



HE WA'A HE MOKU

MY HAWAII  
STORY CONTEST  
20/7

*A collection of stories and poems about Hawaii's environment  
written by middle school students of Hawai'i*



# PROJECT PARTNERS

The Pacific Writers' Connection

Hawai'i Coastal Zone Management Program

Hawai'i Conservation Alliance

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Papahānaumokuākea Marine National Monument

Polynesian Voyaging Society

A publication of the Pacific Writers' Connection and the Hawai'i Conservation Alliance Foundation, supported by the State of Hawai'i Office of Planning, Coastal Zone Management Program using federal funds under Award No. NA14NOS4190079 from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), U.S. Department of Commerce. The statements, findings, conclusions, and recommendations are those of the author(s) and do not necessarily reflect the views of NOAA or the U.S. Department of Commerce.



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Marine National Monument



# FOREWORD

*Aloha*, we are pleased to present the 2017 My Hawai'i Story Anthology. Now in its eleventh year, the My Hawai'i Story project is an environmental writing contest for middle school students in the state of Hawai'i. Our goal is to foster and encourage stewardship of the environment and build a literary culture of conservation among Hawai'i's youth through creative writing.

We invited all 6th, 7th, and 8th grade students from schools across the state to address the theme, *"He Wa'a, He Moku – Mālama Honua: Caring for Our Island Earth."* This theme aligns with the Hawai'i Conservation Conference and honors Hōkūle'a's homecoming to Hawai'i after voyaging around the world. *"He wa'a he moku, he moku he wa'a,"* translates simply as "the canoe is an island, and the island is a canoe." The winning entries will be celebrated at the 2017 Hawai'i Conservation Conference in Honolulu, Hawai'i.

Mahalo to all participating students and teachers! We continue to be inspired by these talented students and give a special thanks to the teachers who encouraged them to write about the environment as part of their classwork. More than 300 students submitted a poem or story that represents their personal reflections on the environment, cultural values, kuleana, and stewardship. A panel of reviewers evaluated each anonymous entry according to the use of language, content, and creativity.

We are very grateful for the dedicated reviewers, partners, and sponsors that contribute their valuable time and ongoing support to make the annual contest a success and publication of the Anthology possible. With the publication of this Anthology, 275 middle school students have had their stories and poems published. The My Hawai'i Anthology contributes to a collection of youth-authored literature that is unique to Hawai'i.

We hope that students will continue to express concern for our island environment, not only through their writing, but also by encouraging their families and friends to care for and protect the land, sea, and sacred places for future generations. We look forward to the contest next year and encourage students and schools from all islands in Hawai'i to participate.

*June 2017*

# MAHALO NUI LOA

~ to our superstar reviewers: Denise Adamic, William (B.J.) Awa, Sheila Bernardo, Stella Bernardo, Maria Carnevale, Kapua Chandler, Jacey Choy, Lillian Coltin, Amanda Dillon, Wesley Dukes, Patricia Godfrey, Takiora Ingram, Shawn Malia Kana'iaupuni, Mahealani Kauahi, Kristen Kelly, Melia Lane-Kamahele, Fiona Langenberger, Lavonne Leong, LorMona Meredith, Cindy Orlando, Liat Portner, Jodie Rosam, Craig Santos-Perez, Deanna Spooner, Shelley Steele, and Scott Van De Verg.

~ to the prize sponsors including: American Savings Bank, Conservation Council for Hawai'i, Hawai'i Institute of Marine Biology, 'Iolani School, Kamehameha Schools, Kōkua Hawai'i Foundation-Plastic Free Hawai'i, KUA, The Nature Conservancy, NOAA Office for Coastal Management, Pacific Resources for Education and Learning, Polynesian Voyaging Society, Pono Pacific, Reyn Spooner, Surfrider Foundation, U.S. Department of Agriculture Forest Service, University of Hawai'i at Mānoa Sustainability Office, and others!

~ a special thank you to the State of Hawaii's Office of Planning, Coastal Zone Management Program for printing this Anthology, to LorMona Meredith, Promise to Pae 'Āina Coordinator at the Polynesian Voyaging Society, for coordinating so many wonderful prizes, and to Island Air for generously donating flights for winning students to attend the awards ceremony.

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# MĀLAMA HONUA KĀKOU

*by Brooklyn Aipoalani`*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

As I walked out of my hale,  
I felt the Leeward heat.  
I walked down the pathway,  
And felt the breeze blow towards my feet.  
In the air, I saw a kōlea bird,  
And stopped to stare.

I walked down to the ocean,  
And thought... would the ocean cry.  
Would the wind sigh,  
And would we all die.

I thought to myself  
And took a dip into the kai.  
And I remembered,  
When we had trouble with the wai.

As I dipped into the ocean,  
I heard sweet melodies.  
Singing and chirping,  
And began to have the remedy.

Mālama, care.  
Honua, earth.  
Kuleana, responsibility.  
Mālama Honua, Take Care of the Earth.  
It is my responsibility,  
But you can help too.

# WA'A LESSONS

*by Taylor Amalato*

Kaimuki Christian School

Clear, fresh water, breezy winds, and blue skies.

A fisherman and his son, standing at the edge of a stream,

Search for fish to catch.

One by one, fish go down the stream,

But the fisherman stops his son's arm.

The father looks into his brown eyes and softly says,

*"He wa'a he moku, he moku he wa'a.*

*The canoe is an island, and the island is a canoe.*

*Take what you need, for food is limited.*

*Care for our beautiful and precious island."*

The son lowers his spear.

He understands.

Time slows as they wait for the right one.

Finally!



A big, silky, and healthy fish.

The fisherman nods to his son

Who catches the fish with a strong throw from his spear.

Together they catch enough to feed the family.

