

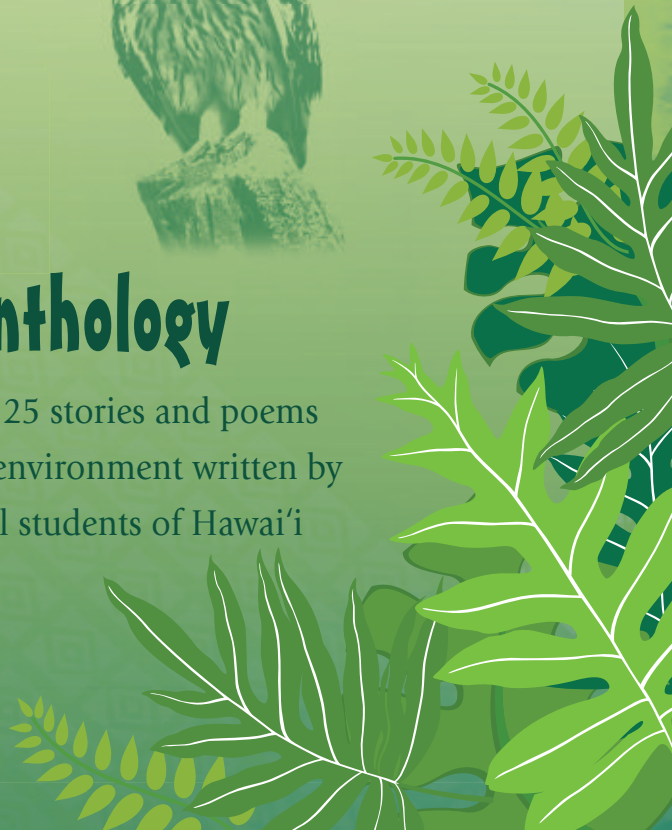


MY HAWAI'I STORY PROJECT 2011



An Anthology

A collection of 25 stories and poems
about Hawai'i's environment written by
Middle School students of Hawai'i



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Hawai'i Conservation Alliance, Hawai'i Conservation Alliance Foundation,
and The Pacific Writers' Connection

Honolulu, Hawai'i

2011

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FOREWORD

We are pleased to present this My Hawai'i Story Project 2011 Anthology, the fifth compilation of the 25 best literary works from the 2011 My Hawai'i environmental writing contest for middle school students in Hawai'i.

With each year's writing contest we are reminded of the diversity and creativity of Hawai'i's student writers, and how these traits aptly mirror the natural environment of our island home. The poems and stories in this anthology speak to our young authors' contemplations on the state of Hawai'i's environment. At times serious, at times playful, the writings convey a strong sense of place and attunement to the natural and cultural history of the Hawaiian Islands.

The My Hawai'i Story Project is an educational outreach endeavor for Middle and Intermediate schools statewide. The Hawai'i Conservation Alliance Foundation and The Pacific Writers' Connection invited all sixth through eighth grade students from all public and private schools across the State to express in either an essay or poem their thoughts and feelings about Hawai'i's natural environment.

The 2011 contest again was very successful, with a total of 532 entries. We thank all the students for their submissions. Also, we would like to extend a special thanks to the teachers who encouraged students to write as part of their class work. The My Hawai'i stories and poems were assessed by a panel of reviewers against predetermined selection criteria. The reviewers had no access to the names of students, nor the schools they attended. Exceptional stories were then re-assessed to find the top 25.

This year's anthology was arranged to create a narrative of personal experience with the forests of Hawai'i in celebration of the 2011 International Year of Forests. The authors explore the unique natural features of Hawai'i that connect our forests to our ocean, the threats to native plants and animals who call the forests of Hawai'i home, and how the Hawaiian host culture enriches our understanding of the importance of forests.

Congratulations to all our young writers. Of the winners this year, 22 are from schools on O'ahu, and 3 from Hawai'i.

We encourage more young people and schools to participate in next year's My Hawai'i Story Project writing contest and to seek out other opportunities to express concern for our environment, not only through their writings but also by engaging their peers, families, and friends to care for and protect our land and sea – for our own and future generations.

Mariza Silva

Hawai'i Conservation Alliance & Foundation

Takiora Ingram, Ph.D.
The Pacific Writers' Connection

June 2011

Mahalo nui loa:

- All 532 students who submitted their creative writing expressing their feelings on Hawai'i's environment;
- All teachers from the 19 schools that participated: Connections Public Charter School, Gus Webling Elementary School, Hakipu'u Learning Center, Halau Lokahi Public Charter School, Highlands Intermediate School, Hualalai Academy, Kailua Intermediate School, Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, Kamehameha Schools Hawai'i Campus Middle School, Kapolei Middle School, Keone'ula Elementary School, Le Jardin Academy, Na'au: A Place For Learning, St. Andrew's Priory School, St. Anthony Junior-Senior High School, St. Theresa School, University Laboratory School, Waipahu Intermediate School, Waolani Judd Nazarene School;
- Keri Reinholm for coordinating the My Hawai'i Story Project;
- The panel of 34 reviewers: Jason Allison, Sheila Bernardo, Stella Bernardo, Shawn Campbell, Ethan Chang, Lillian Coltin, Alex Connelly, Mike Davis, Davy Divine, Elizabeth Encarnacao, Kathryn Fujioka-Imai, Phyllis Ha, Brianna Huffman, Ryan Kamo, Terrie Kamo, Melissa Kolonie, Cari Kreshak, Tom LaBelle, Melia Lane-Kamahale, Leah Laramée, Lei Lind, Cynthia Nazario-Leary, Ashvina Patel, Leslie Ricketts, Jodie Schulten, Mariza Silva, Sean Soon, Deanna Spooner, Rose Suemoto, Jacy Suenaga, Kelly Tomioka, Celeste Ventresca, Debbie Ward, and Nancy Wong;
- Our sponsors and supporters of this student writing project:

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Ho‘olohe I Ka ‘Āina – Listen To The Land

By Keliāikamalu “Malu” Napuelua
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

We stood in the forest, as quiet as a night with no wind. Uncle Keala tells us, “Hamau e nā keiki, a ho‘olohe no nā mea a pau ‘o kā ‘āina.” *Silence children, and listen to everything of the land.*

So we stand, and he tells us, “Pani I kou maka a ho‘olohe I ka ‘āina.” *Close your eyes and listen to the land.* I close my eyes in a slow drift, and darkness is all I see.

Uncle Keala speaks once again, “Ho‘olohe e nā keiki, ho‘olohe.” *Listen children, listen.* Full silence falls upon us...or so we thought.

In complete silence, we listened, and we heard nature calling out to us. We heard the trees swaying in the wind, left, right, left, right. We heard the birds soaring in the windward sky, “whoosh, whoosh.”

