



MY HAWAII

STORY
PROJECT
2013

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

PARTNERS

mahalo!

The Pacific Writers' Connection



Hawaii Coastal Zone Management Program

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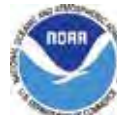
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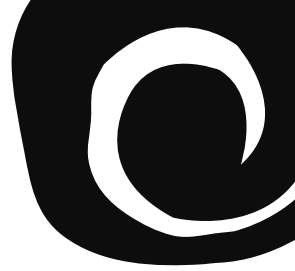
Papahānaumokuākea Marine National Monument



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FOREWORD



Now in its seventh year, the My Hawai'i Project is a very successful state-wide environmental writing contest for middle school students in Hawai'i. Our goal is to foster and encourage environmental stewardship and a literary culture of conservation amongst Hawai'i's youth.

This project is an education and outreach initiative for middle and intermediate schools state-wide. We invited sixth through eighth grade students from all public and private schools across the state to express their thoughts and feelings about Hawai'i's natural environment in a story or poem.

This year, we received a total of 305 entries. Mahalo to all the students for their submissions. Also, a special thanks to their teachers who encouraged them to write about the environment as part of their class work.

Congratulations to all of our young writers! We are pleased to present the 2013 My Hawai'i Anthology, which is a compilation of the 25 highest ranked entries from this year's competition. The entries 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.

We continue to be inspired by the talented students of the My Hawai'i writing competition. They will be presented with an award and prizes at the Hawai'i Conservation Conference in July 2013. Of the winners this year, 14 are from schools on O'ahu, nine from Maui, and two from Hawai'i Island.

Each poem and story speaks of the author's personal commitment to protecting Hawai'i's environment. Students shared poems and stories that addressed the theme of *laulima*, working together to protect Hawai'i's environment, and sacred places. This year, there was an increase in the use of the Hawaiian language in their stories about the *'āina*, the ocean, and sacred places. Stories and poems about the land were focused on human destruction of the native environment, lack of stewardship of the land and forest, special places, and the extinction of native birds.

This year, we are pleased that the My Hawai'i partnership doubled from four to eight partners—including federal and state agencies and non-profit organizations. We are very grateful for their support.

We hope that Hawaii's students will continue to express concern for our island environment, not only through their writing, but also by encouraging their peers, families, and friends to care for and protect the land, sea, and sacred places for future generations. We look forward to the next writing contest in 2014 and encourage more young people and schools from all islands to participate.

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

Amanda Dillon, Hawai'i Conservation Alliance Foundation

June 20/3



MAHALO NUI LOA:

Superstar reviewers: Marissa Abadir, Marion Ano, Rozlynd Awa, William Awa, Jennifer Barrett, James Burke, Maria Carnevale, Lillian Coltin, Ciera Ku'uileimomi Cummings, Amanda Dillon, Doodie Downs, Elia Herman, Ilysa Iglesias, Takiora Ingram, Lynnette Kawakami, Heather Kerkering, Melia Lane-Kamahale, Fiona Langenberger, Leah Laramée, Joni Mae Makuakane-Jarrell, Cara Mayumi Chang, Manuel Mejia, Patty Miller, Kanoe Morishige, Kealaonapua O'Sullivan, Jodie Schulten, Mariza Silva, Lovey Slater, Meredith Speicher, Shelley Steele, Tiffani VanEe, Michelle Waits, and Leilani Warren;

Marion Ano for editing the Hawaiian language and glossary;

Stephanie Chang of Design Ink for the beautiful graphics;

And all of our sponsors and supporters!



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EVERY STEP IS A STEP OF LIFE

Terric "Tojo" Abella

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

From the mountain to sea
From mauka to makai
From ahupua'a to ahupua'a
Everywhere we go there is life and mana
Everywhere we go it is sacred
The huge mountain is a maze
Green, lush surroundings
The cool, moist air
Shade from towering trees
I look up and see a bird with its young
I feel fresh and my mind is clear
Everything is in harmony
The 'āina has perfection, but for how long?

Down at the beach there is laughter
Warm sunlight touches my skin
I can smell the salt in the air
Crabs slowly peeking their bodies out of holes
Castles, shovels, footballs
Soft sand wandering into my slippers
I can't wait to plunge into the deep sea

On the surface of the glistening water, I look down below
Life and vibrant colors flash before my eyes
I could spot palani, manini, and many others on their journeys
The reef is unique with different shapes and sizes
It's a beauty that should never go away

However, the sacred land is in danger
Freeways run through cultural sites
New restaurants, houses, and offices are being built
We have to keep the land Hawaiian
Everything needs respect
Everything has life
Let's treat it the way our kūpuna used to treat it
Every step is a step of life





MY KAI MAKUA

Koa Baker

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

The ocean's powerful swells show me that he is my makua kāne
for he is both powerful and gentle

The fickle and beautiful coral is my makua wahine
for she is welcoming and hospitable

I know this is so because my existence would be futile without my makua
I can feel my na'au scream when I see the 'ōpala littering the kino of my makua

This surge, this hō'eu'eu stirs inside us all

We must shake ourselves from slumber

We can all feel the mana of the manō

The grace and splendor of a honu

And the hau'oli of the nai'a

These 'ohana holo'oko'a have been here for me since my mother was hāpai

The 'āina rejoices every time a new keiki has come their way

For they will teach them the greatest skill for life

HŌ'IHI KA 'ĀINA

RESPECT THE LAND

This is the message that Hāloa our brother
Papa the earth mother and Wākea the sky father
have delivered to us

So now it is **our** generation's turn to take lead
To teach the keiki the way to behave

A SECOND HOME

Faith Blalock

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

Ho'opi'i Falls
My home, my calling, my life
A gathering place for all
A relaxing get away

Lush, green, beautiful
Every sight breathtaking
Streams of brisk water lead the way
The destination brings memories and connections

Roaring water, laughter, and splashing fill your ears
Adrenaline rushes through your veins as you jump
The touch of the water brings a comforting chill to the body
The water refreshing, crisp, comforting

A special feeling occupies me
It is unexplainable and mysterious
A feeling that connects me to this wahi pana
A feeling that I only feel when I am swimming in these nippy streams

It brings thoughts of 'ohana and hoa pili
Relationships are strengthened
The hottest fevers between us are healed here
This sacred place connects us to each other

It is a part of me, it is special to me
My pu'u honua, my place of refuge
My shelter
My second home



WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR SACRED LAND?

