never seen so much yol
K. this ain't gonna be easy, lift him on the gurney people in a body escaping the everlasting spirit. their fuzzy legs turn yellow, the honey bees at the first light of dawn, are harvesting arteries, holding me captive? chewing teeth. shuddering hands. chemical desire

I don't cry, I'm afraid it won't stop. I don't laugh, I'm afraid it will, I don't a one way ticket to hell, help is always available. all you must do is ask. Don't a journal of beauty.

the stories, poems, and art of the students of kapi'oiani community college.
with gratitude
to the students
for their contributions
& to the teachers
who encourage them

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A Wonder by Cheri Scott
The rays beyond Moloka‘i
Lift the dark cloudy curtain
Clinging on the horizon,
Into action.

The Madagascan geckos immobil e
From the chill of the night,
Wait for the rays
To warm their limbs
Into the morning light
Ready to scratch for breakfast
For her brood of keiki.

From the chill of the night,
For a new day.

Across the garden, the cereus flowers
Are awakened by the first rays.
The pollen-filled blossoms
Splashing in the bath of pollen
Their fuzzy legs turn yellow.

The honey bees at the first light of dawn,
Are harvesting the sweet nectar
From the Mexican creeper
To feed their hungry queen.

Our morning coffee finished
Keiko, Rie, Harold and I
Join the morning workers.
"But why them, and not... not the French, or the Samoans... or even the Czechs?"

People never want to see other people die, but it is inevitable. It must happen. So we choose the lesser of two evils."

"Ja wohl," Gerhardt said with gusto, his arm flying up, as if gravity had no hold. He hoped his enthusiasm would buoy the heavy heart of his leader. He knew it was a hard job, running the world and looking out for the best interest of his people.

"But they're such nice folk," Hitler said languidly, looked out at the window and sighed sadly. He missed the pristine air of his Austrian boyhood. He knew that overindustrialization was taking it away, but he did not know any way to stop it. "Anything else to report?"

"Nothing much, sir. We've been sinking ocean liners left and right, just as you requested."

"Ja, das ist gut," said the fascist despot, his voice weary under the weight of executive decisions. "Make those English live within their means. They can't just go on believing that there is another frontier beyond the next horizon. One day that horizon will be gone, and where will we be then?"

The functionary looked out the window, and fidgeted in his jackboots. He hated to question his leader, but now it seemed he must.

"Now about that genocide thing, sir, that's a good idea. Cull the excess population and all, but it seems that we have thus far used several million bullets, just on the gypsies. And we were just shooting them because they litter. Who knows what will happen when we set out to kill people just for breeding."

"Du hast recht. Das ist nicht gut! We must conserve," Hitler commanded. "We have scarce resources, and there is no telling when they might run out."

"Sir?"

"The world is not simply ours for the taking! We must manage her resources wisely."

"I see... what do you suggest?"

"Have you looked at lining them up? You know, one bullet for, say five of them? That can be quite efficient."

"Ja wohl!" the teutonic youth said. "But that would still leave the problem of what to do with the spent munitions."

"Was?" asked the ruler.

"Recent studies suggest that the lead we use to make this world a sustainable dreamland might leech into the ground water, if we leave them lying around."

"Really?"

"Yes. And one of our scientists, I believe his name is Mingele, claims to have discovered something he calls 'Global Warming,' which comes about from burning fossil fuels."

"Mein go!" Hitler exclaimed. "Wir können das nicht haben! That would mean glacial melting, the inundation of coastal regions across the globe, and worst of all, the loss of cropland. Ach, nein!"

Gerhardt stepped back with revulsion. He had been one of the original members of the Hitler Youth, and had been fully indoctrinated in Nazi thinking. To lose any of the rich, beautiful Vaterland was unthinkable.

"What shall we do?" he asked with dread.

"Go now. Let me think," he said. And think he did.

Hitler is generally known as a master of propaganda, a truly dedicated politician, and generally a pretty evil guy. But not much is known about his knowledge of conservation ecology. He was a preeminent mind in a time when conservation was used to stay alive during the Great Depression, not as a moral compass.

So Hitler thought. He pondered the quandary of eminent climactic change like Kant pondered reality and Thomas Aquinas pondered the meaning of life. He applied all his considerable brainpower to the problem, and 39 hours later, he beckoned to his assistant.

"Brüder! Kommen Sie. I have the solution," he said, brushing his disheveled coif out of his face and swatting Eva Braun away like a fly.

"Mein Herr," Gerhardt said, flying into the room with the breathless anticipation of the Prophet Muhammed sitting at the feet of Allah. "I knew you would not fail us."

"Ja, I have the final solution. Now listen. First, we change all the planes over to coal."

"Coal, sir? But that doesn't burn as well as oil. We can't sacrifice efficiency."

