

My Hawai'i Story Contest

2015

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

Project Partners

The Pacific Writers' Connection



Hawai'i Coastal Zone Management Program



Hawai'i Conservation Alliance



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Foreword

Aloha, we are pleased to present the 2015 My Hawai'i Story Anthology! Now in its ninth year, the My Hawai'i project is an environmental writing contest for middle school students throughout the state of Hawai'i. Our goal is to foster and encourage stewardship of the environment and build a literary culture of conservation among Hawai'i's youth through creative writing.

This year, we invited all 6th, 7th, and 8th grade students from public and independent schools across the state to address the theme, "Hanohano Hawai'i Ku'auli: Celebrating Collaboration and Wisdom Across Hawaii's Ecosystems." More than 360 students submitted a poem or story, which represents their personal reflections on the environment, cultural values, kuleana, and stewardship. A panel of reviewers evaluated and ranked each anonymous entry according to the use of language, content, and creativity.

The 25 winners are from 20 schools on O'ahu, one from Maui, and five from Hawai'i Island. Of special note, one of this year's winners, Kate Welch from Ho'ala School in Wahiawa, has been a winner three years in a row, since she was in 6th grade! The 2015 winners will be celebrated at the Hawai'i Environmental Education Symposium and the Hawai'i Conservation Conference.

Mahalo to all participating students and teachers! We continue to be inspired by the talented students and give a special thanks to their teachers who encouraged them to write about the environment as part of their class work.

We are very grateful for the dedicated team of reviewers, partners, and sponsors that contribute their invaluable time and ongoing support to make the annual contest a success and publication of the Anthology possible. To date, 225 middle school students have had their stories and poems published. The My Hawai'i Anthology contributes to a collection of youth-authored literature that is unique to Hawai'i.

We hope that Hawai'i'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 2016 and encourage more young people and schools from all islands to participate.

June 2015

Mahalo nui loa ~

~ to our superstar reviewers: Rozlynd Awa, William (B.J.) Awa, Sheila Bernardo, Stella Bernardo, Maria Carnevale, Stephanie Chang, Lillian Coltin, Amanda Dillon, Elizabeth Fien, Takiora Ingram, Māhealani Kauahi, Melia Lane-Kamahele, Fiona Langenberger, Joni Mae Makuakāne-Jarrell, Molly Noelaniokakai Mamaril, Cindy Orlando, No'u Revilla, Kim Rogers, Jodie Rosam, Craig Santos-Perez, John Schmidtke, Meredith Speicher, Deanna Spooner, Shelley Steele, Molly Timmers, and Carol Wilcox;

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The Way of the Forest

by Trever Casabar

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

In the beautiful mountains of Keauhou, there is much to know
Much can be learned from this place, and the balance that it holds
It is ancient, yet much has changed
There are many that live within, and responsibilities that are taken
Each of them live in balance and harmony
Not much has been left
Four of a kind, each with different personalities, lifestyles, and interactions
These are their mo'olelo...

"O wau ke koa kū ki'eki'e me ka ikaika," I am the koa who stands tall and strong
I protect the forest
With my long branches, I bring shelter to those who need it
With my huge trunk, I stabilize my kino
And with my crown, I reach up for the sky
I must stand strong when danger comes
One day I will teach my keiki all that I have learned
When I die, they will become the protectors of the forest
"Ala o ke koa kēia," this is the way of the koa

"O wau ka 'io kīkaha ma luna," I am the 'io soaring above
I watch over the forest
With my observant eyes, I see every movement both above and below
With my wings, I fly above looking for danger
And with my beak, I can shred my prey
I have a responsibility to my 'ohana
Before I die, I must teach them to be one with the forest

Then, they will become great observers, as I have

“Ala o ka ‘io kēia,” this is the way of the ‘io

“O wau ka ‘ōhi‘a lehua, makani i ke kahulihuli,” I am the ‘ōhi‘a lehua

Swaying in the wind

I bring beauty to the forest

With my nectar, I feed those in need of food

With my branches, I bring shelter

And with my ‘ula‘ula colored flowers, I bring remembrance of old Hawai‘i

In time I must release my seeds to the wind

Doing this, I give new kupu a chance to grow

Then when I pass on, they will become the beauty of the forest

“Ala o ka ‘ōhi‘a lehua kēia,” this is the way of the ‘ōhi‘a lehua

“O wau ka manu mūkīkī, ola me ke kū‘oko‘a,” I am the honeycreeper

Alive and free

I sing for the forest

With my eyes, I search for a place to eat

With my beak, I eat insects and suck nectar

With my wings, I fly from tree to tree

I reside in harmony with my ‘ohana that lives within the forest

The ‘ōhi‘a lehua, who feeds me when I become hungry

The ‘io, who watches over me

And the koa, who always stands for me

“Kahu o ka ulu lā‘au kākou,” we are the guardians of the forest

We bring wisdom and collaboration

Together, we make a delicate ecosystem

We help each other through the hard times

By doing this, we stand as one

We teach each other, we teach others who come through the forest

These kanaka visit us, learn about us, and respect us

Thanks to them, the forest lives on

“Ala o ka ulu lā‘au kēia,” this is the way of the forest

Mauka to Makai

by Mahealani Deenik

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

She cried and cried on Hāloanakalaukapalili's grave
Weeping of his premature birth
Little did she know, she was watering her future people with her salty tears
The journey has begun

I can hear the soft hush of fresh water springs and streams
Lulling the 'o'opu and 'ōpae to sleep like a lullaby in its sheltered waters
The pristine water glides down the mountainside
Reaching for the sea's sandy shores like my mother's open arms

It is in the sea's hands now
I can feel the crash of the waves as it hits the shore
Like a powerful blast of thunder

I can see the glassy surface of the wave
It engulfs me like a whirlpool
Tumbling me like a washing machine

I can see the humuhumunukunukuāpua'a darting in and out of the vast coral reef
Searching for food as it paces
Schools of fish sail overhead like flocks of birds
Below me I see a family of ulua bombarding across the deep blue
Like a pack of soldiers
It's time to go

I fly over the sea, the shades of blue, light and dark beckon me back
But I keep going, all the way to the Ko'olaus
The misty air and steep mountains sliced by cascading waterfalls
The verdant forests filled with the 'elepaio and 'i'iwi
Filling the treetops with sweet song

I can see the hāpu'u ferns and koa trees dancing along in the wind
I feel the moist, soft, moss under my feet, fluffy like my pillow
The sound of rushing water soothes me like ice cream on a hot day

I walk until I reach dozens of kalo patches
Bringing me back to where my culture first started
Hāloanakalaukapalili, the first kalo plant
Hāloa, the first Hawaiian

This is my home
This is my culture
The luscious rainforest delights me
The deep blue ocean does not scare me

