

May 2018

KA HUA O NĀ MAHIKŌ

The JCHS Inaugural Literary Magazine



Nostalgia & Reminiscence

From the Editors

Welcome to the inaugural issue of James Campbell High School's (JCHS) literary magazine. *Ka Hua o Nā Mahikō*, "the fruits of the sugarcane farmers," pays homage to the diverse community of plantation workers that once populated Ewa Beach and the culture they imparted to their descendents. The "fruits" are a symbol for both the current youth of Ewa Beach and for the legacy of the plantation workers. All student contributions included embody this issue's theme: *Nostalgia and Reminiscence*.

The literary magazine staff also publishes a newspaper that features the work of student reporters on ewanaupaka.com. Before the creation of this literary magazine, however, there was no medium to showcase the talent of JCHS students and recognize their work. Through *Ka Hua o Nā Mahikō*, students now have an outlet for all forms of creative expression. From poetry to photography, the wide variety of artistic submissions offers a dynamic experience. We invite you to peruse these pages and immerse yourself in the diverse cultures that encompass our student body.

Thank you to Principal Jon Henry Lee and the rest of the JCHS Administration for approving the idea to publish a literary magazine, and to our adviser, Jo Ann Mastin, for her guidance throughout the process. A special thanks goes to Mr. Jonathan Honda for the inspiration behind the name of our literary magazine and to everyone who submitted their work; sharing your work has made this publication possible.

We hope you enjoy!

—Keona Blanks and Maile Morrell

Contents

- 03 Photo Collection- Angelica Joven
- 04 Reflections- Keala Elcano
- 06 A Spark- K. J. Blanks
- 08 Photo Collection- Allison Hui
- 10 Where I Once Stood- Madison Makishima
 - Untitled- Jaymehn Rita
 - Untitled- John Barry Alejo
- 11 Photo Collection- Siokapesi Makaafi
- 12 Life Ticking Away- Makena Pauly
- 13 Summer Skeletons- Keona Blanks
- 14 The Struggles of an Artist- Toree Tuiolemotu & Alicia Grant
- 15 Piuke 'o Ewa moku- Blayne, Liana, Chanse, Kawena,
 - Hokulei, Kanoelani, & Jayde
 - Group Mele- Kayla Sullivan
 - Cerberus- Keona Blanks

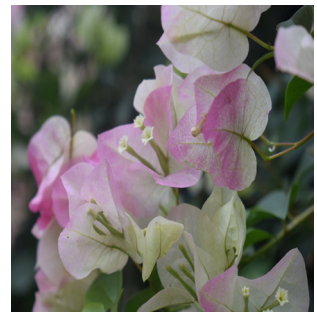
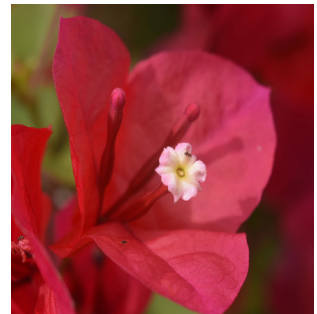
Cover photo by Keona Blanks
Page 2 photo by Angelica Joven

Unfiltered Nature

Collection by **Angelica Joven**



Nature will never fail humanity, but humanity will fail nature. The small things in life are not appreciated enough. Throughout our Earth, we find life in forms of many different shapes and sizes. How often do you stop to absorb the beauty that surrounds us? The calls of various birds we hear, the drops of rain on our skin, the smell of ripe fruit—everything is slowly fading from our memories because the world is changing. Skyscrapers replace trees; cars replace camels; air fresheners replace flowers. Before it all disappears, we must re-adjust our values and put our home first. Earth is not a planet with unlimited resources. Without the resources that we are drastically depleting, humanity cannot exist.



