

# Ka'imiloa

An Unbelievable Day



# Ka'imiloa

An Unbelievable Day

The Board of Student Publications  
Kapi'olani Community College  
4303 Diamond Head Road  
Honolulu, Hawai'i 96816  
©2013

Ka'imiloa accepts essays, poetry, short stories, and art with a global focus.  
If you would like to submit your work to a KCC journal, please email [kapio@hawaii.edu](mailto:kapio@hawaii.edu).

This issue of Ka'imiloa may be viewed on the Kapi'o website at:  
<http://kapioweb.kapiolani.hawaii.edu/kaimiloa-2013>

Advisor: Ann Inoshita  
Cover art: Harry Yu  
Editor: Jennifer Mercado  
Page Designer: Jennifer Mercado

# Contents

## Short Stories

Life Changes   Kimberly Kahaleua	11
Finding the Hidden Values in the Balikbayan Box   Mallorie Papin	14
Der Tagebuch (The Diary)   Vincent Van Der Gouwe	17
Pinned to the Ceiling   Michelle Wedemeyer	25

## Poetry

Ricky "No Worry" Sanchez - Da Best Kine Car Salesman   Pansy Li	33
School   Jessamine Nino	34
Trees of Hawai'i   Josefin W	35
Trees of Verona   Josefin W	35

## Art

Costa Rica City Logo   Lori Fukumura	39
Feline Fatale   Leone Papalii	40
Burning Bush   Jeremiah Skurtu	41
Heaven & Hell   Jeremiah Skurtu	42
Before   Ray Stanchfield	43
An Unbelievable Day 1   Qingshan Yu	44
An Unbelievable Day 2   Qingshan Yu	45
Panda   Qingshan Yu	46
Tiger   Qingshan Yu	46



"A liberal translation of 'ka'imiloa' would be "the seeker of knowledge" but like many Hawaiian words, the term has many layers of meaning, such as "distant traveler," "the far seeker," or "one with great knowledge." On another level, the word can also mean to search within the self, which is what the act of writing often does for both the writer and the reader."

-Lisa Linn Kanae





## Short Stories



# Life Changes

Kimberly Kahaleua

Uncle Miles must have seen that I was in extreme pain because he tried to calm me. After I was able to cope with the pain, the situation began to set in and some kind of adrenalin kicked in. The distinct smell of gasoline and burnt rubber filled the night air, and a hint of blood was noticeable. There was shattered glass everywhere, and my car door was slightly smashed in due to the impact of the crash. I glanced behind my chair to see if my younger brother and cousins were okay, then worry overcame me.

About four hours before the accident, Uncle Miles had invited my younger brother Alex and I to play at the park with our cousins who lived in 'Aiea. Alex was 10-years-old at the time and I was 16. Uncle Miles was visiting from California, and when he comes home he likes to spend as much time as possible with us. Since we were so young and energetic, he thought it would be a good idea to visit the nearby park in Hālawā Heights. We spent maybe an hour or two at the park playing basketball and soccer by using a blue basketball for both sports. It was getting late, so we decided to drop off my cousins, 13-years-old James, 11-years-old Caleb, and 10-years-old David, at home. We all headed towards our white station wagon, which could seat seven passengers legally. In the middle of the trunk floor there was a small flap that you could pull up and another that could be pulled back to convert the empty trunk into two more seats with seatbelts. At the time, I was in the process of learning how to drive. Uncle Miles was my mentor and he was patient and confident with the way I drove, since I had been driving sometime before he came back to Hawai'i. As we sat in the car, my uncle came around checking if we were using our seatbelts.

"Are you guys buckled up?" he said with concern. "Its important to make sure that you are buckled for safety reasons."

"Yes!" we all answered as we thought that he was being too worried.

After making sure that we were correctly buckled-in, he plopped next to me in the front passenger seat and we headed up the road towards my cousin's house. I've noticed that the sun had already gone down and the stars began to appear randomly in the night sky. As I approached a stop sign at an intersection on the main road, I looked to my right and there was no one in sight, but as I looked to my left I saw tiny high beams far away that were traveling up the road. After determining that it was safe to cross and getting the "all clear" from my uncle, I proceeded towards the intersection. And as we were nearing the middle of the road, I looked to the left. There was a very bright light on my left coming towards us, so out of fear I quickly pressed my foot on the gas, but it was too late.

First there was a loud crash. The car suddenly had a mind of its own. It didn't let me steer where I wanted to go. I felt as if I was in a bumper car game, constantly being jerked around and having no control over the car's movement. When I finally got control over the steering wheel, my legs became paralyzed and forgot how to operate the pedals. The car automatically was in charge, and it avoided a street sign and side swept the nearby wall, as if it knew that I had no control. Once we stopped, pain took over my body and worry clouded my mind.

"Are you guys okay?" my uncle said with panic. "Kim, call your parents!"

Following his request I immediately called my parents. While the phone rang, I could hear my cousin Caleb screaming, asking what I had done and my brother crying out in pain.

My mom finally answered the phone.

"Mom! We just got into a very bad accident," I shouted. "There's blood everywhere and everyone is hurt please come quick!"

"What?! Where are you?!" she said in a frightened voice that I had never heard before in my entire life.

After explaining where we were, I hung up and quickly attended to everyone in the car. Uncle Miles managed to slip out of the car window, since the door was blocked by a wall and a fence, and was able to climb over the car to attend to James who was directly hit. He was sitting in a puddle of

blood and hunched over the blue basketball, now covered with blood. I noticed that the door was smashed onto his left leg. "James! Wake up! Please wake up James!" I shouted as I tried to shake his hand to wake him up. There was no answer. It was no use. He couldn't get up. Uncle Miles made James sit up straight and he told my other cousins that were sitting in the trunk portion of the car to stay there and wait. But as we were tending to my cousin and brother, they opened their door and quickly ran up the street to get their parents. I then turned my attention towards my crying brother Alex. He was covered with shattered glass and his face had swelled up and his teeth were all chipped, and sharp like a shark's. I figured that he was resting his head on the door as he was trying to take a nap on the short ride home, so when we were struck he must've hit his mouth on the door. When I was finally able to calm him I tried to see if he remembered anything.

"Alex, what color belt do you have in Taekwondo?" I asked, since he recently got his orange belt.

"Yellow," he answered with certainty.

He must've gotten a concussion, I thought. So I asked him multiple times and I still got the same answer. Between questions, he would cry but stop immediately when I tried to talk to him. It was the strangest thing. He had his Nintendo DS game still in his hand, so I told him to play his game to keep him calm. After receiving some blankets from the people that lived in the area, Uncle Miles placed the blankets near James' head to help stop the bleeding. Not too long after, the ambulance and firefighters appeared on the scene. The firefighters entered from the trunk and tried to pull my cousin through the back, and then my brother was next. When they were secured, my uncle turned his attention towards me, trying to direct me on how to get out of the car through the window, which was a struggle since I was in so much pain. Once I was out, he sat me on the curb and then I suddenly saw my parents running towards us. They were so worried. They gave me a big hug and immediately went to find my brother. It felt like we had been in that car for hours. A guilty feeling came over me. I've never experienced such guilt in my entire life. I felt as if the whole accident was my fault. Then I suddenly saw my cousins, and they returned with their parents. With all my might, I stood up.

"I'm so sorry!" I said, as I was hugged by my Aunt. "I didn't mean to hurt them. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"Why you sorry for?" she said in a calm voice, as if she wasn't aware of the situation. "It's not your fault. Don't blame it on yourself."

I went up to Uncle Dave and did the same. He had a more worried look on his face than his wife did. The EMT put me in a neck brace because I had severe whiplash and then placed me on a stretcher and took me to the ambulance. Once they laid me down inside, I looked to my right and saw my brother. They managed to cut off his clothes since he was covered in glass. His face looked puffed within that half an hour than when I last saw him.

Once we reached Queen's Medical Center, they first took Alex out, then me. The EMT wished me good luck and handed me over to the ER staff. There was one particular EMT who got on my nerves.

