



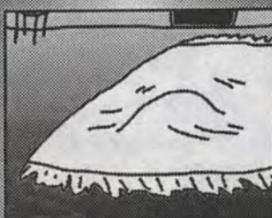
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## Halloween Issue

### WASC's Preliminary Findings are In



Front row: George McQueen, Steve Epler, Mick Sullivan  
Back row: Ruben Fernandez, Vicki Morrow, Lurelean Gaines, Mary Holland, Nadine Hata. Not included in the photo is Irene Pinkard. —Photo by Joe Tomita

Joe Tomita  
Editorial Assistant

"We want to compliment you as you come through these tough economical times in reorganizing your college!" This was just one of the positive comments from Steve Epler, team leader of the Western Association of Schools and Colleges accreditation survey team. In a meeting held on Thursday, October 26, in the Tamarind Room, Epler reviewed findings from a two-and-a-half day survey done here on campus. The survey consisted of

over 55 classroom visits, 92 formal meetings, 125 informal meetings which were conducted with students and people around campus, and two open meeting during which students could drop by to talk about anything on their minds concerning KCC.

To KCC's credit, the accreditation team's recommendations were mixed with compliments and praise. Epler and his team were impressed with the quality of instruction and the competency of KCC's faculty and staff. They said they felt the pride and strength of the college even though the college is just beginning to emerge from six years of tough economical times. One of the comments made by Epler was on planning technology. He complimented work done on the wiring of computer hardware throughout the campus for informational research and communication, but Epler mentioned that even though progress was good, this area will continue to be a challenge and urged us to continue our forward progress.

Epler went on to compliment the reorganization of revenue generating centers and the whole reliance on non credit and contract educa-

tion to get through the tough economy. Some changes were advised by Epler. He said, "with any major reorganization effort there are unanticipated consequences...There are problems of financial reporting and allocating resources properly."

In closing the Thursday meeting, Epler mapped out the plans for the findings and recommendations made. First, as chairperson Epler will prepare a rough draft of the team's findings. This draft of the report will then be sent to David Wolf of the WASC accreditation commission who, with his staff, will review the report for consistency and clarity. Finally with Wolf's feedback the final draft of the report is written and then sent to the Western Association of Schools and Colleges. The WASC will then post their decision of yes or no towards accreditation sometime in the first week of December.

### KCC Up for AAC&U Award

Sabrina Hall  
Copy Editor

"Roots, Relationships, and Reach" these three R's could be spelling out one BIG R for KCC: REWARDS!

A Representative from the Association of American Colleges and Universities will be visiting our campus on November 6 and 8 to evaluate and judge our programs according to strengths in undergraduate education. The AAC&U strives to define outcomes and discover strategies to improve undergraduate student learning. KCC was a semifinalist along with 25 other colleges and universities selected by The Greater Expectations competition.

Colleges were selected according to reactions from judges after evaluating self-made portfolios showcasing schools' unique innovations in curriculum. Out of 26 institutions, only 14 will be chosen to join six top ranking colleges that were picked previously by The Pew Charitable Trusts and the Greater Expectations Leadership Institution competition.

The representative coming to visit our campus will be Dr. Andrea Leskes, Vice President for Education and Quality and director of Greater Expectation Initiative. For the two-day site visit she will be meeting with and observing various presen-

tations made by faculty and students sharing what they have gotten out of classes and programs they have been involved in at KCC. The presentations will primarily be based on the theme of KCC's application portfolio, "Roots, Relationships, and Reach." According to Robert Franco, Associate Professor and Chairperson of Social Sciences, "roots" refers to Kapi'olani Community College as a college serving a unique local community. "Relationships" refers to Kapi'olani as a college shaping the professional relationships and partnerships necessary to build a college providing the highest quality educational experience. And "reach" refers to KCC's efforts in expanding faculty and student horizons to impact internationally.

Receiving this award will mean that KCC will be recognized nationwide as a model institution excelling in comprehensive innovation in undergraduate education and will be influential in the shaping of liberal education. With this award, KCC will also have the opportunity to work with other chosen colleges in helping institutions that are working on change for the better. Louise Pagotto, assistant dean of arts and sciences and curriculum notes that KCC will show other schools, by our example, that change is possible because we ourselves did it.

### Lady Sings the Blues —and Wins First Place



Tahiti Fernandez sang her way to first place in the Student Talent Show, held on October 27 at the KCC Cafeteria. For more pictures and the full story, see page 3 of this issue! —Photo by Wayne Muromoto

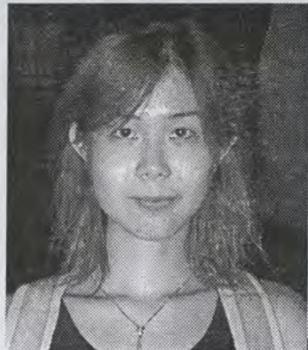
**Speak Out!**

Questions and Photos by Joe Tomita

**What class or subject scares or scared you the most?**



**Greg Wong:** Any class that a certain teacher is in.



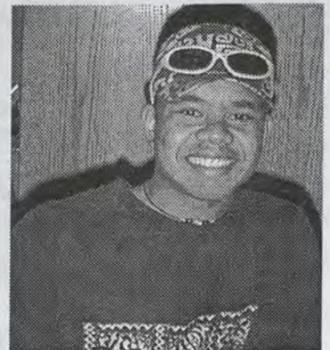
**Jacinta Yeong:** Biology.



**Jason Nakagawa:** Math.



**Raygan Woo:** Math.



**Waily Isamo:** Biology, because I might have to cut up things.

**Service Learning**  
Service going beyond the classroom

by Phoenix Lundstrom,  
coordinator, Service Learning

Each semester a growing number of students discover how useful service learning is to them personally. They discover the applications of the theories discussed in class. They try on career paths to see if that path is something they want to pursue. And, they meet people of all ages, participate in the life of the community, and share themselves in a meaningful way. Not a bad deal for only contributing 20 hours of service and coping with some paperwork, right? The community has been served. The student has learned something. Project over.

That might be true for some students. For other students, the 20 hours of service is just beginning. They demonstrate a growing desire to serve in deeper capacities, beyond the 20 hours, beyond the semester, beyond the perks offered by the service learning office. One student is actively recruiting more tutors for children in the homeless shelter and searching out books and art supplies to help with that program. Another student began the semester by stating, "I don't want the credit. I just want to

continue on with my service." That student has served at the same site over a three semester period. Yet another student stopped by the service learning office to work on ways to increase the numbers of tutors KCC can offer to the elementary, middle, and high schools island-wide, a task that is in addition

to the original commitment.

The community is fortunate that the numbers of students who want to serve above and beyond the 20 hours, is growing. It speaks of an important shift away from the "what's in it for me" view that students may have in the beginning to "How can I contribute my skills to help ease a community problem?" That shift is a natural progression, one that is expected, and one that is welcomed when it happens. More students made that shift this semester than in prior semesters.

Speculating about the reasons might lead to an amazing conclusion: Students may be bonding with the community, not just forming brief connections. They may be moving from the problem easing position of social responsibility to the problem solving actions of civic responsibility. If that is true, then the campus commitment to foster-citizenship in a global community through service learning will be reinforced. The real test of that conclusion will come over time. Will-growing numbers of students see and take their place in the community as valuable contributors? Will students step forward into leadership positions within service learning? Will the faculty notice that the growing student commitment to service is a beacon urging them to serve as well? It's worth the effort of planning and the commitment of campus resources to see just where this growing trend toward civic engagement goes.

**KCC One of Eight Outstanding Programs**

ACE Chooses KCC for the Honor

KCC has been selected as one of only eight colleges and universities for the ACE (American Council on Education) and Carnegie Corporation of New York award.

KCC will be thus invited to participate in the project, titled "Promising Practices: Institutional Models of Comprehensive Internationalization," encourages colleges and universities to internationalize their campuses and create international activities as part of their core mission.

The ACE is an association of the United States' colleges and universities and is dedicated to studying higher education issues and advocacy on behalf of quality higher education programs and adult education programs. More than 1,800 degree-granting colleges and universities, higher education-related associations, organizations and corporations are members of ACE.

If selected, the schools are invited to participate in this project. Eight schools were chosen from a pool of 57 applicants from across the nation.

The selected schools included KCC, Appalachian State University, Beaver College, Dickinson College, Indiana University, Missouri Southern State, SUNY Binghamton, and Tidewater Community College.

KCC was recognized as having "developed a widely recognized Asia-Pacific cross-curricular pro-

gram and is a national leader in cross-cultural and intergenerational service-learning. It also has developed a framework—General Education Academic Standards—to provide for student international learning assessment."

KCC and the other institutions will cooperate with ACE to record strategies, innovations, and positive practices for spurring internationalization on campuses across the nation.

The project will take 18 months and will build upon the examples set by the winning schools, such as KCC, to promote internationalizing campuses.

KCC's own report will be posted on the ACE website at [www.acenet.edu](http://www.acenet.edu) and in publications that will be distributed next year.

**Get Published!**

Got a story to tell, a photo to share, a cartoon to show the world? Kapi'ō wants you! Drop off any copy, art or photos at the Kapi'ō office at Lama 119 (on the opposite, mauka side of the building to the KCC Library entrance). Or, if you want more information, call the editor, Krystal Sakata, or advisor Wayne Muromoto at 734-9120.



of us working together, we may be able to lick this problem. So until the day of 1 AC (one day after air conditioning is fixed), please kokua!

Respectfully yours,  
Ronald Takahashi  
Operations Coordinator and Assistant Professor, Food Service and Hospitality Education Department

**Flies in the Cafeteria**

**The Caf Needs Your Help Fighting Flies**

I would like to apologize to all of our cafeteria customers about our serious fly problem. The Food Service Department of this college has been attempting to rectify this problem since the air conditioning went down last year. Without air conditioning, students tend to leave the sliding doors open for the fresh air, but unfortunately, what this does is let in a massive quantity of flies. We have put a lot of effort into our

attempt to reduce the fly population. We have consulted a professional pest control company, relocated the dumpsters, installed both electronic and scented flytraps, and we continue to emphasize to both our students and our employees the importance of covering their trash.

Until money is released to fix our air conditioning, we need your kokua by keeping all of the cafeteria doors closed. I understand that

it will be hot, but at least it will help cut down on the volume of flies. Another thing that you can do to help is by not leaving your rubbish on the tables. Please throw your rubbish into a covered trash bin and inform the cafeteria staff of any spills of food or drink so that they can wipe it up immediately. If a trash bin is full, please find another one that is not full, and tell the cafeteria crew so that they can get it emptied. With all

**Kapi'ō**

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Spooky Illustrations by Michelle Poppler and Iris Cahill

## PTA Students Take to the Runway



Krystal Sakata  
Editor

Lights, music, strut! Students from the Physical Therapy Assistant Program and their friends walked the runway, during the noon hour on October 23 in the 'hi'a cafeteria.

The PTA students and a few of their friends modeled the latest garments supplied by Pacific Uniforms in three rounds: hotel, hospital and aloha wear.

The cooperation of two programs brought the fashion show together. Christine Nagamine, producer of the fashion show, is a student at

Honolulu Community College studying fashion technology. She called upon a friend in the PTA program at KCC to execute the show.

It took about two weeks of planning, said Nagamine who was pleased with the outcome of the event.

## True B-boys



Zulu Gremlin captivated the cafeteria with their "old school" mixing and dance styles at lunch on October 23.



## Video Club

Michelle Poppler  
Layout Editor

award winning film *Miss Monday* was also shown.

The first meeting for the revised and resurrected KCC Video Club was held on Monday, October 23. According to club advisor Judy Kirkpatrick, the meeting went extremely well. A total of 25 people attended the meeting. Officers of the club were elected and the constitution was worked out.

Candy Diaz, president of the Video Club, presented her film, a 30-min video compilation of independent bands in Hawaii called Rock Candy. Diaz is a former KCC student who is now attending UH Manoa for film and editing.

A clip of Benson Lee's Sundance

award winning film *Miss Monday* was also shown. Lee is another former KCC student. His film *Miss Monday* has won awards in the Hawaii International Film festival and the Sundance Film Festival. The film was also purchased by HBO to be shown on Cinemax.

If you want to learn more about video and aspire to receive such credit for your own films, it's not too late to join up with the KCC Video club. The next meeting will be held on November 6 in Naio. If you are interested in finding out more information on the Video Club's meetings and how to join, e-mail Diaz at [riyn@mail.com](mailto:riyn@mail.com).

## KCC 2000 Talent Show



Top photo: KCC Talent Show second place winner Nick K. Ortiz and Friends. Bottom photo: Third place winner Denise Tapp belts out "Amazing Grace." —Photos by Wayne Muromoto

Shayla Nakashima  
Editorial Assistant

Klan, Louise Pagotto, Aileen Lum-Akana and Anne Craig.

KCC's talented students showed off their stuff at the Fall 2000 Talent Show, sponsored by the Office of Student Activities.

The Talent Show started at 11:30 a.m. on Friday, October 27, in the KCC cafeteria. There were a variety of performances, including singing and dancing performed by solo and group acts with and without instruments, and a classical piano recital.

The competitors were Caroline Lawo, Denise Tapp, Yuri Yoshioka, Tahiti Fernandez, Tom Morelli, Viet Vo, Keith Muleff, Nick Ortiz and friends, Debby and Iris Cahill, Debby and Iris Cahill with Michelle Poppler and Krystal Sakata, Crystal Manalo, Aaron Cheek and Leighton Punami, and Michelle Poppler.

The panel of five judges consisted of faculty and administration members Iosefa Timotea, Jorge Corba

Although there were some technical difficulties, the large crowd of students and supporters seemed to really enjoy the show. Fifth place winner Carolyn Lawo won a \$50 gift certificate for the UH Bookstore. Fourth place went to Viet Vo, who won a \$50 certificate for the Ohelo Dining Room. Third place winner Denise Tapp won \$100 gift certificate for the UH Bookstores. Second place winners, Nick Ortiz and friends, won a \$100 gift certificate for the Ohelo Dining Room. First place went to Tahiti Fernandez, who won two round-trip tickets to a Neighbor Island of her choice. Each participant received a \$5 consolation prize courtesy of the Food Service and Hospitality Education Program. The OSA highly encouraged participation in next year's talent show.