In one moment, we felt a slight breeze blow past us, leaving everyone with Goose bumps, and a slight drizzle started to fall upon us. “E nā keiki” Uncle Keala said, “Wehe I kou maka, a nānā I kēia ‘āina keu a ka nani.” *Open your eyes, and look at the beautiful land.*

Open, went our eyes, and we looked at the beauty of the land. The lush green trees surrounding our every view, the bright colors of the flowers hiding in the bushes.

In that moment, nature spoke to me; nature spoke to all of us. “Mai hana‘ino wale i‘au, e mālama mai i‘au I ola au no nā kau a kau.” *Don’t neglect me; take care of me so that I will live forever.*



Song of the 'Āina

By Michelle Takenaka

Le Jardin Academy

Waking up in paradise
The sun rises above the horizon
The crystal clear water is of low tide
The hard windward winds knock on my window
The mountains, solid as rocks

Out of the blue
Torrential showers of pure ua, fall on the mau'ū outside
Each drop of liquid absorbs into the red stained dirt
The mau'ū turns lush green

An ānueue comes out from behind the clouds
Fading every second
The vibrant colors clear in the bright sky
A pot of Kula is waiting

The humid ea like a sand storm hits my face
To my left, the Ancient 'āina of the Polynesian people
To my right, the home of the humpback whales
In front of me stands the majestic Ko'olau

At the cliff of the mountains, a wai'lele slides down the front
Bushes and trees climbing their way up
A smoky mist ponders what is at the top
Legacies waiting to be revealed
A chorus of birds soar above

Diversity is buried in the ground
‘Ohana and aloha is all around
Palm trees set a rhythm
Back, forth, back and forth
The lands of hospitality
A beautiful pastel colored lei encircles a traveler’s neck

The waves set a beat to the rhythm
The crashing of the blue diamonds and crystals
Washed along the beach, crabs and slimy limu
The hymns of the singing whales fill the ea

The evergreen of the nature is rooted in the ground
Our source of fresh ea
Tiny twigs snapping in the nahele
The complete package of this harmony

The tropical ‘āina filled with people
Singing and dancing their stories
Waking up to paradise
Listening to the mele of Hawai‘i



They Speak

By Sierra Hirayama

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

I walk into the forest
I hear the hushed footsteps and voices of my ancestors
I hear the birds calling out to them through me
With voices so melodious they create a timeless song
These are my kūpuna
And they are speaking to me

Into the brush, the sea of green leaves
I venture further as the cool dew sparkles
The soft leaves caressing my skin
The murmuring of wind and the crunching beneath my feet
These are my kūpuna
And they are speaking to me

I take off my shoes, and my toes sink down into the mud
There is a river, and gleefully I jump into the water
The waterfall roars and fills me with laughter
The fish look at me curiously
These are my kūpuna
And they are speaking to me

I wish I could stay, here in my ancestor's embrace
In a world of rare beauty that is being destroyed
How long can I stay before it is no more?
Sadly, I walk back to civilization, away from the forest
These are my kūpuna
And they are speaking to me

I get to the edge, and look down onto the land
Bits of green here and there, but mostly dull gray
Houses and people before the glittering sea
Hard ground and foreign sounds
Where are my kūpuna?
Their voices are fading...





Sacred

*By Noah Hirashima
Na'au: A Place For Learning*

If you are a russet 'ōpe'ape'a,
the Hawaiian Hoary bat,
I am the bugs that you feed on

If you are a fuchsia
ko'oloa'ula, red 'ilima,
I am the moss-covered rainforest
floor healing your pain

If you are a restless pūpū kuahiwi,
O 'ahu tree snail,
I am the towering koa tree
who protects you
from Jackson chameleons

If you are a chestnut
'io, Hawaiian hawk,
I am the wild 'ōhi'a lehua
that defends the future
generations of your species

If you are a scared pueo,
Hawaiian owl,
I am the divine wind that lifts
your wings

If you are a verdant pu'u ka'a,
I am the vast mud flats
which protect you from feral goats

A Place of Learning

*By Kalau Tanaka-Pesamino
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School*

A chant of the ancients
The first fire of the Gods
The sound of the forest
Preserved in nature all around us
The voice of the wind calling
The chants of the ocean pleading
Who will answer this call?

Mighty mountains stand tall
Mighty mountains guard our islands
Within the lush forests are secrets
If sought they will be found
The history of our people
Etched deep in the broad mountains
Pounding waves play the song of our ancestors
The soil and ferns hold the answer
Only you have the key to unlock it

Pay close attention
The forests are alive
You see a culture and a history
A never-ending story
A forest is a classroom
A forest is a place of learning
It is important to all living things
Its importance should be preserved

Destruction, disaster
Two words for a forest
Destroying what we need to survive
Why? Why cut the ties with our past?
Why destroy our place of learning?
Protect and preserve our connection to home
Without our culture and past we are nothing
We are but a fading world

Mālama our land
Mālama our future
Mālama our history

We need the forest
Hawai'i is our homeland abundant with nature
Now it is home with cars, skyscrapers, and pollution
Tainted is the forest from human hands
Destroyed is our ancient place of learning
Bring back our land and bring back our forests
E Mālama 'Āina



Nahele

*By Alexander Lee
Le Jardin Academy*

His persistent chirping
Keeps all awake
Soaring high in the air
Manu

His bare feet constantly marching
Twigs snapping under foot
Sweat beading down his face
Kāne

They scurry about on the forest floor
Traveling in groups of old and young
Massive tusks tearing through all in their path
Pua'a

Slowly walking while minding their business
Constantly looking for berries on the floor
Startled by a noise, they scurry to cover
Nēnē

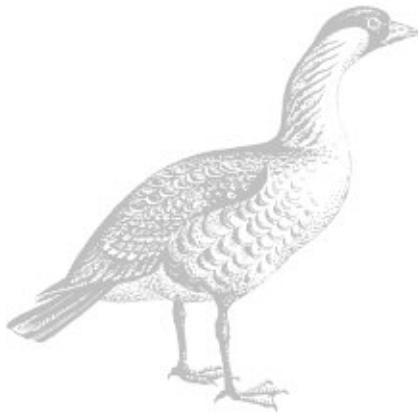
He sees all during the day
Perched upon his kingdom in the trees
He swoops down to catch his prey, now on the hunt
Pueo

They shine during the night
Seen in the gaps that lie between tree tops
Guiding all to safety
Hōkū

A mirage in the sky
An arch of mixed feelings
Only seen after the sky weeps
Ānuenuē

They soar high above the tree tops
Separating two lands from each other
Standing like a wall of beauty
Mauna

Immeasurable in size
Unknown by age
Holding thousands of stories
Nahele



Pride

By Amanda Kushima

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

When I was little, I thought being Hawaiian meant you were a savage and that you lived in grass huts. People used to ask me why I wasn't a normal girl and after a while, I began to believe them. I even posted a blog that said how Hawaiians were weird and how I was jealous of not being white or Asian, but this was 15 years ago when I was in middle school. Today, I still reminisce in the memories of my childhood, despite what I thought for a while. When I look back, I remember my teachers, my classmates, and most of all, a field trip we took to a forest on the island of Hawai'i. Something amazing happened to me there that I would never forget.