"I know that, you fool! But it burns more cleanly, and emits fewer greenhouse gasses. I won't have the blood of Mother Earth on my hands, simply to beat those Americans. Am I clear?"

"Ja, Ja."

"Gut. Second, we stop using bullets to kill the mongrel races."

"What shall we use?"

"Gas... I just spoke to Mingele, and he says he has developed a new gas. Apparently it will work to retard the global warming process. That was it's intended purpose. But it also has the added benefit of killing the Jews at the same time. It is called Zyklon-B."

"Good idea, sir," Gerhardt groveled, hoping Hitler would not treat him too harshly for questioning his earlier decision.

"Ja, ja, Ich weiss. And lastly, I forgot to ask you. What are we doing with the bodies?"

"The bodies?" he asked blankly.

"Yes, yes. You know, after we exterminate them."

"Oh, we've just been burying them."

"Ach! Nein! We've become too dependent on artificial fertilizers in recent years. We can't do that, for it will lead only to environmental degradation and a surplus food supply, which will lead to population explosions and economic upheavels. No, we must live in balance."

"What shall we do with them, mein Herr?"

"Burn them," Hitler said simply. "That's right, burn them. Human ashes are a great organic fertilizer. We can't just waste that."

"Right, sir," he said, feeling a little queasy about burning human corpses and using them for fertilizer. Burrying them would be better, but he set this thought aside, as his Führer was doing only what it took to preserve the future of humanity, and ensure the health of the planet. "I understand. Is that all?"

"Anything you can't use for fertilizer," Hitler said, waving his hand. "Think of a good way to use it. You know, soap, lampshades, ashtrays. I want nothing wasted. Do you hear me? Nichts!"

"Yes sir, of course sir."

Relieved of his tremendous burden, the burden of saving the planet for future generations, Hitler was ready to celebrate. He jumped from his chair, threw his arms in the air and exclaimed: "Und now we dance!"

Eva Braun, sitting in the corner looking like a neglected toy, perked up with glee.

"Ich?"

"No, not you," the dictator said, turning to Gerhardt. "You."

"Ja!" Gerhardt exclaimed. "Und now we dance!"
The Great Fall
Eric Franke

Beep. We're gonna need back up
It's the wall again. Beep.
What's the safety code for that thing?
Calling all vehicles
Calling all men
Bring the Super-Glue

Wow! What a mess.
I've never seen so much yolk
This ain't gonna be easy
Lift him on the gurney people
Gentle. Gentle.

What do we got here?
52-year-old male
Multiple fractures
Excessive bleeding
Hook him up to an I.V.
This is gonna be a long one

I'm terribly sorry Mrs. Dumpty
The surgeons worked through the night
We had the best working on this one
In the end it was too late
There was nothing we could do
We just couldn't put him back together

A Serendipitous Poem
Justin Hahn

This is to say
I have found a nice pretty girl at the airport.
She is nice and sweet
and better than a plum.
She tells me I must write to say
she is okay.
She says hi,
and she is now in the shower.
She will call, however. Later.
Eh, haole boy.
Tanks fo' taking your shoes off.
I know these things

How come you nevah make one funny face at da poi?
Poke is also delicious

And how you know da words to all our songs?
It's inside me

You nevah smell like coppertone either.
I'd rather burn

Hey, you no talk like dem.
My pidgin is flawless

Where were you born?
Kealakekua

You look like dem,
but you kinda like us.
Keiki o ka 'aina
Dat's why

Silent Reality
Darlene Wong

Death in a body escaping the everlasting spirit
In a body escaping the everlasting spirit
A body escaping the everlasting spirit
Body escaping the everlasting spirit
Escaping the everlasting spirit
The everlasting spirit
Everlasting spirit
Spirit

Embryo
Teagan Logan

You snuggle in the silent stillness before dawn
Much like a star full of solace before it shines.
Cuddled into yourself waiting, growing, evolving
_like primordial gases collecting in space.
Electrical currents swarm around like a fierce storm
Energy, laws of nature, working together for you.

Red veins guiding life through your pre-historic C-shape.
Enlarged head with lid-less, wide-set eyes
Like telescopes gazing into the future.
Translucent webbed fingers separate and
Hairless legs bud between your long curled tail
As you feed from your yolk sack.

Encased in a warm comfortable darkness
Like a butterfly in a cocoon,
Undergoing your metamorphosis into being
Awaiting your sunrise,
Your epiphany, your debut.
Note to Self
Rollie Grafius

1. Write down your thoughts.
2. Being open to new possibilities exercises the brain.
3. Pick up dry cleaning.
4. E-mail recipes for Tofu Pot Pie to friends.
5. Buy some condoms.
6. Pick up some ointment for scrotal rash.
7. Desire can be a one-way ticket to hell.
8. Know that help is always available, all you must do is ask.
9. Don’t forget to call Mom.

