

May 2019

# KA HUA O NĀ MAHIKŌ

*The JCHS Literary Magazine Issue 2*

*The Issues*



# From the Editors

Welcome to the second issue of James Campbell High School's (JCHS) literary magazine, *Ka Hua o Nā Mahikō*. All student contributions included embody this issue's theme: *Issues*. The theme focuses on important social issues that JCHS students face on a personal to global scale.

The *Ka Hua o Nā Mahikō* 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 and recognize the artistic talent of JCHS students. Our mission is to provide JCHS's students an outlet for 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.

If you are a JCHS student who wishes to submit a piece (poetry, paintings, drawings, short stories, essays, open letters, reviews, and/or photos) to be published in our next issue, please email [jchs.litmag.mahiko@gmail.com](mailto:jchs.litmag.mahiko@gmail.com) for specific guidelines for each submission type and for the next issue's theme. Then, submit your piece digitally to our email or submit in-person to O104. Submissions will be anonymously evaluated and chosen for publication. Pieces may not be included if they are not relevant to the specific theme or are deemed inappropriate. Pieces are subject to editing by the literary magazine staff.

Thank you 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

Cover photo by Keona Blanks  
Photo by Sebastian Durad

# Contents

*Behind the Inspiration* 4-5

*Short Story* 6

*Essays* 7-11

*Collection* 12-13

*Poetry* 14-19

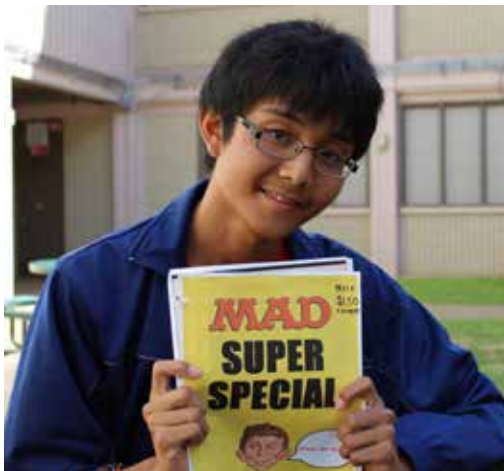
*Gallery* 19-23

# Behind the Inspiration

by Keona Blanks



Nathan Corpuz



“Some people can read *War and Peace* and come away thinking it’s a simple adventure story. Others can read the ingredients on a chewing gum wrapper and unlock the secrets of the universe.” —Lex Luthor

For Nathan Corpuz, a freshman at James Campbell High School, an American humor magazine founded in the ‘50s was that chewing gum wrapper. Corpuz has been fascinated with *MAD* magazine since he was five or six years old. He sees its charm in the fact that it pokes fun and offers a light to illuminate our sometimes faded surroundings. Despite having not had the chance to read many *MAD* issues, Corpuz brings the essence of *MAD* to life in his own illustrations that mimic the magazine’s various art styles.



## Behind the Inspiration

by Catherine Torres

Freedom lies in the board.



The grip tape on the board sticks to the bottom of his shoes. He balances his turns with his weight across the smooth pavement. A loud bark echos as the board hits the ramp. Laughter and cheers fill the background. A hint of freedom resonates as the wind brushes through his hair. This is skateboarding.

Skateboarding is a culture within a culture. Many kids who skateboard today haven't had a break in life, but everyday those exact kids are out there on the skatepark. Why skateboarding? What makes it so special?

Shannon Soma, a James Campbell High School (JCHS) sophomore, said "Skating has definitely saved me—I had times when I felt like a\*\*, and skating is that release for me." To Soma, skateboarding helps release anger that some teens tend to keep bottled up. Soma said, "It's like someone punching a wall out of anger—instead you're riding an 8 play wooden plank with wheels".

Soma isn't the first skater to exclaim that skating is an outlet to express emotions. For many, it becomes a whole new world once they hit the board.

The skatepark in front of James Campbell High school used to be run down, resulting in a lot injured skaters; yet no one did anything about it. That didn't stop Joshua Galase, a 2018 JCHS graduate who helped improve the park, from arranging meetings with the Association of Skateboarders in Hawai'i (ASH) and fellow skateboarders to put together their dream skate park, from reading blueprints to creating the obstacles. Since the park has been redone Galase said, "The first time I saw it was when I moved back here and to be honest I thought I was dreaming."

Getting the skatepark redone had a deeper meaning to Galase because he relates to kids today with being scared of going home because of physically or mentally abusive home lives. Galase said, "There's no feeling that can compare to skating—all it takes is one wrong move to end you, but one right move could mean the world."