They know the fish are limited,

But not just fish.

Fruits, vegetables, water—they are all limited.

But they will be back tomorrow,

To live for another day

With clear, fresh water, breezy winds, and blue skies.

# A VALLEY OF THOUGHTS

*by Connor Arakaki*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

A canoe is an island. An island is a canoe.

*"What does this mean?"* my kumu asks

It's an analogy, it has a deeper meaning

That preserving our land's resources is a lifelong task

From the pristine waters to the lush fields of greenery

And the majestic mountains that recreate a stunning scenery

To the native and endemic animals that are a wild, but rare sight

And the calm, clear ocean where the moon's reflection gleams in the night

I imagine a tranquil night where a canoe rests

On the bed of an inky and bottomless ocean

A canoe that is the second home for people where the sea is their devotion

The navigator sees the brilliant stars

And feels the swell because it is in his nature

Flowing in his blood is the way of his ancestors

So that this ancient art is no stranger

It is morning and white, soft clouds are painted in the sky

The sea dances in an aquamarine ensemble which beautifies

A canoe lulls on the break of sky and sea

Where a crew works hand in hand and has jobs that were meant to be

*"We must preserve our supplies, make every one of them last,"*

The quartermaster says

*"Yes, our canoe is just like an island,"* says the navigator

As he is brushed by the ocean spray

*"We all have our jobs or kuleana which is to kōkua,*

*And to be a catalyst for change, to spread the message of mālama honua."*

I jump back to reality and linger with my thoughts

But still pondering our world, will it still be the same?

Will our land be torn apart?

I will miss the water that is as clear as a flawless mirror

And I will miss the spray of mist by the waterfall that gives me a slight shiver

I will not forget seeing the blooming of a multitude of flowers

Or viewing the Ko'olau mountains standing proud against the pouring showers

Caught in a valley of thoughts, I have come to a huge realization

That our world's fate is determined by society and our own globalization

But our island's destiny was not written

To have towering buildings or skyscrapers

It was destined to be wild and run free in its own nature

Although, we do have the power to rewrite and redo the past

And envision that our island is a canoe, endeavoring in the vast

# WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN

*by Cameren Bani's*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

How much do you care about Mother Earth, how much does it cost, how much is it worth.

Back in old Hawai'i, land was meant to be shared, everybody worked and everybody cared.

From mauka to makai, there were lush forest and streams, which is what made people think of Hawai'i as a dream.

The endemics and natives, birds both big and both small, there were so many throughout the land that I can't name them all.

The ocean was filled with fish in the blue, while the voyagers sailed on their many canoes.

They lived by kapu which was one helpful tool, and lived under ali'i who were kings that would rule.

Mana meant power which was one thing well-known, genealogy and your legacy decided how much mana you owned.

But like all things old Hawai'i has changed, for we got new Western technology, that came from a long range.

There were new diseases introduced, some with no cure, so when disease was then caught, our bodies weren't sure.

But what do you expect, for ambition is to blame, we were attracted to new things, like a moth to a flame.

Now we have buildings which rule the sky, there are more than ten that are over 300 feet high.

Land is now payed for, which you can own, everything comes at a price, which is a phrase that is well-known.

We now have Aloha Stadium, where all of our sports are played, but back then sports were the makahiki games.

But all of this change had come at a price, environmental destruction, which doesn't look quite nice.

Streams have dried up and some endangered have past, and some were endemics which we tried to make last.

But let's take it back, and I'll say this again, if we changed something in the past, we'll see what might have been.

What if there were no foreigners, no diseases and no tech, maybe Hawai'i might not have been in such a wreck.

Our animals would not be endangered, they'd still be alive and free, birds like the o'o would still be a site to see.

Yes, we would have war, and tons of bloodshed, but our population would still be high, unlike today when there are plenty of us dead.

We'd have plenty of fishponds and they'd be full of fish like I said, unlike now we have buildings built over them instead.

Dangerous invasives would not take their breaths and we might have avoided the disease Rapid 'Ōhi'a Death.

The commoners would work the patches and take care of the land and we'd still have the kapu and sacred areas would be banned.

I wonder which Hawai'i would be better, old or new, since I can't decide I'll leave it up to you.

And I'll still keep saying this time and time again, if you could change Hawai'i back then, what would you have done or what might have been.



# I MUST TREAD LIGHTLY

*by Grace Bostock*  
Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

As I climb the over-treaded path of Diamond Head  
And envision the victory of reaching the top  
I notice the barren sides of the formerly majestic mountain  
That should be lush with life  
I see the deterioration of a place once hidden from tourists  
Only a secret sacred site whispered about among the natives  
But I pause and look, and see the chemical auras of those surrounding me  
I climb the final steps and taste air more sour than desired

And I realize  
This land is no longer pure  
It has been stomped on too carelessly by too many ignorant feet  
It has been commercialized by corporate Hawai'i as an unimportant attraction  
When it should have been protected by locals, to create a pure trail for their  
Unborn grandchildren to one day stroll

I gaze in awe at the majestic view but grow bored with the glorious sunrise  
Kissing the ocean awake  
It is now I understand I am a part of the problem

I have taken the views and clarity of my own home for granted  
In doing this I have neglected the divine land of the islands  
And led them into delinquency

The air is no longer sweet because I have aided in leading my generation to  
Poison it with electronic gasses  
The beauty of the scenery is boring because I have become used to ignoring  
The simple sights our earth has to offer  
I have become a consumer of robotic images  
And I must stop

I realize I need to take back what was lost in terms of beauty of this place  
I must aid in leading my generation away from high-strung lives of paranoia

I must tread lightly on what's left of this land.