Kainoa Borges

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

We let them trample
on all our land
Things are off the charts
out of hand
We have hotels and motels
Boats are docked
on what were once shells
Hey, can't we see
that natural is the way to be?
The palm trees sway
as the shadows lay
I kneel down and pray
Things could stay this way
Sure we can have telephones, TV's, radio,
and A/C'ed homes
But can't it still be somewhat barebones?
The ocean
The trees
The sticks
The stones
Technology took us far
But we need to remember who we are
The palm trees sway
As the shadows lay
I kneel down and pray
Things could stay this way

NĀ LEO O KŌ KĀKOU KŪPUNA

Sheena "Aina" Brown

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

My wahi pana, Waikoloa

Where the winds are the voices of our kūpuna

Where they guide us and teach us

Their 'uhane follow us to help us

The dry breeze blows against the weathered rock

The feeling of being a descendent of the ancient ones

The wind is rough and so is the ocean

But it is just right

It is home

Nearly the same as it was 200 years ago

The Big Island is beautiful and special

Not as polluted, not as busy

Perfect like our kūpuna liked it

The streams from mauka to makai

The mana and joy it gives us

Pele, the goddess of Mauna Kea

I remember the legends and watch her from down below

Beautiful mountain, reminiscing about our kūpuna

When you look above you feel the mana of the gods

As the sun rises you feel the mana when the sun peeks out from above

My wahi pana, HOME

THE BEAUTY OF HAWAI'I

Cruz Castillon

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

There are many ways to keep Hawai'i green
We can work together to keep our island clean
We can start by recycling, minimizing our trash
Turn in your bottles and make some extra cash
Recycle your cardboard, paper, glass, and plastic
If we all did that, the change would be drastic
There would be less trash in the ocean and on our land
This means less trash on the streets, landfill, and sand

Ride a bicycle or walk instead of driving your car
Why pollute the air if you're not going far
Instead of adding to traffic and using up fuel
Carpool or ride a community bus to school

Support local business to build a better economy
Buy local products and produce to keep everyone in harmony
Plant your own garden or trees if you can
Use your old fruit and veggies for compost on your land

There are many ways to work together
To make Hawai'i be green forever
Just help out a little, and do your part
The future generation thanks you from the bottom of their heart

LAULIMA KŌ'IE'IE

Tre Cravalho

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

We came together to clean up Kō'ie'ie
Practicing laulima in the Hawaiian way

The fish ponds of old were all broken down
But then they told Kamehameha and we came around

In ancient times the fishponds provided
Until the western world and the Hawaiians collided

For years the fishponds lay there forgotten and neglected
The idea that they could provide food, the white man rejected

Many years passed, the tides came and went
'Till a cry from the ancient days up to heaven was sent

People began to realize the importance of preserving
For the ancient Hawaiian ways the people were yearning

We went as a group and bonded together
We stayed and rebuilt, no matter the weather

I felt joy and sorrow all rolled in one
I felt bad about what the tides had done

The future looks brighter than the past ever was
Even though we're not perfect everyone has flaws

I hope one day that the fishpond will provide
Everything that we will need to live and survive

So remember to take care of what we live in
Even if others destroy the gift we were given



A LINK TO THE PAST

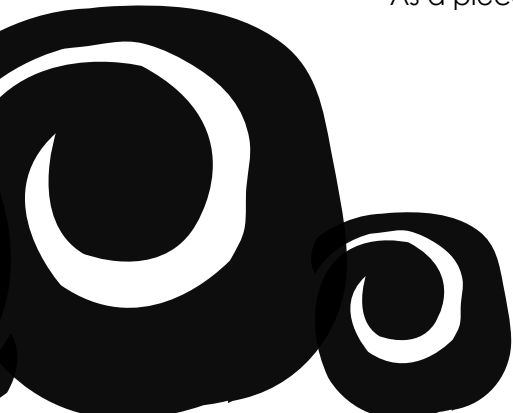
Bailey Dagupion

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

Made of puzzle pieces born from the earth
Proven through time to be of great worth
Formed by many
Provider of plenty
So was the mission since my birth

I'm an engineering marvel, they say
Made to keep the large fish at bay
I carry myself with great pride
For the hungry ali'i I once did provide
I remain here standing today
Now a place where children come play

Worn down by the force of the waves
A vehicle of knowledge is the road I now pave
Young hands and old hands work together as one
Bringing me back to my true glory under the sun
As a piece of the past they're trying to save



PICTURE

Kamana Eugenio

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

Picture the fish all gone
The government doing this all wrong
Picture the ocean dull and dead
Picture the people without beds
Picture the island so bare
The people doing this without care
Picture our ancestors so offended
Picture the other countries that have ascended
Picture the air poisoned and sick
Picture the foreigners, they just won't admit
Picture the birds chirping no more
Picture not taking walks on the shore
Picture the trees withering away
All the grass beginning to decay
Then...
Picture us saving the day
Picture us being able to stay
Picture us working together
Don't ever say never; aloha is forever





EKE CRATER, A SACRED DWELLING

Jayden Gonsalves

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

Past Nāpili on the west side
A place that can only be seen from five miles in
Where mysterious ruins hide
Where our people assumed their gods have been

One place, our ancestors believed to be heaven's gate
And a place where mysterious signs of civilization rests
Where Hawaiians believed held the key to their eternal fate
The doorway from this world to the next