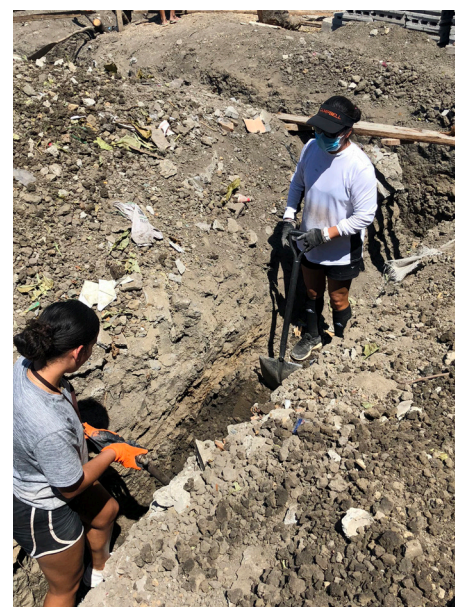


For many of us members of James Campbell High School's Service Club, participating in an international service trip, let alone travelling internationally, was a completely new experience; but the experience was much more than just something new--it was a perspective-enhancing, world-changing adventure.

Everything about the trip was phenomenal. Our time spent in the Phillipines was surreal from beginning to end. People wanted to help; we wanted to help--so that was what we set out to do. We came to help, to serve, and to explore; but none of us really knew what to expect. By working with and helping others, we discovered so many different parts of ourselves that might have not been evident before. We not only grew as individuals but as community members.

Our service trip was graciously partnered with Gawad Kalinga (GK) Philippines, specifically for their GK village in Muntinlupa. We planned three days in the village: half of our time house-building and the other half to spend with the children. On the first day we knew that we came to help with house-building but we did not know what it entailed. It was a pleasant surprise that we would be involved in the actual construction of homes. That may come as a shock to construction workers or to any working adult really, but as teenage high school students, this was an amazing hands-on experience. We were a part of the progress and saw the difference we made in the community--cementing our emotional attachment to the trip.

For the second part of our trip, we got to meet children of the community. Each one of them seemed to know each other and seeing them play with each other was so fulfilling. Observing these children felt





like watching versions of our younger selves. We could see ourselves in them, and the fact that we were making them happy was one of the most motivating realizations of the trip. We held games and activities for the children with new school supplies as prizes. In America, we often take our education and school supplies for granted; yet, the children were so happy with the small supplies and with their interaction with foreigners. The experience brought a greater appreciation for the little things in our

daily lives. On our second day with the children, we held a makeshift talent show for the community. After a bit of shy first performances, almost all of the community's children performed a whole song together. The song was called "Hayaan Mo Sila" which translates to "Don't Mind Them". The performance became one of the highlights of our trip. We were able to see a group of approximately twenty children perform a song they knew together without prior notice or practice. It showed how close the community was and it really tugged on our hearts as outsiders. Our entire group was amazed and some were even moved to tears by the experience. We were shown true bliss despite what the rest of the world might think about people from third-world countries.

The last day working in the village was bittersweet. We accomplished feats together and it felt difficult to leave. Working with the community, laughing with them, playing with the children, and connecting with each and every person within the village made the experience much more personal than we could have ever imagined. Our group had time to reflect and the emotions we expressed with each other were much more open than any we had shared before. A group of fourteen students and teachers, many never having met before, had become a family. After the three days we went from feeling separate from the community to feeling one with them.

Even after the trip, simple interactions we had with the community continued to affect us and motivate us to be better and more helpful people. The locals expressed their happiness with us for simply being there and that every time a group comes out and meets with them, the entire village is joyful. It felt amazing to be able to bring happiness to a group of once-strangers by extending a helping hand.

Every aid and interaction matters. We believe that every person, school, or organization should experience what we had the opportunity to do and truly immerse themselves in the life of others. We left the Gawad Kalinga village with a new outlook on and appreciation for not only our own lives, but those of the rest of the world. All of our participants cannot wait to go back and continue to make a difference. To all readers: get out there and do something for another person. When you give yourself to others, the fulfillment provides immense happiness and a sense of well-being.



A Spark

by K. J. Blanks

“Where are we going again, Mommy?”

