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The Development of the Mo'olelo (myth) : a native Hawaiian story, ritual, and dance

Kristy Noel Stuart
San Jose State University

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE
MO'OLELO (MYTH): A NATIVE HAWAIIAN STORY, RITUAL, AND DANCE

A Project
Presented to
The Faculty of the Department of Human Performance
San José State University

In Partial Fulfillment
Of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

by
Kristy Noël Stuart
December 2000

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APPROVED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN PERFORMANCE

Dr. Emily H. Wughalter

Dr. Barbara J. Conry

Dr. Peggy A. Plato

APPROVED FOR THE UNIVERSITY

ABSTRACT

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MO'OLELO (MYTH): A NATIVE HAWAIIAN STORY, RITUAL, AND DANCE

by Kristy N. Stuart

The purpose of this project was to develop a culturally sensitive health education/promotion adolescent story focused on Native Hawaiian culture and prevention of cardiovascular disease (CVD) through exercise. Through historical research the impact colonization had on the Native Hawaiians was examined. Empirical research reviewed assisted in investigating the prevalence of CVD within the Native Hawaiian population as well as risk factors associated with CVD. The need for prevention of CVD through exercise was established. The story, "Mo'olelo (Myth): A Native Hawaiian Story, Ritual, and Dance" was created. The methodology followed to establish internal validity was through peer debriefing, member checking, and triangulation. An audit inquiry was performed to determine whether an audit trail was evident through the research paper as well as throughout the story.

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Dedication

I dedicate this creative project to Princess Nāhi‘ena‘ena, the sacred daughter of Kamehameha I. The struggle she endured, as a result of being torn between her own culture and a Western culture inspired me to write the story, “Mo ‘olelo (Myth): A Native Hawaiian Story, Ritual, and Dance”. It is believed that she was born during the year of 1815 and died December 30, 1836.

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CHAPTER 1

PRESENTATION OF THE PROBLEM

Introduction

Native Hawaiians are described as the indigenous people of Hawaii. Their migration to the Pacific Islands consisted of three phases which began over 3600 years ago. The first stage of human movement was approximately 36 miles, from Southeast Asia to New Guinea. The means of traveling to New Guinea was on rafts or dug-out canoes; however, these types of boats only traveled short distances. It was not until more sea-worthy boats were created that the next phase of migration took place. The second phase of immigration was from the Philippines, Indonesia, and New Hebrides to the Western Carolines, Marianas, and Fiji. Finally, the last phase of individuals, currently known as Native Hawaiians, migrated to the Hawaiian Islands from these areas approximately 2000 years ago (Oliver, 1989).

The Native Hawaiian culture flourished until Captain Cook's arrival in 1778. At that time the population was as large as one million. The arrival of the Western culture (European and American) marked a devastating turning point for the Native Hawaiian people. In less than 100 years, from 1778-1850, 75% of the population died. The decline in population was primarily due to diseases such as tuberculosis, measles, influenza, leprosy, and infectious diseases that were transmitted to the Hawaiians through contact with Westerners (Tamir & Cachola, 1994).

Today, Native Hawaiians have a lower life expectancy than many other ethnic groups. In addition, they have a high incidence of various chronic conditions such as

diabetes, hypertension, coronary heart disease, obesity, and cancer. The high incidence of these chronic conditions can be attributed to many factors one of which is a lower level of education. A low level of education is a major factor that influences health status. Often it is identified as a precursor to lower paying jobs which do not offer health care benefits.

According to Tamir and Cachola (1994), Native Hawaiians have higher incidence of diseases compared to most other ethnic groups, which seems to be a direct result of colonization. Through colonization, the Native Hawaiians were subjected to involuntary immigration which led to the various problems within their communities which are still prevalent today such as a decrease in the family unit and self-esteem, an increase in drug and alcohol abuse, social impairment, criminal acts, suicide, and child abuse (Benham & Heck, 1998).

Involuntary immigration is described as process in which a civilization is forced into colonization by a more dominant culture (Benham & Heck, 1998). The effect which involuntary immigration has on people is different than voluntary immigration. For example, voluntary immigration provides immigrants with a certain outlook on economic, social, political, and educational institutions (Benham & Heck, 1998).

Individuals in the voluntary immigration group are described as wanting to achieve goals in their new country (Benham & Heck, 1998). Voluntary immigrants compare their achievements to their home country. For example, the Japanese who immigrated to Hawaii in the 1800s used the educational system to expand their knowledge, thus increasing their social status and mobility. On the other hand, involuntary immigrants are described as individuals displaced from their homeland through slavery or overtaken by a

more dominant culture (Benham & Heck, 1998). These individuals measure their success through their perception of the dominant culture. They do not see themselves as being equal which, in turn, leads to resentment. Instead, Native Hawaiians see themselves as being discriminated against by the dominant group and its schools; they also believe they are victims of institutionalization (Benham & Heck, 1998). Often involuntary immigrants consider this condition as permanent, and for the Native Hawaiians it was.

Justification

How could a thriving culture that had resided on the Pacific Islands for hundreds of years become so impacted by westernization? It was this question that prompted a close examination of the current health status of Native Hawaiians. The incidence of cardiovascular disease among the Native Hawaiian population is the focus of this project. Native Hawaiians have one of the highest mortality rates from heart disease compared to most other ethnicities (Tamir & Cachola, 1994). Through investigating health statistics from the Hawaii State Department of Health (1991), it is clear that the current health status of Native Hawaiians is substandard. Obviously, there is a need for health care providers to increase their awareness of Native Hawaiians in the public health domain as well as in other areas such as education, family values, religious beliefs, and cultural traditions. The major objectives of this study are to raise consciousness of the Native Hawaiian heritage as well as to educate people and promote health in a culturally sensitive way.

Approach to the Problem

Initially, the approach to the problem began through researching the history of Native Hawaiians prior to and after contact with Western civilization; both are equally important to understand the various factors that influenced the Native Hawaiians health. Factors that impact health are educational level, socioeconomic status, access to health care, and cultural barriers. However, what causes a particular ethnic group to have a lower level of education or socioeconomic status often lies in past history. The goals of this research project are: 1) to gain a better understanding of the Native Hawaiian history, 2) to develop a culturally sensitive health education/promotion children's book focused on preventing cardiovascular disease (CVD) through exercise.

Project Tasks

First, a review of literature on the history of the Native Hawaiian culture and health status is provided. Second, a review of literature on health promotion and cardiovascular disease prevention as a result of exercise is presented. Third, an adolescent story, entitled "Mo'olelo: A Native Hawaiian Story, Ritual, and Dance" for individuals aged 13 years or older that may be used as an educational tool to promote healthy lifestyles is included.

Definition of Terms

The following terms were used throughout this project as well as throughout the Mo'olelo. The terms and definitions are:

Basal Metabolic Rate (BMR). BMR is a minimum level of energy that is required to sustain the body's vital functions in the waking state (McArdle, Katch, & Katch, 1996).

Body Mass Index (BMI). BMI is a measurement often used to establish whether an individual is underweight, overweight, or obese [weight (kg)/height (m^2)] (Aluli, 1991).

Cardiovascular Disease (CVD). CVD is a disease that involves degenerative changes in the inner lining of the larger arteries that supply the heart muscle (McArdle et al., 1996).

Dance. The dance portrays the story through movement, rhythm, and gesture (Kanahele, 1986).

Maximal Oxygen Consumption (VO_2 max). VO_2 max is the maximal rate at which oxygen can be consumed per minute (Fox & Keteyian, 1998).

Ritual. The ritual represents those values expressed in the story (Kanahele, 1986).

Story. The myth tells the story in words and defines the ultimate values in the realm of the sacred (Kanahele, 1986).

Assumptions for the Study

A few basic assumptions exist for this project. First, a need exists for health education programs to be developed to target ethnic groups with a high incidence of CVD. Second, positive behavioral changes may be attained through health education. Third, maintaining good health is a lifelong goal.

Delimitations of the Study

This project is delimited to: (a) creating a health education book on CVD prevention for Native Hawaiian children, (b) the story will promote cardiovascular disease prevention through physical activity.

Limitations of the Study

This project is limited to: (a) the openness of the Native Hawaiian community to accept a health promotion book for children and use it as a tool to improve their health, (b) reviewing the literature on Native Hawaiians, cardiovascular disease, and exercise, (c) the number of meetings with the member checkers', (d) when member checkers' were given the story to make the reviews, (e) the number of revisions made after the member checkers' reviewed the story, (f) the use of more of a qualitative review from the member checkers', such as open-ended questions, and (g) feedback that was not sought from young readers.

Summary

It is apparent that through colonization, Native Hawaiians experienced a cultural transformation that has had a substantial impact on their health. Native Hawaiians have a lower life expectancy than many other ethnic groups, which is due to the high incidence of chronic conditions such as diabetes, hypertension, CVD, obesity, and cancer. In addition to their substandard health status, Native Hawaiians also have lower socioeconomic status and education level than most other ethnic groups, which also seems to be a direct result of colonization.

To gain a better understanding of the current health status of Native Hawaiians, historical research prior to and after Western contact will be explored. In addition, empirical research investigating the relationship of CVD and exercise will also be examined. Both types of research are necessary to understand Native Hawaiian history and cardiovascular disease prevention through exercise. To complete the objectives of this project, the review of literature will aid in the development of a book for adolescents that promotes healthy lifestyles as well as pride in the Native Hawaiian culture.

CHAPTER 2

REVIEW OF LITERATURE

In this review of literature, historical and empirical research will be examined. Historical research will be explored to understand the impact colonization had on Native Hawaiians. The empirical research selected will assist in identifying the prevalence of CVD within the Native Hawaiian population as well as risk factors associated with CVD and establishing the need for prevention of CVD through exercise. In addition, the examination of empirical research will aid in establishing guidelines to develop a culturally sensitive health education book for the Native Hawaiian population.

Historical Foundations

Research indicates that over 60% of Native Hawaiians are considered obese (Shintani, Hughes, Beckham, & O'Connor, 1991). The high prevalence of obesity found in the Native Hawaiian population may be due to the lower energy expenditure required in modern living and the preference for western foods (Aluli, 1991; Curb et al., 1991; Shintani et al., 1991). To support the relationship of Native Hawaiian obesity to modern living and adoption of the Western diet, Miller (1974) provided two historical accounts which described natives' physique shortly after Western contact. Both quotes contradict the physical description of the Native Hawaiians in the present day. First, a man by the name of Captain James King who was one of the first visitors to see the natives wrote: "The natives of these islands are, in general, above the middle size (taller), and well made; they walk very gracefully, run nimbly and are capable of bearing great fatigue..."

(Miller, 1974, p. 168). Miller (1974) cited a man by the name of Reverend William Ellis who in 1823 wrote:

The natives are in general rather above the middle stature, well formed, with fine muscular limbs, open countenances and features frequently resembling those of Europeans. Their gait is graceful and sometimes stately. The chiefs in particular are tall and stout, and their personal appearance is so much superior to that of the common people, that some have imagined them as a distinct race. This however is not the fact, the great care taken of them in childhood, and their better living, have probably occasioned the difference. (p. 168)

In addition to the transformation in physique, they also experienced a cultural transformation.

When Captain Cook arrived in 1778, the Native Hawaiians believed that he and his men were either gods or individuals sent by gods. This assumption was based on the Westerners' unfamiliar ideas and the material objects they possessed such as modern weapons. The introduction of new and powerful technology laid the foundation for Hawaiians to feel inferior to the foreigners (Benham & Heck, 1998).

Other outsiders began to arrive on the islands following 1778, such as the missionaries from America. The missionaries believed the Hawaiians were savages and needed to be civilized. Their cultural transformation would take place through education. Schools were used as tools to change beliefs, values, goals, and behavior. The Western

cultural philosophy focused on three principles (Sumner & Roumassett, 1984). First, education would be based on Protestant ideology derived from the Bible; it would be used as the primary tool to teach about salvation and morality. The second principle was described as the “savage-to-civilization” paradigm of social evolution. This paradigm suggested that native cultures would either die out as a result of cultural inferiority or be assimilated into the white culture. The final precept was based on the idea of manifest destiny in relation to Native Hawaiians. Manifest destiny, suggested that natives needed to be converted to civilized members of a democracy; in exchange for this transformation, the educators (i.e., westerners) were entitled to take the natives’ land.

In the process of transforming the natives, the Native Hawaiians experienced great cultural differences in education according to Benham and Heck (1998). One difference the natives experienced was Western education placed individuals into grade levels based on their age. The passing of certain criteria was needed to advance to the next level. On the other hand, Hawaiian children were taught by their level of ability, not their age or by passing certain criteria. They learned “one step at a time” through observation and activities. The criterion for progressing forward was measured by an individual’s success (Benham & Heck, 1998).

Other differences existed between Western education and Native Hawaiian education; for instance, Hawaiians did not comprehend the importance placed on long-term education. Instead, they believed in the attribute of Mana, “ultimate personal possession”. Mana is described as each individual having a special talent or spiritual gift; it is the individual’s responsibility to always work towards excellence; thus, the Western

emphasis on long-term education was not well understood (Benham & Heck, 1998). Secondly, Native Hawaiians did not understand the Westerner student-teacher relationship. Native children were taught to avoid eye contact with their elders and to never question adults (Benham & Heck, 1998). However, Westerners saw this as a lack of self-esteem and confidence. Thirdly, individuals who were perceived to be educators greatly differed between the Native Hawaiian and Western cultures (Benham & Heck, 1998). Native Hawaiians believed that learning took place in the home or an outdoor setting from their extended family, such as their parents or grandparents. However, Westerners believed that learning took place in a schoolhouse by individuals who possessed expertise in teaching. Another concept that was foreign to the natives was the Western idea of competition to promote individual gain. They believed in competition to show mastery of a skill; it was necessary for the survival of the community, not for individual gain. Finally, Westerners believed in spending large amounts of time working. For instance, their average workweek consisted of 6 days, 10 hours each day (Benham & Heck, 1998). The natives, on the other hand, believed in providing what was needed. They would get the work done that needed to be completed and then spend the rest of their time leisurely socializing (Benham & Heck, 1998).

Although large differences existed between Western and Native Hawaiian cultures, the Native Hawaiians began to assimilate. They showed a decrease in illiteracy; however, they were still in a lower economic class than the whites (Daws, 1969). In fact, Native Hawaiians were at the bottom of the class structure, partly because the educational system in Hawaii perpetuated racial hierarchy (Daws, 1969). In fact, by 1893 there were

two distinct schools in Hawaii, one for the elite and one for the commoners. Separate schooling increased the natives' feelings of inferiority to the whites. In addition, the class structure within the workforce was also distinct; the elite whites were at the top, the small business owners and crafts people were in the middle, and the Pacific Islanders and Asians were at the bottom (Daws, 1969).

The different class structure not only had an impact on the self-esteem of the Native Hawaiians, but also affected them economically and politically. With the majority of wealth among individuals from the United States, citizens quickly began to purchase land and their political power grew. By 1898, the United States overthrew the Hawaiian monarch, and Hawaii became part of the United States with the passage of the Organic Act for the Territory of Hawaii on June 14, 1900. By 1910, five United States companies (Castle and Cook, Alexander and Baldwin, Theo H. Davis Company, C. Brewer and Company, and American Foster) controlled 75% of the islands' crops, and by 1933 they controlled 96% (Daws, 1969). With the United States dominating Hawaii's land and agriculture, it seemed to be only a matter of time before Hawaii would become a state. Finally, on March 18th 1959, Hawaii became the newest state in the country.

Although Native Hawaiians were now United States citizens, they were left feeling inferior, unequal, and powerless to the Western establishment. They became part of a subculture that rejected Western ways, which resulted in a decrease in academic achievement, as well as social and economic status. In addition, between 1910 and 1970, Native Hawaiians had the lowest life expectancy among all ethnic groups in Hawaii (Tamir & Cachola, 1994). The devastating impact that the destruction of traditional

Hawaiian practices has had on the Native Hawaiian culture has caused various activist groups to reestablish cultural traditions in Hawaiian schools such as language, arts, and crafts (Benham & Heck, 1998). Although change is taking place within the schools to incorporate more Native Hawaiian culture, there is still a need for development of additional cultural awareness programs.

Mythology

One way to incorporate Native Hawaiian culture within schools is through the use of mythology. According to Kanahele (1986), mythology is considered one of the Native Hawaiians most important creations. Mythology deals with current or past events and encompasses the power or laws that determine human existence (Kanahele, 1986). Native Hawaiians used mythology to describe the sacred and supernatural world as well as the gods and their deeds. Beckwith (1970) suggested that in addition to secular myths, other themes included amusements, games, and sports. Although many individuals regard mythology as falsehood, Kanahele (1986) states that mythology is necessary to understand the practices related to both traditional and modern Hawaiian values.

The Hawaiian word for myth is mo'olelo (Kanahele, 1986). The expression mo'olelo is a two-root term. The first root (mo'o) means series or succession, specifically in regard to genealogical line, whereas the second root (ōlelo) means tongue or language (Kanahele, 1986). Beckwith (1970) suggested that, traditionally, mo'olelo referred to a true narrative about both historical figures and gods, most notable, akua.

The process of myth making is considered to have evolved with the Native Hawaiian society (Kanahele, 1986). What has influenced the process of myth making is

new knowledge such as new perceptions, attitudes, opinions, standard values, facts, and theories (Kanahele, 1986). At any particular time, the understanding of new knowledge is reflected in the myth.

In addition to displaying new knowledge, the myth was also used as a tool to transfer values. Through religious beliefs of the supernatural and sacred world of the gods, values transpired (Beckwith, 1970). These values were seen as the standard for all human behavioral acts and, thereby, were incorporated into the myth by using models of these values (Beckwith, 1970).

Cardiovascular Disease

Currently, full-blooded Native Hawaiians (100% Native Hawaiian ancestry) have a mortality rate 146% higher than all other races in the United States (Aluli, 1991). In addition, full-blooded Native Hawaiians have a 177% higher prevalence of CVD than all other races in the United States (Aluli, 1991). Native Hawaiians have a high prevalence of all risk factors related to CVD (Tamir & Cachola, 1994). Risk factors associated with cardiovascular disease are: obesity, diabetes, hypertension, hypercholesterolemia, and physical inactivity (McArdel et al., 1996). Smoking is also a risk factor associated with CVD. However, for the purpose of this paper, those risk factors that may be prevented through increasing one's activity level will be explored as well as the prevalence of them among the Native Hawaiian population.

Risk Factors

A study conducted by Curb et al. (1991) examined the prevalence of risk factors associated with CVD in the Native Hawaiian population on the island of Moloka'i. The

sample for this study was of 257 Native Hawaiians aged 20-59 years. The researchers found the following results: 60% of both sexes were overweight, 23% of those aged 50-59 years had elevated blood sugar levels, 14% of those aged 20-39 years and 36% of those aged 40-59 years had a resting blood pressure of 140/90 mmHg or above, 46% of those aged 50-59 years had a serum cholesterol greater than 6.2 mmol/L, and 42% of the males were smokers (Curb et al., 1991). Although these results only reflect one study, other studies that have examined the prevalence of CVD risk factors in the Native Hawaiian population have found similar results (Aluli, 1991; Shintani et al., 1991; Tamir & Cachola, 1994).

Native Hawaiians are among the most obese people in the world (Tamir & Cachola, 1994). Obesity is defined as having defined BMI greater than 27 kg/m^2 (Tremblay, Depres, & Leblanc, 1990). Obesity is often described as a disease of energy metabolism. However, it is a common belief that obesity is a byproduct of modern lifestyles and dietary practices such as psychological stress, excess food consumption, and physical inactivity.

Earlier descriptions by Miller (1974) suggested that Native Hawaiian diet and inactivity are significant factors influencing the prevalence of obesity in this population. A study examining the prevalence of obesity in the Native Hawaiian population found through measuring the BMI of 257 Native Hawaiians that 65.5% of the males and 62% of the females had a BMI greater than 28 (Aluli, 1991). A similar study examining obesity and cardiovascular risk prevention through ad libitum feeding of the traditional diet found that the average BMI of the participants was 39.6 (range 27.7-48.7) (Shintani et al.,

1991). The researchers in this study examined 10 Native Hawaiian men and women aged 25-64 years who resided in the Waiane community located on the western side of Oahu. The study was designed so that the subjects' diet was altered for 21 days to mimic the Native Hawaiian diet before Western contact. After the trial period, individuals' BMI, serum lipids, blood pressure, and serum glucose were measured. The results of the study showed an average decrease in BMI of 2.6, serum lipid levels of 14%, systolic blood pressure of 7.8 mmHg, diastolic blood pressure of 11.5 mmHg, and serum glucose of 2.14 mmol/L. The significant results found in this study may be used as a tool to aid others in the health care field in decreasing the prevalence of obesity.

Tamir and Cachola (1994) suggested that obese individuals have a greater chance of developing Type II diabetes, a risk factor for CVD. Type II diabetes is commonly referred to as adult-onset diabetes and is described as an overabundance of glucose in the blood. The prevalence and mortality rates for Type II diabetes are extremely high among the Native Hawaiian population due to the high prevalence of obesity found within this group (Shintani et al., 1991). According to the Hawaii State Department of Health (1991), the prevalence of obesity in the Native Hawaiian population significantly increases with age; for example, there is a 2% increase in individuals aged 20-29 years, a 4% increase in individuals aged 30-39 years, a 17% increase with individuals ages 40-49 years, and a 22% increase in individuals aged 50-59 years.

Another risk factor associated with CVD is hypertension. Hypertension is defined as having blood pressure equal to or greater than 140/90 mm Hg (McArdle et al., 1996). High blood pressure occurs when the arteries narrow and blood cannot easily pass

through them. Thus, the heart has to work harder to force blood through the arteries which, in turn, increases the pressure within them (Tamir & Cachola, 1994). There are various causes of hypertension such as heredity, obesity, lack of exercise, and excess salt consumption. Hagberg and Brown (1995) suggested that approximately 30% of adults in the United States have this condition; however, it is the most changeable risk factor associated with CVD. According to Curb et al. (1991), 14% of ethnic Hawaiians aged 20-39 years and 36% of individuals 40-59 years had a blood pressure greater than 140/90 mm Hg. One of the main risk factors that influences hypertension is obesity, which again may explain the high prevalence of hypertension among this population.

Hypercholesterolemia is a risk factor for CVD. An individual with a serum cholesterol between 200 and 239 mg/dl is considered borderline high, and above 240 is considered high (McArdle et al., 1996). It has been reported that 50% of Native Hawaiian males and 45% of females have a serum cholesterol that is greater than 200 mg/dl, and 40% of individuals aged 50-59 years have been reported as having a serum cholesterol greater than 240 mg/dl (Curb et al., 1991).

It is estimated that approximately 51.7% of the adult Hawaiian population is sedentary, and only about 10% of this population participates in regular physical activity (Hawaii State Department of Health, 1991). Lack of physical activity is not just a problem for Native Hawaiians, but for the U.S. population as well. There has been increasing effort to change sedentary lifestyles to active ones, due to the growing recognition of the importance of physical activity in preventing CVD.

Effects of Physical Activity on Risk Factors for CVD

Increasing physical activity is a key objective for youth and adults in Healthy People 2000 (U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, 1991). Objectives for increasing physical activity are based on research suggesting that there are benefits from exercise on the heart muscle as well as the entire body. Specifically, the physiological effects that exercise has on obesity, diabetes, hypertension, and hypercholesterolemia are reviewed here.

Earlier, an overweight individual was defined as having a BMI greater than 27 kg/m², and an obese individual having a BMI greater than 30 kg/m². To decrease one's BMI, the energy balance within the body must be altered. Energy balance is described as energy ingested equaling energy expended. Energy ingested is derived from food such as protein, carbohydrates, and fat, whereas energy is expended through physical activity. Tremblay et al. (1990) suggested that vigorous exercise is correlated to decreasing one's BMI. To create an energy deficit, one must consume less food or expend more energy, or both. Higher levels of physical activity increase energy expenditure, thus decreasing BMI. In addition to altering an individual's BMI, physical activity also provides a means of altering fat oxidation (Astrup et al., 1994). There are two effects of endurance training on lipid oxidation. The first effect is an increase in fat oxidation which produces a negative fat balance, in turn equaling a loss of body fat mass. The second effect is a greater reliance on fat as a source of energy (Tremblay et al., 1990). Training increases adipose tissue lipoprotein lipase, which promotes the use as well as the disposal of circulating triglycerides. An important key to maintaining a healthy body and decreasing

the risk of CVD is finding an activity that may be enjoyed on a lifelong basis (Tremblay et al., 1990).

Maintaining an active lifestyle is a crucial component to weight management due to the significant changes that take place in the body with aging. These changes include an increase in body fat, a decrease in muscle mass, and a decrease in nonmuscle lean tissue and bone density (Meredith, Zackin, Frontera, & Evans, 1987). Of these factors the most distinctive change is an increase in fat mass. Meredith et al. (1987) conducted a study to examine body composition and aerobic capacity in 12 middle-aged men. The researchers found that the number of hours the subjects exercised per week was negatively correlated with their fat mass and positively correlated with their daily energy requirements and VO_2 max. Thus, the authors of the study concluded that the increase in body fat some of the subjects experienced was due to a decrease in their activity level.

In addition to the effects that physical activity has on body weight, physical activity also has positive effects for individuals with Type II diabetes. A problem existing among those with Type II diabetes is, insulin resistance in the peripheral tissues such as skeletal muscle. Insulin resistance coupled with the liver's resistance to insulin action; thus, the body is less capable of disposing of the excess glucose (McArdle et al., 1996).

An excessive amount of glucose circulating in the body is referred to as hyperglycemia. Hyperglycemia is believed to be contributing factor in the acceleration of the atherosclerotic process due to the glycosylation of lipoproteins and tissue proteins (Solomon, 1984). Physical activity has been shown to improve the sensitivity of the liver, skeletal muscle, and adipose tissues to the action of insulin, therefore lowering plasma

glucose levels (Stout, 1985). A study conducted by Manson et al. (1992) found an inverse relationship between exercise and risk of developing Type II diabetes. This experiment examined the exercise regime of 21,271 male physicians aged 40-84 yrs in a 5-year follow-up design. Results from this study indicated that regular, vigorous exercise decreased the incidence of Type II diabetes; hence, physical activity may reduce the risk of developing adult-onset diabetes.

Another physiological result of exercise is a decrease in plasma glucose levels, which is associated with a decrease in the incidence of hyperinsulinemia. Hyperinsulinemia results from excess secretion of insulin to balance blood glucose in order to maintain normal levels, subsequently putting the excess nutrients in storage. One study cited enhanced insulin action after moderate to high intensity exercise is sustained for 72 hours after exercise (Manson et al., 1992). Although regular exercise has been shown to improve glucose homeostasis, more research is needed to fully understand the physiological consequences of exercise on individuals with diabetes. (Helmrich, Ragland, & Paffenbarger, 1994).

Although the effects of exercise in inhibiting Type II diabetes are not completely understood, there is a substantial amount of literature that supports an inverse relationship between physical activity and resting blood pressure (Seals & Hagberg, 1984). Regular aerobic exercise increases maximal oxygen uptake rate, which results from the body's ability to increase stroke volume and enlarge the arteriovenous oxygen difference. Enhancing stroke volume may, in turn, cause an increase in vascular transport capacity and venous return, as well as left ventricular hypertrophy, thus enabling the cardiac

muscle to function more efficiently at rest and during exercise (Laughlin, Overholser, Bhatte, & Bhatte, 1989). These effects of exercise may decrease the blood pressure in an individual with hypertension (Seals & Hagberg, 1984).

Reviewing existing literature, Seals and Hagberg (1984) found that exercise training decreased resting blood pressure and myocardial work at rest and during submaximal exercise in hypertensive individuals. Paffenbarger, Hyde, Wing, and Hsieh (1986) found similar results. In the Paffenbarger et al. study, researchers examined physical activity and various lifestyle characteristics, and their relationship to the length of life. Of the 16,936 individuals studied, 1413 died during the 12- to 16-year follow-up. Mortality rates due to CVD and respiratory disease were the highest among men who displayed low daily energy expenditure. In addition, those individuals who were characterized as smokers with high blood pressure also had high mortality rates. However, those individuals who increased their energy expenditure from 500 to 3500 kcal per week decreased their blood pressure and experienced longer lives. The reduction in blood pressure is believed to have been a factor that influenced the length of their lives (Paffenbarger et al., 1986).

A study conducted by Duncan et al. (1985) also examined the correlation between exercise and blood pressure. Researchers in this study found that exercise lowered blood pressure in patients with hypertension as well as altered their plasma catecholamines. Catecholamines are hormones released by the adrenal medulla and sympathetic neurons and are believed to influence the heart, blood vessels, and glands through the stimulation of the sympathetic nervous system (McArdle et al., 1996). In this investigation, 56

sedentary males aged 21-37 years with mild hypertension were studied. After completing a 16-week aerobic exercise program, researchers found a decrease in systolic and diastolic pressure, which ranged between 6.3 and 15.5 mmHg. In addition, researchers found significant changes in plasma catecholamines after training. The change of plasma catecholamines was due to a reduction of sympathetic tone, which in turn affected blood pressure (Duncan et al., 1985).

