To the students:

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

The Diamond Journal Staff
We, the staff of the Diamond Journal, wish to extend our gratitude to those of the KCC commu-
nity who contributed time, effort and service to enable this magazine to become tangible.

The biggest mahalos must go to the KCC writing faculty who encouraged students to submit
papers and to the staff of the Diamond Journal who spent countless hours during the Christmas
break editing, correcting, sorting, laying out the magazine on computer and performing an endless list
of other jobs that must be done in order to produce a quality publication.

This semester we did not rank the stories in their categories; we printed only those that we felt
would be of interest to general readers. These stories do not represent the writing subdepartment at
KCC. They are done for the courses and teachers mentioned but do not represent the range and kind of
writing that students encounter in their courses. In most cases, they are writings produced at the
beginning of the semester and are primarily narrative in mode. In any case, the staff hopes the works
appeal to the wide range of readers here at KCC.
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English 100
English 10v
In many newspapers, I have read a lot of articles about family violence. Some of the violence included husbands killing their wives, wives suing their husbands who abused them, husbands and wives fighting each other for their finances and more. Consequently, they separated. There are many single parents who feel sad, and this affects their children growing up. Therefore, a happy family is important for everyone. Let me share my opinions about a happy family with you. Hopefully, my suggestions can help families with problems.

Don't be selfish. Do you want your family members to do everything for themselves? Do you want your family members to keep every good thing for themselves? No! Your family is not just you or me. It is your whole family. You have to cooperate with your family, share things with each other.

Equalize our family. Usually the oldest person has more experience and power to control the family. However, everyone should be treated equally. Everyone is different, and sometimes young people have ideas that are better than older people's.

Learn to like your family, and respect your family. You can't discriminate against a member of your family because he (she) is clumsy or handicapped or other things. You have to remember that if you don't like him (her), then he (she) won't like you too. Thus, you must learn to like and love your family, and then you will get along with them.

Tolerantly forgive people in your family. There's no guarantee that someone will not do a wrong thing. When your family members do things wrong, don't blame them, and don't mention it over and over. You have to forgive them, give them a chance to make mistakes, and give them a chance to correct them. I believe your family will like you very much.

Criticize yourself when you don't do well. If you do things wrong, don't be scared, admit your mistakes right away, and try to learn from your errors. If you do that, your family will forgive you and love you.

Talk with your family often. If you dislike something or have problems in your family, you and your family members usually keep quiet and let things go. Someday the problems will explode. Your family will easily break their bond. Therefore, talking often is important.

Don't express your grievances; calm your emotions. This is good for you and your family. If your family members do something you don't like, you won't be able to lull your sentiments or talk calmly with your family. In addition, you utter your discontent, which makes you unhappy, and your family is left in a bad mood.

Always smile. Smiling means you love and enjoy your family, you have good health, and you are pleased. As a result, your family becomes a happy family; your family will be like a beautiful garden which has blooming colorful flowers. It will be full of singing and happiness.

Try to follow the above suggestions, and then you will have a happy family; meanwhile, there will be decreased crimes in the world. We will live in a peaceful, joyful, and beautiful world.
I am thinking of someone and that's my mother Lottie "Kolko" Tarpley, whom I always admired. I always felt that way because she is a strong influence in my life, and that's why I'm a very strong-willed woman. She is the one who makes me hold my head high and makes me proud of something I do.

I have observed my mother's behavior and I don't really know how she can handle problems. Even if the problems turn out to be very complicated, she always smiles gently with patience. She is never negative about anything related to her problems.

Shawn is my first oldest brother of three brothers in my family, and he had an attitude problem that only my mother can deal with. Shawn, who is an actor for Kona Community Players, once had a part in the play King and I. He was under a lot of stress and sometimes he could be vociferous. My other two younger brothers and I couldn't even understand what was the matter with Shawn. I asked my mother Lottie about Shawn's sad expression. She smiled and said nothing. She went out to her orchid greenhouse, and she sang to the flowers as if the flowers could laugh. She started to sing as if she knew what his problem was.

"Oh my poor Shawn ... Oh yes, it's about your girl. Your girl I know well ... Oh, that I know your love hurts. That she would yield herself to you. That she might be your own. The shadows of the night are in her eyes. The blackness of rain clouds is your girl's hair, her lips are as pink as a sweet baby rose, her teeth are white as the first spring flower's bloom, and the singing of a bird is in her voice. Her step is swift and graceful as the deer. Oh my poor Shawn, you're the one who is difficult, not that sweet girl. Her beauty can be yours, to love, to fondle and to caress. But ... Oh Shawn, her beauty didn't lie ... her heart is as warm as a rabbit."

Shawn always loved to hear her and he would calm down. He always listened to her songs, and her songs seemed to make him realize that he could do something about his problems.

I knew the cause of my mother's patience and ability to handle the problems because I was raised to see many women in my family as the strong spiritual people. I observed that my grandmothers, aunts, and my mother are stronger than men in many ways, and many of those women are respected by the men in my family, even the young children. They proudly convey that strength. They seem to be blessed with greater endurance by God, because they have the power to reproduce. So my mother is one of these women in my family, and she always had to endure great strife and hardships. She made sure that we can trust her and she never falters; she abused her body by doing heavy things. Most men fall down and feel sorry for themselves when life is complicated; I've seen many men who have been that way themselves. I admire my mother because in times of trouble, she would find positive ways of survival.

My mother grew up with a lot of good effects in her life from her mother's Aloha ways. This is what made her become so special, and everyone loves her because of her Aloha spirit. I know how she came to be, because of her strong Christian religious belief which makes her very spiritual. She still attends church at "Congregational Lanakila" in the heart of Kainaliu, Hawaii. With her prodigious talent, she sings beautifully. Her singing is rare because she has been to the church all her life. Maybe she was given a special gift from God when she was born.

I am very proud to have such a good-hearted and beautiful woman as my mother. Without mother's good influence, we would be very dependent people and we may be not what we are today. That's how much respect all of us in my family have for Lottie, our mother.
Jigsaw puzzles have always fascinated me. They are not only fun to do, but I can see beautiful pictures, and the process gives me time to think and calm myself down.

I still remember the day my brother brought a jigsaw puzzle and started it. In the little box, there were millions of pieces. I couldn’t believe that these little pieces would become a 27-inch by 33-inch picture. How would you know where each of these little pieces fit? They all looked alike. I helped him to find the pieces to make the edge of the picture. When I saw the frame, I realized that these pieces could make a picture, but each needed to be in its right place. I wasn’t good at the beginning. I spent several days trying to fit a piece I picked up, but as I did more, I started to see the differences between the pieces—the sizes, shapes, and details. While I was doing that process, choosing the proper piece and trying it, it reminded me of the feeling I get from calligraphy. It is a very peaceful moment, a sort of meditation. It does not require any difficult work, just doing very simple work, choosing and putting pieces together.

Seeing the different pieces and finding the right place for them taught me the process of my thoughts. When I face something complicated, first I see it as a whole. Then I look at it more carefully from many directions or different ways. It starts to show me its fragile and sensitive lines, and I see the connections of each piece, which helps me to solve the problem or whatever it is. I feel great when I have found the right place for it, and it fits as I expected. Moreover, I can play and enjoy it with several people, and I can share the time, feeling, and fun. When I look at all these little pieces, I get exited imagining the things I get from doing a jigsaw puzzle: good brain exercise, relaxation, meditation, and fun.
My Father
Tomoko Yamazaki

There is a man who runs an eccentric Japanese noodle shop in Tokyo, Japan. The reason why the shop is eccentric is because it serves more than 200 kinds of dishes that have often been advertised by the mass media. Also, in spite of its being a Japanese restaurant, one can see a live performance of American country music there once a month. The truth is that the owner of the odd shop is my father. He runs an unusual shop; however, he is an extraordinarily simple-minded person. His over-simplistic behavior often amuses my family.

While he hardly ever takes our family’s advice, he believes anything he sees on TV easily. One day, we were watching TV while we were having dinner after the shop closed. The TV program was showing how healthy red pepper is: that it helps us to lose weight, to have beautiful skin, and so forth. All of a sudden my father silently started dusting red pepper on all of his dishes, even his rice, miso-soup, and salad. Since my mother and I understood his simplicity, we just watched his reaction to the program. However, when the master of ceremonies on the program talked to the audience at the end and said, “Hey, dad, too much red pepper is no good for your health,” as if he knew what my father was doing, we could not help laughing at his ashamed expression.

He is very simple, so we can read his thoughts easily. For example, I moved to Hawaii as soon as I got married, and it seemed to make him lonely. Although he never said “I feel lonely,” I knew how he felt because he sent a letter to me once a week. However, the funny thing is that he has hardly ever written a letter to me since he became my nephew’s grandfather. I knew immediately by his behavior that his concern changed from me to the newborn baby.

Generally speaking, either we are like a parent or we are opposite from him or her. It seems to me I am the latter one. Unlike him, I am not a simple-minded person, and I am very thoughtful about everything. I try not to show my feelings to others directly and not to be affected by the media and others, even though I do not dislike my father’s character traits.
Are there any problems with Japanese names? The Japanese often have difficulty finding out how to read names which are written in Chinese characters, because names written in Chinese characters usually have several different ways of being read. For example, my name has two ways to be read, "Eiko" and "Hideko." "Eiko" and "Hideko" are completely different names, although these two names have the same Chinese characters. Nobody can guess that my name should be read "Eiko" or "Hideko" from the characters, for there aren't any rules. The only way to guess is to think which name is popular now. Moreover, it is impossible to guess names which have unusual ways to be read. My brother's name, "Masahiro," is always read as "Kimihiro." "Masahiro" is an unusual way to be read and impossible to be guessed.

Reading a name incorrectly affects a person mentally. Since calling an incorrect name is considered very rude, both the caller and the called feel uncomfortable with each other. Especially misreading a child's name must be prevented, because he or she doesn't notice that he or she was called by a different name, for that name, written in Chinese characters, has several different ways to be read. For instance, I was always called "Hideko" instead of "Eiko" by my teachers every new semester when I was small. So I didn't notice it was me. I always thought I wasn't on the class lists and felt I was unwelcome.

Although Japanese names written in Chinese characters won't be changed, we can prevent trouble by being careful and checking ideas for names beforehand and also by giving correct ways to be read and called. Furthermore, we must avoid a name which is too unusual and would cause problems when read.

This is my name written in Chinese characters. This name can be read in two different ways, "Eiko" and "Hideko." "Ei" originated in an ancient Chinese pronunciation. The Chinese character was adapted to a similar meaning Japanese word, "Hide." "Ko" means a child and a pretty animal, and this is used as a suffix for a girl's name today. These names are completely different; however, the meaning is the same, flower and superior.
English 22
An Unforgettable Summer

Cathy Baloran

The ringing of the two o'clock school bell indicated that class was dismissed, which also meant the beginning of summer vacation. I had just accomplished my third grade year in 1982, and I was looking forward to three months of fun and rest! The sun was shining bright like a brand new penny, a beautiful way to start summer vacation. Everything was going perfectly, except one night when a shocking tragedy occurred.

On June 14, 1982, at 3:30 a.m. I was awakened by the sound of my uncle's car pulling into the driveway. I got up as swiftly as I could and observed that my auntie, who I remembered slept beside me, was no longer at my side. At that moment, I realized that the sound of the car and the fact that my auntie was gone could only mean one thing; and that was, they went to the hospital to see my mother, who was completely paralyzed from the waist down, due to a bad fall.

My heart began to beat rapidly as though I had just run the hundred-mile dash. I felt worried and insecure. My hands were soon covered with sweat, and my eyes watered. Sitting against the wall, I cuddled my blanket. The moment my auntie, uncle, and dad walked through the bedroom door, the expressions on their faces indicated that something terrifying had happened.

"I know it's about mother," I cried. There was a moment of silence. "Please, I want to know! I have every right to know; she's my mother!" I begged. My father reached out to me and held me in his arms. This time he was also crying.

"Gosh, Cathy, I can't seem to find the right words to tell you. But I'm afraid your mother has left us," he uttered as he wept.

"You mean s-h-h-e-e-e's gone, like we are never going to see her again?" I sobbed.

"Yes," my dad replied in a softer voice.

"How could she do this to us, especially to me?" I asked.

Looking at me straight in the eye and wiping my tears, my father told me, "Well, you have to understand that death happens to everyone. Everyone has a special time to go, and unfortunately your mother has reached hers. Your mother went to another place we call heaven, where she does not have to go through any suffering. She has not left us because her spirit will always be with us!"

I realized that what my father was saying was true. However, I had a difficult time adjusting to the fact that she was gone.

I loved my mother dearly. Even though she was paralyzed, she did almost anything an ordinary mother does. For instance, I remember when I was in kindergarten, mother helped me dress. Using only one hand, she buttoned my dress and tied my bow. I was amazed to see how my mother washed and hung the laundry, prepared dinners, and cleaned house. We had to help her at times, but basically she did the rest. I still recall how I helped my mother prepare dinner. She had difficulties in slicing the meat, so I assisted her by holding the meat. Once when she was cutting, she accidentally sliced my thumb. The cut was not serious, but I have a small scar on my thumb. When I gaze at my scar, I recall that particular incident.

Weeks passed, and I still had trouble accepting my mother's death. There was a moment when my dad yelled at me for breaking one of my mother's dinner collection plates. He scolded me about how I needed to take care of what my mother left behind. I locked myself in my room and cried.

I reached a point where I was desperately lonely and missed my mother very much. Where was she when I needed her? Why wasn't she there to back me up? Frustration built-up in me. Why did the Lord take my mother so soon? What have I done to deserve this? All these questions arose in my mind.

The yelling of my father led me to have flashbacks of my childhood. I remembered when I spilled soda all over the back seat of the car. My father scolded me, but my mother only said, "Don't scold her, she didn't mean to spill the soda. Accidents happen to everyone." Soon, my father stopped his scolding.

September finally arrived, the start of a new school year began. I thought school would keep my mind off my mother. However, there were instances that stirred up memories of her. As an illustration, when I'd walk to school, I saw other kids kissing their mother as they were being dropped off at school. I reminisced about how I, too, kissed my mother before I left for school. The day never went right for me if I did not have a good-bye kiss from her.

