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**To the students:**

The Kapiolani Community College Diamond Journal staff 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, and ideas, and to remind 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 staff 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 much to gain.

*The Diamond Journal Staff*
In the fall of 1987, Diamond Journal was born out of a class project for Linka Mullikin’s English 10V class. Xeroxed and stapled, not yet able to stand on its own, DJ was nourished by students’ words and love. With every new semester, Diamond Journal grew by paragraphs and periods. First 10V then on to Eng 22 and publication as a supplement in Kapio, Diamond Journal was gaining strength, support and respect.

To instill in students’ minds the idea that knowledge and education would pay off in the future, DJ offered monetary rewards for the best-written papers. To raise the money for this endeavor, the DJ staff, at certain times during the semester, would sacrifice themselves by standing under bird filled trees selling muffins, made by a granny in Honolulu. Soon, DJ’s muffins became famous campus-wide. From the LAC to the library, the muffin people were the topic of conversation, “Who are these strange beings who stand under the bombing myna birds in order to raise prize money for a writing contest?”

Idle chatter did little to deter DJ from its intended goal of instilling into the campus population the desire to write. Like an insatiable word processor, with the need to churn out more and more words, Diamond Journal members continued to sell muffins and took on yet another category, Eng 100. Then, on a sunny day in the spring of 1990, the muffin people opened their pages to the entire campus—an open category was conceived. With the support of encouraging teachers and sustenance from the student body, DJ had grown from a few typed, xeroxed pages to a 12 page layout in Kapio.

DJ fever spread throughout the campus, and students began sharing their written work, by way of Diamond Journal, with all of KCC. Experiences, feelings, and dreams, which otherwise may have only been shared with a few classmates, were now being offered for all the student body and faculty to enjoy. What better way to learn about people and different cultures than to read their thoughts put into words.

DJ’s awards presentations and public readings, where the place winners orally present their papers, are an awe inspiring event. Well attended by students and faculty alike, one can only concur that the affair is nothing less than enchanting. To see and feel the magic of a student gaining confidence and respect as they read their written work in front of their peers, family, and teachers is a moment imprinted in one’s mind and heart for eternity.

With every new semester the entries for the contest increase. This semester there were over 100 submissions. In the past, Diamond Journal was able to publish only 16 papers. This semester, with the support of the Student Congress, the English Department Chairperson, the Dean of Instruction, and the Dean of Student Services, Diamond Journal has progressed to magazine format and is now able to publish 31 submissions.

This magazine is, and will always be, a treasured memento for those who have had the courage and confidence to submit and share a part of themselves—their writing.

Brock Pemberton
Senior Editor-President
In Memory of four very special people who shared with us a love of learning and language.

James Embrey
Philip Dattola
Rose Marie Ellis
Gary Toyama

By Bryan Akito Sekiguchi
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When I was fourteen years old, I believed that to be a good girl scout, I should do one good deed each day. One day, while I was walking home from school, I saw an old lady who was carrying a bag of groceries from the market. I went toward her and offered to help her. In return, she invited me to her home for dinner. That was where I first met her grandson, Dr. Lee, who later became one of my best friends.

Dr. Lee came from a wealthy family in Hong Kong. Both of his parents were famous lawyers, and so were his older sister and brother. After he graduated from college in Hong Kong, his father tried to convince him to study law, in hopes that he would help work in his father's law firm as his sister and brother did. However, he strongly insisted that he was only interested in medicine. Finally, his father gave up his long-term influence over his son's decision and allowed his son to fulfill his own dream.

Later, Dr. Lee went to Canada and attended McGill Medical School. On Christmas Eve in his second year at school, he got into an automobile accident while on his way to midnight mass. He was in critical condition, and his doctor thought that he would not survive. After countless operations and with a strong will to live, Dr. Lee finally came through; however, he was confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. Some people might have felt God was being unfair, but Dr. Lee was grateful that he was alive.

He continued his education and graduated in spite of all the obstacles and inconveniences. After he got his degree as a specialist in internal medicine, he went back to Hong Kong to practice medicine.

There, he opened two offices. During the day, he worked in a high-rise office building with an elegant decor and charged a regular fee. In the evening, he worked three hours in a poor neighborhood clinic; he charged only the cost of prescriptions, and the office visits were free. He also visited the handicapped children's center every Saturday. He inspired the children there to pursue their dreams with persistence and determination. He told them that their dreams would be fulfilled if they would work harder. He always said, "We are handicapped physically, not mentally. With confidence and perseverance, nothing is impossible."

I was always impressed with his love and care for other people. I recall when he took me to an elegant French restaurant to celebrate my twenty-first birthday. The waiter had slipped and spilled the soup on us. The first words he said to the waiter were, "Are you all right? Did you burn yourself?" I was touched by his thoughtfulness toward other people.

Another incident I remember is when we were dining in an expensive Chinese restaurant. I had been talking to an old man who was sitting at the next table; he told me that he had saved his money for over a year just to come to this
restaurant and try the famous shark fin soup. Before we left the restaurant, Dr. Lee quietly paid the bill for the old man and asked to remain anonymous.

The last time I saw him was six months ago while I was visiting Hong Kong. He looked weak and old. He told me that he was suffering from a heart disease. When he saw my sad face, he comforted me with a smile and said, “Don’t worry about me. I am a doctor, remember?” He passed away three months later. It was a great loss for his family, friends, patients, and most of all, the children at the handicapped children’s center. However, for them, he left his entire estate. As a friend and doctor, Dr. Lee was a man with passion, thoughtfulness and generosity. What a wonderful man!
Why I Am Just A Nurse’s Aide
Mary Lee Petre

2nd Place, English 10V
Instructor: Gail Harada

Someone asked me what I do for a living. I said, “I’m a nurse’s aide and I work in a nursing home.” The person made a face and quickly changed the subject. I was hurt by the person’s reaction because she had no idea what being a nurse’s aide was all about.

A lot of people don’t understand my job and many people wouldn’t do my job. “Not for all the money in the world,” they say. What they do not understand is that there is something special about this job. My patients need me and really depend on me. I not only care for them, I care about them as well.

Being a nurse’s aide is not a glamorous job, but it’s a very important one. I take pride in my job and in my work. There is much to learn. I try to improve my skills and myself while I am on the job. Things do get hectic at times. Sometimes the call-bells seem to go off all at once. Family members ask me to do this or that. They all want priority, so I do the best I can.

My work is the kind of work many sons or daughters can’t or won’t do! Yet somebody has to take care of the sick and old. So I bathe and shower my patients. I want them to be fresh and clean. I comb and brush their hair. I want them to look nice. Their hands shake and tremble, so I cut up their food and help them eat. I want them to get proper nourishment. Now do you understand why my job is so important? These people really need me and depend on me! That’s why I feel I am a very special person even though I am just a nurse’s aide.
In 1974, my father was sent to the countryside by the U.S.A.I.D. (a development project sponsored by America) to establish and develop the country areas in the islands of Southern Laos, next to Cambodia. All of my family had to move with him. It is 300 miles from Hong Kong, the main island, to the middle of the province.

While my father worked on his project, my family and I spent summer vacations filled with innocence, and I never knew boredom. In the summer, my family would mostly stay on another island where my father had fishing gear, called seines, for catching fish. The heat of summer on the island was mellow, and several kinds of wild flowers produced sweet scents which lay in the air all day. Our hut was far from the village, about one mile. There were about 20 of us who stayed in the hut, including 14 fishermen who worked for my father. With no electricity, we used a gas lantern to make light. In our hut there was no plumbing, not even a toilet. The routine of summer days was shaped by these deficiencies. Lacking electric lights, the fishermen would go early to bed and get up before the break of dawn to prepare the fishing nets. Then it was our turn to get up, while the dew was still on the grass. Breakfast was finished, and everything was cleaned in an early-morning hubbub by my mother and my sister and women who came from the village. After my brothers and I finished looking

for wild animals that were caught in traps, we would sit on the dead wood on the ground to use the bathroom. That was our toilet. We listened to the songs of many different kinds of birds. That was our entertainment.

In the mid-afternoon the weather was pretty hot; fortunately, there were plenty of trees that protected our hut from the heat of the sun. Afternoons were not absolutely still. They were filled with sounds of flies buzzing around fish that the women had just finished cutting up to make “pahdag” (jar fish). Raucous shouting from a group of fishermen drifted from the river along with the sounds of small waves which lapped the shore. It was a soft sound. The chug of a trawler in the river was my father coming from work in the city.

At sunset, my brothers and I went down to the river to run around the sandy bank. That was our sport. The sky was getting dark, leaving only the moonlight to illuminate the air. Bats swooped over our heads. My mother returned from picking flowers to offer to Buddha.

I have a hard time remembering the many things I have experienced in the past 17 years since I was seven years old. But I had a good time on that island, even though everything was undeveloped. It was an interesting place, where I could do anything I wanted. When I go around Oahu, I sometimes see people hiking in the countryside or fishermen fishing. All those things bring my memory back to that island.
Accomplishing great deeds influences and benefits people, and it distinguishes such persons from the rest, so we call them great. But accomplishing great deeds, such as saving a life, discovering a cure for a disease, or negotiating peace between countries, is not the only way of influencing others. Sometimes a silent presence can create as equally powerful and respectable a result as any great deed. I came to this realization when I was working as a volunteer at a school for physically and mentally disabled children 14 years ago.

In the summer of 1977, the school for disabled children where I worked, went to a camp. Just before that trip, I had been totally shocked by the news that my girlfriend had committed suicide. I was not in the mood to go on a camping trip. However, my sense of responsibility pushed me, so I dragged myself to join the students. I certainly did not know, at that point, that this unwanted trip was about to give me one of the most unforgettable experiences in my life.

On the last night of the camp, like every night for the last three days, I made an inspection to check if everything was all right. When I came to a boy named Yoshi, his wide-opened eyes met mine. Yoshi was a boy who had been heavily paralyzed since he was very young. His bone-skinny and twisted arms and legs stuck out in different directions, as if they were pulled by a strong and mean force. His head wrenched toward his right shoulder from where it hadn't moved for most of his 15 years of life. As he was not mentally disabled, we could communicate through his eyes, which, with a slight expression, did most of the talking. He was awake because he needed to use the bathroom. I took him to the bathroom and helped him.

As we were coming back, I was stopped by the sight of the terrace opening to the garden. It was a moonlit night, and the soft glow of the full moon in the garden invited me. I pushed Yoshi’s wheelchair to the outside, parked it in the middle of the terrace, and sat down next to him. “Is it all right to sit here for a while?” I asked. As we sat side by side, I slowly began to talk. “You know Yoshi, you might have noticed that I haven’t been cheerful recently. Something very sad happened to me just the other day, and I cannot get over the shock. Do you want to know what happened?” Somehow I felt like opening up. I went on. “My friend killed herself. She thought this world was not worth living in. She had much suffering that was too heavy for her. Trying to live life was such a difficult . . .” Suddenly I couldn’t continue. I murmured to myself, “What am I doing?”

What was I doing lecturing about how difficult life could be to a boy who was unable to move or talk? What was I doing asking his sympathy for my friend, a physically fit 20-year-old, for her pain in life? After all, Yoshi was the one who couldn’t even use the bathroom without someone’s help. What was I doing preaching how unworthy this world could
be to a boy who was trying to live life fully, despite the fact that he would never be getting up from his wheelchair?

What suffering could be more difficult than his? What hardship could be more comprehensible than Yoshi’s, if one has to give up on his or her life? Then something unexpected happened. A weak streak of sound suddenly floated out of his mouth. It wasn’t a cry or a sigh, as there was a slight intonation in it. Then I realized that he was singing. The song was for me. He thought I had stopped talking because I had been emotionally overwhelmed. He was comforting me in the only way he knew.

That night I recovered from my depression. The fact that Yoshi, being both physically disabled and being so sensitive and considerate to the pain of others, awakened me. Yoshi saved me from my depression by helping me appreciate life once again. But what did he do to influence me so powerfully? Nothing. He did not do any deed that I always thought necessary to make a person great. It was his “presence,” not his “accomplishment,” that impressed me. He taught me that a silent presence can create as equally powerful and worthy a result as any great deed.

Furthermore, one does not have to be disabled to influence others with a silent presence. The gift to make people feel easy, encouraged or comforted can be great, and can be developed by anyone. Today, I work at a local hospital as a volunteer. Often I hear the voice in me, whenever I confront a hardship, saying, “The favor you received from Yoshi should be returned to others.”
In 1972, a group of pilgrims from Puerto Rico headed toward the Holy land for the first time, hoping to be closer to God and to see where Christianity was born and where Jesus performed his miracles. Little did they know that their long anticipated journey would end in a terrifying tragedy.

On May 30 of that year, I was hospitalized for a medical checkup at Tel-Ashomer hospital, located about twenty minutes from Lod International Airport in central Israel. Not enjoying my stay there, I wandered back and forth in the hallways. It was 8:00 p.m. when I heard people saying, “Something terrible has happened at Lod airport!”

Earlier that evening a TWA 747 had touched down at Lod Airport. The passengers deplaned into the huge lobby to have their visas checked and passports stamped. After passing through immigration, they stood around waiting by the luggage carousels for their suitcases. All of a sudden, with no warning, three Japanese passengers, who were actually terrorists from the Japanese Red Army, took machine guns that had been hidden in their suitcases and started shooting everywhere and at everyone. Bullets were tearing apart anything they touched, pieces of broken glass were flying around, and people fell like flies to the floor, bleeding and wounded. There were panicked and horrifying screams for help! Hysterical people were running and shouting throughout the airport. By the time help arrived, puddles of blood covered the floor. Many people were badly hurt, and twenty-seven passengers had been slaughtered, most of them Christian pilgrims from Puerto Rico.

That same night, I had the sad opportunity to meet one of the wounded victims. The ambulances brought the wounded to Tel-Ashomer Hospital where I happened to be. A woman victim was put across the hall from my room. The next day, as I was passing by her room, feeling deeply sorry and concerned, I looked in. In bed was a young woman in her late twenties, lying motionless, staring aimlessly at the ceiling with tears rolling down her cheeks.

She looked as though she were in shock. My heart went out to her. I wanted to help her, comfort her, or say a nice word, but did not know how to approach her. Later, I heard from the nurse that she would not eat or even talk to anyone. All she kept asking was, “What happened to my husband? Where is my husband?” The hospital staff could not bring themselves to tell her the truth; her husband was dead. The nurses told me that, in fact, he saved her life by pushing her to the floor and shielding her body with his to protect her from the terrorists’ bullets. By the time he reached the floor, he was dead and his wife badly wounded. I was angry and frustrated, but felt helpless. I didn’t think I should be the one to tell her that her husband was dead; in any case, I didn’t know how.

