

Me Vs. Alaska

by Verona Kamberi
Staff Writer

I am a terrible Alaskan. I don't own any Pant-agonia gear or those Extra-Toughs that people wear. I've never been hunting nor do I plan on going, same thing goes for fishing. It's not something I personally enjoy. The weird thing about this whole situation is that even though I don't fit in this place, I don't seem to want to leave anytime soon. Even though I have some characteristics that separate me from my friends, I've discovered the key is to embrace my inability to be Alaskan.

Most Alaskans love to fish, but I'm not one of those people. I'm an awful fisherman. I've been fishing before and the only thing I caught was my hair; and I wasn't even fly fishing (whatever that is). The thing that I dislike most about fishing is the never-ending wait. You wait all day for a fish to bite your hook, and when it finally does, it finds a way to get loose. Some might find fishing a calm... Sport? Or is it an activity? Whatever, I don't really know and I don't really care, the point is that I don't like it one bit. It's just a very boring way to kill your nerves in my opinion.

Alaskan gear is absolutely uncomfortable. I kept tripping over my own feet the first time I wore Extra-Tough's. How in the world do people wear these shoes? The color is boring and wearing a soggy piece of cardboard would be more comfortable. So I think I'll just pass on Extra-Tough's and stick to Converse. I never knew Pant-agonia made other gear besides hats. Their gear is plain and very overpriced. No matter how many people wear this brand, it looks like I won't be joining the Pant-agonia gear club any time soon.

The weather in this place is so random. I get up in the morning and it's nothing but sunshine, so I throw on a hoodie and call it good; but at the end of the day, it's raining cats and dogs. Could the rain just please go away and come back when it's needed? Sometimes it becomes sunny, snows, and then rains all in one day. Talk about random, I haven't seen anything or anyone more moody than the weather here. Why can't it be hot like California where all we wear is shorts and short sleeve shirts?

Even though Alaska is a great place, we won't ever see eye to eye. We are like the opposite ends of a magnet, we'll get close but we will never connect. It's a love hate relationship but at the end of the day, this is the place I call home.

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I'm not my brother... either of them

by Henning Pankow
Staff Writer

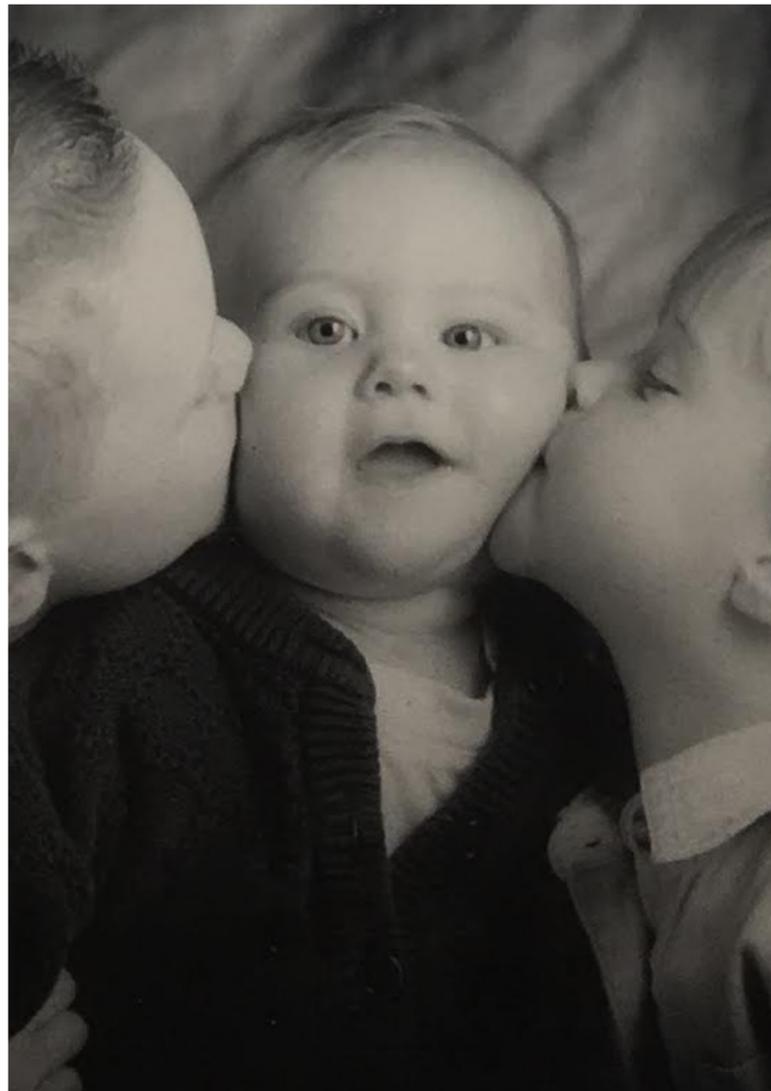
I am not Rudy. And I'm not Alec either. I am Henning freakin' Pankow.

All my life I have been mistaken for my brothers and put in their shadow by teachers, coaches, friends, and even my own parents. They say "Hey, Rudy's little brother" or "That's one of the Pankow boys." I am sick of being recognized through my older brothers and compared to their accomplishments.

I want to climb out of the dark and into the spotlight where its ME and MY accomplishments that people think of when they see me. Now that both brothers are out of the house and out of the town entirely the time to get the "Real Henning Pankow" out there is now.

