

# KA LEO O KALANI

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News & Sports

Nature & Photography

Poetry & Fiction

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KALANI  
SWIMMING  
TAKES OFF

Kokona Watanabe (11) poses to take down the competition as she prepares to dive off the blocks at Kalani High School's swimming pool during practice. This year, Watanabe was the Oahu Interscholastic Association (OIA) champion in the 50-yard and 100-yard freestyle events at the OIA Championships on Saturday, Jan. 28 . At the Hawaii High School Athletic Association State Championship meet on Saturday, Feb. 11, she placed 4th in the 100-yard breaststroke for the second year in a row and and 7th in the 50-yard freestyle. Photo & text by Lin Meyers.

# MENTAL HEALTH IN SPORTS

## Not All Fun and Games

by Olivia Kulaga

High school sports are often seen as fun after-school activities, but what many people don't see is the student-athletes that suffer from emotional stress and adverse mental health in and out of school as a result of their sport.

Sports consume most of the students' after-school schedules, which leaves them with little time for other aspects of their life. Football player Justin Botelho (11) mentions that his sport strains his mental health because practices and games leave him with no time to do homework.

"I stay up late doing work and stressing about whether or not I can do it on time," Botelho says. "Lots of stress caused me to act differently, like more sad and not myself because all I can think about is doing my work and it on time."

High school sports are highly competitive, focusing on winning against other schools. Blayze Kouchi (11) explains that sports like wrestling can put a lot of pressure on athletes.

"This is because when you're wrestling there is only you and one other person on the mat, which means you can't rely on anyone but yourself to win," Kouchi says.

The pressure to succeed is a weight on most athletes' shoulders. Cross country and track and field runner Kacey Miura (12) adds pushing yourself to win causes stress and pressure. While that can be "positive towards motivation and attaining goals," it also puts a strain on an athlete's mental health.

"Sports is a challenge of who is the best and can cause people to overly strive to be the best all the time," Miura says. "And if they are not, they will feel as if they are no good and should quit. Having pressure put on you will also make you want to do good which can lead to hefty amounts of stress that can harm outside factors other than sports in your life."

Loss can also impact an athlete's mental health.

"[It] can affect your mental health negatively because it can shake your confidence by losing," Kouchi says. "If you lose a lot of matches, your confidence will be broken, and you will start to have a failure or losing mindset."

Many athletes that do high school sports have been doing that sport for a long time, so that sport is a big part of their lives. Over time their feelings of confidence can depend on how competitions turnout. Ashlyn Sera (10) has been playing softball since she was young, so she explains that she links her self-worth with her performance.

"So when I do poorly on the field, I feel bad about myself like I can't do anything right, and I'm not good enough to play at all," Sera says.

Trying a new sport can also be challenging for an athlete's mental health. \*Nick explains how learning Jiu Jitsu was hard on his well-being because it was his first time doing a sport, and he'd never experienced that level of competition and intensity of workouts. "During the summer, I started Jiu-Jitsu, and I only knew the basics, and so when I started the classes, it was mentally straining because there were many things I didn't know," he says. "For example, I didn't understand Japanese, and all techniques and tests were in Japanese so day-after-day it got so strenuous I used to lie about practice days to my parents. It was also very physically straining because, after practices, I used to get beat down physically and mentally by the guys in my class."

Doing sports in high school sometimes leads to a decline in performance. Swimmer Latasha Hui (10) states that after her practices, she doesn't have enough energy to do school work which puts her in a cycle of declining motivation for school and swimming.

"The stress of school and the stress of doing sports is overwhelming, and it can sometimes make me feel like I'm not going anywhere and makes me lose my confidence because I don't have the motivation or the energy," Hui says.

# Biodiversity of Hikes in Oahu

Cross country and track and field runner Sophia Kyriakakis (10) adds that her sport, cross country, is a very highly intensive sport that requires lots of energy. Sports like that can affect people's physical health, eventually leading to their mental health declining because it requires a lot of energy from students, so they don't have time to focus on themselves.

"Personally, I am currently struggling with mental health and sports adding onto it is probably making it a lot worse since a lot of my focus is going towards my sport," Kyriakakis says.

Coach Racer has been coaching wrestling for 14 years and has experience helping athletes whose emotional well-being was challenged because of not making weight and "suffering a heartbreaking loss." He prioritizes mental health because wrestling can be such an intense one-on-one sport.

"I definitely think mental health should be addressed in sports," Coach Racer says. "How it can be a positive outlet for people that struggle with mental health, but it can also perpetuate some negative thoughts as well."

Sports can cause many problems that could be hard for someone to handle on their own, so it's important to remember you're not alone. If you're comfortable, talking with your coaches, teammates, and even your parents is beneficial. Sports are a big part of our lives but remember to have fun and not let it ruin your perception of yourself.

\*Name changed to protect their identity.



From the Koko Head Ridge you can see the Koko Head Crater Botanical Gardens and the Hawaii Kai past it. The sun had just risen in the photo so for the first time in that morning hikers were able to see the town, gardens, ocean, and other mountains clearly. Photo & text by Olivia Kulaga.



Following the river during the Lulumahu Falls hike. The trail is a popular one, it leads to the Lulumahu Waterfall. Halfway through the lush hike you walk close to the stream from the falls and you can choose to walk up the stream all the way to the falls. Photo & text by Olivia Kulaga.

# HAVE YOU TRIED BOWLING?

by Kylie Tanimura

Softball has always been the center of my universe. Everything I have ever done has revolved around it. Practice, game, repeat. When that's all you did growing up, you tend to get "burnout." It came to a point where I physically couldn't keep up.

My parents decided it was best to rehab my shoulder for around three months. This meant I would still go out to the practices and do everything the same, except I wouldn't throw.

"You should do bowling."

My high school softball coach promoted it to me since I would not be in JV this year. He was adamant about it but I told him I would think about it. Though after we talked, it didn't sound that bad of an idea. So I hurried to my friend Leona.

"If you do it, I'll do it."

We texted back and forth and I tried my best to recall what my coach told me. I want to say I wasn't that interested in doing it but I would be lying. I was definitely pushing for her to do it so I could. So when she said she was in, I was ecstatic; we even convinced our other friend Kate to do it.

August 6, 2022, was my first practice (technically tryouts but they took everyone). I was greeted at the front by returning senior Tylar and she was quick to welcome us with open arms. This should have been a monumental day for this story, but it was more of a progression than love at first sight.

I also want to say the girls got along with the boys from the start, but that was not the case. Before I stepped into K-Bay for our first match, Tylar decided we should go around and introduce ourselves. Name, grade, favorite animal, and favorite food. First were the boys, and at the time, I didn't understand them. In a way, I was joining a new community but wasn't open-minded to the idea. After we were finished with our introductions, Marvin (a senior on the boy's team) came to speak to the girls along with Bryson (another senior). We exchanged a couple of words, but mostly Marvin did not remember the girls' names. It was honestly nothing too long.