I was taking a bus ride on this super rough road while talking to my best friend, Allison.

"This is such a stupid field trip," Allison whispered, "I wish I was back at home watching TV instead. Only weird Hawaiians come up here and worship their freak Gods or whatever. Well, no offense Amanda," she mocked.

"None taken. I agree. I hate being Hawaiian. You're so lucky to be Japanese. My grandma is pure Hawaiian and she always drags me to forests like these and she makes me pray to God with her," I complained back, "and she is always telling me how our generation needs to make a change or else we will not be blessed with such beautiful land."

"Well you can tell your grandma that our earth is perfectly safe from any danger. We don't even need to make a change because nothing bad will happen to us. No matter what we do," Allison told me.

"Totally."

Back then, I saw eye to eye with Allison. Everything she said, I agreed with. We were very tight and told each other everything. The only thing that bothered me a little bit was how she kept saying how much she hated Hawaiians. I mean even though I agreed with her, it irritated me how she just wouldn't be quiet sometimes.

It was about 10 minutes later that we arrived at our destination. The first thing I saw was a bunch of trees. I could smell the fresh air that permeated my nose. I almost felt like I

was breathing in life. As I was mesmerized in the beauty that my eyes were so lucky to see, I realized that I was walking away from my class.

“Amanda! Hello? We are all the way over here!” Allison screamed from 3 feet away. Running back to my classmates, I noticed everyone had their eye on this old looking man.

“Aloha a me Uncle Eli.”

“What the heck does that mean?” Allison questioned.

As I nudged my shoulders, I shushed my friend so I could listen to what this man had to say. I had the strangest feeling that something was about to happen to me.

“The land your feet are resting on is sacred land. The air you are breathing is sacred air. The purpose you are here for is a sacred purpose.”

“Oh brother, here goes your grandma all over again,” Allison rudely commented.

Ignoring what she just said, I could feel a brush of wind run up the back of my neck. I turned around and I swore that I saw a white figure.

“This is your ‘āina and the choices you make today will affect your future. Throwing a piece of garbage on the ground can simply be the reason why you have no food on your plate 5 years later. When you walk into the forest behind me, you will experience things you can’t imagine. You will be in the presence of your kūpuna, or ancestors, so you will show them respect,” Uncle Eli explained.

“This guy is a nut bag!” Allison whispered.

“You know what? Just because you’re not Hawaiian, that doesn’t mean you can just go around dissing other people’s cultures! I am half Hawaiian and I am proud of it!”

Five seconds later I realized three things. One, I defended my culture for the first time. Two, Allison was jaw dropped and her eyes stared at me like I was a stranger. Three, everyone was looking at me.

I don't know what it was, but I had a feeling something about this forest was changing me. I could feel my spirit rising and my thoughts increasing. Later on that day, Uncle Eli showed us how to plant koa seedlings. He told us to put our good feelings in the plants, so I was sure that Allison's plant would die. I sat by myself during lunch and thought about how lucky I was to be Hawaiian. I was no longer ashamed about who I was.

Allison and I became friends again later on that week, but I had made a new blog about being Hawaiian. Believe it or not, it became twice as popular as my last blog! I explained how important it was for us to save our earth and how we have to cherish the land that we are blessed with. If we make bad choices today, then we won't have beautiful forests that our native animals and plants can thrive in.

About a month later, I went back to the same forest that we went to before and met up with Uncle Eli. He told me that the white figure I saw that one time was my kūpuna. He said my kūpuna was trying to communicate and give me advice. I felt really special that something so amazing would ever happen to me. Ever since that day, I have been going back to that forest and planting koa seeds with Uncle Eli every month. I am proud to be Hawaiian and will embrace my culture, 'āina, and identity forever.



Through the Eyes...

*By Lillian Maero
Le Jardin Academy*

Through the eyes of a mo'ō
The 'āina is vast and lush
Through the eyes of a mo'ō
A taro leaf is a bouncy trampoline

Through the eyes of the pueo
He is the alii of daylight
Through the eyes of the pueo
Tree tops appear as shrubs

Through the eyes of a pua'a
The nahele is a blur
Through the eyes of a pua'a
Only the target matters during his mad charge

Through the eyes of the mongoose
Nahele is a perfect ambush area
Through the eyes of the mongoose
The nēnē is unsuspecting

Through the eyes of the mynah
The ānuenuē is a mural in the sky
Through the eyes of the mynah
Life on the 'āina is busy from mauka to makai

Deep Within

*By Nike-Michelle Momi Tolentino
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School*

Royal mountains tower over us
Vast seas chant our name
Rivers flow with herds of organisms
The forests are lush with splendor

We speak of the mountains
And the infinite blue seas
But what about the forests?

The thriving life of the forest
Becomes more and more remarkable
As we are being taught
About its sundry communities
The forest is, and always will be
A treasured biological ecosystem

In the misty exquisiteness
Of the immense forest
Live small but frail
Creatures that contribute
In huge amounts

Under mossy and fragrant laua'e
That sprawl out the leaves
In the loveliness of the nahele
The trees sway proudly

As assorted creatures dangle
From the bulky brushwood
So mighty and tall
The koa and the 'ōhi'a lehua
Grow in abundance
Their fragrance grasps the attention
Of curious company

When they cross the threshold
Of the mighty forests of Hawai'i
They begin to be enveloped
By the foggy, but mystical air
And stare in awe

Of the pūpū snails that leave sluggish dew
Upon the forest floor
Even the smallest creatures
Contribute to the mass tasks of the forest

Within the forest
Lie delicate birds
With intricate patterns
That border their curves
There are many species
'Ō'ō and 'apapane

There in the verdant forest
Lays wild pua'a
And green flimsy ferns
Give the forest purpose

So unlock the treasures
That lurk in the depths
There is all this beauty
To consume so quickly

But what will we do
When they are all gone
When others won't care
And the forest, left alone

The forest is home to many
And only some seem to survive
In the twisted but magical
Hawaiian Forest

My Moku

*By Leah Ford
Le Jardin Academy*

The ōkea seeps between my toes
Emerging into the kai
The hale of the honu
Resting on the sand
Nai'a jump above the kai
Koha moan my name
Humuhumunukunukuapua'a dive into the pristine waters
My kahakai

Above the kai, laua'e surrounds me
Mo'o crawl in the depths of the nahele
I listen to the digging of the pua'a
As he roots up the earth
Against the quiet chirp of the 'iwi
An 'elelū scampers to the lush lo'i
My 'āina

Inside the clouds
I envision the ua becoming lelehuna
The ānuehue shines from the sly
Blue skies follow me everywhere
Until the moon rises
My sky