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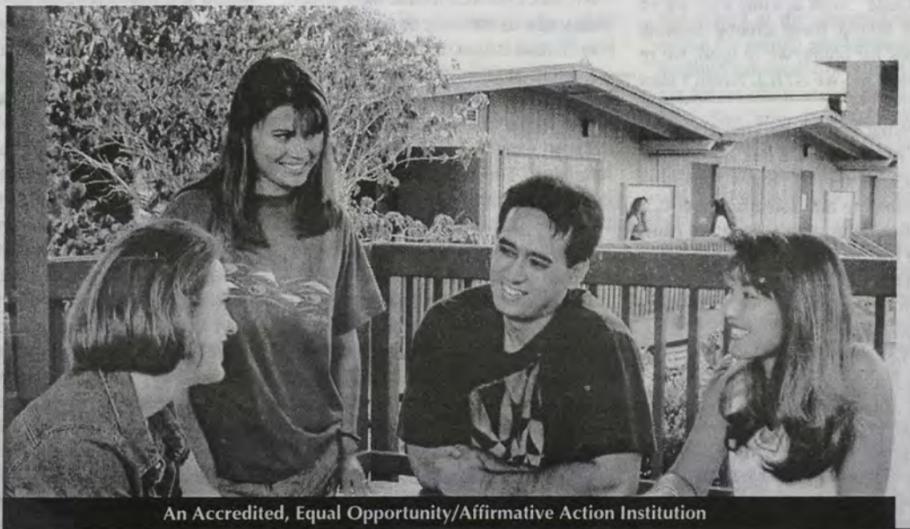
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## Ghost Story Contest Winners

1st place:

**Carpe Cerevisi**

by: Hsu SouChung

## DISCLAIMER:

The following accounts are based on a true story. Names of people have been changed to protect individual's identities.

It was that summer when *The Blair Witch Project* hit theatres. Remember how you were either disgusted paying for the movie or seriously intrigued? My friend Nash and I were the latter of the two extremes. Heck, you could have said we were obsessed.

Being an idiot, I wanted to have my very own *Blair Witch* experience. Nash was, of course, very doubtful of my new idea. I, however, was extremely passionate about it; and Nash, being my good bud, eventually caved in.

The plan was simple: find some creepy ghost story that revolved around the woods somewhere and explore the area to uncover the truth. After some research and a lot of discouragement from Nash, we found what I thought was a cool ghost story.

The story was about two female Australian hikers who were lost on the Pali Trail a year ago. According to these hikers they had stumbled upon what we know as Night Marchers. They described these Night Marchers as strong, middle-aged Hawaiian-looking men with fierce weapons and tattoos. The Australians claimed that the Hawaiian men looked battle-weary when they spotted them. Upon being spotted, the Hawaiians began running towards the Australians. What once looked like flesh and blood Hawaiian warriors disappeared just a toot away from the Australians. Both women swear by their story; they were found the next day with only one mishap: they had both become blind.

When I found out that these women both had 20/20 vision all their lives, I checked out their family history. Neither family had any eyesight problems within their families. What was really strange was that the Night Marchers' disappearance was the absolute last thing both women saw. According to the women, their sight disappeared along with the Night Marchers.

Being the sleuth, I dug into *The Honolulu Advertiser* archives to find that this event was not a first. In fact, it had happened many times over the years. The frequency of occurrences differed greatly; sometimes the event wouldn't happen for ten years whereas sometimes twice within two years. What was more curious was that each victim described their stories almost exactly like that of the Australians; their vision disappeared when the Night Marchers disappeared about a toot away from them. The one exception however, involved a man named Kelly Ahee.

Ahee, a Chinese Hawaiian man, said he saw the Night Marchers but shut his eyes immediately while he felt their presence near him. Ahee said that he did not open his eyes until long after the event in fear that the marchers might return to claim him.

I decided to pay a visit to Ahee, who lived in Kailua. The event happened to Ahee when he was 45

years old in 1970. I begged Nash to come with me so that we could get some advice about our upcoming ghost hunt.

"YOU WANT MY ADVICE ABOUT NIGHT MARCHERS? I'LL TELL YOU MY ADVICE: STOP BEING STUPID AND GO FIND YOURSELVES SOME GIRLFRIENDS!" yelled Mr. Ahee when we approached him at his simple Kailua house.

Ahee did not want to talk about the situation and thought Nash and I were stupid for actually wanting to go to the Pali Trail at night. Ahee thought we were even more stupid because we were actually attempting to find Night Marchers rather than avoid them. We left his house without much advice except for "finding girlfriends."

The next night I picked up Nash at 5 p.m. I had borrowed a Sony Minicam with infrared vision to film our adventure just as the kids in *The Blair Witch Project* had done. We were dressed in long sleeved shirts, cargo pants, and hiking boots. We carried a beanie, sweatshirt, and an extra T-shirt in our backpacks for emergencies. We also included a decent stash of water and Powerbars, flashlights with extra batteries, waterproof matches, a cell phone, and of course, extra batteries for the camcorder. We were prepared to spend the night deep inside the Pali Trail trying to capture the Night Marchers on tape.

"Bro, you know the odds aren't exactly smashing for us right?" Nash asked as we parked the car by Morgan's Corner.

"Just smile for the camera dude," I said as I turned on the camcorder and taped Nash.

We walked towards the beginning of the trail just as an elderly couple were coming out.

"You kids aren't going in there now are you? It's almost dark y'know," said the man.

"Yeah, kinda," I replied. "We're trying to do a 'Blair Witch' thing."

"Well you shouldn't. There's Night Marchers in there," said the lady.

I didn't know what to be more surprised at: the fact that these old people knew what "Blair Witch" meant or that they knew about the Night Marchers. I chose the latter. Hardly anyone was supposed to know about the Night Marchers in the Pali. After all, every report published in the *Advertiser* was stuck between the obituaries and advertisements. Heck, I didn't think even Glen Grant knew about the Night Marchers in the Pali!

"Um, how do you know about the Night Marchers?" I asked as I felt a trickle of sweat slide down my neck.

The old lady laughed a little and the old man just looked at Nash and me. "Just be careful, seriously." Then they walked off.

"Crap! We are NOT going into those woods!" Nash exclaimed after they had left.

"Yes we are dude! C'mon, stop wussing out, we have a cell phone for crying out loud!" I said, as if a cell phone could ward off ancient Hawaiian spirits.

I left Nash standing at the entrance point while I started trekking into the woods. I was sure Nash would be following me in shortly. Five minutes into the hike I heard Nash running towards me.

"Bro ... c'mon, we can still turn back," said Nash. Although we were standing in almost pitch-darkness I was sure there was still a little sun somewhere.

I ignored Nash and continued to trek on. After standing alone for a minute, I heard Nash race towards me. I knew I was wrong for leaving Nash alone, but I just couldn't help it. I was *obsessed*.

It was about 11 p.m. when I realized that not only were we lost but also that something was definitely not right. I began hearing very faint sounds of birds and became tense. Birds do not come out at night. That was



seriously weird. Nash must have sensed my discomfort because he froze right next to me and started to breathe slowly so that he could hear the birds. The birds continued to chirp in some strange bird language but never seemed to move or come close to us.

We listened to the birds for about five minutes before I whispered: "Let's go towards the birds."

Nash's eyes widened and he looked at me as if I had completely lost it. "Hell no! Have you lost it?"

"Dude ... look at it this way: we've been hiking these creepy looking woods for hours, we're tired, we're cranky, and we STILL haven't seen jack!"

"What are you talking about?! I like it this way; I'd trek through the woods all night if I knew I wouldn't be bumping into something weird."

"But dude...that's what we came here for...to find something weird."

"Don't even give me that crap!" Nash whispered loudly, "YOU want weird, I don't!"

The birds continued to chirp from a distance. "Dude, I'm going," I said as I started walking towards the sound. "You coming?"

I heard Nash mutter some obscenities as we walked quietly towards the birds. The closer we got, the

louder the birds became. The birds didn't seem to be chirping at all ... they were screeching. And there seemed to be a lot of them too because we could hear the heavy fluttering of wings coming from them.

"This is crazy," Nash muttered only barely loud enough for me to hear.

We were now only one small hill away from where we believed the birds to be. The noise was incredibly loud, and we knew this was *not* normal bird behavior. Something had to have startled the birds while they were sleeping to have caused such a commotion. Perhaps what startled the birds was still around. I turned on my camcorder while Nash held tight to his flashlight.

As we ascended the small hill we were stunned by the vastness of the bird colony. Swirling around directly in front of us was about every bird on the island. Or so it seemed. They spun around in calculated twisters making enough noise to shatter all the windows of the Convention Center. Nash's flashlight was turned off, which was probably for the best, considering we didn't want to cause a commotion with a group so big.

My camcorder was on, however, so I taped the birds going in circles. At that moment we were both amazed and scared to death. We became paralyzed primarily because we a) didn't know what would happen if we made any sounds and, b) were pretty certain that birds flying at that speed could be potentially deadly.

Suddenly the birds stopped. They just stopped; paused in midair as if they were floating. Thousands of birds, just floating ... it was a sight to see. I continued to tape.

It was Nash who first saw them. "Oh...God," said Nash. I didn't know if he was praying or repenting or both. Personally, however, I was really hoping he was praying for the both of us.

About 50 yards away stood nine Hawaiian men. Tattoos encased them from head to toe. In their hands they held ancient weapons that would have looked so much tamer behind a glass case at the Bishop Museum. All faces twisted menacingly when they saw us standing on the hill. The birds had turned around to face us too. For some odd reason, the birds did not look like the same birds I had fed at the park a day earlier. Their wings were taut and agile looking. The birds' bodies seemed strong; looking more like hawks than pigeons. The Hawaiian men focused their glares on us and started to mutter some unrecognizable words.

Immediately, we closed our eyes. We had done research and knew that staring back at the Hawaiian men probably wasn't the best thing to do. We did the only logical thing to do at that point: run like mad. I held the camcorder so that the lens would face the birds and the Night Marchers as Nash and I ran without turning our heads to look back.

The birds were screeching as loud as they had before. One exception however, they were now headed for us. My heart pounded as I ran through mud, grass, and dead leaves. The birds weren't the only ones chasing us either. The Night Marchers had apparently just caught up with the birds because I could hear their grunting.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!" Nash was gasping as we sprinted. I would have prayed too if I wasn't so concerned about breathing.

The birds crashed into our bodies with all imaginable force and plus some. We fell to the ground. Our faces fell right into the mud with such force that I thought we landed on rocks. I felt blood trickling down my back and head where the birds had hit me. Blood was gushing out of my nose like Drano through mildew. Nash pulled me up after we stumbled and we began to sprint again.

In the six seconds it took us to get up and begin running again; the Night Marchers had closed the gap almost completely. I tossed the camcorder and tried to run, but the pain was too great. I felt pain shoot up from every imaginable area. I fell and heard Nash stumble down right next to me. I felt a hand grab me on my shoulder and turn me around.

"Eh, braddah ... you ok?" asked a voice I had never heard before.

I blinked for a second until I realized that it was morning. The sun was cutting through the woods with blazing brightness. There was a man standing right above me with concern written across his face. My vision immediately became blurry and my head spun. The man offered me a hand and I reached for it. Upon getting on my feet I noticed that Nash had gotten up and was sitting on the ground, grimacing in pain.

"Brah...I was jogging along the trail when I saw you two lying on the ground. Your guys' stuff was thrown everywhere along the trail. You guys o.k. or what?" asked the man.

"Yeah ... thanks..." was all I could reply before I blacked out.

Two weeks later, Nash and I met at his house to take a look at the awesome video I must have filmed. The scene where the birds should have been screeching and flying was however, gone. All that there was left on the tape was an empty space where the birds should have been. Having remembered taping the Night Marchers, I fast forwarded the tape and again saw nothing but forest. Then came the shaky camera while we were sprinting away and yet again there was nothing but empty forest and heavy breathing from Nash and me. In fact, there was nothing on the tape that even gave any kind of proof of what we saw that night. We didn't even have any injuries from where the birds slammed into our backs. I KNOW it was real because I felt it, yet there were no scratches on my back or Nash's when we were admitted to the hospital. Perhaps the only way we can prove that something strange happened that night is the fact that we both wear glasses now. But even that has been debunked because it could have been heredity. So what did happen that night? Wanna find out? I'm going back into the woods again this Halloween.

## 2nd place (tie): Shadow Weavers by Iris Cahill

The first day they set foot on the property, they should have known. Quiet as a cemetery, but without the sense of peace that comes from eternal rest, the desolate house and its land seemed to frighten away all living creatures. Some time ago, this place was perhaps someone's dream come true, but the flaking paint and dilapidated roof of the house and its accompanying stable clearly showed years of neglect. Surrounding the house was a large and dense forest that was beginning to change color in anticipation of the fall. Instead of the vibrant reds and yellows that normally accompany the change of seasons, however, the leaves were turning a dull brown and black, the colors of decay.

Julie jingled the keys to the front door as she waited for her husband and their lawyer to grab the last of the bags from the white Mazda parked in the old stables. As they walked over to her, she noticed that the cheerful expressions and friendly banter that had followed them along the long journey to this isolated location were gone. It was as though the very atmosphere here had swallowed their joy before even reaching the house.

She remembered how promising this place looked last week, when John had found it up on the auction block for a mere pittance. It was far from the city, far from the lawsuit trial that threatened her husband, far from anyone at all. Now that they had escaped, she began to wonder if they had just leapt from one veritable prison to an even worse one.