The Libertine Primitive
Casey Flahaven

Pete Beckham awoke in a blurry-eyed drunken stupor with a phlegm-addled yawn, pasted to his sweat-soaked sheets. He rubbed his eyes and scratched his stubbled chin setting his feet upon the bedside floor. The feel of the tile was cool and covered with sand and grit. This texture beneath his feet gave voice to the mess that lay before him, all the while knowing somewhere underneath, lay his studio apartment floor. Empty food containers, pizza boxes, crumpled wads of paper, an assortment of literature and dehydrated biodegradables such as orange rinds and banana peels, created a three dimensional landscape to an otherwise barren terrain.

An empty box that once contained all of his keepsakes and belongings was simply turned upside down. This proud piece became his bedside nightstand, dining room stable, and research station, all in one. A bed, it seems, is all that is required to list an apartment as "partly furnished" he thought.
Pete had recently quit his job at Happy Face Pizza Place and stumbled across a hand written draft of his letter of resignation and read it:

To Whom it May Concern,
I feel it is an injustice, as well as an unattainable level of expectation on all human platforms, to require the employees of Happy Face Pizza Place to wear a fixed smile as part of the uniform and code of conduct, in relation to one’s performance at the aforementioned place of employment. Therefore, I am forced to resign immediately as Pie Face #13, due to my moral obligations of what I believe to be true in nature and inherent of mankind. That is, I will not wear a smile when it is unfit to do so.

Sincerely,
Peter Beckham

These periods of inactivity eliminated the need for time management reserved for the employed or androids of academia and team sport. Pete’s realization of time was limited solely to the hours of operation at Grace Liquor located three flights of stairs and two doors down from his studio. Chugging the remaining third of warm malt liquor in his forty-ounce Mickey’s Ice malt beverage and having no luck locating a salvageable cigarette butt form the overflowing ashtray on his pseudo-nightstand, he realized out loud: “A mission at hand that I must embark upon, for the betterment of Pete-kind!”

A whimsical grin appeared on his face, knowing only the roaches and flies hiding in the rubbish were present to appreciate his blasphemous outburst.

“Motivation is what I need, so I look to you green bottle, in all of your emerald glory, in hopes that my journey will be safe and successful. And your spirits lifting mine, together we can celebrate this divine existence!”
Pete made his way to the kitchen sink and took stock of his four-day binge before splashing water on his face.

“Twelve empty bottles shown on the twelfth of August,” he glances at the clock. “At twelve minutes to midnight should equal thirteen empties by the thirteenth!”

Ideas about numerology swept through Pete’s mind briefly, but not having found any substantial proof solidifying his interest in the subject, these potentially thought provoking ideas were fleetingly dismissed as he made his way down the staircase to the main street.

Grace Liquor was owned and operated by a Korean couple, Mr. And Mrs. Hwang who tended to the store day and night and it was with her that Pete developed a patron-storekeeper relationship. If it was true – as Pete assumed it was – that a proprietor
might gain insight into the character of a person in regard to what they were buying. He could only come to the conclusion that Mrs. Hwang thought Pete to be a vile, depressed, waste of a human being. Malt liquor, cigarettes and an occasional porn magazine were the sum of his purchases at any given time at Grace Liquor.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Hwang was always polite with a smile and was always willing to make small talk. Months ago Pete had quit conjuring up stories about new and exciting developments in his existence, opting for simple banter such as, "Hello, how are you?" and "Nice, isn't it?" A simple relationship, Pete thought, much like that of a host providing sustenance to a virus.

Pete entered the store, looked to his left and smiled at Mrs. Hwang who was sitting behind the cash register, and gave her his usual, silly, childlike wave. He then migrated to the rear of the store toward the coolers that contained a variety of chilled beverages. It had become a polished routine for Pete, as if on auto-pilot (this sort of behavior was often displayed on nights in a black-out), to find exactly what he needed. At eye-level, his brand of choice, "Mickey’s Ice," stared back at him. By this time, on his third trip to Grace Liquor that day, Mrs. Hwang having had exhausted all small talk during his two prior visits, said nothing and gave an awkward half-smile that spoke of her concern and pity in regard to what she perceived as Pete's self-abuse. She doesn't know the half of it, Pete thought as he climbed the flights of stairs leading to his studio. Simply maintenance, he concluded.

Once in side his place, after a familiar struggle with the door key and lock, Pete made a bee-line for his bed and plopped down onto it. He twisted the cap off the bottle and enjoyed the hiss of pressure it released ensuring its freshness, and took a ten second pull from its contents. It wasn't long before Pete's mind stopped racing, and with the end of the bottle in sight, he felt a warm wave of numbness settle over his body. Pete glanced over at the clock. I was now 12:13 a.m. He yawned and thought to himself, today might be my lucky day. And with faith in that potential truth, Pete Beckham, like a newborn contented after a feeding, fell quickly to sleep.

