



# KAPĪŌ

**...AND COUNTING**  
Since last week + 10 = 345  
(soldiers killed as of October 24, 2003)  
Estimated civilian deaths: 7,757

Tuesday, October 28, 2003

University of Hawai'i Kapi'olani Community College

Volume # 37 Issue 10

## 'Hey! Hey! Ho! Ho! George Bush has got to go!'

By Kawehi Haug  
Staff Writer

Ramsis Lutfy insists he is a man of peace. He was only trying to make a point with his sign that read "Evil Israel withdraw your bloody IDF thugs and illegal settlements from the West Bank, East Jerusalem and Gaza." But his point wasn't well received.

"A man walked by me and called me a 'terrorist lover,'" said Lutfy, looking offended and somewhat startled. "I don't love terrorists, I love peace and that's why I have this sign."

Lutfy and his group of sign-wavers from Friends of Sabeel, an ecumenical organization that promotes peace and justice in Palestine were among the hundreds of people gathered in front of the Hilton Hawaiian Village Thursday to protest President Bush's visit to the islands. The president was scheduled to attend a Republican fundraiser at the hotel.

The chanting started at around 5:30 p.m.

"Hey! Hey! Ho! Ho! George Bush has got to go!" The collective message resounded in the streets to a drum beat provided by members of Refuse and Resist and Not In Our Name. Babies were strapped to the backs of their activist mothers while they danced and screamed and jumped up and down to the driving beat of opposition. Families held hands and held signs calling Bush a "liar" and the "real terrorist."

Michelle Mood, her husband, Steve Vanholde, and their 4-year-old son Sam, marched up down Kalia Road with two signs that said simply: "Liar."  
"I think this administration has been more destructive to America and American policy than any other in the last 200 years," said Vanholde, a visiting Political Science professor at UH's East-West Center.

And from the looks of it, just about everyone there agreed with him. Just about.

A small, quiet group of Bush supporters stood on a corner huddled under a yellow "Yield to Pedestrians" sign — and supported. They held signs that said "God Bless Our Troops" and waved the Texas state flag.

"Frankly, to tell you the truth, I couldn't decide who to vote for until I walked into the booth," said law enforcement officer and proud Bush supporter, Gary F. Anderson. "But since 9-11, I find him to be a man of integrity. I stand by him 100 percent." And he followed him from venue to venue sporting a T-shirt with a bald eagle against a backdrop of Old Glory on its front, a large flag flying from a two-foot dowel stuck in the outside pocket of his backpack and a sign that read "Proud to stand with you Mr. President."

See PROTEST, page 12



Photos: Vuong Phung

## KCC student killed in crash

By Clint Kaneoka  
Copy Editor

Students and faculty at KCC were shocked and saddened by news regarding the tragic car crash on Ala Moana Boulevard that claimed the lives of KCC student, Andrew Ngan and friend Ryan Kono.

According to authorities, the crash occurred at about 4:15 a.m. on October 12, when Ngan's 1995 blue Honda Accord skidded out of control and into the path of an oncoming 1982 GMC

sport utility vehicle. Both Ngan and Kono were viciously ejected from the vehicle, sustaining "multiple injuries all over their bodies, from head to toe," according to a statement from the Honolulu Police Department Traffic Division's Vehicular Homicide Section in the Honolulu Star Bulletin. Both were pronounced dead at the scene.

An autopsy done by the city medical examiner's office revealed that both men were intoxicated, with blood alcohol levels well above the legal

limit of .08. Kono, 20, who is believed to have been the driver of the vehicle, had a blood alcohol level of .218, almost three times the legal limit, while Ngan, 21, owner of the vehicle had a blood alcohol level of .101.

The two men were returning home from a night of drinking at Aloha Tower Marketplace's Waterfront Cafe, where older friends had supposedly bought drinks for the underage Kono. However, despite the confirmation

See CRASH, page 4

## KCC loss hits home

By Olivia Goo  
Staff Writer

By now, many of you know about the fatal accident that killed two young men on October 12. And I'm sure many of you think you've been educated by reading the articles in the local newspapers. What a lot of people don't know is that these young men had lived their lives to the fullest and had bright futures. Their names were Andrew Ngan, 21, and Ryan Kono, 19. They were my friends.

Andrew was born on August 16, 1982 and graduated in 2000 from St. Louis school. He was an avid golfer in high school and looked up to Tiger Woods. After high school, he attended the University of Hawaii and started pursuing a degree in nursing at Kapi'olani Community College. He loved kids and the kids loved him. He adored his nephew and would babysit him at every opportunity he had. According to his friends, Andrew almost always kept a baby seat in his car, just in case.

See TRAGEDY, page 4

SOURCES



### Concorde no more

■ Three Concorde's have landed for the last time marking the end of supersonic travel.

Full Story @ [www.cnn.com](http://www.cnn.com)



### Al Qaeda again?

■ A new report from the Associated Press says Al Qaeda planned to attack the U.S. Embassy in Nairobi with a truck bomb and a hijacked plane.

Full Story @ [www.cnn.com](http://www.cnn.com)



## Speak Out

Question and Photos by:  
 Christina Liu

### Who do you think is the scariest person alive?



**Kief**  
 U.S. Supreme Court Judge Scalia, for his homophobic views!



**Kharolina**  
 President Bush. What he's doing to the economy is scary!



**Kim-Yen Ho**  
 My parents.



**Tedder**  
 The International Monetary Fund, they loan money to poor countries in a colonialist way. It's scary!

## Garbism, our silent, destructive and ignored menace

By Justin Hahn  
 News Editor

I've been the victim of discrimination my entire life, and it is about time to stop this. These vile and hateful thoughts and assumptions that have held me back in life since day one are founded on none but the most capricious beliefs. The people who think these thoughts are inane, closed minded curs, incapable of either reasoned thought or intelligent discourse. They flaunt our values of equal rights and non-discrimination, and they make life difficult for the rest of us. But the fact is, we all practice this, even myself. Even the most liberal minded among us are guilty of this flaw in thinking.

This blight on our society costs us literally billions of dollars a year and is one of the main contributors to world hunger, environmental degradation, poverty in the Developing World, and civil strife.

Because of this discrimination, I have been passed over for jobs, not allowed to board aircraft, sent home from school (in effect denied an equal education) and turned away from eating establishments. I have been stopped by the police and harassed. When I went to Ground Zero and the Pentagon after the 9-11 attacks to pay my respects, military personnel eyed me with heedless suspicion. And as a child, I was pulled out of sporting events and disallowed participation. These are all examples of institutionalized discrimination — something that

should have become a moot point 40 years ago, yet persists at the consent of the people. We the people embrace it and encourage it.

Individuals carry the spores of this sickness. In their unenlightened hearts it grows and thrives, all the while disfiguring their souls and their minds, killing off what little compassion and understanding they once had.

As children, we are innocent of this sin; we have not yet been infected, and play in the golden sun wearing whatever we choose: anything from rain boots to the store, to a grass skirt to the movies. But, as time goes on, we become afflicted by the ill will of others. ("Don't wear that," our mothers tell us. "You'll look silly. And you don't want to make me look bad, do you?") In turn, we spread this disease from person to person, perpetuating it like the AIDS virus.

I felt bad when these things first happened. At first, I thought with indignation, "Well screw you! You can take a flying f— at a rolling doughnut!" But then, as most victims tend to do, I thought it was my fault. Like the rape victim, I came to rationalize how I had done this myself, and that it was all my fault.

It is perfectly natural, I told myself. This is how everyone thinks and acts. I am the wrong one. I should not do things like that any more. I need to be more like the rest of them. My differences are what set me apart, and I must not allow them to.

But the sad fact was, I was wronged, as have we all been. I continued to feel bad on the inside, but I did not allow

myself to acknowledge this. I told myself that I would change. I went through my formative years doing everything I could to not be me. But one day my brother opened my eyes to the hate all around me.

"Don't you see, Justin?" he asked me emphatically one day after I had gotten in a fight with a closed-minded bigot. "This is garbism. Garbism! It is discrimination like sexism, ageism, racism and nepotism. They judge you by what you're wearing — by your garb — and not by who you are. And you've got to be strong and fight it. Stand up to those garbists!"

He was right. I had been a victim of that silent, widespread and insidious sickness.

When I was kicked out of school for wearing an offensive tee shirt that invited passers by to "suck it," that was garbism. When I was denied air travel because my shoes were scuffed and the hem of my pants frayed, that was garbism. When that soldier glared at me from atop his pentagonal perch because I wore the clothes of a youth and carried a backpack like a protestor, that was garbism. When I had neither shirt nor shoes and thus was refused service at 7-11, that was garbism. When all the kids on the playground stared at me because I wore pink slippers, that was garbism. When that interviewer dismissively noticed my clip-on tie, then denied me employment because of it, that too was garbism.

And when I assume that all women wearing low cut tops wish for their breasts to be ogled, that, too, is garb-

ism, and it is wrong. When I think of them a certain way or make assumptions about their sexual habits because of their dress, I am being a garbist like the rest. Or when I see a guy dressed nicely — a guy wearing Armani and Prada — I automatically think, well, is he straight? And I think that he must be a little gay, or at least a metrosexual, one that displays gay tendencies, but isn't gay. But the fact is, I have no idea about his sexual activities, or even his sexual preferences, and I should not make these assumptions based on his garb. And I must change.

So wear that shirt three times a week without apologies. Sport a visor to your next job interview — and turn it backwards. Wear a gay pride shirt even if you're not gay.

A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step, but a journey to stamp out prejudice starts at your closet — or maybe behind your bed, where you keep all your rolled up, unwashed concert tees covered in dried semen and spilled catsup.

## TELL US WHAT YOU THINK

The Kapi'o strives to be accurate and honest in our coverage of campus news. If you have comments on our standards, coverage or accuracy, please contact Kawehi Haug, the Kapi'o's editor-in-chief, at 734-9120 or kapi'o@hawaii.edu.

### Corrections:

• In the October 14 issue of Kapi'o we printed a letter to the editor praising the content and design of Kapi'o "Water Wars" supplement. The letter was received via e-mail, and signed by Euryleia Hestia, 2advanced Director of Communications. It has been brought to our attention that 2advanced does not employ a Director of Communications, and has never employed anyone by the name of Euryleia Hestia. It appears the author of the letter is a fabrication. We apologize to 2advanced and our readers for this mistake.

## Ghost Stories Online

Visit the Kapi'o's website for this year's winning Ghost Story Competition entries. The top eight stories are in this edition of the paper (pages 5-8). The honorable mentions are posted online at [www.kapi'o.hawaii.edu](http://www.kapi'o.hawaii.edu).

## KAPI'O

kapi'o.kcc.hawaii.edu

4303 Diamond Head Rd.  
 Honolulu, Hawai'i 96816  
 (808) 734-9120 tel.  
 (808) 734-9287 fax  
 kapi'o@hawaii.edu

Kawehi Haug, **Editor-in-chief**  
 Clint Kaneoka, **Copy Editor**  
 Justin Hahn, **News Editor**  
 Lisa Mizuire, **Layout Editor**  
 Jesse Young, **Graphics Editor**  
 Vuong Phung, **Online Editor**  
 Alvin Nguyen, **System Admin.**  
 James Byrnes, **Distribution**  
 Michelle Nishimoto, **Advertising and Administration**

**Staff Writers:**  
 Chantelle Belardé, Olivia Goo,  
 Rita Gray, Marlene Jones-Skurtu,  
 Cassie Thomas, Grace Wauke,  
 Olga Meniuc, Matt Holton

**Layout:**  
 Olga Meniuc, Cassie Thomas

Dustin McDunn, **Adviser**

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Kapi'o invites all submissions. Editors reserve the right to edit for length and content. Publication of any submission is not guaranteed.



Clint Kaneoka  
Sports-hit

The recent steroid scandal has done more than prove that such drugs are at least as popular and prevalent in professional and Olympic sports (and possibly even college sports) as they ever have been, it proves that they have become so sophisticatedly advanced that they now make typical mandatory drug testing look inept and obsolete. Sure these tests can still check for narcotics, but who really cares about drugs that impair performance and destroy careers, we're talking about performance enhancers: steroids.

At the center of what is being called, "an international doping conspiracy," is a substance called THG, a specially designed anabolic steroid that has been modified to be undetectable by standard testing. The discovery of this "designer steroid" has sent a wave of panic through the Olympic world, as up to 20 American athletes, including Olympic champions and world record holders, tested positive for it at the U.S. national championships last summer. Furthermore, the Bay Area Laboratory Co-Operative (BALCO), the alleged manufacturer of THG, lists top professional athletes such as baseball homerun king Barry Bonds, and Oakland Raider football star Bill Romanowski, as clients of "a personalized program that includes nutritional supplements."

