

# The Kapi'o Newspress

Tuesday, November 2, 2004

THE KAPI'OLANI COMMUNITY COLLEGE NEWSWEEKLY

Volume # 38 Issue 11

## Rewriting History

Students can skip World Civilizations courses

By Julia Uyeda  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

For those students who have been avoiding history 151 and 152, help is on the way. Students who are going for their Associate in Arts or transferring to UH Manoa for their Bachelor of Art have more options than these two classes in the global and multicultural perspectives department. Besides just being able to take history 151 and 152, classes that also meet the requirements are anthropology 151 and 152, geography 102 and 151, music 107, and religion 150. With these new options a student can simply avoid history altogether.

FEATURE: History, page 11

## Student writers share poetry and prose in literary reading

By Ami Blodgett  
WEB EDITOR

Two-dozen students expressed themselves through their writings at the 12th student literary reading, "With Our Words," at Coffee Talk in Kaimuki.

The readings were all original, ranging from poems to fiction and non-fiction prose, and even included music. The topics covered "Corky the Nutless Cat," the angst of falling in love, and the first hand experiences of foster care from Willie McGuire's, "Poor Little Willie Story."

"They were very good, I was really impressed," said Leigh Dooley, professor of language arts. "And there was a huge diversity in the readings."

Dooley organized the event, held on the Oct. 21, and her students presented a vast majority of the readings.

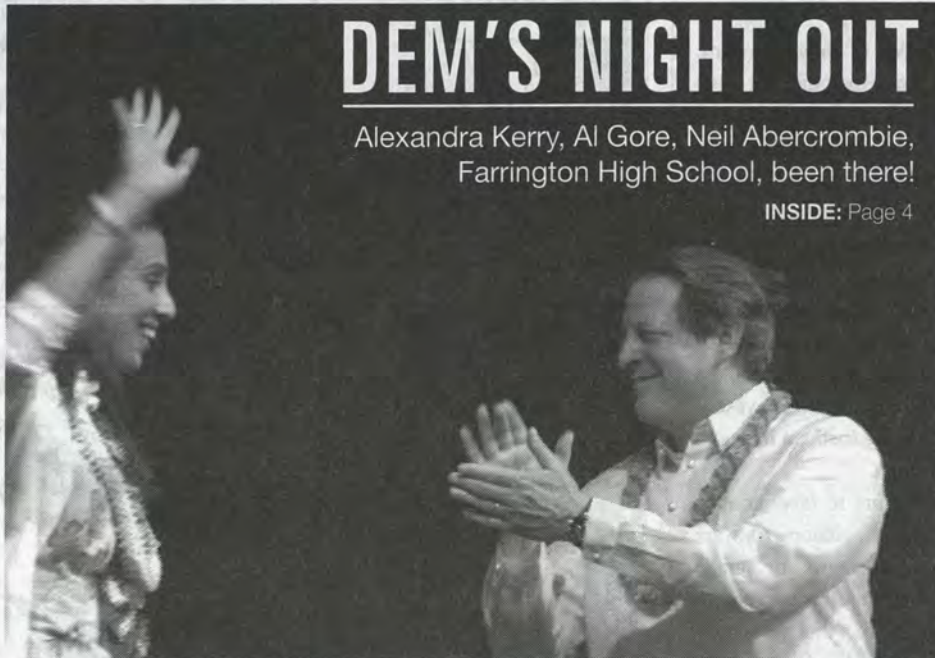
"In the past students would just read one and sit down," said Dooley. "This time many read more than one piece, then would sit down and

INSIDE: Reading, page 4

## DEM'S NIGHT OUT

Alexandra Kerry, Al Gore, Neil Abercrombie, Farrington High School, been there!

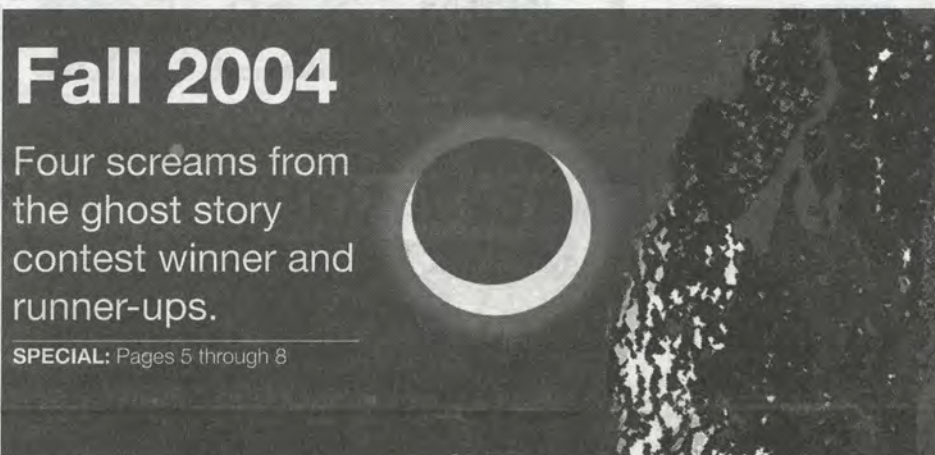
INSIDE: Page 4



## Fall 2004

Four screams from the ghost story contest winner and runner-ups.

SPECIAL: Pages 5 through 8



## Parking lot "E" to close for construction

By Diane S.W. Lee  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Parking lot "E" near Olapa will be closed during the fall semester for construction and further improvements. The unpaved gravel parking lot will be closed for paving, with an additional 40 new stalls added. Beginning Nov. 15, 2004 through Jan. 9, 2005, vehicles will not be permitted to park in the parking lot. Although the other paved sections of Lot "E" will remain open, there will be one or two days when the two sections will be closed for electrical or drainage work.

The closure of parking lot "E" will affect everyone on campus. For many students who commute to campus, finding a parking stall has always been a problem. And with the closure of lot "E," it will be even more difficult for some students to find a stall to park their cars. Although KCC does not have enough parking spaces to accommodate everyone on campus, some students will have to come to school a few hours earlier to avoid the rush of parking problems and to get to their classes on time.

"I just have to get here earlier to get parking. So it's not a big deal," said KCC student Ignacio Fleishour.

While the idea of getting to school earlier is not much of a problem, some students aren't too happy about the closure of lot "E."

"It's going to affect me a lot. Why can't they close half of it, do it, and close the other half? This is a big parking spot. It's where a lot of people park in. This is an outrage," Emily Georgeo KCC student said.

The closure of lot "E" during the fall semester will be a problem for some students, because it is when most students attend school and when most classes are in session.

"My class is at 10 a.m. and I have to come at 8 a.m. I'm opposed to it, do it during the summer when there's less people around," said KCC student Elaine Leung.

Although the summer is a good idea, KCC's Auxiliary Services Officer, John Messina says that the project could not wait until summer. The parking lot construction project had been

FEATURE: Parking, page 11

## Club day competition to attract students to the Great Lawn

By Ami Blodgett  
WEB EDITOR

Throughout the year students have shown interest in an increase of student outdoor activities. This year's fall Student Club Day Competition, held Nov. 8, may meet the needs of some students, but other students are not satisfied with the qualifications to participate. They are still waiting for an open field day competition that doesn't require them to sign up to be a member of a registered club.

"...There are a lot of details in planning such an event as liability issues that must be addressed in advance. Student organizers must be affiliated with a KCC program or unit with a full-time faculty advisor or sponsor," said George Higa, Student Activities Coordinator since 1998.

The intention of the event is to give registered clubs an opportunity to win cash prizes towards their treasury by competing in the variety of games the Office of Student Activities, OSA, staff will be directing. They were unable to comment on what games are scheduled in order to maintain the surprise. In addition, the OSA wants to use the fundraiser as a chance to offer outdoor entertainment in contrast to the large variety of performances and events held indoors.

"It makes sense, I guess, because the clubs need money but it's not like college students don't. More people could get involved, and we all need a break, at least some fun," Mimi Mycynek, KCC aviation student said. "At least let me borrow a soccer ball or Frisbee. No need waste the whole lawn."

The International Cafe and the Genesis Club have been successfully organizing volleyball games on The Great Lawn, but according to Higa a couple of students have attempted to start a soccer ball club but weren't successful.

The OSA has a limited supply of sports equipment but a faculty adviser must take responsibility for its return, therefore only KCC program units and student clubs are authorized to borrow them.

"There are 'buried' sprinkler heads and the lawn is not level," Higa said. "Anyone playing on The Great Lawn risks personal injuries therefore, any person or group that conducts organized games on The Great Lawn must address the possibility of injuries to players and other related liability issues."

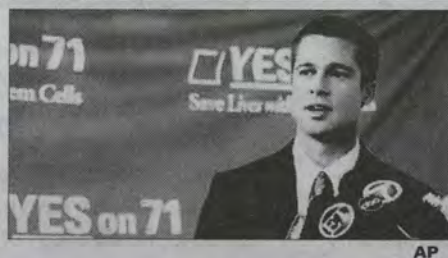
Only six clubs were eligible to sign up for the Student Club Day Competition, and they have each already submitted their applications. The teams of six will compete for prizes on The Great Lawn and by the Ohia building on the sidewalk from noon until 1:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Nov. 8. Everyone is invited to cheer to them on.



### Hobbits — They're Real!

Discovered by Australian scientists, the new-found species of human cousins stood about three feet tall and lived 13,000 years ago.

Full story @ [www.latimes.com](http://www.latimes.com)



### Stars for Stem Cells

The Governor and Hollywood stars like Brad Pitt, will endorse a proposition for California state dollars to go to stem cell research.

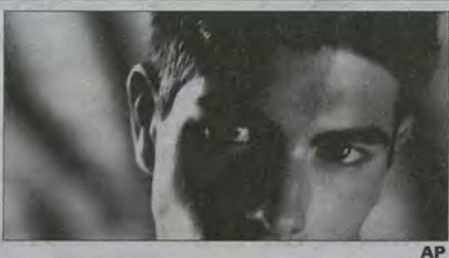
Full story @ [www.yahoo.com](http://www.yahoo.com)



### Farfromworking!

Workers of the German carmaker Volkswagen are planning a series of work stoppages to protest the breakdown of wage negotiations.

Full story @ [www.ap.com](http://www.ap.com)



### Great Scott!

Brandon Routh is the new Superman, in the movie helmed by X-Men director Bryan Singer. Sorry gents, no word on the new Lois.

Full Story @ [www.comicbookmovies.com](http://www.comicbookmovies.com)



# The Kapi'ō Newspress

## PERSPECTIVE

## EDITORIAL

### Don't shoot the messenger

The American Constitution's freedom of press, though equally important, is less discussed than speech or religion especially around election time. It guarantees protection to allow newspapers, newscast and news Web sites to freely report wrong doings and express ideas that challenge the powerful without any fear of being prosecuted. So long as the evidence accompanying each report is factual, the press has the right to print it.

But the duty of the press does not stop at shedding light on an institution's black spots and asking tough questions. Its duty is also to be the public arbiter of ideas, unfazed by the controversies it may spark. And just as there are those who dislike the idea of hearing opposing views in day-to-day conversation, there are many readers who object to the possibility of reading a counterpoint, citing the lack of fairness or alleging overt slanting.

When a student newspaper, The Lariat, at Baylor University published an editorial supporting a gay marriage lawsuit in California, it caught a whirlwind of critique. Both the conservative Christian school's president and student board publication wrote objecting letters, citing the editorial as, "Dangerously close to violating University policy...prohibiting the advocacy of any understanding of sexuality that is contrary to biblical teaching."

The Kapi'ō Newspress, like The Lariat, has faced a few controversies within the past 12 months. While the staff welcomes all reader responses regarding printed opinions, we have received numerous complaints regarding opinion pieces, even death threats.

All editorials, the Kapi'ō Newspress's and The Lariat's, are written under a collective voice of all staff editors. The editorial is meant to raise awareness on a particular issue and express the paper's stance on that issue—independent of the school administration and its faculty.

