

KAPI‘Ō

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Ghost Stories: “Just wanted to play” the first place winner of the BOSP Ghost Story Contest

By Ryan Kiyosaki
First place

Thump. Thump. The faint beating of her heart echoed in her head. Thump. Blood pulsed through her temples, slowly, rhythmically. Thump. THUMP. The sound grew louder, her temples ached. THUMP. An intense heat flared across her face. THUMP. THUMP. Searing pain trickled into the depths of her brain. THUMP. THUMP. Thump. Thump. TIM pain passed. Slowly. Slowly, she felt cold. A smooth, cold surface pressed flat against her cheek. She shivered. Cold. So cold.

She opened her eyes to complete darkness. There was nothing. She saw nothing. She heard nothing. *She blinked slowly. Still nothing.* A twinge of terror seized her breath. Her eyes darted about the darkness, searching for some inkling of shape, some semblance of familiarity. Nothing. A cold breeze brushed lightly over her body, an unseen manifestation of the unfeeling darkness about her.

She felt herself pressed against the ground. Her hand brushed over the hard surface as she pushed herself up.

“Where am I?” She felt the words, but heard no utterance.

Thump. She felt her heart beat again. Her head throbbed painfully as she sat upright. The slow rhythm of her breathing seemed incredibly loud in her ears.

“Where am I?” She asked again. “How did I get here?” There was no response.

The ground was hard, slick—it felt like cement. Her legs trembled as she got to her feet. Again she looked around, hoping for the smallest hint of color, of light. She let out her breath in short raspy bursts—trying in vain not to disturb the eerie silence—trying not to expose the swelling sensation of terror that gripped her heart. Thump.

Thump. Thump. She could hear her heartbeat growing louder. Louder. The sound made her uneasy. It was too slow. Too slow, as if mocking the terror she felt. The awful beating echoed loudly in her ears. It seemed so loud she felt the whole world must have heard it. The whole world must have heard her terror betrayed in the intolerably calm beating of her own heart. Thump. Thump.

She raised her hand before her face. Her eyes gazed deep into the darkness, searching for her hand. She traced the outline of where she imagined her hand was in the blackened space

before her. Her breath felt shallower, quicker. She moved her hand closer to her face. The warmth of her breath tingled on her cold fingers. Her hand remained invisible, lost in the blackness. She closed her eyes tight, fighting, holding back the flood of emotion that filled her. She wanted to scream. She couldn’t.

She felt dizzy. Bright flashes of light danced before her eyes. She felt herself losing balance. Falling forward, stumbling blindly through the darkness. Her head spun wildly. The colors, the flickers of light danced incessantly in the darkness. She fell to her knees. Pain shot in through her legs. She gasped for breath, reaching forward into the darkness—reaching for something, nothing.

Thump. Thump. Her breath returned. The dizziness passed. Tears streamed down her face as she sat alone, frightened. Sobs wracked her body, tears splattered on the hard floor sending tiny droplets flying in all directions.

“Who are you?”

A chill ran up her spine. She shivered uncomfortably. Her eyes opened slowly, carefully. Nothing. The warm tears that normally would have blurred

her vision fell harmlessly to the floor.

“I said, who are you?”

The voice was behind her. She trembled. The voice seemed distant, but still right behind her. A little boy. She swallowed hard, trying to conceal her breaths.

“My name’s Tim, what’s your name? Do you want to play?”

The back of her neck tingled as he spoke. She wanted to see him. She wanted to invalidate her fears—her fears she hoped were irrational, but somehow knew were not. Still she did not turn. She stared straight ahead into the darkness—hoping, praying that her nightmare would end, that she would wake up and everything would be normal again.

Thump. THUMP. Her heart beat louder. “It’s nothing. Nothing at all. Just turn around. It’s only a little boy. “Her knees ached under the weight of her body. She could hear her breaths shorten. Thump. Thump. Her heart missed a beat. She could hear the boy breathing. He was close. Closer than before. She imagined she could almost feel his breath on her shoulder. She closed her eyes, scared. She tilted her head slightly to the left, almost turning. Her breath caught in her throat. Her muscles tensed. “Oh my God,” She

felt the icy grip of a tiny hand on her shoulder. She wanted to scream—to scream her lungs out, but she couldn’t. She felt tears welling up in her eyes as her breathing became sporadic. Tears dripped down her cheeks as she sat still, frightened.

“I said, do you wanna play? I got lots of neat toys. This truck’s my favoritest one.”

Her hands began to shake. The icy embrace of the boy’s tiny hand penetrated to the depths of her soul—to the very core of her emotions. She shivered uncomfortably. She felt him. She felt his curiosity, his playfulness, his pureness. Through his tiny hand she felt his life, his feelings, his personality. She felt every quality of the boy, every nuance. She felt his happiness. But she also felt an underlying feeling of sadness—of profound, unspoken, intangible sadness. Her heart ached in the presence of this faceless boy.

She gasped, surprised. She felt the hand suddenly flung off of her shoulder. The flood of emotions vanished. The feelings, the thoughts: gone. She felt afraid. “What’s wrong? What happened?” She thought to herself.

continued on page 5

Sit on it! Students make chairs



Melissa Johnson strives to make a “rectilinear” chair out of cardboard, tape and foam for an assignment for her Design (Art 115) class. The chair had to be designed with geometric or angled lines and support the weight of an adult person when completed, but its frame could only be made out of cardboard and packing foam.

UHPA donates \$100,000 to Hawaii Food Bank

Since the terrorist attacks of September 11, Hawai‘i has been faced with major economic problems due to the problems in the airlines and tourism businesses. Unemployment has risen in our state at an unprecedented rate.

The University of Hawai‘i’s

Professional Assembly’s executive staff presented an economic report at UHPA’s last Board of Directors’ meeting. The executive staff warned that there would probably be a very long recovery period for this state.

In light of the above, and in

BOR authorizes special tuition waivers for students

At the October 19 meeting of the University of Hawai‘i Board of Regents, a special tuition waiver was authorized for students whose parents were laid off as a result of the September 11 terrorist attacks.

Government, education, business, trades and industry and community leaders in the state have been making various efforts

to assist those affected by the situation, and to stimulate the economy in some way.

The proposed temporary special tuition waivers, according to the UH University and Community Relations department, is the UH’s way to contribute to this effort. Further information as to how this will be implemented at KCC will be forthcoming.

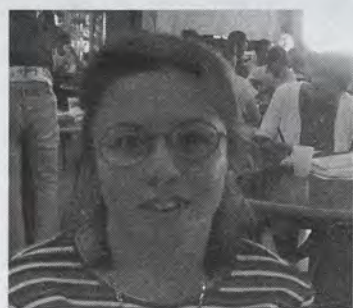
consideration for the extremely positive support faculty received from the community at large during the April faculty strike, the Board of Directors discussed at length how the faculty could help the community in a direct, concrete and immediate way. After a great deal of discussion, the Board decided to authorize UHPA to give \$100,000 from our Special Services account to the Hawaii Food Bank.

The Hawaii Food Bank distributes food items to needy individuals and families in the state.

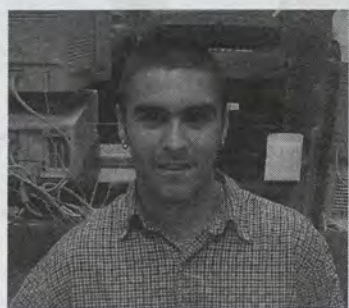
The Board also voted to encourage UHPA members to match that contribution by personally donating money. Further information on the UHPA action would be forthcoming in the media and in union letters and emails.

Speak Out!

Questions and Photos by Lily Morningstar

What was the last book you read and when?

Soledad Gomez: "I'm not a reader, the last one I read was *Alive*, a long time ago."



Gabe Clark: "*The Testament*, back in July."



Mary Delaveaga: "Right now I am reading *Ladies With Options*."



Jeffery Loo: "*The Rape of Nanking*, over the summer."



David Gremminger: "*The Celestine Prophecy* last semester."

Letters to the Editor

Fight terrorism: don't drive!

In the wake of the September 11 terrorist attack, I have seen lots of flag waving on houses and especially on cars and trucks as they are driving along the highway. In my opinion, this action sends two conflicting messages to our Middle Eastern "adversaries." One is the obvious note of patriotism and rallying around the flag that has come as a result of this terrible terrorist act. To get a glimpse at the second message, we only need to ask the question, whose oil are we burning as we drive around waving our flag to our friends, neighbors and the world? Is it Texas oil? From Alaska perhaps? A far safer bet is that the oil being used

comes from the Middle East, from such countries as Saudi Arabia and Iraq. America has accused Iraq of being a terrorist state and Saudi oil money may have provided the initial funding for the Taliban regime in Afghanistan. Oh yeah, and Osama Bin Laden is the Saudi son of a very rich family residing in Saudi Arabia.

Am I calling for a war against these two countries? Of course not! But each one of can do something here at home that will deprive these regimes of the funds to carry out these monstrous acts. It is very simple: **DON'T DRIVE!** I know that by saying this it is seemingly an

impossible task. But this is an act that will strike fear in the Middle East in a far more persuasive manner than American aircraft carriers or helicopter gunships. And think what would happen if we persuaded our allies to also boycott oil from the Middle East?

There are many alternative fuels out there that can serve our energy needs in the future. Why not investigate them now with massive research funds? Oil is cheaper than most alternative fuels, but the cost of oil needs to be measured in more than dollars. Our energy dependence on

the Middle East and on oil in general, has given Islamic fundamentalists the resources to carry out a jihad against America. A "driving boycott" would be a strain on many, many Americans. But Americans can send the same sort of message by reducing driving by automobile and by taking alternative forms of transportation (i.e. bus, bicycle or car pools).

An action such as a driving boycott or even a reduction in driving would send a powerful message to our adversaries in this time of peril for the world. And who knows, it might even

lead to a cleaner planet at the same time.

—Paul Briggs

Unfair Faculty Parking

I have been noticing that the parking in Lot A is opening up since the nursing students are on rotation. This is great and makes finding parking easier. However, there seems to be something wrong. Several students and I have noticed that a teacher is parking in student parking. We don't know if this is campus wide so we'll only speak of what we know.

This upsets us. We would have our car towed if we were to park in faculty parking. We believe it should work both ways. One teacher that we have noticed arrives before 6:30 a.m. and uses student parking until late in the afternoon. When this teacher gets there the faculty parking in front of Maile and Manono is wide open. It is the principle of the thing rather than a lack of space issue to us.

Please address this issue. I believe that fair is fair and rules are rules. They should apply to students and faculty alike—not just students!

Thank you for your time.

—Denise Tapp

Denise makes a very good point. I'm a faculty member

guilty of sometimes parking in student parking when I arrive on campus and there is no longer any parking available in faculty parking. Sometimes there aren't even parking at all and I have to park off campus in the side streets. In my case, I plead necessity. When I do this, faculty parking is full and I have to drive around finding whatever I can find.

I think faculty are allowed to park in "open" or student parking because they do need to have some kind of priority, since we teach here, and instances like I describe can happen.

On the other hand, Denise is right. If there is ample faculty parking available, it really is not fair for a faculty member to use up a limited student parking space. It's a matter of fairness, I agree, and as faculty we should be considerate of our students and their own parking problems. So if there's faculty parking spaces available, we should make use of them before we take over parking for students and the general public.