I can feel the beauty of my home
I can hear it
I can see it

Hāpuna

by Kyler Delacruz

Waiakea Intermediate School

Waves crashing against the rocks

Giant boulders hug

The side of the beach

You look up and know

You're in paradise

You take a whiff

Of the salty water

The sun glistening

Off the clear blue ocean

The water creeping up

Under feet burning sand

There you know

You're in beautiful Hāpuna

Of Hawai'i nei

From the Mountains to the Sea

by Hi'ilei Dikilato

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

From mauka to makai, the world flows with a purpose
Like a stream that feeds the mouth of a loko i'a
From rivers to reefs, we are fused together
Like the mana that connects our past to our future

I walk in the uplands, in the lo'i, far away from the sea
Where the kalo grows and the sound of rivers emanates down the mountainside
Where mud slinks between my small toes
Where crayfish swim among the trickling waters
Where my kūpuna once thrived
Where the land begins to speak

I follow the kahawai, the sounds of rushing water guides me
The 'o'opu swim together, casting shadows beneath the surface
Shimmering crystal waters reflect the heavens above
And the whispering mauka breeze, guides me down the stream
The fresh water turns cloudy where the stream melds with the ocean
Where the 'ōpae call home and the wai hu'ihu'i releases into the warm salt waters

I walk on the sands as I peer over the vast sea
The scent of salt filling my lungs, the breeze carrying away my troubles
I sink into the moist grain, the sun beaming down on me
The crash of the waves, the cool water, ridding the shoreline of my footprints

These waters will soon cycle back to the mountains
Back to the lo'i, back to the streams, back to the kai, back to the sea
From here, the journey will never end and Hawaii's systems only begin
From here, from mauka to makai, we are connected

Ekolu and Kahi

by Shaylan Gega

Waiakea Intermediate School

Ekolu stood on the biggest rock on the beach, watching his father and a few other kāne fishing. Most of them threw fishing nets into the kai, but some also used spears. Ekolu licked his lips as he thought about the dinner his mom would make tonight. He smacked his lips while he wiped his sweaty forehead. He jumped off the rock and then walked up to the kai, his feet sinking into the moist sand. The blazing sun shone into his eyes, and he squinted as he looked at the glistening salty water. He stepped into the cold kai and the hairs on his neck stood up.

Suddenly a red object jumped out of the water and flashed before Ekolu's eyes. Startled, Ekolu jerked back and lost his balance, causing him to tumble into the water. He popped his head up and saw a fish.

"Help!" Ekolu looked at the fish. Ekolu's eyes started to burn from the salt water and he blinked more than twice before he widened his eyes to look back at the fish. "Help!" the same voice repeated and clearly it was coming from the fish. The fish? Ekolu thought to himself, bewildered. "Help, help, help! I know you can hear me!" the fish shouted to the astonished boy.

Ekolu's jaw dropped. He was speechless. It IS the fish!!!

"My family and friends are disappearing! Help me!" the fish pleaded. "Wha-wha-what's your name?" Ekolu stammered. "Kahi! Now can you help me?" asked the impatient fish. Ekolu nodded. "Great! Meet me back here tomorrow!" Kahi told Ekolu before swimming away.

Ekolu stood up and rubbed his neck. Had he been dreaming?

The next day, as his dad fished, Ekolu went back into the water where he had met Kahi, but Kahi was nowhere to be found. Ekolu stood in the water until his feet turned to wrinkly prunes.

"Where is that fish?" he muttered under his breath as he walked back to shore. He sat on the sand and watched the sun go down. At dinner he observed his mom preparing their meal. He watched her hand scale the fish and his stomach turned. He noticed the portion was smaller than usual. Then when she put the fish over the fire, Ekolu thought of Kahi, the fish he met the other day, and his appetite disappeared. He went to bed without eating.

The next day Ekolu woke up later than he normally did and was greeted by the afternoon. He went straight to the ocean where he saw a crowd. He squeezed his way past everyone and found his dad in the center holding an empty net.

"There are no more fish!" a man cried out. "What do we do?" a woman shouted.

Ekolu's head was pounding and his thoughts were all over the place: Where is Kahi? What would he do? Where did he go? "We need to preserve the fish!" Ekolu suddenly blurted.

"Preserve!?" a hunched elder questioned.

Ekolu shouted so everyone could hear him, "Throw out all the small fish we catch! So then...so then they can grow and develop into bigger fish!"

Everyone was desperate, so they all decided to heed Ekolu's advice because no one had ever heard of starvation or "no more fish" before.

Although it was difficult and they had to go without fish for a while, soon there were many fish. To everyone's surprise, it worked! There was no famine and they always had an abundant amount of fish from that day forward.

Until the Sun Returns

by Evan Kaurre

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

The sun rises

The lehua starts to blossom as the sun touches

The lehua opens up bright red as hot lava

The little 'i'iwi birds drink the nectar of the flowers

They stop for a while to bathe in the sun's new rays

They continue to drink the nectar

The mountains light up from the sun

The lush green forest begins to come alive

The pua'a awakes

He lets out a snort and trots down the path

He drinks from the river and then to the lake

He bathes in the bright sunlit water and the waterfall's mist

The fish in the stream awaken and come out

They feed on the seaweed

They glimmer on the rocks like dimes in a fountain

The ocean also comes alive

The whales are out, singing their song, loud and clear
The fish come out from the reef
The reef made of many extravagant different colors and shades
The fish are colorful as they glimmer on the reef
The he'e sit camouflaged on rocks, with the sun glittering down into the ocean
Then the sun starts to set
The he'e begin to sleep
The fish go back in their holes

The whales now sing a lullaby as they come together to rest
The fish in the stream float to the bottom of the rocks
The pua'a lies down on the grass
The lush forest begins to settle
The 'i'iwi slumber down next to the lehua
The sun falls and the lehua close just as the sun slips away
The last one up is the pueo who rests his eyes in the day
To make sure all Hawai'i sleeps well, until the sun returns

'O'opu Survival

by Isaiah-Carter Kekaimalu Bundy-Wong

Ka 'Umeke Kā'eo

'O'opu are bottom-dwellers and are the cleaning fish in Hale O Lono that keep the place balanced. 'O'opu live in Hale O Lono on the bottom of the ponds, waiting for limu to fly into their mouths. 'O'opu have little bodies with only ten bones. Their skulls are as small as a seed from an apple. 'O'opu move only when they are hungry or being chased by a predator because their camouflage allows them to hide.

My story begins when Kukuipahu goes to the fish pond Hale O Lono in Keaukaha and he sees people throwing rubbish in the water and an abundance of dead 'o'opu floating on their backs on the surface. Kukuipahu scared the people away. Then he noticed the 'o'opu population was declining, so he decided to talk with his friends, La'i and Hekama, about the problem. La'i said, "I noticed that 'o'opu are mistaking tiny pieces of plastic and styrofoam for limu. Maybe that's what is poisoning them." So the three friends came up with a plan to rid Hale O Lono of the tiny pieces of plastic and styrofoam.

Kukuipahu, La'i, and Hekama went every day to clean Hale O Lono for five to six hours. They got rid of the tiny pieces of plastic and styrofoam by going in the water with a fine mesh net. They scooped the water with the net, then they lifted it out of the water, the water fell back in the pond and the rubbish stayed in the net. They put the rubbish on the bank. After that, the rubbish was taken to the trash can and they repeated the process. Then the pond was clean. So more 'o'opu could survive and live in Hale O Lono. The pond was back to normal and Kukuipahu, La'i, and Hekama were happy. The population of 'o'opu started to grow again in Hale O Lono. And that is how Kukuipahu, La'i, and Hekama saved the 'o'opu nākea from dying off and becoming extinct.