"Hey there what is your name?" the male nurse asked me as they rushed me to a room in the ER.

"My name is Kimberly," I responded very calmly.

"Okay Bethany, everything is..."

"I said my name is Kimberly."

"I'm sorry Bethany, but we're..."

"My name is Kimberly!"

I clenched my fists at the sound of this "Bethany" nonsense. I knew I shouldn't have been angry at the time. I had bigger problems. We reached my room and the nurses took over. They cleaned the glass out of my hair, put me into a horrible hospital gown that was thin as the cold hospital air, and I can still smell the scent of the accident. As they finished up, another nurse came in.

"I'm here to take blood samples," he said with a smile on his face.

"I hate needles," I responded.

"Hey don't worry, I'll be as gentle as possible. You know, in school, we used to have to practice on each other and that was just the worse! It would hurt more than normal since we're still learning."

"Gosh, that sucks!" I said as I giggled.

"Yeah it did!" he said as he let out a chuckle. "So don't worry, you're in good hands."

Its like he knew that I was under stress and he had to make me feel better, so I was very thankful for that. But I could not help but think of what happened only a few hours ago. The accident kept playing in my head and I felt all the emotions and pain all over again. After the nurse finished taking blood samples, I was reunited with my mom. She helped me get cleaned up and we went to visit my brother in his room. His face was swollen and discolored and at that moment I couldn't bare to look at him because I felt so guilty. Once we collected all our belongings we went to the Intensive Care Unit in the hospital to see how my cousin was doing. When we reached the waiting room, our entire family was there. Our uncles, aunties, and cousins came to support us. We waited together until the next morning and still there was no word, so we went home and got some rest.

On December 19, 2009, the motorcyclist that had crashed into us was pronounced dead at the scene. James was in the Intensive Care Unit for two weeks, which seemed like a miracle. The doctor said that he had a fractured skull, major brain swelling, and a broken leg, in which they had to insert a metal rod to make sure the bone would correctly grow back to normal. That blue basketball that he was holding in his lap had prevented additional damage. It was a good thing that he fractured his skull though because if that didn't happen then his brain would be compressed as it swelled up. He was a real miracle. Alex had a fractured nose, cuts and bruises, face swelling and his teeth were damaged. With a few appointments to the doctor and dentist, he was able to look normal again within several months. As for me, I had huge bruises on my hips, wore a neck brace for a couple of weeks and had to go to physical therapy for my neck, back, and left arm. My injuries were not as bad as everyone else but no one else remembered that night in detail like I did.

I learned the hard way of how important family is to me. It took a life or death situation to realize that family will always be there no matter what. From that moment when we were sitting in the waiting room for James to regain conscience, I looked at James' dad, my Uncle Dave. Although he would always tell us that everything would be alright, it seemed as if he felt that his whole world had been destroyed. This made me realize that no matter how much life changes, we need to stick together and always hope for the best.

# Finding the Hidden Values in the Balikbayan Box

Mallorie Papin

One morning, when I dropped off my mother at work, before she got out of the car, she said to me, “Your Tita [aunty] Linda is sending things to the Philippines. Look through your clothes and see if you want to give anything.”

I sigh and nonchalantly reply, “Alright, Mom. I’ll let you know.” Once again, I am caught by surprise with news of yet another gift-giving event that occurs a few times a year.

During this time, my mother and her siblings gather items around the house that would be better used in the Philippines, and they mail these items in a large cardboard box. These items include toiletries, canned food, unused school supplies, old clothes, etc. This gift-giving event is common among Filipino families that no longer reside in the Philippines but still have family living there. This cultural ritual is signified by a large *balikbayan* box that is used to pack a variety of items that are sent in bulk to those in the Philippines. In order to save money on shipping costs, this extremely large box is only sent after the family finds enough items to fill it. As I look into our big *balikbayan* box, I observe that the cultural ritual of sending *balikbayan* boxes to the Philippines seems to reflect the Filipino values of social status, familial obligation, and frugality.

Since its creation, *balikbayan* boxes have grown in popularity in order to send gifts to the Philippines. *Balik* means “to come back” while the term *bayan* means “home.” The term *balikbayan* was originally used to describe Filipinos who moved out of the Philippines and came back to visit family and friends. While visiting, they would also bring *pasalubong* or gifts that can only be received or bought from the place they have visited. As ticket prices to the Philippines increased and government officials allowed parcels from *balikbayans* to be sent to the Philippines tax-free, the *balikbayan* box was created to help former Philippine nationals (*balikbayans*) connect and keep strong relationships with their family throughout the year without having to visit in order to give them *pasalubong*. In the article, “Gift Boxes Help Migrant Filipinos Keep Ties to Home,” Mandalit Del Barco paints a picture of the *balikbayan* boxes’ popularity; “From the United States alone last year, Filipino immigrants sent nearly \$5 billion to their relatives back home.” This statement illustrates that sending gifts to distant relatives is an important ritual to many former Filipino nationals. A large cardboard box is filled with clothes, food, toys, household goods, etc. for family to enjoy. What differentiates this box from regular gifts sent in the mail is that Filipinos will send everything in an extremely large box to save money on shipping costs for multiple parcels. Filipino families do not send *balikbayan* just because it cost less, they send *balikbayan* boxes in order to show their family in the Philippines that they are living a good life with many gifts to prove it. Flaunting social status seems to be a strong objective of sending *balikbayan* boxes.

Filipinos appear to send *balikbayan* boxes to their less fortunate relatives in order to show that they are doing extremely well in their new land of opportunity and freedom. As stated in Philippines Passport, “Public image is of prime importance, and Filipinos will go to great lengths to boost their public stock. Fancy clothing and ostentatious displays of wealth are not uncommon” (Francia 15). This clearly illustrates the strong drive Filipinos have that causes them to prove that they are of better social status than their family and friends. The preference towards a flamboyant personality causes celebrities to run for political positions and be very successful in their campaigns. The book, *Filipino Images*, questions the fabricated elections saying, “They vote, for an actor or another star, another popular person. Will he or she make things better?” (Mulder 185). This comment shows that Filipinos make everything a popularity contest, even when it comes down to important issues such as voting for a responsible representative that will become the voice of the people. Choosing to boast about social status through sending an abundance of gifts is an objective of the *balikbayan* box, but sending them regularly during the year is an obligation bounded by the collective culture.

Since taking care of the family is generally a core value of the Asian culture, the *balikbayan* box represents the familial obligation one has when moving to a land of many opportunities. The book, *Passport Philippines*, implies that Filipinos are people-pleasers; “Filipinos will say “Yes” even



when they mean “No” or aren’t sure of their commitment” (Francia 19). This portrays the side of the Filipino culture that submits to a simple favor in order to not “lose face”. In this Asian concept, when a favor is asked, one says “yes” because they do not want to let the other person down or think negatively of them. When family members ask for gifts from their home, Filipinos are inclined to say yes to keep the family harmony. The book, *Passport Philippines*, also reveals the relationship between a *balikbayan* and their family members; “Filipinos hate turning down visitors, since doing so would not only disrupt social harmony but also reflect negatively on their capability as hosts” (Francia 19). The dynamics in the relationship between a host and their visitor demonstrate that Filipinos try their best to keep harmonious relationships. This applies especially when interacting with family because the *balikbayan* would not want to be seen as a terrible family member. In Jade Albuero’s discussion paper “Boxed in or Out? *Balikbayan* Boxes as Metaphors for Filipino American (Dis)location” published by the University of Maryland, Albuero explains a main factor on Filipino’s decision to leave their homeland, “To most Filipinos, their families are of the utmost importance, inspiring loyalty and a sense of duty such that many immigrate to the United States...” (137-38). This demonstrates that a person’s family means so much to them that they would travel to a land unknown to seek new resources that will greatly benefit their family. To Filipinos, living up to the expectations of family to keeping familial relationships strong are important, but saving money also plays an important factor to why *balikbayan* boxes are not average parcel gifts.