—Wayne Muromoto, advisor for the Kapi'ō

"With Our Words" Literary Reading

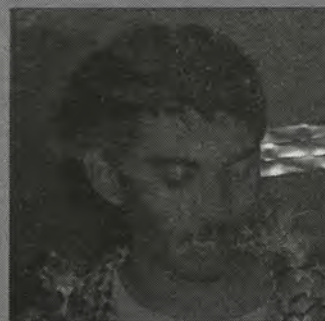
Photo and story by Oliver Vuong

Students expressed their creativity in "With Our Words," a literary event sponsored by the KCC Board of Student Publications, held in the Bistro on Oct. 25.

Twelve KCC students read out their works, consisting of short stories and poems, all of various different talents. Many readers shared different backgrounds in regards to the kind of work they do, reading works of different contents, yet all showing a different amount of creativeness in their own unique way.

Jeanne Pyum, who has been writing ever since she was 7, expresses herself in a short story about a women's love for a piano, and her relationship with her husband. "I play a piano, and watched 'The Piano.' I'm also romantic," she said.

Troy Holser, 19, just started writing recently. He expressed himself in a ghost story about what it was like to trespass into a ghost territory. Telling of danger and youthful recklessness, it was really inspired by a type of story told when



Troy Holser reads his piece titled "Ikaika."

he was younger. "In writing, I like to play God, control and do the impossible" he said.

Lori Medeiros told a story of a lesbian who had lost her gay love to a man, but instead of making it a sad romantic tale, she was able to weave it into a comedy that garnished a lot of laugh from the audience. "I love to write. I like being creative, drawing emotions from me, especially from life."

If you're interested in participating in a similar reading in the future, contact Jill Makagon at 734-9180 and makagon@hawaii.edu or Leigh Dooley at 734-9703 and ldooley@hawaii.edu.

Kapi'ō

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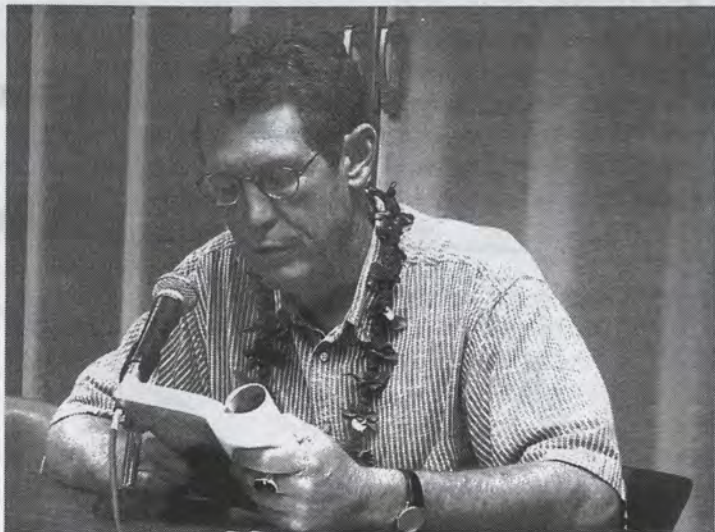
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"Rivers of the Sun"

A Michael McPherson reading



Michael McPherson navigates through 75 minutes of spotlight at KCC. —Photo by Jesse Fujimoto.

By Jesse Fujimoto
Layout Editor

"There's no denying the therapeutic value of writing."

—Michael McPherson

Michael McPherson, author, poet, editor, publisher, attorney, surfer, was born and raised on the island of Hawai'i. McPherson shared some of his experiences with KCC students as well as reading from his latest novel, *Rivers of the Sun*, on Thursday, October 18 in 'Ohi'a 118 from 12 noon to 1:15 p.m. He was present as a guest of Bamboo

Ridge Press, a publishing agency for local writers with obvious talent.

Organized by Gary Pak, this reading provided an insightful disposition for aspiring writers living in Hawai'i, as well as providing "non-locals" with a perceptive angle towards growing up local-style. Pak also assisted McPherson with readings.

"Literature has changed within the past 25 years," according to McPherson. As a former fiction student, it is important for him to concentrate on a "Hawai'i body of literature," focusing on his per-

spectives, as a local, to endure in the developed discipline needed in writing novels.

Manifested within 20 years of writing, McPherson has published over 100 pieces including poetry, essays, book reviews, as well as, but not limited to short fiction stories.

Creativity plays an extreme role in the writing process as the author provided a great example. The artist embraced disciplinary concentration organizing his ideas, originating from two newspaper articles, to produce a novel!

McPherson's first book was published in 1982 and he's currently working on his fifth novel. He also has two poetry books debuting in the near future.

"The shrinks have a name for those first few weeks of rapture when a new couple will fuck like dogs constantly, but I can't remember what it is," taken as an excerpt from McPherson's *Rivers of the Sun*, which provides a worthy example of his style.

To have his novels published and the privilege to be honored by those interested in his work, McPherson confesses,

"It makes me feel good."

Local Style!

By Jesse Fujimoto
Layout Editor

Imua, known in Hawaiian as "charge forward," shared their local experiences with their original island contemporary songs at the 'Ohi'a cafeteria on Tuesday, October 23, from 12 noon to 1 p.m..

David Dunaway and Albert "Baba" Akiono compose and sing their songs, embracing local views. 'Ukulele player Samson Ah Mook Sang accompanied the band in their success within

Hawai'i. There is a popular song among Hawai'i's schoolteachers, which was written by Imua. Dave Dunaway not only sang, but is also a schoolteacher and the song, "Mr. Governor," was referred to as the teachers' anthem since the teachers' strike earlier this year.

Dave and Baba met each other in kindergarten at Kamehameha Schools and charge forward in their actions to sustain the greatness of local music.

"Next Generation," their newest CD will hit stores in mid-November, so LOOK OUT!



Local band Imua sang their stories to KCC students. —Photo and caption by Jesse Fujimoto

Get Rid of Glasses and Contact Lenses for Life

By Tracilyn Waiamau

How many of you have heard about vision correction surgery and were intrigued by the prospects, but did not like the sound of 'surgery'? Most folks are turned off by surgical procedures with good reason. However, vision correction surgery could use further investigating by vision patients as improvements have been made to perfect the procedure.

Voted as the 'Best Laser Eye Center' by readers of the *Honolulu Weekly*, Eyesight Hawaii leads the state in vision correction surgery and vision care. Eyesight Hawaii offers qualified patients with Lasik Surgery, which involves a reshaping of the corneal tissue. The procedure itself can last from seconds to minutes depending on the amount of correction that needs to be done, and is relatively painless with the patient experiencing only minor scratchiness for a few hours. This procedure has proven to be safe and quite effective with over 70 percent chance of 20/20 vision according to John D. Olkowski, M.D. of Eyesight Hawaii.

Eyesight Hawaii has upgraded their laser equipment to further insure their patients receive a safe and effective procedure. The new introduction to laser vision correction surgery is

called the VISX STAR S3 Active TrakTM Excimer Laser System, which is a laser that follows the pupil during the Lasik surgical procedure. First in the state equipped with the \$500,000 laser, Dr. Olkowski can perform the Lasik procedure continuously even as the pupil might move or adjust. Prior to the introduction of the new laser the surgeon manually tracked the patient's pupil. "This new laser feature gives me even more confidence about the expected outcome of laser vision correction. We're very excited to have the latest technology from VISX in our practice," says Olkowski.

With the added laser feature, Olkowski has seen a decrease in the number of re-treatments he has to do. "This will help with the longer surgeries, where the patient's eyes are more likely to move around. Until the upgrade, I followed the patient's pupil with a joystick, but this new laser system is like the military technology used to track missiles. We lock onto the pupil and the laser directly follows it," says Olkowski.

Olkowski practices thorough and complete consultations and examinations before any surgery is performed. Both patient and doctor are confident and assured upon going into surgery. Olkowski performs six laser correction surgeries a day in order to provide his patients with the

highest quality procedure.

Dr. John D. Olkowski is a physician, cornea specialist and owner of Eyesight Hawaii. With his impressive background to include developing the vision

correction program at Kaiser Permanente and proceeding to found Eyesight Hawaii, many vision patients will benefit from his expertise in the field of vision care. To schedule a consultation

and learn more about vision correction surgery, please contact Eyesight Hawaii at 735-1935. Eyesight Hawaii's friendly staff is eager to help patients interested in vision correction surgery.

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A Patient's Return

By Arnold "Tiger" Gervacio
2nd place

A German expatriate, Dr. Gunther Hoeffstetler, around the turn of the 20th Century, had established Honolulu Hospital and Clinic. Still in existence, the institution is part modern and ancient. Buildings that rise to caress the sky are haphazardly thrown against three story buildings hastily rebuilt to defy gravity, if only for a short time. When one sees the building, one likens the image to a child leading her infirm grandmother across a busy street.

Rich in history, the institution is even thicker with supernatural phenomena. There have been numerous reports of hauntings in the clinics, hospital, even the

parking garages, generated by not your run-of-the-mill, "I wanna scare the bejesus outta ya!" folk, but regular, normal people. For instance, nurses reported black shadows in patient's room, which would dissipate after a few seconds or rise toward the ceiling and seep into the corners of the room. One security guard reported that he had seen a white, ghostly image, in one of the modern buildings. He had been so terrified that he ran from the building, went to the Security Office, turned in his equipment, and said, "I quit! There's a ghost in the Palmer Building!"

Employees of the hospital say the founder, Dr. Hoeffstetler, never did leave his beloved hospital. Although his earthly body lays in rest in sanctified ground,

his spirit does not. Physicians and nurses have commonly seen a bespectacled, Caucasian male with piercing blue eyes, wearing a white lab coat, working in one of the older wings of the hospital. They immediately recognize him as Dr. Hoeffstetler, for this is the same image of a life size portrait of him placed in the Hospital lobby. The sightings of the good doctor have become so rampant, that the staff has become used to him. Of course, none of the staff would care to stay overtime with him.

The stories and legends of Honolulu Hospital and Clinic are numerous. The above examples do not begin to lift the lid of Pandora's Box. There is one story, however, which still rattles me today, even as I think about it.

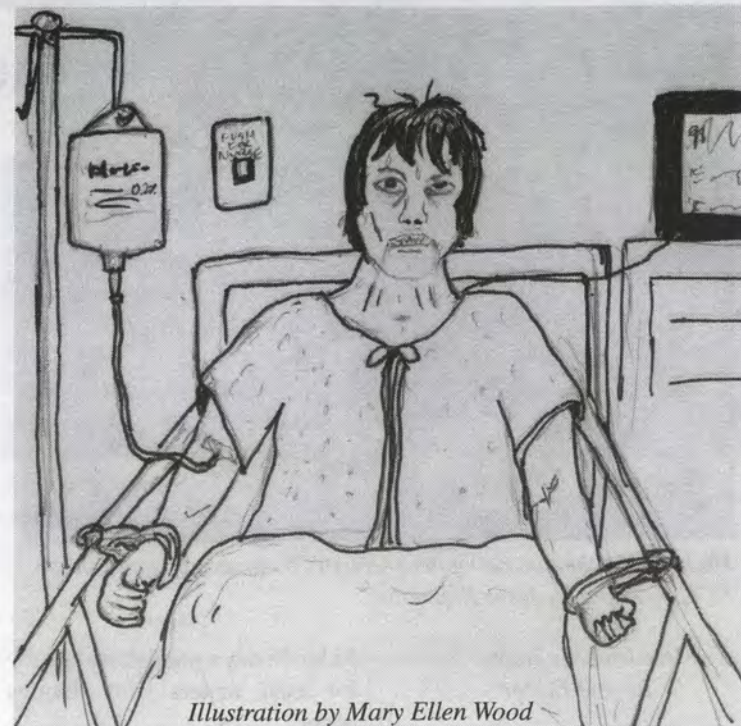


Illustration by Mary Ellen Wood

It frightens me because it makes me doubt my scientific mind. All that I have learned which is rational and logical have been thrown to the wind by this incident. That part of my brain which tells me human beings, knowing we are about to expire, created heaven and hell, i.e., religion, in order to soften Death's final blow, is silent.