The following afternoon, dressed in my
hospital robe, I went over to her room and stood by her door. Next to her was a tray with food that had not been touched. I snuck a look at her; she looked pale. She hadn't eaten since the accident at the airport. Slowly and carefully, I tried to reach out to her and gain her confidence. I told her that she needed to eat, but she only replied, “Where is my husband? Why don't they tell me?” I stood there speechless for a moment and said, “I'm sure, eventually, they will tell you. Maybe he is in a different hospital and doctors are taking care of him there.” I felt guilty. What right did I have to lie to her and bring hope to her life? But I just could not bring myself to tell the painful truth. In any case I insisted, “No matter what, you have to eat to gain strength.”

Slowly she began to confide only in me. She asked me to sit by her and started to tell me about herself. Her name was Lydia. She and her husband were very religious and wanted to come to Israel. “We were thrilled,” she said. “Now my trip has ended before it started. I am three months pregnant with our first child and now have bullets in my stomach and leg. My husband wants to name our child Issac, a name he chose from the Bible. But I don’t know what will happen now. They brought me all of my husband’s belongings, so why aren’t they telling me what happened to him? Where is he?”

She reached into a bag that was lying on her bed and, taking out a Bible, handed it to me and said, “This belongs to my husband. He always holds it in his hand wherever he goes. I looked at the Bible; there were deep bullet holes in it and dried blood smeared on it. I was holding the Bible in my hands and couldn’t raise my eyes to meet hers, trying hard to hold back my tears. I felt that deep inside of her, she realized what actually had happened to her husband but kept asking for him, looking for hope that he was alive.

I wondered what she felt and thought about God at this time. Was she angry at Him, asking Him, “Why?”

I promised her that I would be there for her whenever she needed me. So I always sat by her, comforting her, making sure she ate and that she was not alone.

On the fourth day, the Japanese ambassador to Israel came to her room to apologize for what his countrymen had done. I was in her room when I saw him and thought that I should leave them alone. I was walking towards the door when I heard Lydia’s shaking voice, “Please don’t leave me alone with him. I’m afraid of the Japanese. I don’t want him in my room!” She was terrified; I was torn. I had respect for the ambassador and believed this should be a moment between Lydia and him. I felt awkward; I knew the ambassador was there only to apologize, but Lydia still felt threatened by him and wanted me to stay.

The ambassador could sense my emotions and touching me softly on the shoulder, said, “It’s okay. You can stay.” In a way I was relieved, but, on the other hand, it was very uncomfortable for me to stand there listening to him apologizing to Lydia, especially in such a sorrowful manner. He told her the truth about her husband and apologized. Lydia was silent, as if she was expecting to hear the awful news. I was crying to myself, feeling for Lydia and all of this terrible tragedy.

Two days later, Lydia had to leave and continue her treatment back in Puerto Rico. She still could not walk, so I walked beside her gurney, holding her hand as they transferred her
to the ambulance. She looked at me, and in a sad voice said, "I will never come back to Israel."

I felt hurt and I thought, "It's not our fault. We didn't do anything. It's not fair." Of course I did not say a thing to Lydia. I understood how she felt and what she had been through; I could not blame her.

Then she said, "I want to stay in touch with you." I was filled with joy. She took my address and we said our good-byes, knowing that we would never forget each other.

Six months later, I received a letter from Lydia saying that she was still recovering but had given birth to a healthy baby boy and had named him Issac.

Today, Issac is a nineteen-year-old young man and Lydia is happily remarried. She is a professor of literature at the University of Puerto Rico and likes to write poems.

Although life goes on, I often wonder if Lydia has ever forgotten her horrifying trauma and if she is truly emotionally and spiritually healed.
Fondest Memories of Grandma
Patty Jones

3rd Place, English 22
Instructor: Kai Nelson

She never slept. At least I didn’t think so. When I was a little girl spending the night at her house, she would make my bed on the sofa. Soon, Uncle Terry would go to bed, then eventually Grandpa. When I awoke during the night, I found Grandma still up. At times she would be reading or writing a letter, but mostly it seemed she was just cherishing her solitude. Grandma enjoyed every simple aspect of life. She was a devout Catholic who touched many people with her compassion and kindness. Her humor and robust enthusiasm for life seemed contagious to all who knew her.

In her forties, Grandma had striking physical traits. Her slightly slanted brown eyes, rich dark hair, high cheekbones and small frame hinted of a possible Asian background. Close inspection of worn photographs revealed that her facial features, especially the almond shaped eyes, came from her father. From her German mother she inherited habits and attitudes most would find dull. Like her mother, her entire life was spent being a homemaker, which she took pride in. She never seemed to want more than that. I can also recall strong, square practical hands that revealed years of hard work and labored love.

Grandma was a religious, God fearing woman who began each and everyday by attending 7 a.m. mass at St. Stephens. I liked going to mass with Grandma, especially so early in the morning. The house was so quiet and outside the day so fresh. During those morning masses, I saw how important her faith was in her everyday life. She would light a candle at the alter and pray for someone each day.

On Sunday visits to her home, the family was always met with a spirited welcome. Her expression was one I never heard anyone else use in receiving visitors and haven’t heard since. “Greetings!” she would cry as she scampered out the front door. After our fun-filled visits were over and it was time to head home, she would put us through a farewell ritual. She would kiss us good-bye and sprinkle holy water on the tires of our car. This blessing would assure us of a safe journey home. Needless to say, it would infuriate my father, who tried his best to tolerate his mother-in-law’s long good-byes.

I can still remember her overwhelming enthusiasm for everything she accomplished, no matter how small. One accomplishment I recall was the project of refurbishing her bedroom. She would go into detail explaining what had to be done. Everything in the room was stripped, cleaned meticulously, and painted to perfection. All the drawer and closet space was then organized for optimum convenience. She also informed us of the beautiful matching drapes and bedspread that she found half-price at J.C. Pennys. Her enthusiasm was contagious. I couldn’t wait to get home and organize my drawers.

Grandma’s strongest characteristic was the giving of herself in helping other people. She
was always involved with a cause for the church or caring for family members and friends. When her mother became ill and could no longer care for herself, Grandma took charge of her well-being until Great Grandma died at the age of ninety-eight. There were thirteen children in Grandma’s family. She was the only one who volunteered to take care of her mother rather than let her live alone. Grandma also helped care for her younger brother, Charlie, who suffered mental illness from World War II. She tried to make Charlie’s life seem as comfortable and normal as possible. Once a week she would go over to Charlie’s house to cook meals, clean the house, change the linen, and finish the laundry. Grandma always helped those in need.

I am proud of my grandmother in many ways. I will always keep with me the strong values and fondest memories she left behind. I can still hear that familiar voice crying out, “Greetings, Greetings,” and remember her values, especially the importance of giving one’s self everyday.
Benito
Rebecca Leibu

1st Place, English 100
Instructor: Meena Sachdeva

The village where I lived in Switzerland didn’t have many inhabitants, and my elementary school was rather small. Everybody knew each other, and a secret couldn’t stay a secret for very long; rumours spread fast in such a small place. We had a nice teacher, but she was very fussy about absences. Everyone who came late to her classes had to do extra work and that usually was very time-consuming.

On that particular summer day I was in a big hurry, running along the way and thinking of nothing but how to get to school on time. Then I saw Benito, and my heart beat faster. The spokes of his wheelchair reflected in the sun as he pushed himself towards me. It was too late for me to take another street; a confrontation with Benito seemed inevitable. I glanced back over my shoulder, but there was no sign of my friend. A slight feeling of uneasiness spread in me, and I slowed down to gain time. A few hundred yards further was Benito, trying to master the steep driveway which was the only access to the school area. I could see the effort on his face and how much strength it cost him to move his wheelchair only a few inches upwards. In fact, he was moving backward rather than forward.

All rumours about Benito roamed in my head. People weren’t openly talking about him, and there was a kind of mystery surrounding him which made us kids feel uncomfortable when we saw him. It was said that he lived with his mother who had to be a very hard-working woman, for we never saw her with her son. I also heard that he wasn’t quite normal; people had seen him mumbling incomprehensible words and talking to himself. And, worst of all, he was said to have such bad breath that one could have the impression of standing in front of a garbage disposal (God knows who came up with that, but everybody believed it, including me). We shunned Benito, and it was absolutely unseemly to exchange any words with him. That was a little bit unfair, in my opinion; for deep inside, I pitied him. When I brought this up, I could feel the aversion of my friends, so, for the sake of peace, and because I didn’t want to lose my friends, I shut up.

“Look at him,” I thought, as I was watching the boy’s fruitless attempts to push himself up the driveway. “He isn’t even able to do such a little thing.” The thought of helping him struck me, but I dismissed it immediately. I didn’t want anyone to see me together with this handicapped boy, who we believed was only half human. Eventually, I stood right in front of him, and I could see the beads of perspiration on his forehead. What should I say? Benito spoke first.

“Hi,” he said, and turned his wheelchair in order to see my face.

“Hi,” I answered, trying to conceal my aversion. I was surprised that no cloud of stench escaped his mouth. Maybe he wasn’t as bad as everyone thought. But then I noticed the worn-out and old-fashioned clothes he wore;
nobody would dress himself like that. With a wide movement of my arm, I looked at my watch to show him I was in a hurry. I knew what would come next, and I wanted to be well out of his sight before he could ask the question.

"Could you please push me up this driveway? It's too steep for me." Too late again! I felt torn: on the one hand, my inner voice urged me to help him; on the other hand, I worried about what my friends and all the other kids would think. I didn't want to be the target of their derogatory remarks. It had been difficult enough to get accepted into the circle of my friends—I wasn't willing to risk all that just for Benito. If he hadn't asked me, I would have passed by him, but I reluctantly grabbed the handles of his wheelchair and began pushing him up the driveway. My whole behavior showed him, clearly, how much he demanded from me and how grateful he should be that I did him this favor. I hated myself for this attitude. Why was I acting like this? I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't help it. "The others wouldn't even consider helping him," I tried to persuade myself, thus generating a false feeling of pride.

As fast as possible, and anxious not to draw any attention to us, I pushed him to his room. I felt relieved that the classes had already begun, even if that meant I had to do extra work. Now the corridors were empty, not crammed with screaming and running kids staring at me as I pushed Benito in his wheelchair. That made it easier for me, and I relaxed a little bit. When we stopped in front of the classroom door, Benito turned halfway in his chair and looked at me. "Thank you," he said. In his eyes, I could read the longing to be one of us kids, to be involved in our play, and I suddenly realized that he had to be very lonely. But there was no time for further thought. I had to go. For a moment, I hesitated. I wanted to say something kind to Benito—something encouraging—but I was too inhibited.

On the way to my classroom, I began to prepare a plausible excuse for my lateness. I couldn't tell the teacher and all my classmates the real reason: me together with Benito! But that would be unfair to him. Once again my feelings were mixed. I hadn't made up my mind when I knocked at the door, yet I was inclined to tell the truth. Benito really wasn't as bad as everyone said; he deserved more attention from all of us. If I wanted, this could be the chance to stand up for him. I entered the room rather determined—until twenty-six heads turned towards me. The teacher paused in her lecture and looked at me over the rim of her glasses. I wasn't prepared to get such undivided attention, and I blushed. The air in the room suddenly seemed to be charged with suspense. They knew that something unusual had happened, because I had never been late before. I could see my classmates exchanging glances, and I felt my little self-confidence and determination fade away, until they were all gone.

"Why are you late, Rebecca?" my teacher asked.

I couldn't do it, I just couldn't tell the truth. I was too afraid of all the remarks and all the mockery that would come. Finally, I replied, "I overslept, sorry."

I had lost the battle. What a coward I was! The opinion of the others had been of greater importance to me than Benito. I walked to my place, and while the teacher resumed her lesson, I sat there, ashamed. Instead of being relieved about having saved my reputation, I had a
growing feeling of disappointment. I was disappointed that I didn’t do what my inner voice told me to do; I didn’t do the correct thing. I had actually disavowed Benito, and although he didn’t know that, I felt guilty.

A few days after that incident, he and his mother moved away from our village. Even now, more than ten years later, the memory of Benito is still alive in me. I owe him an apology, and if I can’t help him any more, then at least I can try not to make a similar mistake with others. In the meantime, I have learned to follow my inner voice and do what I really want to. I can’t claim that the opinions of other people—all my friends, family, teachers and colleagues—don’t matter to me any longer, because that is not true. But at least their opinion doesn’t dictate my life and force me to do something against my inner belief. The image of Benito often comes to my mind, and I realize there are a lot of Benitos out there in the world.
Watching coverage of the war in the Middle East on TV brings back many painful memories. For three years of my childhood in Germany I experienced being on the receiving end of aerial attacks by the allies during World War II. Thinking back on those traumatic times, I realize that war causes total disruption and long-lasting pain.

Observing the burned, maimed children on the TV screen, I see how fortunate I was to have been out of harm’s way when the bombs started to fall. Had I remained in Frankfurt, the large city that ended up sixty-percent destroyed, I would probably not have survived. Luckily, my older brother, Wolfgang, and I were taken to safety in a small village sixty miles north of Frankfurt, where we stayed from 1942 until the war ended in 1945.

Many times during those three years we heard the frightening sound of air raid sirens which usually wailed during the night. We always went to bed fully clothed; no time could be wasted in fleeing to the shelters. Fortunately, no bombs ever fell on our village, but we could hear the drone of the bombers shortly after the alarm was sounded. They always approached from the north, from England, and headed south toward Frankfurt and other cities. I recall being frightened but too tired to stay awake in the shelter. The morning after a raid, we children made a game of searching the ground for strips of aluminum foil the bombers had dropped to jam the German radar. We thought the strips looked like tinsel and pretended they were Christmas tree decorations.

My most vivid memory of an “enemy” involves the crash of a fighter plane. It happened during the day, and the whole village watched with morbid fascination as the fighter spiraled to the ground, trailing smoke. We ran toward the crash site, but ammunition aboard the plane began to explode, and we were not allowed to get close until the next morning when the fire had burned itself out.

I will never forget the grisly sight of the pilot’s roasted body and the sickly-sweet smell of burned human flesh. The dog tags had been seared into his chest by the intense heat but were still legible. The pilot was British, “ein Engländer.” No one took much pleasure in seeing the dead man in his fighter. Most families had at least one member fighting in France or Russia or Africa, and we knew that many had already been killed, or “fallen” as we called it.

The saddest day of my young life was some time in 1944, the day my mother came to tell my brother and me that she had received official notification of our father’s death in France. We were sitting atop a hay wagon when she tearfully told us, and we all knew that life would never be the same.

To compensate for the absence of the able-bodied men, several prisoners of war were brought to the village to help women with the heavy farm work. I recall one man in particular, from Poland or Hungary, who was such a
terrific worker that potatoes were planted in half the time. I was really impressed! No doubt these prisoners were relieved that for them the war was over. They slept in comfortable beds, had adequate food, and were treated decently.