The ideal perception of skaters has shifted over the years. Skating introduces new people and new experiences. Skateboarding allows an opportunity to learn from competing; it helps them to strive. The culture is always shifting; there are punk rock skaters, fashion sense, freestyle skaters, and many more. Skating can't be described with one word because it's made up of everything.

Soma said, "You're your own coach, teacher, motivational speaker. There's no old dude on the sideline telling you how to do something—it's just you and the board, and that's for the better."

# Connect Through Touch

by Akala-Pua Momohara

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The gentle lap of waves atop the shore was a peaceful sound, the coastline having long since been abandoned by the populace. All had left the beach for the city nearby, save for two young women: one, a fiery redhead with emerald eyes, the other, a blonde with eyes like clear dew.

"Do you hear that? The sound of the ocean?" The redhead asked as she took the blonde's hand.

"It sounds beautiful," the blonde responded. "Ashe, why did you lead me here?"

Ashe let out a soft chuckle, her bouncy red curls blowing in the calming seabreeze. "Well, I was hoping to have a quiet moment with you, Athena," she warmly said, one of her hands lovingly stroking Athena's hair as she pulled her into her embrace. "You—"

"It's because I hear too much about me. About us, right?" Athena finished, and Ashe could see the small tears in her eyes. "God, I hate being blind. Everyone thinks I'm useless and a pushover—"

"I don't," Ashe responded. "You're the most important person in my life. I could never think that you're useless after what you've done."

Athena broke away, using the lack of physical contact to get her bearings. "Ashe, I'm pathetic. Worthless," she said. "I can't see what I'm doing half the time. You guys just—"

She was cut off by a swift movement catching her body, and she soon realized that Ashe had pulled her into her embrace. "You're. Not. Pathetic," she spoke seriously, weaving her fingers through Athena's hair. "You've done so much, Athena. You can heal the wounded. Your heart is pure and true. You aren't pathetic."

"But what are my accomplishments when I can't see them?" Athena spoke as she pushed Ashe away once more. "I want to devote my life to helping others, but how can I help them if I can't help myself?" She turned away, golden locks shimmering in the sunset.

A few moments passed. Ashe felt her heart skip a beat as she gently took Athena's hand. "Athy," she called. "Hey."

"What?"

"Athy, you may not be able to see who you're healing—"

Ashe began as she intertwined her fingers with Athena's. "And people may hate you for what we have, think you're naive for not being able to see me . . ." Her voice was sweet, warm, and kind. She could feel Athena relax in her arms, and Ashe hugged her from behind, her chin rested atop her love's shoulder. "But don't listen to them."

"And how can I not listen to them?"

"Because deep down, those claims aren't true," Ashe said, gently kissing her temple. "You don't deserve to be told that you can't love who you want to love. You don't deserve to be told how to act based on your disability."

Silence came from Ashe. A few moments passed, and Athena shifted to face her. The redheaded woman caressed her cheek, pulling her into a warm, loving embrace. And quietly, she whispered, "You don't deserve all this pain."

It was at that moment that Ashe felt Athena begin to sob. She began stroking Athena's hair. "It's okay," she comforted. "I'm right here. I won't leave you. I won't hurt you, Athy."

"Please . . . please don't," Athena nearly begged. "Don't leave me. Please."

"Never will I even think about it," Ashe said as she kissed the top of her head. "You deserve better than hurtful words and false claims. You deserve the world; and if I could, I would give it to you in this instant."

She pulled away, and Ashe looked at her glossy eyes. "Do you mean it?" Athena asked, wiping away stray tears.

"Absolutely. Athena, I love you."

She stored this quiet memory in her head, and Ashe gently caressed her love's cheek once more. She reciprocated, resting her hand atop Ashe's to keep it there. "I love you, too," she quietly said. "I'll never leave you."

"And I'll never leave you."

Thoughts began going through Ashe's mind, but there was one phrase she always came back to.

If we can't communicate through sight, then maybe we

# Life Being a Teen Mommy

Jolynn Togafau-Tavui

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It is often said that, "Being a good mother has nothing to do with age, but more the size of your heart. If you can love enough to know that you will do anything to protect and care for your child, little else matters." Your life isn't over when you have a baby, but it means that you begin a new journey: motherhood.

My mother was 15, going on 16, when she had me. At that young of an age you would think it would stop her from living her life, but it didn't. She sacrificed her young life just to be a mommy.

