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KA NANI  
THE ARTS MAGAZINE

OF

KAPIOLANI COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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LAAU STREET - 5 A.M.

Night's silence  
punctured by slamming elevator.  
Laa Street awaits stiff muscles.

Down Kapiolani,  
Koolau snow misting the eyes.  
Forehead glistening,  
Scorpions blaring.

The rhythm of the run.

Now at my side  
You match each step,  
Cool legs sweeping  
thru fluid arcs.

Up Kapahulu  
into the trades,  
sweat and snow  
blend with  
body heat.  
Eddy Van Halen blasting.

The rhythm of the run.

We brush.  
Your scent  
explosive to the heart.  
Your smile  
alluring to the mind.

I reach to touch...  
the tape ends...

I stand breathless  
in the morning sun.

--James D. Becker

Dew on the front lawn  
Roosters crowing far away  
Start of a new day

--Richard Morgan

As the sun rises  
A flower begins to bloom  
A new life begins

--Karen Repollo

Bright beams of sunlight  
Shine through the cloud-covered sky  
Bringing life to all

--Denise Higa

I'm awake at the light of dawn  
I hear waves pounding in the distance  
Above me I see birds streak across the sky  
The crisp, cool air refreshes my lungs  
On an impulse, I race to the water  
The cold, clear water brings my senses to their peak  
I realize then, what makes me happy.

--Keith Suemori

## OUTCAST IN THE OUTBACK

When our family moved to Alice Springs in the summer of 1962, we were all excited, because it was a promotion for my father, who worked as a line inspector for the Australian Telecommunications Company. Alice Springs was then a small, dusty town, with a population of about five thousand people, in the middle of the Australian Outback.

Nowdays it is a teeming tourist resort, its population boosted by a United States Air Force base and more convenient means of transportation, but when we lived there, it was a sleepy little town, an oasis in a red, sandy desert.

Alice (as the locals affectionately call it) has a river running right through the center of the town. However, in three years of residency, I never once saw it flowing. Instead the dry river bed was used as a permanent camping-ground for a group of aborigines, the ancient, nomadic race indigenous to Australia, of whom only a few have made the transition into the twentieth century.

The native people of this land are as old and mysterious as the earth itself. White man is in danger of perishing in this dry, unrelenting, hot land even these days, if he dares to venture from established roads. But the aborigine has survived thousands of years, finding water where others die of thirst and finding ample food in the form of roots, grubs and kangaroo.

In Alice, white man, with his unconquerable sense of his own ability, tried to bring the aborigines into this century. He established missions, and gave them clothes, and canned foods, and education for the children. He sent them to schools in Alice, where they would attend classes in over-large clothes and usually barefooted.

On our arrival in Alice, I was six years old, daughter of middle-class, city-bred parents, who loved me dearly, investing in ballet classes and dozens of dainty, frilled and embroidered

dresses. Every night, my mother would set my hair in Shirley Temple style curls, and I had matching hair ribbons for each dress.

In the city, where we had previously lived, most of my playmates were also dressed the same way; in fact, the mothers would unofficially compete for the best-dressed, daintiest little girl. My mother had been raised in the same way, and to this day is a very smart, well-dressed lady.

In Alice, Mum and Dad joined the Memorial Club, played tennis and bowls, and moved in circles of upper and middle class friends and acquaintances. But, for me at school, things were vastly different.

In my class, there were a few other children with backgrounds like mine, but after living in Alice for a few years, they had changed their dresses and hairstyles to blend into the mainly working-class and aboriginal population of the school.

The school was indeed a culture shock. Every month a barber would come to the school to cut the aborigines' hair and to inspect them for head-lice. This took place outside the classrooms for all to see. The aboriginal children were completely unself-conscious and would pull funny faces while being attended to. In the mornings, a teacher would go around the assembly hall and dispense pieces of toilet tissue to the aborigines to use as hankies (they rarely used them). If anybody else forgot their hanky, they too would be presented with two squares of Dawn. Once I forgot my hanky, to my intense mortification, and the native children had a field day teasing me about my toilet tissue.

With my starched petticoats, lacy socks, and ringlets, I was horribly conspicuous, and in time became miserable and uncomfortable.

The aborigine children would stare, and pinch me, and pull my hair. Walking home from school

became a nightmare, as they would pursue me down the road, calling me names and occasionally throwing stones. At recess time, they would crowd around us white children, and bully us into giving them our cookies. The teachers, afraid of being labeled racists, would rarely interfere, and if a fight broke out, ultimately, it was the white child who was reprimanded and punished.

How I begged my mother to stop curling my hair! How I begged her to let me dispose of my petticoats and shoes! Mum was quite horrified at the idea, and insulated in her grown-up, middle-class world, could not understand the problems of a well-dressed, little white girl in the Alice Springs Primary School.