One cannot think about Nazi Germany without remembering the persecution of the Jews. I have often been asked whether the German people were aware that Jews were being exterminated in concentration camps. To my recollection, the average German citizen had no knowledge of the ultimate fate of Jews, and my only memory involves a neighbor family. Without prior warning, a group of soldiers appeared in a truck one afternoon and asked where the “Juden” lived. The family was ordered into the truck, and when we asked the reason, we were brushed off with the remark that they would be “relocated.” After the truck sped away, we felt great anxiety and concern for our Jewish neighbors; as far as we knew, they had done nothing wrong. They were farmers like the rest, not hated bankers and merchants. We were worried who might be next.

By the end of 1944, the situation in the cities became increasingly desperate; city people were coming to the village with luxury items to trade for food. Farm women suddenly owned fancy fur coats, jewelry, Oriental rugs, cameras, and typewriters that starving city dwellers had traded for a sack of potatoes, ham, or a few pounds of butter.

As the war dragged on, the mood of the villagers became increasingly glum. Many families knew that their men would never come back. Horses and food were confiscated by the military, and damage reports from the cities became more and more depressing. We all felt in our hearts that Germany could not hold out much longer, despite the frenetic speeches by Hitler over the radio. He assured us that victory was imminent, but we knew better. Then rumors began to drift in from neighboring towns that the Americans were coming, that it might be advisable to prepare for surrender. Thus, when the day arrived in April 1945, we were ready. As soon as the first American tank rolled into the village, we hung white sheets from windows and lined up along the street. What an exciting experience for an eight-year-old! We had been warned by the adults that the “enemy” might take us prisoner or even kill us, but, instead, the Americans smiled and waved from their tanks and later gave us chocolate and the king of candy that never melted—chewing gum. What truly surprised me was the sight of black Americans; I never even knew that there were people other than white in the world. The black soldiers were just as friendly and smiled at the children. For them, as well as for us, “Der Krieg ist vorbei.” (“The war is over.”)

War is senseless, wasteful, and frightening, especially to children. They have no part in starting it, they have little comprehension of its reasons, and they certainly have no control over its conduct. “Civilian casualties” and “collateral damage” are meaningless words, but what children do understand is that war frightens, destroys and kills. Even as an adult, I do not fully comprehend the justification for war. We can only hope that the disruptions caused by wars are precursors of greater harmony in the future. This happened for Europe, but in the case of the Middle East, it remains to be seen.
Fiery Convictions
Lidia MacDonald

3rd Place, English 100
Instructor: Jim Shimabukuro

When war was officially declared, I hurried home to watch the news on television. I saw Honolulu police officers arresting demonstrators as they protested America’s military involvement in Iraq. A young man clutching a megaphone was hurled to the cement sidewalk and kicked several times. I watched another officer swing an angry woman to the ground as if she were nothing more than a bag of rice. Vivid memories came screaming from deep within me, like film spewing out of a broken projector. The television screen disappeared as the newscaster’s voice grew faint beneath the soundtrack playing in my mind.

It was 1969, and on that day in May, I lay in bed recuperating from a cold. Letters, the only link between a homesick father and a lonely daughter, were scattered across my bed, creating a paper blanket. My eyes drifted to the map pinned to the wall. I could not imagine my father fighting a war on the flat green and pink splotches labeled Vietnam. From across the street, sounds of running footsteps and joyous laughter tumbled into my room. The hollow twang of a rubber ball told me that my classmates were playing dodge ball in the school playground. Hearing my sighs and increasingly restless movements, my mother declared that I was well enough to accompany her on a short trip to Berkeley. This was the first day of Mr. Jaczyk’s spring fabric sale. My mother wanted to arrive early while the fabric selection was still plentiful. Also, she did not want to leave a twelve year old home alone because of the recent racial riots that had exploded throughout California.

Mr. Jaczyk’s store had two big display windows. When I stood in the far corner of the one on the left, I could see the Berkeley campus down the street. After my enforced stay at home, I soon felt cooped-up in the store. I slipped out the door after I was sure that my mother was preoccupied. Glancing through the window, I could see my mother measuring lengths of fabric along her arm while conversing with another customer. Excitement tingled along my skin as I crossed the street. I trailed a group of students as they walked quickly toward a big white building. A man stood on the steps with a megaphone. I was too far away to understand his shouts and quickly lost interest. The space around me closed in with the arrival of more students carrying signs. Three girls, with arms linked, swayed in front of me. Accompanied by guitar strums, their high, soft voices sang of answers blowing in the wind. I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned to see a bearded man with long, brown hair. As he bent down to me, I saw white star-bursts floating in the bright blue of his tee shirt. He placed a daisy in my hand and said, “Peace, little sister.”

Above the talking and singing, I thought I could hear drums pounding in the distance. As it grew louder, I recognized the sound that any military brat could identify. It was the rhythmic beat of boots slapping against the pavement.
during a formation run. I heard a voice shout “Pigs!”

A girl next to me yelled, “Peace now.” I watched her words ignite the students until the chanting echoed off the front of the building. The sudden press of bodies forced me into the person in front of me. I could not take a deep breath because my nose was crushed into a girl’s tee shirt. The belt loop of her jeans rubbed against my chin so hard I thought flames would erupt from the friction.

The chanting turned to shouts as the human ocean pushed toward the street. I jumped with the first loud bang. A girl nearby screamed. As other shots cracked the air above us, I heard crying. I grew frightened and ached from the elbow jabs and frantic jostling as people around me tried to break free.

Suddenly, a hole materialized in front of me and I tried to crawl through. When I could not move my right leg, I looked back and found the bearded man holding my ankle. He shouted that I was moving toward the guns. He dragged me back and picked me up. Pushing and shoving, he forced a way out. Carrying me, he ran into the closest building. He did not put me down until we reached the second floor. I followed him to the windows and looked down.

Men, dressed in uniforms, fired shotguns in an attempt to herd the crowd into a walled courtyard. Other men came up behind them and threw cans into the crowd. The masks they pulled down over their faces transformed them into insects with human bodies. The lawn disappeared beneath the smoke. The man next to me cried out. His fingers gripped the window sill as he watched a uniformed man drag a girl across the sidewalk by her long, blond hair. As he passed another student lying on the ground, he delivered two vicious kicks before moving on. Another man swung his club wildly at the remaining group. His stick found its way into a boy’s stomach. As the boy doubled over, the man grasped his stick and brought it down like a hammer on the boy’s head. Blood spurted from his head while a thin, red stream trickled out of the boy’s ear.

I started screaming and could not stop. The pain in my heart could find no other release. The flower man wrapped me tightly in his arms. Cradled on his lap, we rocked back and forth. He sobbed as we tried to find comfort. I could not tell which tears were his. I never saw him again after that terrible day because my mother stopped shopping at Mr. Jaczyk’s store.

May 15, 1969, marked the end of my childhood. My father came home a year later, a changed man. He had lost his smile. Loud noise always made him start. I am still afraid of crowds inflamed by their convictions. A candle sheds light while it burns, but without careful tending it can become a searing wildfire. The intense heat will devour everything in its path, leaving behind only smouldering ashes.
Will You Be My Hero?
Pamela Heritage

1st Place, Open Category ENG-254
Instructor: Caroline Nakamura

It is Russia, 19th century, and a dashing young Russian named Pechorin, riding a fiery black steed, thunders across the tundra on his way to a duel. The wind blows back his long, black hair and beard, and his eyes are fixed ahead, hard and cold as steel, as he rides to face an inevitable death. It will be his death, or the other's—but there will be a death on the tundra tonight. He swings off his steed and faces a fair-haired man, as fierce as Pechorin. They each choose a pistol out of a gilded case then look each other directly in the eye. Neither falters. They are surrounded by a few witnesses, one removes the gilded case. Another marks off the paces. The dueling gentlemen draw lots to see who will have the first shot and it falls in the hands of the fair-haired stranger. The two men stand with their backs to each other, heels touching. At a signal they begin to march the ten paces, slowly and evenly. Then they turn to face each other. Their eyes burn like dark coals, their faces dispassionate. After a pause, the stranger raises a pistol and fires a single shot. It is not true, it wounds Pechorin in the right shoulder, and he slowly and painfully moves his pistol to the left hand. His right arm dangles uselessly at his side. Pechorin then lifts the pistol carefully and fires. It is a true shot, directly through the heart, and his opponent crumbles into the dirt, face down and unmoving. Pechorin mounts his impatient black steed and rides furiously toward town, eager to claim his accolades as hero—a 19th century Russian Hero.

In the 1990's we find this scenario a little difficult to absorb. After all, in 1991 we do not use a duel as a criteria for a hero. Brash dueling mopeds just don’t make it. But what criteria do we use, today, for a hero?

The world needs heroes. We all need heroes. They remind us that there is true greatness in the society that we are part of. But how does one become a hero today, and really—what do we want from our heroes?

Heroes walk our campus every day, performing little selfless deeds that often go unnoticed in campus life. For centuries we have looked for heroes to be larger than life creations, men and woman so exalted by their achievements that we may only throw ourselves prostrate on the floor to express our admiration. The historic world is full of daring heroes, but the modern world has had great heroes too; exalted heroes worthy of our life-long admiration. Mother Teresa and Martin Luther King, for example, but please note that these heroes don’t simply perform isolated heroic tasks, they have dedicated their lives to achieving their dreams. Unselfish sacrifices are their life’s ambitions and they never give up the pursuit of these dreams. If we were to call them heroes they would probably look at us and say simply, “No thank you. That’s not what I’m here for. I’m just doing what needs to be done.”

You may remember the great artist and trend-setter Andy Worhol who said each of us
will be famous for fifteen minutes in our life-time. Once I wanted to be famous like that; in the '90s, famous seemed much better than hero if you wanted to get noticed. It would have been great: I'd be on the evening news with Joe Moore, and have dinner with Andy Worhol at the Black Orchid, surrounded by stars and the "common" people who wished they were me. But it would all be over quickly; 15 minutes, Andy said. Then I'd have to get back into my 1978 Toyota with the rust holes in the ceiling and drive home to Waipahu. Nothing would change. Besides, Andy Worhol's dead, so maybe I've missed my fifteen minutes.

The term Hero has changed throughout the decades. The criteria is different. It is my belief that we find heroes daily in modern life performing unselfish acts to help other people. This criteria goes back to my favorite heroes, Mother Teresa and Martin Luther King; people doing things for other people.

In that vein, heroes are all about us here on campus—we only have to take a moment to watch, and listen. Yesterday I watched a student hurrying to class. She noticed a visually impaired student having trouble navigating the construction area on campus. She stopped, introduced herself to the student, took his arm and helped him through the rough parts. She is my hero. This morning, I watched another student help a young woman in the cafeteria carry a lunch tray and all of her books safely to a table. He simply smiled and got back in the lunch line. Another hero.

The definition of a hero that I find applicable to the '90s is a human being who takes a moment to care a little more about someone other than him or herself, even for a brief moment, even if no one notices and no one breaks into thunderous applause. To be a hero today you do not need to ride a fiery black steed into the cafeteria, brandishing a loaded pistol, looking for the guy who cheated on the world civ. test. You will just look silly, and there is a good chance you will be arrested.

As I said, we all need heroes. And in the '90s we all have the opportunity to be a hero, even for a moment, even if no one notices. I've turned my sights to a new dream. A quiet dream. No evening news, no dinner at the Black Orchid. I have a dream of turning my life into an existence where I can be a hero every day. Just a little hero, but an important hero, because I'll take a moment here and there to live for other people.

Isn't that what it's all about? Let's ask Mother Teresa. I think she knows something we may not have figured out yet.
Dear Francois
Jennifer Whybra

2nd Place, Open Category HONORS -150
Instructor: Andrew McCullough

In the morning of my departure, I held your body and cried. Your arms cradled me against you, but your touch seemed foreign.

"Please proceed to boarding gate 4B. Flight number 277 is now boarding passengers," beckoned a voice from the speaker above our heads.

We said good-bye, and a book closed shut. With hesitation, I pushed myself to walk away.

Two weeks have passed since that day. And here I am, groping for words, inadequate words, trying to explain what I can only feel.

Our relationship has changed me completely. I try to remember when we first met, and I think of how differently I have come to relate to every facet of my life. What we created together is so precious to me, that I hold on to the memories with my heart and soul. With you, I found a part of myself that was dormant for years, a part so deep and innocent that it trusts without question and loves unconditionally. You became my friend, my brother, my father, and at times, my child. When our paths crossed, I prayed that we would never be separated. You are so deeply embedded in my heart that you have become a part of my very essence, and nothing will ever change that.

But to live is to change, and life brings many changes in its wake. Leaving you that morning two weeks ago was both an end and a beginning for me. Change had taken hold of us, and just how much we had grown apart was something that neither of us had anticipated, or had we?

I had come back to Kona to touch base again. I came to find the connection that we had always shared. I came to experience that which I had only learned to create with you. I came to find your gentle patience that had soothed my feverish head and brought me back to myself so many times before. It had been months since we were last together, but I believed that time could not tear us from one another. So, I believed in the coming of my sanity with the coming of my arrival.

Walking down the steps of the airplane, I felt the tension and stress blown out of my body by brisk Kohala winds and carried further and further away to dissipate into the ocean's echoing waves. Relieved of the world I had left on O'ahu, the process of released anxiety had once again begun.

As I walked closer to the gate, I saw you. But your searching eyes met me with a strange and distant gaze. I stared back, trying to find the space within your soul that you had always kept open for me. In its stead, I found fear and apprehension staring back.

Through frozen lava, we drove in silence to your house. Awkwardly, I held your hand and felt a sense of loss. We had grown apart. My chest rose and fell with my breath as shocks of pain softly stabbed at my heart. I knew an end was near. I clutched your hand a little tighter and knew it was time for me to let you go. And in the days that followed, I was only reassured...
that my time had come to step away into the world to find my own path.

It frightens me to stand alone on this ledge, to stare down through the thousands of miles into which I could fall and know that I no longer have your wings to carry me. In my shedding of your skin about me, I am naked and alone. And in my decision to navigate my own flight, I also take into my hands tremendous responsibility. I feel like a child just born, breathing the fresh air of freedom, and, at the same time, crying for the loss of the warm womb that assured me of tomorrow’s coming.

Looking deeper into what raw truth is left, I find, in agony, that I have only briefly grasped what you tried to share with me. I’ve turned my eyes away from the obvious and looked blindly into your eyes, hoping for some recognition of myself within them. Every new concept that poured from your mouth I took and tried to find where it fit into my life. Barely aware of my intentions, you walked a step faster than I could, and I ran double-pace, in search of security, as I pressed my feet into every footprint you left behind. I was blind to realize that if the security and intimacy that I wanted so desperately from you was there, then all desperation would have dissipated from the moment we were together.

I am slowly letting you go, letting go of the pain of broken dreams. I don’t know where to go, now that I am not chasing after your heels. I feel like a sleepwalker, waking to a storm in the middle of a forest, far from my bed. I am awakening to a rush of emotions and feelings. Chaos and peace in the same room, rushing to hold each other within the pounding walls of my heart, trying to simplify their differences and reach a balance.