Tamir and Cachola (1994) indicated that the effect of regular exercise on blood pressure is greater for a person with hypertension than someone within the normal range for resting blood pressure. Hagberg and Brown (1995) assessed the effects of endurance exercise on individuals with hypertension. This study measured resting blood pressure before and after a 10-week endurance training program, where subjects exercised at a level of 40-70% of their VO_2 max. The results showed an average decrease in systolic blood pressure of 10.5 mmHg and a decrease in diastolic blood pressure of 8.6 mmHg. In addition, those who exercised close to 70% of their VO_2 max received a greater reduction in blood pressure values as opposed to those who exercised closer to 40% of their VO_2 max. Endurance training has a positive impact on decreasing blood pressure in an individual with hypertension, which in turn decreases the risk of developing CVD (Hagberg & Brown, 1995).

Altering cholesterol levels in the body is the final effect of physical activity on CVD prevention. Williams and Moussa (1995) suggested that regular physical activity lowers plasma triglycerides in subjects with above normal concentrations. In general, there are four types of lipoproteins circulating in the body. However, for the purpose of

this paper, only three of the four lipoproteins will be explored: low-density lipoprotein (LDL), very low-density lipoprotein (VLDL), and high-density lipoprotein (HDL). LDL is a fragment of VLDL. According to McArdle et al. (1996), VLDL transports triglycerides formed from the liver, carbohydrates, alcohol, and cholesterol to muscle and adipose tissue. The VLDL includes the highest percentage of lipid (95%), of which about 60% is in the form of triglyceride (McArdle et al., 1996). Following contact with the enzyme lipoprotein lipase, VLDL becomes an LDL molecule. These two lipoproteins contain the largest lipid concentration and the lowest protein concentration. As a result of the lipoprotein structure, the LDLs have the greatest attraction for the cells of the arterial wall. Once the LDLs become oxidized, they participate in the growth of smooth muscle cells which damage the artery (McArdle et al., 1996). Over time, this process increases one's risk of developing CVD. On the other hand, HDL participates in the reverse transport of cholesterol. HDL carries cholesterol away from the arteries and back to the liver where it is removed from the body (McArdle et al., 1996). High levels of HDL decrease one's risk of CVD (Morris, 1994).

Eaton et al. (1995) implied that regular exercise increases HDL-cholesterol by increasing lipoprotein lipase activity, an enzyme necessary to convert LDL-cholesterol to HDL-cholesterol, thereby increasing the body's ability to clear the excess cholesterol. A study conducted by Williams and Moussa (1995) examined the lipid values of 1833 women who were grouped into two categories, those who ran 10 miles per week versus those who ran either a lower mileage or had no activity at all. The results indicated that those women who exercised at higher levels elevated their HDL count. Similar results

were reported in a study that also measured distance and frequency of running per week in men aged 30 to 64 years (Kokkinos et al., 1995).

Other studies that have indicated changes in HDL concentration are Schwartz et al. (1992) and Thompson et al. (1988). Both studies examined sedentary subjects' VO_2 max and body composition prior to and after different periods of exercise training that ranged from 2 to 6 months. Schwartz et al. (1992) found significant improvements only in subjects' HDL levels; however, Thompson et al. (1988) found significant improvements in HDL levels, VO_2 max, and body composition. In addition to the numerous benefits exercise has on the risk factors associated with CVD, exercise also provides other benefits such as increasing fibrinolytic activity and decreasing sympathetic-mediated cardiovascular responses to psychosocial stress.

High levels of fibrinogen, a blood clotting protein, have been shown to be a risk factor for CVD. A study directed by Stratton et al. (1991) found that intensive exercise enhances fibrinolytic activity, thus decreasing the risk of CVD. This study analyzed two groups of individuals; the first group consisted of 10 people aged 24-30 years and the second group consisted of 13 people aged 60-82 years. Scientists found that intensive exercise training in the younger and older population raised the fibrinolytic activity, which in turn created lower levels of fibrinogen. Researchers believe that the enhanced fibrinolytic mechanism aids in thrombus breakdown, thus decreasing the progression of arteriosclerosis.

Crews and Landers (1987) implied that exercise promotes a positive response pattern to psychological stress and tension. Through a review of literature, the authors of

this study hypothesized various reasons for the decreased feelings of fatigue and stress that are associated with exercise. Their speculations are as follows: there may be an increased sensitivity to B-adrenergic stimulation which reduces sympathetic nervous system activity following aerobic activity, a rise in core temperature may stimulate an increase in serotonin levels, an enhanced function of the renal system may increase the control of fluid volume and sodium balance, and a heightened release of endogenous opiates may alter the stress response. Based on this extensive review of literature, there is overwhelming evidence of the benefits of exercise, and its role in reducing the risk and decreasing the progression of CVD.

Children and Cardiovascular Health

Taubert, Moller, and Washington (1996) indicated that the atherosclerotic process begins in childhood. One risk factor that is associated with CVD that may manifest itself in childhood is obesity. Hubert, Feinleib, McNamara, and Castelli (1983) suggested that excessive accumulation of body fat often begins in childhood. Early onset of obesity frequently results in lifetime problems associated with obesity. A study conducted by Al-Hazzaa, Sulaiman, Al-Matar, and Al-Mobaireek (1994) examined the relationship of cardiorespiratory fitness, daily physical activity, and CVD risk factors. The study consisted of 91 preadolescent boys aged 7-12 years who were asked to perform a submaximal treadmill test. The following measurements were taken: blood pressure, cholesterol, triglycerides, and VO_2 max. Those individuals who had a higher VO_2 max had higher levels of HDLs and lower body fat and triglycerides. In addition, the subjects

were also asked to rate their activity level. A negative correlation was found to exist between physical activity and blood pressure.

Another study conducted by Boreham, Twisk, Savage, Cran, and Strain (1996) analyzed physical activity, sports participation, and CVD risk factors and found similar results. The subjects in the study consisted of a random sample of 1015 school children aged 12-15 years. The results showed that physical activity was beneficially associated with systolic blood pressure, lipid profile, and cardiorespiratory fitness. Must, Jacques, Dallal, Bajema, and Dietz (1992) presented results from a 55-year follow-up growth study that examined long-term morbidity and mortality of overweight adolescents. Adolescent obesity was found to be a significant predictor of adverse health conditions in adulthood such as mortality from CVD.

Taubert, Moller, and Washington (1996) estimated that approximately 28-33% of children have at least one risk factor for CVD. Educating children on ways to prevent risk factors which, in turn, may decrease the premature onset of CVD is a primary focus for many health education specialists. There are activity objectives for youth in Healthy People 2000. These include: a 30% increase in the number of individuals aged 6-17 years who participate in regular activity, a 75% increase in the number of children 6-17 years who participate in vigorous physical activity, increasing to 40% of individuals aged 6-17 years who participate in muscle strengthening and flexibility exercises, increasing the physical activity time in physical education class to (50%), increasing the percentage of children in grades 1-12 participating in physical education by 50%, and increasing the percentage of individuals in grades 9-12 participating in stretching at least 4 days per

week by 55%. The only objective that has been met is the muscle strengthening, flexibility, and endurance objectives (Allensworth, 1996). There is a need for more health education programs in the younger population, especially in the minority populations such as Native Hawaiians.

Hughes and Aluli (1991) identified problems with current health services in Hawaii. These include: indifference to Native Hawaiian values; and deficiencies in help-seeking behaviors, treatment goals, problem solving, and communication styles. In addition, other problems that exist are: underrepresentation in the health care profession, decreased capability and acceptability of health services to Native Hawaiians, and inaccessibility of services. Although attempts have been made to target behavior change, most have failed due to cultural inappropriateness, irrelevance of the information to the target population, and little use of social support systems such as the family or church.

Summary

Understanding the various components of an ethnic group, their relationship to health, and their role in producing patterns of disease are necessary in developing a successful intervention program. Understanding Native Hawaiian history, education level, social and economic status, and health issues associated with this group of individuals is vital to the program development process. Once one has become aware of the contributing factors to poor health a culturally sensitive program may be developed (Williams, Lavizzo-Mourey, & Warren, 1994). Development of a health promotion program model for Native Hawaiians must be comprehensive and include the Native Hawaiian rationale regarding traditional values and beliefs.

In addition to understanding Native Hawaiian history, another purpose of this review of literature was to explore the health status of these individuals; specifically, the prevalence of CVD in this population. The mortality rate from CVD among these people is one of the highest compared to other ethnic groups. To change these statistics, it is necessary to promote behavioral changes that influence the progression of CVD. Currently, exercise is viewed as one of the most advantageous approaches in preventing CVD. Based on the notion that the atherosclerotic process begins in adolescence as well as the belief that early adolescence is the time when key health behaviors are being created; it is this population that will be targeted in the book.

CHAPTER 3

METHODS

The tasks for this project were: 1) reviewing the literature on the history of Native Hawaiian culture and health status, as well as health promotion and CVD prevention as a result of exercise, 2) creating an adolescent story entitled “Mo’olelo: A Native Hawaiian Story, Ritual, and Dance” for individuals aged 13 years or older that may be used as an educational tool to promote healthy lifestyles. The goals of this research project were: 1) to gain a better understanding of Native Hawaiian history, 2) to develop a culturally sensitive health education/promotion adolescent story on preventing CVD through exercise.

The literature used to write the story were those cited in Chapter 2. In addition, other sources specific to the Native Hawaiian culture were used (Buck, 1964; Puku‘i, Haertige, & Lee, 1979). Chapter 3 contains a description of the project design, the procedures for qualitative evaluation, and an overview of the program evaluation process.

The Story

Capturing the target audience’s interest as well as illustrating technical ideas was accomplished through an adventure story which combines Native Hawaiian culture and health education. First, a story was developed to reflect Native Hawaiian history, traditions, beliefs, and values. Second, through the use of symbolism, the story described risk factors associated with CVD as well as how to prevent CVD, specifically through exercise. Together, the two concepts were intertwined to create a unique narrative (see Appendix A).

Although the story focused on the Native Hawaiian population, the content of the story is applicable to other cultural populations. Different cultural groups may use the story to increase their own understanding of the Native Hawaiian culture as well as increase awareness of CVD prevention through exercise. The fictional wonderland modeled after the human body begins in the Temple of Hypothalamus, and a guide takes the reader to the “problem site”, Myocardial Land.

Along the journey, Native Hawaiian traditions are discussed. Some of these traditions included canoe making, fishing, use of weaponry, and musical instruments. In addition, reducing the risk factors for CVD through physical activity was embodied within the story. Examples of the activities that were incorporated into the story were walking, running, and swimming. The principles of frequency, duration, and intensity of exercise were also integrated into the story. These principles were based on exercise guidelines recommended by the Surgeon General’s report: moderate intensity physical activity performed 30 minutes a day should be included in most, if not all, days of the week (Centers for Disease Control & Prevention, 1999).

The story was developed based on criteria for writing adolescent literature (see Appendix B). Engdahl (1980) suggested the following guidelines for developing an adolescent book. First, adolescent books should not be written so they are easier to read than adult books, nor should the author limit the vocabulary in the book. Adolescent books should be similar in length and vocabulary to adult books; however, they may differ from adult books by their conceptual and emotional levels. Second, adolescent books should reflect views about life, but not in a manner that comes across to the reader

as “preaching”. Third, adolescent books may be controversial. They should include concepts worth discussing and should not be restricted to traditional ideas. Fourth, adolescent books should not shelter the reader from the world as it is. Fifth, the author should provide the reader with fictional experiences similar to the adolescent lifestyle and to specific problems which occur in adolescence as part of the maturing process.

In addition, Stanek (1980) suggested following a formula involving a literature model based on a set of interrelated ideas appealing to teenage readers. The ideas are as follows: immaturity is equivalent to isolation from the group; all problems can and will be solved successfully; communication is possible only with one’s peers; solutions to problems are brought about by others or realized by chance; and maturity requires some conformity, but one still maintains his or her own identity. Some of these ideas and those of Engdahl (1980) were used in developing the content of the fictional story.

The content of the story was also based on criteria consistent with Native Hawaiian children’s cultural experiences. Untalan, Guillory, and Hartley (1997) suggested that Native Hawaiian children excel when placed into a setting in which cultural values are honored and promoted. In the past, grandparents were responsible for child care, thereby ensuring the transmission of traditions from one generation to the next. Parents were involved in cultivation, fishing, and labor-intensive tasks. However, according to Untalan et al. (1997), young Native Hawaiian women today assume the authoritative role in the household, whereas young Native Hawaiian men rely on the social influence of peer groups to prepare for adulthood. Untalan et al. (1997) suggested that a lack of male role models for young Native Hawaiian males is extended into the

next generation so that males do not have the same opportunity as females to prepare for adulthood. These ideas were used in creating the story.

Story telling is deeply rooted in the Native Hawaiian culture. Boggs (1985) suggested that Native Hawaiian stories were motivated by an individual's desire to explore speculations from experiences not understood or those experienced for the first time. According to Boggs (1985), legends and chants were recited at public events in the past. Native Hawaiian children had the opportunity to listen to the stories; however, whether the children were provided with the reasoning behind the stories is unclear (Boggs, 1985).

Consistent with traditional Native Hawaiian culture is a similar motivation for Native Hawaiian children to speculate (Boggs, 1985). Speculation occurs when an individual is forced to learn by observation without having the opportunity to be provided with reasoning behind the experience. A child may learn through observation; however, it is important that the individual is also provided with an explanation for what he or she is observing. Likewise, another feature consistent with Native Hawaiian culture is obeying Kapu. The Kapu requires that one do the right thing to avoid danger (Boggs, 1985). However, the individual may not possess the necessary understanding to do so.

The story "Mo'olelo" is based on obeying the Kapu and learning through observation. The story allows the reader to speculate about the occurrence of events. However, the reasoning behind the story is provided which produces the ideal learning environment for the Native Hawaiian adolescent reader (Boggs, 1985). Other ideas and issues incorporated within the context of the story were the technological revolution,

economics, the environment, peaks in Native Hawaiian culture, leadership, and identity (see Appendix C).

Procedures

Qualitative Evaluation

The development of this fictional story was based on qualitative research, specifically using the procedures of naturalistic inquiry. Frequently, individuals question the trustworthiness of qualitative research since it is developed through observation and interpretation of other individuals' research. To establish the trustworthiness of qualitative research, Lincoln and Guba (1985) suggested following a naturalistic inquiry paradigm to maximize the trustworthiness of an investigation. The naturalistic inquiry paradigm is based on the ability to demonstrate the following concepts: truth-value, applicability, consistency, and neutrality. The concepts, which stem from the naturalistic inquiry paradigm, were used throughout the development of the story.

The first criterion met in the naturalistic inquiry paradigm was establishing truth-value. Truth-value refers to credibility, which represents a researcher's ability to portray various constructs of an investigation adequately (Lincoln & Guba, 1985). Credibility is similar to the scientific concept of internal validity. A researcher demonstrates credibility through having the constructs of the data approved by those who created it. The techniques used to demonstrate credibility were peer debriefing, member checking, and triangulation. Peer debriefing is described as the researcher exposing oneself to a peer who knows the mythological issues of the investigation. The purpose of peer debriefing is to explore the researcher's biases, clarify the researcher's interpretations, and validate the

researcher's conclusions (Lincoln & Guba, 1985). Dr. Barbara Conry, Professor of Human Performance at San Jose State University, served as the debriefer for the current study. The peer debriefings took place four times throughout the development of the story. During this time, the peer debriefer assessed notes that were recorded in the researcher's reflexive journal. In addition, the peer debriefer raised questions and concerns relating to the accuracy and quality of the story, "Mo'olelo".

The second technique used to increase credibility was member checking. Member checking is considered the most crucial method in establishing credibility (Lincoln & Guba, 1985). Member checking is established by having the respondent who generated or contributed to the data review interpretations and conclusions of the written report. The individuals who served as member checkers were: an editor at Bess Press publishing in Hawaii, Revé Shapard; a Native Hawaiian adolescent writer, Penelope Neri; a Native Hawaiian cultural specialist, Koa Kaname'e; and an exercise physiologist, Dr. Peggy Plato, Assistant Professor of Human Performance at San Jose State University. Member checks were made once during the process of analyzing the data as well as once upon the completion of the investigation. During the process of the investigation, the researcher rephrased the responses of the respondent. During the completion of the investigation, information given to the researcher during the process of the investigation was incorporated into the survey, which the respondents completed (see Appendix D, Appendix E, Appendix F). Other individuals who served as secondary member checkers were San Jose State University students Del Fagaragan, Maka Clark, Lori Paogofie, and

Tanya Kamau. Although they were not considered “experts”, their familiarity with the Native Hawaiian culture helped during the development of the story line.

The final technique used to demonstrate credibility was through triangulation. Triangulation requires the researcher to use multiple sources, methods, and theories during the research process. The researcher used journals, books, and feedback from member checkers’ to triangulate the qualitative research project. According to Lincoln and Guba (1985), all three techniques, peer debriefing, member checking and triangulation, are necessary in determining the credibility of an investigation.

The second criterion of the naturalistic inquiry paradigm is applicability. Applicability refers to the transferability of empirical matter (Lincoln & Guba, 1985). Transferability is comparable to the scientific concept of external validity. To meet the criterion of transferability, the researcher accumulated sufficient empirical evidence through the examination of journals and books to formulate a judgment of the reviewed research. In addition, the transferability of the investigation was dependent on the researcher’s ability to describe the data based on empirical evidence, thereby enabling an individual reviewing the investigation to formulate a judgment whether the information in the investigation was transferable.

According to Lincoln and Guba (1985), the third criterion of the naturalistic inquiry paradigm is consistency. The concept of consistency parallels the concept of dependability. Dependability is comparable to the scientific concept of objectivity. The reliability of qualitative research is based on the dependability of the data. A technique used to establish dependability is an inquiry audit. An inquiry audit is established by

having an individual not involved in the study check the process and the end product of the investigation. To conduct an audit, the auditor must review the documentation of the study to assess whether the data drawn from the study is logical and reasonable. Dr. David Furst, Associate Professor of Human Performance at San Jose State University, served as auditor.

Finally, neutrality is the fourth criterion of the naturalistic paradigm. The concept of neutrality refers to confirmability of the data, specifically the characteristics of the data (Lincoln & Guba, 1985). Confirmability is similar to the scientific concept of objectivity. Confirmability of the investigation is established through examination of the product. Two techniques used to establish confirmability were triangulation, previously described, and developing a reflexive journal. The purpose of a reflexive journal is for the researcher to record personal information and information about the methods used to develop the investigation (Lincoln & Guba, 1985). A reflexive journal consists of two criteria: the incorporation of one's values and ideas, and the methodological decision which determined the basis for the rationale of the investigation. The researcher kept a reflexive journal on the progress of developing "Mo'olelo" from November 29, 1999 until the completion of the project. Once the reflexive journal was completed, the auditor reviewed the reflexive journal. The auditor's role was to analyze the journal and examine it for the researcher's biases, interpretations, and validity of the conclusions. All criteria within the naturalistic paradigm are equally important to include in a qualitative research inquiry. Truth-value, applicability, consistency, and neutrality were necessary

components to incorporate in the processes of developing this investigation to determine the overall trustworthiness of the product.

Evaluation

A panel of four experts between the ages of 30-65 years was selected to review the manuscript. The representatives on the panel consisted of the four member checkers. These individuals assisted in the examination of the story's effectiveness as a teaching device (see Appendix D, Appendix E, Appendix F). The member checkers were asked to reply to one of the following surveys: Assessing the Effectiveness of "Mo'olelo" as a Adolescent Literature Teaching Device, Assessing the Effectiveness, "Mo'olelo" as a Native Hawaiian Culture Teaching Device, and Assessing the Effectiveness of "Mo'olelo" as a Exercise Physiology Teaching Device. Each survey included 12 statements, 10 of which uses a Likert scale, and an open-ended format was used for the project evaluation. This Likert scale was based on a five-point rating system with the questions ranging from "strongly agree" to "strongly disagree". There were various types of responses on the scale ranging from most favorable to least favorable. An "undecided" response was included in the scale to give the evaluator the option of not evaluating a statement, with 1 being the least favorable and 5 being the most favorable. A combination of positive and negative statements was used.

The procedures for data collection consisted of several steps. First, four member checkers were chosen to evaluate the story. The criteria for choosing these experts consisted of recommendations from a San Jose State University librarian, an acquaintance familiar with the Native Hawaiian culture, and a Native Hawaiian

adolescent writer. Once the recommendations were made, each expert was contacted by phone to request their participation in serving as a member checker. When these experts accepted, two were interviewed in person and two were interviewed by phone. Upon completion of the story, each member checker participated in examining the manuscript through a survey. A package was sent to each member checker. The package included a cover letter (see Appendix G); a copy of the story; a survey; and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. An attempt was made to protect the anonymity of the member checkers, through requesting each member checker not to identify himself or herself on the survey or self-addressed, stamped envelope. When the surveys were returned, the individual experts' names were kept confidential, however their comments were recorded. In addition, the cover letter requested the member checkers to examine the story, respond to the survey, and mail the complete package back in two weeks. Finally, when the responses from these experts were received, the data from the survey were analyzed.

Analysis

To evaluate the overall quality of the story, the frequencies from the expert survey were calculated. In addition, the percent of the surveys returned was calculated. The descriptive statistics are reported in the next chapter.

CHAPTER 4

RESULTS AND DISCUSSION

The purpose of this study was to create an adolescent story that would be used as a tool to promote the Native Hawaiian culture as well as the benefits of exercise in the prevention of cardiovascular disease. As discussed in Chapter 3, the methods used to evaluate the effectiveness of the story as a teaching device were: (a) the evaluation of the story's effectiveness by a panel of four experts, who also served as member checkers for the study; and (b) using the procedures of the naturalistic inquiry. Chapter 4 contains the evaluation of the overall quality of the story.

Results of the Survey

The story was sent to a panel of four experts in the fields of Native Hawaiian culture, adolescent literature, and exercise physiology. The experts were requested to review the story and reply to a survey. The adolescent literature experts were sent the same survey (see Appendix D). On the other hand, the Native Hawaiian cultural specialist and the exercise physiologist were sent different surveys (see Appendix E, Appendix F). The purpose for the different surveys was to allow the experts to review the story and respond to the survey specific to their field of expertise. Two (50%) surveys were returned: Assessing the Effectiveness of the Story, "Mo'olelo" as a Teaching Device, and Assessing the Effectiveness of the Narrative, "Mo'olelo" as a Teaching Device (see Appendix D, Appendix F). Appendix H contains survey raw data. On each survey, questions 1 through 6 were the same. However, questions 7 through 10 were different. The results are displayed in Table 1, Table 2, and Table 3.

Table 1

Survey Results of “Mo‘olelo”

Question	Strongly	Disagree	Undecided	Agree	Strongly
#	disagree				agree
1. I feel the story was					
easy to follow.	0	1	1	1	0
2. I do not feel the concepts					
presented in the story are					
useful as a teaching device.	0	1	1	0	0
3. I am not familiar with the					
health benefits of exercise in					
prevention of cardiovascular					
disease.	1	1	0	0	0
4. I think the story needs more					
illustrations.	0	0	0	2	0
5. I feel the story emphasized the					
importance of family.	0	0	0	2	0
6. I do not feel the story is restricted					
to the Hawaiian population	0	0	0	1	1

Note. If more than two are represented, one expert circled two responses.

Table 2

Adolescent Literature Survey Results of “Mo‘olelo”

Question #	Strongly disagree	Disagree	Undecided	Agree	Strongly agree
7. I feel the characters are believable.	0	0	0	1	0
8. I do not feel the story appropriately targeted the Hawaiian population.	0	1	0	0	0
9. I do not feel that fitness and health was placed within the context of the story.	0	1	0	0	0
10. I feel the story is a good length.	0	0	0	1	0

Table 3

Exercise Physiology Survey Results of “Mo‘olelo”

Question	Strongly	Disagree	Undecided	Agree	Strongly
#	disagree				agree
7. I do not feel fitness and health was placed within the context of the story.	0	1	0	0	0
8. I feel the Surgeon General’s recommendation to decrease risk of disease was included in the story.	0	0	0	1	0
9. I did not feel the risk factors for cardiovascular disease were discussed in the story.	1	1	0	0	0
10. I feel the FITT principle should have been included within the context of the story.	0	0	1	0	0

Note. If more than one is represented, the expert circled two responses.

In addition to the Likert scale responses, the survey asked for comments at the end of each statement (individual experts' names were kept confidential). The first question the experts were requested to evaluate was, "I feel the story was easy to follow". Both experts included a written response to this question. One expert stated, "Chapter titles would be helpful". Another expert stated:

It was helpful to be able to refer to the list of characters when I needed to remind myself who someone was; nevertheless, the switch from the name Mana'olana to the name 'Uhane was a little confusing. I also had trouble much of the time picturing Na'auao as a tortoise and 'Uhane as a bird. The map was also helpful, but I still had trouble picturing where the characters were at various times in the story. I also wasn't sure during what time period the story was taking place. At the beginning of the story, I felt as if I were in ancient Hawaii, but later the setting seemed almost futuristic. In a story as complex as yours, with so many levels of meaning, you may need to orient the readers more frequently, providing specifics as to place and time, even if it's a fictional place and time.

The second question the experts were requested to evaluate was, "I do not feel the concepts presented in the story are useful as a teaching device". One expert included a written response to this statement. The comment was as follows:

“Mo‘olelo” is a very ambitious undertaking. You have combined characters and cultural details from a historical culture with those from a very different world of your own creation—one that represents the human body as well as a materialistic, resource-wasting culture. The concept itself is quite creative and I’m impressed with your ability to put everything together in a carefully plotted story. I do think, though, that young readers turn to fiction less for information than for entertainment, and that any teaching that is done has to be fairly subtle. While they may learn in great detail the physiological effects of good diet and exercise, they may not necessarily be motivated to change their style of living. I do think that it’s a plus that you linked overconsumption of food with society’s overconsumption of resources. Many young people are concerned with that (although many are big consumers themselves!), and that could have an impact on their thinking.

Readers who are drawn to history or fantasy might be drawn to your allegorical approach. While others might prefer a story set in contemporary Hawaii, in which the benefits of diet and exercise become apparent through the plot and the actions of the characters (with no direct instruction).

The third question the experts were requested to evaluate was, “I am not familiar with the health benefits of exercise in the prevention of cardiovascular disease”. One expert included a written response to this statement. The comment was as follows:

I'm not sure whether you are asking whether I was familiar with the health benefits of exercise before I read the story or whether I became more familiar with those benefits after reading the story. Before reading the story I was familiar with the role of exercise in raising levels of HDL (as well as in weight reduction), but I learned much more about the process from reading the story.

The fourth question the experts were requested to evaluate was, "I think the story needs more illustrations". Both experts included a written response to this statement. One expert stated, "Illustrations of some of the characters in the story would help readers visualize them". Another expert stated:

The two illustrations that were included in the package were nicely done, and more illustrations would add to the story. Very few young adult novels have color illustrations throughout, though. Line drawings would be fine, and might clarify some of the concepts you are trying to convey.

The fifth question the experts were requested to evaluate was, "I feel the story emphasized the importance of family". One expert included a written response to this statement. The response was, "I did not recall many references to family after the opening pages of the novel; those first pages did emphasize the importance of the 'ohana, however".

The sixth question the experts were requested to evaluate was, “I do not feel the story is restricted to the Hawaiian population”. Both experts included a written response. One expert stated, “I think the story could appeal to others besides Hawaiians. The themes of family ties, proper use of material resources, and good health are universal”. Another expert indicated, “Because of the Hawaiian terminology, may be more appropriate for the Hawaiian population. Lessons presented in the story could apply to other populations”.

Statements 7 through 10 were different for the two experts who returned the survey. Their comments related to those questions as well as additional comments, recommendations or concerns, were as follows:

“The characters fit their roles well, and with only a few exceptions the dialogue was consistent and believable.”

“Mentioned once (the Surgeon General’s recommendation) in the story (p. 199), moderate intensity is not discussed. Suggest concept be reinforced again in the story.”

“Early teens – 11-15 years would like characters, but some terminology is too sophisticated for this age group (e.g., hypercholesterolemia).”

“The dialogue for some of the characters seemed to vary in the story. At some instances the dialogue was more formal or sophisticated and other instances it was casual.”

For your story to be accepted as a story about Hawaii and Hawaiians, you need to be careful about spellings and references to Hawaiian things. It looks as if you did

careful research into many topics, including the war god and the petroglyphs. Your use of real Hawaiian words for the character names is a good idea, but be careful of the spellings: for example, Mana‘olana, ‘Uhane, and Malama. Using the wrong diacritical marks changes the meaning. I was going to suggest using Hawaiian names for the animals and place names, but perhaps you are right to use English names, since Intestinal City represents a different culture.

I think once you got to the second half of the story, the references to fitness and health fit in well. The first half of the story seemed to set the stage for the second half and addressed philosophical issues more than health issues. In the second half, the references to health and fitness tied in nicely. I especially liked the wild boar section.

The story was a reasonable length for a young adult novel. Many young readers today like fast-paced books, so you might consider trimming the first half of the story in order to get more quickly to the action-packed second half.

Young adult books are usually classified as those for ages 13 and up, and “Mo‘olelo” fits that category. You’re right, though, that some of the issues and ideas are complex, so the story might appeal to readers at the older end of the category. The questions you raised on page 193, “What am I? And, what do I want to become?” are ones readers this age are asking themselves.