I received a brand-new bicycle, which at least gave me a headstart in escaping my tormentors after school. As soon as the final bell rang, I would dash to the bike-rack, and pedal home as fast as I could. The aboriginal children did not own bicycles; most of them did not even own a pair of shoes. Sometimes I would be so anxious to leave school behind me, I would lose control of my bike and end up in a hedge or prickly-bush.

Eventually, I made enough friends that the teasing and bullying from the native children faded into unimportance, becoming merely a nuisance instead of the terrifying persecution I had felt in the beginning. I made friends with another little girl, whose mother had the same values as mine, and we have remained good friends throughout the years. We often laugh about the aboriginal children who had once instilled such fear into us, but I am sure we have grown up to become much more tolerant of other people's differences, because of our own experiences of being victims and misfits.

--Deborah Rhoden

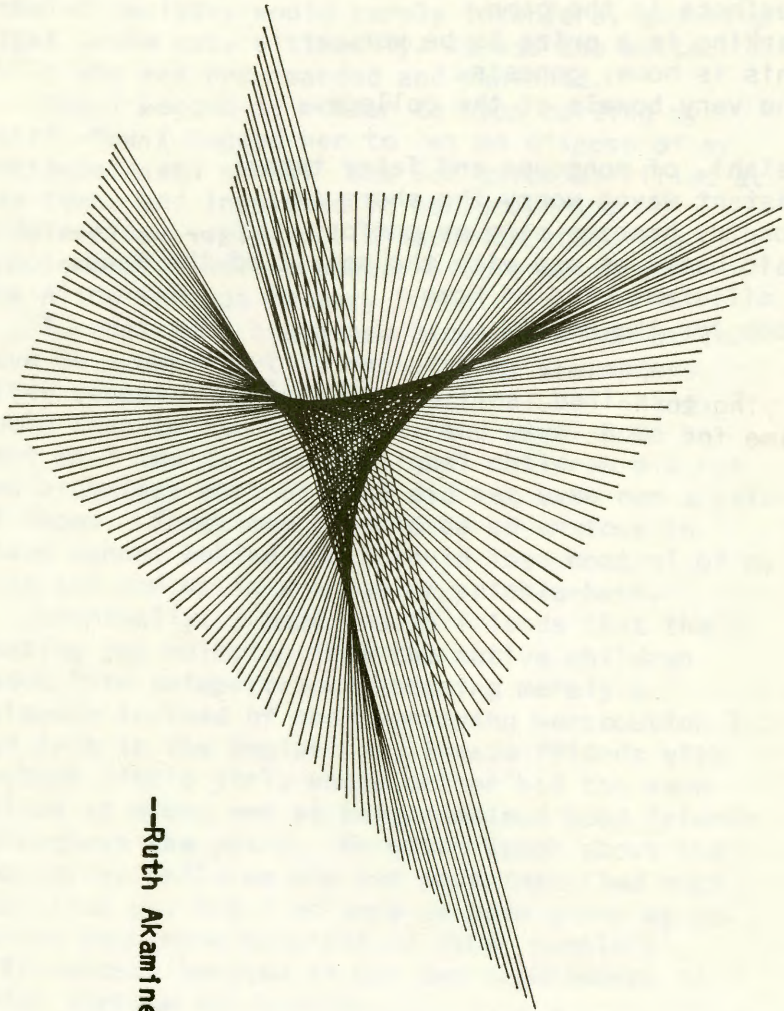
## SPLIT

I live in two worlds:

Pensacola, of sparrow and mynah;  
Traffic hum pulses my blood.  
Business is the game,  
Parking is a prize to be won.  
This is home, genesis,  
The very bowels of the college.

Le'ahi, of mongoose and fairy tern;  
Distant waves worry the shore as  
Country breezes sing my comfort.  
Laid back, at one with the spirit of the land.  
A different kind of home,  
Home for the heart.

--Ed F. G. She



--Ruth Akamine

Grass bent by the dew  
Slowly rise when sunbeams call  
Wave a sad farewell

--Alice Nagata

Hawaiian rainbow  
A hazy blue, pink, yellow  
A divine promise

--Warrene Stender

Sweet pikake leis  
Trying to hold back the tears  
Time for us to part

--Nelson Yamagata

Walking in the rain  
My quiet heart wondering  
Why does the sky cry?

--Wendy Chung

Alone in my room  
Feeling lonely and depressed  
Claustrophobic walls

--Jody Taira

## TREE TOP DREAMER

High in a tree top  
Where air is fresh and silence deep  
A breeze rocks branches beneath me.