Julie forced a smile for the benefit of the two men and grabbed one of the smaller bags her husband, Kurt, was carrying and began to climb up the short steps to the house's entrance. "Thanks a lot," he said jokingly as he struggled up the steps with the still large burden. No one laughed.

If the outside of the house showed signs of neglect, then the inside certainly did too. Layers of dust covered the old furniture and nick-knacks that still remained from the former owner. It was as though they had stepped into a time portal; everything looked as though it were from the 1940's, from the old radio resting on the small table by the window, to the propane stove in the kitchen. John put down the bags he was carrying next to the door and examined the old photographs hung by the coat closet. They were all black and white pictures of nostalgic America, including a young man in a full U.S. army uniform.

He suddenly recognized one of the faces he was looking at and excitedly gestured for his two friends. "Hey, Kurt, Julie! Come over here," the lawyer called. They came up behind him and looked at the photograph he was pointing to. In it, a man and a woman were leaning against an old Ford pickup with the house in the background.

"That's the old man that used to live here," John told them. "That's probably his wife." Julie nodded her head slowly and stared at the picture. Though the man and the woman in the photograph were smiling, there was almost a sense of foreboding.

Kurt pulled his gaze away from

the photo and looked at his friend. "John, show me where they found the body." Julie also turned away from the picture and frowned at the two men as they walked towards the back door leading to the porch. "What do you mean by 'the body'?" she asked.

They went out to the back porch with Julie not far behind them. "I said 'what do you mean by the body'?" her tone betrayed the nervousness she felt inside. The two men continued to ignore her as John led them to a rocker on the right side of the porch.

"He was sitting in this chair, with a shot gun in his hand, when one of the sheriff's deputies found him," he told Kurt. "The old man had only been dead a few hours when they

c a m e



across his body."

Kurt looked at the old rocker and could almost see the man from the photograph sitting there now, until Julie's angry voice pulled him back to reality.

"Why didn't you tell me someone died here?" she angrily questioned. "John, you never said anything about this to me!"

"Julie, it's all right, people die in their houses all the time," John replied weakly in an attempt to console her. "Does it make a difference?" Julie knew deep down that they really had no choice, it was either this or stay in the city, but that didn't mean she had to like it.

"I'm sorry, Julie," said Kurt, "it just didn't seem important at the time..." Maybe not, she thought, but this strange house now made everything uneasy. She turned to the lawyer who was still looking at the rocker.

"What was he doing with the gun while he sat there?" she asked him quietly. John turned around and leaned against the creaky railing.

"He was just staring out there, into that...field," he answered barely above a whisper. Julie and her husband stood beside their friend and began to stare at the strange grass covering a large expanse of land. The grass reached over five feet high and was the most ugly greenish yellow color they had ever seen. The blades were so thickly packed and dense that nothing could be seen past the first blades. There was a complete silence surrounding the field save for the slight rustling of the blades as they shifted across each other in the breeze. They all stared at the field as if mesmerized by some strange power unwilling to let them go.

Julie suddenly screamed as something brushed against her legs, causing the two men to jump up in fear. She started laughing nervously as John and Kurt began to yell, "What was the matter?" She reached down and picked up her cat which she showed to her startled husband and friend. Kurt started calling the cat an assortment of colorful names and John started laughing just as nervously Julie was. As they went back into the house, Kurt gave the bizarre grass one last look. "We're mowing the lawn tomorrow," he asserted.

John left them before it got dark

fear, and stared down the hall where it had run. She jumped slightly as she heard the door to the bathroom at the other end of the hall close. Feeling incredibly vulnerable in her thin nightgown, she nervously walked to the bathroom.

The handle to the door felt ice cold in her shaking hand, and she hesitated an instant before quickly turning it and bursting through. Julie found herself inches away from a hideous looking rat, perched on the rim of the toilet seat. Its face was drawn into a frightening snarl, while its fierce red eyes bore into hers as though looking at her soul. A hissing sound above her caused her

to look up and see another equally hideous rat carefully balanced on the doorframe, its face

curled into what seemed an abhorrent grin.

Julie made a sound halfway between a scream and a gasp before flinging herself back into the hall. She watched as the first rat leapt from the toilet seat to the edge of the bathroom window followed by the second rat which lingered on the sill to give Julie one last, terrible look before they both jumped the two stories down. Before realizing what she was doing, the frightened woman ran to the bathroom window. The rats had miraculously landed safely and were now racing to the strange field. Julie watched in horror as the two creatures were swallowed into the tall grass. Though the moon bathed the entire property with its pale light, the grass remained covered 'in a thick, impenetrable darkness.

"They ran in there," Julie helped her husband spread the rat poison they had found that morning in the old stables. He was careful not to inhale the deadly powder and he made sure his wife exercised the same caution.

"At least we know what the old man was trying to shoot at," Kurt stated solemnly. He finished pouring the last of the powder by the front door and gestured for Julie to follow. "Let's start cutting that freaky grass," he said. "I'll bet anything there's a big nest of those ugly suckers in there."

They went to the back of the house where Kurt grabbed his weed-wacker and Julie her trowel. While he started to cut down the enormous blades with his machinery, she angrily pulled out the fresh sprouts of grass that had begun to creep closer to the house. By dusk, they had cleared a large area in front of the field from that awful grass. Julie

wiped the sweat from her brow and offered to get them something to drink as he started working on a new section of the grass.

Julie entered the house and grabbed her cat from off the refrigerator. "Looks like we'll get rid of this problem, right, Kitty?" she asked the puzzled feline who just meowed in return. The young woman plopped the animal on the floor and proceeded to grab two drinks from inside the fridge. She poured them into two glasses and stepped out the back door to where Kurt was working. Halfway in mid drink, she happened to look over his shoulder at the area they had just cleared. Kurt looked up and watched his wife's expression change to one of shock and disbelief as she slowly lowered the glass from her lips.

"Julie, what's..." He never finished his sentence once he saw what his wife was looking at. There, before his eyes, was the area of the field they had worked to clear, except it was again overrun by the huge stalks of grass. Kurt walked over to the area in utter disbelief.

"What in god's name...?" he said to himself as he continued to approach the grass. A slight breeze began to rustle the bizarre blades, and to Julie it sounded as if the wicked field was mocking their failed attempt to remove its presence from the land. In a blind rage, the woman pushed past her husband and hurled her glass at the tall stalks. Both watched in horror as the blades parted to allow the cup to fall unharmed to the floor, and remained open as an invitation for the couple to go and retrieve it.

Darkness was already falling over the land as the two raced into the house and away from the twisted field. Kurt slammed the backdoor behind them and turned the lock, a futile gesture that offered little protection from the evil outside. Inside the small kitchen, Julie was breathing heavily as she paced back and forth with a hand on her forehead.

"We've got to bum it," she said, her tone shaky, yet determined. Her husband stared out at the darkening field and replied, "We bum it and then get as far from this place as possible."

His plan was simple: while she got the car keys from upstairs he was going to get a canister of kerosene from the stables. They would meet outside, set fire to the field and watch it burn from a safe distance. Frightened, she agreed and turned to go upstairs as he slowly opened the door and prepared to step outside and descend into the foreboding darkness.

Kurt left the backdoor open as he cautiously stepped on to the rickety porch. The sky was completely dark now, with only a few twinkling stars and a quarter moon half hidden by clouds to light his way. The field absorbed all the light surrounding it, like a black hole, and all he could see was the outline of the tall blades swaying in the breeze. As the young man slowly went down the steps of the porch, he began to hear a steady creaking come from somewhere on his right. His mouth became dry and he slowly turned his head to see the old man's chair rocking in the shadow of the kitchen window. Kurt didn't waste another second on the porch and ran towards the stables as fast as he could. (continued on p6)

# Shadow Weavers continued from p.5

Once inside the dark structure, he desperately searched for the five gallon jug he had seen full of the kerosene. He overturned boxes filled with old supplies and pushed aside decaying pieces of lumber in a sheer panic to find the flammable substance. Waves of nausea threatened to overtake him as he began to realize he wasn't going to find it. Suddenly, the lights in the house flickered and went off. Kurt could still see the chair rocking on the porch, but the inside had gone pitch black.

"Julie!" he cried as he ran to the house in a mad dash. Behind him, the wicked grass reached out from the darkness with a twisted hand made from the blades, a sinister laugh escaping from somewhere within its evil core in front of him, Kurt watched in horror as the back door slammed shut.

Inside, Julie had just grabbed the keys from off their nightstand when the lights failed. She caught her breath and listened carefully to the world around her, waiting for her

eyes to adjust to the darkness and for her heart to slow back to normal. In every corner a shadow moved or a floorboard creaked and fear gripped the woman's heart. She carefully walked past the bed and was about to head for the door when something raced past her along the floor, confirming that she was not alone. By the closet on the other side of the room, a familiar pair of baneful red eyes glared at her. Terror overtook her as she saw the freakish animal approach her and Julie ran out of the room straight for the staircase leading down.

Something didn't feel right as the frightened woman fled, and she hesitated in midstep before descending down the stairs. A thin ray of light entered from the hall window, reflecting off of something shiny by Julie's feet. There, tied between the banister's post and a nail in the wall, was a thin piece of wire designed to trip her as she proceeded down the stairs, instantly breaking her neck. A slight hissing reminiscent of laughter started up behind her and she

turned her head to see the rat on its hind legs, watching her. She pulled back in horror and carefully stepped over the wire to descend the flight of stairs. The twisted rat continued laughing and as she met its gaze, one of its horrible eyes winked at her.

Julie was racing down the stairs in a frightened fury, when she heard the backdoor slam shut. Though she knew there could be another death trap waiting for her, she was angry at these little demons and this very house. She stormed into the kitchen and pulled out one of the old knives inside, all the while aware of any movement that might belong to one of the two rats.

Without warning, one of them jumped at her, its wild claws searching for her face. Before she knew what was happening she grabbed the horrible thing and plunged the knife through its back. It gave off an almost human scream as it died and Julie watched in utter revulsion as the creature disintegrated into small blades of the evil grass. The follow-

ing silence was quickly shattered by a crash in the living room.

She cautiously entered the room but almost slipped on a layer of strange fluid. Julie touched some of it and brought it to her nose and she could tell this liquid was the kerosene her husband had gone to find. It had been poured all over the room and standing on the radiator was the other rat with a lighter in one of its gnarled claws.

Behind her, Kurt crashed through the backdoor and ran up to her. "Julie!" he yelled, relieved to see her all right but horrified when he realized what was about to happen. The rat curled its face into a decadent grin and slowly flipped the cover to the cigarette lighter. Before the creature could ignite the kerosene, a dark form jumped at it from the shadows, knocking it to the floor. The rat howled in agony as it was shredded to blades of grass by the powerful jaws of its attacker. Once the creature was dead, Kitty turned to her owners and gave a little meow.

The young woman grabbed the cat and pulled her frightened husband to the kitchen. "Grab the propane tank," she told him. "We can still finish it off." Catching on to her idea, he retrieved the tank of gas from behind the stove and the lighter that the rat had been about to use. They both ran out to the field where the grass had begun to writhe and sway in anger. Kurt opened the tank's valve and threw it at the field, followed by the lit lighter. The stalks erupted in flames before their eyes and it screamed first in rage and then in pain.

Julie and Kurt watched the fire burn all night, the dry blades of grass feeding the flames long after the propane had run out. By morning, all that was left was the charred land where the evil thing had grown. Exhausted, Julie rested against her husband and closed her eyes. But as they sat on the porch steps facing the smoking remains, a steady creaking sound started. Behind them, the old man's chair began to rock.

## 2nd Place (tie):

# Something Afoot

by Cassandra Lee

The Legowiks hadn't lived in their new house for long before they realized something was wrong. The first time it happened Marie Legowik tried to send her husband Justin around the house with a bowling ball. "A bowling ball?" Justin said incredulously. "What am I supposed to do with this?"

"Throw it," Marie urged in a hush.

"What if I miss? Can't you find me a baseball bat or a golf club or something a little more like a weapon? And this is your ball. I can barely fit my fingers in the holes."

"That's all I've got," Marie said. "All the other sporting goods are down in the basement, and I'm not going down there alone."

Justin didn't want to go downstairs either, so they took the bowling ball out to the front lawn until the police arrived. The police made a methodical search of the house, from its attic, through its flowery bedrooms, through its plush carpeted living room, and even down into the basement. "Nothing," one of them said, holstering his gun with a look of regret. "Looks like whoever broke in is long gone."

"Was anything missing?" the other one asked.

"No. No," Marie said, taking a moment to scan around the living room. "At least, I haven't noticed anything yet. If I do—"

"If you do," the second policeman said, "just list it in your report. If nothing's missing, then it was most likely someone pulling a prank."

"That's a pretty weak sense of humor," Justin said loudly. He cradled his bandaged thumb. It had gotten stuck in the hole and had taken both him and his wife to get it out. "They come in, they rearrange our furniture, and then they leave?"

"Probably kids," the first policeman guessed.

The Legowiks were inclined to agree until it happened again and again.

Each time they entered the living room to find their furniture pushed up against the walls. The third time it happened, Marie had only left for a few minutes to use the bathroom during a commercial break,

and instead of sitting back down to *Days of Our Lives*, she ran screaming out of the house and stayed on the lawn until Justin got back from work.

"Nonsense, honey," he soothed. "There's no such thing as ghosts. It's just the neighborhood kids again."

"T-too fast," she stammered, fighting hyperventilation. "Too fast for kids."

"They've just had a lot of practice," Justin reasoned.

"No. No. I wasn't even gone for five minutes. You keep watch. You see. It'll happen again, and then—"

Marie refused to set foot in the house without him, and even then, she only stayed long enough to grab a toothbrush, some clothes, and a book. She climbed into the back seat of his car and swore she'd live there till he did something about it.

Unwilling to sleep in the house alone, he slept in the car with her, but after two days a persistent backache and his wife's constant occupation of the lounge at his law office gave him the courage he needed to spend the night in the house without her. He chose to set up a cot in the living room and fell into an uneasy slumber with his nine iron tucked into the crook of his arm.