**Sou Capoeira!**  
Paul Kolbe

There's a hint of apprehension in my eyes as I enter the roda, I know it, and the other player sees it. We both kneel before the berimbau, and I touch my hand to the bottom of the instrument, showing my respect to the game and my Mestre. The other player does the same, perhaps saying a prayer in between. We shake hands, looking to and touching the ground, hoping to transfer some of our energy into the roda. When I look up again, the hint of apprehension is gone, I know it, and I make sure the other player sees it. As we move into the roda, I feel the world fade away behind me, all that matters now is me, and the other player. For the next few moments, all my happiness, anger, sorrow, hate, and especially my love, exist only here, in this small circle, this other world. The world of Capoeira!

The rhythm of Capoeira Angola, plays on the berimbau, telling us to play slowly, show control of our movements, and to use deception rather than force. A crowd starts to form around the roda. Out of the corner of my eye I see a look of wonder on their faces: wondering if we're dancing. We are! Then the rhythm changes, the Mestre starts to play the fast rhythm of Capoeira Regional. Our movements begin to quicken, and a spinning kick comes within an inch of my face. The player could have hit me, but instead just wanted to show me what could have been. I smile!

The crowd's expressions seem to wonder, what are all these fancy kicks for? Are we just playing around? We are!

But then I see it, a set up for a kick, what I've been luring the other player to do, and what I've been waiting for. I catch the leg. I could stop here, just showing what could have been. I don't!

I simultaneously sweep the leg out from under the player. The player lands hard on the concrete. The crowd gasps, wondering if it's more than a dance or a game, if we're actually fighting. We are!
"Untitled" by Jesse Young

Photographs by Vuong Phung

I DON'T FEEL LIKE HAVING AN IDEA TODAY
Reproduction of Camille Pissaro's "L'habreuvoir À Eragny" by Mary Lee

Photographs by Vuong Phung
I’m Glad My Landlady Doesn’t Worship Satan
Michael Hewitt

A near drowning as a child brings memories of sounds, voices and sights that still give me goose bumps. I jumped into a spring runoff swollen river that was much too fast on an inner tube. I couldn’t stay on or hold on for long. I was bounced repeatedly off, and the tube was violently wrenched from my arms.

The water dragged me into a tunnel of sound and light. It smashed me, flipped me, bounced me; it held me for multiple fractions of moments under, as I waited to die in between breaths.

I saw my family and deeply meaningful experiences about to transform. The light became very soft, intense, and warm. I heard a loud, silent voice urging me to live life with pain and joy.

Swept along the bank I saw a broken barbed wire fence ahead pulled down by some knowing unseen force. I heard a loving voice directing me toward the sharp wire. With all my energy I fought to reach the bank before losing this chance. In less than a second I was hooked in the hand like a fish, whipped around, and sloshed into grassy mud. An instant later reaction may have found me dead. I don’t think I could’ve held on to anything other than barbed wire in the rapid current.

I looked at my torn and muc stained bleeding hand. Just like thorns that pierced Christ’s flesh I’d been saved, but it was an unplanned baptism. I couldn’t even feel the wound because it happened too quickly. The green plant and red dirt slime on my knees and sides reeked of new life broken by an arrogant fall. I was the happiest boy alive as I walked only one short block up the hill to get six stitches at the hospital. I was grateful for piercing barbs on a vine stabbing into soft human tissue.

I sometimes hear the voice that helped me, usually when I am in danger or deep introspection. The birds that day shared a new symphonic variation and flowers and plants grasped me with their smell and drew me outside of myself. The ground beneath my feet seemed surreal.

Always pray before daylight,” my landlady told me last year. God’s busy helping the hard working people after sunrise, so we shouldn’t bother him when it’s light out unless it’s an extreme emergency. She led me to salvation at least three times, but it doesn’t seem to her to have fully taken yet.

The menehunes are supernatural Hawaiian dwarves that mess with my landlady sometimes. They’re out to get her because they’re jealous of Jesus. Get ready for persecution if you love Jesus.

Those menehunes sometimes run out in front of her car trying to distract her into an accident.

Unfortunately, they peek in her guest bedroom window at night. I guess I’m lucky because I’m on the second floor so menehunes can’t reach me. I almost got sideswiped in my car by a cell phone user once, but I couldn’t say if menehunes were involved.

My landlady said the drainage access across from our house is where the night marchers and menehunes come down from the mountain. She’s not afraid because she knows that those menehunes and night marchers will be sorry when the queen of the sky comes down.

“Those menehunes and night marchers better find Jesus before then!” she exclaimed.

“Never go to church to find a wife, because the jezebel spirit is...everywhere!” she cried. She gets upset with men because women do most of the spiritual work. “Never, ever be alone with a woman, even in public, unless you plan to marry her,” she said. “Marry Jesus and the church and you’ll be a lot better off.”