While both Bonds and Romanowski need not worry so much about any legal implications, as the drug was not listed as a banned substance in either sport, such an association creates at an eerie link between the tremendous late-career success of both athletes and this newly realized steroid. And, regardless of whether either man has actually taken this "designer steroid," one thing remains certain: chemists can, have, and

will continue to produce slightly modified, completely undetectable anabolic steroids to help give athletes the winning edge in competition.

"What we have uncovered appears to be intentional doping of the worst sort," said Terry Madden, chief executive of the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency, in an International Herald Tribune article. "This is a far cry from athletes accidentally testing positive as a result of taking contaminated nutritional supplements. Rather, this is a conspiracy involving chemists, coaches and certain athletes using what they developed to be undetectable designer steroids to defraud their fellow competitors and the American and world public who pay to attend sports events."

Although THG has now been identified as a new steroid, it did not happen due to the advancement of drug screening. It happened because an unnamed coach handed over a used syringe and tipped scientists off about its anabolic properties.

With such deficiencies limiting the capability to test for steroids, it is not surprising that athletes are performing at such increasingly advanced levels. And don't expect them to slow at any time in the near future. The methods of drug screening are simply prehistoric and outdated compared to the drug modifications that are currently occurring in labs.

Unfortunately, with so many new records being set in sports each season, it will be difficult to curb what has probably become a cornerstone in many superior athletic performances. This isn't to say that every sports star is using some sort of illegal performance enhancing drug, just don't get too upset if your favorite player seems to begin to lose some dominance. You'll just have to be patient and wait for the next undetectable steroid to hit the black market, because it will (if it hasn't already), and it'll be just as effective, if not more so, at helping athletes cheat their way through sports without having to worry about some mandatory drug test.

## Halloween's not all evil

By Chantelle Belarde  
Staff Writer

What is the history behind Halloween? Is it a demon-worshipping holiday or is it a harmless night intended for fun? Those are the two of the most frequently asked questions about Halloween, because it's much more than just fun. The word Halloween has its origins in the Catholic Church. It was called All Hallows Day also meaning All Saints Day. It was a Catholic day of observance in honor of all Saints in heaven. The Catholics believed that the disembodied spirits of all the people who had died during the preceding year would come back and hunt for living bodies to possess. The Celts believed that all laws of space and time were suspended during that time, which in their minds made them believe that the spirits could intermingle with the living. So, on the night of October 31, they would put out their fires to make the spirits feel cold and unwelcome and would dress up in scary costumes and raid the towns noisily in order to frighten the spirits away.

The pumpkin carving tradition is linked to the Irish folk tale about a man

named Jack who was a crazy drunk man that played tricks on everyone in the town. One night, Jack tricked the devil into climbing a tree, and as soon as the devil climbed the tree, Jack trapped him by carving a holy cross in the bark of the tree. Jack made a deal with the devil: if he never tempted him again, he would let him get down from the tree. When Jack died he was he was not allowed to go to heaven because of the evil things he had done, but he was also denied access to hell because he had tricked the devil. Instead, the devil had given Jack a single candle to light his way through the darkness. Jack then put the candle in a hollowed out turnip so that it wouldn't go out. The Irish used turnips as their "jack-o-lanterns" originally, but when the immigrants came to America they found that pumpkins were plentiful and looked much better than the turnip. So, even though many people look at Halloween as an evil celebration, the day itself did not grow out of evil practices. Rather, it grew out of the rituals of the Celts celebrating a new year. Halloween is only as evil as one cares to make it.



## Letters to the Editor

### Sick of the haole thing already

This has gone too far. This is a response to Medeira's article: Remember that haole is traditionally used to refer to ANY foreigners in Hawai'i; even in the 1800's black people were also called haole. Well, yes on the most part haole is referred to white people these days, but the word is still traditionally a native Hawaiian term. Over the decades the white people brought deadly diseases, took the land, overthrew the monarchy and so forth. Now, new generations of a couple white people such as you claim this native term to be racist? What else do you want to strip off from the Hawaiian culture? Haole is a traditional NATIVE language term and you don't have the right to categorize/define it, just as the haoles of the past didn't have the right to take away chunks of the Hawaiian culture.

You mentioned that you had a bad experience with a "Polynesian male" at the bus stop; you mean to tell me you have been here for a while and can already tell the race differences in Hawai'i? How do you know that man was Polynesian? There are so many diverse Pacific Islanders and diverse people from all over the world living or visiting in Hawai'i;

that man might have not been Polynesian, or even, a Hawai'i resident. Besides, even if he was a resident or not, don't base a race on one experience. That's like for example, if I was waiting at a bus stop and sat next to a blonde girl who I assumed was American, and was acting dumb, then I figured all American blondes are dumb (not knowing she is not an American). Like you said in your article, no one has the right to judge you, but you don't have the right to judge an entire group just because of one experience.

OK Miss East Coast, whoever said that "everyone talks about 'aloha' to one's face and then spits at their back?" All I can say is that I don't know who you've been getting aloha from. Just as your homeland in the East Coast, Hawai'i also has people such as the local titas, who will most definitely show when they don't like someone. They, too, don't pretend to show aloha, they'll show it outright. Just because someone in Hawai'i pretended to show aloha doesn't mean everyone in Hawaii does that. But like I said, you shouldn't base everyone on one experience.

And how DARE YOU say "as long as the white people bring in the almighty tourist dollar, it's aloha all around..." Haven't you heard of the term "money can't buy love?" Well, that goes for Hawai'i as well, "money

can't buy aloha." A vast majority of Hawai'i locals value things like family and friendship over money. Aloha keeps locals alive, not money. That's real aloha. Besides, the white tourists are not the ONLY almighty ones, there are also millions of tourists from other countries that visit Hawai'i as well.

Like you mentioned in your article, you're not from here and no one knows you, but maybe you should live in Hawai'i a little bit longer before you speak. It seems like you have a lot to learn about Hawai'i, it's people, and it's aloha.

— Uoleni Tupuola

### Toilet seat covers and toilet paper

I never thought of toilet seat covers as a luxury until now. I wonder how much would be saved on toilet paper if seat covers were available? Then of course, how much is pride in your school worth? I've always thought clean restrooms were one thing what separated us from 3rd world countries. Thanks for the article.

— Dennis & Jeanette Frahm

*Don't forget to ride the wave!*  
Learning communities lead to deeper learning and better connections between ideas and people!

## Crash: Student was to be a nurse

From page 1

that the victims were intoxicated, police believe that another factor was involved that played a crucial role in their untimely deaths. Police suspect that speeding, and possibly racing, were the reasons that Kono lost control of the car. Witnesses of the accident claim that another car was seen speeding in front of the Honda before it crashed, and believe that they may have been racing.

The deaths of Ngan and Kono indicate a dangerous trend occurring on the roads of Hawaii. Despite attempts by police to crackdown on racing and speeding by increasing enforcement efforts, tickets for both speeding and racing, and the number of traffic deaths that have occurred this year, has jumped sharply.

While the horrific deaths of Ngan and Kono have sent the campus and state into shock and mourning, friends and family of the victims say that a lot can be learned from their untimely demise.

"It helped me to realize that it could happen to anybody," said Nick Kim, a KCC student and friend of Nagn and Kono. "Life is really precious. It changed my perspective on everything, like how you treat people and how you live your life. Don't take things for granted."

"Maybe it's a blessing Ryan and Andrew had to go," said Earl Kono as a way to help others avoid being killed in a similar way. "Parents are not supposed to bury their kids. Ryan was a good kid."

## Tragedy: Victims had 'bright futures'

From page 1

See, when I first met Andrew, he was quite the gentleman. Shy, quiet, and reserved, he always had this good-natured smile on his face.

"He was a really good friend," said Nick Kim, a friend of both Andrew and Ryan. "Always nice about everything and I never saw him mad. He's one of the nicest, all-around, cruise kind of guy."

Though Andrew was more on the shy side, his goofiness brightened everyone he encountered.

"I remember one time we were in a downtown parking lot and he just kept making jokes about anything and everything for about 20 minutes straight," said Kim. "It had me rolling!"

Ngan also had a knack for giving silly nicknames to each of his friends, like "LJ2000" and "Leon Spinks." A friend, Alex Lee, remembers being with Andrew at the UH vs. Fresno State football game the night before the accident.

"Me and him were the only ones cheering," said Lee. "We were standing up and screaming like fools."

Speaking of goofy, you should have heard his signature laugh.

"His laugh was contagious," said Brandon Shigemitsu. "Whenever he laughed at something whether it was funny or not, we'd all laugh with him. His laughter is really distinctive."

Friend, Leif Johnsen (LJ2000) also reminisces about "the way he smiled and laughed was just the best."

For a small guy like Andrew, he had a ravenous appetite! I remem-

ber going to McDonald's one day and watching him polish off a Filet-o-Fish sandwich, large fries, a 10-piece Chicken McNuggets, and wash it down with a large drink. Even then, he was eyeing the leftovers from his friends. Johnsen agrees that "yeah, Andrew had a disgustingly huge appetite."

Andrew was the type of person that everyone liked to be around. He was never disagreeable and was always friendly and welcoming to people. He was an accepting and forgiving guy.

"The remarkable thing about Andrew is I've never met a guy that cares about so much people," said Lee. "He's the type of guy to accept you for who you are."

According to Shigemitsu, "He was the kind of guy that always had a good day no matter what, and made sure everyone else did too."

To many, Andrew was known as a super neat freak, car enthusiast, and a mama's boy. But one thing that all his friends can agree on is that he was a really great friend.

Ryan Kono was born on November 6, 1983 and attended McKinley High School. Although he didn't graduate with his class, he worked hard and recently earned his GED in Summer 2003. He was planning on attending college to pursue a degree in auto mechanics. At a young age, Ryan was known for his skills with a yo-yo. He was one of the founding members of Team High Performance and traveled throughout the United States and Japan to compete and teach. At one point, Ryan was ranked sixth in the world for yo-yo and his group won the 1999 world championship.

"I remember going to the mall with Ryan and there happened to be a yo-yo performance going on." Said Shigemitsu. "He slyly took a yo-yo and stepped off onto the side to do his stuff. Soon, everybody was crowding around him. Then he put the yo-yo back and walked away with a smirk. He was such a show-off."

Ryan also liked to doodle and was a car enthusiast. His dream car was a 1986 Toyota Corolla GTS and his dream was to be the first Caucasian drifter in Japan.

All I ever heard Ryan talk about was cars and girls. It drove me insane, but that's Ryan. I wasn't the only one he drove crazy. He used to drive his friends mad by playing songs and constantly repeating it over and over and over.

Shigemitsu remembers how Ryan bothered him almost daily. "He always woke me up and bothered me all the time to pick him up."

Ryan was such a charmer, though. He was good at hustling friends for favors. One time when he persuaded his friend to drive his car into a sand pit after it was newly painted, other times he was able to convince friends into buying him food whenever he was hungry or thirsty.

In contrast to Andrew, Ryan was an outgoing and a raucous person. He always told weird jokes and made sure everyone laughed and had a good time.

"He's so goofy and can tell some mean jokes," said friend, Norris Cheng, "and he was the life of the party."

My best memories of him are his silly dances and renditions to some

of the crudest lyrics. To match his personality, Ryan loved to dye his hair a variety of colors, including red, green, and blonde.

"He always liked to change his hair color because he wanted to stand out," said Johnson. And stand out he did.

While Ryan had a silly side, he also had a serious side. He took pride in everything he did and in every organization he was part of. His Catholic background also created his personality.

"Every time he saw an ambulance go by he would make the Catholic gesture of the cross," said Shigemitsu.

Apart from his family, his friends were a huge part of his life. He even refused the opportunity to move up to California with his mother because he didn't want to leave his buddies behind. How great of a friend is that?

With such a great loss, I am grateful to have come out of this situation stronger and more knowledgeable. We all are.

"I'm more careful now and I take life more seriously," said Lee.

"You only live once," said Johnson. "Live everyday to it's fullest. Cherish what you have now because you might not have it tomorrow."

"I always thought that they would be there," said Shigemitsu. "I realized that people won't be there forever."

"I just miss them being there," said Cheng.

Andrew and Ryan... the both of you will be missed dearly by friends and family. Thank you for blessing us with your presence in this world. We love you and rest in peace.

