



PACIFICA
LITERARY
REVIEW

ISSUE 9 — WINTER 2017

A Kidnapping

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Excerpted from *Here Are My Girls and I Have to Stay Alive for Them: An Unlikely Friendship and the Search for Peace in Colombia*.

Somewhere in Bogotá, Colombia, in some dismal slum, during the months between February and August, 1992, my brother awoke every day in a stuffy room, a room so minute it fit only the queen-sized mattress he lay on. Black Mask and White Mask were cross-legged on the floor, at the foot of the bed, and each fidgeted with a machine gun. The masks both wore jeans and black T-shirts. Black Mask was extremely skinny; he had a tattoo of a bouquet of black roses on his bicep, and from his wrists red amulets of the Virgin Mary hung. White Mask was on the fleshy side. Long dark hairs grew on his fingers. Evidently following an order, they did not address Alejandro except for the required "baño está acá" on the first day. Their cigarettes kept them behind a veil of smoke.

The boys stole sideways glances at Alejandro, I heard through the family lore, and my brother repeated in his head: Padre Nuestro que estas en los cielos.

White Mask was saying, Hermano, there's more to life than your mamá's frijolada.

Black Mask responded, No jodas con mi mamá. He shook his machine gun, and for a moment, it looked like he'd use it to

body-slam the fat kid. You like her beans. Puta, si que usted es un puta chanco, he said, laughter erupting. Black Mask handed White Mask the Walkman they shared. Su musica es pura mierda, he said.

Alejandro tensed hearing them disagree until he realized their tone was part of their friendship.

In such scenarios, one is forced to adjust, find a new way, survive, and it was hard to really know what transpired between captors and hostage in that tiny room for six entire months. Through the years, I pieced together fragmentary details, mainly by staying quiet and making myself invisible when the subject was mentioned.

"You leave him alone," Mami said whenever I brought up the "absence," as she called the kidnapping.

With each passing morning in captivity, it became easier for Alejandro to think about the abduction. On February 5, 1992, at eight-thirty in the morning, Alejandro sat at his desk, coffee in hand. The cleaning lady could be heard objecting, Señores, you are not authorized to come in. Señores! She

appeared small next to the six men in military uniforms filing in. They flashed Uzis, Ak-47s, and grenades. They ordered everyone against the wall and demanded to see ID's. Afraid, disoriented, Alejandro and his co-workers complied. A much older associate, who was known to have weak health, yelled, Who are you? Then, a muscled voice said, It's this short one, este es, and four of them were half-lifting, half-dragging Alejandro out the door.

Outside, six more men in military garb were waiting. A police car drove by without pausing. Alejandro, who's about five and a half feet tall, held onto an electricity post but two of the giants rifle-whipped him until he let go, reported the local newspaper, *El Espectador*. Once in the tiny room, the scar on his forehead began healing. He'd needed stitches, but only peroxide and paper towels were left for him on the mattress. Alejandro caught Black Mask nodding approval when he used it to clean the wound.

We'd been half-expecting a kidnapping. The security specialists our family consulted had said not to keep a routine, and not to divulge on the phone where we planned to go. We grew up fearing the car that followed us. Once, an unknown driver who was parked on our street for too long prompted me to sleep with my street clothes on, and Alejandro taunted, "Loser, you let fear win."

Where had my brother's two bodyguards disappeared to? The bodyguards accompanied us everywhere. As a teen, Alejandro ran away from Angel, and Angel had to drive all over Bogotá looking for his car.

"Stupid," I'd said to Alejandro, though

there had been a time when I had been willing to follow him, to run away together, and Angel cajoled us home.

Angel was not with him on the day he was abducted. Angel had retired from security, and he drove a city bus. But the bodyguards with him on that day had worked with our family for more than ten years, and in the loneliness of captivity Alejandro could not accept that they'd been paid off. Later, it was said his bodyguards could have been involved though nothing was ever confirmed.

The kidnappers appeared trained by Special Forces, according to another local newspaper, *El Tiempo*—the way they transferred him from car to car every few blocks. Abandoning the white Mazda at the corner where the blue one was waiting. The next stop they shoved him into a Renault, next into a Chevrolet. They'd rehearsed the routes, studying the traffic at that time of the day. Within forty-five minutes, Alejandro was in the room with the mattress, being told to put on the dark green sweats. They still had the tags from the store. To put them on would be to accept being there, so he resisted.