# THE DYING CORAL OF HAWAI'I

*by Kylie Chock*

Hawai'i Baptist Academy

The vibrant colors around me  
Clear blue water  
The fish that would hide in me  
The spiny crab that finds shelter in me

But now I am no more  
I am fragile  
The algae is leaving  
I will not be able to survive  
My coral is bleached

I am the key of life  
Without me the circle is broken

Warm water around me  
Hopelessly trapped in this sizzling world  
In the water I am dying slowly, day by day

Seeing the ocean die down

Like the birds that fly high  
The dry sand of the beach  
I die near the coast of Hawai'i  
Will die down with whiteness  
I will die with sadness

The temperature rising  
Me dying  
I am stressed  
No fish around me  
No one to help me

They all found a new home  
Me sitting and waiting  
For a new friend to come

Was a beautiful color  
Everyone loving me  
People come to see me  
Fish as my neighbors

Now I am white  
Now I am not loved  
Now I am lonely  
Now I am left here to die

# TREE TIME

*by Jamie Cummings*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

New life in my grasp  
A seed in my hands  
My knees placed on the dirt  
Determined to give something so small  
Life

Digging into the soil  
I feel something...  
...that spark of joy  
Creating a smile on my face

I continue to place the seed into the earth  
I know that the rain, sun, and dirt will be there  
To greet this new life  
Comforting  
Giving the seed a home

As days go by the new life begins to grow  
Stretching its arms as wide as they can go  
A tiny crack forms  
Then a sapling  
I care for it as if it is my own child



Shortly enough it's an adult  
Watching life go by  
Like a time-lapse with a fading sunset  
Providing shade, leaves to play in  
and  
Love

I return back to my tree  
Every chance I get  
I rest my back against the bark  
I contemplate to myself  
I think about how time has flown  
like a soaring 'iwa bird

How newborns are teens  
How my clothes don't fit  
How my puppy is now slow and steady  
And lastly...  
How the tree remains  
My companion and friend  
Time, has a wonderful way...

# THANK YOU

*by Roisín Darby*

Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

He wa'a he moku... he moku he wa'a  
You brought me through different places without me having to take a step  
You told me stories without having to say a word  
You taught me lessons without having to give me a test  
You created art without having to pick up a brush

He wa'a he moku... he moku he wa'a  
Thank you for showing me the culture of your people  
For showing me the what your people were willing to die for  
For showing me the world from the top of your mountains  
For showing the me the life of creatures, flourishing

He wa'a he moku... he moku he wa'a  
Thank you for telling me the story of your ancestors  
For telling me the story of your gods  
For telling me the story of your culture  
For telling me the story of your animals

He wa'a he moku... he moku he wa'a  
Thank you for teaching me that something beautiful can once be ugly  
That just because we fall longer that doesn't mean all hope is lost  
That sometimes hard work doesn't pay off  
That maybe looking is much more fun than finding

He wa'a he moku... he moku he wa'a  
Thank you for creating such beautiful landscapes  
For painting such beautiful skies  
For drawing such beautiful homes  
For growing such beautiful lives

Thank you islands for all you give to me  
I hope you can keep the world traveling  
I hope you can tell your stories  
I hope your lessons are passed on for generations  
I hope your art will be forever famous

But that can't happen with nature gone  
That can't happen with bottles in the ocean  
That can't happen with smoke in the sky  
That can't happen if we let our islands die

May we instead of leaving our island to die  
While we live in ignorance  
Grow our pā'ūohi'iaka  
To protect our island  
May we treat our island like our canoe  
He wa'a he moku... he moku he wa'a

# BEAUTY UNCOVERED

*by Morgan Davis*

Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

I watch  
as you are torn apart  
the new buildings being pulled up from the core of the earth  
I wait for the slight scream you will give off  
when the roots are yanked from your soul

I pray  
that the buildings  
will never cover your lovely self  
I search for the real you that has not yet been touched  
by the monsters wearing the yellow hats

I find  
the backroads  
that lead me to the places I never see  
I admire your beauty that has not yet been  
destroyed

I gaze  
at the grasses and flowers  
swishing in the powerful wind  
I see the raindrops glowing in the sunlight

I feel  
the slight mist coating my eyelashes  
making them heavy with guilt  
the guilt is inside of me  
looking for a way to break through

Everyday  
I sit at a desk and look at a building  
that has ruined the real you  
I have taken for granted  
the lovely soil that we have desolated

I am sorry  
I will wander through your fields more  
I promise I will

I will  
recycle and advocate for you  
I will risk my life to keep you with me  
because you help me to be better  
and understand that life isn't always your choice  
and all you have to do is go with the flow and relax



# OUR BEAUTIFUL ISLAND HOME

*by Ella Gibson*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

The sky awakens,  
The Ko'olaus are brightened,  
Kulaiwi, the mana of our ali'i, awake,  
The 'iwa birds dip their wings into new rays,  
Down in Hawai'i nei.  
The streams glisten, gushing water,  
'O'opu swim out of their holes,  
The 'ōpae come out from under the rocks,  
The pipiwai feed on the limu,  
Down in Hawai'i nei.  
Kahalaopuna bathes in the spring, colors dancing,  
A pua'a trots down to drink the sweet wai,  
The forest buzzes,  
The 'elepaio pecks a little patter on the koa wood,  
'Ōhi'a flowers blossom, 'i'iwi call out  
Pele awakens creating 'āina unknown  
Down in Hawai'i nei.  
The soft hāpu'u ferns unfurl.  
Down in Hawai'i nei.  
The lo'i glisten with bright green kalo,  
I remember our ancestor Haloanakalaukapalili the first kalo plant.  
I remember the first Hawaiian Hāloa.  
Down to the ocean, the waves are oh so calming.  
I taste the salty spray,  
Naupaka shares a story of love as it sways in the breeze,