### ASKCC Student Congress Oct. 22, 2003 Prepared by Dawn Sakaue

- Student Congress is working with John Messina (Auxiliary Dept.) to have an emergency telephone installed in parking lot C this semester. The idea of a second telephone being installed in one of our parking lots is currently being looked at. SC is also working with John to have directional signs installed around our campus.
- SC has approved a budget of \$6400 to be used for the purchase of four (4) picnic tables to be installed near the Great Lawn. Expected delivery date is ten weeks from today.
- Chairperson Dawn Sakaue had an idea to start a Mentoring program at KCC to help our first year students adjust to "college life". The Mentoring Committee was formed with Dawn Sakaue as Chairperson and Shawn "Doc" Boyd, the E-Business Club President and Tony Phonpituck, the ASKCC At-Large Representative also on Committee. This Committee is in talks with Jill Makagon of the FYE Task Force to develop this idea.
- The ASKCC Student Congress election deadline is November 6th, voting will be conducted on November 13<sup>th</sup>/17th, votes will be tallied on November 17th and the election results will be announced on November 18th. All elected Officers will be required to attend the ASKCC Student Congress meeting on November 19th.
- The UH Student Caucus meeting will be held on the KCC campus on November 21<sup>st</sup>/22nd.
- ASKCC Student Congress will post signs on the recycling bins around campus with their contact numbers listed. Students are asked to contact Student Congress with questions or concerns with this program.
- SC approved a budget of \$8000 (1/3 of total cost) from their Vending account for the purchase of a mobile kiosk that will be used as an extension of the cafeteria. The cafeteria will provide the food and drinks for the kiosk and we will start using this kiosk primarily in the evening hours on our campus.
- SC is working on establishing a Stipend for their Officers.

### Why Run for Student Congress?

By Mike Hewitt  
Student Congress Representative

Any student with 3 credits or more, at least a 2.0 GPA and good academic standing is eligible to be elected to Student Congress. At-large representatives elected by students will then be voted in by the Congress to fill vacant officer positions at a meeting on November 19. The November election will give students a chance to get involved.

The first step for students interested in running for a seat on the Student Congress is to pick up a nomination form from the Dean of Students Office in Ilima 205. The deadline for submitting official nominations is November 6. The election to fill the vacant seats on the Congress will be held on November 13 and 17. Students may cast their ballots at either the Ohia Cafeteria or the Dean of Students Office.

Being active with Student Congress has benefits that are not easily measured. Obvious rewards are the advantages many students involved in service enjoy. Schools and businesses want students who are involved in leader-

ship beyond good grades. Enhanced scholarship and transfer applications and an item on a resume are other concrete reminders that still pale beside the deeper personal growth and learning to be gained. Student Congress members also have a voice on important decisions impacting students.

Leadership and communication skills are sharpened for the active member by interaction with a wide variety of people including students, faculty, administration, UH-Manoa and UH community college representatives, and community members. Understanding how government works and applying it to student needs is empowering. Working with Student Congress is rewarding because it makes each member an impetus for caring and positive change.

The connections formed with campus leaders and fellow students provide an important education beyond academics. This dynamic dialogue not only builds an awareness of student issues, it creates self awareness and expresses commitment to others. Personal benefits of involvement are an integral part of the process.

## Congratulations to all submissions Here are the winners of this year's Ghost Story Contest

### The lantern

By Terri Nakamura

Kevin had a hard time seeing through his windshield as he drove home. The raindrops pelted against the glass, so hard they sounded like hard pebbles striking. I know now they call this famous Kulo rain. I can't see past my hood in this rain. After a night of pouring rain, Kevin was making his way to his auntie's house in Puna. The desolate road at three in the morning made it a lonely drive. As Kevin drove on, he thought about his move from Oahu to start a better life for himself.

#### The fog was so thick he couldn't make things out past five feet from the hood of his car.

He was lost in his own thoughts as he continued through the darkness, his headlight the knife that cut into the blackness of the night.

Fog set in, and Kevin leaned forward straining his head, making sure he kept seeing the yellow marker in the middle of the road.

The fog was so thick he couldn't make things out past five feet from the hood of his car. He slowed down from fifty miles to twenty miles then kept his eye on the middle of the road. Great, I couldn't believe this is happening to me. How come there isn't a street light out here. It's so damn dark. "I wonder how people can drive through this and still see the road," he snickered to himself.

Instantly, the fog lifted, like a blanket suddenly being yanked off by a powerful force. Kevin became surprised, from visiting his aunt before and experiencing Big Island fog a couple times, he had never seen fog dissipate so fast. The rain also suddenly stopped. Kevin felt an eerie feeling of silence surrounding him, although music was blasting from the car radio. He turned the radio volume up to ease his wandering thoughts.

#### The light appeared to be alive.

A flash of bright light suddenly blinded him. Kevin quickly braked into a screeching stop. What the hell! He clenched his hands on the steering wheel, slowly turning the wheel, remnants of shock. He peered through the windshield. About twenty feet away, a dim light appeared to be hovering in front of him. Kevin suddenly felt goose bumps on his arms. The light appeared to be alive, and it seemed to stare back at Kevin, like a dim flashlight beaming him in his face. His fear heightened and his heart started to beat very fast and loud, so loud he could hear drumming in his ears. The light slowly moved towards him, and it seemed to get brighter as it neared

the car. Kevin pushed his car door lock in while he stared at the moving white brilliance. Kevin noticed a figure next to the light, and he started to perspire. Coming closer within the range of the car's headlights, Kevin realized the light was a lantern and a man was attached to it.

#### The air was crispy and alive, almost static.

The man was eerily and paler than the white light of the lantern. His appearance was skeletal. His big blue eyes overtook his face, and he was dressed oddly, in dark blue pants and a flannel shirt. He was wearing battered dirty shoes, with holes around the soles.

Kevin sat in his car, stunned, wondering why this man was walking along the road so late into the night. He felt a thick uneasiness in the air, as if the air was trying to consume him with its density. The air was crispy and alive, almost static. The man with the lantern approach the driver's side, Kevin debated whether to roll down his window. His fear heightened, as the man peered through the window.

His features were ancient. His hands, like gnarled tree trunks, his balls seemed to be made of stone. His head held few wisps of white hair and his wrinkled skin was mottled in age spots. His white thin lips slowly moved, as if he were trying to speak.

#### "You can see me?"

Kevin felt pity and slowly opened his window halfway down. "What old man, you need some help?" Kevin couldn't help but sound harsh, due his fear. The old man looked surprised.

"You can see me?" he asked in very dry brittle voice. He choked on his words. The old man started to hack uncontrollably then bent over, as if in pain. Kevin felt sorry for the old man, but wasn't sure whether he wanted to step out of the car just yet. When the man straightened, Kevin saw tears in the old man's eyes. He watched as one slowly trickled down his cheek.

"My son, I have been walking up and down this road, hoping someone could help me. Please, please help me." The old man sounded desperate.

Kevin wondered what the hell he was doing on the road in the first place. Where is this man's family? Must be has Alzheimer's. Grandpa, please get out of the car. Kevin's window.

"Hey Gramps, where you live? You want me to take you home? Its cold outside, and it looks like you've been walking around for a while. Come on, let me take you home." He pleaded with the old man.

The old man stared back at him. He solemnly spoke, his voice now clear and strong. "My son, you don't even know how long I have been out here.

I have been trying to get home a long, long time."

Kevin didn't know what to say. He opened his door and stepped into the chilly night. The old man took a step back and Kevin turned to face the old man.

"Where you live, gramps? I can take you home, my auntie lives a couple miles down the road and they're only a couple houses along on this road. You must live nearby. Jump in the car." Kevin put his hands in the pockets as the old man shifted the lantern from his right hand to his left. The old man stood there as if he didn't hear what Kevin said.

#### "Please..."

The old man held the lantern and stretched towards Kevin. The light seemed had an alien glow to it, and the glow became brighter as it neared Kevin. Kevin suddenly shivered and felt bumps go up his arms. Kevin suddenly stepped back from the old man and looked at him suspiciously. The lantern's illumination seem to beckon him, alluring him to touch it. He stared at the old man. The old man had a look of agony on his face, and Kevin couldn't understand why.

"Why, why you like me hold that for?" Kevin shifted his feet, then took an uncomfortable stance.

"Son, I have been holding this lantern for a long time, my body is sore from holding it so long. I would like to go home and see my wife. Please let me pass it on to you." The old man changed his facial features. He looked tired and weary. "You said you want to take me home, please hold my lantern, so I can go home."

#### He felt searing pain as the light consumed his body and soul.

Kevin mulled his answer. He must want me to take it so he can get in the car. Kevin pushed aside his suspicious doubts, and held out his hand and took the lantern. As soon as he clasped the hanging wire, he felt the light's energy wash over him. He felt searing pain as the light consumed his body and soul. The last thing he saw was the old man, smiling at him, and old man disappeared from Kevin's sight as the light enveloped him.

#### Her car and nephew was missing.

Aunt Mary woke up in the morning and panic arose when she realized her car and nephew were missing. She called the police and an hour later the police called her back to tell her they found her car two miles from her house, but no sign of her nephew. An officer came to her house, to pick her up so she could identify her car. In the car ride, the police man asked her the typical questions of someone gone missing, but Aunt Mary could only shake her head no at every answer.

"My nephew only moved here a little while ago. He didn't have many friends and didn't have any enemies. I moved here about three years ago myself, so we really don't know anyone who could hurt us."

The policeman looked at her quietly then asked, "Do you know about this road?"

Aunt Mary looked the officer in the car in wonder. "What ever do you mean officer?" The officer was quiet then spoke.

"This road in Puna is famous for its mystery light. People who drive on that road sometimes can see a light from the distance. It's also an area where every twenty years or so someone disappears. They say the light has something to do it, but no one ever really knows."

Aunt Mary nodded at the officer to continue on.

#### "They used to live in the house you live in now."

"In fact, about twenty years ago, an elderly gentlemen disappeared on this road. I remember since he was my dad's friend. He called his wife to let her know he was coming home really late that night.

It was a stormy night and he wanted to wait till most of the rain had passed. They found his car but never found him. His wife was so sad; I heard she died soon after, I guess of a broken heart."

The officer was quiet for a moment, as he didn't want to say the words. "They used to live in the house you live in now."

Aunt Mary and the officer in Puna as he drove home. They reached their destination, she saw two police cars parked in the back of her car and saw two other officers were there, one brushing the car for prints and the other writing in a notebook.

Aunt Mary couldn't speak as she walked up to her car. The loss of her nephew's demise sank in, and she suddenly felt searing pain in heart, as if an invisible sword was slicing it into pieces.

She knew in that moment she would never see her nephew again.

### Disbelief

By Jana Dow

There lived a boy who did not believe in the supernatural. He did not believe in fate, magic, or ghosts. He did not believe in stories that were filled with such "nonsense."

One day he decided to study at the library because he had an exam the next day at school.

Now this library was the only library that was open till midnight

in his town, and was only a block away from his house. This was also the library that was rumored to have an eerie spirit of a deceased man, who was said to be one of those who were slightly different from us, who wandered about. The rumor did not bother the boy because of course, he did not believe.

While studying, the boy was concentrating so much that he did not notice that he was the only one left on the second floor of the library.

Suddenly he heard a loud thump on the floor near the bookshelf closest to him. He looked over to the bookshelf and saw a book on the floor.

"Hmm ... damn librarian, don't even know how to put the book on the bookshelf right," he had mumbled. The boy walked over to the book and put it back onto the shelf.

When he got back to his seat, he heard another loud thump. He had spotted another book on the floor near the same bookshelf. This time he did not want to bother picking it up, and continued on with his studying.

About a half an hour had gone by and soon he started to get sleepy. He decided to take a ten-minute nap and then get back to studying.

Just as he was about to doze off, he felt a light breeze brush up against his back. It almost felt as if someone had just passed by him.

He immediately got up and glanced to his right and saw a black figure with what it looked like to be a tail, at the end of the room.

"Hello?" replied the boy. But no one replied back. The figure quickly disappeared. "I must be more tired than I thought," the boy contemplated, and went back to his studying.

A couple of minutes later, he heard another loud thump and this time it did not come from the bookshelf. He looked to his right again and saw that a chair had been knocked over. He quickly looked around and saw that no one was around. He frantically put his books into his backpack and ran down the stairs to the first floor of the library.

When he got to the first floor, he saw that no one was around. The library seemed to be totally empty! He then heard footsteps coming down the stairs. He looked to see if it was the librarian but had spotted the black figure. He dashed out of the library, and dashed to his house without looking back.

When he got into his house and closed the front door, he looked out the window. With his voice trembling with fear, the boy suddenly yelled, "I believe!"

There by the tree in his neighbor's yard, was the black figure with a tail looking right at him.