An Ecosystem in a Shell

by Maisie Klem

Punahou School

As I swam through the crystal clear water at Hanauma Bay, I saw life thriving in crevices of coral and creatures scurrying in the sand. I thought of how it would feel if you were a sprouting sea anemone, suddenly stomped on by a human being, like me. I thought about how I could help native fish and animals, how they help each other. More strokes took me deeper into the lives of endemic, aquatic species, and I was fascinated.

Suddenly I heard a surprising “GLUB,” and I whipped my head around. A honu was staring right at me. I was so startled that I swallowed a whole bunch of water through my snorkel and started to become dizzy. Moments later, the honu glided away and I felt a heavy weight on my back. I tried to reach out to touch it, but I was restricted because I had fins! I looked down at my legs and saw I no longer had feet. How could this have happened?

I had turned into a Hawaiian sea turtle! I didn't know what I was supposed to do or where to go if I was stuck like this. I began to swim awkwardly to a colossal patch of coral to a gang of honu. “How you guys doing?” I asked them hoping to spark a conversation.

“Fine,” a small one replied, “Are you new around these parts? I don't think I recognize you. My name is Kai,” he said, introducing himself. “My name is Shirley and, well, I just became a turtle two minutes ago.”

"Really? Wow! I have heard of this happening before," he said smirking "I'll help you, but we have to stop at the dentist first. It's time for my six month check-up, same with all these guys," he said pointing to the crowd of turtles. Dentist? I thought to myself. I got the thought out of my head and agreed to tag along with the group.

We all moved as a pack to a certain spot that was buzzing with bright fish. "These fish are called the yellow tang, and we rely on them to clean our teeth and shell. They depend on us too because the gunk on us, is food to them," Kai explained to me. I realized that this was a symbiotic relationship that occurs commonly in nature. Kai, the turtle in front of me, stretched out his jaw, and two or three fish darted into his mouth, like busy dentists, while a few more occupied his shell. Then I perceived that this was teamwork and animals help each other survive. I think that humans in Hawai'i should learn these skills from these amazing creatures. They could teach our world a valuable lesson about friendship, as they taught me. It was my turn when Kai was finished, and I quite enjoyed it because I hadn't gotten my teeth cleaned in a while! When my session ended, Kai, as he promised, began to help me become my human self again.

We departed from our group and Kai led me around coral reefs, scurrying sand crabs, and slithering eels. We traveled and traveled until we finally reached our destination. "To become a human again, you have to swear to the entire Pacific Ocean's creatures and to Hawai'i that you will try your best to protect us. Pick up litter, use less oil, fossil fuels, water, and more. We will highly appreciate it if you do this for us," he stated firmly.

"What will I do now?" I questioned.

"Now, you must repeat after me, 'Because of my experience as a honu,'"

"Because of my experience as a honu," I repeated.

"I pledge my heart to protecting our ocean for the better."

"I pledge my heart to protecting our ocean for the better."

"I will forever help our 'āina, I will promise a brighter future for our islands, and I will use my wisdom from this experience to educate others."

"I will forever help our 'āina, I will promise a brighter future for our islands, and I will use my wisdom from this experience to educate others."

Kai nodded his head almost as a signal for me to whirl back into my human body, and I emerged from the water. I took one last look at him when he lifted his head out of the water. I curiously looked at him, suddenly noticing a mark on his neck resembling a crown. I asked him, "How did you know the promise that I repeated to you?"

"It just happens that I am the leader of the honu, and you will become the same for these islands, protecting all life forms from mauka and makai."

"Thank you," I said.

"No, thank you."

My eyes shot open, then I saw one last image of Kai. I heard the crashing of waves and felt the rough sand I was lying on. I thought about my experience, wondering if it was real. But what I did know was that from this day on, I would be a leader, protecting my island home.

Ka Mo'olelo I'a

The Fish Story

by Na'lani Klopfenstein

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Here I stand at Waimānalo Beach

The sound of the waves

Wind blowing in my ears

It is just so magical

The ocean peaks up as if a mauna, mountain, was growing

So fast, but yet so slow

Finally it tips over and crashes

The sun beats down on me like a fire

But soothes me with its rays

In the distance I see

The i'a li'ili'i, small fish, eating the tiny shrimp

I think about what will happen next to that i'a li'ili'i, so precious

The kawakawa will come in like a spear slicing through the big school of fish

Pulling them apart

They're all swimming away as fast as they can

But some of them aren't so lucky
The kawakawa will swim away to the deep
Then the tuna will swoop in and eat the kawakawa
The tuna will return to their school of fish

I continue to watch
The school starts to break apart then a dark figure rushes to him
I gasp for air getting maka'u
Knowing what might happen to the tuna next
I look around and breathe
Knowing that the manō is not around
I think about the generations after me
Hoping that they will get the chance to see this
The amazing interaction of these sea creatures
I am so thankful for this
More than words can explain
I will work hard so my keiki will get to have these magical moments
That I once had and will still have
If I use my mana
That we all have inside to help Hawaii's natural systems

Ka'ūpūlehu

by Keao Lin

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Standing tall and high above all, is the majestic mountain of Hualalai
The third volcano from the ocean to rise
Where the sun shines in the bright blue skies
Creating an island that puts a gleam of joy in my eyes
Sweeping down the summit of Hualalai sits the ahupua'a of Ka'ūpūlehu
A place that connects to the life of ali'i Kame'eiamoku
In the dryland forest you can hear the sound of birds chirp and coo
A place of many stories passed down to me and you

Protected by many is this sacred place
From memories a smile comes to my face
It has and will forever be cherished by the Hawaiian race
But now it needs help from invasive species coming in at a fast pace
The morning we reached the forest remains a memory in my mind
All the people there were so very kind
They led us down the trail and we followed behind
To a gathering place where stories were told of ancient times

The scent of 'ōhi'a lehua fills me spiritually
The color shines bright and fiery
A tree sacred and honoring
Striving and reproducing
The fireweed tries to bring them down
But their roots will forever grip to their ancestral grounds
They stand tall, skinny, and brown
Covered as if the blossoms were a red gown
I can see the view from mauka to makai

I hear cars on the road above as they pass by
I see grass plains below where they lie
It's a clear day, no clouds in the sky
Layers of lava rock cover the land
Down to the shore and into the sand
Where we observed petroglyphs and a huge salt pan
The view of the ocean was so grand

As I see the steam rising to the sky
Below there is the sight of sharks passing by
A place where young sharks have their first cry
Where sea birds first learn to fly
At Kalaemanō I taste the salt in the air
As the breeze blows through my hair
I feel the connection to the land we all must share
For this land we all must care