Resting my head on the middle trunk  
I hear a creaking branch lullaby.

While above thin fingers encircle me.  
As I gaze through their webwork  
To see the half-grown moon  
And her courtesan stars.

--Dianne Rose

## UNLOCKING THE TRUTH BEHIND F.H.S.

I remember several years ago when I mentioned the word, "Farrington," my whole night would be ruined. For example, one night at a Sacred Hearts Academy dance, when I was indulging in a little slow dance with a beauty of the opposite sex, she asked me, "So den, what school you from?" I whispered back, with a sly smile creased across my lips, "Farrington." After the song ended, I couldn't find her anywhere for the remainder of the evening.

After this embarrassing incident, I was hesitant about mentioning what high school I had attended. But lately, I have felt ashamed of my attitude towards my alma mater because I'm proud of my school, and it is unfortunate what some people think of Farrington.

In the past, when people learned that I had attended Farrington, they would look at me with sudden shock as if they had just seen a ghost, or burst into endless laughter, or never speak to me again. If they did continue on with the conversation, one of their first replies was "But you not only Filipino." My face would turn bright red with embarrassment. You see, most of the students at Wallace Rider Farrington High School are either Filipino or Samoans; Orientals are a rare exception.

I can still recall my last year at Kalakaua Intermediate School when I was preparing for that fatal transition to Farrington. Dreadful stories from former students of F.H.S., friends, relatives, teachers, and neighbors penetrated my adolescent soul. One alumnus advised me to carry a miniature bazooka with me to fend off barbaric Samoans who would be eager to lay their paws on "one quarter" from me. Some of my friends warned me not to use the bathrooms at Farrington because "Stoney Filipinos going pull one knife and threaten your life." Everyone told me that a typical day at Farrington would include