My sister was 16 when she had her baby. At that young of an age, she thought her life was over because she felt that she let her family down. But my sister had a healthy baby boy, and he is the reason why I'm an aunty.

"Motherhood is a choice you make everyday, to put someone else's happiness and well-being ahead of your own, to teach the hard lessons, to do the right thing even when you're not sure what the right thing is . . . and to forgive yourself, over and over again, for doing everything wrong," said Donna Bell.

"Being pregnant was really hard for me because I wasn't able to continue sports and [I was] forced to sit in a hot school for almost 6-7 hours not being able to move around," said Cherish Keaunui.

My sister was an athlete and wasn't able to play sports when she got pregnant because she wanted to be safe with her baby, and she still attended school knowing that she was pregnant because she still wanted to live her life. "I was in labor for only four hours and it only took me three minutes to push him out and that's when I knew that everything was about to change in my life because now I had someone else that means the world to me," said Keaunui. When she had her son, nothing else mattered but him; giving him the world was all she cared about. This perfect little boy came into her life and changed it all for her because he meant so much and she had someone to fight for.

My dream is to become a Mom. I always thought that I would end up just like my mom and become pregnant at a young age but I didn't. I was too scared to get pregnant because I knew the consequences that I would have to face with my family, and not only that, but I wasn't ready to become a mother. "What really hurts me the most is that I've been told by so many people that I shouldn't be alive because I won't be going that far in life," said Keaunui. People love to criticize others, and my sister was criticized for her life choices.

"Being a young mom means that we met a little early, but it also means I get to love you a little longer. Some people said that my life ended when I had a baby, but my life had just begun. You didn't take away from my future, you gave me a new one," said Keaunui.



Daniella White

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by Daniella White

“P-R-O-U-D, we’re proud...”

I shoulder my yearbook camera bag as I take snapshots of the cheerleaders down on the field. Up on the stands, it’s glum. It’s been drizzling for a while and it’s beginning to grow heavier. Parents and community supporters move to the very back seats to watch the football game carry on in shelter from the rain; the Aloha Stadium is full of half-hearted shouts and encouragement from cold, wet supporters.

“Proud to be a Saber!”

The cheers behind my back surprise me. I turn my camera on a group of enthused, spirited, and flashy students. Our JCHS Band sits in the middle of the stands, their shiny instruments out and their hoodies on—the rain doesn’t falter their spirit. For the remaining hours of the night, I can’t pull away the lens of my camera, solely focusing on this group of students playing to be heard and to support. They jump with their instruments in the air, their cheeks full of air and hearts visibly full of dedication. Their eyes stay trained

on their directors who encourage them to cheer and even cheer themselves, despite the stagnant score of the game. As the cheerleaders yell and do their stunts, the band accompanies them from the stands with smiles and music, and they know every word to every cheer. “We’re proud, proud to be a Saber.”

The cheers from the band still ring in my ears on the car ride home as I scan through the hundreds of photos I took of goofy kids with big hearts and dreams and an undeniable passion for music. I begin to wonder what, or rather whom, the word “Sabers” really encompasses.

“Come support the Sabers!” It’s not hard to miss the banners and the flyers posted around the school. Every high school presents their football team with pride, and with no shock. The boys put in countless hours of practicing and conditioning to play with the strength that they do. Yet, at every game, you’ll hear the same enthused shouts and music trickling down from the stands on to the field; songs of encouragement and pride. At every game, a group of unnoticed students plays their instruments loudly with no hesitation, always there through every



win and loss of our football boys. Every game. Even at homecoming, they present a glimpse of their marching show at half-time- they play, hoping to be heard.

Hear- to be aware of, to know the existence of. The first official JCHS Band performance I attend is the Rainbow Invitational at UH Manoa, and my entire body is full of shock and amazement at the amount of talent our band holds. It is the first time I truly hear and become aware of every single ounce of effort these students and their directors put into their passion for playing these songs, and they even have a visual accompaniment by their Color Guard, a group of dedicated and graceful performers. From staying at school until 8p.m. to coming at 9a.m. on Saturday mornings, our band has put countless hours into this show.

And yet, as the band performs, I draw attention to my section of the stands as my four friends and I scream our lungs out for the performance. When we make our way across the field to go congratulate the band, they cheer for us and thank us. Several students come up to me and thank me, their eyes full of joy and cheeks rosy from pouring out their heart into their songs. A senior in his last year of band tells me, "We've never had support like that." I'm taken aback- with the ability to perform the way they do, our band should be filling up stadiums with supporters and fans.