That night he dreamed about sailing through the Caribbean at dusk on one of those big white passenger liners with the free food and the unending calypso music. He had a giggling blond in his arm with a stick thin waist and the sort of steely physique that would be unattractive on anyone whose blond giggleness didn't imply a more pliant nature. Then an iceberg loomed out of nowhere, and the ship crashed, throwing them to the deck.

Justin awoke to find his nine iron tangled in the covers and his cot pressed up against the wall. The room was dark, and the cot was pinned behind an antique couch that obscured his view of anything else. He scrambled to his feet, nine iron in hand, and the cot collapsed under the sudden stress. He limped away from the wreckage and stared around the room, but there was no one there. With the skin on the back of his neck prickling, he dropped his gaze, and

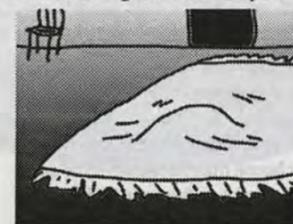
that was when he saw the carpet.

"It wasn't the carpet," he later told his wife as they huddled together in the back seat of the car. "It was something under the carpet."

"Under the carpet?" Marie said, trying to pull her feet off the floor of the car.

"Yeah. And it wasn't something. I mean, you could tell. You could tell it was *someone*. There was someone under the carpet."

"What do you mean?" Marie said, making sure for the third time that the car doors were locked. "Someone was hiding under our carpet?"



"They weren't hiding. I mean, it wasn't like they'd pulled a blanket over their head and were trying to be unseen. It was like—" Justin felt his lips pulling back from his teeth and quivering there as if he'd been smiling too hard. "—someone was living under our carpet. Crawling. Swimming."

"It moved?" Marie's voice was rising to a panicked pitch.

"Yeah." Justin's voice was dry as chalk. "It chased me." That was when he had taken his turn to scream and run into the safety of the car. Later one of their neighbors had come out to shine a flashlight through the yard and complain about the noise. They had smiled, nodded, and refused to get out of the car to discuss things, and eventually the neighbor had left in disgust.

"We need to do something about it," Marie said. "We need to get the place exorcised."

"We're not Catholic!"

"We'll convert," she told him.

"No," he said. "We need to find out what it is. That's the scientific way to handle it. We investigate. Then we get rid of it."

"Where do we start?" she asked. Justin took a deep breath of the stuffy upholstery-scented air. "We start with the guy who sold us the

place. Mr., uh, Bellman."

"Mr. Bellman!" Marie said, as if it were a curse. "I bet he knew. There was something squirrely about the guy from the start." She paused. "What do we do to him?"

"We ask him to help us," Justin said, brave now that he could discuss everything rationally.

"And if he refuses?"

"We're prepared to litigate," Justin told the nervous, soft-spoken Mr. Bellman. He was a librarian, and his studio was strikingly neat. He wore fuzzy slippers to keep his feet off the hard tile floor.

"No need for that," Bellman said. "I assure you I've got nothing to do with whatever it is you might have seen in the living room."

Marie was quick to pounce. "We never said it was in the living room. You knew! You knew, and you didn't tell us!"

Bellman paled, and Justin, sensing the break down of a witness, closed in for the kill. "Who's under the carpet, Mr. Bellman?"

"N-no one," Bellman stammered. "You're lying," Marie said hotly. "I'll bet it's someone who died a horrible death. At your hands!"

"I assure you she died of natural causes!" Bellman insisted. "I have witnesses! She was playing bridge!"

"Who died of natural causes, Mr. Bellman?" Justin demanded.

"My aunt," Bellman said, sounding defeated. "My horrible Aunt Ida. She had a heart attack when her partner played an ace too early and lost them a grand slam."

"So why is she under the carpet?" Marie asked.

"Uh," Bellman said. "She fell there."

Justin sounded dubious. "She fell under the carpet after having had a heart attack? Under the carpet, Mr. Bellman?"

Bellman started to mutter, head ducked in embarrassment. "She fell to the floor from the mantelpiece. She'd been cremated, you see, and one day while I was practicing my cha-cha, her urn fell to the floor. Rather than sweep her up, I, uh, swept her under the rug."

"What a horrible thing to do,"

Marie said.

"It was justice," Bellman said. "For most of my life she'd been walking all over me."

"But the carpet?" Justin persisted. "You can't tell me you just laid the carpet down without removing, er, Aunt Ida."

"I did," Bellman said remorsefully. "After she started moving around, I was afraid to look under the rug, so I thought I'd tack a nice carpet over the floor, rug and all."

"Well, you've got to take care of it now," Marie said. "You've got to get rid of her."

"Oh, no," Bellman said. "Aunt Ida is part and parcel of the house. You bought it as-is."

They argued, but Bellman was stubborn. The Legowiks retreated to a motel to think it out.

The next morning Justin and Marie drove to a rent all store. It was a bit of a struggle, loading their secret weapon into the back seat: their clothing had filled the trunk by then. With the grim determination of soldiers they lugged the apparatus into the house, and Marie fetched a pair of claw hammers from the garage. Aunt Ida, true to form, had pushed the furniture to the edges of the room, and that made it a bit easier to carry everything onto the lawn and pull up the tacks around the edge of the carpet. Marie wielded the hose while Justin prepared to roll back the carpet, tire iron in hand.

"Movement!" he shouted when the carpet started to rumple, and then the roar of their rented industrial vacuum cleaner filled the living room.

Two days later the Legowiks' furniture was still where they'd left it, and Aunt Ida's rug had been trucked away by the Salvation Army. Two days after that Mr. Bellman stepped out of his studio and nearly tripped over a fist sized lump in the condominium's carpeted hall. Frowning, he promised himself that he'd call the superintendent and have that looked into, but when he gave the carpet a second glance, it lay perfectly flat.

Mr. Bellman ran the rest of the way out of the building, and Aunt Ida curled up to wait for his return.

## 3rd place (tie): The Haunted Cave by Loga Narayanasamy

During my childhood days in Penang, West Malaysia, I never exactly believed in superstitions, invisible spirits, ghosts, and their existence. I had often thought they were merely illusionary elements of nature. I, nevertheless, like other children, often indulged myself in such topics and sort of relished the tales like cherishing nectar juice dripping from heaven itself. More often, I used to speculatively and intensely chat about them with my neighbour friends, who were at that time really into those spooky tales. Usually, the conversations would rotate quite dramatically and unremittingly among us, sometimes, in an overbearingly exaggerated manner. Certain stories would be so scary that I would request my friend to walk me home if it was at night. This was kind of ironic, though, because if I did not believe in them, why fear? Indeed, the stories themselves were more terrifying than the actual encounters. Although I liked and enjoyed the tales, I somehow held a whimsical sceptical attitude about them; that is, until one convulsive day. What I rationalized as illusion, became manifested as an atrocious reality. A reality which shattered my fearlessness, my conceptions, and my opinions about those creatures. I inevitably encountered the invisibles in their angered, perturbed, and agitated forms on that day of darkness. That was my only encounter, and I hope that it will remain as the only one.

When I was 15, my good friends, David, Lee, Suren, Chang, and I, were enrolled in the same scouts program in school. We also attended the same school and lived close to each other. Scouts was fascinating to us, and it gave us a thrill and excitement whenever we had the chance to camp in the woods. I always appreciated nature and its elements. One day during recess, I brought up the idea of camping some place. We had to be discreet about that, because our parents were not liberal about letting us stay in the woods at times. Since it was just a suggestion, we let the idea rest there for us to bring it out again at a later time. Moreover, our school holiday was not yet approaching.

Five days later, we gathered at my house as usual. That evening, around 8:00 p.m., we sat on the ancient brown wooden chairs my uncle built ten years before, which were gracefully situated on the front porch of my long wooden house. The evening breeze was cool and cushy, the moon was bright as a spotlight, the trees and their elements waved, swayed, and danced with exquisite graciousness. In the sky, the stars smiled and twinkled brilliantly with pristine exultation. The ice cream seller honked his horn, calling people's attention while passing by in his motorcycle on a sandy pathway in front of my house. That was his daily rigid routine. My mother was in the living room watching her cooking show on T.V. My sister was ironing her clothes to wear to work the next day. We sat there in silence for a while, watching the daily motions of reality, and focusing upon the beauty of nature perfectly situated right outside my house.

Suren and Chang brought some peanuts and crackers so we munched on them while gossiping about my neighbour's brats. After sometime,

we continued our plans for the adventure. We discussed how we were going to do it, what we were going to bring along, what we were going to wear, and where we were going. One of them jokingly suggested that we camp in front of my house. At that time, there was nothing but a little jungle with bamboo groves and mango trees in the area. At this remark, Lee and I burst out laughing hysterically. While the minutes were vanishing, the discussions floating with the air of gravity, the clouds gradually and silently dispersing from my sight, one place clicked into my mind. "The Rain Mountain" and the huge hollow cave with hundreds of bats living inside it. Hearing the name of it, everyone's eyes opened wide with joy. We all thought that it was a great choice of place, but somehow no one ever thought about it before. We never learned so much about the place before, but there was something about it — perhaps an enigma, or an extraordinary history.

The Rain Mountain was only one hour away from my house. From a distance, it looked tall, enormous, and mighty, but once anyone got closer, it mysteriously turned to be merely a hill. It boldly stood at the side of a temple and living quarters for priests. There was also a village with many wooden and concrete houses scattered around the area. Moreover, there was a gorgeous tiny stream and waterfall gushing down from the top of the hill. The huge Hindu temple was located in front of the cave, and was also two little old Chinese shrines. One was located inside and the other, outside the cave. There was a concrete stairway, which took worshippers up and into the cave. Therefore, if anyone stood on the top, they could only see the roof of the Hindu temple. The cave actually had another entrance on the side of the living quarters. The dark side of the cave.

On December 20th, 1987, our school holiday began. The next day, we gathered, but this time at David's, for the bus stop to get there was much closer than ours. Our strategies worked out amazingly well. We had our hiking shoes on, jeans and long sleeved shirts, backpacks with food and water, torches, mats, shorts for swimming, tent, fishing polls and pen knives. We diligently learned about camping equipment in our scouts program. We checked and double checked our equipment before we set out on our journey. We caught the bus around 10.30 in the morning and arrived at 11:15. The rest of the journey, we made on foot. It was about a 20 minutes walk.

The temple was quiet, peaceful, and silent. There was no one, except the temple priest. We walked inside, paid our respects to the deity in the altar, and took turns drinking water from a little fountain. The caretakers built it for worshippers to wash their hands and feet before entering the temple. They made sure that people maintain the sanctity of it. We stood a little longer, exchanged some words with the priest, and finally picked up our backpacks and equipment to depart. We decided to venture through the cave and camp at the other side by the village.

The floor of the cave had teeny puddles, pebbles, and some white

sand here and there. The walls were white and cool and had tiny plants precariously sticking out of some cracked parts. The silence was enormous, except for the screeching noises of the bats and water dripping from the ceiling. It was so solitary and calm that it brought a whole sensation in our beings. As we walked a little deeper, the sun light began to disperse, but darkness prevailed. We halted for a moment, reached inside our bags, and pulled out our torches. We checked our time and we had fifteen minutes to reach the other side. As we were approaching the other entrance, we began to hear the sounds of the stream and waterfall



gushing down from the tip of the hill. Once again, we were drenched in sunlight. With all excitement and jubilation, we quizzically searched for an ideal place to set up the tent. Suren noticed a flat ground next to a magnificent banyan tree. It was standing on a steep sandy hill. The branches were long, intermingled with each other and almost touching the ground. The bark was

strong, scabrous, and dynamic. The birds were chirping and busily building nests on it. The bats were landing and taking off in swift motions, and dried leaves kept floating and falling to the ground from the wind. We quickly cleared the foliage from the ground and set up the tent at the foot of the tree. We placed the fishing poll outside the tent and stacked everything else inside. We sat down for awhile, ate little tibits, studied the area, and set out to explore the woods.

It was almost five in the evening when we were done with our hiking, cruising, and playing. The day was still sunny and the air moist with a cool breeze. Since it was still bright, we at last visited the stream and the waterfall for the day. Exuberantly, we stayed in the water for two hours or more. Dusk began to appear so we rose from the water and paced up towards the tent. We gathered some wood lying around on the ground and set up a small fire. The night was silent, the moon and the stars were gracious. We crouched next to each other in a circle, ate our food, and planned our next day's excursion. A couple of bees dropped from the tree and started buzzing; the light bugs tried to enter the tent, and birds flew quietly to reside in their appropriate places. A cat roamed around, probably from the village. The sound of crickets from deep in the woods penetrated through space. At last, along with the world, we stepped into our tent to rest.

It was almost midnight, but I still lay awake. Although I was used to camping, the new place usually gave me an eerie feeling. The atmosphere was static, nature turned sober, noises subsided, and the wind too, strangely halted its motion. I particularly became a little curious

at that. Then all of a sudden, Suren in his subconscious state began to twist, struggle, turned his body sideways, and murmured some words which I couldn't understand. He acted as though someone was asphyxiating him.

I woke David, who was lying next to me. At that moment, Chang also jumped up because Suren was stretching all over him in pain. He was breathing faster and we all became nervous and worried. Chang shook him up, but he did not budge. Lee was sound asleep; he was too tired from the day so we did not bother him. David looked perplexed and startled and so was Chang.

Chang in his drowsy state inquired what was going on. As Suren was quieting down, we heard footsteps on the foliage. Big, swift ones. Couldn't be the cat, I thought, for we didn't hear any meowing. David softly whispered that perhaps someone was around. Again, footsteps like someone was sprinting, pacing, sprinting, and then pacing again.