Another incident occurred to remind me of an earlier time when our class was learning a particular chapter in math. I was having a difficult time understanding the
concept. I remembered my mother had helped me in my math assignment. My homework was basically all wrong. She patiently erased my answers and stayed up to teach me. As a result, whenever I have an arduous assignment, I yearn for my mother and the help she provided.

Three months of what I thought were going to be fun ended up to be a nightmare. The summer of 1982 will be one that I will never forget. A decade has passed since my mother's death, but my heart still aches for her. Living my life without her is very difficult. I can no longer tell her my problems, seek her advice, and, most of all, hug and call her "Mother." Nonetheless, I have learned to be an independent person and make decisions for myself. Because my mother's spirit is with me, I am able to live my life to the fullest.
Mopeds
Elena Boyer

Mopeds have existed for a long time, but it is only recently that people have taken more notice of them and started using them more frequently. The reason for their success is the ease and fun that one has when riding a moped. To learn about this automatic machine and how to ride one requires no special skill and little time.

In order for one to enjoy riding a moped, he or she must have a moped that is in good working condition. Having a moped that dies out all the time or takes time to start isn’t very enjoyable and instead can be very frustrating.

Once you know you have a reliable moped, you are then ready for the first step: starting the engine. Starting the engine is the only procedure that requires a bit of explanation and knowledge. The rest comes smoothly and naturally. Before actually starting the engine, you must already be sitting on the moped with both your legs on the ground, to balance yourself, and both your hands on each side of the handlebars.

To start the engine, put the key in the ignition and turn it clockwise. You will notice no apparent change, until the step is completed. By squeezing the brake on the left hand side and accelerating while pressing the "start" button on the right hand side, you will automatically start the engine. Accelerating several times will prevent the engine from dying out. Remember to keep your left hand on the brake, while still accelerating, as you don’t want to move yet.

Now that the engine is on, you’re all set to go. Slowly let go of the brakes and accelerate a little. You will notice that the moped is moving and may feel you need to keep your feet on the ground for a while longer, until you are fully confident about balancing the machine. Once you have the hang of it, you will want to accelerate even more and go at a faster pace.

Unfortunately for the “speed” maniac who enjoys going fast, the maximum speed one can reach on a moped is thirty-five miles per hour. This often annoys car drivers, who would rather see mopeds move to the side of the road than let them pass. I myself drive in the middle of the lane and I have no problem with other drivers. Only once was I told off by a driver for staying in the middle of the road and going too slowly. I would suggest moving to the side for a while, only if you notice that a long line of cars has rapidly formed behind you, or you feel you are slowing down traffic.

Even though a moped may not be a “turbo jet,” it can save people a lot of time. A good example would have to be parking. Everyone complains how hard and stressful it is to find parking, especially on weekends. Mopeds are so easy to manage and take so little space that they can be parked on the footpath close to the desired destination.

Another advantage about mopeds is that they are very cheap vehicles to run. Only one dollar will fill your tank up and last for as long as one week. It is no wonder more college students are using mopeds, as it is a good way to save money.

Finally, moped riders must use glasses, either sun glasses or clear glasses, while on the road to protect eyes from dust or other small particles that may irritate them and may lead to loss of control over the moped.

Mopeds are fun, handy, easy to ride vehicles and very cheap to run. Everyone should experience the thrill of riding a moped at least once in their lives! A great little invention the moped!
My Name Is Epson 386sx
Soof-Pink Choo

Congratulations! Thank you for choosing me, one of the most advanced computers. You have made the right choice; as you know, I am the leader in the computer technology field. For first time users, I have especially outlined some simple steps for you to follow. All these steps are "user-friendly," convenient, and fun.

Let's get started. My name is Epson 386sx. My major components are the central processing unit, the monitor, and the keyboard. The central processing unit is my heart, which people normally call the CPU. Physically, I am in the shape of a rectangle, and in front of my heart is my disk drive. My monitor looks like the screen of a television, and my keyboard is an input device, which is quite similar to my friend the typewriter, except that I have additional special keys.

Find the power switch on my CPU, which is located on my right hand side. Turn me on gently and carefully. I will then respond with a "beep" sound, and you will also be able to see my green light blinking. Don't be alarmed. This is the way I inform users that I have started functioning, or, as I would say in my language, I am "booting up." Great! The first step of communication is successful. I am very pleased.

Now proceed to the operation of my monitor, which, as I mentioned earlier, is like a television screen display, but unfortunately I don't play programs like "Full House," "Married with the Children," and others. My electronic component has been built to facilitate users to check what they have typed in and thereafter make corrections if required. You need to do the same for my monitor as you did for my CPU, that is, find the switch and turn me on. Remember, be gentle.

The most common way of talking to me is through the touch of my keyboard. Keystrokes entered at my keyboard will be displayed on my screen to provide visual verification. Oops . . . nearly forgot to tell you that my keyboard does not require any switching on of power. I function automatically as my CPU and monitor are turned on.

Besides visual verification, you may also wish to have your information entered into the computer to be printed onto a hard copy. You will therefore need to work with my companion whose name is Epson Printer. Find the switch and turn on my printer. Feed me with paper, one at a time. My printer is a very sensitive component; therefore, please feed me the paper in the right position.

If you wish to eliminate the trouble of feeding in paper sheet by sheet, please consider using computer perforated forms. These are continuous forms which allow performance of continuous printing.

I hope I am not difficult to get along with. Do refer to my advisor, the manual, to find out more about my character, and what are the dos and don'ts. Please handle me with care, or you will find that I am very costly and timely to maintain if any repairs have to take place. Treat me as one of your intimate friends and you will find that I can be a great help to you. I can be your business partner, leisure time partner, school work partner, and even your best friend!

Once again, thank you for spending the time to talk to me. I would be glad if you could find more time to be with me in the future because as communication increases, our friendship will become closer. You will eventually find that I am an efficient worker and provide you with solutions for your day to day activities.
Ever since I was a junior high school student, I dreamed that I could write something that people would enjoy reading. I got good grades in my writing classes. However, the essays were not always good enough for me to imagine myself being a writer some day.

Strange enough, the writing classes in school had never been my favorite lessons. I went to school in the early 70's. The way of teaching was quite traditional in those old school days of mine. My home, Hong Kong, is a British colony, yet it has a Chinese society. The education system then was still rather conventional; therefore, the teachers had utmost authority and the students were not encouraged to express their opinions. For both of the Chinese and English writing classes, our teachers never taught us how to structure the body of an essay. The teachers always assumed that if we had learned our languages well and had enough practice, we could write good essays. Their duties were to mark the wrong words, grammatical errors and to grade the papers. In the class, we had to choose one topic out of the two given on the blackboard, and we would then start to work on our own for the rest of the class. I really could not enjoy writing when we were given topics of which I had neither much knowledge nor experience. Some of the topics that did not arouse my interest were “How to improve the traffic system in the city,” “The values of life,” and “Patriotism.” They were good topics; however, I found them difficult to write about.

Nevertheless, among the many essays I wrote in high school, I still remember vividly the one about my childhood. I have six brothers and sisters, yet I spent most of the time with my younger brother, Martin, because we went to the same kindergarten and elementary school. We were always punished by Dad when we fought, quarrelled, or played with fire. Instead of beating us, our dad wanted us to think and to understand what we had done was wrong, so we had to kneel in front of a Buddhist statue. We lived in a wooden house up a small hill. We had a lot of space to play, but we did not have many toys. We always invented our games together. Some of the times, we played the policeman and the thief. And some other times, we played the blind man and the dog. At the times of water ration, we tried to help Mom carry water from the public tap at the foot of the hill. However, it always ended up that our small plastic buckets hardly contained any water by the time we were home because we played along the way.

The essay covered all those episodes of my childhood. I loved it and had kept it as one of my precious collections. When Martin went to study abroad, I gave him the copy as a gift. After he finished reading, his eyes were filled with tears and he hugged me. That was the first time I felt that he really loved me.

I come from a very conservative Chinese family. We do not kiss or hug each other, and we do not say “I love you.” We express our feelings implicitly. I was so surprised how the piece of writing had broken the barrier so easily. After that we wrote to each other very often, and the letters filled the gap which had been created. I understood then why writing is more expressive. It is because writing is a more organized form of our thoughts than speaking. The reader is more prepared and has more time to think and to understand.
Getting Old
Rosa Silva Clement

When I was a teenager, I didn’t worry about getting old. Even a few years ago, that subject didn’t come to my mind. I remember thinking that getting old was distant from my teen years. Being so young, I faced aging as an unimportant matter. When my grandma and aunts complained about illness it was because they were old; if they complained when we didn’t behave well, it was because they were old. Those were my teen thoughts, surely no different from those of most teenagers.

Time has taken some of my years and taught me slowly the art of accepting getting older every day. Actually, I have learned that getting old is a privilege of living rather than an affliction of leaving youth behind. Those thoughts were reinforced recently when I visited my in-laws in a retirement center.

In my country, Brazil, children usually take care of their parents in their old age. If parents don’t have children, or if their children move away, they go to public retirement centers called asilos, generally of inferior quality. The government doesn’t provide the funds necessary to cover the needs of the aged. Occasionally saw on television stories about those retirement centers, showing how the aged felt miserable living in such places. In my mind, asilos were places where the aged suffered instead of rested. There are a few private retirement centers in my country also, but I never heard any comments about them.

I remember that my grandmother, Tereza, died when she was very old. She was in the care of my aunt because she couldn’t even eat or bathe by herself. In her lucid moments she wished to die. After so much suffering, one day Tereza died. Our feelings were both of pain and relief, but we were happy for her. She now could rest as she wished. My grandfather Demetrius died in our home when he was very old. We accepted those events as a natural part of being old.

The first time I visited my parents-in-law, they lived in a beautiful house in Norwalk, Connecticut. The house had four bedrooms, a basement, a large garage, a fireplace and nice furniture. Roland, my father-in-law, built a solar panel to keep the house warm. He spent a long time building that panel, but when he finished it, he was proud of his work.

Roland is a conservationist and enjoys painting birds in his spare time. Desserts are his favorite food. After dinner he used to fill a bowl with blueberries and whipped cream and sit close to the fireplace to watch the news or to invite us for conversation. He looked so delighted while eating the blueberries that we were encouraged to sneak to the kitchen to get some blueberries and cream also.

My mother-in-law, Muriel, is a nurse, though she is not practicing the profession anymore. Frequently I watched her giving directions to friends about how to use a medicine or how to treat some simple disease. She loves dogs also. She participated in many dog shows and became an important member of the local dog association. Her counsel is still requested by experienced and inexperienced dog owners. She had two English cocker spaniel dogs, Saucy and Velvet.

Many years have passed, and the Christmas before last Roland wrote a letter telling us of his decision to sell their house, including some furniture. For awhile I felt perturbed about his decision. “How could they sell such a beautiful house that certainly had so many memories?” I asked myself. It was too difficult to imagine Roland and Muriel moving out because their presence was in every part of the house. It wasn’t selling the house that had importance to me, but the decision they took to move out. They thought it was the right time to go to a retirement center. They were old enough, and they didn’t need a big house anymore. Their children had their own lives, and they wanted to live in a smaller place.

My reaction after reading Roland’s letter was to sit and think about life for a while. Slowly, a feeling of depression took hold of me and confused my thoughts. People spend their whole life working, with little time for family and friends, buying objects that later they will have to get rid of. On the other hand, they enjoyed using what they bought while they were young.

Last Christmas Roland and Muriel moved to their new home, leaving memories behind, but bringing with them the certitude that they reached their goal in life. They raised three children to be successful adults and they were recognized as professionals who rendered numerous benefits to the community.

Recently we went for a visit at their new place, “The Evergreen Wood,” a recently built retirement center. It occupies a large area, with buildings designed as houses, surrounded by walkways and strong green trees. It was a luxurious place, with all the comfort that the aged
deserve.

We didn’t see many occupants before dinner time. I was expecting to see sad or worried people, but they all looked happy and healthy. Dinner was a very special occasion to dress up. It was the occasion to meet new friends, to talk about their memories, their children, or just to chat. I thought that being old and living in a retirement center wasn’t so critical. My impression about retirement centers was changing.

After many years, my husband’s family was reunited. We had a good time remembering the old days. Though Muriel was a little sick, she always was smiling, showing confidence and experience. I recalled my grandmother’s last days, and I thought she never could be so independent as Muriel. In contrast, Tereza would never forgive my aunts if she had to live away from them. Roland was funny, he played with his grandchildren as if he was a child also. When his daughter asked not to spoil the children, he said: “This is what grandpas are for.” Velvet was still there, playing with grandpa and the children. She showed signs of aging also. Saucy had already died of old age.

After two weeks we came back home, and I felt I was more comfortable thinking about aging. The tranquility of Roland and Muriel changed my fear of aging and made me accept it as a natural event of life. Not all aged are as lucky as Roland and Muriel, and actually I feel sympathy for old people living alone in their houses. I ask myself how they feel about life, who will take care of them, how they are prepared to die? Questions that only time can answer.
Unforgettable Reverend Mun
Wonjong Kim

He was just an ordinary clergyman who had performed pastoral duties for forty years. He was so short and thin that he looked like a feeble old man. However, his sermons were powerful and vigorous enough to impress other people. I think the time that I met him was a great and impressive moment in my life. He made me throw away all of my prejudices and narrow-mindedness and showed me the way I should live as a young man in a divided country, Korea.

The day that I first met him was meaningful and significant to me and my friends. I was just a freshman in college and filled with a lot of prejudices; I knew our Koreans’ fate, which was living under the military regime in a country divided into South and North. But I did not want to criticize and fight against the military regime because I had been educated and brainwashed to follow them in their schools. One day, I was notified that all of my club members were supposed to meet Reverend Mun, Ik-Hwan; he planned to give a speech called “How to Live as a Korean.” Frankly, I was afraid of meeting him because I was told in high school he was a “dangerous communist” and “horrible terrorist.” It took me plenty of time to have the courage to see him.

When I saw him for the first time, I was disappointed but relaxed. I arrived at the meeting room earlier than other club members, and I found an old man who looked over seventy sitting in the corner of the room reading a small Bible. When he looked at me, I could see lots of wrinkles on his face. The wrinkled and raw-boned face was smiling at me. I asked carefully, “Are you …?”