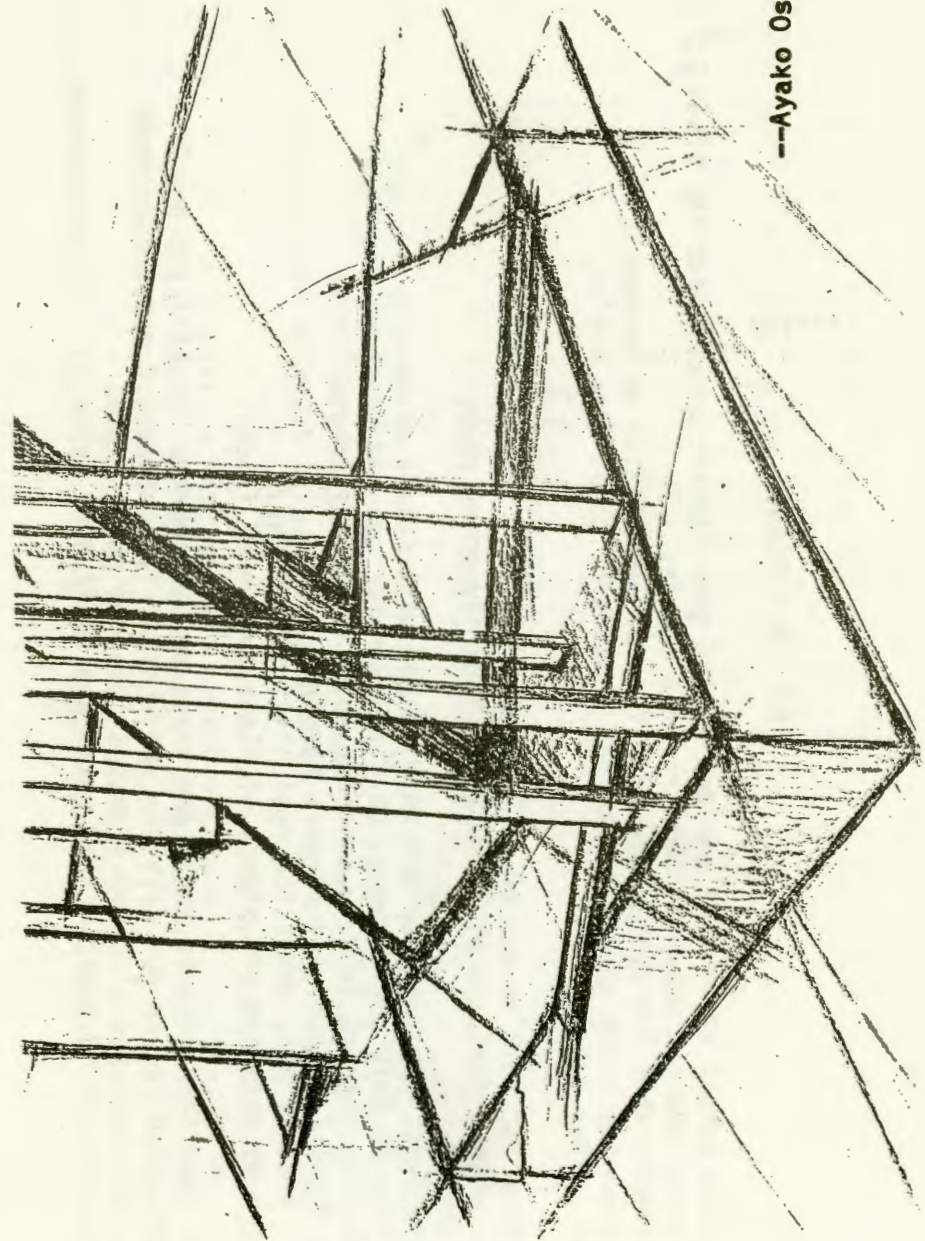


uncontrollable food fights, Samoan rock-throwing contests, ruthless gang wars, and countless hijackings.

Even now, the public's impression of an ordinary F.H.S. student is usually of monster who is six feet in height; weighs a massive three-hundred pounds; has veins bulging out of mammoth muscular tissues; has a brain comparable to "Chewy, Goey" strawberry bubble gum; and sports a fiery, orange-crimson, spiked "new-wave" hairdo. This so-called "Frankenstein" has a limited vocabulary not extending beyond five words: "I like one qua'ter" or "You like beef?" The public also expects graduates of Farrington to be future food stamp recipients and to reside at Oahu Correctional Center.

For one-sixth of my life, this "Monster" stereotype was stuck on me. But in my three years at Farrington, I never once encountered any "Animal House" food fights, stoning contests, massive gang riots, or even a single hijacking. I think other F.H.S. students also know the true facts about the way falsified rumors spread to terrify the innocent. Now, if I could only find that beauty of the opposite sex and relieve her fears about Farrington students, we could once again indulge in a little slow dance and get better acquainted... unless it wasn't the school's reputation that she ran away from.

--Ivan Young



--Ayako Oshima

## HOW YOU FIGGAH?

I come school early so I can get me one good parking space under the tree.  
I watch the sun come up, out from the clouds.  
I wonder what I'm doing here when I never went finish my homework.  
I wish the snack shop had some hot chowder or chill this early.  
Hot coffee sucks.

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I stop for talk to one of my teachers  
when I feel one of those black bugs fly up my nose.  
I sneeze.  
They look like fleas, black noid things with skinny wings.  
I like OD this whole campus on chemicals for get rid of those buggahs.  
Embarrassing you talk to somebody and the bug fly up your nose.  
At first I thought was boogers hanging,  
then my nose start for feel little bit itchy.  
I rub my nose and see pieces of black bug on my finger.

How come the state no spray the grass and the bushes for kill the bugs?  
They can hire one guy with one weedwhacker for spread cut grass and weeds  
all over the place so I no get coo-coos on my pants.  
But, wow, he no clean up the mess, the stuff stay lying all over the ground.

I wonder what happened to the mongoose, where he stay with all the construction.  
The campus look all jam up, the parking lot no finish.  
The new buildings by Kauila coming up good, jack hammer pounding away, no can study;  
smell the diesel fumes in the classroom; the compressor going.  
How they expect me for get good grades with all the pollution.  
I no can understand, my brains stay rattled.

17

For get away from the noise, I walk on that asphalt sidewalk and the ramp  
that look like someone had one sale on two by four's.  
Boy, the state for waste money.  
Why no buy soda machine with diet coke, they clean 'em up with all the  
skinny chicks on campus.  
Ho, man, I thirsty talking about soda. Check you later.

--Mary Fernandes

## REPO LUNCH

Jim, Marge, Stan, and Mary were out sightseeing on Oahu and had spent most of the morning at the Arizona Memorial. It was Stan and Mary's first time to the island, and Jim and Marge wanted to make a good impression on them. So, after a long morning of looking at war memorabilia, they decided to stop and have lunch.

"Is anybody hungry?" Jim asked his guests.

"I am," said Stan. "How 'bout you, honey?" Mary said yes.

"So am I," said Marge. So, they all headed for the car and tried to decide where they would eat.

"Any suggestions, dear?" Marge asked Jim, knowing full well that her husband wanted to impress their guests with their extravagant taste.

"Yes," he answered. "There's a new restaurant in Pearl City I'd like to try. I read about it in the dining section last Sunday. 'The Surf and Turf Inn.' It got an excellent rating, and I'm sure it's a nice place. Let's go there."

"That sounds like a good idea," said Marge. Turning toward Stan and Mary, she asked, "Is that all right with you?"