Changes Made to “Mo‘olelo”

Some of the suggestions from the survey were used to modify the story. Based on these recommendations, the following changes were made: (a) the spelling correction of the Hawaiian words for the character names Mana‘olana, ‘Uhane, and Malama, (b) inserting chapter titles as well as providing specifics as to place and time within the story; (c) minor punctuation and grammar corrections, (d) the dialogue in Chapter 6 and Chapter 7, reflecting the correction that the Wild Boar’s temperament was altered which resulted in a decrease in insulin production, and (e) in the last section of Chapter 7, where the war god is speaking to King Malama, moderate intensity exercise was inserted into the dialogue.

Recommendations to “Mo‘olelo” Acknowledged

Some recommendations by the member checkers’ were made, however the following changes were not completed. One member checker indicated that they had trouble picturing Na‘auao as a tortoise and ‘Uhane as a bird. However, these characters were chosen for specific reasons. For example, according to the Native Hawaiian member checkers’ used in this study, one’s ancestors come back to you in many different forms, such as in the form of a turtle. Although the reason for their presence is unknown, these animals serve a specific purpose. On the other hand, the character ‘Uhane was chosen to take the form of a bird for a different reason. According to Kanahele (1986), birds were highly important to Hawaiians; they represented sources of food, feathers for ornamentation, aids in navigation, as well as omens. Additionally, in Hawaiian mythology birds have also served as navigators, similar to the role of ‘Uhane in the story.

Another member checker suggested trimming the first half of the story, which would allow the reader to get the action conveyed in the second half more quickly. However, eliminating certain sections of the first half of the story would remove important Native Hawaiian ideas and issues such as the technological revolution, economics, the environment, peaks in Native Hawaiian culture, leadership, and identity discussed in Appendix C.

Weaknesses of the Surveys

The researcher has made an attempt to develop a thoroughly researched story, however, the following weaknesses are acknowledged:

1. A larger response rate would have enhanced the value of the research project.
2. Question 3 in the survey lacked clarity.

Usefulness of “Mo‘olelo” as a Teaching Device

The usefulness of “Mo‘olelo” as a teaching device is unclear. As one expert indicated, the story had numerous strengths such as incorporating universal themes of family ties, proper use of material resources, and good health. However, the belief that young readers choose to read fictional stories more for entertainment than information decreases the value of the story, especially if the story never reaches the target population. In addition, this expert questioned whether the story would actually motivate young readers to change their style of living.

Peer Debriefing

To establish the validity of “Mo‘olelo”, Dr. Barbara Conry, Professor of Human Performance at San Jose state University, was chosen as the debriefer. The researcher

met with the debriefer four times. During each meeting, the debriefer read the researcher's reflexive journal to evaluate the progress as well as quality of the development of "Mo'olelo". Meetings with the debriefer enabled the researcher to move forward with the development of the research project.

During the first meeting, the researcher and the debriefer discussed those individuals who were going to be recruited as member checkers. The debriefer indicated the importance of contacting each candidate as soon as possible. In the second meeting, the debriefer was updated on the progress of the project. The debriefer raised some concerns about beginning the project without having each member checker in place. Also, the debriefer suggested questions to ask the adolescent writer, from a literary and publishing standpoint. In the third meeting, the researcher's meetings and phone conversations with the member checkers were discussed. Based upon the member checkers' recommendations, the following changes were made to the story: (a) the initial setting of the story was changed to ancient Hawaii, (b) the burial scene was altered to reflect the proper burial of a king, (c) the priest's name was changed to Kahuna, (d) the offering to the war god was changed to a pig, (e) the bird's name was changed from Wailua to 'Uthane, and (f) the king's name was changed from Ho'a back to Malama. In addition, the debriefer addressed some concerns with the difficulty the auditor may have reading and interpreting the reflexive journal. Also, the debriefer suggested contacting one of the member checkers about recommendations for simple illustrations.

Finally, the fourth meeting took place through a phone conversation. Following an update on the progress of the project, the debriefer made the subsequent

recommendations: (a) sending the manuscript along with a survey to each of the four member checkers, (b) including some different questions on each survey reflecting the member checkers' expertise.

Auditor

Dr. David Furst served as the auditor who assessed the researcher's paper as well as the steps involved in developing "Mo'olelo". The two objectives of the audit were: (a) to establish whether an audit trail was evident throughout the research paper as well as "Mo'olelo", and (b) to establish whether the methodology and findings related to "Mo'olelo" were logical. Following a thorough assessment of the creative project, the auditor concluded,

As part of naturalistic inquiry a goal is to establish the trustworthiness of the study. One way to accomplish this is to establish reliability, specifically the confirmability (objectivity, neutrality) and dependability (consistency) of the product. The attempt to establish reliability involves the use of an inquiry audit.

The job of the auditor is to review the documentation provided by the researcher in order to see if a coherent and logical audit trail exists. The documentation in this present study consisted of a two volume reflexive journal with a starting date of 11-29-1999 and ending on 8-10-2000, a thesis/project of 242 pages (which included the 174 page story/myth), and four full note pads with rough drafts of the story line including corrections/modifications.

After a through review of all the material submitted by Kristy Stuart I found it to establish a basically logical audit trail. The writer's initial drafts were modified as she received feedback from the various experts/member checkers. Suggestions made regarding the story details as related to the Native Hawaiian myth were used to modify the story. The journal indicated a timeline, which showed not only the interactions with the thesis committee but the changes necessitated by dealing with experts who made and or missed meetings.

A request by the auditor to add details of the nature, structures, and characters of Native Hawaiian was only partially completed. To trace the logical development of the story one needs the background/framework in which the story is set. A review of material added to Chapter 3 and Appendices B and C gave good but not complete background and structure to the use of Native Hawaiian myth. However, within this framework, the story, as written, is logically developed. Interpretations of Hawaiian history appeared to be accurate and the myth seems to be a valid portrayal of Hawaiian culture. The physiological information conveyed in the story is also presented accurately and logically.

Overall, this project was deemed reliable. The use of feedback from both the thesis committee members and the outside experts was consistently used to

develop an objectively written dependable story. Ms. Stuart is to be commended for the effort and detail clearly evident in the story.

Summary

There are two conclusions that can be drawn from the surveys. First, the value of the story as a teaching device is questionable. This is due to the notion that the young readers may not choose to read the story due to its instructional nature rather than entertainment nature. In addition, the low response rate to the surveys also decreases the value of the research project. The second conclusion is that the story is not restricted to the Native Hawaiian population. Other populations could gain a better understanding of the Native Hawaiian culture as well as the importance of cardiovascular health.

CHAPTER 5

CONCLUSIONS, RECOMMENDATIONS, AND FUTURE OUTLOOK

The purpose of this project was to create an adolescent story that would serve to promote the Native Hawaiian culture as well as promoting cardiovascular health. As stated in Chapter 1, the question that prompted this in-depth investigation into the Native Hawaiian culture was, How could a thriving culture that had resided on the Pacific Islands for hundreds of years become so impacted by westernization? The review of literature suggested that through colonization, Native Hawaiians experienced a cultural transformation that has had a substantial impact on their health. Native Hawaiians have a lower life expectancy than many other ethnic groups, which is due to the high incidence of chronic conditions such as diabetes, hypertension, CVD, obesity, and cancer. In addition to their substandard health, Native Hawaiians also have a lower socioeconomic status and education level than most other ethnic groups, which also seems to be a direct result of colonization.

Conclusions

“Mo‘olelo” provides the young reader with a fictional story based on historical and empirical research. Historical research was incorporated within the story after developing an understanding of the impact colonization had on Native Hawaiians. Empirical research was incorporated within the context of the story after: identifying the prevalence of CVD within the Native Hawaiian population, identifying the high incidence of risk factors associated with CVD within the Native Hawaiian population, and establishing the need for targeting behavioral change in children for early prevention

of CVD. Although it is unclear whether young readers will enhance their knowledge after reading “Mo‘olelo”, the project tasks were completed.

Recommendations

Based on the evidence and discussion presented in this research project, the following recommendations were made: (a) include more illustrations to help the readers visualize the characters as well as clarify some of the concepts the story tries to convey, (b) trim the first half of the story to get more quickly to the second half, (c) reinforce the Surgeon General’s recommendation in the story to decrease the risk of disease, (d) consider setting the story in contemporary Hawaii, and (e) create a story where the benefits of diet and exercise become apparent through the plot and action of the characters.

Future Outlook

An understanding of the various components of other populations, their relationship to health, and their role in producing patterns of disease are necessary to develop successful intervention programs. In this research project, the development of a mythical story was created as an alternative to an intervention program. The development of the story was based on an understanding of Native Hawaiian history, education level, social and economic status, and health issues associated with this population. In addition, the story was also based on traditional Native Hawaiian values and beliefs of mythology, family, leadership, economics, the environment, peaks in Native Hawaiian culture, and identity. Incorporating these ideas and issues is an important component that must be considered when developing an intervention program for a specific ethnic group.

The historical and empirical research examined during the development of this project suggested that there is a need to educate people and promote health in a culturally sensitive way. In addition, the research indicated the demand for health education programs which target younger populations, especially in minority populations. Although attempts have been made to initiate behavioral change associated with unhealthy lifestyles in the Native Hawaiian population, most have failed due to cultural inappropriateness, irrelevance of the information to the target population, and little use of social support systems such as the family or church. In this project, an attempt was made to target behavior change through promoting the Native Hawaiian culture as well as the benefits of physical activity in the prevention of cardiovascular disease. However, the following questions remain: (a) Would young readers benefit or change their lifestyle as a result of the content of the story? (b) Are the concepts too difficult for an adolescent to grasp? and (c) Is the scope of the story too broad? Considering the future outlook for developing another story similar to “Mo‘olelo”, one must take into consideration these questions prior to initiating the investigation.

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Appendix A

Mo‘olelo (Myth):

A Native Hawaiian Story, Ritual, and Dance

by Kristy N. Stuart

Illustrations by Anthony Englehart

TEMPLE
OF
HYPOTHALAMUS

Interpretation of characters' names:

Mana'olana – Hope

Na'auao – Wisdom

Akua – God

'Uhane - Spirit

King Malama – Light (illumination)

Kahuna – Expert Practitioner (parson)

Koā- Warrior

Characters that symbolize living organisms within the body:

The Crab – Pancreatic Enzyme

The Wild Boars – B-Cells

The Whale – High Density Lipoprotein

The Dolphin – Lecithin

The Seal – Bile Salt

The Yellow Plant-Like Pieces of Coral – Bilirubin

The Upside-Down Jellyfish – Hepatocyte

The Damselfly Dragon & Damselflies – Low Density Lipoproteins

The Notorious Crown-of-Thorns Sea Star – Macrophage

Levels of Leadership:

Ali'i nui

Ali'i

Konohiki

Kahuna

Haku

FOREWARD

Native Hawaiians are described as the indigenous people of Hawaii. Their migration to the Pacific Islands consisted of three phases, which began over 3600 years ago. The first state of human movement was approximately 36 miles, from Southeast Asia to New Guinea. Their means of traveling to New Guinea was on rafts or dug-out canoes; however, these types of boats only traveled short distances; thus, it was not until more sea-worthy boats were created that the next phase of migration took place. The second phase of immigration was from the Philippines, Indonesia, and New Hebrides to the Western Carolines, Marianas, and Fiji. Finally, the last phase of individuals, currently known as Native Hawaiians, migrated to the Hawaiian Islands from these areas approximately 2000 years ago.

The Native Hawaiian culture flourished until Captain Cook's arrival in 1778. At that time the population was as large as 1 million. The arrival of the Western culture (European and American) marked a devastating turning point for the Native Hawaiian people. In less than 100 years, from 1778-1850, 75% of the population had died. The decline in population was primarily due to diseases such as tuberculosis, measles, influenza, leprosy, and infectious diseases that were transmitted to the Hawaiians through contact with Westerners. Today, Native Hawaiians have a lower life expectancy than many other ethnic groups. In addition, they have a high incidence of various chronic conditions such as diabetes, hypertension, obesity, hypercholesterolemia, and cardiovascular disease.

The purpose of this story is to not only raise consciousness of the benefits associated with an active lifestyle, but also to promote the Native Hawaiian heritage. As a Non-Native Hawaiian, I explored this culture in depth for the first time; thus, the utilization of many resources was necessary. The expertise of those familiar with the Native Hawaiian culture as well as various textual references books made this possible. Following the initial stage of the research process, an outline of a story was designed to incorporate various issues and ideas. These include: the erosion of the Native Hawaiian culture following Western contact, the high incidence of risk factors associated with cardiovascular disease, the technological revolution, economics and the environment, peaks in Native Hawaiian culture, leadership, and identity.

In myth form, these issues and ideas are reflected through the use of symbolism, analogies, hidden realities, and double meanings. The mythical journey takes place in a fictional wonderland modeled after the human body. The designed effect of the myth is to display how individuals struggle between different forms of thinking. Understand that this myth is merely one individual's narrative about abstract philosophical, cosmological, and intellectual issues and ideas. Enjoy!

My grandmother says that there are lessons to be learned from each human experience. Sometimes our eyes, ears, heart, and mind are open to receiving the message, which allows us to see the world and the role we play in it. But sometimes our eyes, ears, heart, and mind are closed. If they are closed, we're unable to receive the message. We're only able to send messages. Our eyes become blind, our ears become deaf, our heart becomes hard, and our mind becomes closed.

- But a word of caution grandmother exclaimed, "the receiver and the sender bring about contrary identities"!

CHAPTER ONE

Ancient Hawai'i, 1825

Our family lived in the foothills along a large mountain range. Although the center of it was hollow, it was filled with life. Large amounts of rain and sunshine produced the perfect climate for luxurious plants to grow there in abundance. Many of the plants supplied food. Anything that was edible became part of our diet such as pith root, tuber, corm, fruit, and leaves. My grandfather told me that it was not only the rain and sunshine that allowed life to flourish in the valley, but it was also our ancestors' spirits, which were kept alive by each generation. It was in this place called the Valley of the Kings that my grandfather would be buried.

His body had been placed in the shrine part of the men's eating-house. There it was wrapped in a garment of banana, paper mulberry, and taro leaves, then placed in a shallow grave in the center of the village only a foot below the surface. A fire was made over the grave which burned continuously for 10 days. During this time the pule hui was endlessly recited. By the tenth day, his body was to be unwrapped. The flesh was to be removed from the bones, which were then cleaned, wrapped in tapa and placed into a sennit casket. Come nightfall, my father and brother as well as a few close selected friends would carry it off to a secret place. I was told that secrecy of the burial site was necessary because my people feared the casket might be stolen by an enemy. And items such as fishhooks or ornament bowls would be made out of the bones.

Today marked the tenth day. When I woke-up, I still felt great pain and sadness in my heart. My eyes were swollen from the tears I had shed. And my head felt scrambled and confused. Lying there, I looked around at this place where I had rested. It was a

dwelling that was without walls. Considering the homes in the rest of the village, ours was fairly large, about 45 feet long and 24 feet wide. The roof was built directly on the ground. Its main framework consisted of vertical ridge posts, main ridgepoles, rafters, gable posts, and vertical stakes. Many of the houses within the village had straight roofs; however, ours was curved which gave us more space to move around. At the front end, the gable posts and cross bridges formed the frame for the door. Bamboo rods were placed on each side of the roof. On top of them, pandanus leaves overlapped each other in rows. The butt end of each leaf was folded over the bamboo rods. It was the pressure from the top ones which kept the ones below in place. Finally, bunches of pili grass were thatched and vertically placed on top of the pandanus leaves.

Although our family called this place home, normally we made little use of it. Mostly it was used to protect our food and clothing as well as for sleeping in during those times when the weather was cold and wet. Ordinarily we preferred to eat, sleep, and live in the open air under the shade of a banana tree. But nothing had been ordinary around here for the past several days.

Just as I closed my eyes to go back to sleep, I heard my mother walk in.
“Mana‘olana?”

“Yes,” I replied softly. She walked over to the pandanus mat I was resting on and sat down. In her hands, she held a beautiful long black skirt made out of bark cloth, which was commonly referred to as tapa. Tapa came from the *Broussonetia papyrifera* plant. Normally the shoots of the plant were cut off near the ground, leaving behind the roots which produced new crops. With a sharp serrated shell the bark from the shoots was slit and peeled. The inner bark was then separated from the outer bark which was then

thrown away. Once the strips were ready, they were placed into a bowl of seawater and left to soak for a week. When they turned soft and pulpy they were ready for the beating process.

There were a variety of beaters used to change the texture of the bark to a cloth like material. Each one was made from a piece of wood about 14 inches long. One end of the beater was used as the handle and the other end formed different shapes. Some were club shaped while others were flat or rectangular and grooved. There were even some that had different patterns on them. The different types of beaters were used at different stages in preparation of the cloth. Normally, the flat rounded one pounded the bark. Once the right texture was achieved, the bark was then pounded with the wide grooved beater and then the finely grooved beater. If designs were placed in the material the patterned beaters were used.

The skirt my mother made had watermark patterns on it. It was originally white but she dyed it black by using nut rind from the *Aleurites moluccana* plant. Then with bamboo stamps she placed colorful designs on it. Most often the designs were in different shades of green and blue. But, this one was stamped with a yellow star-like pattern that resembled the shape of a sea urchin.

“If you’ll notice,” my mother reached down and grabbed the bottom of the skirt, “all of the sea urchins are interconnected with a continuous red vine that runs through each one of them. The pattern represents the circle of life.” She paused, “If you look closely, you’ll see that the circle has no beginning or end.” Then she placed it in my arms and said, “We will be leaving shortly.” Then she turned around and moved towards the door. Stopping for a moment, she looked at me, smiled, then stepped outside.

Glancing down at the skirt, I was amazed at the work it took to make it. Gradually I got up, wrapped it around my waist, and sat down again. Then I leaned over, to wash my hands in the finger bowl that was sitting next to me. But just before I did, I saw a reflection of my mother looking back at me; only she was a child like myself. Her hair was also brown, but was slightly shorter than mine, falling just past her shoulders. Our eyes were also similar. The soft brown vibrant color that filled them only allowed me to see a glimpse of white, at each of the corners. Looking at her reflection, I wondered if the reason I saw it was because so much of her was in the skirt. And just as I reached out to touch her face, it vanished.

“Mana‘olana.” I heard a voice from outside. Quickly I washed my hands, got up and walked towards the door. As I did, the room seemed to grow longer in length. Each step I took seemed to be slower and slower. It was almost as though I had no control over where I was going or how long it would take me to get there. Painfully, I moved forward. Seeming like an eternity, I finally reached the outside.

Instantly I glanced at each of the faces that turned my way. Each seemed to resemble one another. They were tall with muscular limbs. Their faces were elongated, their jaws were narrow; and their cheek bones were high. I noticed only slight differences in each person’s facial features that set them apart from one another. My grandfather called this group the ‘ohana. He described the ‘ohana as a network of all those who were relatives by blood, marriage, or adoption. He said that it was these ties that bound us together, which guaranteed us support and a sense of personal identity. And if words could describe the relationship we had with each other it would be, “love one another”.

“This was the sentiment of Aloha,” he said. “It was the basis behind the security each one of us felt being members of the ‘ohana.”

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In the Temple of Hypothalamus

He was coming back to his home after a long voyage and the day was nearing an end. Looking around, he noticed the wind was beginning to pick up. The trees which towered over him swayed like blades of grass touched by a breeze. He found himself dodging the clusters of leaves that were being carried by the wind. With each step he took, he placed his cane into the ground and used it as leverage to pull his weight forward.

Fatigue was beginning to set in, but he knew he had to try to fight it. For if he did not reach his house soon, he knew he would be unable to survive the eye of the storm. Pushing himself to move faster and faster, he gasped for air as if it were his last. Dazed, he looked down and noticed he had finally reached the steps that led to his house. Relieved, he paused for a moment to catch his breath, then noticed the dark background behind the trees suddenly begin to glow.

He started counting seconds between the lightning and the thunder, “One thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three.” Boom! “Only 3 miles away,” he mumbled out loud. “I must hurry!” Immediately he began to climb.

The stairs seemed so much longer than he had remembered. He wondered if he had just been gone for so long that he had forgotten the length of the spiral staircase, or was it that he was now so much older. As he climbed up, he began to move above the trees. The lightning now allowed him to see his shadow against the ground.

Again he counted, "One thousand one, one thousand two." Boom! The sound echoed through the canyon. He began to panic, realizing the storm was rapidly moving closer. "Faster!" He told himself. "You must move faster!" At a glance, he could see he was finally approaching the top. A few more steps and he would be there. As he climbed, he looked out into the valley and saw that the lightning was shooting down from the sky with power and energy like the blood that was rushing through his veins. Again, he counted. "One thousand one." Boom!

Now, the sweat began to roll off his brow. Hunched over with a combination of age and fatigue, his legs decided to give, sending his body crashing to the ground. Knowing his feet could no longer carry him, his eyes began to shut. But as they did, they were frozen by an image of himself as a young man. It was filled with all the things he once was: strength, confidence, courage, wisdom and integrity. Yet its eyes were filled with compassion and humility. Looking at it, he realized it was not here that he would finally rest. It would be in his home. With the last bit of strength, he placed his hand on the final step and pulled himself up and slowly moved forward until he reached the archway that provided the entrance to his home. Knowing he had finally made it, his body collapsed and his eyes closed.

With the storm directly overhead now, suddenly it happened. An intense warming sensation passed through his body like fire passes through paper. And what was once darkness turned to bright intensive light, the kind that one only dreams is possible.

Surrounded by the cocoon of energy, he heard a voice say, "Na'auao!" Frightened by what he might see, he slowly and cautiously opened his eyes. Then he looked around, but saw nothing. Thinking that his mind was playing a game with him, he

started to close his eyes again. But, just as he did he heard it again. “Na‘auao!” This time he responded, but slowly.

“Ah... y.e.s?” he said hesitantly.

“I have come to call upon you for your help.”

“My help?”

“Yes!” The voice declared with great conviction, “your help!” Speechless, Na‘auao just sat there without knowing what to say or do. “Good, since you have no words, I’ll take it that I have your attention. I am Akua,” the voice said. Na‘auao’s eyes grew big. It was the all-pervading creative force – the divine power of the gods.

Now knowing whose presence he was in, he bowed his head and inquired, “What do you wish from me?”

“I need you to find the young girl who wanders the land. She has lost her identity as well as someone very dear to her. You must find her and bring her to the Eternal Light of Thalamus.” Na‘auao’s mouth dropped. He had only heard that such a place existed, but no one he had ever known had actually seen it.

“But how will I know who she is or how to bring her to you?” Na‘auao asked.

“You will know who she is when you see her, and she will serve as your navigator to me.”

Hysterically, Na‘auao began to ramble. “But... where do I begin looking? And.... how shall I convince her that I need her to be my guide?”

“I choose you for your insight,” Akua stated. “Everything you’ll need you carry with you. I am depending on your knowledge and the child’s guidance to change the future. And I am confident that both of you will find your way to me.” Boom! The sound

of thunder ricocheted through the house. Distracted by it, Na'auao glanced up. And at that moment the light began to fade.

CHAPTER TWO

Ancient Hawai'i, 1825

In a circle we surrounded his body while we waited for the sun to cast its shadow upon us. The cries from my people resonated throughout the valley, sending vibrations out to the sea. Overcome with grief, I looked over at my grandmother. Her face captured my attention. It seemed to be filled with such peace and happiness. And her eyes...they seemed to light up as she gazed up into the mountain range.

Confused by the expression on her face, I walked over to her, "Grandmother?"

"Yes," she responded, looking down at me.

"How could you possibly show happiness? He is gone and he is never going to be with us again." I tried to hold back the tears, but could not. Instantly, they began to roll down my cheeks like soft clear beads of water.

Then she placed her arm around me, "My dear Mana'olana. Do not be sad. Do you know what I see when I gaze into the valley?"

"No," I shook my head.

"I see your grandfather."

"You do?"

"Oh yes! I see him dancing."

With a confused look on my face, I too looked up and tried to see what she saw. But I couldn't see him. Disappointed, I lowered my head. Just, then out of the corner of my eye I saw my father and brother had put out the fire and began to unmask his shallow grave. I could feel the intensity building as each person's eyes focused on them. My heart raced in rhythm with those who were pounding drums. It was as though they were

somehow connected with each other. Looking around, I wondered if it was only I who felt like an outsider experiencing this painful event for the first time.

Then my grandmother leaned over to whisper in my ear, “Mana‘olana, you will only see your grandfather when your eyes, ears, heart, and mind are open.” Confused by her message, I raised my eyes to her, then glanced over at his body which was moments away from being revealed. Too horrified to watch, I turned around and ran as fast as my bare feet would take me. I ran not looking ahead or behind me. Within a moment, everything started to become a blur. The road that was once dirt began to change into grass. The trees too began to change. In fact, they seemed to be growing larger and taller. And the air that once felt heavy and sticky was now quite cool and damp. Glancing down, I could see my breath escaping from my mouth. Not paying attention to the earth below my feet, I stumbled over something and fell to the ground. Right away I looked over at what caused my abrupt stop and was astonished to see an enormous tree lying on its side next to me. My foot seemed to have gotten caught on one of its limbs. I struggled to raise myself up, but it was no use. Not only was I too winded to go any further, but I felt without grandfather I could see no future and felt it was too painful to remember the past. Lowering my head back to the ground, my eyes naturally began to close.

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In the Temple of Hypothalamus

Suddenly, I felt myself being awakened from my sleep by something that was being wedged under my back. As I focused my eyes, I could not believe the image that was before me. He had a small head and a large oval-shaped body, like a tortoise. But, instead of being on four legs, he stood on two. He carried a shell on his back and a cane

in his hand, and he wore a brown jacket and a faded black hat. His clothes showed his age, as did the wrinkles in his face and the gray hair in his beard. When I looked past his glasses, I felt his dark piercing eyes penetrating me. It was almost as though he was reading the thoughts in my mind.

Startled, I swiftly moved away. "Who are you?" I asked fearfully. He adjusted his glasses and looked at me.

"My name is Na'auao," he replied with a friendly smile. "And yours?", he gestured with his hands.

"Well, My name is Mana'olana," I turned my head for a moment, glancing away from him. It was then that I noticed nothing was familiar about this place. The wild plants that were indigenous to my homeland were not a part of this environment. "Where am I?" I questioned with a confused expression on my face.

"Why, you are in the Temple of Hypothalamus," he grinned. "Do you like what you see? It has been my home for quite some time."

"Why yes, it is a beautiful place," Then I got up and walked over to the nearest tree. Its trunk was massive, almost five times the size of the ones I had seen. With my eyes I followed it all the way to the top. It seemed so tall, almost as if it was touching the sky. "In what type of place do such massive trees grow?"

He paused and with the help of his cane moved closer to me, then grabbed the end of his glasses and slid them to the edge of his nose and peered out above them. "These trees only grow in very powerful and untamable places," reaching out his hand and placing it on the bark. "They are known as the great red bark trees. And as you can see, the bark glows fiery red. Do you know why?"

“No.”

“Because the soil, which provides them with nutrients, is made from all things that are no longer living,” he bent down and touched the soil. “You see Mana‘olana, these things give more life to the living.” Then he stood back up and continued, “In fact, many of them have been here longer than I. And as you know, a tortoise’s life is a very long one.” His attention then turned to the skirt I had on. “You must be getting cold.”

“Why yes I am,” I nodded.

“Then follow me. I live just past that patch of ferns you see straight ahead.” Na‘auao began to lead the way. And as we approached them, I noticed that those too were enormous. Their leaves seemed to tower over our heads. Just as we entered them, he stopped. Then he put out his hand, “After you.”

“But I do not know my way.”

“Just go straight ahead. I’ll be right behind you.”

As we made our way through the ferns, I caught a glimpse of a clearing. But, the closer we got to it I noticed there was nothing there. I turned to Na‘auao. “You said you lived just past the ferns.”

“I do.”

“But...” I sighed, “I do not see anything, but the fog that lies between us and those trees.”

With his hands resting on his cane, he replied, “You do not see anything but fog because your mind is not clear. You must first clear your mind and then once you do, look again.” Taking a deep breath, I closed my eyes and tried to clear every preconceived notion of what I thought I should see, from what was actually there. And when I opened

my eyes the fog lifted slightly off the ground. It was then I noticed two staircases, one to my right and one to my left. I turned to Na'auao.

"Which one do I take?" I asked.

"The choice is yours, Mana'olana. Either one will take you to my home." "But..." He raised his eyebrows. "One will show you a place that you expect to see and one will show you a place that you may not be ready to see." Then he tilted his head and motioned with his arm, "Only you know which one is the right one for you to take."

I looked down at the ground, then over to the staircase on my right, and then over to the one on my left. Not knowing for certain which one I should take, I slowly moved straight ahead. Na'auao followed directly behind me. But for some reason, as we moved the ground seemed to slope to the right. I could feel myself being pulled in that direction, as though my feet and body naturally wanted to go that way. And before I knew it we were at the base of the staircase on the right. I turned and smiled at Na'auao.

"Simple!" I declared with a confident look on my face. These stairs must be the correct ones for me to take.

Without any expression at all, Na'auao nodded his head, "As you wish".

Just as I began to raise my right leg to take the first step, I stopped. "No." I turned and looked at Na'auao. "It was too easy for me to get here. Then I raised my hand and pointed to the other staircase. "Those are the ones I must take."

Again with no expression, Na'auao nodded his head, "As you wish." With that, we walked up the hill over to it. Once we reached it, I raised my right foot. But this time there was no hesitation. I simply placed it on the first step and we began to climb.

As we climbed, I noticed the fog that had at first obstructed my view was now far below me. However, I still couldn't see what was at the top; I could only see the two staircases spiraling up the side of the mountain in opposite directions. Glancing down at my feet, I also noticed that different sections of the staircases joined together and then split into two again. Seeing me observe the meeting of the two, Na'auao said, "Mana'olana." I stopped and looked back. "Do you know why the two join together?"