He answered with a gentle but vigorous voice, “Yes, I am Reverend Mun.” I was so shocked at that moment because he did not look like a “dangerous and horrible communist.” He just looked like an ordinary old man who had a charitable smile.

The speech he gave me and my friends on that day was enough to impress us. It was about the hidden history of Korea and the present situation we Koreans have. While he was speaking, he sometimes took a deep breath and told us, “Don’t be afraid of knowing the truth. Take off your mask of prejudice the dummy government of military people let you wear. Open your mind and think about the people who killed themselves to resist the dummy government.” When he explained that Korea had been divided into South and North because of the power of foreign countries for forty years, and unifying both Koreas had been prohibited because of both dummy governments, he finally cried. I also cried. It was not only because of his crying, but also because I began to know how I should live as a young Korean. After his speech, he gave me his address so that I could keep in touch with him.

After a year, I met him again. I and some of my friends were arrested by policemen while we were demonstrating against the military regime. After they confined me in the police station, they started to inflict lots of torture on me. It was a horrible time. I shouted to them that Korea was a democratic country, and that they did not have any right to torture me, but they gave me a harder time. After several days, they tried to persuade me to give up resisting the government, and they threatened that they would send me to jail forever if I did not accept their suggestion. When I asked to see Reverend Mun, they brought him to me. He cried when he saw me; I was hurt and wounded because of the torture. I asked him, “Reverend Mun, should we do this endless fighting? What if we just pray to Jesus without fighting? I am sure Jesus will listen to our wishes.”

He stared at me for a moment and told me, “I am sure that Jesus would fight like us if he was born in present Korea.” Those words had a huge impression on me. Finally, I refused the police’s suggestion, and I was sent to jail. I stayed in jail for a month and then was released.

After several months, I heard Reverend Mun visited North Korea. He met the president of North Korea and talked about unifying Korea. It was shocking news because no South Koreans can visit North Korea without a permit from the military regime. Reverend Mun was arrested by the police right after he came back from his meaningful trip. He was finally sentenced to life imprisonment by the Supreme Court. When I saw the picture of him standing in the court, I could not stand the sorrow from the deepest part of my heart; he was just a weak seventy-three year old man! In the court, he left a message to all young Koreans: “If you think it is a right thing to do, do it without any fear or hesitating. That is the way you have to walk on. And I am sure the day that you live in a unified and peaceful Korea must come!”

Since I came to America, I haven’t heard about him at all. Although I cannot see him, the lesson he taught me is always on my mind: how to live as a young Korean.
The Last Goodbye
Paras Rayamajhi

It was the day that I had to leave my country, Nepal. I was going to America to live with my uncle and go to school. I was feeling very excited to see America for the first time. I had heard so much about it and seen so much of it in the movies. However, I was also feeling very sad and depressed because I would have to leave my family, friends, and country that I loved so much behind.

I had been to the airport on many happy occasions, but this time was different: I was leaving. I looked around at other families and for a moment, I lost myself in their happiness as their loved ones were returning home from around the world. Then I heard my dad call my name and it hit me once again why I was there. My dad and I had a little conversation which I will never forget. It was a small piece of advice, like the ones passed on from proud fathers to their sons going to battle, never knowing when or if they would ever return.

I turned to look at my mom and noticed the tears falling down her cheeks. Then I realized this was really happening. It was true, I was really leaving. Just then I heard my flight number being called. I started to panic. "Oh no!" I thought. There was no turning back. This was it! My mouth started to feel dry and my palms felt wet. I was speechless as I started to shake hands with my friends. The fights and the arguments that we'd had in the past were all forgiven now. I started to miss them already. They were all looking at me as if they were never going to see me again. "Would I never return?" I thought. As I was saying goodbye to my mom, I thought back to all the things she had done for me in my life and now I was going to be on my own. Time seemed to be flying by. Soon I heard my final boarding call. It sounded like a death call. I picked up my bags, looked at everyone once more and headed towards the boarding door without looking back. I knew it would be too hard.

I entered the plane, found my seat, and sat there in a daze with mixed emotions. Although I had always dreamed about visiting America someday, I didn't realize it would be so hard for me to be away from my family, friends, and country. I heard the big roar of the engine as the plane started to take off. I looked out the window and watched my country get smaller as we flew higher into the sky. The beautiful Himalayas that had always been a part of me were now diminishing before my eyes, making me feel insecure and lonely. Thoughts started erupting through my mind: "Am I doing the right thing? Is it worth all this pain?" These were the things I would have to find out in the years to come.
I spent my first 20 years in Japan. Because the Caucasian population in Japan is such a small minority, I never had a friend with blond hair and blue eyes until I met my best friend, Jutta, at an English language school in the southern part of England. She was from Germany and she had a typical German look. The color of her eyes changed depending on her feelings. When she was sad or worried, they looked grey like the sky in England. When she was happy, they changed into ocean blue. Because her eye lashes were very white, she called them “rabbit eye lashes.” Since she hated to look like a rabbit, she put mascara on every day. She had a lot of freckles on her face, which made her look mischievous. She was about five feet and six inches tall, and she took big steps when she walked. She had nice long legs and a great figure, for she was careful about her diet and played tennis every other day. She was very friendly and easy to have fun with. Despite the differences we had, such as culture and language, we became so close and had great times together without obstacles.

From the first time, she was very friendly to me. When I first met her, I felt very shy. She looked so big and rather scary to me. However, she smiled and started talking to me. It was a little hard for us to communicate because we did not speak English well. After the class, we went to the school cafeteria to have tea. We talked about many things—her boyfriend in Germany, music, life in Japan, clothes, and so on. Despite our poor English, we got to know each other very well and became good friends. As we improved our English, we became closer.

Another time we had fun together, in spite of our differences, was on Halloween. Our school had a big fancy ball. In her town, there was a big fancy dress festival once a year; therefore, she was used to disguising herself. Since I grew up in a society where people were not used to going to a party in disguise, it was my first time at a fancy ball. I felt nervous but at the same time very exited. After we discussed our costumes for hours, she suggested that we disguise ourselves as black cats. The reason for choosing cats was that we loved the song called “Love Cats,” which was frequently played in local night clubs. When we started to put makeup on in my room, she insisted on making her face all black with an eyeliner pencil. It was a really tedious job, and her face ended up looking like a person who hadn’t taken a shower for a long time. Despite my concern that people might just think that her face was dirty, she liked her face. And so did the judges. We won first prize for the best disguise. There were plenty of people who disguised themselves as a bee, a soldier, a princess, a gangster, and so on. When one of our teachers announced our names for the best disguise “Miki and Jutta as black cats,” we screamed and hugged each other. It was a very exciting moment.

On Christmas day, an incident both of us would always remember happened. We exchanged our Christmas presents. I gave her a small frog, “Mr. Fisherman” of Peter Rabbit that I had secretly bought. We both found the frog when we shopped together two months earlier. We both found the frog funny, because the frog wore a pink vest and it was sitting in a paper shopping bag. When she opened the present, she seemed very surprised and made a funny face. Her mouth was wide open, and her eyes almost popped out. I though she didn’t like the frog. I felt very disappointed. Then she burst out laughing. I had no idea what was going on; however, when I opened her gift, I understood why she had laughed. It was the same “Mr. Fisherman” frog. We had chosen the exact same thing! Moreover, we found out that we had bought them at the same shop. We both carried our frogs everywhere the whole day. This incident made me realize that we had become so close that we even began to think alike.

During our time in England, we did many things together. We became so close and understood each other. Having met her taught me that nationality is not an obstacle to friendship. Even though we are far apart now—I am in Hawaii, and she is in Germany—I am happy that I have Jutta as my best friend.
Foreign Students At KCC
Khanti Southichack

Kapiolani Community College is the only place where I have experienced college life. Since I am a foreign student who speaks English as my second language, I would like people who speak English as their native tongue to understand why foreign students have problems when they first come to KCC and what exactly causes their problems. Most people say that language is the biggest problem for foreign students in college. In fact, it is not only that; it is also the cultural differences that cause problems.

It is not easy for foreign students who have little background in English to learn and adjust to a new society. When foreign students first come to America, especially to KCC, they are classified as F1 visa, according to a foreign student advisor. They must take a TOEFL test to determine their knowledge of English, so that they can attend the appropriate English classes. Students who speak little English have a difficult time communicating with others as well as have a hard time making new friends. In class, when a teacher gives a lecture, it is not easy for foreign students to capture the meaning of words the teacher uses. Moreover, they don’t ask questions when they don’t understand. According to the foreign student advisor, “The reason why they don’t ask questions is not only that they feel ashamed, but also they don’t know how to put questions into words.” The result is that many of them don’t do well on exams compared to people who have few problems with English. Language is one of the biggest problems that almost every foreign student has to experience; therefore, most foreign students at KCC have to spend more time concentrating on their class work than other students in order to catch up with their classmates.

Because of the different ways language expresses ideas, words and sentences are often complex, and the way of carrying on a conversation is very different. One sentence with exactly the same meaning can be expressed in the opposite way. A common example is the word “yes”; people are very often confused about what it really means. When a native speaker of English converses with an Asian student, the word “yes” is used by the Asian student to express agreement with the speaker’s idea, whether it is wrapped up in an affirmative or negative verb form. An American teacher would say, “You do understand these words, don’t you?” The Asian student would say, “Yes, I do.” The student is actually saying “Yes, you’re right, I understand it.” Here, yes equals yes. But if an American teacher said, “You don’t have a pen, do you?” The Asian student would say, “Yes, I don’t.” The student is actually saying “Yes, you’re right, I don’t have one.” Here, yes equals no. This mistake happens quite often to non-native speakers; it has even happened to me.

Culture also causes problems when students need to adjust themselves to their new society. I learned that most Americans are very talkative in social conversation. They enjoy talking as a means of social interaction. This is not the case for Asians.

Americans consider it rude not to speak during meals, whereas the opposite is true in Asia. In America, you have to learn how to start or carry on a conversation effectively in your daily life. It seems that Americans feel that talking too much is selfish and talking too little is irresponsible.

Asian students in America should avoid asking personal questions. Five questions common in Asia that should be avoided are:
1) How old are you?
2) How much money do you earn per month?
3) Why aren’t you married?
4) Why don’t you go out on dates?
5) How much do you weigh?

Most Asian students’ concept of self-help is based on the traditional practice of asking and receiving help from persons older than themselves. Thus, some Asian students here are frustrated by having to help themselves in school where nobody seems to assist them or be available for questions. They are afraid to make mistakes because of their fear of embarrassment, and they can be especially shy with teachers. They worry that the person to whom they are speaking might laugh at them. This is why even in ordinary conversations, new foreign students are afraid to speak up in class. Again, these difficulties are compounded by language problems.

It is true that when many foreign students first come to America they find life harder than it was in their homeland. All of their difficulties are compounded by language and culture. When foreign students learn to seek help, speak up, and ask questions, they can become excellent students. Even though this may not always happen, they will at least gain study skills as well as improve themselves in adjusting to a new society.
Is Learning English Easy?
Dung T. Truong

Eight years ago my parents decided that they would leave Vietnam because the Communists had arrived. They wanted my brother and me to learn English, so we could help them later in the United States.

I was twelve years old at that time, and my brother, Hong, was about twenty. My parents hired a tutor to teach him, and they sent me to a very expensive private school named Theresa in Saigon city. My parents often threatened me by saying, “If you don’t learn English, we won’t let you immigrate with us.” I went to school for two years, but I didn’t learn anything worthwhile. The teacher did not teach me how to write sentences; instead, she expected me to memorize a whole bunch of vocabulary words. Therefore, I was unable to form even a simple sentence. Also, I was very lazy during that time, and I was not interested in learning English because English was not useful in Vietnam. I was more interested in reading Vietnamese comic books for fun rather than the English conversation articles that were my homework assignments. Later, I very much regretted my behavior.

In 1985 my uncle sponsored our family, and we left Vietnam. As immigrants, we were not permitted to go directly to the U.S.A. First, we had to stay at the Bataan Refugee Camp in Manila, Philippines. The refugee camp was built by the American government to train refugees to cope with a new environment, America. At the camp, we were forced to study American culture. We were taught many different rules about what we couldn’t do in America. For example, we would not be allowed to smoke or to drink if we were under the ages of 18 or 21. It was important that we passed the courses. Otherwise, we would be delayed in the camp for another six months.

During this time, I attended an ESL III-level English class. ESL stands for English as a Second Language. ESL III was a very low level English class, but many people took it because they did not know English at all. ESL III students were required to attend school daily. We learned how to form simple sentences and to use vocabulary words, but we did not learn how to correct sentence structure or grammar.

My brother, Hong, was the luckiest among many people because he was taking English level I. They were required to study only two days a week. The I level was reserved for the interpreters only and for people who had high English speaking ability. On his three days off, Hong attended school as an interpreter.

As time passed, my family and I completed the requirements, so the U.S. embassy permitted us to leave the camp. We arrived in Hawaii in June 1986. Three months later, I attended Roosevelt High School.

At Roosevelt, I tried my best to improve my writing skill as well as my speaking ability. With the help of my brother, I was able to communicate with Americans in a short time. My brother helped me by explaining how English sentences should be correctly expressed, and he also taught me how to pronounce similar-sounding words, such as “have,” “has,” “had,” and “help.” Speaking was easier to learn because people would correct a sentence if I said it wrong. But writing was very hard because it required knowledge of grammar. When I translated sentences directly from Vietnamese into English, they often would turn out to have a different meaning. For example: I would write “I go eat McDonald’s,” instead of “I go to eat at McDonald’s.”

My English high school teacher seldom corrected my grammar because she wanted me to correct it myself. This method was very useful for many other students but not for me because I lacked a knowledge of sentence structure. I didn’t even know what a subject and a verb were; therefore, I was never able to correct the grammatical errors myself. Although I asked many teachers to help me with sentence structure, I had a hard time understanding the concept until I attended Kapiolani Community College.

When I took English 10v at KCC, my English instructor expected me to do a lot of AIMS tests at the Learning Assistance Center. The AIMS tests are grammatical tests for students who are poor in grammar. Both the AIMS tests and my classmates helped me, so my grammar got better and my grades on 10v essays improved.