A little girl with bouncy golden curls gazed up at her frail mother who sat in the cramped airplane seat beside her. The little girl saw her staring just out of frame, and wondered what was pulling her there. She could sense something—maybe anxiety, maybe melancholy—and it mixed with the homey scent of her rosy perfume. But the lonely look that dulled her mother’s eyes always escaped her unwary observation.

Her mother was a small, frail young woman with thick russet hair and faint, bronze eyes with a brightness recently dimmed by the depths of vacancy. She always wore suede boots and a frayed off-white shoulder bag. Her face was lightly creased with wrinkles from smiling so often, and a small Japanese nose followed the curve of her high brows. Her olive skin blended with the variations of earth-toned blouses and jean-skirts whose little tears mirrored the subdued distress in her heart.

The little girl’s question finally reached her mother’s distant thoughts, and her attention flooded back. She smiled brightly at the anxious little girl.

“To Hawaii!” she exclaimed with excessive exuberance.

The little girl loosened the grip with which she had held the small hand of her older brother. Reassured by the positive connotation of the unfamiliar word, she turned to her brother to discuss the wonders of their strange destination.

Her mother’s gaze returned to the distant space just out of frame, and a vacant stare replaced the fallacious joy that existed in her bronze eyes moments before.

As I grew, her blank gaze remained; yet I soon outgrew my unwary observations. I would watch my mother in awe as she returned to our small apartment at the top floor of a shabby, coral-colored building every morning after long night shifts at the hospital. I would see a flaming intensity twist and dance with the desolation in her eyes, like a flame visible in the eyes of a broken-winged bird clawing its way back into the pale blue heavens.

The days following my mother’s night shifts would always begin with dialogue like this:

“What do you guys want to do today?” She would ask buoyantly.

“You’re not tired? Don’t you need to sleep?”

“I’m not tired!”

The flame infatuated me. With bright eyes I watched my frail, sleep-deprived mother tie up her thick, russet hair in a flash of motion and tackle any task before her with a mastery that evaded the laws of physics. The cycle would repeat hourly.

I would see the dancing flame in the way my mother fought sleep in a quavering voice, in the way she taught my brother how to catch in a strong voice, in the way she read *The Magic Treehouse* in an animated voice, in the way she wiped tears in a solicitous voice, in the way she forced math programs in a stern voice, in the way she sung prayers in a silvery voice, and on and on.

I wanted to capture the flame—to master it. With a crayon in one hand and construction paper in the other, I closed my eyes and searched. My eyes flew open, and with bright green eyes aglow by a faint spark, I traced a design in steady strokes. The snap of crayons and the crumple of paper echoed through the dim living room as I crafted my masterpiece.

My golden curls bounced as I eagerly scuttled over to my mother and presented my Mona Lisa to her. She erupted in ecstasy, and for once in a long time I saw the wistfulness fade from her eyes. With curious green eyes, I saw the flame quiet to a gentle warm pulse. Just for a moment—it was there. I was certain.

I aspired to see that warm pulse again, for it evoked a soft warmth within my little heart. Through my paintings and drawings I revealed the absent brightness bit by bit, and my mother would keep every drawing, every clay animal, and every flower in a big colorful tote bag. Slowly, the colorful bag filled, and as the sun shined on the bag for many hours and many days, the bold vivid shades of crayon faded to soft pastels, and the papers yellowed and curled at the corners. The rays of sun robbed the color of the bag. As color faded from the bag, color brightened in my mother's eyes. The faded masterpieces were lightly pushed to the bottom of the bag by student-of-the-term certificates, elaborate pencil sketches, small letters, and the lyrics of Mother's Day songs on the ukulele.

My creative effort, however, was one thing; the unexpected effort of others was another. On the night of my aunt's birthday party, the crackle of gravel under the tires of a car rippled through the dark parking lot in front of our apartment. The rumble of an engine ceased abruptly as the gas turned off. A tall, slim man with short, coffee-colored hair stepped out of the car and into the chilled night. In his big hands were a bottle of Martinelli's, strawberries, whipped cream, and an angel food cake. His footsteps and the jingle of his keys echoed through the stairway as he climbed up to our small apartment at the top floor.