"No."

"It gives you the opportunity to change your mind. Maybe you're not sure of the choice you have made. So, if you wish to change paths, you may do so." I pondered what he said for a moment and questioned myself. Did I choose the right path? But, I continued to climb on the same one.

Around and around we went until, finally, we reached the top. Looking over the edge of the mountain, I was amazed at how far we had traveled. We both turned around and sat down for a moment to catch our breath. Then I looked at Na'auao, "How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"How does an old tortoise like yourself climb up and down the mountain each time you wish to leave your house?"

"Simple," he shrugged his shoulders. "It's a way of life for me. If I wish to leave my house and experience life, I must be fit enough to make the journey. When I can no longer make the journey, I will no longer experience life." Looking out into the valley, he continued. "So you see, experiencing life is my motivation as well as my reward."

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Then he put his hand on his lap and turned to me, "Well, it is rare when I have a guest. Why don't you come in?" He got up and headed for the door.

I turned around and there it was, Na'auao's house. It was a large dome-like structure made completely out of sandstone. A giant archway provided the entrance. When I walked through it I noticed that the house was nearly empty. In the middle of the room were two chairs that had been carved out of red bark trees. Between them was a fire pit that was still smoldering from the previous fire he had made. Over to my right was a large window providing a wondrous view of the valley. And in the corner to my left was a stack of wood that he must have used to keep the fire going.

"Please sit down," he motioned toward the chairs. "Would you like some water? I have a fresh pail right by the fire wood."

"Yes," I smiled. "I do feel quite thirsty."

Grabbing a cone-shaped shell that was on the window sill, he walked over to the water. When he reached down to scoop some up, I noticed a small little door beside him that was slightly cracked open. It seemed to be just high enough for Na'auao to get through. Strangely, I could see that it led to another room. Possibly, I thought, it was the one the other staircase went up to.

Without even turning around, Na'auao glanced over at it, "That door leads to the room that we would be in if you chose to take the other staircase." Curious to see what was in it, I leaned over slightly. Just as I did, my vision was blocked by Na'auao who turned around and managed to stand right in front of it. Disappointed, I sat back up.

With the water in his hand, Na'auao began to walk toward me. "You know Mana'olana, the staircase you chose led you to the back door of my house." He turned

around to point at it. “You see,” he said stroking the end of his beard, “this wall separates the two rooms. When most people come to visit, they enter through the front door with preconceived ideas. So they see what they expect to see, they hear what they expect to hear, they feel what they expect to feel, and the wall that divides the two rooms becomes the barrier.” Pointing over at it he continued, “From that room they do not see the small doorway that provides the entrance to this room. So they do not move forward, they merely turn around and leave, ending up exactly where they started.”

He turned, walked over to me, and knelt down. “But you, Mana‘olana are different than most. Just as I said, you chose the staircase that led you to the back entrance. So you see, you have already passed through the barrier which keeps you from moving forward.” He paused and looked around. “So while you are here, you will experience all that this room has to offer. And when you are ready to leave, you will leave through the front door with a whole new perspective on life.”

His attention turned to the water he was holding and then remembered why it was in his hand. Reaching out, he handed it to me. “You know,” he said, “I’ve had this shell for a very long time. Almost as long as I can remember.” Then he placed the water cup into my hands.

“Thank you.” He politely nodded. As I began to lift it up to my mouth, he interrupted me just before I took a sip.

“Do you know what type of shell that is?”

I paused and looked at it more closely, “No, I don’t,” I said with a puzzled look on my face.

“It is called an ‘opihi shell. It is used for...”

“Oh yes,” I interrupted. “My mother uses a shell just like this one to remove the skin from cooked taro when she prepares poi. She also uses it for scraping the skin off breadfruit.” Pleased by my response, he smiled. Just then he stood up and reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a small piece of pala fern. Dipping it into the water, he placed it back into the palm of his hand and lowered his head. With a deep breath he blew the crystals of water off of it and on to me. I raised my eyes and watched as the tiny droplets fell on my head. Then he took the fern and dropped it into the shell.

“Okay,” he said. “You are now ready to drink the water.” Raising it to my mouth, with one large gulp both the water and the fern were gone.

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Looking down at the shell, I reached out and handed it back to him. He turned around and placed it back on the windowsill. Then he walked over to the wood, grabbed a piece, and placed it on the fire. Once he leaned his cane up against the chair that was directly across from me, he sat down. With the placement of the new log on the fire, smoke from it began to swirl into the air. I watched as it made strange patterns and then suddenly disappeared. Focusing my eyes on the place where the light from the fire ended and the smoke began, I saw something. It appeared that the smoke was forming into letters. I noticed Na‘auao was also looking at it. Quickly, I glanced back down afraid that I may have imagined it. The letters seemed to spell out a phrase. “Ua mau ke ea o ka ‘āina i ka pono.”

I frowned and looked up at him, “What does it mean?”

Taking his eyes off the fire and placing them on me, he said, “To understand what the message means you must first see the words. Ua mau ke ea o ka ‘āina i ka pono.

Then you must hear the words. Ua mau ke ea ok ‘āina i ka pono,” he declared in a slightly louder voice. “Then you must feel the words. Ua mau ke ea o ka ‘āina i ka pono.” Again, he said it in an even louder voice. “Then you must know the words. Ua mau ke ea ok ‘āina i ka pono.” He leaned over and looked strangely into my eyes, “Only then will you understand the true meaning of the phrase.”

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“Now,” Na‘auao placed his hands on his knees, “I would like you to take a deep breath and close your eyes.” He waited for a moment while I did so, and then he began to speak. “First, I would like you to concentrate on each breath of air that you take. And as you do so, feel your body and mind relaxing and imagine the path that it takes as it moves through your system. First, feel your chest expand as the air enters your lungs and contract as it leaves. Place your hand on your chest and feel each beat. Picture your heart as a continuous pump, taking air from your lungs, moving it throughout your body, and pumping it back into your lungs again. This is your internal system; each organ working with one another as a group throughout the course of your lifetime. But this is only one part of the system. The other is the external system; it is what you do that allows you to survive in your environment. Together these systems represent a single system, producing one action that serves to adapt to external forces and meet internal needs.” He paused and then continued, “Again, imagine the journey with each breath. Pretend that you are a bird and the air you are breathing is propelling you through your body.”

Doing as he instructed, with each breath I felt that my body was changing. It was painfully distorting, like something inside me was alive and with great force pushing to be released. I remained motionless, allowing what seemed to be a natural occurrence of

events to take place. When the feeling finally subsided, I felt free. Free from everything I knew to be true. Without even opening my eyes, I knew it had been released.

Sensing his eyes were upon me, I slowly opened mine. Then he spoke, “Your feathers are magnificent shades of black, yellow, and red. You are an amazing creature whose eyes are full of life. I see an uncommon blend of intelligence, kindness, and playfulness in the expression in your face.” Taking a deep breath while lifting his head, he continued. “You are the spirit of Mana‘olana; you are ‘Uhane.” Raising my eyebrows, I looked at Na‘auao, astonished at what was inside of me. Confidently, he nodded his head, as though he knew it was there all along.

Then I felt a breeze move through the room. Turning my head, I noticed it was coming from outside. Something with great force was creating a downward draft, moving thousands of particles of air into the fire. “The time has come to begin your journey,” Na‘auao stated. Hearing those words, a sense of fear came over me. But I, too, knew that the time had come. I could feel it in my gut that something was calling. Something so powerful, it was like nothing I had ever experienced. But what it was I did not know. “Now,” he said, speaking over the wind while placing his hand on my feathers, “take me with you.” Upon spreading my wings, without any effort the current lifted us up, and the force of the downward spiral pulled us into the fire.

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To the Eternal Light of Thalamus

We moved with lighting-like speed through a tunnel and before we had a chance to blink, we reached its end. As I looked around, I noticed we were surrounded by other particles. This must be some kind of holding area, I thought. Just then to my left the wall

began to move in as though something was pushing to get through. It was expanding larger and larger until finally, it split open and a large white bubble moved through it. We watched as it moved closer and closer to us. I looked at Na'auao whose eyes grew bigger and bigger. But, before it reached us it engulfed one of the other particles and moved out through the end of the tunnel. I sighed. "That was close," Na'auao uttered.

"Yes. You're not..." Rather than having a chance to finish, my mouth dropped. Suddenly we felt something behind us sucking us in. Slowly, we turned our heads. Our eyes lifted as we looked up at it. Panicked, we tried to get away, but it was too late. It had already begun to encase us, slowly and steadily until we were completely surrounded by it. Then it began to move forward. While we tumbled around and around, I tried to let out a scream, but the sound went nowhere. I struggled desperately to move. But, I saw there was no use in fighting it. It was just too strong. Finally, it carried us to the end of the tunnel and with ease it manipulated its way through the wall. And we were released into a large, bright, spacious opening. At first, the light was so bright we had to squint just to see. But then it faded just enough so that I could see without any discomfort. Glancing above and below, I noticed we were suspended in the air. Slowly we moved around and around in a circle as if we were on the brim of a whirlpool.

Looking over at Na'auao, I noticed he could not take his eyes off the center of the circle. Turning his head to me, then back at it, he said, "Watch closely for a moment and just observe the entire process." As I did, I started to see how the system worked. Impulses of different colors came in from various directions. They moved in a straight path until they reached the center of the circle. Then I noticed some of them were released once they moved through it while others just disappeared. While I watched this

phenomenon occur, Na'auao spoke, "The center is processing the impulses, screening out the insignificant ones from the significant ones, and then sending the latter of the two back out." I paid attention as he described the process. "It is the Eternal Light of Thalamus."

"The Eternal Light of Thalamus?" I repeated.

"Yes. It's extraordinary, isn't it?"

"Well.... it is. But what exactly is it?"

"Why, it is the circle of continuous creation. You see, just as oxygen moves through your body, these impulses move in a linear line through the circle, producing a progression of events. These events constantly repeat in endless cycles, similar to the movement of the circle." Pointing to it, he continued. "Together the linear movement of the impulses and the nonlinear movement of the circle represent timelessness." Watching, I felt as though I was being transformed to a higher level of consciousness, purely feeling and perceiving its reality.

"I knew not such a place existed." I raised my eyebrows.

"Oh yes," he countered, holding on to the end of his beard. "Although I have never known anyone who has actually seen it with their own eyes, my ancestors once told me such a place existed. It has been said that the core of the circle is the center of all energy. It is the creative force of all things."

"For all things?"

"Yes. For instance, it gives the volcano that erupts its power, the sunset its splendor, the moon its shape, and the ocean its vastness. But..." he said with solemn look

on his face, “it not only gives life and power to all things, it is also capable of taking it away.”

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“Look Na‘auao, we’re moving closer to it,” I said, noticing we were whirling down toward the center of this thing. Panicked, I flapped my wings and struggled not to allow it to take me down. “What’s forcing us to move toward it?”, I shouted.

“Don’t resist it ‘Uhane, it senses that we are here.”

“What senses we are here?”

“All that I described to you; it is Akua.” He raised his arms above his head, “Go with it! Allow the energy to pull you in.” Trusting him, I folded my wings in, closed my eyes, and took three deep breaths. By the third one, I noticed we began to slow down. And by the time I exhaled, we stopped. Glancing down, I could see nothing but darkness. We were on an invisible platform which allowed us to rest with ease. Looking up, I could see a whitish yellow sky with colored beams of light shooting across it.

“It is the same system, only this time we are on the inside looking out. Is it not?” I turned to Na‘auao.

“You are right ‘Uhane.” Startled, I looked around. This voice was not the voice I expected to hear.

“Ah...that wouldn’t possibly be you disguising your voice Na‘auao, would it?” Without a word he looked at me and shook his head. “Then...where did it come...”

“From?” The voice interrupted. Frightened, I let out a screech. The voice laughed.

“What’s so funny?” I put my wings on my hips.

“Your actions, my dear, your actions.” Frowning, I looked at Na‘auao. He looked back with a slight grin on his face. Would someone please tell me what is going on?” I demanded.

Then the voice said, “Na‘auao responds the way he does because I told him to bring you to me.” I glared at him, feeling as though I had been betrayed. “Don’t be angry ‘Uha‘ne. I will explain. I am Akua. And not long ago I went to Na‘auao’s house asking him for his help. The only words I gave him were that I needed him to find you and bring you to me.”

“But why me?”

“Oh, it is not only you I need, but Na‘auao as well.”

“Well then, why do you need both of us?” Na‘auao was now paying closer attention.

“I need you both to go on a dangerous mission.”

“Where?” Na‘auao questioned. Just then I realized that this was also new to him, so my anger toward him disappeared.

“For starters, you must travel to the southernmost place in the land, known as Intestinal City. A once prosperous place full of beauty and life has evolved into a filthy technological nightmare.” Akua paused to ensure he had our full attention, then continued. “It all started long ago with a nail and a book.”

“A nail and a book?” I asked, interrupting for a moment.

“Yes. Oddly enough, these two items symbolize their culture.”

“Who’s culture?” Na‘auao interjected while he repositioned his cap.

“The fresh immortal’s culture.” Na‘auao nodded his head, as though this wasn’t the first time he had heard of these people.”

Akua continued, “In small numbers, the people of this culture tend to create balance in the land, similar to the balance that is created from opposite forces, such as day and night, or good and evil. However, this society no longer exists in small numbers. They migrated from their homes as a mutant cell migrates through the body, multiplying as it alters other cells, thus producing more and more of its kind, slowly taking over and offsetting the balance. No longer does this society take what’s given to it, but it seeks out other places for more.”

“More of what?” I inquired.

“More of everything,” Akua replied. Confused, I looked at Na‘auao. But Akua continued, “I know you may not fully understand what I am talking about right now but trust me, you will once you see it for yourself. That is the first reason for your mission.” “The other is to find the king who rules Intestinal City.”

“King?” I repeated.

“Yes, he is under the influence of the technological animal who powers the city, known as the Machine and his accomplice, Mr. Richards. The king as well as those who live there are slaves to them. The people depend on them for their livelihood as well as fear them for their power. So, you must find King Malama and convince him to go with you on the path that leads to Myocardial Land. I will not lie to you and tell you that you have an easy job. You don’t! Even if you’re able to find him and convince him to go with you, you must still make the journey through very rough terrain. And, oh yes, along the way the Machine has set up several monstrous obstacles to prevent anyone from making

it to Myocardial Land alive. If you succeed in making it all the way to the Diaphragm Ocean, you must still cross the barrier that keeps you from the island. If you find your way through it, the king must destroy that which keeps the Machine alive, one who goes by the name of Captain Iron and the other you will recognize, for he carries a book. The two are tied together by a powerful bond. If the bond is broken you can trust that the Intestinal City will be destroyed.” Then Akua paused. “But that is not all.”

“There is more?” Na‘auao and I asked simultaneously.

“Yes, to restore the balance that has been offset by the immortal society, the king must also find the lost kahili that was once on the island and return it to its sacred place. Only then will things be as they should.” There was silence. Na‘auao and I were speechless. Again, I wondered why we were chosen. But before I could ask, Akua resumed talking. “As I have already told Na‘auao, I chose him to go on the journey for his insight. He is the only one who possesses the ancient knowledge of his ancestors. This knowledge will be needed to complete the mission. And you, my dear ‘Uhane, were chosen for your breath. You must use this rare quality that is abundantly within you to guide those who walk with you not only on this journey, but throughout your life.” Quietly, Na‘auao and I stood there while Akua said the final words. “Well....I have said all that needs to be said. The welfare of our survival now rests in your hands. I can send you on your way, but the rest is up to you.”

CHAPTER 3

Intestinal City, December 30, 2236

In a stirring sleep, King Malama dreamt he was not prepared to fight. Fleeing from the men, he made his own path through the giant gingers, ferns, azaleas, and bamboo. Moving through the jungle like a bird on land, his brilliant yellow feather cloak flapped in the wind. Softly wrapped around his legs and waist was a white perineal band. In his hand, he clinched tightly to the two-ply cord loop of olona that provided the netting to carry the gourd basket over his shoulder, which contained the islands' most precious possessions.

His dark hair was wet with perspiration. His head moved around frantically as he looked for a way out. Although he was a strong young man, the men who chased him were relentlessly persistent. Their goal was to strip him of all that he was, to create a new man, one that would not stand apart from themselves.

Using his hands and arms to shield him from the branches, he ducked and dodged them as he moved quicker and quicker until finally, he came to a halting stop. He had reached the edge of a cliff. Raging water soared off its peak and plummeted hundreds of feet down into a pearl-shaped pool that resembled an eye, only it was green on the outside and white on the inside.

The path he had chosen had run out. Turning his head, he looked to see if he could see the men, but they were not within his line of vision. Knowing he had little time, quickly he took off his cloak and knelt down and wrapped the gourd basket in it. Then he picked it up and held it out with both hands and said softly, "May the royal feathers that surround you carry you to a safe place." Then dropping his arms slightly, he threw that

which was invaluable to him into the falls. He watched until it was lost in the mist and then moved over to the furthest point on the cliff. He carefully paid attention to his feet, trying desperately not to lose his balance. Suddenly, behind him he heard voices in the trees. They were coming and there was no stopping them.

Just as he prepared himself to take the plunge, one man yelled, "Stop, you won't be harmed if you surrender." But he did not turn around to face them. Slowly he raised his arms as though he was going to give up. But instead, he bent his knees and with all his strength he propelled himself into the air. Muffled by the sound of the waterfall, he heard a loud humming sound just as he dove down into the center of the falls. He hit the water with such force that his head snapped back and his eyelids rolled open. Fiercely, he thrashed his feet and arms hoping he would have the strength to make it to the surface. Finally, his hands touched the air and with the last downward stroke of his arms, he reached the surface. Gasping for air as though he were taking in a poisonous gas, he took a moment to catch his breath. As he did, he looked around and was bewildered by his surroundings.

"Where am I?" he whispered out loud while squinting his eyes. Then he noticed a path over to his right. Placing his head back under the water, he swam over to it and placed his foot on one of the rocks, using them as a step to climb out. He could feel the algae squish between his toes. With a disgusted look on his face he glanced down, then back up. As he did, he could feel the pain from the fall in the back of his neck. Placing his hand on it, he continued to step out of the water.

His eyes moved in all directions as he made his way down the tunnel. In the distance he could see a dim light was coming from something. Gradually he walked

forward. Following the light, he turned in many directions through the cave before he came to a larger room, which again split into three separate tunnels. Deciding he would pick the one on the right, he continued to move ahead. But again the tunnel split, this time into two. Since the left one seemed to be radiating the most light, he decided to take that one and continue working his way farther and farther into this underground chamber. As he walked, the light that illuminated brightly ahead heightened both his curiosity and awareness. Turning the last corner, he found himself on the other side of a mound of rocks, which kept him from what he had envisioned in his mind, the source of the light. Disappointed, he paused for a second to find a way through it, and as he did the rocks began to melt away. And there it was, the gourd basket which was now lying on top of his feather cloak, brilliantly lighting up the room. Although the lid was still on, the rays of light penetrated the sporadically placed holes within the basket. "What was this?" he thought as he walked closer to it. Then he knelt down to take the lid off. But, just as he reached out, he distinctly remembered what his ancestors had once told him about the basket. Then he paused. It was considered kapu to remove the lid until he had first received training and the proper instructions. And only then, when all of the chiefs were present, would a ceremony take place signifying the earth was eternal. Without these components, opening the gourd would be fatal.

While he hesitated opening it, out of the corner of his eye he noticed a book that was lying on the ground next to it. Wondering if those were the instructions, he reached out, picked up the book, and placed it in his lap. As he did, he looked back at the gourd and noticed the light had slightly dimmed. Focusing his attention back to the book, he opened it to the place that was mysteriously marked by a nail. When he attempted to read

it, he noticed he did not recognize any of the words. Looking up again, he saw that the light dimmed even more. Wondering if he should step forth and open the basket before the light was completely out, he put the book down. Unable to resist its temptation, he reached out and grabbed the basket. Placing his hand on the lid, he lifted it off. Now the light was merely a flicker. Quickly he peered inside, but just as he did he got a glimpse of....nothing. It was empty. And not only was the gourd empty, but the light was out. Now due to his own desires, he was left in complete darkness with nothing but a book he could not read and a nail he could not use.

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Abruptly, King Malama woke up, but was still in darkness. His heart raced as he struggled to catch his breath. His sheets were soaked from the sweat that dripped off his body. He had this dream for many years now. It had relentlessly haunted him for as long as he could remember. In a panic, he placed his hand on the side of his bed and with his fingers, he quickly felt for the button that released his bed from the wall. He pressed it and like a capsule, the bed moved forward and he jumped out of it. As soon as his feet hit the floor, the lights in the room came on and the bed retreated back into the wall. The room was small and mostly empty. He glanced at the mirror and quickly moved over to the chrome table in the center of the room. On it was a metal container with assorted pills in a variety of different colors. Thinking he would be less visible in black clothes, his hands fumbled through them to find the black one. Again he looked over to the mirror and wondered if the Machine was watching him now. Then he questioned whether he would be followed to the place he was going. Although he knew what he was doing was risky, he spent little time pondering his thoughts and, without hesitating, he placed the

black pill into his mouth. The water pills were being rationed so he generated enough saliva to swallow it without water. Within an instant, he was no longer naked. Wearing a black suit with a stiff gray undershirt which came up to the base of his jaw, he looked completely dressed and ready to attempt to leave the city.

But, the only way he knew to get out of it was to travel through one of the ducts that carried the contaminated materials. Although they were everywhere, some were more dangerous to travel through than others. Being the king, he knew which ones were the worst and should be avoided at all costs.

He swiftly moved over to the door that automatically slid open. Turning to his right, he slowly walked down the long hallway. When he reached the end, he peered around the corner to his left which opened up into an enormous room that housed the most powerful thing in the city, the Machine. He glanced down to see if the Machine's attendant, Mr. Richards, was present. A spiral staircase led down to his sleeping station which was in the center of the room. Directly below the surface was his resting capsule. At a glance, it appeared he must have been in it because the room was empty.

Not knowing if they were aware he was up, he carefully pulled his head back and placed his hands on the wall directly in front of him. Underneath its exterior surface was a separate system, alive and moving. He felt for the weak spot within the wall. Although the Machine tried to account for the constantly changing pressure below the surface of the city, weak spots were present everywhere. It was inevitable. However, it normally only presented a problem to those who lived in the worst areas of the city which were usually the last places to be fixed. The people who lived there were considered

expendable anyway, according to the overwhelming majority of people, since they were capable of contributing little to the system.

“Ah! The entrance,” he said quietly. Placing his two hands in the wall, he pushed his way through its hard exterior into the pinkish membrane. He manipulated his hands through it until he reached the rectangular compartment. Once he did, he stepped inside of it and it began to descend. The air inside was stuffy. Taking a deep breath, he sat down and waited to be transported to a place he hoped still existed.

By now he thought, the village had probably been pushed out to the southernmost part in the city, the Rectal Transverse Fold. He knew once it was there, it was only a matter of time before the city would be pushed over the final barrier which stood between it and everlasting darkness. Feeling he was approaching it, he stood up and placed his hands on the mucosal surface. Again pushing them through the wall, he made his way through it. When it opened, he stepped out and quickly scurried through the town. While he, looked around at the civilization that had almost completely deteriorated. He watched the people glance up at him with their lifeless eyes. Men, women and children were huddled around fires. Their shredded clothes barely covered their bodies. Their feet were covered with sores from the contaminated ground they walked. His heart sank when he saw their suffering. Although they all looked so familiar, he did not recall ever knowing these people.

Just behind the village, he remembered that his grandfather told him there was a path that once led up to a temple. As he approached it, he hastily followed it up the hill until he reached the stone wall that surrounded it. Behind him he heard a voice.

"I've been expecting you, King Malama." Startled, he turned around and before him was an old man covered by worn sheets that were draped around his body. Stooped over, the man limped toward him. Placing the torch into the ground, he slowly placed his aged hand on the king's face. "You have changed so much." Then he put his hands on King Malā'mā and held them closer to him. Looking at the rounded, swollen tips of his fingers, he said, "Your time left here is very short."

"What do you mean?" King Malama responded.

"Your hands show the sign of sickness in your heart," the Kahuna replied.

Looking down at them, King Malama was without words.

"You have come to me for answers, have you not?" the Kahuna said.

"Why...ah..yes, I have. Although I remember little from my childhood, I do remember my grandfather telling me that you could provide me with answers to my questions."

Looking down, the Kahuna shook his head. "I cannot provide you with answers. Only the gods can." He looked up into the dark sky. Confused, King Malama just stared at him. "But, if it is answers you are looking for, then you must follow me." The Kahuna reached for his torch and walked into the temple grounds along the dirt path. Glancing down, King Malama found himself struggling to walk between the large stones on the ground. Then he glanced over at the Kahuna who was somehow managing to place his feet perfectly between them without even having to look down. When he glanced up, he noticed the Kahuna had stopped and was staring directly forward. King Malama turned his attention in the same direction.

"Do you know what it is you see in front of you?" The Kahuna asked.

“No, I have never seen anything like this before.”

Then the Kahuna turned his head and looked around. “This is your grandfather’s war temple. He ordered it built before you were born.” Pointing to the far end of the court the Kahuna continued, “Those are the four temple houses. Each one has a different name and a different function. The largest house at the farthest end of the court is called the mana. Your grandfather and I performed the ceremony ‘aha hele honua, which means ‘the cord which binds the land’. The one next to it holds the drums used during temple services and is called hale pahu. The one to its right is called the waiea; it is there where your grandfather and I consulted about favorable progress. And finally, the last one is called the hale umu; it is where fires for the temple were made.”

“Directly in front of you are the temple images, five carved slabs which stand as tall as we do. As you can see, they have a well-shaped human head and nose, large circular eyes, an elliptical mouth and small teeth. Their foreheads are ornamented with vertical notched ridges. These are symbols of the gods. The image in the middle of them standing 10 feet tall is your grandfather’s war god. Its crest is shaped like a helmet; its eyes are made out of elliptical-shaped pearl shells which are secured by round wooden pegs that look like pupils. The nose is a completely separate piece of twined work. And its large mouth contains 94 dogteeth that stretches 11 inches wide. It is also formed by twined work. Its jaw and chin are also well formed, and its ears are represented by small tufts of black feathers. As you can see, its circular neck increases gradually to form the prop.”

“To the right of the war god is the offering stand. The two slender legs incline together and meet at the top. The board that is fixated between the two poles is where the

offering is placed.” Then the Kahuna glanced over at King Malama. “Something inside you has brought you to me.”

King Malama looked down at the ground and then back at the Kahuna and responded. “It is my...”

The Kahuna interrupted him. “Stop. You need not tell me. As I said, I cannot directly help you. I can only show you the way.”

Confused, King Malama shook his head, “I don’t understand.”

“No, you wouldn’t. You have been away for so long that you would not remember even if you knew. So then...” the Kahuna placed his arm around King Malama, “I will explain. Once you have given the war god an offering, you may directly talk to it if it chooses to speak to you. Come along.” The Kahuna walked to the right of the stand and stopped just a few feet in front of it. As they got closer, King Malama noticed he could see something was wrapped in tapa and placed on the ground. Startled, he stepped back. “You mustn’t be alarmed,” he said. “Before we can begin the ceremony, you must place the pig on the stand.”

“But...” Before King Malama could finish, the Kahuna interrupted.

“No buts! Just step forward and place it on the stand.” Somewhat reluctant to do so, King Malama did as he was instructed. The Kahuna watched while he picked it up and, using all his strength, placed it on the platform, then quickly stepped back. “Very good. Now, it is time to seek out what you came for. Follow me.” He walked over to a palm tree that was right next to the tallest furnishing in the temple, the oracle tower. It had a square base, which was about four feet wide, and stood about 20 feet high. The

sides were composed of small poles which were interwoven with twigs and branches forming wickerwork which was hollow within from top to bottom.

Turning to King Malama the Kahuna stated, "Although the tower has three floors, only you the king are allowed on the top floor." Pausing, he continued. "It is time for you to find the answers you seek. You have been shown the way. The rest is up to you."

King Malama turned to face the tower and placed his foot on the first branch and began to climb. His eyes were fixated on each platform that he passed on his way up. His heart raced with great anxiety, not knowing what would take place when he reached the top. Finally, he placed his hand on the floor of the stand and raised his body up. Standing there, he slowly turned around. He was amazed at how different the temple appeared viewing it from 20 feet in the air. There he stood alone, searching for answers to the recurrent nightmare he was living.

After taking a deep breath, King Malama was ready and said in a shaky voice. "The dreams that haunt me each night I sleep, what do they mean?" For a moment there was silence. But then a strange crackling deep voice was heard coming out of the dark sky. Startled, King Malama jumped back and braced himself against the branches that surrounded the platform. His body was trembling with fear.

"A past you have forgotten, a present that you are living, and a future that is inevitable if you do not change the path you have chosen." Pausing, the voice continued. "You do not know what the dream means because you have become the sender. Although it is no longer yours, you use your tongue to carry the message for them. And your desires now plague you with a disease of the heart which weakens you. They too see your

weakness. Now having the power to rule without you, they prepare soon for a day to come that they will be present in your absence.” There was silence.

“So what can I do?” King Malama implored in a desperate voice.

