

## ■ Quake ■

# 'I thought it was a dream'

*Editor's note: A number of young people recorded their experiences, memories and impressions of the Oct. 17, 1989, earthquake and submitted them for the Sentinel's anniversary editions. Here are some of those stories:*

**Sister:** "My relationship with my 9-year-old sister Lisa changed because of the earthquake. My sister was hit in the head with a bunch of bricks that fell off the front of the gymnastics building. My dad is a doctor and he was picking her up from gymnastics. We rushed her to Watsonville Hospital. I was really scared for her. Later that night we found she had a concussion and a skull fracture. Luckily she didn't have a tumor. She is fine now and everything is back to normal, but I think we get along a lot better now because I remember how scared I was for her whenever we get in a fight, and I try not to get so mad."  
— Craig Simon.

**Tears:** The earthquake was really scary. Our house lost its power and had a few cracks. There wasn't any major damage, but my dad and my step-mom still thought it would be safer if my brothers and I weren't there. So we went to San Jose where my mom lives. She had plenty of food, and there was power.

I never thought about what would happen if I lost my parents. During the time I was away from them, I did. I just started bursting out crying. I thought something was going to happen to my parents, and I wouldn't be there to help them. I called and talked to them. I felt a lot better.

Now when I think about it, it seems so stupid. Like I was acting like some little kid or something. But I guess all of us need to feel like that sometimes. — Janene Argel, eighth grade.

**Cooper House:** "The Cooper House was destroyed in the earthquake. The loss of this building was very sad. Everyone I know can remember the Cooper House for as long as they've been alive.

They tried to destroy it with the wrecking ball and it wouldn't come down. The first try didn't even make a dent. The second try barely even hurt it, and the whole crowd watching was cheering. On the third try, it came down. It was a very sad moment.

They say they are going to build a new building, but it will never replace the Cooper House that my grandma and I used to visit every weekend. We would go look in the shops and eat outside.

I always admired the Cooper House with its rust colored bricks. I will miss it very much.

I hope they build a new one because it will bring back memories, but a new one will never replace the old one in my heart." — Mary Heartsner.

**Bicycle ride:** "I had just finished doing my homework when I decided that I needed to get out of the house and go for a bike ride. I locked my dog Suzy in the yard, got out my bike and started riding down 35th Avenue. All of the sudden, the ground started twisting underneath my bike. It was an earthquake. Me and my bike were being slammed from one side of the street to the other. I quickly got off my bike and held on to the ground with dear life. I could feel the adrenaline rushing down, up and all around, but I didn't have time to be scared. I was too busy running home with my bike."  
— Emily Bucher, age 12.

**Disasters:** "Ever since the Oct. 17 earthquake, I have been very scared and sensitive to other disasters. When I heard about Hurricane Hugo after the earthquake, I thought that I could relate to some of the people who had to go through a terrible fright. I also felt very sorry for the people in China who had a very big earthquake a few days after ours." — Miguel Stiff.

**Bad dream:** "I used to walk around without a care in the world thinking that nothing could ever happen to little old me. Now I know I have to be a little more careful because now I know anything can happen. I thought it was a dream, a very bad dream, but now I know it's real." — Olga Zuniga, seventh grader, Rolling Hills Middle School, Watsonville.

**Tree climbing:** "Now I know more about what to do when another earthquake happens. I wouldn't like to be in a glass or china store at the time, and I don't climb trees as much as I used to."  
— Cesar Pulido, seventh grader, Rolling Hills Middle School, Watsonville.

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