

sacks of potatoes and onions, jars of canned pickles and peppers, or might hang laundry outside in the cold air, as stiff as salted animal hides. Five times a week, en route to work, the woman pauses in the middle of her commute to take Irina to a café. Even now, with her face directly in the sharp wind, Irina can taste the cup of hot cocoa and the slice of doboş—the only thing she ever orders—and hear the heavy tongue of her American negotiating in Romanian for extra whipped cream.

Across the street, the church bell tower chimes nine o'clock. Irina squints into the gray winter light and listens to the slightly off-key bells that seem not to pay tribute to the heavens but to warble helplessly after them, reminding her of the mutterings of dying pigeons that line the city's building ledges and scramble under park benches, pecking at each other's eyes, fighting over a breadcrumb. It's been over an hour. Irina's stomach grumbles. She sucks harder on her fingers but they continue to throb. A sound like heaving emanates from above. The sky finally relents; once again it begins to snow...

"Kel-ly!"

Irina sings out the name, as if her American might materialize out of the morning rush hour, coming to her like a well-trained dog. "Where are you, Kelly?"

It is not her American's real name but one Irina has given her, something she stole from a television show all the kids had watched at an orphanage where Irina lived for a short time. Her sisters hid her there but it didn't last; eventually she was discovered and brought back to the brothel. Kelly Beverly Hills. The name comes from Irina's favorite character on that television show, a girl with blond hair just like her American's and the same smile, too—straight white teeth so large they fill up her face.

Snow has begun to collect on Irina's head, the moisture seeping through her scarf, frigid water sinking into her scalp. She shivers more now, her teeth rattling when she relaxes her jaw. Recently her American has come later and later, and each time Irina resists thinking what this might mean. What if Kelly doesn't come at all today? The thought makes her want to scream and rage about the street, knocking over magazine displays, smashing the spotless windows of expensive restaurants, perfumeries, electronics stores that fill up the blocks of the boulevard. Instead, Irina works her stiff fingers over her scarf, trying to pull it more tightly to her throat...

Irina glimpses her American's shoes... Several yards ahead of her, a beacon of color flashing, then obscured behind a tangle of gray, black and brown pant legs. Irina leaps up onto the curb, speeding now, not bothering to avoid puddles and slush, running into briefcases and book bags, knocking the straps off shoulders, ignoring the comments thrown her way. She nearly passes her American by, shoving into her, hearing the faint oof! the woman makes. Irina skids to a halt. Wheels around. Finally.

"Kel-ly Be-ver-ly He-ills!"

The woman is not surprised to see her and—Irina cannot be sure—may not be pleased. "How are you, Irina?"

Irina throws herself upon the woman, clasping her around her waist, pressing her face into the American's side. With her nose pushed against wool, she inhales slowly, the scent filling her head, making her unsteady on her feet. Irina wants to burrow past the layers of clothing so that she might find the spot underneath where it is dark, silent, hidden. She wriggles her aching fingers through the folds of the woman's coat, trying to find a way inside. The woman accepts her embrace, even returns it, but the coat is buttoned up, impossible to penetrate. **R**

In the News



ROCKET SCIENCE: Cassada will investigate asteroids, and Mars.

He's an Astronaut!

Josh Cassada '00 (PhD) is one of NASA's newest astronauts. In July, he completed a two-year training program along with seven others selected in 2013 from among more than 6,000 applicants, the second-largest applicant pool in NASA's history. A former naval aviator, a physicist, and previously the cofounder and chief technology officer for Quantum Opus, Cassada received technical space system training, robotics instruction, and specialized hardware instruction at space centers around the world. In the coming years, he and the seven other newly minted astronauts aim to be part of the first human mission to an asteroid, as well as to Mars. NASA now employs about 45 astronauts.

Champion Doctor

Bojan Zoric '98 was a leading scorer and an Academic All-American when he played on the Yellowjackets men's soccer team. Now he's a physician for some of the world's greatest soccer athletes: the 2015 World Cup-winning United States Women's National Team.

The championship game was "exactly the type of game I like to see," Zoric told Dennis O'Donnell, director of athletic communications at Rochester, in July. "No one needed me." By which he meant, of course, there were no injuries during the game.

Zoric has been on the team's medical staff since 2008 and also served the team during their gold medal performance at the 2012 Olympic Games in London. He grew up playing soccer, first in Croatia and then in Sweden, where his family moved when he was six. He came to the United States for college because it allowed him to pursue both higher education and soccer. In addition to serving the team, Zoric is part of a group orthopaedics and sports medicine practice, Sports Medicine North, in Peabody, Massachusetts.

Celebrating the Dalai Lama in Song

To celebrate the Dalai Lama's 80th birthday last July, Michael Wohl '88 announced the completion of *Songs for Tibet II*, a follow-up to the 2008 recording *Songs for Tibet*, produced by the Art of Peace Foundation, which Wohl founded and directs. Wohl, who is also associate director of social entrepreneurship and entrepreneurship-in-residence at the University's Center for Entrepreneurship, wrote in the *Huffington Post* that the follow-up recording is intended to support Tibetans' "desires for fundamental freedoms of expression." Like the first *Songs for Tibet*, *Songs for Tibet II* features a star lineup, with 16 songs from such artists as Kate Bush, Elbow, Lorde, Of Monsters and Men, Sting, and Peter Gabriel. **R**