“What you must do is find the opening to the cave in your dreams and trace your steps backwards to the place you began to run. Only there will you be able to undo the past and change your tragic future. The time is soon and although you may not be dead yet in the physical sense, you will be soon. You must go now!” The voice grew louder only this time it came from the center temple image. Quickly, King Malama turned his attention to it. And even from a distance he could see that its eyes were filled with fire. Its mouth opened wide and let out an enormous scream that completely consumed him.

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When King Malama opened his eyes, he was back in his bedroom standing right in front of the mirror. Suddenly, he heard a knock on the door. Frightened, he turned his head and wondered who it could be at this time of the night. As he began to walk over to the door to set off the sensor which opened it, it slid open.

“Going somewhere, King Malama?” Mr. Richards said.

“Ah, No. Why do you think such a thing?” King Malama responded defensively.

“Well, it’s in the middle of the night and you are dressed in a black suit. Seems a little odd to me, wouldn’t you say?” Mr. Richards stated in a pompous voice.

“State your business or leave me at peace.”

“Well, today is your lucky day,” Mr. Richards grinned and then turned toward two men who stood behind him. “Take him!”

“What?” King Malama backed away. “You cannot! I am the king.”

“No!” Mr. Richards exclaimed. “You were the king. Look at you. You are a tired out of shape old man.”

“What do you mean? You can’t just dispose of me! The people... they will wonder...”

Mr. Richards interrupted, “Wonder what? Where their old, incompetent, overweight, and sickly king has gone? I doubt it! In fact, the Machine and I plan to make a public announcement tomorrow about the rapid onset of your heart attack. And until we know whether you will be strong enough to survive surgery, which of course you will not, I will be posing as ruler in your place.” He chuckled as he tilted his head back, then motioned to the men who stood in the chrome-fitted armored suits to arrest him.

King Malama watched as they mechanically walked over to him. Then Mr. Richards moved forward and stood directly in front of him. In fact he was so close that King Malā’mā could smell the rotten stench that came from his blood. It was as though death lived within him. “You know King Malama, I could put an end to your miserable existence right now. But no, I think I will let you rot away like a bad piece of meat in the underground caves below the city. Ha ha ha....,” he laughed, then turned around and walked to the door. The men and King Malama followed behind him. They turned down the hallway to the right and walked down the spiral staircase into the room with the Machine.

“Ah, I see you have informed King Malama of his new accommodations,” the voice said as its cold presence was felt throughout the room.

“I have done so,” Mr. Richards replied in a proper voice.

King Malama turned and glanced at him. Oh, how he despised this righteous man. He noticed the features in his face that should have given him away such as his long narrow face, his beady little eyes, and his gray-black streaked hair that he parted to the left to cover his balding head. And his tie was so tight it made his pale face look as though life was leaving him one minute after another. But more than his appearance, it was the lie he had led throughout his life. So many looked up to him as a role model, a man who was worthy of trust, the kind of person that the people entrust their children with to guide them in the right direction. This was the biggest fraud of all: using scare tactics and guilt about a life after death, just to control them and breed a new generation. One dependent on his approval for their actions and the other depending on the.....

“Click!”

Each time King Malama heard that noise; it sent a chill up his spine. The guards and Mr. Richards were now standing at attention. With his eyes slanted sideways, King Mală'mă slowly turned his head. The Machine. The most powerful thing man has ever known. Although, it appeared the Machine only wrapped around the walls of the circular room that was merely a minute fraction of its body. Its thousands of arms and legs extended from this room into each and every household in the city. It monitored and controlled each and every transaction and event that took place through a smaller version of itself and through mirrors in which people saw a reflection of what the Machine and Mr. Richards had created. It was capable of great power. In the main control room at any moment the Machine was able to transform into a host body. Like a baby attached to an umbilical cord, its head was capable of manipulating its way through the stationary computer that surrounded the room, but still remain attached to it by a lifeline that

extended from the back of its head. Once it was out, with a loud click it attached itself to the host body which was already present in the room. Like a robot, it walked over to King Malama.

“At ease,” he told the men who then placed their hands behind their backs. “So, King Malama. It looks as though your time here with us has finally run out,” he uttered in a somber voice. Then he turned his back and began to walk around them in a circle. No one followed him with their eyes but King Malama. He watched and wondered how such a thing could have been created. Its eyes, which slanted up, glowed fiery red. Its lips were black as night. From the side, the pointed curves of its nose and chin were strikingly similar. And the black metal that outlined its white face resembled the shape of half an eight. Slightly sticking out the top of its head was the flattened end of a chrome nail that extended through its body and passed through its neck, making up its spinal cord. It was there in its neck where the nail broke directly in half that the Machine clicked into its host body. Although it took the shape of a human body, it was merely a robot encased in a latex suit. “Oh, how we have waited for this moment, Mr. Richards and I. While we have been using you as a symbolic representation of the people’s past, I have been building an external system so powerful that the people now rely on it to survive in this environment.”

“And Mr. Richards has been building an internal system, one in which the people have developed expression of sentiments toward one another that they will keep throughout the course of their lives. So you see, both systems now complete, make up a single system.” He paused, now standing behind King Malama. Then he continued in a loud voice, “A single system producing one action to meet external forces and internal

needs!” Out loud he laughed sinisterly. “We have produced and now control the perfect system!” Still standing behind King Malama the Machine moved forward and placed its black lips right by his ear and whispered, “Good bye! King Mala’ma. Have a safe journey to your new home down below!” The Machine stepped back and the floor below King Malā’mā slid out from under him, and closed.

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As King Malama descended, he twisted and turned as though he were inside a coiled up snake. Putting his hands out, he tried to slow himself, but it was no use. He was moving too fast and the tunnel was just too slippery. Eventually he came to a stop just as the shaft opened up. It was very dark; however, his eyes began to adjust enough for him to see. Once he got on his feet, he stepped forward out of the mouth of the outlet into a mucus-secreting floor. Sinking slightly, he slowly lifted one foot at a time while he watched the slime drip off his shoes. Looking around he noticed he was surrounded by similar shafts just like the one he came out.

There must be a way out of here, he thought, while walking over to one of them. Slowly he approached it. And as he did, he was horrified by what he saw - a skeleton, half buried on its hands and knees. The body was slowly being absorbed by the slime. Feeling a nauseous sensation come over him, he quickly turned his head and threw up all over his shoes. Then he wiped his mouth with his sleeve and glanced back at it again. Bending down to get a closer look at it, he noticed something familiar around its neck. He turned the body over and its skeleton mouth was stuck painfully open. King Malā’mā’s eyes moved away from its face down to what was placed around its neck. It looked like a necklace with a large tooth of some kind hanging from it. Possibly, he thought, it was a

whale's tooth. Placing his fingers around the necklace, he noticed that it felt almost like braided human hair. Each braided strand looked like it was composed of dozens of pieces of hair which formed a large coil. Together the coils made up well over one hundred, all of which flowed into a single braid that was tied around its neck. As he held it in his hands, he suddenly saw an image of the chief who wore it flash in front of him.

Frightened, he dropped it and moved back. "Who was this man?" he thought. And why was he down here? But without wasting a minute, he turned back the way he had come.

With each step his eyes followed his feet. Then from out of nowhere another skeleton appeared. Its arms reached out for anything that would save it from being absorbed. But, sadly, it was this person's last position before dying. King Malama scanned the body closely and noticed it was wearing a bracelet that looked like it was made from the tusk of a boar. Each tusk, lined up next to the other, formed an extravagant, naturally curved arm ornament. Slowly he moved past it only to find himself standing on the head of another. Its right hand was barely penetrating the surface. It too was wearing a bracelet, only this one was made out of small bones that were strung along a single cord with a larger ivory piece in the middle. Without touching it, he looked up and saw one more body, only this one was completely consumed by the mucus.

He wondered if these skeletons were actually here and he just walked over them the first time, or had he simply lost his mind. He closed his eyes for a moment and shook his head, then opened them again only to still see the same horrifying images. Moving back into the shaft he came out, he turned around and placed his back against the wall and slid down to his knees. Just then he noticed that something wet was dripping from above. Placing his hand out, he let it fall into his palm. At a glimpse it looked red. But

when he brought it closer to his nose to smell it, he noticed it had a strange, foul odor. Suddenly he felt a burning sensation. It was like some kind of acid was burning a hole right through his hand. Immediately he jumped up and moved to the edge and placed his hand into the mucus which seemed to neutralize the pain. And for a moment he sighed in relief. But that moment did not last long for when he looked down at his clothes, he noticed that those too were being slowly eaten away.

Right away he unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and threw them to the side. Then he stepped off the edge into the mucus and removed his shoes, socks, pants, and drawers and also tossed them aside. Feeling helpless, he began to panic as he sank further and further into the ground. Now up to his knees in slime, his heart began to race faster and faster. As the blood moved throughout his body, sweat began to roll down his face. But the quicker he tried to move, the faster he was being consumed. Suddenly, he felt acute chest pain, so severe as though someone's hand was placed around his heart, squeezing it while they lit it on fire. Placing his hand on his chest, he gasped for air. But something blocked the passageway to his heart. The pain began to radiate from his neck, to his left shoulder, and finally to his left arm. He swayed as dizziness came over him and finally blacked out.

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CHAPTER 4

To Intestinal City, December 30, 2236

Again, Na'auao and I found ourselves in a round vesicle moving like a white stream of light. From the Eternal Light of Thalamus, the two of us were sent on our way to Intestinal City. Akua's final words to us were, "Stay in the path of the impulse we were sent on." For if we did not, there was no telling where we would end up.

We began our journey in the Central Nervous System, which contained a network of interconnecting neurons called interneurons. When the interneurons received Akua's message, they sent us to the visceral station, where we passed through the ganglion post and finally descended to the smooth floor of Intestinal City. Once the chamber touched the ground it faded away and we were released.

Looking into Na'auao's eyes, I could see we both felt the same horrendous feeling in our gut. "It is worse than anything I could have imagined," I shook my head.

"I agree, 'Uhane, I agree."

For a moment we stood there taking in this awesome sight. We were surrounded by miles and miles of black tar which blanketed the land. Sporadically, bubbling pools of a hot reddish fluid rose from the surface of the ground, oozing out like an infected sore. Although the temperature did not appear to be cold, it felt so because the sky was covered with dark, black clouds. Na'auao turned to me, "It looks as though the sun is never seen here."

Glancing at him, I responded, "Why do you say that?"

"There is no life here other than the human life you see existing in the city ahead," he pointed to the left with his cane.

Unaware of what he was talking about, I squinted to see. “You mean over there on the edge of the horizon where the cloud of gray smoke comes off the ground?”

Na‘auao nodded. “Yes, over there. Now look past the city and what do you see?”

“Well, I see an elliptical shade of red which is darker on the inside and slowly fades into the black sky on the outside.”

“Do you know what that is?” he asked, raising his eyebrows.

“No.”

Well, think for a moment. What’s missing here other than forms of life?”

Taking a second to think about the question, I slowly responded. “The...sun?”

“Yes,” Na‘auao replied, lowering his eyes in sadness, “the sun.”

Suddenly, the ground began to tremble. Looking over at the red pit of fire, I noticed that it began to spit out a bubbling fluid which rose higher and higher into the air. “What’s going on?” I yelled. But, my voice was barely heard over the rumbling sound of the ground. Facing it, the two of us slowly backed away and watched as the mound of fluid began to grow. Something underneath was pushing it up. Our heads slowly began to tilt back as we watched this thing grow. Now three times the size of us, dripping wet with a reddish black fluid, its eyes opened. Enormous black pupils surrounded by a slight ring of white glared directly down at us. Our mouths dropped.

“‘Puhi kápa,” Na‘auao stated, in a drown voice, realizing what this thing was.

Without moving a muscle, I glanced at him and whispered, “‘Puhi kápa?”

“Yes!” he screamed. “Quick, ‘Uhane let’s get out of here. This creature is victorious over all,” he yelled, then turned his back to it and began to run. I followed his cue and did the same. Suddenly, it let out a loud cry when it saw we were trying to

escape. Turning my head, I saw that there was more of it, much more of it. Like a long snake it kept coming through the bubbling liquid in the ground. Its body compressed and tapered gradually. It had a head that was enormously large and eyes that were placed on the dorsal surface near its compressed and rounded snout. And its teeth.... just then its head dove down straight for Na'auao. Knowing I had to do something quick, I flew down between the two of them, hoping to distract it.

For a moment, it stopped targeting him and began to come after me. I circled around its head, and for a brief second I thought it would give up. But it only made the snake-like creature madder. Again, it let out another scream, only this one was so high it pierced my ears like a sharp needle. And with it came a huge gust of wind that sent both of us tumbling to the ground. On our backs, we laid there with it towering over us like an evil spirited creature that had risen from below. Still attempting not to give up, we slowly backed up. With me on my feet and Na'auao scooting on his behind, gradually it moved toward us which made me think it was just toying with us.

Then only a few feet away, it swung back its head. "This is it!" I hollered over to Na'auao. Swiftly, it plummeted its head down to the ground. But just its teeth reached us; from out of nowhere something abruptly pulled it back into the ground. Speechless, we watched as we could see it moving further away, until its head fully vanished.

"Wow," I uttered trying to catch my breath. "We were lucky."

"Yes, Lucky we were. I thought we were gone for sure."

"What do you think it was that pulled it back into the ground?" I asked while I watched Na'auao grab his cane.

Using it to push himself up, he dusted the black smudges off his body and replied, "It was itself."

"Itself?" I repeated.

"Yes. Although the creature was many times its original size, it was still an *Echidna nebulosa*."

"An *Echidna* what?"

"An *Echidna nebulosa*," he replied. "In other words, it was a kind of eel-- Supposedly one that makes havoc among all kind of fish."

"I am confused. There is no water, let alone an ocean anywhere near here."

"Come along 'Uhane," Na'auao said with grin, "I will explain as we walk." Then he looked down at my feathers, "But you may want to dust yourself as we do so." Although I could not see my entire body, what I could see was tarnished by the same black color as Na'auao. Looking up at him, I nodded, and we began to walk.

"The reason that particular eel retreated back into its hole is because it has evolved into a poikilotherm." Frowning, I stared at him. "In other words, a cold-blooded animal."

"A cold-blooded animal?"

"Yes. These creatures usually have a wider range of internal temperature variation. This causes them to have a smaller environmental survival range, because they have a hard time regulating the environment within their body. Thus, when it came up from the ground and experienced the colder outside temperature, it lost too much heat. And to survive, it had to pull itself back into the warm liquid below the surface. Do you understand?"

“Yes,” I replied. “But, I’m still confused. If eels are supposed to live in the ocean, then why was this one here? And how is it able to survive out of water?”

“Good question,” he said holding onto his beard. “Although this has never been my experience, I have been told by the natives who once inhabited a region similar to this, that this particular eel was once capable of going ashore into the grass. And if disturbed, it would usually retreat back into the water.”

“So it can survive both in and out of water?”

“Yes. However, they also claim that it is savage and will attack and bite, similar to what we just experienced.”

“But,” I said again.

Na‘auao smiled. “Yes?”

“I still don’t understand why it is here without any water,” I stated, still dusting myself off. Not paying attention, I turned to Na‘auao who had stopped walking. Wondering why he had done so, I looked up and realized we had reached the top of the foothills that surrounded the city. The lights from it reflected off Na‘auao’s face and eyes. Then he turned to me and responded to my question.

“As you will soon see ‘Uhane, nothing here is as it seems or as it once was. If forced to adapt to survive, an organism will. Just as the eel grew many times the size it once was and now lives below the surface in the scorching hot fluid, it adapted. It adapted to its new environment, since it no longer lives in the one it once did.”

Understanding what he meant, I turned my attention back to the city. And as I did, an overwhelming feeling of massive power came over me. Steel structures with great

heights sprouted from the ground like concrete weeds, covering the entire valley. It was a new kind of nature, unlike one I had ever experienced. The tall buildings were connected by pieces of steel extending from one windowless towering building to another, with the tallest and largest one in the middle. Beams of light traveled through interconnected tubes, which resembled the fine lines of a spider's web.

"It looks like a single complete system within itself. Completely cut off from its environment," I told him while I watched the lights travel through the tubes.

"Well 'Uhane, you are right about one thing: this culture has managed to detach itself from its environment. Just as a spider creates a web and, in it, catches its prey. The rulers behind this culture have done the same. But what they do not recognize is that all things animate or inanimate are interrelated by a creative force," noticing me nodding my head, he paused.

"Akua," I interjected.

"Yes, Akua. As the words were told to us, this culture is like a mutant cell migrating through the body, multiplying as it alters other cells. And what this culture fails to realize is the basic oneness of this world. It cannot detach itself from that in which it is embedded."

"And as you have pointed out that it appears to be a single complete system, its flaw lies in the web it weaves. Although each strand may be connected by steel, underneath lies its weakness. By exploiting that which is below its surface, it destroys that which keeps it alive and strong. Although no strand in the web has been broken yet, underneath its core, where its strength should be, is being whittled away one moment at a time. And once the first strand is broken, no steel will hold it together. It will produce a

chain of events that will ultimately take it down and the only thing from this culture that will survive is the single cell organism.”

Looking out into the city, I tried to see what Na‘auao described lying beneath its indestructible exterior, but I could not. “You doubt what I say, don’t you?” Na‘auao questioned, watching me as I curiously gazed upon it. “It is good to have doubts and challenge my knowledge. It shows me that you not only hear what I say, but you must use your own senses before you are willing to believe or accept what I am describing.”

Pleased, Na‘auao smiled. “A teacher like myself thrives on a student’s challenge to prove his words. In doing so, it not only keeps me in check, but it pushes me to further seek out the truth in the words I speak, thus serving a dual purpose, to not only be the sender of the messages but also be open to being the receiver of them.” I frowned and looked at him. “You are surprised at this?”

“Why yes, I am. It reminds me of something my grandmother once told me.”

“Ah, your grandmother is a very wise woman,” he replied with a twinkle in his eye, almost as though he knew her.

“Yes, I do believe she is.”

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Just looking for an entrance would be a task in this highly complex and completely self-contained city. No one ever leaves it. They have no reason to. For nothing of importance existed beyond its metal walls. “How are we going to get in?” I asked as we approached the first towering structure. Walking over to it, I felt its smooth, flawless surface with my wing.

Taking a moment to answer, Na'auao looked around, "Well, if you were a spider and this giant steel structure was your home, how would you get in?"

"How can you answer my question with a question?" I responded in an annoyed voice. Na'auao grinned at my feisty response. Then, he composed himself.

"If you take a moment to think about the question, yours will be answered."

Irritated by the word games he was playing, I shook my head and then looked and thought about the question, "If I were a spider and this were my home, how would I get in?" Sighing, I looked at Na'auao. "I don't know how to get in. If I..."

Na'auao interrupted before I could finish. "Okay, I'll start you off in the right direction. The answer lies in the ancient belief that if one imitates something, then he or she can possess it or have control over it."

"So I am supposed to imitate the spider?" Na'auao confidently nodded.

"Okay," I replied. Then I closed my eyes and thought to myself how ridiculous, a bird imitating a spider. Well, if this was our only way in, I guess I must give it a try. So I began to imagine myself as a spider. In silence my mind began to open like never before. As I began to imitate the spider through my body language, I felt I was in a state of motion, not just imitating it, but actually transforming into it. I was becoming those things I was depicting. Slowly, with my eyes closed I moved over to the wall and braided it with my feathers, feeling for the slightest cue that would allow us to enter. Then, suddenly my eyes opened.

"Quickly," I turned to Na'auao. "The walls," I interjected.

"Through the walls?"

"Yes! The spider finds a way in through the flaws in the walls."

“Watch,” I placed both my wings on it and search for what I knew was there, tiny little flaws that exist in all objects. “Ah ha...Na‘auao, come quick,” I hollered, as I felt my wings penetrate through a slight crack. “Do you see what is happening?” I asked turning to him.

Not all that surprised he nodded. “I do.”

The walls bowed out as we manipulated our way through them and entered a small rectangular compartment, which seemed to be climbing up. Standing there, we looked around at the pinkish walls that had a glistening finish.

Na‘auao stepped closer to one. “This thing we are inside of is alive.”

“Alive?”

“Yes, come closer and look. It’s carrying out a specific task.”

“What do you mean?”

“These walls function as an absorption mechanism for the city. Look closely, and you’ll see what I mean,” he pointed to the small spots.

“It not only serves to absorb water, vitamins, and minerals which keep the city alive, but it also removes wastes from it.”

Then he glanced at me. “Good thing for us, you found the better of the two.”

“Yes,” I giggled, “I’d have to agree.”

Finally, we reached the top and slowly began to move forward. “This is where we get out,” Na‘auao said. Placing his hand into the wall, he opened it and moved forward. I followed right behind him. When we stepped out, we found ourselves in an enormous rounded room filled with a sea of people. There were so many, I could hardly imagine that one room could house them all.

“We must stay out of sight,” Na‘auao whispered. “We hardly look as though we belong here. Walk low and follow me,” he said, moving toward the chrome table that followed the outline of the room. Then, he ducked his head and climbed under it. I did the same. “Looks like a city gathering of some sort,” he glanced up at all the people who were mingling. I watched as they sporadically moved over to the table, empty handed and leaving with a plate full of assorted pills in colorful wrappers. Everyone was dressed in fancy clothing. Most of the men were wearing satin fitted suits, each one identical with only differences existing in the shades of color. The women too were wearing long, form-fitting, satin colored dresses with a neckline that came up to their chins.

Oddly, when I watched them interact with each other, I realized nothing about it seemed genuine.

“Hi Harriet, how are you doing?” I glanced up at the two women in front of me who stood there, jealously looking each other up and down.

“Just fine, thank you,” the tall woman responded.

“And you?”

“Just fine,” Harriett said with a phony grin.

With nothing left to say to one another, the tall woman stated, “So nice to see you.” Harriet nodded as her eyes shifted around the room. Then they turned and walked away. Within moments, the two were lost in the crowd. All around me I could hear sporadic bits of conversation. And what I heard was like nothing I had before. Each one, whether man or woman talked about his or herself, their accomplishments, their new possessions, and their new endeavors. Strange, I thought. Were things in this city truly as perfect as they seemed? Were these people as happy with their lives as they seemed?

Looking over at Na‘auao, I remembered what he said when he referred to the eel. Nothing here in this city is as it seems. Then I glanced back at those in the room. And as I did, I saw images of what their lives were underneath the surface of their smiles. They lived their lives as slaves, only a new breed of slaves. Their owner was not their fellow man. No, it was something different. It was something that committed them to a life sentence of work, fueled by their own desires.

“Welcome everyone.” Startled, I attempted to see where the voice was coming from. So encased in my thoughts, I did not notice the man standing on a tall platform in the middle of the room. Pausing for a moment, he glanced down at the book in his hands and then looked back up. “So happy you could all attend the meeting this evening. I know you’re probably wondering why I have brought you, the most influential people of this great city, together.”

The crowd turned to one another, smiling as though they believed they were the “somebodies” of the city. Then the man took the book, placed it behind his back and lowered his head slightly. “There are two reasons for tonight’s meeting. First, I have brought you together because I have some tragic news to report.” Worried, the crowd gasped as they looked around. “Yes, I am here tonight to tell you that King Malama has had a sudden heart attack. He is in surgery right now as I speak. And at this moment, I am unsure if he will survive or not.” The crowd became louder as they whispered to each other about the news. Raising his hand to calm the crowd, he continued. “But before you become alarmed, I am happy to report the Machine has designated me to replace him until we are further notified about his condition. And although this is unfortunate, I want everyone to know that the Machine and I have everything under control, and the city will

move forward as usual.” The crowd clapped in praise. “The second reason for tonight’s meeting, the Machine would like to discuss with you.”

Suddenly, enormous television screens that surrounded the top of the room popped on. Looking around, I noticed each one had the same horrifying image of something I had never seen before. Na‘auao also was taken in by its cold and powerful appearance. “Greetings, my fellow colleagues and friends. I am here tonight to talk to you about embarking on a new journey into the future. This journey will require that each one of you participate in playing a new game I have just recently designed.” The Machine paused, and then continued. “The game is called Unlimited Wants.” The room was now filled with silence. Like a fearful animal, each person’s ears were fully in tune to the words that echoed throughout the room.

Then the Machine’s voice grew louder. “It is based on the notion that resources are scarce; thus, we must strive for abundance. As you may have already seen with the water shortage, some of our resources that surround the city are becoming scarce. Thus, to set out on this journey, it demands that we eagerly try to acquire more resources from our surroundings and demand more services from our employees. To do this, I must be able to count on each and every one of you to increase productivity in the sections of the city you manage. The incentive for doing so comes into play as you, the members, begin the game which starts as soon as you leave this room. There are no rules when it comes to playing it. Each one of you may do what you feel is necessary to acquire as much as possible as well as demand as much as possible from your workers. However, if I may make a suggestion, be wise in how you motivate your workers. Although you have the upper hand, if you do not outsmart them to get what you want out of them, they will leave

and work for your competitors. Yes,” he declared, “which may be any one of you who are in this room. So, there is a strong possibility that you may have to manipulate the truth to get what you want. However, those of you who are most successful will be rewarded when I see fit.”

Then he reached out his hand and opened it up. “What I hold in my left hand is approximately a dozen bronze carrots and a dozen silver ones. The bronze ones allow you to live out the rest of your life in an elaborate dream home filled with all the modern accessories of your choice from which you will be free from any financial ties.” The crowd looked around at each other in envy of that which the Machine described. “The silver carrots will allow you to do the same. But they will also allow you to send your children to the most prestigious schools in the city. There they will receive the proper education which will allow them to develop themselves into new leaders of this city, under Mr. Richards’ and my care.” The room began to get louder and louder as each person turned to their partner to whisper.

“Silence!” The Machine exclaimed. “There is still more.” Then he opened his right hand. And as he did, the crowd gasped as they saw the light hit the golden carrot, making it brilliantly shine and sparkle. “The individual who is most successful gets the gold one. This one not only allows a person to receive the same as those who get the bronze and the silver ones, but this person and his or her family will receive eternal life.” The room filled with uncontrollable noise from the people who excitedly waited to embark on their new journey. “Now,” the Machine’s voice echoed throughout the room. Then its skull popped out of each one of the screens. Startled, the crowd looked up only to see 12 heads, each one attached to a separate screen, its life-line cord stemming out of

the back of its head. Each one moved around the room like a snake being held by its tail. With its mouth opened wide, it asserted in thunderous voice, "Let the game begin!" Then the heads simultaneously were pulled back into the different screens and abruptly they went blank.

The crowd went wild. Their voices grew louder as they tried to talk over one another. "Excuse me," Mr. Richards tapped on the book which sent a thumping sound throughout the room. The crowd quieted down. "Before you leave tonight, I would like to say that I am confident that each one of you will do your part to guarantee a better future for you and your children. And although not everyone will receive one of the prized carrots, every day our city grows stronger, you and your loved ones will receive the benefits from it."

Pausing for a moment, Mr. Richards continued. "If I could just ask one more thing from you, my friends. If you could place a small donation in the glass jar, Miss Clarissa is holding before you leave." He pointed to where she was standing on the floor. While the people looked, both Na'auao and I tried to see. But it was no use, our view was blocked. "It would be a wonderful gift to start us off on our journey to move forward. Thank you." Mr. Richards finished. Closing his book, he placed it into his coat pocket and stepped off the platform. Then he disappeared into the crowd.

I looked over at Na'auao and could see the sadness in his face. Blankly, he stared at them, watching them move to the center of the room. Once they made their donation, they exited through the different doors. A tear fell out of Na'auao's eye as he turned his attention away from them. He looked at me and shook his head. "Most of them are not bad people, they are just the product of a bad system. Like the tiny insects that get caught

up in the spider's web and are at its mercy, so too are these people. What choice do they have but to stay within the web, for they know not how to survive outside of it. They have created something that they no longer control."

"The Machine?" I inquired.

"Well that's part of it. But it goes so much deeper than that. For example, let's look at the game."

"Okay."

"If you begin the game with people believing that they live in a world where their resources are scarce, they strive to acquire things. In doing so, those few who are most successful at it receive their material reward."

"The carrot?"

"Yes, the carrot," Na'auao responded. "But what they fail to realize is, if you begin your journey, or any journey for that matter, with a notion of scarcity, and on your way you strive for abundance, although you may acquire material wealth, you end up exactly where you began."

"Which is?"

"Not enough," Na'auao raised his hands. "Because like the name of the game, you have unlimited wants." I lowered my head and Na'auao reached out his hand and placed it on my side. "You are beginning to understand. I can see it in you."

"Yes," I replied. "The front door."

He frowned. "The front door?"

"Yes, "The one you referred to when I first arrived at your house. Do you remember?"

“Yes, I remember.”

“Well, I see these people who play the game as those who you described that enter your house through the front door.”

Na‘auao interjected, “Okay, I am following you so far.”

“If they enter through the front door with a feeling of scarcity, and while they are in there they strive for abundance, when they leave, they end up exactly where they began. With a feeling of scarcity.”

“Ah...the front door.” Na‘auao smiled.

Then he opened his mouth to continue speaking, but I interrupted. “And the wall.”

“The wall?”

“Yes, the one that divides the two rooms of your house. Well, just as it is seen as a barrier that keeps people from ever experiencing the other room in your house, so too are the walls that surround this city. And if people never cross the barrier, they never experience the place that shows us we live in a world of relative abundance. And, if we have limited wants we end up with plenty. Right?”

“You are so right ‘Uthane. My, how you’ve grown in such a short time.”

