



NAVIGATING CHANGE
IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

MY HAWAII'I
STORY PROJECT
2014

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

PARTNERS

The Pacific Writers' Connection



Hawai'i Coastal Zone Management Program



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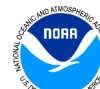
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Papahānaumokuākea Marine National Monument



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FOREWORD

Aloha, it is our pleasure to present the 2014 My Hawai'i Story Anthology! Now in its eighth year, the My Hawai'i project is an environmental writing contest for middle school students in Hawai'i. Our goal is to foster and encourage stewardship of the environment, and a literary culture of conservation, among Hawaii's youth through creative writing. Each year, we invite all sixth, seventh, and eighth grade students, from public and private schools throughout our state, to express their unique perspective on Hawaii's natural environment in a poem or story.

This year, the contest was framed by the theme, "Navigating Change in the Pacific Islands." Students were asked to consider what they can learn from the past—and their kūpuna—about protecting Hawaii's environment for the future. We also posed the question, "What can you do to help Hawaii's plants and animals survive in a changing world?" We are pleased that students focused on this theme, some even relating their story to the Hōkūle'a and Hiki'andalia canoes as they navigate their way through the Pacific on their epic World Wide Voyage.

Students from schools across the state submitted a total of 441 contest entries. The stories and poems were evaluated by a panel of reviewers, and ranked according to a series of selection criteria, to select 25 winning entries. The contest is anonymous and the reviewers had no access to student names or schools. Of the winners this year, 14 are from schools on O'ahu, 4 from Maui, and 7 from Hawai'i Island. The 2014 winners will be celebrated at the Hawai'i Environmental Education Symposium in July.

Mahalo to all of our young writers! We continue to be inspired by the talented students who participate in the My Hawai'i writing competition and their concerns for Hawaii's environment. Also, many thanks to their teachers who encouraged them to write about the environment as part of their class work.

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 our next environmental writing contest in 2015 and encourage more young people and schools from all islands to participate.

We are also very grateful for the dedicated team of project partners, reviewers, and supporters that make My Hawai'i possible.

June 2014

MAHALO NUI LOA ~

from the My Hawai'i Team:

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Joni Mae Makuakāne-Jarrell, Hawai'i Volcanoes National Park
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~ to our superstar reviewers: Rozlynd Awa, William Awa, Christine Brammer, James Burke, Maria Carnevale, Stephanie Chang, Lillian Coltin, Amanda Dillon, Julia Ehses, Kawena Elkington, Patricia Godfrey, Elia Herman, Takiara Ingram, Mahealani Kauahi, Melia Lane-Kamahele, Fiona Langenberger, Noa Logan Klein, Shannon Lyday, Joni Mae Makuakāne-Jarrell, Megan Moews Asher, Laurel Nakanishi, Cindy Orlando, Craig Santos-Perez, Jodie Schulten, Mariza Silva, Meredith Speicher, Deanna Spooner, Shelley Steele, and Mari Sunabe;

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HŌKŪLEʻA

by Nainoa Antonio

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 6th grade

Hōkūleʻa

Wooden, Strong

Paddling, Steering, Sailing

Nainoa, Tahiti, Captain Cook, Diseases

Steaming, Polluting, Traveling

Metal, Big

Ship

KALEO AND THE MARINE DEBRIS IN KA'Ū

by Kahuliali'i Arraujo

Ka 'Umeke Kā'eo, 7th grade

This is a story about a boy named Kaleo. He is 12 years old and a very curious boy. He lives on the island of Hawai'i in the district of Ka'ū. He goes to the beach every day. Ahulani is Kaipo's Tūtū. Ahulani is 74 years old and still energetic. She stays home and exercises all day until Kaleo comes home from the beach. Kaleo lives with Tūtū Ahulani. They have a very close relationship. Every night she tells a story to Kaleo before he goes to sleep.

One day when Kaleo went to Ka'alu'alu he noticed all the little pieces of rubbish that were all over the sand. He saw a turtle struggling with a plastic bag around its neck. He was curious to know where all the rubbish came from. He swam a little way out to help the turtle but the turtle swam away. He paddled as fast as he could to catch up with the turtle. He grabbed the bag off of the turtle's neck and the turtle looked at him with a happy face.

When Kaleo was ready to go to bed Tūtū Ahulani came in to tell him a story. Kaleo asked Tūtū if she could tell him where all the rubbish on the sand at Ka'alu'alu came from. Tūtū Ahulani told him that all the rubbish came from different places around the world, like Japan, Spain, China, and many other places, brought to the shores of Ka'ū by the ocean currents.

Kaleo asked Tūtū if there was rubbish on the sand when she was young. Tūtū laughed. "No," she said, "because they didn't have the type of rubbish we have these days. When I was young there were hardly any stores around and plastic wasn't used much. There wasn't very much rubbish that could pollute the ocean.

Today there is plenty of rubbish that can fly away into the ocean like plastic, foam, wood, nets, and string."

After Tūtū was done talking Kaleo went to sleep. The next day he gathered some friends to help him make posters to inform people about the effect of littering on marine life in Hawai'i. They all decided to walk around Ka'ū telling everybody to use less plastic and to try and stop littering. So the people began to stop littering and they passed a law to stop the use of plastic bags in stores. Kaleo was proud of his efforts to help improve the safety of marine life in Ka'ū.

YESTERDAY, TODAY, THEN TOMORROW

by Hannah Dumon

Konawaena Middle School, 8th grade

It's hard to explain how things begin and end
How enemies and wars can turn to love and friends
Why people hesitate on the slightest doubts
But still seek hope for tomorrow and find answers to what it's about

It's these little things that can lead to change
How the land and dreams can reach its range
We chose the decision to try and preserve it
To show the future the past and the present that knit it

Yesterday, the islands were formed from a hotspot on the ocean floor
It created the Hawaiian chain and opened up a new door
Hawaiians were traced back to early Polynesians
Who taught them to live a life with effort and patience

They chose to worship their kings and carry on their traditions
They prayed to the gods and made it their mission
Settlers came and Captain Cook arrived
Bringing diseases to the Hawaiians and most of them died

Learning to adjust was worthwhile
Hawaiians were progressing in business and style
Religious people came and the sugarcane business grew
Sparking a new life that they never even knew

Today, we look back and refer to past history
It reminds us of the opportunities that were once just a mystery
The age of technology has risen and turned our life around
We were able to make things easier by analyzing the information we already found

It led to electronics like Apple or Dell
The generation adapted to the Internet as well
Understanding plants and animals were simpler by using devices
It prepared us for situations that could be a crisis