My uncle, a man with amber skin and a small Japanese nose that follows the curve of his brows, answered the knock at the door. The twang of varied laughter spilled out of the room from behind him. My uncle warmly shook the tall, slim man's hand, and welcomed him to the party with a slap on the back.

The tall man, avoiding awkward conversation with the noisy unknown family, walked into the kitchen of the small apartment where he was most comfortable. He entered the kitchen, and standing in front of the counter was a small, frail young woman with thick russet hair. She turned to him and his breath caught as she gazed at him with her faint, bronze eyes. The gently creased olive skin surrounding her eyes accentuated their brightness, and in the eyes—a warm pulse.

On the counter in front of her was a bottle of Martinelli's, strawberries, whipped cream, and an angel food cake. His big hands began to quake, and she giggled as she noticed what he held in them, for its contents were identical to the dessert she had brought. Overwhelmed with awe, the tall man noticed how close to her he'd been standing, and he felt that the kitchen had suddenly shrunk.

Throughout the night, he watched how she interacted with her sister, with her friends, with my uncle, and with my little brother and I. She was a mother, he learned, and as she looked into my big green eyes while she spoke to me, he noticed something beautiful about the warm pulse in her eyes—and with the way they'd crackle like a dancing flame.

I began seeing the tall, slim man from the party often. He'd visit and cook strange meals, crack strange jokes, and listen to strange music. My brother and I grew familiar with the odd stranger, and soon eagerly awaited the recurring adventures we'd embark on. Stored like filtered Polaroids are memories of the breathtaking heights he'd show us from atop lush mountains, the classic movies we'd always start but never finish, the bright clouds above exciting bicycle journeys we'd laugh and shout at, and best of all: the brilliance and totality of the brightness that he'd bring to our mother's eyes.

Soon enough, after vows were made, a tiny baby girl with auburn curls and big copper eyes lay cooing in their arms. Our shabby apartment shrunk by the hour as bright pink plastic toys occupied every square-inch of the living room. My mother and the tall man would return home every morning and evening exhausted, and the warm pulse in their eyes would crackle as they provided for the little girl with auburn curls as she outgrew her flower-patterned onesies.

I'd watch my mother hold the hands of the little girl with auburn curls and look into her curious copper eyes with her bronze eyes, and I noticed that the flame in them had returned—but it had found equilibrium with the warm pulse, and it was supernal. It was perfect.

One morning, I watched the little girl with auburn curls sit at the coffee table with a crayon in one hand and construction paper in the other. I shall never forget what I saw: the blanket of soft sunlight highlighting the few russet strands in her auburn hair; the muffled melody of the titian warmth of a Jack Johnson song; the glow of the chestnut-colored freckles on her blushed cheeks; the snap and crackle of breaking crayons; the roasted homey smell of fresh coffee; the hiss of pancakes on a buttered pan echoing from the kitchen; and in her eyes—a spark.

Collection by Allison Hui



Chinatown had never been a place I enjoyed visiting. I would always avoid going there. When I was younger, I never immersed myself in my culture. That was a major part of why I was not drawn to Chinese practices and traditions. But over the years, I have learned to respect my culture and become more knowledgeable of it. Living in Hawaii made me forget my roots; but Chinatown let me have a bit of my culture. I loved getting to see a different view of Chinatown in Hawaii by roaming the streets to explore new shops and admire art displayed on walls. Waking up to eat dim sum and enjoying the delicious yellow-custard pastries, sticky rice, and tea taught me that everything we do has meaning. Little things like food, art, decorations, and family influence my lifestyle.



