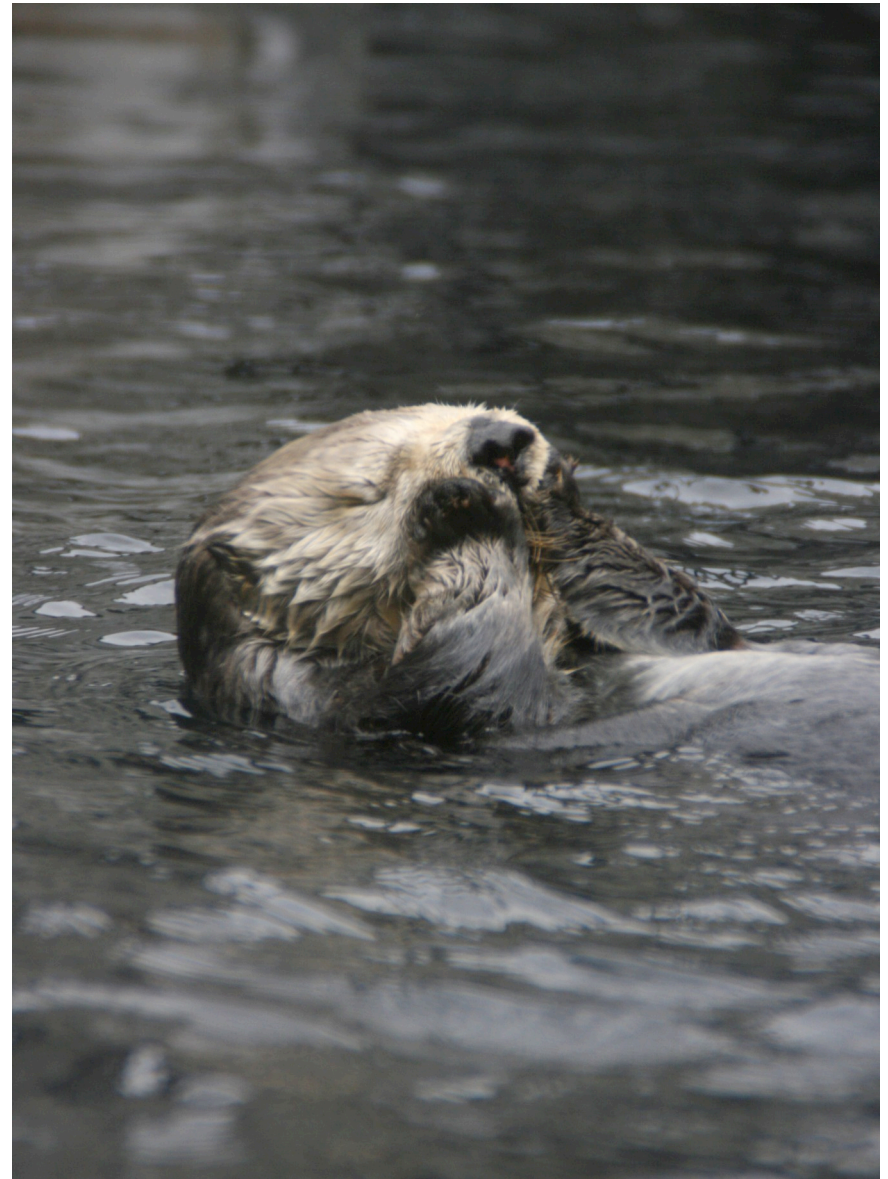




Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Si-Yuan Kong

E-mail
NARCHP@gmail.com
Website
www.clubs.uci.edu/chsc/nar



NAR
CHP Creative Works Journal
Fall 2010

Table of Contents

- 1 Serenity—Dasha Slepinkina
- 2 Phoenix—Kurt Kline
- 3 Up, Up and Away—Kurt Kline
- 4 Sestina for a Breaking World—Asthrea Camilon
- 6 Fragile Synchronicity—Aishwarya Sridharan
- 7 Ocean Blues—Jessica Bogdanoff
- 9 Big Heart—Dasha Slepinkina
- 10 Rainbow Umbrella—Dasha Slepinkina
- 11 Gliding—Si-Yuan Kong
- 12 Untitled—Jocelyn Huey
- 13 Untitled—Joceyln Huey
- 14 San Francisco Bay—David Cao
- 15 Witch—Stephanie Fong
- 16 Shades of Green—Eliza Collison
- 17 Untitled—Dasha Slepinkina
- 18 Watching—Si-Yuan Kong
- 19 Aldrich Morning—Dasha Slepinkina
- 20 A Bell Rings—Jeremy Moore
- 32 Pumpkin Carving Contest Winner
- 33 CHP News

