Front cover designed by Karl, Brock and Bryan
To the students;

The Kapiolani Community College Diamond Journal Club would like to thank all those students who submitted papers. Please do not be discouraged if your submission was not chosen. There was not enough space available to print all of the superb entries. The staff of Diamond Journal would like all of you to continue writing and to continue taking the opportunity, when presented, to submit your writing for publication. Writing is a good way of communicating personal feelings, thoughts, ideas, and of reminding ourselves who we are. All too often it is easy to get lost in the hectic pace of the world around us. Writing provides the chance to step back, look at where we are and where we have been, and to express our experiences and ideas creatively. For those of you who did not submit any papers, the Diamond Journal Club hopes that in the future you will submit your writing for review. Each individual has within them unique ideas and the ability to be creative. Take the writing opportunity when presented to you. There is nothing to lose and there is much to gain.

The Diamond Journal Staff
As Editor-in-Chief of the Diamond Journal Club I wish to extend my gratitude to those of the KCC community who contributed time, effort and service to enable this magazine to become tangible. The list is endless and includes the Journalism department, the Learning Assistance Center, the Educational Media Center, the Computing Center, the Board of Publications, and the Language Arts department. The biggest mahalos must go to the staff of the Diamond Journal who not only sold muffins and encouraged students to submit papers, but also spent countless hours during the Christmas break editing, correcting, sorting, laying out the magazine on computer and an endless list of other skilled jobs that must be done in order to produce a quality publication that can, and does, solicit from the students of KCC seventy-five to one hundred entries per semester. I am proud to be a part of the Diamond Journal Club and proud of its accomplishments.

Signed: [Signature]

Editor-in-Chief

By Bryan Akito Sekiguchi
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English 10V
John Smith is one of the most creative, interesting and outgoing people that I have ever met. I met him on the Ivory Coast, West Africa, fourteen years ago when he was working with my husband. At that time, he was about twenty-eight or thirty years old. John was well built and of average height. When he talked, his voice made me feel like saying, "That is the person I would love to listen to." He had a soft and pleasant voice, and he liked to tell jokes; he also loved to dance.

John Smith was a man whose dreams came true. He was born in Michigan, the third child of his parents. When John was a little boy, he read a lot about Africa, so he always wanted to go either to the Ivory Coast or the Gold Coast. When he was in high school, he and his family moved to Hawaii. While John was attending Castle High School, he worked at McKinley Motors as a car washer.

After he graduated from high school, John majored in cooking at the University of Hawaii. After a few years of cooking classes, John worked as a chef at Liberty House in Ala Moana for two years and then changed his mind about his career.

John decided to major in biology to become a wildlife biologist. At the same time that he was going to college, he applied for a job with the Peace Corps. The same year that John finished all his requirements and graduated, he received a letter from the Peace Corps instructing that he had been hired as a wildlife biologist to work in Africa. Two weeks later, John left Hawaii and went to Africa.

When John arrived on the Ivory Coast, he stayed with my husband and me for four months, and then moved into his own house. John used to take me to the park with him and teach me all the different sounds that the animals made when they sensed their enemies coming. By washing elephant droppings and noting down what was found, he introduced me to a lot of the foods that elephants eat in the wild.

John's yard was like a mini-zoo with a variety of monkeys and other wild animals. Whoever walked by his house could tell that John loved animals. Whenever he was not busy, he always went into the yard and played with his pets. To feed the monkeys, John washed the fruits, sliced them, and then put them on a plate before he gave them to the monkeys. John even made a light with a car battery and built a tree house in a big tree in the park where he sometimes spent the night counting elephants, buffalos, and other animals that passed by.

John almost lost his life one day when he was following a sick elephant and it turned around and attacked him. Although he almost died, this did not prevent John from doing his work; he just learned to be careful.

In 1975, John married an African girl, and they had a baby. Later, John renewed his contract and stayed in Africa. He continued managing the Marahoue National Park, a game park on the Ivory Coast for five-and-a-half years. He studied the migration of the animals by catching them and putting radio transmitters on them and then releasing them. John also counted the animal population by putting ear tags on each of the animals that he could catch and then releasing them. John stopped timber cutters from going into the park and scaring the animals. He also fixed the roads to make it easier for visitors to go into the park. In 1979, our national park became a famous tourist attraction because he protected the animals, did not allow hunting in the park, and provided a quiet environment for the animals.

After the hard work in the park, when John was not busy with paper work on the weekends, he, his wife, my husband, and I went dancing. One day while we were having aloco, an African fried-banana-dish served as pupus, at my house, John joked and said, "Well, after being attacked by an elephant, I think I found the Ivory that I have been reading about since my childhood. But when am I going to find the gold?"

We left John in Africa when my husband and I moved to Hawaii. Even though I am not a wildlife biologist, I learned a lot from John. The last time I heard from him was when he was in Chicago. However, I still think about John, how his childhood dreams came true, and the wonderful job he did in Africa. John is a hard working, pleasant, creative, and outgoing person whose dreams came true. I hope that one day I can see him again.
I remember the first time I saw my parents kiss. I must have been about eight years old. It was Valentine's Day; the family sat in the living room. Mom and Dad sat close to each other on the couch. Mom was smiling. I remember how beautiful she looked; her face was full of life and her glowing dark hair was curled neatly around her face. Dad was happy too, his face beaming with delight. He held mom's hand as they read their Valentine Cards out loud, which they had received from one another. Then my dad leaned over to mom, kissed her on the lips, and said, "Thank you, Margie." I thought that was amazing. I replied, "Wow! I've never seen you do that before. Do it again!" Mom and Dad laughed, and kissed each other again.

Many things have changed since that Valentine's Day fifteen years ago, but not my parents. Although they bicker back and forth about countless happenings, deep in their hearts they still have that glow and excitement for each other. I suppose since they have so much in common, through the years it has just made their love and understanding grow stronger.

Every so often, my parents decide to be healthy. Mom will start dieting (which means she will have a bag of "lite" popcorn during the movie), and Dad will start taking vitamins and try to stay away from chocolates. Together, after dinner (and two T.V. shows) they're off for a walk around the block. Their health kick usually will last about a week, then Mom is back to regular popcorn and Dad is back to chocolates (though he was probably sneaking them the whole time).

Mom and Dad have a lot of the same interests. Mostly they enjoy being around the house, and being with the family. Once in a while they like to go out to dinner and see a movie. This is usually a spontaneous act between my parents, and usually a rush job to decide what to wear, and then where to go. By the time they get back from dinner and a movie, they either loved the night out or they analyzed the restaurant and the waiter, and if that wasn't great, the movie stunk too.

For the most part my parents are really into their family, but if help is needed, they are always willing to help an outsider. One year (while we owned the business back in New York) my father found a man (about 25 years of age) eating out of the dumpster in the back of our store. Apparently, he was a bum, a Vietnam vet, and he ate out of the dumpsters and lived in a tent in the woods. Since we had an extra room in the house that we rented out, my parents decided to let him stay there, and he worked in the store for his rent, food, and a little spending money. My parents took him in as if he was one of their own. Mom gave him responsibilities and let him know he was loved. Dad also gave him responsibilities, taught him to be proud, and yelled at him as if he was his own son. My parents went as far as to try to locate his family, but there were only dead-end streets. One day Donald disappeared. My parents believe that no matter where he is today, he remembers them and their love for him.

My parents are great people. Both have lots of great qualities within them. Through their many years together, they have always seemed to bring out their strengths within each other, and work on their weaknesses.

I guess being so much alike (with open minds and warm hearts), my parents' love for each other could only keep growing, as the years go on.
My father is one of the many nice men in my life. I should not say that he is the best man because I still remember what he told me when I was a child: "When you become older, you will find someone better. Then, you will no longer say that your father is the best man in the world." I did not understand this until the day I met my husband.

This year, my father will be sixty-two years old. His hair is getting thinner and thinner. He does not like this. My mother would always remind him of his thinning hair. My father would reply, "According to scientific study, the bald head is a symbol of evolution, and people with a bald head are especially smart."

When my father goes out, he cares about the clothes he wears. He has two dozen ties, over one dozen suits, hats, and all kinds of jackets and shoes. Before he goes out, he is always sure to shave his moustache and comb his hair carefully. He takes a lot of time to make sure his suit is on correctly, his tie is tied perfectly, and his shoes are shined neatly. In the winter, he would wear a beret, and he would stay in front of the mirror until he is satisfied that the beret is on correctly.

When my father stays at home and works on his beloved art, sculpture, his appearance is quite different. He will wear an old sweater with small holes all over, and tie an apron around his waist. There will be clay all over his apron. His hair will be messy, and he will be so deep in thought that sweat covers his forehead.

Besides sculpture, my father has another hobby--buying books. Inside his room, three of the walls are covered with bookcases which he made himself. Each bookcase almost touches the ceiling. When he needs to reach a book on the top shelf, he has to use a step-ladder. Books also occupy half of my father's bed. When he is unable to sleep at night, he just reaches for a book and reads until he falls asleep. I have never counted his books, but my father mentioned proudly that he had over four thousand of them. Most of his books are on literature, history, art and music. Some of them are on science, medicine and even cooking. In addition, my father believes that dictionaries are very important for study. He keeps all of his dictionaries separately. His dictionaries include Chinese, English and Japanese.

Although my father has many books, his collection is still increasing. Before I left China, he would go to the bookstore almost every week. Most often, he would return home with some new books. He spends so much money on books that my mother would sometimes complain. After receiving these complaints, my father would hide his new books in a corner underneath the stairs. Then, when my mother was not paying attention, he would take the books into his room.

Since my father reads so many books, he is a very good story-teller. When my brother and I were small children, my father would tell us a story before we went to sleep. His stories were always fascinating, and he taught us many things by telling us stories. He taught us to be honest, diligent and polite. The most important thing that he taught me was to keep my mind open and to learn from other people.

My Father's Art
YongRan Liu
3rd Place, English 10V
Instructor: Gail Harada
A Person Who I Admire

Chae Ho Pak

Honorable Mention, English 10V
Instructor: Gail Harada

The village where I lived in Korea had three different high schools, and unfortunately my high school was very far from my house. Furthermore my school had serious differences between freshmen and seniors. They often used violence on freshmen, and it was allowed in school. So until the seniors graduated, it was a hard life for us.

The first day of high school we were all tense; we were waiting for the superior of our class. A long time after, in fact five minutes later, an old looking man came to us. He cursed and swore. At that time, I was confused and couldn't believe he was a teacher. Even if he was a teacher, I offered a prayer that I did not want to be in his class, and I guess many other students offered a prayer at that time too.

Later on, I knew that he was not in charge of any class, but he was our physics teacher. Besides that he was my calligraphy teacher. There was no way to change the class, so I had to spend my freshman year in a nightmare. In class, he told us: “Everything in the book with page numbers, you can ask me.” Every time, he answered without looking at the books. He memorized the whole book, even the page numbers. He was bald and shiny on the top, like the dome on the art academy. Also he cursed when we couldn’t answer questions. We didn’t like it, but we couldn’t say anything. If we asked him to decrease his cursing, he swore, “You are dead.” There was no way to question it.

A few months later, we came to have affection for his curses, and we did enjoy his class. Furthermore we admired him because he memorized a whole physics book, even page numbers. Every time he taught us something, he did his best to explain it. Sometimes he became our counselor; sometimes he became our calligraphy teacher. He developed the tennis team, and the calligraphy class.

The day was a master’s day. I was a class monitor, and I was having physics class with him. During class time, he asked me, “Did you give any present to the superior of your class?” I could not say no because I didn’t want to disappoint him, so I said yes in front of him and sixty of my classmates. In the meantime, my face became red, and I couldn’t stand.

I felt guilty. Why could I not say no? I lied to him, I disappointed him, and I disappointed myself.

Therefore, I couldn’t see him face to face, and I couldn’t study for the calligraphy class. Four years later, I think that the reason why I could not say no is that I admired him too much.
I still feel guilty that I couldn't save my chicken from a cat. There had always been at least three cats in the neighborhood. They all belonged to someone, though I never knew who the owners were. These cats weren't cute or fluffy like regular cats. They reminded me of the cats a witch might own. When I played in the street, I sometimes felt like someone was watching me. Every time I looked back, I saw a cat turn around a dark corner. The cat wasn't gone; he stayed in the dark where I couldn't see well and continued watching me. I was afraid of these cats, yet in the daylight I had more power than the cats.

These cats were my grandfather's number one enemies; he loved small animals. He had magic hands for animals. Every time I got goldfish from a carnival, which are guaranteed to die in three days, they lived for three years with his care. He especially loved birds, except for my vicious parakeet who could chase our dog away.

One year, my friend bought a pink chick from a carnival booth without realizing it would be a common, white, normal-sized chicken later. When the chick lost its colored feathers, my friend lost interest. She decided to give the chick away. My grandfather got upset about this and sent me to pick up the chick. He took very good care of this abandoned chick. While the other birds were always kept in a cage, the chick ran around in our yard freely, stopping sometimes for a little dig or peck at the ground. Only at night did we put him in a cage for his safety. He was a spoiled prince with a tiny red crown on his head.

One of the cats cleverly waited until my chick had grown. Then he came; he crept into our yard on a very dark night. A clattering noise woke me up. My chicken! He is struggling! I rushed to the window. The yard was too dark for me to see anything, but I knew it was a cat. What else? They had always bothered my birds and fish, even during the daytime, unless I chased them away.

I shouldn't have done this, but stupidly, I got a flashlight. My flashlight was too small to light the whole yard. And the only thing I saw were two cruel eyes, glowing in the dark, reflecting my light. I tried to scream for help. But my voice was so soft that even I couldn't hear it. I couldn't do anything else. I just stood by the window as if I had become a part of the wall. And the noise died away.

The next morning, my grandfather and I had to wash off the trail of blood in the yard where the devil had dragged my poor chicken away. Washing and cleaning were the only things a scared ten-year-old could do.
Kelly
Wing Sze Yiu
Honorable Mention, English 10V
Instructor: Gail Harada

Over the years I still remember when I was at a former school in Hong Kong. It was a small private school with less than two hundred students. There was only one class per grade, and there were four girls including me in the class. I was in the ninth grade, and I knew almost everybody from the first grade to the senior class. There was one girl in my class named Kelly. She looked and acted different from other classmates. She needed more time to think and speak.

One time she was talking to me but her eyes were looking at someplace else, so I didn't realize until awhile later that she wanted to talk to me. We were so embarrassed about this. The boys made fun of her all the time because the way she walked was so droll. She would fall on the floor, and then everybody would laugh at her for the next five minutes. She didn't know what to do but smile.

A couple of days later something happened to her again. She had a piece of chewing gum in her hair during class, and there was no way it could come off unless she cut her hair. Finally, she cut part of her hair. She was mad. She lost her temper and yelled at people. She ran out of the classroom right away. I think she was crying in the rest room. I didn't know what to say to her that would make her feel better. She was the person who was willing to help her classmates. She let people copy her homework. She enjoyed doing things for others. For example, she liked to help people with their homework. She explained well and tried her best to make us understand. But what she had was nothing but disappointments. She forgave us every time we made fun or teased her. Even though she was so angry, the next day she forgot about everything. We treated her as an unimportant person, but I think she was the best one in the whole class. She did her homework every day, and got good grades on her tests and exams. Sometimes she was very mature and serious at school. She wore the proper uniform to school each day. Everything she had was nice and clean.

Last summer when I went to Hong Kong, I called her at her apartment. Her parents told me she had gone to Canada for school. For all that time, when I thought of the school, I would think of her. She is the only person that I thought of the most. I thought I would talk to her or meet her the last the time I was in Hong Kong. I have learned to forgive people as much as I can because everybody will make mistakes. Giving people another chance is the same as giving myself one.
First of all, this event was a memorable one because after this encounter, I never had any experiences such as this. That night, it was so dark. I could see no moon, no star, and there were thick clouds, like a carpet, although I didn't think it would rain. The sky was ominous, and it looked like the earth was experiencing its last night. Can you believe my story? I was only a nine-year-old girl, but I know what I saw. I hope you will trust me; that day was the day my grandmother died.

I was so scared because I thought the Devil had come down to this world, grabbed me, and taken me away as he stole my grandmother's soul. I imagined death to be black, deep, and something from which no one could escape. My cousin and I were staring at the black sky from the window upstairs, pondering the subject of death and wondering where grandmother had gone to.

All of a sudden, I noticed something bright shining in the sky to my right. I could not figure out when it had appeared. I wondered why did that bright object appear? It looked like the gate of a shrine! However, I knew there was neither a mountain nor a shrine in the area, yet this was three yards above grandmother's house. It must have been in the clouds or floating! The gate kept shining so brightly that I could discern the shapes of the clouds. The edges of the clouds were illuminated with the brilliance of the gate, and, as if in a painting, rays of light seeped through the hole in the clouds and from the gate itself. I could perceive gold adjuncts on it. I could not describe with words how spectacular the scene was.

I was no longer scared but, excited. I asked myself several times whether the thing I saw was true. Eventually, I had no doubt it was the gate of Heaven! In my excitement I tried to tell my family what there was in the sky. But it was gone when I turned around. As I was really disappointed, I stopped explaining it to my family.

In your opinion, do you think I was in a dream? No, I was conscious. I know only children can see the boundary between this world and Heaven. My grandmother must have soared into Heaven through the Golden Gate.
My Lab Partner

Mary Jane A. Simon

English 10V
Instructor: Gail Harada

My Zoology Lab partner is the most gracious person that I met in my first year in college. She is 21 years old, but she looks only 18 years old. She has a bright smiling face with shiny eyes that look like the light from a sunrise shining on me before I wake up in the morning. Her smile also reminds me of my grandma’s flower garden, with its harmonious blooming roses. She is a happy and friendly person. She has long straight black hair, which she wears with a red hair-band that brightens her glowing face. She dresses well, but not too brightly, which shows that she wants to fit in.

I have noticed that every time we go out, she wants to pay for our snack as often as she can; so sometimes I feel embarrassed. She is extravagant and loves to shop. I realized she doesn’t care about the amount of money she spends as long she makes her family and friends happy.