In the ahupua'a, all worked as one
Always completing the work that needed to be done
Forever shining is the blazing hot sun
Contributing to the ahupua'a is always so much fun
Now is the time to start
For we the humans to do our part
Give back to the land with the love in your heart
It's time for all to make your mark

Continuing to strive for this special place
Full of mercy and grace
An area we must embrace
Forever indenting a smile on my face
It is now time to celebrate
The process of life this place creates
I am a Hawaiian now and forever
He Hawai'i au mau a mau

Up in the Mountains

by Bryan McAniff

Millilani Middle School

This is a place up in the mountains
A place that is a paradise for invasives
Where fires rage and the dry winds blow
And water is nowhere to be found

But there is still hope
The Wai'anāe partnership and many schools arrive to help
To chop down Haole koa trees
And cut guinea grass
To restore Wai'anāe mountains

With each invasive tree that gets chopped
A native species will be planted
With each plant that gets planted
Water will slowly come back

And if we keep this up
The watershed will come back
Wai'anāe mountains will be a paradise for the native species
Fires will be suppressed and cool winds will blow
Water will be plentiful
And the Wai'anāe mountains will come back to their former glory

Free the Native Plants

by Eala Mai Nakahara

Ka 'Umeke Kā'eo

Once, a lifetime ago, when your great grandparents were maybe 12 or 13 years old, they went to a Hawaiian immersion charter school in Keaukaha, where they would visit a beautiful fish pond, named Hale O Lono.

Hale O Lono was a place where native plants lived happily. Children would come and plant trees, they would swim, splash water, and fish. But there was one girl who was not the same as everybody else. Instead of going to swim, or plant trees she would go under the tallest kukui tree and next to the nearest palapalai and she would read a story to the trees. Her name was Maile.

Maile would always come and visit the Kukui and the Palapalai to read them a story. One day Maile did not come to visit them, and Kukui got worried, but could only wait. While they were worried about Maile returning, an ironwood tree seed flew into Hale O Lono. Kukui and Palapalai did not notice the growth of the ironwood tree.

One day Kukui felt a kick in her trunk and said, "I just got kicked in the trunk." Kukui asked Palapalai to send his roots down and see what caused the kick in her trunk. Palapalai's roots were digging like a devil worm. The 'āina was so wet, it smelled muggy. Palapalai's roots dug and dug, until they bumped their heads on the roots of an ironwood tree.

When the roots returned to the surface, it was night, it was very cold, and the roots called out to Palapalai in a scratchy voice, "Palapalai, Palapalai wake up." Palapalai woke and heard the news, "Palapalai, there is a weird tree root here. We have never seen anything like it before" said the roots. Palapalai replied, "We will have to find the tree, so we can describe the type of tree it is. Because it is not like ours we will have to call a friend so we are able to know where it is from and how it got here."

They woke up early the next morning on a mission. They went and called upon five i'iwi and the birds were told to send messages to five old friends: one to Kealoha, Makamae, Niko, Mele, and Maile. All the children who are now in their twenties couldn't make it because they have families. Maile was the only one who said she could make it.

A month passed and nothing happened, because there was no one to do anything. The nice beautiful Hale O Lono, we once knew, is now being taken over and there is nothing we can do about it. The fish swam away to seek a new home. The birds flew away and never turned back. They started living on Mauna Kea so they could see their home, because even if your house is owned by someone else, you can still visit that place.

After all of the ironwood trees took over, Maile passed by and entered Hale o Lono, and saw that the Kukui and the Palapalai were slowly dying. So she went and cleaned the area, starting from Loko Wi, the pond closest to the entrance, then to where Kukui and Palapalai were, then to the tree that was beside Loko Nui.

When she got there she needed help to pull out the tree. So she asked her parents for help, and they came and helped. At the end of the day the ironwood tree was planted in the forest, far from Hale O Lono. After the clean-up, the birds from afar saw that the place was clean and new, so they decided to come back. Maile began to return every day to read them a story.

Everyone laughs and sings, and at the end of the day they all cheer loudly, "Mahalo Maile."

The End

'A'ohe pu'u ki'eki'e ke ho'ao e pi'i

Another Million Trees

by Jolie Numasaki

Punahou School

Up in the valleys of 'Oahu there are many beautiful things. The majestic koa stands tall and strong as the elegant 'ōhi'a lehua sways in the soft breeze. The red 'i'iwi birds hide in the tree as the soft rain trickles down in Hawai'i. The whole ecosystem depends on other living things, like the 'i'iwi. The 'i'iwi bird depends on the 'ōhi'a lehua for food. But down toward the beach there is Waikiki, Mānoa, town, where all of the tall buildings are. Loud cars that make smoke, noisy people, loud airplanes, foul smelling sewers, and other things that seemed good, but in some way they are harming the earth.

One girl gets down on her hands and knees and starts digging a small hole, a small hole for a small kukui tree. In her class garden, she slowly digs up the soft soil deep enough for the tree's roots. As she gets close to finishing digging the hole, a boy in her class walks up to her.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm planting a tree," she replied. "Soon there will be another million trees." The boy didn't understand how she could plant another million trees all by herself.

"You can't do that all by yourself."

"At least I'm trying to help the earth, while you aren't doing anything about it." She got back to putting her tree in the ground. The boy helped her get the kukui into the ground and put soil on top.

A few days later the girl went over to the boy's house. He decided to plant a tree and wanted her to help him. This time they were planting a young 'ōhi'a lehua in his front yard. When they were done digging a deep hole they had to get the young tree out of the pot. They struggled to pull the tree out of the pot without damaging it, but it was no use. When they were just about to give up the neighbor pulled into her driveway. When she got out of her car, she saw the two kids trying to get the 'ōhi'a lehua out of the pot. Being a gardener herself, she walked over to see what she could do.

"Hi Will."

"Hi, Mrs. Wong," he replied with a sad tone.

"Would you like me to help you?" As soon as she said this the kids perked up. "Thank you so much!"

"And who is your new friend here?"

"My name is Logan, nice to meet you Mrs. Wong." Mrs. Wong showed them the proper way to pull a plant and how to cover the tree with just enough soil. Mrs. Wong was happy that the kids were helping the earth and planting trees.

Inspired by the two kids, Mrs. Wong got together with two of her friends to plant a flower. Both of them told their friends and family about this experience and some of them planted their own flowers. This chain went on and his friend told their friends told their families, and soon there was a big chain reaction.

If everyone planted one or two trees in Hawai'i, there would be another million trees. If everyone in the whole world planted one tree, then it might restore the ecosystem and make the world a better place, one tree at a time.

Working Together is Better than Working Alone

by Jason Sadayasu

Punahou School

A long time ago on Hawai'i Island, there was a young boy named Mālama, which means, "take care" in Hawaiian. Mālama was mindful of the wildlife and native animals. He had great respect (as he should) for the 'āina. But the other villagers didn't approve of his thinking. "The animals don't care about anything. They're fine with what we are doing," his friends told him often. When he discussed this with his father, he said, "Don't be lōlō, my son. We need the trees, plants, and food much more than the wildlife do." But not everybody disagreed with Mālama. His friend Nani said, "Our kanaka, people, don't know that we should be taking care of our precious animals here because they might become extinct while we deforest."