I love you.

Reluctantly, I hold you in my soul. To me, you are a fiery coal, too hot to hold, and yet, I am cold, so I toss you into dance between my burning hands. I feel the clench of my throat, the short breaths from my lungs, the pain in my chest for loss and being lost, and the tears fall. Deep in my soul lives the acknowledgment of an end and a beginning, both happening simultaneously.

Here I am. All of my twenty-one years have prepared me to trust in my intuition, to stand on my own, and to find the courage and strength from within to lead myself to my goals.

Here is the universe speaking to me through fate; it says, “Go, your time is NOW; experience . . . and learn.”
“Kim, I’m not your natural mother.” These were the words my mother said to me when I was four years old. She was trying to explain to me that, although she and my father were not my biological parents, they, my biological parents, did not abandon me. She went on to explain that she and my father loved me and would be my “real” parents for life. I don’t remember exactly how she made me understand all this without explaining the birds and the bees, but I somehow understood that I did not come out of my mother’s stomach. I do remember her saying that I was “special” because I had been “chosen.” I just accepted all this information without any fuss. I was adopted. I am an adopted child. I am special. I love my parents. My parents love me. But always there is the mystery plaguing my mind about who my biological parents are. What do they look like? Do I have any brothers or sisters? Do I look like them? Which parent is the shorty from whom I inherited my height?

Throughout my life, people and peers who have met my parents have always asked, “Why don’t you look like your parents?” On the one hand, my mother and father are about the same height, 5’6”, and they have the facial features of typical local Japanese: slant-eyes, fair-skin, thin black hair, and a small round nose. I, on the other hand, have round cat-shaped eyes, darker skin, thick brown hair, a narrow nose, and I am a mere 5’0”. As a child in elementary school, every teacher I had said, “You don’t look like your parents, Kimberly.”

I always replied, “Of course not. I’m adopted, y’know.” I wore a conceited grin and held my head up in the air because I was “special.”

Then the teacher said, “Oh, then you must be hapa. Did your mother and daddy tell you what your natural parents are? Part haole? Mexican? Indian? Filipino? And the list went on. I’ve been referred to as part-everything when the time came to “guess Kim’s ethnicity.”

My only reply was, “I’m pure Japanese.” According to my parents, my natural parents are Japanese. The official print on my birth certificate certifies that fact. For some reason, since I did not look like my parents or my relatives, I felt weird, as though I didn’t have the look of a Japanese person.

I still recall a time, as a child, when I was at home watching T.V. My mother walked by and saw me pulling the skin on the edge of my eyes upward with my fingers. She exclaimed, “Kimberly Sasaki, what are you doing to yourself?”

“I’m trying to make slant-eyes, Mommy.”

“Oh, why are you doing that?”

“So I look Oriental kind.”

She pushed my hands down and asked me why I would want to do such a thing.

I put on a pouty face and said, “Well, I’m supposed to be Japanese, but everybody says I don’t look it cause my eyes too big.”

My mother shook her head in disbelief and
said, “Don’t be silly! Do you know what many people would give to have your eyes! Some girls tape their lids to make double kind.”

I realize what I did back then was quite silly. Today, I wonder if, had I been with my natural parents, this kind of identity crisis would have happened to me? My mother said that I am Japanese, most likely Okinawan, because I seem to have their features: thick hair, narrow nose, and darker skin. As I became a teenager, I accepted this part of myself and realized that there will always be people who will question what my ethnic background is.

Presently, I wonder about my natural parents. My mother’s friend, whom I call Aunty Audrey, recalls shopping in a supermarket in Hilo and seeing a woman who resembled me. She was about to call my name when she realized this woman was a lot older than I. My mother said it could be possible that Aunty Audrey had seen my biological mother. The only information my mother knows about my natural parents is that my natural mother is from Hilo and that my natural parents created me out of an affair they shared. My mother has told me that she will assist me in finding my natural parents if and when I decide to do so.

I often imagine that my biological parents resemble me. Perhaps my natural mother has big double-eyes and thick brown hair. Maybe my natural father has a narrow nose and is dark skinned. They may even be as short as I am. I often dream about actually meeting them, and I often wonder, “What if, as I am looking at them through my round eyes, they look back at me through slant-eyes?”
Names are the very first thing that we can own by ourselves. Also, the choice of a name is the first of many important decisions parents make for their child. They want to make the best choice because their child will probably use this name for his or her entire life. Why are names so important to our lives? Because names have an enormous effect on people.

Everyone we meet forms an immediate impression of us from just hearing our names. Not only sounds and looks of the names, but also the meanings of names affect people. Well, perhaps my parents were concerned with all these facts and took a long time to choose my name, too.

According to the name book that I found in the library, my first name “Wendy” comes from an old German name “Wanda.” Its meanings are “roaming over glen” and “seeking violets in the snow.” These meanings seem to refer to the word “wander.” This word sounds like I am a person who is idle without a fixed course, aim or goal! I really do not appreciate that my name refers to these meanings. Instead, I would like to think that there is a better meaning in the old German name, Wanda. Perhaps, I am “roaming over glen” with the feeling of “wonder.” I am a person who likes to wonder about something most of the time. So it could be fitting for me. But, I am not only that.

My middle name, “Megumi,” is a typical Japanese name. If it is written in Chinese characters, it means blessing, gracious, mercy, or kindness. These meanings are exactly the same as my aim in life. Whatever the circumstances, I always try to keep at peace within my heart. Perhaps, since my parents gave this name to me, they wanted me to be a person like this. Actually, it is fairly difficult to practice in daily life, so I do not think I can fit this name perfectly without practice. But I do like this name, because it reminds me of the way I want to be in life. Whenever I hear and use this name, I can reflect on how I am doing in life.

My last name can be separated into two parts, “oto” and “mori.” “Oto” means sound and “mori” means forest. Therefore, my last name means “sounds of the forest.” I can certainly imagine a fairy tale associated with my name. It is also merry and gay. I could also say “party in the forest.” That would closely fit my family, because we are all happy people. We all like music too.

Fortunately or unfortunately, names can create images before we know the person’s real personality. It is always attached to our life. So it might influence people, either dangerously or successfully.

However, sometimes having a unique name can be a real advantage. In my case, my name affects people’s remembrances. Because of the way it sounds and the rareness of my name, people can remember it easily. This makes me more comfortable in the class and in my working place, and it also helps me to make new friends. My name makes me feel very special.

As you can see, names have various roles (continued on page 63)
July 6, 1921. This is my first entry in my personal diary. Today at school my teacher asked me a stupid question, so I gave her a stupid answer. In response, she said, "Juliette Allistare, you are a very unusual child." I didn’t understand what she meant, or why she said that. I sure seemed normal to myself.

July 7, 1921. I went to the town square today with my mother to go shopping. I helped her pick out apples and a nice big melon. In return, she gave me five cents as a reward for helping her. I looked for something to spend my five cents on. While looking, I came upon a man giving away kittens. I asked him if I could have one. Even though I’ve always wanted a puppy, a kitten would be just fine. I chose a black spotted kitten. I showed my mother the kitten and asked her approval. She liked the kitten, so we took it home.

July 10, 1921. For these last two days I was sick in bed, so I decided that I didn’t really have anything important to write. Today, I went back to school. Afterwards, I rushed home because I was very anxious to see the kitten. When I arrived home, my kitten wasn’t there. I searched all over for the kitten, but to no avail.

July 11, 1921. My parents searched and searched but could not find the kitten. I then inquired down my road about the kitten and also asked all of my close neighbors. The kitten was just nowhere to be found.

July 12, 1921. There is still no sign of my kitten; I am getting very worried.

July 13, 1921. I decided to search in the old abandoned cave, even though my parents forbade me to go there. When I looked down into the cave, I heard a soft mewing sound. I realized that it must be the kitten. I climbed down through the opening, but then lost my footing, and I fell deep into the dark cave.

When I came to, I found that every time I tried to touch or move my leg, it hurt terribly. My kitten came out of a dark part of the barely lit cave. I tried to think of how I could get out. I dragged myself around, but I gave up because I figured it was hopeless. All of a sudden, the kitten darted away; I thought that it must have sensed danger. I didn’t really care because I was in too much pain and too tired. The cave got darker and darker until it was all black.

July 16, 1921. I awakened in my bed. Since my last entry was three days ago, I figured I must have been unconscious for three days. My father explained that my kitten had led him to the cave, where he then rescued me. He told me that he found me unconscious with a broken leg, which explains why my leg hurt so.

July 17, 1921. Today is a very special day, because I named my kitten. I decided that since I liked puppies so much, I should give it a dog’s name. I called my kitten Fido. I really like the name.

I still don’t understand why people say I am unusual. I have a kitten like all the other girls in the town. I guess I will never know.
Money For Women’s Shelters
Atsumi Nathan

Honorable Mention, English 10V
Instructor: Kahi Wight

I saw a page in the newspaper. It was a list of women who were murdered in Honolulu over the last two years. The number of the women on that list surprised me. Although it scared me for a moment, what struck me was that those who killed these women were all men who were their boyfriends or husbands. Nevertheless, in another article about this issue, it said that funding for women’s shelters may be reduced. However, I can think of at least three reasons why this should be opposed.

First, arrests for domestic violence have increased. Also, there must be a lot of domestic violence which has not been reported. In Honolulu, there were three arrests per week for domestic violence in 1986. However, the arrest rate has increased to 28 per week in 1990, an increase of over nine times. Furthermore, over 50,000 women were murdered by their boyfriends or husbands in the U.S. in the 1980’s, and more than one million women needed medical assistance for their injuries done by their lovers. These facts show that women’s shelter programs definitely need more money.

Second, a woman is more likely to be assaulted, injured, raped or killed by her male partner than by any other type of assailant. Dewani L. was shot by her ex-boyfriend in January, 1988, when she ended their relationship. Joanna K. was stabbed to death by her husband in January, 1990, during their separation. Today, when I got home and watched TV, the news reported that a man who had killed his girlfriend was sentenced to life in prison. When an impasse grows between a couple, a man is more likely to be aggressive than a woman. Women absolutely need women’s shelter programs.

Third, women who have experienced domestic violence need not only medical assistance but also psychological help or counseling. They do not have relaxation in their daily lives and loose control over their lives. Some women tend to use drugs or drink alcohol as their catharsis. Before their conditions get worse, they should be treated and given comfort.

Although it is unfortunate, women’s shelter programs are one of the necessities in today’s society. Moreover, arrests for domestic violence have increased recently; therefore, programs should not only be given more money, but also should be further developed.
Domestic Violence—What To Do
Kiyomi Sakamoto

Honorable Mention, English 10V
Instructor: Kahi Wight

More than eighty percent of recent murders have been committed by spouses, girlfriends, or boyfriends. In Hawaii, arrests involving the abuse of a household member increased from 300 in 1986, to 2,254 last year. Alexander “Boy” Carvalho, who beat his wife to death, was convicted of manslaughter, and Fitimase Fitimase was also convicted of manslaughter in his wife’s death. Both should have been convicted of murder instead of manslaughter. That is why the law needs to be changed.

However, a “quick fix” is dangerous. On the assumption that changes in the law are possible, we should begin by establishing a more clear-cut difference between manslaughter and murder. There is the case of Stacy Ann July, who was convicted of murder, although she stabbed her husband to death accidentally in self-defense. On the one hand, a man is convicted of manslaughter; on the other hand, a woman is convicted of murder. It is stipulated in the statute that “murder occurs when a person intentionally or knowingly causes the death of another person,” and manslaughter is when “a person causes the death of the other person, under the influence of extreme mental or emotional disturbance for which there is a reasonable explanation.” However, “it is very difficult to prove whether there is a malice aforethought or not.” We have to clarify the law so it will not be misapplied as in the cases above.

If we want to clarify the law, practically speaking, it may take a long time, because we must use the cumbersome process of the law. Cases of death by abuse are so numerous that we cannot wait until the law is changed. When we think of domestic violence cases increasing so quickly, we have to do all we can as private citizens. One way to help is to increase funding for domestic violence programs. The governor’s budget allows $184,000 for the program, but an additional $190,000 is needed to run the shelter. About 1,300 people receive services annually from the programs. If the shelter closes, abused women and children would have to face up to great danger alone. While we try to clarify the law for proper punishment of acts involving domestic violence, we must remember to fund the domestic violence programs and women’s shelters.
Mother Lau
Betty Cheung

Honorable Mention, English 22
Instructor: Linda Crow

Mother Lau, my mother, died seven years ago, but as far as I can remember, she was a remarkable woman. Having experienced the misfortune of my father’s death when I was five years old, my mother was able to provide for our physical as well as emotional needs. Some of the events that happened in her life makes me believe in the golden rule: “Failure is the Mother of Success.”

Prior to my father’s death, my mother was an arrogant lady who enjoyed much attention from my father because of her beauty and her pleasant smile. My father was wealthy; therefore, she spent money foolishly on jewelry and silks. She had five to six maids who catered to all her needs. In addition, she was wasteful of resources, throwing away useful items, such as clothing, watches, and earrings unnecessarily. She had no intention of learning any organizational or financial skills, but wasted her time playing “Mah jong,” eating, and drinking. Life, to her at that time, was at its peak because she took pride in her beauty and her ability to bear children for her husband.

But when my father passed away, my mother experienced a turning point. Mother Lau’s husband’s wealth was controlled by my aunt, his sister. Not knowing where to turn, my mother was left penniless with six children to raise by herself. That was the first time in her life that she had come across failure, for she didn’t have the skills to earn a living and support her family. Although she had no training in real estate, she decided to learn how to buy and sell real estate from friends and books.

It was a tremendous hardship on her part. Earning money was difficult. There were times when we barely had any food on our dining table. Mother ate fish heads and plain rice because food was scarce. Facing ridicule from her family and the social pressure of unkind women, she continued to struggle to make ends meet. She spent many hours worrying about when the next dollar would come in, but somehow she made it. As she developed skills, she began to earn a small income in the beginning, and she saved every penny she earned. Very soon she was able to build up an equity.

Her perseverance in being a breadwinner was admirable, but her love and affection for her children were also incredible. Whatever extra time she had, she spent it with us, teaching us proper social etiquette and Confucian disciplines. Contrary to her former carefree days, she taught us virtues, tolerance, and the rewards of sacrifice. She also taught us the importance of building one’s financial strength through saving. All her children became successful academically as well as financially.

The assets she built up were short-lived. My mother made a bad investment in gold and silver, which rendered her in a state of poverty once more. She was inexperienced in investments, and she listened unknowingly to her friend. Again, she learned from her mistakes by seeking more knowledge in the field of invest-

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The Artistic Beauty of a Campus
Sandra Mauhili

Honorable Mention, English 22
Instructor: Linda Crow

Have you ever wondered what life would be like without art? Art sparks our imagination, delights our senses, and stimulates our minds. The campus architecture of Kapiolani Community College includes these three attributes. The developers who planned Kapiolani Community College painstakingly, yet intelligently, created an environment where learning is set in a beautiful and country-style atmosphere, which is consistent with its surrounding community. Architecturally, the layout of the buildings, landscape, and abstract sculptures is well planned.