Also note that not all editorials are printed with unanimous agreement of the staff. Before publishing last week's "Kapi'ō votes for Kerry," the editors were fiercely divided. As result, the paper called upon a tie-

breaker in order to move forward. Even then, the paper did not give Kerry a pass without criticism, as evident in the issue's article, "The truth about outsourcing: Fact or fallacy?" which questions the candidate's rhetoric behind American job losses.

While editorials express the views of this paper, commentaries and columns sound off ideas of individual writers, and are not the voice of the entire staff. They, too, are meant to bring forth an idea and raise discussions.

As it is tempting to label controversial writers as agitators who are out with an agenda to stir public madness, readers are encouraged to acknowledge the fact that these radical ideas are not isolated. This is not to say that the reporters are immune to personal bias.

Preventing bias from affecting the decision of selecting which news would be printed is a daily struggle as editors sift through the list of news stories and decide where each should go, when it should print, and how much space it should have. Naturally, stories on the front page are more newsworthy than the inside pages — often feature and opinion pieces.

But writers, too, rarely have the chance to ignore what they might not consider newsworthy. Take the voting issue for instance. Three weeks ago, one of the columnists opined, "Your vote doesn't count." Surely this would create the impression that any ongoing vote-drive effort would not receive exposure by the paper. But two issues later, under "Now playing: The power of the vote," the series of photos set the spotlight on the Holomua Center's effort to get people to vote.

May this be a suggestion that readers not use the editorial opinions and writers' commentaries to gauge the paper's fairness in its coverage. For example, if a paper supported a particular view in its editorial, did it silence, or dismiss the opposite views in its news stories? Or better yet, readers should turn to other sources for wider scope of understanding, for no single news source is free of bias.

The Editorial is co-written by all editors of The Kapi'ō Newspress.



COPLEY NEWS SERVICE



### SPEAK OUT

#### What happens when you die?

Question and Photos:  
Andrea Maglasang &  
Paul Kolbe



I believe strongly in reincarnation and that this is not the only life I'll live. But souls aren't conscious of any state other than a living state.

— Dave Wingate



I believe in reincarnation. Maybe if you're a good person in this life you are blessed with a good life in the next.

— Sejal Patel



We believe that depending on how you live on Earth, if you are good you go to heaven eternally. If you are bad you go to hell eternally.

— Jeremy Tabbay (right) and Charissa Fabia (left)



I am split between two things: we are food for worms and someone builds Walmart over our grave, or the Christian idea that we go to heaven if we have accepted Jesus into our hearts and if not we go to hell.

— Jameson Lariosa



Well our bodies rot, but fate-wise, our souls go to whomever we believe in. I believe that if all my sins are forgiven then I go to heaven, and if not then it is God's decision.

— Ronald Caday

### The Kapi'ō Newspress

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All submissions are welcomed. Editors reserve the right to edit for length and content. Publication of any submission is not guaranteed.



## POLITICALLY CHALLENGED

by Paul Kolbe



## Gay marriage is a right past due

Forty years later—in a country touted as the promised land where anyone can achieve their dreams—discrimination still exists.

Who would have thought that when the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was created and instated, a certain group would be left to fight for the right to engage in an event, which any pop star can during a drunken binge in Las Vegas. Perhaps no one thought it, but more likely it was a deliberate action. The act only bans acts of discrimination on the basis of race, color, religion and national origin. The term sexual orientation is conspicuously missing from the document.

The issue of gay marriage has been on the forefront of American politics for the last year, with each candidate asked to take a stance. But no candidate has taken the right stance. From Hawaii's mayoral to the presidential race, no candidate has firmly come down on the side of equality. Candidates for mayor Duke Baimun and Mufi Hannemann have both expressed the belief that marriage is between a man and a woman, yet expressed perhaps supporting civil unions. Senator John Kerry stated his belief gay people are simply being who they were born to be, and he would support the idea of civil unions, but the act of marriage was between a man and a woman. Whether he truly believes this, or is simply echoing the two-thirds of Americans who are against gay marriage, is unclear. What is clear is the concept of separate but equal seems to have become an acceptable alternative to granting equal rights, again! Separate but

equal did not work under Jim Crow laws half a century ago, and has no place in modern politics.

President Bush on the other hand supports neither gay marriage or civil unions, and is not sure whether being gay is a choice or not. Yet why would someone like Matthew Shepard, the Wyoming college student who was beaten, lashed to a fence and left to die, choose to be gay, why would anyone choose to make themselves a second-class citizen? This question never seems to enter the mass consciousness, but second-class citizens are what they are.

Minority rights groups, so quick to condemn the slightest racial stereotype in the media, remain mum on gay rights. Politicians avoid, religious leaders condemn, and the American people avoid the issue.

We fear what we do not know, and we avoid what we fear. Yet we do know! Almost all of us have been the victim of discrimination at some point and time, and many of us have friends or family who are gay. Something prevents us from embracing tolerance when it comes to gays. Perhaps our parents, our religion, or the majority thinking have all played a hand in this. It ends now!

You have told your parents to shut-up over their objections to your music or whom you date, so say it again. Your religion is not so much about what a book states, as it is about your faith. Put your faith in all peoples, know they mean you no harm. As for majority thinking, remember slavery was believed as completely acceptable at one point, the majority is not always correct. You are Americans, you fight for those who cannot, and so should your elected representatives. It is time to truly make this land one of equal opportunity. This is the land of the free, is it not?

To deny two loving people the right of engaging in a ceremony which would bond them together for life is not freedom. It is nothing short of bigotry!



COMIC JOSHUA SHIMOMURA

## We've got mail:

### THANKS I.C.

This is my first year at KCC and I'm having a great time. I went to a party that the International Café hosted and met many friends. I am taking a Japanese 101 class and somewhat having a difficult time. My teacher, Lisa Kobuke noticed that I am having difficulties and let me know that I can go to the International Café for help. Ever since I attended the International Café, my Japanese has been improving. I am encouraging my classmates in my Japanese class who are also having a hard time to go to the International Café for help. Unfortunately, they keep saying they don't have time. I am very thankful to my Japanese teacher, Lisa Kobuke and the International Café for all the help and encouragement. Also, I want the other students to know, the International Café always welcomes new people. If you need help with any language and other classes, there are always people who are available to help. For more information on the International Café hours, please stop by the International Café in the same building as Subway and the computer center.

Abraham Yi  
Psychology Major

matazz bowflex's run from \$600-\$1200 depending on how much razz and matazz you're looking for. Total Body Gym's are even cheaper and just as effective.

2) A small lounge area with lounge chairs where people can take a nap. A lot of students work full-time and have families. Too much ZZZZ's deprivation is not good, and it has a devastating cumulative effect! Starbucks can only get you so far. Humans aren't cyborgs. They need to rest and recovery, at least just a little, in order to grow.

3) Telescopes strategically located on campus to maximize the awesome view we have of the ocean. Many times, I have driven down Kilauea road all stressed out. The sudden view of Koko Head, Koko Crater, and the ocean has a magnificent calming effect.

I realize that we could never match UH in terms of how much changes we can make for they have far more resources, but these are just suggestions on how to make a good school even better.

Randy Rivera  
KCC Student

### REFLECTIONS FROM A CUBBYHOLE

In my office, in my messy cubbyhole unto the world, I am not exposed to the "sensory reality" of war—I'm too busy grading papers or eating oatmeal snacks. We teachers don't see the "sensory reality" of war until Abu Ghraib's horrifying imagery tears down the glimmering veils of our ignorance—we are far too busy these days to pay attention to said realities, or caught up in the spinnettes of the spider-like media mavens, or perhaps we believe in the "mythic reality" of the conflict. In last week's Kapiro, Professor Denton cited that, "The genius of using the word 'evil' (in the war on terror) is that it dehumanizes the enemy, decontextualizes the conflict, and mythologizes the battle" (qtd. in Phung 06).

There is indeed a genius to use of this word in particular, but there is already an immediate

rhetorical genius in altering language to suit our whims. Instead of saying, "women and children were immediately incinerated in waves upon waves of fire," we might say, "the enemy combatants were efficiently neutralized," stripping the situation of any and all pathos-based overtones, eliminating any trace of humanity of those who perished.

And this is why the poets and artists are silenced. And this is why the words are controlled. In Milosevic's Serbia and Tudjman's Croatia, according to Chris Hedges, author of "War is a Force that Gives us Meaning," he writes, "the primary task (of said leaders) was to dismantle and silence their own intellectuals and writers of stature and replace them with second-rate, mediocre pawns willing to turn every intellectual and artistic endeavor into a piece of ethnic triumphalism and myth" (21).

From my office, my air-conditioned foxhole, I am reminded that it is far easier to pull a trigger than to activate the synapses in my mind when the language that describes and defines my world has been neatly sanitized for my viewing and reading pleasure.

Davin Kubota  
English Instructor

### WELL DONE KAPIO

I would like to congratulate you for having produced a fine election issue.

It's well written, informative, thoughtful, and responsible. You have served a very important role in defining some of the election mysteries for faculty, students, and staff, and in keeping the eye on this vital "ball," the upcoming election.

I appreciate all the work you've done to heighten students' consciousness. I hope it has made a real difference in their decision making and in their eagerness to get out and vote.

Thank you for being such good journalists!

Jill Abbott  
Holomua Dept. Chair  
English Instructor  
BOSP member



Tired of parking?

Confused?

Need a room?

WHO'S THE EASIEST  
PROF?

Selling your  
books?

Check out KCCForum.com

### ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

Pound 4 pound KCC is just as good as any of the "big" universities in providing a quality education to its students. Add to that its really low cost and you get way more bang for your buck! However, there's always room for improvement. I was doing research at our big brother school up in Manoa, and I can't help but notice how many new improvements UH have recently made. I graduated from there in the late 90's and let me tell you a lot has changed. Upon seeing some of the changes I think KCC would be even better if it had:

1) A small exercise room—exercise equipment is real cheap nowadays. If you want a little razz





PHOTOS AMI BLODGETT

Students gather at Coffee Talk to share their original writings with the community in KCC's 12th student literary reading, "In Our Words."

**READING:**

*Continued from page 1*

really enjoy themselves."

Darren Matthew put twist on his bilingual reading by including a song and playing his guitar. Many readings were presented without an outline, using the techniques of ad lib and impromptu as needed.

Poetry readings have been held regularly for approximately six years. Jill Makagon received the idea from a former student, who she identified as a bona fide writer. She then presented the idea to Dooley and together they organized the event.

Makagon and Dooley see this as an opportunity for students to apply themselves to their writings and share it with the public. In return the public has a chance to hear what the students want to convey and express.

The event was moved from campus to Coffee Talk only a couple years ago, as the number of students participating increased from seven to 10 to more than 20, according to Makagon.

"It's been a very good thing for our students, and very successful," said Makagon.

The Board of Student Publications provided funds for the host of the evening, Steve Wong, formally known as Kealoha.

"(Kealoha) is a great poet and I really respect that he makes a living writing poetry," Dooley said. "... I also respect how nurturing he is to new readers."

This was the third time the local slam poet hosted KCC's literary reading, and he regularly hosts the world's largest poetry slam, "First Thursdays" at Studio One. Kealoha concluded the evening with one of his own writings, which he conjured up earlier that day.

KCC Student Literary Readings will continue to be held every October and concurrently with the International Festival in the spring. Contact Leigh Dooley at ldooley@hawaii.edu for more information. For information on "First Thursdays" at Studio One go to <http://www.hawaiislam.com>.

## INTRODUCING THE HAWAII Democratic's Party



From left to right: Presidential candidate John Kerry's daughter, Alexandra Kerry, re-running Democratic Congressman Neil Abercrombie, and former Vice-president Al Gore. The event's original intent was to promote Abercrombie's reelection to Hawaii's one of two congressional representative seats.