Thirty feet of rainfall generate lush forests of secrecy
Hiding rare and indigenous plants
A place of the past
Echoing our ancestors' chants

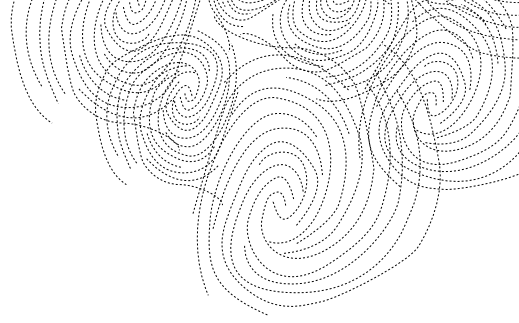
Referred to as the House of the Moon
And was once signified as the Home of the Gods
As evidence showed, archeologists began to assume
That it holds data of early astrological proof

Yet more is to be discovered about this sacred place
Where still today we are trying to trace
Many are seeking to solve the mysteries of this location, I'm sure
I guess we'll have to wait for more, anticipating the future

CLEVER INCARNATE

Emerson Goo

Niu Valley Middle School, 8th grade



Daniel could feel it, a thudding that arced across his bones, racing across his fingertips, especially.

It took him a while to realize it was his heartbeat.

Everyone had always told Daniel he was slow, both in mind and body. A fact made all too apparent as he jogged to keep up with his friends. But this time it didn't feel that way at all. It felt... transcendent.

Daniel Ka'uhane.

He could never afford the time to really think about what his name meant, through seemingly endless school days of barely getting by and timing his exit from each period to avoid the ragtag gang of boys who teased him every day. He was thankful they weren't accompanying him today on this field trip to Ka'ena Point. His mind was free to drift and his thoughts to stew.

The spirit.

Daniel had one thing going for him. He was a damn good trickster. He'd always find loopholes, new angles to the things most people overlooked.

He remembered the tale of that scientist Niels Bohr, whose barometric exploits his physics teacher regaled to the class. "Now that," he had thought, "is my kind of guy."

But, on the night before the excursion, Daniel learned of a new trickster, more Batman, though, than Joker, who'd supposedly existed long, long before the Danish physicist.

Maui.

Daniel had recited the joke involving Bohr's methodology to his dad, a native Hawaiian. As he washed dishes, Daniel's father chuckled and followed up with a



"well, you know what, back in my hannabanna days" story of how the demigod had fished up the islands, found fire, and many more of his (mis)adventures. Daniel sat transfixed at the dinner table the whole way through.

Daniel caught up just as his teacher, Mr. Kaneyama, was beginning a talk. "This rock here (pats rock) is a very sacred rock. When we stop here again for lunch, don't climb on it." Daniel perked up. Mythology was always interesting.

"This is the soul's leaping place. Your soul would come here when you die, to pass on from this life." Mr. Kaneyama fanned himself with a clipboard and then said, "Very well, you can use this as another topic for your essay when you get back to class. Let's continue, and remember not to litter."

Daniel stared at the rock for a good while. It seemed like any other rock. He'd even seen pictures of people climbing on it. He ran his hand along its crevices. "Funny," he thought, "how things gain meaning only when you stop to give them some."

As he walked along more, Daniel kept coming back to his name. He was having a bit of an identity crisis. One of his "ragtag gang" tormenters, Randall, had unknowingly sparked it, when he one day shouted, "Half-breed! Your maddah come hāpai with one lolo!" Daniel's mother was Caucasian, making him a hapa haole, a mix of two races.

That's when he really began thinking. He'd never known his grandparents. His parents never showed any traces of their "locality," nor was their house adorned with cultural trinkets.

He'd taken on the girth, the life, and the diet of an American. Was he really allowed to put "Hawaiian" before "Caucasian" when introducing himself? As someone who prided himself on his wit, it was crushing to be so unsure of something as simple as that. He'd never asked his parents, feeling the meager solace of the textbook talk that would surely follow, would not simply be enough for him and would leave everyone disappointed.

"Other kids don't have this problem," chided Daniel to himself. He felt so silly grasping at straws, and he promised himself from then on to find which world had the bigger foothold in his life.

After a sunny, treacherous hour, they had reached the point, the “heat,” as it was named. Not far off from the truth, he plopped down on the warm sands, exhausted. Mr. Kaneyama geared up for another round of talk story.

“This is the westernmost part of O‘ahu. As you can see, the surf is rough due to the geographical characteristics of the region. You can see a large rock off the coast, which in folklore was hauled up by Maui, the demigod... limestone... Dillingham Airfield... north of the shoreline...”

Daniel stopped listening at “Maui.” He felt excited, connected, that such a landmark was so close to him! He felt the same transcendence that he had when it had been quiet enough to feel the rhythm of his heartbeat. The roar of the water along the rocky shore was deafening, and he swore it was meant to distract him, to get him to look at something.

The sun played off the mist wafting off the sea, creating a satin curtain in the air. Daniel thought he could see a figure in the shimmer, and he whipped his head sideways towards its silhouette.

Ka‘uhane... The spirit.

But the rainbow of mist soon dissipated, and Daniel was left wide-eyed to process the spectacle he’d just witnessed while Mr. Kaneyama droned on.

Old Maui, playing his tricks yet again. The sea exhaled, and he receded into the sky.

When they left Ka‘ena, Daniel felt as if he’d left a part of himself there. He had the answer to his question now. He’d played a trick on himself, a spell of lucidity, drifting in and out of two different places. He’d realized his home was not in either but at the intersection between. “Another clever solution,” he thought. He felt the mischievousness of generations past course through him, the spirit of imagination, of wanting to find meaning in every day. The Hawaiians of old... clever in their teachings, in their limited but firm grasp of the world around them. And for that they were at peace. Daniel smiled. Ka‘ena had soothed him, the way a home pleases a wanderer. He managed to find the answer just as Maui had lit the night or snared the sun, a kind of clever incarnate.