I looked down at myself. “You think so?”

“No.” He shook his head. “I know so.”

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Not paying attention, we turned our heads and noticed the room was completely empty except for a little girl who was in the center of it. “Do you think she could help us find King Malama?” I asked Na‘auao who was already beginning to walk out from under the table.

Then he turned to me, and adjusted his glasses. "Come on, let's go find out."

Stepping forward, I fluffed my feathers and followed him.

Although her back was turned to us, I see could see she was wearing a long black dress with layers of ruffles at the bottom of it. As we walked towards her, I noticed she took the black cover off the stand she had the glass donation bowl on, and underneath was a tube filled with the overflow of donations. Then she lifted the lid, poured the rest of the contents into it, bent down, and pressed a button which began sucking them underground. The noise from it was rather loud, so she didn't hear us as we approached. Finally, it dawned on me that she was the one Mr. Richards designated to collect the offerings.

Standing right behind her, we stopped. "Pardon me, miss," Na'auao leaned over. Not hearing us she stood there and watched the donations swirl in a funnel-like patter down a drain. I looked at Na'auao, who moved a little closer. "Ah, if I could bother you for a moment, I would like to ask you a question." But again there was no response. Finally, he glanced at me and then lifted up his cane and tapped her on the shoulder.

Startled, she turned around and let out a scream. Then she backed away. "If you have come to rob me, you are too late. The rest of the donations have already been sent down to a storage tanks," she stated in a sassy tone.

"Oh, no," Na'auao raised his hands to calm her down. "We did not come here for such a thing."

"Well then, what do you want with me?"

"My name is Na'auao," he placed his hand on his chest. Then he motioned toward me, "She is 'Uhane. We are here to speak with King Malama."

“You are?” she stepped forward.

“What a beautiful girl,” I thought. Her face was soft with rosy cheeks. She had light brown, curly hair that was mostly tucked up in a gorgeous white bonnet. It had a beautiful design of roses on it that were stitched with red thread. It was secured around her neck by satin red lace that tied into a bow.

“Do tell me more,” she said, sweet and innocently.

“Well,” I responded, “we have been sent on this mission.”

“Mission? Really?”

Na‘auao interrupted. “What ‘Uhane means is...” He glared at me and then glanced back at her. “We are old friends of King Malama and just heard of his sudden heart attack. If we could, we would like to see him. In case he does not.”

“Does not what?” She smiled.

“Well, in case he does not make it.”

“Oh, you mean if he croaks.”

“Well, if you’d like to use those words. Yes, if he croaks.”

“That’s no problem. I can help you.”

“You can?” I said with excitement.

“Sure, I’ll take you to him right now. In fact, he is resting not far from here. Just through that door.” She pointed to her right. “We’ll board a shuttle that will take us right to his room. Come on!” Then she turned and walked toward the door. Na‘auao and I looked at each other, then followed her lead.

Just before we left, I turned to take one last glimpse of the enormous black room. It was so sterile, I thought. The floors were hard and cold, and nothing hung from the

walls except for the giant screens that surrounded the room. It was empty now. Those who had just filled it were gone, sent on their way with dreams of the possibility of having things that would make their lives better. But, I wondered if they only knew what they had already sacrificed to have what they do. And what they will continue to sacrifice to get what they want.

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The door slid open. When I turned around, they were both facing me, waiting for me to follow. When they saw that I was ready, the little girl turned and walked over to a black cylindrical vehicle sitting on top of a set of tracks. She reached over and pushed the side panel. Three doors slid open, one for each seat. "Let's go," she said as she stepped in and the door automatically closed. Na'auao climbed in the seat which was directly behind her. Then I stepped in and sat in the one right behind Na'auao. Since the seats were in a row, no one could really make conversation with one another. So Na'auao and I just sat back and looked around at the city. In a split second, the vehicle slightly lifted us up into the air. We descended rapidly as we were propelled forward. Quickly we turned to the right and then began to climb. We headed up toward the tallest and roundest building in the city. The top of it was flat and round and, in fact, it was many times larger than its base. To me it looked like a giant T. As we moved closer to it, the vehicle took us right below the overhang. I watched as the metal ceiling came over us. Finally, as it slowed down and stopped, the vehicle lowered us back down onto its tracks.

While we paused for a moment waiting for the door to open, I could see all of our reflections in it as well as the city lights below us. Then the door slid up and we moved slowly, underneath it, into a tunnel built with the same reflective material as the building.

As we moved forward, my heart began to beat faster. Na‘auao and I were about to meet King Malama. We had finally arrived at the moment we had anticipated. My body felt energized by the overwhelming feeling of embarking on our journey. But, before I could finish my thought, it dawned on me. How would we take King Malā’ mā with us if his sudden heart attack caused his future life to dangle in the air by a small fragile piece of thread?

Suddenly my body jerked forward as we came to a complete stop. The side panels slid open and each of us stepped out, and we followed the girl down the corridor. She paused just before she entered the first door on our right. Then she turned around to face us, “Are you ready to meet King Malama?”

“Yes,” we both replied eagerly.

“Thank you,” Na‘auao reached out his hand to shake hers. But before doing so, he said, “I just realized,” Na‘auao paused, looked over at me and then back at the girl. “We never did get your name.” But before she responded, the door slid open. Surprised, Na‘auao and I looked over into the room. We saw a tall man standing there with his back to us. When he heard the door open, he turned around. And as he did, I suddenly felt a sinking feeling in my stomach.

Then girl turned to us, “My name is Clarissa,” she walked over to him. Instantly I realized he was the same man who had just hosted the city gathering, Mr. Richards.

“Oh, my beautiful daughter. So nice to finally be able to spend a moment with you.” Then the two of them hugged while Na‘auao looked over at me. At that point I knew he also felt the same sinking feeling in his gut as I did. Slowly, we began to back up, away from the door. But, we were abruptly stopped by something behind us. Turning

to each other, our eyes moved up to see what it was. Standing there were two armed men in shiny chrome suits. Strongly they nudged us forward into the room. "Well, Clarissa, what do we have here?" Mr. Richards moved toward us.

"I came across these two when I was just about finished collecting the donations. I was sending them down to the underground vaults when they approached me."

"Thank you for collecting the donations," Mr. Richards smiled, giving her his approval. "Now," he said sternly while he looked down at us, "what do these two want?"

"We..." Na'auao began to speak.

"Quiet!" Mr. Richards shouted, staring at Na'auao. "I am speaking to my daughter. I will tell you when you can speak." Then Clarissa moved closer to us. As I watched her, I knew this little girl who wore an angelic face had truly betrayed us.

Speaking in a calm voice she answered, "They said they were friends of King Malama. And they had heard of his sickness and wished to see him in case he does not...."

"Make it," Mr. Richards finished her sentence. Clarissa nodded while she slowly batted her eyes. "Well, I'm afraid you two are just moments too late," Mr. Richards said, staring us down. Na'auao and I glanced at each other. Then we heard a loud "click". We both turned our attention back to Mr. Richards, but couldn't tell where the noise came from. Just then he moved slightly over to his left, and we saw it. Out of the corner of my eyes I looked at Na'auao, whose confident, noble appearance didn't change in the least in the presence of the Machine. Na'auao's hands rested on his cane, and he held his head high in the air. Glancing back at the Machine, I watched it mechanically move closer to us. As it did, Mr. Richards and Clarissa moved out of its way to allow it to pass by them.

Then it turned to Clarissa and said. "You may go now."

"But..." Clarissa pleaded.

"I agree with the Machine; it is time for you to go," Mr. Richards demanded. "I'll see you later, my dear."

She glared at us, "Fine. Some thanks. I don't even get to watch." Then she moved closer to us, gave both Na'auao and I a sarcastic grin while leaving the room.

Mr. Richards motioned for the two guards to follow her. Once the door closed, the Machine walked over to us. I could feel its eyes penetrating us. It was like it was searching down deep in our soul for our reason for being here. Stopping only inches from us, I could here the sounds of the impulses traveling though its body. Like the oxygenated blood that sustains our life, the electrical currents sustained its life.

My head tilted back. My eyes followed its body up to its horrifying head that was still connected by a line feeding into the computer that surrounded the room. I could see the Machine's interest in Na'auao. But he would not even look at it. He stood there tall and confident. He faced forward and stared straight ahead as though he was not at all intimidated by its presence. Then the Machine spoke. "You possess a blend of cognitive characteristics I have seen in no other human or creature. Yes, I see it comes from a keen understanding of your culture, history, values, and beliefs, all of which are interwoven within you. It gives you internal strength like nothing I have ever known."

"But, he's merely an old...." Instantly the Machines head whipped around to Mr. Richards.

"An old what?"

"An old tortoise," Mr. Richards mumbled in a trembling voice.

“Well, look at you, Mr. Richards. The second most powerful man in this city shudders in my presence. While this small little creature,” the Machine motioned to Na‘auao, “is not the slightest bit frightened.”

“Can’t you see he is fooling you?” Mr. Richards implored defensively.

“Fooling me, did you say?” The Machine moved closer to him.

“Ah, what I meant was,” Mr. Richards backed up, and the Machine continued to move forward.

“What you meant was?” the Machine placed his hand on Mr. Richards neck and slowly moved it down to his chest.

“Stop! Please, I beg you. I can’t breathe! You’re sucking the life out of my heart,” Mr. Richards pleaded.

Then the Machine pulled his hand away and Mr. Richards fell to the floor, gasping for air. “Don’t you see, you fool? You as well as the people in this city have given me the power I have, by relying on me for everything you see, hear, feel, and know. Together, you all are my strength. Then the Machine moved back over to Na‘auao who still continued to stare straight ahead, not even paying the slightest bit of attention to anything that was going on. He stopped in front of him and turned to Mr. Richards who was still cowardly trembling on the floor. “Watch closely, you are about to see what I mean.” The Machine placed his hand around Na‘auao’s neck and slowly moved it down to his chest.

Terrified, I screamed out, “Stop!” Then I moved forward to keep him from hurting Na‘auao. But, the Machine had placed some kind of invisible locking mechanism on my feet so I couldn’t move. Realizing I was paralyzed, I turned my head for I could

not bare to watch. Shuddering, I waited to hear his cry. But, I heard nothing. How could that be, I thought. I just saw what it did to Mr. Richards, a man who was over twice Na'auao's size. Slowly I turned my head back only to see Na'auao was standing in the same position, looking in the same direction as though he hadn't even blinked his eyes.

The Machine pulled his hand away and turned to Mr. Richards. "See, he is unaffected by my power. And do you know why?"

"No," Mr. Richards replied, now standing on his feet.

"Because he does not believe in the power I possess, unlike you and the people of this city. So, now that I am through with this little demonstration, Mr. Richards, maybe you will believe me when I say..." The Machine paused and looked over at Na'auao. "His soul is strong and his strength comes from having something that the people of this city do not. Do you know what that is, Mr. Richards?" Quickly, he shook his head no. But, before the Machine could continue, the words just flew out of my mouth.

"A sense of personal identity," I said, holding my head high. All of the eyes in the room turned to me, even Na'auao.

Then the Machine turned to me, "So you do have a voice."

"Of course I have a voice," Na'auao looked at me with fear in his eyes, thinking that I would say too much. The Machine glanced over at him and then back at me. He bent down so that his red, piercing eyes could look directly into mine. Standing there, staring back at him, I thought to myself, "Don't let him know your fear."

"It's too late," the Machine stood back up. Now looking at Na'auao, "You are both much too late." Shifting his eyes back to me, "You, too, are strong, but have not fully matured to the same level as your teacher. You still have much to learn and only

through experience will you do so. And that, my dear, you will never live long enough to obtain. So you see, I am also very wise. In fact, I am now wiser than the humans who created me. With their help, I grew at such a rapid rate that fewer and fewer people possessed the knowledge to control me. And now with King Malama dead, he would have been the last human linking me to a past culture that had the knowledge of how to destroy me.” Na‘auao and I looked at each other.

“Yes, the precious King Malama you came to rescue is gone, and your insightfulness from the past,” he looked over to Na‘auao. “And your inner guidance,” he looked over at me “ends here!” Suddenly the floor slid out beneath us, and we descended into a tunnel with the vision of the Machine embedded in our minds.

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Turning, rolling, twisting, and contorting, our bodies moved quickly down the shaft, with nothing in our path to alter our movement. Until finally, we straightened out and our speed slowly declined. Eventually we came to a stop. When I opened my eyes, everything around me was revolving, even Na‘auao. Only now there were four of him. I closed my eyes for a moment and waited for my body to stop spinning. ““Uhane, are you okay?” I heard Na‘auao say. Opening my eyes, the dizziness began to fade. Na‘auao was lying on his back, looking over at me.

“Yes, I’m okay. Are you?”

“Yes. But I’m going to need your help getting back on my feet,” He stated.

Slowly, I got up and moved over to him. Then I reached out. “Grab onto my wing so I can lift you up.” Na‘auao reached out and pulled himself up. “That was quite a ride, wouldn’t you say?” Na‘auao nodded then limped forward. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Yes. I’ll be fine once I take a moment to walk it off.”

“Where do you suppose we are?” I followed him.

“Some underground dump,” Na‘auao replied, looking around. “It looks and smells like the toxins from the city move through these shafts and down into that pit you see straight ahead. Once there, they are absorbed into the ground.”

“So, let me get this right. Not only is the city depleting the ground of its resources, but, what it is replacing it with is garbage?”

“That’s exactly right. You couldn’t have stated it any better.”

“Uhane, while we are walking, I would like you to take a moment and imagine the process your body goes through when you consume something. Let’s call it a resource.”

“Okay.”

“So, you consume this resource. And once it’s in your system, your body first breaks the resource down, taking from it what it needs and transferring various parts of the resource to different areas in your body so they may use it to function. And what does it do with the stuff it doesn’t use?” Before I could answer, Na‘auao continued. “It excretes it as wastes. The system, which in this case is your body, works and functions totally independent from you. Yet you are dependent on it to keep you alive. Do you agree?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Okay, let’s move one step forward. Now imagine your body functioning like Intestinal City. It strives to take in excess resources. What must it do to them once they have been ingested?”

“Well, break them down, distribute them, store the excess, and excrete the wastes.”

“Yes, but you left out one very important thing.”

“I did?”

“Yes. What must your body do to keep up with the excess resources?”

“Work harder?”

“Yes. It must work harder to break down, transport, store, and excrete the resources. If a body always has more than it needs to function, it produces a reaction. I perceive the action of consuming excess resources producing an opposite reaction of working harder. And if Intestinal City is a system that functions like the system within the body, over time it will experience negative side effects like the body does, such as excess glucose or fat, or elevated serum cholesterol or pressure in the arteries. And although your body, or any system for that matter, will work with the side effects, over time what do you think will happen?”

“It stops functioning?” I said hesitantly.

“That’s right!”

“Wow. It makes perfect sense.”

“Now you understand the urgency of our mission?”

“I do. We are needed to save both King Malama and the system which is the one Intestinal City is slowly destroying.”

“Right. And do you know what this system is called?”

“No.”

“It is called Homeostasis.”

“Homeostasis?”

“Yes,” he replied, “Homeostasis.”

Peering out the end of the tunnel over to my left, I unexpectedly saw him. “King Malama!” I shouted.

Na‘auao instantly turned his head. “Where?”

“Right there.” I pointed over to him. His lower body was already embedded in the slime and his head, shoulders, and waist were just above it.

“Quickly, we have very little time.” Leaping out of the shaft we feverishly moved over to him. Na‘auao placed his hands on his face. “His body is still warm,” he declared. Then he felt for a pulse.

Panicked, I asked, “Is he still alive?”

Na‘auao closed his eyes, “No ‘Uthane I’m afraid we’re just moments too late.”

“There must be something we can do?” I pleaded.

“Well,” he looked at me. “There is something you can do.”

“Yes! I’ll do anything. Just tell me what it is.”

“You can give him something that is a part of yourself.”

“A part of me?”

“Yes, remember who you are ‘Uthane.”

“Who I am?”

Na‘auao swiftly nodded. “You are the soul of Mana‘olana. And what is Mana‘ola‘na? She is both the expectation and the desire of a thing.” He paused and then continued. “She is the wish, she is the ambition, and she is the dream. As the soul of this person, the only thing you need to do is give him something that is part of yourself.”

I turned away from Na'auao and looked at King Malama. Then I thought of what I could give him that I possess. Taking a moment to examine myself, it came to me. The only thing I could give him was exactly what Na'auao had said, part of me. Raising my wing, I moved my head over to it and plucked out a yellow feather, placed it on his chest, and backed away. Standing there, both Na'auao and I watched as it began to glow red-hot.

Frightened, I stepped forward, but Na'auao put out his arm, blocking me, "No, it will be okay. Just stand back and watch the giving process." The feather, now glowing red hot, began to lose its shape and form into a clear bubbling liquid. And as it cooled, it began to diffuse into his pale body, slowly changing the shade of his skin and bringing life back to him. In awe, I stood there in silence and watched this phenomenon occur. And when his face, which was the last thing to change color did so, his eyes opened. First looking at me, then glancing over to Na'auao who whispered.....

CHAPTER 5

To the Garden of the Duodenum, December 30, 2236

“Listen carefully, King Malama, to the words that I speak, for those that follow you will only hear once.” Na‘auao looked into his dark eyes and waited until King Malā’mā nodded, then he continued, “Today your journey of life begins. Although your body is aged in human years, your mind is that of an infant, its growth stunted by the technological material culture that has influenced you so. Thus, you will take nothing from that place with you, but the flesh that surrounds you.”

“Your journey will begin at the base of a mountain and your goal is to reach its peak. The path you will take will be decided by ‘Uhane,” he glanced over at me, and King Malama’s eyes followed. “She will take us through a place that is watched over by the gods. This place is known as the Learning Process. There, through our teachings, you will experience words, symbols, colors, smells, touches, tastes, rhythms, and visualizations, all of which will help you make it to your final destination – to the top of the mountain. If you reach it, you will have accomplished both personal achievement as well as perfection. As you will come to realize, both of these accomplishments are two faces of the same mountain.”

“Along the way you will be asked to create a god in your image. You will need both knowledge from the god as well as daily physical training, for you will be faced with four terrifying obstacles; each one tied to you in ways you might not possibly imagine. If you overcome them, you will be allowed to cross a vast body of water. And it is there you will be faced with what you fled from in your dreams, hence gaining what you lost as a consequence.” King Malama was shocked, wondering how he could have

possibly known. "Trust me," Na'auao said confidently. "I know of things that go beyond your understanding."

"What if I do not wish to go?" King Malama asked.

"This is your choice and yours only. However, the gift of life 'Uthane gave you will only last two days if you choose to stay here. Hence, you will only have exactly 48 hours to live," Na'auao responded.

"But, if I go with you, I may only have the same amount of time or maybe even less," King Malama said nervously.

"Yes, in some sense you're right. The length of your life is dependent on your will to survive. But, where we are going, time is a relative factor. It is merely an opening in a wall, whether it be a doorway, window, or passageway." Na'auao paused and glanced at me. I smiled knowing that which he spoke of. Then he continued. "And it is through this wall we may see ourselves and the world we live in."

Attempting to understand, King Malama hesitantly nodded. "And if I am successful?"

Na'auao interrupted. "If you are successful, both you as well as others around you will receive the gift of your name."

"The gift of my name?"

"Yes, something within you will be rekindled."

King Malama sat in silence for a moment, staring blankly at the ground, then glanced up at me, "Please, lead the way."

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"Close your eyes and hold onto my wings, and I will take you to the place where

we begin the journey.” Both Na‘auao and King Malama reached out and placed one hand around me and one around each other. Then I continued. “As I speak, together we must imagine the place I describe. In doing so, you will feel the energy between us building like a cone of light which will ascend from our heads, taking us to the place know as the Garden of the Duodenum.”

“Old lava formations and rocks are scattered sporadically across the windswept sand, resembling the changing current of the ocean tide. Although at a glance it would seem that no life exists here, it is quite the contrary. For we are entering a place filled with more than our minds can comprehend. This place is known as the world of the sacred, and is guarded by the law known as the kapu. Here is where extraordinary, supernatural, and all-powerful things exist. And it is here in this hidden place that lost persons and past events will be revealed to us. So as we rise up out of darkness through this highly convoluted tube, we will approach a doorway that opens up into the superior portion of the Garden of the Duodenum. Relax, and feel the soles of your feet touch the garden’s sand for we have arrived.”

Slowly, I opened my eyes and turned around and saw the passageway through which we came slowly revert to a solid lava rock formation towering over us. Darkness still surrounded us, but not like it did in Intestinal City. Here it felt quiet, calm, and peaceful. It was as if those things that surrounded us had not yet awakened from the rest that comes with the moon’s presence.

““Uhane?” King Malama said.

“Yes,” I replied.

“How did you know?”

“Know what?”

“Of this place, it feels so different than that which I know.”

“Easy. It is part of my home.”

“And yours too,” Na‘auao interjected, “Although you do not remember.”

Disappointed, King Malama lowered his head. “Do not struggle so hard to find what I know you have lost. For it will come to you only through your experiences along this journey.” Then he turned to me. ““Uhane, I would like you to go to highest point on this island. From there you will find the direction we must take.”

“Okay,” I replied. Then I turned and faced in the opposite direction. Spreading my wings, my feet propelled my body forward. Quickly, I rose above them and watched Na‘auao and King Malama’s body shrink to the size of the tiny grains of sand in which they stood.

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“Well,” Na‘auao said, “shall we use the moon’s light to take a look around?”

“You are the leader, I am merely the follower.”

“At this moment, those words are true. I am the leader because you have chosen to grant me the power to influence you. And in return you give your respect and allegiance. So you see leading is a two-way relationship. The question you must ask yourself is what qualities must I have to deserve your respect and allegiance?” King Malama’s opened his mouth. Na‘auao interrupted. “Wait. Do not answer that question too fast. For it is quite possible you do not know the full answer. I would like you to think about it on your journey. And if you pay close attention, you will notice that you’ll be given pieces of the answer. And when I ask it again, if you put the pieces together and

answer the question completely, you will see that at that moment, our relationship, as well as your relationship with those that surround you, will change.”

Na‘auao took off his glasses. “Listen closely. I will give you the first piece; however, the others may not be given to you so clearly and easily.” King Malama waited with anticipation, hanging on to Na‘auao’s every word. Na‘auao looked down at King Malama’s feet and back up at him. “Always remember to walk carefully, no matter where you are in your journey of life. You may walk with pride, but never elevate yourself above the pebbles in the sand that surround you at this moment. Why? Is the question you may be asking yourself at this very moment. Because,” he stated strongly, “everything is equally rooted from the same life force.” Although he may not have fully understood the message, King Malama nodded.

“Now, I would like you to walk toward the sound of the waves touching the sand. But, let no words be exchanged between us.” King Malama quickly agreed. Na‘auao smiled. “This request may seem easier than you think. You have spent much of your life surrounded by the noises from your technological city. And so, accustomed to them, you may actually feel a loss of comfort without them. So, what I would like you to do is fill this space of silence with meaning of the spirit and mind.”

“But, how shall I do that?”

“It is not for me to determine, but for you. And only in silence will you learn how to do so.” Na‘auao motioned with his head, “Come along.” And the two moved forward into the vast deserted terrain.

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How exhilarating it was to feel the fluctuating currents being swept beneath my wings. I watched the moon set along the horizon and light from the sun began to emerge from the east. As it did, I started to see the extreme differences of this place reveal themselves to me. The natural features of the landscape ranged from barren flat lands, to forested ravines, to golden yellow plateaus, to jagged cliffs that provided life to jaded patches of grass and pine trees. And all of this was surrounded by white, turquoise, then deep blue rings of water. Climbing higher and higher, my breath was swept away by the pictorial images of this wondrous place.

Placing my feet gently on the summit's peak, I watched the coming of a new day. From this point, I could see seven other islands, sandwiched together, forming a chain linked to them by the surrounding water. For a moment, I directed my attention to my surroundings, using all of my senses to determine which direction we should go. But, not the slightest clue came to me. Then I realized that I was chosen to be the navigator of this journey; thus, the answer I was looking for would only be found within me. At that moment, I felt a warming sensation around the outline of my feet. Looking down, I observed the sharpened black rock beneath me begin to change to a deep shade of red. Then a yellowish flame rose up out of the ground directly in front of me. I watched it move in a circular pattern to my right, and stopped when the end met the beginning. A feeling of heat moved from my feet, up through my body, as though hot molten liquid filled my entire body.

Then the sensation subsided just as quickly as it had arrived. The flame moved in the reverse direction and a slight breeze in the air wisped it away. Standing there staring directly ahead, I suddenly saw a trail of footprints leading from the Garden of the

Duodenum into the water connecting this island to four other ones. Yes, I thought, the footprints are showing me the way! My body filled with excitement. But, it was at that moment the ground began to shake.

Quickly I took off, but circled close so I could witness what was about to happen. Then the ground opened slightly; however, the enormous amount of steam that rose out of it obstructed my view. All of a sudden the scent of a strong acid substance filled the air, and out of the steam rose tiny little particles which were picked up by some nearby clouds and swept away in the direction from which I had just come. Curious, I followed the clouds which strangely led me back to the Garden of the Duodenum. There the particles were released into the air and slowly floated to the ground. Still circling around, out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of hundreds of crabs moving out of the water onto shore, and they were headed right for the Garden of Duodenum. That's odd, I thought. Could it be possible that the sequencing of events that was taking place all stemmed from what the mountain released into the air? Unexpectedly, the clouds began to slowly disappear. It was then that I saw Na'auao and King Malā'mā were dusting themselves off in the desert below. In a straight path I moved toward them, slowing myself down as I made my approach.

Startled by my landing, both of them looked up at me. And when they did, my face lit up, for I was hardly able to control the laughter inside me that wanted to break free. Both of them looked like they had been painted with the same brownish yellow color as the ground that surrounded us. "You think this is funny 'Uhane?" Na'auao inquired sarcastically.

"No, not funny," I responded. "It's remarkable."

“Remarkable? What’s so remarkable about these particles that have been dumped on us?” Na‘auao tilted his back and looked above.

“Because, you two have just been showered by thousands of resources.”

“Resources?” King Malama questioned.”

“Yes,” I glanced at him and then Na‘auao, who was frozen like a statue. His eyes were opened wider than his mouth.

“You.... You...” Na‘auao tried to speak, but could not make out the words.

“Found the fountain of resources,” I stated. Na‘auao’s body relaxed and with it came a smile that shined bright, like a five-pointed star that lights up the night.

“Would one of you please speak in words that I can understand?” King Malama demanded.

Na‘auao moved over to him. “What ‘Uthane found is really called the Fountain of Stomach. Although I have never actually seen it, my ancestors told me that such a place exists. Its function is to acidify ingested food taken in by this larger system that we are living off. Inside the fountain, the acid it produces kills many of the microorganisms that are harmful to it. Also, the fountain induces the secretion of pancreatic enzymes as well as bile, both of which come from other places.”

“I saw them,” I interjected.

“What did you say, ‘Uthane?” Na‘auao excitedly responded.

“When I was in the air, I could see the various crab-like enzymes. They were coming from the water and moving ashore into the sand. In fact, they’re headed our direction as we speak.”

“Why are they headed toward us?” King Malama asked.

“To pick up the resources that were dumped into the garden.”

“You saw them?” King Malama questioned.

“Yes! I saw the entire process. I was standing on the mountain’s peak and suddenly the ground began to shake. And then as though a valve opened up, steam and lots of particles spewed into the air and were whisked away by a nearby cloud formation. Since it captured my attention, I followed close behind the clouds and when they stopped, I was directly over the surrounding area the two of you are in.” Then Na‘auao looked down at himself and brushed the remaining particles off his arms. “Well, I guess you know the rest,” I said grinning, while I watched him.

“Well I don’t know the rest,” King Mala’ma uttered, looking down at himself. “What is this stuff I’m covered in?”

Na‘auao stopped what he was doing and faced King Malama. “It is a composition of various substances. This stuff...” Na‘auao bent down and scooped up a handful of resources. Then he stood up and lifted it into the air so King Malama could look at it more closely before he continued, “is what keeps everything in this system alive.” King Malama reached out his hand and Na‘auao poured the sand into it. Then he brought it closer to his face to smell it. “You will not be able to detect a distinct smell, for the odor it gives off is not a scent that one of our noses would be able to pick up,” Na‘auao said. Looking at it for a moment, King Malama spread his fingers open, and what looked like grains of sand fell in between them back down to the ground.

Puzzled, King Malama looked around, “So, the resources just accumulate here?”

“Well, not exactly,” Na‘auao replied. “The crab-like enzymes pick up the specific resource they are assigned to, and break it down into substances that can be absorbed

directly into the floor where we are standing. Then the system utilizes the resource to keep it functioning. Eventually some of the substances filter down to Intestinal City, where the resources are extracted even further until nothing remains but the wastes that are excreted out the rectum, a place which is just past the rectal transverse fold.”

“Now it is clearer to me,” King Malama countered. “But would you explain how this process relates to us as well as our mission?”

“If you would, ‘Uhane,” Na‘auao said, “please draw us a map of what you saw when you stood on the top of the Fountain of Stomach.”

“Sure.” Then I leaned over and with the tip of my wing, I began to trace an outline of the different islands I saw. “This one is us,” I pointed to the one on the bottom. “As you can see, there are seven others that surround us. The path we must take follows in this order. First, we must travel to the one to our east, then to the one that is northwest of it, followed by the one to the northeast, and finally to this one here that is directly above it. This island,” I said, pointing to the smallest one, “and the other two that are far off to our northeast have been unaffected so far.”