Little Critters

By Kahealani Arakaki-Castillo
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

The little bugs like to run
The little birds dance in the sun
The fluffy moss that grows on the ground
They complement the trees that grow all around

The happy face spider smiles at me
Walking in the forest there's so much to see
Vibrant colors green and red
Bring Hawaiian dreams to my head

At the top of the mountain up so high
The beautiful view brings tears to my eyes
I can see where my kūpuna had walked
If they were alive they'd be shocked

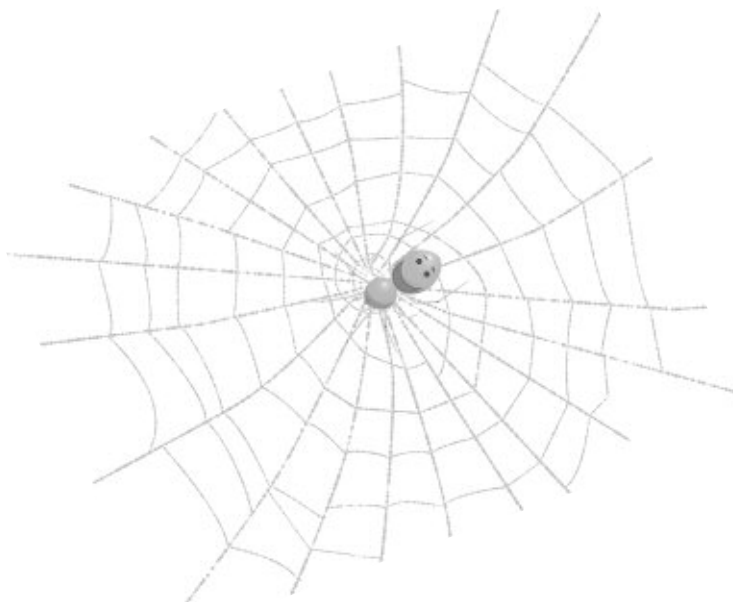
Buildings, cars, highways and more
At every corner there's a store
What has happened to this land
Hawai'i's been taken over by foreign sands

I run to the forest so I can hide
So I can put my troubles to the side
I jump into the flowing stream
So cold it makes me scream

I see schools of fish pass me by
Trying to make it up stream, wishing they could fly
I smell the lehua scent so sweet
As I walk barefoot mud on my feet

At night I look up at a big bright moon
While the wind whistles a delightful tune
Little critters roam all around
Crawling upon the earthly ground

Mālama the 'āina
Take care of the land
For it is home
To little critters



Ho‘opuka e ka lā (Journey - Awareness of Light and Appreciation)

By Erin Tatsuno
University Laboratory School

The sign reads, “‘Ōla‘a Forest Hawai‘i Volcanoes National Park.” I walk toward the sign, pulling up my jeans and taking the OFF out of my backpack. I spray my whole body with the mosquito repellent, including my hair. It is a hot, muggy day and I don’t want to be here. According to my Kumu, I’m supposed to discover the beauty of this Hawaiian rainforest. What beauty? I’m already sweating. I hate bugs. I don’t like to hike. Most of all, I belong in the air conditioned hotel room, or drinking a nice cold ice tea at the pool!

The entrance to ‘Ōla‘a Forest is scary—huge hāpu‘u tree ferns are bulging out of the flimsy fence. It starts to rain as I enter the forest. More massive hāpu‘u tree ferns are staring at me from everywhere! Some are strong and healthy, some are tangled with each other, some have trees growing within and through them, and some are even dead on the ground. Most of the hāpu‘u tree ferns are so huge that they prevent the sun from shining through, making this a really dark and eerie place to be.

I spot a pāpala kēpau by its large green leaves and beautiful pink veins. I remember my kumu telling us that the berry-like pods from this flower are covered with a sticky substance that the ancient Hawaiians used to catch birds with. I try to imagine myself in old Hawai‘i trying to catch a bird with the “glue” of the pāpala kēpau. Of course I have to touch it to make sure it’s sticky enough to catch a bird. YUCK! It’s not only sticky, but it’s kind of smelly too!

With my muddy, stinky shoes, I continue on this wet trail until I come across ‘ākala, the Hawaiian raspberry and more hāpu‘u tree ferns everywhere. The ‘ākala is a little tart, but I can see the Hawaiians eating this as they walk through their forest and picking them for their families.

By now my t-shirt is soaked with sweat. All of a sudden, I feel a breeze and see that the beautiful leaves of the forest are dancing in the wind. I close my eyes. What a beautiful sight - like the wind is the music and the leaves are the hula dancers. I quickly open my eyes in an instant to the buzzing of hundreds of mosquitoes! GROSS!!! They are so irritating! I take out my OFF, spray myself again and continue on.

After twenty minutes of hiking in the humid forest and one bottle of water gone, I hang my head and notice dog tracks and footprints in the mud, which tell me that pig hunters have been here. Wild pigs can sometimes destroy the forests because they uproot the native

plants. I think most people here on the Big Island are okay with pig hunters killing the wild pigs in order to protect the forests.

I continue my journey for another twenty minutes and stop to see some sunlight! Just a few more steps and I find myself in heaven! I am suddenly surrounded by huge twenty to thirty foot 'ōhi'a trees! I just love their small leaves and brush-like blossoms called lehua. The blossoms of red (most common), orange and yellow are so abundant on the Big Island and so rare back home in Honolulu. The white blossom is extremely rare, even on the Big Island. This is a hula dancer's dream come true. A lot of halau use the 'ōhi'a lehua leaves and blossoms to haku lei for their heads, wrists and ankles. The 'ōhi'a lehua blossoms are known to be Pele's favorite. There is a legend that if someone picks an 'ōhi'a lehua blossom, Pele will cry, bringing rain to that certain area. I hesitate for a minute, but I cannot resist. I say a prayer out of respect for Pele and quickly pick two red lehua blossoms and some leaves, three orange lehua blossoms and more leaves, and four yellow lehua blossoms. I place the leaves and blossoms on the ground. I take out some paper towel and my second water bottle from my backpack. I pour some water to wet the paper towels and very carefully wrap my new treasure up. I already know what I will haku with these precious blossoms.

As I start to make my way back down the forest, you guessed it, it begins to drizzle. I say another prayer to Pele and continue on, passing the dog tracks and footprints in the mud. The birds are happy and singing their sweet tunes. There is a nice breeze as I continue my way down, being careful not to damage my 'ōhi'a lehua blossoms. The 'ākala berries are smiling at me and even the mosquitoes seem to be buzzing a happy tune. As I reach the pāpala kēpau, I notice that all the hāpu'u fern trees are not so scary after all. At the 'Ōla'a Forest sign, I realize that I have discovered the beauty of this rain forest.