Several years ago, I worked for Honolulu Hospital and Clinic, as a security guard. I went to school in the morning, and reported for duty at two in the afternoon. There was another security guard working with me on this shift, and we took turns patrolling the premises and monitoring the Security Office, which had been equipped with closed circuit camera televisions, in order to monitor vulnerable areas.

One evening, at about 7:30 p.m., while at the Security Office, an ambulance rolls into the driveway of the Emergency Parking Lot. I rose from the desk, and immediately went into Emergency Room to assist the emergency medical technician and paramedics with their patient.

"We got an OD (Overdose) on amphetamines, guys!" The paramedic yelled.

"Put him in Trauma One," an ER physician said calmly.

The OD patient thrashed wildly on the gurney, as the EMT and paramedic took him to a bed in the Trauma area of the ER. His eyes bulged out of his sockets, while saliva coursed down the side of his mouth and onto a pool between his legs. He screamed incoherently and struggled against the leather straps tied around his wrists and ankles, which were tethered to the gurney. Instructed by the doctor, I held him down while they transferred him from the gurney to the trauma bed, re-strapped him with leather restraints provided by the hospital, and administered medications to sedate him. The patient, with inhuman strength, contin-

ued to struggle against me, and it wasn't long before my perspiration and his saliva washed my uniform. The paramedic, EMT, another security guard, and I continued to hold him until he subsided after a few minutes.

"Man, oh man," I muttered.

"Ditto," said the paramedic. "We had a helluva time putting him on the gurney and strapping him down. The cops came and helped us out. Just look at me. Sweating like crazy."

The EMT added "poor guy. OD'ed on amphetamines, man. Dude was at a party, took some amps. Blew his mind out man." He shook his head. "Family says he was completely normal before he popped 'em. Then—bam! Goner. Now, he's like an animal. Can't control himself and his actions. No dignity. Absolutely no dignity at all."

The paramedic and I looked at him. We didn't appreciate his comments. We stared at him icily until he turned and walked away.

"We better get going." He finally said. "There's others to rescue. Thanks for helping."

"Anytime," I replied. I continued to stay in the Trauma Room to ensure that the patient did not awaken and have an outburst. After ten minutes, the ER doctor approached me. "You can go now. He should be alright."

"Doc, may I have his name for our Activity Log?"

"Sure," he said. "Ryan Kami."

While under sedation, Kami had been transferred to the Fourth Floor of Honolulu Hospital from the ER. His attending physicians believed, Kami, because of his amphetamine overdose, could no longer control his actions.

When he recovered from the sedatives administered by his doctors and nurses, he yelled and screamed at the top of his lungs, pulled at the cloth restraints at his waist (it was determined by the staff that leather restraints were too harsh), drooled profusely, excreted and urinated wastes unceremoniously.

continued on page 5

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Just Wanted to Play

(continued from page 1)

"Mister! Hey Mister! Who are you. . . ? OWW! Hey! My . . . OWW!"

She cringed in sheer horror. "Oh my God, what's happening?!" She screamed in her head. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably. She wanted to turn, she wanted to see. An overwhelming flood of emotions gripped her. She could hear the boy crying. He wasn't speaking, only crying. Tears flooded her eyes. She felt helpless, frightened. She wanted to see him, to help him, to make things better. She wanted to comfort him. To protect him.

"No! NOOO!"

Her heart screamed. Tears poured down her face. She cried convulsively. Her body shook uncontrollably, violently. She could hear screaming. Screaming. She shut her eyes as tightly as she could. Her hands pressed hard to her ears. She shook her head, she wanted it to end, she didn't want to hear any more, and she wanted to be free from the terror she felt. Her heart

beat wildly in her chest THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP. Her vision danced again. THUMP. She could hear everything, echoed, distorted, played over and over and over again in her head. THUMP THUMP. She opened her eyes. She saw. She saw everything. Her body wracked in uncontrollable spasms. Her eyes rolled back into her head. Slowly. Slowly. Everything became softer. Everything became distant. She felt light. Everything was fading away. Farther. Farther. Gone.

"Wake up! Dear, wake up! Are you okay?!"

Her husband's voice roused her. She sprang up, terrified. She looked around, her eyes darting wildly. Her gaze finally locked on her husband. She was in the basement.

"What happened?!"

"I dunno. You went downstairs about an hour ago. I started to get worried so I came down to check on you. When I finally got to the bottom of the stairs and turned on the light, I found you in the middle of the floor

crying."

"What about the boy? What happened to the boy?!"

"The boy? What boy? Dear, you must've been dreaming. You passed out. Frankly, I think that's the least of your problems now. We should get you to the hospital and have you checked out. You might've hurt yourself."

"But what about the boy?! He needs my help!"

"Dear! You passed out and started hallucinating! That's all there is to it! There is NO boy! Now stop fighting, we have to get you to the hospital!"

"No, The boy!"

She twisted her body and broke free of his grip. She stumbled across the floor to the far corner of the room. Her legs collapsed as she reached into the corner, grabbing a small object with her right hand. Her body shook violently as she fell backwards to the floor, unconscious.

Beep-Beep.

The machines around her limp body beeped slowly, rhythmically, as she lay unconscious in the soft white sheets of the hos-

pital bed.

Her husband stood above her, a worried look impressed upon his face.

"We never should have moved," he said to the doctor standing across from him. "We had to move here after I got a new job with a local firm. Everything seemed so perfect at the time. We found the house right away—apparently it hadn't been occupied for a while. It seemed like a godsend. We even bought a new car." He sighed.

The doctor nodded thoughtfully.

"You live at 1344, you said?"

The man nodded. The doctor raised his eyebrows and continued.

"I recall back when I first started here there was a rather disturbing case. Apparently a young boy came in beaten within an inch of his life. The parents were frantic; they had no idea what had happened to the boy. Needless to say, the police were skeptical of the par-

ents' ignorance, but that's beside the point. Anyway, as I recall the boy passed shortly after he arrived. A shame, really. I didn't handle the boy personally, but I did hear about it later."

The man nodded, unsure of the doctor's point.

"I found out later on that the parents claimed they had found the boy in the basement of their home, badly beaten and unconscious."

The man looked up at the doctor.

"If I'm not mistaken I believe I recall that they also lived at 1344 Pine Street."

The man shivered. He looked down at his wife. She looked incredibly pale; he reached out to hold her hand. He stopped. He pulled her hand open. In the middle of her palm lay a tiny, dusty red toy truck. He stared at it for a moment, unsure.

Faintly, she murmured, "The boy. . . The boy only wanted to play. . ." and fell silent.

A Patient's Return

(continued from page 4)

It was during several of these incidents, over the next few days after his arrival, that I had been called to assist the Nursing staff in attempting to control Kami. If truth be told, I really didn't know how to handle these situations. You couldn't talk or reason with him. He couldn't communicate with you: what happened, how he felt what he wanted, and what he expected. Neither could the staff. All they could do was administer sedatives to control him until his family determined that he should spend the rest of his life in an Institution for the Mentally Challenged or some other unsavory solution.

What I did know was to protect the staff in case Kami became violent and decided, in his uninhibited frame of mind, to hurt or kill any of the staff, patients, or

visitors.

One evening, while working at the Security Office, the telephone rang.

"Security, this is Amber from the Fourth Floor. Can you come up and help us?"

"Sure. Ryan again?"

"Uh-huh," Amber said.

"Be right there." I called the other security guard on duty to assist. Moments later, we both arrived at the area. Kami, when he saw us, alternated between grunting and screaming. He attempted to charge at us, but was hindered by a cloth restraint around his waist; the other end tied to a wall handle. His eyes bulged out of their sockets, and the strong odor of excrement emitted from the adult diapers the staff had placed on. I looked into his eyes. They were lifeless.

"Damn," I thought. I said to

my fellow guard, "Just make sure he doesn't hurt anybody. That's all we can do."

"His family is coming up right now," Amber said. "We just want to make sure everything goes okay when they're here."

"Okay," I replied.

The Kami Family then arrived. Kami's mother began to sob loudly when she saw her son. His father took her in his arms and shook his head, attempting to remain stoic. His younger brother did not utter a sound, but stood still and cried silently. Ryan Kami continued to drool and yell incoherently. He made no sign of recognition. The Nursing Staff pulled the Kami family into a conference room to explain Ryan's condition and what steps they could do next.

We monitored Ryan for several hours until he was sedated.

Several days later, on a Sunday,

I was on duty at the Security Office. I had been watching the Closed Circuit Television Cameras when I suddenly looked up. In strode Ryan Kami, dressed in an aloha shirt and white colored slacks. As I started at him, he turned to look at me. His eyes were full of spark and life. He did not smile, but turned his face away and continued walking. I thought, "Oh my god. Ryan's escaped the fourth floor. How come they didn't let me know he escaped?"

I quickly followed him.

I exited the office and saw him turn the corner into a hallway. I ran after him. By the time I reached the corner, which was several seconds later, he disappeared. I thought, "No way. The hallway is too long for anybody to get out of the building that quick."

Nevertheless, I followed the

length of the hallway toward the entrance. Once at the entrance, I visually searched for him. I couldn't find him. Dumbfounded, I went to the fourth floor to inform Amber and the nursing staff that Ryan had escaped.

"Amber, did you know Ryan escaped?" I asked.

"Ryan Kami? Our Ryan Kami?" She looked disturbed.

"Yeah. Did he escape, or did you guys discharge him?"

"Couldn't be. He died this morning. I placed him in the body bag myself."

I stood shocked for a moment. The spirit, or ghost, of Ryan Kami had appeared on a Sunday morning, in his Sunday best, as if he just came from a service. He was not the person who had come into the ER that night when he had overdosed on the amphetamines. He appeared normal. He had dignity.

When the Wind Stops

By Giles M. Forsythe
Third Place Winner

The winding road works its way up the side of the steep mountain like a serpent's merciless coils, but seems no more treacherous than a casual stroll down the beach because she is with him. The unusually dark, moonless night and Josiah's tendency to speed make the drive even more precarious, but neither factor succeed in making her stir. Whenever Rebekkah is with Josiah, she feels safe, and neither the blackest night nor the scariest road can wrench away that security. Rebekkah has no clue as to where he is taking her, but she knows he must have

something exceptionally romantic planned. The impish grin on Josiah's face has been a permanent fixture ever since they left the city, and she knows it means something special.

"So, where are we going?" Rebekkah asks innocently, as they continue to travel up the twisting road.

"My dear, should I tell you now and ruin what happens to be a tremendous surprise?" Josiah asks in return, speaking eloquently, as he always does.

That's just one of the many things about him that intrigues her. He seems so beyond his 25 years, and he always has so many wonderful stories that she often wonders what sort of cosmic

event must have occurred for her to have met such a remarkable man. Rebekkah can't help but smile at his impish grin and reflect on his odd perfection. He is everything she has ever wanted. Whenever he tells her of auras and fourth dimensions, whenever he tries to teach her to hear the mantras of the universe, and whenever he tells her magical stories of far-off lands, he does it in such a way that makes him mystically different and that makes them mystically different. He is her everything and she is his.

Rebekkah looks out the window and notices that they have passed the last bit of residential area, and now the over-

grown forest seems to lunge at her threateningly as their car zooms by.

"Josiah, is this such a good idea?" she asks, questioning his intended plan for the first time this evening. "Where are we going? This forest looks kind of spooky you know."

"Don't tell me you're afraid of the dark," Josiah responds, "besides, we've almost reached our final destination."