“Unaffected?” King Malama questioned. “By what?”

“The Machine,” Na‘auao answered. Surprised to hear that name, he looked up and focused his attention on Na‘auao. “You heard me right. The Machine has set up monstrous obstacles at each one of these places where we must travel. And you have been chosen to overcome these things.” King Malama’s face suddenly turned the same color of the clouds.

“Me?” King Malama placed his hands on his chest.

“Yes, you,” Na‘auao responded.

“But, why me?”

“Because just as I said when I first spoke to you in the underground tunnel, you will be faced with four terrifying obstacles. These are the obstacles that are directly connected to you.”

“How so?” King Malama placed his hand on his hip.

“Do you remember your dream?”

“Why yes, but what’s that got to do with anything?”

“Because if you remember that in it, it was through your own desires...”

King Malama interrupted. “To have the nail and the book?”

“Yes, which destroyed something that you were not yet given the knowledge to use. ...”

Again, King Malama interjected. “The contents of the gourd basket?”

“Yes,” Na‘auao exclaimed. “Your decisions resulted in a sequencing of events leading to the rise of two men.”

“You mean those who chased me in my dream?”

“Again you are right,” Na‘auao replied. “Your decision allowed them to strategically place these creatures on those islands,” Na‘auao pointed at the picture that I drew, “which has consequently resulted in the growth of a technological city.”

“Intestinal City?”

Na‘auao nodded. “All of these things I speak of have resulted in the production of a powerful evil force that gives life to the Machine as well as his accomplice, Mr. Richards. So you see, the placement of these obstacles is directly related to what caused your death in Intestinal City.”

“A diseased heart?” King Malā’ mā raised his eyebrows.

“A diseased heart,” Na‘auao uttered. Completely taken in by what Na‘auao said, King Malā’ mā stumbled back and fell to the ground. Then he sadly looked up at the two of us. Feeling his pain, I moved over to him and sat down. Na‘auao did the same. Shaking his head, he stared blankly ahead.

“I don’t understand. How could that one decision I made have such an impact on my life as well as so many others?”

“It is because you never received the knowledge.”

“What knowledge?” King Malama raised his hands in desperation.

“The knowledge you needed to not only serve as a king leading your people, the ‘ohana, but the knowledge of your culture which was your duty to pass on from generation to generation. Your culture depended on that knowledge you never received; thus, it barely survives. And I’m sure if you take a moment and recall the images of the people you saw on your way to your grandfather’s war temple, you know as well as I that their culture is on the brink of extinction.”

King Malama placed his head between his knees, just now realizing the full impact his decision had made. I spread my wing and placed it around him, for I could not imagine the burden he was carrying on his shoulders. Na‘auao reached out and placed his hand on his head, then continued speaking. “A perfect leader is not a faultless one. He or she will fashion their own problems, make mistakes as well as dangerous enemies, encounter defeats and great sorrows, but in their time of weakness, one will climb above the trials and destitutions and, in doing so, find the true greatness that exists within.” For

a moment the three of us sat in complete silence, then King Malama raised his head and a tiny tear rolled down his cheek.

Then he looked into Na‘auao’s eyes and said, “I am ready to climb.” Removing his glasses, I could see Na‘auao’s eyes were beginning to water, then he reached out and the two embraced.

And Na‘auao whispered into King Malama’s ear, “I knew you would be.” “Okay,” Na‘auao used his cane to help him rise to his feet, “let the training begin.” Then he moved behind King Malama and placed his hands around his neck and said. “It is time to rise. You will begin your training by slowly jogging short distances with me on your back.”

“Jogging?” King Malama repeated hesitantly.

“Yes, it is two steps faster than walking.”

“But, I never have before.”

“Oh yes, you have. It was those two feet,” he pointed to with his cane, “that propelled your body forward as you fled from the men. You know, the ones in your dream.” Realizing Na‘auao was right, King Malama was without words to respond.

Then he looked at me, “Which direction do I go?”

“That way,” I pointed to the east.

“Remember,” Na‘auao turned to King Malama, “time moves differently in this world; thus, you may set your own pace.”

“Okay,” King Malama moved forward.

“Just follow ‘Uhane; she knows the way,” Na‘auao shouted as he watching me take off, moving forward into the morning sky.

.....

Stumbling over the razor sharp rocks and uneven ground, King Malama closely watched his every step. Carrying the weight of another, he slowly made his way through the immense desolate land. Deeply embedded in the sand were the footprints he left behind along the way. These were a result of not only the excess weight of Na‘auao on his back, but also the excess weight he himself carried. In silence, he began to search deep inside to view the human nature that existed within. In doing so, he began to project qualities and shapes onto a superhuman force, thereby forming an entity. Out of his mind, this entity that he had already met at his grandfather’s war temple began to take shape. While he jogged, he pictured its crested shaped helmet, the opening of its elliptical-shaped shell eyes, its wooden nose, and its proportionally large dogtooth mouth. Remembering each part of it in the utmost detail, it grew larger and larger until it was completely released from his thoughts. At that instant, his feet stopped the movement of his body. And for the first time since he began his journey, he raised his eyes from the ground and saw he was standing inside this image he had recreated.

“You feel the power of what your mind is capable of creating,” Na‘auao stated.

“I do,” King Malama said as he placed Na‘auao on the ground.

“Let it be that which you just created; physically recreate the man that you are.”

Confused, he responded, “How shall I do that?”

“During those times you are in silent thought, let your mind and spirit be filled with communication between yourself and the world of the sacred.”

“I shall attempt to do as you say.”

“It is in your attempt to do so, that you will succeed.”

Approaching King Malama and Na‘auao from behind, I startled them when they heard me speak. “I found something you may find interesting.” They both turned around.

“We didn’t hear you coming,” Na‘auao said.

“Sorry I startled you. But, while I was waiting for the two of you to catch up, I thought I might do a little exploring.”

Interested, King Malama asked, “What did you find?”

“Come see for yourself,” I said, leading the way. We walked over to a small grouping of trees and shrubs that bordered the right side of the garden, quickly walking through them. “Over there,” I pointed, “on the boulders.” Na‘auao and King Malama hustled over to them. As they approached, Na‘auao raised his hands and placed them on the five images engraved on the rocks which were arranged in a star-like pattern, one on top, two on the sides and two at the bottom.

“What are they?” King Malama inquired.

“They represent different things,” Na‘auao said. “This one,” pointing to the one on the top, “symbolizes electromagnetic radiation that stimulates sight and makes things visible.” He moved his hand over to the next one down on the right, “This one symbolizes a transparent liquid compound of oxygen and hydrogen.” Moving to the one across from it, “This one symbolizes the planet on which we live.” Moving diagonally down to the next one, “This one symbolizes the combustion of substances with oxygen that produces a flame of heat. And the one across from it symbolizes air in natural motion.” While watching and listening to Na‘auao, I noticed a tiny little circular mark in the center of the five images.

“What’s this?” I asked.

Na‘auao looked closely at it, then turned to me, “That one, my dear, symbolizes the animating essence of all things.” Then he placed his hand on the top image again and with his fingers he connected each one to the center, making an invisible star. “When they are united, the earth is eternal.”

Simultaneously, King Malama and I repeated, “When they are all united the earth is eternal. What does that mean?”

“It means exactly what it means,” Na‘auao placed his hands on the rock and said it again. “When they are united, the earth is eternal.” King Malama and I looked at each other with the same confused expression. Na‘auao turned and began to walk away from us, back the way we had come. Both King Malama and I stood there, staring at the rock. Without even turning around, Na‘auao raised his voice and said. “Come along, it’s time for us to move on.” Glancing at each other, we turned away from it and followed in Na‘auao’s footsteps right behind him.

“Where’d he go?” I looked around.

“I don’t know,” King Malama replied.

“That’s strange. I mean how quickly can an old tortoise walk?”

“Not that fast, I would imagine. Maybe he took a different way.”

“No, I’m right here.” Both of us glanced at each other and then faced in the direction of Na‘auao’s voice. And there he was, propped up against a Koa tree.

“The petroglyphs were very interesting, ‘Uhane.” Na‘auao said, while King Malā’mā and I walked over to him. “Did you happen to find anything else while you were exploring?”

“As a matter of fact I did.”

“What?” King Malama asked.

“A way to travel through the water.”

Not expecting my response, Na‘auao asked, “What did you say?”

“I said I found a way to travel through the water. Just ahead to the north, washed up on the shore is a...”

Na‘auao interrupted, “Before you say any more, why don’t we play a little game?”

“Game?” I questioned.

“Yes, instead of just telling us what you found that was washed up on the shore, I would like you to describe what it is that you know about this thing.” Confused, I responded, “What?”

“I would like you to choose words to describe what you know about it, thus forcing you to visualize something you were taught some time ago. And at the same time, King Malama does the opposite. He must listen to your words, and then visualize what you are describing. Once you are done, you are to ask him if he can place the name on that which you describe.”

“But, what for? It would be so much faster just to tell him exactly what I found.”

“Because, ‘Uhane, how well you remember something that you learned or experienced in your past is based on your ability to recall it.”

“Recall what?” King Malama demanded.

“Something the two of you have already learned.”

Looking over at King Malama, I saw that although he was somewhat mystified as to the reason we were playing this game, he was waiting eagerly to begin. Then he turned to Na'auao, "If my response is correct, what reward do I receive?"

"You will receive the honor of using what it is 'Uthane describes to take us to our next destination."

"And if I do not respond correctly?"

"You will not be given that honor; thus, you must find another means of transportation."

"Let's begin!" I cried, anxiously waiting to get started. Then I walked over to the Koa tree and placed my hand on its massive trunk. I stood there for a moment, then asked King Malama to come over. "I would like you to do the same as I."

"As you wish."

"I would like you to place your hand on it and feel its strong, rough surface." As I did, King Malama followed. "Then, step a little closer and study the detailed color of its brown base." Pausing for a moment, I waited for him to do so. "Now, lean even closer and with your nose, smell the strong musky scent drifting subtly into the air." Then with my beak, I removed a small piece of wood and reached out with my tongue and placed it into my mouth. Without saying a thing, King Malama removed a piece as well and did the same. Then facing him and pointing to the second growth, "As we move closer to that which I am about to describe, listen closely to my words. Visualize what it is I say, and feel the rhythms of the people working together to create that which is missing from this tree." Then I backed away from it and turned to Na'auao, "We shall take the path they

took from here.” When I started to walk with King Malama and Na‘auao by my side, I began describing an event that I remember my grandfather telling me as a young child.

“Offerings such as pigs, red kumu fish, and coconuts were gathered by the head prospective builder and his assistants and placed at the site of the selected tree. By nightfall, many prayers were said, and then each one rested beside the tree before they were called upon to perform their duties. The following day, the pig was cooked and eaten, and the offerings were disposed of. This signified the beginning of the tree felling. Through the orders of the head builder, two cutting scarves were placed approximately 3 feet from one another and the men began splitting off the grain, removing it a piece at a time. As the scarves sank deeper and deeper into the wood, the tree began to make a loud crackling noise, which brought about the raising of voices of those that surrounded it, as they anticipated its fall. Slowly, it plummeted to the ground, making a deafening, crashing sound that could be heard from miles around. Quickly the head builder mounted the trunk and cried out to the gods. ‘Give us this thing that will carry us safely through the water!’ Then in silence they waited for Lea, the wife of one of the forms of the god Ku, to bless them with her presence. Landing on the tree, she arrived in the form of a woodpecker. The men nervously waited as she walked the length of the trunk. If she did so without stopping, the wood was sound and the men could continue their work. But if she stopped even for the slightest moment and pecked at the bark, it was in some way flawed and not approved by the higher authority.”

“So in the stillness of the morning, they lingered around and once she came and gave her approval, the head builder placed a ceremonial white loin cloth around the tree and with an adze in his hand, he began striking the tree until he reached what he felt was

the desired place to cut off the branched end. Then, he reached down and picked up a piece of vine and placed it around its circumference, implying the men could begin to take part in the work.”

“Most of the shaping of the tree took place at this site. Both ends were cut and tapered. Then once it was turned over, the head builder decided where the seats would be positioned, the top-side was flattened and now ready for the hollowing out of the hull. Using the stone edges of the adzes, the stern end was hollowed out and made deeper than the bow end. But before they could continue further, another ceremony called the puikawa‘a was held. Again, the head builder prayed to the gods to protect the tree until it was safely housed.”

“Both men and women gathered for the puikawa‘a ceremony. While various foods were prepared and brought to the site, a path that displayed the best route was cleared, and a rope was attached to the neck of the tree. Following the ceremony, a hauling expert guided the head builder as well as the other craftspeople through treacherous terrain, where the tree was lifted over cliffs and uneven ground until it was brought safely to the site where it was housed. There, the finishing of the hull took place. The upper edges were trimmed, the sides were shaped and smoothed over, and the final hollowing out of the interior was complete. Stone tools were used to smooth and polish the surface, while a liquid substance composed of euphorbia plants, inner bark of kukui roots, and banana flower buds were pounded with pestles inside stone mortars. This substance was then mixed with charcoal made by the burning of pandanus leaves. When the two were combined together, they formed a black paint that was applied to the tree. To complete the painted surface, oil was collected from the kukui-nut, and spread over it,

giving it a lacquer finish. The body was now complete, but accessories such as gun whale strakes, end pieces, thwarts, and u-shaped braces were strategically placed, providing the extra support it needed.”

Stopping for a moment, Na‘auao and King Malama did the same. “Finally,” I looked at King Malama, “long wooden poles with oval shaped blades were made to propel and steer, what through the water?”

“A canoe,” He declared confidently.

“You are most perfectly right.” Motioning with my wing toward that which was now in front of us. They both glanced up and were surprised to see how far we had traveled. Caught up in my words, neither one of them had realized that we had already reached the end of the garden and before us was a fruitful body of water, which was holding on to the canoe in its sandy hands.

Without even a second passing, King Malama was gone. Sprinting down the color-tinged canyon, he felt no pain. At that moment, I saw a glimpse of a young child’s excitement in experiencing the natural wonder of the water for the first time. Feeling something strange was taking place before our eyes, Na‘auao and I just stood there watching. “Is it just me,” I said turning to Na‘auao, “or does King Malama appear to have gained back a few years since we found him?”

“No, it is not only you who sees this; I do as well. We are witnessing a life-changing event here that is unlike anything you or I, or even King Malama, has experienced before. And it is this event that will forever change the way things are. Watch closely and you will see that these tides that once bound us to the land will now set us free.”

Glancing back at King Malama, I was reminded of a fish I found as a child that had washed ashore. Without water, it laid there in the sand, rapidly thrashing about, while its gills struggled to breathe in an environment that served as an unnatural habitat. Although it survived for a few moments, slowly it slipped away into a motionless sleep. It was at that instant, that King Malama reminded me of that fish, removed from its natural environment. And for so long, he had slipped away to Intestinal City and there he lived out so many years of his life in the same motionless sleep.

“Shall we join him?” Na‘auao asked.

“Sure, I’ll race you down there,” I grinned.

Cocking his head, he replied, “Do you know why I take the shape of a tortoise ‘Uhane?”

“No.”

“Because, when you travel with one, you are forced to slow down and experience life.”

.....

Just as our feet touched the soft surface of the white sand, King Malama darted out of the water and headed directly towards us. “Ahhhhh!” He cried out from the top of his lungs while trying to catch his breath. “It’s wonderful...It’s exhilarating...It’s the best feeling I’ve...” He took another deep breath, “Ever felt – I’m a free man!” He screamed. “A free man!” Then he reached out, grabbed Na‘auao, wrapped his arms around him and gave him a gigantic hug. Then he turned to me, and slowly I backed up. “And I have you to thank,” he said, quickly moving toward me.

My eyes widened while I watched him thrust his arms around me. Then he picked me up and squeezed me so hard it felt like he had the strength of 10 men. Feathers went flying in all directions. Then he planted a big, wet, juicy kiss on my forehead, and placed me back on the ground. Dancing in circles, he moved around, lifting his arms straight out, like a bird does with its wings. He ran in all directions, tilting them up and down.

Watching him, I tried to hold the laughter in, but the feeling overwhelmed me and out came a loud burst of laughter. Like a contagious bug, it hit Na‘auao, who found he was unable to control his deep, genuine chuckle that came only with age. At that moment nothing else mattered but the feeling the three of us felt. Deep inside, I knew I would remember this moment always. It was one that only took place in each other’s presence.

With Na‘auao and I still managing to catch our breath, King Malama had already found his way to the end of the beach where he called out for us to come quickly. Disappointed that we could not enjoy this time a little longer, the two of us moved swiftly to see what he wanted. When he saw we were coming, he turned his back to us, reached into the canoe and pulled something out, then dropped to his knees. With his body blocking my view, I could not make out what it was.

“Do you know what it is?” Na‘auao asked.

“No. When I first spotted the canoe, I only saw two paddles inside of it. But then again, it’s quite possible that something was underneath them.”

Approaching King Malama, I noticed that his head was down. When he heard our footsteps, he turned and looked up. And there it was in his hand. “The twined gourd basket?” Na‘auao said.

“Yes,” King Malama replied sadly. “The one in my dreams.” Noticing the sorrow in his voice, Na‘auao placed his hand around him.

“Don’t you see you have been given a second chance?” Na‘auao glanced at me and then back at King Malama who remained seated, staring into it.

“But, it’s empty. What was once filled with the island’s most precious possessions is gone.”

“No. You are wrong. They are not gone. They have simply been misplaced. And you know as well as I that something that has been misplaced has the possibility of being reacquired.”

“You think?” King Malama said hopefully.

“It is something I know,” Na‘auao reached down and lifted the basket out of his arms. Then peering into it, he reached inside of it and said, “But, you are mistaken, King Malama, it is not completely empty.”

“What?” He anxiously awaited his response. Just then Na‘auao lifted a large whale tooth necklace out of the basket. “Uh!” King Malama said, abruptly moving back. Suddenly the reflection of the Ali in the underground tunnel who wore it flashed in front of him. Na‘auao reached out to give it to him. Frightened, King Malama responded, “No! I can’t.”

“You must. It is a gift that will give you the power of water.”

“The power of water?”

“Yes. The power of this life-giving element is only limited by your imagination. It is the ideal symbolic representation for the giving process, for which you or any seeker of wealth must follow.”

“Seeker of wealth?”

“Yes,” Na‘auao answered. “Wealth is not so much found in the possessions you own, but in your ability to give freely of that which you do possess. And in doing so, prestige and power will come to you by your acts of generosity. Standing still, King Malama watched Na‘auao bring it closer to his neck. Opening his hand, the necklace began to move like a slithering snake and wrapped around King Malama’s neck. When the two ends twined together, it became motionless once again. For a moment King Malama reached out, closed his eyes, and placed his hands on it.

“Now, the basket is empty,” Na‘auao stated strongly. “What you must do on your journey is wear it always on your back. And you must place those things you lost inside its protective casing.” Stepping forward, Na‘auao climbed into the canoe, sat down, and folded his hands. I followed his lead and did the same.

“Then what?” King Malama asked.

“Push us away from the shore.”

“No.” King Malama gripped the stern end of the canoe and wedged it out of the sand into the water. “What I meant was, what do I do with the things I place into the basket?”

“You’ll know when the time is right. Now before you lose your step, jump in.” King Malama raised his body up and over the side of the canoe, clutched the paddles, and began to row.

CHAPTER 6

To Pancreatic Island, December 30, 2236

The crystal clear water began to sparkle as the sun rose up from the east, casting its shadow of light upon us. Na‘auao and I sat back and enjoyed the beauty of our surroundings. King Malama had only paddled a short distance when all of a sudden he jumped up out of his seat so fast, he almost lost his balance.

Then he screamed, “Youch!”

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I think something bit me,” he said turning around. It was then he got a glimpse of something on his seat. Moving closer to get a look...

“What are you staring at?” the Crab inquired.

“What am I looking at?” King Malama responded angrily. “I’m looking at the thing that just pinched me in the butt with its claws.”

“Yep. That was me. How observant of you to notice I was sitting here.”

“Notice you! How could I not?”

“Well, obviously you didn’t notice that this is my canoe. And you are sitting in my spot.”

“Your Canoe?”

“Why, yes. It has been my safe haven for some time. That is, of course, until you came along and decided you were going to take it away. Well, let’s get one thing straight. I’m absolutely, positively, and most definitely not going back!”

“Back where?” King Malama asked.

“I think she means the place where we’re headed,” I interrupted. Both King Malama and the Crab turned and glanced at me, then I continued, “You are one of the crab-like enzymes. I recognize your red-legged swimming features. They’re exactly like the ones I saw from the air when the Fountain of Stomach erupted. Hundreds of your kind came out of the water and moved toward the Garden of the Duodenum.”

“You are right,” the Crab responded. “We each come from the Hornet Helmet seashell on Pancreatic Island; however, we are not all the same. We belong to three different families. Each family is responsible for the digestion of different resources once we enter the Garden of the Duodenum.”

“How do you get from Pancreatic Island to the Garden of the Duodenum?” I asked.

“Why, through the Pancreatic Duct, of course. It’s located along the floor of this ocean. In fact, just beneath this canoe is a long channel that connects the two. It constantly transports members from each family over to the Garden of the Duodenum. However, for some time now, the Fountain of Stomach has been erupting more and more frequently, which has resulted in greater numbers of us being created to digest the excess resources that are being deposited in the garden. Some time ago, I separated from the others and decided to make this canoe my home. And until you came along,” she glared at King Malama, “I’ve rather liked my quiet, peaceful life.”

“But, we need this canoe to travel to Pancreatic Island,” King Malama stated.

“You see, we have come to help.”

“Help? How so?” she replied doubtfully. “Does your help involve destroying the Wild Boars? Because, that would be the only reason I would be willing to give up my canoe and allow you to use it to travel there.”

“Well...ah...yes. That’s exactly what we intend on doing,” King Malama said.

“Oh really. Then, you are already aware that the Wild Boars now control the Island.”

“The Wild Boars?”

“That’s right. They are savage creatures that have tusks like razor-sharp coral.”

“Tusks?”

“Oh yes. And their fangs are so powerful they are capable of crushing a coconut as if it were a soft piece of fruit.” Slowly, I could see the bump in King Malama’s throat move down as he took a gigantic swallow. “That’s not all; they have special powers.”

“Special powers?” King Malama responded.

“Yes, they can transform themselves into that which grows out of the ground. She paused, “And they have the ability to detect and destroy anything that gets in their way.”

“In their way to do what?” Na‘auao asked.

“In their way to release a substance into the water called Insulin.”

Na‘auao shook his head and said, “Isn’t Insulin supposed to be released into the water.”

“Why yes, what you say is true. But, that was before the Wild Boars became savage creatures.”

“What are you talking about?” Na‘auao demanded.

“In the not so distant past, there were Wild Boar’s that ran free through the forests, pastures, and grasslands on Pancreatic Island. They were responsible for releasing Insulin into the water. But, only when the system deemed necessary. However, the system began to change.”

“How?” I inquired.

“It began to take in excess resources. And as it did, things within the system started to change. One of those things was the Wild Boar’s temperament. Slowly, they changed from good-natured creatures to beastly ones, who constantly release Insulin into the system. In turn, causing the system to experience a sickness, called Type II Diabetes.”

“Then we must go.” King Malama said, turning to Na‘auao.

“You are right, we must go,” Na‘auao responded.

“Well then,” the Crab stated moving over to the edge of the canoe, “I shall give up my home so you may travel there. But, I will not be going with you. So I bid you farewell my friends, and good luck.” She then turned and faced the water. And with a tiny little splash, she was gone.

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Shortly, the sea changed from a dark shade of blue to a light shade of green. The water was calm and still in the small bay we were gradually approaching. As we approached the shore, King Malā’ mā jumped into the water. Pulling the canoe with one arm, he swam forward until he felt his feet hit the bottom of the ocean floor. Then, he moved us toward shore.

“That’s odd,” King Malama said, still waist high in the water.

“Did you say something?” I inquired.

“Yes. It’s my feet, they seem to be tangled up in something.”

“Probably seaweed,” Na‘auao uttered.

“What’s seaweed?” King Malama asked.

“Its algae that grows in water.”

“Does it feel like a web made of rope?”

Na‘auao looked at him oddly and replied, “No. It feels like a slimy plant,” he jumped over the edge of the canoe, walking onto shore.

“Well then what’s this?” King Malama grabbed hold of it, pulling it out of the water. Na‘auao turned around to see.

“It’s an ‘Ohua bag net.”

“Well, what do you do with it?”

“Catch fish,” Na‘auao exclaimed, pausing for a moment. “Now you two wait here, I’m going to take a look around.” Then he turned and walked towards the tropical foliage.

“May I see it for a moment?” I asked.

King Malama walked over and placed it into my wing. Then he grabbed the edge of the canoe, wedged it into the sand and sat down beside the water. Holding onto the net, I followed, and then sat down beside him. Gazing into the water I said, “You know, King Malā’mā, these waters you see in front of us are the most fertile fishing grounds around.”

“Fishing?”

“Yes, an activity that those who came before us took part in to acquire their food. Our ancestors who once lived here became very familiar with the outline of the reefs, cliffs, and crevices below the surface of the water. And in doing so, they found a

backyard of luscious marine life. However, to capture these otherwise hidden forms of food, tools such as this ‘Ohua bag net were developed. Mostly, this type of net was used to catch the ‘ohua fish, which was a small but highly valued fish. It lives in and on the course kala seaweed that grows on coral in shallow water, just like these waters that surround us. And if you look closely, you’ll notice only the best netting twine, which was made out of olona, was used because of its superior strength as well as lightness.”

“The tools that were used to make the net were a mesh gauge and a netting needle. The mesh gauges varied slightly in length and in thickness; they were usually anywhere from 3 to 7 inches in length and 2 to 8 millimeters in thickness. They were made from either turtle shell...” Quickly, King Malama turned around for a moment to see if he could see Na‘auao, and then he turned back and I continued, “bone, ivory or wood. The netting needles were also made out of similar materials and ranged in length from 5 to 9 inches. One end was solid while the other expanded into a split end which was either circular, rectangular, or elliptical. Both the mesh gauges and the netting needle were used to form rectangular pieces of netting that were eventually joined together to make a tapered, bag-like shape. Once the pieces were joined, cylindrical floats made out of very light wiliwili were strung close together on a separate float cord, then attached to the bag. Finally, if the net were to develop a hole while fishing, the net menders were used to mend them. They were made out of straight pieces of wood that were about an inch long. The thicker side was used as a handle, and the narrow side was used as the needle when mending fine mesh.”

“Men, women, and children assisted during the fishing expedition. Each person’s presence was necessary to hold the ropes underneath the water. Usually they would

position themselves a yard or so apart. Their placement not only allowed them to abruptly splash water which drove the fish into the net, but if the net got tangled or caught on something during the event, it would enable them to get it free. Once enough fish were trapped, the circular bag was slowly closed until all the fish were inside of it.”

“Here,” I reached out and handed it to him.

“It’s quite remarkable,” King Malama said while taking a moment to examine it closely, and then handed it back to me.

“No, keep it,” I said.

“But what shall I do with it.”

“Why place it in your basket, of course.” Surprised at my answer, King Malama stared blankly at me and within an instant it dawned on him. He had just received the necessary knowledge of its use, thereby enabling him to place the ‘Ohua bag net into the gourd basket.

He eagerly opened the lid. But, before he placed it inside I interjected, “You must remember that the first one caught is offered to the gods. You do this by placing it on a nearby alter as soon as everyone returns to shore.”

“The first one caught?”

“Yes, the first one.”

“Okay,” he continued what he was doing. Again I interrupted before he had a chance to finish.

“Then, the fish are distributed among the people.” King Malama nodded as a sign of his understanding. “Both your prestige and your prosperity are dependent on the

support of your followers. You must remember that it is the tail of the fish that makes it swim through the water, not the body.”

“I understand,” King Malama placed the net into the basket. “Can I ask you a question?”

“Of course.”

“Do you ever experience a feeling that makes it seem like salt from the ocean’s water drips from your body, or your mouth feel as dry as the sand, or your breath as distorted as the wind, or your limbs as weak as wood when it is touched by fire?”

While I stared genuinely into his eyes, I placed the tip of my wing on his hand and said, “Fear is an overwhelming feeling that I, too, have experienced. But, what you must believe is that in your ability to overcome fear, you are in essence creating bravery. And the more you use this quality, you will see, the more of it you will produce.”

Just then Na‘auao scurried out of the bushes toward us. Hearing his footsteps from behind, King Malā’mā and I turned around. Short of breath, Na‘auao panted while he tried to speak.

“Come quickly,” he motioned with his cane. We both got up and followed him. But, just as we caught up, King Malama paused.

“What is it?” I asked.

“Just a minute. I forgot something.” While he ran back to the canoe I frowned and turned to Na‘auao who was wearing a proud face. Then I turned back to King Malama who reached into the canoe and grabbed one of the paddles and placed it into his basket, and headed back to us. It was then that I realized he had almost left behind an important

tool he was now acquainted with. As he approached, he saw that the two of us were grinning. “What?” he reacted, looking at both of us.

“Nothing,” Na‘auao and I replied simultaneously and turned around.

“I found the Wild Boars,” Na‘auao stated.

“You did?” King Malama responded.