As time goes by, we are building a strong relationship and becoming good friends. She is a hard working person and works part-time at the Straub Clinic and Hospital. She is also a full-time student. My partner is a very energetic person because she is always alert and active. She told me that experience has taught her to become strong when she copes with her problems. I like her motto that says, “Everyday in everything, I am getting better and better.”

Furthermore, she is very helpful. She helps me a lot when we are studying together. I noticed that she gets mad when she doesn’t do well on her tests. I can also depend on her, because she is always there to listen and care whenever I need someone to talk to. For example, when I am depressed, she is always there to support and comfort me. When we are not together, I miss her smile, her laughter, and having fun with her. It is hard to forget a cheerful person like her.

Most of all, I used to contradict whatever she said because it was fun bugging her sometimes. I realized that what I was doing was wrong, when I thought about all the good things that she had done for me. I learned that she is very understanding, because even when I teased her, she didn’t stop being a gracious person. Sometimes I wonder why she is so gracious to me. I know that a wonderful friend is hard to find. I am grateful to God for giving me such a loyal friend like her.
A Childhood Fear
Theresa Yang

English 10V
Instructor: Sandra Kelley-Daniel

Children are afraid of many things: the ocean, the dark, and the bogeyman. As they mature, some outgrow their fears while others carry these phobias throughout their lives. One of my fears was carnival rides such as the Zipper. I overcame this fear at the age of 12.

One afternoon my buddies asked me to go to the 50th State carnival with them. I hesitated to go because I never rode the rides there and all my friends loved them. I was afraid to ride them because the rides could breakdown when I might happen to be on them. I ended up going with my friends anyway. When we first got there, everyone except me rushed to the line for the rides. Then one of my pals asked me to ride the Zipper with her because she did not have a partner to ride with. I was afraid to go, but she persuaded me into going and I went.

When we got in, my heart was pounding like drums at a rock concert. The pounding was so intense, I felt as though my friend could feel it also. Then with my sweaty hands, I grabbed onto the handle bars real tight as the ride started to move. It started off slow and smooth and gradually went faster and faster. The worst part was when it started to spin and turn us upside down. All I could think of was getting out alive.

When the ride was finally over, I felt a little disoriented. I was light-headed and dizzy. My eyes felt as though they were pulled out of their sockets. After my head cleared, I realized that I had enjoyed the ride. It was not as scary as it looked from the ground. I told my friends, "It was not so bad after all."
ENGLISH 22
Shy

Poli Kaaihili-Jacobsen

1st Place, English 22
Instructor: Meena Sachdeva

When I was in kindergarten, day-care centers and preschools hadn't been invented yet. It was normal for us to enter kindergarten with no prior experience. Our only experience was what we learned at home, and if we were lucky, we learned to speak what was on our mind. I wasn't lucky; I was shy. For me, being shy was the same as having a handicap. While at school one day, I was confronted with a simple problem that my handicap made impossible for me to solve. What happened to me that day caused me to hate kindergarten.

I hated kindergarten so much that I was absent most of the school year. I had so many excuses why I couldn't go to school. "Mommy, my stomach is so sore" or "Mommy, my head hurts," I'd cry. Of course, I really was in pain, but the pain was coming from my heart. I thought my mother would never have accepted that excuse, so I never gave it. I would continue to cry and cry until she told me, "Okay, let me call the school to let them know you're sick today." Upon hearing those words, my pain disappeared instantly! Of course it was only temporarily gone, for the next day I'd have to deal with this all over again.

When morning arrived, I'd try to conjure up a new and improved reason why it was impossible for me to go to school. Hearing one excuse too many, my mother informed me, "You are going to school today and that's final!" These were obviously not the words I was hoping to hear. That pain in my heart quickly traveled through my entire body. It was so intense, I would rather have died instead.

My mother was completely puzzled. She thought maybe it had something to do with me being the youngest of six children, or maybe because I was just having a difficult time adjusting. She never knew about my handicap because it didn't show physically. And she never knew what happened to me that day at school.

That infamous day began no differently than any other. It could have been a beautiful, sunny day or a wet, rainy day. It could have happened early in the morning or after lunch. It evidently did not matter because I can't recall any of this information. But what did matter was that it happened to me while I was at school.

I had left my classroom to go to the bathroom, and when I returned, the door was closed. I tried turning and pulling the knob; however, it wouldn't turn and the door was much too heavy for me to pull. I tried again, unsuccessfully. I knocked on the door and waited patiently for someone to open it, but nothing happened. I ran all the way around the building to the other side, where there was another door, and tried to open it. I even tried knocking on it, but apparently not loudly enough because no one heard me. That side of the building was covered with huge glass windows, so I jumped up and down, waving my arms desperately, hoping to get someone’s attention. No one responded. Frantically, I ran back to the other side of the building. I ran back to the main door, figuring it was my only chance of ever getting back inside.

As I stood outside the door, I started believing that my teacher and my fellow classmates were purposely locking me out. I felt as though no one wanted me back in because if they did, someone surely would have opened the door for me by now. The tears had just begun to surface when I heard the doorknob click from within. I grabbed hold of the doorknob as swiftly and tightly as I could for fear that the door might shut before I got inside. After all my efforts, it was such a relief to finally get inside, but at the same time I was hurt. No one noticed when I walked back in. No one even noticed I had been gone all that time. Since no one noticed, I never told anyone what happened to me on that infamous day, not even my mother.

I realize now that what happened to me was nobody's fault: it wasn't my teacher's, nor my fellow classmates', nor my mother's. It wasn't even my fault. It was just something that happened when I was five years old. After all, I had a handicap.
A Miserable Day

Truc Oanh Ha Do

2nd Place, English 22
Instructor: Meena Sachdeva

I was nine years old then, the age at which every kid in the world still needs parents to look after him or her, but I didn't have such luck. First my dad received a summons, which said that he had to study communist policy for fifteen days in a re-education camp. Any man who had served in the U.S. army had to go there, and my father was no exception, though he was only a lieutenant in an infantry division. My father didn't believe what they said. They always lie, he said, but my mom was afraid my family would get into more trouble if Dad didn't show up at Suoi mau, a place where he was asked to go. So she urged him to present himself. Like my father, Mom was also a U.S. employee; she had been a secretary for the U.S. Embassy in Bienhoa, a place where we lived in South Vietnam. Little did my parents know that their positions would cause them so much trouble. Neither did I.

In the early morning of June 30, 1976, my dad had to go to the re-education camp. While Mom was busy with packing clothes and food for Dad, my brother and I were sitting in his lap. Stroking our heads, he said, "Be good children, don't play too much, try to study, and take care of Mom while I'm away."

"When will you be back with us, Dad?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "I hope that they will keep their word and it won't be longer than fifteen days."

I never wanted to say good-bye, but it was time for him to leave. I didn't want to cry, but there was something choking in my throat and my tears came out. I didn't want Mom to see that I was weeping, so I wiped my eyes quickly. Taking her hand, I said, "Don't worry Mom, Dad will come back soon." But she still looked out of the door very sadly.

I found the house was so empty after Dad's leaving. Sadly, we sat there for hours without saying a word. Suddenly, a shout startled us: "Seize the house. Don't let anyone go in or out."

We were so scared, looking surprised at each other. We didn't understand what was happening until two policemen and the leader of my district stepped in and read aloud the warrant for the arrest of my mom. She was accused of being a C.I.A. agent! I couldn't believe my ears! How could they dare say that? "My mom has never done that," I told them. "You are mistaken."

But they didn't listen to a nine-year-old kid. After searching the house for a while, they displayed our camera and radio as evidence of her spying, and these things were confiscated. Despite how hard Mom tried to explain to them that those were just for family use, they firmly said that my mom had to be investigated. Hearing that, I was shocked. I cried and told them, "You can't take her away. My dad has just gone to the re-education camp. Nobody is at home with us. You can't take her away. Please don't. Please!" But all in vain, for they dragged her away.

Later, I knew that my father was right. The Communists told lies. "Don't believe what they say, but watch carefully what they have done," someone once said. Dad's fifteen days turned out to be three years in the re-education camp, which was actually a prison. Mom was found innocent and released after three months of investigation, but she was not really freed, for she was asked to show up every month at the police station to be sure that she didn't do anything wrong.

I could only imagine how hard and miserable life would be without parents by my side, but on that one day I became a child without parents. I didn't know what to do but cry: cry for my dad who didn't know Mom was also arrested; cry for Mom's innocence; and cry for my own cruel fate. I knew that my life was changed: I had grown up not only physically but mentally. I was not a child to be taken care of anymore because it was I who had to take care of my house, earn money to live, and prepare food, clothes and supplies to take to Mom and Dad on visiting day once a month. What I did was just what I needed to do while waiting for my parents' release. After my mother's release, I could play like other children, but I did not have the heart to play while my family was still in trouble. So I still continued doing my duties. I knew that my childhood had passed, and I had grown up with adult responsibility.
The Trials of Motherhood

Andrea J. Lloyd

3rd Place, English 22
Instructor: Louise Pagotto

I am a single mother of five rambunctious sons. When I was a little girl, I couldn’t wait to grow up and be a mother because I thought it would be a wonderful experience, but now that I am older, I realize that there are many difficult aspects to being a mother.

Discipline is one specific area of motherhood that I have difficulty with. To illustrate, taking my children to the supermarket is a time-consuming, embarrassing and exhausting nightmare. I have to constantly remind my children to keep their hands to themselves, not to push each other, and not to run around, but my boys consider the supermarket paradise. For them, it means pulling boxes off the shelves, hollering at the top of their lungs, running through the aisles playing cops and robbers, and arguing over which flavor of ice cream to buy. At home, I face other problems of discipline. When I ask my eleven-year-old son Moses to help me wash the dishes, he either chooses to ignore me or announces to me that it’s not his turn. Sometimes, it’s like talking to a blank wall.

It is important to me that my children learn responsibility and accept the consequences of their behavior, yet it’s difficult for me to decide which form of discipline to use. For instance, before dawn one Saturday, I was abruptly awakened by a loud commotion coming from the front of the house. I dragged my weary body out of bed to put an end to the ruckus. When I entered the living room, I was in for the surprise of my life! The living room and kitchen looked like the scene of an accident, with milk dripping down the refrigerator door onto the linoleum floor, peanut butter and jelly smeared all over the couch, and toys all over the brown plush carpet. My first reaction, looking at the catastrophe, was to ship my sons to Siberia. Instead, I handed them a bucket of cleaning supplies, and I crawled back into bed.

Doing the laundry is particularly unbearable. People don’t realize how fortunate they are to own a washer and dryer. I find living without these appliances is strenuous because I have to carry huge loads of dirty laundry down five flights of stairs to the car. While my boys enjoy Bugs Bunny and Friends comics, I am preoccupied with the thought of hunting for an available laundromat. Once we arrive at the laundromat, chaos breaks loose. My boys run out of the car, screaming and racing around the washing machines. Then I have to find a store that will give me change without my making a purchase. Upon my return to the laundromat, I am made both prisoner and guard until the laundry is completed, five to six hours later. I endure this task three times a week without help, dreaming of the day when my children grow up or I can afford a washing machine.

Perhaps the most difficult area of being a single mother is having to deal with the tremendous burden and financial responsibilities of raising five energetic boys. Having five sons on a limited budget means money cannot be dispensed carelessly. I have to be creative in stretching every dollar to make ends meet. When my sons and I go to the supermarket, we rely on a calculator to keep track of the amount of money we’re spending. Sometimes we miscalculate the total, and I’m humiliated when I don’t have enough money to pay the cashier. Then I have to eliminate some of the items and leave them behind. I also depend on coupons to help stretch our family budget. Every Wednesday, my boys and I look through the Midweek newspaper for coupons and for creative recipes to feed a small army. Each and every day, I have to worry about whether I will be able to make next month’s rent or whether there will be enough food. Many times my sons and I have to go hungry. Not being able to provide my sons with what other children take for granted breaks my heart.

I am realizing now that it is not only difficult to keep a household but also frustrating to raise five unique boys as a single parent. My upbringing had a lot to do with my choosing this lifestyle. My father always instilled in me his values that a woman should get married, bear children, cook, and maintain a household. It never occurred to him that a woman might want to go to college, to be successful at a career, and to make a place for herself in this world. I always looked up to my father as a man of great wisdom, but now I realize there is more to life for my sons and me.
My Most Memorable Experience

David Inter

Honorable Mention, English 22
Instructor: Judith Kirkpatrick

My whole life at the age of twelve was skateboarding. When most kids were infatuated by Transformers and Mario Brothers, I was fantasizing about skating half-pipes and doing 360's off launch ramps. I had no time to play basketball with the rest of the kids after school; I was too busy looking for radical places to thrash on my skateboard.

Luckily I wasn't alone on this daily routine; I had companions. In fact, some of the best mates I ever had were fellow skateboarders. The most radical of our bunch was Daniel. He always had to outdo everyone else in some insane way. Daniel was my closest friend at the time, and we always competed against each other to prove to others who was the better skater.

Our relationship led us to many trips to the hospital. Gilbert, on the other hand, had an impeccable style of making a fool out of himself. Eyehand coordination just wasn't his thing. I guess that's why we made fun of him so much. John was the youngest and bravest of the bunch. At this time he literally skateboarded by the seat of his pants. It was dangerous to be around John when he skated, due to the fact that his board would normally go dangerously astray from him. Last but not least was my destructive friend, Jeff. His hobby was trying to destroy his skateboard while he was riding on it. I was the only one who understood why Jeff invented such a hobby. You see, every time he demolished his skateboard, his parents would simply buy him a new one.

The ultimate rush for us was to find anything killer that we could skate on. This was our goal in life during our adolescence. One day while watching a video of our idol skateboarders, the most unreal drainage ditch was discovered by the pros. The ditch was called Wallows, and after the first viewing of it on the VCR, we became infatuated with finding it for ourselves.

The next morning we all got up especially early, so our parents thought we were going to school. However we had plans of our own. It was the mission of our dreams, and all we knew was that Wallows was somewhere in Hawaii. We found by studying road maps that Hawaii Kai has the most drainage ditches. The only means of transportation that was available to us in the eighth grade was The Bus. We then proceeded to find our destination by catching the number one bus. As we passed Kuliouou, we saw our first drainage ditch. Thinking that it was what we were looking for, we walked through it, top to bottom. We finally came to the conclusion that we were in the wrong ditch, so we bailed for the next bus.

We found the next ditch in Hahaione Valley. We hiked through this ditch, and we came to a mossy cavern. We all began to argue who would go first. Being the sensible one, I persuaded Gilbert to go. Of course at the last minute he said no, so we all decided to go at the same time. As we continued through the cavern, the moss became so slippery that, one at a time, we all fell on our asses and slid down the tunnel. It seemed like something out of a Goonies movie. Covered with green moss, we clung to the sides of the rocky walls. We were able to pull ourselves back onto our feet when we came out of the tunnel. We collected our thoughts about the incidents that had occurred and the gang became weary about proceeding on our quest. Luckily the day was young and our bodies were re-energized. We had come too far now to turn back. Jumping onto the next Lunalilo bus, we headed off deeper into the unknown. As we passed Koko Marina, a glimpse of a drainage ditch caught our eyes. We immediately jumped off at the nearest bus stop. As we lunged our bodies and boards into the ditch, we proceeded upward. Gilbert found a porno and a portion of the ditch skatable; however, the porno magazine featured females with male genitals and the transition was much too fast to make that ditch skatable. To make matters worse, I ran over dog crap. Wiping the sludge off my wheels with a twig, my heart filled with despair. Is there no God? "Our quest can't end like this," I said to my colleagues. Together we walked back to the bus stop.
This was so frustrating. We just couldn't find Wallows. I sat down at the bus stop to collect my thoughts. We all were suffering from fatigue and heat exhaustion. Perhaps it was time to throw in the towel and call it quits. Out of an act of frustration, I grabbed the road map from my pocket. As I proceeded to throw it, an enormous gust of wind swept the map from my hand. A roar of thunder shook the heavens. My ears started to ring. Then I heard a voice, something like a whisper, that said, "Go to Niu Valley."

I told my friends that we should check out Niu Valley; however, they were so exhausted, all they wanted to do now was go home. At least I had time to persuade them into checking out this place since it was on our route home from Hawaii Kai. Before I knew it, we were on a bus headed for Niu Valley. As the bus got closer, a strong mysterious feeling of anticipation energized us. It was enough to help us get off at our destination, and skate off into uncertainty. Finally, we saw a ditch. There was no doubt about it; this had to be what we were looking for. Vandalized on one of the ditch's walls was the phrase, "Skate or die." This had to be Wallows. Before I knew it, we were all sprinting up the drainage ditch. Then for the first time, we saw it. At first I just couldn't believe it. As I stared at the walls of the ditch, I visualized myself cranking aerials on my skateboard.

We all skated down the ditch for the first time. The ultimate feeling of accomplishment came over me. I proceeded back to the top of the ditch. Being totally infatuated with getting an aerial and feeling totally confident, I attempted to do it. As I rolled up the transition onto the vertical wall, I shot up into the air like a rocket. It was the most incredible feeling I had ever experienced. It was like jumping into the air and leaving your intestines on the floor. As I re-entered the atmosphere, I realized that a crash landing was inevitable. As I fell onto the unforgiving concrete, I thought that maybe the aerial attempt wasn't such a good idea. I realized that I was not seriously injured. However, when I easily got up to my feet, blood began to rush out of my wounds like Niagra Falls.

My friends laughed at the whole incident before we continued to skate again. We skated Wallows that day until our hearts were content. As the day ended, we all skated off into the sunset, together, for the last time. Sure I made new friends when I went to high school; however, the new friends I made would never be the same as the old ones.
At the top of Kaimuki, curving up to the old World War II bunkers, there is a place called Crater Road, where many children lived. For many years children played on this long-dead end road; this is where I spent the best years of my life. I was only a three-and-a-half-foot tall, four year old seeing the new world when I started playing with the kids on the road. Back then, there were about thirty of us, but a few years later, there were only ten of us left. We played cops ‘n’ robbers, hung out in the tree house, caught lizards, and other fun activities that many children would do. One unforgettable pastime on Crater Road was playing sports like football and baseball. We enjoyed our childhood to the fullest, forming friendships which would last for many years.