In order to save money of shipping costs, Filipinos give their gifts in bulk by sending a one-time extra large *balikbayan* box. In *Filipino Images*, we see how money affects their culture; “It is money that drives the public world. Business, commerce, work, survival, corruption, rent-seeking, profiteering, shopping, the good life, wages and prices, impel affairs in the wider society” (Mulder 186). Since money drives the public world and the public world is full of materialistic people, it is easy to see one’s logic of saving money in order to appear to have more money. Mulder further discusses the Filipino tendency to be addicted to money, “The focus of this generation, if any, is with work and career. They are driven, so to say, by the economy. Will they earn money? How to land a job?” (186). It is now known to the audience that Filipinos are driven to work and get ahead on their career, doing whatever it takes to increase their income. The Filipinos’ value of every penny is the final ingredient that pushes them to send *balikbayan* boxes.

The Filipino values of social status, familial obligation, and frugality are what encourage former Philippine nationals to send *balikbayan* boxes back to their homeland. Higher social status is a value intertwined in the Filipino culture, causing them to send gifts to exhibit their new life. Familial obligation is a value that cannot be escaped even when moving to a different country because in the end, family should always come first. Filipinos make use of their resources and value money, an attitude that encourages them to send gifts in bulk to save on shipping cost. Although I am not a former Philippine national, I participate in this cultural ritual because I have relatives living in the Philippines. I have contributed a few toys and books, but I normally give clothes that I will never use again. I never understood how great of an impact my gifts have made on my family members until my cousin’s children came to Hawai’i for a visit. I noticed that the girls wore a lot of the clothes that my sisters and I had given in the past. It felt great to know that my unwanted clothing became my nieces’ favorite outfits. The feeling of helping people who are less fortunate and knowing that it made a difference in their life is a feeling that is not limited to the effects of my cultural ritual. Perhaps the values of the familial obligation and frugality are shared not only within the Filipino culture but other cultures around the world in which their nationals move away to find a new home. One thing is for sure—Filipinos have such high levels of these values that they are the first to create such a complex system of sending gifts in bulk back to their homeland.

#### Works Cited

- Alburo, Jade. "Boxed in or Out? Balikbayan Boxes as Metaphors for Filipino American (Dis)location." Discussion paper. University of Maryland, 2005. PDF.
- Del Barco, Mandalit. "Gift Boxes Help Migrant Filipinos Keep Ties to Home." NPR. N.p., 23 Dec. 2005. Web. 20 Mar. 2012.
- Francia, Luis. *Passprt Philippines: Your Pcket Guide to Filipino Business, Customs, & Etiquette*. San Rafael: World Trade Press, 1997. Print.
- Mulder, Niels. *Filipino Images: Culture of the Public World*. Quezon City: New Day Publishers, 2000. Print.



# Der Tagebuch (The Diary)

Vincent Van Der Gouwe

*“Vor uns liegt Deutschland, in uns marschiert Deutschland, und hinter uns kommt Deutschland.”*

As the *Fuhrer* exits the stage, the crowd roars like an awakening monster that breaks free from the earth's crust, violently reaching for the sky. The camera pans out across the mass of German people paying respect to their leader. I can see women, men, young boys, and girls. All of them well dressed, groomed, and in awe of their charismatic leader. It is hard to believe what is yet to come to these young, bright, and hopeful faces. Mr. Decker, my middle school history teacher, turns off the TV and looks around the room.

“This, my dear students, is a film from 1934, almost 60 years ago. It is a historical document directed by a famous German film director by the name of Leni Riefenstahl. She gained international fame, as well as infamy, from her movies. This account of a pre-war Nuremberg party rally is an example of her work. This movie shows how people's ideas, emotions, and their hearts can be overturned by one political party, and by one man. This is the man who found justification for the eradication of millions of people. Millions of people who are not too much different from you and me. This, my dear students, this is history.”

August 21, 1939

## *Liebes Tagebuch*

Our first day of class, hooray! This morning my school uniform was neatly folded on my desk chair already. I assume mother is as excited as I must be for this special day. Bergheim *Realschule*, this is what my uniform says. I am finally turning thirteen, the age my father promised me I could assist at our family vegetable store. Our house is right above the store, on the second floor of *Marienstraße 21*, Bergheim. My first day at school; my father must be so proud.

When I was in middle school, my grandmother was still alive. I remember the weekends spent at her house in Rotterdam listening to her stories.

“Grandma, can you tell us about the War again?”

“Oh, the War,” she acted half surprised. “You want to learn about the War, my dear? Well, I will make you a cup of tea and see if the croissants are ready. Then I will tell you. Mind you, please turn off that TV channel. All those commercials and game shows are too much for me. When I was about your age, by now over 65 years ago, we did not have this luxury. We had radio of course. Our beloved Queen Wilhelmina, mother of our people, was heard in all the houses on this block. *Radio Oranje*, our illegal radio station, would broadcast her words of strength, compassion, and hope. It was not the writing in the illegal newspapers, nor the movies we saw at uncle Johan's backhouse. Oh no, it was her voice, her elegant words, and her presence from afar that made us know for sure that she would be there for us and lead us to freedom. It is her words, those audio recordings I can still vividly remember, that became part of our history.”

September 02, 1939

## *Liebes Tagebuch*

I am truly blessed to have a nice teacher like *fraulein* Goldmann. She is so gentle and kindhearted and she teaches us Math, German History, and Biology too! We had our first art class today. We got to write our name with a special pen on a nice piece of paper. “Levi,” mine said. I looked over at my neighbor's desk. “Eva,” it said. As graceful as the three simple letters were placed on her the paper, so beautiful was the way she flicked her hair to the side as she smiled at me. I gazed into her radiant dark brown eyes as she said:

“Hi, my name is...”

“Eva!” I replied.

We both laughed. This moment, her beautiful smile, I will remember forever because on this day I believe I fell in love with Eva. This first encounter feels like a memory that I want to carry with me for the rest of our lives.

*“Many of the men brought into the Westerbork internment camp are barely eighteen. Some are much younger. We are here ‘in transit’, that is all that we are told. Every Tuesday the big cargo trains pull into the camp and stop in front of our housing. No matter how tired I am from our 18 hour work day, I always wake up in the middle of the night to the eerie shrieking of the metal wheels as this massive beast of steel comes to a stop.”*

I look behind me. The train tracks look old and worn down. The ruins of the buildings that were once there align themselves along the tracks like busses waiting to offload their passengers. In the distance, towards the east side of the camp, I can see the Second World War Memorial as a remembrance to the people that were imprisoned here, over 50 years ago. One of the prisoners wrote a letter of his experience in the camp. The letter was found among the ashes of the clothes and mattresses left smoldering by the hands of the torturers themselves, on the day the camp was liberated. The whereabouts of the letter is now unknown, but a replica became part of the museum’s exhibit. I continue reading:

*“There are not only men at this camp. Women and children too. I know what goes on Tuesday nights when the train comes in. I can hear the German soldiers yell. I keep quiet like the mice that we share our sleeping quarters with. I am happy to be alive for another week, even another day. Every Wednesday morning, several hundred of our fellow ‘workers’ are gone. Most of them had become friends, even family, to me. I know I will never see them back. The great beast of steel had slurped them up into its freight cars, taking them on a one way trip eastward.*

*Written at Westerbork internment camp, May 1943”*

Oktober 01, 1939

### *Liebes Tagebuch*

Fall is now upon us. It is definitely much colder now. All the students in my class dressed up in our best uniform because today we celebrate *Erntedankfest*, our yearly harvest festival. Everyone in our small town of Bergheim gathered after school to celebrate. Today it was photo day. Me and my classmates joined together outside in our school court yard while the sun was still out. My friend Erik was sitting next to me, smiling proudly.

“Erik, how come you don’t wear your school uniform for the photo today?”