The Heart of a Child

*By Casey Anuheā Robins
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School*

Can you hear it?
Can you feel it?
Can you sense the mana
coursing through your feet?
Saunter towards the forest
Bare your soul
Do not disguise your identity
You are who you are
Strong like the koa tree,
knowledgeable like your ancestors
Cast back time to when
our kūpuna
roamed the islands
Can you hear it now?
Can you feel it now?
It feels like the beating of kapa
or the pounding of kalo
Smell the sweet island fragrance
Taste the rejuvenating springs
The brute of native forest animals
Green is vast
But land is scarce
Some cast this Godly connection aside
But, few, very few
Breathe this very paradise
They are the ones who are able to understand such beauty
They are the ones who are able to hear and feel the beating

Can you hear it?
Can you feel it?
The orange lehua blossoms dance nimbly in the makani
Scrutinize the palapalai fern
Count the fronds
Dance in the showers of the forest
The trees sway and hush you
and the sound makes you chuckle
You look behind, you see a place you were forced into
Technology, a thousand years too fast
You felt rushed, and now you're frustrated
But here, your heart is gentle
The forest soothes your reasoning
And your judgment is ripe
The forest is crying, like a baby wanting its mother
The forest is loud, like the warning of an albatross
It wants the island to go back to how it was before
When the island was one with the Hawaiians
And when there was no real estate
The forest wants its home back
Ba-dump Ba-dump
The rainforest is alive
and its heart is strong
Ba-dump Ba-dump
You can hear it, can't you?
It's perfect, isn't it?

Lavender and Vermilion Evening

*By Carlee Matsunaga
Na'au: A Place For Learning*

Beautiful Hoary bat,
you emerge from the quiet darkness
with your pearly-colored ears attuned
to the sounds of crickets around the river

Elusive Hoary bat,
you appear from the kukui nut tree,
and into the night,
moving erratically through the lavender
and vermilion evening

Remarkable Hoary bat,
you spend time alone
and live a solitary life
Always hunting and flying
all by yourself

Extravagant Hoary bat,
you hang from your tree
in the sunshine with your mahogany
fur scintillating while you
wait for darkness to come

The Last 'Ō'ō

By Tia Williams

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

I am the last one, my 'ohana, my friends, my neighbors have all perished
That fateful day I can still remember
The day that started the extinction of my loved ones
I was there sipping on the luscious nectar of the 'ōhi'a lehua's crimson blossoms
My keiki flitted in and out of the golden pools of sunlight
Warmth cascaded from the sky in golden brilliance
My kūpuna were there, as were all my friends and neighbors
It is amazing how quickly a day can change
From a day blessed with happiness and joy
To a day of tears, a day of tragedy

A thundering roar demolished the peace
Great metal sabers hacked at my beautiful tree
With resounding booms the kūpuna of the forest fell, gone forever more
Smoke and dust rose up, I called to my mate, to my keiki to flee, but I got no answer
Whatever was left of us flew into the sky, screaming cries of despair
We left for the high mountains, our lives forever tainted by this calamity
The sky wept in despair over this disaster
The land had changed, strange monsters rumbled noisily over sacred ground
Huge white trees towered above, there was no quiet or peace
Disease crept upon our sanctuary
One by one we slipped away, our breaths forever leaving our bodies,
to join the ones we lost on that fateful day
My time is coming soon, I can feel it, I look to the sky and cry out
"What has happened to my paradise, where is my Hawai'i nei?"

The 'ō'ō bird like the one in this poem no longer exists, but we can still make a change so that other birds will not have to suffer the same terrible fate, so that Hawai'i can once again become the land of paradise for all.

Tears on the Mountain

By *Cailla Fabro*
Highlands Intermediate School

Mr. Mountain,
Your size, so tall, massive and magnificent
So strong and powerful, you watch over us
Give us protection, life and nourishment

You look like you're crying, with waterfalls running down your face
Tears of sadness or joy?
Are you sad? I'm sorry we built roads and homes on you
I feel your pain

Are you happy? You are handsome and healthy
You have the panoramic, spectacular ocean view
Your tears fall beautifully, tremendously and powerfully
Your tears are amazing, speechless, and breath taking
I hope your waterfalls are tears of joy



The Dream Tree, If Only, If Only

By Collin Maynard

Hualalai Academy

The Dream Tree

I dig a hole in a field and drop a seed in the Earth
I stare down and pray to God that it will grow
I look up and begin to head home when I notice something
It's a little twig sprouting up from the ground,
but it's not a twig, it's a tree trunk
And in a matter of minutes I am standing
in the shade of a fully-grown koa tree
I stare in amazement at this beautiful green giant
I sprint home as fast as I can and fill my pockets with seeds
I return and the tree remains there
I begin to plant seeds all around the field,
One here, one there
Skyscraping trees emerge out of the ground
I walk around the trees and climb up the tallest one
When I get to the top I look out and I see for miles and miles
When I come down I realize
this is my forest.

If Only, If Only

If only everybody could have their own forest
Everyone would have the feeling of ownership
A place that you can express your feelings
and have limitless imagination
If only trees grew in a matter of minutes
If only people cared enough to keep the trees alive
Why do people cut down trees

How many houses and neighborhoods do we really need,
how many trees have we wasted to build houses
that have never been bought
What about the natural beauty of the world
What if people cared about the future generations
What if people wanted a cleaner and more beautiful world
What if people cared less about what's next
and more about the land around them
What if technology suddenly came to a halt
Would people start noticing the real beauty of the world
and get in touch with Mother Earth
Throughout the years we have been caring
less and less for the environment
What if we could all act like our ancestors
and grow food and plant trees,
without worrying about machines
coming to cut down our trees and our forests
This is why I love Hawai'i
We don't cut down as much trees
There are not a lot of hotels or malls in Kona
We don't feel the need to be in a big city
If only everybody thought like that
If only, If only

The Gems of the Isle

By Kelia Kameenui-Becker
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Far away, tucked within the folds of glistening blue waters,
fresh coral reefs, and colorful i'a, is an archipelago like no other
Hidden within these beautiful islands are pristine forests,
full of lush green landscape, and soaring trees
They sparkle like raindrops on the green lehua leaves
They are the gems of the Hawaiian islands, sparkling in the sun,
far from the ever lingering smoke, cars, and rush of the modern world
The Hawaiian forests are secluded oases hidden in the misty Hawaiian mauna
Even the precarious edges of the sheer pali, and the winds that threaten to pull
any trespasser over the edge have stories to tell
Listen to the makani of the forest, shrieking, yelling, whipping
Telling the stories of our kūpuna before us, feeding us their knowledge,
the knowledge of our past that will benefit our future
But now, in the time of modern rush and the ever increasing speed of life,
we have lost touch with the purity of the forest
The freshness of the cool mountain air, the total peace, and the mist
that settles gently over the landscape like a thin blanket
The forest, where everything in nature has a voice
with a sensational story to tell, if you're willing to listen
There is great mana in the forest, power that can be unleashed at any moment
The mana seeps into every crevice and every living thing
It makes the whole forest glow with life, and shine
with a spirit that is the presence of our ancestors
Listen to the spirit of the trees, the ground, the wind, the rain, the rocks
They hold great mo'olelo, waiting for the ones willing to listen
Listen to the forest, it is encircled with a majestic and mysterious beauty
That is all its own