Architecture is the art and science of designing and constructing buildings for practical, aesthetic, and symbolic purposes. This definition suits the architecture on campus. The structural form of each building is practical for its purpose. In keeping with the look of the surrounding residential community, which consists of single-family dwellings, buildings on campus are, at the tallest, two levels. Therefore, the scenic views of the Waikiki and Kahala shorelines have not been obstructed by tall concrete structures. At the same time the architecture of the campus makes for a cozy, country-like atmosphere. Classrooms and offices are contained within the same buildings and don’t differ in design. They stay consistent throughout the campus, giving it a look of unity.

The landscape at Kapiolani Community College is well-planned in its design of winding pathways and in its selection of plant species. The campus sits on a hillside adjacent to Diamond Head Crater. The landscaping needed to be adjusted to a hillside. In accomplishing this feat, pathways flow with a slow, casual and winding descent which lead walkers to each building. Within these pathways are quaint, grassy, shaded areas that make perfect courtyards on which to sit and study. These pathways and courtyards are strategically placed in open areas where the cool mountain breeze flows softly down each pathway. The shrubbery and ground cover is simple yet pleasing to look at.

On the campus of Kapiolani Community College sit two abstract sculptures, one of which is cast in bronze and called “Spirit Way,” done by artist Seane Brown. Appropriately, it is found at the lower Diamond Head entrance of the campus. The sculpture depicts a hand that is cupped. A strong base, which resembles a palm, with two vertical pieces resembling fingers that join at the top, is separated by a bulge in the middle. One wonders what the artist had in mind when casting such a massive piece of art. There are students who feel that the artist is expressing the blend of the physical aspects of the Hawaiian Islands. Other students feel that the artist wanted the sculpture to represent a hand, that is reaching for knowledge. But in keeping with the surrounding atmosphere and purpose of the area, it’s worth considering that the artist may have been expressing this as a place where one may acquire and cherish

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My Grandmother
Jing Ouyang

Honorable Mention, English 22
Instructor: Barbara Nelson

My father’s letter said, “She cried several days for your leaving...” The scene of leaving my grandmother rises immediately before my eyes; she embraced me and exhorted me to study hard and take care of myself. Now I understand that she hid her sorrow so I would not hesitate to go abroad. Again, I deeply feel that my grandmother is very kind, ethical and unselfish.

My grandma lives in a small city located in the south of China. She is about five feet tall and weighs eighty pounds. From her good features, you can tell she was pretty when she was young. She is always neatly dressed, and her room is usually spotlessly clean. However, she did not mind when I often made a mess for her. She likes to get up early for the fresh air and exercise at the park. My grandma also enjoys watching movies and television. Her favorite program is the YUE local opera, which tells stories about ancient times. The channel is always changed to the others by her little grandson when she is watching the opera. Her cooking is excellent, which is not only my opinion but the opinion of everyone who has tried her cooking. I am sorry that I did not learn from her in so many years.

My grandmother was a great mother. She tried to make her children’s lives happy, as she never had happiness during her childhood. She was born into a poor family. Her parents both passed away when she was only three years old. She lived with her aunt and uncle, who made her do most of the housework. Her uncle wanted to remove the burden of caring for her as early as possible, so he arranged for her to marry an old businessman when she was sixteen. Fortunately, the man was very kind and loving toward her. He died after they had six children. She was only thirty-two years old when her husband passed away. Faced with a group of children, she shouldered all the responsibilities of the family. She sold whatever she had of value in order to send the children to the best universities. At the same time, she had to survive by working for a sewing factory. She also entered adult school to learn reading and writing.

My grandma, who never went to a regular school, taught me about the all-enduring power of love.

Since my birth, my grandma has been the integral part of my life because my mother, a geological worker, had to travel all around the country and could not bring me along with her. Grandma was devoted to us and loved us so much that she gave herself for our welfare. She was generous with her money. My bag was full of the food sent by her when I traveled to other cities. She would prepare a snack for me if I studied late. Infinite were the nights of severe winter when she got up to cover me. I always saw her waiting for me at the gate of the school when it was raining and I did not bring my umbrella. What I cannot forget is that she cooked two eggs with sugar soup for me on my
birthdays. She never failed to do this because she believed that I would make progress and have a happy year after I ate the eggs.

My grandmother loved us, but she never spoiled us. Once, when I was a little girl, I asked if I could help her carry a pot of rice upstairs from the kitchen. She agreed. However, she was too busy to remember my request. She carried the rice by herself. I made a tearful scene when I knew she did it by herself. She said that she was sorry again and again, and agreed to take the rice back to the kitchen so I could do it. I still cried and said that nothing could make up for it. For my foolishness she made me stand in a corner of the room to think, until I realized my mistake. I remember this although it occurred many, many years ago because it taught me to be reasonable and to forgive people.

For the first time in twenty-seven years, I am far from my grandma. I don’t know when I will have a chance to see her again and repay her kindness. Now, nobody here will cook eggs for me on my birthdays. My grandma is just like a candle which illuminates others, but melts itself.
What is your greatest dream? I am sure that there will be many different answers. It depends on where you are in your life and what your desires are. The greatest dream you might have at one particular place or time may not be the greatest or most important to others. For instance, if you’re in the U.S.A., your greatest dream could be to own a Corvette. But for me, in Vietnam, it was freedom. My desire for freedom was filled with dreams of opportunities for my family and me. It started in 1978, when we began our journey to seek freedom, a journey filled with adventure and danger.

It was a beautiful night in Vietnam, March 1978, when our adventure began. My family joined many others on a small old houseboat, about 45 feet long and 15 feet wide. It held approximately ninety-one people. Our goal was to reach Thailand, but halfway through our journey, we began to run out of food and water. We sat side-by-side with each other from the top level to the bottom level. We barely had enough space to lay down. Because of these conditions, many of us became sick, especially the children.

After being at sea for a few days, the weather turned terrible. The waves were very high; it seemed as if our boat was on a roller-coaster ride. The only difference was that our trip was not a game. The ride could not be controlled, and we feared for our lives. Many people were holding onto their family members tightly. Still others were crying and praying for luck. But some people were exhausted and too weak to move, so it seemed as if they didn’t care whether they lived or died.

When I recall that scary day, I vividly picture myself struggling to survive. The tears and fears of death enveloped me when I realized that we could all perish. The most terrifying feeling was that I was going to slowly drown in the cold ocean water. Honestly, I’d much rather die on land than in the middle of nowhere, because we were surrounded by nothing but deep, dark, blue water. Luckily, more than one hour after I had these thoughts, we were captured by the Vietnamese communist sailors. In this situation of life or death, I think that being captured by them was fortunate. Otherwise, due to starvation, thirst, or worse, we all could have died. We went aboard their big ship. They offered us food and let us eat. Then, they searched everyone for valuable items and kept them. Afterwards, they took us to jail.

Before our captors placed us in men’s and women’s cells, we had to hear a long, meaningless lecture for a couple of hours. The communists were yelling at us and calling us traitors. They were telling us that we betrayed our own country when they had treated us kindly, which was a lie. None of us dared to say anything, for we wanted to live and remain in one piece. They tortured us. They placed us in a small jail crowded with people. Our family had to sleep by the well very late every night after people had finished using it. We had to mop around the area and wait for it to dry, and then sleep.
The sailors also provided the most tasteless and unhealthy food, especially their low quality rice, which scratched our throat as we swallowed it.

The following month, in April 1978, we tried to escape again. Although our fear of being captured again was still with us, the longing for freedom and life in the United States of America gave us the strength to take a chance and to keep on going. This time we successfully made it to Thailand. The mission was much smoother than our first attempt. The feelings at the moment we reached Thailand Harbor were incredible. Excitement and tears of joy overwhelmed us. Everyone, including those who looked weak and exhausted from the three-day trip, was filled with energy as land appeared. “We made it,” and “Thank you, God,” were the two predominant phrases echoing over and over again at that time.

About one hour after our arrival, the Thai government took us to a refugee camp. My family ended up staying in the camp for more than two years before we came to America. The shelter was decent to live in. Food was provided for us. The only restriction was that we were not allowed to go beyond the camp’s border, and, of course, there were many guards watching over us.

Finally, on September 8, 1980, our dream of destination was fulfilled. It was the happiest day for my family. The moment of elation arrived when the 747 airplane made its landing at the Honolulu International Airport. As the plane slowly descended, the focus of our dream became clearer. I felt as if I had just awakened from a deep sleep for the first time; it seemed like this was the beginning of my new life. The reality of the land we once dreamed of standing on was here in front of our eyes. The joy and happiness within me at that moment were indescribable.

When I remember how hard it was to live under the control of the Vietnamese government, and how frustrating it was not being able to speak out freely, I feel very grateful to live in America. I am also thankful that my whole family made it to Hawaii. From the freedom we struggled to achieve, I learned not to take it for granted and to appreciate what’s granted to me now. On behalf of all the refugees and myself, I can honestly say that living in the United States is like a dream come true for us. This land of freedom is open with opportunities for everyone. Here, we can truly define the meaning of the word “freedom.”
Beauty—Real or Memorex?
Erlinoa Sizemore

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Janice Cook

The world is obsessed with beauty. The lengths to which people go to achieve beauty for society, their mates, and, sometimes, themselves are astounding. The price in dollars and pain appears to be of little consequence as long as the desired results are accomplished. The attainment of beauty is a never ending quest. It permeates societies with an energy of its own. Our language is replete with phrases which incorporate the word “beauty.” Expressions such as “beauty rest,” “beauty treatment,” and the “beautiful people” all imply that beauty is a desirous or beneficial attribute.

People pride themselves on being natural beauties, especially if they are endowed with a well-placed beauty mark. Unfortunately, most are not so blessed and consider standing appointments at the beauty salon a necessity. Beauty parlors provide a myriad of services designed to increase and enhance one’s appearance. False hair, nails, and permanent dyes are installed or applied with little effort. Some feel inclined to go a few steps further. They take more drastic approaches which cost large sums of money. Some measures have had unfortunate results.

Each year, a new beauty is discovered by Hollywood and touted to have the ideal look. The pitiful, ordinary peon out there in Anytown, U.S.A. feels compelled to possess the same qualities. This year’s “Pick of the Chicks” is Kim Bassinger. To achieve the Bassinger look, plastic surgeons are paid three hundred dollars a lick to expand the lips with an injection of silicone. The technique, called “Paris Lips,” lasts about three months and gives one the perpetual pout of Bridget Bardot or if taken to the extreme, the look of a novocaine overdose. Phyllis Diller has had almost as many operations as she is old. At last count it was sixty five and climbing. Every nook and cranny has been stretched, pinched, tucked, snipped and lifted to keep her appearance as youthful as her humor. This general overhaul has resulted in her quipping that “she can’t go out in the sun for fear that she might deteriorate.” Carol Burnett had her jaw adjusted to give her a better profile. Now she can be photographed from any angle.

Of course, the most daring of the female genre is Cher. Unconventional to the end, Cher not only had her derriere lifted, but had it tattooed as well. She presented it to the world in a recent video which was filmed with the U.S. Navy. I bet those swabbies couldn’t wait to dance “cheek to cheek.”

Let me not lead you astray, men are just as willing to subject themselves to the knife, needle, or pump as are women. Vanity is not strictly a female phenomenon. As too many of us can attest, exercise and weight watching are necessary evils. However, sometimes they can be side-stepped by a quick trip to the plastic surgeon. As songster Kenny Rogers can verify, one only has to be hooked-up to a special vacuum cleaner and literally have the fat sucked out. Spare tire gone, Kenny now sings “Islands
in the Stream” without being one of them.

Michael Jackson was once an attractive young man. Nature had equipped him with features that would have attracted any young lady. Unfortunately, Michael was not satisfied with what nature had provided him. So, Michael began a personal campaign to transform himself from an ordinary guy to a creature from another dimension. Like Frankenstein’s monster, he is a collection of features taken from various sources. He has Kirk Douglas’s chin, Diana Ross’s nose, and a complexion courtesy of Clorox. Some people have remarked that he now resembles his pet chimp. Actually, this statement is not far-fetched. It has been said many times that people resemble their pets.

It is no secret that women have succumbed to pressure from society by having their breasts enlarged, decreased or lifted as the fashion code dictates. At one time, it was a very private, expensive operation. Today, the subject is bandied about like yesterday’s news. Talk shows discuss the before and after appearance of clients as if they were models in a fashion show. Even a plastic surgeon’s worst nightmare is paraded before the television screen for all the world to see. One such unfortunate event demonstrated how a routine breast implant can go awry. Silicone, considered to be the most stable medium, was implanted to increase her bust size. She wanted to be a “C” instead of an “A.” The operation was a success, and for months she was very happy. Then the unthinkable happened. The silicone sac burst, causing it to shift position. It traveled under her arm, and by the time she was able to have corrective surgery, she resembled the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

The quest for beauty is not confined to the rich and famous. The average person may not have the funds for such elaborate measures, but what he lacks in money is made up ten-fold of ingenuity. People are sporting diamonds in their noses and studs that run the length of their ears. Males are outdoing females with exotic haircuts. One can have a Mohawk, a ponytail and a shaved scalp all on one pate. Self promotion can be achieved by having one’s name, address and phone number clipped from the left to right hemisphere.

This generation is not the first to exchange pain for beauty. Think back to corsets and girdles. What’s wrong with poor circulation if it results in a tiny waist? What about high heels with pointed toes? A sway back can be fixed in a jiffy by your friendly chiropractor. The ordinary necktie nearly chokes a man to death, and today’s bathing suits come in handy if one loses one’s dental floss.

The expression “You can never be too rich or too thin” can be dangerous, even lethal, when accepted as gospel. We have watched with embarrassment as Oprah has expanded and contracted before our very eyes. She has gone from matronly to glamorous and is steadily returning to matronly. The well published weight loss program is now considered taboo, although when she was thin, it was thought to be a Godsend. So much for diets. Will the Rubenesque figure ever be popular again? I doubt it. Thin is in, and there are too many businesses raking in a fortune, courtesy of the chubettes and chubos.

What makes normally sane people act this way? Advertising! The great swamies in New York and Hollywood literally hypnotize us into believing that we’re nothing without their

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May Day Queen
Juana Tabali-Weir

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Judith Kirkpatrick

Life in Nanakuli began with my entering the eighth grade at Nanaikapono Elementary and Intermediate School. Initially, some of the kids in school looked at my brothers and me as “town folk” (Halawa Housing), but most of them accepted us almost immediately. My older brother and I became popular in school, and by the time I entered ninth grade, I was elected student body vice-president and eventually, May Day Queen.