"Sure," they said, and they all got in the car. Jim drove them to Pearl City, and, in about ten minutes, pulled into the restaurant's parking lot. As he parked the car in a stall, he was able to see the front side of "The Surf and Turf Inn." It had a long, ornately-curtained front window with an antique red and green awning over it. On the double doors of the entrance were wood carvings of steers, lobsters, and fish. A railing that ran along the front of the restaurant and all the door fixtures were brass, giving a subtle elegance to the place.

"Boy, they sure have it fixed up nice here, don't they?" Jim remarked with raised eyebrows. Everyone got out of the car and walked over to the entrance. As they walked over, Jim and Marge

silently nodded to each other in approval. They were sure that "The Surf and Turf Inn" was their kind of place. It was going on their list of special places to impress their friends with.

Inside, they were promptly seated at a table near the window by a neatly dressed waitress. Making sure that everyone had a menu, she asked, "Would anyone like a cocktail?"

"We'll all have a Mai Tai," said Jim, playing a good host. With that, the waitress left and, before she returned with the drinks, everyone had decided what to order for lunch. It was only a matter of minutes after the waitress had taken their orders that she returned to serve everyone their meals. That impressed Jim a great deal. Good service always impressed him.

Shortly after they began eating, Jim noticed a large local man dressed in white walk into the restaurant. The man was holding a large empty canvas bag. He walked over to the table nearest to him and began taking the cloth napkins of the table and into the canvas bag. When he got all the napkins, he took the table cloth off the table and put it into the canvas bag. Then, he walked over to the next table and started the procedure all over again. Jim could not believe what he was seeing and stared wide-eyed at what the man in white was doing. Marge and Stan turned to see what Jim was staring at. Mary was too busy savoring her mahi mahi lunch. The waitress also saw what the man in white was doing and she ran into the kitchen. While she was inside, the man had cleared all the unoccupied tables of linen and turned his attention toward the occupied ones. The first one he went for was occupied by Jim and his party. Jim's back stiffened as the man approached.

"I'm sorry, folks," said the man in a deep voice, but I have to take da linen from dis table." He stood there towering above them, looking at Jim and clenching the half-full canvas

bag in his hand.

"What do you think you're doing?" asked Jim. "Can't you see we're eating?"

"I have to take da linen, sir," said the man. "Dis restaurant hasn't paid its laundry bill for tree months now. My boss wants his linen back and I'm hea to take it."

"My goodness," said Marge with a blush. "How embarrassing!" Everyone then grabbed their plates and drinks and let the laundry man take the napkins and tablecloth. The man then moved to the next occupied table. By that time, the waitress returned to the dining room with the head cook, who was furious at what was going on.

"Hey! You can't do that!" shouted the cook. "Put that stuff back!" The laundry man turned toward the cook and gave him a dirty look.

"I'm from Hawaiian Linen, and I'm collecting our merchandise until you pay your bill." He looked closely at the cook. "Is that one of our uniforms?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said the cook hesitatingly.

"Then you'll have to take it off and give it to me. My boss wants all his property back," said the laundry man. Fear began to show on the cook's face.

"You don't mean to take my uniform off here, do you?" asked the cook in a nervous voice.

"Look, brudda," said the laundry man, "dat uniform is going in dis bag one way or da other. I don't care what's in dat uniform when I take it."

As the cook tried to imagine himself stuffed into a canvas bag, he removed his uniform and stood there in his underwear.

"Thanks, brah," said the laundry man as he smiled, and then went off to clear the rest of the tables. Several people left while all that was going on. Jim, Marge, Stan, and Mary sat at their table dumbfounded at what they just saw. As the laundry man finished his chore and started out the

restaurant, a man in a grey jumpsuit walked in. He was carrying a large paper sack. He walked directly to the salad bar, took all the bread off the bar and put it into the paper sack. He then walked into the kitchen. From somewhere inside, someone shouted something. Shortly afterward, the man in grey came back into the dining room. Mary was busy giving Jim, Marge, and Stan kleenexes so they could wipe their mouths, when the man in grey walked up to their table.

"Did you pay for this yet?" asked the man in grey, pointing to their food.

"No, not yet," said Jim, puzzled by the question.

"Then I have to take your bread," said the man. "I'm from Hawaiian Bakery and I'm collecting on a delinquent account." He reached down and quickly grabbed all the bread off their table. By this time, Jim was crimson red and speechless from embarrassment. When the bakery man left, Jim leaned across the table to Stan and Mary.

"I am so sorry for this," said Jim apologetically. "I had no idea this was going to happen." Just as he said that, two men dressed in dark suits walked in, followed by a police officer. The three of them walked straight into the kitchen. The sound of crashing pots came from inside, then screams. The two dark-suited men came out with the policeman, who had a very loud and angry young Oriental man in handcuffs. As they were on their way out the door, Jim called the waitress over.