The future awaits and the possibilities are numerous
There could be flying cars or even mobile houses
The style and trends of today will be retro in the future
We might even invent transportation that doesn't affect Mother Nature

Our life is represented by improvements over time
Plants and animals adjusted because survival was prime
Time has linked us together to understand each single piece
Now, it's our choice to make a difference in a world that has increased

NATIVE NAVIGATION

by Nathan Facuri`

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

From sea to sea
Our ancestors came to be
Using their surroundings as a guide
They sail their canoes with pride

When birds fly in the sky
They soar toward where lands lie
The winds carry the sails
The canoe passes by whales

At night they use the stars
Mapping their way toward afar
Knowing that land is near by
They navigate with their eye

The waves roar
As the canoe cuts toward shore
The canoe lands
Where there are beaches with sands

These islands become their home
In which they will roam
They care for the land
From the mountains to the sand

They grow fields of crops
Small land yields a lot
They do not waste
They do nothing in haste

They care for the animals
That consists of fish, birds, and mammals
The animals provide them food
But too much is no good

We should follow our ancestors' ways
To protect the environment and make better days
Before it is too late
To culturally perpetuate

MAUNAWILI FALLS

by Conor Higgins

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

The water sparkled as it slowly fell
Into a glittering pool of water
The sun peeked through the trees
Carving small dark shadows into the rocks
There was no other sound in the forest
Except for the water gushing down
Into the gleaming pool of water
Earthy green moss hung
From high rock perched above the waterfall
I was slowly climbing the slippery brown mud trail
A trail my kūpuna had traveled a hundred times before

My whole body shook with nervousness as I went higher and higher
When I finally got to the cliff's edge I looked down
What I saw was a small pool of water
I looked around trying to catch my breath
Then I gazed back down
Somehow the pool seemed even smaller
But still I would never let fear wash over me
I was not alone
I am never alone
My kūpuna are with me always
I stood up
I clasped my hands together and whispered a prayer to Ke Akua
I closed my eyes and leapt to my fate
The wind whistled in my ears as I plummeted towards the water
I tried to scream, but nothing would come out

I felt the rush of icy-cold water engulf my body
I opened my eyes to see the murky dark
I sprung up like a dolphin
I broke the surface and gasped for air
My life was forever changed that day
I was not alone
I am never alone
My kūpuna are with me always

He Hawai'i au mau a mau
(I am Hawaiian now and forever)

PAST TO PRESENT

by Hinamalaelena Ioane

Ka 'Umeke Kā'eo, 7th grade

First was night

'O Pō'ele ka wahine, 'o Pō ke kāne

Pō'ele was the female, Pō was the male

Hānau ka 'uko'ako'a

Kū ke ko'a, a puka

Then came the coral

The coral head emerges

The pūko'a is the foundation of the ocean's life cycle

My kūpuna knew that protecting the coral was significantly important

Hāloanakalaukapalili is my connection to the 'āina

He fed my kūpuna

Now he feeds me

Taking care of the land Papa and Wākea made

They worked hard to take care of its beauty

No fertilizer, pesticides, or GMO

“U'uku ka hana, 'u'uku ka loa'a”

When you work hard, you will achieve

My kūpuna were industrious when taking care of their meakanu, their plants

Instead of using fertilizer and pesticides

They took care of them naturally, that's why it was so 'onolicious and healthy

“Huli ka lima i lalo”

Turn your hands down

Meaning to work in the māla and take care of the 'āina

so the 'āina will take care of you

My kūpuna were extremely smart

tremendously intelligent

They had a saying about how they learned
one of their many 'ōlelo no'eau
“Nānā ka maka”
Look with your eyes
“Ho'olohe ka pepeiao”
Listen with your ears
“Pa'a ka waha”
Shut your mouth
That is how they learned; by observing
That is how they acted in their everyday life
I have learned many things from my kūpuna
I have heard stories of their journeys, adventures, battles, myths, and legends
Their tales inspire me

I believe in every one of them
Even though the ways are different now
Kanaka Hawai'i still lives in us
Some people say the 'āina, coastline, and animals are not the same
and it is all changed
But to me the only change is in the actions of the people
Like tourists snorkeling, stepping on the coral
Pesticides that flow into the water from upland farms, killing our marine life
Now we are trying to ho'ōla hou
Taking care of our native animals, plants, each other, and the 'āina
Mai Papahūlani a hiki i Papahūlhonua
From the heavens to the earth
Mai Moku'okeawe a hiki i Kaua'i'omanōkalanipō
From the Big Island of Hawai'i to Kaua'i
He Hawai'i 'o loko 'o mākou
Hawai'i is inside of us
'Ola ka 'āina 'ola ke kanaka
The land lives and so do I

LITTLE NATIVE LEAVES

by Jeremiah-Keoki Kahala

Mililani Middle School, 7th grade

Little 'a'ali'i leaves, little 'a'ali'i leaves, come out with me

Come out nice and green so all of Hawai'i can see

Little koa leaves, little koa leaves, grow fast so we can have a blast

In the tree or on the go I will take you wherever I go

Little 'ōhi'a leaves, little 'ōhi'a leaves, so tall in or through the wall

When I'm not home you won't be alone

All I want you to do is grow, grow, and grow

Then I can see you whenever I'm home

OUR KŪPUNA

by Chiemi Kamaka

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

As I look at Hawai'i, I see a ruined land
I wonder, what would our kūpuna think
Our land is tarnished by gas guzzling monsters
I wonder what our kūpuna would think
Our land is blanketed with skyscrapers and buildings
I wonder what our kūpuna would think
Would they be disgraced?
Would they see the same as I?
A ruined land

For our kūpuna are not like us today
Our kūpuna were wise and astute
They studied the way things worked
They studied the way the land moved
They studied the way nature was affected by humans
But most important, they studied how they could help sustain
our environment in Hawai'i
They tell us by example how to save Hawai'i
How to preserve it
Modeling ourselves after our kūpuna should be the key
To a healthy and pono lifestyle
To sustain a new Hawai'i
To preserve it for new generations to come

As our kūpuna did, we should grow our own crops
For if the boats stop coming, we will be fine
As our kūpuna did, we should utilize all of the land to the best we can
For if the boats stop coming, we will be fine

As our kūpuna did, we should mālama the 'āina
For if the boats stop coming, we will be fine

Our kūpuna were a great and pono people
They took care of the island as if it were their own 'ohana
Because in actuality, it is our 'ohana
The land is a part of us
The land is sacred
The land needs to be preserved
The land is the Hawaiian people

So maybe restoring our land is still tangible
Maybe we aren't at the point of no return
Maybe we can save a ruined land
And honor our kūpuna again

A JOURNEY TO SUCCESS

by Rylan Kaupu

Ka 'Umeke Kā'eo, 8th grade

One day a class of kids went to Hale O Lono in Keaukaha to practice their observing skills. As they arrived at the gates of Hale O Lono they then began their entry protocol. They entered Hale O Lono with a respectful mood and separated to observe. Naoho was first observing the trees and birds but as she got closer to the water her eyes were fascinated by the brown limu growing over the red and green limu. She asked Limu 'Oma'o and Limu 'Ula, "why is there so little of Limu 'Oma'o and Limu 'Ula?" Limu 'Oma'o replied, "There was once a beautiful land, full of Limu 'Oma'o and Limu 'Ula, growing rapidly in size and in number, until one day a family of Limu Kū'e flowed in on the current and started their mission of taking over our land."