Late in the afternoon of the first day, he took off his suit—jacket first, then pants. Careful to fold the pants at the creases, he told himself he would not be there for long. The masks were studying him already, so he made it quick—Alejandro rolled up his tie, an Hermes he'd charged on a credit card Mami provided for such purposes—"Buy what you need for your new job," she'd

said—and he tucked it into a pocket in the jacket. He would not allow the masks to witness any sentimentality: matter of factly, Alejandro removed his cufflinks, small silver studs, and slipped them, too, into one of the jacket pockets, I heard him at one time telling someone. A wing on his eyeglasses was broken. He was glad that at home that morning, he'd been too lazy to insert contact lenses.

He didn't take off his watch, a gold Rolex given to him by Papi two years earlier on his graduation from business school. Not long before the abduction, Alejandro had arrived in Bogotá, after a year of lounging around Germany. He took a job in an engineering start-up and was looking for an apartment.

White Mask escorted Alejandro to the toilet, his machine gun prodding, Hurry up. Alejandro thought, Padre Nuestro que estas en los cielos.

Today was shower day and White Mask hurried him. Alejandro had overheard one of the masks saying it was the first time in his life he'd had access to running water. Alejandro had found a toothbrush on the bed and the bristles revealed it'd been used before.

Alejandro forced himself to have a routine, he told me. Mornings were for reading. Early on, he asked if he could have some books, and Black Mask, without uttering a word, provided a note pad for Alejandro to jot down the titles.

One afternoon when Alejandro awoke from a nap, he found Don Quijote lying by his head. Cervantes helped him survive. Alejandro's Dulcinea had long blond hair

and cheeks like peaches, an image he summoned from a girl he dated in high school. He chose to forget that her hair's radiance came from a bottle, the complexion from a compact. Her popularity grew as she said "Yes. Yes, yes," to every boy. She and Alejandro had not been in touch for some time and she no longer meant anything to him, but he held her in his mind, he told me.

The security experts had said never to give out details about our family and friends, so when Alejandro put on the sweats, my brother made himself forget birthdays, club memberships, graduations, hobbies, favorite foods.

Padre Nuestro que estas en los cielos. Since we were toddlers, in Mami's arms, we prayed before bedtime. Even away at school, after a night of partying, Alejandro had repeated the supplications, I well remembered. There is a God in heaven, Don Quijote whispered, who does not neglect to punish evil and reward the good. And one of the sins that most offends God is ingratitude.

A lot was expected from Alejandro and he asked a lot from himself. A prep school and Ivy League education was intended to make him the next family patriarch. Already it was expected he would take control of our family's construction business.

The chill of the early morning mist said he had not been taken out of Bogotá.

It seems, Don Quijote said, that you are not versed in this kind of adventure; they are giants and if you are scared, get out of the way, and start your prayers elsewhere because I am going into battle against them.

Black Mask handed him lunch, watery lentils and sticky rice. Alejandro overheard the masks commenting about the relief that they were guaranteed food in this job, he told me. Alejandro learned to eat quickly or White Mask would announce that Alejandro was done and take the plate away so he could eat it himself.

Alejandro was unsure who did the cooking. It wasn't so bad, really, genuine peasant food, maybe a tad too salty.

At about the same time every day, one of the masks answered a knock on the door and received their plates from a woman, he told me. Once, she referred to Black Mask as "hijo mio." Black Mask always stood between her and the door, blocking Alejandro's view of her, protectively, almost lovingly. Thoughts about Black Mask and his mother discussing why they should agree to hide a hostage brought Alejandro to tears, he confided. His breath hurried, the back of his neck broke into a sweat. From the masks' slight hand trembling, the sweat at their necks, trickling from under the masks, it was possible this was their first time guarding a hostage.

Agua? Alejandro asked, or so I imagined.

Black Mask exited the room. He left the door open and the noise of soap operas on the radio filled the space. There was never a male voice in the background. Sometimes, there was the scent of incense and candles burning.

I pictured Black Mask returning with a glass of water. Whoever filled the glass had

made the effort to include ice-cubes. Gracias, Alejandro likely said. He was polite by nature.