Mālama felt distraught, so he went up to the forest to rest for a little while, thinking about what he could do. "Are you here to take down another tree from our home?" a tiny voice asked out of the blue. Mālama quickly turned around and found a bunch of kōleas. Mālama replied, "Yes, I'm fine. Thank you." "So why are you here?" asked the kōlea.

"I came here to rest because people in my village don't think that the forest is important to you animals."

"What? That's ridiculous! The forest is our home!"

"That's what I have been trying to tell them."

The kōlea who had spoken to him originally explained that Hawaiians have come into their forest and taken down many trees for years. The kōlea and other native wildlife didn't know what to do. Then, an older looking kōlea said, "I went to go talk to the ali'i, but he didn't pay attention to me at all! It's no use trying to reason with them. They just won't listen."

Suddenly, there was a loud thumping of footsteps. It was Nani. "Quick! Hide!" said one of the kōlea. "No! Stay!" Mālama said back to them. "She believes that we should protect the forest too."

As Nani approached, she saw Mālama and scolded him. "Where were you?" she asked. "I've been looking all over for you!" Then, her eyes darted to see many frightened kōlea birds. "Oh, look at you, you little cuties. Are you okay?"

"We're fine, but our forest isn't," one replied. "Are there any other birds we can talk to?" Mālama asked. "There are the 'apapane in the trees to the right a little bit more."

"Thank you for your time. Let's go Nani!"

* * *

"Yes, you should tell your people to not deforest too much. We are losing our homes," said the 'apapane. Mālama asked, "What can Nani and I do then?"

"Well, you can try to convince your chief, but he doesn't listen very well. I tried to ask him, but I almost got turned into a cape! "That's horrible!" Nani broke in, "do you know any other birds that we can talk to?" "Oh yes. There is a flock of nēnē past your village."

"Thank you!"

When Mālama and Nani got back to the village, they ran into Mālama's dad. "Hey, where were you two? I was going crazy looking for you! Don't disappear like that ever again!" "Sorry dad. We were talking to some kōlea and 'apapane in the forest."

"Don't be crazy, son. Birds don't know anything."

"Oh yes they do! Come with us!" said Nani.

Mālama and Nani took his dad along with them to the other forest where they found a pueo and a dozen nene discussing. They were talking about the deforestation when one nēnē popped up and said in a sassy voice, "Oh look what we have here. Some totally pathetic humans who have been cutting down our precious trees. What losers! Let's attack them."

"Simmer down," said the wise pueo. "They look like they want to say something."

Mālama started, "Well, we wanted to apologize that our fellow Hawaiians."
"Sure you are sorry. But FYI, I have been suffering out here because you dingbats have been cutting down our beloved trees."

"SILENCE!" boomed the pueo.

"Sorry."

"All right then. Now you poor humans, what were you trying to say?"

Mālama's dad was in shock. "I am so sorry," he apologized. "I never knew you animals depended on the forest as much as you do."

"It's fine, as long as you stop this nonsense."

Nani said, "Our chief has been ordering the people to chop down the trees." "Well what are we going to do?" asked a different nēnē. Mālama said, "I don't know, but I'm going to have a word with this ali'i."

* * *

"You will be charged with treason and be an offering to the gods."

"What? That's my son! He's only a kid!"

"Too bad. He challenged me, which is illegal, and he is charged with treason!" declared the ali'i.

Nani ran off into the forest in tears. Mālama's dad caught up to her and said, "It's okay. We'll find a way to save Mālama." "No, it's too late. We could have spurred a new way of thinking about our plants and birds—wait!" She turned to look at Mālama's father. "I have a plan."

Back at the village, the executor was reading the execution paper. "We have Mālama because he thought of rebelling and not cutting down so many trees. We will now offer..."

"Stop right there!" yelled Nani. Behind her were Mālama's dad and all the birds in the rainforest, which were a lot, who had come to save Mālama. Nani had come up with the idea of uniting the birds.

"Free Mālama! He has been trying to save the forest and many other precious creatures from extinction. We talked to these poor birds and they have been suffering. We need a new leader, one who will take care of all. Who's with me?" All the villagers yelled in agreement.

The evil chief was overthrown and teamwork prevailed in ancient Hawai'i.

My Home

by Kuali'i Shimasaki

University Laboratory School

For my Father, who, although he lived in suburbs, loves the outside.

I remember a time when my home was not a man-made building, floating in a vague sea of black and white, of boredom. A time when I was free and time flew gracefully by with the wind. In fact, time had no depth. A time when the air was crisp, cool, and clean. In my home, the air danced gracefully, around your face, your arms, and it felt good, a beautiful feeling indeed. This is the forest. A place where sadness and grief did not exist, where the modern world above and around is painted over by beautiful trees, the symbols of wisdom and life. The trees... the protectors of the forest. Strong, but handsome. Their tall branches, look over the animals of the forest, shield the younger plants, and protect the creatures. The sun always gives off a radiant smile, bright enough to shine on the whole world with new light, and hope. You get lost in the forest, trees with many branches, lounging with their sturdy limbs, glad to have a new friend to call your own. The forest smells of all the wonders of the flora. They will dazzle you with all their bright colors, the very pinnacle of beauty.

There you will find the creatures of the forest to be heart-warming, playing without a care, their fun never dies, and their spirits are never broken. All working hand in hand. You'd stay there, wouldn't you? You'd get lost in there, forgetting everything and breaking free, finding inner peace. You would lead a simple life, a generous, thoughtful life. You could say it was paradise. It was. The rain... feels cool on your skin, not at all discomforting. It feels good in fact. You enjoy the little droplets on your skin. Even in a light storm, the sun still shines. You know because it's still there. The grass is always greener on the other side, as they say.

Not always, because over the next several years, everything would start to fall apart.

When I was walking to the forest, I noticed roads and pavement came up, and shrunk the forest. I noticed that trees were being cut down. I stopped dead in my tracks and watched in horror as the forest's guardians were being cut down.

Fast forward years, and there is no such thing as a forest. What's a forest? The forest was dying. Lumber from trees were needed for office buildings, homes, tools. Nothing remained. The plants, the fauna, all weeded out by pollution, smoke, and smog. No longer was the air crisp and fun to breathe in. It became thick with the decay of the industrialization of Hawai'i. The only animals now are dogs, cats, and other common house pets. I can't live like this! Nature is a thing to respect, not a toy to play around with!

Now you hear the story. There used to be more forest and many more native plants. The people have forgotten it. We built houses long ago, but at least our ancestors still took care of the land. Back then, you could walk outside your house and a piece of nature was right outside your front door. Now, it's a hunt to find a piece of nature not tainted by human hands. Industrialization has risen.

I saw what I saw, and you saw whatever you think you see. Your eyes are blinded by thick smoke of industrial power plants, and the bright light of civilization. Your ears fall deaf to the sounds of cars, engines, and electricity at work. You don't see trees, or birds, or anything like that. You see highways, dogs, and cats. I wish I could have stopped it all. I wish it all could be different. I wish you could stop listening to loud music and start listening to the birds singing in what little they have left. The birds and every other being in the forest hope to be saved. It's almost too late. Note how I said "almost."