## Al Gore, Alexandra Kerry make last-minute appearances

By Vuong Phung  
LAYOUT EDITOR

Last Friday night, Farrington High School would probably have been the busiest campus in Honolulu. On the campus sidewalk, over 50 supporters of the Democratic Party carried signs with various names: Neil Abercrombie, Kerry-Edwards, Ed Case, the list went on. They booed loudly whenever the anti-abortion truck made the pass. But nothing rejuvenated their screams, shouts, cheers, and chants of "Four more days" like the arrival of Alexandra Kerry and the former Vice-president Al Gore.

The two high profilers came to the island after polls showed a split among registered democratic voters, earning Hawaii the status of potential battleground state.

Senator Kerry's daughter arrived in a black sedan, animated and enthusiastic about promoting her father's race to the White House. Wearing a Hawaiian print dress and white lei, she remarked about the warm local weather, having just come off from the cold Wisconsin.

Gore arrived about 15 minutes after Kerry with a sense of tiredness in his smile. His hair was not neat. His long flight must have taken a toll. Still, he reached out and shook hands with a few as police officers moved in to control the swarming crowd. Along with the news media, sign wavers surrounded Gore at every step.

As he was giving a press conference, Kerry was outside and nearby with a smaller crowd. While all of the daily papers' reporters and photographers focused on Gore, the only flashing cameras on her were those of the Kerry-Edwards supporters. They posed alongside of the tall and beautiful woman, smiling with pride. The

crowd also noticed that she was the tallest among them.

Outside of the auditorium, the air around John Kerry's eldest daughter was warm and friendly. Three young, high school age girls giggled as they watched the adults posing along side the political starlet, egging each other into asking for their own shot. Just as Kerry was about to enter the backstage area, one of girls finally garnered enough courage and asked.

To some, this was the first time they saw national figures in person. As I stood outside of the conference room, a young, high school girl asked me if I have taken any photos of Gore. She then pulled in a friend and spoke in excitement. "Oh my God. That's Al Gore, you see?" She told her friend as we looked at the digital shot.

Back on the auditorium stage, Congressman Abercrombie worked up the crowd. His message: Hawaii is the state to watch in this election and that it will be this state's voters to elect the president. The mostly-Filipino crowd cheered as he spoke a few lines in their tongue. They roared the moment the congressman moved away from the lectern and did a short dance number shouting, "Who got the best barong?" Courting the Filipino votes was the evening mission.

As Gore and Kerry centered the stage, the crowd got up and became ecstatic. The three exchanged handshakes, applauded each other, and waved at the supporters. Gore moved next to Abercrombie as they looked at the crowd and pointed out at each other's white Filipino shirt. "He got the best barong," the congressman exclaimed.

Representing her father, Kerry spoke of domestic issues.

"My father cares a great deal about your community," she said.

She also added that Bush's No Child Left Behind Act was flawed, and average Americans were not getting the tax breaks the president had promised.

The evening's keynote address belonged to the former vice-president. Laughter erupted as Gore introduced himself because the man who "used to be the next president of the United States." The joke mixed well into the crowd's spirit, as they unanimously believed the current president stole the 2000 election. Gore also spoke positively of early voting, cited, "that they (the election officials) have the time to count your vote."

"I don't want the Supreme Court to pick the next president," he said in a reminding and serious tone, "And I don't want this president to pick the next Supreme Court."

Gore went on to criticize Bush's foreign policy, his conduct of the war, and his reluctance to his military advisors, namely Gen. Shinseki. He said Shinseki's view "conflicted with the rose-colored lens that the Bush administration had—so they made an early announcement of Gen. Shinseki's retirement."

Before closing his speech, Gore pointed to Hawaii Senator Daniel Akaka who was sitting in the front row.

"Danny and I joined the Senate in the same year," Gore paused to wipe the sweat off his forehead. He stepped away from the podium and reached down at a war veteran, who offered Gore a napkin. A few seconds later and promptly behind the lectern, Gore lowered his voice, "Mahalo."

The collective messages were clear. The evening was about securing the Filipino votes for Congressman Abercrombie's rerun, solidifying support for Alexandra Kerry's father and reminding democrats the importance of Hawaii's electorate in this election.



### AL'S NOTEABLE QUOTES



**I used to be  
the next  
president of the  
United States.**

**I don't want the  
Supreme Court  
to pick the next  
president.  
And I don't want  
this president  
to pick the next  
Supreme Court.**

PHOTOS VUONG PHUNG



## Fall 2004 Seventh Annual Ghost Story Contest Winner and Runners Up

Previously unpublished and original ghostly tales of fiction or non-fiction written by students of Kapiolani Community College

### Ka Hoaka First Place Winner

By Marie Alohalani Brown

The cave drew in the ocean swell through one of its many lava tubes, and spat it out in an explosive spray of sea foam. As the tide ebbed, the water in the cave calmed. Soon, large black a'ama crabs appeared from fissures and scuttled along limu and opihi encrusted walls in search of prey. From the watery depths, something rose and slowly made its way to the surface. Unblinking eyes stared up through the water at the crescent moon perched in the cloudless sky. The ancient Hawaiians called this night in the lunar calendar Hoaka, or the night when lapu or ghosts cast long shadows that frighten the fish away. It would be low tide until morning. In the distance, several campfires flickered in the still summer night. "And when da fireball wen chase the small kid all da way from out da graveyard, he wen go shishi in his pants," said Freddy Boy. He licked the chocolate from his smore off of his fingers. "Ho, junk your story. Not even scary!" said Malia, Freddy Boy's little sister. "I thoht ith wath schary," said Koa, sucking his thumb and staring defiantly. "Mom said you would get funny-kine teeth lidat. Stop already. You're six years old." Kaulana gently pulled her little brother's hand away from his mouth. "When we pau tell ghost stories, I promise I stop, 'k? Besides, I no moa teef." Koa smiled at his sister, showing the gap where his two front teeth are missing, and put his thumb back in his mouth.

Kaulana and Koa's cousin Leilani who was visiting from the mainland concentrated on prying a sticky burnt marshmallow from her fingers and put it on her graham cracker. "Fireballs are nothing but an accumulation of decaying organic matter; for example, cadavers. The decaying matter transforms into gases. These gaseous vapors exit from the gravesite, creating those green fireballs that superstitious people think are spirits. It is nothing more than gravesites farting up gas." When all of her cousins and the other children burst into laughter she looked up. "What? Gravesites fuffin' up gas?" asked Kaulana. The children burst into another round of laughter.

"Eli, I got one good ghost story," said Kaulana. "It's about some kids that drowned when they went camping with their family." From around the campfire a collective sigh of appreciation rose into the night. "I wen' hea my parents talkin' about it a few weeks ago when dey thought us kids was sleeping. My mom was whispering that she neva like come hea 'cos she said get ghosts, but my faddah wen' whispah back dat it wen' happen when his tutu was one small kid. Da next day I wen' ask Tutu what wen' happen. She wen' tell me dat she was twelve years ole, just like me, and was camping wit her 'ohana on dis same beach, and dat one night, one of da families couldn't find dere two kids, one sistah and her little

braddah. Dey wen' go call all da oddah families foa see if dere kids was dea, but nobody wen' see dem. All da families wen' try help dem find da keiki, but nobody wen' find notting. Den my tutu wen' tell me something dat wen' give me chicken skin. She said dat she

where the distant cave was too far to be seen, and all eyes followed her finger. Every child had been lectured by parents about not going near the cave.

"My tutu and her braddah wen' run tell dere parents, who wen' call all da oddah parents, and she had to show all

and whea da eyeballs had been, was empty holes wit baby black crabs nesting inside." "I no like dis story," said a little boy, who started crying. Kaulana and the other children watched in silence as he left with his older sister. Kaulana looked at Koa who slept in her arms. "I bettah stop, I no like get in trouble for scaring anyone, bumbye I get scoldings." "No! Tell us res' of da story," chorused the remaining children. There was a scramble as the children drew closer together.

"OK den. So anyway, she tole me dat she and her braddah wen' wake up latah dat night cos they bot' heard kids calling dem foa come outside and play. Dey even heard scratching sounds, but dere parents still neva wake up. The next day had one big stink cos one maddah was screaming dat she wen' lose her four-year-ole boy. Den someone wen' find his body, poor ting, all squish up in one crack on da reef. And wen' look jus' like da oddah keiki bodies. Aftah dat, all da families wen' wala'au, and des wen' my tutu, her braddah and all da oddah kids wen' get all nerjus'. Seems like all da kids wen' hea' da voices calling dem in da mght. But only da kids wen' hear em, not da adults." "Eh, Kaulana, Koa, time for go sleep already, it's late," said Kaulana's father.

The children screamed, then giggled nervously, each child embarrassed to be caught off guard. They all exchanged sheepish looks. Koa woke up with the commotion and rubbed his eyes and yawned. "What? You guys telling ghost stories?" Kaulana and Koa's father grinned at the circle of children. "Must've been one good one!" Kaulana and Koa waved goodnight to everyone and followed their father back to the tent.

The campers drifted into sleep. The silence was occasionally broken by the sound of dying campfires as burning wood snapped, or by the occasional snore. There were other noises, but these were audible only to a select few. Voices began to whisper in the night. "Kaulana... Kaulana, wake up. Come play with us." From deep in her sleep, Kaulana stirred, reacting to the voices that called her name. Next to her, Koa whimpered in his sleep. Kaulana woke up with a start. She wasn't dreaming the voices. "Kaulana, come swim with us," called a sing-song voice. Kaulana heard the sound of fingernails dragging on the tent. Her throat was suddenly dry when she swallowed, and looked over at her sleeping parents. "Go away," she whispered angrily. "Dis isn't funny. If my parents wake up, you guys gonna get it!" Kaulana waited. When she thought the pranksters had gone away, she went back to sleep.

When Kaulana woke up the next day, a boy mentioned that he had heard voices in the night calling him to come and swim in the ocean. Soon all the other kids told their versions of scary voices calling their names in the night and the sound of fingernails scratching tent walls. Everyone laughed nervously, but no one admitted to being the prankster. When Koa told the other

children that he dreamt of a little boy calling his name, Kaulana felt her skin prickle, and she shivered. Night fell, and the parents organized a crab hunt. A prize was offered for whoever caught the most sand crabs. "Kaulana. Koa wants to stay with you. Make sure you take care of him, 'kay?"

"OK, Dad, no worries." Kaulana took her brother from her father's arms, and nearly fell over as Koa wrapped his arms and legs around her. "Ho. Koa, you getting too big to be carried." Kaulana was tall for her age, but so was her little brother. He giggled and tried to lick her cheek. "Eww, Koa stop it!" Kaulana laughed and licked him back.

Armed with buckets and flashlights, the children's enthusiastic cries rang up and down the beach as they chased crabs. Both exclamations of disgust and hysterical laughter punctuated the hunt as crabs scuttled over little feet in their attempts to avoid capture. Occasionally, in a tussle over a crab that sought refuge in the ocean, children flipped over each other and fell into the water. Kaulana caught five crabs before she remembered that she was supposed to keep an eye on Koa. She looked around, but couldn't see him. Nearby was her cousin Malia. "Malia, you wen' see my little braddah?" "Yeah, he wen' go dat way wit' one girl and boy." Malia pointed her finger in the general direction of the distant cave. Kaulana thanked her, and set off in that direction. At first she jogged, but then the fear of being scolded by her parents for not watching Koa fueled her pace. It was a long way to run, and she was breathing heavily by the time she was close enough to see a girl and a boy dragging her brother into the ocean next to the cave. "I no like go swimming at night. I scared." When a wave hit Koa in the face, his cries turned to screams for help.

Thoughts raced through Kaulana's mind — ghost stories of drowning children, children hearing voices inaudible to adults calling in the night for them to come and play, the cave, and her brother screaming in fright. Kaulana's knees buckled beneath her as the explosive heart-stopping clap of realization hit her. "Let go of my braddah you frickin' ghosts," screamed Kaulana, throwing herself at the female apparition. The girl ghost gripped Kaulana by the arm, gouging deep holes in it with her nails. With her other hand, the ghost tried to claw out Kaulana's eyes. Kaulana flipped her face to the side to avoid the blows. The fingers missed her eyes, but left long claw marks down Kaulana's cheek. Blood started to drip into the water. As Kaulana desperately wrestled against the inhuman strength of the girl ghost, the boy ghost had dragged Koa into water over his head. Beneath the water the boy ghost had wrapped himself around Koa in a deadly embrace and was squeezing his last breath out of him.