I recall my first match like the back of my



October 8, 2022, the last practice before senior night. Tylar Nakasone(12), Bryson Nakata(12), Marvin Luckfield(12), Jacob Nakasone(11), Logan Smith(11), Leona Stremick(11), Aliyah Shkolv(11), Kate Shower(11), Lily Washburn(11), Jacky Chan(11), Marvin Munroe(10), Alex Chan(10), Rylan Gubatan(9) David Yoshina(9), Parker Smith(10), and Daniel Lee(9). Photo by Lloyd Nakata.

hand. I asked Tylar if she was nervous about her first match, and she said to me, "yes, of course." To be honest, I thought I wouldn't be nervous at all. I had the mindset that I was there to have fun, and that was the case but at the same time, I got super nervous. I just remember getting up there for the first time, forgetting my walk-up, forgetting how to throw the ball, and I threw a straight gutter. However, in the end, I got used to it and had a really good time. That went for every match I had. I was competitive but I still had fun. In softball, I'm just competitive and I put a lot of pressure on myself to the point that it's not fun. Though in bowling, I put the same amount of effort and everyone just made it fun. I cheered on my teammates and they would reciprocate the same energy when I was bowling. Later, we created a silly dance whenever we got a strike.

Besides, the matches were the bus rides. Leona decided to bring her speaker since our first bus ride, we wanted to play music. On each bus ride, we would blast music, and progressively by the end of the ride, everyone would be singing. I think this is what helped us get closer as a team too. Another thing I think that helped us get closer was a match we did. We were bowling against each other. That's where we got closer as a team because we were versing each other but still supported each other all the way through. We even got to bowl with each other at practices sometimes.

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October 19, 2022, our lunch break after bowling our first three games at OIAs. Marvin Luckfield(12), Bryson Nakata(12), Leona Stemick(11), Tylar Nakasone(12), Aliyah Shklov(11), Daniel Lee(9), Kate Shower(11), Alex Chan(10), Lily Washburn(11), Logan Smith(11), Jacky Chen(11), Parker Smith(10). PC: Lloyd Nakata

This led us to hang out together for almost half of spring break. For our team bonding, we went fishing and I know that sounds random but it was honestly a great way to get to know everyone. I just remember playing “flag football” without the flags and it felt like Thanksgiving playing with your family and cousins. Afterward, we spent around two hours fishing, I didn’t catch anything but this would soon lead to an ongoing joke we had with the boys.

I know that bowling isn’t a rigorous sport and that’s why people think it’s not so strenuous for me, but that’s not the point I’m trying to convey. I felt genuinely happy. I never expressed that about a sport, but it really made me happy. The team and the fact that a sport can be so much fun without being so demanding. Everyone knew how to compete but at the same time have fun, and that’s what I found so endearing about the team.

I’m glowing like a little kid again and I love it. My parents think I’m crazy for loving it so much, and maybe I am. Though I haven’t been this excited about a sport in such a long time.

I went from getting my practice shirt for the first time and laughing at how I looked like a fast food employee to being sad to give it up at my last practice. I remember getting my bowling ball for the first time, making up stupid dances, making each other laugh, singing in the bus, cheering, and one last group hug with Tylar before she bowled her last frame in high school. The season was just the perfect break from softball and changed my perspective.

So if you’re my coach or my teammates, I just want to thank you for making my first year of bowling so memorable. I will never know how to thank you but saying that this season will always have a special place in my heart.



First day of states on October 27, 2022. Left to right: Lily Washburn(11), Kate Shower(11), Kylie Tanimura(11), Leona Stremick(11), Tylar Nakasone(12). PC: Annette Yagi



After a long day on October 19, 2022, both the boys and girls qualified for states as a team. Row 1: Lily Washburn (11), Aliyah Shklov (11), Daniel Lee (9), Tylar Nakasone (12), Leona Stremick (11), Kate Shower (11). Row 2: Marvin Luckfield (12), Parker Smith (10), Alex Chan (10), Logan Smith (11), Jacky Chen (11),

I can’t speak for everyone, but if you’re feeling pressured and overwhelmed by anything that has consumed your life. You’re allowed breaks, and in that break, join your bowling team. I swear it changed my life for the better and it could change yours.

In the end, I learned a valuable lesson. If you need something to do, need a break, or want to try something new. Join the bowling team! I promise you won’t regret it, or at least I didn’t.

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# BARAYE IS A UNIVERSAL ANTHEM OF HOPE

by Lily Washburn

On Tuesday, Sept. 13, 22-year-old Mahsa Amini was arrested and killed by morality police in her home city of Tehran, Iran, for violating the country's strict dress code policy that requires women to cover their hair with a Hijab.

Since then, thousands of people have flooded the streets in Iran to demand accountability for Amini's death and end violence and discrimination towards Iranian women.

Twenty-five-year-old Iranian singer Shervin Hajipour responded to the situation through his song "Baraye," which he wrote using tweets from fellow Iranians explaining what motivated them to participate in the protests.

Hajipour recorded the song to a solemn melody of bass and piano before posting it on his Instagram on Monday, Sept. 26. He was arrested two days later by the Iranian government, according to CNN.

Two days ago, I didn't know any of this. I had seen a handful of Tik Toks where women documented themselves getting dressed with the caption: "Get ready with me to get killed in Iran," but I had zero understanding of the context.

I'm sure that I wasn't the only one among the millions of people who viewed these videos unaware of Iran's situation. Even with access to limitless information via social media and the internet, many of us are confined to a bubble of knowledge that doesn't extend



A screenshot taken from a recording of Shervin Hajipour singing Baraye on his Instagram. The tweets that inspired the lyrics to the song showed on screen as he sang. The video was removed from Hajipour's Instagram by the Iranian government shortly after his arrest on Sept. 28, 2022.



beyond our interests and experiences.

This makes perfect sense if you think about just how much information we are exposed to on a daily basis. It's overwhelming, so we filter it down to what we can and want to process.

But there are some pieces of media that are universally important, that reach people everywhere.

Baraye — meaning because of in Persian — is a heartfelt anthem that embodies the solidarity of the Iranian people in their fight to bring justice to Amini and liberate the women of their country.

For dancing in the alleys  
For terror when kissing  
For my sister, your sister, our sisters  
For changing rusted minds  
For the shame of poverty

This verse depicts the endless reasons Iranians are taking a stand and risking their lives.

They were driven to the streets after decades of fear and years of forced suppression.

I was immediately touched by these lyrics when I first listened to Baraye. I'm so invested in the happenings within my bubble that I forget to step outside. Baraye was a reminder of how much I take for granted.