She told Limu 'Oma'o and Limu 'Ula, "I'm going to help, hang in there." Limu 'Oma'o and Limu 'Ula told Naoho, "Quick, when the flowers from the tree fall that is when we will not be here at all." She repeated that saying over and over again. The thought of saving the green and red limu became a mission to Naoho. She went home and slept on that saying, "When the flowers from the tree fall that is when we will not be here at all." How long could this possibly last? Which tree has the flowers? She had lots and lots of questions but couldn't figure out any of them.

The next day she woke up before the sun had risen so she could gather the equipment that was needed. She rushed to get ready for school and was there at the same time as her partner. She asked her Mom if they could pass Hale O Lono and she said "Yes." They passed Hale O Lono and Naoho observed all the trees, and at one glance, at the far end of Hale O Lono, she saw that the flowers on the Kumu Hau were falling and falling quickly. She counted exactly five flowers left, so she thought five hours is all I have left.

She was back in Hale O Lono with her partner and began her mission. Naoho asked the green limu, "Are you okay?" The limu replied, "Yes, we are okay, but we are becoming weaker." Time was running out and she became more and more worried as she took a glance at the tree with only one flower left. As she dove into the water she looked at the tree one more time and she saw that the flower was ready to fall.

She was at the cave of the Loko Nui where King Kū'e stayed. King Kū'e is a huge limu root that keeps all the brown limu alive. She thought if she pulled out the root it would finish the Limu Kū'e's life once and for all. She pulled the root with both hands once but failed, she pulled a second time and loosened it slightly, and at the third try she put all her strength into it, all her hard work, commitment, and effort into it, and pulled, pulled, and pulled. Finally, the root was out of the ground and sitting in the hands of Naoho. Silence came upon Hale O Lono and so did respect.

Naoho watched all the brown limu vanish. As Naoho took a look around, she saw all the Limu 'Ula and Limu 'Oma'o cheering and regaining their strength. The Limu 'Ula and the Limu 'Oma'o gave Naoho a big thanks and the gift of knowledge. Naoho left Hale O Lono with a smile and a heart full of happiness. Naoho gave thanks to her kūpuna for the knowledge of 'ike aku, 'ike mai, kōkua 'aku, kōkua mai. The Limu 'Oma'o and the Limu 'Ula shall live on.

THIS ISLAND IS OUR HOME

by Bruce Kiko-Figueroa

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

This island is our home

The home of our ancestors

The voice of our ancestors speak to us

The spirit of our ancestors live within us

They help navigate us in the right path

But now our ancestors are fading away

The land of our kūpuna is being destroyed

Big buildings are where the land used to be

The pounding of the tools is the sound of the land being destroyed

We need our ancestors to navigate us

We need them to support us

We need our ancestors, our kūpuna

They are the reason we live

The reason we breathe

They are our life source

Our kūpuna are fading

We learned from them that we are Hawaiians

They taught us how to speak

They taught us the way of the kūpuna

How to fish, how to pound poi

Our kūpuna, our ancestors
They are important to us
They live in our hearts
They are a part of us
They will always be with us
Forever and ever

We are the warriors of the land
We stopped fighting for some reason
We should try our best to defend this land
We need to defend our 'aumakua
They are our protectors, they have protected us
It is our turn to protect them

I am doing my best to help restore the land
I am planting native plants in my garden
I am picking rubbish off of our beach
Finding the native species and studying them
I will do my best to protect the land of my kūpuna

As I head back to the world I live in now
The world of my kūpuna will be with me always
The home I live in now is my home
But I don't forget that the land of my kūpuna is my real home

TAKING WHAT ISN'T OURS

by Ina Klasner

Hilo Intermediate School, 7th grade

Who was the caretaker of all that is living?
Who remembers the "good old days"?
Who recalls when aloha was strong?
Who remembers the honu, paddling amidst the reefs?
Who remembers the 'alalā soaring above the 'ōhi'a forest?
Who remembers our 'ohana when the 'āina was fertile?

My kūpuna remembers this beauty, they remember how it was
All that was living were happy amongst each other
They remember those hot summer days,
when your reflection was apparent on the kai,
and a dip in the rich water was all that was needed

Simplicity and responsibility let my kūpuna flee,
to the comfort of the beach, isolated and free
The sand stretched for miles around
Its pristine shores didn't catch the slightest frown

A catapult in the air brought my young kupuna down
A splash signaled the arrival of his feet to the kai,
quickly finding a pattern to swim in the waves

In the glimpse before dipping under,
the image of a basking monk seal appears
Its skin is like satin, so silky and smooth,
you might slip away from looking at it

A honu glided past, his long, tan body,
"Looking for some limu to chomp this fine day?"
The honu gave no answer, but found its food anyway

Manini, uhu, and kihikihi alike swam around the coral reefs
All with my young kupuna above,
immersed in fascination with these creatures

But that memory releases from my kupuna's aging body,
as it releases from the kai
The memory leaves me pondering
I do not know of similar experiences
My 'āina is not the same, neither is my kai
They are polluted with people and waste alike
There are no Hawaiian monk seals, I have never seen one
Honu are rare, and so is the pristine coral
Is this the Hawai'i that was, but is no more?
Is this the Hawai'i they knew well?
What happened between then and now?

Our nature will call back, wanting more
What shall I say to its face?
Maybe it will tell me why our sad 'ohana,
is receding into darkness

*Who art thou that took a bounty of my kalo, who caught without release?
I know of your presence, it lingers in my haven
Unavoidable, and thus you must be faced
I see your face in my forest of tranquility
I feel your hands taking my treasures
Why must you trample over my sacred ground?*

*You have taken without awareness, but it is your duty to be aware
So what shall we do now?
I need you to rejuvenate me, feel me, heal me,
but you need to understand the importance of simplicity
Help me provide you with a bountiful land,
then we will live in peace*

Who art thou that took my kalo, but planted what had been used?
Now kūpuna, you cease to remember or understand
But I remember your values and simplicity,
willingness to follow, watch, listen, and learn
I remember what you took, but I remember your visions of my ground
Now that I know of your faults and gains, return to your origin, return to my land
Bring the rest with you, tell them of your profit from planting, and ask,
“Why must you trample over my sacred grounds?”