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ILLUSTRATION KARI WRIGHT

and her braddah wen' rememhah playing wit' dose kids the day befoah dey wen' drown, and dat it was her and her braddah dat wen' find da bodies covered wit' black crabs and floating face down trapped in one cave. Da same cave das way ovah dere." Kaulana pointed towards the end of the beach

of dem when da bodies wen' stay. Tutu tole me dat when da men wen' fish da bodies out from da cave and turn dem ovah, dat da little girl and boy had white foam comin' outta dere nose and mout', and dat da bodies had chicken skin. But da worse ting was, dat both bodies was covered wit deep scratches



## Ka Hoaka:

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In the cave, the black crabs felt the reverberations of a heavy mass that moved through the lava tubes and scurried into crevices. There seemed to be no end to the thing that crawled out of the cave.

"Uoki!" commanded the creature in Hawaiian for the ghosts to stop, it was a mo'o goddess. From a long black and

powerfully built reptilian body, rose the torso of a woman, whose beautiful face was devoid of expression. In one quick movement, the mo'o goddess separated the boy ghost and Koa. Grasping Koa close to her body with one arm, she seized the boy ghost with the other and used the long claws of her front legs to savagely tear him into pieces. Still holding Koa she reached out to grab the girl ghost by the hair, and ripped off the ghost's head. The ghostly remains faded before the children's eyes.

The mo'o goddess turned her attention to the two siblings. Time seemed to stop for the children as unblinking eyes stared at them in appraisal. "E hele aku 'olua i ko olua mau makua," ordered the mo'o before she turned and crawled on four legs and two arms back into her cave. Kaulana and Koa obeyed the mo'o goddess's command to return to their parents, and ran the entire way without stopping. In tears, and incoherent from shock, they tried to explain what had befallen them. "The mo'o of that

cave has always been our 'aumakua," said Kaulana's mother with a shakey voice. "But I wasn't sure if she really existed." She tended to the deep scratches on her children's bodies, while her husband and all the other families began packing up camp. By the next morning, the entire town knew what had happened, but nothing ever appeared in the newspapers. Neither did anyone go looking for the mo'o goddess.

They all knew better.

## Never Look Back

By Matthew Rosskopf

"Matt are you sure we wanna be here?" The petite Filipino girl almost whispered as she stared out the window. "Ericka, this is the only place we can afford, I mean two bedrooms for only \$750 a month, and we can't beat that! And you know it's the slow season at work and we're not making that much tips, plus we both just started back at school, I haven't even bought half my art supplies yet." Matt tried not to sound as though he needed just as much convincing as she did. "I know, I know it's just so...creepy with the cemetery right out side our window... I mean every morning I'll wake up and go to the kitchen for coffee and BAM! If I look out my window there's a cemetery right below us." Matt tried to give Ericka a reassuring smite, but he knew it wasn't really helping, especially today; the weather couldn't be better to set the two roommates imaginations wild. The sky was dark, it was only five in the afternoon, but it looked like it was closer to eight, the rain was pouring down, a tropical storm was just a few miles off Honolulu and was set to hit sometime that evening, even the trees looked like something out of a cheesy B-movie, not the best day for moving in but the only free day the two had. "Well if it makes you feel any better, you can always sleep with me, if ya know what I mean?!" Matt tried his best to distract his pretty roommate's mind. "HAR! HAR! You wish, I'm not that scared," Ericka cracked a smile; the rain seemed to lighten up. "Well let's go back down and get the rest of our stuff before the rain starts again." "YES my MISTRESS!" With a bow Matt ran toward Ericka, scooped her up in his arms and ran down the hallway. Their laughter was cut short by a shout!

"YAKAMASHI!!!!" A ghastly vision of an old Baba-san stepped out of the adjacent apartment, the smell of a hundred cats and incense lingered in the air. "STOP MAKING SO MUCH NOISE, BUMBA! DEY WAKE UP!!!!" Startled Ericka leaped out of Matt's arms and let out a small yelp. "Uh uh ... sorry..." Matt mumbled under his breath as the two scurried down the hall trying to muffle their giggles. "Hey you guys no look back at da graveyard when you come back in"

the old Japanese lady called after them, but they paid her no attention. Down on the street, about two blocks away from their apartment building, the two friends gathered the last two remaining boxes. "What kinda place doesn't have parking for its own goddamn tenants?!" Ericka grumbled to herself as they slowly walked back to their new home. "The kind with only \$750 rent a month!" Matt teased back. "The kind with only \$750 rent a month!" Ericka mockingly mouthed behind him. Fat rain drops started to pour from the sky. "CRAP! Hurry up!!! We're gonna get soaked!!" Matt called out to Ericka. The two quickened their pace and arrived a few seconds too late.

The tropical storm was early. Ericka took one more glance over her shoulder at the cemetery before she walked in the door. "Hey what did that old lady say about the graveyard again?" Ericka thought as she hurried into the elevator. Matt was holding. Back inside the two soaked friends plopped down on their grungy couch, it was one of those "partly furnished apartments," which really meant two dirty mattresses and a soiled couch. "Well what should we eat as our first official dinner here? We have cup 'o noodle, cup 'o noodle, and uh LOOK cup 'o noodle!" Mail wearily joked. Rolling her eyes Ericka had just remembered she forgot to go shopping and that cup 'o noodle was all they had. "Well I think I'll go with tonight's special; Cup 'o Noodle!" "Ha-ha, I'll go make it." Matt got up and went into the kitchen. "Thanks babe." Ericka call after him and tuned on the television. A few minutes later Matt came back into the living room with their food. "Man, it's coming down hard out there! I saw some poor lady out there trying to cut through the graveyard!" Matt had just caught Ericka's full attention. "What?! She was cutting through the cemetery?!" GEEZ that's fucking creepy!" "Well I'm sure she didn't realize it, I mean I saw her stop at a head stone and she just started, to bolt away! Heh I would have done the same thing! That's a pretty messed up place to get lost in?" Matt snickered.

The two friends continued to eat their meal and the lost lady was lost in their chatter. "It's getting late, I'm gonna go jump in the shower." Ericka got up and headed for the bathroom. As the hot water and soap washed over Ericka's body she slowly started to feel at ease. She was rinsing the last bit of shampoo out when she heard some-

thing; a scratching. "Oh great! I bet we have rats!" Ericka thought to herself. Shampoo suds ran over her face, leaning her head back letting the hot water rinse her face Ericka's mind drifted to the cemetery, suddenly the water turned ice cold. "AH!!!" Ericka quickly turned off the water. "Crappy old plumbing She thought to herself as she dried herself. Wrapping her towel around her chest Ericka looked into the mirror and started to brush her long black hair. She sat on the toilet and brushed and brushed. She was getting sleepy. She closed her eyes and continued to brush. She could feel each tooth of her comb shifting through her hair, but suddenly that wasn't the only thing she felt, she felt someone else fingers as well!!! She opened her eyes and saw her hair in the hands of a woman. The specter stood there playing with her hair. Frozen with fear Ericka couldn't even scream. She just sat there and stared at the woman playing with her hair.

Finally Ericka let out a blood curdling scream. The obake glared up at her, Ericka could see she had no face, no eyes, no nose, no mouth, just smooth gray skin pulled tightly over a skull, she could see the frightening indentions where the eye sockets, nose and mouth should have been. She started to scream again, the obake tightened her grip on her hair and started to pull at it. Ericka screamed again not only out of fear but now out of pain, the ghost kept pulling at her hair. The room seemed to spin around her. Ericka screamed and shouted for Matt, but he couldn't hear her. Ericka didn't know what to do. The faceless ghost was staring right at her and seemed to be smiling; Ericka could see a toothy grin forming under the dead gray skin. With two hands the ghost yanked on Ericka's hair, crossed it around her neck and started to strangle her with it! Ericka was powerless, the ghost kept pulling and Ericka could feel her life being choked out of her. With her last few breaths she started to whisper the Lord's prayer, something she hadn't done since she attended St. Francis. Gasping for air Ericka collapsed on the dirty bathroom floor.

When Ericka woke up she found herself in a hospital room, Matt was sleeping on a chair

next to her bed. Ericka's mother and about fifteen or so relatives came busting in the room. "ERICKA!! ERICKA!!!! THANK GOD YOU'RE AWAKE!!!!" Ericka's mother gave her daughter the biggest hug she could muster up. "Oh thank God!" She said again and again. "We were so worried!! It's a good thing Matt found you and brought you here!!" Matt was awake now and standing at the foot of her bed, smiling, he was so happy his best friend was alright. Ericka explained to him and her family what had happened. A silence fell over them, none of them knew what to say.



ILLUSTRATION BERKELEY FOWLER

A middle aged Japanese nurse broke the silence, "I'm sorry but I overheard the whole thing and I know why the ghost attacked you." Everyone's gaze turned to the nurse at the back of the room. "It's because you looked back at the cemetery. My grandma always told me that once you pass a cemetery to never look back, if you do you're inviting the ghosts to come with you. She actually lives in the same building as you guys do. I'm surprised she didn't tell you guys this herself." All Ericka could do was stare in disbelief. The nurse soon left and so did most of her family but all Ericka could think about was the old lady. "Matt, remind me to always listen to what old people say...."

## Kolohe

By Kenneth L. Quilantang Jr.

The strong Leeward sun blurred everything with a blazing blindness. The cracked, white-washed, plastered walls of the house were abuzz with people frantically preparing for an extended day at the beach. Everyone seemed to be on a heightened sense of urgency, maybe it was the fact they had to get up early to find the right spot, maybe it was just another form of ritual that accompanied a trip to the glistening waters of Pokai Bay Beach Park.

One has to be careful about being so hasty how-

ever; things tend to be left behind. "You get da poke?" cried a half drunk man to his brother as he was loading up the party supplies. "No worry, I going bring plenny," answered his portly sibling from the kitchen. The man who was cutting the poke had just bought this house a few months ago. His wife and two young sons relocated from the hustle and bustle of Pearl City. This was their dream home: close to the beach, while still being far away from all the urbanites of central Oahu. "EH BABY!" he yelled (this was the preferred way to communicate on days like these). "Da boys get all dea stuffs ready fo go?" "YEAH, I TINK SO!" hollered his lanky wife from the room of the two rambunctious little boys who scampered between the legs of all the adults. Doing what

little boys do best, they scampered out into the yard, arms out, acting as if they were two dog-fighting biplanes of World War I. "Rat-tat-tat," shouted the older boy. "I got you, hah!" "NOT EVEN!" The smaller, pudgier child sneered, "I wen fly FASTER den da bullets!" Shouter chased Pudgy around the old mango tree in the yard, firing off more verbal bullets.

An old swing that hung from one of the gnarled branches, made from a decaying Dunlop tire and fraying hemp rope, hung there like a hanged man. This very scene was played out long ago, when the swing was first constructed. "Eh you mento kids," cried Poke Cutter to his sons, "we going pretty soon!" At his command, the human biplanes landed and excitedly hurried to

get their Styrofoam boards. As they both rushed into the house Shouter noticed that the branches of the mango creaked menacingly in the hot valley wind. A loud whine hailed from the boy's room. It was the yelp of the younger child, "ER MAAAH!! Look at him, he making trouble again!" The whines turned to a long irritating wail, "WAAAAHH!!" Pudgy cried as he came out of the room rubbing his eyes so much he crashed into the hallway wall. "What you did?" Their lanky mother inquired as she comforted her whining son. In another instant she instinctively pinched the older boy's triceps leaving a swollen welt. "OWWEEEE!!" Shouter cried from the

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## Kolohe:

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pain. "I was jus playing ma." He complained rubbing the sore muscle. He felt pleased he made Pudgy scream. "How many times I tol you?" She snapped, "You always trying fo scare him, one mo time I going tell your faddah, an he really going give you dirty lickens. What, you like stay home?" His mother didn't notice his grin as he rubbed the pain out. She went back to applying sunblock to herself.