I now realize how important learning a new language, especially English, is. Now, not only can I help my parents file tax documents, translate English letters, and answer phone calls, but also it helps me to communicate with Americans and foreigners who have different native languages.
Glimpse Of Heaven
Angela I. Wade

I looked through the bushes until I found the trail. I stepped onto it and began to follow it, right back to the old tree. A pit grew in my stomach as I looked down to the bottom of the cliff. Even though it had happened so long ago, it all still looked the same. Under the tree was the same old black mushy ground with the little footprints embedded in it. The ground stretched out just a short way and then disappeared down into a deep cliff: the "dreaded" cliff. At the bottom I could see everything the way it had been: the large and small tree branches, and the traditional cans and bottles from someone's hidden party. I turned around and saw the old step ladder. It still had the same four rotted steps on it. Then I looked up and saw it, or at least what was left of it; there, not even four feet below the branch it was tied to, hung the rope. I walked over and sat down on one of the steps and tried to remember what exactly had happened when I first found how great living is.

It was my third grade summer. I was following my brother and his friend Jeff up into the old neighborhood. I envied them so much that I did exactly what they did, or at least tried. They dropped their bikes on the side of the street next to the woods and turned to wait for me. When I got there I dropped my bike next to theirs and peered into the woods.

"Geez! Can't you ride any faster?" my brother snapped.

All I could do in return was stick out my tongue. I never could please him or even beat him.

All three of us then began to hike through the woods on the tiny, almost overgrown trail. It took about five minutes before we actually came upon a clearing and there it was: the rope swing. All the older kids were doing it and so were we. The rope had three large knots near the bottom, just perfect to hold onto. When kids were on it, it would swing way up over the cliff and above the trees on the other side. Sometimes some of the kids would try to grab hold of the branches on the other side. It was in an unconscious state for a little more than a minute. I saw a huge white light with smaller ones about it; it was beautiful. Then the dreaded statement came to my mind: I was dead, I was really dead...

"Holy shit!" a familiar voice sounded.

Right then my eyes opened and my lungs were quickly filled with spasmodic bursts of air, so much that it hurt. I began to cough furiously and look around, but a sharp pain shot through my back. I saw my brother next to me and the only thing he said was, "I'll give you a cookie if you don't tell mom." I began to cry, not because of the pain so much but because I was alive. Jeff began to run all the way home until he remembered his bike.

I have never to this day told my mother about the experience (even though the cookie was stale). After I fell they cut down the rope, but it doesn't matter anymore because I think everyone learned something that day: that life is more precious than anything. And the lights I saw were just the sun, but I like to believe that it was a glimpse of heaven.
English 100
A Different Way Of Life
Heikki Akiona

Many people today have not experienced true country living—a time when there were no real modern devices to entertain ourselves and make life easier. Back in the old days, between 1919 and 1929, my grandpa, Melvin Akiona, grew up in a secluded town called Keanae. It was only accessible by boat. If you have gone to the island of Maui and driven to Hana on the Hana Highway, you would pass a small town called Keanae. Keanae is halfway between Hana and Kahului. In 1929, the population was approximately 600, which included 300 in Keanae and 300 in Wailua. These days Keanae is different—people continue to live there, but the population has decreased because job opportunities and conveniences are elsewhere.

There was only one school and building in Keanae, which went from first grade to sixth grade. My grandpa only went up to the fifth grade and continued his education on Oahu. Keanae was a town which had two churches, a Protestant and a Catholic. There was only one store which brought in movies for people to see. On Saturdays the owner of the store would have a bus to pick up people to go and see the movies. Everyone went to see the movies. The store was also the post office. "The mail came by mule train from Kailua," which was about 40 miles away, he said. Goods had to come over by horseback. Boats also came once a month to drop off supplies, but if the ocean was rough, the community had to wait until the next month to get supplies.

Most of the people who lived in Keanae were poor. Some people who lived in Keanae worked for the City and County: cutting brush, filling mud holes and cleaning landslides. Others found work in Hana.

Every day was the same, day in and day out: school, work, eat, sleep. After school, members of his family had to work in the taro patch, and had to use their hands to pound poi because they didn’t have a grinder yet. On Sundays, Catholic people would go to the church, then go to the beach, either swimming in the ocean or in freshwater ponds.

During his free time, he and others from his family would go up to the mountain at night to catch shrimp and water shells from the river. "Watercress grew wild by spring water from the ground on the mountain streams. Some of the ponds I played and fished in were 40 feet deep," he said, making hand gestures to explain the ponds' conical shape. Since there was nothing to do on the weekends, he and others would walk along the seashore to the cliffs, which were about 300 feet high, to go fishing.

When my grandpa was small, he played baseball at school. "You see, we made a baseball by getting a rock, wrap it with a rag around it until it was the size of a skin ball, then tie it with cord in a net-like fashion. The bat was made out of wood from the hau tree. We also shot marbles and played alawe, which is like dodge ball but you use bean bags instead of a ball. Another game which we played was peewee, which was a game of sticks made from the hau tree. Each player had to use three sticks; welicked and whacked," he said reminiscing about how much fun it was.

The toys that the children in Keanae had were donated to the church by the big five of Maui. Christmas was the most celebrated holiday in Keanae. Since most of the people were poor, they couldn’t buy toys, but they learned how to live without them.

In Keanae, my grandpa lived with his grandma and grandpa who were poor. "We had no electricity so we had to use a lantern at night if we wanted to see. We had no radio and only the storekeeper had a telephone." My grandpa has seen how times have changed, with almost everyone having a radio, telephone, and electricity.

The family’s drinking water came from the river. They also used barrels, which were covered with a bag so particles wouldn’t get in the water, to catch water coming off the roof. When it rained hard, a pipe was extended into the house from the river. There was a faucet at the end of the pipe. Attached to the faucet was a bag to strain dirt and debris when it rained hard.

My grandpa lived the primitive way. "There was no shower. If we wanted to bathe, we went to a shack, 8 feet by 8 feet in dimension, which was both the outhouse and bath. If we wanted to bathe with hot water, we had to boil it and then take it in the bath." They were separate houses for the kitchen, the outhouse, and the place where the family slept. A cast iron wood stove was used to cook. "There was always rice and poi on the table every night. We raised our own chickens and pigs, but we also went up to the mountain for food. My uncle sometimes gave us pork when he came back from hunting. When cows were slaughtered, they were cut in half for the people to see and then sold. "When we ate my grandpa would use a can of
sardines, dat had six fish, and there would be three fish left after the eight of us ate. There was fish left because my grandpa knew how to cook, using vegetables, and made the gravy so tasty that we would pour it over our rice and eat it up!" My grandpa's family ate chicken only sometimes because they laid the eggs. They also ate olopu, which is a small fish that was found in the river. "It was good eating!" When the water level of the river was high enough from rain, my grandpa and others would use traps, made of bamboo, to catch the olopu. In the river, there were also goldfish, four to six inches in length, which they fried; they ate the small ones raw.

About every five months they ate meat, which included chicken and beef. "It was like a holiday when we ate meat." Most people these days eat meat at least two times a day. All we have to do is go to a store or restaurant and order what we want. I and others take it for granted because it has always been present in our environment.

"Since we had no money, we made candy out of brown sugar," he said, with the knowledge of why he had false teeth. Back then my grandpa didn't have proper dental care and this scarred his mouth for life. The sugar would be fried to melt it. Then it was put on a ti leaf, shaped like a boat, so it wouldn't run out, to cool. As for drinks, he explained, "We also made lemonade to drink for soda, or sometimes bought soda and put leftover lemonade in the soda bottles."

This was the only way of life he knew back then, and when the road went all the way through to Hana, the community became more civilized. I have learned things from my grandpa's experience and try to look at things from different perspectives. I am thankful for things that I have and try not to take anything that I have for granted.

Reminiscing about his years growing up in Keanae, he said, "As I look back, my family and I had to work hard to get things because things wouldn't be served to you on a silver platter. If I would have to live like that again, I wouldn't want to, but if I had to, I could adapt and make life a little easier than it was back then."
Qualities Of A Good Teacher

Kathleen T. Alvarado

For those of you aspiring to become teachers in the near future, take this to heart. As you spend countless hours struggling to grasp the mechanics of education and its system, ask yourself this question: what does it take to be a good teacher? Many opinions vary, but here is my attempt to describe some of the qualities a good teacher must possess. How teachers project themselves and build a rapport with their students are just two examples of this.

Humor is a key quality of teaching. I believe that teachers who are humorous have a better chance of relating to their students than an instructor who teaches strictly "from the book." Many seem to find that an instructor who comes to class, lectures (and doesn't get the class involved), then leaves, is boring. I mean, that person might as well have been a robot.

David Hellwig, a student at Kapiolani Community College, is currently studying to become a teacher for secondary schools. When asked about qualities he believed teachers should possess, he explained, "A teacher who is caring toward their students can be humorous and firm at the same time, making learning a very uplifting experience."

How a teacher approaches a class can also make a lot of difference. For instance, ridiculing a student publicly does not boost his or her self-confidence or self-esteem. All this accomplishes is leaving a bad impression of the instructor on the student, and having some or all of the other students feel intimidated. Many times, students will not ask questions or try to seek help out of fear of humiliation. This type of confrontation should be done in private. This way, the individual student views the teacher as patient and understanding.

A good teacher must possess an ability to communicate effectively. To achieve this, a teacher may try having open discussions and have students ask or answer questions. Also, encouraging students to give supporting arguments to the subject at hand, without fear of humiliation, can help a student feel enough at ease to want to participate and communicate. By building a rapport with his or her students, teachers will realize that their students have a desire to attend classes and to actually listen and absorb the material the instructor is trying to relate.

Finally, a teacher's motive for choosing this profession could be an important factor in determining his or her success. As an aspiring teacher of the future, if you're choosing to do this out of love of teaching others, for the joy you'll find in the knowledge that you've done something good for someone else, then you will feel successful. The self-rewards you will attain as you watch your students grasp and retain the material you are relating will seem to outweigh all other obstacles. Now, if you are doing this for the money, you'll probably be sadly disappointed. You will find, as I do, that teachers are not paid as much as they deserve. Eventually, you will become unhappy with your job. So think about it. Do you have these qualities?
Starting Over Again

Robert Cabbat

You'd first notice his tough outwardly appearance. At six feet and two hundred and forty pounds, Daniel is a rather big guy. Though not quite as large or muscually built as perhaps college football players are, he is, nonetheless, relatively intimidating in size. His arms are rock solid, with nicks and scratches here and there. His hands, large and callous, are hardened by years of carpentry work and construction. He prefers wearing his hair medium long in length and has a thick mustache that bears noticing. The crudely faded blue jeans he is wearing are stained and torn slightly at the hem. He is never without a pack of Benson Hedges Menthol Light cigarettes; this afternoon is no exception. He removes a stick out of its container, then precedes to fiddle with it with his large fingers, then proudly tells me in his deep voice that he has managed to cut down his smoking to a third of a pack per day.

Daniel and I go way back. We first met in elementary school. He and I essentially grew up together. Living so near, we practically saw each other nearly everyday. After high school, we went our separate ways, but did manage to keep in touch now and then. In 1985 he got married. I was honored when he asked me to be one of his ushers. The wedding was beautiful and everything went seemingly fine. She was a stunning bride and he as happy as a newlywed could be on his wedding day. There was no reason for me to doubt for one second that this newlywed couple will “live happily ever after.”

After the wedding, I hardly saw or heard much from him. I suppose he was enjoying family life. He had now a beautiful son to live for and nurture. Until one evening, he paid a visit to me with distressing news. His wife of only two years wanted a separation. According to Daniel, she felt she had gotten married too soon. She no longer wanted the responsibilities of married life. She wanted her freedom and single life back.

This devastated and shattered him and he broke down. This man, whose outward physical appearance made him appear so invincible, now exhibited every sign of vulnerability and weakness. He remembers quite well the extreme hurt and betrayal he felt over this: “I became very emotional, I almost couldn’t handle it,” he honestly admits.

As the days went by, he became increasingly de­pressed and distraught. Many nights he lay awake unable to sleep. When he finally hit rock bottom, he hopelessly turned to gambling and drugs as a way to forget and deal with the pain he was under. The vacuum created by this broken marriage was now being filled with a new high for gambling and drug use. Being in the fragile state of mind that he was in, he felt it was the only way he could fill this void.

He gambled heavily on football and card games and recalls gambling more than he could chew: “I would spend all of my paycheck even before I got paid,” he conceded. This mismanagement of his finances resulted in severe financial debts. Outstanding bills mounted and credit companies and creditors called frequently for payments.

Besides gambling, drugs provided him another outlet to elude the pain. “I used drugs to hide and relieve the pain,” he says with a peculiar sense of remorse in his voice. Unfortunately, expenditures on drugs further crippled him financially.

The impact of his broken marriage was extremely costly, both emotionally and financially. In essence, it led to his downfall. All his dreams and plans for the future were dealt a heavy blow and life would never perhaps be the same again.

Amazingly, things did begin to turn around for Daniel. After three very long emotion-filled and financially costly years, he began to pick up the broken pieces of his life. Slowly he regained control. He stopped gambling and using drugs. He has still much to pay on his credit card balances and loans, but the good news is that he has already paid a large portion of that debt. Formerly a construction worker, he has left the field temporarily—to work part-time elsewhere so he can pursue his goal of attaining a college degree. Spiritually and consciously, he has accepted the fate of his marriage. He has also adjusted well to being a single parent. The road is still long, but as steady and graceful as he has been, he will, no doubt, accomplish his mission and realize his hopes for the future.

What strikes me is Daniel’s remarkable comeback. For the past two and a half years, I have seen him endure and absorb the financial setbacks and emotional stresses that have plagued him. In spite of this, he has remained relatively positive. I asked him about this, and he replied, “I live one day at a time. I try to wake up everyday with a positive attitude and not think about the negative things, especially my financial troubles.” He proudly
tells me that the reason why he was able to turn his life around and remain quite positive is because of Shaun. “My son gives me strength,” he says. “I use him to see the positive things in life and the future.” Daniel tries to involve himself daily with Shaun’s activities, including homework and bike riding, and he frequently takes him to movies.