I’m reluctant to ask her about the queen of the sky. My landlady tends to talk about the queen when she’s had a little extra sacrament. I wonder... Does the queen of the sky have a jezebel spirit or does she love Jesus? Jesus sends the happy birds to my landlady every morning to remind her the day is half over.

Rats came down from the mountain during heavy winter rains and ate holes in her window screens. Jesus told her in a dream that each rat is a church leader coming into her spiritual house and ignoring her counsel. She wonders when the rats will open their hearts and listen to her and Jesus.

Yesterday she was trying to get the chickens to talk to her so she knows where they hide their eggs. The sun was up so it was way too late to bother Jesus. Besides, her church teaches that chickens won’t obtain salvation because they can’t love Jesus.

I feel sorry for her chickens. Maybe they can learn to love Jesus a little. Perhaps they could be trained by an expert chicken loving pastor not to hide their eggs. I bet Jesus loves those chickens. I wonder if Jesus likes chicken as much as fish or just in a different way.

I’d hate to eat a stinky dead rat if I was starving, but I’d bet Jesus will forgive me. My landlady said because I don’t speak in tongues, Jesus isn’t telling me everything. I’m sure words will form for me though, enough that Jesus will listen and understand some even during daylight.

If I bring home any friends during the day, my landlady catches and saves them by bringing them to Jesus. I love my landlady. I’m so glad she doesn’t worship Satan.
Limited Vocabulary
Andrea Maglasang

You can see "tangible" everywhere —
sprouting up like a disguised weed
education and
imitation
fertilizing
and feigning
intelligence
with a tangible attempt
at scholastic prowess

Parasite
Wade Watanabe

A world without technology is bliss,
A beautiful, pristine utopia
From a distance, green, blue, white God to kiss
Molten rock, the blood, color sepia
A natural balance exists, creation
Nature in its purest form, will perish
Four seasons a year, a real sensation
At night a planet bare, fallacious
Although, man introduced technology
A hindrance and virus to the planet
For poisoned and hindered biology
A suffocating blanket, a fish net
Humans must nurture the sacred blue sphere
For if neglected, the end will be near

You can see “tangible” everywhere —
sprouting up like a disguised weed
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Fly-fishing in the Fourth Dimension
Andrea Maglasang

Funny how everyone knows something
for sure,
everyone has been witness
to some sure event
and no one has a transparent sure
or even a faded sure
to let the light of another sure possibility
in.

four dimensions ago
we all held the same views
mimicked the patterns
of each other
reeled out
reeled in
cast far
reel close
real close

A world without technology is bliss,
A beautiful, pristine utopia
From a distance, green, blue, white God to kiss
Molten rock, the blood, color sepia
A natural balance exists, creation
Nature in its purest form, will perish
Four seasons a year, a real sensation
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Although, man introduced technology
A hindrance and virus to the planet
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A suffocating blanket, a fish net
Humans must nurture the sacred blue sphere
For if neglected, the end will be near

A glance to the trash reveals the plastic mass —
wilted and dried, almost brittle.
the heat of day has parched
last night’s soiree —
tryst of the body, crumpled discarded.
roll on, slide off
and, suddenly, mistakes and morals
are as easy as spheres of rubber
no wonder the tears —
the thinnest barrier
almost ripping
and preventing little but love and responsibility

and

a glance to the trash reveals you,
discarded hurriedly —
waiting to be taken out of sight

A glance to the trash
reveals the plastic mass —
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waiting to be taken out of sight
To Die or Not to Die

Wade Watanabe

I feel I am in a state of disassociation, for my surroundings allow me no rest. I am ensnared in a land covered with rivers of blood. The ground is soaked red as though blood rained from the sky. Pools of coagulated blood gather and are thick as black mud. Within these pools lie rotting corpses whose stench causes nausea to the point of physical exhaustion. My head aches and my eyes feel they are about to burst. I must still be on my guard, for demons lurk in the shadow of darkness. I hear the screams of those they capture, they pierce my ears causing my spine to tense. The demons take the appearance of centipedes which slither and snatch their victims tearing their limbs as the discarded bodies are left to rot. Thus far, I am lucky to elude their capture. Each day I grow weaker and I fear inevitable detainment. My soul is uneasy and seeks only the revenge of my death, for I was murdered and betrayed by my brother.

Betrayed, betrayed by my own flesh and blood. I see through a portal that links the world I once knew to the gates of hell. I watch my murderous brother consume the life I manufactured and the wife I loved. Have you not a conscience, Claudius, must you frolic around with bliss knowing you murdered me, your brother, the King? I will visit my former life and my son will revenge my death.

