

The life I had to leave behind

Hi, I'm Ryder Johnson, but you know me as Rj, and the prompt I chose is the second prompt. telling a story about my cultural upbringing. Now I was born in Iceland. When I was blessed by Heimdal, who, in return for being blessed, would get to see through my eye, and then when we went back home to Hawaii on the big island of Hawaii. There I was, blessed by the shaman as a son of the water god named Kanaloa, who told me you were good at anything in water, and he wasn't wrong about it. But from going from such a cold to a warm and humid climate, my ears were destroyed. I was claimed as severely deaf, then a year later, hearing-impaired.

Since then, I've had artificial eardrums thanks to being chosen as a test subject, but back to my cultural upbringing, the food we ate was mostly seafood, like fish, crab, sea urchin, and many other foods like that. Still, we had a way of making it very sweet, with fruit like guava, pineapple, bananas, and coconuts, so most dinners would be coconut rice and chicken, but the main thing was spam musubi. Now, a year ritual, such as the luau, is how Hawaiians celebrate New Year's. We would cook a pig in the ground and let it smoke for roughly 18 days, one of the best things. Our culture was on a more chill level. Yet, we would go every year to our god or goddess, which was pretty easy. You'd offer food you'd make or a craft, now, a culture, there were water sports and island sports. My sport was surfing; it was normal for you to be able to surf at age 7. My brother never got it.

Still, I did a tradition at my school was every Friday we would go to the beach with our parents watching us, and we would have competitions, and I would always be out there after it was done because surfing there was a team sport. The hawwains have a language, but my current knowledge of it is insufficient. When we left, there were at least 3000 words; now there are 10 times that many. The language we spoke most was English, but we also spoke formal Hawaiian, though only minimally. The ritual of burying a pig every year, I couldn't keep up after we moved to Oregon, but we would go back to our house and see how much it had changed, yet we would still give our gods offerings to satisfy them. When I moved here, there was no surf team since you needed a coastal school, so I would go to surf competitions by myself and always compete against 30-plus people. Now, my first time, it was warm water, but the coast of Oregon was cold, which I got used to. The food options here were way different, but it was nice to try a totally new form. But then we didn't have pine trees. We would get plastic when we first got a pine tree. It was wild, the snow was crazy, and it was magical to me. now how do i conver al of this to my every day living im give a minutre to play to my god that blessed me and i like to surf like how i did in hawaii regardless of the waters temp[utre it could be freezging and iu stil do it but the oine thing i had to understand is that i could jsut surf in trunks and a rashgaurd i had to wear a wet suit which to me was very weird and i couldnt snorkel hear cause the expursure to ther cold could be bad i learn that the hard way. The one thing I could bring back was the roads cuase in where i lived youd have a car and use it like once a day my way to shcool was my long baord anbd my way back was eiother my dad or my long baord i couldnt do that i would have to get up and dirve to high schol so from an isnalnd to now where i am i can rarly carry it over to where i am

now the one thing can is spam muasubi i will cry when ever i eat this but the way my moms make i will cherish it like theres no tommorow. But the mainland and the island are way too different, and I miss it.