The freedom to simply dress how I choose is not something I've ever had to think about. It's easy to forget that there are thousands of women in the world who fight and risk their lives for a chance at this freedom.

It's even harder to envision life through these women's eyes.

While social media has opened me up to so many diverse perspectives, it's made it more and more difficult to actually grasp that these people exist beyond my phone screen. I feel like I've lost the ability to humanize the anger, oppression,

*“Baraye is a heartfelt anthem that embodies the solidarity of the Iranian people in their fight to bring justice to Amini and liberate the women of their country”*

and tragedy that I see so often online.

The same is true when it comes to the situation in Iran. As I scrolled through Tik Tok and saw women who expressed fear for their lives when simply leaving their homes without a hijab, I hardly gave it a second thought. I kept scrolling mindlessly, numb to what I had seen.

This doesn't mean I don't care; I do. But just like everyone else, I've learned to disconnect from the content I see online. Baraye was different.

The emotion in Hajipour's voice is palpable. When listening to him sing, I could close my eyes and feel the despair in his voice despite not understanding the Persian lyrics.

His voice, paired with a solemn melody and touching lyrics, made it easy to internalize his message.

Suddenly, the women I had seen on Tik Tok were more than just faces on a screen. Their fear and anger were real and tangible.

For the feeling of peace  
For the sunrise after long dark nights  
For the stress and insomnia pills  
For man, motherland, prosperity  
For the girl who wished she was born a boy  
For woman, life, freedom

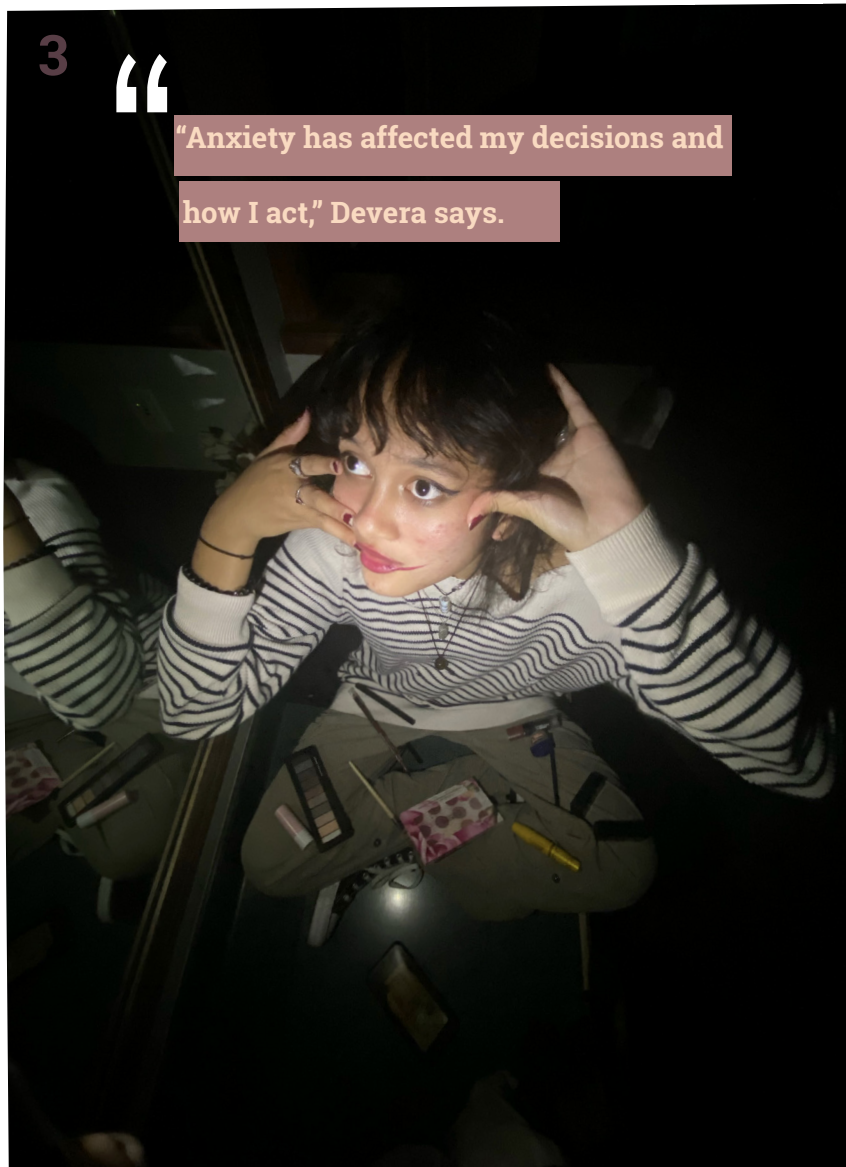
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## TEENS & SELF-ESTEEM: A PHOTO SERIES

BY AZRIEL BADON

High school sophomore Christynne Devera looks up at the camera with makeup in her lap. Devera has faced anxiety and insecurity throughout her life and every day is a constant struggle. "Anxiety has affected my decisions and how I act," Devera says. However, self-consciousness among teens is not uncommon. In fact, DoSomething states that over 70% of teenage girls 15 to 17 years old skip regular activities due to the fact that they feel insecure. Despite the battle against a negative mindset, Devera uses make-up as an escape and a way of expressing and exploring her self-worth. "Makeup has helped me boost my confidence by showing myself what can be and how I look at my very best," Devera expresses.



“

“Anxiety has affected my decisions and how I act,” Devera says.

- 1 Devera picks at the texture and bumps on her skin. Acne has been one of her main insecurities and she often finds herself constantly looking in mirrors worried about her appearance.
- 2 Devera puts mascara on while looking at the camera through a mirror. Makeup helps her express herself and finds connection with others that use beauty products.
- 3 Devera stretches her face and looks off into the distance. At times she feels like she's losing herself in negative thoughts.
- 4 Devera pushes and bends her face in the way she wishes her features would go. [ai.org](http://ai.org)

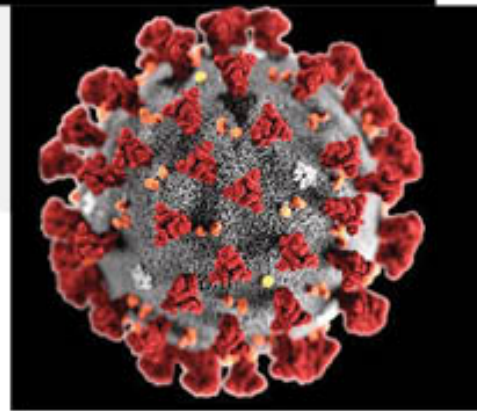
# COVID-19 DISPARITY:

## How a Global Tragedy Was Controlled by Cash

By Haruto Gannon and Daniel Zheng

**While COVID-19 was, and still is a global crisis, it has hit lower income countries and communities especially hard.**

Rich countries got the vaccines first making re-opening easier while lower-income countries are still struggling with the pandemic.