‘Opihi cling to the rocks,  
Down in Hawai‘i nei.  
Atlas the conch shell can be heard as the sound is carried by the makani  
It whispers our kupuna’s soul, in my na‘au deep down I know  
E hawai‘i au, mau a mau,  
I am Hawaiian forever and ever.  
From mauka to makai, the ahupua‘a awakens.  
We are the pua of this island.  
We are the future.  
We are Hawaii’s tomorrow.  
But something has happened now I fear,  
The sky darkens.  
The Ko‘olaus are no longer green.  
The streams are filled with ‘opala.  
‘Ōhi‘a blossoms close.  
Pele erupts and explodes.  
The hāpu‘u draw.  
Buildings, skyscrapers, houses there are.  
The ocean is dark with oil and such.  
The sound of cars and trucks drown out our kupuna’s voice.  
Now we have destroyed our home.  
What is for us now?  
Ke Akua is watching,  
He sees what we have done to this world he created:  
Our source of life gone.  
Our culture vanishing.  
We are in this together,  
We are all in this voyage, this journey,  
We are all in this wa‘a.  
So let us nurture the ‘āina as it does to us.  
Let us take care of our older brother, our ancestor Hāloa.  
Let us undo what we have done.  
No ka mea, o ko makou nani moku-puni hale, e aloha mai ia makou,  
For our beautiful island home will thank us.

# MY HAWAI'I

*by Koa Higgins*

Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

I watch  
from the center of the pasture  
for the horses to walk past  
I wait while these majestic steeds steadily arise,  
Eager for a long day of walking

I sense  
the equines are up and moving  
studying the grass for the newest growth  
I run my hands through the turf,  
content that when eaten by the animals  
none will be wasted

I frown  
realizing I take for granted my own food  
remembering the night before—scooping too much food, discarding the excess  
This habit prompts queries: Everyday? Everybody? How much longer  
can our island supply us food?

I gaze  
the golden sun barely peeks above the horizon  
I contemplate—in twenty years will the sun still be clear on a perfect morning  
or will our plant resources be depleted  
forcing “perfect” to be redefined?

I see  
a living photo of horses and their pasture, existing as one  
Each perpetuates the other, but neither can exist  
If overharvest and waste enter this gilded picture frame  
This scene is a gift, but I must also act. I must make a difference

I pledge  
To be more conscious of not creating more waste  
And not taking more than I can handle

Change must come

# TOMORROW'S THE DAY

*by Jaeden Jimenez*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Tomorrow's the day I am going to change  
Change the way I think, the way I act, the way I love and the way I live

Everything starts with one single thought

*"What if tomorrow will be the day I think to make a difference"*

The day that will change our culture and land

Making it the day that we will live sustainably

Us being the generation of caretakers, we will be the ones to change

Tomorrow's the Day

Tomorrow's the Day

You wake up and everything may change

The day I will change the way I act

Instead of walking past a piece of litter and letting it go

Picking it up so another animal will live another day

As if it was a part of me and my 'ohana

Tomorrow will be the day

Tomorrow's the day I will love the land as my own  
This is a problem we need to change  
Keeping the land the way our kūpuna wanted it to thrive  
Making them proud in all I do  
Tomorrow will be the day

So, tomorrow will be the day  
The day I live in the footsteps of my ancestors  
Caring for the land as if it were a part of me  
Keeping them close in my thoughts  
Never worrying about the day there will be no more  
But thinking of the day I will leave with happy thoughts  
And once again return to the 'āina

# ASSISTING THE ISLAND

*by Gabriel Kalama*

Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

I lift  
the 20-plus pound rock  
to help the people of Ka'ūpūlehu dryland forest  
move safely and easily through a trail without harming plants

I breathe  
in the clean and safe air  
that I'm thankful to be breathing

I assist  
the people and land of this island  
by planting and harvesting taro for people to make poi  
by planting native trees so they don't go extinct  
and by building a trail for people to walk on and explore Ka'ūpūlehu

I observe  
the calm dry and dead  
environment around me and think to myself  
how may I be of assistance?

As the arid wind of north Kona  
blows across my face,  
I thank Ka'ūpūlehu for allowing me to serve it and help it live  
by planting native trees

And as the week comes to an end  
I thank the island for allowing me to serve it  
so future generations may enjoy it's beauty  
so our island may live for the years to come

That's what I want



# WHAT HANA IPOE GIVES US

*by Kamaha'o Liu*

Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

Open fields

Unaffected by city of any sort

Streetlights are non-existent

The only lights that shine are the thousands of stars in the sky

No cars to transport us

Only sweaty backs of the rugged horses.

Early mornings

The glow of the sunrise is pure without eyesores

Bittersweet drops of water patter onto the roof

With the smell of eggs and bacon

And no sounds of phones ringing, or construction noises

Just the bliss sound of nature.

Card games,

One of the many activities to keep us occupied

Instigating friendships and bonds

Getting closer with those we already know

Creating stories of life that we can later reminisce about.

Discovering that technology is not necessary for joy  
Joy can be brought from close friends or even just the world itself  
You just have to look close enough.

Hard work  
Horses must be treated right  
For if they are gone  
We have lost what makes our home special.