The Hike of the Heavens

*By Molly Jacoby
Hualalai Academy*

My blinking slows
My breathing rises
My feet weigh me down
I hear the cooling sound of the trees swaying
Back and forth
Back and forth
Then all is quiet

The wind calms
I am no longer on the uphill path
I slowly see the narrow path start to deteriorate
The path is no more
The hike is over

I close my eyes
Take a deep breath
And take in my surroundings
All I see is the forest
The big green forest
I hear the birds chirping
The water spilling
My feet cracking the wood chips

I take one shoe off
Then the next
I slowly use the last bit of energy from my legs to sit down
My legs feel a relaxed sensation
Ahhhh! I imagine them saying

I feel my body moving further and further down
Next thing I know I'm flat on my back
I flex my back
The slightest sound of a crack goes through my back

I shut my eyes so nothing can be seen
My whole body relaxes
My muscles go loose
I feel almost as if I am asleep
My mind is awake
My body is done

I let out a couple of deep, slow, heavy breaths
My eyes then magically reopen
My facial expression shows exhaustion
I slowly move my back up from the wet, cold moss
Which lies below me
My surroundings spin
I got up too fast
Everything comes back into focus
I drink some water
The water feels almost as if a waterfall is cooling down my hot lungs
Replenishing them with the misty sensation
I start to lose the red pigment covering my face

I suddenly stand up
I look at the forest
Which is surrounding me
What a sight

Everything is bright and green
Not a dead tree as far as the eye can see
The forest motivates me to jump into the soothing waterfall
I take off my gear and dip my toe into the water
Cold
I feel a shiver go through my back
Splash!
I hear the waterfall roar
I then notice vines growing up the side
How beautiful Hawai'i is
Full of plants and animals
Some of the best forests are located here
We have animals and plants only known to Hawai'i
Which makes it special to visit

I hear the 'iwi sound
I look over my shoulder and there are his bright red feathers glowing up the day
I finally sit on the edge of the waterfall
It's so strong I feel the splash hit the water then hit me
I slowly move farther into the water
My body is completely soaked
I start to float

I've hiked before
For many times
But I know the hike of the heavens is my hike
I looked around and I feel a smile grow on my face
Inside and out I hear myself say
This is my Hawai'i

Faded Dreams

By Paige Chang

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

As I walked to school, I passed by a vacant lot. I remembered a time when it used to be a forest all those hundreds of years ago, but now it is empty. We used to go up into the forest to hunt for birds. The air had been alive with their songs, their calls telling us the news of the forest. I smiled sadly as I recalled those times. It used to be so peaceful when it was only us Kānaka Maoli and the ‘āina. But then the others came on their mammoth ships and their advanced weaponry. We were friendly, not knowing who they were and what they wanted from us, yet they used that to their advantage. Now look at this island. It used to be so beautiful, but now it’s filled to the brim with man-made structures and the air is filled with voiceless sorrow. I shook my head, walking away from the abandoned lot.

I sat through class, waiting for school to end. I wasn’t really paying attention, more interested in the sight outside the window. Outside, there was a construction company tearing down a part of the forest a few kilometers away to make room for a new hotel or something like that. Even though it was so far away, I could hear the forest screaming as it was torn up... it was all so far away yet so close at the same time. I closed my eyes, trying to drown out the sounds. I concentrated on class again, just trying to forget the feelings of terror and pain.

Walking home, I passed the parking lot again, and there was a little girl standing there. She looked about five years old, and there was no one near her except me. “Excuse me,” I asked, “are you lost? I’m sure your mom and dad are worried.” She turned around and looked at me with eyes as deep as the sea. I could almost see the waves crashing in her little eyes.

“Sister,” she said, “why are you so sad?” She took me aback. She could sense my sadness?

“I’m not sad,” I lied, “what are you talking about? See?” I put on a huge smile. “I’m fine, perfectly happy!”

“But you’re lying!” she insisted. “You always walk past this place with such a sad look on your face you can’t be happy!” She walked towards me and asked, “What’s wrong Sister?”

I sighed. “Sometimes, someone can live too long and see too many things,” I told her. “You see this?” I said, gesturing to the lot. “This used to be a forest. It was beautiful, full of

life and teaming with color.” I smiled at the memory. “Oh, if only you could’ve seen it! The ‘iwi would hide in the lehua trees, and the ‘apapane would play games amongst the leaves...”

“But what are you talking about?” said the little girl. “There’s always been a parking lot here! Mama and papa said that this has been here forever!”

“That’s true,” I told her, “but this was a long time ago, before your papa and mama were born. In fact, this was long before any of your family was even born.”

“No, you have to be lying!” she insisted. “You aren’t old, you’re a teenager!”

“I look like one,” I told her, “but I’m not one.” I gestured to the lot again. “This forest,” I began, “used to be very important to us Kānaka Maoli. Well, all forests were, but that isn’t what I’m trying to say. The Hawaiians used to go to this forest and find uses for everything in it. The tree trunks were used to build homes and canoes, leaves and roots were used for making medicine and colorful dyes, and even the birds feathers were gathered to make capes for the ali’i... but it’s all gone now,” I said quietly. “It’s all gone, never coming back.”

“But can’t you just buy a forest?” the girl asked. She still didn’t know much, so she thought that everything could just be bought.

“No,” I said, “money can’t buy everything.” I looked toward the horizon and noticed that the sun was setting. The sky was awash with purples, pinks, oranges, and blues. Turning her towards the sight, I told the girl, “Do you see that? The sunset?” She nodded, and I said, “What if it suddenly disappeared? What if one day the sunset just never happened, and the sun would simply go out?”

“That wouldn’t be pretty,” the girl replied innocently. “I would be sad, because all the pretty colors would be gone!”

I smiled at her innocence, the way she saw the world through the eyes of a young girl. “Well,” I said, “that’s what it was like for me when the forest disappeared. The gentle beauty of nature was shredded by the rigid lines of humanity, and it can never come back...”

“But that’s not fair!” she wailed. “How come it can’t come back? When I grow up, I’m going to make a magical machine that will bring back this forest, okay?” Her grin shone like the sun, and I was surprised by her declaration. This little girl was willing to make a machine and bring back a forest? Maybe this lot had a future after all.

“Okay,” I laughed, “I believe you, so try your best!” I ruffled her hair and stood up.