Through Hell's portal I look upon my wife in her private chamber. Oh how I miss her room and the smell of linen that lined her bed. Along the walls hang large tapestries which I seized form Norway, and gold fixtures hold candles in place. Her hair looks beautiful, the curls cascade down her back. She looks into the mirror combing her hair, and I wonder to myself. What is she thinking? She is such an innocent woman; damn Claudius for seducing her into marriage. Wait. Someone is coming. It is Polonius, my counselor. It seems they are concerned with Hamlet's hysterical behavior. They speak in a quite tone of voice so as not to let anyone hear their conversation. In the distance I hear Hamlet's voice echoing within the castle's walls. He is calling for his mother. Polonius reassures Gertrude that he will be in the vicinity and hides behind one of the tapestries.

With a frantic posture, Hamlet barges into the room. He is dressed casually and his eyes reveal he has realized something, and is looking for a way to express his newfound knowledge. His rapid blinking demonstrates his enthusiasm. He grips his sword so tightly his knuckles turn white. Gertrude's voice sounds sarcastic as Hamlet replies back at her with harsh words. She gets to her feet as the discussion becomes heated and makes her way to the door. Hamlet grabs her shoulder and with force, pushes her onto the bed. He stands above Gertrude and with a powerful stance, pulls out his sword. With the sight of the metallic blade Gertrude fears her life is in danger and yells out, "Help, help, helo!"

Behind the tapestry, Polonius mutters a word and moves under the cloth, as if trying to escape. The movement behind the cloth sends Hamlet into madness as he positions his sword horizontally and punctures Polonius with a fatal blow to the abdomen. The limp body falls to the floor still covered by the tapestry. Hamlet seems jovial as he displays the blood on the tip of his sword.

Gertrude is in a state of shock because the event passed with such swiftness. Hamlet pulls back the tapestry and is dumbfounded that it is Polonius. He staggers back with amazement and alarm at the carcass which lies motionless on the floor. He regains his composure and turns his attention back to Gertrude. They exchange words and do not take notice of my presence in the room.

I stand in the doorway between Hell and middle earth watching my son speak his thoughts to my wife. He seems aggressive as he straddles her upon the bed, holding a picture of myself in one hand and of Claudius in the other. His body weight holds her down and causes her to gasp for breath. He lashes out with verbal abuse about her sexual desires for Claudius. She feels distressed, and I can tell by her breathing she is hyperventilating. Gertrude's deteriorating emotional state forces me to intervene.

Walking through the portal, I allow only Hamlet to view my horrific condition. I am shivering and stuttering as I try to relay my message. Hamlet freezes as Gertrude, finally
free of his snare, runs to the corner of the room. Hamlet looks upon me with sympathy as my decaying appearance causes his eyes to water. His temperament eased as I spoke of his mission to revenge my death. As I spoke to my son, I glanced at Gertrude and realized the fright she had undergone. I instructed my son to calm his mother and see to her needs. At that moment I raised my eyes to gaze at the tall ceilings of brick architecture and the mural paintings painted by my father. Seeing the familiar bodies brought warmth to my cold body. Hearing the wind howl in a soft tone through the castle rocks, and the sound of horses and livestock brought back so many memories. I remember riding through the fields on my beloved stallion, Nemesis. I also remember the sound of the wind as I relaxed on my chair in the gardens. Reality set back as the memory of my brother pouring poison in my ear as I lay resting in the garden crossed my mind. With rage, I turned my body to the portal and returned to my gloomy world, only looking back briefly to observe my wife and son going on with their quarrels.

I watch my son's actions and see his approach to his mother has calmed. He speaks to Gertrude in order to convince her not to sleep with Claudius and that he is an evil man. My wife acts as though she is still uneasy from the whole experience. Their discussion is brief as Hamlet's attention is turned to Polonius' corpse. He stares at the body and tilts his head so his eyes match up to Polonius' on the floor. His teeth protrude through his lips as a slight smile appears on Hamlet's face. He exited the room saying farewell to his mother as he dragged the body from the room.

I watched the event unfold as I saw Polonius hide behind the tapestry. Hamlet, unaware of the third party in the room was taken back at the sound of the hidden individual. In his state of surprise, he blindly thrust his sword into the mystery spy. Reminiscing over the past events, a rustle behind me startled my soul as adrenalin spewed through my body. My surroundings are still perilous as I elude the slithering demons. Every sound causes my body to flinch, I am so weary and frightened. I can no longer stand, and hunched up against a volcanic rock, rocking my body as I no longer have control of my movements. As I wait there I turn my head and feel an impact that causes my senses to see white. Wham! The white slowly turns to black. The demons have slain me.
The Stranger
Rollie Grafious

I'm drinking my Oktoberfest seasonal beer
explaining to the bartender how my grandfather
changed his name from Fritschof to Fred
because it sounded too German
when all of a sudden a stranger sticks
his pimply nose where it doesn't belong.
He asks, "Oh, you're
from the former land of the Nazis, are you?"
I stand up to dust off my lederhosen
and block out the oom-pa-pa music
playing in my head.
My mind searches for the comeback
to set ignorance in the flesh straight.
Lands far away don't define me.
That isn't my identity.
Others' actions shall not be blamed on me
unless I become a parent.
In my non-existent German accent I say,
"For your sake, I just hope to the high heavens
that history won't repeat itself,
'cause this swastika-wearin' mofo
just might commit genocide
right here and now
on your yamulke-wearin' ass."