“I joined the scouts. You should come. They call me *pimpfe* now. We play a lot of games in the woods, go camping, and learn how to survive. They teach us a lot. They say it will turn us into real men. Our mothers shall be proud of us.”

Erik’s scouting uniform was a light brown color. On his left shoulder he wore a black triangle with the words “*West Westfalen*” embroidered in golden yellow letters. Below that I could see a white sig-rune embroidered on a red circle.

“See?” my friend Erik said. “This uniform is so nice. My mother will be proud of me.”

“Hey, where is *fraulein* Goldmann?” I looked around me and wondered where our teacher was. Was she not going to make it on such an important day such as *Erntedankfest*? I looked towards Eva who was under the big oak tree, waiting for the girls’ group photo. I shrugged my shoulders to find out if she had seen her. Eva avoided my eyes.

Back in the classroom, I found my seat next to Eva and asked her: “Do

you know where *fraulein* Goldmann is? I was hoping she would make it to this special day of celebration.”

Eva looked down at her table. Her long brown hair covered her face. She mumbled softly: “She is at home now, she has fallen ill.”

“How do you know? Did our *schuldirektor* Mr. Von Reichenau tell of this?”

“No,” she spoke quietly as a tear rolled down her cheek. “I know this because *fraulein* Goldmann is my mother.”

“No, I am sorry,” the voice on the recording said. “We cannot help. It is too risky. I can’t help you.”

I walked around the corner and pressed another doorbell.

“We already have three people in the crawlspace under the house. Move away quickly, before they find out!”

“Our goal is to allow our visitors a peek into the experience of the Dutch Jewish people during the years of 40-45. Camp Westerbork Museum is unique because it exposes our visitors to an insider’s view of history based on written and oral accounts. This way, we attempt to create a broader, more personal, and more emotional image of history.”

The museum director leads us past the countless family photo albums, propaganda posters, letters to loved ones, audio recordings of *Radio Oranje*, food stamps, and old newspapers. She tells us that many of the museum’s exhibits were donated by people who experienced the war. Some of them were simply found by people who saw the importance of preserving this part of our history.

“Many people felt the coming war and the threat of deportation to Poland. They went door to door looking for a place to hide in people’s houses. Men, women, sometimes even little children. Only a few of them found a safe place to stay. Many families were rejected or separated. It’s not that nobody wanted to help, it was simply too risky to hide a refugee in your house. Feel free to press these doorbells and hear for yourself how people reacted to refugees.”

Oktober 10, 1939

### *Liebes Tagebuch*

I am increasingly worried about Eva. Ever since her mother got sick over a week ago, she has been feeling sad and depressed. She hardly talks to me anymore. My friend Erik has been acting strange as well. Over the weekend, he convinced many of his friends to join that so called “scouting group.” I do not like this. Instead of wearing their normal uniform to school, they all wear their new scouting uniform. Erik is still my friend but he has changed. He and the other *pimpfe* bully my beloved Eva. I don’t understand why. We were all such good friends before. Our substitute teacher *fraulein* Hoffmann seems to tolerate it. I do not like this. I wish *fraulein* Goldmann would return. She would put an end to this. I gather my courage and make my way over to Eva.

“Hi. How have you been?”

“Fine”

“And your mother? Is she doing alright?”

Eva stared at the ground.

“I hope she will be better soon. I miss her in the classroom. Can you send her my regards? My father made her a basket of fresh vegetables from our store. May I come by your house after school to give it to her?”

“That will not be possible. We don’t live in the same house anymore.” Eva turned away from me and covered her face to hide her tears. “I am staying with my grandmother on the *Marienstraße*, right across from your father’s store. My mother has gone. She came to my bedroom late Thursday night. She kissed me

on my cheek and said: 'Eva, meine lieblich, my darling I have to leave you but I will be back. Take this suitcase with you. It has all the things you need. Go out the backdoor to grandmother's house. You have to be quick Eva, and don't look back. I can hear the men coming for me now. I have to leave but I will be back for you. Eva, *meine lieblich*, never forget, mommy loves you, forever.'

When I was in college, I returned to Camp Westerbork Museum to become a volunteer. I started off in ticket sales and as a museum greeter. In between my lecture classes, I found time to explore all the exhibits, read the newspapers, the letters, and the diaries. I was trained as a tour guide and exhibit interpreter. Over the first couple of months I helped out, my progress did not pass unnoticed. On a Monday morning, before the first visitors would come in, the museum director called me into her office to talk to me. She told me I had done really well and she wanted to promote me. The museum had a huge storage room in the back and they needed a person dedicated enough to archive the artifacts.

"Wow, thanks so much for this opportunity! What artifacts are kept there?" I asked her.

"It's mostly historical documents that our staff and volunteers found at rummage sales and attic clearances. People get rid of a lot of stuff that can have incredible historical significance. A lot of what we have in there are old photo albums, letters, and diaries."

Oktober 25, 1939

### *Liebes Tagebuch*

Last night I could not sleep. I kept thinking about Eva and how she hasn't been to school for two weeks. I could hear my mom and dad whisper about a war in Poland. My dad is worried he will be sent to work in the weapon factories and that he will have to close down his store. I looked out the window to the house across to street. I hoped to catch a glimpse of her, a smile. I miss her so much. The longer we are apart, the more I realize how much I love her. I remember that beautiful day in September when our eyes first met.

I got out of bed, put on my winter coat and decided to go over to Eva's house and tell her how much she meant to me. Our street was covered with a gradient of orange, yellow, and red fallen leaves. My legs were shivering from the cold wind that passed through our town this time of year. Eva's grandmother had a nice house. Small but nice. I took off my mittens and rang the doorbell. No answer. I rang it again and saw shadows moving behind the curtain.

"Eva?" I whispered gently. "Eva? It's me, Levi. Are you home?"

The door cracked open. I could barely make out Eva's grandmother's face.

"Levi, my boy, Eva is alright. She is hiding in the back house."

"I miss her so much, I want to see her. Can I..."

"Boy, keep your voice down. We have to be quiet." "I don't know what is happening. First my teacher disappears and now Eva. I want to tell her that I miss her. What is happening?"

"I can't talk right now. Eva is OK. She is..."

I will never forget that moment; the last time I saw Eva's grandmother's face before she slammed the door shut. Never in my life had I seen such fear in a woman's eyes. I turned around and saw what she must have seen. Erik and his *pimpfe* friends were parading through the streets in uniform. They were carrying flags and pennants with *hakenkreuze*. Erik looked at me with angry eyes. He marched to the front of the line and talked to his leader. The man briefly glanced at me with a frown on his face. He nodded to Erik. Behind me,



in Eva's house, I could hear two pairs of feet shuffling to the back of the house. Eva must have been there!"

The more I read, the more I get intrigued by Levi and Eva's story. Looking outside the window of the museum storage room, I can see the snow coming down covering the landscape in a white blanket. By now, it's December and the museum will be packed with visitors. They won't notice that one measly diary is missing from their storage room, will they? I continue to read Levi's diary.

Oktober 26, 1939

*Liebes Tagebuch*

Today is a sad day. I woke up early morning to the sound of people across the street. I looked outside our window and saw a crowd gathered in front of Eva's grandmother's house. The front of the house was covered in black soot and the windows were shattered.

"What's going on?" I yelled.

"I woke up late last night and smelled smoke," the neighbor said. "I looked outside my window and saw a young girl and an older woman being dragged out of the house by men in uniform. I could not make out any faces, it was too dark. I think they were kidnapped, abducted I tell you. This fire wasn't an accident. It was lit on purpose, to make it seem like an accident. Those two people did not die in the fire I tell you, they were abducted."

I rushed to school to see if Eva may have fled there. When I ran into our classroom, *fraulein* Hoffmann, Erik, and his friends were already there.

"What's wrong?" Erik said with a smirk on his face. "Have you been running?"

"It's Eva. Where is she? Her house was on fire last night. Is she alright?"

I looked over to *fraulein* Hoffmann to see if she knew anything.

"Levi, just have a seat. Class has started," she said as if nothing had happened.