But we can still change. We can help the land now while we still have some left. We together can preserve what is left of our little island. This is my home. So tell me. What is yours?

Hawai'i

by Bryanne Soares

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Flying through the clear blue skies flies the 'iwa bird
Small white puffs of soon-to-be streams, lazily move with the wind
Nothing disrupts the calmness of the sky
Nothing can compare to its beauty

Swimming through the indigo-tinted sheet swims the Longfin Anthias
Coral below, a rainbow of colors, hiding him from others
Nothing disrupts the calmness of the ocean
Nothing can compare to its beauty

Standing high is the lush green mountain of Mount Ka'ala
Full forests below, a maze of never-ending trees
Nothing disrupts the calmness of the mountains
Nothing can compare to its beauty

Over the horizon shows the bright yellow light of the sun
A flaming ball of fire that watches over its land so very carefully
Nothing disrupts the calmness of the sun
Nothing can compare to its beauty

Canoes sliding over the beautiful indigo sheet
Holding the ancestors of this beautiful land
Nothing disrupts the gratitude of the newcomers
Nothing can compare to their beauty

Living together in beauty
Harmonizing to the sweet songs of the birds
Whispers from the ocean
The reassuring protection of the mountains
Being enlightened by the sun
Prospering with the nourishment from them

Nothing disrupts their peace
Nothing disrupts Hawai'i

A Small Piece of Hawaii's Heart

by Kaimālie Stensgaard

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Ali'i Beach Park, Hale'iwa Beach Park, is a special place

Even if the sand is littered with the footprints of those not native to this land

Even if the water can be grumpy, murky, and gray

It is a place that holds memories and aloha for those of my 'ohana

The water slowly lapped onto the beach

The sun was hot and merciless

And the beach was surprisingly empty

I joyfully ran down the sand and into the water

With my cousin and my trusty goggles I swam off

Swimming through the water we couldn't find more than rocks and algae

Then we came upon a small, gray reef

Seemingly untouched by trash, the reef looked empty and small

From a distance

We got closer and closer

And suddenly the reef didn't seem so dull anymore

We unraveled the reef, finding how dependent each thing was on another

We watched the animals work and nature's wisdom slowly revealed itself

Following fish and living in their perspective

It was native

It was pure

And it was beautiful

Every little burst of color

Everything, moving or not

Had a place and a purpose

The definition of harmony

There was a pulse to all its movement

A rhythm, smooth and calm

A beat, similar to that of a heart

It seemed unrealistic to find a reef in this state, untouched by human hand

We wanted to stay, but sadly it was not to be

Night started to creep into the day and our fatigue

Hunger prodded us out of the water

We headed home, hoping again to find our small piece of Hawaii's heart

But to this day, we never have

Ka apo ola

The Circle of Life

by Lana-June Tennant

St. Andrew's Schools

I hold the tiny seed in my hand
I feel the life of the earth between my fingers
I push it aside and make a hole
A comfortable home
I cover the harmless seed with earth
I look up to the sky
The clouds are gray above
Heavy with rain
Tiny drops begin to fall
Gently and nurturing
A new life has begun

Day by day
Sun, wind, rain,
And the night sky
Watch over my tiny seed

One day it says hello to me

It has fought its way

From down

Below

Day by day

Continuing to grow

Power drawn from down below

What was once fragile

Is now strong

It begins to give me shade

Fragrant flowers

And sweet food

A debt paid

Life for a life

Through Their Eyes

by Chris Togiai

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

We can never understand how their world was
There are no time machines
Just our kūpuna's eyes
Through them we can see how it was and how it should be
Through their eyes we can begin to swim in the unswimmable
Run through the unrunnable and drink the undrinkable
If we give the world a chance it will heal itself
It will forgive all of our mistakes and make itself new

Through my grandma's eyes the ocean is more than water, it's home
She would always tell me of the humuhumunukunukuāpua'a
That would swim near her when she was a child
She watched them eat the limu and twirl in and out of the holes in the coral
She would dive deeper and see a honu wandering about
Through her eyes it just was, but to me it sounds like a blessing
She didn't know how bad our world would turn out to be
She never knew that honu would be rare to see now
She still sees the world she knew and not the world I know

If we look through their eyes we can understand what needs to be done
What is right and what is wrong
What to do and what not to do
But if we live in our filthy ways we will never live in their shoes
Or see through their eyes
The world is dying and it's up to us to fix it
We need to look through their eyes
The eyes of our kūpuna

The Forgotten Wonders and Life of Hawai'i

by Klaudia Noe Watson

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

As the trees dance around with each other
And grass follows the wind in its direction
Create harmony through nature
Makes a scene for people's eyes
And creates wonder

How 'ōhi'a lehua sprouts after a disaster
And koa trees stand tall like warriors
Create protection for us
And a better outcome
An outcome for us to learn from
Like how the evening sunset slightly touches the sea water
And the hau leaves change colors throughout the day

Maybe what nature conveys brings earth to life
Creates a significant start
A start for us to realize
What was standing in the lights
How we navigated by stars and not by maps
How an important kumulipo was conveyed

So now it is time to look around
At all those little bird-like sounds
And to be able to surround
Ourselves with land provided from the sky to the ground

What I see is buildings and roads
Back then there were grass fields and walking
But I stand for what is right
And make sure that there is one true light

Light for my future Hawaiians
Fishing chants and hula that relate to nature
Kapu systems and sacred animals to remember
Gives us one reason
A reason to look around outside

We should think of the wise things our ancient Hawaiians did to sustain
Our true one and only
My Hawai'i

Mr. Wind:

A Manoa Valley Tribute

by Sabrina Weaver

University Laboratory School

Mr. Wind
A large creature
Wild grey swirling
Ever changing
Ever shifting
A man
A beast
A storm
Grabbing
Everything in his path
Releasing
As he soars past
Diving and swooping
Above canopied trees
Leaves and branches
Brush through
His swirling fingers
Changing
Shifting
Living
Encountering Mr. Wind

On my garage roof, looking over the dips and twists of Mānoa valley, I am more in touch with everything. It's a feeling I don't feel anywhere else. I can be Sabrina, the real Sabrina. I am stripped of any uniforms or acts that I put on for the world, sometimes even for myself. I can be myself. The thing is, I don't even have to be some drastic alter ego that I keep buried away under the confident surface I put up. I can simply be free. I can release myself into creation. I can be not just with myself, the real me, but with everything. The breeze, the mountains, creation. With existence. I can float away on the breeze, see everything, go anywhere, or fly away on a cool, soft wind, into—into everything. I become the mountain, looming over everyone. I become majestic, delicate, solemn and exuberant, all at once, all in perfect harmony with the birds, the trees, myself, God.

I feel more connected to God out there, in my sanctuary, more connected than I feel anywhere else—more than in my room, more than at church, more than with my family. I connect to him through his Creation, through the beauty that he has made for us. The world that he has created just for us, for mankind, for me. I feel as if he is telling me, “Look. This is what I have made for you. Look at my greatest work of art.” I feel such a strong connection to every bird, tree, and person, yet that is when I feel the most alone.