My English teacher was an outspoken, pure Hawaiian woman from the Big Island, whose religious background immensely differed from mine. At first, I could not understand why, when in the eighth grade I had to decline dancing and participating in the May Day program, Miss K said, “If you aren’t going to dance, then get out of this classroom.”

Because of our religious influence, my brothers and I were not allowed to participate in many school social functions. Friday and Saturday activities were totally out of the question because those were our days of worship. Dancing was a no-no because body contact with someone of the opposite sex would lead to sinful behavior. Movies were prohibited because they were make-believe or, worse, half-truths. The list of religious “no can do” went on and on.

What I could not understand was why did The Almighty have to be such a bore. Why was having fun so sinful? Despited the differences I felt toward my childhood religion, that very same religious upbringing helped instill in me, among other things, a respect for people’s beliefs. With this in my 14-year-old heart, I believed that a religious person was above reproach—totally good.

Enter, Miss K. Here was not just anybody; here was a teacher held high in esteem in the educational and religious communities of Nanakuli. Here was a Hawaiian person whom I emulated: her assertiveness, self-confidence, and intelligence for having “made it” through college. Yet, she outwardly displayed disappointment when the student body elected me May Day Queen. “How could this be?” I asked myself. “Did I not win the contest fair and square?”

How could I respect someone who professes religious proclivity on one hand, yet begrudgingly concedes to my winning the contest on the other? Why were her actions so contrary to all that she represented? Was this hypocrisy in the works? But I believed her to be good! That adult world of what was good and what was not good left much to be desired.

One day, I told my mom that I was not feeling so well and wondered if I could stay home from school. She said, “No way.” Well, I was going to show her! Against my better judgment, I played hookey from school. On a hunch, mom called the school and found out that I had not attended homeroom that day.
Halfway through the day, feeling bored, stupid, and sorry that I had not listened to mom, I returned home. She immediately called the principal, explained to him that I was home, and that there was nothing to worry about. The damage, however, had already been done.

The following day, I was called to the principal’s office and told that I was no longer May Day Queen. He said that Miss K decided that I was unfit to be queen. My beautiful white satin holoku‘u with the princess neckline, gorgeous tapered sleeves, and long flowing train had just been sewn, and all the necessary accessories for my day as queen were bought. My folks had spent a small fortune on me. Even with the knowledge that the program would go into the Friday sunset Sabbath, so proud he was of me, daddy had given me permission to participate in the May Day program. Alas, there was no changing Miss K’s mind.

I could say that politics played a role in my ultimate dethroning because the first runner-up’s mom and Miss K were buddies, and she was hopeful that the other girl would win the contest. I could say that because of our religious differences, Miss K decidedly looked for a reason to kick me out of the royal court. I could even say that my mom unnecessarily called the school to report my absence, thereby putting me in jeopardy with the school and Miss K. But what the whole thing boiled down to was, that because I did not use good judgment and because I did not listen to that little voice inside of me urging me to not play hookey, I made a stupid choice with devastating consequences. Oh, the pain and humiliation that I put myself through.

Sometimes, experiences present themselves to me so that lessons can be learned, yet a lesson is not necessarily learned at the time it is given. It may take months, even years, before the light bulb goes off in my head. When seeking answers, I find more questions—learning is a lifetime process and beyond.
Aspects Of Learning How To Fly

Bettina Brand

*Honorable Mention, English 100*

Instructor: Kathleen MacDonald

Flying is one of the oldest dreams of human beings. Today, it is possible to become a pilot within a relatively short period of time. The escape from reality, the dance in the clouds, or the adventure of technology might be reasons why you would want to fly. But before you start taking flying lessons, you should familiarize yourself with the different aspects of learning how to fly so you can enjoy the experience.

First, you have to look at the financial aspect. Learning to fly is expensive. The prices set by flight schools seldom reflect the true costs, since they only include the minimum hours of training for attaining a license. Not all students are able to become secure pilots within forty hours; in fact, the average student needs fifty-four hours. Also, you have to add medical check-ups, study books, charts, and the varying gasoline prices to your estimate. In general, you will have to spend about twenty-five percent more than predicted.

The next aspect you have to be aware of is the work load. Learning to fly does not only take place in the air, but also requires its tribute from the brain. For every hour spent in the plane, you have to study at least three hours on the ground. In order to take the exam, you must have current knowledge of meteorology, aviation laws, navigation, technology, and behavior in emergencies. The material is dry and time-consuming.

A student pilot has to face many disappointments. The biggest downfall that a student can experience is overconfidence. If you believe that flying an airplane is as easy as driving a car, you belong to the majority of the novices. Before your first day of instruction, you will have informed all your friends and relatives about the future pilot in the sky. You even might have dropped the hint that you want to invest in a new family airplane. But instead of the imagined Boeing 747, you will find yourself squeezed into a two-seat, poorly equipped, single-engine plane with the penetrating smell of oil. The door opens when leaned on too hard, and the seats are cheaply made.

During the first lesson you learn that you would be completely helpless without your flight instructor. Rolling to the runway is difficult, since the aircraft is steered by the feet. The radio is filled with screaming voices which try to leave their messages with the tower, and you don’t understand a single word. The flight instructor guides you through the jungle at the airport and into the sky. Here, he gives you a little introductory tour. He familiarizes you with the area and explains simple maneuvers. When you try to fly yourself, you realize how hard it is to keep a plane straight and level.

Landing is the most difficult exercise for every student. Without good skills and high concentration on the approach, a crash is guaranteed. It takes you approximately eighty landings before you gain a feeling for the plane’s reaction and its distance to the ground. This learning process can be the most frustrating...
Once you can bring the plane back to earth, you have to prove that you are able to do it without your instructor. You have to complete twenty hours of solo flights in order to become a licensed pilot.

Alone in the plane, you are confronted by fear. You suddenly become aware of the thin line between life and death. You know that you are responsible for your life, and that the smallest mistake can ruin it. Full of mistrust, you check the equipment over and over again. The instructor’s warnings run through your mind to remind you what to do. Even after a safe return, the tension in your body will stay for a long time.

When the flight instructor values you as a competent pilot, he will sign you up for the pilot license exam with the Federal Aviation Administration. The exam consists of two parts, a written one and a final check-ride. A check airman flies along with you and observes your actions closely. He examines whether information is correctly transmitted, the laws are followed, and how quickly you react to given situations. The average checker is motionless and will let you suffer until the plane is parked and tied to the ground, then he gives the relieving information about whether you passed the ride or not.

You will either love or hate the social aspect of flying. Most airports have a restaurant or bar where the local pilots meet. With a couple of beers on the table, they exchange their great experiences and the latest airport gossip. It is a typical attitude of the pilots to run down the flying techniques of those absent. The pilots with the least experience usually have the most information to share.

Flying is not as easy to learn as the beginner hopes it will be. However, if you are aware of the workload and the frustrating moments in the air, you can have a challenging time during your training and, of course, after it.
A Taste Of War
Brendan Carroll

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Meena Sachdeva

I first went to Saudi Arabia shortly after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. I was a crew chief on a U.S. Air Force KC-10, and our mission was flying cargo and refueling other aircraft in mid-air on the long jump from the United States. Although I was to land in Saudi Arabia many times over the months preceding the war, that first time made a dramatic impression on me.

The base where we landed was in the middle of an endless desert, a barren, lifeless wasteland that extended out to the horizon in every direction. As I stepped out of the aircraft and down onto the tarmac, I remember the pounding heat that took my breath away and the noise of other aircraft landing and taking-off continuously. On my right, I remember, was an encampment of hundreds of desert camouflage tents where thousands of soldiers lived. In front of me, trucks were coming and going from the aircraft I’d just arrived on, removing the cargo we brought over. To my left, just outside the perimeter, was a small group of camels running into the distance. This was central Saudi Arabia.

We’d listen to a number of briefings as to what the desert would be like. This was a potential war zone, and an Iraqi attack was possible, but I felt no particular sense of urgency. I’d been doing this same job for nearly four years at bases all over the world, and everything seemed pretty routine. My responsibility was to oversee the off-loading of our cargo and to inspect and refuel the aircraft, so that we could leave in the shortest possible time. I got to work.

Nearby, army personnel were unloading the cargo of ammunition, barbed wire, electrical equipment, and food. I called for fuel after inspecting the KC-10’s airframe, engines, tires, and the brakes.

An Arab drove up in a red and white fuel truck. I hooked up the hose and started the pump; the fuel had just begun to flow when the sirens began blaring. At first I didn’t realize what the sirens meant. Having worked at a number of bases over the past several years, I’d gotten used to hearing sirens, and these horns didn’t sound especially alarming. I was concentrating on my job, and I kept on working until the Arab in the truck screamed something at me, then started to drive away with the hose still connected. I yelled back at him to stop, but he spun the fuel truck around and drove off in a hurry. The hose tore loose from the aircraft fitting. I was about as angry as I could get, until a friend ran up to me wearing his gas mask and shouted at me to put my mask on.

That’s when I finally understood what was happening. I put on my gas mask, feeling the panic well up inside me. We began running toward a huge hangar about a hundred yards away. I had to run holding the mask to my face because the straps were loose. By the time I got inside the hangar the lenses were fogged up and I couldn’t see. We stood around inside the hangar, huffing and puffing and waiting.

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Serenity Sisters
Chana Dimmitt

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Jim Shimabukuro

Fearful, I walked into the small conference room at Queens Hospital. My stomach was in knots. I had been clean and sober for close to a year and had been to a lot of meetings. I couldn't understand the fear knotting in my stomach. This was probably why I had avoided this women’s meeting for so long. I tried to become invisible as I made my way to the large conference table in the center of the room. I sat down and looked around the room, avoiding eye contact with the new faces. It’s amazing how my fear had the incredible power to paralyze my thinking and interaction with others. Strangely, these faces seemed to see right through my fear with calming compassion and a sprinkle of love. I continued to keep my solid wall of protection up, but the faces melted the walls with their warmth.

Fortunately, Tamera, a good friend, walked through the door, saving me from the fear of letting new people in. I quickly got up and walked over to Tamera and gave her a hug. Sensing my discomfort, she gently took my hand and led me to the table. Tamera introduced me to the other women at the table, and with her support I was able to bring the walls down a little more and say hello.

What exactly was it about being in a room full of recovering women that I feared so much? Today, a year later, I understand what that all encompassing fear was about. Exposing myself to a group of women who had experienced a lot of the same painful situations that I had meant that I would have to take an honest look at the wreckage of my past. Deep inside, where that knowing part of myself lives, I knew this is where I belonged.

This wonderful group of women is called the Serenity Sisters. We are not a religious group, and we’re certainly not a knitting group! We are from all walks of life, but we have a common bond—the desire to conquer drug addiction. We come together once a week to share our experiences, strengths, and hope. We are all recovering addicts trying to live one day at a time without the use of any mind- or mood-altering drugs. We have created a safe and nurturing place where we can come and share our fears and our pain, without being shamed and, most importantly, learn a new way of living.

The group has come from some extremely dysfunctional families that were emotionally and physically abusive, or families where the parents were never there. Most of us turned to drugs at an alarmingly early age to escape the pain of living. The drugs worked well at numbing the painful situations that we were powerless to get out of. Unfortunately, as time went by, we continued to use drugs as our only coping skill. We became hopeless addicts who couldn’t stop on our own. As a result of addiction to drugs, our members went through many years of pain. Today, we are all drug-free, and we come together to support each other in our sometimes rocky recovery. The group’s goal is
to learn new ways of living happily without the use of drugs.

The bonding that takes place within our group is incredibly healing. Most of us have never experienced a healthy, loving relationship, and to see this healing take place is extremely powerful. It's almost like watching a beautiful flower struggle through layers of cement to grow in the sunlight. Sadly, the majority had arrived beaten and hopeless; many of us barely made it through the door. We had tried everything, from therapy to weird religions, but nothing seemed to fill that big hole within ourselves.

My personal healing has been a tremendous experience. It took a long time before I could allow myself to open up to the others and drop those thick, dark walls. I was allowed the time to find my place within the group. At first I was amazed by the happiness these women had, and I couldn't understand how they could possibly be happy, considering their sordid backgrounds. I was convinced they were still using drugs, and I knew that none of them had been through half of what I had been through. Luckily, I kept going back week after week, hoping for some relief from the pain that I had buried so deeply within myself.

Slowly, I opened up. The first time I shared on a group level, I cried. I certainly had not planned for this emotional outburst, and I felt that an incredibly heavy burden had been lifted off my shoulders. Excitedly, I began sharing every week. I opened up more, becoming increasingly aware of who I was. It was similar to peeling the layers of an onion, slowly working down to the core. The group was nurturing and safe. For the first time in my life, it was okay to be me, and no one would leave or shame me. This environment has allowed me to really understand that I wasn't a bad person for being addicted to drugs, and that what happened to me as a child was not my fault. It has taught me that I make mistakes, but I'm not a mistake. I have been given something I had lacked ever since I was a little girl—hope.

Today, I do a lot of work with recovering addicts within our group. I work with the newcomers along with the others and try to give the suffering addict hope. We show them that there is freedom from active addiction through staying clean, and working through the problems of living on life's terms. I'm giving to others what was so unselfishly given to me. I have so much gratitude for the women in our group. They have become life-long friends, and I will always cherish them in my heart. With their love, patience and support, I've been able to discover a part of myself that had always been hidden. Through their nurturing, I grew, and I continue to grow. This is a wonderfully satisfying lifetime commitment to my personal growth, one day at a time. I know I'm one of the lucky ones to have survived the darkness of drug abuse and drug addiction. Unfortunately, not every addict makes it to recovery, and if she does, only a few seem to have the courage to continue on the rocky-road ahead of them.
What's Playing At Ryan's Bistro?
Cynthia Miller

Honorable Mention, Open Category ENG-102
Instructor: Linka Corbin-Mullikin

The large windows and high ceilings, the hard-wood floors that lead into the rich, burgundy carpet, the shiny brass railings, the sparkling bottles and glassware that adorn the shelves of the exposed bar all boast the bistro atmosphere at Ryan's. This is the theater, and I perform as a waitress for many different audiences each day.

Just as in a playhouse or theater, preparing to open the restaurant is crucial. Everything has to be in place, ready by 11:00 A.M. sharp—curtain time! Like preparing props for a play, we brew coffee, stack dishes and extra silverware, fold napkins and fill sugar bowls. The kitchen and our stations make up our backstage. The tables in the dining room are like mini-stages in-the-round, and each one has to be set up perfectly with its own props of silverware, napkins, and condiments. Backstage, in the kitchen, the cooks, like an orchestra clashing their notes while tuning up, saute garlic and onions, sending a melody of aromas throughout Ryan's. Our lunch manager scrutinizes everything for last-minute details, like the director overseeing opening preparations at a theater. The last minute tidying up of the chairs and tables is like the light and sound checks. When all seems perfect, we grab the menu to review our "lines," the day's specials.