I sat down next to Eva's empty desk. Erik leaned over and poked me in the side.

"Hey Levi, thanks for showing us your secret girlfriend yesterday. You didn't think you could hide your little *juden freund* from us did you?"

"Next stop, Bergheim," a lady's voice sounded through the speakers.

When I turned the page to read the next entry, I felt the train slowing down. The next page in the diary was blank, as were the following pages. I wondered where the rest of the story was. How did it end? What happened to Levi and Eva? I heard the train doors open already so I quickly picked up my bag and rushed out onto the platform. Main Street in Bergheim looked nice. The bright green and red lights of the Christmas decoration reflected off the thick blanket of snow. It's getting darker soon, I must hurry.

My fingers were shaking as I moved closer towards the door. The copper sign next to the door read "*Marienstraße 21*" but there was no name. It would be too hard to believe his family would still live here, would it? The vegetable store on the ground floor turned into an office space. I peeked into the windows and looked around the room. The tables were covered with pens and papers, as if someone had been writing frantically. Driven by my curiosity, I spied through the mailbox down into the hallway. There was no mail on the door mat; someone must still be living here. From the second floor I could hear curtains closing and footsteps stumbling down the stairs. A rush of adrenaline shot through my body. What was I doing? I travelled all the way to Germany to track down a person who might be dead by now. A person who would most likely not appreciate my

coming here. Someone who, I can imagine, would rather forget the horrible things they had been through in their youth. I pulled my fingers out of the mail box and decided to run for it. While turning my head, I could barely make out the engraved letters on the mailbox lid: “*Des Schriftstellers Zug; The Writer’s Train.*”

“Who is there?” a voice echoed from the dark. “Who peeks through my windows at this dark hour? Are you with the police? Who are you?”

The snow could not hide my footsteps coming from the door. I stopped in my tracks with my back still facing the house. I looked up at the full moon and could see the snow falling down heavier. Icicles started forming along the branches of the trees and I could feel my fingers getting numb.

“Are you cold *mein freund*? A cup of warm tea would do you good. Come in, this cold night is no place for a young man to be outside.”

The feeling in my fingers started to come back again as I wrapped them tightly around the warm cup of tea. The office space opened up into an annex that was set up much like a small library. I gazed at the hundreds of books lining the wall, floor to ceiling.

“Do you read for pleasure, *mein liebbling*?” she asked.

I reached for my bag and brushed the snow off to see if the diary was still there. “Yes, sometimes I do.” I said with a smile.

The old lady sat down on a big leather chair across from me and smiled.

“Quite the inquisitive young man, aren’t you? You remind me of someone I used to know, a long long time ago.”

“It is very kind of you to offer me this tea. I am new in town and got lost.”

“*Mein liebbling*, I am older than most of the houses in this street. In my life I have learned two valuable lessons: always help a stranger in need when they show up at your door step, and never forget to tell the people you love how much they mean to you. Because before you know it, they may be taken away from you. I used to live in the house across the street, on the *Marienstraße 45*. The house is not there anymore; it burned down. The house next door is a book store right now. It is my own book store. But I remember my grandmother’s house well. I stayed in the back annex for a while. On a cold windy October night I was taken from this house and placed into custody. I was only thirteen at the time. What could I have done wrong to deserve this? I saw people peeking through their bed room windows to see what was going on that night, the night I was taken away. My grandmother told me not to scream, for the people on the *Marienstraße* would hear us, but they would be afraid to do anything. One long night and one long day we travelled in the freight car or a train, not knowing where we were being taken to. It was cold, dark, and there was neither food nor water. When the train finally came to a stop and the doors opened, I did not know where I was. The sunlight blinded my eyes and I could see men in uniform pulling us out of the freight cars. „Raus, raus!“ they yelled at us. We were pushed into lines facing a military officer dressed in a black military uniform. When me and my grandmother came closer, I could see his expressionless face, barely even looking at us. His hand hardly moved, pointing left and right, left and right. Like the conductor of a macabre symphony orchestra, he separated me from my grandmother. Left went the men and older children, right went the old and useless. I felt like crying but I remembered grandmother’s words: „They will hear you, but no one will do anything.”

I listened in silence. My cup of tea had gotten cold already.

“I stayed in Bergen-Belsen internment camp for many long years. I never saw my grandmother again. We all knew what happened to those who went to the right. But no one spoke of it. It was there, that I developed my love for writing. For if no one would hear what we went through, then who would ever care?”

I nodded and thought of Levi’s diary. His story is unfinished; the remaining pages of the diary are blank. No one would ever know what happened to him, to *fraulein* Goldmann, or to Eva.

“Not many people can tell this story, *mein liebbling*. Not many of us came back from the camps. After the War ended, I returned to Bergheim to find my hometown in ruins. Most houses on this

street were destroyed. Except for this one, *Marienstraße 21*. My first crush lived in this house. Where his father's vegetable store was is now my writing space. Most of the books you see here, *liebbling*, were written by survivors like myself. Every day, the children of this town go to school and learn about Math, Science, and History. They read their text books full of dates, facts, places, and events. But where are we? Where am I? Who is ever going to read our stories? This house is now a place of stories. A place of writing. A place of history. It is a gathering place for survivors like me. We come together and write our stories. We write history. We call ourselves "*Des Schriftstellers Zug; The Writer's Train*". Because most of us were on that train. And only some of us returned to tell of it. I have led a life of hardship and pain but I will never forget my two most valuable lessons: always help a stranger in need when they show up at your door step, and never forget to tell the people you love how much they mean to you. It has been 65 years since I have seen my first love. This is the house he lived in. I never got a chance to tell him what he meant to me. We were separated too soon, I never found out if he loved me, too. That first day in September, that day that we met, it felt like yesterday."

I saw a sparkle appear in her eye as she told me the story of her first love.

"It was a beautiful morning, that day in September. I sat right next to him but was afraid to ask for his name. My mother, who was also our teacher, told us to make name tags to place on our desks. As elegantly I could, I wrote my name in big beautiful letters. Eva, my name tag said. I looked over to the boy on my left. He smiled at me. His name was Levi."

For a moment I felt like I could not speak anymore. I felt my heart pound in my chest and reached into my bag. I took out the diary and placed it on my lap.

"Eva? Eva Goldmann?" My voice trembled. "I have something for you."

Time seemed to have come to a stop as we both sat there, on that December evening, on the *Marienstraße 21*. After six long decades, Levi's diary had survived the war, survived the test of time, travelled to Germany's neighboring country, only to return to its home on the *Marienstraße* in Berghheim; the place where the story began. I have so much to tell Eva. After all these years, Levi's voice can still be heard.

"There are some pages missing, Eva. But this is Levi's diary. It is yours to read. It is his story and now it is yours as well, and it will be yours to continue."

Eva's trembling fingers reached out as I handed her the diary. Her beautiful brown eyes were tearing up when she told me that this diary was the best present she could ask for. I smiled at her and noticed one of the back pages of the diary stuck out.

"Careful, one of the diary pages is falling out," I said.

Eva opened the diary and took the loose page out. When she folded open the paper and looked at the writing, we both realized what it was. She looked at me and said:

*"Es ist ein brief, a letter, für mich."*

Mai 1943

*Meine liebe Eva,*

It has been four years since I have written anything. Four long years since I have seen you, *meine liebbling*. When I look outside our window, I can see the trees getting greener, and the flowers blossoming in the bright morning sun. But I am not happy Eva, I am miserable.

Things were never the same anymore after you were taken away. Erik and his *pimpfe* friends started bullying me and calling me a traitor for being friends with you. They said the *fuhrer* would personally come after me and my family. They told me I lack *gemeinschaftsgefühl* and needed to leave to make room for real Germans. For the German Reich would last a 1000 years and there is no place for traitors.