# MY HOMELAND

*by Chase Kamikawa*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Hawai'i is my homeland  
My birthright, the core of my being  
Our ancestors traveled thousands of miles  
To find our beautiful archipelago  
On their canoes  
And on the islands they left behind  
Health and flourishing communities

Navigating the ancient paths  
Our ancestors sailed  
Taking care of one another  
As they moved towards their new homeland  
Digging deep, then reaching high for the stars  
Thriving for days on a double-hulled canoe  
The ancestors whispered,  
*"Take care of the 'āina  
and the 'āina will take care of you."*  
The navigator shouted,  
*"Pull, pull!"*  
As they moved closer and closer to shore

Discovering a new home,  
To prosper on  
Sustainability was important  
To create an everlasting culture  
As they successfully did  
*I ka wā kahiko*

In the days of old  
Before the raging storm of invasive species came  
Before foreign flora and fauna took hold  
Before the native species declined into nothingness  
Before our cultural cords unraveled  
Before we lost our native home  
Before, when this 'āina was our paradise

In the present  
Native Hawaiian groups reach out and give us hope  
A rebirth of the lāhui  
Rebuilding connections, fostering relationships  
And with the help of many hands  
Native species have been reestablished  
Heiau and other sacred places have been restored  
Kānaka remember the ties that bind us  
On the wa'a, we would live sustainably  
On the island, we would live sustainably  
For the future generations  
We can live sustainably  
*He wa'a he moku, he moku he wa'a*

# GIVE BACK WHAT YOU WERE GIVEN

*by Lyla Kaneshiro*

S.W. King Intermediate School

pack what you need on your wa'a

your canoe

your life

only take necessities

because there is only so much

that we can take

the land

the moku

gives so willingly

and so

we take willingly

the land provides for our life  
so we will continue to take from the land  
until there is nothing to take

how will the wa'a be able to move on?  
how can humanity move on?

the land cares so tenderly for its children  
the land is the source to our humanity  
it is then our duty to be humane  
and return  
what we were given

# SAILING

*by Katherine Payne*

Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

## Feeling

The wind as it blows through my hair  
The water as it flows through my fingers  
The heat as the sun shines on my face  
The salt as it sprays in my eyes  
This place I know well for it is a part of my home

Carried by the wind  
It feels like flying  
Gliding across the ocean  
Creating ripples on the water  
Feeling like birds as our wings touch the water  
Slowly drifting in the sea  
Letting go of our problems  
Like letting go of rope

## Fear

Of what will happen  
Of what I will do  
Of what I will learn  
Of what I will accomplish  
I have overcome these fears I thought

Wind starting to fill up the sail  
Soaring through the water as the wind carries us  
Fear starts to overwhelm me  
The fear of falling off  
The flow of water passing by  
Reflection of the sun in my eyes  
I'm one with this place  
My new beginning

The sailboat carrying me  
Pulling the sail tighter as I turn  
Feeling the rope in my hand  
The rough bottom of the boat on my feet  
And the smooth edges of the steerer  
Sailing a new experience  
With excitement and preparation  
Wanting to feel this again  
Waiting for next time



# FAIRY TALES OF THE ISLANDS

*by Wainohia Peloso*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Once upon a windblown sea  
A sailing ship carried the crew and me  
Say this ship ran out of food  
That would really kill the mood

If our life is a voyage  
And the island is our wa'a  
Should we not try harder  
To save our food and water?

If we left nothing  
For the next generation  
It would be apocalyptic  
For our utopic human nation

It cannot be emphasized enough  
That we need to show our islands love

Shout out to the world  
This land's life, we hold  
Tell the people  
The price is getting steeper

If we abuse the resources they'll be gone  
No more forever song  
Every year

Less

And

Less

More is gone

Another year

It won't last for long

Resources for your children used up.

# YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW, FOREVER

*by Ella Prado*

Hawai'i Preparatory Academy

Life seems to be more beautiful the more you listen to it whisper to you  
The wind says to breathe in all of the calm in the world  
The waves on the shore say to be mindful of its power  
To not underestimate what force it has  
The sun says to soak up every bit of happiness that comes your way  
Before the storm comes  
The sunsets say to look around at the painted canvas surrounding you  
The spider web says to look closely, observe, and always be watching  
For you do not want to miss the spider crafting its web  
Or the butterfly bursting forth from its cocoon  
Nature says to the world, "Only the patient hear us calling"

The dusted hands, calloused, and strong  
The sweat once drops now a river upon your sizzling brow  
The land, dry not long ago, now bursting with new life  
A single sprout, green, miniature in size, but immense in meaning  
Crunch, crunch, crunch  
The sound of the near future being harvested by us  
The children, the hope, the light, the darkness, the blade,  
The shoulders of our island, the cause and effect  
I gaze into the distance and see fruitful trees and spontaneous joy  
I see all our hard work today, affecting a world tomorrow  
Yesterday, Today, Forever?  
The sun goes down, the stars come out, and all that counts is you and me  
And our universe will change

Our descendants will live in the world that we made for them  
Whether it's green and luscious like Waimea's rolling hills or dry, barren, and  
sienna brown like the deserts I've never crossed. I want beauty.  
I want to look up at the sky at night and see Orion  
I want to rely on natural energy sources  
I want clean streams, rivers, and seas  
I want abundance, I want sustainability  
Is it enough to want?  
Do we need a plan? Can I be the plan?

Whitecaps on waves, rolling with the wind  
Red 'ōhi'a hidden in a collage of green leaves and branches  
Reaching out to touch my shoulder  
A lonely cloud taking its time crossing the big blue sky  
If we just take the time to open up our eyes  
We could see the beauty  
The land we promise to take care of and all that land holds  
Until the sun sets, until dawn breaks  
Passengers who have learned to navigate we use our  
Eyes, ears, taste, touch, smell  
Tending what we plant, reaping what we sow  
All is beautiful in its time

He wa'a he moku, he moku he wa'a  
The canoe the island, the island the canoe  
Yours, theirs, OURS  
I hope the winds of change will change your mind  
About your island and all of mankind  
Protect, preserve the future, give back to the land  
Make once again what used to flourish and nourish,  
Our island be present again

# E IA MAI HAWAI'I ĀKEA BEHOLD MY HAWAI'I

*by Tory Refamonte*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

E ia mai Hawai'i ākea  
Behold my Hawai'i

Mai ke kuahiwi o mauna kea a i ka pū one o Ni'ihau  
From the Mauna Kea mountain all the way to the sands of Ni'ihau