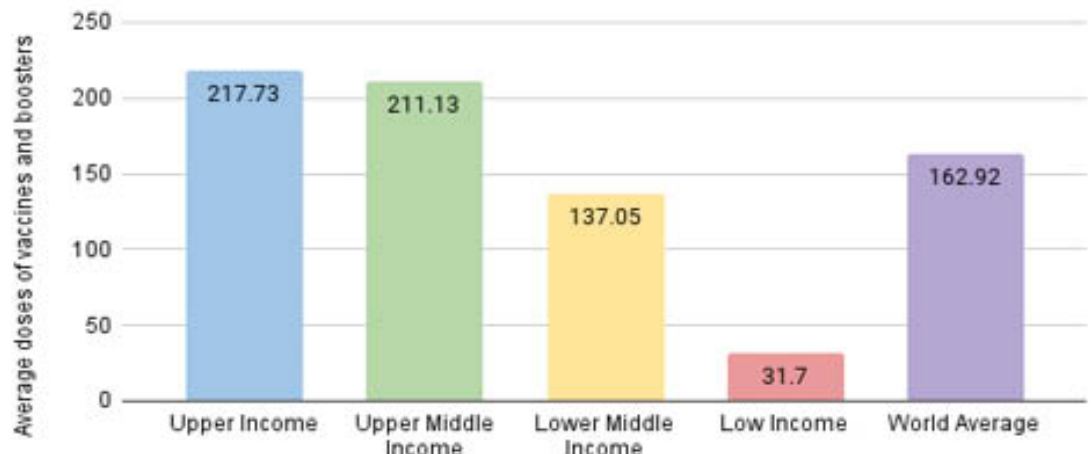


SARS-CoV-2 This image is in the public domain.

As seen in Figure 1, upper and upper middle income countries got nearly 60% more vaccine doses than lower middle income countries, and nearly seven times as many in comparison to low income countries.

### Average amount of vaccines administered to populations in countries, categorized by country income

Categories and Data provided by Our World in Data, taken November 29 2022



## What Went Wrong?

How is it that, in the year of 2023, our Earth is still suffering from the same plague from December of 2019? Why is it that, according to Oxfam's "Pandemic of Greed", the death toll in low income countries are almost as 4 times as much as higher income ones? This phenomena can be attributed to:

- The lobbying of private companies

against COVID-19 vaccine IP access to manufacturing in other countries, from companies such as

1. The Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation
  2. Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America (PhRMA)
  3. The International Federation of Pharmaceutical Manufacturers and Associations (IFPMA)
- Countries such as India and Southern Africa gaining a program named 'Access to COVID-19 Tools Accelerator (ACT-A)' to provide vaccines without breaching IP, but was considered a 'half-baked attempt at technological cooperation in the absence of IP waivers (Patnaik 2021)'.



*A person receives the COVID-19 vaccine. This image is in the public domain.*

## According to Statistics by the World Bank:

- **The pandemic has pushed an additional 75 million into extreme poverty.**
- **By the end of 2022, 677 million will be living in extreme poverty.**
- **500 million of that 677 million will be found on the Sub-Saharan Continent and lower income countries on the African continent.**

# JASMINE ROSSITER

## OUR FAKE FAIRYTALE

The thing about being someone who rewatch-  
es their comfort movie every single day  
Is that they do the same thing in life  
They rewatch, redo friendships  
They rewatch, redo meals  
They rewatch, redo relationships

And no matter what  
No matter what day, no matter what seasons,  
No matter what show, no matter what movie  
We will always think it'll end differently  
I mean, I rewatch us, knowing exactly how  
it'll end  
I redo us, knowing every single thing that we  
do wrong

The lying, the cheating  
The pictures, the grieving  
I try to fix us, I try to rewrite us  
Rewrite our storyline, but I can't  
That's just how it's meant to be

I've spent my whole childhood rewatching  
the same movie  
Hoping that the same characters get together  
Romanticizing every single detail  
Realizing it's the bare minimum

My favorite characters get into a fight  
The girl shares her feelings, the boy listens  
I wonder if they get back together,  
But they don't  
We are like them

And I will always rewatch my comfort movie  
We aren't the fairytale that i so badly hoped,  
wished, and dreamed for us to be  
We are the couple that doesn't work  
We chase, and chase, and chase, and chase

No matter what  
It's our forever Cinderella story, except I never  
find the glass slipper  
It's snow white and the seven dwarfs, except I'm  
not the fairest of them all  
It's beauty and the beast, except you forever stay  
the beast  
It's Prince Eric in disguise but youre Ursula on  
the inside

Because no matter what,  
No matter what day, no matter what season  
No matter what show, no matter what movie  
In the end, we will always,,  
We will always redo our fake fairytale

# MAHSA AMINI

Since April 1983, wearing a hijab has been mandatory for women in Iran, four years after the Islamic Revolution. Under Islamic Republic Law, women who do not comply could be fined or imprisoned for up to 2 months.

On September 13th, twenty-two year old Mahsa Amini was detained by the morality police, severely beaten, then taken to the Vozara Detention Centre where she died 3 days later. Just for not wearing her hijab correctly in public.

“The incident was unfortunate for us and we wish to never witness such incidents,” Greater Tehran Police Commander Hossein Rahimi said during a press briefing.



Illustration by Jasmine Rossiter.

## 18 WISHES

Eighteen; a number. Just a year older, right? Another orbit around the sun. Every teens celebratory number to adulthood. But eighteen is never a number I thought I'd reach. Because seventeen was never a number I'd thought about seeing my dad again. But I learned that he still wakes up every single day thinking about me. And sixteen was never a number I'd thought to start writing college essays. Finalizing a path that never was an option in my story. Everything that I never initially planned for since 8th grade has happened and I think it's safe to say that I'm so glad 15 year old me never gave up; so grateful that 15 year old me didn't let peer pressure, anxiety, and self doubt get to her. And just like that, the clock strikes 12, and just like that, I'm an adult. I can now vote, join the military, go to prison, buy a lottery ticket, get a tattoo, change my name, and even buy spray paint. Endless possibilities. This doesn't mean adult me is leaving teenage me. I'm still carrying the burdens, the trauma, the hurt words and abuse thrown my way. Those leave permanent scars. It just means adult me is healing those scars. Creating new opportunities, new solutions, new outcomes for myself, better than 15 year old me ever did.