Where I Once Stood

by Madison Makishima

It has been so long
I could not remember how wrong
It felt to come here
But my heart lays there
And time did its duty

In where I once stood
Was the old me
And the old me did not know better
Than I know now
How funny it is to know that
My child stands
Waving to me goodbye in the same
place
Where I once stood
Waving to my mother goodbye

Untitled

by Jaymehn Rita

Stepping backward
Through the threshold
The marks remain on the walls
Holdouts from simpler times
Inches crawling upward
And crayon scrawls
Pull me further back
I'm glad to remember it all



Untitled

John Barry Alejo



Behind these pictures is a story. I chose to take photos of a Tongan wedding because of its different cultural aspects. You may be confused by what they are wearing, but there is a lot of meaning behind it. Their clothing represents the respect the bride and groom have for each other in carrying out their journey together. The ceremony must take place in a church. In order to be properly married, the couple needs to be blessed by a pastor and take communion.

Collection by **Siokapesi Makaafi**



Life Ticking Away

by Makena Pauly

Walking into his musky apartment, Tom took his coat off and plopped himself down onto his cushioned arm chair. He didn't bother turning the lights on. He didn't need it, the outlay of his apartment was etched into his mind from years of navigating its rooms. Years of molding had turned the place into Tom's ideal comfort zone: a big soft chair in the center of the living room, shelves full of books and knickknacks covering the walls, an old grandfather clock gifted from his father, a fish tank with glittering Angels to keep him company, and a small table for him to nurse his warm cups of tea. But, none of it was comforting him.

A long hard day lay in contemplation behind him and an even more difficult one lay ahead. He had just returned from a funeral--the funeral of his dearest and oldest friend, Charlie. Tom had attended a lot of funerals in his time but none had struck him as much as Charlie's did. It served as an eye opener to his life; he was getting old. Deep crevices lined his skin; his hair had turned from a deep, chocolate brown to a shiny silver; his body slowed to a near stop. At least he was lucky enough to keep his mind as fresh and sharp as a newborn baby's. He could still remember the first day he met Charlie as vividly as yesterday.

They were around seven years old when Charlie moved into his suburban neighborhood on a hot Saturday morning. Charlie biked down the street on his cherry red bicycle, his signature ride for many years to come. His golden hair glowed in the sun as his pale cheeks burned. This speedy red rider later became a familiar sight to everyone in the neighborhood; but on this first day, Charlie stopped. He stopped in front of Tom's old house after seeing the small trampoline in the front yard. He hurriedly dismounted his bike, rushed to the front door, and knocked.

Tom, on the other hand, was inside helping his mother with the luncheon dishes. She was washing and he was drying; when they heard the small boy knocking on their front door, Tom's mom had urged him to open it because her hands were too wet. Tom obediently did as asked, only to find an excited Charlie stumbling over his words: "Hi neighbor! I was- was, uh, bikin' an' I see that, er, trampo-line an' I were wonderin' if I could, um- go er- jumpin' on it you know jumpin'."

"MOM!" Tom screamed. He was so confused by the strange little boy in front of him; he sounded as if he were talking a whole other language, but a grand friendship had grown from Charlie's broken english. Years of childish adventures created an unbreakable bond between them. They played every game Tom could imagine, from pirates to presidents, from wars to chef shows. Tom was the creator in those years, while Charlie followed dutifully.

Eventually Charlie grew out of babble-speak like most children do, and in high school he was a Casanova with words. The girls loved his golden locks common in the south, but not as rudimentary in their small town. By his senior year Charlie had dated half the cheerleading squad and was Prom king twice; girls just fawned over him. During those years, Tom was always jealous and bitter, which made him escape into the world of stories more and more; he continued his streak of creation in solitary. Miraculously, despite his bad attitude during those years, Charlie always stayed by him, loyal to a fault. Later on, Tom would attribute his attachment issue to Charlie's abandonment by his mother.

Though childhood held Charlie's golden years, Tom's high point occurred mid-life. After graduating from college with a business and media degree, Tom took a shot at directing. After gaining years of experience, he finally made it big with an adventure movie, similar to the games he and Charlie would play when they were younger. From then on, he received only fame and fortune, with his best friend at his side. Somehow or another, Charlie had gotten into the acting business, his good looks still the envy of society. They were living the life of dreams, but this wondrous life was coming to an end.