I feel alone, as if I was the only one basking in the beauty, yet I never feel lonely. Just in that high sanctuary, away from the noise and scents and blindfolds that we don upon waking. I smell the fresh scent, of a free wind, real and alive. I hear it rustling the leaves in the trees, the singing of the birds in the background. I see the light, the golden sunlight, rippling, pouring out over the valley, bathing the mountains in pools of amber. I see the large trees, deep lush greens and rich coppers, rippling and blending with the light. I see the wind itself, ever changing, ever shifting, taking hold and grabbing everything and anything in its path, then quickly releasing it as it soars past.

I will never forget the feelings, sounds, smells, and sights I see in that place. Maybe nobody spoke to me, but I knew, deep inside of me, that it was telling me something. I did not have just one teacher, I had many. I was my own teacher too. No specific lesson was taught, just freedom. No words were spoken, yet I heard. I learned so many things that day. I learned of beauty. I learned of love. I learned of freedom and I felt what it was like to be raw, stripped of disguise. I saw so much up there. I learned so much. The freedom, realness, and the pure beauty of it all. I learned, and let myself go.

Mālama Kanaloa

by Kate Welch

Hoala School

Tearing across the inky blue ocean in a modest motorboat, we observe the horizon for whales and seabirds soaring over the sea. Koholā out in the distance breach in a playful manner with their young. 'Ua'u kani skim over the ocean touching the tips of their wings into the water, as nai'a surf in the choppy wake of our boat.

As we get closer to Kanaloa (Kaho'olawe), the motorboat comes to a stop and we prepare to swim to shore. One by one, we hop off the boat into the icy water. The sand grasps our ankles as our feet find the ocean floor and we gaze over to Maui and Moloka'i with clouds swirling overhead. Jubilation fills my body. I am standing on the sacred island, Kanaloa. Yet, it fills me with sadness to see how we have treated our land. Bombs and bullet shells litter the land. Craters remind us of the damage we have done. Today, we are here to heal the wounds we have caused.

As volunteers, we help to reconstruct the ancient trail that once circled the island and we plant pili grass, 'ilima, and pa'u o hi'iaka. Through our work, we have become family. We are all here for a purpose. After we finish working, I am covered in sweat and red dirt. I am proud to look like the ground. This shows my love for the island.

We sleep under the stars for our last night on the island while Kanaloa and our kupuna watch over us and see the work that we have put our blood and sweat into. Rain starts to lightly drizzle over us and bless the work we have done to help heal our neighbor island.

Pitch black darkness swallows the land as we prepare to leave Kanaloa. As we depart, I can feel the mana clinging to me. The leaders of our visit have guided us throughout our journey and have helped us understand the importance of our efforts to care for this island. We will continue to carry this knowledge and pass it to the younger generations that will one day follow in our footsteps.

I join my group on the deck of the rocking boat, and together, we say goodbye with an oli of mahalo and farewell. I will come back. This is our land, our 'āina, our home.

E Ho'ola I Ka Honu To Save a Turtle

by Joshua Wong

Punahou School

Ewa beach was usually crowded at sunset, but today there was hardly anyone there. Moki strolled along the beautiful white sandy beach in search of a perfect seashell. He stopped to look at a smooth rock that had caught his attention. He thought, "This would make a good skipping stone." He picked it up and tossed it in his hand testing its weight. Then turned around and gave it a good throw. Splop, splop, splop, splop, splop, splop. All right! Moki smiled. Six skips. Then he continued his search on the beach.

After half an hour with no success, Moki was tired and was ready to go home. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw something on the shore not too far away. Moki jogged towards it, eager to find out what it was. As he got closer he saw something entangled in a fishing net. A shark, he thought? It couldn't be. He quickly dismissed the thought. A dolphin? A turtle! Looking closer, Moki could see the hard shell of a juvenile sea turtle. It did not look too well. Its shell and skin were dry. Its leg was red and bloody from a shark bite. Its eyes were closed. It looked like it had been lying in the sun all day.

Moki didn't know what to do. He did not want to approach it, afraid of harming it more. Desperately searching his phone for some advice, he came across the website for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) Turtle Research Program. But could a little boy like him call a big government office like NOAA? He gritted his teeth. Yes.

"Turtle Research Program, how can I help you?"

"There is a juvenile sea turtle entangled in a net along the Ewa beach!"

"Thank you, we will send our scientists to help."

-Click-

Moki sat there helplessly, his heart heavy with pity for the little turtle. After a while, he heard help approaching. Moki ran out to the street and started to wave and shout.

"Over here! Over here!" The scientists spotted him and drove towards him. Moki pointed to the shore. They parked the vehicle and a tall man with light skin came running toward him.

"Where is it?" he asked. "There's the turtle. Over there!" Moki shouted.

The man exchanged a few words with a stocky dark-skinned man. They pointed to the shore. Then the scientist shouted to his teammates. The team ran to the shoreline with their equipment. Moki watched in awe as they brought the turtle slowly into the shallows and began splashing water over its back. The dark skinned man pointed to the bite and spoke urgently to the group. A woman stood on the shore with a radio, speaking words he could not hear. She turned and gave Moki a sad smile. "You just might have saved his life."

Moki then went home and thought about his day. He started out looking for a seashell, saw the turtle, called the NOAA scientist, and watched a wildlife rescue! Had the little turtle lived? Where was it now? He'd try to call later, but now he needed to get home and get some sleep.

"Hi Moki, where were you?" asked his mama. "The most amazing thing happened!" said Moki. "Well, tell me about it while you're eating dinner. You're home pretty late." Moki quickly explained the turtle incident to his mom. "Wow! That really happened?" asked Mama. "Yah, it was super cool!" exclaimed Moki.

"Well you better finish your beans and be off to bed. You were out pretty late!"

"Okay," said Moki, his mouth full of food.

The bell snapped Moki out of his trance. "Well, that's it class. Don't forget your textbooks!" said Mr. Humanities. Moki stumbled out of class, eager to get out.

Then Moki walked the streets aimlessly and when he looked up he saw a giant blue building with a big sign that said NOAA. All right, he thought. He took a deep breath and walked in. The place was buzzing with activity. There were researchers walking around with papers. Moki saw a man walking.

"Excu-" Moki started, but the man kept on walking. Moki then saw the lady that was on the radio the day before. "Hello," he said, "remember me?"

"Are you the one who saved the turtle yesterday?"

"Yes. Moki" He extended his hand. She shook it.

"Tiffany - nice to meet you."

"Um, can I see him?"

"Her actually"

"Er, her?"

"Sure, right this way."

Tiffany led Moki through a maze of passageways. She came to a room and entered a code on the door. The door made a squeaking sound as it opened up. The room was full of equipment and in the middle was a big pool, about 16 square feet. In the pool was a small juvenile turtle. She wasn't moving and did not look well. "She is in pretty poor condition, but she might make it," Moki frowned. He did not want to see this turtle die. "Is there anything I can do to help it?"