"What on earth is going on?" Jim asked the waitress.

"Our dishwasher was just arrested by Immigration," she answered. "I'm sorry for all the commotion. This isn't, our best day."

"I'll say it isn't," said Jim. "Could you please bring the check. We're ready to leave." The waitress went back to her station, and, as she was preparing Jim's check, three more men walked

into the restaurant. One man began taking the silverware off the tables. The other man started removing dishes and glasses. The third man went over to the cash register, unplugged it, and carried it outside. When Jim saw that, he jumped out of his chair.

"Come on, folks," he said. "let's get out of here before they take the tables and chairs!" Marge, Stan, and Mary got up and Jim led them outside to the parking lot. Jim's forehead was covered with sweat. Marge was uncomfortably quiet, while Mary raved about her mahi mahi lunch.

"Well, at least we didn't have to pay for it," said Stan jokingly, but nobody laughed. They all got back into the car, and, for the rest of the drive, Jim and Marge remained silent.

--Bill Talkington

## THE SPIRIT OF WOMEN

As I gaze through my window, I see a spirit on the run gleaming like a piece of snow in the winter's sun.

Reflections of her beauty echo cool as I reach out.

"I want to travel with you, won't you wait for me!" I shout.

"Be patient my young daughter," is the whisper that I hear. "Gather all the knowledge that surrounds you, and this secret I will share."

"You are a part of this free spirit-- I'm traveling very fast you see-- delivering to the generations all that is a part of me."

"Like the souls of women yesterday--- burning bright within me ever-- I encase all the energy in time that the young and old endeavor -- your joy, your dreams, and sorrow -- journey forth to meet with promises for the women of tomorrow."

--Bonnie E. Norton

Sunshine fading fast  
Rays of purple, yellow, red  
Darkness fills the sky

--Angie Hashimoto

Day slips into night  
A dragonfly finds beauty  
In a blade of grass

--Robert C. Lawless

Strolling in the park,  
Crickets chirping, stars twinkling,  
Lovers in the dark

--Cesar Carganilla

Darkness overflows  
As the light diminishes  
My eyes touch the night

--Cyndi Osajima

Insects of the night  
Dance merrily in my yard  
Witnessed by none

--Carlette Lum

A NIGHT AT KEANA POINT: PRELUDE

The strong wind howls,  
The high wave cries,  
Desolate is the place,  
Where only the mongoose reside.

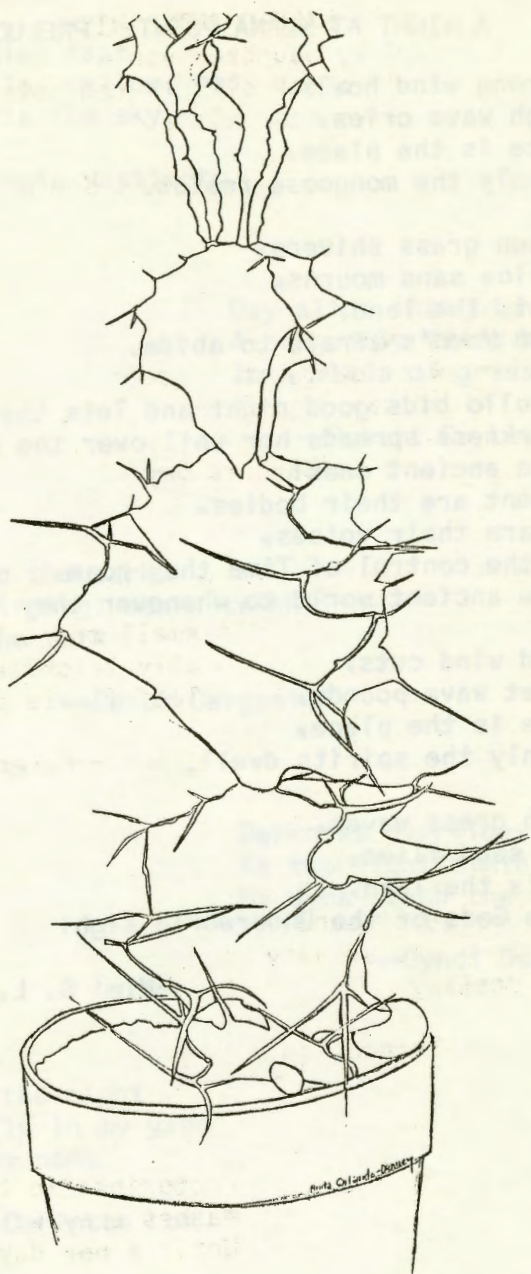
The green grass shivers,  
The yellow sand mourns,  
Lonely is the land,  
Even the Moon's afraid to abide.