I fled my hometown for I found myself not safe anymore. I left my family

because I did not want them in danger. I travelled west when I heard *der Niederländischen* were still our friends. I wandered from door to door looking for a safe place to hide. I was rejected many times. If I was lucky, I could sneak into a farm and share my bed with the sheep and cows. In January of this year I was found and brought to the camp I am at right now.

Many of the men brought into the Westerbork internment camp are barely eighteen. Some are much younger. We are here "in transit", that is all that we are told. Every Tuesday the big cargo trains pull into the camp and stop in front of our housing. No matter how tired I am from our 18 hour work day, I would always wake up in the middle of the night to the eerie screeching of the metal wheels as this massive beast would come to a stop.

There are not only men at this camp. Women and children too. I know what goes on Tuesday nights when the train comes in. I can hear the German soldiers yell. I keep quiet like the mice that we share our bunks with. I am happy to be alive for another week. Every Wednesday morning, several hundred of our fellow workers' are gone. Most of them had become friends, even family to me. I know I would never see them back. The great metal beast had slurped them up, into its freight cars, taking them on a one way trip eastward.

Every Wednesday morning when I wake up, I am thankful to have another week. Another week to get a chance to see you again. To get a chance to tell you my story and to tell you how much I love you. At night, I look up at the galaxy and see the millions of stars, and I make a wish. I wish that one of those stars, one out of a million, would one day be my chance. My chance to escape from this place. My chance to tell you that I love you. My chance to tell the world what happened, tell the world my history.

Because history isn't like the galaxy. It isn't one big thing. It doesn't lend itself to be bound into only one text book, only one movie, or only one story.

Look at the sky tonight. Look closer. You will see a billion stars, a billion people, and a billion stories. If this day is my last day on this earth, I will be there tomorrow and forever, up in the stars, amongst the others. Look up at the sky tonight, my dearest Eva, and you will see the stars, you will see you, and you will see me.

~ *Deine Levi, für immer.*



# Pinned to the Ceiling

Michelle Wedemeyer

It was quite difficult to pull myself out of bed at two-thirty in the morning, but I forced myself to get a pot of coffee brewed. Although my blurry eyes struggled at the mirror, as a flight attendant, I made myself up like the model on the Glamour Magazine cover. A satin ribbon bow was always the final touch clipped to the tightly rolled bun of my slicked back hair. Oh shoots, it was already three-thirty. I needed to leave my house, I thought, as I gulped down my second cup of black coffee and scurried to gather the things I needed for the day. In order to be at work on time, I had to catch the airport shuttle by four a.m. If I missed the shuttle, I would be in trouble because the requirement was one flight attendant per aircraft and I had the first departure at five-thirty.

The wind was howling through the trees as I waited for the shuttle in the cold and dark parking lot on Lagoon Drive. On the news the night before, the weather reporter said there would be extremely high winds and gale warnings. The sound of the wind made me wonder how much turbulence there would be. When the shuttle arrived, I went in and told the driver good-morning. A few seconds after I entered the shuttle, a large gust of wind grabbed a hold of the vehicle and shook it like an uli'uli in the hands of a Hawaiian hula dancer. When the shuttle came to my stop, I said good-bye to the driver as I stepped out and he told me to be careful. I remembered the look of concern on the driver's face as he dropped me off at the Mahalo Air terminal where I worked, which was between Island Air and Hawaiian Airlines because his facial expression magnified the feelings I had that something was wrong.

I made it to work on time. It was only four-twenty, according to a clock on one of the desk in our hole in the wall operations office.

"Good morning," I said. There seemed to be no response. The Captain and First Officer flipped through some papers on a clipboard. Their eyebrows were crossed and they both seemed to be in deep thought. It made me feel insecure about the day ahead so I was the one who broke the silence.

"Are we really going to fly today?" I asked.

"As far as we know right now. The boss says we're flying," the Captain answered. "But, the wind is so strong," I said.

"Everything should be alright," he said.

I took a deep breath to relieve my anxiety of what could possibly happen.

Mahalo's aircrafts were Fokker 500's, which was equipped with two-propeller Rolls Royce engines that screamed so loud, a person could hear it a mile away. Although the engine was noisy on the outside, the fifty passengers it carried could barely hear a sound on the inside. A safe ride was a sure thing with Mahalo Air's aircraft, but with high winds and gale warnings, we would be like some toy out of the Cracker-Jack box being tossed around by some kid.

I tried to shrug off my shaky feelings. Oh well, I thought, the job was my bread and butter so I had to fly. My schedule for the day was filled with eight legs. I had to do four round trips between Honolulu and the different islands.

The passengers waited patiently in the gate area for their fifty-five minute flight to Kona at five-thirty. The Captain, First Officer and I walked out to our plane with the honu painted on the tail. Different sea animals were painted on the tail of each aircraft. The three of us made up our flight crew and we would be together all day. As soon as we entered the cabin, the Captain briefed us on the route we would take, the weather, safety, and emergency procedures. It was procedure to be briefed by the Captain before every flight. I did a cabin check and made sure the emergency doors were secured, fire extinguishers and oxygen tanks were operable, and there were no suspicious items on board.

The first leg to Kona had only a few bumps here and there. After the passengers deplaned, I went through the cabin and picked up rubbish and made sure no one left anything behind. Then, I crossed the seatbelts of every seat. I was ready for the next set of passengers to board the aircraft for

a flight back to Honolulu.

Going back to the Honolulu Airport, it was the same routine. I cleaned, checked and made sure the cabin was secured, and crossed all the seatbelts. Once again, after the Captain briefed us, I was ready for the boarding passengers. As the day progressed, I sensed something was not right, but I made it through five legs so far. This next flight would take me back to Honolulu for my last round to Kahului, Maui.

We had a thirty-minute break before we took off on our last flight. I looked around the ramp at all the parked aircrafts, and noticed a lot of parked aircrafts. The wings of some planes flapped in the wind and almost touched the ground.

"Eh Henry, how come there's so many parked planes?" I asked.

"Because no one is taking off," He replied. "Aloha, Hawaiian, and Island Air, they all canceled their flights because of the high winds. There's ninety mile an hour winds out there," Henry said.

This is crazy I thought.

"Awe shedt. What are we doing? Why is Mahalo flying? This is crazy. Are they trying to get us killed?" I asked. "I still got one more flight to Maui," I said.

I started to think about my kids, my family, and if something happened to me, what would they do? My heartbeats started to increase. My blood zoomed through my veins as if it tried to run and find the nearest place to hide but had nowhere to go except in circles.

In ten minutes I would go back to the plane to greet the passengers that filled the gate area. The passengers were as crazy as I was to take off on a flight. But, they trusted us. They all trusted that Mahalo Air would get them to their destinations in one piece because the airlines they held tickets with cancelled on them. Wonderful, I thought, I had to fly.

I saw the Captain in the operations office. He had a crossed look on his face again. I knew he was worried about taking off because there was a reason why the other airlines were not.

"Captain, did you see the wings flapping on the planes parked out there? The wings are almost touching the ground," I said.

"That's what happens when it's super windy. I have seen wings touch the ground," he remarked and then said, "It is time, let's go. One more round and we're out."

As I stood at the door, I watched the passengers walk towards me. I took several deep breaths and silently said a thousand prayers. Here they come, I thought as I hid my emotions and fear into the galley cupboard. "Aloha! Hi! Good afternoon! Hello! How are you? Welcome aboard. Sit anywhere. Enjoy the flight." Some passengers commented on the wind, but they still climbed aboard with confidence because I was their flight attendant who had a smile from ear to ear as I greeted them. I knew the passengers thought that if I smiled, then there was nothing to worry about. I did not open the cupboard that hid my emotions and fear. It was my secret and no one was allowed to know. I just kept the smile.

"Good afternoon and welcome aboard Mahalo Air flight 224 with service to Kahului, Maui. Your flight crew today is Captain Greg, First Officer Joe, and my name is Michelle, and I will be your flight attendant throughout this flight. I will explain to you the safety features of this aircraft. We also ask that you remain seated with your seatbelts fastened throughout this flight, unless the Captain states otherwise by turning on the no seatbelt sign. We hope that you enjoy your flight and thank you for flying on Mahalo Air," I recited.