## A spirit within

By Angela Berger

Growing up with Makaio in Tahiti gave me some of my most cherished memories. He and I have been friends with each other ever since he moved into the bungalow next to me. Everyday after school we would go down to the beach and surf at our favorite spot, Teahupoo. It was to the south of the island and home to the biggest, most perfect waves we had ever surfed. Most of our days were either spent at Teahupoo surfing, or hanging out at my Auntie Emily's hotel, which she owned. Since my aunt ran the hotel we were allowed to do almost anything. We swam in the pool, ordered smoothies at the bar, and were even allowed to play in the vacant rooms. We had a blast when we were little, and we always seemed to be getting into some kind of mischief. We loved to have adventures and explore new things and as we grew older, we were about to experience something that would change our lives forever.

The year we both turned 18 we decided we wanted to take our first road trip alone to Moorea, an island off of Tahiti that we rarely visited. The two of us were eager and ready for this trip, for we knew that we would have a blast surfing new spots and meeting new people.

Once we arrived we settled into a cheap resort on the beach and immediately grabbed our boards to hit the surf that was awaiting us outside. The conditions were great, the waves were perfect and the wind was almost non-existent. We were having a ball, catching good waves and taking on mean barrels. We always considered ourselves pretty good surfers, which was until we noticed this young guy out there that surfed better than anyone we had ever seen before. Makaio, being the friendly guy paddled over to him and they started talking.

"Wow, that was an awesome ride. I've never seen anyone take on a wave like that before in my life," shouted Makaio.

"Thank you, you're not too bad yourself. I'm Mana. What's your name?"

"I'm Makaio, and this is my friend Hinanui."

"Nice to meet you Mana, Who taught you how to surf like that?" I asked curiously.

"My father was one of the best surfers in Moorea back in the days, he taught me everything I know," responded Mana.

After talking and surfing a while more, the three of us instantly became friends. Since Mana was native to the island, he hung out with us every day and showed us around the village. He took us to secret surf spots and told us different stories about the island and it's people.

As we were eating lunch one day he began to tell us a story that he heard a long time ago. It was about a young man who went to surf this break on the opposite side of the

mountain ridge one night on a full moon and never came back. No one ever heard from him again and his body was never found. It was as if the ocean sucked him in and never gave him back. After he disappeared the whole island went chaotic, this young man was loved by so many and they wanted an explanation as to why he had disappeared. After months of no evidence found, the people began to give up hope that he would ever come back, and eventually gave up the search.

"What was the surf spot called that he disappeared at?" Makaio asked.

"Mapuarii, It's a beautiful beach and the waves are incredible. I often go during the day to swim, but I have never set foot in those waters at night... no one has. Those waters are possessed by a force that we don't know about, that's how people disappear, that's how he disappeared," Maria said frightened.

"That guy was probably eaten by a shark or something, that's why his body was never found. How can you say that the waters are possessed, you don't know that. The ocean is a dangerous place and anything can happen to you out there, especially at night," said Makaio.

"Maybe you're right Makaio, maybe the waters aren't possessed. But that's still a surf spot that I will never attempt to surf at night. It gives me the creeps during the day; nighttime would just be insane. I don't think anyone has gone at night since that the disappearance, it's to crazy for anyone here to try and do," Mana told us.

That night I went to bed very uneasy, despite the fact that Mana warned us about this surf spot, it made me want to surf it even more. It seemed like it would leave me with the biggest adrenaline rush that I could ever experience. I've always been the adventurous type and very few people have ever been able to hold me back from doing something that I wanted to do.

I sat in bed a while more and pondered my thoughts as to what I was going to do. I glanced over at Makaio sound asleep next to me and felt a sudden rush from my spontaneous side. Without taking a moment more to think, I grabbed my board and raced to the surf spot that I would bravely attempt to rush.

As I approached the beach I felt a bit of reassurance, the moon was big and bright and the waves seemed to be breaking in perfect formation. The beach didn't seem to have a single scary side to it, it was like any other surf spots that I had been too if anything, it was better.

I don't know what came over me that night; normally I would never surf anywhere at night especially without Makaio. But for some reason this time seemed different, I wanted to prove to myself that I was confident and had enough courage to do this on my own. I wanted to prove to the boys that I wasn't afraid, I wanted to make a name for my self here, and if I could conquer this I could do any thing.

As soon as I set foot in the water a

*gust of wind seemed to be holding me back.* I heard a voice coming from the distance shouting at me not to go in. I figured Makaio had wakened from his sleep and was on his way to stop me from going in the water. I went there to do something and was still determined to go out there and at least get one wave, so I proceeded to go into the water and began my paddle out to the break. When I was finally far enough out, I turned around and waited for I could feel the sets start to rumble in. The first wave in the set came and I immediately began to paddle my hardest for it. Just as I was about to take off, *I felt something tug on my leash.*

I turned myself around and saw a dark figure paddling towards me, "Makaio, you need to leave me alone and let me catch this wave!" I shouted in aggravation. As the figure approached closer I realized that it was not Makaio, but instead Mana.

"Hinanui, what are you doing out here? I told you this was a dangerous spot. Turn around and go home now before it's too late."

"Mana, it's okay. I'm not scared, I can handle myself out here." I shouted.

"Listen to me Hina you need to go home now, I'm warning you."

Since I could see that Mana was mad I paddled to shore and never looked back. I was pretty upset that he came along and forced me to go back inside. I made my way back home and angrily threw my self into bed. Makaio woke up and asked me what had happened and where I had been. I told him and he was in utter shock,

"Hina are you crazy or something? I can't believe you went out there alone even with all the stories Mana had told us."

The next morning we headed over to the Bungalow on the beach that Mana lived at, I wanted to apologize for the night before and also to say goodbye since we were going to be leaving the next day. I knocked on the door a few times but no one answered, I then began to get sad that maybe Mana was so upset that he didn't want to talk to us. "Come on Makaio lets go, no sense trying to apologize to someone who doesn't even want to answer the door."

Just as we were about to leave an old man stopped us in our footsteps. "Are you looking for someone?" he asked.

"Yes as a matter of fact we are. Do you know where we can find a young man named Mana who lives here?" I asked. "You guys are looking for Mana?" he asked. "Yes, do you know where we can find him?" we asked.

"My son Mana hasn't lived here in 10 years. He disappeared while surfing Mapuarii," said the old man.

As soon as those words left his mouth Makaio and I went into pure disbelief, *had we befriended a ghost?* We talked to the old man a bit more and he explained to us that many teenagers often come to him asking about his long lost son that had warned them about surfing Mapuarii. And he tells them all the same thing, "My son has been dead for quite a while, so you must have met his spirit."

## Rain

By Christine Darr

The rain had been steadily falling since noon and it was now pitch black outside. As the large drops blew against the windowpanes, they now took on the urgent sound of loud staccato drumbeats. A sharp peal of thunder bent the sky and rolled off into the distance like a large bowling ball. There was something sinister about the way the rain fell that evening, as though the droplets were increasing in size.

That was when she walked into the room. Not really walked, more like materialized in front of him. One minute the room before him was empty, and the next minute her evil presence filled him with dread. David's piercing blue eyes nearly popped out of his head as he beheld her cold gaze. The icy green eyes stabbed him as though an icicle had impaled his heart. His limbs suddenly froze.

The clothes on her thin body were the same she had worn on the day they had parted. The blouse with its fine buttons and lacy sleeves did little to conceal the figure beneath. The black skirt flowed past the bottoms of her shoes of which he noticed, to his utter horror, were suspended two feet off the floor.

He heard a sharp cry then realized it was his own as he wheeled around and noticed that she had disappeared. Had he only imagined it or had Laura really been in the room? He turned off the lights and slowly climbed the stairs to his bedroom. He couldn't sleep for fear that her shade would reappear once again. But he could no longer keep his eyes open so he eventually fell into a restless sleep.

The day dawned gloomy once again. The rain had not ceased but fell in light drops. He went about his usual business during the day and in the evening when dusk fell once again, he noticed that the rain still pattered on. Sitting before the fireplace he absentmindedly brushed from his tweed jacket the ashes that had fallen from his pipe. She had given him that meerschaum pipe as a wedding present. Fingering it he was transported to the fine spring day on which they had first met. She was wearing her finest riding habit and he had just dismounted his large bay after the local fox hunt. They had dinner before

a roaring fire. He gazed fixedly into those green eyes and became lost in them. They married a year later.

His wandering thoughts were broken once again with the blue white flash of lightning and the loud peal of thunder that followed. The lights flickered and the fire in the grate roared into life. Her figure floated before him once again. This time the figure beckoned to him to come to her. His heart suddenly grew colder than the winds that blew through the drafty room. Shivering, he rose from his chair and stood to follow her. Then she was gone. He climbed the stairs to his room and fell into another fitful sleep.

The next day the rain slowed to a light drizzle but continued to fall in a fine mist. He drove into town and conducted his business as usual. The day still remained gray and the rain continued to fall. By nightfall it was a torrent once again. The rivers had swollen on the estate and in some spots the garden was swimming in water. The heavens opened up and lightning and thunder raged on anew. The sounds were louder than ever. It seemed as though the sky were ripping apart above him.

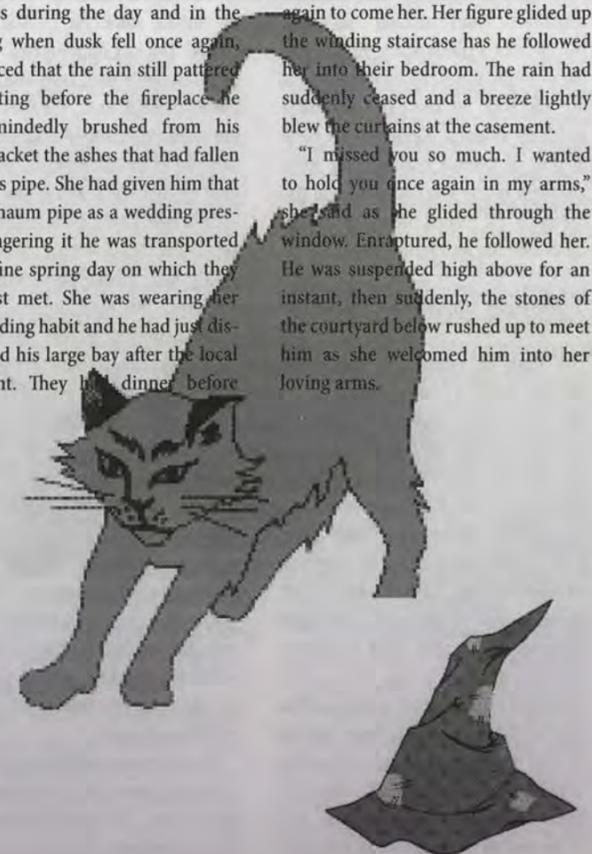
When the tempest was at its worse, she appeared once again. This time those cold eyes no longer gazed coldly at him. She smiled warmly from her face lit up like the day they first met.

For several years their marriage was perfect. Gradually she became disinterested in him. First she would take little day trips to London. Then she began to stay away from the estate over night. She would stay at their town house in London or take trips to foreign countries.

Soon these little jaunts became weeks. One day he found her with his closest friend in their townhouse. He called her every bloody name in the book and she fired back with such vehemence he never thought was possible. He was beside himself with anger and flew into a jealous rage.

Tonight she beckoned him once again to come her. Her figure glided up the winding staircase as he followed her into their bedroom. The rain had suddenly ceased and a breeze lightly blew the curtains at the casement.

"I missed you so much. I wanted to hold you once again in my arms," she said as she glided through the window. Enraptured, he followed her. He was suspended high above for an instant, then suddenly, the stones of the courtyard below rushed up to meet him as she welcomed him into her loving arms.



## Hard days

By Julia Berry

Today was a hard day for me the lines at the State building were longer than ever and people couldn't have been more rude and impatient. Days like this I was glad that we decided that Trent would cook during the week. I was dying to be at home, fully fed, clean, and ready to cruise with my man. Today there were less commuters in the subway I was in and I hopped a flycab right after I came up from the midway and walked to 110th. Maybe I would actually beat my husband home for once. The wind was sharp and my walk was even brisker than usual as anticipation grew to just be home.

It is been two years already and I still can't get over the beauty of our brown stone, and to think Trent was trying to talk me into taking the condo in Soho. After climbing the stairs to our spacious

two floor abode I mentally applauded my efforts to fight for this place and dropped all my bags in the foyer. Bags gone, shoes kicked off, hair let down, jacket thrown, up the stairs for a fresh warm vanilla sugared shower, compliments of Trent. As if traveling through a forest, the peeled items from my body left a trail in case I lost my way. Lather, rinse, marinate, repeat, for that all over fresh feeling, yeah, heaven in a bottle. I dried off, put on the evenings prescribed most comfortable cotton and flopped on that bed. I must have dozed off, because that next I heard was the clank of a pan on the stove. He must have covered me, because my favorite burnt red throw was spread around me, eight o'clock, wow, it was a hard day.