We played football and baseball during their respective seasons. The long dead-end road provided us a safe place to play. There were not many cars passing by, so we didn’t have to worry about getting run over. Crater Road was a close neighborhood where everyone knew each other. Every summer our gang played baseball. All of our sports equipment was free. We stole the extra slippers from our porches to make the bases. A white rock found on the side of the road was used to mark a batter’s box and a base line. We played with tennis balls, so we wouldn’t break any windows. Our bats ranged from a typical homemade wooden bat to the sleek metal Easton bat. All of us played like men; no one wore a baseball mitt. We played baseball near the end of the street where a twenty-foot wall stood; we wanted the thrill of hitting a home run over the wall, just like the major league baseball players. Out of ten of us, only two could hit it over that monster. We would split the gang up into two teams of five. The scores would be somewhat insane, averaging about thirty runs per game. The game would last for many hours and far more than nine innings of play. We used to bean the person with the ball when he wasn’t on base, instead of tagging him. We were a mean little bunch.

When the summer rolled over and school started, the only time the gang could hang out together was after school and on the weekends. That’s when baseball season ended, and we started to play two-hand-touch Hawaiian-style football on the road. Playing football on Crater Road was a tradition among us, for all of the children who came before us played Hawaiian-style football, too. Unlike American style football where you had rules to follow, Hawaiian-style had no rules at all. We could throw the ball as many times as we liked during play, and there were no penalties for being off sides. The game could last for many hours because there was no time limit to follow. We used either an old waterlogged Nerf football or a cheap Forty-Niners football. They were smaller than the real thing and were easy to throw. With those balls, we could throw the long bomb. Like baseball, we set up the playing field by using a white rock to mark the road; we would mark the end-zone and every ten yards of field. The logo in the middle of our playing field read “C.R.F.L.,” which stands for the Crater Road Football League. We’d split the gang up into teams and start to play. We played the game from telephone pole to telephone pole. The telephone poles were the end-zones. We gave it all we had during these games, pretending that we were the Joe Montanas and the Barry Sanders of football. We would have plays like the long bomb for a touchdown, and would dance in celebration in the end-zone when we scored a touchdown.

On a hot New Year’s afternoon in 1985, while families in the neighborhood were celebrating the New Years with parties and watching the college football bowl games, the Crater Road kids had a bowl game of their own to play. A family on the street had a large get-together, with many children. They saw us playing football and asked if they could challenge us. It was a dream come true, a ten-on-ten match up of Hawaiian-style football. I had to pinch myself to believe it! It was the toughest game we ever played. The road looked like a war-zone out there. When the smoke cleared only one team was left standing; we lost the game by one measly touchdown, a devastating blow to all of us, and what a way to start a new year.

Playing football on Crater Road created some of the funniest times of my life. There was this big set of croton bushes on the side of the road where we played, and every time someone ran or caught the
football in that area, some strange force would make him trip and fall into the bushes. During a month's time the big set of bushes was reduced to little shrubs because there were five big holes left by us. One time an old grouchy lady told us she was going to call the police on us because we were making too much noise and were playing too close to her car. She took out a note pad and wrote down all our descriptions of what we were wearing. Then we all dashed home to change our clothes, and came outside to play again. We waited to see if the police would come, but to our disappointment no one came at all.

When we got older, the Crater Road gang saw less of each other. They were the best set of friends I ever could have. Playing in Crater Road is what kept us friends for so long. Sure we had fights with each other, but the next day we would make up. We rode bikes, blew up mail boxes on New Year's Eve; experimented with smoking cigarettes, gambling outside in the yard, and growing up. A part of me died when those fun days were over. My childhood came and went like the blink of an eye. If I had just one wish in the world, just one wish, I wouldn't wish for a million dollars, not even a billion dollars. I would wish that I could go back and do it all over again. I miss those childhood days. Friendships like the ones I had are priceless.

Crater Road today is different; children no longer play on this long road where many generations of kids once played. We were the end of a tradition. Memorable moments just don't come from watching T.V. and "veging out" at home doing nothing. Children today are missing out on an experience of a lifetime.
It was 8:00 in the morning. The sky was clear and the sunlight was warm. I knew that I had to go to work as a lot boy at a local car dealer and face my boss, Roger, the Slave Driver. I walked up to the showroom and there he was, sitting at his desk looking at me with a piercing stare. It was difficult to determine if Roger was looking at me or through me. You see, it is because of Roger that I consider my job at a local car dealer to be the worst job of my life.

Roger was inconsiderate, and because of this, I suffered the consequences. For example, he made my working conditions miserable by making me work in the hot sun where I would sweat like a running faucet. I hated the heat and sun because I would become all sticky and sunburned, but Roger did not care. He would instruct me to make sure all the cars were clean. In addition, on rainy days, Roger would issue me a raincoat and an umbrella, which would make the job even more difficult. In summary, Roger was an individual who loved his power and did not mind treating his subordinates like slaves.

Roger's inconsiderate acts continued. Roger would sometimes inform me that he did not have anything more for me to do. Being the nice fellow that he was, he would send me out into the open lot where the temperature would sometimes reach ninety degrees. He would tell me, “Go and pull some weeds until you get off work, or until I find something else for you to do.” Reluctantly I would obey; however, I hated him for assigning me those meaningless chores.

While I was working for him at a local car dealer, I realized that he was a very self-centered person. Roger would tell me to wash his Chevrolet Caprice Classic, which is as big as a boat and as filthy as a mud bucket. Roger had a habit of reminding me to make sure that the inside of the car was as clean as the outside. This request was not outside the scope of my job; it’s just that he would say it every time I cleaned his car, and his delivery of the request would remind me of a whining little kid. As usual, the inside of Roger’s car would be full of hamburger wrappers, sand, and soiled clothes, not to mention the handprints on the inside of the windows. I hated cleaning Roger’s car; however, he was my boss and I needed the job.

While I washed his car, Roger would bark out orders to clean the lot and any car in the lot that needed it. By now, it would be nearing lunch time and Roger would send me to pick up his food. He would continue to show off his self-centered behavior through lunch.

Because Roger was large, 6'4” and 330 pounds, lunch was an event for him. In fact, any meal was an event for Roger. His typical lunch order would consist of two Whopper burgers, two large orders of french fries, and one large diet coke. This was just for starters. Upon receipt of his lunch he would send me to pick up dessert for him, a custard pie and a half-quart of chocolate ice cream. One had to wonder if he could eat all of this! After I fetched all that food, I would grow hungry while Roger ate. Once Roger had pacified his animal hunger, His Majesty would let me go to lunch.

As the work day neared a close, somewhere around 3:45 P.M., Roger would beckon me into his office and tell me to lock all the cars. After I got through locking all seventy-five cars, I made sure all the keys were put away and locked. Roger would inform me that it was a good day, and that he would see me tomorrow. When I went home after my hard day at work, a well-deserved beer would be waiting for me. I would sit and drink it while I pondered the question, “What’s in store for me tomorrow?” One thing was for sure, it would not be a “good day,” at least not in my eyes.
A Picture in Hong Kong’s MTR
Peggy Pui Kee Lee

English 22
Instructor: Louise Pagotto

The construction of a rapid transit system has been the talk of Honolulu recently. The issue has brought to mind an incident that occurred to me when I was a frequent passenger of the Mass Transit Railway in Hong Kong.

It was a Monday morning—when world crises usually happen—and the train was overloaded with all classes of people: well-dressed business executives carrying mobile phones and briefcases, manual workers clutching breakfast bags in their hands, white-collar workers reading their breakfast newspapers, students carrying their bulky school bags, housewives holding their emptied baskets, children playing with the popular Gameboy and elders who had just finished their morning exercises. Suddenly, the wheels screeched, hissed, and jolted. Finally, we realized that the train had ground to a halt somewhere underneath the sea. Worst of all, the lights then went off and air-conditioning stopped functioning.

By this time, the darkened train was a chaotic symphony. Some teenage girls became hysterical and screamed in their high-pitched tones reserved for both cockroaches and crises; kids could not bear the fear of darkness and burst into frightful cries; workers cursed and swore using a kind of language nobody would want to comprehend; old women murmured their prayers in the hope of an early salvation. Apart from all these noises, unfortunately no announcement was made from the staff of the MTR.

Adding to the distress, the sweltering heat had expanded and filled the carriages at the speed of light. I was, and I guess everybody on board was also, glowing with sweat dripping off from forehead to neck. Finally when the temperature became unbearable to many trapped passengers, they ended up fainting in the dark; as people started to apply ointment to the sick persons, the odor became stronger and stronger. Some people, instead, were fanning themselves vigorously with newspapers, trying vainly to draw more air around them.

Then, as suddenly as the breakdown of the train had occurred, the situation improved when the fluorescent lights flickered and were lit up again. Later we heard a voice-from-the-heavens apologizing for the collapse of service and saying that the car would resume its journey shortly—which it did but only half an hour later! In spite of the delay, I can still remember hearing the sighs of relief from all in the train.

Although what happened is not a very pleasant experience, I still think that the MTR in Hong Kong does provide the efficient and reliable service that a commuter expects. Nevertheless, the people in Hawaii will not have the same adventure because the train is running above ground instead of inside a tube lying on the sea-bed. At least, stranded passengers can enjoy the beautiful scenery of the waterfront!
I Like My Hometown
Christine Cheng

English 22
Instructor: Kai Nelson

Xiao Nan, where I spent my childhood, is a small town in South China. I was born there, and I stayed there for about 10 years. It is the most familiar place in my memories. Whenever I recall my childhood, Xiao Nan always comes to my mind.

I liked the look of Xiao Nan. It was a tiny village. People who lived there knew each other. It was so small that it only took us about one hour to ride around it on a bicycle. Although it wasn't big, the mountains, the river and the forests there made wonderful scenery. There was a low mountain behind the town. Most of the year, the mountain was rugged with green grass and trees. The emerald green of the mountain looked especially bright and deep in the summer. On the mountain, there were square thick forests. Children usually found fun there. In the hot summer, we played in the shade of the trees. Surrounded by the fresh smell of new leaves and grasses, listening to the birds singing briskly, we climbed trees to catch cicadas and picked ripe fruits to eat.

At the root of the mountain, a river ran slowly through the town. The water in the river was so crystal clear that we saw a lot of black fish swimming against the stream when we passed by the banks. On the sunny days, the river sparkled in the sun like thousands of twinkling stars scattered on the river.

Next to the river, there were big fields, which were divided into squares and rectangles. People planted rice, tomatoes, chives, and other vegetables in those fields. Farming is the main means of living there. In order to keep sparrows from eating the rice shoots, peasants placed some scarecrows to frighten them. I remember hearing the sounds of rice swaying gently in the light breeze and the song people sang in the farmland being carried away by the wind. At the edge of the crop, I smelled chrysanthemum. The sunlight on the crops reflected light green.

Not far from the farm, there were houses. Some of the houses had a history of more than a century. Most of them were old and shabby. Yet, the elegant sculptures on the houses were very beautiful. Out of the houses, vines climbed to the roof and bloomed with yellow flowers. Looking at the edge of roofs against the blue sky was so delightful to the eyes. In the middle of the town, there was a market. It was usually busy on Monday and Thursday, when the natives and the people from other villages sold produce they had grown by themselves. Near the market were some white low buildings, which were a post office and some business shops.

I not only liked the look of the town, but also the life of the town. People who lived there led a simple and honest life. Early every morning, when the dewdrops still gleamed on the grass, housewives got up. A day began. They prepared the breakfast, and fed the chickens, pigs and cows. After eating breakfast, men went to the farm, women began washing clothes, and the little children stayed with their mothers and played in the courtyard. In the morning, the wind blew quietly, and the sun shone warmly, drying the wet clothes on the bamboo poles. In the afternoon, it became hot. People liked to take a nap under the trees. Then, they continued working. When the sun went down in the west, people returned home. It was almost the end of the day. At night, people gathered in the park. Some of them chatted, some played chess, and some sang. All of them relaxed after a day of work.

People were happy in the town, and so was I. I loved the scenery of the town, and I loved the people. Everything went so slowly and calmly, in that town, that I didn't know what time passing fast was like, until I left it.
My Worst Job

Renee' K. Takaba

English 22
Instructor: Louise Pagotto

My first job was working as a game attendant at the MP Carnival when I was 16 years old. I was very happy and excited when I got hired. I felt this was going to be an awesome job because I loved carnivals. The carnival rides, games and food were great. The people attending the carnival looked happy and seemed to have a wonderful time. Little did I realize, this job was going to be the worst job I ever had!

My supervisor, a lady named Sue, was the grumpiest person in the world. She acted as if we had done something wrong to her, which we had not. What her problem was, I couldn't figure out. She seemed to be nice only to the people who were regular workers of the carnivals. Sue behaved like a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. We would see her talking to someone she knew, acting so sweet and calling her "Babe" or "Sweetheart," then, boom! She would talk to another person and treat her like a dog. I wanted to suggest she take some kind of happy pill, but it probably wouldn't have helped. I hated it when my girlfriend and I had to follow her while she showed us to our job site. She looked at us and said, "Eh, you two. Come with me, now!" We felt like we were a couple of prison inmates following our guard to the electric chair.

Our duties were unbearable. Because at first no game attendants were needed, my girlfriend and I were assigned to tie animal-shaped balloons to sticks, using rubber bands. I hated it! I didn't like getting blisters on my hands from doing something so ridiculously boring. Later, Sue came and told us she had a game booth for us; therefore, we should follow her. The game was Tic-Tac-Toe. The object of the game was to pop with darts any three balloons within a square box. The prize was a little bear, which, after winning three, you could turn in for a larger one. This was not a fun booth! Little kids would come to play and darts would fly everywhere like scud missiles. I tried to stay out of the line of fire, but the darts managed to hit me anyway. It wasn't a good feeling, getting poked by one of those weapons. I was always afraid of doctors' needles, and those darts seemed like big ones. People were not purposely trying to hit us; however, we were constantly moving, serving everyone and filling the holes with new balloons and we got in the way. This game was dangerous. I'm glad I made it safely through the night, since I could have been seriously hurt.

The working conditions were terrible. After two hours of working in the game booth, it started to drizzle, and then it started to pour. Unfortunately for us, the tent did not cover the entire game area. The ground was mostly dirt, and that soon became a big problem. Our booth got flooded. I got soaked and stood almost knee-deep in mud. The eggshell-colored pants I was wearing were now brown. Because of the rain, the people came under the game tent for cover, which meant more business and confusion for us. People were obnoxious and had no pity. They were yelling at us to hurry up and give them their darts, while we ran through the mud from one side of the booth to the other. There I was, running around like a little kid who was dizzy after getting off a twirling ride and couldn't focus or walk straight. Mud was everywhere we stepped. I hoped the night would come to an end, or at least the rain would stop. Oh, the rain did finally stop, but not until just before work was over. So work in my own little pig pen had to go on. I was then dodging muddy darts, digging in the mud and swishing my hands around to pick up the killer flying objects, just to give them back to the people from hell. Because it was 8:00 p.m., and the carnival ended at 11:30 p.m., I had three and a half hours more of this nonsense to tolerate.

Take it from me. Don't work at a carnival and risk the chance of being treated like a dog by your supervisor, getting hit by darts, and getting a full-body mud-mask, all for the measly minimum wage. The pay wouldn't even cover the cost of the clothes you would have to replace or your doctor bills. It wouldn't be worth it, and it would be the worst job you ever had.
Longline Fisheries of the Pacific

Kirk W. Kolar

English 22
Instructor: Louise Pagotto

The commercial longline fishermen soon will be a phenomenon of the past. When foreign fishermen over-fish oceans of the world, they don't think about tomorrow. The ageless simplicity of the longline fishermen soon will be history if something isn't done to regulate fish taken by fishermen on the high seas. This craft is passed on by generations who learned by experience rather than by modern technological, scientific methods. In the near future, fisherman of the Northwest Pacific must be concerned about the wasting of natural resources before it is too late.

Longline fishermen use a multi-hook, mostly squid-baited, type of leader line. The leader line is connected to a main line that can range in length from 1 to 5 miles, which is a standard length that an American longliner would use. The Japanese length of 50 to 100 miles is considerably longer. These massive quantities of strong steel hooks are set in the deepest of blue waters, and after the last hook is set, the fishermen go back to the other end, where it is then gathered up at a rapid pace. Catching tuna and swordfish by this process of longline fishing in the Northwest Pacific is an efficient and productive way of catching fish, as well as marketing fish to sell on world, local, and fresh fish marketing levels. The better the quality of fish the better the price fishermen can obtain.

People don't understand that countries have solely survived from just this one kind of fishery alone; as a result, others have just recently started to gain knowledge of this fishery. Nevertheless, after World War II, the Japanese relied solely on their fishing abilities in starting the rebuilding process of their country. Billions of dollars every year are made in the longline fishery alone. Also prime targets of real estate have been chosen carefully by the Japanese at strategic points worldwide to help in their fish trading monopoly. This is a business that is conducted on the high seas; however, not just anyone can compete in it. Comparing the Japanese longline fisherman to the American, it's hardly a contest because of the depth and versatility in just one division of the Japanese fishing industry.

Both fishermen strictly go after top-grade tuna, sashimi and swordfish using the same type of methods and gear. Since both fishermen have to regard the Northwestern Pacific as King, they seem to handle the mighty waters with great skill. By coincidence the fishermen enjoy the same beverage such as Coca-Cola, even though their eating habits are different.

In the construction of fishing vessels, for example, while American fishermen rely mostly on buying boats from other U.S. fishermen that have depleted their resources in other areas of the U.S., the Japanese construct custom vessels, strictly designed for the rapid slaughter and processing of fish. In addition, American boats are much smaller in size than the Japanese boats. American boats average 75 feet in size and have a range of 18 to 36 days dock-to-dock in their trip time. In contrast, the Japanese vessels range from 130 to 150 feet and have a trip time of 3 to 6 months depending on fuel, food, and sea stores.