At 11:00 a.m. sharp, the manager unlocks the doors! Curtain time—lights...ACTION!! Let the performance begin! Prospective diners are often lined up for blocks. Ryan's has a reputation for putting on great performances! Just as the aisle attendant in the theater, the hostess guides the guests to their tables—their individual stages. They nestle in and prepare for two performances—one from the restaurant as a whole, and one from their very own waitress. I peer from the kitchen door, as if to part the curtain ever so slightly, to gauge my audience and assess my approach. Then, at the perfect moment, I decide, "Here go's...Break a leg!" I am on. I greet my guests with a warm smile and start my act; I read my lines hopefully without a glitch. This is Act 1, scene 1. Since I must attend to several stages, my performance has to be consistent for each audience. Delivering the food is like the climax of the play, accompanied by the music of drinks. By rechecking my tables periodically, I can tell how the performance is going. The Final Act occurs when I present the check. I take a bow, and pray for a standing ovation—A BIG TIP!!

The lunch rush at Ryan's usually comes to a halt by 2:00 P.M. Like lowering the curtain, the dining room closes for clean-up. The guests sometimes walk out raving over the Cajun fettucini, like an audience stunned by the leading actor. Or hushed comments of slow service might ring like the murmurs of scattered opinions from an audience disappointed by the play. At any rate, it is clean up time!

We join in with team work, like the entire cast of a play, to clean and organize and get ready for the next meal rush! We clear tables,

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The skin on his feet was chapped and flaking, coarse and dry from too much sun and physical discord. Though strong and able, they bore a pained and thoroughly unattractive exterior.

The dead skin that hung loosely off his toes and ankles curled like baked fish scales . . . dull, hard, and transparent, and the calloused surface of his left heel had dried and cracked open. Blood and dirt traced their ridges.

This physical affliction no longer bothered the man. He accepted his disorder. He no longer saw his feet.

She brought him things. Tonics. Medicine. Lotions. She scrubbed the dead skin with pumice, massaged his feet with myrrh, and bathed them in teas brewed of licorice root and red clover. From the first time she saw him, it was his feet that attracted her. Now, on dark nights, she kissed them and cradled them close to her breasts.

“Do you love me?” he asked. But she couldn’t answer. She couldn’t shift her attention from his feet. Everything was obscured by her obsession.

She brought him more things and scrubbed his feet harder. And kissed his feet in broad daylight. And waited . . . waited for his feet to heal. Waited for her remedies to work.

She paid a visit to Wong Luk Li, a Chinese herbalist who specialized in skin and organ disorders. His office was located in a small two-story building in the merchant district of Chinatown.

As she entered the room, Mr. Li acknowledged her by nodding and continued his work. She observed the wood-rimmed drawers lining the wall. Through their glass facing, she could see dried herbs, stones, and tools for healing. The large display case housed coiled snake skin and goat horns. From a pamphlet, she gathered that the shrivelled objects resting in the mortar were bear hearts.

Suddenly, the stench of burning incense and dust enveloped her ability to discriminate clearly. She became drunk with the strange vitality that surrounded her, juxtaposed and condensed in withered forms.

“Why you come here?” Mr. Li asked, not moving his attention from the old Seiko he was repairing.

“He has sick feet.” Looking down, she peered into the glass display case that lay between them.

“This watch has been with me for over twenty years. It is very good, reliable. So when break, I no tro’ away. Take little time for fix.”

“His feet has been sick for over twenty years, but he doesn’t care.”

“So you like fix?”

She nodded yes.

“I have medicine to cure his feet. But I must examine them.”

“But he won’t come, he doesn’t care about his feet!”

“Why you care so much?”

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Surfing With the Ultimate Shredder
Gregg Lee

Honorable Mention, Open Category ENG-215
Instructor: Jim Shimabukuro

Tact. The American Heritage Dictionary defines tact as "the ability to appreciate a delicate situation and to do or say the most fitting thing; diplomacy." As an avid surfer, I often rely on this universal practice to resolve the most difficult of situations in dealing with the ultimate shredder.

It happened on an October Saturday, when I had the misfortune of confronting one of many ultimate shredders. Religiously surfing at least once a week, I was unable to make time during the weekdays, when most of the surf spots were less populated. So I resigned to the idea of indulging in my favorite past-time on a typically crowded weekend.

The surf was reported to be small around the island, and I decided the only waves worth riding that day would be Diamond Head's one to two-footers. Before driving there in the afternoon, I can remember waiting with hopes of the University of Hawaii football tailgate parties drawing some of the surfing crowd away.

I parked next to the lookout and immediately took a head count. There were about a dozen and a half surfers spread out over a three-peak area the size of a soccer field. "I definitely can live with this," I thought, and proceeded down the walkway towards the beach.

I paddled out on my five-eight looking for clues about the general attitude of the crowd. There did not seem to be any signs of aggression; apparently there were enough waves to go around. The mood was mellow and non-threatening; sort of the feeling one gets driving on the H-1 freeway during a twilight holiday morning. All in all, it was very pleasant.

I had spent about thirty minutes riding my share of the local juice when a wave seemed to make its presence a bit further out than normal. It was a freak three-footer rolling in towards me. I then looked around and discovered that everyone within ten yards of me had taken off, or made attempts to take off on the two-foot waves that occurred earlier during that particular set.

I instinctively paddled out to my left where I thought the wave would begin to crest. I met up with its peak the moment I got there. It was so clean. I stopped, turned to face the shoreline, and began paddling again. At this point I began to feel the energetic surge of my wave of the day. My momentum built up quickly as I stood up to sense the crest's feathering on my right. My take-off was picture perfect, like something out of a surfer's magazine. I took the drop and made a sharp bottom turn to try and maintain my position in front of the whitewash which began breaking behind me.

The clean, long-breaking wave allowed me to pull a couple of stalls off-the-lip and a floater over a fast-closing section; all maneuvers were completed with clean, sharp re-entries. This wave was too good to let go, so I decided to ride it until it depleted itself. Ahead of me, I saw another surfer shredding his white-washed wave towards me.
At this point, our waves were mushy, about six inches in height, and it became apparent that we would soon meet. So, I stalled to let him ride by. However, instead of riding past me, he, for whatever reasons, made a turn and a crank off-the-lip maneuver in front of me. This thrust the bottom of his surfboard onto the nose of mine. Pah! He fell into the water, and I slowly lowered myself onto the deck of my surfboard. Promptly, I made an inspection for damages and was amazed that nothing had happened to my five-eight. I then looked for this selfish individual to see if he was all right.

He quickly emerged from the water with a glazed look in his eyes as I sat there, fearful of what might happen next. He frantically reeled in his surfboard to discover a hole in the center of its hull. At that point he lost all of his cool. “You f---in’ Jap!” he shouted. “You swim in right now! We’re goin’ tah have this out on the beach! Swim in! Now!” he shrieked.

I looked up towards the slightly cloudy blue sky, took a deep breath and sighed. “Now there’s an excellent choice of words,” I thought. “Okay, if I don’t confront him now, he may get even wilder the next time I see him.” So I looked him straight in the eye and nodded.

As we both made our way into shore, he would occasionally glance back at me to make sure I was still following. Purposely, I took my time in making my way to the beach. Maybe this would give him enough time to reflect on what had happened and cool himself down. As I slowly paddled my way in, I can also remember thinking, “I can’t believe this; I just can’t believe this. Okay guy, just relax and stay cool. Just be ready if he starts swinging.” He reached the sand within minutes and threw his punctured surfboard down.

I was still a good five minutes away when he was approached by another surfer who had also just gotten out of the water. The offended surfer immediately showed him the damage and then pointed at me. His friend just shook his head and walked away; he obviously did not want to get involved. And then my impending assailant, now alone, began to pace back and forth on the beach, mumbling to himself. I wondered, “What is he saying?”

I finally reached the shoreline, about twenty-five feet from where he was standing. Without giving him another look, I stood up and placed my surfboard an additional fifteen feet away from him. Then I turned around and started a slow gunfighter’s walk toward him. He stood about five-three and was a solid 135 pounds. As I got closer, I took note of his Bart Simpson haircut, black shorts, and the three earrings that ran up his left earlobe. This guy definitely wanted to make some sort of fashion statement.

As I got within ten feet, he picked up his surfboard and began to speak. “Look at this. You really f----ed up my new board!”

The damage to his surfboard was a deep puncture the size of a golf ball. “You know, I can easily patch that for you.”

“No way!” he abruptly responded. “This board is no good. It’s unridable!”

Eager to find a solution, I then said, “You want my board?”

“No, I don’t want your board. I want CASH!”

“Whoa. Wait a minute. The way I see it, I stalled to bail and was perfectly willing to let you ride past me. You know, you didn’t have to pull that maneuver in front of me, and I really
don't think that this incident was caused by anything racial."

He stood there for a while, not knowing what to say; then he looked down, shook his head, picked up his surfboard and stormed off in anger, shouting, "I don't believe what an asshole this guy is." As he walked away, he turned around and said to me, "The next time this happens, I'm goin' tah kick your f---in' ass." The last thing I remember, he was trash-ing his surfboard onto a large boulder near the showers. I, still somewhat shaken about this whole episode, sat on the beach for a long while to reflect on what had just happened between one of the ultimate shredders and me.

An ultimate shredder describes those individuals who are highly skilled at surfing, but think they own the local break, through the right proclaimed by their own arrogant egos. They consider themselves as the best of the best. They are aggressive and attack any wave as though it were their only means to survival. If there were any written codes of conduct for the ultimate shredder, it certainly would not include kindness and safety for their fellow surfers. Auwe to the ultimate shredders!

They upset the most light-hearted day of surfing and turn it into a game to test one's confidence and patience. They will challenge and drop in on others by taking off at the same time, even though someone may already be closer to the peak. They will complete a maneuver at the risk of injuring another surfer paddling out.

It seems that the ultimate shredder has a certain necessity to surf every wave without taking a break to share and enjoy the company of others.
The World Is In Our Hands
David Clarke

Honorable Mention, Open Category GEOG-151
Instructor: Michael Tagawa

"Life is only found at and around Earth’s surface in a slender membrane called the biosphere; thinner in relation to the planet than the skin on an apple. Here in a few kilometers of air, a few fathoms of water, and a few inches of topsoil is the living world; a huge, enormously complex system on which all life, including humanity, depends." Anne and Paul Ehrlich, April 1990 (from Earth video production).

The purpose of the environmental movement is to impress upon people the fundamental inter-connectedness of all life on this planet. It has been said that the breakdown of life-sustaining planetary systems could create effects equivalent to global nuclear destruction. It is common knowledge among biologists that any organism which does not treat its living environment with respect will cease to exist. The human organism is not an exception to this rule, regardless of how technologically advanced we may think we are. T.S. Elliot once wrote, “This is the way the world ends, not with a bang, but a whimper.”

The ability to perceive and react to problems in an environment is a result of a person’s physiological sensory input. The five human senses used to judge the environment have served man well over a long period of evolution. Historically, life endangering circumstances were momentary and required quick action to avoid potential danger. Since the Industrial Revolution, man has created many environmental problems which have eluded his sensory abilities. These problems have been created over a time period and are, therefore, imperceptible to humans.

The biggest obstacle environmental organizations face today is convincing people there is a critical need for long-term planning. The public does not perceive an immediate detrimental problem; therefore, they are willing to gamble their environmental future. The basis for this justification is economic and psychological rationalization. First, many countries are dominated by non-sustainable economic growth which utilizes short-term planning. These means are fueled by corporate capitalism and personal greed. Ultimately these factors influence national and international decision-making. Long-term planning is usually opposed in a marketplace of immediate demands; that is, today’s needs usually take priority over tomorrow’s possibilities.

The other reason people unknowingly gamble with their future is psychological. Psychologists believe that people generally have difficulty planning for the future and find it relatively easier to deal with immediate daily events. The task environmental organizations face is to convince people that their future is dependent upon today’s actions. Long-term environmental planning can be achieved through the following five methods: media education, business opportunities, scholastic education, legislative change, and most importantly, individual support.
Individual people are realizing they can directly contribute to the solution (or the problem) in their daily lives. This can be demonstrated by the phrase, “Think globally and act locally.” Americans are now becoming aware that they have the consumer power to decide whether to purchase a product or live without it. This ability to choose demonstrates one of the most effective ways people can make their voices heard; they can purchase items which are environmentally sound and avoid those products that are destructive. This “consumerism” is a powerful tool in a capitalistic marketplace; some say it is so strong that it will effect the marketplace like a boycott. Hazel Henderson, an internationally published futurist and author of the book, The Politics of the Solar Age: Alternatives to Economics, calls this environmental consumer power a “buycott.” A person who is willing to restructure their purchasing habits might find their environmental outlook changing, which could eventually lead to a life-style change. A truly motivated person might become an active member of a particular organization. A spokesperson for the Environmental Defense Fund states, “People should join environmental groups as one of the answers. It does not matter so much which group you join; pick the group you think whose approach and philosophy will be most effective and support them.”

Other suggestions might be to purchase a car with a high miles-per-gallon rating and disregard stylish influences. Also, keeping your automobile tires inflated to the proper pressure reduces the amount of gasoline consumed. Cutting down on electricity and water usage is not only good for the environment, it saves money. When buying light bulbs select screw-in fluorescent bulbs, which last longer than regular light bulbs and consume less energy. When giving gifts, select items that are environmentally conscious. And, finally, the biggest daily contribution you (and anyone) can make toward a sustainable planet is to reduce the volume of garbage generated from homes and offices, which includes being responsible for the recycling of glass, paper, plastics, and metals.

The population, resource, and environmental problems we are facing were created by human actions, and they can be solved by human actions. All that is required is the political and societal will. The good news is that, when the time is ripe, society can change its attitudes and behaviors rapidly.
The Wave Writer
Renji Shen

Honorable Mention, English 100
Instructor: Jim Shimabukuro

I often hear that memory is the best treasure a human being can have, since one can always find happiness inside memories. Since coming to Hawaii with my parents two years ago, I have spent much time studying and working in order to understand my new world. I seemed to have lost my memories of China until I recently received a letter from an old friend, Lee. We used to be members of an informal club called Wave, which consisted of a group of students who enjoyed writing poems. Even though Wave has not been together for almost three years, in the lonely midnight hour I can still clearly hear our laughter and see myself reading my poems for the first time. During my lifetime, I am continually involved with other people, thus joining different groups in different periods. These groups have become a part of my character; however, I can still feel the impact Wave had and continues to have upon me.