Charlie had been with Tom through the Recession, through addiction, through three marriages, through both his parent funerals, and so much more. Now Tom had outlived him. At the ripe age of 80, Charlie had died from a heart attack. Though his mind had already started leaving him years before, it was still difficult. Despite Charlie's memory becoming worse and worse, Tom still enjoyed having the occasional conversation with him about the past.

Tom let his body sink further into the velvet cushions of his chair. It had all happened too fast. Life passed them by without him even noticing. They were both too focused on the next day and the next to appreciate the here and now. He felt salty tears trickling down his cheeks; the sound of his sobs echoed throughout the silent apartment. The only other sound was the old grandfather clock. Tick. Tock. This clock had been with Tom even longer than Charlie. Tick. Tock. It saw every friend he ever had. Tick. Tock. It saw every lover. Tick. Tock. Every fight. Tick. Tock. Every smile. Tick. Tock. Tom wiped his tears away; he wouldn't let that old clock symbolize his life ticking away.



Summer Skeletons

Keona Blanks

If a body catch a body
coming through the rye.

The Struggles of an Artist

by Toree Tuiolemotu and
Alicia Grant

When you can't think of anything and you're losing daylight, when you're about to hit the hay and all the ideas start to flow; when you're trying not to use a reference, but you want to improve your art style; when you don't have the right supplies, but you want to make certain types of art--these are the struggles of an artist.

At James Campbell High School's Anime Club's Artist Alley, most artists are introverted and quiet; but the art they make speaks for them when they can't.

For events, such as Pause for Paws and the Ewa Beach Christmas Festival, the artists weren't mentally prepared to show their talents to the world. The artists lacked confidence and the ability to properly advertise their creations.

Tips from the club:

- “Take drawing prompts off the Internet, and make different ones each day for improvement and creativity.” --Alicia
- “Read or watch tips on how to properly do sketching, painting, coloring, etc.” --Toree
- “Use real-life experiences to draw, such as anatomy and scenery (example: when you want to draw a certain pose, do it yourself, take a picture, and sketch it.)” --Alicia
- “On any form of social media you have, follow artists on your Instagram, Twitter, etc, and view their content. Get inspiration from a variety of artists.” --Shazel
- “Ask your friends or peers for constructive criticism.” --Toree
- “Just keep doing it, no matter what people say.” --Cheyenne

Piuke 'o Ewa Moku

by Blayne, Liana, Chanse,
Kawena, Hokulei, Kanoelani, Jayde

Piuke 'o Ewa moku
'āina momona i ka po'e
E ha'awi nei i nā pono ēa, ēa

Beautiful Ewa moku
That can feed the people
Giving to the people

Kahawai 'olu'olu o Ko'olau
Kahe mālie ma Ewa
E ola ai kānaka o ka la hui ēa, ēa

The streams of Ko'olau
That follow calmly to Ewa
Healing the people of the nation

Mālie nā kai o Ewa
Nui ka 'āina i kēia moku
Hāhā kākou ke ahe moana ēa, ēa

Calm beaches of Ewa
With the biggest moku
We like the sea breeze

Haina mai ka puana
Piuke 'o Ewa moku nō ka po'e
E ha'awi nei i nā pono ēa, ēa

Cerberus
Keona Blanks
Moon children.

Group Mele

by Kayla Sullivan

Aloha o'ahu wehi i ka 'ilima
'Olu'olu nā malihini
Me nā kama'āina

I Wai'anae ka makahi kaiāulu
Hulali ke kapa kai
Nani nā pali ki'eki'e

I Waikīkī ke kai hāwanawana
Wehi wehi 'O kaimana hila
Kaulana 'O Waikīkī

Haina 'ia mai ana ka puana
Aloha O'ahu nei
Wehi i ka 'ilima



Attention all writers, poets, photographers, and other artists:

Ka Hua O Nā Mahikō literary magazine is always looking for original artistic works from all JCHS students. We will be accepting submissions throughout the upcoming school year.

*Email your submissions to
jchs.litmag.mahiko@gmail.com*

*SPECIAL THANKS TO MRS. MASTIN AND
THE JCHS ADMINISTRATION*