At that point, we blankly stared at each other. Chang began to perspire; David panicked. To prove our judgment, we peered outside of the tent, but to our terrifying amazement, no human motion was within our proximity. We turned around to see Suren sitting up and breathing faster than before. It took him awhile to come to consciousness. We somehow calmed him down and asked what happened. He said that someone was standing by his side and slashing him with a samurai sword. In the tent, I wondered with perplexity. What could it possibly be, I repeatedly questioned myself. My mind went blank and pale. My body was sweating profusely, my skin began to crawl, and all the hair from my pores were standing erect. Hazardous fear began to creep deeper into my heart and mind. No one volunteered to go outside to investigate the disturbances so we stayed clutched to each other. The sound of footsteps subsided, but this time, the branches on the banyan tree. They were rubbing against each other and the noise which penetrated was like someone whistling. There was no wind, no rain, no mist. I could not stand it any longer so I grabbed hold of David and we both crawled outside. What we saw horrified us out of our minds. Only one side of the tree was shaking and swishing. The other remained still. By this time, Suren woke Lee up and they both crawled outside next to us. Lee said he heard someone tearing the tent from the back. Perhaps a nightmare, I immediately thought. A nightmare, a bad dream, and a reality interwoven and permeated with terror, and all overwhelming at the same time. We sneaked behind the tent, but there was no one. When we were about to sneak back to the tent, the sand and pebbles from the little steep hill began to slide. At this point, the blood in my stream began to deliriously rush faster than ever and my limbs weakened. Consequently, my entire body began to twitch. What could we do in this confusingly helpless circumstance. I tried to think of a quick solution. Run? Perhaps it will chase after us.

We knew and felt the vibration of some beings around there caus-

ing the strange occurrences. Suren went through a transition as a spirit entered him. Not one of us had the ability to even glimpse it or them. Only noises of movements. Once again, there was sound. It was coming from the cave. It was soft, but ominous, vague, but intimidating. The frequencies were changing. At first, it was a child crying in pain and then, adults screaming and mourning, and then dogs howling. At once, we decisively made up our mind to do nothing, but RUN. We somehow picked up our torches, left everything else behind and RAN. We ran helter-skelter, tripping and falling over tiny bushes, stepping on mud and puddles, and finally landed at the village.

We knocked hard on a door. An old man opened it. He was horrified at our filthy ghastly figures and conditions. He nonetheless let us into his house and offered us some water. We calmed down and haphazardly related the entire event. He listened patiently, but to our amazement, was not surprised about what we described. When we were done, he told us to wash up and rest in his living room for the night. He said he would elucidate everything in the morning.

The next morning, we probed the old fellow for information, but he only advised us to inquire from our parents or grandparents. For some reason, he refused to explain the mystery behind it. He called on some other people in the area and they all helped us pack. The tent was still there, but the fishing rods had mysteriously disappeared. The rest of our belongings were ruthlessly scattered around. It was a disaster. We gathered everything, thanked the old man, and left. This time, we caught the bus from side of the village, instead of crawling through the cave.

For three days, I couldn't overcome the trauma. I stayed inside my room in solitude and talked to no one. I refused to answer any calls, until when my mother began to worry too much about me. I finally opened up. When I narrated the whole scenario, my mother and sister were shocked and stunned. They were thankful to God that I and my friends returned alive. They said that in 1970, the mountain had a rock slide. Hundreds of people were crushed under the rocks, houses destroyed, and men, women and children died in the unforeseen tragedy. Since then, the spirits of the dead still dwell in the cave. They allowed no one to come near their territory and no one had seen them. Their existence was a mystery. After the incident, the village was rebuilt at a later time. When I spoke with my friends, they too received similar information.

After hearing the story and personally experiencing the existence of ghosts, I began to change my perspective about the invisibles. They do exist and they are stronger and more powerful than humans. If they wish, they could enervate and deprive the courage of human beings in an instant. I realized not to underestimate anything that exist in this world and every being, whether invisible or not is a creation of God. Some people said that ghosts are God's dark side's creation. After that incident, I never even thought of camping again. Moreover, I dropped scouts.

## 3rd place (tie):

## The Mango Tree

by Dawn League

I watered the small tree and smiled. "Be happy," I thought, as I looked at the little tree and my mind drifted back to the old mango tree. The tree had been cut down because it was ancient and diseased. I was saddened by its removal and had delayed the act as long as possible.

"Perhaps the tree will get better," I told my husband, when he first suggested its demise.

"But it's so old, and it hardly bears any fruit," he replied, his face showing exasperation, knowing I would have my way, at least for awhile. "You know the tree dropped that large branch last winter. What if it had hit the old man's house? What then? He could have been hurt. We would have had to pay for the repairs." He stared me down, as if he expected an answer to all that. But I had none for him. I loved that tree, and I respected it. The tree had been here long before us. It had been here before the house. It had a right to go on. The thought of removing it was just too sad to bear. Something had to be done to save the old tree.

The next day, when the men came to cut back the tree, they stood around it in awe.

"Ho, da beeg, yeah, Junior? How old you tink?"

"Nevah know, Tiny, mehbe 200 yeas, mehbe moa."

Soon I heard the rip of the chainsaw, and the sound of the ropes as they flew around the tree, striking the branches and slapping the sides of the tree. The smell of sawdust hung in the air. The heavy thuds, as large branches hit the ground, could be heard a block away. As the truck drove away, a tear hit my cheek.

There was more of the tree in the truck than left standing in the yard.

That night, the rain came down hard, angrily striking the tin roof of the house. The noise was like someone had left the TV on full blast when the station goes off the air. Later, when the rain stopped, the winds howled. I could hear things flying around, hitting the house and the ground, like an angry child throwing toys in a tantrum. As the night wore on, the winds exhausted themselves, and the resulting whine sounded more like moaning. Occasionally, it would pick up briefly with a shriek, and stop suddenly. It was a horrible night, and even though I could barely open my eyes to the rising sun, I blessed the daylight, and rose to make morning coffee.

"That was a terrible night," my husband said, as he walked into the kitchen.

"Yes," I said in agreement and handed him a cup. "I hope the tree is OK. Do you think the wind dried it out?" I felt bad about cutting the tree back so much, it was a drastic measure, but I was sure it would save the tree, and that was my hope, for the tree to live. I was sure we had met with success, when the following spring brought an abundance of new branches and leaves. Later, the tree had been covered in blossoms and my soul rejoiced. For awhile, all was wonder and good.

"Something's still not right with the tree," my husband spoke. His voice was somber and he stood with his head lowered, like a child confessing a minor infrac-

tion.

"What are you talking about, the tree is fine, it looks really great." I pointed towards the tree, as if I knew he must not know of which tree we were speaking.

"Come with me," he said, and reached for my hand to tow me toward the tree.

There we stood, at the foot of the tree. The leaves rustled in the stiff Manoa breeze. He had to be wrong-although the ground was now littered with most of the tree's flowers, the tree looked strong, and the massive trunk made the tree look bigger



than it now stood. Then I saw it.

At the base of the tree was a good sized hollow. I could see where my husband had pulled away the soil, exposing the wound, a large rotting hole in a place in the tree's body, just before the roots.

"Maybe it's termites, maybe just rot." He looked at the ground beneath his feet, and then the tree. "The tree is dying ... we can't stop this." He put his arms around me, and I cried.

The next day, when the men came for the tree, I decided I needed to go to Hamilton Library. I needed to do research, I was too busy to stay home today. I had studying to do, and papers to write. When lunchtime came, I bought a plate lunch from the truck in the parking lot of what used to be Burger King. My studies done for the day, I stood at my car thinking. I needed to buy groceries, yes, that was it. I needed to go to Longs for coffee, and then to Safeway for whatever.

When I returned home, the sun had gone down. As I climbed the steps to the house, I was struck by the brightness of the yard. It was as if the moonlight lit every corner. I avoided looking where the tree used to stand. Maybe it wasn't gone, maybe we were wrong, maybe the tree was OK and the workers had convinced my husband to save it. Of course I knew I was wrong about this, and so, I didn't dare look. I busied myself with the things that needed to be done to finish my day, then I took my

shower and went to bed.

That night I slept a restless sleep. There were noises in the house, floor boards creaked, windows and things on the shelves rattled, like someone had walked through the room of heavy foot; something fell in the living room, and just to make myself feel better, I called out, "Here, kitty-kitty," but I didn't feel better when I looked towards my feet, to see the sleeping cat curled up at the foot of the bed.

The next morning, as I left for school, I still couldn't look at the scar in the ground, but the light, the space, and the sawdust refused to cooperate in my effort to deny the event of the past day. As I drove down the driveway a sadness followed. It was heavy and mournful, and it felt like a presence more than an emotion.

"Is the persimmon easier to grow than breadfruit?" I asked the man. "How about lime. Do you have any lime trees, the yellow ones, you know what I'm talking about?"

"The persimmon? No, not necessarily, and it's a much smaller tree. Where will you plant it? Do you want a large tree?" The man fingered the breadfruit. Then, he smiled and his eyes sparkled. He walked down the aisle of the nursery and returned with a small tree. "This tree, you'll like this tree."

"This tree?" I looked down to see a mango tree. It was small, but perfectly formed.

Upon closer inspection, I saw that the tree's trunk and branches were covered with dozens of small buds. The tree was full of life. Yes, this was the tree.

## 3rd place (tie):

## THE STATUE

by Sharon Winfield

It was a good funeral, as funerals go. Keoni looked just like he was taking a nap. There was a large stuffed bear, a wreath made of toys and a song by the kindergarten class. Old Rev. Singer gave a touching eulogy. We all were dazed by the tragic death of a sweet little boy. We were numb because of the mysterious circumstances that killed him, which brings me to my story.

I live in Laie, deep in the Kahuku Forest between a cemetery and an abandoned lumberyard where my grandparents used to work. My mama, brother and me share a three-room cottage that has been in our family for generations. My grandpa lives with Auntie down the road, but I never knew my grandmother. Everything in our house has a history, from the creaky floorboards to the busted screen door. Ever since I can remember, on the night of a full moon, strange things happened in our house. At first it was simple things like a bed rattling, an invisible feather on my face, or the creepy feeling that someone was watching me. My mama excused these incidents as cats running by or bugs crawling. Such were natural happenings in a house as old as ours, she explained.

When I was ten I overheard my Auntie and mama talking about the legend of the statue. Grandpa told them the story when they were little. See, 50 years ago, about the time that this shack was built, a Hawaiian named Kua worked in the Kahuku Forest. She was the only female lumberjack on the island and was

anxious to prove that she was as powerful as the men. Kua entered a logging contest every year, but always lost and was the town laughingstock. Well, this one year she was so determined to win, her mouth made a claim that her body couldn't keep. Kua picked the tallest meanest looking tree in the forest and announced she would chop it down faster than anyone. Two nights before the contest she crept outside, and by the light of the full moon, she poured poisonous mixture of cyanide around the roots of the tree. Grandpa was leaving the outhouse when he saw Kua's hoax. On the day of the big competition she chopped and chopped and was about to win when the tree suddenly toppled over. It killed Kua and five men with a thunderous crushing blow. Their screams were heard all over Laie, and blood gushed out of their twisted bodies like a row of geysers.

Later on that same tree was carved into a statue in honor of Kua, for no one else discovered her deception. Rev. Singer, who was also a wood worker, made the crude looking statue. It had bulging muscles and was as tall as my front door. It looked like an ugly half-man half-beast carrying an axe. The statue was in the Town Square across from Woolworth. Rev. Singer sold everything there from candy to seeds for planting.

I didn't think much about this legend cause strange things happened in our town all the time. Swarms of gnats would descend

from the ceiling; voices came from sticks of driftwood; and people died from being bucked off the calmest horse. That's just how life was in Laie. But one time I stayed out later than usual and learned my lesson.

Without thinking, I took a shortcut home through the Town Square. I passed Kua's statue, the post office and Woolworth's when all of a sudden I heard footsteps behind me. It sounded like someone was following me, but when I turned around no one was there. I kept walking but the footsteps thudded again, closer this time. I quickly turned my head but the street was empty. A moon as round as an orange lit the street. That's when I noticed that the base holding Kua's statue was empty. I blinked a few times before I looked again. But the big ugly sculpture was gone. I turned and ran like I was on fire. The footsteps clumped behind me faster and faster, but I raced like the wind and made it home safely.

That night I slept in my mania's room. She made a pallet on the floor and let me take the bed. It took awhile for me to doze off, but eventually my breathing slowed down and my heartbeat returned to normal. Mama got in bed with me sometime during the night. I could feel her arms around me.

"Stop, Mama" I said softly, when she was squeezing too tight. I pushed her away, but she wouldn't budge. The pressure of her body was pushing me into the mattress so I couldn't breathe. "Move, Mama," I mumbled into the covers, starting to gasp.

Just then Mama reached up and touched me, and a weight lifted up as if something jumped off the bed. "Child, you having a bad dream," Mama said from the floor. Then she got up and climbed into -the bed to caress my shivering body.

After that I knew the legend of Kua was true. The next morning I walked to school past the park and Kua was standing in her spot as clear as the moon glowed the night before. I told my best friend about the ghost and she sympathized, but was not surprised. These incidents were common in Laie, and gradually I came to accept them. That is until Kua went too far.

Keoni and me went to the pool last week like we always do Fridays after school. There were plenty of kids there to play with and the lifeguard was busy keeping order. It wasn't dark yet, but the moon was already shining, I was chasing my friend around and sneaking looks at the cute boys. We were all having such a good time. Suddenly a shadow passed over the sun and the sky grew dark. Outside the fence I saw the shadow of a tall man carrying something. I heard the clanking sound of the gate opening. The lifeguard blew his whistle to clear the pool. He flipped the light switch, but the bulb popped. The children started to panic in the darkness. Someone screamed for help, but I couldn't see who. I climbed the ladder to the deck and searched for my brother. I couldn't see anything except white eyes and shining

teeth coming towards me. I dodged and the figure fell into the water. I heard terrible thrashing and shouting. Then, just as quickly as it grew dark, the cloud passed and it was light again. All of the children were on the deck except one. Floating in the pool was the body of a boy with swimming trunks like Keoni's. Three feet away his head rolled in the pool.

