

alpha phi omega

week of 10/19/16

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alpha pi term
Fall 2016
Recent Chi Chapter
highlights

welcome home, alpha pi

REVS



PHOTOS BY JESSICA SUHARDJO

10.16.16

leadership

Dedicated to Pledge Parents Nhat and Tina:

Revelations
Excited actives
Vying for littles
Each line chanting loud to celebrate their new babies
Laughing at each other, being silly and having a good time
All those cute pics, but low key hungry
Time for dinner! Families with their littles, bonding over kBBQ
It's meat galore; Bring on the drinks!
One too many shots maybe, but the
Night is too young to be
Stressing. Let tonight be and haul ass tomorrow.

Hope y'all had fun this weekend!

& GOOD LUCK on your midterms!! :)

- Angela Park

PHOTOS BY LESLIE GUTTIEREZ



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3								
6	9					2		
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How it ends; maybe.

Nakashima

There is a boy and a girl who sit next to each other in class. They befriend each other. Both secretly like the other. They can't quite place it, but there is something really special about the person sitting next to them.

> Maybe it's just infatuation. Neither of them are the type to take a risk of embarrassment and awkwardness over silly romanticized ideas. Besides, they have school to focus on. Once they're more mature and in more stable positions in life, they'll find the time for romance.

Miye

The last day of class comes. They both say, "See you around!" and never see each other again. Years later, they end up in very practical marriages with other people. They get along well with their designated spouses. The marriages are nice. Everything is nice.

Submitted piece by

Every once in a while, when life gets quiet and a little too bland from its quaint niceness, he thinks of the girl he once knew, and she thinks of the boy she once knew, and they both wonder what life might have been like had they said something else that day.

> Neither of them are the type to sit around and let life pass them by. The risk is taken, and it goes well. In fact, it goes so well, four years later, they get married. They promise one another that they will always support each other and never ask the other to give up anything that is important to them.

Three years later, the love fades. Things change, people change.

>> They wonder if they jumped into marriage too fast. Maybe they were too young and impulsive and didn't yet realize what was really important to them. They think of all the people they didn't give a chance because they thought they had already found the one. Eventually, they decide on a divorce. They'll both give love another chance—with someone else.

They find new loves and get married again. It'll last this time, they assure themselves. But it doesn't. What's wrong with me? they wonder. Am I incapable of truly loving others? Or is love just an illusion we deliberately trick ourselves into believing in? Maybe I shouldn't have aimed for love. Maybe I should have settled for practical. The answer is never clear. Or maybe love is about sticking it through even when you don't know if it'll turn out okay, they speculate. Maybe they shouldn't have gotten a divorce that first time—maybe if they had just given it more effort, more faith, they could've pulled through and come out loving each other more than ever before.

Maybe. The answer is never clear.

>> They try to rekindle their love. Dedicate more time to romance. Talk more, listen more. None of it works. They convince themselves it's just a slump and try to wait it out. Her mother-in-law starts to ask about kids. Kids were never a part of the plan, she enforces. Maybe we should give it a chance, he entreats. I'd have to take time off from work for the baby, she says. It'll be temporary, and I'll help out, he says. I love my work, she says. More than you love us? he guiltily admits to wondering. I thought we promised never to ask the other to give up something important, she defends. He bites his tongue. I'm sorry, he says genuinely and ashamedly, I should never have asked that of you. I won't bring it up again.

She is grateful for his understanding, but she is also disquieted. She knows what he wants, and she knows she's stopping him from having it. She wants him to be happy. She wants them to be happy. Maybe we should give it a chance, she says. Really? he says, surprised. I don't want to force you. Really, I want to, she says.

She has the child. Soon, she is ready to go back to work. But he's in the middle of a big project. So they wait a little longer. The timing is never quite right. Finally, he turns down a promotion and asks for some time off. He gets it. But she's waited too long and can't go back to her old work. She starts somewhere new. It's going okay, but she worries. One time, she came home and asked where the baby was. She was here just a minute ago, he said. They frantically searched the house for three minutes before they found her. She was in the refrigerator. I must have set her down for a moment when I spilled the orange juice, he said, laughing shamefully while secretly terrified at himself. After yelling at him for twenty minutes, she, too, laughed about it, also secretly terrified. They both decide it would be best if she took care of the child for a little while longer while he goes back to work. "A little while" becomes "a few years." With time, the idea of returning to work leaves her mind. There is too much that needs to be done.

Some days are better than others. But she has a responsibility now, as a mother, and there is little time to think about her own life. Little, but still some. She loves her child, of course. But a part of her can't help but wonder what life she could have had if she had stayed at her job. She wonders if she could have known what it felt like to achieve your childhood dreams. This is not the life she had envisioned for herself. But she loves her child. What is there to regret? He loves his child. He loves his work. He loves his wife. At least, he thinks he does. Sometimes he's not sure if he does or if he just tells himself that. They're often both too busy to really find out who it is that they claim to be in love with. Sometimes he feels like she blames him for having to give up her career. He never intended for it to end up that way. That's just sort of...how it ended up. It isn't so bad—how things turned out—if you think about it. As long as you didn't think about it too long.

> Neither of them are the type to sit around and let life pass them by. The risk is taken, and it goes well. In fact, it goes so well, four years later, he proposes. But she heads home late from work one night. 2:15AM. She gets hit by a drunk driver. He rushes to the hospital. They don't know if she'll make it. If she does, she'll never feel anything below her neck. He stays by her side day and night. On the fourth night, she is vaguely conscious. She mumbles to him, asking him to forgive her. It hurts too much; she's going to give up. He begs her not to let go. The pain is only temporary, he says, and then...and then I'll never feel again, she finishes for him. He cries. Please, he says, I need you with me. Please, she says, I need you to forgive me. I'm scared. Will you still love me if I can't be as strong as you want me to be? I'll always love you, he replies.

She lets go. He forgives her.

25 years later, he still visits her grave every day after work. He never married. He never dreamed a life where anyone else could be his wife. He never dreamed of a life where she wasn't his one and only true love. He never dreamed of a life where he could ever stop loving her.

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Notes: 1) I'd like to acknowledge the heteronormativity of my work. I don't feel that I have the adequate experience or the right to attempt to genuinely write a non-heteronormative romance-centered narrative. 2) This story also includes an automatic acceptance of the symbolism associated with the institute of marriage. In no way is this a representation of any personal advocacy for the meaningfulness of such an institute. 3) Ty to Minna for getting me past writer's block, and especially for help with the title.