The American fisherman fishes with only 1000 hooks per day per boat, yet the Japanese fish with 2000 hooks per day per boat. There are 130 boats in the American fleet. That is 130,000 hooks per day, as opposed to 1000 boats in the Japanese fleet, with 2,000,000 hooks per day per boat. The Japanese average a considerable amount more in tonnage per day than the U.S. longline fisherman. Even if the U.S. longline fisherman could pull his gear as rapidly as the Japanese, he is still in second place. Numbers of personnel that work on these vessels are one-sided. The Japanese have 14 to 22 highly skilled crew members as opposed to 4 to 5 on U.S. vessels. Even though the American longline fisherman is on the losing end of this comparison, he still can make a rewarding career out of his not-so-easy business.

The technology and manpower that goes into longline fishing is a bigger and more complex topic than people think. Although the U.S. longline fisherman is improving in many ways, the Japanese still dominate the fishery in the Northwest Pacific, a horn of plenty for sea life and bird life as well. In understanding that the ocean is the last frontier for natural resources, countries must unite and regulate the over killing of sea life. This is where the future lies, in preserving one of our last true food chains of life left in our world today.
A Teacher King

Celine Chan

English 22
Instructor: Louise Pagotto

Two years ago, I left Hong Kong and went to study in Toronto, Canada. It was such an experience for me making new friends from different countries and learning how to be independent. I was late for the first month of school, for my student visa was delayed. I felt certain that I could not catch up with the syllabus of the course. Luckily, I discovered a special person who taught me how to be a real individual: Mr. Peacock, my accounting teacher. While I attended his class I noticed that he was a hearty, capable and valiant man. Mr. Peacock is the best teacher that I have ever had.

A good teacher should have a close relationship with students. Mr. Peacock was one of the few who could. During the class, everyone paid attention because we were all waiting for him to tell us the joke of the day. He taught the concepts and principles of accounting by using jokes and funny examples. Sometimes we both stayed behind and continued to discuss the subject. Furthermore, he was so active. After the lesson was over he stayed and waited to play baseball with us. Mr. Peacock was the father of two daughters and a son, but he could still manage between his family and us. We were so proud of the efforts that he made to be our friend.

Compared to many teachers, he was the only one who could teach effectively and grade fairly. In the second month of the class, we began to learn the accounting cycle and how to make a balance sheet. Mr. Peacock gave us a lot of useful handouts and many examples. Because most of us were freshmen, he applied the questions to our situations. In addition, he allowed free speech. Whatever we wanted to say, the freedom was ours. During the class we were divided into groups, and Mr. Peacock asked us questions. This was a good chance for us to get points and increase our grades.

Grammar was important in our writing; however, Mr. Peacock thought it was not that influential. His reason was that every time most students received back their tests or examinations, they realized that the part which usually deducted marks the most was grammar. As the result, students might write less in order to avoid grammar mistakes. So, when Mr. Peacock marked the tests, the grammar mistakes would not be counted. Another way to say it is, he wasn't that picky about the grammar. This was a better way to guarantee our marks. Perhaps, our class had the highest average of others. People may think that he was a kind person; indeed, he could encourage us to write more and to participate more in class. And that is every teacher's goal.

Mr. Peacock taught me lessons about life. He said that men should be brave and stand by themselves. This was the main philosophy which we learned about. During the semester, I also met a tough history teacher who never appreciated the work that the class did. After the mid-term, everyone in the class was so unhappy because our grades were lower than the previous year. Therefore, we all went to see the teacher and argued with him. However, the result was the same; no change in grades. Mr. Peacock also observed this situation, so he came and talked with us. First of all, he asked us what was the purpose of studying, and we all replied, knowledge. This answer seemed not good enough for Mr. Peacock.

He told the following, "Is knowledge the only thing that you all need? If you don’t have good grades, how can you keep on studying and working." Suddenly, everyone realized that Mr. Peacock’s advice was right. Next, he strongly encouraged us to take action. As a result, we wrote a letter to the principal and requested to have the grades changed. In a few weeks, we all got our proper grades back. After all these matters, we understood the meaning of students’ rights and that is why we adored Mr. Peacock so much.

Now I am in college. I have not forgotten Mr. Peacock. He was so nice and taught me a lot of things that I needed to know such as how to become a strong character and how to stand by myself alone. He was the King of the teachers.
My father is a firm believer in the power of the written word. He believes that you can teach yourself a skill by checking a book out of the library and reading up on the subject. His theory, when put to the test of reality, has resulted in some unforeseen consequences. On one memorable occasion, Dad attacked a Volkswagen Rabbit with a hacksaw.

During my sophomore year in high school my father decided he was going to teach himself how to repair the family cars.

On Saturday mornings my father would put on a set of old white overalls. Then he would get out the most important tool in his arsenal, a library book. If I was foolish enough to make an appearance at the critical moment before carburetors were disassembled and ignition coils replaced, I would then be shanghaied into becoming the master mechanic's apprentice.

Learning the art of automotive repair from my father (the master mechanic) was not high on my priority list. I would wait patiently until my father was bent over the fender of the car. Then as quietly as an Indian brave on the warpath, I would attempt to sneak past my father and make my escape.

Indians were lucky in that they didn't have to creep over a mine field of socket wrenches, screwdrivers, and car parts. Invariably, I would trip over one of these booby-traps and a voice would rise up from the engine compartment.

"You can save a lot of money doing your own car repairs."

"Yeah, I know, but I'm just not mechanically inclined."

"That's rubbish. You can learn to do anything if you really put your mind to it. You'll regret it later." At which point, I would usually make my getaway in order to pursue more worthwhile endeavors such as going to see my girlfriend or playing football.

One memorable Saturday I spotted my father bent over the fender of our new V.W. Rabbit. We had just purchased the car two weeks before, and I was surprised that such a new car would need the attention of a master mechanic. He was wearing his white overalls. His library book was at his side. All of a sudden I had a dreadful premonition.

"No! It can't be. He's not actually going to start working on our brand new car," I thought to myself. Right at that moment, he straightened up and wiped his hands on the seat of his pants. The old man was so intent on the job at hand that he didn't even notice me standing there.

"What are you doing to the Rabbit?" I asked, trying to sound casual.

"I'm going to remove the catalytic converter. That way we'll get better gas mileage," he replied with the voice of an expert. In a flash, the car's life passed before my eyes.

"I don't think you can take a catalytic converter off that easily. Aren't they designed to prevent people from removing them?" I asked with the voice of reason.

"Don't worry, I've bought a special book on removing these gizmos," replied my father, the expert.

Three hours later I came home, and Dad was in the same position he had been in when I had left. The only noticeable differences were that his overalls were no longer white and there was a large variety of engine parts scattered all over the driveway. Realizing that this was no time to start learning automotive repair, I dove into the bushes on the side of the house. Moving as quietly as a Comanche, I made my way into the backyard. Closing the back door behind me, I breathed a sigh of relief.

At five o'clock, I went into the kitchen for a cold drink and found my mother peering out of the window at my father.

"He's still out there," she said, without turning her head.

Several hours later, when there was no more light, my father finally came into the house. He mumbled something about foreign cars and disappeared into the garage.

The next day was Sunday, our day to watch football on television. I was surprised when Dad put on his white overalls, which were by now gray.

"Still working on the car?" I asked.

"Yes, I'll have it finished by half-time," he confidently replied.

Every half an hour I went outside and told him...
the score. By the end of the game he still hadn't made an appearance. Suddenly, I heard a screeching sound coming from the driveway. It sounded like somebody was running his fingernails across a chalkboard. I ran out the front door and saw my father leaning so far over the fender that his feet weren't even touching the ground. His arm was going up and down like a piston.

I shouted above the racket, "What are you doing?"

He didn't respond, so I walked up next to him and looked down into the engine. He had a hacksaw and was in the process of sawing off various pieces of the engine. The engine, which had been a marvel of German technology, now resembled the motor of a Model T. On one side of the car was a cardboard box overflowing with engine parts of all shapes and sizes. Just barely visible under the top layer of parts was the corner of his automotive repair manual. I walked back into the house without saying another word.

There was very little conversation at the dinner table that night. A certain tension was in the air, and neither my mother nor I wanted to bring up the subject of the car.

"Graeme, I have an errand for you," said my dad in his Mr. Cleaver voice. "I want you to take the Rabbit into the dealership. The tow truck will be here at 9:00 in the morning."

The next morning I was waiting in front of the house when the tow truck pulled up into the driveway. Jewel, his name was printed on the pocket of his shirt, fit the mold of a typical tow truck driver. He was fat, greasy and a good old boy.

"This here the car? Well, ya ain't riding with me in the cab, so I reckon ya have to sit in the car."

The Volkswagen dealership was fifteen minutes away, and it seemed like the longest ride of my life. Sitting in the back of the Rabbit, next to an overflowing box of greasy motor parts, while being towed down the highway at a forty-five degree angle, was bad for my image.

Finally, we arrived at the dealership, and I climbed out of the car. The German equivalent of Mr. Goodwrench marched up and asked me what was wrong with the car. I walked over to the car and opened the hood. I think he would have shot me on the spot if he'd had a Luger handy.

"Vat happened? Where is ze rest of ze car?"

I pointed to the back seat. He slowly walked around the car and looked though the rear window. "This vill not be covered on ze warrant," he snarled, "I vill have to call you with ze estimate!"

Herr Goodwrench did an about face and marched off. Jewel was leaning against his truck, chewing on a toothpick, taking in all the excitement.

"Damn boy, for a second I thought ya was a goner," he chuckled, "I guess I can break the rules and give ya ride back to ya place."

Jewel turned out to be a pretty good old boy after all. On the ride home he asked me what happened to the car. When I told him the whole story the toothpick fell out of his mouth.

"Ya mean to tell me ya pa used a hacksaw," he gasped, "I mean to tell ya boy, that's about the damndest thing I ever heard!"

When we got to my house I hopped out.

"Thanks buddy," I said.

"A hacksaw," he smiled and shook his head.

Then he drove off with a hoot and a holler.

The following Saturday I woke up and found myself in a pool of sweat. I stumbled out into the living room, and there was my mother dragging a fan out of the closet.

"What happened to the air-conditioning, Mom?"

"Your father's working on it," she replied.

"Working on it? What does he know about air-conditioning?" I asked in amazement.

"He's been to the library," my mother replied with a sigh.
On the Wings of Angels

Debra Sell

2nd Place, English 100
Instructor: Paul Pinkosh

I lie in bed waiting for the alarm to ring. The morning is still dark, and I’m surprised that I am awake at this hour. Not even the birds are alive yet. The impatience inside me drives me out of my cozy confines and into the cool air. Finally the day I had spent months waiting for has arrived.

Today I fly! Not with the modern kind of flight travel of an airplane or a jet, but with a primitive method: an object that brings out the primal instincts of a soul, a machine that has touched the imaginations of many. And today I’m the one who gets to fulfill these fantasies of flight. To fly on the winds of the mountains in a hang glider.

The time it takes to get dressed and gather my equipment is only a few minutes. Quickly I’m out the door and heading for the shop to begin my adventure. Within a short time I load my equipment onto the truck and climb aboard the vehicle of smiling faces. We all are here for the same thing, the thrill of flight. Today I will gain the acceptance of these experienced pilots, the teachers and the masters.

The ride to the site seems endless. It’s still early and the sun is starting to shed some light in the east. The pilots know I’m nervous. At times their gentle teasing seems a bit cruel, and yet I love it and ask for more. I know they wouldn’t be kidding unless the confidence in me was there. We arrive at the site with the jokes behind us. As everyone unloads the truck, the reassuring pats on the back and the way they say “good luck” and “you’ll do fine” show me the true support that these gentlemen have for me.

The morning air is crisp and cold as it stings my nose, and my breath hangs in the air each time I exhale. A fine film of thin fog hangs over the ocean, meeting the land, and makes the sand look like a medieval knight’s dream. My heart pounds at just the sight of the rocks high above me. Could I really get to that pinnacle, so far out of my reach, yet within a moment’s grasp? The work is slow, but meticulously I place every bolt and pin in its proper place, then do it again to be sure. Only once will I have the opportunity to complete these steps. Only once will I have the chance to correct a mistake before it happens. I work steadily as the air starts to warm from the movement that I am performing. The fog has vanished. I haven’t even noticed it rolling back, unfurling, showing the water, sand, and mountains. The air is still cool and the aluminum is cold in my hands. My eyes glance the horizon looking for signs of wind direction. There is that light breeze again stinging my nose. Squinting from the bright rays of sun, I stare at the clouds, comforted by the softness each one possesses, and the flat bottoms that create lift. I know this is going to be a beautiful day.

A gust of wind strikes my body, making my mind start to reel with doubts. Is there too much wind? Am I really prepared? Am I sure I want to go through with this? From somewhere inside, confidence that I rely on returns, reassuring my soul. I know I’m ready; last night my dreams rehearsed it a thousand times.

I check the equipment again, carefully putting every detail in order. What a beautiful machine it is, every stitch of sail thought about, every inch of aluminum measured precisely. The control bar was developed especially for me: small, strong, yet willing to give with Pacific-blue leading edges to carry me into the air and 140 square feet of mylar wings ready to pierce the sky. My hang-glider is a cherished piece of my own imagination. How long had I labored over the decision to choose this beautiful craft? How many conversations have I had with the pilots getting opinions, gaining knowledge, understanding the commitment? Now here it sits, my elegant magic carpet.

I feel the warmth of the air, the sun rising on my back and my glider absorbing the light like it will the wind. It’s time to go, time to feel the weight and the strength. Carefully I tip the nose up from the ground and lift the downtubes of the control bar up to rest on my arms and shoulders. Surprisingly it’s lighter than I expect. A flow of air lifts the machine off my arms as if angels had picked it up to ease the burden of weight from my body. Then without warning a sudden shove against my neck, shoulders, and arms force me to stumble. Quickly I realign the nose directly into the wind, and again I feel the angels lift. For the first time I feel the sensitivity of this flying machine and realize the value of its designer.
With each step I start to climb the hill, watching the sand give way to each imprint. Always cautious of wind direction, I learn quickly that if the glider is pointed a little to the left, my balance is thrown to the north with the lift of an appendage. There is no forgiveness with the wind, and soon I realize that it is the master of control, not I.

A little higher, slowly each step brings me towards launch. After only a few minutes of climbing I'm exhausted. Worn by the fight against the wind, I find that rest comes easy. The flow of air forces the glider's nose into the sand, no longer lifting my wings, but holding them down. Looking around, my sighs signal the beauty of the scenery. Below me the barren earth drops to lush foliage at the bottom of the cliff, then fades into sand that eventually marries the ocean. What an incredible view: colors as vivid as a classical piece of art, strikingly rich. I wonder how forgiving the foliage is. My mind brings up the doubts again, punishing my self-confidence. The humbling aspect is good for my spirit, I remind myself. The adrenaline starts to invigorate my soul. The excitement increases my energy as I lift the glider again to finish the few steps left to the launch.

Quickly I reach the final destination and start to prepare. First a wind check, 5-10 m.p.h., directly from the west, just right for the initiation. Second, I check my equipment: another look over all the pins, rings, nuts and bolts. Next I check my harness: new, but a little bruised from the mistakes I've received on landings, yet it fits perfectly and comfortably. Once more a check to be sure I'm at a correct height hanging from the hang straps with the carabinier locked into place. Nothing has changed, everything is tight and solid. I pick up the helmet and walk my glider over to the edge. Leaning into the wind, I wait to be sure the other pilots know I'm ready and I make the final wind check. "All systems go," as the shuttle astronauts say. I can almost put myself in their place, although I wonder if anyone's heart could be beating as fast as mine is now. All eyes are watching as I inch up to the cliff. Suddenly there is that strong wind being friendly and supportive. As I rethink my flight every step and every move, I feel a calming presence of reassurance come over me. A solid hard run is the only way to insure my feet leaving the earth. I know once I start I can't stop or even slow down; any hesitation during my run would mean the nose will pitch down and there is no room for corrections to be made.

I lift my glider and raise the nose slightly, slowly, and whoosh! The wings billow with air. Quickly I start my run. Hard and fast come my steps; one, two, three and the ground falls away along with a sudden gasp of my breath. My heart pounds as my glider soars in the wind. The wings are strong and supporting, as they lift me through the air. The ground moves away from me quickly with an earthly blur of colors. I turn to face the mountain to give thanks and realize all I want to do is to continue to fly. I don't want this feeling to ever end. To feel the angels wings, to soar, and turn, and understand the mystery and the power of flight.
My mother always says he never grew up. I can just hear her now, in between puffs on her Virginia Slims menthol cigarette, using that self-taught psychologist voice.

"Your father never ceases to amaze me," she crowed, referring to the seven years after just to irritate me, but I can't tell that to Mrs. Know-It-All.

My dad is a big man, about six-feet, two-inches tall. And he must weigh at least two hundred thirty pounds, something like a stuffed teddy bear. He also wears a beard and mustache sometimes, since he can't make up his mind whether he likes them or not. His wavy light-brown hair is starting to gray. Now the gray is spreading into the hair on his face. My father also has sparkling baby-blue eyes that remind me just how handsome he is under all that hair. And although he is three thousand miles across the ocean, I can see him right now, flapping around in the atrocious green flip-flops he bought on his last trip to Hawaii and the T-shirt that barely covers his beer-belly.

My father has an Italian temper that used to make me shake like a California earthquake every time he came near. His temper was like a time-bomb ready to explode; my brother and I never knew when he would go off. I can remember one time, when I was about twelve years old, my brother and I had a petty argument. When my father finally intervened, I could no longer remember what the argument was about, possibly to save my brother's rear-end. My not being able to remember why we quarreled was enough to set him off, just like that time-bomb, and he uncontrollably tanned my hide. Outbursts like this left a lasting impression, as if written in ink and, therefore, indelible. The only memories I have of growing up with my father are the recollections instilled by my mother, reminders of all the bad times. She led me to believe my dad is insensitive, insecure, and most of all, immature. For the most part, he is all of these things.

It seems as if my mother's ideas rubbed off on me, like a stain that won't wash out. In spite of all his current efforts, such as the expensive Christmas gifts and fatherly advice, the underlying image I have of my father is so deeply embedded that it cannot be washed out.