No one could explain why my little brother drowned or what sliced his head clean off his innocent little body, but I knew Kua was haunting us. Her spirit couldn't rest because of her evil deed. She was taking out her anger on us. I believed I would be her next victim. I sat down in the abandoned lumberyard after Keoni's funeral. Tears were streaming down my face and I felt helpless. Everyone seemed to accept this as just another tragedy in Laie. I hugged my knees, watched the ants march in the grass and a butterfly land on a bush. Bees were busy eating mid pollinating the land as they flew from flower to flower. Then the idea hit me. I knew how to avenge Kua's wrong and let her spirit rest in peace.

I ran through the yard, down the dirt road past the post office and across the street to Woolworth's. Old Rev. Singer stood at the door peering out behind his thick glasses. He was carrying a bag of tree seeds. The bell tinkled as he opened the door. "Kua," he said to me. "I've been waiting-for you."

## U.H. Autonomy Amendment To Say Yes or No?

By Shelton P. Yamashiro  
Special to Kapi'ō

### How will you vote on November 7?

The future of our University is at stake and it's no simple matter to decide where you stand on the issue of:

"Shall the University of Hawai'i have the authority and power of self governance in matters involving only the internal structure, management and operation of the University?"

We the voters have the power to decide if the University of Hawai'i will have autonomy this November 7. On this year's ballot there is a proposal to amend the State Constitution granting autonomy to the University of Hawai'i. This move is supposed to provide the University with freedom from legislative interference over internal matters. Voters will select "Yes" in support of autonomy or "No" in opposition; blank votes will be counted as "No" votes.

Many individuals and several organizations hold differing views on the meaning of this proposal. It was written by lawyers, so we will start our examination with an opinion by an expert on Constitutional law.

John Casken, a U.H. Faculty member submitted the commentary of Professor Jon M. Van Dyke (<http://www.hawaii.edu>, UH Community Views page) regarding the professors review of the proposed amendment.

Professor Van Dyke offers the following, "The words 'structure, management, and operation' are substituted for 'organization and management.' This change does not introduce any substantive dif-

ference" in regards to the powers afforded to the University by this amendment. The professor also questions the benefit of the deletion of "as provided by law" and addition of the following wording, "the legislature shall have the exclusive jurisdiction to identify laws of statewide concern." He advised this could leave the University open to more regulation by the Legislature without the protection of the courts.

In contrast, UH General Counsel/Senior Vice President for Legal Affairs, Walter S. Kirimitsu, strongly supports the amendment. Kirimitsu concludes that the deletion of the words "as provided by law" will allow the University Board of Regents to manage "the internal structure, management and operation of the University" without interference. He adds that the courts "retain the power to review matters of legal interpretation" as provided for by the State Constitution. Furthermore he states,

"According to the proposed amendment, if the legislature wishes to override the Board of Regents, it would have to...write a bill for consideration and public debate during session...pass the bill by a 51% vote in both the House and the Senate...and obtain the Governor's signature on the Bill. If the legislature were to do this, the UH will still have recourse in the State courts, including review by the circuit courts and, where necessary, review by the State Supreme Court."

The University of Hawai'i Board of Regents have resolved to support and endorse Senate Bill 539 and "directs President Mortimer and his administration to conduct an effective and aggressive voter education campaign on the proposed constitutional amendment which will appear on the ballot for the November

7, 2000 General Election." (<http://www.hawaii.edu>).

The University of Hawaii Professional Assembly (UHPA) stands in opposition to the proposed amendment. UHPA is concerned with the wording of the proposition. The UHPA does support autonomy, but "believes real autonomy for the UH will never be achieved if we pass this flawed Constitutional Amendment." ([www.uhpa.org/autonomy.asp](http://www.uhpa.org/autonomy.asp))

Several individuals have expressed opposition to the proposed amendment citing such problems as past actions of the Board of Regents, their appointment by the Governor and supposed flaws or questionable benefits in the current proposal. Others have voiced support for the proposed amendment citing the success of mainland institutions with autonomy and our need for a more flexible and responsive University.

Most people believe autonomy would be good our University. Much of the opposition comes from the worry over the proposal's language. Opponents of the proposal claim passage of this legislation will be with us for a long time. Thus, we should ensure we get a good piece of legislation to prevent problems in the future. Those in support of the current ballot measure claim we need autonomy and there are no flaws to the proposal. They want the issue settled now, no more delays for UH autonomy.

The election is fast approaching and the decision is up to you. Vote or keep your gripes to yourself.

Information on this important issue is available on the Internet by visiting: <http://www.capitol.hawaii.gov>. Search for SB 539. And <http://www.uhpa.org/autonomy.asp>, and <http://www.hawaii.edu>.

## Bamboo Ridge Reading Featured KCC Faculty

"Pidgin in da past. Wasn't until I wuz like 3rd or 4th grade dat I knew I talked Pidgin. I wuz talking story wit my friend who wuz couple years older so she tot she knew everything kine. She wuz born here, but she nevah know wot da word 'bumbye' meant. So even aftah I wen explain to her da meaning of da word and use da ting in one sentence she still nevah believe dat 'bumbye' was one word..." Thus does KCC's Lee Tonouchi begin a play from the latest

Bamboo Ridge Press collection of stories, Simply titled Bamboo Ridge, Journal of Hawai'i Literature and Arts, Number 77, the collection's printing was celebrated with a reading held on Thursday, October 26, at the UH Manoa Campus Center Ballroom. The event started with a reception and book signing at 7 p.m., followed by a reading at 7:30 p.m.

The event drew an audience of some 160 listeners, which is considered a sizable group for this kind of reading, according to one reader.

KCC was represented in the collection by several authors, including instructor Mavis Hara, Lee A. Tonouchi, Donna Tanigawa and Lisa Kanae. Other contributors included poets and artists such as



Gary Snyder, Albert Saijo, Nanao Sakaki, Cathy Song, Eileen Tabios, Franco Salmoiraghi, Juliet Kono, Joe Stanton, Joe Tsujimoto, Beryl Allene Young, Jody Helfand, Ann Huynh, Hina Kahanu, Mary Lombard, and others.

The event, as are all Bamboo Ridge Poetry readings, was free to the public.

The reading was sponsored by Bamboo Ridge Press and the UH Campus Center Board Activities Council. For further information, contact Bamboo Ridge Press at 626-1481 or email: [brinfo@bambooridge.com](mailto:brinfo@bambooridge.com).

## Learning in the Classroom #3

### Interpreting for Deaf Students

by Sharon Winfield

Sign Language Interpreters have interesting and rewarding careers. Interpreters work in a wide variety of classes, earn a lucrative salary, and have the freedom to design their schedule. They facilitate communication for 25 students at Kapi'olani Community College who are deaf or hard of hearing.

Fluency in ASL (American Sign Language) is the most obvious prerequisite for this profession. Classes are taught on our campus, and ASL satisfies the UH foreign language requirement for most degrees. Non-credit ASL courses and an Interpreter Education Program are also available here. Mentorship, workshops and videotapes on ASL are beneficial resources offered at KCC.

Frequent practice leads to memorizing the appropriate handshapes, body language and facial expressions needed to convey detailed, often complex information. Interpreters improve their signing skills by interacting with deaf people who are native signers. Proper names and places are finger-spelled using a specific handshape for each letter of

the alphabet. Interpreters employed at KCC have passed a local screening or national certification exam.

Translating college classes demands patience, good interpersonal skills and professionalism. The Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf has a Code of Ethics that serve as guidelines for interpreter conduct. It mandates that interpreters respect confidentiality, be impartial and faithful to the message. This means interpreters must not divulge grades, participate in class discussions or change what the teacher or students say. These are challenges because humans are sociable by nature and naturally want to get involved. Most experienced interpreters are able to perform their robotic tasks and maintain their personality. However, this paradox can lead to burn-out.

Nancy Bridenbaugh coordinates interpreter services at the Gallaudet Regional University Center (GURC) in the Monono building. "I'm pleased that we retained the eight interpreters who worked at KCC last semester," she says. "However, we have a severe shortage of qualified interpreters. For the first time we are utilizing computer assisted notetak-

ing for two hard of hearing students. This transcription service is advantageous because these students do not sign and they can read the lecture as it's delivered."

Fast typists interested in this occupation should see Bridenbaugh.

Teachers usually have positive reactions to deaf students and interpreters in their classes. However, that is not always the case. Some instructors view this situation as an intrusion and are uncomfortable and apprehensive.

"Every semester I get one or two calls from faculty saying 'this isn't going to work in my class.'" Bridenbaugh says, "I explain that the students have a legal right to accessible education. I offer to work with faculty to resolve any problems."

KCC departments that want free training on deaf education should call Nancy Bridenbaugh at 734-9210.

Interpreters are in classes to provide access for deaf students. Hearing students should not be afraid to approach the deaf student directly. The interpreter will translate the conversation. The interpreter's role is fulfilled when both hearing and deaf individuals interact with spontaneity and comfort.

## Reminding You of Our Island Flavors

By Helen Wu  
Lifestyle Editor

Be sure to mark down a dinner date on Saturday, November 4 from 6 to 8 p.m. on your calendars. What is the special event? It is the Island Flavors benefit for KCC's Culinary Program.

The event will be held in the Ka'ikena and Tamarind dining rooms in the Ohelo Building and will showcase tantalizingly delectable dishes prepared with the freshest local ingredients available. It will provide a unique opportunity for the general public to be introduced to the diversity of agricultural products offered right here on Oahu. This is your chance to support not only the culinary program but also our local farmers.

The goal of the event is to build a stronger alliance between local ranchers, farmers, wholesalers, and distributors with working chefs in Hawaii's hotels and restaurants, in addition to future chefs in our culinary programs. The agriculture and culinary industries are practically inseparable: both rely on each other for education, encouragement, innovation, and support.

What does this mean to you? Alice Waters (chef-owner of Chez Panisse restaurant in Berkeley, CA) of the Chef's Coalition put it succinctly when she wrote to President Clinton:

"...Chefs from across the country believe that good food, pure and wholesome, should be not just a privilege for the few, but a right for everyone. Good food nourishes not just the body, but the entire community. It increases our awareness of the sources of life and of our responsibility to preserve all life-sustaining resources. Chefs know this, farmers know this... [This] would reaffirm Thomas Jefferson's ideas of a nation of small farmers—caring custodians of the land... Similarly, a discriminating quest for fish and meat of quality would herald the need to care for our waters, pastures, and the areas surrounding them."

By supporting these industries you, as the consumer, also help our local economy by making it stronger and less reliant on goods imported from outside the state. But ultimately it is all about good eating—fresh simply tastes better.

Participants who will be creating the mouthwatering feast include Indigo Eurasian Cuisine, Halekulani, Waoli Tea Room, A Pacific Cafe, KCC's Employment Training Center, and students from KCC's culinary program.

Tickets are \$30. For tickets or information, please contact Carol Uyemura at 734-9499; Monday to Friday; 10 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.

Science Column

Missions to Mars

by Iris A. Cahill

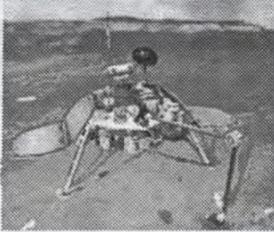
NASA has recently announced a new campaign to explore the Red Planet. With the aid of orbiters, landers and rovers, scientists hope to reveal some of the most interesting secrets of Mars, including the answer to the question that's on everyone's mind: is there any sign of past or present life on the planet?

Six major missions throughout this decade are currently planned. These missions are part of a long-term Mars exploration program which has been in development for over six months and will include international participation, especially Italy and France. The new program incorporates the lessons learned from previous mission successes and failures, and builds on scientific discoveries from past explorations.

NASA also plans to launch a powerful scientific orbiter in 2005: the Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter. This orbiter will be used to study the planet's surface in order to follow up on some of the observations made by the Mars Global Surveyor. However, the technology of the Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter will be good enough to observe rocks the size of beach balls.

"We have developed a campaign to explore Mars unparalleled in the history of space exploration. It's meant to be a robust, flexible, long-term program that will give us the highest chances for success,"

explains Scott Hubbard, Mars Program Director at NASA Headquarters, Washington, DC. "We're moving from the early era of global mapping and limited surface exploration to a much more intensive approach. We will establish a sustained presence in orbit around Mars and on the surface with long-duration exploration of some of the most scientifically promising and intriguing places on the planet."



Dr. Ed Weiler, NASA's Associate Administrator for Space Science, is also very enthusiastic about the new mission plans. "NASA's new Mars Exploration Program may well prove to be a watershed in the history of Mars exploration," he says. "With this new strategy, we're going to dig deep into the details of Mars' mineralogy, geology and climate history in a way we've never been able to do before. We also plan to 'follow the water' so that in the not-to-distant future we may finally know the answers to the most far-reaching questions about the Red Planet we humans have asked over the generations: Did life ever arise there, and does life exist there now?"

The information in this week's column comes courtesy of professor John Rand. The photograph of the Mars Lander comes courtesy of <http://mars.jp1.nasa.gov/msp98/>

'The Keepsake' Show Runs at the Koa Gallery

Story and Photo by Wayne Muromoto

Are you the same on the inside and outside? Now through November 16 is the show "The Keepsake," by artist Helene Wilder, at the Koa Gallery. Seventeen wooden boxes hung on the walls, plus one large memorial sarcophagus, and several paintings/rubbings make up the show.

The designs on the outside of the boxes, Wilder says, have no bearing on the contents of their insides, which are made of stick-figure dolls and scrolls. That is often very much like human beings, she says, because what we look like on the outside very often have no bearing on what we really are on the inside.

The sarcophagus, which stuff fit a full sized adult into it, is dedicated to the late artist Michael Tom. Part of this artwork, called "Deep Sleep," includes copper pieces that Tom made. Copper, Wilder says, was thought to be a material that linked the physical and metaphysical world.