The scent of sautéed garlic and roasted peppers filled my nostrils, hmmm, it must be lasagna night. I caught a whiff of Fahrenheit, my favorite cologne of his, it must have drifted from his coat which I saw

laying across the ottoman. I laid there marveling about the eight years that had passed, full of his library of smiles and touch that still caused me to melt. He was damn good to me, puts up with me, myself, and I, and even cooks my favorite, what else could a girl want from the Big Apple. I debated with laying there until he graced me with his presence or just waltzing into his cookery downstairs, but I couldn't fight the temptation any longer, I couldn't wait another moment.

I crept down the back stairs to the kitchen, hoping for sneak attack, but it was fumbled, I must have just missed him. I crept around to the study, but he wasn't there. Suddenly the scent of Fahrenheit breezed by and I saw his shadow just at the top of the front stairs. I should have just waited up there in the first place, I thought. I walked up the stair calling his name and went into our bedroom. The TV was turned on and the news was broadcasting something about

a terrible pedestrian car accident near FAO Schwartz, right by Trentis hotel. I saw his shirt swinging on the bathroom knob and I frolicked in after him, but with an unexplainable I found only the dimly lit room that I had left after my shower. The bamboo crackled as it rubbed together from the wind, yet the room was unusually warm and comfortable. I stood there alone, only hearing, not feeling the wind. I opened my mouth to call for him, he must have been planning his own sneak attack. I ran through the house calling his name, knocking things over, and didn't find him anywhere. I heard this screeching sound coming from the television upstairs but as I got closed it faded into nothing. I bolted up the stairs to the bedroom to and sat in front of the TV. Authorities will not release the name of the man who was fatally wounded today until his close relatives are notified. The screen was scanning the car

wreck that had happened about three hours ago, and the camera zoomed in on a grey Trek bicycle. Before I blacked out I felt him ease my fall.

"Terra, wake up sweetheart, please, please wake up, we brought you food, it's your favorite. My mother's breath was right at my cheek. I blinked and rubbed my eyes, my head felt like it weighed a ton, and was throbbing like it had been hit by a bus. Honey, I came right over when I saw the news, they wouldn't give his name, but . . . I'll sit straight up, throbbing and all and ran frantically around our house, the kitchen was just as we had left is this morning, tripping over my wet towel I found the bathroom doorknob bare, and the only thing in the air was the scent of Downy fabric softened from my mother, I swear she was born with that scent. He was here, I swear he was here, I only thought this in my head, my mother embraced me and she cried, while I froze until the moon fell.

## Ghastly inheritance

By Andrei Lyovin

Some say that Tiffany's family was cursed. Three generations of women on her maternal side have died in their early adulthood, the first being the daughter of a man named Victor who some believed was a war criminal. Two generations of women all hung themselves in their 20's all before the age of 25. It is said that the family has been cursed for the war crimes of this great grandpa Victor.

Tomorrow would be Tiffany's 20th birthday and she was not worried the least bit. She didn't believe in ghosts, and even if she did, Aunt Clarice her father's older sister would protect her. Aunt Clare as she would call her, was always protective of Tiff ever since the death of Tiff's mother when she was 6. Any kind of problem she would have Aunt Clare would come to the rescue. Her dad on the other hand was a tough guy, and rarely paid attention to Tiff's problems. This was never a problem because Aunt Clare lived next door, and was always tending to her needs.

Tiff's family just finished eating. It was the four of them like always; dad, uncle, Aunt, and Tiff. Aunt Clare and Tiff were doing the dishes when Aunt told Tiff that she has something important to talk to her about. "Tiff... you're turning 20 tomorrow, and I have something very important to talk to you about," said Aunt Clare in a disturbingly serious tone.

"Is it that silly supernatural stuff you talk about sometimes? Like about what happened to mom, and grandma?" replied Tiff in an unruffled voice.

"Well, yeah... I want to know if you see her yet. You know... the lady."

"Come on now Aunt Clare, you know I don't believe in ghosts right."

"Yeah, I know, but neither did your mom. I need to warn you Tiff. She WILL come, and when she does NEVER look her in the eyes," said

Aunt Clare in a very serious manner.

"Don't worry, I'll do what you say if I ever do see her by any chance"

"I'll be here for you Tiff, I'll help you through this. Remember, I will ALWAYS be here for you when you need me."

That night while Tiff was taking a shower, she heard the door open and noticed a flicker as if someone turned off and on the light. She was rinsing the shampoo out of her hair at the moment and couldn't look to see who was there. "HEY, I'm in here!" yelled Tiff. There was no reply, and she heard nothing through the sound of the shower. She quickly rinsed her hair and looked through the blurry glass door of the shower to make out a short female figure walking slowly toward the sink that was directly in front of where the showerhead was located in the bathroom.

"Aunt Clare? Is that you?" Still no answer as the figure failed to acknowledge Tiff's voice and continued to walk towards the sink. Through the glass door Tiff could make out the figure of a short pale blue woman dressed in a white robe. A sudden surge of electricity went through her body, and she could feel all her stand up on end. She stood there frozen remembering the stories Aunt Clare told her of the pale blue woman soon after her high school graduation. If the stories were true, she would be unbothered by this spirit if she ignored the ghost...at least for the time being. Time stood still. Tiff's body violently shook as she tried to remain as still as possible.

To her horror, the figure stopped and stood in front of the mirror just as her Aunt had described in her stories. It was just after 12:00 and it was already her 20th birthday. She slowly sat down and waited what seemed to be hours until the apparition disappeared from view. The ghost just vanished.

Tiff quickly got dressed and ran to Aunt Clare's house and banged on the door. Within 5 seconds Aunt Clare answered the door as if she were expecting her to come. "Come in Tiff,"

she said in a serious but loving voice.

"I knew you'd see her tonight," she said in a very sure tone. "I will get you though this Tiff. I will ... I won't let her take you like she took your mom. Just listen to me. I'll figure out something."

"What's going on Auntie? I'm so scared! I don't believe in ghosts but I've seen her right there in my own bathroom," cried Tiff.

"You'll see her more and more, but just remember not to look into her eyes. I'll call the spirit lady Sachiko tomorrow and see what she says"

"Can you stay with me tonight? I'm scared,"

"No Tiff I Can't. I'm sorry, this is something you have to go through alone or we will both be dead. Just listen to what I said and you will be fine. You know I would stay with you if I could. Be strong Tiff, be strong,"

"Ok Auntie, see you tomorrow," replied Tiff half crying.

Tiff ran back home and quickly turned on all the lights. Her dad lay on the living room sofa passed out with a beer can in his hand. She thought she heard a grisly laugh coming from her dark room, but excused it for being her imagination. She turned on the bathroom light to brush her teeth and was relieved that the ghost was not there.

She put the toothpaste on her brush and started to brush her teeth while checking the mirror to see if anyone was behind her. She saw no one in the dark doorway that led to her room and was again relieved. Suddenly she heard the faint hideous laugh again. This time she thought it might be the neighbor's TV. Once again she glanced in the mirror, and to her horror the lady's face was in the dark corridor grimacing at her with hate! Tiff froze in fear and quickly averted her gaze in order not to look into her eyes and stopped breathing. She couldn't move or scream. She just stood there looking into the sink and waited in terror.

After what seemed like hours, Tiff had the courage to check the mirror again and found that she was gone. She rinsed her mouth and then

walked to her room flicking on the light switch. No one was in her room but she could feel a presence. She knew that she was being watched from somewhere. There was a smell in the room like rotten bananas and she felt as if this presence was watching her from the closet slats that faced downwards. Knowing that she must not see the spirit's eyes she got into her bed and covered herself with

Her blanket over her face leaving just enough space for her to see that she would not be approached by anything.

She lay in her bed terrified. She couldn't think about sleeping but as the night went on her eyelids started to get heavy. She started drifting off to sleep when suddenly her body started feeling light and she felt two warm hands on her neck trying to choke her. She couldn't move, and she couldn't even shout out no matter how much she tried. In her left ear she could hear loud cursing in some language that was not familiar to her. She kept her eyes closed but struggled and struggled to move until finally the pressure was off and she could move. Opening her eyes she caught a glimpse of a spirit spiraling away into the ceiling.

Tiff was exhausted, but got very little sleep the rest of the night for fear that the same thing would happen. She just kept watching the clock until it was late enough to call Auntie. She had gotten some sporadic short moments of sleep from which she had quickly awoken from since they were bad dreams of a group Asian people discovering a hanging body of a pregnant woman in a small fly infested room of rotten fruit. It felt like an eternity until the clock finally read 7. She quickly got dressed and ran over to Aunt Clare's.

Tiff rapped on the door and Auntie opened it as fast as she did the night before again as if she were expecting her. There was also someone else in the house. There was an old Japanese lady with a very stern look on her face sitting on the sofa. "That's Sachiko," explained Aunt Clare. "She

is a medium and she is here to help you through this,"

"You are cursed because of your great grandpa's mistake. The spirits told me last night that you would call me here and the reason why you would do so. This is a lost soul stuck in the earthly realm that had gotten her strength from the dark forces by her incredible capacity for hate. During the war she was your great grandpa's mistress and she had become pregnant. When your grandpa refused to take her home with him after his tour of duty, she hung herself while vowing to take revenge. Her spirit is not at ease and will continue to possess the females in your family when they become the age that she met your grandpa unless she is sincerely appeased. She feels that she had her life taken away from her at her prime and will not rest in peace. We must call her right now and make amends for Victor's wrongdoings," explained Sachiko the medium.

She then sat on the floor and knitted her fingers while writing kanji characters in the air. As the air in the house mysteriously vibrated tears started falling from the eyes of Tiff and Aunt Clare. The air filled with the smell of rotten bananas again. Sachiko's voice trembled as she muttered for Tiff to bow her head down in apology as soon as the spirit arrived. Sachiko's eyes rolled up into her sockets and her mouth grimaced in hatred. She let out a moan of anger as Tiff quickly got on her knees and placed her head on the floor crying and apologizing to the spirit.

Sachiko's face changed to a terrifying scowl and she approached Tiff on her hands and knees. She reached out and let out a dreadful scream of agony as if all the hatred in the world was released through her. A gust of wind went through the house and the air's mysterious vibrations ceased. The medium fell to the floor and slowly recovered as if waking from a drunken stupor. "Now everything be ok," she whispered in a weak voice. Never again since did Tiff or her family see the blue lady. The curse was broken.

## Haunted heart

By California M. Miles

People think I am crazy for living a life of isolation. Little do they know I'm just a prisoner of love-haunted. Unlike most ghost stories my story is real.

It was near dusk the night sky turned from black to the darkest purple, I could not sleep. Most nights I would fall asleep reading one of the romantic books my sister had passed down to me. I began to read these silly books with little hope for my own love affairs. In fact I had doubt in any relationship, but I envied the way the characters were so consumed in each other without drama or hatred. The book I was reading that night was well written, but I wasn't staying focused. The house felt cooler than usual and

had an uncomfortable eerie feeling.

I remember sitting out on the couch in the lanai. I loved to stare out at the deep blue ocean. It had been very dark with just a sliver of moon left. I watched as the moon set, the night was just going to turn into day and its reflection glowed on the waters surface. As I stared off into the horizon dreamily, I began to hear an old love song of Hawai'i. The song immediately took me back to the memories of my first love. It pained me to think of Hini, the way he would express his deepest feeling only through song.

I closed my eyes as the yearning began to arise. Tears began to stream down my face. Although the song was lovely it saddened me because he was no longer there. As the song became louder my vision became blurred completely. The tears enhanced the brightness of the moon's reflection on the water. I held my eyes open looking at the light for comfort. Now, not seeing very clearly, the light seemed to be getting brighter. At first

I ignored the increasing brightness while I let myself drown deeper in the sorrowful tears. MY The light kept coming and was much more real than I could imagine or ignore. I tried to dry my tears so I could take a look at the glowing image that seemed to be getting closer. The figure was made up of a blue looking substance and reminded me of the liquid from inside the volcano lamps. As it came closer to my house I began to recognize the shape of my lover take place; he was translucent, but fully there, glowing blue while strumming his ukulele.

Still crying from the music, I once again tried to dry my eyes to clear my vision from seeing this ghostly figure. But it did not go away; he was there and his song was louder than before. He looked very lonely and sad as he tried playing the song to me. I was afraid and I ran. I no longer wanted to remember him. I didn't want to hear the truth of the song. I no longer wanted to think of the past, it was too unbearable. I ran and hid

in Pu'uho'ou, he was there; then to Kaho'olawe, he was there; I ran to Kia'huna, he found me. I made it to my friend's house and she hid me. I ran and never grew tired, while I ran from my love.