A few minutes go by, and Rebekkah, feeling comforted by Josiah's reassuring manner, forgets all about the twisted shrubbery racing past the window. Up ahead, the spiraling road finally ends, and Josiah pulls off to the side and parks his car.

"Okay, we walk from here."

"Walk?" she asks, slightly nervously.

"Rebekkah, trust me. I will show you something as splendid as all the riches of heaven."

He's as convincing as ever, and with her reluctance once again vanquished, she opens the car door and steps out into the chilly darkness. This is a night darker than any she can remember. The canopy of trees that stretch skyward around her coupled with the lack of city lights create an awesomely eerie effect, but, like always, she feels safe with Josiah.

"Do you have a flashlight?"

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When the Wind Stops

(continued from page 5)

she asks.

"No," comes Josiah's reply, "but don't worry. Just take my hand. The way is etched in my memory. Oh, and bring your sweater. It's awfully windy tonight."

His words are eloquent as always. Rebekkah retrieves her sweater from the car, and away he whisks her into the night. Josiah races along the trail at such an incredible pace, it simply amazes her that he can even find his way through the sheer blackness of the night. So hasty is his manner, that she has little time to contemplate the darkness or the frosty air. Before long, they emerge from the gloom of the forest onto a small ridge that juts out from the mountain, offering a breath-taking view of the city below.

"Well, here we are, my dear," says Josiah, laying out a blanket for the two of them to sit on.

"Oh, Josiah. It's so beautiful," she says in return while taking in

a deep breath of the fresh mountain air.

Awestruck both by the spectacular view and Josiah's clearly romantic gesture, she sits down close to him.

"I know," he replies. "You'd never, in a million years, think that the story of Jana Vilorio was true."

"What story?" she inquires. "Who's Jana Vilorio?"

"No. Jana Vilorio. Don't tell me, my dear, you've never heard the story of Jana Vilorio?" The impish grin on Josiah's face quivers a bit, but Rebekkah is used to it. It means he's about to go into his patented story-telling mode.

"Jana was a high school student back in the Seventies," he starts. "Her boyfriend, Bryan Doane, died in an eerie car accident which left her utterly devastated. They say that Bryan was an excellent driver; in fact, he aspired to be a race car driver when he finished high school, so no one could understand how he crashed. Being a star athlete,

Bryan never drank or did drugs, so everyone concluded that there must have been some sort of foul play involved in his accident, but no evidence was ever discovered. Jana came up here one night shortly after Bryan's death to mourn for him."

"Hey! Stop trying to scare me," says Rebekkah as she connects with a quick elbow jab into Josiah's ribs.

"No, listen, my dear. It's a true story from what I hear. So, Jana comes up here to mourn her fallen boyfriend on a moonless night just like we have here tonight." Rebekkah, enthralled as usual by Josiah's ability for story-telling, squirms a little, and presses closer to him. "And as she sat here, at this very spot, crying, she heard a noise from the bushes. Hey! What was that?"

"Stop it, Josiah!" cries Rebekkah. "I didn't hear anything..."

Suddenly, there really is a loud crash in the bushes, and Rebekkah jerks noticeably. Josiah places his arm over her shoulder.

"Don't worry, my dear, it's

probably just a branch breaking," he reassures her. "I'm sorry. I'm just trying to scare you. It's much more fun that way. So, where was I, now? Oh, yes, after Jana hears this rustling noise in the bushes, she hears a dog's awful howl from down below in the city. It supposedly sounded like the wailing of orphaned babies left to die. Then, all of a sudden, the wind completely just stopped. You know, people say that is the only true way to tell when he is coming. With the gusting wind voiceless, an eerie silence descended upon the mountain-side, and from the shadows emerged..."

The suspense is broken by a dog's distant howl. Rebekkah shuffles her legs uneasily at the coincidence, but any real fear is conquered by the security Josiah's presence offers. She knows he will always keep her safe. For good measure, though, she places Josiah's arms tightly around her as he continues with his story.

"And from the shadows, emerged a demon." Josiah's mere pronunciation of the word 'demon' is enough to make Rebekkah grasp tighter, a credit to his story-telling capabilities. "And then the demon said to her, 'I came for Bryan. Now, I've come for you!' And, as a ghostly mist rose up from

this very ledge, the demon crept closer... and closer... and closer... until he reached out and seized Jana is his baneful grasp!"

Rebekkah jumps and buries her head into Josiah's breast, closing her eyes tightly, as his story continues.

"His grasp on her grew tighter and tighter until she could barely breathe. And as she battled for control of her soul, Jana tried to scream, but the demon's grasp was so tight, that nothing audible rose from her being. With Jana, squeezed to the point of near lifelessness in the demon's pernicious grasp, the two of them rose up from this ledge and drifted out over the city. Mystically, they floated there in mid-air, hundreds of feet up, locked in a devilish dance. And the demon held Jana ever more tightly until her soul had succumbed to his demonic courtship and evil had erased her very existence"

"You're just trying to scare me. That's not a true story..." says Rebekkah, and as she slowly lifts her head from Josiah's breast, she notices his grip has tightened, and the wind has stopped.

These realizations come to her at the very moment when she opens her eyes and sees the city's lights hundreds of feet below her.

The Angel of Death

By Jeannie Pyun
Runner up

It was midnight. The unseen spirit fluttered randomly here and there over my room. I sat in bed, wide-awake and scared to death. It knocked on my window and then on the wall and then landed on the table next to me. Holding my breath, I waited in quiet agony. The silence grew louder, so loud that it was palpable. I tried to reach out and shake my mom who was sleeping next to me, but I was too scared to move. I prayed silently to God that it would not hurt me. Then it spoke.

"She must die," it said in a hushed voice. That was the last thing that I expected to hear so I sat back in shock.

"I am Angel."

I did not know what to say. Am I dreaming, I wondered to myself? The silence grew heavier.

"You must kill your mother."

I screamed. My mother woke up and quickly quieted me. She asked if I had had a nightmare, and to ease her mind I told her that I did. But I could not go to sleep for the rest of the night thinking that the spirit would come back.

Later the next day, the night was a thing of the past. It started out like any normal day. The weather was gray, as usual, and the withering leaves outside in the backyard were piled up in a huge heap inviting me to come and jump in. I did and as the leaves scattered in every direction my mom called out crossly, "Sandy! You know you're not supposed to do that!" Shaking

her head at me she pulled out the belt she used when I got naughty.

"Come here!" she ordered. I slunk toward her with my hands behind my back and my chin in my chest. I used to cry when she hit me when I was younger, but now I just clenched my teeth really hard and pretended I was a rock. Rocks don't cry, I thought.

After she was finished, she gave me a hug and told me to wash up for breakfast. I looked at the welts on my legs and decided instead to go to my room. Slowly, I walked past the dining room, the guestroom, the study room, the living room, and stopped in front of the hallway. The hallway is long and dark and has mirrors lined up along side both walls. Once when I was three, I tripped and stumbled to the floor in the middle of the hallway. I felt like I was being swallowed up by darkness. I screamed and screamed and had nightmares after that about shadowy figures dancing across the walls.

I quickly switched on the light and proceeded to my room that was at the end of the hallway. Everywhere I looked there was a reflection of me. But somehow today the reflections looked distorted and ugly. Probably because of my tears, I thought. Then, that's when it happened. A strange voice called out my name. It was very soft and whispery and at first I thought it had been my imagination until I heard it again coming from all around me. I freaked out and ran to my room. Hastily, I slammed the door shut and went whim-

pering to my bed. I could hear my mother's footsteps walking toward me.

"Sandy! I told you not to slam the door," she said looking frustrated. "Why are you being so naughty today?"

"Mommy, there's a ghost in the hallway."

"Now, I told you not to lie. There are no such things as ghosts or spirits." She ran her hand through her hair absentmindedly. "Sandy, clean up your room and get ready, we're leaving for the hospital in a half-an-hour. We want to pay our respects to Grandma. She's very sick, you know."

As she hurriedly left the room, I crept under the covers and thought about my mother. I loved her but hated her at the same time. I often felt so misunderstood by her that I felt like running away. There were times when she made me so mad that I felt like stabbing her.

"Then do it."

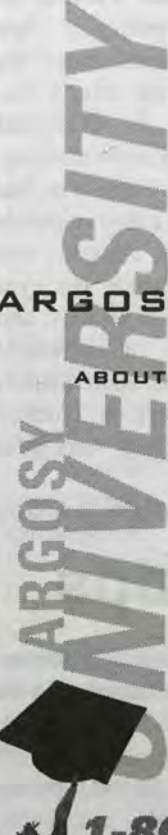
I jumped up in surprise. There were shadows moving across the walls that hadn't been there before. I tried to call out to my mom but my voice was weak from fear. The shadows blended into one and formed into the shape of a girl.

"Sandy," she said in a singsong voice, "your grandma won't make it tonight."

"Who are you? What do you want from me?"

"Your mother. Kill her. Kill her. Kill. Kill. Kill," her high-pitched voice laughed hysterically as I rushed out of my bedroom and into the hallway. Everywhere I could hear the laughter, and faces

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The Dream

By Terri Nakamura
Runner up

"I had that dream again," Suzie whispered to me. We were both sitting in the restaurant eating lunch, her complexion pale and white against the bright, sunny room. "It keeps happening every night since I moved into my new apartment," she moaned. I chewed slowly, trying to think of something to say. "It's the same woman again, dressed in that old yellow muumuu and she keeps calling my name over and over again" Suzie shook her head and sighed.

Knowing how the story went, and didn't know what else to say, I swallowed, and then asked, "Where are you in this dream, again?"

She replied, "I am at a beach at night, it's pitch black, and I am looking at the lady and she's glowing by the shore, with her feet all wet with the waves just lapping on them. She keeps calling my name and motions her hand to come towards her but I am scared, that look in her eyes looks so cold, so distant, so sad. I can't explain it."

Suzie pushed her plate out of the way and put her head on the table and closed her eyes.

"If only I can have one night's rest in my new place." Feeling bad for her, since I knew how much she liked to sleep, I asked "do you think it means anything bad?"

She opened her eyes and looked at me in an earnest expression.

"I don't know," she whispered. "There has to be a reasonable explanation, maybe because I am stressed out or I haven't gotten used to living there yet, and no Leigh, I don't want to

hear your stories that it might have some meaning or it could be an oja. . . what do people in Hawaii call ghosts?"

"Obake," I answered. "You never know, it can be anything."

Suzie looked at me with amusement and smiled. "Let's talk about something else," and picked up her fork.

Suzie moved into her dream apartment two weeks ago. After a steep down payment, and thirty more years of hefty mortgage payments, she could officially call it her own. A two bedroom, two bathroom corner unit with large windows and a wrap around lanai, with a beautiful view of the city, with balmy trade winds always welcoming the apartment, it became her own Shangri-la.

Of course it was not quite as huge as the original Shangri-la but it was all hers. It had a pool, Jacuzzi and gym room. The beachfront property stood tall behind a beautiful white sand beach with a little rocky cove just to the right of it. After moving from the mainland to Hawaii ten years ago, it was always her dream to live in the luxury of paradise, and it seemed it was a dream that was now ruining it.

I decided to come over for the weekend and keep her company. I was concerned since I didn't know what to make of this mysterious lady in her dream and plus I wanted to taste some of that luxury Suzie sweated blood and tears for. Busy with work as a lawyer, she worked almost seven days a week, her goal only to save for a house in paradise. I had been there once, when we came together to look at the place. Once I saw her eyes sparkle, I knew this was the place she wanted. Even with the steep

price, she got a good deal, since she bought it at half the original price it was advertised. I wondered why it was on the market so long, since it was a prime location, but my thoughts were diminished by Suzie's ecstatic behavior.