We hear music every day. Some people can't stand to come to school without their earphones. The JCHS Band is a group of kids who do what they do because they love the music they play. They speak their school pride in music, playing loudly at games and at performances where they create a bond amongst each other. They goof around before practice, talking and going out to eat, and then spend countless hours together developing their passion and skills. From pep and marching band to jazz and symphonic band, there are over 200 students in this program, along with their two directors, that deserve consistent acknowledgement and encouragement for the talents they possess.

As I finish drafting my tweets for the band to congratulate them on the amazing performance they've given, I smile at a tweet from one of their directors, Mr. Langaman. "Give your 100% to each other. Hold nothing back. Remember what I always say, 100% heart matters more to me than 100% notes. I am so PROUD of you. I always am. I always have been." I nod my head. Our band is a perfect example of the word "Sabers." A family, full of talent, passion, and pride. They make me proud, proud to be a Saber.



Melissa Giammona



Daniella White



Melissa Giammona

# Shooting Blanks

by K. J. Blanks

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It is a lugubrious thing to those who switch to the news on the cable or radio when they are bombarded by reports of the tragedies that befell the victims of another mass shooting—be the loss in Florida, Connecticut, Illinois, Virginia or anywhere in America, the nation with the highest gun homicide rate of any developed country (Preidt). And, as if such dismal news alone is somehow an insufficient grievance, the subsequent rekindling of the perennially unresolved gun-law debate is, in the present otiose state of the government, a great added misfortune.

Upon experiencing a similar instance in which I received news of Florida's Stoneman Douglas school shooting via a grammatically flawed letter from my school district's superintendent, I, in a paroxysm of inspiration, authored and published for my high school's newspaper an article in which I illustrate the preventability of the shooting. To my dismay, during my extensive bouts of research, I discovered that the prevailing proposal for school-shooting prevention is President Trump's idea to supply teachers with firearms. How could so absurd a scheme prevail as it has? For the National Rifle Association to act as the shepherd who supplies a decrepit mother sheep with weaponry but leaves the mother's vacuous lambs sans claws, tusks, or any means of self-defense? The flocks have once again fallen victim to illogicality.

I think it unanimously agreed that the matter of gun-law debates triggered by the mowing down of walls of lambs is of unnecessary injury to the country, and therefore that whosoever arrives at a sound manifesto to resolve these debates is well-deserving of having a plaque of their thesis replace the plaque of the Second Amendment currently hung in the NRA's lobby—as the NRA, led by its executive vice president Wayne LaPierre, the Shepherd of the flock that is America, has already superseded the Second Amendment's meaning once before by removing its contextually necessary militia clause (Levintova). But my aim is quite far from being restricted solely to guns in the inept, chalk-dusted hands of lamb-begetters; it is of a much greater extent. I humbly offer to place guns in the hands of all of the helpless sheep of this great nation—to lift all gun restrictions in America so that the Shepherd may beget the availability of self-defense to all, that they may all become People of the Gun. Instead of being a charge upon the nation, firearms shall on the contrary give rise to the absolute safety of hundreds of thousands; for widespread gun-ownership increases public safety, influences the behavior of criminals, and provides Americans with a sense of security.

Regarding the safety of the public, restrictions on gun use are often rendered as the be-all and end-all of means by which gun violence should decrease. Gun control and restrictions, however, have yielded antithetical results; a July 2001 study from King's College London's Centre for Defense Studies found that, in the two years following the passing of the 1997 Firearms Act banning handguns in Great Britain, handgun-related crime increased by nearly forty percent. Though the inverse was confidently assumed, Great Britain's handgun crime rate had doubled from the pre-ban levels by 2009 via handgun suppliance by the international black market—inciting a surplus of that which was contrary to its aim (Sagramoso). If gun restrictions in Great Britain incited an exponential increase in gun violence, then a lifting of restrictions in America is, by practicality, likely to engender an exponential decrease in gun violence and, consequently, the shooting of throngs of the sheepish impotent.