After everyone was seated, I did my check of the cabin, and then strapped myself into the jump seat. I tightened the straps. I looked down the cabin from the back where I sat, and mentally reviewed all of my safety and emergency procedures I was trained to do. The emergency procedure commands I had learned went round and round in my mind. Inside of me I knew we were all at risk because of these high winds. I also knew that this flight could end my life, but I was responsible for the safety of all the passengers. The plane shook and crackled while we taxied to the runway. If a wind grabbed us on take off, there would be nothing left. We would disintegrate into a million pieces. The G forces increased as the Captain put the plane into full throttle down the runway. The

sound of the engines screamed louder. In my take off position, I thanked God for protecting us.

Yes, we were in the air and stretched for the cruise altitude at ten thousand feet, which was still too low for the winds, but it was as high as the plane would go. We bounced all over the place. Some passengers were laughing, reading, looking out the window or just stared straight ahead. The turbulence is actually not too bad when we reached cruise altitude. Everyone remained seated. I did one walk down the aisle to check the passengers and made sure everything was okay.

I saw Lana'i and knew we would be on approach soon. There was less than twenty minutes left of the forty-five minute flight. The Captain announced on the intercom of the approach and reminded the passengers to keep their seatbelts on. Between the two Maui mountains, Haleakalā and West Maui mountains, the winds sweep through the ranges and could take you for a Magic Mountain roller coaster ride. I announced to the passengers their need to secure items under the seats in front of them, and to be sure their seatbelts were securely fastened. My main job is the safety of the passengers and cabin so I thought I better do one last check while the plane was stabilized for a moment. Then, I would strap myself in for good.

As I stood up, I grabbed a hold of a metal handle on the left side of the galley counter, and all I remember thinking was Oh my God. Where am I? What the hell is going on? Why are the passengers screaming their guts out? Where am I? Where's the floor? I can't feel the floor. I can't grab on to anything. What is being pushed against the back of my head? I found the strength to lift my head back and turned my face upward. What is this beige color that my face is smashed up against. Holy shedt! I then realized it was the ceiling. I'm stuck to the ceiling of the airplane. Oh my God, I'm pinned and my life flashed before my eyes. My legs struggled as it ran in the air. My hands reached out to anything it could grab. The passengers let out a continuous scream. Being stuck to the ceiling could not be what happened, I thought. It had to be a nightmare. Then, KABOOM! I was slammed to the floor and landed flat on my back. I could not move but knew I had to because I needed to be strapped in my jump seat. I had to check on the passengers and make sure they were okay. Somehow I managed to turn over and then I slid like a snake to my jump seat. I reached and grabbed a hold of the harness on my jump seat and pulled myself up. I managed to position my body in the seat and harness myself in.

I looked down the cabin from the back of where I sat and saw the ruins of a tornado. The aisle was filled with items that belonged to the passengers. Air masks were flung out from the bins and dangle like pendulums above the passenger's heads. I could not move, was in shock, and I hurt everywhere. I looked up at the ceiling where I was pinned and saw that I had clawed open a hole when I tried to grab a hold of something. The galley shelf door was wide open because I was stuck to the ceiling long enough to actually unscrew a small knob on the galley shelf door. It was secured earlier, but the knob was something I tried to grab onto in the struggle. Some passengers clenched onto the armrest of their seats. Others looked back at me for reassurance that everything would be okay.

The wheels touched down. The cabin roared in excitement and relief of being on the ground. Parked at the gate, the passengers cleared the aisle of belongings and made sure they had everything. The passengers had no clue of what happened to me and how much pain I was in. I stood at the door once again to bid them fair well and thank them for flying on Mahalo. Although the cabin experienced a treacherous event, they all had good spirits because Mahalo took the chance to fly in the ninety mph winds to bring them all to Maui.

As soon as everyone departed, I checked the cabin as I went to the cockpit. I had to check on the pilots. There were papers strewn everywhere. The Captain's muscle in his forearm bulged out.

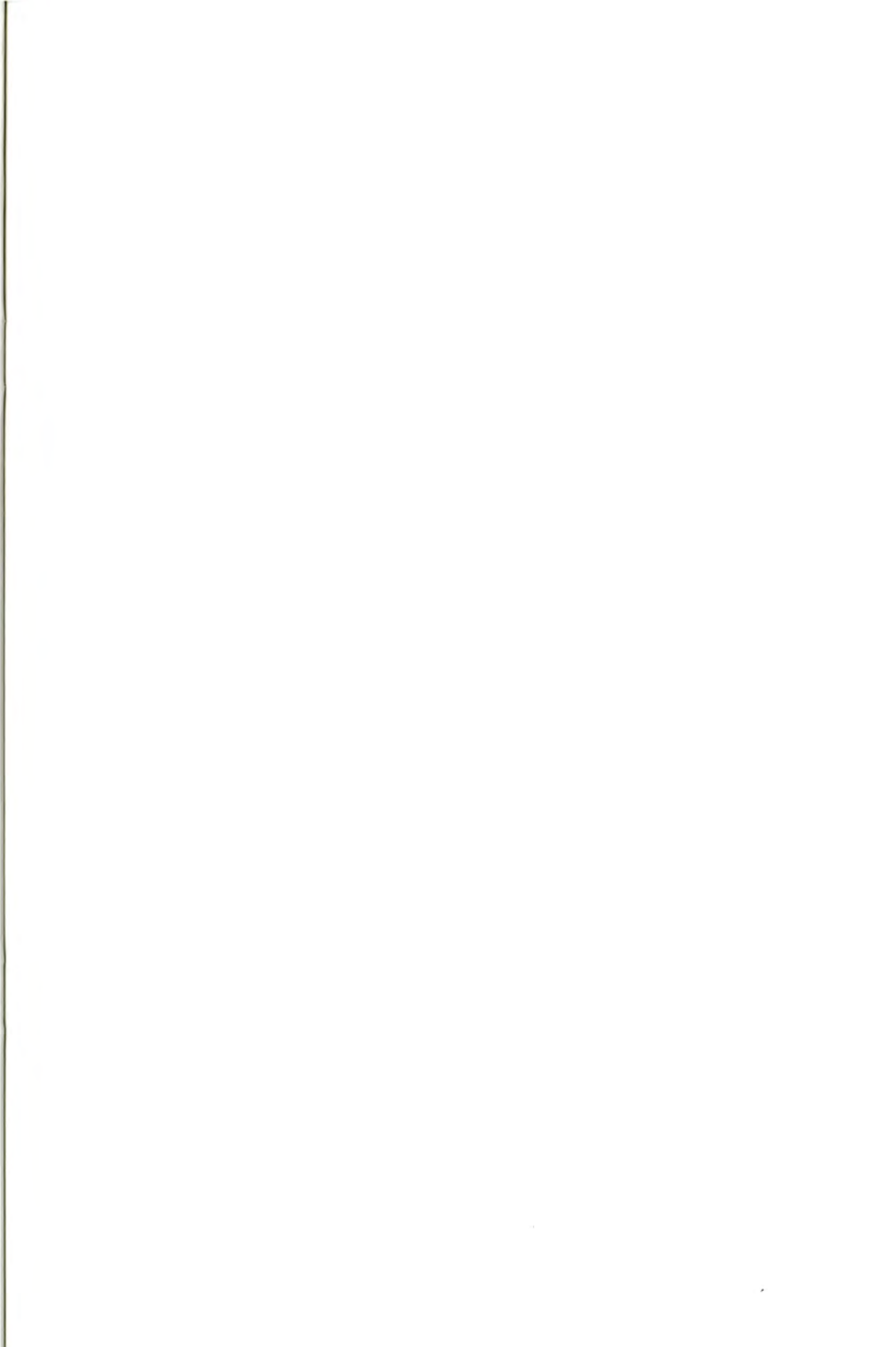
"Look at your arm. The muscle is so tense," I said.