When Apollo bids good night and lets the Stars reign,  
When darkness spreads her veil over the sky,  
Come the ancient ones!  
Tranparent are their bodies,  
Hollow are their voices,  
Beyond the control of Time they roam,  
From the ancient world to whenever they like.

The cold wind cuts,  
The great wave pounds,  
Desolate is the place,  
Where only the spirits dwell.

The high grass waves,  
The dry sand flies,  
Lonely is the land,  
Even the Gods of the Underworld sigh!

--Mimi S. L. Lam



--Anita Denny

HALF-GRANTED WISH  
Only daughter wants  
An older sister, she gets  
A younger sister

--Thomas Kondo

Coconut trees sway  
Blue skies, warm sand, cool ocean  
Perfect island day

--Barbara Joy

A small mountain stream  
Gently trickles over rocks  
A leaf floats downstream

--Karen Haraguchi

Life is grains of sand  
Waiting to dissolve away  
Seeking destiny

--Vernon Ige

Footprints in the sand  
Washes away with the tide  
Until a new day

--Danette Akau

## OUR DISTANCE

A SWEEPING DISPATCH OF UNREASON.  
IN THIS OUR SEASON.  
THE WINGED AMBIGUITY  
OF A FAR PLACE.  
THERE, THE INSENSITIVE, THE MOCKING  
PATTERNS OF FORCE.  
A COLLISION OF IDEALS  
PRECEDES A CRUMBLING OF VIABLE, IDEAL  
CULTURES OF THE IMAGINATION.  
DIVORCED FROM THE CAPACITY TO SEE  
THE REAL REASON.  
SAGACITY DEGENERATES TO MERE AGILITY  
IN A SWEEPING TIDE OF IDEALISM.

--Eric Best

## A SHOPPING DAY

Glancing back, doors meeting in a glass wall,  
a boxed-in world coldly grips me:  
High, severely lit ceilings, drone like a bee-hive,  
and voluminous non-blending aromas.  
My body is shocked back by the cold, harsh  
turnstile against my thighs.

All physical strength in force,  
I battle relentlessly.  
I won! My prize, I find, has one  
non-functioning wheel.  
Back to the battlefield?  
Or suffer through?

"Spicy or mild?" She quips, as the hot morsel  
arouses long asleep taste buds.  
"Don't shop when you're hungry," advice from  
my past insistently replays.  
Onward I march, eyes rapidly scanning all:  
Ounce for ounce, which is the best buy?

"Excuse me!" Seems they've taken up residence  
in the canned soup section.  
Oh! Out of tomato juice; back to aisle two.  
How would marshmallow cream be classified?  
Like a laboratory rat in the mazes, I resolve,  
next time a list to prepare.

Join in the caravan, get my coupons ready,  
do I have enough cash?  
She smiles, yet the voice comes out of the  
machine behind her.  
"Thank you for ... nice day." Into  
the car, and then onto the shelf.  
A sigh of relief, and then to think  
of next week.

--Barbara Wilhelm



## HALE KIPA

It has a white face. Two stories high, the paint is cracked and multi-layered. As I approach it, the two upper window stare out balefull. Another step, and the sun becomes eclipsed. The house looms over me. I see the door, seemingly out of reach. A sea of haphazardly strewn footwear separates me from it. Upon entering the house baking cookie smells assault me. This is going to be home for a while.

Upstairs, I settle into bed. The sounds of the night erase the painful emotions of the day. Conversations in whispered tones hiss throughout the room. The cool night swirls in through an open window. But it cannot lift the heavy blanket of despair within. Tired, I fall into a restless sleep.

I awaken to morning noises. A shower is running. Footsteps tread heavily on a cold, protesting floor. It's Christmas. My family is here this year. One girl sits on her bed, clutching a faded, once-furry rabbit. Tenderly, she strokes the remaining patches of fur. Another girl dances in front of the closet, imagining strains of music in the still morning. Other girls are in the hall singing loud personalized renditions of Christmas carols. A radio crackles and hisses as an unseen hand searches for the station.