How is it possible to do all the right actions without thought, just feeling?
You were compassionate and caring
to all that was living, breathing, and valuable
How can that be done without realizing the alternative,
without realizing what was right?
How did you know, while your descendants do not,
the values of life and conservation?
“Take what you need, not all that is given”
A simple phrase unspoken followed
It was not until the modern age when that began to matter
Instinct drowned with the perspective of values

Who art thou who worshiped and cared, that thanked for the gift of kalo?
You came to our home with every good intention
You created a love for the land while uniting the people
So pure, so strong, you were close to your core, appreciating my own
Teach your descendants what you held dear, ask them to do as you once did
Send the message of my worry, my troubles, my ground, and ask,
“Why must you trample over my sacred grounds?”

Early descendants of ancient Polynesia, you ventured where others did not dare
You cared, preserved, valued, and thanked for all that was provided with love
United and thus strong, your grip was unmistakable:
a grip of compassion to all

*You named me Hawai'i and called me your home,
formed 'ohana, values, and love
You planted the kalo, and took it for your family
But now you must mālama my treasure, mālama the 'āina,
mālama all that you know
Then you will find me as you once did,
when constellations and chiefs ruled your world
Then I would not have to ask the most troublesome question,
"Why must you trample over my sacred grounds?"*

*Now you are asking unbearable questions, but how will you see without looking?
There was truth in the past, a sense of more with less,
and now the simple is not enough
Now I must tell you that your sky will not bear the trouble and worry once borne
Faded forests, silent fields, empty oceans, and leaves of sorrow
shall not be continued, if you do as they plead*

*The sun will not shine without a man to run to its end
Its future
Its beginning
I desire for your curiosity to flourish and with that your love for others
A species is a brother; no frost shall fall over its warm beat of heart
Only if you do not ruin what was granted,
when you bore the heart*

*Somewhere between then and now,
there was a shift in Hawai'i
We had bartered and argued,
loved and resisted,
but one thing is certain
We took what wasn't ours*

THE ANCIENTS

by Laura Landgraf

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

A long time ago in ancient Hawai'i nei
High above the tall trees that gently sway
The wind dropped a single pod
And a seed was dispersed upon the sod

I am that seed as you can see
To you I am called the koa tree
I have lived very long and watched and saw
Long before there were men or their law

I was born in the time where there were only trees
And the plants and animals were all at ease
When I was a very small pole
Then came the first human soul

I watched from the mountain as they came
From far past the great big flame
That comes and goes each day the same
They fished and built and toiled and planted
They never ever took us for granted

They always asked before they took
And respected even the smallest brook
The children of these human folk
Would carefully climb and swing and stroke
My branches now stiff and long and strong

I loved these keiki all year long
Then one day came other men
I viewed them from the top of this glen
With his coming came a very great change
So many more humans, it was all very strange

They carved a wound in the mountains soil
For beasts that rumble fueled by oil
Many more of my kin did die
As well as those who fly high in the sky

The lehua was turned into a 3-story house
It's all so sad yet I don't mean to grouse
But my home of Hawai'i has been turned into cement
The first humans of this land are living in tents
But I still have the keiki though from many a different race
They still climb my branches and will be our saving grace

For I see them plant still more koa seeds
They take care of the 'āina and all of its needs
They work the land and earn an education
For when they grow up to give back this nation

To the birds and the trees and the mountain and sea
I will stand and watch them says I, an old tree
I will settle down and watch with great patience
For I know they will give the land back to the ancients

PAPA'S HAWAII

by Alyssa Lyman

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

The setting sun casts beautiful shadows
Across the pool side
As the water swayed in lazy ways
And the sky was setting in brilliant color

We sat facing each other
With him resting quietly on his chair
And me eagerly waiting
For the stories to unfold from him

His old and tired eyes glistened
Like sparkling fireworks
About to burst
With twinkling beauty

Beyond his eyes I could almost see
His old Hawai'i
Still as he imagined it to be
Quaint and settled in every way

The stories rolled off his tongue
Like waves on the sand
As he talked on
About how life was so much easier

He told me about his home
And how they played
And about the land itself
How it was so peaceful

They would play under the shade
Of the coconut trees
And how high the waves rode
And the good times and memories

His face lit up like the night sky
When he talked about those days
When the 'āina was at peace
And the Hawaiian spirit was displayed

But behind his much felt excitement
I saw traces of sadness in his eyes
Sadness that so much had changed
And this generation had moved on

Unlike the Hawai'i of his memory
We put up shopping malls and parking lots
Replaced the beautiful trees
With roads and highways

I wonder what would have happened
If I never got the chance to ask him
About what life was like
In his Hawai'i?

If I was too busy watching television
Or playing on my phone
Or bothering my sister
Or not even caring at all

My Papa is gone now
And it still hurts
But at least I got my chance to see
His Hawai'i

We can't undo the damage
What's done is done
But we can keep all that we have
All that is left
To save for the future generations to come
So one day I can tell my mo'opuna
About My Hawai'i

A LETTER TO MY KUPUNA

by Taylor Magalei

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

Dear Kupuna,

I live in a world of hustle and rush
Of cell phones and gadgets and oily black mush
I wake up to horns, honking away
And the growling of trucks, that scavenge all day
Inhale, I breathe, the dark, thick, cold air
Exhale, it leaves, to choke another out there

No moments of silence, no moments of peace
Not a second to spare, for me just to think
No one to say "Hi" to, no one to call friend
I walk all alone, all the way 'til the end

But don't worry about me
I'm feeling just fine
I've grown up like this, so this is my life
The buildings and honking are familiar to me
The tractors and yelling are my life so you see

So I write this letter to ask something more
My curiosity lies in what came before
What was this place, before the cars and the malls?
Was it different back then?
Or this way all along?