"It's because I held onto the wheel like I never did before. If I let go, we would be gone. Normally, it only took one to throttle and steer at the same time. I took the wheel while he did the throttle because it was so bad. I had to hold it with two hands. It was bad. I flew for twenty-five years in the army and what we went through has never happened to me before. Planes normally flip

over and crash when something like that happens. We got caught in a wave of wind that grabbed us and took us down in its roll. We were dropping for about six to eight seconds,” he explained.

I realized I was pinned to the ceiling for six to eight seconds. We could have crashed. I told him what happened to me. I also told him that the passengers were physically okay and no one saw what happened to me. Thank goodness I had an experienced Captain who knew what he was doing.

I spent the next year and a half in physical therapy. It was a grueling two hours a day and three times a week schedule. I had to relearn how to do almost everything because of nerve and muscle damage. The therapist taught me to do things like how to sit again, hang clothes on a clothesline, squeeze open a clothespin, and how to walk and stand. I lifted one-pound weights, which was extremely painful, and I could only walk two miles an hour on the treadmill. There was no way I could stand without something to hold onto and if I tried to stand on one leg, I would fall over. I started to get depressed because this was not how I used to be. I reached a point of refusal to be an invalid. Even after a year and a half of physical therapy, which the company paid for, I was not completely healed. I bought a membership at the Punahou Spa and worked out on my own. I bought a water jogger that strapped around my waist and kept me afloat in the water, and I worked out in the pool. The sauna, steam room and jacuzzi is what I used to stretch and relax my muscles. I also spent many days at the beach and swam. In time, I got my strength back. But since March 29, 1994, every now and then, the physical pain returns. If I think about what happened, the memory of the passenger's screams live on as if it was just yesterday.





Poetry





# Ricky “No Worry” Sanchez - Da Best Kine Car Salesman

Pansy Li

Only 1 previous owna!

Owned previously by one old lady. Okay. Maybe 3 old ladies, but dey was old.

No worry! Old ladies, they no run em hard.

Wat? Car fax? You no believe me?

I promise . Cross my heart. Hope to die...How da ting go again?

Eh...Neva mind who when own um before.

Look da color. Hot Pink.

Dis da only hot pink truck on da island. All the girls gon wanna ride wit you.

Look how clean da interior, cherry yea?

Not bad for one 15 year old car.

Vintage interior, brand new air freshenah, I gon even throw in a pair dice.

You kno da kine you hang on your rear view mirror.

Cold A/C! Just gotta recharge...

No Worry! Only cheap kine at Walmart. Easy fix, no need one mechanic.

Smooth Body! Okay maybe get few dings, but yunno gotta have some charactah.

Not like da new cars all look da same, boring dat kine.

Yea da mileage litto bit high, but only litto bit high. Not high kine high.

No worry. Toyotas, they run foreva.

Yunno my uncle, he get one 95 4runna get two hundred churty miles on em but man SHE GO!

You like drive em? Smooth da ride.

Smoother den one baby's bottom.

But not as smooth as me! Nah nah nah!

So what? You like em? I know you like um.

Can see em in your eyes.

No Worry. This one good deal .

Nah. No good you come back tomorrow. Trust me. Guarantee da ting gon be gone tomorrow.

Das what you need to worry about. You no like lose dis deal.

Okay. Just sign here. Address here and sign one mo time here.

Oh! One more thing I forget tell you. Just one small ting.

Get one salvage title but no worries, stay one Toyota the ting run foreva!

# School

Jessamine Nino

The future is so far ahead.  
School is taking too long.  
When will I get my degree?  
Am I gonna be okay?

School is taking too long.  
Parents are getting restless.  
Am I gonna be okay?  
I just wanna graduate.

Parents are getting restless.  
Always asking me "what's going on in school?"  
I just wanna graduate.  
I think I'll be in school for a while.

They're always asking me "what's going on in school?"  
What am I supposed to say?  
I think I'll be in school for a while.  
Stress! Stress! Stress!

What am I supposed to say?  
I wanna make my parents proud.  
Stress! Stress! Stress!  
I need to be more proactive.

I wanna make my parents proud.  
It's a rough journey.  
I need to be more proactive.  
I hope it will all be worth it.

It's a rough journey.  
When will I get my degree?  
I hope it will all be worth it.  
The future is far ahead.

## Trees of Hawai'i

Josefin W

The sound of the ocean  
A warm breeze wakes us up  
Sunny days all year around

## Trees of Verona

Josefin W

Bright warm sunlight  
Green leaves with raindrops on  
A new year has begun



Art



# Costa Rica City Logo

Lori Fukumura



# Feline Fatale

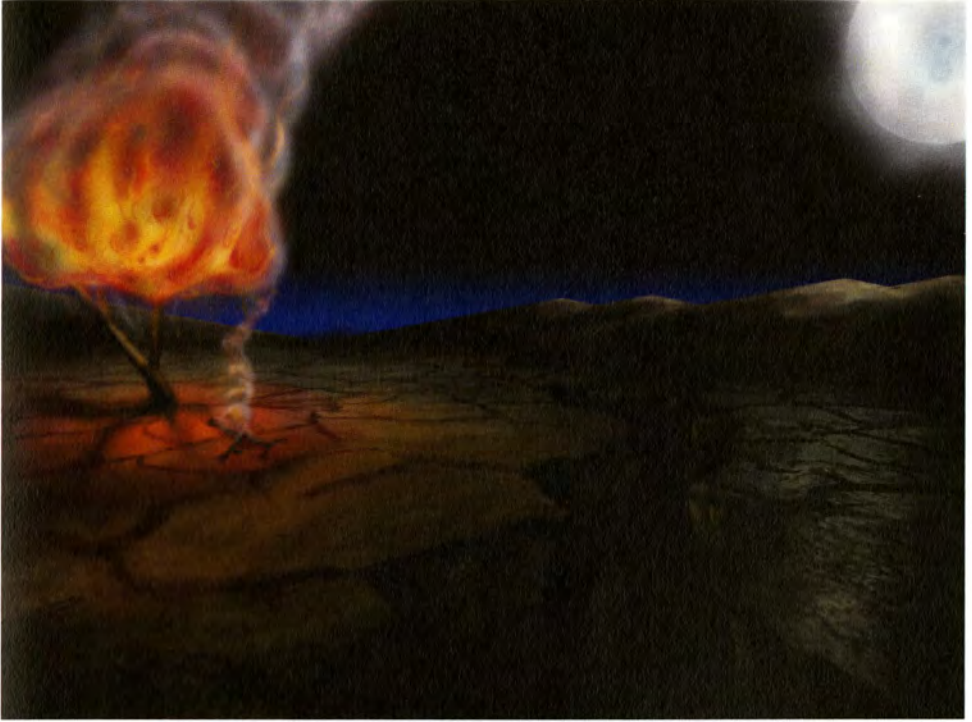
Leone Papalii





# Burning Bush

Jeremiah Skurtu



Digital painting

The desert is a barren, desolate place, deep in my mind, that sits and waits for a visit. This is a place where ideas take the test. Some ideas make it and soar, find their place in the stars; some crash and burn; and some just fall off the map. This 3-D environment is the staging ground for the ideas. Here, they make it or break it.

# Heaven & Hell

Jeremiah Skurtu



Acrylic and oil on canvas

This painting came from the idea showing the representation of a situation I was facing... A struggle I was facing where the outlook in my mind represented, at the time, Heaven and Hell. The feeling there was nothing in-between. Hell represents a miserable place that I didn't want to be. Heaven represents the choice that, in my mind, was what I wanted.

Before  
Ray Stanchfield





# An Unbelievable Day 1

Qingshan Yu



# An Unbelievable Day 2

Qingshan Yu

“WHAT ARE YOU FOR?”



Panda  
Qingshan Yu



Tiger  
Qingshan Yu



UNIVERSITY of HAWAII\*

---

**KAPI'OLANI**  
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