On one warm, breezy afternoon in June, my daddy walked me down the grass, underneath a shady banyan tree. It was my wedding day. And my daddy held my elbow tightly in his as he walked me to meet my husband-to-be. Suddenly, I couldn't help but notice Daddy was still wearing his sunglasses. Where were his manners? But as the sunlight beamed through the glass, I realized he was crying, tears welling up in his eyes. Was this the insensitive, insecure man my mother always talked about? I had seen a side of him I never knew existed. That moment seemed to last a lifetime. I felt like we were walking in slow-motion, as if there was no gravity.

Daddy calls almost every Sunday morning, now. He forgets about the three-hour difference in time and wakes me up from a peaceful, weekend morning sleep every time. He always asks, "I didn't wake you up, did I?"

"Oh no, I've been up for hours," I say, obviously slurring my words.

His last telephone call, as always, was very short and impersonal. And he routinely ended the call very abruptly, saying: "Well, I gotta go."

"Okay, I'll talk to you later," I said, acting hesitant, but dying to fall back into my dream. "All right," he said, "but listen, don't run up your phone bill. I'll call you." He says that every time; it sounds so fatherly.

"Fine--I love you." It was one of the first times I can remember saying this to my father.

"Oh--I-I love you, too," he stammered, very quickly. I guess it had been a long time since either of us had told each other how we felt, so long that my dad had forgotten how to react. I'm not sure what prompted me to say it at that moment, but when I hung up the telephone, I felt like a hot-air balloon sailing high up in the sky. I think he did, too. It's a shame we waited so long.
The Son
Vernon Cheong Tze Luin

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Meena Sachdeva

"Someday you will have children of your own and only then will you realize how difficult it is to raise and support a family." It seems it was only yesterday that my father had said those words to me but I recall them vividly. The smell of ammonia hung heavily in the air, as the warm wash of orange from the setting sun cast long shadows, like searching tendrils, in his placid room of white. My mother sat faithfully and vigilantly by his bedside. Somehow, these elements all conspired so that I would never forget this moment, and how could I? My father had just been diagnosed with terminal cancer.

I remember my childhood back in Singapore during the 1970's, when every other household had a daughter or a son who was either a lawyer, an accountant, or a doctor. These professions were highly respected, and it did not make any difference whether the child harbored the intentions of pursuing such an ambition; the parents had their aspirations and plans for the next generation, and that was how it was to be. Whether the child was in high school, preparatory school or college, his or her parents would compare, covet or condescend to elaborate upon the achievements of the child. Being Chinese did not help very much in this aspect of parenthood; in fact, it was predominantly an acute problem with us. Being born a son did not help very much either, for he was to carry the family name and pass it to his next generation and so forth. It was a matter of honor and prestige that he be successful, to be envied by the rest of the neighbors. Little had Confucius realized the impact that his teachings would have on our value system and on raising a child in our perpetually status conscious society. So that was how most of my generation was raised, and we became products of our parents' formulae for success and respectability.

There he lay, the pallor of his complexion a stark contrast against the pastel blue sheets of his bed; his pupils of ebony remained cold and lifeless and transfixed upon some point beyond the wall, as if it were glass. Upon his bedside table a photograph of a robust young police officer in full uniform, with his bride, stood in mute protest against the ravages of the illness that had reduced this once proud man into a leathery bag of skin and bones. The months of therapy after his operation had taken their toll on him, both emotionally and physically, and I had been witness to it all, especially his withdrawal from life, like the setting sun upon the distant horizon and the encroaching darkness of night.

In spite of all the attention, care, love and support that we gave him, the resignation prevailed, and I had never felt so helpless. And as if he had suddenly sensed my presence at the door, he turned his head ever so slightly. As I stood there, his eyes began to tear. If shame and guilt were garments to be worn, then I had a complete wardrobe. That day, I sat there by his bed and gently held his enfeebled hand as if the act itself was an answer to the confusing emotions in me, but all I found was an abyss and I was being pulled into it.

"You know that your father does not have very much time left and you know how proud he would be if you could follow your sister's footsteps and attain your college degree."

It seemed everyone was saying that to me, especially my mother, and it did not help ease the pain of being all alone and facing these demands and expectations. I felt the ambivalence of responsibility and the contradiction of interest. And as with this and every other time that I was with my father, I was reminded of the labor of his love, of the life that he had given to this family, and of the sacrifices that he had made. The sense of shame and guilt was overwhelming. It had taken so long, and then his illness, to make me realize how I had been so wrong and selfish, and how I had forgotten to be his son.

"Dad, you take care of yourself while I am away and make sure you try and eat what mother and the doctor give you. Do not worry. I am sure everything is going to be fine, and before you know it, you would be up and about and attending my graduation in Hawaii. I'll even send you the ticket. I will make you proud, Dad."

With that, I placed his hand back at his side. His eyes were still tearing when, with an effort, he whispered, "Put your heart into it and study hard. Make your mom and me proud, son."
It seemed like an eternity before I found the strength to carry myself and the legacy that he had placed upon me with those few words. I then left the room, feeling the full weight of my responsibility. A ticket, a plane, a destination and a new life were waiting for me within the next hour.

It had seemed such a long time ago but the images and words remain fresh in my memory. The decision to continue college could not have been made more difficult. I had found another job in the airlines, and for the past four years I had been drawing a moderate income that could have supported both my parents and myself comfortably. I had been happy with my job and the independence that came with it, but now the situation had changed. I found myself back where I was trying to get out of in the first place, from the control of my parents.

Coming back to college at the age of twenty-seven after being out of the educational system for eight years is nothing short of being lost in a maze. I had left things familiar, people that I cared for and a gratifying job, to plunge right into a whole new environment for the next four years of my life. It does not seem like a long time to compensate for the all the years of his life that my father had given me.

Someday I will have children of my own, and I do realize that raising a family is not the easiest thing to do, but I shall provide as my father has provided; I shall stand by my family as my father has; and I shall have a wonderful wife like my father has. However, as much as I would like the best possible life for my children, it is their own responsibility to recognize their ambition for themselves, and I would be there for support. But when my time has come to pass on, I do not wish that they carry the emotional burden that I may have placed upon them just because they were my children. It is their happiness that matters to me. I want them to have the liberty of making their own choices.
Remember When

Rosalie Lenchanko

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Janice Cook

The weatherman reported that it was expected to be another “record breaking” day at 92 degrees. It was August 1991, and the skies were as blue and cloudless as they ever get in these Pacific Isles. Waves of steam could be seen rising from the tar-based blacktop which surfaced the roadway. The temperature reading in the dashboard of my car exceeded the 240 mark as I pulled into the driveway of my father’s home in Kalihi. My air-conditioning was on the blink, and I could feel rivulets of perspiration running down the inside of my shirt. I couldn’t wait to peel the woolen uniform from my clammy skin and replace it with my old volleyball T-shirt and shorts. Wow, was the humidity high.

I often made these pit stops at my Dad’s especially since I got reassigned to the area for my job. My father has been a widower for seventeen years now and has done a fair job of taking care of himself. He hates the idea of being a burden on any of his children. Often, he appears to be irritated when any obvious fuss is being made over him or if too many members of our family are there at one time. Yet, he’s always interjecting in his conversations that no one has come to visit him in a while.

“After all,” he says, “with fifteen children, you’d think at least one of you would be passing through the area and could drop in.” I think he just doesn’t want to admit that he really misses us and wants us around. Old folks! You can’t seem to please them, and they can’t seem to make up their minds. I changed my clothes in the back room which was known as the “girls room.” Nobody occupies it, now. I then grabbed a glass of ice tea from the refrigerator and sat on the threshold of the living room doorway. Stretching my feet out onto the cement porch, I allowed its cool temperature to permeate throughout my body. A zephyr of wind filtered through the leaves of the mountain apple tree which shaded the front veranda. As far back as I could remember, we never had a screen door and the entrance-way to our home remained open to all. My dad sat back relaxed in his sunken-in recliner chair, which he refuses to give up. It is located in the direct path of the breeze as it flows through the house. It seems as if seventy-five percent of his day is spent in that old chair, reading and watching television.

“Remember when Ma used to sit here all the time,” I remarked, indicating the position I occupied. A faint smile came over his face as he glanced over to her picture on the wall opposite him. I knew he missed her very much. It seemed that a spark of life went out of him the day she died. Yet, life goes on, and he endures from day to day.

I continued, “I can still hear her telling me, at four years old, to go to the ice-box and get one of the mangoes that were being chilled. Then she would sit here and slice pieces from the fruit and share them with us. Common mango was her favorite.” I could almost see a mental picture of her flashing through my father’s mind as he reminisced along with me. I found that if I shared these memories with him, it helped to relieve some of his bouts of depression. So, I went further. “Ma always told us about how she picked this mango. Especially, because of the ‘kaumakani’ winds that floated down the valley.” This made my father sit up a little straighter as he removed the eyeglasses which were perched on his forehead. I positioned my spine against the door frame in a relaxed posture. I knew that last statement would lead him into a long dissertation about how we actually came to own our home and who was the actual driving force behind it. I had heard the same story several times before, but once more would be just fine.

It’s funny. As a child, I can’t remember saying ten words to my dad. My mother was always the buffer zone between him and all fifteen of their children. Whenever we needed anything, we went to her. If I wanted to attend a football game for instance, the conversation went something like this: “Ma can I go?”

“Go and ask your father.”

“Pa, Ma said I can go if you say okay.”

“Go ask your mother.”

She always made the final decisions. So, we often didn’t bother to ask him for anything. Probably, with so many of us, he had bigger problems to worry about. Besides the mortgage, utility bills and food, how could he convince the bank to re-mortgage the house so that he would be able to pay for eight of his
children attending Catholic schools? I never could understand why he always appeared so stern and grouchy. Now, being a single parent, I can appreciate why he passed us off to my Mom to solve our petty problems.

I try to savor these moments now, when I can just sit and talk to him about whatever pops into my head. I have found that he has a wonderful mind. He is well versed on many subjects. No wonder! You should see the types of literature he peruses. I have bags of paperbacks that he has passed on to me. I never seem to be able to put a dent in the pile before the next batch arrives. This man whose parents were refugees from Russia and who completed only the eighth grade can give me the best advice on financial matters. He can cite the updated sports scores and discuss the players and their contract options. He is very opinionated on world events and would have made an excellent newscaster. It's my dream to be able to complete one Sunday crossword puzzle, just as he does each week.

Yes, I miss my Mom dearly, but since she has left it has given me an opportunity to rediscover my Dad, which has proved to be a very pleasant experience.
Reduce Stress—Learn CPR
Karen Young

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Kathleen MacDonald

I had occasionally considered taking a course in basic lifesaving techniques, but I never felt a sense of urgency or necessity to do so until a series of events changed my attitude.

It began one pleasantly cool afternoon while I was visiting a friend, Elise, at her home. We were sitting outside by her swimming pool, chatting. My two-year-old daughter, Brooke, was playing several feet away with Elise’s one-year-old son, Jon, who was riding in a toy car. Suddenly, with amazing speed and strength, he propelled the car straight into the pool. He was trapped upside down, still inside the car. Being the nearest to him, I jumped into the pool and lifted Jon out. Luckily, he had held his breath and was fine. I think Elise had held her breath too; she looked a little pale! A few weeks later, Brooke, while playing on the pool deck with Jon, fell into the pool. Once again, I found myself leaping into the water. When I emerged with my daughter, she was coughing, but otherwise unhurt.

“You always seem to be the closest to the pool—unfortunately for your clothes!” Elise joked, in an attempt to alleviate the fright we’d both felt. I realized that if we hadn’t been watchful, we wouldn’t have known Brooke had fallen into the water. Neither of us had heard even a slight splash. During another visit, Jon was riding a tricycle in the backyard and rode too close to the pool. He pedaled over the edge and into the water. Elise and I were both only a few feet away. She was in the pool before I could even yell, “Jump!” These three incidents were obviously not disastrous, but they certainly could have been. At the time, I felt somewhat secure in knowing that I was always there with the children. But is just being there actually enough? Obviously not, when you consider that it takes only four minutes without oxygen for the brain to begin dying. If one of the children had stopped breathing, it would have taken more than four minutes for an emergency vehicle to arrive. At this point I was ready to persuade Elise to invest in a pool cover; I opted instead for asking her to take the CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation) course with me. The course was cheaper and probably more reliable than a pool cover!

Shortly before I enrolled in the course, I experienced a situation that profoundly affected me. I was standing in front of my home late one afternoon, when a car a short distance up the street caught my eye. As though in slow motion, the car backed up over the curb, flattened my neighbor’s mailbox and came to rest on the sidewalk. I cautiously approached the driver, a woman who appeared to be in her early sixties, and asked if she was all right. Her speech was slurred and her movements unsteady as she attempted to respond. At that moment, the couple who lived nearby came out of their house and informed us that they had seen her back her car up over the mailbox and had called 911. Several minutes later, a police car arrived. The police questioned the woman and required her to step out of her car and attempt to walk a straight line. They eventually called for an ambulance. When it arrived, she was immediately rushed to the hospital. I later learned that she had evidently suffered a stroke. I was very disturbed that no one had seemed to know what was wrong, but I was more upset that I hadn’t known what was wrong with her or how to help. I had felt powerless and useless. Being there had certainly not been enough. I began my CPR course that same week. My friend, Elise, took the course with me.

The purpose of teaching CPR is to provide the basic knowledge necessary for a student to recognize the signs of an emergency situation, to instruct in the techniques required to be able to keep a victim’s lungs supplied with oxygen if he has stopped breathing, and to keep his blood circulating if his heart has stopped beating.

The two main causes of a person’s breathing or heart stopping are injury and heart attack. Considering that the leading cause of death in children is injuries and the leading cause in adults is heart attack, it is obvious that the class is geared toward providing the CPR student with practical and useful skills.

Courses in CPR are available at many locations, such as local high schools and medical clinics. I chose to take a course at the local chapter of the Red Cross. The course in which I enrolled was completed in just two consecutive evenings. The cost was about twenty-five dollars, which included a book. In addition
to the use of the book, the course allowed for the actual practice of techniques on manikins. Each manikin was shared by two people and was thoroughly cleaned before and after each use with a disinfectant. The course didn't require any special previous training. It was taught in an organized step-by-step manner, and the techniques were not complicated or difficult to learn. Also, the class size was small, fewer than ten people, so we received a large share of personal attention. The certificates were given to each student after the completion of a multiple choice test. All of the test questions were taken directly from the book. The students are welcomed and encouraged to repeat the course as a refresher at any time after receiving their certification. There is no additional charge or test required for repeating the course.

For such a small investment in time and money, I feel that I earned a great deal in useful skills. Even if I am never required to use those skills, learning them has relived much of my stress and has provided me with some peace of mind. The greatest benefit has been in trading a feeling of helplessness for one of capability. There are so many areas of our lives where we may feel we can't exert much influence or control: taxes, inflation, environmental pollution. It's a good feeling to know that in one aspect of my life I do have a sense of influence and control, and in such a potentially beneficial way. Now, just being there can be enough.
Nurturing the Family Tree

Cynthia A. Miller

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: James Shimabukuro

The fog that shrouded parts of the bay slowly crept up through the pines on the hillside as we arrived. The grayness of the ocean reflected a pure serenity only Mother Nature could express. My mother's cabin was dramatically situated on the mouth of the Yachats River, on the enchanting coast of Oregon. It was there that I experienced a closeness, which marked a new beginning, with two of my siblings.

It had been six months, from planning over the telephone to the materialism of the reunion. For the three of us to put it together successfully was a miracle. Since my mother and father had been divorced for eight years, family gatherings with all six siblings present, were difficult. We figured three out of six wasn't bad, and when my mother rented the beach house for herself she provided the perfect meeting place. My big brother, James, my little sister, Mare, and I took action and planned the trip.

After the divorce, my family scattered across the states like seeds. Having individual needs to fulfill, communication dwindled. Huge blocks of time together, which a family needs to nurture itself, were lost. The great family field was left to lie fallow while each of us tilled our individual parcels. Congregating at my mother's seemed to be the time to start sharing our harvests and breaking out our tools to begin cultivating the family field again.

Mom, James, Mare, and I hadn't seen each other for a year. It had been six years since the four of us had been together as a group. On the airplane, I felt a mixture of nervousness and excitement to see family members again. My expectations were few; I only hoped we would spend quality time getting to know each other on a deeper level.

My mother looked great. For a woman of 65, having raised six kids and survived a divorce, her self-preservation was remarkable. James's 6'2" robust frame towered above and enveloped me with a strong hug. His handsome but unshaven, bristly face brushed mine as he smacked my cheek. Mare and I screamed with excitement as we laughed and hugged. Her fresh smile and long golden hair reflected her vivacious, carefree, youthful spirit. My body tingled with a strong sense of joy, comfort, and security in being with family members again. As we exchanged tales and caught up with each other's lives, I stood frozen in the moment and stared at each of them. My mind reeled through a flurry of childhood memories. I had missed them all so much. My striking realization at that moment was that we had all become adults.

Ironically, we had frequented the Oregon coast as kids on family trips every summer. Being there again, the memories embedded in each of us came to life. The scent of the majestic Douglas firs lingered and mixed with the salty sea air. Tiny mom-and-pop saltwater taffy stores dotted the road to my mother's place. Upon our arrival, we couldn't wait to investigate the place. Even though it was August the late afternoon fog brought a chill to the air. Oblivious to the cold, Mare's carefree spirit took her directly into the ice cold bay, clothes and all. We thought she was nuts and roared with laughter. My mother, in a silly panic, swore she'd get pneumonia and rushed inside for a towel. I stood there smiling, envious of Mare's whimsical spirit. I was comforted to see myself in her—a younger me.

The inside of my mother's cozy abode—cute and quaint described it to a tee. It seemed tight quarters for four people for a week, but the excitement and importance of being together prevailed over any inconveniences. Like a trailer house, its long narrow design included two matchbox-sized bedrooms, a Barbie doll kitchen, a closet-sized bathroom, and a living room with a pot-bellied fireplace. The picture window opposite the fireplace boasted a spectacular view of the bay, which became our focal point for the week. There was a small deck off the front room, which made sitting and viewing the bay enjoyable.

