



ABC CLARION

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Why BLACK LIVES MATTER More

by Oscar Chen

As the recent outbreak of senseless violence between citizens and the police has revealed, the sectionalism that has divided the country in years gone by has come back to haunt its people yet again. While uniformed officers were brutally killed in Dallas and Baton Rouge, we must understand that these attacks on authority are unfortunately embedded in the job description, a certain risk that policemen must assume in times of chaos.

These tragedies are undeniably wrong, yet they are arguably responses to the blood that was spilled with the revolting murders of Alton Sterling and Philando Castile. All of the men that have lost their lives in July didn't deserve their fates. Shouldn't all of their lives matter equally? Isn't it offensive to claim that some lives matter more than others? Sure, but the bitter truth has reared its ugly head countless times before Black Lives Matter was founded 3 years ago.

The nation rages loudly when the names hit headlines, when there is solid proof, even video evidence of these devastating massacres. There can be war in Ferguson and mass solidarity of African Americans in publicized protests, but the silent graves of anonymous victims from Reconstruction to the Civil Rights Movement to present-day are still there. Never has a minority faced constant oppression as blatantly to the extent that black people have in America.

Trayvon Martin. Eric Garner. Michael Brown. Laquan McDonald. Tamir Rice. Walter Scott. Freddie Gray. These are only a few of the names that illustrate the crimes of prejudice that have disproportionately targeted African Americans in the 21st century. So many more have suffered and died without anyone to protest for them. These people must not die in vain for a cause that has been fought since the U. S. was conceived 240 years ago and long before 1776. The

shootings of Sterling and Castile while they were in vulnerable positions are crimes that have horrifyingly become part of our daily life rather than an intolerable scourge.

The patience of the African American community has been stretched to the limit in 2016. This summer of racial violence is set to undermine any peaceful doctrine that civil rights activists have tried to establish. The recent shooting of an autistic patient's black therapist in Miami proves that even society's heroes like Charles Kinsey are in danger. As more extreme cases of irrational shootings surface, we realize that certain truths are not so self-evi-

dent anymore.

So we wonder: Any good solutions? No, if only we had a panacea against all discrimination. But this world is far from the utopia of revolutionary idealists.

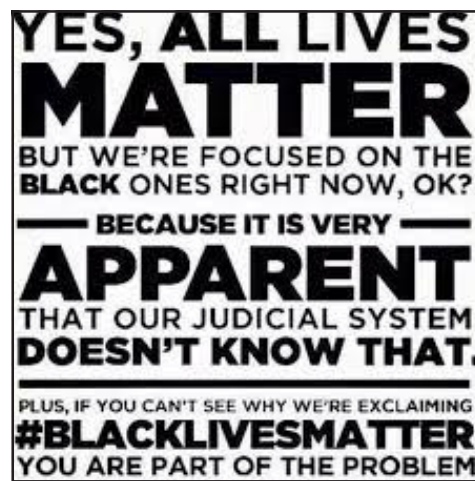
Our proud democracy has been reduced to a damage control squad because it knows that changing a faulty ideology is too late. There is no vaccine to our racist epidemic, but we can still push back the spread of the infection. Why do we waste our time discussing the surgery when we are on the brink of discussing the autopsy? Save what is hurting the most right now. The more black lives we save now will

mean the more lives we can save in the long run. That's why Black Lives Matter more. It is TOO critical to be ignored today. A sick America is dying.

Racism will never end in the U.S. It is stitched into the fabric of American history, just like the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The bigoted violence is tearing the threads apart and no form of redress can possibly sew the rags back together.

We can only hope that by fighting for black lives and insisting

that black lives are more important in today's world, freedom of the people in the U.S.A. will remain bulletproof.



Vast Carelessness

by Paschal Park

Ridiculous. Damn them all. Damn that Gatsby. That fool. I walked past the bustling servants scampering to serve supper. All of their noise and clinking and stamping. Can't they see I need to concentrate? Relax, Tom, relax. Daisy needs you.