Cover Sea Otter—David Cao
Back Sunset on the Back Bay—Si-Yuan Kong

NAR Staff

Editors

Corrie Rollison | Melissa Rose

Layout Editor

Jenny Prescott

Staff

Greg Dixon
Si-Yuan Kong
Jessica Nelson

Scott Slupik
Jillian Tempesta

CHP News

Apply to be a PAA !

This is a great opportunity to improve your programming and leadership skills. For more information go to <http://www.honors.uci.edu/paajobdescription.php>

Vote for CHP Yearbook Name

Be a part of a continuing legacy. To vote go to <http://eee.uci.edu/survey/CHPYearbookName10-11>.

Peter Pan

“All children grow up...except one.”
CHP is going to see Peter Pan at OCPAC on December 2! Contact Tiffany Yu for ticket information as soon as possible.

Have a great winter break!

Pumpkin Carving Contest

Winner: Scott Slupik



Photograph taken by Corrie Rollison at NAR's pumpkin carving event.

Serenity

by Dasha Slepkenina



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Dasha Slepkenina

Phoenix

by Kurt Kline

Right before my eyes,
And I do not dare touch,
Wanting to shift gears,
But I cannot pump the clutch,
Yearning for normalcy,
Yet knowing it cannot be,
Revealing secrets hidden,
Like ancient roots of a tree,
If only I was time's master,
And I was in control,
I would traverse back instantly,
And get out of this hole,
But I have reached the point of no return,
I am damned here forever,
Wishing the connection to my emotions,
Can finally be severed

How to NAR

Step 1: Start with a crazy idea. It can be anything from a song you want to sing, a story you want to tell, or a Facebook status update that you think Darth Vader wants to share with the world. As long as it's creative, it's NAR!

Step 2: Actualize it!

Step 3: E-mail it to narchp@gmail.com

Step 4: Stare at your inbox for hours in breathless anticipation.

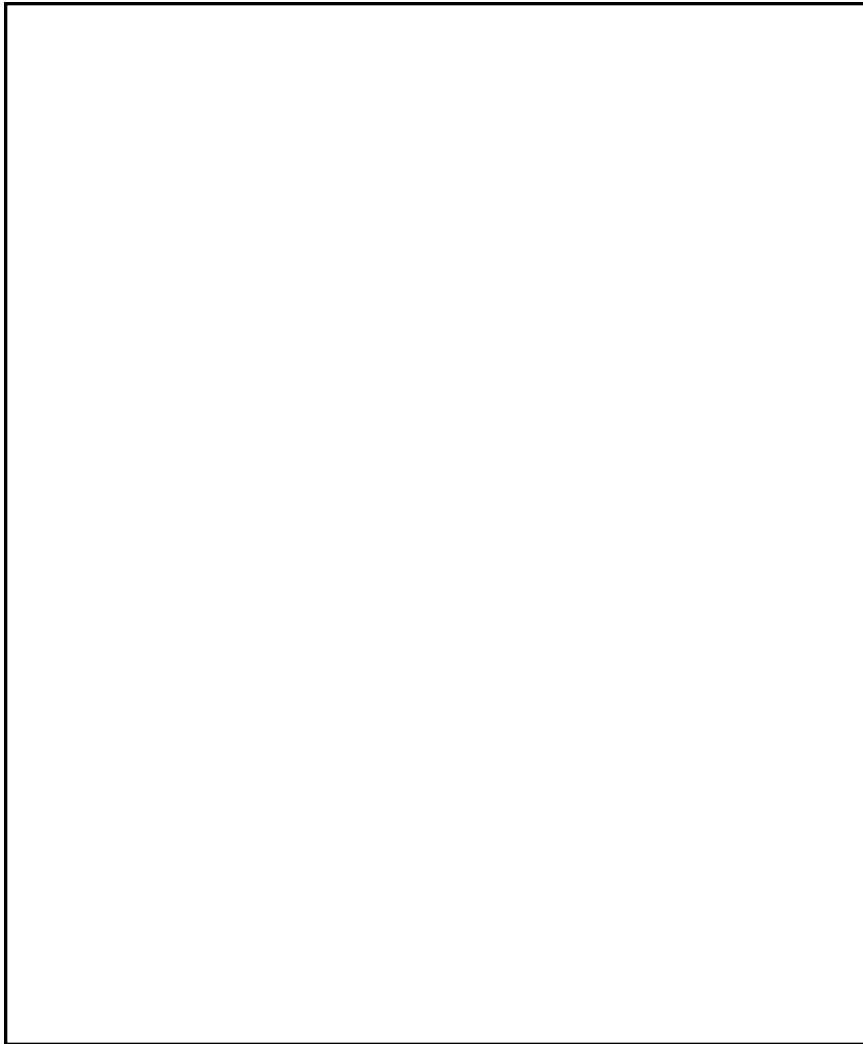
Step 5: Rejoice when you receive that "Congratulations" e-mail.