SACRED 'ĪAO VALLEY

Destiny Hamasaki

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

'Īao Valley is very lush
The clouds and the wind give me such a rush
Where Kamehameha I had his fight
To defend Hawaiian people and their rights

This battle changed Hawaiian history
Settled happily but harshly
Located in central Maui just west of Wailuku
Finding that there are pretty manu a me pōhaku

The 'Īao Needle height is twelve hundred feet
And the trip to the stream is beautiful and neat
The Hawaiian god Kāne is the provider of life
To take away all the pain and strife

From the battle of Kepaniwai
The stream was bloody as though deprived
The water couldn't flow because the bodies were stuck
But all of a sudden the rain gave them some luck

Kapawa, the king of Hawai'i was buried here
Where the 'Īao Needle rises like a spear
Ancient ali'i burial grounds are sacred
The spirits of the gods have been lifted

Kanaloa is known as the Hawaiian underworld god
He is also famous both near and abroad
Fresh water, clouds, rain and springs
All connect and are given Kāne's blessings

Through the natural beauty and historical significance
The sharp ridge gives a noble appearance
It receives a good amount of rainfall each year
Knowledge of the valley will become crystal clear

So take a trip to 'Īao Valley
But as a warning DO NOT CROSS ANY BOUNDARIES
Ua mau ke ea o ka 'āina i ka pono
About this sacred place all should know

BACK IN TIME

Ethan "Kanai" Ho

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

Walking down a dirt path
Through an untouched landscape
Stepping in the footsteps of our ancestors
Peace and serenity surrounds me
With each step forward I step farther back
A group of lo'i that make up the
Punalu'u Lo'i Kalo

Splashing
Splish, Splash
Bending over to pull out the weeds
All covered in mud
One lo'i at a time
Preparing lo'i for kalo to be planted
Just like our ancestors did
Bare hands and feet
I sink deeper into the mud
Closer to our ancestors
Many hands working to clean the kalo

The root of our ancestors
Pulling off the hanging roots
Sorting by size
Some are
HUGE
Some are
tiny
I clean off in the stream
Cool and refreshing
Water delivered directly from the sky
A blessing from heaven
A gift
From our ancestors
Mahalo





VALLEY OF A KING

Alaysa Hook

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

Standing at the top
Looking down to the bottom
Feeling the breeze
Of Pololū Valley on Hawai'i Island
As I gaze out over the sea
I see the past coming back
As our kūpuna watch over
Protecting the land they love
A place of the sacred birth
A place of families past

Pololū Valley
The valley of a king
A flowing blue ocean
The rich black sand
The lush green valley
The remembrance of man

A valley of peace
With the sweet embrace
A strong power
Drifting in the wind
A power of old
The mana of a king

It's not the name that makes it sacred
It's the memory held there
The memories of kūpuna
That will stay throughout the generations
They create the strength
And connection to the land

A sacred place
Is where a part of you will always remain
Pololū Valley keeps a part of me
In the heart of the valley
Lie truths and stories
That you could never understand
Unless you truly listened

YOU'LL BE MY HAPPINESS WHEN I'M DOWN

Cheridean Kaaialii

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

I escaped home, walked down the avenue, stopping to wave at people I had known since forever. I went to the one place that I knew would make me happy, Keaulana Beach, where I had scattered my grandfather's ashes.

I reached the beach, slowly getting the feeling that I was not alone, but I wasn't scared. I knew it was my grandfather by the warm feeling I got in my stomach. I remembered scattering his ashes like it was yesterday. I'm starting to doze off as my brain goes back in time to that dreary day.

I jumped into a canoe, knowing that it would be the last time I would say goodbye to my grandfather. Five family members and I paddled out, stopping at our destination within a couple of minutes. The cool wind brushed my hair back and made the waves go under the canoe, gently lifting up the ama. My grandmother sliced the bag that held my grandfather's ashes, hesitantly bringing it down to the water while tears tracked down all our faces.

Then, in one swift motion, I saw his ashes slowly float down to the rocky bottom. As my tears overflowed like a waterfall, I whispered my last goodbyes. I reminisced, I remembered the days I was his baby girl.

I came back to reality, a dorky smile plastered on my face, knowing that I was in the presences of my grandfather's spirit. He always loved this place, the one place that made him happy during his darkest times. Now it is my refuge, the place where I can feel secure knowing that I'm wrapped in his embrace. I feel him, his spirit, and his emotions. I smell his familiar scent and hear his comforting voice whispering the same things he told me before he passed, "Promise me that you'll keep pushing baby girl. I may not be there when you need me anymore, but I need you to make me proud. Just don't give up on me and don't forget to keep going. I know you'll go far because you're my granddaughter."

I cry silently to myself, not knowing if I have kept that promise so far. I look up to the sky and let the sun soak up my tears, too weak to wipe them away myself. I reluctantly stand up, facing the calm sea. I struggle to find my voice, but finally manage to find it. "I love you so much. You were my role model. No, you are my role model. We may have had bickers, but that's what made us closer. I knew I had to let you go at one point, but I never knew that it would've been this fast. I regret all the mean things I would say to you and I wish I could take it all back. Now it's too late and I'm sorry for that. I just hope that I'll be your baby girl no matter what. I love you and I'll see you later."

I place a kiss on my hand, and set it down in the cold blue ocean. I slowly start walking off the beach, taking a few glances back every so often. I knew he was still there because I saw him sitting on the reef, smiling and waving goodbye to me, blowing a kiss my way. Keaulana Beach will always be my wahi pana.



HANAPEPE TOWN

Solomon Kaupu

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

When my teacher told me about the My Hawai'i contest, I didn't know what place I should choose, but then it hit me like a speeding car—I should write about Hanapepe. I went to Kaua'i this summer with my family because my papa is from there. We spent a day in Hanapepe and I found it to be magical; there isn't much development in Hanapepe, so you can hear birds calling in the trees and the rush of the water through the riverbeds and into the sea.