And when senior year is over, a whole other life awaits me ahead. Words that I never thought I'd say; a life where I can be who I want to be, make friends with so many people, and be in a state where the atmosphere aligns with my happiness. Focus on myself rather than the negativity around me. And I mourn the loss for the 47, 511 people who took their life in 2019 alone. Thinking of how I didn't allow it to be 47, 512 that year. I can truly look back at 15 year old me and say: you have no idea the future ahead of us.

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EMILY VELASCO

# WHAT'S IN AN ANGLICIZED NAME

Does having an English name make you American? Does having a non-English name separate you from being American? What does being “American” really mean? Names have power but what happens when those names are replaced?

America is a nation created by immigrants since the first founders of America were immigrants from Britain. America had always been an ideal modeled after the American Dream many other immigrants from around the world believe in. Thus, having an anglicized name is not necessary to be considered American.

Rajat Panwar, pronounced phonetically R-uh-j-uh-t P-un-w-aa-r, an author of the Harvard Business Review, believes strongly that names are a part of his identity.

“I appreciated my new acquaintance’s sensitivity to potentially mispronouncing [my name],” Panwar writes. “I also felt that he was asking me to strip away a part of my identity for his convenience. I politely declined [when a co-worker asked to call me Raj]. It took him only two efforts, and about 30 seconds, to get it right. I wasn’t surprised.”

Panwar proposes three points: ask questions and repeat their name to familiarize yourself with the sounds, use phonetics, and be kind.

The use of phonetics is an easy way to learn “hard” names and, according to English Explorations, is the study of the range of sounds that words and letters form in speech patterns.

For example, my last name, Velasco, is pronounced phonetically Veh-LAH-skow.

Carnegie Mellon University’s Phonetics Spelling Instructions and How To Pronounce.com are good sources for finding the phonetic

spelling of names.

Yuchen He (11), phonetically pronounced Youchen, moved to Oahu from China when he was four.

“My mom asked me if I wanted an English name and we were thinking about it,” He explains. “But it was too much work thinking about the new name.”

The process of “Americanizing” names is called the anglicization of names. It’s a common practice among Asian Americans who have immigrated or have immigrant parents in an attempt to assimilate. Some Jewish and European immigrants have also used this practice, according to the United States Citizenship and Immigration Services.

“My name’s Japanese and it’s hard for people to pronounce and read it,” Kaede Mccall (11), phonetically spelled Kah-eh-deh, says. “When I go to a cafe and they need my name, I just say Kate because my name is too bothersome to explain and teach them how to spell it. And when somebody else gets the cup they are just going to say my name wrong anyways and I’m probably not going to hear them because it’s not my name.”

Mccall states that using a different name is “more convenient” and “easier” than explaining her name.

However, in doing so, names sometimes translate differently. He, whose name means “morning” in Chinese because he was born in the morning, wouldn’t be the same as an American name that looks similar to “Yuchen” because the meaning doesn’t translate.

The same applies to Mccall, whose name Kaede means “maple” in Japanese, which doesn’t have the same meaning as Kate, which means “pure” in English.

Janis Yahiku, daughter of Japanese immigrants



Masako and Noboru Higashide, says that her parents anglicized their names because they wanted to “be identified more as American” due to World War II.

“It [the war] was against Japan,” Yahiku explains. “There was an internment camp in the islands, but my parents weren’t in one.”

According to Yahiku, Masako gave herself the name “Ellen” while Noboru called himself “Wane.” Their three children, Arlene, Janis, and Owen, were given American names to fit in while having Japanese middle names as a tie to their heritage.

Yahiku states that she and her older sister, Arlene, were named after American actresses by their father, Owen was named by their mother because she “liked” the name.

Anglicizing names is a very personal choice. Those for it believe it’s necessary to be considered American, but according to CNN style, anglicization was seen as a “survival tactic” to obtain their “American Dream” back then.

Professor Catherine Ceniza Choy at the University of California, Berkeley, specializes in Asian American and Asian diaspora studies. She believes that now is a time of change as current generations are beginning to realize the sacrifices their immigrant ancestors have made to become “American.”

Choy describes it as young Asian Americans realizing a “loss of heritage and culture” in their parents’, grandparents’, or even great-grandparents’ lives. Young Asian Americans are now taking strides to reclaim their heritage, some studying their grandparents’ original language, visiting family shrines, or even going by their birth name instead of their anglicized one.

“Names reflect your presence, your being, your history,” Choy affirms. “When people constantly do that, they’re not acknowledging you—as a person, as a human being.”

**Sources used in this article:**

- Why Getting Someone’s Name Right Matters
- Why some Asian Americans are embracing their heritage by dropping their anglicized names - CNN Style
- Phonetic Spelling Instructions - Carnegie Mellon University
- HowToPronounce.com



Black and white photographs of Masako and Noboru, anglicized as Ellen and Wane respectively, with their two young daughters, Arlene and Janis at their Palolo home. According to Janis Yahiku, anglicizing their names was a personal choice because they wanted to “identify with Americans” during World War II.

Photo and cutline by Emily Velasco.

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# FOR THE LOVE OF RUNNING (AND WINNING HEHE)

Hmmmm, running. I used to hate it, but now, I love it. But really, I'm in it to win it.

My name is Ami Yamane. I am a junior at Kalani High School and I'm currently on the cross country and track and field teams. I only started running in my freshman year of high school when I joined the track and field team inspired by my brother. I had an awful experience at first because of how out of shape I was (this was right after COVID) and I never wanted to run ever again. Yet, I found myself continuing to run and asking my coach for help (LOL).

While I've never won individually before, it's still my biggest motivation. Imagining the day that I win is what keeps me motivated to continue running. Just knowing that one day I could be the one with the gold medal is enough for me. Standing up on the podium, holding up my medal for my mom's picture (big cheese of course), being able to say that I'm a champion — It's all I want.

I can't help but think to myself, what if I started running when I was younger? Would I be better? What else about me would be different? That's why I work hard now. There's no point in dwelling on the past and thinking about what I could have done. I can't go back in time and tell myself to run; I wouldn't listen anyway. I just have to do what I can now and do it with my best effort.

Whether I'm at practice, school, or at home, you'll most likely find me doing something related to running (as I'm writing this blog about running in school LOL). Really, anyone can be a winner as long as they're willing to put in the work, and I am. I don't want to give myself excuses, so, I do everything and anything to improve. I make sure I eat right, I stretch every night, and I'm always drinking water.

Of course, it doesn't work like that. Similar to everything else in life, running isn't a steady improvement all the way through. There's ups and downs, hills and valleys, and let me tell you, it's rough. I remember when I first started getting in shape and I saw beginner's improvement; I was thrilled. At a certain point, the beginner's improvement ran out because, well, I was no longer a beginner. I wouldn't say I was a veteran either though; I had so much more to learn (and I still do!). Teaching myself to be comfortable while being uncomfortable is probably the most difficult lesson I've had to learn.