Each day we woke to the squeaky shrills of sea gulls. They would converge on the field of sand that the morning tide would expose in the bay. We'd climb out of bed and, with coffee in hand, gather at the window to watch the scene in the bay slowly become a collage of bird and ocean life. The gulls were usually joined by Caspian Terns, regal Blue Herons, curious Harbor Seals, and Black Cormorants. My mother had taken up bird watching and lectured us on each species.
Much to our surprise, one morning we spotted two gray whales quite close to shore. We grabbed binoculars to catch a glimpse of their spouts and flukes. Watching the sights of the bay, wrapped in awe and wonderment, I experienced a return to childhood, which seemed inevitable during that trip.

Much of our time was spent walking the serene Oregon beaches, going for extended lunches, sightseeing, and sharing long, drawn-out dinners. Having the unfortunate time limit of only one week, every moment together was precious. What mattered were talking, feeling, hugging, and laughing. We shared thoughts and feelings. We talked about relations with talking, feeling, hugging, and laughing. We shared the unfortunate time limit of only one week, every aspect of our lives. With only a word, joke, or phrase, connections to childhood would unfold. We shared bits and pieces of our lives and learned of our mutual feelings and hardships. Slowly, we began unveiling a vulnerability that adulthood tries so hard to hide—a vulnerability with each other that got to the core of our hearts. We had spent too much time apart, and our doors of communication had been shut.

My mother’s place was very conducive to our rekindling of closeness. It was our protected little shelter, where we woke up together, heard each other’s voice, joked, argued, embraced, and wept. We unearthed buried issues, clearing major barriers. We shared family support we’d all been missing.

One evening, we had just returned from the beach. The plan was to go to dinner. I heard Mare crying in the back room. She and James were holding each other. I joined them. Our revelations had hit home. There we were, together again. We stood holding each other, talking and crying. We realized we had always had each other, but never accepted each other on an equal level. Coming from a large, highly success-oriented family, we had spent so many years waving our arms for attention instead of using our arms to embrace each other. Huddled together, we realized we didn’t have to wave our accomplishments at one another to communicate anymore. The world stopped and all that mattered was the three of us in that tiny room, embracing, shedding tears of joy in being together, feeling sorrow for what we’d missed, and feeling a sense of joy in what was ahead.

Emotionally drained, we emerged to find my mother making dinner. I felt as vulnerable and pure as a naked child. We were all on equal ground again. We reveled in the relaxed atmosphere our session had created. We joyfully opened some beers and proposed a toast. An incredible barrier had been lifted—it was an awesome feeling.

The last morning of our visit, we woke to find some newcomers in the bay. The pelicans. My mother was astonished. They had never stopped in the bay before. She grabbed her bird book for quick documentation. We ran out on the deck, like children again, and watched in wonderment. They had such a comical, prehistoric look. They were the highlight of our last show on the bay.

Sadly we helped each other pack. We had a three hour drive to the airport ahead of us. We knew saying good-bye was going to be painful. As we pulled away, my mother stood in the road, waving. Tears streamed down our faces. We drove past the bay in silence, each of us reflecting on the week. The fog rolled in, enhancing our reflective mood. We didn’t want it to end.

Mare’s plane departed first. We stood at her terminal and held each other, wept, and fought to sustain our farewell. We promised each other a Christmas visit. The speaker blared a last call, and Mare disappeared down the ramp.

James and I walked to my gate, heads down. We stopped and locked in an embrace, wanting the moment to last forever. I remember I could hardly let go of him. Forced apart by my final boarding call, we promised we’d call and write soon. Once out of sight, I kept hearing his voice. I was scared. Having spent a week wrapped in a family security blanket, I was suddenly alone again and faced with resuming my own life. Once settled on the plane, all I could do was reflect on the week that had passed and pray for our future together. I was filled with a humility, brought out by the return to childhood we had all experienced.

It was a beautiful, pure, yet scary, lonely feeling. I realized how precious our new beginning was. We had given each other the missing pieces of the family puzzle—the gift of unconditional love and acceptance for who we were. We established equal ground and a new awakening. We connected and created a bond stronger than ever before. It was up to each of us to help water and nurture our newly planted tree. Our experience had given me the strength to begin to find ways to open doors with the rest of the family members. I took home with me a love and security that would enrich my life to the fullest from that point on.
Me and My Bird
Jennifer Smith

English 100
Instructor: Meena Sachdeva

I still remember the day I found him. I was outside Kapiolani Theater with my volunteer big sister and we were waiting for the movie *Breakin’* to start. I saw the brown baby sparrow on the ground by a tree, hopping around, chirping his head off. My big sister and I had a short discussion about him, and then I picked him up in my empty soda cup, held it gently through the movie, and took him home. Luckily, my mom, grandma, and grandpa let me keep the scrawny stray bird. The only person who thought the idea was dumb was my Uncle Masa, who was a large, harsh, no-playing-around kind of guy. Although I wanted desperately to keep the bird in the house, preferably by my bed, my uncle insisted that he was disease-carrying and dirty. So my grandpa built a cage of wood and thick screen and we kept him at the foot of the stairway right outside the back door. I named him Birjen, a combination of “bird” and my name, Jennifer.

That summer, I took Birjen to summer fun each day, and he sat on my shoulder, near my neck, nestled in my hair. Other kids would gather around me to pet or feed him. My friends and I also spent lots of time trying, mostly without success, to teach him a number of tricks. I also pretended that I could communicate with him, using certain complicated whistles and motions. He had an injured wing, which prevented him from flying, so I would exercise him in the yard near my grandma’s lychee trees.

I had him for about three months when one day my big sister took me out. We left Birjen at home. We returned at about six in the evening, just in time to feed him. I saw that the cage wasn’t in its usual place. I ran up the steps to the house joyfully, thinking that my mom had finally brought Birjen into the house. I tore into the living room breathlessly, saw my mom sitting at the kitchen table with my grandma and uncle, and excitedly asked, “Where’s Birjen?” I saw my grandma look down and my uncle turn away as my mother slowly stood up. I knew something was wrong, but I never expected her to explain gently to me that my uncle had fed Birjen since I wasn’t home. He had only done this once or twice before, and he forgot to close the cover of the cage. A short while later, my mom, who was in the house, heard Birjen chirping loudly.

She looked out of the window and saw our neighbor’s cat running away with Birjen in his mouth. My mom was telling me how she ran after the cat but couldn’t catch him when I realized what she was telling me. I began sobbing and collapsed onto her. Then I turned to my uncle and started hitting him in his chest and face, crying and screaming, “Birjen! Birjen!” He just grabbed my fists and held them. I struggled to break free and ran to my room. I fell onto my bed, overcome with grief.

Thinking about this event still makes me a little sad today, but I now realize it taught me two important lessons. The first was that nothing lasts forever. Every living thing dies in its time or maybe even before its time. When my third died, I cried for about three days straight. The next time I lost someone I loved, I didn’t dwell on it as long or as miserably. I learned to let go a little more easily. The second lesson was that of forgiveness. Although my uncle had in one forgetful moment indirectly shattered my small world, it had been accidental, and I knew he was sorry. He bought me a huge stuffed dinosaur a couple of days after it happened and I forgave him. I didn’t forgive him just because of the present, but because it made me feel better to do so. I also felt a sense of generosity and righteousness, since my uncle seemed to feel better after I forgave him. However, I hated cats for about two years after that.
Even before a child can read and write, he or she is learning necessary social skills like respect and cooperation. Since children learn through their experiences, they are constantly observing themselves, their environment, and the relationship between themselves and others.

A pre-school is a wonderful place for children to practice what they are learning. Therefore, I decided to visit a pre-school to witness this process firsthand. Determination and a phone call helped me to get a seat in a classroom from which I could observe the children and teacher unnoticed.

As I settle in, I overhear a conversation between two male children who are both reaching for a toy at the same time. My experience with my own daughter warns me of pending disaster. Yet, to my surprise, the boys handle the situation better than I could have imagined.

One boy says, "I had it first."

Then as I was expecting, the other boy says, "I had it first."

Here comes the fight I think to myself. "Hey, I've got an idea," says the little dark-haired one. "First me, then you, then me!"

"Yeah, let's share it," the smaller boy agrees. I am amazed. Where did they learn that?

Obviously these children are practicing what they are learning from the role models in their lives. "If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice." These words are from a well-known philosophical poem that happens to be posted directly in front of me, above the main entrance to the classroom. As I ponder the meaning of these words I come to the conclusion that, in this school the children are being treated fairly. No wonder they are able to be just with each other.

As I walk around the room I notice a robust girl, possibly three years old, struggling to stack blocks. She manages to get three blocks to stay balanced. She then carefully adds the fourth, and they all come tumbling down. Is she discouraged? I think not as I see determination in her face. Next, she bends over, picks up a block, and sets it on top of another. Without hesitation she arranges a third block in place. I can almost feel her confidence building. At that very moment, a young red-haired teacher comes over to talk to the little blonde girl.

"I see you are building something. What a nice job you are doing," she says. The girl beams with pride. She then picks up another block. I remember that, on her last attempt, at this point she lost control. I hold my breath and wonder if she will succeed this time. With her mind set, she carefully, and with full concentration, places the fourth block in its place of glory. I can read her mind as she slowly releases it. Will it stay? One second, two seconds pass, and I let out my breath. Yes, it stays. Yea! I want to yell out, but I control myself. Instead I look over at the girl who clearly wants to share her accomplishments with us. I

Boy.
She says, "Kaiao, I see some water has spilled on the floor and needs to be cleaned up."
The child replies, "Don't know how."
"Would you like me to help you?" the teacher kindly offers.
"Yes," Kaiao admits.
"O.K. Let's do it together," the teacher suggests. Again, I get to observe other valuable qualities being taught and learned. Qualities of responsibility and cooperation.

It's an ongoing process of learning, and I can't help but admire the devotion and stamina in each of these teachers. They move from one incident to another throughout their busy day, encouraging, praising, comforting and loving each and every child.

As I walk around the room I notice a robust girl, possibly three years old, struggling to stack blocks. She manages to get three blocks to stay balanced. She then carefully adds the fourth, and they all come tumbling down. Is she discouraged? I think not as I see determination in her face. Next, she bends over, picks up a block, and sets it on top of another. Without hesitation she arranges a third block in place. I can almost feel her confidence building. At that very moment, a young red-haired teacher comes over to talk to the little blonde girl.

"I see you are building something. What a nice job you are doing," she says. The girl beams with pride. She then picks up another block. I remember that, on her last attempt, at this point she lost control. I hold my breath and wonder if she will succeed this time. With her mind set, she carefully, and with full concentration, places the fourth block in its place of glory. I can read her mind as she slowly releases it. Will it stay? One second, two seconds pass, and I let out my breath. Yes, it stays. Yea! I want to yell out, but I control myself. Instead I look over at the girl who clearly wants to share her accomplishments with us. I
smile while the teacher gives her a hug and tells her, "I knew you could do it!" The child is pleased with herself. We are all pleased. She confidently skips over to some puzzles and begins the process again. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Encouragement seems to be the underlying attitude in presenting life to these little people. This viewpoint builds confidence and determination.

"Ring-a-ling-a-ling." A bell announces it's snack time. The children immediately begin to clean up by putting away toys and equipment. Everyone is helping and no one complains.

Possibly seeing the look of disbelief on my face, a teacher comes over to inform me, "Everyone plays together so everyone cleans up together. This way they learn to cooperate."

After all the equipment is put away, the children are guided to the sink. Waiting in line for their turn to wash is no small feat. Much patience and self-control are required. Pushing is not allowed, nor poking, pulling, biting, scratching, or cutting in line. Not everyone is accomplished at these skills yet, so a teacher stands by to assist.

When snack time is over, the children get to go outside to play. Everything gets chaotic for a few minutes. Kids are yelling, laughing, and moving fast in a hurry as if on a mission. Indeed they are on a mission, one of learning and growing, in a place where learning looks like play.
Called Back to the Streets

Sara Pacheco

English 100
Instructor: James Shimabukuro

Joe is a street person who is mildly mentally retarded and has a history of mental illness. Last summer, Joe was admitted to The Queen's Medical Center for multiple medical problems. One of these was an infected ulcer on his leg due to his unsanitary living conditions and poor circulation in his lower extremities, which kept him hospitalized for approximately four weeks. During the course of his stay, I was one of his primary nurses.

Joe is a middle-aged male who appears to be a loner. He walks with a fast shuffle, his head facing down. He doesn’t associate with anyone on the unit; he won’t talk with his roommate. He becomes irritable when his roommate talks too much. On occasion, he may answer questions with a quick yes or no, but most of the time he ignores his roommate. He sits on the lanai when no one is there, or sits in the parlor and watches television. He talks quietly to himself as if he were carrying on a conversation with someone else.

Joe has the appearance of a very tired, worn-out person. He is short and stout; his dark black eyes have a sad blank look to them. It’s as if I could see right through them. The corners of his eyes droop downwards because of the many deep heavy wrinkles he has in his face. The facial crevices have a worn-leather look. His toothless sunken mouth also droops downwards, giving him a very sad appearance. He rarely smiles. Joe has short disheveled black hair. His face and external appearance is weather-beaten. His hands and feet are deeply stained with dirt. The skin of his feet is cracked. His toenails are long, filthy, and unkept. The color of his skin has a stained, rusted look, as if it were a part of him emotionally and physically. His hands are as stained and weather-beaten as the rest of his exposed skin. His hands are thick with calluses, as if he had worked hard. Even after his daily shower, the color does not change.

Just like the Joe in the street, Joe in the hospital collected a lot rubbish and hoarded food. He saved all of his disposable dishes and silverware. He saved all of his napkins. He would use the meal napkin, fold it in fours, and stack it along with the others. He hid all those goods in his drawer or stuffed them in his pillow case or under his pillow. One day, he came up to me asking for ice to be put in a used milk carton that he had saved. I offered him a clean cup, but he refused it. He insisted on using the old used milk carton. Another day, I found him rummaging through the food cart located in the hallway. He was collecting the dirty dishes, silverware, and left-over food from the other patients’ trays.

As Joe became familiar to me, he began to communicate more. He complained about feeling tired. He did not feel that he could live on the streets under a bridge as a homeless person anymore. Being that he was in the hospital, it was felt that this would be a good time to help him find a permanent place to live. Joe requested not to go to a care home or to I.H.S. (The Salvation Army Shelter), but he agreed to go to a boarding home because he could go and come as he pleased. After being hospitalized for approximately four weeks, the ulcer on his leg was healed, and we found him a boarding home.

Five days after Joe was discharged to the boarding home, I made a routine follow-up phone call to see if he was doing okay and to remind him about his doctor’s appointment. To my disappointment, the boarding home operator stated that Joe stayed there for only two days. The third day, he had gone out and never came back. I was not surprised. Joe never liked confinement; he liked the open space.

Today, I picture Joe shuffling down the street, pushing a shopping cart overflowing with bags, carrying his personal belongings. I imagine that he is living under the bridge in the world he is most familiar with; his clothes dirty and ragged, his face sad and withdrawn, and his skin stained and dried out.

The one thing Joe had taught me is that we can take the person out of the street but we cannot take the street out of the person.
She showed up on my front porch one evening with her suitcase in one hand and a freshly punched ticket in the other.

"Hi," she said with a curly grin from ear to ear, "are you surprised?"

In shock, I said, "No," and invited her in. She briefly looked down and said slowly, "I've thought about you heaps since I last saw you and I have to be honest, . . . I want you." She was now focusing her big browns right on mine. Her coy feet made circles in the sand on the living room floor as we both stood in silence.

There are times when there is not a single sound in the universe and this was one. Her gaze was pedestrian as it circled around my face looking for a response. I stood unblinking, still-born, and waiting for my breath to return from a Caribbean cruise. A crack in my mundane reality appeared and the sky of my mind began to break-up into tiny pieces, like a smashed windshield. Something slurred, pried itself from my lips as I struggled to composure.

"It's good to see you again," I ventured. It sounded like something between a squeak and faulty plumbing in an old tenement building.

The words took so long to get out that I had time to survey the length and breadth of her five-foot ten-inch stature, noticing how attractive she was in her own eccentric way. She was wearing her usual San Antonio cowboy boots of red dyed snakeskin and a turquoise blue hat like the kind Roy Rogers probably still wears. An inventory of apparel between her shocking red hair and her tattooed toes brought a smile to my lips as I wondered why she hadn't been arrested for indecent exposure when she got off the plane. Her purple spandex body sock left little for the imagination, neatly moulding over and around each curve and fold in her supple torso.

It could have been spray paint to someone more than ten feet away. The abundant gobs of cheap Woolworth's jewelry were the only distraction on her vast landscape. It hung like Spanish moss from her neck and arms and when she moved she announced the time of day, in a wind-chime cacophony. She moved lithely around the room surveying her potential lair.

A deep slow lust began to stir from a Rip Van Winkle existence as I watched her pace off her new territory. I wondered if Anita Hill was wearing an outfit like this when Thomas made his innuendos. Drag like this would certainly provoke sexual harassment. As a matter of fact, the outfit itself was sexual harassment. It simply screamed for vulgar comments and licentious behavior.

Such an interesting contradiction, I thought. Sexually provocative get-up is overtly encouraged in young women, and yet we censure the comments of the males that it is designed to attract. How narrow is the line between thought and action that some of us can't even tell when we've crossed over. Our comments seem to be solicited by every mini-skirt and cleavage promoting garment, and we've yet to receive the instructions on proper conduct from mom.

So there I was in my own front room feeling sexually harassed by a nineteen year old princess from Alpha Centauri. As my mind reeled with the thoughts of having her arrested for indecent exposure, it occurred to me that there was nothing indecent between two consenting adults and there seemed to be consent written all over her spandex okole. My fantasy of rubber sheets and hot fudge sundays under the stars, faded when she popped her gum.

How much would an hour of ecstasy cost in karma dollars? I was not ready to walk a narrow path with red snakeskin boots and I certainly was not ready to dance to the wrath of a west Texas twang if I didn't. Yet I could hear the spandex fibers calling my name. Individually, they gently whispered their call and forcefully harangued me as a group. They taunted me with lurid descriptions of unutterable delights and slighted my manhood when I didn't respond. I checked my karma account and found no credit there, I simply could not afford to go into debt. The spandex chant was getting louder and I felt my will turning into tofu. I started to call my mother, but hung up without saying a word.