Although it is highly unlikely he will get back with his wife again, things in general seem to be shaping up for the better for him. His conviction and determination to overcome his past mistakes and move forward in life are unmistakable. For Daniel, the future is more promising and he intends to do things right this time around.
Graveyard Boys

Liam M. Deeley

This world is a hard place, and growing up is a hard thing to do. It's scary and sometimes lonely. But there is always one place to feel safe. One place where people can be themselves and not have to worry about being tough. For me and my friends, this place is the Manoa graveyard.

The entrance to the graveyard is like the entrance to a Disneyland ride. As we approach it from the street, it looks as if we have come to a dead end. We either have to turn left or right. But if we are pure of heart and brave as warriors, we can accelerate the car and drive straight at the tree in front of us. It will give way to a winding road that leads to the top of the hill. As we ascend this road, we are guided by the rows of tombstones. Each row is like the marks on a football field, telling us how far we have left to go.

We creep towards the top. Everyone is silent. It is the way we show respect to the people who now occupy this space. As we reach the top of the hill, I stop the car by the big tree. I don't know what kind of tree it is. I call it a zoo tree because it is just like the one I used to play on at the zoo when I was small.

Everyone gets out of the car. We all find a place to sit under the big zoo tree. From this spot, we can see all of Manoa. The city lights blink like a Christmas tree seen through sleepy eyes. Bright, colorful, and wonderfully distant. The nice thing is that we are far enough away from the lights to be able to see the stars clearly. Sometimes, the moon comes out and throws a soft white light over the graveyard, making the tombstones glow.

It's in this setting that we all come to lick our wounds. Whether it's grades, a broken heart, or dad beat mom again. It doesn't matter. Whatever it is, everyone will listen and give assurance that it's okay, that you are not alone, that someone loves us.

It is these times I spend with my friends that I discover the pain in each of us. And how it affects our lives. My friends are not what one would call model citizens. To tell the truth, some of them are criminals and gang members. Some beat people, steal, and drink. Most are sixteen and seventeen. But they all have pain.

In this place, I have seen the biggest guy in our crew cry because all he really wants is his father to say "I love you." The ones who are the meanest are the ones who cry the hardest in the darkness of the graveyard.

It is as if the moon is a spotlight from heaven. It shines on us as we make our plea to God to take away the pain. To make everything all right. As we stare up at the heatless light, tears well up in our eyes as it dawns on us that our pleas have gone unheard. That tomorrow the girl in science class still won't love us. That our mothers might really hate us. That college probably is a pipe dream, just like our fathers said.

As the cold light from above fills my heart, I turn to my friends. My boys. Someone will give me a hug. Everyone will say, "It's cool man, it's cool." Because it is cool. Whenever I have a secret, all I have to say is, "It stays in the graveyard." And it does. The dead won't tell and neither will the boys.

Many times people ask me why I hang out with these troublemakers. Boys who are destined for jail and the bottom of a beer can. Boys who fight for no reason. Boys who listen to no one and take what is not theirs. And I tell them, "Because they're my boys." That's all an outsider needs to know. But the truth is, it's because of the times in the graveyard.

I know when they fight, they aren't fighting some guy at a club. They are fighting their family, the system, poverty. When you are a strong person, there is nothing worse than fighting things you can't control. When they steal, they are not stealing for money. They hope that it will be the missing piece in their lives. The one thing that will make them happy. But it never is.

Some are good boys who find it hard to stay that way. They try to please their parents, teachers, coaches. But it's hard to be good in a world so bad. It's hard not to steal when your mom has no job. It's hard to stay in school when you can't pay the rent.

So it's up on that graveyard that we gather. Among the dead who have already lost their pain. Under the zoo tree that has our names carved into it. It is in this place that we open our souls to each other. We let our hearts sing their sad songs. We are just boys trying to find the path to manhood. We are soldiers in the war of life. We are brothers, so afraid to fail that all we can do is cling to each other. They taught me that everyone needs to be loved and to belong to something. They taught me not to judge. I learned about life in a place for the dead.

So I say to my boys: Peace. Thank you. Be strong. From University High School to Farrington, from Kailua to Kuhio Park Terrace, for a short time our souls were one and I will never forget you.
Hetero Like Me

Robert Eng

I was a 21-year-old college student, and I felt like my life was falling apart; nothing was going well physically, socially, emotionally, and academically. I decided to temporarily leave college and move where no one knew me so I could sort out my life. I chose Washington, D.C., because it offered the distinguished pretext of serving as an intern for Senator Daniel Inouye. In reality, I was getting away from my life as I knew it.

A big problem with moving to a strange city is finding a place to live. It was my first time that I wasn't living under the security of family or a college dorm. Money was tight, so I was in the market to share an apartment or house with a few other people. A couple days had passed and The Washington Post had failed to connect me with a home or housemates. While I wasn't one of the many homeless that call Washington home, I was a little worried about finding housing. Wandering around town, I picked up The City Paper, a freebee newspaper in the style of The Village Voice or Honolulu Weekly with politics ranging from liberal to the radical left, entertainment for the mainstream and the underground, and most importantly a classified section offering ads for every sexual persuasion and housing situation. I started to systematically check out the various housemate ads and came upon one:

CAPITOL HILL: own room in a house with 2 gay men. $300/month+1/3 utilities. Call 529-2114.

My gut reaction was, "Next ad!" My scanning eyes moved on to the next ad when my pride as an open-minded, progressive, and rational person was challenged and forced me to backup. I had always thought of homosexuality as an acceptable life-style, just not one that was in my genes. My tolerance or support of homosexuality had never been tested before; how could I say that gays should be part of society when I was unwilling to share a house with two? As I my principles of equality and my fear of dealing with the different argued, I retracted the ballpoint of my pen and alternated between tracing a circle and etching a "X" over the ad. With a click of the pen I made my decision. I drew the circle and punched out the seven digits, 529-2114.

I spoke to the landlord who was also one of the residents and we arranged a meeting the following afternoon. As I walked up on North Capitol Street towards the 20 Quincy Place, I wondered whether this was a good idea. I was so preoccupied with my thoughts of living with two gay men that I didn't notice I was moving from the government district dominated by white politicians to the rougher mainly black neighborhood that white politicians avoided. Quincy Place was on the fringe of the part of the city that gives Washington its reputation as "The Murder Capitol," where it is sometimes easier to buy crack than groceries. Despite my stupidity of not paying attention to my surroundings, I made it safely to 20 Quincy Place.

I looked up at the aged but classic brownstone-house. There were only eight steps to the front door, but I took them slowly and held on to the black metal railings. Standing in the alcove-doorway I drew a deep breath and pressed the doorbell. The door opened and revealed a normal looking middle-aged man whose hair was starting to recede. I introduced myself and he said he was Bo Cobb, the owner of the house. He invited me into the house and gave me a tour. The living room was in the front of the house. Its colorful and energetic decor said something about the owner and contrasted vividly with the dirty city street it overlooked. We continued to browse the first floor with its kitchen, pantry, and dining room. Moving upstairs, I got to see the bedrooms. The vacant room that was for rent was nothing special but it seemed huge because of the yellow walls and its emptiness.

In general, I was pleased with the room, the house, and the rent of $300 a month, which left us with the decision of whether we wanted to live together. We returned to the living room to sit down and talk. The other housemate, Servando Cuellar, joined us. He was a skinny middle-aged man with a bushy mustache. Both of them said they thought they would feel comfortable living with me and I had a similar feeling, although we really didn't know each other. Bo noted that in terms of age I seemed different from most of the other potential housemates they had met. I agreed and replied that the age difference didn't bother me and that I really need a place to live.

Since we were getting to know each other, I thought that now was the time to come out of the closet. I carefully said, "Uh, in your ad you stated upfront that you were both gay; I guess I should be upfront and say that I'm not." While their jaws didn't drop and eyes didn't...
bulge, there were some signs of surprise that I was straight. I asked, "Were you only looking for homosexual housemate? If my heterosexuality bothered you, I would understand and move on."

Bo responded, "Well we didn't put much thought into it because we thought that straight people would avoid the ad out of fear. Have you had much contact with the gay community?"

I said, "My college is very liberal and there is a large gay community although I don't know any very well. Before I called I thought about the situation I was getting into and am willing to give it a try. I'm looking for a house and housemates. I don't see why your sexual preferences should directly affect my housing. One concern I do have is whether the two of you are a couple because I don't think I would want to share a house with a couple, gay or straight."

Servando looked at Bo and laughed, "No, we're not a couple! Neither of us are even in a relationship right now."

The two of them look at each other and Bo turned to say, "If you want to live with us the room is yours." I sat there for five seconds. Then I reached out of my bag for my checkbook to write a check for a month's rent security.

I lived in Washington for only six months but I survived. I wasn't mugged, drugged, raped (by a male or female), and I didn't contract AIDS or homosexuality from my stay there. While I didn't like the city itself, it served well as a place to collect myself and I returned to college a stronger person. Bo and I have kept in touch over the years through letters, phone calls, and an occasional visit. Servando was never much into writing, and sadly he passed away a year ago of AIDS.

Just last month I saw Bo who had come to Hawaii on business. Neither of us had written for a several months but we caught up with each other quickly and reminisced about my stay in Washington. Bo made the observation that my whole adventure in Washington took courage, whether it was moving to a strange city, surviving in the violent Northeast Washington, or living with two gay men. At the time I guess I did have to muster up some courage. With all of those experiences under my belt, they don't seem like major feats of bravery now, just part of me.
He Sowed A Seed In My Heart

Yong Ran Liu

When I was a child, my extended family lived together in a three-story house. Grandparents, uncles, aunties, and cousins all shared one roof. It was very crowded. My parents, my younger brother, and I were all squeezed into a small room, and we all slept in the same bed. During the summer, the weather was hot, and it was not very comfortable with all of us sleeping in one bed. However, every night, I eagerly awaited bedtime. It was the best time of the day because my father would tell us stories before we went to sleep.

My father was a very good storyteller. Every night, holding my brother and me in his arms, he began his story, “Once upon a time…” With Dad’s lively descriptions and vivid language, the fairy tales brought us into a world of magic. Listening to the stories, I was spellbound. Sometimes, Dad would put us into the story to make the story more interesting. On one occasion, I became the lead character in “Little Red Riding Hood.” In another story, my father used my younger brother and I as characters in the story of “Hansel and Gretel.” Of course, since we lived in China, these stories were always told with a Chinese flavor. In fact, until I came to the United States, I always thought these stories were uniquely Chinese.

My father also created stories which satisfied our curiosity. I recall asking my father why a pear had spots while an apple did not. In reply to my question, he devised a story that he called, “Why Do Pears Have Freckles.” It was about the adventures of a pear. My father’s stories were new every day, and they were always fascinating. Like dew, his stories moistened the field of my small heart, and something wonderful grew and blossomed.

While listening to the stories, a question arose in my mind, “Where do all these stories come from?”

With a cunning smile, my father patted his belly and said, “Little girl, they are from here, from Daddy’s stomach.” Looking at my half-believing, half-doubting face, my father laughed. After a while, he stopped laughing and talked in a serious tone, “Girl, Daddy knows these stories because Daddy reads books. When you grow older, you will go to school and learn how to read. Then, you can read the stories yourself.”

“Where are these books now? Dad,” I asked.

“A long time before you were born, somebody came and took them away,” he answered, with sadness.

I was puzzled by his answer, so I asked, “Why did they do that?” He tried to answer, but his tongue was still. With the moonlight shining through the window, I saw a tear roll down his cheek.

After that, many years passed and the answer was finally brought to light by one of my uncles: When my father graduated from the university, he was chosen to stay and teach Art. Later, the Cultural Revolution began. My father refused to cooperate with his fellow students in criticizing another professor because he believed that the charges being made against the professor were untrue. As a result, my father was labelled a counter-revolutionary. Soon afterwards, the Red Guards searched his home and his books were confiscated. The Red Guards charged that these books were “sugar-coated bullets” from the bourgeoisie. Despite the actions taken against him, my father remained strong: “Although they could take away the books from my shelves, they could not take away the stories from my mind.”

In this same year I turned six, and the Cultural Revolution was still in progress. At that young age, I knew that school was a place where I could learn how to read. Children in China usually start school at the age of seven, but I did not want to wait another year. I begged my parents to let me go to school. However, to my disappointment, the textbooks were all about “class struggle” and Chairman Mao’s quotations. These books were nothing like the stories my father had told me. Besides, how could a six-year-old girl be interested in those abstract political sentences? However, I did learn some Chinese characters from the text, and was able to read a little.

One day, my father came home with a book that did not have a cover. He said he picked it up some place on the street. Its name was A Little Miner. It was about the miserable life of a little miner in the old society, and the main theme was “class struggle.” Although it was not as interesting as the stories my father had told me, I read it anyway. With the Cultural Revolution going on, this book would not bring trouble because of its content. I started reading this three-hundred-page book. Everyday after school, I settled in a chair in the yard, held the book on my knees, and went through every word on the page. The book really was not very interesting. What I really enjoyed was the feeling that I was reading a book, a thick book.
With the satisfaction of reading a whole book, I asked my father for another. My father and I went to several bookstores in the city. I asked my father to find a book with the interesting stories that I enjoyed before bedtime. However, we searched shelf after shelf, and all that could be found were books with “class struggle” as the main theme.

A year passed and the Chinese New Year was approaching. As we were cleaning our house, I found something under the bed. “What is it?” I asked myself. “Oh! A book!” I picked it up and wiped away the dust, trying to read the title. But what I saw were foreign letters that looked like earthworms. Two months passed, and one day, my father called me into the room. He handed me a home-made book. Later I learned that he had translated the book that I found under the bed into Chinese. The book’s name was *The Prince and the Pauper*. Just after I opened the book, a beautiful stream began to fill in my heart. I was so excited that tears came to my eyes. This feeling was so strong that it was far beyond what my little body could afford. After a drought, the field of my heart had waited for this stream for a long, long time.

About a year later, the Cultural Revolution ended. Slowly, more and more books could be found in the bookstores, and these were not books about “class struggle.” These were “real” books that shared the fantasy world my father had created earlier in my life.