Poke Cutter's brother left the house half drunk swerving out of the driveway, scuffing his tires on the cement curb as he did so. "DAMN!" he roared, "stupid curb!" Shaking his head with disgust he called, "I going already, I saving one spot fo us by da batrooms." Shouter was alone in their room attempting to deal with the bright red board shorts his mother picked out for him to wear. He did not want to stay in this room alone. Nervous little hands fidgeted with the string that held the shorts together, he noticed his mom closed the window blinds. In the dimly lit room he was having a hell of a time trying to tie them together.

The open windows allowed a slight breeze to gently slap the blinds against the windowsill. He was getting desperate. He couldn't see the knotted balls of string through all the specks of dust strewn sunlight. His fingers started to hurt with the effort. From the outside, he could hear his dad inquiring of his whereabouts. "I COMING I PUTTING ON MY SHORTS!" "Hurry up, we going already!" was the muffled reply of Poke Cutter from outside as he placed his son, Pudgy into his car seat in the truck. "Frik," Shouter whispered to himself ashamed he couldn't tie his shorts, "I cannot do em," he said through labored breaths and frustration. "Need help?" a soft voice, called out into the room. It was barely audible, like a loud whisper, and it seemed to come from inside Shouter's head.

The soft tinkling of a stream of urine in his shorts and down his trembling right leg was his reply to the question. As he blazed through the bedroom door down the long hallway that led to the front door, he could not help but look. He really didn't want to. But he did. He shouldn't have. But he did. And he ran. There at the end of the hallway it was. With the flickering light from the rooms illu-

minating the hallways in different spots, through tear blurred eyes Shouter made out a pasty white face. At the end of the hall. The inside of the house was dark, as Shouter looked for a place to hide. He found a bit of solace in the welcoming void under the kitchen sink cabinet. He couldn't hear his parents outside anymore. "Imssorrymaan-dadlnotgoingmaketroubleanymorepromise," he confessed aloud, gently rocking while holding his trembling knees to his chest.

The floorboards of the house creaked as the thing shuffled down the hall. It was dragging something. Shouter dare not speculate what this thing was or what its unfortunate quarry had been. Beads of sweat dripped down his forehead. The thing was almost to the kitchen. "EH BABY HOW COME I GOYFA DRAG OUT DA RAFT, FRIK, COME HELP ME, DISTING SO HEAVY!"

What? The thing sounded like his mom. He gently creaked open the cabinet door, and with still shaking digits, was met eye to eye with... his mother. "How come you stay hiding? She asked with a very perplexed look, the sun block cream she applied earlier started to dry and cake off, making her appear like something out of a B-movie horror flick. She yanked on

Shouter's arm and he was led out, still drying his tear soaked eyes as he was placed in the truck. She was so angered she didn't even realize Shouter wet himself. "I dunno your son," she snapped at her husband in the driver's seat, "just like his Daddy, sometimes you guys both do mento tings." He jumped into the backseat of the Jimmy still suffering the post cry sniffles and spasms.

As he saw Pudgy however, his attitude changed. His sly foxy grin returned. The curb claimed yet another vehicle tire as Poke Cutter backed out from the driveway, swearing as he looked towards the street. Shouter looked back at the peeling, cracked, house and had no care, he was going to the beach, his eyes followed the contours of the door, and the big picture window in front. Sudden movement in the big picture window startled him. The blinds moved. Something was looking out from inside. It had the same sly, foxy grin. Shouter's mouth was caught in a half scream as the truck pulled out of the neighborhood, rumbling past the dead dry bushes, blood red dirt, and seemingly endless sea of tall yellow, crackling grass onward towards the beach.

## A Final Goodbye

By Christina Pskowski

Nick and Maria had been friends for almost a decade while married to other people. Soon after Maria's divorce from her first husband, she took a job as an overseas operator that had her heading home after midnight. Nick was a police officer for the Marshall Islands Police Department and often worked the graveyard shift. He would offer to drive Maria home and it was during these late hours that their friendship soon grew romantic. It wasn't long before Nick left his wife for Maria.

Maria remembered the wonderful conversations they would share as she daydreamed of a time when Nick was still alive. A smile formed on her face as she thought of how he used to call her "honey." The one year anniversary of his death was just days away and she couldn't help but think of him, even now as she drove with her boyfriend, Tar, fast asleep on her lap.

After Nick was suddenly killed in the line of duty, Maria spent six weeks locked in her room, mourning her late husband. Although she was sad, she was angry more than anything. She felt his death could have been avoided if he had just listened to her. Earlier that dreaded night, they had argued about him working an extra shift on her first day off in six months. She had asked him to spend the night at home with her but because they were short on cash, he went to work anyway. Maria woke up early the next morning to the sound of his partner, Mike, tapping on her bedroom window. He was there to tell her that Nick had been shot by a drunken teenager.

Maria spent the next six weeks in solitude. She was angry at the kid that carelessly changed her life. She was angry at herself for yelling the last words she ever spoke to her husband and she was angry because Nick had left her. One night she saw her reflection on the blank screen of the television. She didn't recognize the hatred that stared back at her. It was then and there that Maria decided she deserved to move on with her life. Tar was full Marshallese but had grown up in the U.S. and did not speak a word of Marshallese. She was the only overseas operator that spoke English on the night shift when Tar would come in to make long distance calls. After months of small talk he finally asked her out.

When she finally agreed she thought to herself that this might be just what she needed to really move on.

It was another late night at work and she needed a ride home. When she called Tar, he was drinking as he always did, at his apartment two buildings down from the National Telecommunication Authority. Maria usually walked there after her shift and Tar would sleep as Maria drove his truck home.

Something was in the air that night. The wind was still and an eerie silence lingered. Maria popped in a Cha Nin Way cassette to keep her company the rest of the long drive home. The road was unusually dark. It wasn't until she passed the airport that she realized the streetlights were turning off, one by one, as she approached them, leaving behind a trail of gloom. Fear blanketed over her body as her eyes shifted from the rear-view mirror to Tar, who was still asleep. She shook Tar's shoulder in an attempt to wake him. He grunted and continued to snore. She shook him more vigorously and this time she was sure she woke him.

It took Maria a few seconds to realize that Tar had just swung and punched her on the chin. She snapped out of being shocked just in time to see Tar sit up and grab for the wheel. She braced her fingers tightly around the ribbed steering wheel and held on to her future as Tar began to yell at her in Marshallese. "Honey! What are you doing? Here with him?" Maria could not believe her ears. She thought the blow to her face must have distorted her hearing. Was Tar really speaking Marshallese? "Honey! Didn't you hear me? Go home!"

This time she was sure. The man was speaking Marshallese but it wasn't Tar. As the words rolled off his tongue, Maria's eyes widened in terror. "Honey" rang in her head as she closed her eyes and tried to shake the words away.

In the split second that her eyes shut, the truck veered off the road and crashed into a fallen over coconut tree. She saw her chance. Quickly she kicked the crushed door open and ran down the road to a faint light in the distance. She didn't dare look back but could hear the sound of Tar's footsteps running closely behind her. She started to scream, hoping that someone would help her. Meanwhile, Tar was still yelling in Marshallese, "Honey, ilok! Honey, kwoj jab rong ke?" But she could hear clearly, and what she heard was not the voice of Tar.

She finally reached a small house made of

plywood. The walls were so thin that when she desperately pounded the walls, the tin roof shook. She screamed, "Jibeng! Jibeng!" A man from inside the house came out to her cries for help with a baseball bat in hand. Just then Tar grabbed the man's shoulder but soon let go, as he passed out from the blow to the head. "Oh my God!" screamed a woman that stood in the doorway as she held on tightly to her two children. "What's going on? Is he dead?"

By then, Maria had dropped to the ground next to Tar and checked his pulse. He was asleep. By the time the M.I.P.D. arrived, Maria had asked the family not to press charges. She explained that he was drunk and did not want to get him arrested. They helped Maria put Tar in the cook house out back and waited until he woke up early the next morning. Maria and the man anxiously waited as he tossed and turned and then finally rose. He held his head and moaned in pain. Startled to find himself in unfamiliar territory, he jumped up and spotted Maria sitting against the cement well with a man he did not know. "Hey, where are we? What happened?" Maria walked over slowly, cautiously. "Tar? Is that you?" "Of course it is. Who else would it be? Damn, what happened to my head? It hurts like hell!" "The two of you crashed just a ways down the road. You were chasing your girlfriend here and if she hadn't found our house, I don't know what you would have done to her." "Jesus Christ. Maria, I don't know what to say. The last thing I remember was picking up a six pack from the store on our way home." In a faint voice Maria whispered, "Nick."

Maria thanked the man for all his help and told Tar there was something they had to do right away. Without an explanation he got back into the busted truck and the two of them drove the rest of the way to Jeirok. The entire ride, Maria played back the

events of the night in her head. In disbelief, she rewound what happened in slow motion. The dried blood on Tar's head brought her back to reality. As they approached Jeirok Maria turned toward the lagoon instead of the ocean when they reached her property. "Where are we going Maria?" "Nick."

As they turned the corner Tar could see the white glow of the headstones that reflected the morning sunlight. Maria stopped the truck just short of the graveyard and got out. "Tar, come with me."

She walked slowly but surely to Nick's grave and sat with her head down. Her eyes welded up as tears began to flow down her face. Tar sat next to her not knowing what they were doing there. In a weak voice she began to speak, "Honey, I couldn't believe it. I've held on to your memory for so long and wished for a time that we would be reunited a million times. But last night took everything I had to let you go. But I had to. You're gone. Nothing is going to change that. It's time you let me go to. Please, release me."

That night as Tar and Maria lay fast asleep, a glow from underneath the bedroom door appeared. An uneasy feeling came over Tar and something told him to wake up. Just



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BERKELEY FOWLER

as he opened his eyes the door crept open. He could see the silhouette of a man over six feet tall. Although he never met Nick he knew it was he who stood in the doorway.

For several seconds the men, one man and one spirit, exchanged looks as the woman they both loved lay asleep between them. Just as quickly as he came, he was gone. Still asleep, Maria turned over and whispered, "Goodbye."



## A Tale of the Bizarre

By George Myers

Four brown tumor-plagued grotesque rats scurry quickly across the cottage floorboards into a tiny orifice in the wall. Deep into the darkness peering, an emaciated man sits huddled in the corner of the small dark room whispering to himself, and an echo murmured back the words, "Spurned from a society I abhor, twenty years I've lived as a pariah in seclusion. Twenty years have elapsed since the start of my solitude away from the cities and their people. My memory is frail through my seemingly endless days of suffering. I can't recall why I'm here or why I won't leave. I have completely forgotten the origins of my predicament. I believe it may be this degraded society that I hide from. Or is it these dreams that fill me with terror day and night, merging with reality to the point of no distinction? In my restless sleep I've dreamt dreams no mortals ever dare. What would they do if they found me here...?"

The single room cottage was small, dark and strewn with dust-covered odds and ends. The floor and walls were made up of gnarled wooden planks cracked and splintered from the continuous freezing and melting of water soaked up during the fall. The floorboards to the ceilings were covered with a thick slimy black film of moss that smelled of mildew. There were numerous amounts of holes in the cottage walls filtering in small streaks of white light and the icy cold wind. The ceiling drooped under the weight of time. Sitting with his arms around his knees staring blankly into the darkness the man's sunken eyes darted up across the room to a rat cautiously making its way to the dilapidated trap he'd left silhouetted in front of a hole in the wall. "... Oh! This is the moment I've been waiting for. Closer."