PA Aliens
Michael Hewitt

Yep, I gotta tell ya. If yer a lissen to this here yarn
ya might wanna take a seat 'n concatenate receeal hard.
I don't 'member what was caused me to be in a field two
miles from here at three in th' mornin', 'neath the
bridge, the water runnin' slow...

Ceppin maybe I 'us a sleep walkin' or somethin'... Yup,
that was it! I gotta tell ya, I mussa been sleep
walkin'.

Anyways, this here's the reason I aksed ya ta sit down.
This har wudden no ordinary case a sleep walkin'. Tha's
wut I figur'. Siet that quiet n lissen reeeeeeal close.
Yep, I gotta tell ya.

This har 'us a genuaualine case of aliens protron
magnetation disenfracculating ma reglar brain waves...

Yep, sit har n lissen ta me fur insprofation that the
feral gov'nmant is mos'astudedly monitorin' from space
stalactites.

Yep, I gotta tell ya, then there aliens mussa took out
mosta my guts and looked at 'em but put 'em back whilst
I'us a watchin'. 'an' it never even hurt. Yep I gotta tell
ya, they 'us freynly 'n even fed me the mos' indefeable
grizzly b'ar than y'ud a knowed. I figure them thar
aliens got grizzlys that been defiled with magic
medicine ta cure mos' humans. Yup, tha's wut I figur.
Them thar aliens said us humans is jus' too smart to get
messed with. I figur humanitykind 'us spared thet day.

Yep, tha's wut I figur'. I gotta tell ya' the presdent a
these United States aint a goin' ta' admit it 'n the CIA 'n
FBI are a watchin' me now so keep quiet. I 'spect mo's
people don' 'cept one man's 'periences lessen they bin
there.

Yep I gotta tell ya that reminds me of a story. Yup, sit
here n lissen so's I c'n tell ya the reeeeecal story.
You gotta lis'sen ta' me....
Jack and His Beanstalk

Jack didn't know what to do with his beanstalk. The neighbors had already called the cops. He had one day to chop it down or else he'd be arrested. He was lucky that the neighbors hadn't already pressed charges for climbing it and peeping into their yard when their daughter was sunbathing in the nude. The beanstalk went all the way up into the sky. But Jack never really cared to journey further up. He was scared of heights. And just being able to see into the neighbor's yard was enough. Walking up to the beanstalk he looked up. And took a moment to wonder where it may lead. "Ah, screw it" he said to himself. As he started the chainsaw. And began to cut the beanstalk while the neighbors and the police stood across the street watching. Arms folded and waiting.

Busy

The other day, arms a bundle full, i dropped a slipper — rubber zori — hitched my way back to find it turned to glass.
You beeg fo nahting panteh,” laughed an old classmate of Joseph’s as he walked past the table at McCully Zippy’s where Joseph was enjoying his scrumptious piping hot crispy burrito with chili. Joseph, a very big guy at six two and over 200 pounds, took his first bite of the yellow doughy wrap that almost snapped his plastic fork moments earlier as he sawed the bite-sized piece off. “Damn faget, I keek hiz ass,” muttered Joseph to his drunk buddy Derek whose oily lips shined under the bright dinning area lights as he chewed his Zip Pack chicken and gazed at Joseph in wonder with his drunk eyes.

“You can believe dat? Dey steel tink of me Ia dat, jus cuz one time las yea one guy smalla den me wen ak wise to me and I neva do nahtin. Shehht...,” rambled on Joseph while shaking his head. He leaned back, looked up at the wall and sighed. A day in his life that was etched into his memory forever started playing over in his mind again like a broken record except that he always saw it from beginning to end.

He was in the fifth grade. It was after school, and he had just bought his usual snacks from the Chinese manapua man in the busted up rusted blue truck with the irritating music blaring out of the breakit’1g speakers. RC Cola in his right hand, a roll of Haw Flakes and a pack of Starburst in the left, Joseph made his way to the park pavilion riding his bike carefully and steering with his wrists.

It was right after Christmas and everyone was happy because they all had a little extra money to spend. Everyone, everyone except that guy whose name nobody remembered. Nobody remembered his name, but everyone remembered his hobo clothes. Joseph passed by the kid and looked at him in disgust. Joseph husted scabs that always wanted some candy but never gave him any. “You always take, take but you neva give, no mo fo you. Sulfihhhaah!” yelled Joseph to the boy as he always did since the day he snapped at the kid for always asking for candy and never once reciprocating.