Why did I have to subscribe to the Karma Daily, when it was so convenient to pretend that no one would be affected by my lust? But alas, those naive days are long past, for experience has dragged me
down too many dark alleys and beat my buns blue. I now stand at attention when a cause walks in the room, because I know an effect is not far behind. It would be ridiculous not to predict resounding repercussions from the spandex queen. With this beauty a little bit of encouragement is worth several years of karmic knots. I had to think fast, she was beginning to unpack her bag.

"Wait," I cried, fumbling through the drawer where I throw all my opened mail, "I need to show you something." She turned toward me, startled by the urgency in my voice. "This just came in the mail last week." My shrill pitch exacerbated by the pain in my toe from kicking her discarded jewelry. I was frantically waving a letter in my hand, like a convicted man with a presidential pardon. "I've been accepted," I pained.

"You're too old for the army," she quipped.

"No, not the army," I sobered, pulling myself together in a slightly condescending manner, "I've been accepted at seminary school, starting tomorrow."
Loneliness

Robert Ellis Chee Jr.

English 100
Instructor: Robert Baily

Christmas vacation was over, and I wanted to leave early to get settled in my new apartment before school started. I told myself that, but I really wanted to leave a life I no longer knew. My family and friends had become different, and I too was a different person. During the vacation I slept all day and was out all night drinking and smoking with my friends. Some days I started to feel lonely. After we got over the joy of seeing each other for the first time in five months, I wanted a change in scenery. I enjoyed seeing my family and friends again. But I had a new life, I wanted to get back to it as soon as possible. It was time to leave.

So I caught a plane, arrived in Hilo around 12:30, and took a cab from the airport to my apartment, arriving early just like I planned. There I was alone in an empty, unfurnished apartment two days before anybody I knew arrived in the dormitories, two days before packet pick-up, nine days before classes began, and no telling when my roommate was going to show up. The cab dropped me off around 1:00. The cab driver was the last person I spoke to until my friends arrived at the dorms two days later. I opened up my new apartment for the first time to find it totally barren. I moved all my stuff (which wasn't much) into the apartment, unpacked and took a shower. It was 1:30; I had been alone in the apartment for half an hour, and already I started to feel lonely. Seconds seemed like hours and hours like days. Staying in a new, unfurnished apartment was like solitary confinement.

My roommate and I decided to get an apartment, hoping we could escape the noisy dorms and cafeteria food. But moving to the apartment alone and being new to the neighborhood, I didn't escape anything; I walked off the edge into total darkness. During the rest of my first day alone in my apartment, I debated whether I should tour the two-bedroom apartment again or close all the windows I had opened for no apparent reason other than it was something to keep me busy. Luckily night came and I started to feel hungry.

I drove down to the supermarket to get something to cook. I also hoped to enjoy some human contact, even if it was just a cashier, bag-boy, or stranger. But I had turned into the invisible man. I ended up walking quietly up and down the aisles getting what I needed without making a sound, and no one approached me. I hoped someone would at least bother me if not talk to me. I wished someone would just call my name or call me anything for that matter. If someone called me jerk I would have been happy, because it would have been something, it would confirm my existence.

But no matter where I was, the only voice I heard was the one in my head. It haunted my brain the way a creaking door echoes in a deserted hallway at midnight. I started to fear the shadows, and I thought someone was watching me. I thought I was going to go crazy cooking, eating, and staying all alone in the apartment that night, but I didn't. I stayed completely sane. Sane and lonely. It was just my thoughts and me. I thought about my friends and how they were probably together or with their families. I thought about my own family and how much I missed them. I thought about my grandfather and how much he cares about me. I thought about my little sister and how innocent she is, and I felt guilty for spending more time with friends than with her. I thought about my father whom I'm not close to but missed anyway. I thought about my house and the kitchen I used to raid whenever I got the munchies. They were all so far away. They had become images on a screen I couldn't touch. I would have called them but I had no phone. I was terribly sad at being alone. Finally I dozed off into a restless sleep.

The next day I didn't bother to get up until noon. I tried to sleep the day away but was unsuccessful. When I finally got up, I tried to keep busy. I went looking for a job, bought some toilet paper and wrote a few letters. I managed to stay out of the apartment for most of the day. I still hadn't seen or heard from anyone. As the sunlight disappeared and I ran out of things to do, the more depressed I became. My roommate still hadn't shown up and packet pick-up
was tomorrow. I remember praying before I went to
bed. I prayed to keep my family and friends safe, and
I prayed that I wouldn't be alone for another day.

I got up early the next day, hoping my loneliness
would end that day. People I knew would start arriving
at the dorms that day. I didn't need to be on campus
to pick up my packet until 2:00, but I decided to be on
campus early hopefully to see some of my friends.
And my prayers were answered. They were there all
right, at the dorms like I predicted. Never had I been
so happy to hear my name called out. After I picked
up my packet I went back to my apartment. After a
little while I thought I might start to feel lonely again,
but then came a knock on the door. It was my room-
mate; loneliness was completely over. My friends
were back, school would start up soon, I was no longer
alone. I had been restored to life.

I realized that stepping into the vacuum of
loneliness is a cold, but eye opening experience; it
also made me realize how much we need one another.
When Patti finally got to her apartment, it was past seven o'clock. The meeting went on for hours without getting anywhere, and her feet were aching in her shoes. She opened the mailbox, and there was a stack of mail as usual. She struggled a little with the key at the door, and as she walked in she quickly looked through the pile of mail.

Among the bills and catalogues, Patti saw a plain white envelope. She noticed the familiar handwriting on it. In blue ink, it said: Patti McKay, 369 Madison Street, Fairview Park, Ohio 44126. She put down her purse and her mail on the kitchen counter, and started some hot water for tea. At the end of a long, tiring day, she always treated herself to a cup of herb tea and a hot bubble bath.

She stared at the kettle as she waited for the water to boil. Emotions are funny things, she thought. They keep appearing and disappearing, just like the hot air coming out of that kettle. You think the feelings are gone, and they come back and surprise you when you are least expecting them.

"You don't understand me, Patti. You don't understand anything."

"No, you don't understand me. You're not even listening to what I'm saying."

The conversation has been going like this for more than thirty minutes now. Patti is beginning to feel dizzy. This isn't the first time they've had an argument like this. And she knows, in her gut, that she can't go on like this anymore. She has no energy left.

"This is all garbage, do you know that? You should be thankful that I even came down to listen to you. I have better things to do."

Patti can't believe that sensitive, intelligent Steve is saying this. And why does he have to be so angry at her, when he is the one who stood her up?

Last night, she waited until almost everyone had left, helping Lisa clean up the place. It was the first big party at Lisa's new house, and Patti helped her put it together. It meant a lot to Patti, too. She wanted Steve to come. And he did promise to show up.

"I'm not just talking about last night, Steve. It's more fundamental than that. It's about a relationship. It's about two people coming together."

Steve is throwing an empty stare at her. Patti feels herself sinking. She knows she's not reaching him.

Patti looked down at the envelope, which was sitting quietly and expectantly on the counter. She realized that she was spending more than just a few minutes wondering what to do with this letter. She let out a little sigh. There were things she couldn't change, and she didn't want to waste any more of her time thinking about them over and over again.

She took her teacup and went out to the veranda. The sun was about to disappear from the horizon, painting the sky with scrumptious hues of orange and purple. The evening breeze felt like a velvet cloth on her cheeks. It was quiet in the neighborhood, and at moments like this, time seemed to go by more slowly.

Steve would have loved this sunset. He would have said something like, "That burned-orange just above the mountain, that's exactly the same color as the bedspread in Chagall's room. Remember that painting about his birthday? With his girlfriend standing with flowers in her hands?"

Patti and Steve had a birthday like that, too. It was her thirty-first and fell in the middle of the week. She wasn't expecting to see Steve until the following Saturday. She knew how busy his schedule was. But when she heard a knock on her door at ten-thirty that night, she knew it was Steve, probably straight from his lab, coming just to say happy birthday. She opened the door, and there he was, smiling like a ten-year-old boy, holding a bunch of tulips in his hands. Ten bright red tulips. She had never told him tulips were her favorite flowers. How did he know?

"Steve, I'm not trying to make you wrong. I'm telling you all this because I don't want to hurt you, and I don't want you to hurt me. It takes two people. There has to be a mutual effort."

Steve laughs at this. Patti knows they aren't even speaking the same language anymore. She feels herself drowning in disappointment. She wishes he could feel what she is feeling in her chest. If her heart could make a sound, it would be squeaking with...
a rusty noise.

"All you had to do was pick up the phone and call me. And let me know you weren't coming. You have Lisa's number. You knew I would be there."

Patti's voice is disappearing behind the tense muscles in her throat. She sounds desperate, and she knows Steve hates desperation. He stares at her. All she sees in his eyes is frustration.

Patti and Steve had so much fun together. There were Rogers and Astaire movies, there were picnics in the park, and there were discussions on Chinese paint-brush calligraphy. Hot chocolate he brought to her in bed, early morning walks they took to the cemetery—she loved every one of them.

Watching the violet sky turn charcoal grey, she wondered if it was Steve, or just the idea of having someone in her life that she missed so badly. She once read a poem that went something like, "Missing you will turn into a pleasure—If I knew you were missing me too." When Steve first told her that he would be spending his summer doing research in San Francisco and that he would miss her, she thought of that poem and smiled to herself. He had been breaking a few small promises, and they had several arguments that made her nervous without any reason that she was aware of. But she didn't think that was crucial. Her summer was going to be a happy one, waiting for her special person to return.

"I was worried about you, Steve. I thought something might have happened to you."

"If you were worried, why didn't you call me sooner?" Steve snaps back. "Why did you wait 'til this afternoon? You don't sound so sincere, you know."

He's right about that. Patti admits, after all the emotions she has put into this, maybe she knew the end was coming. Maybe she wanted to deny it, delay it, and maybe that's why she couldn't bring herself up to call him earlier.

Patti's getting confused about what she is feeling and what she is thinking. Didn't someone once say that the heart is usually more honest than the brain? What has her heart been telling her?

She noticed that her tea had turned cold, and she went inside to the kitchen. The teacup was a present from Lisa, sort of like a get-well gift to Patti. Lisa took her out to lunch one day, and on their way back to the office, they found this Victorian cup in the show window of an antique shop. Lisa was one of those friends who didn't ask too many questions but understood. Being divorced herself, she knew both the sweet and bitter of life. As they headed for their office building, Lisa said as if talking to herself: "You know, breaking up a relationship is like an amputation. Something that's not there anymore causes the pain. That's why it hurts so much, and there's not much you can do about it. You just have to let it be, and wait for time to take care of it."

Patti was grateful that she never had to explain herself to Lisa. They both walked the rest of their way silently, feeling the mid-summer sun on their skin.

Steve looks at the clock on the wall.

"Is that all you want to say? I have to go back to my lab. Can I go now?"

So this entire conversation was just a waste of time for him. He probably didn't hear anything she's said. That's right, he's got better things to do.

Sorry about forcing you to come over, Patti wants to tell him, but she feels too drained to be sarcastic.

She looks at him, and looks at him well. She can't find the man she fell in love with. And as she watches him grab his car key and get up, she realizes, once and for all, that he has never been with her.

She hears the door open. She holds her breath for five or six seconds, until the clicking sound of the door reaches her ears. The sun is coming through the window, and resting like a spotlight on an empty glass on the table.

"It's almost four o'clock."

Patti put her cup down on the counter and picked up the envelope. It was helplessly light in her hand. How can anything so light carry any message across the continent, she wondered. Steve's handwriting seemed to tremble a little as her heartbeat reached her fingertips. She tried to picture him writing the letter, but couldn't form a clear image. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and slowly let that hazy image out of her head. I'll go to the mall tomorrow, she decided. I'll have a hair cut, and get that green sweater that I saw the other day.

She went back out to the veranda with the envelope in her hand. The sky was dark now. With the street lights quietly illuminating the houses, the town looked much like the one outside of Chagall's bedroom window. She folded the envelope into an amputation.

As they headed for their office building, Lisa said as if talking to herself: "You know, breaking up a relationship is like an amputation. Something that's not there anymore causes the pain. That's why it hurts so much, and there's not much you can do about it. You just have to let it be, and wait for time to take care of it."

Patti was grateful that she never had to explain herself to Lisa. They both walked the rest of their way silently, feeling the mid-summer sun on their skin.
What I Thought I Wanted to Be

Cynthia P. N. Wong

2nd Place, 'Open'
Instructor: James Shimabukuro

I can remember back when I was in high school. All of my classmates and I were on the verge of choosing what we wanted to do for the rest of our lives. I can also remember having my uncle, aunts and just about everyone ask me, "What is your career going to be?"

Of course, there were some people who knew right off the bat what they wanted to become. And there were people like me who didn't have a clue or just couldn't decide what we wanted to become. Choosing a career has been one of my most difficult tasks.

At first, I thought that I wanted to be a teacher or quite possibly a restaurant owner. I just couldn't decide; after all, there were so many fields to choose from, and so many that interested me. When I was a junior in high school, I finally made up my mind. I knew that I had to be a nurse. I chose nursing as my future career because I love helping people and making them happy.

That following summer I took a nurse's aide course, hoping that I could find a job in a hospital; I also wanted to see if I would like nursing or not. I then applied at Kapiolani Medical Center for Women and Children. During my interview for the job, they asked me if I wanted to work as a ward clerk instead of a nurse's aide because they had already filled the nurse's aide position. I agreed to work as a ward clerk; just the thought of working with the nurses in a hospital thrilled me.

At Kapiolani Hospital, I work with the Wilcox unit. Wilcox is an oncology (cancer) unit, specializing in chemotherapy (a form of cancer treatment). As of yet there is no cure for cancer, only treatments. After seeing what the nurses go through both physically and emotionally, I began to think twice about becoming a nurse.

I can see that the nurses are for the majority of the time very busy. Trying to give medications on time or to children who put up a fight makes many of their days hectic. They give many blood transfusions, and they are constantly doing life-saving procedures. I can honestly say that it's not everyday someone saves another person's life. The physical part of nursing is okay, but what bothers me is the emotional part. I see that it is sometimes frustrating for a nurse to take care of someone who doesn't get better. After all, I think the job of a nurse is to take care of patients, so they get better, not worse. Right? Unfortunately, that's not always the case. Even though I am only a ward clerk and don't take care of the patients, I can feel the sense of helplessness the nurses go through every time a patient doesn't respond well to his medications or treatment.

When I first started working at Wilcox I thought that cancer was just another disease we don't have a cure for, and that's too bad. I thought of cancer as just another illness that some children had. I thought it was something that made them quite ill, but couldn't kill them. That is what I thought of cancer. They come into the hospital, get their treatment, go home, and that was that. But I didn't see what cancer was really all about until I met Joseph.

Joseph was an eight-year-old patient who was deaf and had cancer. At first, I found it very hard to communicate with him because I didn't know any sign language. After playing with him for several months, I could understand a few of his gestures and some of his sign language. Every time I played with him, I learned a new sign. For a while, I didn't see Joseph as a cancer patient because he was one of the rare children who didn't lose their hair to the harsh chemicals that his therapy consisted of. He would have to come into the hospital often for his treatments.

Staying in the hospital for weeks at a time became very boring for Joseph; therefore, I would take Joseph for a walk around the hospital every time he felt up to it. One night when we were in the elevator at the third floor, where Wilcox is, I was all set to go out of the elevator when Joseph gently pushed me back in. He pressed the eleventh floor button.

"What's the matter?" I asked.
He put his finger over his lips to tell me to be quiet.

The eleventh floor is the highest in the hospital. Knowing that this floor is off limits at night, I told Joseph by putting my index finger and my thumb together, "Only for a little while, okay?"
Joseph nodded his head up and down and smiled in delight.

After the elevator doors opened he rushed out immediately, heading for the window. He opened the window and stuck his head out. What could possibly be so interesting out there, I asked myself. Little did I know how beautiful the city lights were from up there. I had never in all the time that I worked at Kapiolani been up to the eleventh floor. There was no noise, no people, nothing to bother us, just the sparkling lights of the city. While he looked out the window, he seemed to be in heavy thought. I wished I knew what was going on in his mind, but I sensed that he knew that he was slowly dying. I didn't know what to say or do; therefore, I didn't say anything, and I let him stare out into the open as long as he wanted. After that evening, every once in a while when I had the time, I took him up to the eleventh floor. I have to admit that I also loved to look out the window of the eleventh floor.

I remember last year on Christmas day when he couldn't go home because of his illness. I played Nintendo for the first time with him; Joseph showed me how to play. I even stayed a few hours after my shift, so I could play with him.

Months passed, and Joseph began to deteriorate before my eyes. His body wasn't responding well to the chemotherapy. After a while, he didn't respond to any of the treatments. The cancer just seemed to take over. I visited him on my dinner breaks and tried to play with him. He was often too tired, and in too much pain, to do anything. Joseph couldn't get up on a wheelchair to go for our routine walks; he could no longer go to his special place, the eleventh floor. One evening, I sat at his bedside holding his cold lifeless hand. Somehow I knew that this was the last time that I would be seeing him. I didn't even think that he knew I was there, but I wanted to be there.

I said a prayer asking God, "Why these innocent children? Why do they have to go through this?" A tear ran down my face, and I knew that I had lost a friend. Joseph died a few days after. The cancer had taken over.

Working at Kapiolani Hospital for two and a half years has opened my eyes to a new perspective. I have seen the realities of nursing, and I also know the realities of life. People live and people die, whether they are young or old. I can never see myself taking care of patients who might not live. Call me a softy or a whim, but I could never bear the thought that someone died while under my care; I would feel terribly responsible, even though it wasn't my fault. That's just me. Seeing the same illness (cancer) take the life of Joseph and many young children has made me change my career choice.