During the “Cultural Revolution,” right and wrong were confounded. As my father said, it would be very lucky if a person did not go crazy. Looking back to all those years, I always think I was one of the luckiest people in the world because, with my father’s love and protection, the seed of literature was sowed inside my little heart. Moreover, thanks to my father, it grew sturdier and sturdier as days passed.
Life Goes On
James V. Martin

It was one thirty in the morning when my pager went off. I really didn’t have to look at it, I already knew the inevitable. Trying to clear my eyes, I saw exactly what I expected, three ones. These three ones were a code that there was an emergency somewhere and that I needed to call the dispatcher ten minutes ago. Having been through this so many times before, I no longer had the incredible rush I once felt. It was rather routine, almost boring. Louise answered the phone when I checked in and told me there was an emergency abdominal aortic aneurysm, or “triple A” as we called them at a hospital downtown.

My job as an autotransfusionist was to save as many red blood cells as possible. A couple of sterile tubings ran from my machine, called the cell saver, to the field or incision site. The doctor sucked up the blood, and when there was enough to process, usually about 600 cc, I would clean the blood and give it back to anesthesia. The doctor would then give it back to the patient as needed. The whole idea was to reduce or eliminate the need for donor blood. Receiving the patient’s own blood was, after all, the safest. There is no risk: the patient couldn’t get anything he didn’t already have.

As I walked toward operating room eleven, I saw the two surgeons at the scrub sink. Doctor James Gregory was the surgeon in charge of this case, and assisting him would be Chief Resident Doctor Ellen Matsumoto. Doctor Gregory was a pleasant man; I had done many cases with him before. He always had a smile or a kind word, and he made me feel needed. Doctor Matsumoto was a rather brash, aggressive woman. I had one case with her and Doctor Christian, Chief of Peripheral Vascular Surgery, a man who was cutting probably before she was born. Doctor Matsumoto had this case all figured out, how it was to be done, and possibly, just possibly, she really didn’t need much help. I remember Doctor Christian looking up at me with a hint of a smile on his face and winking.

The beginning of the case is always routine and usually I had time to either help or chat with the circulator, the nurse in charge. Tonight we had the nurse from hell. She reminded me of a bulldog with makeup. This woman was nothing short of absolute misery. Everyone, and I mean everyone, was intimidated by her. One night, for example, when a surgeon had run out of curved clamps, he asked her if she would get more for him. In her low, raspy, often loud, voice, she asked him if he had straight clamps, which he did. She promptly told him to bend them because that was the only way he was getting curved clamps. I did my best, all three hundred pounds of me, to hide behind the I.V. pole.

Meanwhile, at about three in the morning, things began to happen quickly. I was getting an unusual amount of blood and was having trouble keeping up with the volume. Then it happened. As I looked into the abdominal cavity I saw it fill with blood that ran out of the patient and onto the floor. It was as if someone took a garden hose to a punchbowl and turned it on full. It was a scary sight. I was processing blood at a rate of 250 cc’s every two minutes. I began to realize this patient might be dying and the blood I saved might be the difference. The atmosphere was heavy with tension, at times near panic. The next two hours were hell, as I frantically ran back and forth between the cell saver and anesthesia. Through all this I kept looking at the doctors’ faces, hoping to find the assurance that all would be well. There was never a time in my life where I hated what I was doing. I was even angry at myself that I could be so stupid to do a job like this, and yet so incredibly proud. At about six o’clock in the morning the surgery was under control. There was even laughter. We had done battle with death and won. We were going home, and more importantly, so was the patient.

At this point I went into the staff lounge, made a cup of coffee, and unintentionally fell asleep. Abruptly, I heard over the intercom, “Jim, we need you back in the o.r., now.” I wasn’t in a particular hurry because I thought the doctors must be about closed by now. Usually when I got called back, anesthesia wanted a final volume count or one of the doctors had dropped a suction.

When I got back to the o.r., I could feel the tension come through the door. Something was terribly wrong. As I looked across the room to my cell saver it was full of blood. Three liters of blood were waiting to be processed. Someone had to be playing a joke, I thought, but I didn’t need to look around to know otherwise. The doctors on the way out had accidently cut the common iliac vein, and they were having difficulty locating where the bleeding was coming from. When a major vein is cut, blood comes pouring out and it is impossible to see the source.
I watched that man die that morning. It was very hard. For the longest time I called it a murder. What a waste: a 54-year-old husband, father, grandfather gone. I couldn’t help but think of the family. How devastated they must have been. It was so sudden, so preventable. For all the family knew, the chart read “Died due to complications from abdominal aortic aneurysm.” I wondered to whom he had longed to say I love you but hadn’t. It took months to get over. You always try to prepare but until it happens . . . .

As much as I wanted to tell the family what happened that morning, I couldn’t. It is the unwritten code. I did my best, and I was proud. I also came to realize the doctors that morning did their best too. After all, we’re human beings doing our best with the skills we have. Life goes on.
The Voice Of Language

Yuki Mitsuyasu

It was a very hot summer day. I went to an ice cream shop with a couple of new friends from an elementary school near Chicago, where I was transferred from Japan. All of us moved back and forth in front of the ice cream case like a shifting play in a football game, trying to make up our minds which flavor we wanted. One by one we made up our minds, ordered the ice cream, paid from our allowance money, and sat down and ate on the benches in front of the store. I knew that I wanted vanilla that day, even before I stepped into the store. But I was embarrassed that I hesitated to go back to the same lady. I looked for the other aisles until I came across what I was originally tended that I needed to shop more and walked around the store.

This happened when I was seven years old, and it had only been a few months since I had moved from Japan. This was not the only time the poor accent got in the way. Sometimes I even had to write the words down in order to communicate. I was very frustrated because although my English level improved and I could understand most of what other people said, I still had trouble conveying my words to them. I felt that I must solve this problem if I wanted to communicate.

There was a Japanese-American lady who lived a couple of blocks away. She was a good friend of my mother's. This lady was bilingual, and when she spoke in her primary language I always admired her beautiful English. I asked her if she could help me correct my accent. She was very patient and corrected every little detail of my broken English everyday after school for three months. I was so happy and excited, as though I could speak for the first time, that I talked to everybody: friends, teachers, the school secretary, the cleaning person, and even to my Japanese friends. I kept seeing the lady at least once a week. She not only corrected my accent, but she also taught me grammar and American expressions. She was my model for English.

I was so fascinated by the flow of the American accent that I went on searching for more. I used to play games just for fun with my friends imitating different accents. We used to pretend we were from certain places such as Texas or California, or a mixture of them such as a Brooklyn accent versus a Hawaiian accent or a French accent versus an Italian accent. By this time I spent most of the time thinking and speaking in English so that it was hard to re-adjust when I returned to Japan when I was twelve years old. I experienced being an "outsider" all over again.

This time it happened in my own country. I stood in front of a large class of almost fifty students and full of excitement on my first day at another new school. I was transferred back to a Japanese junior high school in the middle of a term. The teacher told me to introduce myself to the class. As soon as I said that my name was "Yuki Mitsuyasu," there was a big burst of laughter. Of course, how could I forget that names in Japan start from one's last name. It was very embarrassing for my first day, although it sure gave a strong impression to the entire class. At that time children raised in a foreign country were very rare, so my classmates approached
me with curiosity. They wanted to know how different life was, how schools were, and how we used to play. However, when my friends started calling me names such as "an American," "an alien," "a foreigner," "an outsider," I knew that it was because of the way I spoke. Then I felt that I wanted to be like them, I wanted to be Japanese.

There are many English words that are used in daily conversation which are blended into the Japanese language. These words are often used grammatically incorrect and are pronounced with a Japanese accent. I stopped pronouncing all these words with an American accent and was even tempted to avoid using any of these "imported" words at all. Now my sentences began to sound so unnatural that they were almost like ancient literature. I eventually learned to accept "Japanized" English as part of the language, and soon I blended into the little Japanese society around me. Just as all people have different voices, accents are like the voices of languages.

Speaking two different languages is like a wonderful adventure between different cultures. I have constant discoveries that give me many inspirations. It may not be so difficult to learn a language if one has the interest and passion to learn. However, I feel that the most challenging part of dealing with another language is when one starts to perfect it by getting closer to the native speakers. Every language has its own voice; accents, intonations, punctuation, phrases, and expressions are all very closely related to the culture and daily life of the people who speak the language. It is important to have perfect grammar and sentence structures; however, the pleasure of learning another language is perhaps mostly hidden in the part of getting to know the culture and the character of the people who speak it.
Something is trying to find me. I'm running, screaming and finally cowering in one of the dark corners of my mind, breathlessly awaiting the terrors to pass me by without picking up the scent of my fear. I'm sweating but I'm bone-chilled. I want to escape but cannot. My heart is palpitating and my skin is crawling. I must get medical attention quickly. Maybe I should just put that infernal book down.

I find it amazing that the imagination of a writer and the power of his mind can be literally sweat-inducing and heart-stopping. Simple, creative thoughts can be a literary hallucinogenic without having to devour anything illegal.

That's how it was for me. I didn't have a shrieking banshee-of-a-mother screaming about homework. That's another horror not to be divulged here. She did introduce me to the tales of Dr. Seuss and the comedic monsters of his tales. The Grinch was always a favorite of mine. From then on, my mom bought me the books I desired.

School, family, and friends really have nothing to do with my literacy. Sure, a middle class upbringing and education were there. But these did not inspire me. The cinema of Dracula, Frankenstein, and the wolfman did beckon and later abduct me into a ghastly literary world. What a thrill it was to be on that twisted roller coaster ride, knowing that the terror train could derail at any moment and plunge me into the abyss.

Famous Monsters of Filmland was a magazine from the sixties that was devoted to the horror film. These I subscribed to at a very early age. I had no reading skills at that tender age but I was fascinated with the photographs. So if I wanted to learn more about Boris Karloff, I would certainly have to read. So, that was my big shove into the pit of terror.

Imaginative terror tales progressed through my early years. There was Rod Serling's Twilight Zone, which made horror acceptable and part of the American consciousness. Twilight Zone was literate and made one think about one's place in the world. Unlike its competition, The Outer Limits, which was just silly escapism, Twilight Zone brought horror literature into wider public acceptance.

My imagination was certainly reanimated. I began to make up stories that could be later shared on camping trips while toasting marshmallows around the fire. Other campers would tell gruesome stories which I would bury in a crypt secreted in the dungeon of my mind. Later I would open these mental graves, embellish with relish, and create my own version of the blood-curdling story.

One hot summer, during a school break, came a television show that would bring chills even during the infernal heat of the season. It was called Dark Shadows and hooked me immediately. The continuing saga of Barnabas Collins was a (trick or) treat that I gleefully gobbled up.

There was also a series of Dark Shadows novels that I also had to devour. I didn't care that these were Gothic romances. I didn't yet know what a Gothic romance was. I was only fascinated by the vampire and werewolf story lines. My friends and I would trade these back and forth much like the horror comics we used to trade.

Through the use of a dictionary, I was also able to read Frankenstein and Dracula ahead of my grade level. Although my comprehension rate was not great, I still loved reading these stories of the fantastic. (I was even sending fan letters to horror novelists and stars. Then I would receive correspondence from them and words of encouragement.)

These novels led to the modern ones. The Haunting of Hill House by Shirley Jackson, The Other by Thomas Tryon brought literate horror up-to-date. And then a classic came out that brought out the devil in me. It was called Rosemary's Baby and it certainly was a shocker, leading to the most talked about horror novel in history.

The Exorcist had people whispering. It was an adult novel and my mother forbade me to read it. This made it all the more tempting. One day at a relative's house I swiped a copy and was then swallowed whole by its loathsome subject matter. Never had I read, or even heard of, anything as down right shocking, unnervingly horrifying and yet so completely plausible since it was based on a true story.

The Exorcist had caused a furor and I just love high drama. I began researching it. I read about true documented cases, people fainting at movies, people believing themselves or others to be possessed. I went to libraries, learned how to look up articles on microfilm, newspapers, and magazines, how to use reference materials and a thorough knowledge of the library system.

I also began to write my own stories. They started out
small and silly with just a scene or two that I thought would look great on paper and even better on celluloid. I had one printed in a literary hardcover book called The Harbinger. It was called “The Man Under The Bed.” I hated that story because I didn’t put enough work into it. I just submitted it without a care as to how clumsy it might look. The book was published a month later and I was horrified to see it in print, it was so amateurish.

I later wrote a parody of H.P. Lovecraft’s “Cool Air.” The author’s version was about a man kept immortal with the use of refrigeration. My version had a woman kept youthful by using the washer and dryer. You see, the static electricity from the combination of the final rinse and the drying cycle of the machine is what made her eternal.

My teacher loved that story and so did my friends, but it pleased me most of all. I had spent a lot of time on it: writing, rewriting, editing and the like. The praise I got was a real inspiration to pursue writing as a creative means of expression and a source of continuing literacy.

My literacy has since enjoyed itself in the many new faces of terror. Stephen King, Clive Barker, Dean Koontz are all the new masters of horror literature. My personal favorite, Anne Rice, has been a breakthrough artist for female writers with her excellent vampire series. Now we’re even seeing horror meet the Academy Awards. Silence of the Lambs was a terrific novel and it made an excellent film.

Today I read any new novel. I am not limited to horror but I prefer it because I can escape the true horrors of everyday living, current events and the gory headlines. I know that I am safe. I can just “chill out” without leaving the confines of my chair.

The horror novel is the main reason for my literacy. Horror expanded my interests and kept me literate throughout my life. I loved to research it: its novels, films, and stars. Horror made me crave more, which is what I believe literacy to be all about. A desire to not only read and write, but to consume and create, to expand one’s mind and horizons, to constantly crave with an insatiable thirst. I became an educated “vampire” because I was spellbound.
On the afternoon of August 28, 1992, I sat at a picnic table in Kapiolani Park observing the activities going on around me and contemplating the topic I’d chosen for this paper. I was disappointed to discover that my original thesis would not work. I was wondering what to do. Should I stay where I was and try to come up with another topic or continue on my way to the overnight camping trip I had planned? I didn’t have to wait long for a decision. The events of the next thirty minutes were going to give me the idea I needed, as well as a very humbling experience. I was going to be homeless for one afternoon.

As I said, I was on my way to an overnight camping trip, and I had my gear with me. I had a sleeping bag with a blanket and pillow rolled up in it, a cooler (which had seen better days), and an old worn-out backpack. I was wearing my grubbiest clothes and a pair of old athletic shoes. To complete my look, the wind was blowing rather briskly. This caused my hair to look as though it had not been combed in a week and my beard had not been trimmed in quite a while.