I arrived late Friday evening and was greeted by the condo's security guard, who unlocked the main outside entrance for me. I walked past the small plush lobby with another security guard nodding off at his desk and reached the intercom where I dialed the numbers to her phone.

She answered and I was buzzed through another gated entrance at the end of the lobby and walked towards the elevators. I arrived at the door of her apartment, and Suzie let me in.

"What's up with all the security, I don't remember all this security when I first came here" I asked her. "I never saw so much security in my life for a condo."

"I think it's all because of the richy rich people that live here," she replied.

"Oh," I shrugged my wondering thoughts off.

Suzie and I stayed up late watching movies on HBO and eating popcorn in her living room. We both decided to sleep together in the living room, in case she showed signs of restless sleep, I could wake her. After getting under the blankets, and the lights turned off, Suzie started taking about her dream. "What do you think it is?"

"I don't know, I think it means something," I replied. "Did you ever find out the history on the building or know who the previous owners were?"

Suzie was quiet for a moment, and then said, "I was so excited

in buying the place, I didn't even think to research, I mean, how can such a beautiful place be haunted or cursed? I know what you are thinking, Leigh, it's your local island superstition that is taking over your mind."

I got offended. "You know Suzie maybe you lived here for ten years and are a *kama'aina*, but you have to realize, unknown things do happen, even in paradise. There are stories of people seeing ghosts who call their name or hear their name being called and no one is around."

"Silly goose, this is just a dream," Suzie, the skeptic, insisted.

"But this dream comes every night and you wake up from it every time you turn your back on the woman." I turn towards my friend and I saw fear in her eyes for a moment, and fade away as she spoke.

"No, its just stress. I'm tired. Goodnight, my dear friend."

I sighed and whispered, "Goodnight."

It's so dark I can't see anything. I am on the beach, for I hear waves crashing against the shore and I am standing on sand. As my eyes start to get used to the darkness, I see two figures ahead of me and I walk towards them. As I walk closer, I realize its Suzie looking at a glowing woman in a yellow muumuu.

A sense of fear and dread come over me, and I stop ten feet away from them. I am in the same dream with Suzie. I am trying my best to wake myself up, I keep telling myself to wake up, but to no avail.

A sense of panic hits and a feeling of dread flows through me. I know this is no ordinary dream. I watch as Suzie turns her back on the woman and she disappears into the night. The woman turns and walks towards me: my heart is going ten thousand times a minute and my fear intensifies but I cannot run, I cannot move.

She stops three feet in front of me and stretches her arm out and beckons me. I look at her and study her face and see that her facial features are Polynesian, except for her hazel eyes, eyes that glimmer pain and sadness.

A small groan comes from her and she opens her mouth to speak. "Leeeiiggghh" a chilly, girly, high-pitched voice comes out of the apparition. The sound pierces the silence and I gasp in surprise she knows my name, and I keep telling myself to turn around and run, but I am not able to do it, as if some unseen power is paralyzing me. "Leeeiiggghh, please help me" it sounds so pitiful, I want to cry.

She's at the edge of the ocean and suddenly spots of blood seep through her muumuu and spreads rapidly on the fabric. Her bright muumuu soon becomes drenched and clings to her slim frame.

The woman starts sobbing inconsolably with blood dripping from her dress and arms, falling into the ocean while the waves come and dilute it, white foam turning into swirls of pink. I start to cry, for the turmoil of emotions I feel, my fear, the woman's sadness, the blood covering her body, and feeling of being powerless and having no control of myself.

Suddenly she grasps my arm above my elbow and I cry out a surprised gasp. Her ice-cold vise-like grip sends shivers throughout my body. I see blood on my arm, dripping down towards me as if to consume me and me won't let go of me; I am frantically trying to scramble away from her.

"No, no, no," These thoughts are racing in my mind and I don't know if I am saying them out loud or not. I move my body in a snakelike dance, hoping to wriggle myself away from her. She starts to laugh, an evil, wicked cackle that pierces the still night and I feel so light headed I think I am going to faint.

"Leigh, wake up, Leigh!" Suzie's distraught look is the first thing I see. She is hovered over me and her eyes are so big and scared.

"Leigh, oh my God, what's up with all this blood?" she is screaming, as she puts her hands up to cover her eyes. I get up and stand, confused, realizing my clothes and blanket are soaked with a red substance.

"Leigh, please tell me you got your period, or got up in the middle of night and went somewhere and cut yourself, or. . . or. . ."

Suzie starts sobbing as she backs away from me, and crawls to the corner of her living room. My arm is so painful like someone has just released its tourniquet and I feel the blood pulsating through it. I run into the bathroom and scramble into the shower.

Furiously scrubbing all the blood off me, I look at my arm and see a faint dark red handprint, like a birthmark. I try my best to scrub it off, but it remains there, a tangible memoir to my dream. I start crying as the tears become blended with the shooting streams of water. I keep telling myself to pull my self together, for my sanity and for Suzie.

Suzie is still in the corner of her apartment, crying silently and I look at the bloodied futon and sheets in the middle of the living room. I think it's time we find out about this place, my friend," stretching out my arm calmly so she can see the imprint on my arm. Suzie looks up and sees the imprint on my arm and shudders. She suddenly turns white, paler than I ever saw her before and nods silently, staring

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The Angel of Death

(continued from page 6)

lunged at me from the mirrors. I screamed and screamed and felt like I was three years old again. My mother and I met at the end of the hallway and I collapsed into her arms babbling incoherently. I told her about the voices, the faces, and about Angel but she told me that I must have been dreaming.

"But, Mommy! I'm telling the truth!" I cried.

"Look, you have a fever. I guess you'll be staying home today. I'll sleep with you again tonight so that you won't keep having these nightmares, alright?"

I nodded my head weakly and dozed off in the living room. A few hours later, I woke up to an eerie silence.

"Mommy?" I called out. No one answered.

"Mommy!" Still no answer. Sick with apprehension, I wandered out into the backyard. No one was there. The pile of leaves that had been there this morning were gone and the emptiness of the yard made me

turn back toward the house when I noticed something. An old locket was caught in the gate by the corner of the house. I opened it and gasped. It was Angel. Her eyes glinted at me coldly and I quickly closed it.

"Sandy! What have you got there?" my mother called out. Startled, I dropped the locket. She walked over to me, grabbed the locket, and a strange look came over her face. "Where did you find this? I thought I had lost it."

"It was caught on the gate. Mommy, that girl in there kinda reminds me of you."

"It's nothing. Nothing, I tell you." Then suddenly, tears came streaming down her face. "Oh Sandy! How did you find this? I was going to have this burned."

"Mommy, was that you in the locket?"

"No. The girl you saw in the picture was my identical twin sister, Mary. I never talked about her... I don't know if I should start to now." She took out a handkerchief and blew her nose. She hesitated then sat me down and told me a story.

"Long ago, my mother had two children—Mary and me. We were very spoiled and our mother beat us every day hoping to turn us into good children. We hated our mother, so we would play pretend games on how we would kill her. Mary was the older one so I would go along with whatever she said to do. One day, Mary and I were just at the climax of our game when our mother overheard what we were saying and came screaming and yelling at us with a belt in her hand. We ran away and hid in the closet. I could hear a lot of crashing and banging going outside and then sudden silence. Oh no, I thought, she found us. Mary reached over and gave me a hug. She told me that she was going to go to Mom and try to apologize. I held onto her, crying that she wasn't going to make it. She looked me in the eyes and told me that after she was done with Mom she was coming to get me. We were going to be okay, she said.

The Dream

(continued from page 7)

Into my eyes as if she can find the answer there.

Suzie and I cleaned up the place and packed some of her belongings, for she was going to stay at a hotel until she could figure out what was going on. As we locked the door to her condo, we saw her next door neighbor, Mrs. Chung, an elderly, fragile woman and the condo's gossip queen was locking her door to leave also. "Good morning Mrs. Chung" Suzie exclaimed with a monotone voice.

"My, dear, it looks like you're tired, just like how I used to see the previous couple all the time," Mrs. Chung exclaimed. "They used to look so exhausted every time I saw them, and they only lived here for two months before they moved out," Mrs. Chung shook her head.

I raised my eyebrow to Suzie and nudged her. She looked at me with understanding and started probing for information.

"Why, Mrs. Chung, did they say why they were so tired all the time?" Suzie asked. Mrs. Chung looked up from opening her door and gave her a strange look.

"Why, my dear, they said that they would have this nightmare of a woman being murdered right in their own home. Me, being Chinese and superstitious, think it's because Miss. Anderson is not able to rest yet, not until her murderer is put away," Mrs. Chung chuckled at that thought.

"Huh?" I gasped in surprised. "Murdered?" Suzie looked at

me with big eyes. Mrs. Chung started giggling like a schoolgirl at our reactions.

"Lei Anderson, the most prettiest thing you'd ever see. A beautiful *hapa* girl with hazel eyes and a very rich daddy. He was in real estate, I think. Well, he bought her this place when it first opened up when this building was brand new; let's see, twenty-five years ago. Not even a year later, she was found dead on the beach in front of this place, wearing a blood soaked yellow muumuu. The never found her killer or knew what had happened except she was stabbed many times. They just don't have that fancy pansy DNA testing and stuff like that TV show, *CSI*," Mrs. Chung shook her head.

"How do you know all of this, Mrs. Chung?" exclaims Suzie. "Are you sure this happened?"

"My goodness, I may be an old fut, but I know, I was there, I was one of the first people who bought a place too. I saw them take her body away. Throughout the years they always had strict security. The owners living there never had a problem until maybe a year ago. They moved out saying they were having horrible nightmares and tried renting the place but no one stayed more than two or three months. They put it up for sale and now you're the new owner," Mrs. Chung opened her door. "Good-bye ladies," she exclaimed.

Before she shut the door, Suzie exclaimed, "Wait! Why now? Why after twenty-five years she

decides to come back?" Suzie looked at me with a bewildered look. I shook my head and looked at her sadly.

"Well, there was a suspect, her boyfriend at the time who was living in the building, a Mr. Joe Manson. He was a very handsome young man, but I remember Mr. Manson was very possessive and they were always fighting. He moved away as soon as Lei died and before the police could question him. Never came back until his momma died over a year ago and I saw him again in this building, I heard he took over his momma's place after she died. In my opinion, I am not going to point fingers, but if her spirit is back after all these years, it must be telling us something on who's the guilty person." Mrs. Chung shut her door and left us standing in the hall, speechless.

"You're right, Leigh," exclaimed Suzie. "I should've checked the place out. I am so sorry you had to go through this."

"That's okay, Suzie," I quietly told her. "Now I know you believe me." She looked at me and nodded. I told her something was going to happen soon, but I didn't know what. She shuddered.

Suzie stayed in a nearby hotel the next couple weeks, only going to her apartment to pick up clothes. That handprint never came off, no matter how much I tried washing it off with something, even after using turpentine and Pine Sol. One day, while

assisting her to her apartment to pick up clothes, we got into the elevator with a handsome middle age man. A chill went through me, as if the source came from the handprint on my arm, and quickly made its way throughout my body. I gave Suzie a hard nudge and she looked at me with a wondering look until I pointed to my arm and then to the man. She looked at the man with a combination of disgust and amazement. At that instant, I knew what I had to do. As we got off the elevator to Suzie's floor, I nudged the man as hard as I could with my arm.

"I'm sorry, sir," I smiled at the man.