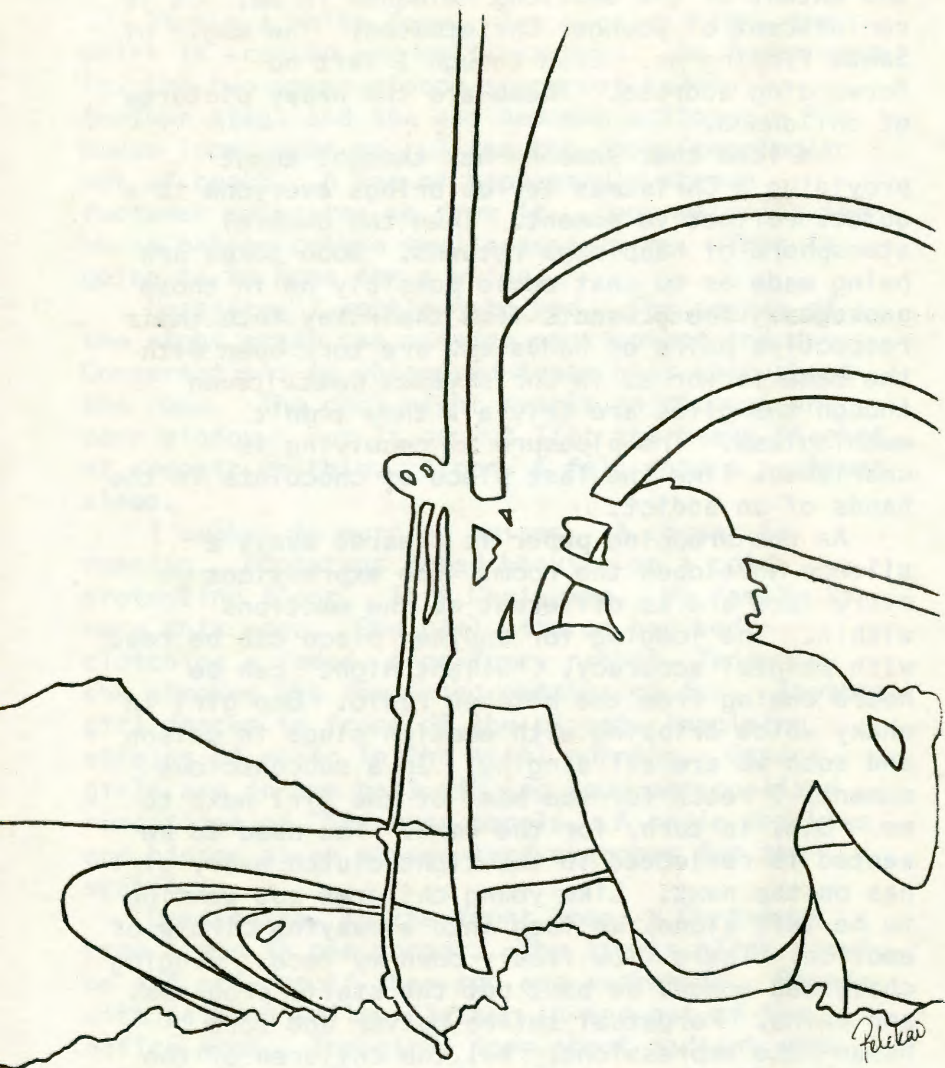
Downstairs, in the front room, a Christmas tree lists in one corner. The lights blink slowly on and off, as if they too are awakening. People with painted smiles flutter in and out of the office area. The girls move about radiant with anticipation. The people with the painted smiles introduce themselves as "The Staff." Teasing me into answering their redundant questions is their way of welcome. All those smiles and this feel like home. The morning air is still cold. A number of wrapped packages under the tree surprise me. There are even a few for me. I am stunned at

the extent of the emotions released in me. It is reminiscent of younger Christmases. The magic of Santa finding me. Even though I left no forwarding address. These are the happy pictures of childhood.

The idea that someone has thought about providing a Christmas for us brings everyone to a quiet, reflective moment. Then the general atmosphere of happiness returns. Soon jokes are being made as to what could possibly be in those packages. The presents find their way into their respective pairs of hands and are torn open with the same fervor as in Christmases past. Even though the gifts are trivial, they aren't meaningless. The pleasure of receiving is cherished, like the last piece of chocolate in the hands of an addict.

As the wrapping paper is cleared away, a silence envelopes the room. The expressions on every face are as different as the emotions within. The longing for another place can be read with painful accuracy. "Silent Night" can be heard coming from the kitchen radio. One girl in shaky voice dripping with emotion sings in unison and soon we are all singing. In a subconscious moment, I reach for the hand of the girl next to me. She, in turn, for the next. The need to be wanted is reflected in the tight clutch every girl has on the next. Like young children not wanting to be left alone, we fuse into a swaying circle of emotion. Tears flow freely down my face. Singing childhood songs, we shut out the staff, problems, and pains. Perpetual smiles quiver and form human-like expressions. We, the children of the world, there for many varied reasons, comfort each other in our need. The love in that room is heart-wrenching and undeniable. That love holds the most beauty.

--Janet Chen



--Angie Pelekai

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