Afraid, I stayed with my friend because he was no longer haunting me while I was there. She seemed to understand without a word of explanation of why I was there. She let me stay as long as I wanted. I was comforted, taken care of, loved. We would surf and dance and forget about all the cares of the world. I began to grow strong and independent again making new loves in my life.

Finally one morning after weeks away, I decided it was safe to go home. The moon was now full and it was a bright warm day. When I reached my bedroom again I fell asleep a little uneasily. When I awoke my love was there, waiting and staring at me. I was nervous and confused; I didn't say anything.

He approached me, I looked into his eyes. Somehow I saw forgiveness, there was love, and there was life. I stepped closer to him slowly, very slowly, with caution. Without words I allowed him to embrace me. Suddenly at that moment all the hurt, anger, and fear I once had again devoured my whole being. How foolish I was to trust the most evil thing in my life, I allowed the sin to return. I swung away and ran faster and faster, ducking around every corner and bush, but nothing could hide me, no one wanted to help me.

Today I'm a prisoner of Love-weak, blind, foolish. Every time I feel my strength regaining, the past catches up with me and knocks me down. If I fight it and try to move on with new people or new ideas then all my energy is lost and I become ill. If I just let it be, I continue to live, in seclusion, but I live without bother. Just hiding and holding back all the bitterness as it slowly eats me away. For the rest of my life I will live with the ghost.

## Hotel hell

By John Barker

The alarm clock sounds at 10 p.m., same as it does on any other work day. I immediately hit the snooze bar hoping to get that extra 15 minutes of sleep. I wasn't thinking straight. When I did that there would be no possible way I could get to work on time. It sounds again. Oh shit! I only have 15 minutes to get to work. I spring up from my bed, my feet hit the floor, I run for the bathroom and jump in the shower. I only have enough time to very quickly soap, rinse, shampoo and rinse. No time to relax. I jump out, dry off, brush my teeth, put on my uniform and brush my hair. Christ! It's 10:25 PM. Damn, I'm going to be late again. This is the usual start of my day. Man, oh man, why do I prefer to work when Honolulu is preparing to go to bed?

Most of Honolulu anyway. There's always the late-night crowd that I have to deal with as a hotel front desk clerk. The late night arrivals, the druggies who want to use our restrooms for recreation, and the hookers who try to sneak in with our fine reputable guests. They are some real fine people. Damn, I just remembered something. Goddamn it. I forgot to shave. So be it. So what if I look like a dirtbag. It's not like the President is checking in.

I stop at a traffic light and take a look at my face in the rear view mirror. There's a tired harsh face I barely recognize. Maybe it's the lights from Kalakaua Avenue or maybe I really look that bad. Whatever. I see the hotel up ahead so I'd better get into a more professional state of mind. As I pull into my parking stall I look into the mirror once more and remind myself; in only eight hours I will have

two days off.

*"I just felt like something passed through me!"*

The Surf Rider is one of Waikiki's oldest hotels. This place has been around since the 1800s. Just think if these walls could talk. Holy cow, that was weird. I just felt like something passed through me, leaving an ice cold chill in its wake. Maybe it was the air conditioning. Whatever. I enter the back office and there's Lani waiting for me. "You're late again," she says. "I know. I know. I've got to clock in." She rolls her eyes and says, "I clocked you in already. I gotta go," she leaves as I retrieve my cash back from the safe. I exit the back office and go out into the lobby. Good evening, front desk. I guess the only thing that separates me from the weirdos is you.

*A woman's scream came from room 1109.*

Man, it is really quiet tonight. The phone rings and I jump as if someone snuck up behind me and yelled "BOO!" It rings again and I answer. "Hello, front desk." The gentleman on the other end is complaining that he had been awakened by a woman's scream and it sounded like it came from next door. "What room are you in?"

"I'm in 1109," the man said. "Did the scream come from 1107 or 1111?" I guess I won't get an answer to that question because right after I asked it I heard a loud annoying scratching noise, followed by a clicking noise and finally the dial tone.

I immediately pick up the two-way radio and call Keone. He's the security guard on duty this evening and presently patrolling the hotel grounds. He answers, "This is security. Over." "Hey we've got a noise complaint from the 11th floor. The complaint came from 1109. The guest said that they heard a scream. Over." Keone answers, "I'm on the elevator right now and should be there in 2 seconds. over." "I'll be standing by. Out."

Five minutes later the elevator doors open. One of the housekeepers

Lita exits the elevator. She looks pretty shaken. Keone exits the elevator next with an irritated look on his face and shaking his head. He says, "Lita is going home." "What's up? What happened?" Keone shakes his head again and enters the office. He returns with incident report forms and sits on a stool at one corner of the front desk. "So what happened?" Keone ignores my question and continues writing his report. He finally breaks his silence with a question. "Who is in room 1109?" he asks. "Wait one. I gotta get the guest info screen up on the computer." As I exit one screen to the next the lobby becomes oddly silent. The sound of someone walking through the lobby with metal taps on their shoes slices through the vacant lobby like the sound of drizzle becoming a heavy rain on a tin roof at midnight. The sound is getting louder and louder. It's almost to the point of deafening.

*"There ain't a soul in room 1109."*

I look over at Keone and him at me. We begin scanning the room for the source. "I can't find anything. You?" Keone says, "Nothing." "Keone, did you do that shit?" He replies, "hell no." "That was friggin' weird." I look down at my computer screen. "Holy shit. You know what else is weird? There ain't a soul in room 1109." "No fuckin' way," Keone replies. "What happened up there with Lita? C'mon man. You gotta tell me." Keone responds, "Alright, I'll tell you. After I received your call on the radio I found Lita in the hallway shaking and crying. I ran over and asked if she was okay and she pointed to room 1111. I asked what happened? She told me that she saw a man hanging at the end of a rope in the closet. So I entered the room and looked for myself. There wasn't anyone in the closet or the room. I told Lita that it was safe to look and that nothing was there. She wouldn't go anywhere near that room. Then she asked if it was okay if she went home. Just what do you say to that? You

know if she stayed here she wouldn't have gotten any work done anyway. So I told her to dig out."

"Is Joseph Bancroft staying here?" a voice asked. The strange man seems to have appeared from and vanished into thin air before I could even comprehend his question. "Man, this is getting a little too weird. Did you see that?" "I saw it too John," Keone confirmed. "What was that name again? Joseph Bancroft? Hey, let's search that name on the web." We both run into the back office and search the name "Joseph Bancroft" and the words "Hawaii" and "Surf Rider Hotel." "Oh man, look at what I found. Joseph Bancroft was a lawyer in Honolulu at the time of the overthrow of the monarchy. He was a friend of the queen and betrayed her when handed over vital information about her military forces to the traitors. It says here Bancroft was being blackmailed. Overwhelmed with guilt he checked into the Surf Rider Hotel and committed suicide by hanging himself."

Keone says, "just what the hell is going on?" "Man, you're looking a little freaked." Keone begins to explain, "You see the name David Campbell there? That's the guy Bancroft handed the secrets over to." "Yeah, so?" He continues, "I'm a descendent of David Campbell."

"Oh you mean the Campbells. You mean, David Campbell of the Hawaii Campbells. This is too weird! You know what? This is going to sound really bizarre but so am I.

*It is no longer our 21st century lobby but a lobby from the 1800s.*

The front desk guest bell rang out sending us both to our feet. "Damn, man this ain't right. There is something definitely wrong with this picture." We both head out to the front desk to see who was out there. When we realize that the lobby has changed. There are framed photos of this lobby in the manager's office. It is no longer our 21st century lobby but a lobby from the 1800s. There aren't any com-

puters, phones or anything resembling the 21st century.

*"Campbell spawn! Your souls are mine!"*

"Do you know who I am? the man at the front desk asked. "No, who are you?" "I am Joseph Bancroft," he says while pulling a pistol from its holster. He goes on to say, "I believe the two of you are the spawn of traitors. Campbell spawn! Your souls are mine." Bullets flew everywhere. As I run for cover I see my face in the mirror. My face is no longer mine but that of David Campbell. I start searching around the room trying to locate Keone. I find him hunching behind the front desk. Keone's face is transforming into the face of David Campbell too.

*I realized a while ago that my time had come.*

In the space above Keone I see Bancroft hovering. Floating. He aims and fires a bullet directly into his skull. Keone falls over lifeless. I realized a while ago that my time had come. This is definitely a no win situation. I want to die standing and I'm going to. I'm up and standing. I hear a blast. I quickly turn and receive the bullet in my forehead. I'm falling backwards in slow motion to the ground. I feel life leaving my body and wonder why I ever wanted to work the night shift. I look for the answer in the chandelier hanging from the ceiling until everything fades to black.

*THE SPAWN IS GONE AND SO AM I.*

6:30 A.M. rolls around and the morning shift reports to work. Everything looks the way it did at the beginning of the graveyard shift. There's some confusion when the relieving shift can't find John or Keone. The phone rings and its security on the phone Lita is found dead in her car. She never made it home. Finally one of the clerks tries to use the computer to check a guest out from room 1111. Instead of the account balance a message flashes on the screen - THE SPAWN IS GONE AND SO AM I. The clerk looks up and the man is gone.

## In brief

## KCC students to give reading

From 7:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m. on Tues., Oct. 28 (today, if you've just picked up a fresh Kapi'o) KCC will hold "With Our Words: A Student Literary Reading" at Coffee Talk at 3601 Wai'ale'ale Ave.

Students will share their original poetry and prose, along with some music and dance at this, the tenth student literary reading. It is free and open to the public. The event is sponsored by the Board of Student Publications.

## Gov't plans to call up more troops

In anticipation of further denials of support from other countries, the U.S. Government plans to call up more Reserve and National Guard troops to fight in Iraq.

Recently, other nations such as Turkey, France and Germany have shown little interest in sending soldiers to Iraq to replace those currently stationed there. The U.N., too, has been reluctant to commit any man power to the country.

Concrete plans have not been drawn up, because it is still uncertain if foreign troops can be used in the reconstruction effort, but soldiers have been told to prepare.

A recent survey of soldiers stationed in Iraq shows wide-spread morale problems, and a disinclination among troops to re-enlist after their current hitch.

## Nuclear Saudi Arabia?

According to several reports, Saudi Arabia, home to the majority of the 9/11 hijackers, has reached an agreement with Pakistan to develop a Saudi nuclear bomb.

Officially, the Middle East holds no nations capable of launching a nuclear attack on another country. However many maintain that Israel can do this.

Pakistan and its neighbor, India, have been engaged in tit-for-tat nuclear posturing over the past decade.

This development heightens tensions in the region, especially after Israel's recent attacks on Syria and rumors that Israel has equipped three submarines with nuclear missiles capable of striking anywhere in the Middle East region.

Compiled by Kapi'o staff

Recent Snapshots:  
Keeping up to speed with world news and events

At the APEC (Asia-Pacific Economic Co-operation) summit in Bangkok, leaders called for greater efforts to stop the spread of terrorism and weapons of mass destruction. But the atmosphere was clouded when North Korea test-fired a short-range missile off its east coast. It dismissed as "laughable" an offer from America of multilateral security guarantees in exchange for ending its nuclear weapons program. North Korea said it would settle for nothing less than a formal non-aggression treaty.

Malaysia's prime minister, Mahathir Mohamad, repeated his assertion that Jews rule the world. He said widespread condemnation of his remarks proved that he was right.

India announced measures designed to improve relations with Pakistan and calm the long-standing dispute over Kashmir. The proposals are part of a series of steps that India has taken since April toward normalizing relations with its nuclear rival.

Four top Serbians have been indicted by the UN's war-crimes tribunal in The Hague for alleged atrocities during the Kosovo war. The Serbian government, prodded by its army and police force, is pro-

testing.

As the foreign ministers of Britain, France and Germany visited Tehran, Iran's government said it would sign a protocol to convince the UN's nuclear watchdog, the International Atomic Energy Agency, that it was not trying to build a nuclear bomb. The Iranians said they would stop enriching uranium, allow spot checks of their nuclear program and come clean about past nuclear activities.

After three Israeli soldiers were killed in the West Bank and rockets were fired into Israel from the Gaza strip, Israeli forces launched their heaviest attack for months, killing a dozen Palestinians, including at least four civilians.

An independent report by a former Finnish president, Martti Ahtisaari, into the bombing of the UN headquarters in Baghdad on August 19th, when 22 people were killed, put the blame overwhelmingly on the UN's own security system, saying it was "dysfunctional."