The wind smells like salt water and the living forest. You have to go all the way into the valley to fully appreciate how wonderful Hanapepe is. The valley road runs through the Hanapepe River, so if the river level is too high, you have to stop and go swimming! There are a lot of fruit trees (like mango, banana, and mountain apple) if you get hungry. No need for Taco Bell here.

Hanapepe town is close to Hanapepe Bay and Port Allen, and is a twenty-minute drive along Kaumuali'i Highway from the Līhu'e airport. There are no tall office buildings. Everything looks old fashioned, like from the 1960's. My mom bought some taro chips from a small store right on the main road. They were really good. Then we ate some ice cream. It wasn't made in Hanapepe (or in Kaua'i), but the surroundings made it taste better!

We went to go see a small Hawaiian church that my other grandpa used to serve a long time ago. My mom showed me the house behind the church where my dad lived until he was four. It looked like all the other plantation style homes. Made out of wood, metal sheet roof, porch near the front door—simple, but comfortable.

I think that I will live in Hanapepe when I am older because it is so nice and peaceful. The next time you go to a place you've never been to before and you think that it's so boring, just take a second to listen to the sounds, smell the breeze, feel the earth beneath your feet and appreciate the history of the area. If you are like me, you probably will find out that it's not so bad. You might even find the magic.

THINK OF HAWAI'I

Leah Maddela

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

Think of Hawai'i later in time
Think of our people committing the crime
Having our island losing its beauty
For no one came forward to do their duty
If litter and trash are all that you see
Oh, what a shame that would be

Take care of our 'āina
Take care of our land
Take care of our ocean
Take care of our sand
If litter and trash are all that you see
Oh what a shame that would be

Concrete and buildings take up the land
We Hawaiians need to take a stand
Rebuild our culture as it was taught
Coming together means a lot
If litter and trash are all that you see
Oh what a shame that would be

Let's work together to keep Hawai'i pure
One thing we must do is endure
Our Hawai'i is a beautiful place
So let's leave it that way by keeping up the pace
If litter and trash are all that you see
Oh what a shame that would be



KŪKANILOKO

Saige Meleisea

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 8th grade

In the piko of O'ahu
Beside a hectic thoroughfare
In the plains of Wahiawā
A connection to ancient Hawai'i
There rests a sacred place

Kūkaniloko
"To anchor the cry from within"
I heard the birthing cries of young ali'i
My ancestor, Kūali'i, called my name in the wind at his birthing place
I felt the beat of the pahu drum inside of me
Eucalyptus trees were dancing
Fully aware of my surroundings
I then understood those were no ordinary stones

As we departed
I imagined being there, in those days
Wishing that I, too, had the privilege to be present at a birth
To see all the chiefs waiting for this sacred baby
To take part in supporting this hāpai woman during her labor
Until next time, farewell to you, Kūkaniloko

As years pass
As generations come
I know that it will one day be my kuleana
To take my younger generation to this sacred place
To experience the mana I felt
To stand in the soil where many important lives began
To see their history
To learn where they've come from



HAWAII'S VALLEY

Jenajwa Nachac-Lawrence

Laupahoehoe Community Public Charter School, 8th grade

Waipi'o Valley
Big land
Open waters
Watching people body-board
Playing in the sand
Feel the sun on your skin
The wind blowing in your hair
Bring your families down
Talk story
Have fun
Eat food
Drive through the back
It will feel like nature
Cold rivers rush down to the beach
Canoes going up streams
Guavas falling
Berries beaming
And boulders clanking
Wild horses walk up to your truck
Star fruits being seen from a distance
Watching kumus harvest kalo
Tourists taking pictures
The waves crash on the shore
Waterfalls filled with water
And keiki having fun
At night
Hear the birds chirping
Croaky frogs croaking
Smell the flowers as they bloom
Spear prawns up the stream
Hear the horses bite on the fence
Pigs plow through yards

Birds chirp up a storm
And the wind rushes through the leaves
Eating hotdogs
Chewing sunflower seeds
Looking up at the sky is such a beautiful sight
Looking up at the mountains
With a gleam of the moon
Is just priceless
Stars filling the sky
Laughter being heard
Smiles being seen
Such positive things going on
Graduation parties during the summer
Family gatherings during the weekend
And dinners during the week
The drive down is such a beautiful view
Seeing the beach
The taro patches
The rivers
And the waterfalls are beautiful
The trees swaying
Back and forth
The leaves falling down
Just look and see
Discover new things
Yup
Hawai'i got it all
Waterfalls
Views
Oceans
Streams
Flowers
Birds
Animals
And nice people



SAFE HAVEN

Teysha Ann Pagdilao

Waimea Middle Public Conversion Charter School, 8th grade


Throughout my life, I was told to stay strong. You gave me the motivation to be strong, forever. You will always be my hero.

Alaka'i ikaikalkamanuha'aheoPu'uwai Kawailani you will always be remembered in honor. You represented yourself, and your loved ones with the utmost respect, honor, and courage. Long may you reign.

I remember the first time he took me up to Mauna A Wākea with the cold, dry air. But with his unique warmth, and his arms around me, I was no longer cold. I was in my safe haven.

While up in the mountains, he taught me a variety of things: How to rope a bull. The right way to cut the bull. How to prevent myself from getting tackled by a bull. How to conquer my fears, and be strong. To be superior, and never let anything or anyone get in the way of me, my happiness, and my goals in life. Mauna A Wākea holds a special place in my heart. And I know that Poli'ahu is watching over me, and will help me in my future.

On the very early morning of January 1, 2013 I got that phone call stating that something happened while in training and that he had passed away. It truly is mind blowing how one phone call can tear you to pieces, completely break you. And in all reality, after getting that phone call, I lost my 'everything.' I was in shock. But more than anything, I was broken. It's like you're screaming but no one can hear. You almost feel ashamed that someone could be that important, that without them you feel like nothing. No one will ever understand how much it hurts. You feel hopeless, like nothing can save you. And when it's over, and it's gone, you almost wish that you could have all that bad stuff back, so that you could have the good.