There is likewise another edge in my plan, that it will dissuade felons from committing acts of gun violence. The Wright-Rossi survey revealed that fifty-six percent of the felons surveyed agreed that "A criminal is not going to mess around with a victim he knows is armed with a gun," and seventy-four percent agreed that "One reason burglars avoid houses when people are at home is that they fear being shot," (Wright & Rossi). Consider, then, the unlikelihood of a

perpetrator entering school grounds no longer deemed gun-free in which every student is armed and ready to swiftly litter the bodies of school shooters with bullet holes. If such had been the case for Sandy Hook Elementary School before armed Adam Lanza entered the school with ease like a wolf trotting onto a sheep farm, he would have been dissuaded by the prospect of armed schoolgoers long before he could fatally shoot the twenty six- to seven-year old little lambs whose bodies now fuel anti-Shepherd arguments. Not only is the prevalence of gun ownership a deterrent, but a criminal shot, injured, or captured by a civilian in an act of self-defense is less likely to commit another crime (Wright & Rossi). Just as the death threats by NRA cultists to gun critics lessen the likelihood of the critics' further degrading of the Shepherd's exalted stature and revenue, acts of civilian self-defense discourage criminals' further firearm assaults.

Yet another advantage that may be enumerated is a consequential sense of security that is vital to healthy development. From a Western psychological perspective, a sense of security is a rudimentary requisite for survival—as failure to meet this necessity, according to Abraham Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs, may prevent the procuring of higher goals of self-esteem, relationships, and self-actualization (Maslow 2-20). The unpredictable challenges of life—such as hunger, violence, and disease—create overwhelming levels of stress and fear that can result in severe physiological and psychological disorders (Carnelley & Rowe). Though possible by securing non-lethal weapons such as tasers, alleviating the stress of violence is commonly prompted by obtaining firearms; for six in ten Americans claimed that having a gun in the house increases safety (McCarthy). Firearms are, after all, only a car-ride to Walmart away—unlike tasers which are illegal in four states (Hoover). Ubiquitous gun ownership will therefore supply the vulnerable with a means of defense and thus a crucial sense of protection. In an anarchic world of sheep controlled by shepherds yet overrun by wolves, a constructed idea of safety is vital in order to obtain a sense of control over the fickleness and hazards of reality to make an impervious, happy life possible.

Although the availability of guns in homes is often deemed an inducer of suicides, gun regulation does not affect the number of people who commit suicide nor the total number of suicides that occur; for when guns are unavailable, those resolved to hurt themselves find other equally fatal ways to do so (Wellford, Pepper, & Petrie). Further governmental research on gun-suicide correlation is nonexistent thanks to the Shepherd's coercive lobbyists, as the CDC has been effectively prevented by federal law from researching gun violence under the lobbyists' persuasion (Kodjak).

Some meticulous skeptics might be apt to deem Thomas Jefferson's quote—"One loves to possess arms, tho they hope never to have occasion for them"—as misinterpreted when considered to be clarification of what the Founding Fathers meant by the Second Amendment. It is argued on CNN that the quote is irrelevant and negligible due to it being "one line in a long plea to get a document back," and not "part of a grand gun manifesto," (Zdanowicz); yet the frequency of a statement or the document in which it is stated does not by any means undermine the legitimacy of the statement itself. If anything, the brevity and infrequency of the statement was suitably a stylistic choice; scholar Stephen E. Lucas wrote that the second paragraph of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence "capsulizes in five sentences . . . what it took John Locke thousands of words to explain in his Second Treatise of Government." A stylistic pattern of recapitulated quality over quantity in expression of ideas is thus evident in Jefferson's writing, and his commentary on the possessing of arms is of significance and relevance.

In the probity of my character, I avow that I have not the least personal concern in toiling to advocate this imperative travail, having no other rationale than the safety of my country by ensuring public security, deterring the deleterious actions of felons, and providing Americans with an indispensable sense of security. I am of a family of gunless pacifists with sufficient means of defense (an illegal taser), and I will be departing for Amsterdam or Sweden or elsewhere far from this crumbling land in a year for college—long before the Shepherd's idle eyes even glaze over this proposal, let alone begin to gun for it.

Refer to Works Cited on page 23



**Untitled**  
Acrylic

**Untitled**  
Watercolor

Even in the darkest places there is always a light, even if it has to be found within yourself.



**Untitled**  
Graphite

## Collection by **Jaiden Cabales**



**Limbo**  
Oil

This painting was done for a project and was meant to resemble Van Gogh's style.