I began to feel lighter and noticed that I was fading. “Guess I can go now,” I thought. I looked back at the girl with soulful eyes and said, “Don’t worry, I’ll watch you change the world!” With that, I faded out and went to the stars, hoping for the best.



What Could Be

*By Cody Lambrecht
Hualalai Academy*

As I slowly walk through what I have come to know as a forest
I see the once-beautiful koa, kukui, and 'ōhi'a trees crippled and dying
Being slowly killed by alien species and pollution
I hear no native animals or birds,
Just the rustling of dead brown leaves
Lying on the forest floor
All this that I see
Is happening in one of the most beautiful places on earth
Hawai'i

Then suddenly I see
As though through the eyes of another
A time when Hawaiian forests were luscious and green
When the ground was flourishing with hāpu'u ferns
Instead of dead brown leaves
A time when pollution didn't exist
A time when deforestation was unheard of
A time when there were no invasive species on our magnificent islands
A time when all was well for the forests of Hawai'i

Suddenly I am there
Transported through time
When native forests thrived
Stunningly green and healthy
Undestroyed by invasive species

As I close my eyes
I succumb to my other senses
I hear the gentle wind rustle through the tall 'ōhi'a trees
And the many 'elepaio singing in the distance
I walk to a striking young koa tree
Run my hand over its new green bark
Caress its soft crescent leaves

I keep my hand rested gently on that tree
And promise myself
That I will one day visit this tree again
To see how it's grown into a strong, towering tree
Giving life to all of the native birds and insects using it as a home

Then, in an instant
I am transported back to my own time
In my moribund Hawaiian forest
Where strawberry guava and African tulip strangle the trees in our native forests
Slowly sucking the life out of our island's plants

I stand next to an old sickly koa tree
With my hand resting on its withering bark
And I know
This is the same tree
The same tree that was once spruce and vigorous
Now it is crippled and dying
Because of us humans

We brought pollution
We brought the invasive plants that impede out native trees
And we brought the invasive animals that demolish our native forests
And infect our native animals with disease

I think back to when this tree was pristine and young
I look at how it is now
And slowly shake my head in disgust
What have we done to our beautiful islands?

Again, I am taken through time
But here I stand
In the same forest
But my hand is now resting on a large robust koa tree
But it is, I know, the same tree
Growing tall and wide
And I know
That this serene forest
Thriving without man made hindrances
And this tough healthy tree
Prospering with the help of nature alone
Is what could be
This could be the world that we live in
So why isn't it?
Let's change it
Let's make a difference
Together

I recognize that there are many organizations and individuals out there helping to keep our Hawaiian forests clear of invasive plants and animals. This free-verse poem is slightly overdramatized to make a stronger point.

Elevator

By Pomaikai Yamaguchi
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Green and lush from left to right
A place where the sun doesn't shine bright

The world disappears into soft sounds
The humming and buzzing of birds all around

The dew on the leaves sparkles like a little kid's eyes
When each tree is cut down you can hear its cries
And the beauty of nature takes you away from the world of drama and lies

So magical like a children's story book
Our treasured forest will make anyone stop and look

With plants so rare and unique
Wind that gets tangled through the branches make the forest speak
From shrubs so new and young, to trees so antique

A place not like any other
Time slows so we may gaze at beautiful earth mother

But then you wake from this dream
You look around and see it's only a scheme
In reality you're only in an elevator with a forest theme

The beauty of nature around you wasn't real
Because you were just in a box made of steel
And it was just picture and music that gave a forest feel

Take a second, stop and think
Think about how each day you see the forest shrink

What if all that's left of it is an elevator
And in the future there is no more forest for spectators

Not Lost

*By Sreelakshmi Maiju Kutty
St. Andrew's Priory School*

I walk through the forest
 listening
to the wind rustling in the trees,
 the animals that scurry past me

They recite the ancient story
 of the people who once walked the paths
from dawn to dusk,
 sun to moon

A culture not lost,
 but kept with the story of the forest
A music not lost,
 but kept with the song of the rain

Traditions are held,
 with the undivided nature
A Hawaiian story,
 now and in the future

The Hawaiian Rainforest

By Phillip Cyr

Highlands Intermediate School

In the end, when all has been lost, the forest will still endure
Even if it undertakes the most daunting of challenges,
it will persevere throughout the ages
They are indefinite in their types, and span the face of the planet
The world is connected in many ways,
but no connection is greater than the forest and the vast ocean
If the forest is healthy, then the ocean is healthy, and
together they form a symbiosis of such a complex design,
that we fail to comprehend its mysterious ways

Hawai'i is the home of the deep green rainforests
Every tree, shrub, bird and animal that wanders through it
plays a special part in this magnificent ecosystem
Cloudy and misty, raindrops drip on the ferns and wild orchids with a steady rhythm
Water replenishes the rich, dark soil, nourishing all as it flows down
the gurgling streams and the roaring waterfalls to the sea
Brightly colored coral reefs, like a forest of rainbows,
rejoice and flourish from the crystal clear water

Bright bursts of red 'ōhi'a lehua are sweet nectar to the native birds
Honeycreepers call out high above the trees,
safe from the predators that lurk below
Lava and fire lay waste to the rich landscape,
engulfing it in an inferno of destruction
Life begins again on new bare lava;
first the 'ohelo berries, small and sweet, like miniature rubies;
then the hāpu'u fern, with its feathery coils that slowly unwind
After the destruction comes rebirth, and the rainforest starts anew

Happy-faced spiders lurk behind every leaf,
waiting for just the right moment
Koa, with their crescent-shaped leaves fill the canopy,
providing shelter for all who live under their branches
The soil, the forest, the water and ocean play Hawai'i's tune
Scientists may call it an "ecosystem," but to nature, it's home

The cycle of life, death, and rebirth happens all around you,
and everywhere you look, you will find evidence of it
The Hawaiian rainforest continues its cycle and keeps the diverse
and complex ecosystem alive and abundant with new life
The rainforest is an immense treasure trove in nature,
and nothing can quite compare to the graceful trees with their sweeping canopies
and the calls and cries of bird and beast alike



My Hawai'i

By Samantha Hussey

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Take a step into my serene escape
Wind through my hair
Whipping violently yet everything is somehow in balance
“Close your eyes,” the trees wail to me
They sway back and forth, dancing to the songs and cries of the birds
In the moment, my eyelashes meet each other and I can see “My Hawai'i”

Glistening, multicolored feathered native birds
The 'iwi, palila, and 'apapane weave through the branches, chirping of happy times
Tall guardians of the forest, the koa trees
Sentries to the tranquil setting
Remind me of my kūpuna
Standing there to guide me everyday, silently in the background

The sweet fragrance of the maile whiffs up the hill side
As the sun shimmers off the lush trees
Making them golden, brightened by its rays
It glows off my face, and brings a smile to it
This is my paradise, the place I love, my ku'u one hanau

The trickles of the rain, dripping from the tips of trees
Moistening the soil beneath my feet
Standing on the dirt road, I glance around me
For miles and miles all I can see is koa, the key to our past
What a touch of beauty

How can we just take this forest for granted?
We are the only enemies that the forest really has
How can we be this cruel to our native land?
How can we just stand here and not do anything about it?
Someone has to ho‘omau and help preserve this legacy
Could it be me?