I found Daisy curled up in the lounge as Jordan looked longingly through the window. The smell of tobacco smoke filled the room to an almost suffocating degree as a pool of used cigarettes flooded the coffee table.

"Daisy. Darling?" My hands stroked her tense shoulders but received no reciprocation. Daisy only continued to cry sheepishly as her arms covered her face.

"Did he hurt you?" I inquired. She only shook her head. This woman.

"Jordan, de...hand me a cigarette, w-won't you?" Daisy finally stammered. I've never seen her like this - a shivering, weeping cherub. Jordan swiftly delivered the cigarette and whispered comforting words to Daisy. Daisy stayed that way for a good while and I sat there for her. I had to be here. I can't lose her to that Gatsby. Not again.

"Tom? You're crying," she finally whispered. Embarrassed I swiftly removed the disgusting little tears.

"I apologize, my dearest. I just cannot stand seeing you so broken," I said. She chuckled almost mockingly.

"Oh Tom. It's alright. I'm not dying," she joked dryly.

"You're right. Th-that's right. Everything is alright now."

Jordan left promptly like a shadow once one of her annoying little friends arrived and without a proper farewell, my poor Daisy was "helpless." I went up to my study. My only sanctuary. Dozens of gold trophies and plaques furnished the room. Pictures of the boys at Yale lined the shelves. The gradient of pictures eventually shifted to pictures of Daisy and me. And Pammy, darling little girl. All of them perfectly organized on aged oak shelves. I poured myself a glass of whiskey and downed it. And another. And another. None of them worked. Nothing worked. I suddenly felt...hot. Like Gatsby was mocking me from across the hall. Wretched coward. Then, my old football trophy fell to the ground shattered.

"Damn thing. Falls apart like trash." Trash. Utter trash.

Henri rang for supper and I came to the dining hall to see Daisy, still a wreck, alone.

"Sit, Tom. Let's enjoy ourselves. Pammy already ate so

it's just the two of us," she managed to utter. Neither of us ate. Seconds passed by like minutes and minutes passed on like centuries. The food went ice cold and the air followed suit. I had to fix this. This shameful situation is the result of my lack of diligence. As a father and a husband I need to be able to solve such a mess.

"Daisy? I know you love it here but... let's get out,"

"What?"

"I mean let's face it, you fooled around with that joke and now the whole damn city is buzzing around like moths to a flame. Let's leave, if only for a month." Daisy contemplated for a moment. "We could maybe go back to Kapiolani." I struggled to deliver as much sincerity as I knew I could but when faced with such a difficult and impossible creature like Daisy, Lord, it's a mystery how I'm still sane. After an almost eternity of godforsaken silence.

"That'd be nice, Tom," she finally replied. And for a moment, it was just us.

The next day, the morning began with the servants jolting about and packing our bags. Cabinets and drawers were being emptied, bags filled, food prepared, and the sun shined with

a fantastic brilliance through the halls. Meanwhile, Daisy was commanding the servants about in her usual demeanor, altering rapidly from whines to shrieks of fear due to a clumsy young lad.

"Oh Tom. You've awoke. Sorry for the noise, it's just such a craze organizing such a trip. Actually, Tom, while you are here. Can we please get rid of your coup? It's such an old car and the air gives me terrible migraines," Daisy inquired.

"Nonsense. It's a classic. Timeless," I declared.

After an hour or two, the cars were prepped and the house was emptying.

"Daisy, are you sure we have everything?" I asked only to see Daisy drifting through the gardens like a silk feather.

"Daisy, we are about to leave!"

"Tom, there's no need to worry, we have all the time in the world," she replied jauntily. The wind blew at an easy pace and the sun shined over the bay like the world's largest chandelier. "Isn't life grand, Tom?" And off she went in her usual carefree manner, aimlessly waltzing towards nowhere.

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