### ***Feigned Beauty***

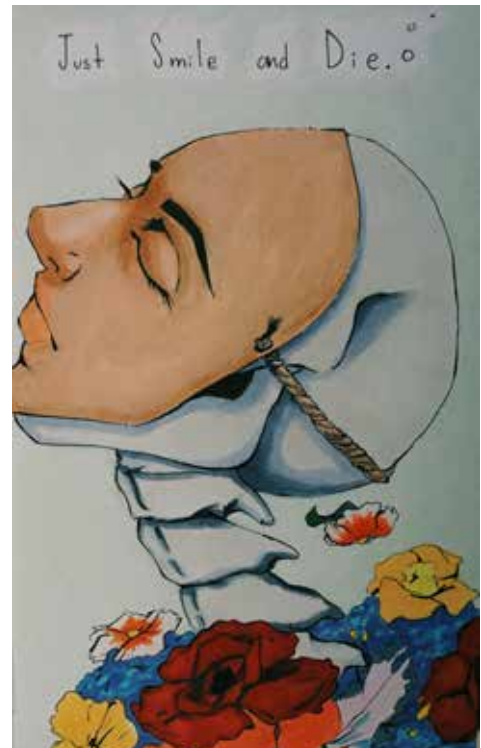
Marker, Colored Pencil, Pen

I wanted this one to have a two-sided meaning. The basis of it is there are people who wish they could hide themselves behind these masks in hope of seeming perfect, or at least better than they see themselves. However there are also others who use these masks to hide their true malicious intents.

### ***Just Smile and Die***

Marker, Colored Pencil, Pen

“Just Smile and Die” is sort of a play on words with the phrase “Just smile and wave” in a way that you can keep pretending and conforming to what everyone else wants but on the inside you will always be killing your own will and independence.



# Fraction of A Moment

by Madison Makishima

---

We're wandering in the dark  
Giving more than all we have  
Eager to figure some things out  
When will the sun rise again?  
I thought it would work like it did for others  
I thought healing was the path  
I should've embarked on  
But no, these memories  
They haunt me to the core  
Things would've been so different  
A fraction of a moment could've made a difference  
But I stayed glued to my spot  
Under a table  
Waiting for the "All clear!" signal  
So I could breathe out in relief and it'll be just like  
another day  
It was like night blanketed my eyes in these moments  
Those sounds were deafening in my ears  
In that case, I'm taking a walk in a field  
Facing the horizon  
I'm still waiting for the sun to rise.

# I'm Different

by Chaiya Miguel

---

I look around this crowded room  
Full of average people you'd assume  
But I view it a different way  
  
It's full of better people I'd say  
Everyone seems better than me  
People tell me otherwise but it's all I can see  
It seems like I cannot fit inside  
  
Both physically and personality wise  
I do have friends who say I'm great  
I wish they'd say the ugly truth to my face  
  
The truth is I'm not good enough  
I've learned that I'm not super tough  
But I'm tough enough to survive  
And that I learn to ignore the darkness inside

# A Writer's Frieze

by K.J. Blanks

---

The greats gazed down on me  
with stolid eyes  
from their plastered display  
above the busy bookstore,  
beckoning.  
  
Beckoning me  
to join them  
at their round table  
in the smoke-filled café  
  
To join them in their capturing  
of the color  
of the luster  
of generations  
of the past\  
/of those to come  
  
Perhaps one day  
I'll earn myself  
a worn chair  
at their worn table,  
  
an etched "Blanks" printed  
below my own pensive figure, poised  
between Shaw and Dickinson  
by a frieze artist's brush.

# Only in Ewa Beach

by Andre Saguid

---

At 7 in the morning you can hear mopeds flying,  
loud cars revving,  
and sounds blasting,  
only in Ewa Beach.

At 9 in the morning, going down North Road,  
you will always see two manapua trucks,  
people cruising at community park,  
and the only blue building in Ewa Beach.

At 11 in the morning heading to 7-11  
you can see fellow students buying food,  
unkos playing sounds at Texaco,  
and kids on BMX bikes riding around,  
only in Ewa Beach.

At 2:15 in the afternoon you can hear dogs barking,  
mopeds flying,  
sounds playing in Boys and Girls,  
and hundreds of cars leaving Boys and Girls,  
only in Ewa Beach.

At 3 in the afternoon, you can still see buses,  
like the 41, E, 42, and 44  
packed with students trying to go home.  
You will see large groups of people at Burger King  
and thousands of people sweating in the heat of Ewa Beach.  
At 4 in the afternoon you can see line of cars strolling around,  
and if you go to Hau Bush  
you will see people fishing, riding bikes, and ATV's through the dirt,  
only in Ewa Beach.

At 5 in the afternoon if you go to Leeward park  
or Puuloa playground to some,  
you will see kids playing football,  
teens playing basketball  
and intermediate kids holding a chicken while riding scooters,  
only in Ewa Beach.