I transferred to Nantong High School when I was seventeen because my father wanted me to have a better chance to go to college. Facing totally unfamiliar classmates in the new school, I thought only about studying. “Who cares about social life? The entrance test is the real purpose of my transfer,” I told myself. After a few weeks of school, I began to realize the reason for the school’s high rate of university enrollment throughout the state. From Monday to Saturday, from six o’clock in the morning to six o’clock in the afternoon, students were completely confined in the classroom, taking heavy lecture notes and doing homework. Totally different from the American educational system, the Chinese school board had absolute control over what we would study. In order to pass the college entrance test, we had to take courses such as literature, English, politics, mathematics, physics, chemistry, and biology. Unlike those students who were struggling and barely passing, I could easily keep my grades up without killing myself during the first semester; however, the pressure to succeed grew heavier. Hence, writing poems in my spare time to release stress became an important part of my life.

Lee was the one who introduced me to Wave. I knew him from literature class when we discussed the poems of Xu Zhimore, an eighteenth-century poet who was well known for the passion in his poems. At that time, I was obsessed with his tragic theme of romance and his definition of life, which I felt was applicable to all human beings. During that class discussion, Lee also expressed intense interest in Xu’s poems. We began to talk and exchange our views of poetry after that class. During the following month, I came to know the other members of Wave: Fat Fong, Ming, and Jia Yu. Joining the Wave had given me support for my interest when I was most frustrated about life. Actually, members of Wave seldom gathered together because of our heavy study responsibilities; however, we were chained together by a
mutual spirit.

The beauty of a wave lies in the variation of its shapes and its internal energy; the poems Wave members wrote had the same diversity and intensity. The goal of Wave writers was to express their real feelings and explore their subconscious, rather than to emphasize the form and rhythm of the poetry. The members of Wave usually had good grades in their classes, but most importantly, they loved poems, as well as creativity. Each member of Wave had his own style of writing: Lee’s poems always appeared to be very abstract; Fat Fong always included a tiny natural phenomena in his poems; and my poems always sounded like those of a man who had just lost his lover. After writing a new poem, we would pass it to the others during class break, and we would comment on it, then pass it back.

For me, the inspiration to write sometimes emerged during a boring biology class, or it would jump into my mind during a long night of studying. After writing a poem, I felt as though I was breathing fresh air and drinking cool water after walking through the Sahara. It usually gave me a feeling of relief from the pressures of school and family. Writing poems for Wave became my tool to escape from reality at this time in my life.

Wave was known only to its members, until the “Romeo” affair. Lee and I were called into the principal’s office one afternoon. The principal asked us questions about Wave as if we had committed deadly crimes. Since we hadn’t done anything but write poems, the principal just gave us a serious warning and told us not to think about anything else but the college entrance test. After a few days, I found that the principal had talked to all the members of Wave.

The cause of all this had been a romantic poem written by Fat Fong, called “Romeo.” This poem was read by a girl in the class, and somehow she passed it on to the other girls. Unfortunately, this poem was caught by a teacher as two girls were passing it between them during class time.

The traditional teachings of Confucius forced Chinese schools to place serious restrictions on relationships between boys and girls. Therefore, Fong’s romantic poem immediately caught the attention of the principal who gave the warning to Wave. We kept writing poems and carefully passing them around after the “Romeo” affair, but the number of poems obviously decreased.

Wave was disbanded after the beginning of our senior year. Everyone put his or her effort into the final review for the entrance test. I also had to concentrate on studying to keep up my grades. Although I still exchanged poems with Lee at least once a month, we all knew that it was the end of Wave. Shortly after, I left China without even saying good-bye to Lee and my other friends in Wave.

Lee’s letter stirred my memories of Wave, which have been locked away for three years. I spent an afternoon in the storage room of my apartment last week searching for my collection of Wave poems. When I found and reread these poems, I had a strange feeling that all of them had been written just for me. I could see my characteristics in them: lack of confidence in love, anti-religion, belief in inner beauty, and a positive view of life, along with frustration. In retrospect, I had a clearer understanding of my life when I belonged to Wave; I was stressed by my family because they expected me to go to a

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Memories Of My Friend
Gail Jeanne McCracken

Honorable Mention, Open Category ENG-257
Instructor: Shel Hershinow

I once had a friend named Joey. I met him in junior high school when I was 14. Joey was cool. He would hang out with everyone in the mornings, smoking cigarettes behind the school. He had shoulder-length blond hair that really shined—and a warm smile. Everyone was wearing Levi's then, and his were always faded perfectly.

Joey was in my Spanish class. On the first day of school we had to choose Spanish names for ourselves. He was Pedro, and I was Rosa. He sat next to me in class, that Pedro. After class we would walk to the mall together. In the arcade, we spent a lot of time and a lot of quarters playing pinball. We talked about everything and laughed often. Joey was very popular and knew everyone in school. I was glad that he was my friend. Somehow we "habla espanol" all year long and both got A's. We got real good at pinball, too.

In high school he dated my sister. That didn't last very long, but then the two of them became good friends. We both agreed that Joey was the type of guy that you could tell anything to. He and my sister spent hours on the telephone, even after they broke up. Joey and my sister were in the same art class together. He really liked Van Gogh, and his paintings showed it. My sister always said that Joey was different from the other guys we knew. Maybe that's why they were such good friends.

After we graduated from high school, my sister and I stayed in touch with Joey; sometimes we would all go out to dinner. We would drink red wine and laugh for hours about the stupidest things. He was always there whenever I needed a shoulder to cry on. Sometimes we went to the beach on the weekend. We talked and laughed and lay out in the hot sun for hours until we were golden brown. Joey was the kind of guy you had to like. He was so easy to talk to and fun to be with.

I didn't see Joey again for a while. We lost touch with each other. A year or so went by before we spoke. When we did, it was like old times again. We stayed up late talking on the phone. He had a new job that he really loved, and he was going to Puerto Rico on vacation. Joey spoke of his girlfriend. He said her name was Michelle, and he seemed really happy and in love. I was glad for him. After all, Joey deserved someone to be happy with.

One day, Joey wanted to introduce us. He appeared nervous, which really surprised me until I understood why. It seemed there was no Michelle in Joey's life. Instead there was Michael, and Joey was gay.

That didn't seem to change things. All along, I had loved Joey. He was my friend, someone I had grown with over the years. We had so many memories from school. Joey was happy, and I was happy for him. I always knew that he was different from other guys. Now I knew why, and for some reason it just didn't bother me.

Even after meeting Michael, Joey and I still
got together for dinner or a drink. We laughed and talked about everything under the sun. We didn’t live far from New York, so one day we drove into the city. We spent the day just walking around and talking about old times and old friends. We must have wandered all the way up Fifth Avenue, from Greenwich Village to Central Park. We had such a good time. It was early spring and the first warm day, of what seemed to be a really long winter. The sun was shining, and the sky was clear. We sat in the park and solved all the world’s problems in one afternoon. We were both out of school, working and happy. Everything seemed perfect that day; I’ll never forget it. Joey eventually moved to another state; we kept in contact, but it just wasn’t the same. I missed our long talks. I missed drinking red wine over dinner with my friend “Pedro.” I missed sharing the latest gossip with him. We wrote letters for a while. He was doing really well. He had a new boyfriend and seemed happy. He sent me a painting for Christmas. It was of a little boy standing alone in a large wheat field. It reminded me of him and how much I missed my friend. I bought a silver frame and hung the picture in my hallway. As time went on, we wrote less and less. I would think of him from time to time, whenever I looked at that painting.

About a year later, his mother called me. It seems Joey had gotten sick and returned home. Not having heard from him in a while, I had no idea what was going on. He had the flu, or possibly pneumonia, she told me, so I figured it wasn’t a big deal. Sometime later that week, I was able to reach him. He sounded tired, but happy to hear from me. I saw him that night, and it was like my friend had never left. We laughed about Mrs. Virgilio, our Spanish teacher, and realized how very few words we remembered in Spanish. Joey was pretty sick, so I didn’t stay long. He looked like he needed rest. I figured he was probably just working too hard.

Several weeks later his mother called again. Her voice sounded rough and scratchy. She had been crying, and I could tell she was scared. I promised to come right over. When I got there Joey was sleeping again. She said he wasn’t getting better and that the doctor had just left. She wanted me to know that something was terribly wrong. Joey had AIDS.

He went into the hospital the next day. It was a nightmare visiting him. His room was filled with friends, cards, and flowers, but it scared the hell out of me. Joey was always so tired. He had all sorts of tubes running in and out of his arms, and he had gotten thin and pale. Even his voice sounded different.

His doctors and nurses always wore masks and gloves when they attended to him. There was a red warning sign taped outside his door that read “Highly Infectious.” The hospital personnel insisted all visitors wear masks and gloves as well. Sometimes I would tear them off and throw them away as soon as I got past those nurses. Joey got a big kick out of that. We still joked around about things, when he wasn’t too tired to laugh.

I just couldn’t understand what was happening to my friend. He was only 22. He used to be so happy. He was always energetic, funny and smiling. Joey loved life and lived it so passionately. I felt such a connection to him that I couldn’t bear watching him deteriorate. It seemed he was always so tired and serious looking. I somehow felt as if the person lying in that hospital bed was not the same person I
knew so well all my life.

One day Joey’s mom called me at home. It was early in the morning, about 6:30 a.m. She sounded tired and sad. She just came right out with it. Joey was dead.

That was several years ago, before the disease called AIDS became an epidemic. Now everyone is talking about it. I cannot seem to escape hearing about it. It’s on T.V. and in the newspapers all the time. I know so much more about AIDS, now, than I did then. And every time I see a face in the news or in a magazine of another person with AIDS, I can’t help but think of my friend. I’ll never forget that Joey. I was glad to have known him and loved him and to have had him in my life. There was always something a little different about him. He seemed to enjoy life to the fullest and felt things just a little more intensely than anyone else I ever knew. Sometimes I look at that painting he sent me for Christmas. I see that little boy standing alone in a huge wheat field. I smile, and I think of my friend smiling down at me from the big field in the sky.
and effects on people. They can stand or function by themselves. In a sense, names have another life which can be separated from our real life. Most of us are not aware of how important names are. I had never thought about the meanings or effects of my name before. Even though sometimes my name might irritate me, I realize I have a wonderful name that nobody else has. We should be proud of our names and express our gratitude to our parents. Therefore, I shall try not to humble my name, and I will always be proud of it.

(continued from page 32, “My Name—its”) (continued from page 37, “Artistic Beauty”)

knowledge as he or she wishes.

As one can imagine, life without art may sometimes mean life without meaning. In our day-to-day lives, we co-exist with some form of art. The art forms of architecture, landscaping, and sculpture, found on campus, co-exist with us on a daily basis and help to spark our imagination, delight our senses, and, most importantly, stimulate our minds. What a great place to acquire knowledge!

(continued from page 36, “Mother Lau”) (continued from page 43, “Beauty—Real”)

ments. She then started with a small investment in a piece of property and proceeded to increase to a larger investment when she experienced success.

Throughout her life, my mother encountered failure and successes. With each failure, she learned from her mistakes. Without her failures, she would not have such a successful story and her children would not be the owners of large factories and restaurants today.

products and services. All sorts of dire predictions are handed down for those who stray from the fold. Our tires will go flat, the dog will die, the roof will cave in, the toilet will explode, food will start talking to us, and our hair will fall out if we use the wrong products. As far as personal appearances are concerned, we will be unloved, unhappy, unemployed, unwanted, unacceptable, unappealing and unruly if we are not thin, beautiful and fashionable.

As a final word, I would like to say, “moderation in all things.” If we were all meant to be thin and gorgeous we would have gotten a little more help from the man upstairs.
Waiting for the Iraqi Air Force to start its bomb run or for the first missiles to hit, we could do nothing except wait. Those were the most frightening and frustrating twenty minutes of my life: frightening because I knew that at any second I could end up dead, frustrating because I could do absolutely nothing about it, and I hated that. I hated the helplessness I felt, and I spent fifteen minutes swearing and cursing like crazy at the intense situation I was in. Twenty minutes after the first sirens, the all-clear sounded, and we were told that it had been a drill. You should have heard me then!

Less than an hour later, the plane's crew and I were back in the air, on our way back to another mission, and I was muttering to myself the entire way. Suddenly, it all seemed very frightening to me. I never knew what it would be like in a deadly war situation. I used to joke about it, but I got the real taste of it that day. I had never grasped the grim reality of war until then. Now, with war actually being fought and real destructive missiles launched against bases I have been to, I feel fear for everyone there.

(continued from page 48, “Taste of War”)

(continued from page 51, “What’s Playing–”)

put condiments away, re-stock supplies, tidy-up everything—just like clearing the set and putting props away backstage. We Windex marble top tables and turn the lights out; the cooks bustle about putting food and dishes away—much like the orchestra putting their instruments away. All this just to rest up and come back to do it again!

Finally, the feedback. We sit and count our tips. “How’d ya do?” are the calls from fellow waitresses—just as the cast rushes to read the reviews of their performances in a play.

Just as the cast of a live play must strive to deliver the best possible performance to keep the audiences coming, so must the crew at Ryan’s maintain their motivation for delivering outstanding performances in order to keep their customers returning for more. My time at Ryan’s is filled with good and bad, but I do my best, work through the day, go home to rest-up for the next “performance,” and always return hoping for the personal reward of a smashing review!
(continued from page 52, "Tea for Two")

She searched for a reason, or a distraction from this question. Her eyes stopped and fixed themselves on the narcissus arrangement set out for the new year. Why did she care so much?

The thick smoke from the incense now burned her eyes and she felt tears begin to form. Nothing seemed real. Not the man, not his feet, not Mr. Li standing before her. Her very life appeared to be a mere dream, a fantastic illusion of mind.

“If only his feet were like the rest of him; beautiful, responsive. He could be so much! But they’re sick and ugly! And he doesn’t care enough to change!”

“But does the man control his disease?”

“No, but he could take better care.”

“He not doing his best?”

“He doesn’t rub lotion on them daily. And he should bathe them more often in teas and cut the dead skin off so as not to offend anyone.”

“For who is that best?”

“For him, of course. It’s his feet!”

“Listen,” said Mr. Li as he put together a package of dried herbs and flowers. “No worry. I give tea to help your condition. You both drink together twice a day. In the morning and at night before bed. It’s love tea. Extremely valuable. I give you for free.”

university. Consequently, I was looking for release from the stress, and Wave provided it. Our poems, indeed our thoughts, were the best contributions we made to each other. I did not feel sad about the ending of Wave. Instead, I thought it was a turning point in my growth, a point at which I stopped looking for fantasies and stopped escaping reality.

We are like a sheet of pure white paper when we are born. As we grow older, what we see and hear becomes a part of us and is added to the paper, thus forming different pictures that form our characteristics. Life itself is made of memories. Every time I look back on my life, I can always find events that made me what I am today. What I do today will determine what I will be tomorrow. The wave of life never stops. We may gain some, or we may lose some at each crest. But that is life—a memory of all.
This magazine and the Diamond Journal Club would not have been possible without the expertise, guidance, understanding, knowledge, and most of all a human quality that is nothing less than divine, of our “big sister”, Linka Corbin-Mullikin