"Sure. We are going to treat it now so you can help with that." Tiffany poked and prodded and measured and bandaged. Moki was fascinated with this work, but he hesitated to touch the turtle. Still, he was sad when it was time to go home.

Almost every day Moki visited the turtle and every time he learned something new. The days passed, and the turtle grew stronger and Moki grew in confidence and wisdom. Finally the time came for the turtle to be returned to her home. Moki watched her swim away with sadness in his heart, but an excitement for his future. He would be a scientist, and there would be many other turtles that he would help.

E ho'ola i ka honu

To save a turtle.

KĀNE

by Kama Wong

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

From the upper heaven of the Gods

He looked down on the

Earth

and stomped his feet

The world

flourished with

‘Akoko tiny flowers

‘Ōhā wai curved cups

Ha‘iwale fuzzy leaves

Alani shiny pods

Nehe sun bright petals

‘Ānunu heart-shaped leaves

‘Ākia brick red fruit

Hōlei fleeting flowers

and Kāne's voice boomed

Eia mai ka lā‘au o ka wao, e mālama ‘ia mai!

Here are the plants of the forest, look after them!

And he uncupped his hands

The world

rejoiced with

‘Ō‘ō on wings of gold

Mamo with long curved bill

‘Amakihi sipping nectar

‘Akialoa plucking insects

Kāma‘o singing softly

‘Ula-‘ai-hawane with scarlet cloak

Kioea standing tall, and

Nukupu‘u black-billed beauty

and Kāne's voice boomed...

Eia mai nā manu o ka lewa, e mālama ‘ia mai!

Here are the birds of the sky, look after them!

‘A‘ohe wahi maliu mai! Auē!

But nobody took heed! Alas!

Lōkahi

by Kaylee-Marie Zimmermann

Kamehameha Schools Maui

The land has provided for me
Since I was a little girl, young and free

From the sandy shores to the deep deep blue
To the heavens up above pure and true

Eating kalo and 'ūala at a baby lū'au
Making ti leaf lei, with aunty showing me how

Now that I am older, I have come to realize
Because I see things from different eyes

The balance of the elements is what provides for me
From the kalo to the 'ūala to the deep blue sea

It all works together in perfect harmony
In Hawaiian it is known as lōkahi

GLOSSARY

ahupua'a – a traditional land division, usually extending from mountains to sea
'āina – land, earth
'ākia – endemic shrubs and trees (*Wikstroemia* spp.) with small yellow to red fruits
'akialoa – Hawaiian honeycreeper with long, curved bill (*Hemignathus obscurus*)
'akoko – endemic plant (*Euphorbia* spp.) with milky sap and small flowers
alani – brown seaweeds (*Dictyota* spp.) or tree with oblong, fragrant leaves
ali'i – chief, royalty
'amakihi – small endemic honeycreepers with yellow and green feathers
'ānunu – endemic climbing vine with thin leaves and small yellow flowers
'elepaio – species of flycatcher bird, believed to be the goddess of canoe makers
ha'iwaile – endangered native Hawaiian forest shrub with white tubular flowers
hāpu'u – endemic tree fern (*Cibotium splendens*) with large triangular fronds
Hāpuna – beach on Hawai'i Island; spring or pool
hau – hibiscus tree with flowers that are yellow when they open and then turn red
he'e – octopus
hōlei – small native tree (*Ochrosia compta*) with yellow flowers and fruit
honu – native Hawaiian green sea turtle (*Chelonia mydas*)
humuhumunukunukuāpua'a – reef triggerfish (*Rhinecanthus aculeatus*)
'i'iwi – scarlet Hawaiian honeycreeper (*Vestiaria coccinea*)
'ilima – golden yellow flowering plant (*Sida fallax*) in the Hibiscus family
'io – endangered endemic Hawaiian hawk (*Buteo solitarius*); signifying royalty
kahawai – stream, creek, river; valley, ravine, gulch
kai – sea, seawater, ocean
kalo – taro plant (*Colocasia esculenta*); often cultivated for its corm and leaves
kāma'o – endangered endemic Kaua'i thrush (*Phaeornis obscurus myadestina*)
kanaka – person, individual, or population of Hawaiian ancestry
kāne – male, man, husband
kapu – forbidden, sacred
kawakawa – makerel tuna
keiki – child, children
kino – body, person, individual
kioea – extinct large brown Hawaiian bird with a long curved bill; "stand tall"
koa – the largest of endemic Hawaiian forest trees (*Acacia koa*)
koholā – humpback whale (*Megaptera novaeangliae*)
kōlea – Pacific golden plover

kukui – a flowering tree sometimes called “candlenut” for its oily seeds
 kumulipo – origin of life; Hawaiian creation chant
 kupuna (kūpuna plural) – elder, ancestor, grandparent, a term of endearment
 lehua – the flower of the 'ōhi'a tree; the tree itself
 lei – flower garland, necklace
 limu – seaweed or algae, underwater marine plants
 lo'i – irrigated fields or terrace for kalo (taro) cultivation
 lōkahi – unity, agreement, harmony
 loko i'a – Hawaiian fishponds
 lōlō – paralyzed, numb, crazy
 lū'au – feast
 mahalo – thanks, gratitude; to thank
 maka'u – fear; cowardly, unsafe, dangerous
 makai – seaward, ocean, near the ocean
 mamo – black Hawaiian honeycreeper
 mana – spiritual or divine power
 manō – shark
 mauka – mountains; inland toward mountains
 mo'olelo – story, history, myth, tradition, legend
 nai'a – dolphin, porpoise
 nehe – endemic shrub in the daisy family with yellow flowers
 nēnē – endemic Hawaiian goose (state bird)
 nukupu'u – critically endangered species of Hawaiian honeycreeper
 'ō'ō – extinct black Hawaiian bird with yellow feathers on its wings
 'o'opu and 'o'opu nākea – small, bottom-dwelling fish; indigenous goby fish
 'ōhā wai – endemic flowering plant in the bellflower family
 'ohana – family, relatives
 'ōhi'a lehua – an endemic tree (*Metrosideros polymorpha*) in Myrtle family
 oli – chant
 'ōpae – shrimp
 pā'ū o hi'iaka – flowering vine (*Jacquemontia ovalifolia*) in Morning Glory family
 palapalai – fern with large fronds
 pili – a type of grass; traditionally used for thatching houses
 pua'a – pig; roast pork
 pueo – Hawaiian owl, often considered sacred
 'ua'u kani – wedge-tailed shearwater
 'ula-'ai-hawane – extinct small red Hawaiian honeycreeper
 'ula'ula – red, scarlet, brown
 ulua – fish classified in the jack family (*Carangidae*)
 wai hu'ihu'i – cold, chilly water

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A photograph of a yellow flower with a green frog on it, set against a misty background. The flower is in the foreground, and the frog is perched on one of its stamens. The background is a soft, out-of-focus landscape with green foliage and a misty atmosphere. The text is overlaid on the top left of the image.

Hanohano

Hawai'i Kuquli

*Celebrating collaboration and wisdom
across Hawai'i's ecosystems*