The runner's high that I get after having a good run, tracking my improvement through PR's, looking back at where I started and seeing how far I've come, and learning more about myself — that's what makes it all worth it.

I'm running on the road to success, and I won't get off until I get to the end; the day that I win.



Here's a pic of me in the blocks for the 4x400m relay on trials day. Photo by Gabe Tom.



Here's me posing for a picture before running the first leg of the 4x400m relay at state finals (I was very nervous behind my smile). Photo by Gabe Tom.



This is me and the girls! The team that placed sixth at states. Photo by Jane Chon



We signed the baton from state finals — it holds the current school record in the 4x400m relay (so it's special). Photo by Kokona Watanabe.

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# The K9 and Keiki Carnival

by CJ Endo



Lots of vendors show up for the event, including the University of Hawaii's Veterinary Technology students and Wolfpack Adventures Hawaii's doggy day care workers.



The first K9 and Keiki Carnival since 2018 takes place at the Momilani Community Center on Saturday, Sept. 24. The event was organized by the Fur Angel Foundation, a 501 c3 nonprofit organization. According to their website, their goal is to rescue dogs, strengthen the bonds between animals and humans, and educate the public about animal welfare.



Aside from the many vendors, there are games for children and dogs, offering prizes.

# Meet The Dogs!



This is Zero, who now holds the title of the K9 and Keiki 2022 prince.

Ironically enough, next up is Prince, the diligent helper of the behind-the-scenes crew, barking out orders for everyone to follow.



This is Trooper, who is very excited to be at the carnival and moves around way too much for me to get a better angle.

This is Mando, who is very interested in my camera.



Here are some more of the dogs attending with their owners. The carnival only lasted a few hours on one day, but overall, the turnout was great. The foundation raised \$5,115!

# PROOF YOU ONCE CARED

by Mina Kohara

Today's my last day alive—sort of.

17 years ago, some company called Oct Enterprise found a way to bottle emotions and sell them to drink. You could get drinkable emotions like Bravery, Serenity, Confidence, and Happiness for \$7.99 wherever drinks are sold. But, no one expected one particular eight-ounce grey bottle to become the best-seller.

## INDIFFERENCE.

In a world where emotions can be drunk, quite unexpectedly, Indifference is the best-selling.

The grey bottle is popular because it acts as a pain reliever. An unrequited love, a painful memory, a lost loved one – all painful emotions tied to these things don't have to be felt if you're indifferent.

I live in a world where no one smiles, laughs, or makes friends. But no one cries, either.

Schools are now filled with students downing bottles to focus only on academics. Funerals halls now pass around grey bottles instead of bouquets. The news mechanically reports that the art industry died the minute Indifference rose to the second most drunk beverage after water. There was no need for art that made you feel something if you could buy it from a bottle; there was no need for art if people didn't feel anything at all. Theater, galleries, and concert halls have all been flattened and turned into a city that's now a maze of grey concrete buildings.

Would you take the bottle?

For the last 17 years, I've never taken it. But tomorrow morning, I will.

—

Yuz Kato was a typical 24-year-old office worker. While living in this society, one thing kept him going: graffiti.

The first thing Yuz ever spray painted was some attempt to paint the sunrise that peaked through the walls of an abandoned parking garage. It was 4 a.m., and the morning chill crawled under his jacket as the clanking of the beads inside the spray bottle he was holding echoed through the structure. Every loud clank made him flinch as he questioned if he should just stop and run back home.

But, when he stepped back to look at the final mess of pinks, reds, yellow, and oranges, he threw his head back as he laughed in glee. In some

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leaky decaying building at the edge of the city, there was now a colorful sunrise on the walls. It wasn't there because it was practical or logical but because he wanted it to be. This was a marker of Yuz's existence, an expression of the feelings inside him that still cared for what many abandoned.

That day as Yuz was crammed into the 7 a.m. train, back in an indifferent crowd, he looked down at his hands. There were bits of pink and yellow paint at the tip of his fingers from holding down the nozzle of the spray paint. Proof that he was more than someone just suffering in an indifferent society. Yuz was a graffiti artist.

It's been five years since that sunrise. Since then, Yuz sprayed well over 250 pieces across the city, but nothing significant or anywhere too noticeable. Every single one has been covered—down to the first one in the parking garage at the city's edge.

As if they never existed at all.

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Walking into Yuz's office building, he entered a robotic world. Aside from him, everyone was already sitting at their desks typing without pause. As he sat down at his own desk, Yuz greeted his neighbor, but it fell on deaf ears. Not even for a moment did their eyes stray from their screen to look at him. It was as if Yuz didn't exist. Every day Yuz worked here, he was reminded that in this city, not a single person even registered his existence. Even if he died right here on this desk, his co-workers wouldn't even look. All they'd do is crack another bottle of Indifference open and continue their monotonous lives.

For 17 years, Yuz was surrounded by this silent black ocean. He managed to endure for a couple more years with the help of graffiti. His graffiti made him feel like he was something more than just another disposable office worker but a human persisting through society. But as the city ripped his artwork from him over and over, he's grown tired. Sitting at his desk where he's treated like dust, he knew he was only prolonging his suffering.

Yuz exited his office building, heading into the small convenience store across the street. Entering the already crowded, fluorescent-lit store, he headed towards the drinks section.

All sorts of people were taking Indifference from the drink rack. Office workers, CEOs, students, mothers, and little kids. For the first time, Yuz

opened the doors himself and took one.

The bottle read: INDIFFERENCE

Description: Numb you of any feelings, concerns, or interests.

Warning: Indifference is addictive. Those who take it once often continue to take it for an indefinite amount of time.

As Yuz left the store with his bottle, he checked his watch. 8 p.m. There was one last stop on his final day alive.

The cemetery looked the same as always. Even though it was close to the city center, people never came in or out of it. All except for one.

Every day without fail, a certain graffiti artist would walk in holding a sad-looking bouquet.

“Hi, mom.”

In front of him was a simple gravestone cramped on all sides. Countless rows of mossy gravestones stuck in the ground, crooked, and pushed up against one another.

He sets the flowers down. Today they're white chrysanthemums. His mother died before emotions were bottled. She was a woman who loved flowers, even saving up to open a flower shop before cancer numbered her days. Many of his memories of her are fuzzy, but he starkly remembers her final day.

As seven-year-old Yuz lay next to her on the tiny hospital bed, she shared her only wish. Yuz had clutched onto her alarmingly skinny hands as she smiled at him through her breathing tube.

“Yuz...I think I want to be buried in a field of flowers.”

His seven-year-old self had whispered his promise to do so over and over in her ear. He made sure she could hear it over the sound of the machine flat lining ringing throughout the room.