Sincerely,
Your Keiki

My Dear Child,

Oh keiki, oh keiki, my special keiki
I've been waiting for this day all along so you see
I should tell you this first, it wasn't always this way
I will show you my world, please if you may

Imagine your wind, in a different way
So gentle, so pure, caressing my face
As it whooshes by, it calls out your name
"Keiki, my keiki" it softly proclaims
And it's not regular wind
For it has special qualities
As it calls out your name, it brings back memories
Memories of a childhood, memories of a teen
Memories of a lifetime, forever it may seem
So now you must know,
That the wind it not just wind
It's our brother, our teacher, our cousin, our friend

Next are the sounds, the beautiful sounds
The joy I have felt, when these sounds abound
Some birds sing a song, a bright symphony
Others a lullaby, to sing me to sleep
The lava makes a hiss, as it meets with the sea
And the sea makes a crash, so alive and so free
The sounds of my life are the sounds of the world
In these sounds the mysteries of Earth are unfurled

Last is the 'āina
My very best friend
It's been with me forever
And it will 'til the end
There was so much about it, but now that is gone
But now that it is, here is my song
Ua mau ke ea o ka 'āina i ka pono
My 'āina just know, you will never stand alone

Oh keiki, oh keiki, my special keiki
I've been waiting for this day all along so you see
I should tell you this last, it wasn't always this way
That was my world
I wish we could stay

Sincerely,
Your Kupuna

HĀLOA: EVERLASTING BREATH

by Sabine Maloney

Hilo Intermediate School, 7th grade

Andy loved to visit her Uncle Akahale in Waipi'o Valley. It was fun to get away from the business above and play in the rivers and sketch the waterfall. And at night, everything seems so still and all you can hear is the coquis and geckos, along with an occasional snore from her uncle's room. Andy would be spending all of spring break in Waipi'o Valley. But there was one thing that she wasn't looking forward to.

"Do I have to?" was Andy's response when her Uncle asked her to help him in the kalo patch. Andy knew from experience that that meant working all day, in knee-deep mud, finding apple snails and putting them into buckets, and peeling snail eggs off of the plants and drowning them in the water. Not only that, but her Aunt 'Ano'ipua always cooked the snails for dinner- yuck! At least she always had the option of a garden salad instead.

"I think I should tell you a story. Go into the living room and have a seat. I'll be there soon," Uncle Akahale answered. Andy wanted an answer, but she also loved her uncle's stories, so she exited the kitchen, where she had been, and had a seat on the long living room couch and waited for her uncle. He entered a few minutes later holding a steaming cup of Kona coffee. "I am going to tell you a story of why it is important that we protect our kalo from the apple snails.

According to Hawaiian legends, kalo grew from the first born son of Papa, the earth mother, and Wākea, the sky father. The first born son was named Hāloa-naka, but was stillborn and therefore buried. Out of his buried body grew the kalo plant, which is also called Hāloa, meaning everlasting breath. The Hawaiians considered the kalo an older brother to them, and kalo and poi were some of the main sources of food for them.

The apple snails were an invasive species—do you know what invasive means?"

Andy nodded, "It's an animal or plant introduced to a place—so basically not native."

"Exactly," Uncle Akahale smiled, "It was introduced in—let's see, well, I was about 23, I think, and your father was 13, so—1989. Although it is not confirmed, it is believed it was brought from the Philippines as a food source. Our father, your grandfather was 50 then. A year later, I believe, he started a small organization to both inform people about the threat the snails were to the kalo, and to help people with kalo patches get rid of the infestation. The way to get rid of them was either to pick them by hand or use Cayuga ducks, which eat snails, but they mainly hand-picked them. Your grandfather taught me many things about invasive and native species and why native species are important. In fact, he even named us so we would protect Hawaii's native species. My name, Akahale means careful or cautious, meaning I would be careful and cautious about not letting the native species die off and being cautious around them so I don't cause damage as well. Invasive species are not the only things that can damage the environment. Your father's name, Akamai means smart. Can you guess why your grandfather named your father that?"

Andy guessed, "Maybe so that when he grew up, he would make the smart choice to be aware of the invasive species harming the native species and try to protect them?"

"You're a very good guesser. Your grandfather's view on 'smart' is very different than others'."

"So he believed that smart was making the right choice," Andy said.

Her uncle nodded, "Two years after the apple snails were introduced, I joined the group as well. We went from house to house, informing people of the damage done to the kalo, and helping them keep their kalo patches healthy by eliminating all apple snails. Your father never helped us out—he found a path in life that did not involve working in kalo patches, however, he helps in his own way. When he teaches environmental science at the college, he tells his students about how the invasive species are harming the native ones, and tells them about the work we're doing, and many of his students end up coming down here to help."

Andy was amazed, "The group is still working?"

Uncle Akahale laughed his cheerful laugh that Andy always looked forward to hearing, "Why would we stop if there are still apple snails on the islands? I just wanted you to know about why we pick the apple snails, and you don't have to believe a word I say or even help me. It's up to you."

Andy smiled, "What are we waiting for? Let's go pick some snails!"

MY HAWAII

by Keila Medeiros

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

Where did it go?
The land that I know
The plants and flowers
That took hours to grow
The beautiful waters
The heavenly sky
Every day that goes by
We're saying goodbye
Where did it go?

Our kūpuna worked hard
Let's carry it on
By cleaning your yard
By simply planting a tree
By merely just cleaning the sea
Saving and paving the path for the future
The plants and animals that we'll be able to nurture
Let's do this now so we don't have to worry
And in the future
We won't have to scurry

By recycling and reusing
Saving and choosing
The right thing to do
Our ancestors, they were here for you
So carry on their hard work
And don't avoid or shirk
So that our animals and plants
Can be more than just ants

Together hand in hand
Let's mālama our land
Not only saving today
But we're saving tomorrow
Let's make a vow
So years from now
Hawaii'i will be a better place

WORDS OF WISDOM

by Hokupa'a Melim

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

The breeze whistles by
To a song we never heard
The rain pours down
With a rhythm we've never heard
The sun shines down
With warmth we've never felt
Birds sing softly
To a tune we never heard
The forest hushes over
With a silence we've never known
Our kūpuna speak softly
With a voice we cannot hear

But if we try
We can hear them speaking
Saying how the 'āina once was
How they could sing to the soft song of the breeze
Dance to the rhythm of the rain
Bathe in the warmth of the sun
Whistle with the birds
And be still with the forest

Whispering words of wisdom
Lessons from the past
And plans for the future
How to mālama the 'āina
And care for our haumana
How to become one with the land
And one with the people
How to take care of Hāloa
And how he takes care of us

They tell us how to live
How to grow your own food
How to make your own tools
How to find your way to land
But we choose not to listen

We shut them out
Because it's easier to think
That we know everything
That our technology can lead us into the future
That it can become our food
Our water
Our entertainment
Our knowledge
Our life
And yes, it can
But it can't by itself

We must connect our past with the present
Build a bridge for the future
Find ways to combine
Ancient and modern technology
Use a MacBook to graph growth of kalo
Record how to do it on an iPad
Use a phone to ask your grandpa when to grow bananas
We could do these things
So why don't we
Why don't we use the tools our ancestors gave us
And the ones Steve Jobs gave us
We can build a better world
Protect our lāhui
And our 'āina