Ka 'āina i mau ai ke aloha  
A land that exemplifies aloha

Lohe ia e ke kai e swheeee mai nei ma na pōhaku  
You can hear the ocean water saying swheeee on the rocks

O ka leo o ko'u mākuahine ka mea e mōlia mai nei i nā pepeiao  
And the language of my ancestors is what is blessing the ears

O ka mea i ike ai, O ia iholā nā mala  
And what you see is the gardens

Nā keiki, Nā 'ohana, a me ka nani o kēia 'aupuni nei  
The children, the families, and the beauty of everything around us

Ike 'ia ka nalu o ke kai e pā mai nei i ko'u wāwae  
You see the waves of the ocean that is washing up and touching my feet

O Kaua'i Iholā ko'u one hānau  
Kaua'i is the land of my birth

Auhea 'oe e Manokalanipō  
Where are you Manokalanipō

Ka mea i kū kilakila ma nā pae pōhaku  
The one above them all

O kou 'ano'i i ka 'āina ka mea i kūpa'a iā mākou  
Your love for the land is what makes us strong

O Kaua'i ka wahi i kanikapila 'ai mākou a i ka puka ana o ka lā  
Kaua'i is where we gather and sing until the sun rises

A ka wahi i pau 'ole ke aloha  
And the place where love never ends

Ka ua koko o keia 'āina e loloku mai ma ko'u kua  
The rain falls on my back bone

Nani wale na kuahiwi o Waimea a i Hā'upu  
The mountains from Waimea to Ha'upu are beautiful

He aha kou mākou hana e mau i ka nani o ia wahi?  
What are we going to do to let this beauty remain?

Ho'oma'ema'e nō ana makou  
We are going to cleanse

E hui pū ana makou no ka maika'i o ia wahi  
We are going to get together for the better of this place

E a'o ana mākou i ka 'ōlelo o ko'u mākuahine  
We are going to learn our native tongue

E no'ono'o ana ma mua o ka hana  
We are going to think before we do

A hō'ike i kou makou mahalo i ke Akua  
And show our thanks to God

Pono mākou e hana keia no ka mea e pau ana i nā a'ole kakou mālama  
We need to do this because if we don't, the land will be done and trash

E kū kākou, Na po'e Hawai'i, E alu like mai kākou  
Let's stand, The people of Hawai'i, Let's work together

Nā 'ōiwi, O keia ka wā e mōkololia ai i ka no'ono'o o ka makou aupuni  
Natives, this is our time to change the thoughts of our nation

O kēia ko'u kuleana  
This is my responsibility

No ka mea, E ia ko'u Hawai'i  
Because this is my Hawai'i

A he wa'a he moku, he moku he wa'a  
And the canoe is our island, and the island is our canoe

I nā a'ohe wa'a, a'ohe moku  
If there is no canoe, this is no land

E ia Hawai'i  
Here is Hawai'i

Ko'u Hawai'i  
My Hawai'i

# THE SHIPS ARE GONE

*by Chloe Sylva*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

The ships are gone;  
Hawai'i is hungry.  
The sun rose every day in old Hawai'i.  
The fresh dew on the kalo leaves  
sparkle in the sunlight.  
Coconut and banana trees,  
'uala and 'ulu,  
grow green and abundant.  
The fish ponds are bursting  
with fresh, fat fish.  
Our resources are plentiful  
because of our careful usage.  
The land provides for us,  
and we care for it in return.  
The sun rises every day in modern Hawai'i.  
The ships usually enter the harbor,  
their gleaming sides as white as the sun,  
and just as important.  
Today, however,  
the harbor is as empty as our stomachs  
The ships are gone;  
Hawai'i is hungry.  
Every bit of money,



is consumed by our need for food.  
Only the wealthy escape.  
Everyone trapped in paradise  
fight for what's left.  
Hawai'i, land of abundance?  
The ships are gone;  
Hawai'i is hungry.  
Our needs weaken us.  
We need food  
and we need to know.  
The planes and the helicopters  
that left with the wealthy  
for the mainland,  
don't come back.  
They are gone too.  
The ships are gone;  
Hawai'i is hungry.  
Everyone is starving,  
except for one family.  
They were once regarded as odd  
for not having cell-phones or TVs,  
or for living their life far out in the country,  
and, most importantly,  
for eating only traditional foods.  
The ships are gone;  
Hawai'i is starving.  
The family is wealthy,  
perhaps the richest modern Hawaiian ever known,  
not with money,  
but with the knowledge of their kūpuna.  
They've planted kalo, 'uala, and 'ulu,

and they fish.  
They don't waste their resources, either.  
They look at the moon,  
not iPhones and laptops,  
and they read it  
for the best nights to plant and fish.  
They share their knowledge.  
They share everything,  
their resources, knowledge and mana.  
We plant kalo, 'uala, 'ulu  
and we fish.  
We are not wasteful.  
We read the moon like they do,  
and we share the knowledge, too.  
A'ohe hana nui ka alu'ia.  
No task is too big when done together.  
The sun rises every day in the new Hawai'i.  
The fresh dew on the kalo leaves  
sparkle in the sunlight.  
Coconut and banana trees,  
'uala and 'ulu,  
grow green and abundant.  
The fish ponds are bursting  
with fresh, fat fish.  
Our resources are plentiful  
because of our careful usage.  
The land provides for us,  
and we care for it in return.  
The ships are gone;  
Hawai'i is thriving.