At 7pm you can see houses lit up like the city lights,  
people still at the community park skating and playing basketball,  
and on special days a local unko walking his dog while flying a drone,  
only in Ewa Beach.

Only in Ewa Beach, these special events happen.  
But there is a catch, you will only see these events in deep Ewa Beach,  
not Ewa Gentry, not West Loch,  
only in the deep Ewa Beach.

# Odes to Myself

by Tiffany Liu

---

Odes to my old self,  
Without you I wouldn't be the person I am today.  
There may have been some bad and some good  
But no matter what happened I'm glad that it has  
been you.

I embrace myself to the fullest  
with arms extended miles onward.  
I'm no longer afraid or regretful of my past  
or the things I have done with a half witted mind.

I am now open for change  
and will change these bad habits of mine.  
Staying up late and being late  
Are just some of the many on my list.

So odes to my old self and may the future be in  
your favor.

# Running, Chasing, Walking, Hiding, Standing

by Kaitlyn Sakamoto

---

As I hold a fear in my heart  
I run, I run, I run  
Far from the world where the horizon fades  
And the world blurs behind me.  
Away from everything, Away from everyone  
I ran, I ran, I ran  
Till my heart is void and empty

Till my heart is void and empty  
And now I long for what I once I had  
I long for something to hold dear.  
Not wanting to be alone, Not wanting to be  
left behind.  
I chase after a pipe dream,  
I chase after a hope.  
I chased, I chased, I chased  
But never could I reach  
What I had hoped.

What I had hoped  
Is but an idle dream  
I walk aimlessly  
Hoping to never be noticed.  
If I keep walking,  
with my head kept down.  
Walking, walking, walking  
Fading among the vast crowd  
Filled with voices, filled with noise  
I hold the hope that,  
If I scream no one will hear.

If I scream no one will hear.  
So I hide, praying to never be found.  
I keep my fears and feelings bottled up  
Hoping no one notices how I feel  
I put on a smile, to hide what I feel, what I fear.  
I hide, I hide, I hide, I hide,  
For, the fear they may leave.

For, the fear they may leave,  
I run, I chase, I walk, I hide.  
While I see others standing and facing  
What they fear, what they hate  
They stand and face it with courage.  
While, as a coward, I escape  
I ran, I chased, I walked, I hid  
But now I stand

## The Cancer

by Yasmin Galvis

---

We found it in our toes  
It was sudden and quick  
Never showed the doctor  
As it spread the brain forgot it  
The limbs noticed but the heart did not  
Never showed the doctor  
The disease shriveled the leg  
We hid our decay with makeup and clothes  
Never showed the doctor  
The leg let go and we cut it off  
We had to keep going keep perfect  
Never showed the doctor  
It spread again to the arm  
The arm was infected and sent away  
Never showed the doctor  
The heart beat faster to keep it away  
The brain gave in and embraced it  
Never showed the doctor  
We realized it was too late  
The doctor could not save us  
Not even with a miracle

## Heart of Stone

by Chaiya Miguel

---

Heart of stone, tough and cold  
The owners not quiet, the owner is bold  
They hold their head high, they say they don't care

But that's just an act, they're actually scared  
To face the world, they fear the world's pain  
That's why we need love to weaken life's strain

The heart isn't made to be as solid as rock  
So let your tears fall and leave your soft heart unlocked



# We Real Cool

by Desiree Ylaya

---

The JCHS band program.  
About 300 at the most.

We real loud. We  
Pep the crowd. We

Play tunes. We  
make the audience swoon. We

Stay late. We  
Captivate. We

Stay till noon. We  
Will play again soon.

# Music

by Izavelle Martos

---

My words are bottled up and hidden, but there's  
only one way to set them free.  
The feeling of notes, beats, and drums play and it  
twist opens me.

It's my turn to make my own notes so I open my  
mouth and set them free  
The regret, the pain, the memories, and  
happiness spill and there's no going back to the  
old me.

Once you spill water from the cup it can't go  
back,  
I've let it spill...  
I don't want to go back.

This is my relief, this is by gift from god, and  
I'm thankful—for the music that pours from my  
heart.

# I Come from a Broken Home, but not from a Broken Family

by Syndey Patanapaiboon

---

I come from a place  
where my mom is also my dad,  
a broken home.  
A home filled with unconditional love  
and support.

I come from a place  
where doing the simplest things,  
like cooking rice, can make my mom happy.  
And just giving the love and appreciation she deserves  
can make her whole day.