Step 6: Party at the Unveiling and share your creativity with all of CHP.

And now, you know how to NAR. So do it!

Your Art Here

by _____



Up, Up and Away

by Kurt Kline

You are hanging on to me
Tied down by your grasp
Not wanting to leave
Seemingly infinite clasp

But then I start to slip
Loosening your hold without notice
Unavoidable occurrence
Like the plague of flying locusts

Now I leave your hand
Swiftly up into the air
You reach up to get me
But I'm no longer there

Acceleration undaunted
I blend in with the sky
Lost in space forever
The once apple of your eye

Sestina for a Breaking World

(“Kowarete iku Sekai”)

by Asthrea Camilon

A girl awakens in her white dress and realizes she’s alive after the deluge of crying rain sloshed through a war-torn world. She turns her head, with arms spread out on a broken puzzle.

She looks and sees the puzzle, broken in sixty trillion stark white fragments, has been violated by rain. So she frantically journeys the world, carefully carrying in her thin arms shards of a planet once alive.

The trench-digging people, also alive and surviving, assault her with puzzle pieces from the ground. Her arms flail desperately, begging for the rain of animosity to stop. The world must be repaired, she cries. White

flags refuse to rise, while white and black disdain the gray. Rain won’t come to save the world or what’s left of its puzzle. Lost hope struggles to stay alive. The girl falls with lacerated arms.

KAYLA: I would very much like to impale that painting over your impudent head, if only to silence your saucy lips!

LUISA: We must stop this quarrelling! Is not anyone here willing to lay aside their own personal bias for the good of the whole? Our family is not worth to me this paper covered in paint, and I will say that I will willingly vote for any other proposed idea, if only a consensus can be reached!

KAYLA: I would rather see the money scattered to the winds than see it go to make a victor in your petty sibling rivalry.

ALEXANDER: Then it appears it shall be. Cynthia, you are the only one here without an income on which to rely and I would very much suppose you would change your opinion on this issue if only to secure an amount of the remainder of the estate?

CYNTHIA: I would suppose, dear Alex, my only brother would be kind enough to ensure my comfort in any case. But we will see soon enough if I am mistaken.

LUISA: I am saddened that you bring such anger with you back into this home! But I am even more saddened that Mother’s final decision only revealed how poor all of her earlier decisions had been.

MICHAEL enters with the LEGAL SECRETARY.

ALEXANDER: I do find it quite proper that I be the one to take control of the picture, yes.

I remain the only heir with child and, in the wake of his mother's death it seems reasonable
Melissa would desire the use of the income from the artwork to raise and support her grandson.

CYNTHIA: Then why did she not leave the painting to you outright? I was almost sure she would have done so because you were always clearly Melissa's favored child, but her failure to give you sole possession of her most valuable prize after her death suggests to me that she most certainly did not want you to have it at all!

LUISA: Do you all see why this painting is so horrible? It is only proper we let the estate lapse and be donated. Mother's possessions will doubtlessly be used to clothe and feed the poor and perhaps even fund the good Christians overseas. This is the reason I neglected to call us together for so long: I had hoped we might after time decide not to decide! This painting is not worth our family!