# MOKU KŌ OLA

## ISLAND OF LIFE

*by Quincy Tamaribuchi`*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

From the dryland forest of Ka'ūpūlehu

To the wetlands of Kalaemanō

There lies bountiful

Amounts of fresh water

And food for all

To take care of

This precious land

We must work together

Hand and hand

I cherish the summer I spent on

My hands and knees

Planting hundreds of

Kauila and 'ōhi'a trees

The land is the strength

The life of the people

It is our kuleana  
We are the konohiki of the 'āina  
It is our responsibility  
To take care of the land  
But also to share  
The ike-knowledge  
From keiki to kūpuna  
And everyone in between.  
The 'āina is our life and our life is the land.

# I AM WAI

*by Johnsen Uwekoolani`*

Kamehameha Schools Maui

I am wai  
I wonder if people know that I might run out  
I hear the rush as the river flows  
I see how I affect fruits and vegetation  
I want for me to not be wasted  
I am Wai

I pretend to be used more wisely  
I feel enclosed in a bottle  
I touch the earth with my rain drops  
I worry I won't be put to good use  
I ask *Where will I go*  
I am Wai

I understand I am a useful resource  
I believe I am a good resource of life  
I dream I will be used to help the survival of earth  
I trust I can survive because I give life  
I hope I can help  
I am Wai

# E HO'OMALU I KE KUPA'A NO KA'ĀINA

CONTINUE TO BE STEADFAST IN YOUR LOVE FOR THE LAND

*by 'Ala'i Williams*

Holy Nativity School

If you hear the manu  
chirping as they welcome the  
morning sun, and love the way  
the makani can make the trees  
have fun

If you like to hear the ocean  
as it splashes upon the shore  
And imagine all the nai'a out there  
and hope they'll play some more

If you think of all the animals  
as members of a band,  
Each with a lovely tune that goes  
hand in hand, and as a keiki, a Tutu-wahine  
or Tutu-man

We all have a vital role to play  
In Papa and Wākea's plan  
So Mālama Honua, take care of our Native Land!

# TOMORROW TODAY

*by Noah Zitz*

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

‘Iwi flew from his perch, the cool wind tousling his muddy black feathers  
The thin branch straining under his weight  
Soon the trees became a blur below  
Their green hues forming a mottled blanket over the misty mountain  
To his surprise, pockets of brown covered the barrier of trees  
Bright orange machines pockmarked the spots  
Blaring sharply in the crisp morning air  
Below, fluorescent orange flecks operated the monsters  
Controlling their destructive rage  
Through the cacophony, he saw trees fall to the orange monsters  
Destroyed forever  
Like scissors cutting twine off the blanket, slowly destroying the greenery  
‘Iwi wondered how people could be so wasteful  
His great-grandfather Keahi had told him about the voyagers  
Who sailed to the island on voyaging canoes

*"They didn't waste anything"*

'Iwi recalled his grandfather's story

*"They only took what they needed from mother nature"*

So why should these people be so wasteful?

Shouldn't they take what they need?

As 'Iwi turned his black feather towards home

An orange monster loomed over his plant

Swiftly cutting the clump of bushes

'Iwi zoomed closer desperate to save his home

Only to find twisted leaves and gnarled branches

'Iwi desperately searched for remnants of his home

But only found ruin

Soon he flew off, his black and yellow feathers a blur

Searching for a place to live

But how long until that is cut down?

How long until there is nothing left? He thought

As he swerved in the calm breeze

His feathers highlighted by the golden morning mist




# GLOSSARY

- ahupua'a – traditional land division, usually extending from mountains to sea  
'āina – land, earth  
ali'i – chief, royalty  
'elepaio – species of flycatcher bird, believed to be the goddess of canoe-makers  
hale – house, building  
Hāloa – first Hawaiian ancestor, a son of Wākea (sky father)  
hāpu'u – endemic tree fern (*Cibotium splendens*) with large triangular fronds  
Hawai'i nei – our [beloved] Hawai'i; the Hawaiian Islands  
heiau – place of worship  
honua – land, earth, world  
'i'iwi – native Hawaiian scarlet honeycreeper bird (*Vestiaria coccinea*)  
'ike – knowledge, to see, feel, greet, recognize, perceive, experience  
'iwa – Frigate or man-of-war bird (*Fregata minor palmerstoni*)  
Kahalaopuna – princess of Mānoa valley, daughter of the divine wind and rain  
Ka'ūpūlehu – an ahupua'a of Kona on Hawai'i Island  
kai – ocean, sea, seawater  
kauila – native Hawaiian tree in the buckthorn family (*Alphitonia ponderosa*)  
Kalaemanō – portion of the Ka'ūpūlehu ahupua'a  
kalo – taro plant (*Colocasia esculenta*), the first taro growing from the stalk  
kānaka – person, individual, or population of Hawaiian ancestry  
kapu – forbidden, sacred  
Ke Akua – God  
keiki – child, children  
koa – the largest native or endemic Hawaiian forest tree (*Acacia koa*)  
kōkua – help, aid, assistance, relief, assistant