The rat slightly nudged the bait but nothing. The man's sullen eyes focused hard on the rat forcing it with his will. Snap! The iron bar slipped over the tumor-filled head of the disgusting animal, clinching tightly on its throat, snapping its vertebrae like a twig. The blood gushed from its mouth through protruding teeth, splattering about. But before the tiny drops could touch the ground the man was in mid-air having leapt from his corner towards the corpse, arms wildly flailing above his head and voice shrieking. The dead animal grew larger and larger in the gleam of his deep black irises until the reflection of his callused fingers could be seen ripping through the furry skin. The skin and head tore off effortlessly into his tough hands and fell to

the ground. His sharp rotten teeth shredded into the flesh, spraying his lips with warm blood. In a quick gulp the carcass was in his pot belly.

The skeletal man stood erect over the rat head and completely licked his blood-covered fingers clean of red. His beady black lifeless eyes were sunken deep into the sockets of his bony face. His thin lips were a cold whitish gray color with smudges of red here and there. Above his enervated eyes was his broad and bony forehead that lacked any sign of eyebrows. His long thin up-turned pointy nose matched his protruding cheekbones, making him seem to have not one but three. His concave cheeks and pointy chin gave his face a turnip shape. His huge irregular head was bald with a few strands of long gray hair popping out here and there. His face was gray, expressionless, lifeless, and covered with patches of raisin-sized warts, bubbling brown boils, oozing puss and hairy moles.

His long scrawny neck strained as it arched forward from the weight of his massive head. His chest was convex with every rib jutting out like bars to a jail cell imprisoning his blackened heart. His chest was so barren of fat, in fact, that a faint pulsing of a heart could be seen through the wrinkled skin of his bony chest. His arms were only skin and bone with a web of blue veins diffusing to a delta of capillaries at his wrists. His hands were rough and callused with very long skinny fingers. His backbone shot out of his back. His tubby stomach hung over his bony waist like an Ethiopian child suffering from malnutrition. His legs were long and thin. His feet were large with webbed toes. Covering his entire body was a thin blanket of black grime. He appeared like a zombie with the faint white lights from the holes directly over him streaming down, throwing his shadow to the floor of the dark cottage.

From that spot he hobbled to the entrance of the one room cottage, heaved open its small wood paneled door and walked out into the cold morning air. The morning was beautiful. The sun stretched its warm pink and orange rays over the snow capped mountain range in the distance. White fluffy cotton clouds floated gently in the blue sky over the man's head. The lanky man and rustic cottage stood high atop a jagged limestone rock face overlooking a thick pine forest. The diminutive cottage was covered with vegetation, with several redwood trees growing out of its roof. Within the forest below the cliff the tops of the pine trees gently swayed as the light morning breeze carried the scent of flowers and berries through the crisp morning air. The sound of the winding river below mixed with the soft wind creating a chorus of harmony. Birds sang

in high-pitched voices. Falcons soared high over head. From that platform atop the cliff the man stood hunched over pondering his task at hand. No sooner did he get outside than did he, with a sudden burst, descend down the side of the cliff disappearing into the thick wilderness.

He ran quickly through the dense underbrush without making a sound or touching a single branch. Like a man pursued by a creature only imaginable in a child's mind he flew through the forest toward the soft bellow of the meandering river below. He moved so quickly through the forest that all of his senses became numb. His vision became only blurs of differing colors and shades. Scents, sounds and temperatures pervaded his body at one moment and were continuously and immediately supplanted with newer and newer versions.

He ran three miles through the dense forest until all of a sudden his bony legs stopped pumping. He had reached a clearing containing a long dirt path cutting its way through the forest. Normally he would run straight out from the shadows of the canopies into the open sunlit clearing and on to the other side, but today was different. He heard a loud low voice, then two other slightly higher pitched voices a close distance down the path. He quickly ducked behind a shrub and peered through its branches to see a man and two women making their way towards him.

"Ah, I should not have come this way on this dawning day. I should head back towards the solace of my cottage. I cannot take the risk of being seen. They will murder me for sure." Thinking in that way, he turned around slowly, careful not to make a sound. He had stealthily taken two steps when his face wrinkled up and hatred boiled up in his eyes. "Why have they come into my dwelling? Why should I leave them to encroach on my home? And if I am seen I will be as good as dead. What if they find my trail as I flee and follow it to my cottage? What will they do to me? I must be certain these brigands will not find me? But how?" At that moment a resolution came into his mind. His lips arched upwards into a spine-chilling grin as he turned back toward the three hikers. He kneeled down carefully behind the bush and waited.

The sound of footsteps grew louder and more distinct with every beat of the man's rampant heart. Finally the male hiker came into view just within twenty feet of his hiding spot. At that time he swiftly shot out into the clearing and struck the male hiker between the eyes with his tough hands. Being caught off guard the hiker fell to the ground like a stone. With blood flowing profusely from the giant gash in his head he struggled to get back to his feet. Before the hiker had the chance to brace himself the hopping

mad man bent over, picked up a coconut sized rock next to where the hiker lay, and proceeded to strike the hiker's head with all his strength. Within ten seconds from the man's jumping into the clearing the male hiker lay dead with his skull cracked.

The two female hikers were aghast to see the gruesome scene unfolding before their eyes. Just ten minutes ago they had finished eating breakfast and enjoyed joking words with one another and now their companion lay dead, with a blood drenched skeleton there squatting beside him with his dark sunken eyes, glazed over with insanity. The women screamed in terror as the man felt for a pulse on the dead hiker's neck. Then the blood splattered bony man stood up and glared directly into the eyes of the two women. In a moment he lunged forward at them. The quicker of the two women dropped her heavy back pack and bolted down into the forest. The other woman, in a panicked filled stupor, tripped over a root on the path as she tried to run. Her face smacked flat into the hard ground. Lying there face down on the ground with her ankle twisted she resigned to her fate and knew she would not be walking away from that place alive. Before she had time to turn over she felt a sharp pain in the back of her head. A rapidly moving black shadow on the red dirt was the last image she saw as the rock split her head open.

Turning the man sprang to his feet and hastily sprinted into the forest after the other woman. She ran with all of her will. Her veins pumped with battery acid and her throat constricted till she could no longer breathe. Glancing back from time to time she stumbled again and again. With her lungs gasping for air she ran with only adrenaline fueling her. As she ran the forest became thicker and thicker and the roar of the river grew louder and louder. In what to her had seemed but a few minutes from when she had first taken flight into the forest, she had reached a forty foot cliff directly overlooking the churning river below. Her wide panic filled eyes looked down at the water and without breaking stride she was airborne, jumping out as far she could.

She hit the water with a tremendous slap. Under the water she sank and everything went black. The freezing water enveloped her body with the needles of cold poking into every inch of her skin. With her eyes closed and her lungs burning for oxygen she kicked rapidly to get to the surface. After a sustained effort her head popped out of the water, her lungs filled with air and the sun shone down on her face. With her first gasp of air the man chasing her flooded back into forefront of her mind. She looked up to the spot from where she had leapt and saw him hunched over with his elliptical head cocked to

one side looking down at her. He stood there crouched over watching her float down stream, then within a moment he disappeared back into the forest. Chills were sent up and down her spine upon seeing him there waiting for her. She had thought she made a clean getaway but now she knew she was still not safe.

As she threaded water she drifted rapidly down the river. Having seen how quickly the man could travel through the forest and how he had not jumped into the river after her she decided to stay in the river until she came across a town. She knew from a map that she had studied before her and her colleagues decided to take their hiking trip that the river would flow through the town of Huntsville about three miles down stream. She fixed Huntsville in her mind and continued swimming.

One hour later she was shaded under a bridge in the town. She grabbed hold of a rust encrusted ladder that hung over the side of the bridge. She struggled to pull her self up onto the river bank. When she finally made it out of the water she collapsed to the ground completely exhausted from her swim.

When she came back into consciousness her whole body was shaking. Her body was the as white as snow and numb from being in the water for so long. She used the last of her energy to get up and go for help. She staggered into the town and entered the first shop that she saw. She talked to the storekeeper and told him the whole story.

The shopkeeper's eyes opened wide with surprise upon hearing the story. He told her that, "The man's name is Henry. He was a librarian when he used to live here in Huntsville. One day he shot and killed a neighbor during a heated argument. When the police went to arrest Henry, he fled into the forest. The police and some of the neighbor's relatives went up into the mountains to find him. Henry had a day's head start and got as far as the Pinehill lookout before they caught up with him. He hid in a cave next to the old cottage that was once a telegram relay station. The dogs sniffed him out directly and the police surrounded the cave. Henry was armed with a rifle and told them he wasn't going down without a fight. A few shots were fired and the whole cave collapsed in on him. So you see, Henry has been dead for the past twenty years. This whole town knows that his ghost still roams those hills up there. Many hunters have gone there to hunt down that murderer. But when they enter into the forest most of them never return. Some say they have shot him at point blank range but the bullets only went through him. Now he sits up there in those cursed hills, killing anyone he comes across." Hearing this the woman fainted.



## A traveler's journey back to early civilization: The ancient Mayan city of Tikal

By Dennis Nullet  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Sitting atop Temple IV at sunset in the ancient Maya city of Tikal, I tried to imagine the splendid scene 1,300 years earlier. The forest had been cleared for miles in every direction. A wide, straight road radiated into the distance, vanishing into a blur of agricultural fields, isolated trees, small dwellings, and the haze from a thousand cooking fires. Immediately below, ochre-red pyramids rose from gleaming white plazas, and beyond lay hundreds of ornate buildings, smaller temples, shrines, and ball courts. The magnificent public monuments must have seemed quite intimidating to travelers approaching central Tikal. Perhaps that was the intention.

But now, the Maya are gone, and the forest has reclaimed the land. All I could see from my perch 200 feet above the ground were hundreds of square miles of rainforest canopy and the combs of four tall temples reflecting soft light in the setting sun.

With two companions, Guatemalan guide, and driver, I bounced over hundreds of miles of central American roads this summer visiting some of the most storied Maya sites: Copan, Tikal, Palenque, and others. Along the way, I learned a great deal about the ancient city-states of the classic Maya period and their modern descendants, and infused my brain with a few more points of reference for understanding the themes of human existence. The adventure also changed me enough, hopefully, to bring a humbler and more insightful classroom experience to my geography students, and to international education in general.

Having limited exposure to the world's great archeological sites, I was surprised by the sophistication, beauty, and sheer size of the Maya cities. The beautifully crafted central complexes anchored sprawling hinterlands. The famous steep-sided pyramids cocoon earlier temples, which cover even older buildings, making a journey through their interiors a trip back in time.

One such trip can be taken at Copan, in Honduras. A tunnel has been dug through the core of Structure 16, revealing an intact, and still brightly painted temple dubbed Rosalila, an otherworldly building invoking the deepest sense of mystery and awe.

Mystery and awe well describe my impressions of the exquisitely painted victory frescos of Bonampak; the vastness of Tikal; the enormous, intricately carved stelae of Quirigua telling the Maya creation story; the famous, cosmologically inscribed tomb of the great Pacal, ruler of Palenque; and glorified blood-letting events commemorated in stone at Yaxchilan, which help explain Mayan acceptance of Catholicism with its sanguinary symbols.

Judging by the large international crowds of tourists at most of the sites, it was clear that this unique civiliza-

tion, flowering in the inhospitable rainforests of tropical America, had global appeal. In fact, tourist traffic to Maya sites has become a major source of income in the region. In Honduras, Copan is the main attraction and its beautifully restored ball court has become a symbol that adorns the national currency, the lempira.

Guatemala's currency displays a symbol with a very different meaning: an inscription of the year 1996. Before then, tens of thousands of citizens, mostly rural Maya, had been killed by government troops. The Maya, landless and poor, had fought for recognition and inclusion, a cause brought to world attention by Nobel Peace Prize winner Rigoberta Menchu Tum. Finally, in 1996, the conflict ended when a new government reached out to the rebel movement and signed a peace accord. Although conditions have improved, a few rich families still own most of the arable land and much poverty remains. Our guide informed us that the government had recently enacted a national minimum wage that boosted laborer's pay -- to just \$8 per day.

