

the same time. Some of the songs are here in Sacramento, how it looked when you were born. If it's a street in the city, sometimes the words will be on signs or in an alley... Sometimes it's water, like a big puddle in the cracks of the street that will just be a lot of colors that water isn't supposed to be."

He must have the whole of Cotija tucked away in his memory, I thought to myself. I started figuring, having none of the mental math faculties my dad possessed: He knows a thousand songs, easy, maybe close to two thousand songs. The computer tinkerer in me wondered how many terabytes all those notes and colors were, and then another wave of hash hit me, not as sudden or nearly as strong as the last one. I thought to myself, "Huh, I wonder what it would be like to strangle a boa constrictor." I lost focus.

"That's amazing," were all the words I could muster, but I really meant it. I stared at the sunlight on the back of my violin. There was a flicker in my dad's green eyes as he looked into mine.

Nathaniel Figueroa, a creative writing student at the University of California, Santa Cruz, is originally from Sacramento, California. He still plays violin as much as possible, and also immensely enjoys house music nowadays. He credits his love of reading and writing to his fifth grade teacher, Mrs. Carol Walker, who used to have everyone in the class start a story and then pass it to the person behind them to continue it. He has an incredibly supportive mother and father, and a thirteen-year-old brother who is one of the foremost authorities on all things Marvel.

courtesy the artist



ANNA ONEGLIA

Backstage #1, 2014
oil on canvas, 24 x 48 in