"That's okay, it was my pleasure," he smiled back, a handsome, charming, cold smile. His eyes were an ice blue, and no emotions peered through them. Instantly a thought ran through my mind as I tried to shake it off. This man is the devil. No, he's just a guy who almost got away with murder.

The next morning I awoke, the handprint was gone from my arm. I called Suzie and she was relieved and happy. I told her maybe it was time to move back into her apartment. She agreed and we decided to meet up later in the afternoon at the hotel and we would go to the condo together. As we walked thought the doors of the condo, we noticed several policemen and were stopped by the security guard.

"Excuse me ladies do you have your ID and condo keys?" The dark-skinned husky man asked.

Suzie nodded and handed over her items. "What happened?" she

asked.

"A man was found dead in his condo this morning, a neighbor complained he heard screaming and called the police. When they came, no one answered the door and they threw the door down, they found the man sitting on his sofa, dead, no sign of any struggle or anything. So strange. No cause of death yet." The security guard sighed. "Poor guy, his mom just died a year ago."

Suzie and I looked at each other in amazement. We silently hurried to her apartment and when she shut the door, she spoke for the first time since talking to the security guard.

"Wow, I can't believe it." She sat on her sofa in the living room. "We killed a man."

I gently touched her shoulder. "No, we didn't. Lei Anderson got her murderer. He deserved it; we didn't do anything, except bring her peace and us peace. If she didn't do this, she would still be sad and unhappy and still be haunting your ass, and I would still have a birthmark-looking-thingy the shape of a hand." I sat next to Suzie and she looked up and smiled wearily. "That man was evil. When I looked at him, it was as if he had no soul in his eyes, like... I don't know." I sighed. "I am not saying he deserved to die, but I believe justice was served correctly."

Suzie smiled and then replied, "Hopefully no more dreams except the dream of living in my beautiful home."

I smiled back and said, "That's the only dream I think you'll have from now on."

I was right.

Essay Contest!

By Staff

Alpha Kappa Psi Chapter of Psi Theta Kappa is announcing their first Essay Contest reflecting this year's honor topic, "Customs, Celebrations and Traditions: The Human Drive for Community" and their chapter theme "Ka Ho'ohiwahiwa me Ka Malama o ka 'Ike laula, Honoring and Preserving Diversity."

The essay must incorporate your reflection to these two questions: How important to you is the preservation of diverse cultures in Hawai'i? How would you help to preserve culture diversity in today's society? The essay should be approximately three to four pages in length, typed, double-spaced with one-inch margins in a "normal" typeface. Your essay must include a cover sheet with your name, address, telephone number and be attached to your entry. Essays must be the work of the entrant and not have been published in any magazine or journal. Essays written for college classes or published in the *Kapi'o* are acceptable.

Essays should be turned in to

the Honors Education Office in 'Iliahi 117 no later than Friday, November 2. Please submit your entries in a sealed envelope, which is clearly marked "Essay Contest Entry."

Only students enrolled at KCC at the time of the entry are eligible to enter.

First prize is a \$50 gift certificate for Ala Moana Shopping Center, publication in the *Kapi'o* and the Phi Theta Kappa Newsletter.

Second prize is a \$20 gift certificate and two movie passes.

Third prize is a \$10 gift certificate and two movie passes.

This year, we are privileged to have three KCC faculty members and two visiting instructors from China on the panel of judges! Entries from Phi Theta Kappa members will also be submitted for selection in the Phi Theta Kappa International Honor Society Anthology *Nota Bene*.

For more information, contact Terrie Morinaga, Essay Contest coordinator at 988-3254 or via e-mail at teresa.morinaga@ptk.org.

Wass Up Wit Dat?



Strategically placed signs along walkways at KCC read "Fire Lane," but wass up wit dat?

By Jesse Fujimoto

What do these signs mean? What significant impact do these signs provide? Is this supposed to be scary? What could these signs possibly mean and why were they placed where they were? Any answers?

Please write your answers or comments on a piece of paper and drop it off at Lama 119 (diamond head side of the library), or e-mail your responses to kapi@leahi.kcc.hawaii.edu. Please address your response to "Fire Lane—Jesse."

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Shoji and the "Girls"

The Na Wahine volleyball team seeks to bring the glory days back

By Patrick Evans

The glorious history of the Na Wahine volleyball program dates back to 1979, a year when they witnessed their first NCCA volleyball championship. In the next decade, the UH Na Wahine provided UH volleyball fans with an air of dominance. In 1987, future Olympic phenom Tee Williams, middle blocker Susan Eagy, and all-star setter Tita Ahuna led their team to

another national championship.

In the here and now, the new generation of Na Wahine are a group of talented core players who seek to bring the "glory days" back home. With head coach Dave Shoji still at the helm, the Na Wahines plan on making it to the Final Four.

"That's our goal," said Shoji. He is confident his team could be in contention for another national title. "It is feasible and we want to be good enough to win the first

two rounds of the NCAA tournament and take our chances."

Shoji said that his team has the talent and the athleticism to contend for the title. In the NCCA tournament, playing well on the road is a crucial element to team success. With that in mind, Shoji preaches to his team on how it is important to be efficient on the road.

"We would want to try to upset somebody at *their* place," Shoji said.

The Na Wahines are ranked 11th in the nation, one notch up from their previous ranking due to the recent victory over the Fresno State Bulldogs at home. Although they visibly struggled at the start

of the season, they were able to pick up the slack and improve their play.

The most recognized player on the team is outstanding outside hitter Kim Willoughby. The athletic Willoughby is only a sophomore but she leads the nation in kills per game. Willoughby's phenomenal play has earned her the respect of her coach.

"She's a complete player," Shoji said. "She does it all for us."

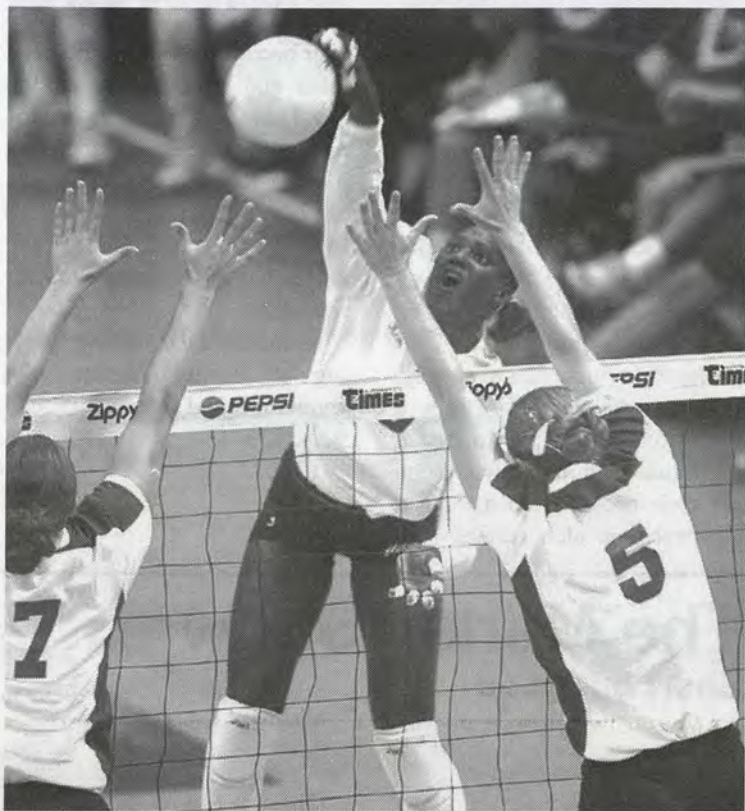
Shoji said that UH volleyball fans should wait one or two more years before making any the comparisons between Tee Williams and Willoughby. How-

ever, Shoji notes that Willoughby is very capable of rising to that level.

Shoji's 27 years of coaching has given the Na Wahines a foundation for their learning and progression.

Will he retire soon? As of now, Shoji plans on doing what he does best and has not set a timetable for retirement. Shoji and his team's focus is to do the best they can in order to call it a successful season.

"I think we got a ways to go," Shoji said. "I think we're one of those teams where you would have to say that we're a long shot for the title. . . But we like that role."



Above: Na Wahine volleyball star Kim Willoughby spikes one down. Photo courtesy of UH Sports Department.

So, you wanna be... A writer?

By MS Pata

Page 8 and Business Editor

Everyone has a story to tell. But, according to novelist Lois Ann Yamanaka, until you can see yourself in print you don't feel validated. You need to see a story and/or characters that you can relate to in order to feel validated. That's why local writing is so important. That's why local writers need to keep writing. Our lives out here in Hawai'i are valid and not lived in grass shacks by people wearing grass skirts and coconut shells. Local people are real people with real stories.

The Bamboo Ridge Press Writer's Institute was held on October 19 at the UH Manoa Campus Center meeting rooms. Offering participants the opportunity to meet with other artists, not just writers. General sessions featured writers, poets, playwrights, and even movie-makers. They answered questions and talked about how they create their art. There were even sessions that discussed how to get published, what to expect when entering the *Honolulu Magazine* short story contest

(the premier short story contest in the state), and how to adapt literature for the stage.

The biggest names there included Lois Ann Yamanaka, Nora Okja Keller, Joy Harjo, and KCC's own Gail Harada (winner of last year's Bamboo Ridge poetry contest). KCC instructors Keith Kashiwada and Gary Pak were also some of the other big names participating.

Master workshops were conducted in the afternoon and offered those who participated a chance to meet with others and have their work critiqued. Nora Okja Keller offered this piece of advice: writers need to share their work because sometimes, someone outside can offer a perspective about your work that you cannot see or maybe don't know how to handle. The master workshops offered such an opportunity.

The Institute offered writers a day filled with writing and reading. It was a chance for anyone with any kind of interest in writing to enjoy not only the stories, but those who lived and created the stories. If you didn't participate this year, remember it for next year.



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What Happened at Mulholland Dr.?

By Tevita Toutaiolepo

David Lynch is back to confuse us as the visions of his art step outside the boundaries of modern moviemaking. *Mulholland Dr.* is carefully crafted with masterful scenes of satire, violence, comedy, drama, mystery, lust and love, jealousy, deceit and betrayal, tragedy and power, just like Shakespeare.

It is edited to perfection and to the point that this movie can be seen as an indescribable mood, with all the scenes and images altering the mind into a zone where intelligence can't overstep, where you are just left to feel and think without your mind and heart. And like the beat of a drum, there is a rhythm in this picture; a beautiful rhythm and flow masterminded by Lynch himself. And if you can understand the beat of a drum or music without lyrics then you can understand this movie. Symbolism and metaphors can be thrown out the door and you find yourself staring at an abstract painting that is life, and what is life anyway? These are the affects of David Lynch.



Laura Harring as Rita. —Photo from the *Mulholland Dr.* website.

Mulholland Dr., Lynch's first effort since *The Straight Story* (in 1999), peaks into the mind of a director who may be seen as an abstract Shakespeare.

There are hints of Lynch's style that he used in *Twin Peaks* and *Lost Highway*. There are bits and pieces of information and gestures that suggest meanings, pieces that seem to fit, then don't, characters that seem important, then disappear. There are many characters and sub plots that intertwine in so many different

directions, yet somehow are connected to something bigger that is never unmasked or understood. There's always that "Wizard of Oz" element but we don't get to see the man behind the curtain or to know of his intentions. It's like you're trying to find the meaning of life and you gather knowledge on your journey but as you progress you never really started.