My brothers have already left a big imprint on some things in this town. Like soccer, you can't look at Rudy's face without thinking Kayhi Soccer. And don't even get me started on Alec and his academic success. He was awarded the presidential scholar, given only to one boy and one girl from each state. Almost every teacher I've had has asked me "Are you gonna be as smart as Alec?"

But are these shadows even real



Henning Pankow (pictured middle) as a baby being smothered by older brothers Alec Pankow (pictured left) and Rudy Pankow (pictured right). (Photo Courtesy of Henning Pankow)

or am I just blowing things out of proportion?

My brothers basically paved the road for me. They gave me a good reputation before I even made it for myself and that not only pressured me to succeed more, it introduced me to more people.

These so called shadows also helped me grow just as big, twice as fast. I didn't have to learn anything on my own my brothers were always there to learn it from or learn it with. I also learned things way earlier because I was exposed to it through them.

When it comes down to it, yes, there is a shadow but not in the way I first thought. It's not a bad thing to be angry about. In many ways it can be looked at as an advantage.

Now don't get the wrong idea that suddenly me and my brothers get along sweet and sound with everything. There's still a part of me that wants to be known for me and I still get aggravated when I'm compared to them.

UNLESS the shadow is a bad dangerous one that involves violence or drugs or misbehavior then it can be categorized as "bad".

But being in the shadow of an accomplished high ranked person whether it's your older siblings or even your parents shadow for that matter is a lot better than the oppressing wrap that it has.

Directions to my secret hunting spot

by Jackson Pool
Staff Writer

"First guy down the road gets the biggest deer,"

said Ronnie, one of the guys I was hunting with this weekend.

Down the road happened to be 500 yards.

Down the road happened to be a hog of a 3 by 3 with eyeguards.

Down the road happened to be a tailor made broadside shot in a rock pit.

Before the old timers even started hunting, I had a buck down. Yeah, I knew I was due.

It was my first deer shot on Revil-lagigedo island, in a great spot that I'll be going back to.

Its out yonder, North, but maybe South, depending on how you look at it.

If you want to try it out sometime it's the spot with those rocks on the beach across from the old white buoy.

There also might be some dried blood from the behemoth I shot. That's the place!

First one of the year for me, and I'm relieved I didn't get skunked. But now I have to get more.

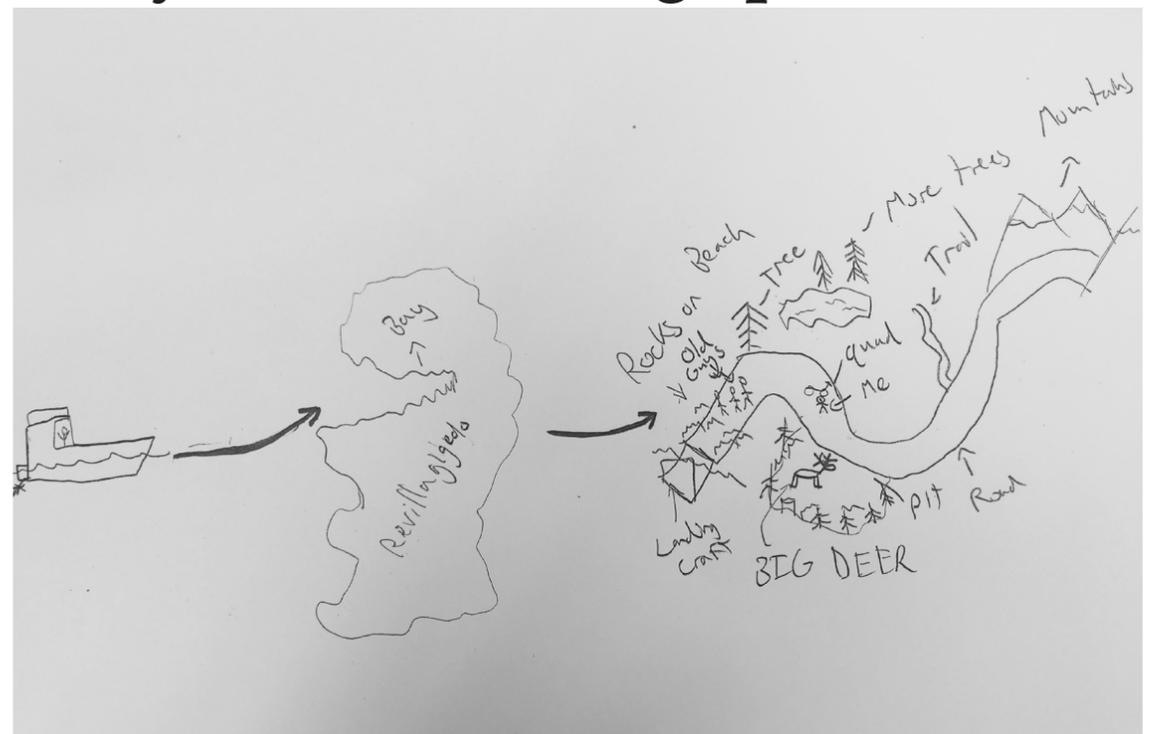


Illustration by Jackson Pool

There's always pressure for an avid hunter.

"I have to get one so I don't get skunked."

And after that it's...

"I have to tag out."

Hunters just are never pleased, if you shoot a 4 by 4, now you have to

shoot a 5 by 5 and so on.

That's just how it goes.

Yeah, finding and shooting the deer is all fun and it pumps you up.

Everything after that is not so fun.

Gutting it out, dragging it, skinning it, butchering it.

But then it's fun again when you

can have buck burgers, venison breakfast burritos, and so many other combos.

I guess it's worth it.