But instead, she's crammed in this forgotten graveyard because bottled emotions have taken everything precious in the world. There were no flower fields anymore. All he could do was bring her wilted \$3 flowers daily and hope he was making her proud as he showed her photos of the graffiti he's done.

But soon, he wouldn't even be able to do that.

Bent down in front of her grave, he confessed to her, “Mom, I'm gonna drink Indifference tomorrow.”

He took a deep breath, taking a moment to look at the sky hanging above them before looking down again. “I know you wouldn't have wanted me to. But you're not here, and I'm just so so

tired.”

“I just can't do it anymore,” Yuz whispered.

“So I might not be able to bring you flowers anymore. It might seem like I don't care about you anymore. I'll be a totally different person. But... but...”

Sobs rack his body, and soon he's hugging his mother's grave. As the smell of dirt and concrete surrounded him, a little boy said goodbye to his mother again.

Yuz stayed in the graveyard for three hours, trying to imprint his mother's presence into his skin. But as the hours ticked by, thinking of the fact that he'd never be able to leave anything for his mother again, he turned to look at the gigantic building looming from the city center.

It was Oct Enterprise's skyscraper. The tallest building in the city and the only thing large enough to be visible from the graveyard. His mother's grave directly facing it.

Before these 24 hours were up, he needed to do one thing so he could die peacefully tomorrow.

Running towards the city center, Yuz adjusted the strap of the backpack he had run home for.

He stopped at a construction site he'd seen on the way to work this morning. Rummaging through it, he grabbed a harness and was off again.

As he slid into the first floor of the lobby of Oct Enterprise, a blank-faced receptionist looked at him.

“Do you have an appointment, sir, at,” she raised an eyebrow as she looked down at her own watch. “12:06 a.m.?”

Staring at her for a moment, he ran straight into the elevator and pressed for the top floor.

Getting off on the top floor, Yuz climbed out onto the roof of the highest point in the entire city. Once securing the harness onto the railing, he approached the edge of the building. The whole city spread underneath him as he stood less than a foot away from free-falling hundreds of feet. He should probably feel terrified.

But the funny thing about emotional suicide? It makes doing crazy things easy.

He jumped.

He was going to make this final day worth something.

Dangling on the side of the skyscraper Yuz used the grey concrete of the building he'd seen every day as his canvas. Pulling out a purple spray can from his bag, he raised his arm up high and pressed down on the nozzle, hearing the com-

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forting noise of the spray. There wasn't time to develop a sketch, but he's had this image in his head for years.

Yuz lost himself as he sprayed blue, green, orange, yellow, red, and every color he had in his backpack. Yuz used the bottles that had been his only comfort for the past 3 years in this monotone society. Swinging around, he once again laughed in joy like he was back in the abandoned parking garage. Completely free as he proved to the world that he was someone who still cared.

For 19 long years, he'd held on to his emotions. It had been endlessly lonely, and every day it felt painful to be someone who cared. But he did anyway. So he poured everything into this one final piece of art.

Halfway done and he felt tightness forming in his chest. Tears start to stream down his face for the second time today. Looking down at the tips of his fingers that had spray paint residue just like 5 years ago, he thought of how tomorrow morning he wouldn't look at it with the excitement he had all those years ago. It would just be met with indifferent eyes. Nothing about this painting will mean anything to him.

But at least he can prove to himself and the whole city it once did. That at one point, for 19 years, he cared about this. That he found this beautiful and worthy of the pain.

As he sprayed his final stroke, Yuz let go of the can in his hand. He quietly stared at his painting as the sun rose behind him, marking the end of his 24 hours.

Soon a completely new person would be walking through the city.

This was his last moment alive.

On the most important building in the world, there stood a mural that spanned a hundred feet wide. From pink peonies to blue hydrangeas, colorful flowers filled the building's grey walls.

It was a single grave buried in a field of flowers.

At the bottom were the big black words: PROOF YOU ONCE CARED.

A girl walked through the city, bumping shoulders with the usual morning crowd. She could feel the weight of two objects in her backpack. One was a notebook of sketches she's been working on, and the other was the bottle of Indifference she was supposed to have taken this morning. She feels a rustle of movement through the crowd and pauses to see everyone looking up. The girl glances up, and her eyes widen as she takes in a gigantic graffiti mural on the Oct Enterprise Building. The crowd looks back down and continues their shuffle forward. But she stands still in awe. The artist's love and care radiated from the colors and precise lines of the piece. For the first time, what

was usually the city building's oppressing grey now looked like the world's biggest canvas. As the crowd shifted around her, she felt something stir in her heart like she felt whenever she scribbled in her notebook. The bottle of Indifference lies forgotten in her bag.

That day Oct Enterprise released a statement of their plans to cover the graffiti by the next morning. Workers could be seen spending hours painting over the mural in grey paint. But the next morning, the mural was back. For weeks, the company tried to erase the flowers, but morning came, and they always returned. Soon the replaced graffiti spread to the next building, then the next, and soon spanning the entire city.

A 24-year-old office worker stood in front of a grave. His face is void of emotions as he stares down. Surrounding him are walls full of numerous colorful graffiti. He has no flowers or art to show the grave, but behind him can be seen a mural on the only visible building from the graveyard, completely untouched by the efforts of others.

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## Tonight's Solo

by Lin Meyers

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Sitting alone,  
Hidden.

Everything grown,  
A mess.

Brain sewn,  
Ready to burst.

Inside warzone,  
Fighting solo in my head.

No safety-zone,  
Dealing with all alone.

Known,  
But alone.



# DOG PARK GUIDE FOR BEGINNERS

Photos and article by  
**Aidan Hart**

One of the most essential things about caring for your dog is taking them on daily walks. But how do we know if it's safe?

While some owners are often cautious about entering new dog parks, a dog park is relatively safe partially thanks to a friendly community that often uses it to let their dog burn some energy.

One example of a park like this is Hunakai Park. It's near Kahala Elementary and is used for dog walkers, family events, soccer games, and volleyball.

Marcus Grant has been taking his dog to the park for a year now and has been enjoying mingling with the other dog owners. At first he had some concerns when coming to the park because of his dog Kima, who at the time was a very young rottweiler.

"I just wanted to make sure that my dog didn't want to hurt any of the dogs here because she is typically larger than the other dogs here," Grant says.

Jinni Mitchel is a lovely lady who walks her pomeranian Knuckles each morning. She has been coming to this park for a very long time. Knuckles has become less aggressive and defensive over the years, which helped him socialize.

"You really want your dog to go to a park and meet other dogs so that they don't fight or bite, you want them to be friendly," Mitchel says.



Kima resting on the grass.



Jinni holding Knuckles in her arms.