CYNTHIA: It is very easy for you to say, dear Luisa! You have the stipend from your husband's military service, but I have only this inheritance. As the only soul in the party with limited income, I propose it only fair and charitable that I receive the painting.

KAYLA: You find your income limited? I have only the inheritance of my late husband, which is not by any stretch of the imagination a princely sum!

ALEXANDER: Was this man actually your husband, or simply someone else's?

In the dark, two strong arms
carry her securely around the world,
refitting the pieces of the puzzle
with the aid of three alive
and thriving companions. Onto the white
blanket of baby Earth drizzles rain.

The touch of the soft rain
rouses the girl. She is alive.
She glances down. The man's white
shoes blend perfectly with the puzzle
she once cradled in devoted arms
meant for mending a breaking world.

Ten arms greet the sweet rain
washing away white from the puzzle
that binds the world, now alive.

Fragile Synchronicity

by Aishwarya Sridharan

The everlasting beat of feet
echoes through the countryside.
The stillness in the air was asphyxiating.
“I have never lived in this place
I have been living in.”
Everyone longs for peace
But no one prepares for it.

ALEXANDER: And it is a cottage in which Luisa and Cynthia have already made yourselves quite at home! How long have you been sitting on Melissa’s furniture and raiding her pantry? Using her credit at the stores and cafes to keep your stomachs full? If you must know, Cynthia, I believe that I deserve to have that painting as I seem to be the only one in this house who has not already consumed a fair share of the inheritance!

KAYLA: Oh! I had so hoped it would not come to such unpleasantness and hostility! And what do you suggest I have already taken from your poor sweet mother, Alex, besides her friendship?

ALEXANDER: Her friendship, yes, and also the friendship of her husband.

KAYLA: Just what do you mean by that?

ALEXANDER: It is no great mystery as to why she died in this house alone: her dearest friend was away in the Riviera with our father! I suppose that also implies there is no mystery as to why this inheritance is being divided into four shares and not five. The great mystery is why it is not being divided into three shares and not four!

KAYLA: How dare you! I have been acquainted with your mother since you were but a babe and I resent your prying into personal affairs that have never been any of your concern!

A BELL rings.

LUISA: Now, now, let us not lose our manners!

CYNTHIA: I only find it humorous that my brother who so wanted to avoid a scene is the very antagonist causing it.

LUISA: We are not at sea, Alexander. Do not overdramatize the issue. It is as simple as a difference of opinion.

CYNTHIA: It is possibly as simple as an irreconcilable difference of opinion!

LUISA: I never imagined my own siblings would be so defeatist! And so selfish in addition!

ALEXANDER: Selfish?

KAYLA: Now, now, let me speak. I was your mother's closest friend for over thirty years, and

I wish you all to imagine what she must think, spying down on her children squabbling over money! Luisa, the eldest, charged with taking care of her younger siblings. Cynthia, always the apple of her eye with your talents and intellect! And little Alex, her baby boy. You could do no wrong with her. And now here we sit, ready to claw out each other's eyes for but a chance at that dusty old painting!

CYNTHIA: Do not brush aside the real issue so! You know as well as we how much that painting is worth. An original James Ward, smuggled away from the Royal Family to hang in our decaying sitting room? A comedy of comparisons! You play the enlightened one so that you might have it all to yourself!

KAYLA: Cynthia, calm down. Remember the task ahead of us. If we do not unanimously decide which of the four of us will claim possession of the Ward in the courts, then the painting and all the rest of Melissa's estate will be donated away! Including this cottage!

Ocean Blues

by Jessica Bogdanoff

In the middle of an ocean lay a great shipwreck. No one knew how long it had been there, or from whence it came. Most passed by it quickly, unaware of its existence. Others saw it, yet thought little of the rotting hull.

One day, a famous explorer heard of its teetering on a rocky outcropping somewhere in the great waters.

"I must find it," he vowed. He asked, and researched, and explored every far distant part of the world imaginable. After a month, he was about to give up his quest.

"Don't give up, sir," a small boy in his village piped cheerfully. "This shipwreck might be somewhere you didn't think of looking. There's probably something greater out there, anyway."

"I hope you're right." The famous explorer again searched all the seven seas, more determined than before. At last, he found it where he had least expected it.