White Mask imitated Alejandro saying thank you, and Alejandro's lips tensed up. One kick in the gut and this gordito will apologize. No, no, you will not lose your cool. Instead, Alejandro funneled the anger, the anxiety and the helplessness into rubbing the nail of the little finger on his right hand onto his thumb nail (a habit that started during his time with the Masks). His mind probably raced: You will safeguard your manners. The masks talked while they ate and it revolted Alejandro to see the chewed-up food (it always did). He recalled Mami saying, Napkin on the lap. Our grandmother training the new houseboy, Serve from the left, take plates away from the right. And Papi letting us taste wine as kids so as to develop a palette, Papi said. Quickly, Alejandro diverted his thoughts: Don Quijote's niece and neighbors were right when they burnt all his novels about chivalry lest Don Quijote decided to personify a gentleman further.

He ate meat every day when he was home, White Mask was maybe saying.

And what is that the rich drink? Whiskey? Black Mask brought an imaginary glass up to his lips, his pinkie stretching out. The masks laughed. The first day, which now seemed long ago, Alejandro would have welcomed some single malt, neat, please; prior to the masks, he always liked single malt. But his feelings had grown complex: if he closed his eyes, he could still savor the pleasure of it; at the same time, such a drink

revolted him, he told me. He was kidnapped because people who gulped expensive liquor did not care that boys like the masks did not have food. He rubbed the fingernail on his index finger on the fingernail on his thumb. He hated these boys. Their bodies stank, their feet stank, their mouths reeked.

Afternoons were for exercising for at least another two hours. Squats, lunges, push-ups, all around the mattress, while the masks gaped. Release the anger, the humiliation. Neither Black Mask nor White Mask would see tears, he told me. Alejandro plotted to end his life. But no razors. No cords. No shower curtain. Maybe there was a way to use the sweat pants. Dearest God, you have abandoned me.

No. No. One more set of squats, lunges, push-ups, sit-ups, star-jumps, push aside the thoughts of suicide. God, you are testing me. Bring on exhaustion so sleep comes more easily tonight. Dios mio, por fa, just one hour of restful sleep. The sweat ran down Alejandro's back and for a moment he laughed, and the masks, taken by surprise, clutched their guns. Something inside Alejandro awoke—he had power, after all; his soul was flourishing in this misery. He could have hugged the masks. He was going to be OK. Or, was this madness?

The sun setting meant it was time for watching television. All three squeezed onto the mattress, and Alejandro, much shorter than the two, lay in the middle, elbows bent and cupped hands holding the head. The position of the three on the bed was a habit

now. The guns, idling on the edge of the mattress, framed the three, as he put it. Up close, the boys smelled of fried food and sweat. Alejandro, too, stank and who cares, he thought.

Alejandro did not know when, exactly, the Rolex had gone missing from his wrist. Three or four days ago, perhaps; maybe a week? In his mind, he turned over the right words to ask about it.

The masks lost themselves in the world of teens in a Beverly Hills high school. It revealed their lust for fast cars, club scenes, the beach, girls in bikinis, cellphones, and stylish clothes, he told me. Alejandro felt Black Mask analyzing him more than usual. It made Alejandro's cheeks burn.

In his thoughts, he picked apart the behavior of people from our club and from our neighborhood: Their chauffeurs halted their level-4 bulletproof cars in the middle of shopping intersections, one bodyguard bolted to the corner, another opened the asshole's door. Cars honked—nothing mattered because the asshole thought he was akin to a Hollywood actor. In the years to come, Alejandro drove his own car and opted for underground parking to downplay the parade of bodyguards who followed him in another car. When he went shopping or to restaurants, he instructed them to stay at least a half block away.

The first time I had given thought to the situation, in which teens were holding guns to my brother while also half-heartedly becoming his friend, was days after he was released from the kidnapping. Our family had

flown to London. In the hotel suite, I overheard Alejandro speaking long distance on the telephone to his best friend. He thought I was in the shower and he was alone.

“They were boys, the ones who held me hostage,” he was saying.

I let the water run in the shower. I returned to eavesdrop from behind the doorway.

“Fourteen year olds, probably,” he said.

The floor creaked, and I fled to the bathroom.

This snippet of information was of great value to me because Mami had forbidden me from asking Alejandro anything related to the kidnapping. It brought my parents too much pain to face it.