I didn't know where to go, what to do, who to talk to or what I had to change inside to survive and make it stop hurting. I tried everything. Talking to people, crying, and venting about how I felt. Eating until I couldn't eat anymore. Running until my legs went numb. Writing until my hand lost blood circulation. Reading until my eyes couldn't read anymore. It all became tiring. I was tired of talking, tired of crying, tired of eating, tired of running, tired of writing, tired of reading, tired of breathing.

My last hope, my only hope was Mauna A Wākea. The drive up was the hardest part—the lifetime memories, the mixed emotions, the lost faith, and the broken me. Once we got up there, I sat in the exact same spot I sat with him last. I screamed at the top of my lungs calling for him to come save me. Chanted for him, listened for him, hoped for him. But who was I kidding? He was gone. Forever. So then I began talking to him, as if he was really there, like he could really hear me. And by the time I was done talking. I could already feel my strength, my sanity beginning to be forever strong.

Mauna A Wākea gives me strength, gives me sanity, and gave me hope when I needed it most, gave me that motivation to continue. And most of all, and most importantly, Mauna A Wākea gave me the opportunity to talk to his spirit, which is the most valuable and sacred gift that I have ever received. So for all this, Mauna A Wākea will forever be a sacred place in my heart. "My Safe Haven."

Mauna A Wākea is also where he resides. Spread across it fully, doing what he loves. Watching over me, and protecting me. He is not only my hero, he is my guardian angel. And he will always be in my heart. Rest in peace Alaka'i ikaikalkamanuha'aheoPu'uwai Kawailani. I love you and miss you like crazy. A hui hou kākou. Na'u wale nō mau loa. Me ke aloha pumehana.

A SACRED ISLAND

Noelani Poepoe

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

Moku'ula, a special place
Where the ali'i stayed and played all day
They lived there through day and night
And when they needed, they would fight and fight
But in years to come it was gone and dead
Under dirt for more than days ahead
But then one day some heroes came
A group of people who cared the same
And this group of people who cared the same
Had a vision to repair a frame
Together they came to equal one
To discover the treasure beneath the sun
They worked and dug the dirt from under
And discovered what had been uncovered
They found a place with significance and history
To attain a long gone mystery
The Moku'ula they had found
Is no longer just a playing ground
But instead our ali'i see it from up above
Restored by people's care and love

ALOHA 'ĀINA: TEACHING THE YOUNGER GENERATIONS

Jillian Tubana

Waipahu Intermediate School, 7th grade

Being a local here on O'ahu is an advantage to seeing the sacred places known on this island. I've been to Kualoa Regional Park many times, ever since I was two years old. But I consider it a special place because of a special memory that I had there with my 'ohana besides swimming with them in the cold water and the pikiniki that we would enjoy when we sit in front of the Mokoli'i island, known as the Chinaman's Hat.

"Hurry, I want to go and swim in the water already!" my brother Jeremiah said to my dad who was looking for a parking place in the parking lot. "Just wait a minute," my dad said as he was reversing. I opened the door as soon as my dad stopped and my brother hopped out of the van.

"Do you guys have everything that we need to swim?" my mom asked my brother and me. "Yes," we both answered. Then we went to pick out a good place to set our mats and chairs to put our things on.

"Can Jeremiah and I walk around?" I asked my mom and dad. "Yes," they both answered.

My brother and I walked around the white sand by the shoreline. "Did you see the 'ōpala near the trees and bathroom?" I asked my brother. "Yeah, it was gross seeing that," my brother said it with a sour face.

"Do you want to help me pick up the trash later on?" I asked my brother.

"Ewww, no!"

Then I stopped walking and looked at him seriously. "Why not?" I asked him with curiosity.

“Because we didn’t make that mess.”

I was surprised hearing that. Then I realized that he didn’t understand that we should take care of the places that we didn’t litter. There was an awkward silence between us while I was thinking about how I should explain to him that we need to take care of our “home.”

“We should help throw away the ‘ōpala here because this is one of the na‘au places on the island that we get to see. Imagine this place filled with ‘ōpala ten years from now. You wouldn’t want to come here anymore because it would be dangerous and too dirty to swim in the water,” I said.

“Yeah, I could imagine it. Then I wouldn’t get to swim here anymore. I really do like swimming here,” my brother said with a sad look on his face as he pictured ‘ōpala in the water.

“So, you should start taking care and have respect to the places we go because we would be able to come back and be proud that we were able to preserve those places,” I said with happiness that my brother learned something very important. Then we headed back to the spot where our parents were. We told them the same thing that I told my brother and they were happy hearing it from us.

We got to swim in the icy cold water afterwards. Then after we got tired of swimming, we ate snacks and picked up the ‘ōpala around us before we packed up and headed home. I was proud that I taught someone from a younger generation something that they would carry on in their life: aloha ‘āina so we could live in a better place and for the future generations too. From going to the Kualoa Regional Park that day, it made it very special from then on.

SACRED HAWAII

Kylie Vasconcellos

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

Our house stood tall over the dew covered grass as, one by one, bright rays began to peek through the clouds. The air was cool and refreshing, a beautiful morning for a walk. The smell of the air was scented with pinecones and a thick opaqueness that was quickly beginning to lift with the heavy clouds. This is Kāne'ohe.