On a pillar of rock, in the middle of an ocean, right in front of the weary explorer was a ship... a very old ship indeed. For seven days and nights the man sat and studied the treacherous pillar, trying to dream up a plan to scale its sheer faces of rock.

Just when he thought of giving up - soon after he was tired, sore, and nearly cross-eyed - a miracle occurred. Where there was previously neither crack nor foothold there now seemed to appear out of nothing a small blue bump. The famous explorer inched his ship closer until the bow nearly touched this curiosity.

The spot of blue began to glow in a pulsing manner. Awed, the explorer reached out his hand and gingerly, lightly touched it with the barest tip of a grimy fingernail.

The pillar of sheer gray rock shook wildly, its entire surface becoming the same pulsing blue glow as the small projection. Steadying himself on the bow of his ship, the explorer saw the shipwreck plummet from the pinnacle of the down into the ocean depths, forever lost to Davy Jones' locker. He gnashed his teeth in fury, blaming himself for the loss of an irreplaceable ancient ship.

However, all was not lost. The pillar was thrust even higher by the quaking, and many more like it emerged from the water, all dripping seaweed. Salt water cascaded off these rising, sheer blue towers into turbid waves.

He gasped at the great buildings, the strange letterings near their bases, the seabed thrown to the surface that supported the mysterious stone city. In his heart, he knew this was a far greater find, a more precious treasure than the half-rotten wooden boat he had come out here for in the first place. Over the centuries, historians and adventurers had searched for this legendary civilization. What rose before him now was the found city of Atlantis.

KAYLA: Alex! What a delightful surprise! I hope I have not arrived too late.

LUISA: You have come just on time.

CYNTHIA: (surprised) I believe you are actually early.

LUISA: Cynthia, what a tone! Kayla, it is always a pleasure to see you at any time. Shall we move to the sitting room to begin our discussion? The legal secretary will be arriving at half past noon.

KAYLA: (SITS at DINING ROOM TABLE) Oh, I prefer to speak here if it is all the same to you, Luisa. The light is so much more agreeable at this time of day.

LUISA: (disappointed) Are you quite certain?

KAYLA: I am quite comfortable.

LUISA: Well, then, I suppose we should discuss the matter at hand.

CYNTHIA: I believe there was something Alexander was simply dying to say.

LUISA: Now, Cynthia...

ALEXANDER: No, dear sister, if Cynthia wants me to speak my mind than speak my mind I shall. We all know why we have gathered here in this old cottage and it certainly is not for a pleasant reunion. I am just surprised we did not convene sooner! Melissa's will provided an entire year to sort this out before we divided the remainder of the estate and it went utterly squandered! Now here we are not an hour away from this meeting with the legal secretary and we remain completely at sea!

This is a serious business, but we need not take it too seriously. A simple decision, nothing more. Let us not make this the culmination of any long-harbored grudges or ill wills. There is not a single soul present who stands to gain or indeed would not be exhausted by such an exercise.

CYNTHIA: That is certainly simple for you to say. Just as simple as your deflecting comment about Mother's favorite.

ALEXANDER: Let us not organize the pieces for such an unfortunate game! If only I could speak my mind to you and Luisa without mucking up these old grudges I so wanted to keep dormant!

LUISA enters.

LUISA: Alexander! I am so glad you received my note! Let us adjourn into the sitting room to make preparations before the legal secretary arrives.

CYNTHIA: (sarcastically) I am afraid Alexander thinks the matter too trivial to be left to any discussion, Luisa.

ALEXANDER: On the contrary, too important.

LUISA: What? What has been transpired between the two of you? This is exactly the type of

behavior that troubled Mother so!

ALEXANDER: I am not sure which of you most inherited Melissa's special ability to leap to conclusions, but it is absolutely clear to me now just how much of a mistake it was for me to return for this meeting at all.

KAYLA enters from the GARDEN.

Big Heart

by Dasha Slepkenina



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Dasha Slepkenina

Rainbow Umbrella

by Dasha Slepinkina



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Dasha Slepinkina

ALEXANDER: Now, now, calm yourself Cynthia. It is nothing more than the youthful wanderings of a young man. And I need not remind you of how trying this past year has been for a man of any age. Who could bear losing a mother and grandmother all within a fortnight and not slipping into the unsavory?

CYNTHIA: But I am quite sure this house is no place for him at present, when one considers...

