Virgel's (and friends)
Super-Awesome Adventure

*now with stick figures!*

- I look like a baby
- Why do I have an elf hat?
- Why did I have 2 elf hats?
- Hope you like my story!
- Insert witty comment here.
- Eh?

So were just "and friends"

An attempt at a illuminated manuscript
by Virgel

!WARNING! I suck at drawing.

- Yea he does. Oh forget. I'm making the story.
It all started on a Wednesday morning. I woke up to the sound of birds and an angelic choir singing. I thought to myself, “Ugh Wednesday, Biology first.” and went back to sleep.

It all started on a Wednesday afternoon. I woke up to the sound of my phone alarm, a recording of my brother saying, “Eh brah, wake up.” I did the opposite of that and dozed off for a couple of minutes, only to be woken up again by the same recording. Although I did not want to, I hopped out of bed and did my daily routine: showering, brushing my teeth, putting on some clothes, going downstairs, and waiting for my mom to get ready. We told my dad that we were ready, and off we went to our destinations. I generally don’t mind being stuck in traffic as it gives me time to catch up and sleep, but I hate it when I’m late to class because of traffic. That would not have mattered today for I was about to receive a call that would change my life forever….but not really.

As I skipped down the road, I received a call from my friend Reyn. “Hey, you busy?”

“Nah, just skipping walking to class.”

“Don’t go to class! Come with us to town!” At that moment, I came to a complete halt. I had to make a decision. It was kind of like the scene in the Matrix where Neo must decide whether or not he wants to lead his normal life or learn the truth about the Matrix. Should I take the blue pill and have a normal day? Or should I take the red pill and go on this crazy adventure? The answer was simple.

“Geez Virgil, talking about skipping school when if kids read this? Then they’d think me for teaching them life lessons. I lied, I don’t have a test on Friday.”
“Eh, shut up, you’re coming!” I gave in. I swear my friends are the most persuasive people you’ll ever meet. Anyway, I turned around and started skipping walking toward the Art Building to meet up with my friends.

When I got there, I was greeted by my friends Reyn (of course), Jon, and Mike. I feel like I should describe them right now, but I think the stick figures do that job very nicely. We exchanged hellos and we went on our merry way skipping walking to Reyn’s car.

It was a long trek from the Art Building to Reyn’s car. I feel that I should give props to whoever parks off campus. They need to wake up very early so they are guaranteed a parking spot, and they need to walk such a long distance to get to class. I could never wake up that early, let alone walk a far distance to class, but then again, I am a very lazy person so meh. Anyway, we hopped into Reyn’s “car” and we began our adventure… or so I thought.

“So, we’re going around the island…right?” I asked.

“Yep.” said Reyn.

“Hmm, I see, so why are we in Ala Moana?”

“To get Jon’s cousin.”

“Duhhhh!” said Jon. It would’ve been nice if he told me about this sooner. I would’ve freshened up a little bit. Anyway we stopped in front of Starbucks, where his cousin was waiting. He hopped in the already crammed “car” and gave a little introduction about himself. “Herroo! Mai nemu iz Kouta!” (I’m trying my best to capture the Japanese accent.)

“Ummm, hi. So you’re Japanese I assume?”
“Nah, I just like talking like this to throw people off. I am Japanese however, but I’m from the mainland, so I don’t have an accent.”

“I see I see. So what brings you to Hawaii?”

“Eh, because Hawaii is cool I guess.”

“Indeed it is...indeed it is.” I immediately knew we would be good friends. We got on the road and finally began our super-awesome-mega adventure...right?

“Hey isn’t that Jewish Temple thingy in the area? We should do that extra credit thing right now.” said Reyn. I didn’t know what the hell was going, so they soon explained it to Kouta and I. Apparently, they had this extra credit assignment for Religion class where they had to visit different religious places of worship. So off we went, on our little mini-quest. The details of the mini-quest aren’t very important, so I’ll let your imagination paint the picture (there were zombie ninjas and it turned out Kouta worked for the enemy.) After that, we got on the road and FINALLY started our adventure...no really this time.

Actually, we did not know where to go next. We asked ourselves, “Where should we bring a tourist to in Hawaii?” Some of the common places such as the beach and Waikiki came up, but come on. We didn’t want to bring Kouta to places he’ll probably go to later anyway. We thought long and hard about this, eventually exhausting our energy. It gets really hot in a car when five guys start deeply thinking about things. Jon said... “Dayum its hot, I could use some shave ice or something.” SHAVE ICE! It’s the perfect thing to get when in Hawaii, but where would we go about doing this? That’s when Reyn brought up a place called Snow Factory. Little did I know that this place would change how I feel about shave ice the rest of my life.
The inside of the store looked really plain. A couple of tables here and there and everything was white. Maybe because it is a “snow factory,” and you know, snow is white. I don’t know. Anyway, I didn’t expect much out of this shop. The menu was written on a white board, ordained with pictures of smiling customers enjoying their shave ice. I glanced at the list of the top five flavors, and decided on vanilla, and so did everyone else. I went to the register and ordered my shave ice. I was soon given a large cup which was filled with something that didn’t even resemble shave ice. It looked flaky, kind of like snow, but what do I know? I’ve never seen snow in my life. Anyway, I took a spoonful of this “snow” and put it in my mouth. By God, this is so much for than shave ice. That first bite, oh what heaven that first bite is. The cup, an ivory container holding the syrups and the ice, mingling with each other to form such an exquisite flavor. And then the toppings, azuki beans and mochi, all swirling, melting, separating, and coming back together in a symphony of sweets and savories. This isn’t just a cup of ice and syrup and toppings, this is God speaking to us through food.

After experiencing God through shave ice, we wanted something...a little less cold. We walked around the McCully Shopping Center a bit, and we decided to eat at Curry House. I knew for a fact that this place has delicious curry, not to mention six pieces of gyoza for only two dollars, so if you’re ever hungry for curry, or gyoza I guess, then I highly recommend eating at Curry House. I ordered what I always order, chicken katsu curry with cheese. It wasn’t as life changing as the god-ice, but it did satisfy me so I was happy. After desert and a lunch, we finally began our journey around the island.

I don’t really know how to talk about our journey going around the island. I mean, we just drove around, seeing whatever we saw. I guess it is not very interesting to us...
islanders, but maybe Kouta is having the time of his life? "Nah not really, it is beautiful and all, but I’d rather learn about other things."

"Like what?" Jon asked.

"Well, I dunno. I guess how the locals live." As soon as he said that, the rest of us looked at each other. It was weird because it seemed like we gained temporary mind-reading capabilities as we knew what each other was thinking. "Ho brah, if you like learn bout da locals, den you gotta speak local." said Reyn. Kouta looked at us as if we were speaking another language.

"Guareenz bra, we go teach him fast kine," I said.

"Shooz shoots," said Jon.

"No worries brah, real easy. Just gotta not say 'the' anymo, replace 'th' with 'd', use 'wen' wen speaking in past tense, and say 'da kine' a lot." Of course, there was a lot more said, but I think these are the most important things to remember when trying to speak Pidgin.

"So...like dis?" Kouta replied.

"See! You get um already! Sounds like one local fo real." Kouta looked so proud himself. It is hard learning a second language, and Kouta did it just like that. And just like how fast Kouta learned a language, the day had come to an end.

I got home at around ten o clock. Just in time to eat some leftovers for dinner, watch some TV, play some videogames, and not care about tomorrow because I did not have school the next day. Just goes to show how being open to things can lead to some cool things. Maybe the next time you get invited to something, you'll fight off zombie ninjas, eat god-ice and curry, and teach a tourist how to speak Pidgin.