An international meeting of potential donors to Iraq opened in Madrid. America sought \$30 billion

in pledges to supplement its own spending on the rebuilding of Iraq.

In a leaked memo, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, forecast "a long, hard slog" in Afghanistan and Iraq. The American army said that attacks on its troops in Iraq had increased sharply in the past two weeks.

Under pressure from the U.S., Sudan's government signed a deal with rebels from the country's mainly non-Muslim south. It is meant to end a civil war that has been fought, more on than off, for about 50 years, at a cost of 2 million lives.

After an outbreak of polio in West Africa, the World Health Organization launched a campaign to immunize 15 million children as quickly as possible.

The United States Senate voted to ban "partial birth" abortions. The bill is the most significant restriction on abortion procedures since the Roe v Wade ruling of 1973. George Bush said he would sign the legislation; opponents believe the act is unconstitutional and intend to take the matter to the Supreme Court.

Wesley Clark and Joe Lieberman both announced that they would not contest the Iowa Democratic caucuses in January, the first of the primary-election season, and would concentrate on later campaigns instead.

Nathaniel Heatwole, a student who placed bags containing box-cutters in commercial airliners, was charged with taking a dangerous weapon aboard an aircraft. Heatwole said he wanted to show the inadequacies of airline security. The discovery of the box-cutters resulted in the searching of 7,000 planes.

Florida's governor, Jeb Bush, ordered a hospital to resume feeding Terri Schiavo, the brain-damaged woman at the center of a right-to-die controversy. Doctors had removed a tube providing her only means of support at the request of her husband.

Bolivia's president, Gonzalo Sánchez de Lozada, resigned, after some 80 people were killed when the army failed to suppress strikes and protests. Carlos Mesa, the vice-president and a former television journalist, was sworn in as his replacement.

## Silicone breast implants may return

By Grace Wauke  
Staff Writer

On October 21, 2003 a Food and Drug Administration (FDA) panel of scientists voted six to nine to approve Inamed Aesthetics to market their silicone gel implants. The FDA has yet to make a decision based on the board's recommendation. The FDA hearing held in Gaithersburg, Maryland on Oct. 14 and 15 brought back the silicone debate.

Silicone implants were invented by plastic surgeons Cronin and Gerow in the early 1960s and developed into a commercial product by Dow Corning Corporation later in the 1960s. In 1992 silicone implants were removed off the U.S. market because of the health risks posed to recipients.

In an editorial in the Star-Bulletin, Beatrix Shishido told of how she suffered after her left implant ruptured in 1992. Though she since had the implants removed she still suffers from lupus, long bouts of bronchitis and chronic fatigue.

"We can't find physicians to treat us or even believe us, because of all the phony studies," said Shishido.

KCC student Chris Ah Yo also does not agree with using the silicone implants. "I don't like the silicone part and I have seen movies where

they show the silicone bursting," said Ah Yo.

Other than just the negative effects of silicone itself, there are other health issues that bring about concern. Karen Boyer, a Family Nurse Practitioner and the Chair of the KCC Nursing Department, has two health concerns regarding implants.

One issue is in regards to the annual gynecological exam. "The abnormality or change in the breast tissue may not be apparent due to the implant," said Boyer.

The second issue is in regards to annual mammograms recommended for women age 40 and above. "It is harder to do a thorough and accurate mammogram with implants," said Boyer.

A local esthetician that wanted to remain anonymous had saline implants put in about twenty years ago. "I chose the saline because they're safer and if it leaks it's OK," she said. "My doctor at that time suggested saline and I've never had problems with the saline."

She too has seen television shows and movies where the silicone leaked and they had to pull the silicone out of the patient's arm. "I don't understand why they brought back the silicone. I don't know what they did to make it safer but I wouldn't recommend

them," she said.

Though there are women who had painful repercussions after having silicone implants, one of the reasons silicone has made a come back is because there is no scientific evidence relating breast implants to disease.

In 1999, the National Academy of Sciences Institute of Medicine (IOM) released an extensive report stating there was not sufficient evidence to support a relationship between implants and any sicknesses. In a report by the National Institutes of Health, the research assessed the long-term health effects of breast implants, all the more supporting the IOM evidence. Along with other positive research for silicone implants, the National Cancer Institute also showed that women with implants showed a slight decrease in the risk for breast cancer.

Another reason is because silicone has less of a chance of leaking.

Dr. Laurence Kirwan, an internationally acclaimed Board Certified Plastic Surgeon, has been using silicone implants for the past five years in the United Kingdom. He has used silicone implants almost exclusively in his practice.

"In my experience, silicone implants reduce the risk of leaking which is a much ignored complica-

tion of saline implants. I see at least four patients a year with sudden deflation of a saline implant and I cannot remember seeing a single silicone leakage in the last five years," said Kirwan.

Kirwan also prefers silicone for aesthetic value. Silicone implants mimic the body temperature and viscosity of the surrounding breast more closely than saline implants.

Tammy Bailey, an assistant to Dr. Matthew Adaniya at Kuakini Hospital, also sees patients prefer silicone for their natural look and feel. "They have been proven to be safe and look and feel very natural compared to the saline implants."

Though silicone implants still remain a topic of discussion, it seems that it is ultimately a personal choice.

KCC student Tim, who did not want his last name used, may not personally like implants but leaves the choice up to women. "I don't like the whole idea of breast implants, but I'm not gonna tell a woman what she can or can't do."

And though Ah Yo may not agree with silicone implants, he doesn't mind women enhancing their breasts. "It really doesn't matter to me the size of the breast but if she feels comfortable with bigger or smaller breast then that's her choice."



Mr. Nick stirs the crowd at a protest against President Bush last Thursday.



Photos: Vuong Phung

## Chief Refusenik On Campus

If there's an anti-war protest on the island, Mr. Nick is there. He's the guy with the bullhorn. Before a rally, he watches Greta Van Susteren to get sufficiently worked up and ticked off, so he can really show them what he's got. He's hardcore and he'll gladly engage in a screaming match with the anti-peaceniks if he thinks he can change their minds. Or even if he can't.

He's pretty sure he's a socio-anarchist. He's an agnostic aspiring to be an atheist; an activist who wishes he were a pacifist. Mr. Nick is stringently opposed to the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq and to the "U.S. empire" that he says is "responsible for the economic rape of other countries."

He's an active member of both Refuse and Resist and Not In Our Name, activist groups dedicated to promoting peace and protesting war. But below the furious, anti-everything surface is Nick: A KCC sociology student from Kaimuki who just wants to make difference.

"Ultimately, I want to help the people that need help. From the girl who's being hit by her boyfriend to the Palestinians to the abortion doctor who can't walk to work in peace to

the Klansman who wants to change his life."

The Kapi'o sat down with Mr. Nick and got to know the guy behind the bullhorn.

**Kapi'o:** Growing up, what did you want to do as an adult?

**Mr. Nick:** I wanted to be a school teacher. I still do.

**Kapi'o:** What do you collect?

**Mr. Nick:** Vinyl. Old jazz records — my collection is big enough to impose on my living room.

**Kapi'o:** What's the coolest thing you've bought recently?

**Mr. Nick:** Food. I'm very new to living on my own, so food's a big deal.

**Kapi'o:** If you were world famous, what would it be for?

**Mr. Nick:** Somehow unifying different philosophies to benefit the world cause — for somehow figuring out a way we can all work together — a happy medium between right, left and all the issues.

**Kapi'o:** You can only listen to one CD for the rest of your life, which CD is it?

**Mr. Nick:** You can't ask such a difficult question of someone who loves

music.

**Kapi'o:** What is the one skill that you don't have that you wish you did?

**Mr. Nick:** The ability to easily reason with people — to see where people are coming from right off the bat.

**Kapi'o:** Partisanship is not an issue. What's the first law you pass?

**Mr. Nick:** The law to end all laws.

**Kapi'o:** You're running for president. Who's your running mate?

**Mr. Nick:** Michael Moore.

**Kapi'o:** When you walk into a bookstore, what section do you head for?

**Mr. Nick:** The music section. When I go to Borders, I skip the books and go straight to the listening stations.

**Kapi'o:** What one thing are you not gutsy enough to do?

**Mr. Nick:** Chase after my ex-girlfriend and get her back.

**Kapi'o:** It's a rainy Sunday afternoon and you're stuck inside. What are you doing?

**Mr. Nick:** Listening to the rain hit the leaves outside my window. I dream about days like that — sloth days.

**Kapi'o:** If someone who didn't know you looked inside your refrigerator, what would they think about you?

**Mr. Nick:** That I'm an alcoholic.

**Kapi'o:** Who makes you laugh?

**Mr. Nick:** My friends.

**Kapi'o:** Who's your best friend and how did you meet?

**Mr. Nick:** I have two: John and Matt. I met John doing activist work and I met Matt at work (at the Liquor Collection).

**Kapi'o:** Finish this sentence: I need more...

**Mr. Nick:** Time and money.

**Kapi'o:** If you could choose anyone to be president, who would it be?

**Mr. Nick:** I don't know.

**Kapi'o:** What TV show will you not miss?

**Mr. Nick:** The Simpsons.

**Kapi'o:** What makes you cranky?

**Mr. Nick:** The right wing. And maybe Britney.

**Kapi'o:** What bad habit can you not tolerate in other people?

**Mr. Nick:** I really don't like guys whose heads swell with testosterone.

**Kapi'o:** What do you procrastinate about?

**Mr. Nick:** Homework — that's ultimately the worst of it.

Questions and interview: Kawehi Haug

## A night in the life of a hotel dorm room

### One guy's pleasure palace

By Matt Holton  
 Staff writer

Students partying until early morning hours and dangling from a ninth story lanai, beer bong, naked girls and dramas resulting in cascades of shattered glass: these are all the epitome of a college student's dorm life at the Ohana Reef Towers.

For the first time ever, KCC students can experience dorm life in the midst of the infamous Waikiki.

The Ohana Reef Towers have joined up with KCC and UH to create the Affiliated Student Housing (ASH) program, which places a legion of upstanding, fun-loving college students in a hotel on the beach.

Being no more than 2 blocks away from Waikiki beach leaves much opportunity to set down the book, pick up the board, and head on down to surf. Once the sun goes down, the Ohana Reef nightlife begins.

Most of the residents of the hotel create traditional college parties, with some original fun and games. Whether it is room 630's ultimate Frisbee competitions, or 929's poker nights, there is always something to do. Depending on the amount of gender diversity, card games can be wagered in a couple of ways. If women are present, strip poker is necessary — otherwise, the standard procedure of gambling with change is used. Although it is not much, it can get pretty interesting when you have a five-dollar pile of quarters.

The dorm also features public grills down on the beach, which allow the

students to have barbecues from time to time. They are located near the handball courts, a luxury that provides a good workout before you chill out in the water.

On some occasions, 12 or more people will be crammed into a couple of compact rentals and venture up to a distant beach for a bonfire and drinks. The usual party

will be crowds of eager drinkers looking for a good time, being packed shoulder to shoulder into the small hotel rooms. Once everyone gets alcohol in them, the young adults can get a little bit dramatic.

However, drama can erupt even in the best of places. On one occasion, a couple of drunken surfers started a fight from their third floor balcony with a few marines down on the street. After running down there to meet the marines, they were beat into the sidewalk.

"Vodka and Red Bull will do that to you," says Jeff, a student that lives on the third floor.



KCC students party 'til dawn at the Ohana Reef Towers.

### One quiet girl's nightmare

By Olga Meniuc  
 Staff Writer

For those not obsessed with alcohol and wild parties, the dorms at the Ohana Reef Towers can be challenging yet rewarding.

For starters, as compared to quiet Manoa, Waikiki is anything but. Waikiki is where all the action is, where all the fun is. The tourists are there, the students are there,

everybody's there, and sometimes it gets a little old if you're trying to study for an exam the next day. At all hours of the night, you can hear people screaming as they exit the clubs at the foot of the hotel. The sirens interrupt you when you're sleeping, studying or just sitting quietly. And there are a lot of them because of the bad club down the street, The Cellar. Fights, scenes of people getting drunk and shouting, and anything else that happens because of alcohol, draw police and ambulances. There hasn't been a night yet when the police have not been at The Cellar. Sometimes they are there just

to make sure people do not do any foolish stuff. And other times they are there to break up foolish stuff.

To get away from the noise, many studious dormers go to a library, go to the Starbucks down the block, or just put on a pair of headphones to listen to nice music. But Waikiki is loud everywhere, anytime of the day, so you can't really get away from it as long as you are in Waikiki.