ALEXANDER: (interrupting CYNTHIA) Now Cynthia, let us hear no more about the boy's trials! Let us instead speak of ours. We have very little time before this afternoon liaison.

CYNTHIA: Liaison? Why, you make the entire matter sound so...

ALEXANDER: (once more interrupting CYNTHIA) Unsavory?

CYNTHIA: Yes!

ALEXANDER: (laughing) My dear sister, you must learn to approach the matter with an eye for the unusual, the unconventional, and yes, the unsavory.

CYNTHIA: That may be the attitude you have brought with you into this house this morning, Alexander, but it is not the attitude that you will find already possessed by those dwelling within it.

ALEXANDER: I do see why you were Melissa's favorite!

CYNTHIA: Alexander, stop your nonsense and listen to what I have to say.

ALEXANDER: I listened to what you had to say for the past year, including late last eve after my lamp had been extinguished, so now you must listen to what I have to say.

had not already
assumed as much!

CYNTHIA: I knew you would arrive on time Alex, but Luisa is ill-accustomed to leaving such matters to chance. So much like Melissa! Always reminding everyone of what they themselves had decided, or else what they were trying to forget! But I suppose those are the only things we ever forget in the first place.

MICHAEL: Is there any coffee?

CYNTHIA: Oh no dear, I am afraid your aunt and I just finished breakfast. Would you like some money to go down to the café?

MICHAEL: No (EXITS LEFT).

ALEXANDER: You simply must excuse Michael, dear sister. He has been in a state ever since this dreadful business begun and the conversation we had during tea on the afternoon last was frightfully uncomfortable for him.

CYNTHIA: What was it that you discussed yesterday? Oh, Alex, you could not have mentioned the Ward?

ALEXANDER: Why, what a preposterous idea! Of course not! Our conversation was more delicate in nature, about certain aspects of his character that have turned rather...unsavory following Melissa's passing.

CYNTHIA: Unsavory! Oh, how I hate to hear you speak in such a manner about anyone in our family, and especially young Michael! What has he strayed into?

Gliding

by Si-Yuan Kong

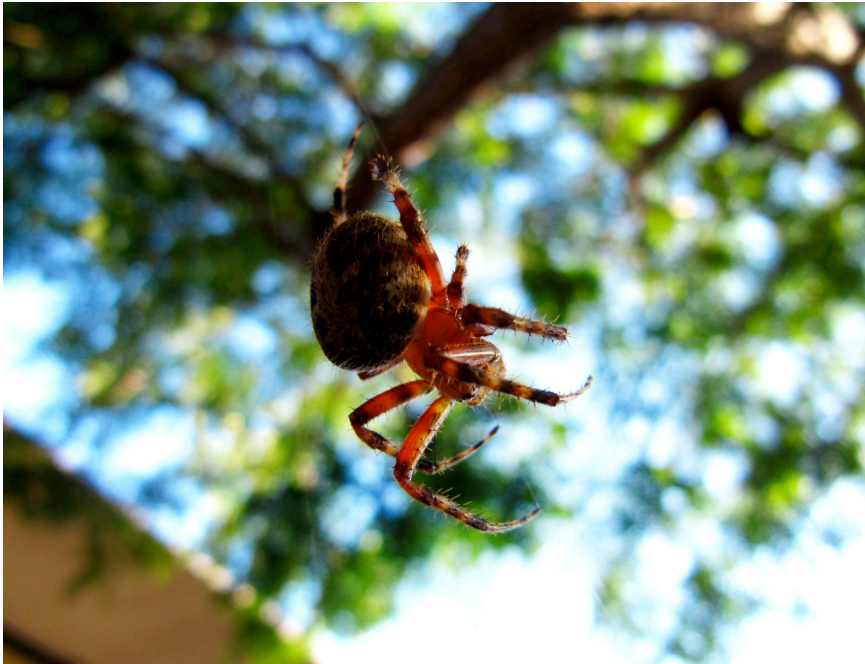


Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Si-Yuan Kong

Untitled

by Jocelyn Huey



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Jocelyn Huey

CYNTHIA: Luisa dear, you are not listening to me again. I do not dispute that it is important that Kayla arrive on time. I only dispute that Kayla will doubtlessly not arrive until at least a quarter until one.