Like their modern descendants, the ancient Maya faced challenges. As their cities and populations expanded, demand for resources began to outpace supply. Cities sprawled outward, covering the fertile ground that had nurtured their existence. Forests were cleared for firewood, and subsequent erosion further diminished the land's capacity to provide food. Public works grew ever grander, requiring more labor for construction and more wood burning to produce the limestone stucco that covered them. Overdevelopment of the large Maya cities, whose ruins we marvel at today, exhausted the resources that supported them, and caused their ultimate abandonment.

I could not help but notice parallels with modern day Guatemala, much of which has been deforested. Our guide pointed out the occasional Cebu tree, sacred to the Maya, that adorns otherwise barren pastures flanking mile after mile of roadway. The Cebu was not harvested because it has little commercial value and now stands as a lonely yardstick indicating the former height of the old rainforest canopy. I wondered if the cycle of growth and collapse was repeating in Guatemala.

And that brings us back to the present-day view from atop Tikal's Temple IV, a sight that would not surprise an ancient Mayan. The abandoned ruins of a fallen empire and rebirth of the forest fit neatly into their philosophy. They believed in inevitable, and predictable, outcomes for human societies (destruction and rebirth) and repeating cycles of events that could be foretold using an elaborate calendar. Time will tell whether the Maya's fatalistic view applies to today's global society, which gobbles up resources at an ever-increasing pace.



PHOTO BIANCA CHAVEZ

## Koa Gallery Faculty Biennial Show on Premier Night

By Bianca Chavez  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Art instructors, students, and gallery visitors gathered last month at the Koa Gallery to view the Faculty Biennial art show. The exhibit displayed artwork from more than 20 faculty members. The show included artwork from several different mediums. Included among the show are sculptures, ceramics, photography, digital works, paintings, and mixed media works.

A lot of the artwork drew from local culture and Hawaiian mythology. An example was Russel Sunabe's oil painting titled "Spook." He said a local belief that dogs have the ability to see ghosts inspired the piece. When he was a child, Sunabe was told that if you take the makapiapia (or sleep) from the dog's eyes and put it in your own eyes, you would also

be able to see ghost. In his painting, a howling dog and a female figure with upturned hair mirror each other. A sightless bird, an image often used by Paul Gauguin, representing the spirit world is centered beneath them.

"Ai A Mano," a silver gelatin print by Kapulani Landgraf, was taken by the waters off Chinaman's Hat.

"I like the elements in it. It's a balanced piece. It's very good with the hammerhead sharks," said new media art student John Adams.

"Access Denied" was created by Linda Kane. The background is a detailed charcoal drawing of a wave on paper. A steel fence over the drawing represents the local issue of beach access.

Other pieces were created to acknowledge the war in Iraq. Kazu Kauinana's piece titled "God Bless You" was created out of concern for current events, war, and facts from

the news. He said he created the piece not to encourage students to take a certain position but to react to the facts. Kauinana was looking through Good Will when he saw the globe that is the base of his piece. He said the globe immediately reminded him of global events and he thought the most pressing issue of now is the war in Iraq.

"They (students) have a great and diverse faculty, its one of the most talented groups of artist I have ever been with," said Koa Gallery curator David Behlke.

The show is a mix of individual, local and global thought expressed through the thoughts and creations of the art faculty. The Faculty show will be on display until Nov. 12.

"I like the teacher work. They show allot of strong concepts. It shows their teaching is not only taught but practiced," Adams said.

## Recent SNAPSHOTS

- UN vehicle kills three in Liberia
- Russian support helps Kyoto protocol pass
- Danish government ends experimental anarchy

A daylight curfew was set in Monrovia, Liberia, to curb violence that erupted between Muslims and Christians. In attempting to step in and control the war at the Liberian capitol, a UN armored vehicle hit and killed three people in an attempt to disperse a crowd. The motives behind the violence are not clear, but began last Thursday in Paynesville and moved west toward an Atlantic Ocean port.

Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat was brought to a hospital in France last Friday for a fairly severe, unidentified illness that has lasted over two weeks. Blood tests show possible symptoms of leukemia or other cancers. Until now, Arafat has not been away from the headquarter compound in the West Bank for almost three years. During his absence, two of his associates are co-serving as prime minister in his stead.

Russia's upper house of parliament ratified the Kyoto global climate protocol, which will bring the pact into action next year. The protocol aims to decrease global warming by lowering greenhouse-gas emissions and has previously been rejected by Australia and the U.S. Russia's approval will allow it to pass, after Russian president Vladimir Putin's ratification.

Leaders of 25 European countries signed the first constitution of the European Union at the Campidoglio, an ancient political and religious center of Rome, on Friday. The treaty aims to give the union a clearer international character and help Europe make collective decisions. It now must be approved by national parliaments, and go through a series of votes by various nations.

Japanese Emperor Akihito stated that he hoped no one was

being forced to face the flag and sing the national anthem to show national patriotism in schools, possibly crossing his boundary of authority with such a statement. The flag and the anthem are both symbols of Japan's invasion of Asia in the 20<sup>th</sup> century and the emperor is to be more of a national symbol than a policy-maker or figurehead.

According to drug enforcement officials, Afghanistan produces more than 80 percent of global heroin products. The country's economic health is largely due to money from drug traffickers and manufacturers who earn nearly \$3 billion yearly.

The Danish government is aiming to put an end to what has been an experimental anarchy in Copenhagen. The area of Christiania made up of a little less than a thousand residents has existed as a free anarchist state since 1971.



## The weight of a soul: 21 grams?

By Chad Thompson-Smith  
 STAFF WRITER

"How many lives do we live? How many times do we die? They say we all lose 21 grams at the exact moment of our death. Everyone. And how much fits into 21 grams? How much is lost? When do we lose 21 grams? How much goes with them? How much is gained? Twenty-one grams. The weight of a stack of five nickels. The weight of a hummingbird. A chocolate bar. How much did 21 grams weigh?"

This out-of-the-ordinary quote was spoken by actor Sean Penn in the Focus Features film, "21 Grams." The quote refers to an old urban legend that suggests at the precise moment we die, we lose 21 grams of weight. Legend says the 21 grams represent the soul leaving the body at the time of death.

Actual historical basis for this claim exists, dating back to 1909 when American scientist Duncan MacDougall conducted scientific experiments to determine if there is any loss of weight at the time of death. MacDougall placed terminal patients on a specially designed bed built on a scale and weighed them as they passed away. MacDougall had journals of his experiments published in the New York Times in 1909, detailing how the experiments were conducted.

His first subject was a man dying from tuberculosis who expired four hours into the experiment.

"He expired and suddenly coincident with death, the beam end of the scale dropped with an audible stroke, hitting against the lower limiting bar and remaining there with no rebound. The loss was ascertained to be three-fourths of an ounce," MacDougall wrote. Three other dying patients MacDougall studied also lost weight but the weight loss was not consistent, fluctuating between a half-ounce or three-eighths of an ounce. MacDougall never offered an explanation for the inconsistency in weight loss.

It is unclear whether other scientists have tried to replicate MacDougall's experiments. MacDougall later conducted his experiments on 15 dogs. None of the canines registered a loss of weight at the time of death. MacDougall suggested this was further proof of his experiment's success, insisting his religion did not deem a dog's soul worthy.

One critic of MacDougall's work was fellow Massachusetts doctor, Augustus P. Clarke. Clarke accused MacDougall of failing to take into account the sudden rise in body temperature at death, when the blood stops being air-cooled via its circulation through the lungs. Clarke believed that the sweating and moisture evaporation caused by the sudden rise in body temperature would account for both the drop in the humans' weight and the dogs' failure to register a weight loss. Dogs cool themselves by panting, not sweating.

## Divine diamonds designed for independent divas

By Andrea Maglasang  
 EDITOR

In the midst of the struggle for sexual and gender equality and feminist rights, there is a new reason that diamonds are a girl's best friend. No longer a treasure only given by men, a fashionable diamond ring can now symbolize a woman's strength and individuality. The "Ah ring" is the first diamond ring that a woman buys for herself.

With a quarter carat of eleven round, full-cut diamonds set in a band of white gold, the "Ah ring" is particularly for strong single women who are available (A) and happy (h). The ring is worn on the pinkie finger as opposed to the ring finger where wedding rings go, but "I say women can wear it on any finger they want," said Ruta Fox, president and creator of the ring. "Pinkies are just cute, fresh and fun."

In the three years of its success, Fox says that the "Ah ring" struck a nerve with women who never thought of buying good jewelry for themselves.

"Many women thought that rings were always something that had to be given to a woman by a man," Fox said. "I think it means a lot to women because of the hidden emotional connection between the ring and what it means for that woman."

The ring has been popular among single women, but not exclusive to them. Women have found ways to give specific personal meaning to the "Ah ring," and drawn strength from the act of giving a gift to themselves.

"One woman who bought the ring is a cancer survivor," Fox said. "So for her, 'Ah' stands for alive and happy. Some women buy the ring after a divorce, and even married women buy the ring. For those in a relationship, 'Ah' stands for attached and happy."

Tina Pinlac, financial analyst and recent college graduate, thinks that this idea is one that might not catch on so well on the islands.

"I think island girls aren't as in to the independent woman thing as city girls are," Pinlac said. "Probably because their chances of becoming 'independent women' are limited in the sense that independent usually equates to financially independent. And Hawaii is not exactly booming with career opportunities that are financially promising. These (island) girls often have short term goals of landing the

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## Burning through the ages

A history of the magic and myth behind incense

By Clint Kaneoka  
 COPY EDITOR

Historically, the practice of incense burning spans thousands of years, finding its place in a multitude of cultures throughout the world. Although not necessarily used specifically for religious or medicinal purposes these days, it nevertheless has been deeply rooted in many such practices since primeval times.

While it is uncertain exactly when incense first came into use, it is known to have been used extensively by many ancient civi-

lizations, including the Mesopotamians, Indians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. Then, and throughout most of history, the burning of incense was closely linked with shaman practices, religion, and medicine, as the smoke was considered to have both magical and spiritual traits.

Over the many years, incense has emerged in a variety of forms, including raw woods, dried herbs, pastes, powders, and even oils. Today, it most commonly appears shaped either as a stick, known as a joss-stick, or as a cone. In both cases, the incense is ignited until

it is glowing and its smoldering embers release a scented aroma.

It is the aromatic essence released in the smoke that has given incense burning such a prolonged existence. While still used for spiritual and religious practices, today incense is more often used simply for its pleasant scent and potential soothing effects.

Although incense burning is not highly regarded for its medicinal uses by the standards of modern medicine, it nevertheless still plays a key role in the practices

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## Students get their chance to choose favorite profs

KCC's Excellence in Teaching Award Selection Committee is accepting nominations for the Regents' Medal for Excellence in Teaching Award. The annual award is given to a KCC instructor, counselor, librarian or instructional media faculty member by the UH Board of Regents in recognition for outstanding performance.

Candidates are nominated by students and faculty and then submitted to a selection committee of six students and four faculty for review. The committee assesses the performance of the nominees based on evaluations prepared by the committee members. The nominees are judged accord-

ing to the following criteria: clarity, learning impact, organization, knowledge of the subject area, class preparedness, interest and concern for students, presentation and creativity, friendliness and enthusiasm.

To nominate a candidate for the award, students and faculty are required to fill out a nomination form. Each candidate must be nominated by any three students or faculty.

Completed nomination forms are to be submitted to the Office of the Provost in Ilima 214 by Dec. 1.

Please direct all inquiries to committee chairperson, Nelda Quensell call 734-9428.

Nomination forms are available at the following locations:

- Library
- Bookstore
- The Office of Student Activities
- Department offices
- Office of the Provost
- Counseling offices
- The Kekaulike Information and Service Center
- The Maida Kamber Center

Cut along dotted line

### Vote for your Favorite Teacher!

Nomination Form: Excellence in Teaching Award

Kapi'olani Community College will recommend a faculty member for the University of Hawaii Board of Regents' Excellence in Teaching Award. Candidates may be nominated by any three students, or any three colleagues.