The artwork are composed of human and animal figures in two- and three-dimensions. Gallery curator David Behlke notes that, "Wilder's work strike a mythic cord of transference and transcendence of our personal existence."

Wilder, a former resident of Hawai'i and art instructor at UH Manoa, currently lives and works on the West Coast.

Koa Gallery hours are Monday-Friday 10 a.m.-4 p.m. and Saturdays 10 a.m.-2 p.m. For further information, call 734-9375



Artist Helene Wilder places a sculpture into one of her "keepsake" boxes at the Koa Gallery.

No Tricks, Just Treats

Debby Cahill Copy Editor

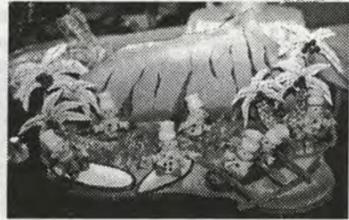
On Sunday, October 22, the United Cerebral Palsy Association of Hawai'i held its 12th annual Dessert Fantasy fundraiser. The benefit ran from 1 to 3 p.m. in the Grand ballroom of the Pacific Beach Hotel, and was sponsored by both the Pacific Beach Hotel, and the Neptune's Garden Restaurant.

"Each year, Hawai'i's restaurants, bakeries and confectioners really out do themselves with their donation of eloquent and flavorful desserts," commented John Nishida, the UCPA Board President. With more than 50 of the most delectable desserts in town gathered under one roof, the event goers were certainly putting their taste buds into overdrive. Some of the organizations that were donating to the event included: The Culinary Institute of the Pacific from KCC, the Hawaii Regency Hotel, and Outback Steak House.

In addition to simply sampling the treats, the eventgoers also got chances to win door prizes; some people won gift baskets filled with various treats from the bakeries, restaurants and confectioners, and others received gift certificates for the participating businesses. Live

entertainment and samples of new Christmas blends of Kona Brand Coffee were also available to the hundreds of indulging guests.

United Cerebral Palsy Association (UCPA) of Hawai'i is a non-profit, volunteer health organization. Its focus is to positively affect the quality of life for children and adults with cerebral palsy or other severe disabilities with similar service needs. The local UCPA has

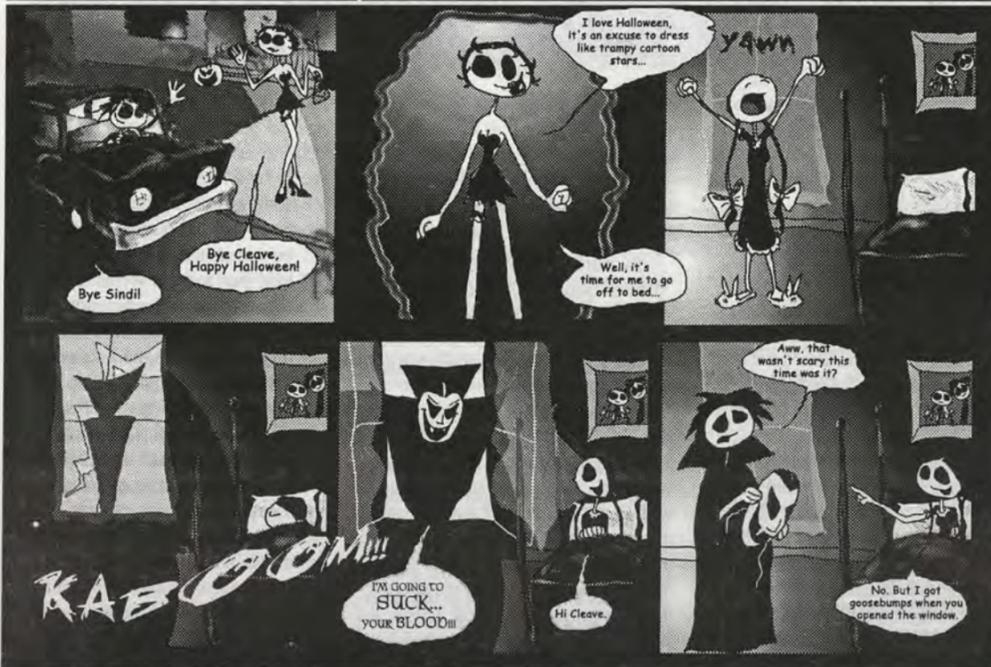


been providing services in the islands since 1959, and all of the proceeds gained from the Dessert Fantasy fundraiser are staying in the islands to support United Cerebral Palsy's three area wide programs:

1. The Child Development Center, which is the only five-day-a-week intensive therapy program in Hawai'i that supports children with special needs up to three years of age.
2. The Social Services Program, which provides case management, information, emotional support and advocacy for persons diagnosed with cerebral palsy, and their families.
3. The Public Health Education program, which provides education to the public regarding the causes of cerebral palsy. The program has special emphasis on promoting awareness and strengthening preventive measures.

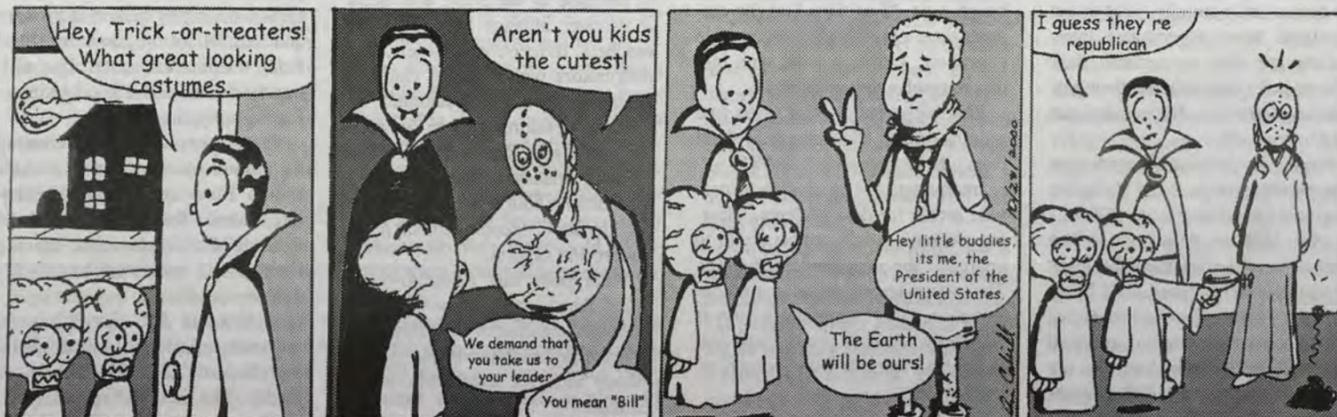
Sindi is: Creeped Out

by Michelle Poppler c. 2000



The Blunderdome

by Iris A. Cahill



**Find Booeey!**  
 Look throughout this entire issue of Kapi'o for Booeey. The first five people to find all the Booeys get spooky treats.  
 Call Kapi'o at 734-9120 with your name, contact information and the number of Booeys found, or e-mail us at [kapi'o@leahi.kcc.hawaii.edu](mailto:kapi'o@leahi.kcc.hawaii.edu)

## Movie Preview

**Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon: Gone in a Flash**

By Helen Wu  
Lifestyle Editor

Is martial arts action, tension-filled drama, tenderhearted romance, and a pseudo-historical epic all combined together too much to ask for in a single movie? Not when the film is *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, which is director Ang Lee's (*The Ice Storm, Sense and Sensibility, Eat Drink Man Woman*) latest work. This eye-dazzling spectacle will be presented at the 20th Anniversary of the Hawai'i International Film Festival on its opening night.

How can you go wrong with starring actors Chow Yun Fat (*Anna and the King, The Replacement Killers*) and Michelle Yeoh (*Tomorrow Never Dies, The Soong Sisters*), kung-fu fight sequences choreographed by Yuen Wo Ping (*The Matrix, Drunken Master*), and a musical score featuring renowned cellist, Yo-Yo Ma (*Seven Years in*

*Tibet*)? Just the thought of such a fine assemblage of multitalented cast and crew members promises heart stopping entertainment.

The movie is said to be unique in two ways: its portrayal of women and the manner in which its story is told. Both are unconventional since the film was shot using a martial arts format, a vehicle typically used to showcase male actors/heroes, and the fight scenes are choreographed into the film almost as dance sequences. This is also Ang Lee's first attempt at a martial arts movie. No, this will definitely not be your average kung-fu flick with cheesy, English dubbing and wimpy, damsels in distress. You can expect instead, "...some of the greatest aerial martial arts sequences ever captured on the silver screen, you'll have to see it to believe it."

Although the story revolves around a stereotypical martial arts theme—the heroes set out to avenge their late master and recover the missing Sword of Green Destiny that holds the secrets of their fighting style—

the movie encompasses deeper subplots such as fate, rebellion, and love. The story and film were captivating enough for viewers that it received standing ovations at the Cannes Film Festival and an Audience Award at the Toronto Film Festival.

The Hawaii International Film Festival is privileged to be one of only four U.S. film festivals to present this film. Be sure to catch the film this week; otherwise it will be gone in a flash, and you will have to wait until its nationwide release date on December 8.

Playing on Friday, November 3; 8 p.m.; Consolidated Waikiki 1 Theatre; tickets are \$25 (\$15 tax-deductible), limit two per person; tickets are sold at HIFF Headquarters and Box Office at the Dole Cannery, first floor next to Signature Theatres, Monday to Saturday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. For more information go to [www.hiff.org](http://www.hiff.org) or call HIFF at 528-HIFF (4433).

**WDWCP Recruits at KCC**

Paul Keane, a Disney recruiter highlights the benefits of working as Disney "cast member." —Photo by Joe Tomita.

Michelle Poppler  
Layout Editor

Would you like to be a cast member in the Walt Disney World College Program? WDWCP held a recruiting session from 12 noon on Monday, October 23, in 'Ōhi'a 118. Interviews were also held for internship positions with the non-accredited program.

Michael Thompson, a recruiter with the Disney program started out

as a culinary apprentice, worked his way up to chef and now works as a professional recruiter.

Paul Keane, a WDWCP recruiter said to a 100 or so in attendance that internships or cast member positions can lead to higher positions in the Disney program.

The program consists of three components: learning, living and earning. The program or production began in 1981. To date, 4,600 students are enrolled per semester. 9,000 students are expected to enroll in internship positions next semesters. Interns will hold positions at various Disney theme parks. Positions include attractions, culinary assistant, housekeeping, hospitality and custodial. If you are interested in a Disney internship, check out their website: [www.wdcollegeprogram.com](http://www.wdcollegeprogram.com).

**October is Physical Therapy Month**

Sandra Pascal P.T. tells everyone how great it is to be a physical therapist. —Photo by Joe Tomita

Sandra Pascal P.T. owner of Therapists on Call, visited our campus on Wed. Oct. 25, with her mobile outpatient bus. She was here in honor of physical therapy month.

Students from the Physical Therapy Assistance Program gathered in her bus as Pascal shared her experience as a professional in the physical therapist field. She also gave background on her company and answered questions that ranged from how to get referrals, to hours in a physical therapy career. If you want more information on physical therapy or Pascal's company you can look up her web site @ [www.therapistsoncallhawaii.com](http://www.therapistsoncallhawaii.com).

## Concert Review

**Christina Aguilera she's Got What We Want!**

Shayla Nakashima  
Editorial Assistant

**Hail, to the new "Queen of Pop!"**

Christina Aguilera "Blessed" Hawai'i with a concert on Saturday, October 21, at the Stan Sheriff Center on the University of Hawai'i at Manoa campus. The arena was filled with over 8,000 screaming fans, ages ranging from anywhere between three to 50 years of age.

Festivities began promptly at 7:30 p.m., with acts Brownskin and Dis Guyz, who were last minute local replacements for the popular group Destiny's Child.

The younger crowd seemed to enjoy the "Nsync-like" spectacles, while the more mature crowd waited patiently for the real show to begin.

Aguilera immediately pumped up the audience by opening with her first hit song, "Genie in a Bottle." She continued to dazzle the crowd with a tune off of her Latin debut album, *Mi Reflejo*, and demonstrated her vocal ability in the blues hit, "At Last," by Atta James. She brought the house down while performing her number one song in the country, "Come On Over."

Aguilera performed most of the songs from her first album, such as "Love For All Seasons," and "I Turn to You." She closed with a big bang, telling us all, "What A Girl Wants." Ten o'clock signaled the ending of a great show.

Overall, the concert was spectacular! Aguilera showed true class when she introduced her band and dancers, giving them a little time to shine. She kept her speeches and three outfit-changes short and sweet, with the crowd screaming practically the

whole time. Fireworks and creative footwork added to all the hype. Aguilera's vocal talents demonstrate an optimistic future for this young and talented artist. Here are some comments on her concert from fellow KCC students who attended the concert:

**Keenan Silva:** "Christina Aguilera is a true artist. . .She's hot!"

**Allison Mitsuka:** "Her performance was awesome! She gave a much better show than Mariah Carey did."

**Kristy Araujo-Nagao:** "That girl definitely can sing and dance! It was worth the money."

**Nikki Kane:** "Christina really made up for Destiny's Child not being there."

**Brad Dickenson:** "It was obvious at her concert that Christina has come a long way, and she still has much more ahead for her."

**Faster Way to Waikiki  
Trolley is A Great Alternative to TheBus**

Sabrina Hall  
Copy Editor

Want an alternative to catching TheBus? On August 1 Trans Hawaiian Services, with the help of the City and County of Honolulu, brought to the streets a faster way to get to Waikiki. For \$1, people can now catch the "Kaimuki-Kapahulu-Waikiki trolley" for a quicker, more direct route to Waikiki.

The 11 Stops that read "Kaimuki Trolley" are located along Waialae, Kaimuki and Kapahulu Avenues. The schedule runs from 6 a.m to 10 p.m seven days of the week. The trolley differs from TheBus system being that there are no children's rates and they don't give out transfers to riders traveling further in the same direction. Riders must pay \$1 each time they get on the trolley.