LUISA: Do not say such things, Cynthia! That would be simply dreadful! Can you imagine keeping the legal secretary without discussion for such a time?

CYNTHIA: And frankly I am surprised at you, Luisa dear, still supposing Kayla will arrive at the given hour. You know just as well as I how silly she can be about these things.

LUISA: (STANDING) We must not speak in such a disrespectful manner, Cynthia! Kayla is a very agreeable woman and Mother held her in the highest esteem!

CYNTHIA: The fact remains that high esteem or low, many of Mother's roasts turned to ice on that table while we waited for the respectable Kayla to make her appearance.

LUISA: (standing UNEASILY) I had best make sure that the curtains in the sitting room are properly drawn for the legal secretary (EXITS LEFT).

CYNTHIA continues to CLEAR DISHES until ALEXANDER and MICHAEL ENTER from the GARDEN.

ALEXANDER: Good morning, Cynthia. I trust I have not missed coffee?

CYNTHIA: Oh, Alexander, I see you received Luisa's note.

ALEXANDER: Yes, the valet brought it up to the room quite late last evening, even after I had retired. I do not mind letting it be known that he woke me from a sound slumber simply to inform me that my sisters wanted me to arrive before noon the next day! As if I

A Bell Rings

by Jeremy Moore

Luisa, a woman in her late forties
Cynthia, a woman in her late thirties
Alexander, a man in his thirties
Michael, a teenage boy
Kayla, a woman in her sixties

The DINING ROOM of a small country cottage, early morning. A DOOR leading to the GARDEN up right. A DOOR leading to the SITTING ROOM left. LUISA and CYNTHIA sit at the TABLE, finishing BREAKFAST.

LUISA: I am quite certain that Kayla said she would arrive before noon.

CYNTHIA: Luisa, dear, I would not count on it.

LUISA: Because you know the legal secretary will be here at half past and we simply must have time to discuss the situation before he arrives.

CYNTHIA: I know it is important to discuss the situation before he arrives, but I simply do not suppose that Kayla will arrive by noon.

LUISA: You are certain you understand what we need to discuss with her?

CYNTHIA: Of course, Luisa dear! It is certainly more than anyone should be obliged to discuss between noon and half past noon.

LUISA: That is precisely why it is so pressing Kayla arrives at noon!

CYNTHIA RISES and begins to clear the COFFEE CUPS.

Untitled

by Jocelyn Huey



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Jocelyn Huey

San Francisco Bay

by David Cao



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 David Cao

Aldrich Morning

by Dasha Slepikina



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Dasha Slepikina

Watching

by Si-Yuan Kong



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Si-Yuan Kong

Witch

by Stephanie Fong



Drawing

Copyright © 2010 Stephanie Fong

Shades of Green

by Eliza Collison

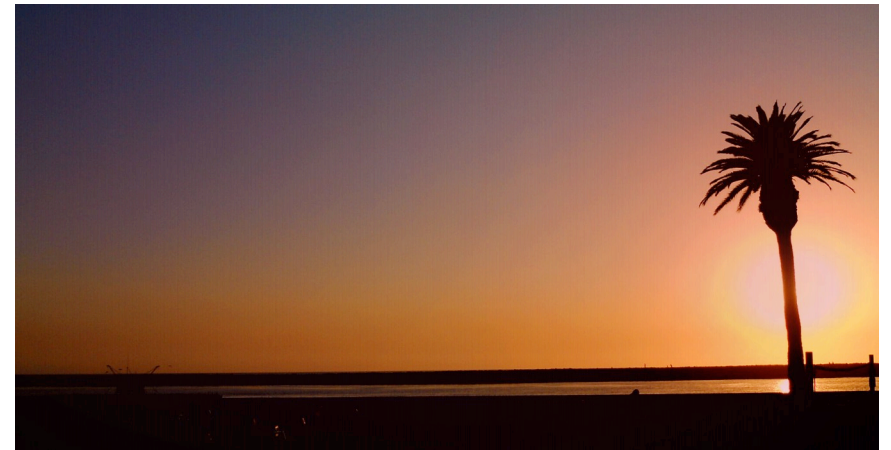


Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Eliza Collison

Untitled

by Dasha Slepinkina



Photograph

Copyright © 2010 Dasha Slepinkina