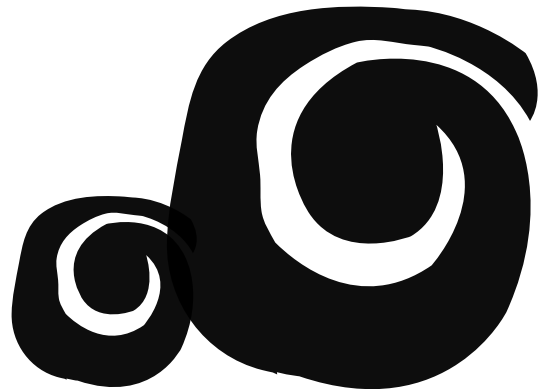
The birds sang from the treetops leading my mom and I out of our driveway and up the road. "We are almost there!" I said aloud to my mom. I was always excited to go to the heiau with my mom, even as a little girl, I always had some connection to it. I thought of it as a special place where I could be in touch with my surroundings, where I could be in touch with my kūpuna, and somehow through that, find a reflection of myself.

I was always proud to oli on behalf of my mom and I because it is a way for me to show the respect I have for the 'āina and all that call it home. As I chanted, I chanted to the leaves on every tree, to the birds, to the rocks and to the kūpuna that still remain because it is their home I was about to visit. As the ulu mano breeze gently made its way through the trees, I knew it was okay for my mom and I to enter.

Being a girls-only heiau, visiting it was something special my mom and I both take interest in. Going to the heiau is like being able to travel back to old Hawai'i. It is untouched and all natural. It is beautiful in every aspect, glowing with vibrant colors and flourishing with native plants that have shot out of the ground. It is simply indescribable, that is what makes it most special of all.

Going to this heiau has only made me wonder what else Hawai'i has in store. After asking my mom, she said we are related to the Spencer family on Hawai'i Island and there is a grave there where my great, great, great grandparents have been laid to rest. The burial ground is located in the small town of Kamuela. My mom said there is a beautiful fortress of trees surrounding the two tombstones and an entrance that leads you in. I would be honored to experience and visit a place so special and dear to the rest of my family. I have never seen it with my own eyes but would love it if the possibility were made a reality.

In the end, no matter where I am, being able to live in such a remarkable place makes me feel a joy that can only be felt in Hawai'i. I am merely a person enjoying the breathtaking views and traditions this place effortlessly overflows with. I can undoubtedly say that I feel blessed to be in such a magical place and pray that its majestic qualities are never laid to rest. I will forever hold Hawai'i in my heart and hope that everyone will come to know the things that truly make Hawai'i beautiful. You will know when you find them because they are the memories of the past and the memories to come that engulf the land with a strength that can only be called mana—something only Hawai'i has.



FROM MAUKA TO MAKAI: KA'ALA TO KA'ENA

Katherine Welch

Ho'ala School, 6th grade

I walk through the cloud forest of Ka'ala
The 'apapane call to each other
from their moss covered branches in the 'ōhi'a trees
The lapalapa leaves dance in the wind
The happy face spider smiles at me
And the marvelous kāhuli tree snail's shell gleams in the sunlight

I am here to work with my friends
We dig out crocosmia plants
We dig out many of these invasive weeds
that creep into the forest
We are covered with mud from our hard work
I do not mind
We are restoring a native forest in this sacred place, Ka'ala

I rest for a while and look down from the top of my island
O'ahu
My eyes take in the amazing view
All the way to the sandy point of Ka'ena far below

I imagine I am a mōlī
An albatross gliding down to my home
Along the coast I see my cousins
The golden kōlea runs on the sand



The 'ua'u hides in his burrow
Koa'e kea soars along the cliffs high above

I land in a blanket of pā'ū o hi'iaka and 'ilima flowers
to check on my fluffy new-born chick
She is hungry
I must search for food

My wings skim across the water
And the nai'a leap for joy as the waves tumble to shore
Deep down
The honu swims over the coral reef

I search the sea for fish and squid
And at sunset race to return to my baby

She is safe
I am thankful for the new fence
that protects our home
The mongoose and rats
no longer threaten my family
This is our sacred place, Ka'ena

MAUI'S 8TH DEED FOR THE 21ST CENTURY: MAUI TO THE RESCUE

Veronica Winham

Seabury Hall, 7th grade

Poli'ahu was not surprised when she saw the visitor at her icy-home. Instead she was angry. She was angry because she recognized him as Maui, who had been gone for over hundreds of years. "Where have you been?" Poli'ahu stormed, balls of snow crackling dangerously in her fists. Maui replied vaguely "I've been so many places. I went here and there and yet nowhere when compared to all the places to go in this great world."

"It's not that great anymore. You could have solved all of the problems here... yet you left and now many problems are too far gone to fix!" Poli'ahu's icy tones matched her blue-grey eyes. Maui stopped, his smug smirk gone. "What are you talking about? What problems? I already fixed them!"


"Is that why you're back? To gloat about your seven deeds?" Poli'ahu demanded. "No... well sort of," Maui sheepishly admitted. "I wanted to see how the humans have fared so far with all of the resources that I had supplied them with."

"Good I guess, but there are so many more problems such as global warming. It is heating up this Earth, heating the lakes and riverbeds causing the water to evaporate. This makes the water supply lessen! It will soon heat up the whole world until we are like the sun! Until we are like flames," Poli'ahu said with a sigh.

"What causes it?" Maui asked.

"Lot of things, such as air pollution from coal burning power plants, which each year create millions of toxic sludge and smoke," Poli'ahu informed him. "And what will happen if global warming continues?" Maui inquired, with a sinking feeling that Poli'ahu would request him to fix this major pressing matter.

"Disrupt ecosystems! Whole forests will be lost! There will be no more trees! Children will have to wear gas masks to school! Animals will become extinct and so will mankind," Poli'ahu said. "Please Maui, you're the only one who can. Please fix global warming!"



Maui began to pace uneasily, not sure if he could handle such a task. If he failed, it could end the world forever. "I will try. Nothing's impossible, right," Maui said with a weak laugh. He turned to go. "But one question, why would you want me to help? You are a goddess, immortal."

Poli'ahu grimaced. "The human race deserves to live. Also, I can no longer live even if I am a goddess in a world of fire. I need snow." Maui nodded. "I shall try. And you are right. They have come so far we have to help them and you to live. Thank you for bringing this matter to my attention."