I come from a place  
where my sisters are more than my sisters.  
They play so many roles in my life, my best friends,  
my personal chauffeur, and more importantly, my other  
mothers.  
Without them pushing me to do sports in high school,  
I honestly think that I'd look like a cocoa puff, brown and  
round.

I come from a place  
where not having my father in my life  
actually has an upside because it gives me motivation  
to succeed in life and school to show him that my mom  
is doing an amazing job at raising her kids on her own.

I come from a place  
where I think about how my choices will affect my family,  
which is the reason why I bust my ass to excel  
in school and avoid getting into trouble.

I come from a place  
where doing silly dances or telling stupid jokes  
can turn one's bad day into a great one.

I come from a place  
where my mom is also my dad,  
a broken home, but not from a broken family.

# Colored Brushstrokes

by Cenalyn Grace Almazan

---

Streaks of colors.  
Oh so many.  
Starting out as blobs  
from a circular pallet.  
Now into a beautiful  
masterpiece,  
from the hands of an artist.

With a flick of a hand  
and a bristled brush,  
coated in a vibrant color,  
the acrylic paint is applied  
to the textured canvas.

Once a plain white canvas,  
it is coated with layers and  
brushstrokes of paint.

Creation of a simple  
wet paste  
brings beauty to  
the boring walls.

Colored brushstrokes  
on the pristine white canvas.  
Full of life,  
full of rainbows,  
and full of love.

# Southside

by Ezra Filo, Kieran OBrien,  
Diego Bentacourt and Carah Pasion

---

Southside where our homies be  
Where the waves aren't firing and the sun brings the heat  
Where you know all the unko's asking for change  
And where all the youngins rock gold chains

And where all the youngins rock gold chains  
Every boy wants to have some fame  
To rep southside everywhere we go  
We all love each other but keep it on the low

We all love each other and keep it on the low  
Always inviting others into our homes  
We're all like family even if we're not blood  
We're all brothers and sisters in the long run

We're all brothers and sisters in the long run  
We always compete, but it's all just for fun  
Southside where we be  
Where we are all family

# My Lovely Sisters

by Yasmin Galvis

---

I see them now on this winter wonderland  
Their eyes dark and consuming  
They hug me tight and hold my hand  
My lovely sisters keep on looming  
They're burying me so I can not wake  
And laugh while they dig the dirt  
Forgetting who I am they suffocate me on the date  
Where we first met and I got hurt  
I beg them to stop, but they cannot hear  
Their loud anger filled their ears  
I'm underground and know their near  
Cackling high against their fears  
That they killed their dear  
My lovely sisters can't be near

# Once Smaller than the Moon

by Cenalyn Grace Almazan

---

Do you see the star  
up in the dark sky?

The one struggling to shine.

Her dim light  
signaling  
her sadness,  
her isolation.

She sees the moon  
full and luminous,  
radiant.

The moon is an anchor  
for her to be just as cheerful.

Her inspiration.

Given a breath of fresh air  
and a strong pull  
from the moon.

She glows brighter as the  
nights past by,  
her smile growing.

Sparkling against the inky black sky.

Coming closer,  
nearer than ever before.

The small star up in the sky,  
is now glowing and so carefree than any other,  
bigger than the moon who was her anchor.

Her savior.



Charlise Limjoco-Ragasa



Sebastian Durad



Isabel Coloma

## Gallery

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Brianna Rivera



Alicia Grant



Sienna Brown



Athena Pananganan



Jayvon Dumot



Macee Martinez



Toree Tuiolomotu



Sebastian Durad



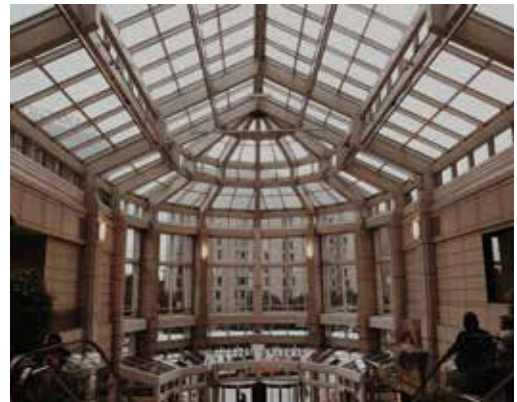
Kyli-Jordan Bisquera



Keona Blanks



Sienna Brown



Maile Morrell



Brianna Rivera



Jordan Sanchez

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# ***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 school year.

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

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