As if the constant disruptive noises of the outside world weren't enough, a lot of the dorm's residents make life even more difficult. There are many things that they do, but the worst are the noises they make. TV's go on louder than the sirens, they talk like they're in a train station, and honestly, those moans get a little suspicious.

The smells as well penetrate into the rooms. Usually, it doesn't slip past the crack under the door, but if it's really bad — like the overbearing stench of garlic that comes from somebody cooking on the sixth floor — it fills the hallways and makes you wonder what exactly are they cooking, and don't they know how to wash?

Their not being able to do laundry might not be the real source. Since there are only two washers and two dryers for the entire hotel, laundry is always a strain. You usually get it once a week if you're lucky, but getting it is the tricky part.

Each washer and dryer pair needs a key, which you have to get from the front

See, DORM LIFE, page 12

See, DORM LIFE, page 12

## KCC's "Sugar Raid" hits international film festival

By Marlene Jones-Skurtu  
Staff Writer

KCC's New Media Arts Students have created a film that will be featured in the upcoming Hawaii International Film Festival. Done totally digitally, the seven-minute animation called "Sugar Raid" has been making the rounds of local film festivals and hopes to make a place in upcoming mainland ones.

According to Art Professor Violet Murakami, the film was a student proposed project that gave students a "degree opportunity" for their Associate in Technical Science degree. What this basically means is that the students designed the class and its project with a selected instructor to design their own way of getting their degree. But what started as a practicum internship degree project is now shaking the outside world and may become its

own company.

Sugar Raid recently showed at the Ohina Short Film Festival and the Cinema Paradise Film Festival. It will play at the Hawaii International Film Festival on November 1, at the Doris Duke Theatre at the Honolulu Academy of Arts at 8:15 along with some other short films.

Tracy Hirano, KCC student, animator and production manager of the film said the film "has a plot, not just slapstick comedy." It is a story based on life in a city that has been destroyed in a post-nuclear world. "Bombs landed on a super-megastore," she said, "and leaked radioactive ooze."

The whole first semester of the project (summer, 2002) was spent in developing the plot and storywriting. Murakami stated that "even short animations take a long time to create. It's a collaborative effort." The students used the Fall

semester to do the production and the Spring (2003) to do the post-production, which included the music, the voiceovers and the rendering of the backgrounds to the characters in the foreground. An important fourth phase was the marketing of the film. The students encountered deadlines as in a regular work environment.

In an interdepartmental effort, music student Corey Marlatt acted as sound engineer for the film.

"He wrote the intro and exit and the action scene scores," said Hirano, "He recorded, cleaned-up, and tweaked the pitches and put in royalty-free sound effects. He also put in other background music."

Marlatt's main instrument was the electronic harpsichord according to Hirano.

Murakami said that the core conceptualization group consisted of twelve students who carried on



Photo Courtesy of Violet Murakami

A scene from "Sugar Raid," a film by KCC's New Media Arts Students.

together throughout the semesters. They were Tracy Hirano, Brad Shimabukuro, Earl Gamiao, Nikita Wong, Michelle Shigado, Warren Houghtailing, Lance Choe, Raymond Lee, Garrick Oshiro, Dae Sung Han, Chang Fang Co, and Corey Marlatt.

Although they could go get jobs on the mainland, Marukami said

that they "have an interest to stay in the islands," so they want to create their own company here. Meanwhile, they will keep submitting Sugar Raid to festivals that include the mainland and other countries and in the spring will have a game development class to increase their animation skills.

## Around the Isle... Things to see and do

By Marlene Jones-Skurtu  
Staff Writer

Famous Jazz Singer Lou Rawls Benefit Concert in Koko Marina Center, Oct 29. 7 p.m. \$100 to benefit Hawaiian Film Festival. Includes champagne, sneak preview of film, and admission to first day of festival. 395-4737.

MY FAIR LADY, the musical, plays at Windward Community College, now thru Nov 16, Thursdays thru Sundays. Student prices at \$18. This delightful story was made into a movie in the 70s, which entails the reforming of a "lower society" girl by a famous linguist-professor. 235-7433 or ETICKETHAWAII.com.

Free slide lecture at Mission Houses Museum. Oct 30, on the Archeology of the Marquesas. 7 p.m. 531-0481

HPU's annual HOOP-LA. Showcases their Sea Warrior Basketball team. 5-10 p.m. Oct 30 at Queen Emma Square (in front of St. Andrew's Priory) Stuff for kids, and 3-point and free throw contests, food, music, giveaways. Free. 544-0223.

23rd Annual Hawaii International Film Festival. Oct 30-Nov 9. Dozens of screening sites, with independent films, documentaries, workshops, and KCC's own New Media Art's film called "Sugar Raid." (It plays at Doris Duke at Academy of Arts on Nov 1 at 8:10 p.m. along with other films.) Go to [www.hiff.org](http://www.hiff.org) for listings.

CROSSINGS: KOREA/HAWAII art exhibit in conjunction with this year's commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Korean Immigration. Features 30 leading artists from nine states. Showings are at City Hall (thru Oct 31), UH Art Gallery (thru 11/7), Honolulu Academy of Arts (thru 11/

9), and The Contemporary Museum (thru 11/16).

UH Wahine Volleyball, Oct 30, versus Boise State. Stan Sheriff Center. 944-BOWS.

FREE MOVIES! Sunset on the Beach at the Queen's Beach near the Kapahulu wall. Discounted Food Vendors. (Hawaii's version of a drive-in movie.) See The Ride on Nov 1, and Whale Rider on Nov 2, The Hulk, Nov 8, and And Starring Pancho Villa as Himself on Nov 9. All shows start around 7 p.m.

Old Scary Movies from the 30s and 40s will be shown Oct 30 at McCully-Moiliile Library. FREE including popcorn. Clips including Bela Lugosi in "Dracula," "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein," "The Raven," and one with Boris Karloff. From a private collection. Starts at 3:30 p.m. 973-1099.

Get Tickets Now or no guarantee! Kapono and Cecilio together again in concert. Blaisdell Hall on Oct 31-Nov 1. 8 p.m. 792-2000.

Palikea Trail Hike with views of Central Oahu and Wainae Coast. Moderate difficulty—5 hours. By Hawaii Nature Center. 7:30 a.m. Nov 1. \$6. 955-0100.

Hawaiian Star Party. Nov 1, by Hawaiian Astronomical Society. Kahala Community Park beginning at dusk. Free. Get to look through some of the largest amateur telescopes! 524-2450.

Hawaii State Art Museum's 1st Birthday Celebration. 10:30-3 p.m. Nov 1. FREE. Features Hawaii's artist. Music and hands-on art activities including screen-printing, sculpture relief, mixed media collage. On No.1 Capitol District Building lawn at 250 S. Hotel St. downtown. [www.hawaii.gov/sfca](http://www.hawaii.gov/sfca).

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## Dorm life: What it's really like

From page 10

**Matt Holton**

should attempt it in any way, but man is it a time saver.

More drama has been generated from the most likely of places. Having problems with women can lead any man to get incredibly agitated, so agitated in fact that he would want to kick something. Not kick the wall, or the front door, but maybe the sliding glass door, creating a glass-shattering waterfall.

There are other differences from the normal UH dorm that makes dorm life at the Ohana Reef more pleasurable. A specific luxury, which all the residents seem to appreciate, is the presence of an air conditioner in every room.

Also, in a standard UH dorm, one probably would not find an Irish Pub on the first floor, with live music until 4 am. Nor can three different ABC stores be seen from a single balcony.

Plus, living in the city is a lot different than living up in a peaceful, serene environment such as Manoa Valley. Every morning, when leaving the hotel, a person must deal with the infinite amount of flyers being thrust in their face, ice heads asking for change, or both.

The hotel is a good college dorm experience for living in Hawaii, but at any other school, it probably wouldn't work.

**Olga Menuic**

desk. But the problem is, once someone is using one washer and dryer, they just use the same key for the other set. So even if you get a key, you probably won't be able to use it.

So, with no place quiet to study at night, and not being able to do laundry, many students who don't find the charm in partying think about going on the Internet. The good thing is that there are two rooms with DSL connections. But the bad thing is that there are no computers, so you have to have your own laptop.

Another draw back to this room, when you're trying to study or connect to the Internet is when the drunken guys come in to mess around. After they're done drinking, usually around 10 p.m., they'll come in to just have fun. This is usually a lot of shouting and laughing and messing around. But the bad thing is that they smell really bad, like Karkov Vodka and cheap cigars.

Despite all this, it's positive overall. Even though it costs a bit more than regular dorms, we have the privilege to live in a hotel. Linen service to change our moldy sheets each week, house keeping to pick up those discarded condoms and roaches, and private bathrooms and showers.

Plus, it's right down the road from the beach. This makes it very convenient for late night walks along the ocean and secret hook-ups in the water.



Steve Vanholde, his wife, Michelle Mood and their son Sam make protesting a family affair.

## Protest: Lovers and haters greet George W.

From page 1

While Anderson made his way over to join the small group under the yellow sign, the mass of protesters erupted in an engulfing roar of dissent. The pro-life van with its graphic images of aborted fetuses had just driven by.

The crowd was outraged. Infuriated. Impassioned. The drums beat faster, harder. The screams turned shrill, desperate.

The riot police showed up with cable ties strapped to their belts to cuff and apprehend the ones who might get out of hand. They permeated the periphery of the crowd and watched and waited.

"Did you see? The riot police showed up," said a KCC student who just goes by Mr. Nick. "Even if we don't start something, they will. But we won't. They are lots of kids around, so we'll be careful."

The riot police weren't needed. The president and his wife had a successful visit. And by 7 p.m. the crowd had thinned considerably and the only ones left standing were KCC and UH students drumming and chanting at fever pitch. No one ever saw the president.

## CAMPUS ACTIVITIES CALENDAR

The Office of Student Affairs is working hard to give YOU FUN! Come, put those books aside, and enjoy the college life this month!

**By Marlene Jones-Skurtu**  
Staff Writer

### FREE MOVIE DAYS

Sorry, titles not available very far in advance! Oct. 29, Nov. 6, 12, and 21, in the cafeteria from 10 a.m. until 2 p.m. the Oct 29 and Nov. 21 showings will have a popcorn social.

### CACTUS AND COFFEE

Help keep the cactus garden clean! Nov. 18-11 a.m. in the cactus garden.

### BAND

Come see the performance of Zanuck Lindsey and the Reformers. In the cafeteria Nov. 3 12-1 p.m.

### ALTERNITIVE FOLK

Cultural performance by artist Lis Harvey in the cafe. Nov. 4, 11:30 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.

### ICE CREAM SOCIAL

Make new friends and get some free ice cream. Nov. 5 in the cafe, 12-1 p.m.

### PSYCHIC FAIR

Come get your palm read and future told! In the cafe Nov. 10, 12-1 p.m.

### GUEST SPEAKER

OSA presents UH President Evan Dobbelle in Ilima 202abc, Nov. 13, 12:30 - 1:30 p.m.

### ORCHESTRA

Come see the High School Orchestra performance. come show your support. Nov. 15, Campus lawn, 6-9 p.m.

### OSA STUDENT/CLUB COMPETITION

The OSA student/club Field Day Competition will be on the campus lawn, Nov. 17, 12-1:15 p.m.

### BAND

Come to the cafeteria on Nov. 24 and see JENNIFER BARBER BAND play! Performance starts 12-1 p.m.

### GUEST SPEAKER

Lt. Gov. Duke Iona will be speaking on Nov. 20 in Ilima 202abc. The presentation will be from 12:30 until 1:30 p.m.

### THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION

The International Student Thanksgiving Celebration will be held in the Ka'ikena Dining room from 11 a.m. - 1 p.m. on November 26 before the holiday break.

### Student Photo ID Hours for Fall 2003

Monday-Wednesday: 8:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.

1:30 p.m. - 4:30 p.m.

Thursday: 8:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.

1:30 p.m. - 6:00 p.m.

Friday: 8:30 a.m. - 11:30 a.m.

1:30 p.m. - 3:30 p.m.

### Halloween Costume Contest

Come be creative and show your alter ego! Start off your halloween right. Along with the costume contest there will be an alternative rock group, MISSING DAVE in the Cafeteria, Oct. 31, on Friday, from 12-1:30 p.m.

### Baha'i Club

The Baha'i Club invites all KCC students and faculty to a weekly devotional meeting held every Wednesday from 11 a.m. to 12 noon in Ohia 103. One of the central principles of the Baha'i Faith is the essential unity and progressive nature of religion. We invite people from all backgrounds to come and pray and meditate together. For more information about the Baha'i association at KCC, contact Richard Chandler at 536-6189. For more information about the Baha'i Faith see [www.bahai.org](http://www.bahai.org).