Let's use the secrets our ancestors gave us
So that we can finally
Sing with the breeze
Dance with the rain
Whistle with the birds
And be still with the forest
Let's be more than a minority
Let's be the majority
Let's use the past and the present
Our world and our people
'Ōlelo and English
Let's build that bridge
And our foundation for the future
So we the people of Hawai'i
Can live forever
He Hawai'i au mau a mau

THE PALILA & THE HAWAIIAN HAWK

by Ka'anela Napeahi

Hilo Intermediate School, 7th grade

One day, on the upper slopes of Maunakea, a Palila bird flapping its beautiful yellow and grey wings had decided to look for a beautiful māmane tree for her soon-to-be-born chicks. As she looked for a tree, she felt as if she was being watched. She ignored it and kept moving on. She found a perfect māmane tree to build her nest and rested there for the night. When she woke up, she had that same feeling, that she was being watched. She looked around but no one was there. She decided to leave her tree to look for items to build her nest. She hoped that the nest and the māmane tree would remain safe, but she was unaware of the possible dangers.

The next day she finished her nest and rested. Again she had that same feeling, like she was being watched, but this was different. Then, she saw it. She looked at the creature and instantly knew he was the one who had been watching her. She felt a shiver go down her feathers. When she saw it, she noticed that it was the Hawaiian Hawk. The Hawaiian Hawk is a very dangerous bird, it feeds on small rodents and small birds, like her. She had fear in her eyes. She tried to fly away but the hawk stopped her in her tracks.

She cried in fear, then the hawk asked, "What's wrong, little Palila?" She begged him to let her go, but he held her tighter in his large yellow talons. He said with a smirk on his face, "I am 'Io, the troubled Hawk. I noticed that you have been gathering things for your nest." The Palila said in a soft worried voice, "Yes, but..." Before she could say anything else, he let her go and flew away into the bright yellow sky.

She became worried that he would one day find her nest and find her baby Palilas. A few days later, the Palila bird laid three small eggs. As days passed, one by one, they hatched. She watched over them so that they would be safe. One day she thought that the babies would be safe on their own so she left to get food. When she came back, she saw the same Hawaiian Hawk that had captured her, fly away with a couple of objects in his claws. She became worried and rushed to her nest

but when she got there her three baby Palila birds were gone (...Ko'u mau keiki nani Palila...He aha kāu i hana 'ia...i kekahi la, e nānā hou ana 'oe).

A farmer nearby named Kukui saw the sadness of the Palila and realized one thing. Despite the Hawaiian Hawk preying on the birds, there were only a few māmane trees in the area. The only māmane tree was exposed and left the Palila in an unsafe area. He took branches from the remaining tree and planted them in pots to nurture them. Then, he prepared to grow more of these trees as habitats for the Palila.

THE SILA HAWAI'I

by Kaitlyn Ralar

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 6th grade

I am Sila Hawai'i
I wonder if there's ever going to be more of me
I hear the ocean constantly calling me back in
I see the maka'āinana playing around me
I want to play with all my hoaloha
I am Sila Hawai'i

I pretend I want to be left alone
I feel happy like waves dancing in the water
I touch the rough sand on my belly
I worry I will become extinct
I ask "What will become of me?"
I am Sila Hawai'i

I understand my kind is in danger
I believe someday my species will thrive
I dream of a day that I can sunbathe in the ocean freely
I trust that I will be protected
I hope I can live without being disturbed
I am Sila Hawai'i

THE WORM RESCUE

by Haley Tateyama

University Laboratory School, 6th grade

"Do you want to help me plant pineapples in the garden?" my Dad asked, sticking his head around the back door.

"Sure," I replied, looking up from my book. I followed him outside to our dry, unhealthy garden. For some reason, our plants never seemed to grow. They either dried up or the bugs came and chewed them up. No matter what my Dad did, nothing seemed to work.

Outside, I saw the plants were wilting in the burning noon sunlight. My Dad picked up a pot, and handed it to me. I took a dirt-covered trowel, dug up the soft fertilizer, and plopped it in the pot. I placed the pineapple crown in the pot, and patted the soft, cool soil around it.

"Thanks for helping me," my Dad said.

"You're welcome," I replied. "Hopefully, this pineapple will grow." He nodded and stood up, brushed the dirt from his shorts, and walked back to the house. I stayed out in the garden for a while, looking around at the garden.

Then, out of the corner of my eye, I spotted something wriggling in the soil. As I scooted closer, I saw that it was an earthworm. I froze, not knowing what to do. Then, I slowly bent down and gently picked up the worm. I opened the gate to the driveway, and I placed the earthworm in the pile of leaves. I shivered, crept out, as I watched it crawl away.

Suddenly, I heard a mocking voice, "What's wrong? Scared of a little worm?" I would know that voice anywhere. It was the head bully of the neighborhood kids, and his gang, and I didn't like them. So I stood still, not knowing what to do or what to say. "Come on, girl! Speak up! What's the matter with you?" The other kids behind him snickered.

When I didn't reply, he shoved me backwards and I stumbled onto the sidewalk. "So you are scared, aren't you?" he said. Then, he sifted through the leaf pile, looking for something and within a few minutes, he found the worm. It was squirming in his palm, struggling to get out. But he held on.

One of the boys exclaimed, "Toss it to me!" As I watched in horror, he tossed the worm to his friend. Then they started a game where they tossed the worm to each

other. Then one of the boys found a twig and they were poking the worm with it, yelling insults.

I was starting to get less afraid and each second, my anger was raging.

Suddenly, I unfroze, and I ran to where the bullies were torturing the poor worm. "STOP!" I yelled as loud as I could. They froze, for a few moments, and one of them said, "Ohhh... I'm SO scared!" The other kids sneered at me. That's when I got furious.

I was so angry, I couldn't feel anything around me. It was like I was invincible. All I could feel was my rage for those kids that were bullying the worm. I charged at them, and I shoved my way past the kids, until I came to the boy that was squeezing the poor worm. I stood in front of him, raging mad.

In a calm voice, I said, "Put. The. Worm. Down."

"Fine," he replied, "but you have to catch it first." With that, he threw the worm high in the air and laughed. "Try to save him now!" He jeered. I knew I had to act fast, or else the poor worm would be flattened! So I ran to where the worm was falling and I cupped my hands around it in mid-air and caught it.

I opened my hand to look at the worm. It was not moving. "Oh, no!" I whispered. All of my rage was gone. All I was focused on now was saving the little worm.

I looked at the bullies. They looked back. "Why don't you pick on someone your own size?" I said. Then, I turned and walked back to my house.