According to the Association of Professional Dog Owners, or the APDT, Dog parks are essential to helping dogs of different breeds to socialize with each other. It is also a good way of having younger dogs put their energy to good use.

"It is absolutely vital," Grant says. "It is the best thing you can do for your dog. It will help them behave around adults, children, and other dogs that are big or small. It's the responsible thing to do as a dog owner."

Although Hunakai Park is an excellent place to take your dog, there are other parks that aren't exactly safe. Diamond Head Bark Park is one example, where some dog owners say some dogs aren't friendly.

Micheal Cutter is an experienced dog owner who takes his three dogs to the park each morning. He had started coming to this park about six years ago after he decided he had enough of the dogs at Diamond Head Bark Park.

"Over there a lot of random dogs come from all over the island and I saw a lot of fights," Cutter says. "And over here in Hunakai it's all friendly Kahala dogs."

Although there are parks that sound pretty dangerous, it's always best to do research on the park. Search the internet, read other peoples posts about the park, or even check it out for yourself to see if it's the park that's right for you.

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Daniel Zheng

Photo by Emily Velasco

## REVELATION

Monday 12th December 2022

It was a dark, abysmal day when the storm hit. Everything changed. All day there was a sense of dread, a sense of guilt. I tried to wash away these thoughts and carried on through the day with all my might. I walked into a coffee shop; it was timid, with decorative signs. I walked in and got my favorite order: a mango frappuccino with a side of milk. Suddenly, as I drank my coffee, all the guilt started coming back. A shockwave hit me like a crumbling earthquake. I started shaking and everything stopped, my head was spinning. The resounding silence that followed was as scary as if Fred's spirit was coming to haunt me. What was happening to me? Why do I keep getting these panic attacks?

"Are you okay, ma'am?" a barista suddenly said.

I suddenly jumped back from my daydream and panic attack and briefly nodded with a semi-sincere smile. I walked out and tried to get my mind off things; all around me were festive Christmas decorations. Everyone was looking forward to the festive season and the holidays ahead, but for some reason, I wasn't.

Tuesday 13th December 2022

I couldn't figure out what was happening to me and why I was so dark around this time of year. The next day we were at a present exchange between my co-workers. I handed her my gift with glee. I had wrapped it the night before. I was excited for Linda to see my gift. I had gotten her an item she had long coveted and talked about the whole year.

George walked up, handed me my present, and whispered, "You know what you did."

I was confused by this and glanced at him. All the employees gathered around in a witching circle and opened their presents. Linda went first, and as she opened the gift, she screamed in excitement.

"Oh my god, this is what I coveted the whole year; thank you, Sera."

I smiled at her happiness and was happy to have made her happy. All the employees started opening their gifts one by one, and then it was my turn.

I smiled at her happiness and was happy to have made her happy. All the employees started opening their gifts one by one, and then it was my turn.

I slowly unwrapped the red present that George had given me and found a kitchen knife inside. Suddenly, my panic attacks returned, and I was confused and daddling.

"Sera, are you alright?" Marie said.

I returned to the shocking reality, and everyone was staring at me, especially George. I mumbled and ran to the bathroom. I started crying in the stall because I didn't know what was happening to me. George found me in the bathroom stall and saw me crying.

"You know what you did. Would you like me to tell everyone else, or would you like to do it yourself?" I tried to compose myself best and said,

"I don't know what you're talking about."

George looked at me with a chilling smile and said, "It's just a matter of time before you get caught."

**Wednesday 14th December 2022**

I looked confused because I couldn't understand these panic attacks or George. I cut carrots to make a stew at home, and the sunset colors were very bright from my window. The delicate orange-golden sunlight touched the gray table before the rays of sunshine hit my skin. Suddenly I stopped in motion, and another panic attack started. Suddenly all the memories, the incident that had caused this. I was taken back to Wednesday, October 20, 2021. The cool autumn breeze, which started as a typical day, turned into the worst. Shortly after 3 PM when my husband just walked through the door. I was cutting carrots and making a nice bowl of curry. Suddenly my husband blindfolded me, "What's going on? Unblindfold me".

As I tried to resist and get myself together, and with a couple of spins around the house, I accidentally stabbed him in the chest. I was so scared, trembling with fear. I couldn't believe what I just did. The blood slipped out from his body and I was paralyzed on the floor. I didn't say a word as the knife was still in my hand. The knife was filled with deep ruby red blood dripping slowly. The room was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. Suddenly, everything came back to me. All my panic attacks made sense; I realized I was a murderer.

All my thoughts came racing towards me at lightning speed. I was a murderer, I was a criminal, and I started breaking down and crying. I think, "I don't want to go to jail; I'm not a criminal."

Suddenly, George appeared out of nowhere and started invading my thoughts. He was probing my thoughts, and I wanted to punch him out, but I realized that if I punched him, I would be committing another crime... George said, "You have to turn yourself in; you can't hide; you're a criminal, a murderer." I knew I had to make a choice. Would I betray my morals and let this die out, or turn myself in for the heinous crimes I committed? As I was thinking, I decided to...

# A Birdwatcher's Guide to Kalani

Virgil Lin

Kalani High School has no lack of a birding scene. Located at the mouth of a valley and offering a number of different habitat types, Kalani hosts nearly 20 distinct bird species ranging from ocean-going terns, migratory plovers, and residential passerines. All vary in color, size, and behavior, which combined create wonderful opportunities to appreciate Hawaii's numerous avians. For more birds at Kalani, visit [kaleookalani.org](http://kaleookalani.org).

Four java sparrows (*Lonchura oryzivora*) warily observe the photographer. These social sparrows are somewhat accustomed to human interaction, and, interestingly, roost in the roofed hallway beside the cafeteria.

1. A pacific golden plover (*Pluvialis fulva*). Here it is a seasonal visitor, wintering from August to April, before leaving between spring and summer, when it embarks on an impressive multi-thousand mile migration to Alaska in order to breed.
2. A pair of angel terns (*Gygis alba*) in flight. The angel tern, also known in Hawaiian as the manu-o-kū, is the city bird of Honolulu. They are agile fliers; look to the sky and one will be greeted by a performance of sharp turns, loops, and dives.

3. Two common waxbills (*Estrilda astrild*). This type of finch favors seedy grasses for foraging but are also partial to open fields. They are on average just four inches long and are rather excitable in nature. A red mask around the eyes distinguishes them from other similarly-built birds.
4. A saffron finch (*Sicalis flaveola*) weeding. The finch is delightful to spot due to its full-bodied yellow and brown plumage, despite its overall rarity on campus and small size.
5. A red-crested cardinal (*Paroaria coronata*). The name is deceiving – it is not a true cardinal – but the bird's red, white, and grey tricolours make it distinct nonetheless.