Thanks to my job at Kapiolani Hospital, I know what I want to pursue as my future career. I want to major in pharmacology. I have seen the various new medications that have been helping the patients cope with their illness. I am fascinated with the new types of medications. I, too, want to help find new drugs to help people overcome their illness. I want to learn how to treat cancer patients better. How to make them well. My real dream now is to join with other researchers to help find a cure for cancer. I know for a fact that to learn about all the different types of drugs and to learn how they all work would be very challenging, but to me it would be very interesting. And something that is interesting to me, I will never stop wanting to learn more about. For the first in my life, I am sure of what I want to become.
Chinatown of Yesterday

Patrick Cheo

3rd Place, 'Open'
Instructor: James Shimabukuro

In Singapore, Trengannu Street is the very heart of Chinatown. Part of my childhood days were spent in Chinatown where my grandmother used to have a shoe shop. Today, Chinatown is fast disappearing under the attack of sledgehammers and wrecking balls, but there is talk of preserving one of two rows of houses. Rubbish piled up everywhere along the streets, the dirty and fishy smell of Chinatown still lingers in my mind. Clogged drains, big rats and beggars were a common sight in Chinatown when it was still untouched by the government, and this was the reflection of the people who carved a history living there.

As a child full of curiosity, Chinatown was an exciting place to explore. The hawkers operated from early morning until late at night. In the morning, it was mainly a fish, fruit and vegetable market. Also, butchers, on demand, would prepare iguanas, raccoons, fruit bats and cobras. Soups made from these delicacies, the Chinese believe, cure ailments such as aching kidneys, sore feet, asthma and gout. In the evening, Trengannu Street did not change its character; it changed its stock. The food sellers were replaced by others peddling cosmetics, toiletries and clothing, indeed, all one expected to find in a large department store. These bustling open-air markets were jammed in side by side, making bicycles and trishaws impassable. Trishaws in Chinatown were not just a tourist gimmick but were the standard mode of transport, both for people and produce. Today, trishaws are rarely seen.

Streets were lined with two-, three- and four-story buildings, in which the ground floors were devoted to stores. The dwellings, almost a century old, showed signs of cracking, with plants growing in between. The upper floors were apartments, usually single rooms without cooking facilities, which explained why there were so many well-patronized food stalls in this area. Hawkers' stalls occupied the space immediately in front of the stores and frequently, especially in Trengannu Street, spilled out onto the street. Laundry poles could be seen hanging between all the buildings with colorful garments offsetting the somewhat drab, worn tarpaulins which covered the hawkers' stalls.

The streets in back of the houses were usually more quiet. There, men and women were seated on stools before small tables with red scrolls of flowing gold Chinese characters pinned to the wall beside them. Chinese characters such as "Double Happiness," a scroll suitable for the newly-wed couple, or "May There Be No Mishaps" a scroll to place on the staircase. They would also write or translate letters into different dialects or read, out loud in Mandarin, the contents of letters received by usually illiterate women.

Today, scenes such as these have vanished. It was the life in and around them which was so dynamic, colorful and exciting. Nowadays, outside the stores, you can see the older generation sitting on their stools, as if reminiscing about the once full life of noisy and busy streets of Chinatown which they used to live in. When I look into their eyes, I feel a sense of loss, loss of heritage, loss of identity which they used to be so proud of. To them, all of these things have been remorselessly destroyed. How would you feel if what you had been building for years with hardship had all been destroyed?

The streets are clean and the drains are running. The fishy smell now only exists in my imagination. The houses, after a new face-lift, seem awkward with their superfluous colors. Skyscrapers, unseen in the past, suddenly appear in every direction. The touts or "the new kids on the block" can be seen harassing the tourists to buy their fake or copy watches and so on. Where have all these veterans of Chinatown gone to? Chinatown has become so artificial that the true spirit and atmosphere no longer exists, thereby losing its attractiveness to the beholder.

Today, Chinatown is no longer shaped by the influence of the people but rather the government. Once destroyed, the old values and scenes of Chinatown can never be revived to their exact replica, as in the past. Chinatown now and then are two different stories. The early Chinatown has ended. This second rebirth of Chinatown feels lonely and bare.
Communication in Photography

Christiaan W. Phleger

Honorable Mention, 'Open'
Instructor: Keith Kashiwada

Photography is communication. It is one person expressing his or her own personal view on a given subject, communicating that vision to an unseen viewer.

The communication to the viewer is essential. It is what gives the photograph life, the feeling of an actual moment in the life of real people. To achieve this sense of realism, the photographer must use interpersonal communication skills to relay to the subject what is necessary for the message to be conveyed for the final viewing. These skills must be clear and accurate to create a personal contact between the subject and the photographer. The photographer needs a strong sense of empathy to understand the subject's point of view. The photographer needs accurate perception to read and understand the non-verbal messages of the subject so that they can be relayed correctly to the viewer. Finally, the photographer must use language to communicate exactly what is needed from the subject to make the photograph communicate to the viewer.

My personal preferred method of photography is to not interfere with the subject's activity and to let all of the non-verbal messages come through unaltered. Most of my best photography is of people engaging in an activity or expressing themselves in a natural nonposed way, without being excessively aware of the camera. This type of photography draws the viewer into the photograph and can reveal emotions, thoughts and relationships about the subject.

One technique for achieving that "natural" look is to remain detached from the subject, letting him continue uninterrupted until he does something photogenic. An intuitive sense is needed to spot a potential photo before it actually occurs, and a quick response is also needed to ensure a good shot. A mis-timed shot can draw attention from the subject, especially if he is doing something that he feels is outgoing or expressive. Many people, if not completely preoccupied, will acknowledge the camera, possibly altering their activity. This acknowledgment can surface in a number of ways, from smiling (or not smiling) to making various gestures, or even to the extreme of turning away to avoid the camera.

Sometimes a bit of encouragement can enhance or even save a photograph. A personal example was when I was at an intermediate school, covering a parent's night for the paper I work for. I was walking from one room to another when I spotted a young man waiting outside a classroom. A girl was talking to him. By the girl's expression and posture, I could tell that she had a crush on him. I started to move in closer for a photo, but that slight intrusion upon their sensitive personal space was enough to cause them to move apart and to stop their conversation. Sensing my potential photo slipping away, I said a few quick words, reassuring them of my intentions. They went back to talking, and after a minute she moved closer to him, slightly mimicking his posture by moving her leg toward him. I took the photo at that instant, capturing the uneasy intimacy between the two adolescents. By my accurate perception of their social interaction, and my reassuring communication, I was able to witness and record a very personal experience in the lives of my subjects. This is an example of the type of photography that I feel expresses the non-verbal communication that exists between people. I feel that viewers can identify with the people in the photo, which is exactly my intent for taking the photograph.

A photographic situation, which I do not prefer but encounter often, is the set-up, posed, presentation shot. In these types of photos the person or group of people are fully aware of the camera, and this awareness can possibly cause behavioral changes. These changes are usually in the form of a predetermined pose. This pose is a view of the presenting self, how he would like to be seen by others. These changes in pose can surface in many ways. Men puff out their chests, or stand straighter to gain extra inches of height, while women turn to their best side or even slink to the back of the group so that their face is the only part of their body that shows. As a photographer, I have learned to work with these first initial poses, only altering them slightly if I feel the change could enhance the final photograph. Adjustments could be as minor as a smile or as major as moving people about, putting larger people in back and pulling shy people from the shadows.
When I work with groups, the most effective way for me to communicate with the group is in a gregarious, almost flamboyant manner. This method for groups is in contrast to the subtle, unobtrusive method that I use for intimate photographs of individuals or pairs of people. In the intimate setting, I do not want the subjects to be overly aware of the fact that they are the center of attention. In the group setting, I feel that my outgoing nature sets the group at ease, as if I am the center of attention, rather than they.

As the moment approaches for the photo to be taken, I double-check the positions of people to assure that nobody has shifted or hid. When I am a millisecond away from tripping the shutter, I say something witty or funny. This is the old “cheese” trick, a phrase to catch the attention or create a reaction from the group. After the initial photo, I take one more immediately after, before the group can disperse. With little or no warning, the second shot often shows the group much more relaxed, relieved from the tension of holding the mask of the presenting self.

Although those types of photographic situations occur often, I do not prefer them. I feel that they are impersonal and not intimate. I do not mean to imply that the images created are false. I just feel that the presenting self that a person uses in posed photos might be different from his real, perceived self, the person that he is most of the time. That perceived self, what I call the real self, when captured in photographic form, is a powerful statement visually. It can reveal so much about a person: the thoughts, emotions and relationships within the person. Unfortunately, views of that identity of self are rare and fleeting. As a photographic communicator, I strive to catch a glimpse of that identity, and when forced to shoot through self-imposed filters of identity, I employ techniques to uncover a bit of the person within. I feel I am a good communicator, for it is vital in my life as a photographer.
What is untouched today might be changed forever tomorrow. The green forest, clean air, blue oceans, and wide open spaces that make up our lives and our unique planet will be judged by our children, our grandchildren, and our great-grandchildren. If we are to hope that they judge our actions kindly and make wise decisions about which parts of their environment to save, we must leave them good examples to follow. We must leave behind a commitment to the thoughtful preservation of planet Earth and its untouched wilderness areas. If we do, we will have fulfilled our obligation to those who came before us and to those who will come after.

Planet Earth's natural environments are tangible reminders of the six-hundred-million-year biological legacy we have inherited from those who came before us. The world of nature, and the memories it represents, forms a vital part of our lives and our human spirit. Pristine environments are important—not just because they are beautiful, but because they contain so much of ourselves. They provide us with a sense of continuity. By instilling within us a feeling of awe and respect, they show us where we came from and help us to understand where we are going. They point the way to a future that builds on our undeniable ecological foundations, a future that combines the best of Earth's biological and geological past with vital life-sustaining activity to create the biosphere we inhabit today.

Earth's fragile biosphere is our planet's life-giving membrane. It took three-and-a-half-billion years to create the wonders of Earth's biosphere. It is this incomprehensible legacy that we humans are now altering at a voracious rate.

It will be up to the generations that follow us to decide which of our environmental alterations were self-serving and greedy and which of our preservations were beneficial and deserve to be remembered.
A View in a Mirror

Heather Higa

"Open"
Instructor: James Shimabukuro

As my family celebrated my cousin Dari's first birthday, my grandmother remembered her past. She spoke in broken English, sometimes speaking in Japanese. She marveled at how much things had changed since her childhood and how children today take things for granted.

While Dari celebrated her birthday with a big party, attended by seventy family members and friends, my grandmother reflected on how differently her birthdays were spent. There were no big dinners, no presents, and no decorated cakes. In her words, "Birthdays, we never celebrated. Only sometimes my mother would say, 'Oh, it's your birthday,' and make something special like pancakes or meat to eat."

The "old, old, shack," as my grandmother called it, was their home. It was situated on land in Kaupakalua, Maui, which her father and mother leased to raise pineapples. Her father and his friends built the house with whatever materials they found. They did not have the conveniences in their homes that we have today. They did not have their own rooms, nor did they have their own beds. There was one small bedroom for her parents, a kitchen, and a parlor where she slept.

She slept with her brother and five sisters on a futon on the floor. They didn't have any toys. They relied on their imagination. While kids today play with cartoon figure dolls, battery-operated cars, and rubber balls, the children of yesterday played with sticks, rocks, and guavas. They pretended that stones were toy cars. Showing me how they played, she held her hand as if she were driving a car across the table. While doing this, she also made a motor sound, "Rrrumm, rumm, rum, err!"

Because she lived on a farm, my grandmother also remembers working hard. There was no such thing as playing at home. Play was reserved for school. Everyday after school, she helped her parents cut the grass, using a hoe. She also picked pineapples and packed them in a box to sell to the cannery. She also helped feed and clean the pigs, which were sold to meat markets or killed for food. She did not expect money or toys for doing her chores. In her day, there was no such thing as an allowance.

At the age of fourteen, she also spent her vacations working at the Libby Pineapple Cannery. Her duties were to take out the "eyes" of the pineapples, trim and cut the pineapples, and pack slices into cans. There, she was paid for the first time. Giggling, she remarks, "Ten cents an hour I made. Imagine that!" She made thirty-two dollars a month, often working ten hours a day plus overtime. With the money she made, she helped her parents buy their first kerosene stove. I couldn't help but think that we are so lucky today: the minimum wage is $4.35 per hour.

My grandmother was forced to earn a living at the age of sixteen. Because the school she attended from rice bags. Making the rice bag underwear was also a big chore. She had to first scrub the red designs with soap and sand. Then she left the bags out to dry in the sun for a couple of days. She had to go through this process of washing and drying about three times before it became completely white. When the material was ready to be sewn, my grandmother made it look somewhat like a diaper. She then cut a thin piece of old tire tube and stretched it to become an elastic band.

My grandmother also recalls their toys. Laughing, she says that unlike children today, they did not have any toys. They relied on their imagination. While kids today play with cartoon figure dolls, battery-operated cars, and rubber balls, the children of yesterday played with sticks, rocks, and guavas. They pretended that stones were toy cars. Showing me how they played, she held her hand as if she were driving a car across the table. While doing this, she also made a motor sound, "Rrrumm, rumm, rum, err!"

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My grandmother was forced to earn a living at the age of sixteen. Because the school she attended
was far from home, she travelled by train. She explained how she was afraid because she had to walk through a pasture filled with "bull cows" to get to the train station. Her train fare for one month cost her father three dollars. He could not afford the trips; thus, she dropped out of Hamakapoko High School when she was a freshman. She spent her days helping on the farm and washing clothes for Filipinos. From the age of eighteen until twenty-two, she did the laundry for twenty people. She was paid two dollars and fifty cents for each person per month. With one month’s pay from one person, my grandmother was able to buy about two pounds of meat. Instead, she gave her money to her parents to save. After two months, they bought their first ice box. This was a tremendous treat for the whole family.

In comparison to my grandmother’s generation, we have become lazy. Many people today think of doing the laundry as hard labor. We have to gather our clothes, put them in the washing machine, and turn it on. However, we have things easy. My grandmother worked hard trying to clean the field workers’ clothes. They were filthy, soaked with sweat and dirt. The clothes had to first be boiled in water and lye. She described her work: “I boiled, then scrubbed with the brush and wooden board, and then I stepped with the feet and hit with the stick to get all the dirt out.” The wooden board she used to wash the clothes was rectangular in shape. It had a handle at the top to hold onto and ridges to scrub the clothes. The stick she used was similar to the board, except that it was long and flat.

At the age of twenty-two, my grandmother moved to Oahu and began her career as a waitress. Although she stopped farming and was being introduced to new things, she did not become lazy. Today, she continues to work hard in her garden and sometimes uses her wooden board to scrub her clothes.

Because her generation had so little when growing up, my grandmother believes they are partly to blame for the greed and selfishness of the generations today. She wanted to give all that she didn’t have, and we have taken all for granted. She believes we should go back in time to help us realize that we are living like kings and queens. If we can’t go back, then children should be educated more about their heritage.

In Waipahu, villages of the first immigrants to Hawaii are being built. It is called the Hawaii Plantation Village and will be an education center. It will have displays of the homes they lived in, clothing they wore, and food they ate. This village will be a place where we can remember our grandparents and learn of the past. My grandmother believes that field trips to centers such as this should be mandatory for school children so they can realize how easy life is today and become less selfish.

Today, we need to think more of what we have and less of what we don’t have. My grandmother has been through many difficult times. She remains a strong person, mentally and physically. I can’t imagine myself living under those conditions. After listening to my grandmother, I’ve become more aware of all the things I have. I am fortunate to have a family who loves me, clothes on my back, food to eat, and a bed to sleep on. I hope our greed and selfishness will not spoil us completely.
Visions of Dharma

Emily Chaison

"Open"

Instructor: John Cole

The current exhibit at the Honolulu Academy of Arts depicts ancient Buddhists in their natural environment. The exhibit itself is very orderly, tranquilly located, and flows gracefully from room to room. Reminiscent of the age it portends to portray, the exhibit is successful.

Although studying some facets of Buddhism in school, I received a greater depth of insight by observing the attention given to the subjects painted. In any culture, what is considered worthy to paint, is considered worthy indeed. The Buddhists' veneration of their most saintly monks in carefully detailed portraits, and the illustrations of miraculous exhibitions of faith (i.e., conquering demons), brought subjective knowledge to me of the order and precepts of this religion and way of life.

I could see and feel the simplicity required of a person's life-style in this religious order. Discipline and obedience to the religious hierarchal authority were required in return for spiritual enlightenment.

I found most beautiful the brush work of both the calligraphy and the paintings. The calligraphy, while actually being writing, was so light and joyous it appeared to dance. To me it carried the elements of heaven: as if we could read the words of heaven in the figures of black birds soaring across the sky.

Also prominent in my memory is the exquisite, gold-leafed, detailed, painted fabric worn by the Bodhisattva. Due to the greatness of their position, only the Bodhisattva and the Emperor (or Prince) had such gold in their paintings. The skill was so incredible: such patience to paint so much so tiny. Truly time moved slower for the people in those days, I felt.

The Bodhisattva of Compassion, Kannon, was seated often upon a rock near a waterfall which was described as being high up in cliffs which were in the west. Kannon was a source of compassion, and was either seated by water, or carrying water, the element of purification. Interesting to note is that ancient Egyptians also considered death, the peaceful passage out of this world, to be in the west; and that journey was one of crossing water. Native American Indians coincidentally place water in the west on the medicine wheel, the wheel of life, opposite birth, which is in the east. Whether it is a source of truth or part of the "collective unconscious," as a professor of mine recently suggested, I also felt peace feeling the water, by looking at the paintings.

Some days I look out at the ocean in the distance and let the soft blue colors and the horizontal lines of the currents soothe my worried mind. The peaceful nature of the art at this exhibit produced a similar effect for me. I think I would have felt at home with some precepts of this religious culture, such as the simplicity and harmony with nature, but I've taken on too much of a American streak of independence to be submissive to a religious hierarchy. Maybe even that is part of our modern "collective unconscious," as old regimes and strict hierarchal orders break down and people all over the world demand independence from constrictive politics. The exhibit was an exciting exercise of introspection, fitting of a religion which encourages meditative thought.
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YOU MUST SUBMIT: Completed submission form • Typed paper • Labeled computer disk containing your entry, specify type of word processing used • Entries limited to 2 per student •

For more information and to submit entries contact Karl in the LAC and Brock at the Kapio (Journalism Department) •

Read the student newspaper, Kapio, during the semester for more details • Entry forms will be available at Kapio and in the LAC •
The Diamond Journal is dedicated to Regina Chang whose past and present participation, dedication and contribution have enabled this magazine to become reality.