Once in my garden, I gently placed the limp worm back in the cool comfortable soil. Then I watched it, hoping that it would still be alive. But it was no use. I turned to go back in the house when out of the corner of my eye, I saw something move. I inched closer, and marveled at the sight I saw. The worm was alive! It wiggled its way through the soil and came to a stop at my feet.

I smiled in relief. The worm was alive and safe! I scooped up the worm from the soil. Once on my hand, it was doing something that I would never forget. The worm seemed to be nuzzling my thumb! I guess it was a worm's way of saying, "Thank you." Then, it crawled off my thumb and disappeared in the dirt.

A few weeks after the incident, miraculously, all of our plants suddenly grew healthy and beautiful! I was overjoyed and so was my family. We celebrated by harvesting some of our plants and having a delicious picnic. I bit into the juicy pineapple and smiled as I swallowed it. I had been thinking about how our plants grew so well, when suddenly I realized that maybe it was the help of the worm. Worms can fertilize the soil and make it healthy and rich. The soil then helped the plants grow. I realized then how important worms are to the environment and I was happy that I saved that worm. I think the worm was happy too.

HE HAWAI'I AU, MAU A MAU

by Kimokeo Tefan

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

The wind running through my hair, the cool rain on my face
I smile at the sky
The birds in the trees sing ancient songs of old, calling the spirits of our 'aumakua
Our ancestors are here, and they're speaking to us
I look to the heavens, and see my kupuna guarding me
He speaks for my mo'opuna, and sees a bleak future ahead
As I walk home, there is concrete everywhere
My ancestors try to speak
But are drowned out by honking, construction, and yelling
They try to show us the way, but people are blinded with greed and power
I look to the mountains and feel a strong presence
Kamehameha's spirit is still here today, shaking his head in disappointment
The land is shrinking, the wahi pana disappearing
Less green, for the love of "green," more gray
Smoke in the sky, 'ōpala in the oceans
It is OUR DUTY as Hawaiians to protect the land that our ancestors walked upon
To guard the sacred mana of this land
Our ancestors understood the importance of balance within nature
This idea must be awoken within us
It's time we make changes
It's not too late
Remember the ways of old, and learn from the past
Protect our sacred sites and think of life as one great whole
Respect all of nature around us, whether or not anyone is watching
Make the future brighter for the Hawaiian race and the generations to come
He Hawai'i au, mau a mau
I am Hawaiian, always and forever
And it is our turn to make a difference
Let it begin with me

A CRY FOR HELP

by Skylin Tokashiki

St. Andrews Priory, 7th grade

The scarlet 'Apapane birds sing
And fly from branch to branch
Of a yellow lehua tree
Sipping the flower's sweet nectar
Unaware of the humans below
Destroying their rainforest homes
With their chainsaws and axes

A green baby honu glides
Slowly through the waters of the
Shimmering blue Pacific Ocean
As it learns to use its flippers
It has no idea of the peril
It will soon be in
An oil spill lies up ahead

A smoky gray nai'a leaps
Through the gentle waves
Of Kauapea Beach, Secret Beach
With its baby following closely behind
The drift nets of a fishing boat
Float dangerously close
Invisible to the nai'a and her baby

We destroy their homes to build
More houses for ourselves
We build more factories
And cause global warming

We carelessly endanger
The native animals and plants of Hawai'i

We need to be aware of our actions
And make an effort to help save
These beautiful creatures
And their homes
If we want our future generations
The keiki of Hawai'i
To see them in their natural habitats
We must help

HE'ENALU AU NO KA MEA...

by Makani Walker

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School, 7th grade

He'enalu au no ka mea 'o ia ka mea ko'u 'ohana i hana ma nā hopena pule
I surf because it's the way my family and I bond over the weekends
He'enalu au no ka mea 'o ia kekahi hana a ko'u mau kūpuna
I surf because it's something my kūpuna did

Hele au i ka lo'i no ka mea hiki ia'u ke pili i ka 'āina
I go to the lo'i because it is a way to connect to the land
Hele au i ka lo'i no ka mea hiki ia'u ke mālama aku i ka 'āina
I go to the lo'i because it's a way that I'm able to give back to the 'āina

Hele au i ka loko i'a no ka mea puni au i ke kai
I go to the fishponds because I enjoy going to the sea
Hele au i ka loko i'a no ka mea 'o ia ho'okahi hana akamai loa i hana ko mākou
mau kūpuna i hana
I go to the fishponds because they are one of our kūpuna's greatest inventions

He ali'i ka 'āina, he kauā ke kanaka
The land is chief, man is its servant
A'ohe mālama, pau i ka 'iole
If you do not take care of possessions, it will be stolen by rats
Kau ka lima i lalo
Put the hands down
'Ike aku 'ike mai, kōkua aku kōkua mai, pēlā ka nohona 'ohana
Watch and observe, take care of others,
care will be returned that is the way of 'ohana

He kumu ka mākou a pau
We all have our reasons
He aha kāu?
What's yours?

OUR HARD WORK

by Quinn Warrington

Kamehameha Schools Maui, 8th grade

In this triangle, there were a lot of changes
Our beliefs, practices, and even our language

But one thing that will always stay
The ability to sail the traditional way

To sail over the world, no matter the length
Asking Ke Akua for knowledge and strength

Coming together to show our abilities
And performing to our full capabilities

Thanks to Papa Mau and his wisdom
Teaching young keiki to be smart, who they will become

Coming together to use your knowledge
To sail the world with strength and courage

For all the hard work to bring pride to our land
In the ocean and on the sand

For all the dedication, heart, and love
For all the hard work for our God above

For the determination for our one and only mission
For all the time you put in to save our traditions

A practice that will always stay,
The ability to sail the traditional way

KA'ENA: A JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

by Katherine Welch

Ho'ala School, 7th grade

I'm walking on the beach as water and sand swirl around my ankles and between my toes. Waves crash upon the rocks and salt spray fills the air around me. Looking towards Ka'ena Point, I feel relaxed and at peace.

As I continue my trek along the coast, my happiness is shattered when I look up towards the nearby land and notice broken glass, food wrappers, and cigarette butts spread across the dirt roads made by trucks, ATVs, and dirt bikes. Along the coast fishing line and plastic bags are entwined throughout the cracks and crevices of the uplifted coral reef.

I almost trip over a clump of feathers, mixed with pieces of plastic and bones. I look closer and discover it's a Laysan Albatross carcass. A mōlī. I'm filled with sorrow and rage. This glorious and beautiful bird died because of our negligence. It ate our plastic trash bobbing on top of the ocean, thinking it was food to be shared with its baby.