"If you need me just call," Poli'ahu said, nodded curtly and spun away, her hair the color of snow spinning behind her as she left. Maui went outside, to see the frozen tundra of the Antarctic, where Poli'ahu lived. The glaciers were melting under the hot sun. Maui instantly had a thought. He raced to Haleakalā on the Hawaiian island of Maui and he saw the sun. The sun was scared of Maui ever since he had lassoed it to slow it down.

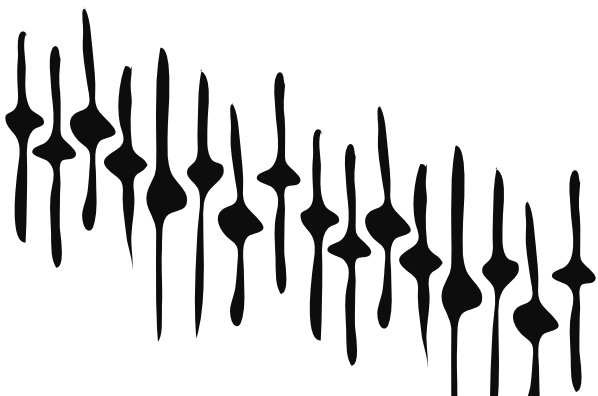
"I need to ask a favor," Maui yelled. "You have already gotten me to slow down," the sun said. Even scared, it was defiant.

"Please. I need you to push away from Earth a little bit. Not too much, so that the Earth will no longer have light and we will live in darkness, but far enough to stop melting the Earth. We need to chill it down a little."

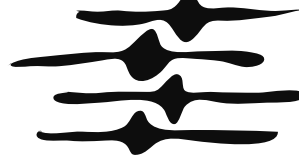
"No," sneered the sun. "This world will soon be my fire brother!"

Maui called on Poli'ahu who arrived in a blizzard. She summoned up snow and cast it at the sun, where it sizzled against the heat as soon as it hit him. It annoyed the sun and it created a diversion. Maui got out his special bone fishhook that he had used to pull up the Hawaiian Islands. He hooked the sun and cast it out a little further using his fishing rod.

"Come close again and you get pelted with snow," Poli'ahu warned. So from then on, the sun stayed in fear a little further from earth. And global warming was no longer a major issue, now that the glaciers had re-formed and the world was a perfect temperature. All thanks to Maui and his 8th deed, the stopping of global warming with the help of Snow goddess Poli'ahu.



GLOSSARY



a hui hou kākou – until we meet again

ahupua'a – a traditional land division, usually extending from the mountains to sea

'āina – land, earth

ali'i – royalty, king, queen

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

aloha 'āina – love of the land

ama – outrigger float; port hull, left side of a double canoe

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

crocosmia – a small genus (*Iridaceae*) of flowering plants in the iris family

hāpai – pregnant, to carry, bear, lift

hapa haole – mixed heritage

hau'oli – happy, glad, joyful

heiau – pre-Christian place of worship, shrine sacred place of worship

hō'eu'eu – to stir up, incite, animate

holo'oko'a – entire, whole, all

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

'ilima – a golden yellow flowering plant (*Sida fallax*) in the Hibiscus family

kāhuli tree snails – tiny mollusks (*Achatinella*) with colorful, elongated shells

kāne – male, man, husband

ka 'uhane – the spirit

kai – sea, ocean

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

keiki – child, children

kino – body, person, individual

koa'e kea – White-tailed Tropicbird (*Phaethon lepturus*)

kōlea – Pacific Golden Plover

Ko'ie'ie – a fishpond on Maui

Kūkaniloko – a sacred birthing stone on O'ahu

kuleana – right, privilege, concern, responsibility

kūpuna – elder, ancestor, grandparent; a term of endearment

kumu – teacher, source of knowledge
 lapalapa – native mountain trees (*Cheirodendron*), known for their leaves that flutter (“lapalapa”) in the breeze
 laulima – working together, cooperation
 lo’i – irrigated fields or terrace for kalo (taro) cultivation
 lolo – brains, bone marrow
 makai – ocean, near the ocean
 mahalo – thank you
 mana – supernatural or divine power
 manini – a common reef fish; a small, striped surgeon-fish (*Acanthurus triostegus*)
 manō – shark
 manu – general term for bird; any winged creature
 mauka – inland
 mauka a makai – from the mountains to the sea
 mōlī – Laysan Albatross (*Diomedea immutabilis*)
 moku – District, island, islet, section
 na’au – Intestines, bowels, guts; mind, heart, affections
 nai’a – dolphin, porpoise
 nā leo – the voices, tones, tunes, melodies, sounds, commands
 Nā Leo o Kō Kākou Kūpuna – the voices of our ancestors
 ‘ohana – family, relatives
 ‘ōhi’a lehua – an endemic tree (*Metrosideros polymorpha*) in the Myrtle family
 oli - chant
 ‘ōpala – trash, rubbish, garbage
 pahu – drum, traditional musical instrument
 palani – a surgeonfish (*Acanthurus dussumieri*), famous for a strong odor
 pā’ū o hi’iaka – a flowering vine (*Jacquemontia ovalifolia*) in the Morning Glory family
 pikiniki – picnic
 piko – navel; center
 pōhaku – rock, stone, mineral, tablet
 Ua mau ke ea o ka ‘āina i ka pono – “The Life of the Land is Perpetuated in Righteousness”
 ‘ua’u, uwa’u – Hawaiian petrel (*Pterodroma sandwichensis*), endangered seabird
 ‘uhane – soul, spirit, ghost; dirge or song of lamentation
 ulu mano – a strong wind blowing from a given direction in each locality
 wahi pana – sacred, legendary place
 wahine – female, woman, wife



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LAULIMA

*how have you worked with others to make a
better Hawai'i for us all?*

SACRED

what special place have you visited?

who took you there?

PLACES