kōlea – Pacific golden plover bird (*Pluvialis dominica*)  
 konohiki – ruling chief; head of an ahupua'a land division under the chief  
 Kulāiwi – native land, homeland; native  
 kuleana – right, privilege, concern, responsibility  
 kumu – teacher; model, pattern; bottom, base, foundation, tree trunk  
 kupuna (kūpuna plural) – elder, ancestor, grandparent, a term of endearment  
 lāhui – nation, race, tribe, people, nationality  
 limu – seaweed or algae, underwater marine plants  
 lo'i – irrigated field or terrace for kalo (taro) cultivation  
 makahiki – ancient festival; year, age; annual, yearly  
 makai – ocean, near the ocean, seaward  
 makani – wind, breeze  
 mālama – to take care of, tend, attend, care for, preserve, protect  
 Mālama Honua – care for the earth  
 mana – spiritual or divine power, spirit, energy, life force  
 Manokalanipō – a chief of Kava'i  
 manu – bird; any winged creature  
 mauka – mountains, inland toward the mountains  
 moku – island, district; to be cut, severed, broken in two  
 na'au – guts, stomach; mind, heart, affections  
 nai'a – dolphin, porpoise  
 naupaka – native shrub found in mountains and near coasts (*Scaevola*)  
 'ō'ō – native, endemic Hawaiian black honeyeater bird (*Moho nobilis*), extinct  
 'o'opu – general name for several species of goby fishes  
 'ohana – family, relatives  
 'ōhi'a – endemic Hawaiian tree (*Metrosideros polymorpha*) in the Myrtle family  
 'ōpae – shrimp  
 'ōpala – trash, rubbish, refuse, litter, waste, junk, garbage, muck  
 'opihi – limpet or water snail

pā'ūohi'iaka – native Hawaiian flowering vine (*Jacquemontia ovalifolia*)  
pipiwai – mollusk or water snail (*Theodoxus cariosus*)  
poi – taro that has been pounded and thinned  
pua – child, descendant, offspring; flower, tassel and stem of sugar cane  
pua'a – pig, hog, pork  
taro – kalo, root vegetable (*Colocasia esculenta*)  
tutu – grandmother or grandfather  
'uala – sweet potato (*Ipomoea batatas*)  
'ulu – breadfruit (*Artocarpus altilis*)  
wā kahiko – ancient times, antiquity  
wa'a – canoe  
wahine – woman, lady, wife  
wai – water, liquid



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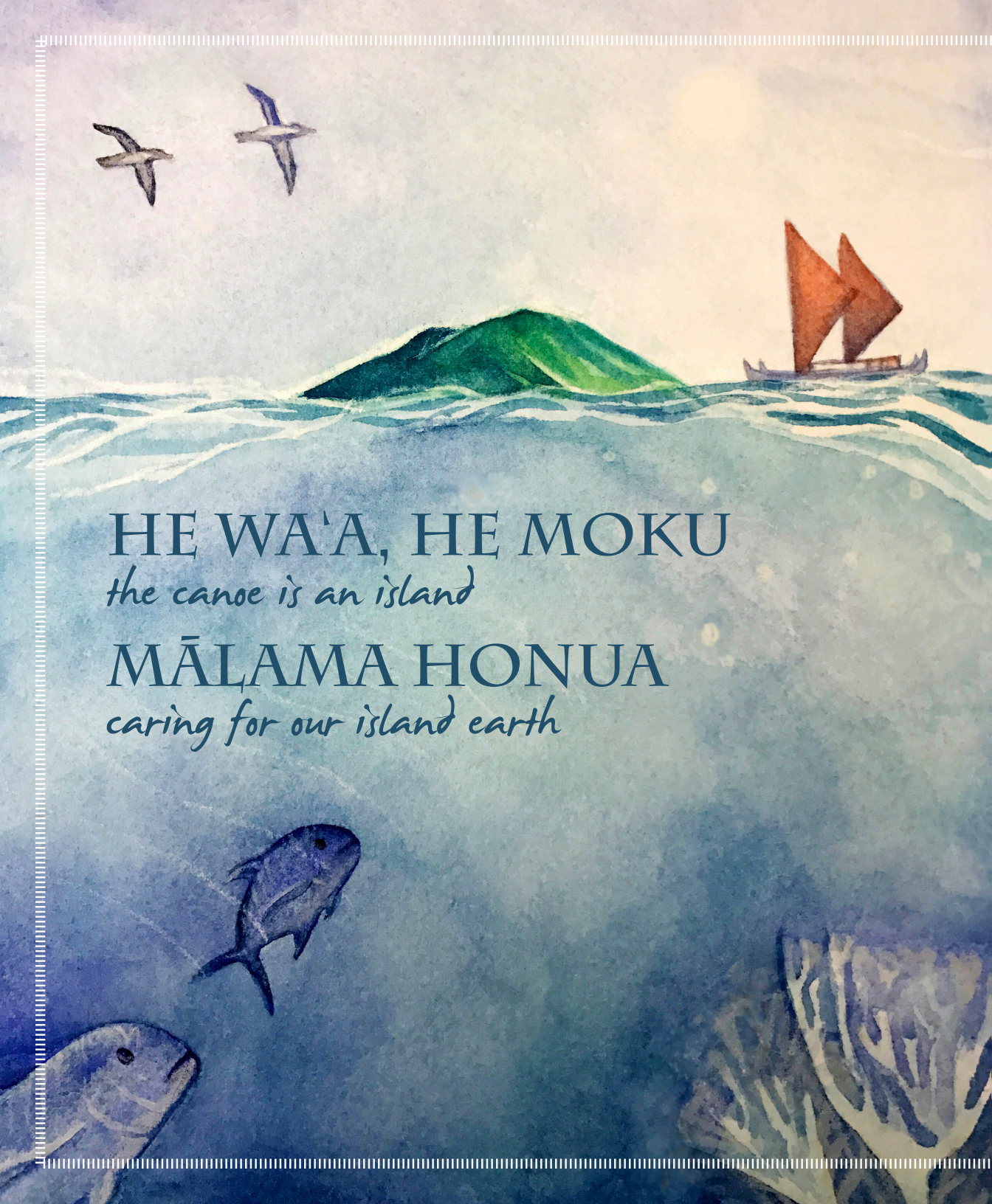
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DESIGN & LAYOUT: Amanda K. Dillon  
FONTS: Charlemagne Std, James Fajardo, Futura

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WITH ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY INKS







HE WA'A, HE MOKU

*the canoe is an island*

MĀLAMA HONUA

*caring for our island earth*