I had been sitting at the picnic table for about an hour when I heard a voice from behind me say, “Excuse me, but my father wants you to have this.” I turned around to find an attractive young lady about twenty years old holding a plate piled high with food. Her family was having a picnic not far from where I sat. As she gave it to me, she pointed to her father, to whom I waved my thanks. I also thanked her and began eating the delicious food. I was puzzled at this occurrence as it was certainly not commonplace.

At some point while I was eating, I suddenly became startled and felt insulted. “Do I look as though I am the kind of person who cannot afford to buy his own food?” I asked myself. I looked closely at myself, and the answer was a resounding yes.

It took a while, but once I’d gotten over my embarrassment at having been mistaken for a homeless person, I began to wonder what life on the streets must be like. I decided that this would be the topic for my paper, but in order to develop it properly, I would have to do some research. Where and how was I to start? I looked at myself again and saw that something was wrong: I was too clean. I walked to a secluded place in the park, and, much like an actor putting on stage makeup, I applied a layer of dirt to my clothing, skin, and hair. I removed my belt to make an impromptu strap for the sleeping bag and slung it over my shoulder, along with my backpack. Convinced that I looked the part, I took in a deep breath and headed off toward Waikiki. My experiment was underway.

The walk into Waikiki proved very interesting. I was wearing mirrored sunglasses, and I could observe the people’s reactions toward me without being detected. Either they stepped off the sidewalk entirely as they passed me, or they hurried their pace as they walked by me. I saw on their faces a variety of emotions and feelings, everything from embarrassment to disgust, pity to contempt.

Once in Waikiki proper, the first place I stopped at was a luxury hotel. I entered ostensibly to find a pay phone. I was hardly in the door when I was met by a security guard and escorted out of the building. Every eye within range was on me. Next, I went into a restaurant, which is frequented by tourists and locals alike, and I was told, politely but firmly, that perhaps it would be better if I took my business elsewhere. At a fast food restaurant, I was forced to prove that I could pay for the food I had just ordered before it was rung up on the computer. Finally, at a convenience store that had a front and a rear entrance, I noticed that the eyes of all the employees were locked on me in the security mirrors, as though they expected to see me pick up something, put it into my backpack, and exit without paying for it. In one hour I had learned more about being homeless than I’d ever wanted to know.

Waikiki is, of course, not a place where homeless persons usually congregate. They are usually found in the seedier parts of town, and the reason is not hard to figure out. That is where the differences between the financial status of people is much less dramatic. Simon and Garfunkle summed it up in a line from the song “The Boxer” when they sang, “seeking out the poorer quarters where the ragged people go, looking for the places only they would know.”

After my experiences that day, I had so many questions. As I was camping alone that night, I realized I knew none of the answers. Do homeless people ever get used to the hostile reactions of other people? If so, how long does it take them to become desensitized and unfeeling? Do they reach a point where it seems futile to even try to escape their circumstances? Do they just learn
to accept them? What can be done to help them, and how many of them want help? Governments, both local and national, have been wrestling with these questions for years without much success. I do not even pretend to have any answers.

What I do know, however, is the profound effect this experience had upon me. I had allowed my dignity to be taken away from me for a while, and I felt invalidated as a human being. Very few truly homeless have the luxury of reclaiming their dignity in such a short period of time, if at all. Most importantly, I learned that I have not been as compassionate as I could be toward the homeless, and I vowed, within my limitations, to do what I could to help.

I wonder how many homeless people are ever afforded the kindness I was given in the park that day, a gift of food from the table of strangers. I wonder how I will react the next time I see a street person walking down the street, sleeping in a doorway, or merely sitting at a picnic table in the park with his few meager possessions. Will I look at him with contempt or compassion? Will I even remember my experience? I hope so.
Why can't you?” she yelled.  
"...I don't know,” he stuttered.  
"You just can't! You don't have the guts to tell me!” she shrieked back.

He answered voluminously, "I can! I can!”

She became silent. After calming herself down, she whined, “Then tell me. Tell me what you feel for me.” “I...I can’t,” he whispered, “not right now.”

Her anger erupted once more and she furiously muttered, “Men!”

Why do men resist talking about their problems? Why do men find it hard to speak about their feelings and emotions? On the other hand, men may also wonder about women’s language use. Why are women capable of talking for hours on the phone? Why do women love to gossip? The answers may be found by taking a look at the differences in men's and women's brains.

The differences in the brain play a large role in speech production and verbal skills in men and women. Women have parts of the corpus callosum that are larger than men's. The bundle of nerves which connects the two hemispheres of the brain (the corpus callosum) permits an easier flow of information between parts of the female brain that deal with speech (Fury, 1989). Women love to talk. They are “made” for it. However, men's brains are different. Their hemispheres do not talk to each other as easily as women's hemispheres.

In women, emotional data is one type of information that travels easily over to the left side of the brain from the right side. Because of the larger corpus callosum, more information, such as emotional data, is constantly being exchanged between hemispheres. Therefore, emotional data reside in both hemispheres of women's brains. Men's emotional data reside in the right side of the brain (“Why Men Don't Speak Out Their Minds,” 1983). For men, emotional data do not travel over to the left hemisphere of the brain in the same manner as they do in women. Because of the smaller corpus callosum, a limited amount of information can flow to the left side of the brain, the language side. It is difficult for a man to express his emotions because the emotional data cannot flow easily to the verbal side of the brain. Sometimes the space in a man's corpus callosum is filled up with information about many things, such as interests, games, etc. When some other information is to be transferred, such as emotional data, the corpus callosum makes room by processing some of the information, which is then transferred over to the left side of the brain. Eventually, the new, additional information will be transferred to the left hemisphere. However, it may take more time before emotional data actually do get transferred (Fury, 1989).

When it comes to recognizing spoken or written words or any such activity, both men and women use one hemisphere more than the other. However, women do not depend on just one hemisphere alone. Psychologist Jeanette McGlone found that in women, damage to the hemisphere mainly responsible for language (the left hemisphere) caused less language disorder (also known as aphasia) in women than in men (Kimura, 1985).

As a result of McGlone’s findings, we can see that differences in brain organization of men and women cause differences in the efficiency with which certain tasks are performed.

Compared with men, women develop more quickly (speak earlier, articulate better, and have better fine motor control of the hands); and their thinking skills are less lateralized (less dependent on one hemisphere). Women are obviously more verbal than men. Both of the brain hemispheres in women are used for speech. Women find and use more ways of verbal communication more often than men, although these ways may not be as rapid and reliable in certain situations (Kimura, 1985).

One such situation is discussed in *Brain Sex* by Anne Moir and David Jessel (1989): a brain sex researcher, Sandra Witelson, suggests that a man can easily talk and read a map at the same time, while women find it difficult. The explanation is simple. These tasks are controlled by different sides of the brain for men and for women; for women, both of these activities may be interfering and intermixing, which may result in a bad performance of both activities since they are done at the same time.

According to Moir and Jessel, another situation is in vocabulary and defining words. In a male brain, this ability is generally found in the front and back of the left hemisphere. In a female brain, this ability is spread out throughout both hemispheres of the brain, but mainly in the front and back areas. The location of the ability to define words is more specific in a male than in a female brain; therefore, a male can define a vocabulary word faster than a female can.
Male dominance in spatial ability is an effect of differences in the organization of the brain. Spatial ability is all the skills that are crucial to the practical ability to work with three dimensional objects or drawings, such as the ability to picture things, their shape, position, geography, and proportion, accurately in the mind’s eye. Women’s spatial abilities and skills are spread out in both hemispheres of the brain, and therefore they overlap other areas that control other abilities and skills. For men, their spatial skills are not spread out throughout their brain but are in a more specific area of the brain, the right side, which allows them to indulge in certain activities without any worries of other activities interfering (Moir and Jessel, 1989).

Compared with men, women are dominant in verbal abilities. This is also an effect of the differences in organizations of the brain. Grammar, writing, and spelling are verbal abilities that are spread throughout the male brain, mainly the front and the back of the brain. Yet, in women, these abilities are located in a more specific area of the brain, in the left hemisphere. This is why men have to work harder at achieving these skills (Moir and Jessel, 1989).

Through analyzed data and observations, one can conclude that sex differences in the brain actually exist and are proven causes for the differences between men and women in the performance of certain verbal and nonverbal tasks.

References


A Memory Of A Sunday Long Ago
C. G. Bates

It was one of those typical sunny Sunday mornings in paradise. There was an unusually quiet calm about as J.J. wiped the sleep from his eyes. He listened to the incessant buzzing of a garbage bee as it defiantly kept butting the window screen, annoyed at being unable to gain access. He thought of the church service he’d be forced to attend that morning. The son of an admiral on the base at Pearl Harbor was compelled to appear at church as a matter of form. “It’s part of the duty,” his Dad would say, as if all the members of the family were in the service. Little thought was given to the fact that this day would be the most memorable day in his young life or, for that matter, his entire life. This day would be the day that would turn a veritable paradise into a living hell.

J.J., as he was fondly called by family and friends, was an abbreviated version of John Joseph Mitchell, a one-star admiral of the line, currently stationed at Pearl Harbor and firmly ensconced in one of the best military houses on the base.

J.J. had spent seven of his eleven years in this privileged atmosphere. He loved the balmy days and the deference he received from all and sundry. His comings and goings, with the possible exception of the compulsory school time, were essentially of his own volition. In effect, he was treated like the admiral himself and, in that sense, with permissiveness. The house staff consisted of, in those archaic Navy days, two Filipino mess cooks, one of whom had been with the Admiral’s family for many years, and the other, younger and much more skittish. To J.J. they were all but invisible; to his mother and younger sister, as well as to the Admiral, as might be expected, they were extremely attentive and fawning.

As J.J. lay in his bed, he heard what sounded like distant thunder. He looked out the window once more and it was all bright blue and gold. Typical, he thought, of those Hawaiian days of showering sunshine. Except this time the thunder was coming closer and closer. A ruckus was emanating from his father’s study, which was maintained in one of the upstairs rooms adjacent to his sister’s bedroom across the hall. He heard the sounds of doors opening and closing, slamming, loud voices. J.J. hopped out of bed, his pajama bottoms hanging midstaff, and opened his door to see the backs of his father and his young adjutant galloping down the staircase, his father vainly attempting to engage one sleeve of his dress-white jacket.

Now, suddenly, there was a cacophony of strange noises. This was not thunder; these were explosions, and they were increasing in volume and proximity. They were the droning sounds of low flying aircraft as they buzzed closer and closer, incessantly.

He heard glass shattering. And as J.J. looked from the top of the staircase into the formal dining room, he saw the glass china cabinet doors swing wide and, with a horrendous clatter, dump the bulk of the prized china on the floor. The entire house was shaking violently from each successive blast. More windows were being blown out. He rushed barefoot down the semi-circular staircase. The pristine white walls of the carefully maintained domicile were now bathed in an eerie orange glow, a sickening reflection of the numerous fires surrounding them.

There, at the foot of the stairs where the bannister rail made an almost complete circle—making sliding down a near impossibility—stood his mother. She was ashen, her hair trailed wisps of strands that had defied being caught up into the bun she so carefully and elegantly wore. He’d always thought of her graciously sitting at the far end of the dining table and always with that beautiful glistening head of titian hair so neatly coifed. She stood there emotive, unable to register anything. Until this time, J.J. had no true sense of what he was feeling. Certainly, he sensed the portentousness. But when he gazed at his mother, he knew then, for the first time in his life, an overwhelming sense of something that was completely enveloping him—fear.

His fear was further compounded by the hysterical screaming of his sister over the bannister rail. She clutched at that rail, and her tiny fingers had taken on the aspect of an eagle’s talons: she was holding on as though this were her whole world. The mess cooks were rushing to and fro, shouting “Missy—Missy.” The skittish one was emanating high-pitched squeals like a rat that had once been cornered in the basement by J.J. eons ago.

Still he saw no reaction from the mother. She stood there powerless. J.J. began to move automatically. He fearfully approached his mother, who was staring ahead like a blind person. He felt for her icy cold hand and started to lead her toward the basement door, which was under the main stairs. Perhaps the unconscious memory
of the cornered rat in the basement guided his steps, perhaps not. Seating her on the packing boxes, he left her and observed the two cooks making for the cellar stairs as well. His only thought was his little sister. Although never close, he felt their blood kinship and the need to save her. She was still screaming and staring at him in a most peculiar way. Added to the overwhelming sense of fear was now—terror. There was no stopping her screaming, and he tried desperately to unfasten her fingers from the rail. It was to no avail. He was seized by an incredible impulse and with all the might in his scrawny, eleven-year-old arm, he let fly a resounding slap across her face. She collapsed like a rag doll. He picked her up, despite her weight, threw her over his shoulders, and hefted her down the stairs. It seemed like hours that they sat, this motley crew, listening to the bombs, feeling the earth shake and the sirens blasting, the machine guns rattling and the ack-ack intermittently responding to the ceaseless drone. All the while J.J.’s heart thumped loudly.

* * *

J.J. sat back on the lounge chair on his lanai. He drew deeply from his cigarette, his eyes seemed a million miles away—deep in reverie. I watched him, silently, put down my note pad and pencil, and thought that the years had certainly been good to this 66-year-old man. There were the usual signs of age: the slight wrinkles that furrowed the brow, the downward lines that were drawn at the edges of the lips. The eyes, however, were as blue as the Hawaiian skies that he loved.

I finally intruded on his silence and asked, “Is there anything else you might add?”

He looked at me almost sadly and said, “It was all such a waste, all that effort, all that destruction, but mainly, all those young lives, all gone, never to have lived out a full life of joy and pain and love.”
No one ever lives in a house anymore. I don't know what Charlotte was thinking when she bought this. I miss my cubicle, the modern conveniences, everything from flushing a toilet to pouring a bath is different in the cubicles. All of the food has to be brought in boxes and placed in the coolant device, or "refrigerator," as Charlotte insists we call it.

I told Charlotte this is 2092, why must we live like the barbarians of the 1990's? This replica of their "modern" home gives me the shivers.

Of course Charlotte just laughed at me, but one expects that in a marriage.

"It is for you we moved, my darling," she told me, "An old home like this is just what you need to make you feel manly again."