More than half the world’s kidnappings were taking place in our homeland. By 2000, every three hours someone was kidnapped somewhere in Colombia, according to Pais Libre, an NGO dedicated to helping kidnapping victims. Between 1970 and 2013, 39,058 people were kidnapped, according to the Center for Historical Memory. Many cases were not reported for fear of retribution from the captors.

If it had happened to my brother, it could happen to me. So: If I were to be kidnapped, how would I take this negative experience and turn it into a positive? If I could reconstruct Alejandro’s kidnapping, and come to understand the captors’ motives, such an experience might pass from the realm of frightening to pragmatic.

Less than a month after Alejandro’s abduction, in early March, Stu was sent by the

kidnapping insurance company in London. Stu was a tall, loud-mouthed Londoner who traveled the globe negotiating ransoms. From my father’s study, he recorded all phone calls our household received.

Stu did not speak Spanish, and my father stayed by his side. My mother sent them tea and biscuits.

A letter from my mother came in the mail for me at boarding school. She explained that Stu believed there could be a proof of life sent to me, to my school P.O. box.

Weeks in captivity passed. At night after the TV shows ended and the set was off, Alejandro crossed his arms over his chest and closed his eyes. Alarmed, he opened them again and I imagined he felt a shadow, like a vampire over him. By reflex, he probably lifted his hands to cover his face. The masks slept, their bodies stamped against the cold tile floor at the foot of the mattress, he told me. You must keep the schedule, he told himself. He was not sure when he fell asleep, or if he did indeed sleep. The prayer had its own engine: Padre Nuestro que estas en los cielos. The light bulb above the mattress remained lit.

My father, at home in his study with Stu, waited for the phone call that did not come when the male caller had said it would. Papi’s belly rounded, his shoulders humped, layers of wrinkles appeared under his eyes. The stress led to his diabetes.

My mother, too, counted the days that he’d been missing—nearly one hundred. Two of her teeth rotted and her hair fell out. Every week, she made the pilgrimage to the

church of The Divine Child.

God and church called, and the wax from candles I lit accumulated. I haggled with God: Alejandro's life in exchange for never smoking another cigarette; Alejandro's life in exchange for joining a nunnery. Final papers and exams were nearing before school let out for spring vacation, and books made the days go by faster. Nothing connected to Alejandro ever arrived in the mail.

In May, the male caller told Stu (and my father who stood nearby) that a proof of life was going to be left in a bin in a restroom in a mall. Angel, the trusted bodyguard, was sent to retrieve it. Angel found a tape wrapped in newspaper, I once heard my mother tell someone. It played my brother's voice, reading that day's newspaper headlines. The voice lacked expression. For several days then, Rosa Milagrosa, a statue of a virgin, had resided in my parents' bedroom. Rosa Milagrosa was circulated around the families of hostages, and many said they'd received good news while she visited their home.

Alejandro was running on the spot, bare-foot. He didn't care if the masks gaped at him, he told me. He spoke to the masks because that was what the kidnapped did to avoid conversing with imaginary friends: Running feels good, he screamed, delight lighting his face. Sweat trickled down his chest, back and forehead.

Black Mask addressed Alejandro, We were thinking— His amulets twinkled from the light bulb above. —we want to exercise with you. At first, Alejandro mistook

his tone for an order, then — because those were the first non-essential words uttered to him — he said, Sure. The masks put their guns in the bathroom.

The boys followed Alejandro's lead: crunches, star jumps, push-ups. Sprinting on the spot, fast! End with jumping jacks. Alejandro described it as the rowing workout when he told me.

During his captivity, he recalled the camaraderie developed in exercising, first with Angel, then with his crew team in prep school: They sat in the cafeteria together for spaghetti and steak dinners, and they shaved their heads. . . .

White Mask had a hard time doing push-ups. Señor, am I doing it right? he asked.

What? Alejandro asked. Señor?

The masks giggled at one another, I imagined. Black Mask said, We don't know your name, señor. Black Mask brought his hand up to his mouth, shy, nervous.

Okay, Alejandro said. He might have meant, okay that you don't know my name. Or, okay, you have the right push-up technique. He himself hardly knew which.