Mulholland Dr. was written by Lynch and was originally a failed pilot for ABC. It starts

as your average mystery movie. A beautiful woman escapes a murder attempt on a famous road in Los Angeles, Mulholland Dr. (hence the name), through an unexpected car accident. She leaves the scene and hides herself in an apartment. She meets Betty, a naive innocent young blonde who is housesitting the apartment for her aunt. Betty wants to live out her Hollywood dream of becoming an actress. They befriend each other in a confusing relationship, confusing because the accident victim, Rita, has amnesia. She names herself after Rita Hayworth.

Together they try to retrace the days before Rita lost her memory. Though they investigate and make progress, this whole movie is shrouded in mystery. Characters they meet and don't meet overtake the script in a fashion that lets you know you're watching another one of David Lynch's movies.

There's a purse full of money. There are lawyers who force a studio and a director to cast a mysterious girl in a movie. They get their orders from a man in a wheelchair who resides in a

room with a glass wall keeping him from direct contact with the lawyers. The director finds out that his wife has been unfaithful. He is also being followed by a cowboy whom he meets at a ranch in the middle of the night. The cowboy gives erie advice and disappears, and he is somehow connected to the lawyers and the wheelchair man.

Betty goes to an audition, which leads to another audition in which the director is casting the mysterious girl. Betty and Rita get close to Rita's identity only to find an apartment with a dead woman's body. They later become intimate with each other and come across a blue key. Later they attend an experimental theatre performance that implies that everything is just an illusion. Things get more twisted. The plot builds and builds but the mystery is never revealed.

Mulholland Dr. is now playing at Varsity Theatre. For showtimes and information call 973-5833.

Roll it up, light it up, smoke it up

The Smokeout Tour comes to Hawai'i

By Lily Morningstar
Co-editor

It was probably around 90 degrees in the parking lot of Kualoa ranch. It is Sunday, October 21 at noon. The Smokeout Tour featuring NOFX, Pennywise, Cypress Hill and Guttermouth has just started. There are probably around 30 people in the parking lot.

The smart ones are lathering themselves with SPF 50 sun block and drinking beer. The stupid people are just drinking beer. There is a distinctive vibe of anticipation in the air that mingles with the distant sound of punk rock music.

The first band, Guttermouth has already started.

Inside the gates, people mill around checking out the booths that are selling a variety of goods from t-shirts to bongos to whip-its. Up near the stage it is crowded and a cloud of dust froths in the air above the flying fists and bodies that are the mosh pit. Girls and guys alike are being tossed into the air, where they are passed around by the crowd.

The alcoholics are all lining up to get into the area that has been fenced off for the beer garden. Beers are \$4 a cup. Most of the people in the beer garden are clean, whereas the people without wristbands have been in the mosh pit and are now covered with a thick layer of dust and sweat. Dirt-caked teeth are a common sight and it is apparant that people are trying not to smile for fear of looking gross.

Beer drinkers and moshers alike are hot and thirsty. Water costs \$2 so not many people are as hydrated as they ought to be. In fact, everything being sold is completely overpriced.

A few people who took a slightly more intense beating in "the pit" are limping and bloodied. Others wander around in their socks because their shoes were pulled off while they were "crowd surfing."

The visual aspect of Kualoa Ranch is awesome. The concert is set on a slight hill with the stage near the bottom. The ground is cracked and hard and dusty from being baked in the sun. There is very little grass except for one area that the stoners have pretty much taken over. A cloud of marijuana smoke hovers over the bodies that are littered around the small field. On one side of the ranch the ocean glitters in the afternoon sunlight. On the other side, a giant ridge looms protectively.

The next band, NOFX, comes on and the crowd goes crazy. The mosh pit is insane and dangerous. It mostly consists of big, sweaty, dirty guys with their shirts off. But a few brave women venture in and get knocked around. The security guards are having a hard time controlling the crowd and have opted for manhandling people.

Outside "the pit," a few people are sitting on blankets or in the prickly grass which is speckled with dried cow droppings. These people are mostly clean, a few of the women even have high

heels on. The more experienced concert attendees are wearing sneakers.

Pennywise, the next band, comes on stage with more punk rock. The lead singer leads the crowd in a chant of "F--- Osama."

Water bottles, shoes and beach balls are flying about rampantly. A girl gets taken out in an ambulance wearing a neck brace. They band finishes its set with a jacked up rendition of "Stand by me."

The sun has now sunk behind the ridge and a noticeable chill has descended upon the day. Three bleached-blond breast-implemented groupies walk out on stage to announce the next band; Cypress Hill. The guys in the crowd hoot and holler at the groupies while the girls jealously mutter nasty comments under their breath.

When Cypress Hill starts playing, a more mellow vibe becomes apparent. The mosh pit simmers down some and joints are lit.

It is getting late and the sun and beer and mosh pit has made everyone tired, a few people leave early. When the chords of the last song of the day, "Rock Superstar" begin, the majority of the crowd gets up to dance.

As the song finishes the crowd breaks into tremendous applause, then, tired, dirty and sweaty but completely satisfied, the everyone herds out of the gates, like cattle, and out into the deepening twilight.

The Marley Show

Short but good

By Lily Morningstar
Co-editor

I arrived at the Waikiki Shell Amphitheater late, of course, because we got lost walking there. It was Friday October 26, 8 p.m., and the concert started an hour ago.

Inside, it was surprisingly not crowded. Most of the girls were dressed in hippie attire: long flowy skirts and tank tops, braids and flowers. Everyone seemed stoned, but due to the lack of marijuana smoke I guessed that most people were posers and they were only faking it.

The scene was mellow, people move slowly to the music or skank in small scattered groups. The music was not that loud, which contributed to the mellow atmosphere. The night was warm and balmy with a slight breeze coming off the ocean. The whole night had a kind of romance and beauty to it.

Everyone was relaxed. —Except for the boy (he was probably about 16 years old) who asked me to dance and then, like a pervert, he groped my ass.

After losing all my friends in the crowd, I met some kids with a backpack who had snuck in by crawling through the bushes. They had a camera so they take pictures with me.

The grass was green and soft so a large quantity of people were just lounging around in the back part of the crowd.

The music was really peaceful. It was a relief after the mayhem of

last weekend's Smokeout Tour.

The very front of the show was barricaded off and an old guy is checking people's IDs. I was, of course, not admitted. Damien Marley finished his performance and someone else came on. No one knew who he was, myself included, but the music fit the mood and no one seemed to care.

I saw some women in long skirts and braided hair skanking energetically to the music. They looked like total hippies but I saw the same exact women at the Smokeout Tour covered in dirt, in the mosh pit and beating up guys. I guessed they really like music.

Both Jr. Gong and Julian Marley put on excellent performances. The whole place emanated a vibe of love and happiness, which was created by the music.

At around 9:30 p.m., the show ended. At first I didn't even realize it was over because it was so short. I stood around for a little while waiting for the next band to come on but then I noticed people leaving. I get the hint.

I overheard some guy say, "That sucked! I was here for like five minutes, I spent 26 bucks on that."

I overheard someone else say it was the best show he had ever seen. I give the show's musicality a 10 but the length of it only gets a 2 because it should have been at least an hour longer.

Bart Wilson and Service Learning work together

by Tevita Toutaiolepo

It's amazing what can happen to you when you get involved in KCC's Service Learning Program, take Bart Wilson for instance.

Wilson is the coordinator for Service Learning's Teen Reading Program, a program that involves KCC students reading books and stories to students at middle schools and high schools who aren't strong in English or who speak it as a second language. Before Wilson was in charge of this program he took a little journey.

It all started in the spring semester of 2001 when Wilson

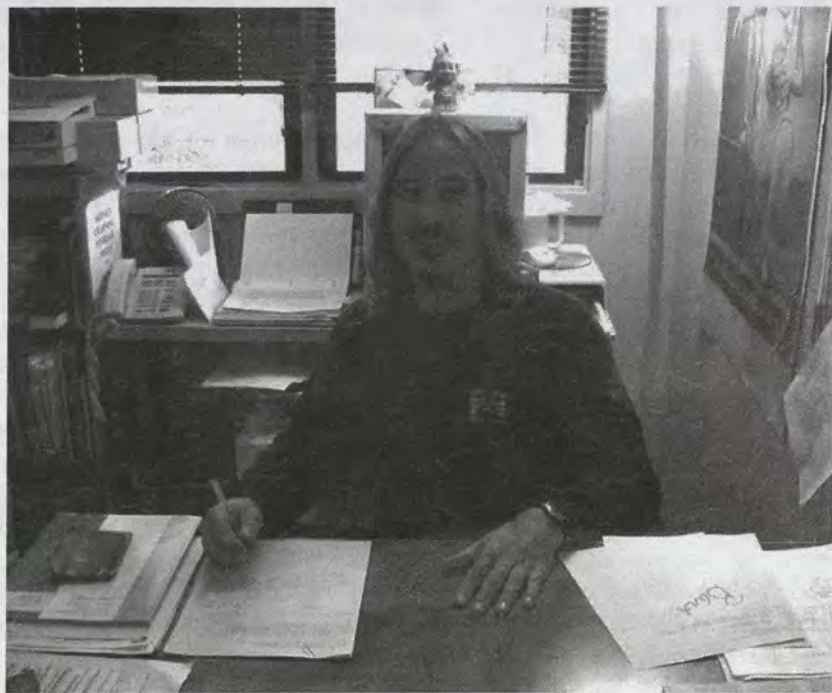
plans on majoring in fine arts to eventually teach at the college level.

Wilson enjoyed the experience of helping students to read better and promoting knowledge as a whole. According to Wilson, when you're reading to kids it's almost as if you're a teacher. And when they show their appreciation of your service, it makes it all worth it.

After the semester ended, Wilson attended both summer sessions, where furthered his community service experiences. He volunteered for the "Read to Me" conference, the "Tanabata Star Festival" at the Japanese Cultural Center of Hawai'i and

Bart Wilson at work in the KCC Service Learning Office.

—Photo by Tevita Toutaiolepo



teering last spring. He is also involved in Service Learning's Ahupua'a Program at the Lyon Arboretum in Manoa Falls. This program involves taking nature hikes with children and educating them about the environment.

With this busy schedule, Wilson also still manages to attend school.

Before he got involved with Service Learning, Wilson didn't donate even a minute of his time to any type of volunteer work. Now a whole new world has been opened to him; he has met new people and gone to new places and has a clearer understanding of the paths he plans to take in the future.

Wilson says that Service Learning has not just given him ideas of what he wants to do, but has also shown him things that he *doesn't* want to do. One door closes and a million more are opened.

Wilson says that Service Learning has not just given him ideas of what he wants to do, but has also shown him things that he doesn't want to do.

took "A Learning Community" class. It combined English and Psychology and required Service Learning as part of the course. This class, taught by Lee Dooley and Tanya Renner, started Wilson as a participant in the Teen Reading program.

Forty hours of community service is required to enter the UH College of Education, so it was perfect for Wilson, who

the "Taste of Honolulu" food festival.

When the fall semester arrived, Wilson took it up another notch. As coordinator of the Teen Reading Program, Wilson helps to place Service Learning participants into the schools that request readings.

There are 16 students involved in the Teen reading program this fall compared to the 11 volun-

Wilson is proof that the Service Learning program affects both student and community in ways that can only be productive.

"Volunteering is an important part of my life now," says Wilson.

And as if this guy didn't do enough, Wilson is also a writer. He is up to the eleventh chapter of a novel he is writing titled "Malkavian Messiah." The novel

is a story about two people who take a vacation trip only to come across Malkavian vampires, a different breed of vampire, not your average movie type. He plans to blend fiction into non-fiction to achieve the style of his novel.

for more information on Service Learning contact Phoenix Lundstrom at: 734-9285 or by email at kccserve@hawaii.edu.