Name of Nominee \_\_\_\_\_

Last

First

Briefly explain why you are nominating this person:

Nominated by:

- |          |            |
|----------|------------|
| 1. _____ | Date _____ |
| 2. _____ | Date _____ |
| 3. _____ | Date _____ |

(Attach additional sheet to continue explanation or for any additional signatures)

Faculty members are prohibited from soliciting their own nominations. Solicitation will result in disqualification.



## Parking:

*Continued from page 1*

in process for several years and was finally approved this past summer. The contract was awarded and assigned to a contractor, who will soon be working on the project of constructing parking lot "E." The estimated cost of the parking lot "E" construction project is about \$341,000 which comes from the Facility Planning Office. Since the money had already been appropriated, the money has to be spent before the end of fiscal year June 2005, which is why the project could not wait until summer. While some students are not happy about the idea of the parking lot being closed during the fall semester, Messina says "it'll be better in the long run."

"I think sometimes in life, you have to sacrifice small things for big things," said Messina. "We're giving up one month of parking lot for a permanent parking lot. So I think it'll be worth it in the long run."

The paving will eliminate many problems that some drivers face in parking lot "E." The permanent parking lot will not be as much of a problem on rainy days, when the usual gravel parking lot becomes slippery and muddy. The entrance of lot "E" will be moved slightly higher, to create a better intersection and less congestion. Other additions and improvements will be added such as a guard railing, light poles, landscaping and drainage work.

The paving will solve the difficulty of driving on the lot, making it easier for cars to make a turn into the parking stalls, without staining cars with dirt and debris.

"I think if they put in the yellow lines, then it'll be better because people have to park in the spot and they can't just make up their own spot. And people's cars won't get messed up because of the rocks and everything," KCC student Emily Georgeo said.

The closing of lot "E" will affect many students; some students are opposed to the idea, while other students think that it will be a good idea to have the parking lot paved.

"It's going to affect me, just because this is the only parking lot that I park in," said KCC student Chelise Kaohelauii. "I think it's awesome, because it'll be nice to have it paved."

One solution to ease the parking problem on campus would be to start charging for parking. With enough money raised, KCC would be able to build a new parking lot structure, which would help to solve the parking problem on campus.

University of Hawaii students are charged for parking, but students at KCC aren't. However, Messina says that (parking fees) won't happen anytime soon.

## History:

*Continued from page 1*

Colette Higgins has been a history teacher here at KCC for the last 12 years. She teaches history 151 and 152, Pacific Literature 258, and Hawaiian history 284.

She explained that, "The idea behind the global and multicultural is to expand it so that students are given more choices, so you don't have to take history."

But she says history is also a very important lesson because we learn from history and hopefully won't repeat the same mistakes while that same lesson may be a bit harder to find in a music or religion course.

"I think what sets us (history) apart is we look at chronology over time and we tell the story of the human past over time just so that you get a general idea so when you take that art class you can say 'Oh yeah the Renaissance, I learned about that,'" Higgins said.

Student Brain Thomasson feels that history is important also. He has already taken history 151 and 152 but wouldn't have taken any of the other courses if given the option.

"I think it's important for people to understand what has happened in the past so they can understand the world now-a-days," Thomasson said.

Higgins feels that the best thing about history is that it gives the student a basic understanding which allows them to relate other courses to.

"By having history as your background it provides a nice foundation for any other humanities class," Higgins said.

She has had some students in her 200 level courses that don't have this basic foundation in history and she said it really catches her off guard. She wonders what will happen as more and more students learn about this path to avoid history.

"I think students really should take history because it allows them and helps them understand all those other subjects in the context of time," Higgins said.

Student Melissalyn Sarinas has not taken history yet, but said that she doesn't think she would want to take any of the other classes but religion. She thought it would be interesting to learn about religions around the world.

It is really the student's choice on whether or not they wish to take history. If a student has taken a lot of history in high school perhaps being able to take a religion or geography course would make them a lot happier. But for the students who haven't had a strong background in history, this could be a set back for them.

Higgins feels that, "It's kind of disappointing for us that they (students) aren't forced to (take history) anymore."

## MySpace.com: A great place for friends

By Jennifer Correa  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

If you love to socialize and make new friends, the opportunity is only a mouse click away. MySpace.com, is the latest online social networking site to hit the Internet. Anyone from your friends, family or co-workers may have a personalized Web page profile on MySpace.com.

It is a Web site in a genre of its own, which is an online social networking community. The co-founders of this site are Tom Anderson and Chris DeWolfe. They created the site so that it is the only one to offer many features with technological advantage over similar Web sites in the same genre. The best thing about this site is that it is totally free. I even admit that I have a personal profile on MySpace.com and I constantly log on it and make new friends everyday. The best qualities of MySpace.com are the site's objectivity, various features and easy navigability.

The purpose of MySpace.com is to provide a social networking community. In other words, as stated in the banner advertising MySpace.com, it reads "A place for friends." The site is open for people to create a personal profile site where you can meet people and begin to grow a network of mutual friends. You can browse through people's sites and see who knows whom, if you are connected, and how so. MySpace.com is for everyone whether you are friends meeting friends, singles meeting singles, families who keep in touch, business people and co-workers, classmates or someone who is just looking for long lost friends. This Web

site basically provides a huge community of connecting friends. You can have as many as thousands, or even more, friends in your extended network. With the objectivity of this type of site, you get to know the motives of the creators.

Another great quality of MySpace.com is the various features it offers to users. You can create your own personal page and post daily journals, diaries and photos. You can visit pages of other people and add them as your friend. You can also send the person an instant message, leave a brief comment on their page or send mail to their inbox. These messaging features make MySpace.com unique from any other online community. There are user forums with all types of categories from automobiles to television, where people can post their comments and opinions. They can also form or join different groups with people on MySpace.com that are connected or share common interests, such as high school groups. In addition to all the features that help people meet people and communicate, there are also online games, a music site and classifieds section. These features help to meet the sites objectives: mainly meeting people and making friends.

What makes all of these aspects possible is the navigability of the Web site itself. The basic links of the site are available at the top of the page. These include home, search, favorites, browse, search, invite, rank, blog, groups, forum, events, games, music and classifieds. At the bottom of the page are the more informational and marketing links of

the page, such as news, FAQ, terms, privacy, contact, promote, advertise, and the MySpace shop.

You can also easily browse through pages of different people and find people by using the browse or search engines. With browsing you can set your own criteria such as sex, age, marital status, purpose for MySpace, country, postal code and whether or not the other person has photos. You can make friends with people where you live or with people on the opposite side of the country. By searching you can just type in a sample word and results will give you MySpace pages that are associated with the word or search by email address. MySpace.com is a great way to meet new friends or to keep in touch with old friends. I use the site to stay in touch with friends from high school.

The objectivities, features and navigability of MySpace.com make this a great site. I believe these three specific criteria are essential to every online social networking community. I would definitely give this site an A+ because it is unique from any other site of its kind. It allows users to control their own personal page in any way they want. MySpace.com not only has a role in online socializing but in offline socializing as well by hosting parties and other events in different cities. This gives people the opportunity to meet their MySpace friends in person if they both attend the same event. It provides a fun way to make friends and commune. By just browsing through a few personal pages, you can see that these people look like they are having good fun.

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## National French Week Nov. 5 - 12

To celebrate, there will be a French menu featured in the Ka'Ikena Dining Room during lunch.

**Seating times: 11 a.m., 11:30 a.m. and 12 p.m.**  
**Call 734-9499 for reservations.**

Nov. 8, 10 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. there will be a French bread and cheese table in the cafeteria. Bobby Sohns, a Honda International Center scholarship recipient, will stop by the table to answer any questions regarding his recent study abroad experience in Paris in August.

Nov. 8 12:30 p.m. - Wine tasting at the Tamarind Room. Faculty and students are welcome.

Nov. 9, 8 a.m. - French speaker Ronald Poirrier will speak to French 101 class in Olapa 106.

Nov. 10, 9 a.m. - Bobby Sohns will speak to French 201 class in Olapa 211. He will discuss his study abroad experience in Paris in August.

Nov. 10, 7-11 a.m. - French pastries available in the 2nd Cup Café in the Ohelo building.

Nov. 12, 8:30 a.m. - French 201 student Michael Kratzke will perform a French rap for French 101 students in Olapa 106.

If you have any questions, please call Renée Arnold 734-9704

## Ring:

*Continued from page 10*

perfect husband as opposed to landing the perfect career."

Pinlac says her friends from the mainland and east coast have been more excited by the idea. But the "Ah ring" has found some support from the male community.

"I like the idea," Fred Drier, recent college graduate said. "Although I think you might find yourself explaining it to others regularly."

Alex Barangan, computer-engineering lecturer, thinks it's a good way for a girl to gift herself.

"If a girl likes it, then she likes it," Barangan said, and joked, "Then I don't have to buy one for her?"

Fox says that near the holidays the phones ring with calls from men as much as from women.

"Because attached women enjoy the ring as well, we get all these last minute desperate men looking for a

gift," she said.

The idea behind the "Ah ring" began within Fox's personal circle of friends, and became a business very quickly. Inspired by the eternity band worn by Oprah Winfrey, Fox's single girl friends began asking her to find them similar rings worn on the pinky. With a background in advertising, public relations, marketing and branding, Fox found the common denominator between everyone who sought the ring and discovered it was inspired by the confidence of her single friends - who were available and happy.

For a business created almost by coincidence, the "Ah ring" and Lifestyle jewelry has done particularly well. In the first year of its market, the "Ah ring" created over \$1 million in sales, and in the three years of its existence, over 5,000 "Ah rings" have been sold. For \$295, the "Ah ring" is a competitive item in the diamond market with diamond

rings in the range of \$500, and Tiffany's engagement rings selling for upwards of \$1,600.

The ring has gathered much publicity from news stations, magazines, newspapers, and Oprah Winfrey herself. In addition, many women have spread the idea by word of mouth.

The "Ah ring" is the first of three items in Fox's personal line of Lifestyle jewelry and is engraved with "Ah." All three items allow the wearer to personalize the item and create their own meaning. The snowflake necklace emphasizes the idea that, like snowflakes, every woman is different and each has unique qualities all her own. The tranquility cross pendant embodies relaxation, reminiscent of the blue in the sea and sky.

These Lifestyle items are only available online at [www.divinediamonds.com](http://www.divinediamonds.com) or by calling 1-800-310-9694.

## Incense:

*Continued from page 10*

of herbalists. As alternative medicines continue to gain recognition throughout modern society, so do the practices of aromatherapy, the category that incense falls under.

Aromatherapy refers the medicinal use of essential plant oils to provide therapeutic relief to a wide array of ailments. Despite lacking any strong scientific evidence to support the claims of its healing powers, aromatherapy continues to garner more and more public acceptance. In fact, today aromatherapy is one of the fastest growing alternative therapies on the market, and is used to treat a wide range of conditions, including burns, severe bacterial infections, insomnia, depression, hypertension, and arrhythmia (irregular heart beat).

However, since incense only represents a branch of aromatherapy, its benefits are not so wide-reaching. Typically, the burning of incense is thought to provide relief for those suffering from anxiety, insomnia, and possibly even depression. And, although scientific evidence has not concluded whether or not this is actually so, studies have shown links between scent and mood.

It is no wonder why so many cultures have, and continue to estab-

lish such a deep-seated relationship with the traditions of incense burning. Despite having such a limited amount of scientific backing, the benefits of incense have been long-established by numerous cultures throughout history, predating even the practices of Christ.

As of now, it is not completely known whether the burning of incense is truly therapeutic in nature or if such effects are simply imagined, as opinions range from highly skeptical to sincere belief. With so little conclusive evidence, it is best that each person finds out for themselves.

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