Alejandro began looking forward to the afternoon exercise, he told me. White Mask's pants grew baggy while he and Black Mask took on the appearance of light-weight athletes. The masks cut back on their cigarettes. The odor of smoke began fading from the room.

It was with shame that Alejandro recalled the taunt his prep school team chanted to the public school boys who beat them, "That's alright, that's okay, you'll work for us some day."

90210 was on again. The TV. flashed fancy restaurants, fast cars, yachts, and ski holidays. There was never any rain or thunderstorms.

White Mask addressed Alejandro, Señor, those people live like that in real life?

Alejandro remembered the way the gears transitioned, ever so smoothly, in the Porsche he drove in college. Don't know, he told the masks.

The masks forgot to turn the TV. off and Alejandro half-listened to the ten o'clock news, he recalled.

The year was 1992. The Medellin Cartel, including Pablo Escobar, was carrying out select kidnappings to push President Cesar Gaviria not to sign any extradition papers that would make drug traffickers face trials in the U.S. The drug thugs said they preferred a tomb in Colombia than a jail cell in America.

Black Mask slipped out for a moment and returned with a roll of Scotch tape. Mamá thinks you can fix them, your glasses.

White Mask asked, You want to play cards with us?

Okay, Alejandro said.

They settled around the mattress. Alejandro found it easy to read the masks' cards depending on their body language, but he let them win, he told me.

His mind was on the news: His kidnapping was not political. For two generations now, since our grandfather was the mayor of Bogotá, no one close to us was involved in politics. Our grandfather had been dead for thirteen years.

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Four months after his abduction, in June, my parents placed a half-page advertisement at the bottom of the newspaper, *El Tiempo's*, front page. It read, "Spencer tennis balls have arrived in Colombia. Just like the ones used at Wimbledon." They used the name Spencer, after my brother's roommate in boarding school, and with that, Alejandro was supposed to understand that Stu was in Colombia and the negotiation was happening. But Alejandro never saw the ad.

White Mask asked, What is that place the Country Club like?

Alejandro's face didn't betray emotion. "El Country" was where as a teen he played tennis. The club was an oasis amid the crowded buses of la Carrera Quince farting dark clouds, and the beggars spitting fire across from Unicentro mall. Then, we showed our membership ID at the gate, we entered and flowers greeted us, sprinklers tended to manicured lawns, and Stepford wives in white T-shirts and white mini-skirts strutted along in a fog of perfume.

Once we were dropped off inside the club's grounds, we were allowed the freedom to be children and wander without bodyguards. Experiences lived at the club were the heartbeat of our childhoods. Most of us said goodbye to the drivers at the entrance to the main building, where the smell of chlorine drew us towards the pool area, and many of us remembered the Olympic-sized pool as intimidating, with flags hanging above the lanes to mark the

distance. It was here that most of us first experienced the buoyancy of water. Every lesson, the lifeguard, whom we called Pelé, greeted us, Buenos dias, capeones. We nicknamed him Pelé, after the Afro-Brazilian soccer player, because for some of us, every dark-skinned person was named Pelé. Some of us kept horses in the club's stable and rode after school every day, religiously. Some of us celebrated our birthdays at the club's playground, which our mothers decorated with giant streamers and helium balloons. Some of us snuck in to see our grandmothers playing Canasta in the "no kids allowed" area, and emerged with red lipstick on our cheeks. Some of us returned from the mall in Miami with Strawberry Shortcake dolls whose vinyl hair we combed obsessively. Most of us were studying English in the American or the British school. We knew the names of every American state but we could not name the Colombian departments.

Umm, that club is snobs, mostly, Alejandro told the masks. Once the words were out, he did believe the people from the Country Club were snobs. In fact, he hated the small incestuous crowd who'd known each other since the playground. He pictured it: there was the guy who took over as newspaper publisher when his grandfather retired, speaking to the guy who was groomed to become a minister like his father before him. There the two were, at drinks overlooking the golf course, plotting alliances, dividing up the power. And along came the guy who repeated his last name as if he were royalty. The royal dropped French

and English words into the conversation, and the words were often mispronounced and misused. Losers, really, Alejandro added. Alejandro was beginning to think of leaving behind all he possessed. Don Quijote again. For the rest of his life, Alejandro would support candidates who pursued market-friendly policies. Jobs, he'd say, people need jobs.