Wotchoo Talking? Celebrating pidgin culture, braddahs and sistahs

Eh, you tink you tak Pidgin English pretty good o' wat? Den if you tink so, Lee Tonouchi wants you. Yes you.

Fo' real, braddahs and sistahs. Da guy Tonouchi, he one teachah at KCC but he one of da big promotahs of Pidgin English in da Islands. He even call himself "Da Pidgin Guerrilla."

He wen tell us at Kapi'o dat him and Bess Press, dey coming out wit one book called *Da Kine Dictionary*. Going be one book wit all dakine Pidgin English vocabulary. And guess wat? He like you participate.

Tonouchi sez, "We like all you Pidgin talkers be part of dis historical projack. Go write down one Pidgin word or phrase. Spell 'em howevah you tink should spell 'em. Try tell da meaning as bess you can in Pidgin. And den use 'em in one sentence. Da sentence can be sad, mad, funny, gld, wotevahs—cuz Pidgin can express da whole range of human emotions."

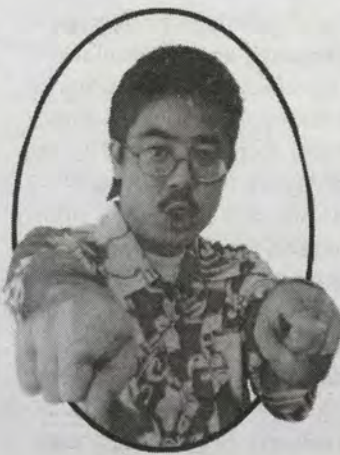
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Hot off the presses! The 2002 KCC Spring Schedule of Classes

The KCC Spring 2002 Schedule of Courses is now available at the KCC Bookstore, Library, and Holomua Center. There is no charge for the schedule. It is also available at the KCC web site (www.kcc.hawaii.edu).

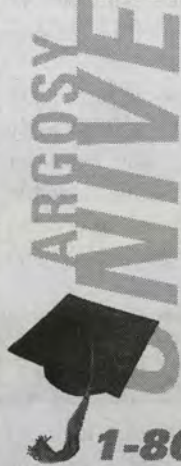
AUW Update

The Aloha United Way office on campus will still be accepting pledges to the end of the year, but it has already hit its mark. As of this date, AUW announced that it has raised \$12,432 on campus. This is 103 percent of the 2001 AUW goal.

2002 Lot "A" Permits now available

Auxiliary Services has announced that Lot "A" Permits for students for Spring Semester 2002 will be available at Olopuia 103 effective December 3. This year the permits will be available earlier. As always, students must present a valid KCC registration receipt for Spring '02, and have available the information on their vehicle's insurance and registration.

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Announcements

Please drive safely and park legally in our neighborhood

A message from the good folks at KCC to students: This is a reminder to adhere to all speed limits while driving on our neighboring streets. Complaints have been received of KCC college students speeding up and down Alohea Avenue. Alohea serves as a major thoroughfare to our campus, but it is also a residential street housing many pets and senior citizens. A caller noted that several pet cats have been run over in recent weeks.

Also, another recurring complaint is about illegally parked cars on neighboring streets, which block rubbish containers and driveways. Be especially considerate on 16th Avenue, where it has been reported that residents cannot drive their cars out of their garages due to cars illegally parked too close to the driveways. Please be good citizens to our KCC neighbors and abide by all traffic rules. We want to minimize hardships and maximize the health and safety of our students and neighbors.

Tuition Waivers Available

The UH administration is trying to help out by making more tuition waivers available to students.

The UH administration is in the process of establishing policies and procedures for the tuition waivers to assist students affected by any lay-off due to the September 11 disasters. These waivers will be need-based and effective Spring 2002. These special waivers are not guaranteed to be renewable beyond the spring 2002 semester.

Individuals who plan to apply for the special 9-11 waivers are encouraged to apply for admission to a UH campus, if they have not already done so, and apply for student financial assistance by completing the Free Application for Federal Student Aid (FAFSA) as soon as possible.

For the KCC campus, the contact office is the Financial Aid Office in 'Ilima 104. Glen Taketa is our financial aid officer and

can be reached at 734-9536. Students may also call Mona Lee, Dean of Student Services, at 734-9522 for further information and help.

Early Registration for Spring 2002

Here are the remaining dates relating to early registration for Spring 2002 for current KCC students. Register during this early period rather than waiting until January, when there will be a much more limited choice of classes.

Nov. 1-21: Registration for all other current students. Students may register at or after their assigned registration time. (This is when we would like all current continuing students to register.)

Nov. 26-Dec. 20: Extended early registration and change of registration period.

More detailed information is included with the registration forms and in the Spring 2002 Schedule of Courses.

The NAACP comes to KCC

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, College Chapter at the University of Hawai'i at KCC is seeking Executive Officers, Chairpersons, Committee Members, and members to enhance civil rights and economic equality in Hawaii. Please Mark Your Calendar because the Orientation and Membership Meeting will be held Friday, November 2, 12 noon-1 p.m. in Mokihana 102. All Are Welcome. For more information e-mail: naacp@hawaii.edu.

National Institutes of Health (NIH) Grants Seminar

The NIH is sponsoring a two-day workshop on funding opportunities during November 7-8. The workshop is free and will be held in the Keone Auditorium at the East-West Center, 1777 East-West Road.

The upcoming workshops are an opportunity to increase your understanding of the research funding source and enable researchers to develop more competitive grant proposals. The

NIH funding supports research in several disciplines, including biomedical sciences, nursing, behavioral sciences, chemistry, engineering, information and computer sciences (bioinformatics), etc.

Contact Dr. Harold McArthur, director of Research Relations, at UHM, 956-8128, for more information or questions. Registration form and agenda can be obtained from the Instructional Services Office.

On-line job placement office

The KCC On-Line Job Placement System is now ready for Beta Testing. All faculty, counselors, staff, and students are invited to participate. This is an opportunity for you to give constructive feedback to the site before it is launched sometime in the near future.

To register for the testing, please send your e-mail address to gemmaw@hawaii.edu. The private company that is developing the site will send you information directly. Also a number of orientation classes on how to use the site are scheduled for:

Friday, October 26 from 9 a.m.-12 noon Thursday, November 1 from 1-4 p.m.

Wednesday, November 7 from 1-4 p.m.

Tuesday, November 13 from 9 a.m.-12 noon

An Advanced Training Session is scheduled for Monday November 19, from 1-4 pm.

You need to sign up for only one basic session. At that session, you can determine whether you will need the Advanced Session.

For Psychology Professors, Students, and Counselors:

A representative from Argosy University will be in the Maida Kamber Center, 'Ilima 103, on Tuesday, October 30, from 1-2 p.m. She will be sharing information on their Bachelor's, Master's and Doctoral programs in Psychology. Students who are interested in this field of study should attend.

Excellence in teaching award nominations

Copies of an announcement and

the nomination Form for the UH Board of Regents Medal for Excellence in Teaching (EIT) are being distributed around campus.

Each year the UH Board of Regents awards the Regents Medal for Excellence in Teaching to a deserving KCC instructor, counselor, librarian or media/learning center faculty member. The Regents' Award pays tribute to faculty members for their extraordinary level of subject mastery and scholarship, teaching effectiveness and creativity, and personal values beneficial to students. This EIT award also recognizes the importance that students, the faculty, and the administration place on quality teaching at our campuses.

At least three students or faculty must sign the attached form to nominate a candidate for the award. Nominations must be submitted to the Office of the Provost on or before November 30. Further instructions are available on the nomination and announcement form available at various offices around campus (departments, library, deans' offices). Students are encouraged to nominate and honor teachers who they think are deserving of this honor. Last year, Prof. Harry Davis of KCC was one of the eight instructors systemwide who was honored.

Lot "A" Permits

Lot "A" Permits for students for Spring Semester 2002 will be available at Olopuia 103 effective December 3. Please inform your students that this year the permits will be available earlier. As always, students must present a valid KCC registration receipt for Spring '02, and have available the information on their vehicle's insurance and registration.

Kumu Kahu Playwriting Contest

Annually, Kumu Kahua Theatre co-sponsors a playwriting contest with the UH Manoa Theatre Department in its effort to bring new and exciting drama to the stage. There are three separate categories: the Hawai'i Prize

(\$500) is open to residents and non-residents of Hawai'i, and must take place in Hawai'i or have to do with some aspect of Hawai'i experience. The Pacific Rim Prize (\$400) is also open to residents and non-residents, and must be about or take place in the Pacific Islands, Pacific Rim, or the Pacific/Asian American experience. The Resident Prize (\$200) is open only to residents and can be about any topic. Entries must be postmarked no later than Tuesday, January 2, 2002 to qualify. To receive a flyer of the contest rules please call the Kumu Kahua Theatre office at 536-4222.

Ola Ka Lau at Kumu

Ola Ka Lau, winner of the 1997 Kumu Kahua Theatre/UHM Theatre Department playwriting contest, is about a grandmother and two cousins: one reluctant to learn the ancient healing secrets and the other eager, but dying from an illness that no medicine, old or new, can cure. The story deals with how a Hawaiian family deals with a loss and the need to carry on. *Ola Ka Lau* means, "the leaf lives on," referring to the leaves used to make Hawaiian medicines.

You can see this play at Kumu Kahua Theatre (46 Merchant St.) from November 8 to December 9. Tickets can be purchased at the box office between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Monday through Friday.

Goodwill announces Job Connections

Goodwill is offering free employment preparation and job placement assistance. Participants will have access to a wide range of job search tools, including computers, printers, copy and fax machines, telephones and a reference library. The site will be Goodwill's Island Career Center—Nakolea, 1020 Isenberg Street. For further information and class registration, call 946-9675. The classes this year are:

Nov. 5-15, Dec. 3-13, Jan. 7-17, Feb. 4-14, March 4-14. Call for other class dates.

Employment Opportunities

For further information, go to the Job Placement Office at 'Ilima 103

State of Hawaii, Department of the Attorney General

A part-time position is available for a student helper up to 19 1/2 hours/week when school is in session and possible full-time during school breaks. Duties include running errands between offices and courts downtown, answering telephones, light typing, data input and generating reports, purging and boxing of closed cases, shredding confidential materials, handling of pending and closed cases for the Divi-

sion, and other duties to assist the legal secretarial staff. The pay rate is \$5.75/hour and the qualifications are full-time student, able to lift at least 20lbs. Knowledge of Microsoft Word is preferred. Interested students please contact Carrie Sakaida at 586-1450.

Longs Drugs

Longs Drugs at Kahala Mall has a part-time, permanent position available for a stock clerk/courtesy clerk/cashier. The pay rate is \$6.50/hour. Applicants

must have good customer service skills and have cash handling experience and be available weekends. Interested candidates please contact Nolan Karioka at 732-0784.

Winners at Work

The Forerunner in Employment Services for People with Disabilities has three positions available: Program Assistants are needed on Oahu to assist instructors in classes and provide community based one-on-one training to individuals with disabilities.

Ability to travel independently, island wide, on The Bus, performs other duties as assigned. Part-time: under 20 hours/week. Independent Contractors (self-employed)

Workshop Leaders needed on Oahu to conduct workshops for persons with disabilities and their families.

Logistic Coordinators needed on Maui, West Hawaii, and E. Hawaii to schedule workshops and provide logistical support for workshop leaders. A candidate for these positions will have

an outgoing personality, enjoy working with people, display flexibility working in a variety of situations, the ability to listen and communicate effectively and be familiar with community services. Candidates need to be able to work evenings or weekends if needed. College students welcome. Mail or fax resume to Winners at Work, ATTN: Wendy, 414 Kuwili St. #103, Honolulu, HI 96817. Fax: 532-2108.