Over the ear-splitting sounds from dirt bikes and trucks racing past me, I hear the voice of the earth goddess, Papa, on the wind whipping around the coast. She cries and calls out, "What have you people done to your home? Your 'āina? Hawai'i?"

The voice fades away when I start walking towards the point. There is less and less trash. I hike until I reach the protective fence. As I open, then walk through the gates, it feels like I'm going back to the time of our kūpuna. Here, there is no trash! Here there are no dirt bikes, ATVs, or trucks. I see the mōlī, flying freely over the cliffs and the ocean. The koa'e kea squawk and call out to each other while they search for caves to build their nests.

As I look along the beach I see four 'Īlioheoloikauaua (including one pup) sprawled out across the beach. Watching the monk seals makes me tired and I drift off to sleep in the shade of the naupaka. I dream of many wa'a off shore. They are paddling back to land with mahimahi and ulua to share with their people. There is no plastic floating in the ocean. On land, there are no roads, only footpaths. The air is filled with the sounds of ancient oli, thanking the gods for providing food for the day.

The clap of thunder in the distance snaps me out of my slumber. The 'Īlioheoloikauaua hear the storm as well and return to their underwater home. I move on and pass by several 'ua'u kani burrows. Nobody is home. I remember hearing from my kumu that these birds only return to their burrows in March and lay a single white egg in June. This is the season for mōlī to nest at Ka'ena. I walk until I find a very cheerful and fluffy mōlī chick waiting for its food.

I see that it's turning late and the sun is starting to set over the horizon. The koholā are breaching in the distance. I thank the gods for showing me the Ka'ena of the past and why we need to take care of our 'āina. This protected coastal ecosystem shows us what it could look like if we all cared for the rest of this spectacular coastline. As I trek back to the trailhead, I notice the pā'ū 'o hi'iaka and 'ilima reclaiming the land. I pick up as much trash as I can possibly carry out of there. The bags are heavy and the trash smells horrible, but I'm helping to heal the 'āina. I hear a whispered "maika'i" from the gods. I will be back soon and I will bring friends. Together we will care for this land we call home.

GLOSSARY

- ‘a‘ali‘i – native Hawaiian hardwood shrubs or trees (*Dodonaea*)
‘āina – land, earth
‘alalā – Hawaiian crow (*Corvus tropicus*) named for its caw
‘apapane – Hawaiian honeycreeper (*Himatione sanguinea*), small endemic bird
‘aumakua (‘aumākua plural) – personal family gods, deified ancestors
Hāloa – a son of Wākea (god of the sky)
Hāloanakalaukapalili (Hāloa-naka) – the first son; the first kalo (taro) plant
hānau – to give birth; to lay an egg
haumana – student, pupil, apprentice, recruit, disciple
Hawai‘i nei – beloved Hawai‘i
He Hawai‘i au mau a mau – I am Hawaiian now and forever
ho‘ōla hou – to restore to life, revive, resurrect
hoaloa – friend
Hōkūle‘a – full-scale replica of a traditional Polynesian voyaging canoe
honu – native Hawaiian green sea turtle (*Chelonia mydas*)
‘ike – to see, know, feel, understand
‘ilima – a golden yellow flowering plant (*Sida fallax*) in the Hibiscus family
‘Īlioheleikaua – seal
kai – sea, ocean
kalo – taro plant (*Colocasia esculenta*); often cultivated for its corm and leaves
Kanakanawai – person, individual, or population of Hawaiian ancestry
kāne – male, man, husband
Ke Akua – god, goddess, divine
keiki – child, children
kihikihi – Moorish idol (*Zanclus cornutus*), a common reef fish
koa – the largest of native Hawaiian forest trees (*Acacia koa*)
koa‘e kea – White-tailed Tropicbird (*Phaethon lepturus*)
koholā – humpback whale (*Megaptera novaeangliae*)
kōkua – help, aid, assist
kumu – teacher, source of knowledge
kupuna (kūpuna plural) – elder, ancestor, grandparent, a term of endearment
lāhui – species, as of animal or fish, breed; nation, race, tribe, people, nationality
lehua – the flower of the ‘ōhi‘a tree; the tree itself
limu – seaweed or algae, underwater, marine plants

lo'i – irrigated fields or terrace for kalo (taro) cultivation
 mahimahi – dolphinfish (*Coryphaena hippurus*)
 maika'i – excellent, good, fine, all right, well
 maka'āinana – citizen, commoners; people that live off the land
 māla – garden, plantation, patch, cultivated field
 mālama – to take care of, tend, preserve, protect
 māmane – an endemic Hawaiian flowering plant (*Sophora chrysophylla*)
 mana – supernatural or divine power
 manini – a small, striped surgeon-fish (*Acanthurus triostegus*), a common reef fish
 meakanu – plant
 mo'opuna – grandchild, descendant
 mōlī – Laysan Albatross (*Diomedea immutabilis*)
 nai'a – dolphin, porpoise
 Nainoa – Nainoa Thompson, navigator for the Polynesian Voyaging Society
 naupaka – white flowering plant or shrub (*Scaevola*)
 'ohana – family, relatives
 'ōhi'a – an endemic Hawaiian tree (*Metrosideros polymorpha*) in the Myrtle family
 'ōlelo – language; 'Ōlelo Hawai'i (Hawaiian language)
 'ōlelo no'eau – proverb, wise or traditional saying
 oli – chant not accompanied by dance or hula
 'onolicious – slang for delicious
 'ōpala – trash, rubbish, garbage
 pā'ū 'o hi'iaka – flowering vine (*Jacquemontia ovalifolia*) in Morning Glory family
 Palila – an endangered species of Hawaiian honeycreeper (*Loxioides bailleui*)
 Papa (Papahānaumoku) – creator goddess; earth mother
 pō – dark, night, realm of the gods; ignorant
 pō'ele – black, dark, night; ignorant
 poi – traditional staple food made from pounding the stem/corm of the taro plant
 pono – goodness, righteous, moral, correct, proper
 puka – to pass through, appear, emerge, come out, get out of; to rise, as the sun
 pūko'a – coral reef, coral head
 sila – seal; Sila Hawai'i (Hawaiian monk seal)
 tūtū – grandparent, familiar name children call their grandparent
 'ua'u kani – wedge-tailed shearwater
 uhu – parrotfish (*Calatomus carolinus*)
 ulua – fish classified in the jack family (*Carangidae*)
 wa'a – canoe
 wahi pana – legendary place
 wahine – female, woman, wife
 Wākea – god of the sky; sky father



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NAVIGATING

*What can we learn from the past – and kūpuna –
about protecting the environment for the future?*

CHANGE

*What can you do to help Hawaii's plants
and animals survive in a changing world?*