I imagined Black Mask dealing the cards. You can take us to the Country Club one day, señor. Give us some whiskacho, he said. He turned to White Mask, Chancho, he takes you there, you'll puta eat all the food at that club.

Alejandro gathered it was Sundays when the older man came, I once heard Mami say. El Viejo did not try to disguise himself; he was a decade past middle age, not too tall. His black mustache was professionally trimmed and his white hair was razed military style. I imagined him to have olive skin. From the way he asked the masks about Alejandro's health and diet and spirits, he was the boss. Alejandro regarded his visits as a sign he had not been forgotten, he said.

One Sunday, the old guy addressed Alejandro. Your father is a stubborn man, he said (as my mother told it). El Viejo took out a pistol from his jeans. He continued, Your father thinks this is another business deal. From the guarded words my father spoke on the telephone, the old man sensed there was a professional advisor, and Stu's presence was a threat to him.

The old man was passing his pistol from hand to hand, and Alejandro wanted to

vomit; he lost awareness of what happened next. Padre Nuestro que estas en los cielos.

The fear that you have, whispered Don Quijote, makes you neither see nor hear right.

A purple light fell over the room, followed by sparkles, I imagined. White Mask was standing with his back to them. Black Mask had a yellow shadow behind him.

The old man was tucking the pistol back in his pants. His black leather army boots were worn-in and polished beyond shine.

There's no reason to pay attention to these things, said Don Quijote. There's no reason to be angry. They are invisible, and we won't take revenge on anyone.

Alejandro sank into a feeling of abandonment, he recalled. He didn't know Mami and Papi well. When he was fourteen, he'd been deposited in boarding school in Canada, and before that, he'd been attended by nannies and drivers and bodyguards who led him from school to after-school activities to dinner to bed.

Black Mask was handing him a glass of water, urging him to drink. Black Mask was saying, El Viejo also treats us like we are disposable. He cannot kill you. It would kill the deal.

White Mask urged Alejandro to sit, watch TV. with them. White Mask looked nervous. A soccer game was on and there was about to be a penalty shot, I pictured.

El Viejo is going to travel. He won't be back for two weeks at least, said Black Mask.

Don't tell him that, said White Mask.

How can it matter?

He can't know shit like that.

Alejandro accepted a cigarette.

Black Mask said he attended church whenever he could, always receiving the Holy Communion (I heard my brother telling his best friend on the phone from the hotel room in London). Black Mask believed in the afterlife when he was going to be rewarded.

What about confession? Alejandro asked him.

What about it? Black Mask responded. They were playing cards again.

Surely you cannot believe holding me here is not a sin.

Black Mask told Alejandro that his mother confessed to the priest. The priest forgave them. The priest told her it was justice for the poor.

Black Mask shuffled the cards, and as Alejandro took in Black Mask's bony fingers, he imagined poverty, swollen bellies, lifetimes of malaria, of cholera, he told me. Of mothers and babies dying at childbirth. The Joker, I pictured, slipped from the deck. Not far from the Country Club, families built homes from stolen billboards and torn tarps. It came to Alejandro that you could pray, but it wouldn't do much good. Two years later, at a relative's wake, Alejandro stood with crossed arms, clenched jaw, and judging eyes while the rest of us chorused a Hail Mary.

The masks relaxed at shower time. Alejandro's hair and beard were longer than any adventurer's.

The cards ready? Alejandro asked. His quads ached.

The masks turned to face him, and the mood was grim.

Alejandro's suit lay on the mattress. Tears flooded his eyes. He sat down on the mattress. The suit reeked of cooking oil and spots stained the sleeves and chest pockets (Mami said). The wool still held the residue of his cologne, of home!

Alejandro studied White Mask. Yes, White Mask confirmed.

The two looked so different from the first time Alejandro laid eyes on them, he remembered. The three had constructed a triangle of co-habitation.

In the suit pocket, Alejandro found the watch. It sparkled. Alejandro adjusted his shirt collar over his jacket, and placed the watch on the mattress, he told me. The door was open and he walked out of the room without looking back at the masks. Two men he'd never seen before drove him to an intersection. From there my brother hailed a cab. He was home within an hour.

FEATURING

Jake Bauer
Alex Bleecker
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Mackenzie Cole
Paula Delgado-Kling
Gen Del Raye
Rachel Linn
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