The boy just looked down and said nothing. Not a tear in his eye, yet a touch of sadness could be seen through the emotional callous of the constant estrangement he had grown to live with. He was a pitiful site. Always wearing the same damn oversized light brown corduroy pants that were torn at the bottom, because they were too long and the heels of his oversized slippers would always be walking on them. He wore an old red dirt stained dark blue, white and brown fake silk long sleeved aloha shirt with the buttons that looked like they were gonna pop off any minute if he got any fatter. That and his stained yellow plaque covered teeth that were cracked at and angle in the front is what made him so memorable. Joseph looked back once at him and continued on with no remorse.

All of a sudden out of nowhere came Chung riding his bike at full speed directly at Joseph. “Joseeeeph....You fakaaaaaaaaa!” yelled Chung at the top of his lungs with his nose wrinkled up in an evil grimace as he sped forward. Joseph froze in fear before his instincts told him to ditch his bike and start running . He ran as fast as he could but realized that he was no match for a guy on a bike so he circled around the jungle gym and to the sandbox. As soon as Joseph reached the sandbox he realized that he was doomed, for there were no exits. He slowed down a bit, panted and expected the sandbox with the concrete tubes and turtles may soon be his graveyard. Chung was the playground bully that Joseph and his buddies
Samoan Spaghetti

Michael Hewitt

W eeeeeeelll.... Yep, I hope y'ur a lissenn, cuz I got a recipe for Chinee spaghetti that I'm a jus' hopin' ta hide from them Chinee spys that's fren's with the CIA.

I'm a just wantin' ta' bout the time them CIA and FBI was a snooping 'round lookin' fer ma' Samoan Spaghetti recipe.

Ya better not tell me that this spaghetti is liilllllitation. Y'ud never hear'ed it from a reincarnateland feaartin' Chinee, or a Samoan scared a wrasslin' his best uncle. Don' lemme tell ya, if you wuz figurin' ta git my recipe I'm not gun ta tell ya the secret lessons I l'arned about spaghetti. Jist youuuu git yur self a good Chinee or Samoan spaghetti teacher. I gotta tell ya, I never intempted ta paint ma recipe cuz I knoed them Samoans was the inventors. You better believe them fe'rul gov'n'ment is thick in the sauce.

Everyone knows them Samoans invented spicy corn cow spaghetti. I only vastly improved that thar secret Samoan recipe handed down through eggclusive rights from workin' in a Hauula taro patch. You don' gotta tell me about Samoan spaghetti.

Thar ya go.... I aint gotta tell ya no more secrets 'bout Samoan spaghetti.... If ya cin take a hint!

Anyways, We wasn'har' ta... be a... talking Samoan spaghetti, I jus' got side tracked thar. We was a talkin' Chinee spaghetti. Wеееееееелл, in the world a Chinee spaghetti, I figure them Chinees knows about thick noodles substituationalized variegated confines n influences n stuff. Lucky them aliens is dumb, but the Chinee now that's a different story. I gotta tell....

Sceuze me I forgot 'us I 'us talkin' bout. Now anyways, I fell on my head as a child and forgot what I 'us talkin' bout. Be as why you kids gotta rest now. These stories must be heavy fer y'ur head. You go on. Jist stay 'way that old French guy down the street. He's about tellin' you kids way too much fancy stories. Them French got connections with KGB ya' know.

Be as why I was startin' ta tell ya 'bout my Wyomin' B'ar gizzard n beaver tail spaghetti. Ya aint never lived till ya tried a b'ar gizzard 'n beaver tail spaghetti samwich 'tween Navajo cornbread. I tell ya, young kids jus' don't know what's good no more. Anyways you git outta here, 'fore I cut a switch.

You kids er uh... Botherin' th' dogs. That's it, y'ur a... Y'ur botherin' ma' dog's!

Mind ya don' mess with ma' pear tree on th' way out. Them pears is those dogs favorite food... 'ccept for kids what trys ta take 'em. If ya cin take a hint. You gotta lissen ta me. Them dogs loves them pears 'mos as much as they love ma' spaghetti. I got ta' tell ya....
A Wonder
Cheri Scott

I think you’re wonderful!
You cherish your pumpkin orange sunglasses,
But won’t show them to me.

You touch my palm as pilgrims are said to meet,
And I know I have been kissed.

A simple, misplaced jest from you
Made me cry,
And you were surprised by your power.

A child played and you startled both of us by saying,
You’ll be wanting one of those soon.

When you smile, wrinkles like rays
Point the way to your eyes.

You light my way.
My hope has been redeemed.
You are wonderful
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