Hopes for the trolley included boosting the economy and aiding Waikiki tourists to discover the local shops and restaurants in nearby Kaimuki. So far, the trolley has been

more popular to locals living in Kaimuki who would rather skip the hassle of TheBus, where one has to make two transfers and take two busses to get to their desired destination.

According to a trolley driver, approximately 100 riders a day are taking advantage of the friendly atmosphere and fresh air that the trolley offers.

Most riders learned about the trolley through flyers distributed by Trans Hawaiian Services in Kaimuki. Some trolley stops are located at regular bus stops and others have their own location.

When there are special events or activities happening in the area the trolley makes irregular pick-ups at popular bus stops like the one located at the corner of Kuhio and Kapahulu Avenue.

To learn more about the "Kaimuki-Kapahulu-Waikiki Trolley" and exact stop locations, call the City and County's Public Transit Office at 523-4445.

**Peace Poem Spreads Message of Harmony at KCC**

Iris A. Cahill  
Copy Editor

Poem here at KCC.

On October 24 and 25, Kapiolani Community College students were given the opportunity to share their message of peace and hope to the rest of the world. In its ongoing mission to increase awareness among the nations, the International Peace Poem Project manned a table inside the 'Ōhi'a building where everyone was welcome to add a few lines to one of the fastest growing pieces of poetry in the world.

Frank Rich, one of IPPP's international directors, believes this is a wonderful way for the people to express their feelings for world peace straight from their hearts. An estimated number of 50 people contributed over 150 lines to the Peace

The project began here in Hawai'i nearly four years ago and is currently being coordinated by Melinda Gohn of Lahaina. The poem contains just under 26,000 lines of expressive and often poignant reflections of world harmony from over 100 nations world-wide. The Peace Poem also includes messages written in over 70 different languages including Samoan, Korean, and Spanish.

For more information, please contact either Melinda Gohn, Frank Rich, or Allen K. Lewis at (808) 661-0517 or write to P.O. Box 102 Lahaina, HI 96761. The International Peace Poem Project can also be reached on-line at [www.peacepoem.com](http://www.peacepoem.com) or via e-mail at [poem@maui.net](mailto:poem@maui.net)

## Announcements

### Spring 2001 Schedule of Classes Now Online

The Spring 2001 schedule of classes is now available for viewing at the KCC web site. Go to: <http://www.kcc.hawaii.edu/spring2001/>. The site will be regularly updated to list seats available for open seats.

This is not "real time," however. Be sure to hit the refresh or reload button to ensure that you have the latest listing often. Consult your counselor for advising assistance.

### Two Evening Musicals for KCC

Bring family and friends with lawn chairs and mats to enjoy two beautiful concerts in the early evening on the KCC campus! On Saturday, November 4, a concert will be held at the Central Mall Lawn featuring Kapena (contemporary Hawaiian music), Picante (Hispanic salsa music) and Reign (local contemporary a cappella music). The show will run from 7 to 10 p.m.

On Monday, Nov. 6, UH Manoa Chamber Music Ensemble under maestro Iggy Yang and the UH Jazz Band under the direction of Parick Hennessy will perform in the Ohia cafeteria from 7-9 p.m. Admission to both concerts are completely free.

For further information, contact the Office of Student Affairs at 734-9578.

### Early Registration

If you haven't gotten your registration information for spring 2001

by now, you're in trouble. Spring 2001 early registration starts soon so check with the records office at 'Ilima 102 if you don't have your registration packet.

The schedule for registration is: **Oct. 31-Nov. 22** - Early walk up registration (assigned registration times)

**Note:** Schedule of classes is available at the Bookstore.

### Student Literary Competition

The League for Innovation in the Community College Student Literary Competition is currently accepting student entries for its writing contest. The categories are: poetry, personal essay, short story and one act plays. Guidelines/Entry forms are available at the Student Activities Office or from Shel Hershinow, Kalia 222. Entries should be submitted to Hershinow at Arts and Sciences.

**Note to faculty:** Even faculty who do not teach a writing course should keep an eye open for students who show promise, and encourage them to submit. A positive word from a supportive teacher can make a big difference. The deadline is January 30.

Entries of campus winners will be published in *Kapi'o* and be forwarded to the state level.

### Walk-In Advising

Hawaii Pacific University will be holding individual academic

advising for transfer students along with unofficial transcript evaluations. The HPU advisor will be Deborah Nakashima and it will be held at Ilima 103, November 1, 2000, at 3:30-6 p.m.

Also on November 13, there will be a HPU Transfer Workshop at 12 noon-1:15 p.m. in Ilima 202C.

### UH Arts and Sciences

There will be a workshop for the UH Manoa College of Arts and Sciences on Monday, November 6, 2000, from 12 noon-1:15 p.m. at Ilima 202B. There will be opportunities and general admissions information for transferring into the UH Manoa College of Arts and Sciences. The presenters that will be attending are Carolyn Brooks Harris, UHM Academic Advisor, and Shari Yoneda, KCC Graduate Assistant.

### UH Psychology

There will be a session on the UH Manoa Psychology program and KCC Pre-Psychology Program. This workshop will take place in Ilima 202C, on Monday, November 6, 2000, 12 noon-1:15 p.m. The presenters are Karl Minke, UH Chair, Psychology, and James Becker, KCC Pre-Psychology Advisor.

### KCC Service-Learning Is Gearing Up

KCC will be receiving approximately \$25,000 from the U.S. Department of Education/Hawai'i

GEAR UP grant to prepare middle school tutors in Spring 2001! Tutors will be needed at Central Middle School and Waimanalo School in both math and language arts.

Early Literacy Tutor Training. Approximately \$14,000 will go directly to students in the form of student help positions and tuition waivers/bookstore certificates. Teachers, if you teach a course with Pre-Education majors have them contact Bob Franco at x438 for more information.

### Compass Testing Schedule Revised

The Compass Testing Schedule has been revised. Please note the following schedule:

Kopiko 101, October 24-November 4, November 8, 9 and 11, November 14-22, November 25-December 22. Tuesdays through Thursdays 8 a.m.-4 p.m. Fridays 8 a.m.-1p.m. Saturdays 9-10 a.m.

Hawaiian, Foreign Language, and CELSA will be administered at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Tuesdays through Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 10 a.m. only. These tests will be offered during the weeks COMPASS testing is being held.

### Last Workshop for Compass Placement Test

The last COMPASS Placement Test workshop for this semester is on Sat. Nov. 4, 10 am-1 pm. There

will be a fee of \$15. Brush Up Math Workshops are also coming up soon (\$25 each).

Fractions: 11/6, 11/8: 5-7 p.m.  
Percents: 11/13, 11/15: 5-7 p.m.  
Word Problems: 11/14, 11/16: 5-7 p.m.

Sign up at the College Information Office in Ilima 105 C or call 734-9211.

### Faculty Help Needed for "Christmas In November" Breakfast

Faculty help is needed for the breakfast fund raiser. Tickets have been distributed, so faculty is being asked to sign up to help and sell their tickets or buy them for family and friends. There will again be a craft fair on the same day and a doing a malasadas booth at the craft fair.

The more money raised, the more funds can be expended for faculty and staff enrichment.

The Christmas in November Breakfast will be held on Sunday, November 12, KCC Ohia Cafeteria, 6:30-11 a.m. The Craft Fair will be held the same day, at KCC Parking Lot B 9 a.m.-3 p.m.

Look forward to seeing you at these events. Mahalo.

Faculty and Staff Enrichment Committees

(Please submit any announcements to *Kapi'o*, Lama 119, or call x120.)

## Employment Opportunities

For further information, go to the Job Placement Office at 'Ilima 103

**Retail Sales Associate**-selling surf-line merchandise, pricing merchandise, stocking the store, assisting customers, and maintaining general appearance of store. Require communication and customer relation skills, retail sales experience, computer knowledge. F/T and P/T, Mon-Sat 7:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. \$6/hr

**Wait Help, Dishwasher, Accountant, Cook**-fine dining Japanese Restaurant. We provide high quality food, service, and atmosphere to our customers. Qualifications regarding Accounting position, needs the knowledge of Quickbook. Other positions, we can train you. P/T Lunch 10:30 a.m.-3 p.m., Dinner 5 p.m.-10 p.m. F/T Lunch 9:30 a.m.-3 p.m., Dinner 5 p.m.-10:30 p.m. \$5.25-\$9/hr, \$1,800-\$2,800/Mon.

**Customers Sales Associate**-Position duties: Interact and educate customers. Use live handsets to demonstrate SPCS clarity. Focus on the benefits. Quality customer and sell phones. Disseminate information to the retail locations. Each location has a display with collateral material. Build rapport with the retail locations. Incremental sales are generated while serving as an in-store expert and coaching third-party store employees on selling skills through the use of demonstrations and practice sessions. Answer questions about CDMA technology, product innovations and promotions. P/T peak retail hours, evenings and weekends at various retail sites on Oahu. \$8-\$12/hr.

**Student Assistant**-filing, general clerical duties, typing. Provides administrative/clerical support. Must have good clerical and office skills

and a strong desire to learn. P/T flexible, available 15-20 hrs/wk \$6.05/hr.

**Temporary Human Resources Clerk**-Provides administrative/clerical support. Data entry, word processing, filing and other general office work. Needs knowledge of Windows 95, word processing and spread sheets (prefer Word 6.0 and Excel). Experience in office practices and procedures. F/T M-F 8 a.m.-5 p.m. \$9.96/hr.

**Hawksbill Turtle Volunteers Wanted for 2001 at Hawaii Volcanoes National Park**-Volunteers are needed to monitor and protect nesting turtles from late May-Dec. 2001.

Prefer volunteers spending a minimum of 8-12 weeks. Duties include monitoring nesting activities, handle and tag turtles, rescuing stranded hatchlings, record field data, trap and euthanasia introduced predators to protect eggs and hatchlings. Volunteers must possess upbeat positive attitude, love of the outdoors. Must have valid U.S. drivers license. Dorm style housing, food stipend \$10 per working day.

**Dental assistant**-P/T and F/T for permanent position. Work hours are 8-5 p.m. Tuesday-Friday, 7-3 p.m. Sat.

**Clerk/Typist/Receptionist**-F/T for permanent hours are M-F 7:45-4:30 p.m. \$1,500-1,700/month. Benefits include Full medical, Vacation, Credit Union, overtime pay etc. Duties are answering telephone, filing xeroxing, typing, general office duties. Qualifications preferably a graduate or nearing graduation in

general office courses. A Minimum of one year in business program or equivalent work experience in office environment. Minimum typing 45 words per minute. Must have good communication skills.

**Sales Associate**-For a boutique to assist customers, handle register transactions, stock products, clean store. Must be able to provide excellent customer service and have an interest in retail. Work 20 hours per week, must be flexible store hours are M-F 9 a.m.-10 p.m. Sat 10 a.m.-9p.m. Sun 10 a.m.-5p.m. No experience necessary.

**Store Manager**-For a boutique Must be able to assist customers, handle register transactions, know procedures for handling discounted sales, gift certificates, special orders holding exchanges, store credits, rain checks, refunds, method of payment, interview applicants, train employees, turn in payroll, manage inventory. Must be interested in retail, can perform multiple tasks in high stress situations. Work 50 hrs per week have to be flexible. M-F 9 a.m.-10:00 p.m., Sat 10 a.m.-9 p.m., Sun 10a.m-5 p.m. Paid vacation and sick days, health insurance, profit sharing, manager discounts.

**RITC Project Director**-F/T The El Camino Community College District is seeking an energetic professional to serve as the Project Director of the Region IX Interpreter Training Consortium Program. Will be responsible for planning, organizing and implementing all aspects of the grant. Qualifications are a Bachelor's degree in related field and three years direct experience. Master's degree preferred. Experi-

ence on the field of sign language interpretation. Fluency in American Sign Language, certification as a sign language interpreter. 12 month classified management position subject to a probationary period during first year of employment and contingent upon ongoing grant funding.

**Lead Interpreter Specialist**- El Camino College announces an opening for a Lead Interpreter Specialist. Qualifications are an A.S./A.A. Degree; completion of an interpreter program; 2500 hrs of post-secondary interpreting experience; RID/NAD certification Level 4 or above; ASL/PSE interpreting skills; experience in supervising others and scheduling workloads. Anticipated start date: Jan. 1, 2001.

**Island Program Manager**- Serve in dual capacity as Administrative Assistant. Work with all Area Offices, Central Administrative staff and vendors to initiate, coordinate and provide program support services.

**Community Literacy Specialist** develop and implement programs and activities to accomplish objectives. Works individually with children in grades 1-3 to develop their basic reading skills in English or Hawaiian using various reading materials and methodologies. Works with parents to strengthen the children's reading abilities.

**Youth Services Specialist** - Provides comprehensive employment and training services to youth participants ages 14-21: intake. Assessment, monitoring of activities, follow-up and case management

to assure successful completion of activities. Work includes year round youth services as well as Summer Youth Program. May be assigned to work in the Summer Youth Program, implementing the duties of the Summer Youth Counselor.

### Classifieds

**Light Housework**  
Dependable, trustworthy student to do light housework including tidying, laundry, minor cleaning. (Homeowner has cleaning crew 2x/month.) 4 to 8 hours/week, flexible hrs between 9 a.m. - 5 p.m., weekends possible. Must have transportation to Upper Aina Haina. \$8/hr. Instructor reference required. 255-8585.

**Copier/fax tech**  
Hawaii Tech Services needs technician/CSR, part-time, 2-3 days/wk, various hours between 8 a.m. - 5 p.m. to repair copiers, fax machines at various locations. Car in good running condition necessary. Qualifications: Independent contractor's general excise tax license. Good mechanical aptitude, excellent customer relations skills, dependable. No experience necessary. Will train. Fax resume to 455-6588, attn: Dennis, or e-mail [denuye@juno.com](mailto:denuye@juno.com). Pay: \$30/job. Average job takes about 1 hr.