello. His face turned away from the fire was difficult to define, but the voice was so familiar and reassuring that my fears vanished.

He asked me how I had got lost; if I was hurt. I could not share what I had been through because I did not quite believe it myself. I, therefore, stuck to facts. He then asked me if the gold chain and locket belonged to me. In a way, it did. I seemed to have been the owner, at least in my dream. Suddenly, I felt for its familiar presence around my neck and sighed when I found it. Yes, I replied. We spent the rest of the evening in silence. The sound of the waves crashing against the rocks below was soothing.

Early the next morning, I tried to locate the rocky ledge Irene had used. As I made my way to that tragic spot, the hair on the back of my neck rose. Sinbad followed me anxiously, growling from time to time until I turned back. The lighthouse tower stood next to the cottage that I had slept in last night. That cottage had not been present in Irene's time. My benefactor had his car running by the time I got back. We found my car where I had left it the day before. We pulled into a hamlet to engage a towing service. A couple of old-style buildings stood by the now historical dock I had seen from the ledge as Irene. More and more, the dream seemed like it had happened all those centuries ago. What was my connection to Irene and the locket?

While I waited, I noticed a pretty little café. It may have been a tavern in the old days. I left a note for the benefit of my savior and stepped into Mermaid Café. While I waited for hot cocoa, my vision shifted to the wall that displayed pictures of past inhabitants, especially pioneers. In the center of the third row was a black and white photograph of a girl of about eighteen, in an attire that resembled Irene's, standing by a man about four or five years older with a retriever puppy in hand. In the background was the lighthouse. They looked happy. My locket was hanging from her neck. We did not look alike, nor did the man seem familiar. The pup could have passed as a baby version of Sinbad, though. Seeing the focus of my gaze, the host took it upon herself to enlighten me about the local history. I was looking at the first keeper of the lighthouse and his wife. She had mysteriously disappeared one evening when he had been away, never to return. He continued to live at the lighthouse in the hope that she would one day return, but he had never been the same again. It was he who had built the cottage because he was afraid she would not find him if she came looking. He died of a broken heart.

I asked the lady a question to which I already knew what the answer would be. Irene, she confirmed. I made my way to a table. The mystery of Irene's attacker would remain unresolved. I hadn't seen his face either. My benefactor walked in.

As he sat down with a cup of coffee, I asked him if he was a local. He wasn't. He lived in Seattle. He had come south for a vacation and had about five days left. I asked him how he found me? The cove hadn't seemed like a frequented place. Sinbad had taken a liking to that cove, he said. The cove was right below the rocky ledge I had explored this morning. I asked him what he meant by, "It is you!" He did not reply immediately. I asked him if he had seen me somewhere before? His voice seemed very familiar to me. Maybe we had crossed paths. He asked me if I would believe him if he said he had seen me in a recurring dream since childhood, always wearing the black locket on a gold chain with that exact lighthouse in the background as if I was waiting for someone. He had come across pictures of the lighthouse cottage called "Eternity" three years ago on a bed and breakfast website. He stayed there for a couple of weeks every autumn. Whether that was in the hope of making sense of his recurring dream or in the hope of running into me, he could not be sure, but the cottage brought him immense peace and hope. He had found Sinbad as a puppy during his first stay, lost, and wandering around the cottage and adopted him. Again we sat in total silence and harmony with Sinbad nestled under our table before he drove me back to Florence.

The thought uppermost in my mind as we exchanged cell numbers was if we would have more time with each other this time? We were about to find out.

Priya Manay, MBBS
*Fellow Physician
Surgery*

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

Was it a dream we met?
Were your loving words untrue?
Perhaps the kiss unreal too!

Yet I feel, deep in this heart;
The warmth those words and kiss brought
When I see new love start.

I am sure the goodbye was a lie,
Head bowed, your face in my lap,
Your hands holding mine.

I could only look up, eyes closed,
Our paths diverging once more.
How long this time, I do not know?

Should I have stopped you?
Should you have let me go?
I wait patiently but search fervently.

I still feel you in my heart,
This heart feels pain all over again,
When I see lovers' part.

Love ends not; time does
Unable to erase us.
Until we meet again, my love.

Priya Manay, MBBS
Fellow Physician
Surgery

MEMORIES

Pink, glistening sheen
 Small chunks
 Litter the dark hair
 Strewn haphazardly
 She tries to avoid them
 Aiming the stream of clear, clean, sterile
 Saline with care
 He laughs, shaking his head
 It's OK, he says
 Perhaps
 Seeing the terror in her eyes
 That the slightest mistake might worsen
 The tenuous condition
 Tip the scales further
 They're bad memories
 He says, picking up a piece
 This? This is the time she fell off the swing
 This? Is the time she had a bad breakup
 She stares at the slippery slips of pink
 Pudding, gleaming on his blue gloves
 Continues with the spray
 Just a bit less fearful
 The touch of dark humor reminding her
 The grave reality
 Absurdity
 Futility
 Just bad memories
 Just bad memories

Kathie Zhang, MD
 Resident Physician
 Internal Medicine



IOWA