Manly, that's what the men were in 1990. They ran the world back then; oh sure, women were allowed to have a say but they weren't in power like they are now. That didn't start until after World War III, when the wives of the leaders of the four most powerful nations got together and decided enough was enough. They simultaneously gained access to various nuclear weapon plants and demanded that all men resign from positions of power. At first it was thought that men should be removed from society in all, possibly even caged. But it was recognized that—for the good of the species as well as the sexual satisfaction of most women—men could be productive in certain areas of society, but never could they be placed in positions of power again.

Since that day various laws have removed men from almost all of the job force, save domestic positions like John holds. John is our housekeeper and bless his soul I can't imagine living in this monstrous building without him.

He has taken over almost all of my husbandly duties. He cares for Julia, my beautiful daughter. I love her more than anything but lord help me, I just can't stand to spend my day with her, she makes me feel rather insignificant in a way I can't possibly describe to anyone.

Charlotte says this is ridiculous, that raising our daughter is one of the most important jobs in the world, if we could afford for her not to work she would do it herself. My condition is difficult on her as well because I cannot carry out my half of this marriage.

Perhaps if Charlotte wasn't so important, with her mathematician logic and that awful beeper going off every time, we'd try to make love. Then back to the city she must go, leaving me here with John and Julia.

She walks out and shuts that big oak door behind her. "How does this work?" I remember asking her when we drove out to look at the house. I stood there staring at the big wooden thing with the appendage in the center that seemed to be staring back at me, not at eye-level but lower, as though that round metal protrusion in the middle of it was an eye that saw right through me.

"That's the door, silly!" she replied with a laugh, "Didn't anyone in your family ever have a house?"

She knew we hadn't, my family was old-fashioned: my father was clinging to a janitor job that had not yet been forbidden to men and my mother stayed at home, working from her cubicle on various writing assignments for the media station.

I imagine my mother and father were much like the people who lived in a house like this. The man would go out and work while the woman was in the house with the children. Of course, my mother didn't have time to tend to us daily; there was a male housekeeper to do that, but still she was there.

We have been in this house for over a month now and not a week can go by without Charlotte's beeper going off. Up she gets, dressing hurriedly as she walks out and closes that thing behind her. I swear it knows she is leaving me alone in this place. He stares at me with that one eye of his, so different from a cubicle entrance, which had the ability to open and close mechanically, you just walk through.

Sometimes when Charlotte is in a real hurry she will slam him in her rush to leave quickly. Then he vibrates a little, shaking angrily and making a noise that has no equal.

I sit and stare at him after she leaves, wondering if she'll be back that night. Even though I know she won't, it always takes all night, and then she just stays for the day at work.

He knows that too, and he doesn't know why I stare at him, only that there is nothing else for me to do. If you stare long enough the one eye will become two and it moves up and down when I move my head.

I think there must be something alive on the other side of the door that makes this happen, but I won't tell Charlotte. She would be upset if she knew someone else was living in the house with us. Me, I don't mind, I've
lived in cubicles all my life; sometimes they were so small that you ate, slept, and bathed in the same area.

This house is big, I say let that other man stay in the house, but I want to meet him. We could talk about the things that Charlotte hasn’t time to discuss. Maybe we could even build things or repair things.

I’ve decided that next time Charlotte’s beeper calls her away, I’m going to find him. I know just how to do it too. When you open the door he is gone so I must go through the wall and then he will still be on the other side. Maybe the wall will be the first thing we repair once I find him.

I found a big sledge hammer in the back of the house last week and I have it hidden under our bed. Now I wait. Every night I lay and stare at him, thinking that when Charlotte’s beeper goes off, at last we will meet. This is the first week Charlotte has been home every night, but I know it has to happen soon, the company needs Charlotte.

Finally, it happened. Charlotte was called away tonight. When the beeper sounded she jumped up with a start. Waking out of her sleep instantly. I laid very still so she wouldn’t know that I had been awake, watching him.

She didn’t notice anyway and within five minutes she was gone, slamming him behind her in her rush to leave.

I saw him shaking, as if to say “Come here, I want to talk.” I got the sledge hammer from under the bed. I knew I would have to work quickly or else John might come and stop me. It was certain that I would wake John and Julia, but I was hoping that John would go to comfort Julia, not come to stop me before I could complete my task.

The hammer vibrated in my hands as I slammed it into the wall, it was even louder than I thought it would be. Still it felt good, I could feel my muscles working as I hit harder and harder, pulling the hammer out of the wood after each blow.

The wall was thicker than I thought and it was hours before I had a hole large enough to see through. I couldn’t see him but I was certain the noise wouldn’t scare him away. He had to know I wouldn’t hurt him by now, all those nights I laid awake and we stared at each other.

As I predicted, John didn’t come up; after all, Julia was his only concern with the family, and long ago he had stopped associating with me, finding most of my views outdated and without thought.

I’m through the door now and I can see myself on the other side, lying in that bed waiting for Charlotte.

Oh, here comes Charlotte, John must have called her. I had better run and hide for she won’t want to share the house with me.
Being A Japanese-American During Pearl Harbor
Cathleen Goto

Before Pearl Harbor was bombed the feelings between the Japanese and Americans were neutral; they got along with each other and things seemed to be fine until that dreadful day, Sunday, December 7, 1941. According to my grandfather, Mr. Hisao Goto, that day started out to be a peaceful, uneventful day. But as the morning progressed, it turned out to be a day that Hawaii and the world would never forget.

My grandfather is a second generation Japanese-American, born and raised in Honolulu, Hawaii. He had worked most of his life as a carpenter. At the time that Pearl Harbor was bombed, he was working for E. E. Black, a well-known construction company. His job sites were located on all of the military bases in Honolulu, and his job involved building homes for the military personnel.

As my grandfather revealed his story, his eyes grew distant, as if the memory of what had happened during the Pearl Harbor attack was chiseled in his mind. He remembered what had happened that morning on Sunday, December 7, 1941, as if it were yesterday. On that morning, my grandfather had just left his sister’s house in Alapai, and he was waiting at the bus stop for his bus to take him home to McCully. He noticed that there was no traffic or buses that morning, which was unusual for a Sunday. He grew tired of waiting, so he started to walk home.

As he was strolling towards McCully Elementary School, my grandfather glimpsed at the sky and noticed several planes flying unusually low. He realized that they were not American but Japanese fighter planes: he could tell by the round red insignia painted on the side of the plane under the wing. A moment later he heard a loud explosion and ran to see what had happened. What used to be an elementary school, with memories of children’s laughter, was engulfed in flames. About a block away from the school, what was once a large beautiful banyan tree was nothing but ashes strewn over the lawn. He was frightened, not knowing what had happened, and he ran the rest of the way home. He then heard on the news that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor.

A couple of days later, my grandfather had to return to work, still afraid of what horrors he might see. His job site was at Schofield Barracks, one of the military bases that had been bombed. When he arrived at the base he was met at the entrance by a couple of jittery looking military police who weren’t very polite. The first thing they did when they saw my grandfather was point their guns at him and yell, “Halt!” They asked him what he was doing on the military base. My grandfather explained that he was working on the base building military housing. Eventually, after the military personnel were convinced that he was not a spy and was really working on the base, they let him pass. While walking through the base, my grandfather was followed by more military men pointing their guns at him. My grandfather stated, “It was as though they were just itching to shoot anyone that looked Japanese.”

Realizing how the military treated the Japanese-American workers at Schofield, E.E. Black removed all the workers the next day and sent them to work at the Pearl Harbor Submarine Base repairing warehouses. During the next few days, work wasn’t any easier. My grandfather had just heard on the news that Hawaii was under martial law. The military would control everything, and the governor had lost all his power. Every morning before my grandfather and others started work, the military would treat all of the Japanese-Americans like criminals. The military would search them by having them put their hands up against the wall with their feet spread and would frisk them to make sure they weren’t carrying any weapons.

The military had also set up a system where all people of Japanese ancestry had to wear identification tags with “RESTRICTED” written in bold black print on them. These badges would have to be worn at all times. The military would set borders that would restrict the mobility of the Japanese people. In addition, the Japanese-Americans were interrogated periodically by the military. The questions were always the same: they would ask my grandfather if he had any family in the Japanese military. He didn’t, but there were a few cases where Japanese-Americans denied having any relatives in the military, and the American military found out somehow that they did. Those people would be put in an internment camp; the only one on Oahu was on the ewa side of the island. The other question that was most commonly asked was if my grandfather was a dual citizen, meaning if he was both a citizen of Japan and the United States. Since he was, the military said that he could only have single citizenship. So my grandfather
had to go to the Japanese Consulate to take the dual off and just be a U.S. citizen.

Also, from time to time, the police would barge unannounced into Japanese-American homes, with no search warrants, and search their homes. One evening, as my grandfather was having dinner with his family, a couple of policemen came into the house without knocking and began to search the house. My grandfather felt that all of his rights and privacy were being violated and there was nothing he could do about it. He was living in the United States, where people’s rights were supposed to be protected, but it didn’t seem like that at all.

A few years later, while working on the Nimitz Bridge, my grandfather heard that the war between the Japanese and Americans had ended. Thinking that the prejudice would cease along with the war, he felt relieved. But as I ended my interview with my grandfather, I could tell by the way his eyes had hardened that the prejudice among the Japanese and Americans had not ceased. Even till today, in 1992, bad feelings between the Japanese and Americans exist, but perhaps not as badly as in 1941. The memory of Pearl Harbor still haunts individuals who were actually there. Pearl Harbor should be remembered and not forgotten, but most of all, everyone should forgive one another for the atrocities that happened. In this war, both sides lost, nobody came out a winner.
Shallow Grave

Stephan Hart Robley

Dawn. A lone figure walking along the shoreline paused to sample the morning breeze. Wind blew the dry desert air all the way up his nostrils, filling them with the sweet and delicate aroma of the canyons above.

Simon looked out upon the peninsula which was bathed in the weak fluorescent light of the unrisen sun. Small waves lapped at the beach while sandpipers skipped back and forth looking for a morning meal. He saw two gulls circling in the sky and heard some wild dogs barking over the ridge.

He continued walking out on the peninsula in the direction of a small brown shack at the far end. A small skiff was beached on one side of the point, and all sorts of nets and ropes were draped around the back of the wooden shanty. It belonged to an old Spanish fisherman named Ines who lived alone on the wind-whipped point.

Simon came down from his cottage up in the canyon at regular intervals to visit the hermit. In the mornings Ines would teach Simon the fine points of catching tuna or halibut. After sundown they would sit around the blazing fire that Ines built every night outside his cabin and drink a cheap red wine that Simon had never heard of. Ines would talk about the sea or the coming weather or when the grunion would run next. All manner of subjects were discussed and the agreeable old man would laugh aloud when Simon described the modern world that was closing in on the point.

"Just fifty miles from here there is a city with several thousand people and electric lights and industry," Simon would say; but the old man would just shake his head and smile.

Whenever Simon asked of Ines's past, the old man's candor would change and he would stare into the fire with an expressionless look on his face. All he ever told Simon about was his days as a sailor, and even these descriptions were brief and vague at best.

Simon told Ines that sooner or later the point would be turned into a harbor or port and he would have to move out of his shack, but Ines never listened.

Simon had lived in the canyon overlooking the point for almost all of his twenty years, and in that time Ines had never once been to the city. Every month or so Ines would walk his mule down to the small harbor on the south side of the bay to purchase supplies or sell a particularly large marlin or tuna that he had caught. Simon had even seen him in the upper pasture once hunting a wild pig, but he never left the valley.

Simon reached the old man's shack and scanned the surrounding shoreline for any sign of him. Ines would normally be up by now, fishing on the shoreline before the heavy winds came up, but he was no where to be seen. Feeling the cold coals of the fire pit, he realized the fire had not been lit last night.

He knocked on the door, "Ines, it's Simon," he said, there was no answer. He knocked again but only silence answered him. He slowly pushed open the door and went inside.

He saw the stiff body of the old fisherman laying on his bed, his eyes frozen open in a final stare. Simon quickly rushed to the bedside and put his ear to the old man's chest.

He heard nothing and whispered a prayer for the old man while closing his dead eyes.

A small wood chest in the corner caught his eye and he moved to investigate, hoping to find some clue of Ines's past that would help in his burial. The antique brass hinges screamed defiance as he forced the lid up; it had not been opened in some time. The first shelf contained a kaleidoscope of steel fish hooks and sinkers as well as a compass, sextant, and an ornate silver-plated dagger.

Underneath the first shelf was a hidden compartment that had a blue naval uniform, hat and one small leather case.

"Dear Lord!" Simon exclaimed when he saw the contents of the case.

Medal after medal lined its interior. The Silver Cross, The Order of St. Miguel, The Distinguished Conduct Cluster and others, seventeen in all, shined in the light of the sun's first rays.

A small letter fell out of the case and Simon picked it up and read it. It was a proclamation from the King of Spain knighting him and thanking him for uncommon valor in the rescue of the royal flagship Ignacio IV. The letter described how Ines had rescued the Queen of Spain and other traveling dignitaries on a ship which foundered on an off-shore reef. Ines, in a small fishing vessel, braved tremendous seas and weather to rescue the passengers of the Queen's ship and was able to save a good many before the ship was ripped to pieces on the reef. Towards the end of the letter the King gave his condolences to Ines for the death of his wife and young.
son who along with twenty others were lost at sea that
day.

Nightfall. The wind whipped at the fire and threw
sparks and ashes out on the waters of the bay. The old
man's shack was completely ablaze. Simon had poured
kerosene all over the shanty and ignited it with a hot coal
from the last fire that would burn in Ines's fire pit. Simon
had spent the day burying Ines in the upper pasture
under two eucalyptus trees. He had dressed him in his
uniform with all his medals in place, except The Silver
Cross which he nailed to the wooden marker at the head
of the grave. Simon set the mule free in the pasture and
gave the small boat to the harbor in the south.

It was getting late and Simon was considerably drunk
from the bottles of wine he found at Ines's. "Just fifty
miles from here is a city with bright lights and lots of
people," he yelled to no one but himself.

He dropped the bottle and walked toward the hills.
He heard a gull cry in the distance and a dog howl. He
looked back and saw the moon shining down on the
water, illuminating thousands of tinny shadows swim-
mimg in the bay. Schools of fish skipped in and out of the
water. The grunion were running.
Dedicated to those who came before and those who may come in the future