Could I be the one to make the stand?
To mālama the land, and take up my kuleana as a Hawaiian?
Can I be the one to accomplish this and make a difference?
The only question that I should really ask is,
“What will happen if I don’t make this stand?”

Will my keiki and mo‘opuna be able to see this?
Or will it die out, taking all of our Hawaiian culture with it?
Then what else will we have left reminding us of our kūpuna?
If someone doesn’t act now, we can plan on seeing this in our near future
We can’t afford that loss

This forest is a part of me, something of my past, and a part of my culture
It brings out my inner keiki
My inner Hawaiian
He Hawai‘i au mau a mau
I am Hawaiian forever and ever
This is who I am
This is my ‘āina
Let us persevere it for our keiki and mo‘opuna
Without it, we are lost
And when we are lost, there is no Hawai‘i



GLOSSARY OF HAWAIIAN WORDS

‘āina – land, earth

alī‘i – king, queen, royal

aloha – love, affection, compassion; often used as a greeting or farewell

ānuenuē – general term for rainbow

‘apapane – Hawaiian honey creeper (*Himatione sanguinea*)

ea – life, air, breath, essence

‘elepaio – a bird in the flycatcher family (*Chasiempis*), believed to be the goddess of canoe-makers

‘elelū – general term for cockroaches

haku – to arrange or braid

hale – house

hāpu‘u – an endemic tree fern common in many forests of Hawai‘i (*Cibotium splendens*)

Hawai‘i nei – beloved Hawai‘i

hele mai – come toward me

hōkū – stars

ho‘olohe – listen

ho‘omau – Hawaiian value of perseverance and persistence

honu – native green sea turtle (*Chelonia mydas*)

humuhumunukunukuapua‘a – native Hawaiian reef triggerfish (*Rhinecanthus rectangulu*)

i‘a – fish or any marine animal

‘i‘iwi – scarlet Hawaiian honey creeper (*Vestiaria coccinea*)

‘ilima – native Hawaiian plant (*Sida fallax*); its flowers are used to make leis and as medicine

‘io – endemic Hawaiian hawk found in forests of Hawai‘i island (*Buteo solitarius*)

kahakai – beach, seashore

kai – sea, ocean

kalo – taro (*Colocasia esculenta*); often times cultivated for its corm and leaves

kānaka maoli – Hawaiian person with ancestral roots traced seven generations back

kāne – man

kapa – cloth made of waukē or mamaki; a border or edge of the place

keiki – child, children

koa – largest of native forest trees (*Acacia koa*) with crescent-shaped leaves

koha – referring to noio koha or the brown noddy (*Anous stolidus pileatus*)

kōkua – help, aid, assistance, support

Koʻolau – name of the windward mountain range on Oʻahu

kula – gold

kuleana – right, privilege, concern, responsibility

kūpuna – ancestor, grandparent; a term of endearment

kuʻu one hanau – my birthplace

lauaʻe – a fragrant native fern (*Phymatosorus scolopendria* syn. *Microsorium scolopendria*)

lelehuna – fine windblown rain spray, mist

limu – general term for seaweed

loʻi – irrigated terrace, especially for kalo

mahalo – thanks, appreciation, gratitude

makai – ocean, near the ocean

makani – general term for wind

mālama – take care of

mana – supernatural or divine power

manu – general term for bird; any winged creature

mauka – inland, near the mountain

mauna – mountain; mountainous region

mau ʻu – general term for grass

mele – song, poem, chant

mo‘o – lizard, dragon; tradition

mo‘olelo – story, tale, myth, legend, fable

mo‘opuna – Grandchild; great-niece or -nephew; relatives two generations later

nahele – forested area

nai‘a – dolphin

nēnē – Hawaiian goose (*Nesochen sandvicensis*)

‘ohana – family, relatives

‘ohelo – a small native shrub (*Vaccinium reticulatum*), in the cranberry family

‘ōhi‘a lehua – an endemic tree (*Metrosideros polymorpha*) in the Myrtle family

‘ōkea – white sand or gravel

‘ō‘ō – extinct O‘ahu black honey eater bird (*Moho nobilis*)

‘ōpe‘ape‘a – Hawaiian Hoary Bat (*Lasiurus cinereus semotus*)

palapalai – a native fern (*Microlepia setosa*)

palila – grey, yellow, and white honeycreeper endemic to the island of Hawai‘i (*Loxioides bailleui*)

pāpala kēpau – a native tree species (*Pisonia brunoniana*), its sticky gum was used for bird catching

pua‘a – pig, boar

pueo – endemic Hawaiian Short-eared owl (*Asio flammeus sandwichensis*)

pūpū kuahiwi – snail; land shell

pu‘u ka‘a – a coarse native sedge (*Cyperus ferax* var. *auriculatus*) growing in marshes

ua – general term for rain

wai‘lele – waterfall

The Hawai'i Conservation Alliance (HCA)

is a cooperative collaboration of conservation leaders representing 19 government, educational, and non-profit organizations. Our mission is to provide unified leadership and advocacy on conservation issues critical to Hawai'i.

The health of our terrestrial and marine environments is central to the quality of life that benefits everyone who lives in Hawai'i. For nearly two decades the Alliance has played a central role in encouraging native ecosystems throughout the archipelago. Now, with the My Hawai'i Story Project, we are fostering environmental awareness in those who will be responsible for the future stewardship of Hawai'i's natural resources.

Each year HCA and the HCA Foundation bring together the largest gathering of people actively involved in the protection and management of Hawai'i's natural environment for the Hawai'i Conservation Conference.

For more information visit the HCA website at www.hawaiiconservation.org.

The Pacific Writers' Connection (PWC)

is a Hawai'i-based 501(c)(3) non-profit organization dedicated to encouraging creative writing and writers, and strengthening a network of global citizens who share concerns about their environments, local communities, people and cultures. Our mission is to encourage and support nature, environment and place-based creative writing programs, and youth writing and reading programs that inspire writers. We engage and promote writing, cultural and arts communities in Hawai'i and the Pacific to ensure their voices and issues are heard.

Established in 2001, PWC's programs include annual writers in the schools program for elementary school children, My Hawai'i writing competition, Celebrate Reading Festival, writing workshops for local Hawaiian communities, public readings, literary lectures, cultural exchanges and book launches.

PWC believes in the power of writing to change people's lives and recognizes that writers help make the Pacific region a place of creativity and peace.

Visit our website at www.pacificwriters.org for more information.



Hawai'i Conservation Alliance
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