“Yes. Ahead just beyond those breadfruit trees. Come and see for yourself,”

Na‘auao stated, pushing a large branch aside, then ducking under the ferns and motioning for us to follow. Peering through them, I could see we were standing just above hundreds of them. They scampered so rapidly, it made the ground look like it was moving. “Take a moment and observe what is happening.” So, we sat there in silence and watched.

“They’re devouring everything in sight,” King Malama declared.

Na‘auao nodded.

Using my keen vision, I zoomed in as close as my eyes would take me. “I see, them Na‘auao.”

“Since King Malama’s vision is not equal to yours, can you explain what you see ‘Uhane.”

“Their front and hind legs are exploding with muscular strength. Their bodies are just as well defined, which I assume to be a reflection of their everyday hunting.

Although this time they appear to have a mouthful of various fruits, the large collection of bones of smaller animals, reveal themselves to me, indicating that these creatures had a preferred type of food.” Their fangs dripped with saliva as they engulfed the food. I turned to Na‘auao, “There is hardly enough life left here on Pancreatic Island to sustain the existence of half of them, let alone all of them.”

"I agree," he replied.

Instantly, those who had eaten moved over to a stream that was just a short distance away. Out of their bellies emerged the florescent substance that was picked up by the water and washed away.

"The Insulin?" I asked.

"Yes," Na'auao responded, "the Insulin."

Hundreds of them now poured into the water, making it turn the same color as the Insulin. Then they turned around and disappeared into the shrubs. Na'auao turned to King Malama, "You must alter the source."

"The source?"

"Yes, that which is causing them to produce too much Insulin. You must go now! And be sure you follow the footprints they leave behind in the ground." King Malama nodded and stepped forward. But just before he left, Na'auao stopped him. "There is one more thing you must remember before you go."

"What is it?"

"Remember, you are wearing the necklace. It gives you the power of water."

"The power of water," King Malama mumbled to himself.

"You must go," Na'auao said powerfully. Right away King Malama moved off into the fern-surrounded breadfruit trees that were alongside the tumbling stream.

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Making his way over to the spot where the Boars had left, King Malama's eyes were focused on the ground. The feeling of fear now overwhelmed him. He closed his eyes and created my image in his mind.

Then he heard the words that I spoke, “What you must believe is, that in your ability to overcome fear you are in essence creating bravery.”

“Creating bravery,” he repeatedly said to himself. It was as if this quality was completely unfamiliar to him.

Finally, he reached the area where he had last seen the Wild Boars. Bending down, he scanned the land for footprints. But, there were none. “How could this be?” he thought. He had seen them with his very own eyes. They left through these trees. He was certain of it. He got down on his hands and knees and searched for a clue that might lead him to them. But, there was nothing. “How could they have moved through here and left no trail behind?” he wondered. It was like they had completely disappeared into the....he paused, remembering the Crab’s words about the Wild Boars.

“The ground,” he said out loud. “They can transform themselves into that which grows out of them. Is it possible? Could it be that the Wild Boars are in this breadfruit tree next to me?”

He moved closer to it and placed his hand on its outer surface. Following the feeling he felt inside his gut, he knew that the tree had served as a mode of transportation for them. But to what and where, he did not know. I must find a way to them, but how? Just then he felt a drop of water trickle down his chest. He glanced up to see where it came from. But the leaves on the tree above him were dry. Confused, he whipped it off and continued to search for an entrance. Then, all at once it hit him. The water came from the necklace. The necklace had the power of water.

Placing his hand on it, he closed his eyes and imagined himself being transformed into liquid. His body began to lose its shape. And before he knew it, he became the

puddle that formed on top of the soil. Immediately he was absorbed into the ground and was transported directly into the tree's root system. Reshaping himself into a human figure, he opened his eyes and was surprised that there was actually room to move around. It was as though he was inside the body of a fully functioning organ.

Surrounded by channels that ran in every direction, he moved over to the closest one and placed his hand on its shimmering wall. When he pulled it away, a sticky substance came off. Bringing it closer to him, he opened his mouth and placed his fingers inside. It tasted like some kind of sugar-based liquid.

Wham! He was hit from behind. The momentum from the force sent him spiraling through the air until his body slammed against one of the walls. Trying to remain conscious, he shook his head. Just as his vision came back to him, he saw razor sharp tusks coming directly for his chest. The boar's bluish-gray eyes honed in on him. But right before impact, King Malama used his hands and feet to project his body away. The Wild Boar's tusks just brushed his side, forcefully piercing the channel wall. All kinds of unexpected things immediately poured out of its thick, slimy fluid such as sap beetles, wood-boring beetles, and weevils. Then, a gigantic boulder came rolling out of it, squashing everything in its path. Now headed directly toward the Wild Boar, it immediately scrambled to get out of its way. This is it, he thought. Within seconds, it was about to be destroyed. But, from out of nowhere came two more Wild Boars moving in front of the boulder and diverting it away.

"What's this?" King Malama thought. Looking around, he could see that the Boars were everywhere; each one was identical in shape and size. Now surrounded by them, he feared that this would be the end of his journey. Using the only thing he had, the

necklace, he grabbed onto it and pointed it directly at them as they came in driving force, one right after the other. With raging power, scalding hot salt water poured out of the necklace, stopping each one upon impact. As soon as it touched their bodies it was absorbed directly into them. Squirming and thrashing about, their bodies contorted and changed from their boar-like shape to an unrecognizable blob of fluid encased in a membrane. Quickly, the channel walls reabsorbed them. However, just as soon as they were taken up, other Wild Boars poured out of the channels, charging him like a mad stampede. Again, he showered them with the scorching water until the last one was gone. Shaking from both fear and anxiety, he waited a moment to see what would happen.

Then, he heard something coming out of the wall behind him. Quickly he flipped around and held onto the necklace, waiting to fire. But when the Wild Boar emerged from the wall, there was something different about it. It just sat there timidly looking at him. Moving closer to it, it suddenly took off in the opposite direction. Instead of shooting it with water, he waited and another one, similar to it, appeared. When it got a glimpse of King Malama, it also fled. Somehow, what he had done had altered not only their savage appearance, but their aggressiveness as well.

Not wasting another second, King Malama moved his body through the channel wall back up toward the surface. Kicking with his legs and pulling with his arms, within a second his head appeared above the ground, right next to the tree where he had entered.

“Na‘auao! ‘Uhane!” he cried. “Come quick. I think I did it. I think the harmful ones are gone!”

Na‘auao turned to me, “Did you hear something, ‘Uhane?”

“Yes, I think I hear King Malama.”

“Let’s go see what it is!” Na‘auao exclaimed, immediately grabbing his cane and following King Malama’s tracks.

“Watch out!” I hollered.

“What?” Na‘auao turned to me. But before I could finish, King Malama ran through the ferns and stumbled over a Horned Helmet seashell, sending his body hurling through the air directly into Na‘auao, who was then shoved into me. And the three of us tumbled to the ground.

“I did it!” King Malama yelled, while gasping for air. “I did it. I altered the Wild Boars.”

“You did?” I said ecstatically. “Tell us how!”

“It was the necklace! It’s amazing.”

“Oh, but it was not only the necklace that helped,” Na‘auao interrupted.

“It wasn’t?” King Malama replied.

“No.”

“Well then, what else?”

“Yourself.”

“Oh, you mean my bravery.”

“Yes, that’s part of it. But there is still something else, something very important that you are leaving out. Think for a moment about your body.”

“My body?”

“Yes. How do you feel?”

“I feel better than ever. In fact, I feel 10 years....” Then he paused.

“What is it?” Na‘auao sought.

“I feel like I’m actually 10 years younger. Could that be true? I mean is it actually possible?”

“Yes,” Na‘auao answered. “It is not only possible, but it’s a reality that is happening right in front of both ‘Uhane and my very own eyes. But, the question you must ask yourself is: Why? What are you doing differently now that is causing this type of reaction to occur?”

King Malama sat for a moment pondering Na‘auao’s question, then he responded. “I’m moving.”

“That is right,” Na‘auao replied. “You are actually moving your body more than you have in a very long time.” Then Na‘auao got up and brushed himself off, “I would like the both of you to follow me for a moment.” King Malama and I curiously glanced at each other, then got up and followed him. Na‘auao walked over to a clearing in the shrubbery and knelt down. The two of us positioned ourselves on each side of him.

“Now,” Na‘auao said, “what’s different about the Wild Boars?”

Right away I responded, “The number of them, of course. They’re nearly gone. I can only see a handful of them leisurely grazing on what is left of the grasslands.”

“Do you know why?”

“Ah...” I said.

King Malama interrupted, “Its because I destroyed a number of them.”

Surprised, I immediately turned to him. “Well, yes, that is correct. But, can you explain yourself?” Na‘auao asked.

“Well, when I used the necklace to transport myself inside the breadfruit tree, I found that the channel walls were producing the Wild Boars. Shortly thereafter, they

realized my presence and tried to attack. But, I was able to wipe them out with the scorching hot water that poured out of the necklace!”

“That’s right,” Na‘auao stated. “But there is more.”

“More?”

“Yes, did you recall seeing a sugar-based liquid emerging from the walls?”

“Oh yes, I did.”

“Well, before you went down there and encountered the Wild Boars, the concentration of that substance was so high that it was causing the tunnel walls to produce the savage Wild Boars, causing them to consume more food and release excess insulin into the system. Hence, the reason the food on Pancreatic Island became scarce. By destroying the ferocious ones,” Na‘auao turned to King Malama, “you not only decreased their ability to produce excess insulin, but also altered the sugar concentration of the liquid.”

“How?” I asked.

“Through the water that the necklace emitted.”

“So what happens now, since they are still being created?” King Malama inquired.

“As long as the sugar concentration in the liquid remains at a normal level, the Wild Boars will be produced, but not in excess. Therefore, Insulin will still be deposited into the river and flow to other parts of the system, but it will do so at a slower rate. So the system will only get as much as it needs. Soon, life here will prosper again, now that this part of the system is functioning normally.”

“I knew you would do it,” I exclaimed, moving closer to King Malama.

“Thank you, ‘Uhane.”

“For what?”

“For not only believing in me, but for giving me the words I needed to hear to overcome my fear.”

Reaching out to hold his hands, I responded while looking directly into the two oval shaped windows of his soul. “You are a strong man. Your strength comes from within.” Then I glanced at Na‘auao, “It’s strange. You two are so completely different. But your eyes are identical. And it is through them that I can see; you both are not as dissimilar as it would appear.”

King Malama’s chest grew big as he took a deep breath and held his head high. Breaking our connection, I glanced down only to notice a boar tusk bracelet had appeared around his wrist. “What’s this?” I asked. King Malama frowned while looking down. Surprised, he reached out to touch it. Violently, a figure of the Konohiki who wore it was staring back at him. King Malama’s face turned pale.

“You have seen this bracelet before, have you not?” Na‘auao questioned.

King Malama nodded, “The underground caves in Intestinal City.”

“Do not be alarmed, for the one who wears it receives the same power as Wild Boars.”

“To transform into that which grows from the earth?”

“Yes,” Na‘auao said, “it is this power you will need for your next encounter.”

CHAPTER 7

To Gall Bladder Island, December 30, 2236

The gentle breeze that moved through the air caused the sun to project finger-like rays of light to walk slowly across the giant breadfruit leaves. "We must move on," Na'auao stated. "And it just so happens that King Malama has stumbled upon the entrance to the Pancreatic Duct."

"The entrance?" King Malama replied.

"Yes, come and I'll show you." We followed Na'auao back to where we all had collided. "There," he pointed to the Horned Helmet seashell. King Malama frowned.

"Oh yes, I remember. The Crab on the canoe told us she came from there. But..." I sighed, and then said, "Never mind."

"What?" Na'auao asked.

"Well, I just thought the Horned Helmet seashell would have been closer to the sand."

"You are right. But, it's quite possible that there's more than one of them. And since we happened to come across this one, I think we should take it." Na'auao turned to King Malama, "Can you transform us into water like you did when you entered the ground?"

"Well, I don't know if that's possible," he replied. "I mean, I know I was able to use the power of the necklace to convert myself, but will it work for all of us?"

"Anything is possible," Na'auao stated. "Remember, the power of the necklace and bracelet are only limited by your imagination."

“Okay then, I guess you’ll both need to hold on.” He extended his hands and Na’auao and I moved over to him. As soon as we made contact, the ground escaped our feet. Before having a chance to open my eyes, I felt my body being shoved aside.

“Hey, Watch where you are going!” a voice shouted.

“Yah!” another said, “what’s the big idea? Either march or get out of line!”

“What’s this?” I thought while I struggled to open my eyes. When I did, I noticed I was pinned against a wall, and my face was planted inside. Trying to push myself away from it, I suddenly felt something grabbing my feathers from behind. I turned around and was pleasantly surprised to see it was Na’auao.

“We must fall in line with the other crab-like enzymes, or we’ll never make it out of here,” he insisted, while placing me behind him. Then he reached out and grabbed King Malama who was in the same predicament as I. After he fell in line, I whispered to Na’auao, “I sort of hate to bring this to your attention, but aren’t we moving back toward the Garden of the Duodenum?”

“That’s precisely the direction we are headed.”

“But, I thought we needed to proceed forward to the other islands.”

“We do.”

“Well, excuse me for saying so, but wouldn’t it have been easier to get there if we used the canoe.”

“Yah!” King Malama interjected.

“That would be impossible,” Na’auao said.

“But why?” I asked.

“Because, when we were traveling to Pancreatic Island, I noticed that the currents in the water were moving in the same direction as we were. However, that would not be the case if we were to use the canoe to travel to the next island that is to our northeast. No offense,” Na‘auao looked at King Malama, “but we would never have made it there.”

“Hey!” King Malama uttered.

“I only speak the truth when I say, you need much more physical training before we could have attempted that journey.”

“So you know of another way?” King Malama inquired.

“Not exactly.”

“Not exactly?” King Malama and I said, first glancing at Na‘auao and then at each other.

“No. But, I do know that if this duct exists, there must be other passages similar to it that lead to other places. So, like I said before, we march forward until we find another route.”

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Silently we walked in hope of finding the underground duct that would take us to the next island. I wondered if it was Na‘auao’s wishful thinking that there would be one, or were we actually moving away from our destination. Either way, I hoped we would find it soon because I was beginning to feel quite claustrophobic.

Reaching out, I tapped King Malama on the shoulder, “Is it me, or do these walls seem to be moving closer?”

“It’s hard to say, ‘Uthane. But, I’m getting the same feeling in my gut.

“Look,” I said, “the duct is splitting off into a smaller one.”

“Which way do we go?” King Malama asked.

“I don’t know, ask Na‘auao,” I replied.

“Ask me what?” He turned around.

“Which direction?” I shouted.

“That’s a good question. But, unfortunately, it is one only you can answer.”

I sighed. But, somehow I knew Na‘auao would respond as he did. Then he interrupted my thoughts, “Well, do we keep moving forward? Or do we take the duct that branches off to our left?” I glanced at King Malama who raised his shoulders and shook his head.

“Uhane, I’m almost there,” Na‘auao declared.

“Ah, go left...” I cried.

Just as Na‘auao began to move with some of the other crab-like enzymes that were going in that direction I yelled, “No, stop! Keep going straight.” When Na‘auao heard me, he stopped moving completely, which caused a minor chain reaction to take place in the line. King Malama ran into Na‘auao, I ran into King Malama, and the crab-like enzyme behind me, ran into me. And so on down the line it went.

“Oops.” I mumbled.

After Na‘auao got on his feet, he gave me a glare and quickly moved forward before the others behind us could spot who caused the hold up. Suddenly we heard voices from everywhere.

“What was that?” someone shouted.

“Who was the fool who stopped the line?” another hollered.

“It was those guys!” one cried out while pointed at us, “let’s get ‘em.”

“Here we go!” I thought. Instantly, King Malama and I followed Na‘auao’s lead. With the help of his cane, he used the shell of each crab-like enzyme in front of him as stepping-stones. By the time Na‘auao and King Malama stepped on their backs, they were prepared for me. Luckily, I could fly. Although, I’d have to say it was a challenge to move through the sea of snapping claws. Each one struggled desperately to have the satisfaction of bringing at least one of us down.

As I flew through them, I felt my feathers being plucked out one at a time. “Oh!” “Ah!” “Ouch!” I uttered, unable to keep the sounds from coming out of my mouth. Just as I looked up to see where I was going, from out of the nowhere, seawater came crashing down the duct we were traveling in, and was heading directly toward us. As soon as we got a glimpse of what was coming our way, immediately each of us made a U-turn. But, a sphincter-like door that was embedded within the wall behind us closed, sealing us in. With nowhere to go, the water hit us with such incredible force, it diverted everything, including us, back in the direction it came. We had no choice but to let the monstrous wave capture us and take us along for the ride.

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The waves pounded the shores of Gall Bladder Island, causing King Malama to be uncontrollably driven by the sea’s current. With little experience in the water, he was bound to be a victim of its overwhelming strength and power. Coupled with incoherency and extreme fatigue, his head slipped below the surface. Gradually, he sank further and further down toward the ocean’s floor. Surrounded by marine life, his life slowly drifted away.

A short distance away was an immense mammal. Its wing-like flippers were brightly painted a shade of white. Its dorsal fin was placed on a fleshy pedestal, located two-thirds of the way down on its back. It had just begun initiating a dive when it spotted King Malama. On its way up, it slowed down just enough to capture him on the hump of its back, bringing him safely to the surface. When its head peered through the water, so too did King Malama. And for a moment, there was silence.

Two other creatures joined the Whale, only they were of a different species.

“What is it?” the Seal inquired. “Why’d you stop and break up the momentum of our group.” But before Whale had a chance to respond, the Dolphin next to him answered.

“Can’t you see he has picked up a traveler?”

“A traveler? What are you talking about? I don’t see anything.” the Seal responded.

“Well, they do say that with age, your eyesight is one of the first things to go,” she mumbled.

“What did you say?”

“Nothing,” she replied.

“I heard you. Don’t think I didn’t hear you say that with age my mind was the first thing to go,” he stated. Just then, a gallon of water came shooting out from what appeared to be the Whale’s back, showering the three of them. “Do you have to do that when we’re so close?”

The Whale shook his head, glanced at the Dolphin, then back at the Seal and retorted, "If you come closer you will see it was not I that blew the water, but the traveler on my back."

"Again with this traveler thing," the Seal said moving closer to the Whale. "What in the world are you two talking about?" he demanded while moving around to take a closer look. "Uh!" he took a deep breath, "What's that?"

"I don't know," the Whale replied, "but it didn't look like it was swimming down to the bottom of the ocean if you know what I mean." Unexpectedly, King Malama began coughing uncontrollably. Startled, the Seal quickly backed up.

"It's all right," the Dolphin said. "It looks like it could do little harm. I mean it hardly appears to be familiar with this type of surrounding."

Finally, King Malama was able to control his coughing enough to slow down and take a look around. First, he glanced at the Dolphin. He noticed her pronounced beak which fed so wonderfully into her dark gray back. She was sleek and slender with light gray sides. His eyes moved over to the Seal, who had a whiskery, slate-grayish brown face. Small holes were placed on each side of his head for ears. After that, he looked down at the Whale and said, "Where am I?"

"You are just off the shores of Gall Bladder Island," he answered.

"Gall Bladder Island," King Malama repeated, looking at the land mass that was directly in front of him. Confused, he continued, "Where's Na'auao and 'Uthane?"

"Who?" the Seal asked.

"Na'auao and 'Uha'ne."

"I'm afraid you're the only one I spotted," the Whale replied.

“No! That can’t be!” Frantically, he looked around. “We must search for them. I’m sure they can’t be far. I mean they were right behind me when...” King Malama paused.

“When what?” the Dolphin inquired.

“When the water came crashing down on us while in the Pancreatic Duct,” King Malama said hysterically.

“Hold on a minute!” the Seal shouted. “Calm down, take a deep breath, and then tell us exactly what happened.” They waited while he gathered himself.

“My name is King Malama, and I am from Intestinal City.”

“Intestinal City!” They all repeated simultaneously.

“Yes, you’ve heard of it?”

Each one of them nodded. King Malā’mă continued, “There is an evil force that has taken over the city.”

“Yes, we know,” the Dolphin interrupted, “the Machine and Mr. Richards.”

“How’d you know?”

“Everyone knows of them,” The Seal replied.

“They do?”

“Yes, but please go on,” the Seal pleaded.

“I was taken captive by the Machine and Mr. Richards who sent me down to the underground caves where I was to shake hands with death.” Their eyes grew big.

“How’d you escape?” The Dolphin asked.

“Well, I was rescued by a bird named ‘Uhane, and a tortoise named Na‘auao.

With their help we ascended from Intestinal City to the Garden of the Duodenum.”

“What?” the Seal exclaimed. “That’s impossible! That would mean you were going in the opposite direction the system works. The Fountain of Stomach erupts and the resources are released into the Garden of the Duodenum, which trickle down into...

"I know that part of the process," King Malama butted in. “But you must believe me when I say that’s the direction we went. From Intestinal City to the Garden of the Duodenum.”

“Why?” the Seal inquired.

“Would you let him finish,” the Dolphin said. The two exchanged glances.

“Anyway, it was there, in the Garden of the Duodenum that Na‘auao and ‘Uhane told me that my journey of life was to begin. With their guidance, we were to travel to four islands. At each one, we would face four terrifying obstacles. First, we traveled to Pancreatic Island where I altered the Wild Boars.”

“You altered the Wild Boars?” they all replied.

“Yes!” He stated confidently. “From there, we traveled through the Pancreatic Duct in hope of finding our way to the next island.

“Which is?” the Whale asked.

“I don’t know; only ‘Uhane knows the way. She saw footprints in the water that showed her the route we must take.”

“Well, it seems to me you’re in quite a predicament,” the Seal said.

“Yes, it does seem that way.”

“I think I may be able to offer you a bit of help,” the Seal stated.

“So you know which way I should go?”

“Not exactly. But, what I can do is tell you about the three of us, and the role we play in this system. When I’m through, you can decide for yourself if you’d like to hitch a ride with us. If not, the Whale will take you close enough to shore that you will be able to take refuge on Gall Bladder Island. Who knows, perhaps your friends are already there waiting for you.”

“Okay, I’m all ears. Oh, sorry, no offense.”

“None taken,” the Seal replied. “Now, you are around what we call Gall Bladder Island. To our northeast lies Hepatic Island,” he pointed in the direction. “It is there that the three of us as well as a variety of others are called upon by the Upside-Down Jellyfish to perform a variety of functions. For example, I function as a Bile Salt. The Dolphin,” he said glancing at her, “functions as a Lecithin. And the Whale you are sitting on is a High-Density Lipoprotein. When this larger body we are living off consumes resources, they are channeled down into a holding site called the Fountain of Stomach. When it erupts...”

“I know,” King Malama said, “the resources are dumped into the Garden of the Duodenum and the crab-like enzymes come over from the Pancreatic Island.”

Annoyed, the seal continued, “I realize that you already understand that part of the process. But what you don’t know is, that in addition to the crab-like enzymes, the three of us as well as the plant-like coral called Bilirubin also empty out onto the shores of the Garden of the Duodenum. We are released from Hepatic Island and transported via the Hepatic Duct.”

“So there are other ducts? Na‘auao was right?”

“What?” the Seal retorted.

“Never mind. Please continue.”

“The Hepatic Duct turns into the Common Bile Duct which eventually merges with the Pancreatic Duct. As you know, from the Pancreatic Duct you can enter the Garden of the Duodenum through the water. The three of us remain off shore while the crab-like enzymes move on shore. Once the resources have entered the water, the Dolphin and I aggregate together to digest the fat resources, while the Whale removes cholesterol particles from the water and then transports them back to Hepatic Island for partial elimination from the system. You may ask yourself how I know this process. Well, I’ll tell you. As a Bile Salt, I am continually recycled by a current that takes me around the islands,” he said snobbishly to the Dolphin.

“Do I sense a little tension between you two?” King Malama inquired.

“Yah, what’s new,” the Whale mumbled while watching several yellow plant-like pieces of coral float by.

“What’s that?” King Malama asked.

“That’s Bilirubin. It is a waste product of this system. It plays no role in our process. It’s merely along for the ride and is eventually excreted out the Rectal Hole.”

“Your functions are quite interesting, but how’s that supposed to help me?”

“I’m glad you reminded me.” Just then the Dolphin giggled. “I’m warning you.”

“Warning me?” she smiled. “I’m afraid you’re just as dependent on me as I am on you. So it looks like you just have to live with it.”

“For the time being, that is.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Oh nothing,” he said and continued. “What I think happened is, when you and your friends were in the Pancreatic Duct, Hepatic Island secreted us into the Hepatic Duct. From there we moved into Common Bile Duct. And as I said, it flows into the Pancreatic Duct and dumps into the shores of the Garden of the Duodenum. However, the Fountain of Stomach was not ready to erupt, so the door-like sphincter closed off the entrance to the Garden of the Duodenum, which diverted us back up the Common Bile Duct into Cystic Duct, which flows to this holding site called Gall Bladder Island. Unfortunately for you, you were at the right place, but at the wrong time. When the door-like sphincter closed, you got caught in water flow and got diverted back up to Gall Bladder Island, where each of us is stored until the Fountain of Stomach erupts again.”

“That brings us to where we are now. You can come along and travel with us, in which case, I will eventually be working my way back here when I have completed my job off the shores of the Garden of the Duodenum. Or, you can search for your friends here.”

“Well, I don’t know what to do,” King Malama lowered his head.

“Do you want my advice?” the Seal inquired.

“No,” the Dolphin interjected.

“That’s real funny,” the Seal replied. “I would search for them here. And on my next stop around, I’ll come ashore. If you’re still here, I will take you with me.

“It’s a deal.”

“I’ll take you as close as I can get, but you’ll have to swim the rest of the way,” the Whale said moving toward the island.

“We’ll wait for you here,” the Dolphin shouted while she and the Seal watched them move away.

“Thank you,” King Malama hollered as he waved goodbye.

“Is this close enough?” the Whale asked.

“Yes, this is fine. But before I go, I want to thank you for saving me.”

“You would have done the same if given the opportunity.”

“I hope so,” King Malama replied while climbing off his back and slowly entering the water, and they swam in opposite directions.

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Still drained, King Malama struggled just to bring himself ashore. The sight of the magnificent towering green cliffs that were stitched with blue ribbon waterfalls overwhelmed him. Valleys sliced deep into the jagged mountains, which rose thousands of feet into the air. On his hands and knees, he crawled toward the edge of the large grove of coconut palms where he decided to rest in the shade provided by the trees.

As his eyes closed, his mind suddenly took him back along his brief journey. Flashbacks of scenes from his more recent encounters with Na‘auao and ‘Uthane revealed themselves to him. It was as if he were reliving it, only backwards. First he saw his recent struggle with the water, then the escape from the crab-like enzymes in the Pancreatic Duct. After that, he watched himself fighting the Wild Boars. Then he was reminded of the happiness he felt receiving the ‘Ohua bag net and the canoe paddle. He felt the innocent laughter with ‘Uthane and Na‘auao on the shores of the Garden of the Duodenum, as well as his fear in the underground caves of Intestinal City after being

captured by Mr. Richards and the Machine. Finally, he received a vision of his meeting with the war god. It was there that his flashbacks ended.

Still in a solemn sleep, he pictured himself standing on the oracle tower inside the war temple. Motionless, he watched the temple image of the war god suddenly come to life. Its eyes filled with flames of fire and its mouth opened wide as it had before, only this time, the image spoke to him. In a deep and forceful voice it said, "You are now alone. There are no others here to help you. Thus you will be called upon to rely on only one thing, that is yourself. Mentally, you have already begun to grow and mature. Slowly, you are reaching the age of adolescence, but your body has not progressed as fast."

"Although it appears to have become younger and stronger, it will not take you any further than this place. As it was told to you, you are stuck in a storage chamber within the system. And it is your choice from here which direction you will take. Hence, the question you must ask yourself is, 'What am I? And, what do I want to become?' Although these may seem to be relatively simplistic questions, what you must realize is that depending on where you are in your journey of life, the temptation to become something else will forever present itself to you. So, you must always possess the ability to demonstrate both faces of courage. Not only the physical one, but the non-physical one, which is based on an emotional, moral, or spiritual idea."

"In this place you will be given the opportunity to experience both. However, your experience will be with yourself. An image of what you would be as a young, strong, and skilled warrior will be revealed to you. Your goal is to defeat this image of yourself, as the Koă. You must first capture him, and then you must destroy him. However, you possess no powers besides the power of your mind and body. Those that

you received from the neck and arm ornament will only function when you have successfully demonstrated the two countenances of courage.”

King Malama’s eyes violently opened. Staring straight up at the palm tree above, he turned over just as a coconut came crashing down, coming within inches of smashing his skull into pieces. To his left he heard the footsteps of someone running through the grove next to him. Between the trees, he caught a glimpse of the Koā. Wearing only a perineal band, his body exhibited an equal balance of strength, power, endurance, and flexibility. His personal appearance was like no man King Malama had seen before. He had the intellectual capacity of a human and the physical prowess of a four-legged animal. He was tall and stout, with robust muscular limbs. His hair was shaved on both sides, and the markings of shapes and symbols were placed in specific patterns on his body.

King Malama took his eyes off the Koā and placed them on himself. With his hands, he first touched his face and then his body. It did not feel or appear to have the same shape as the Koā. His arms and legs were only a fraction of the size. They did not feel muscular, but rather soft and squishy. Then he placed his hands around his torso and felt the excess body fat that covered well over 20% of this area. The central location of fat deposition was large enough to be termed Obesity. He wondered what had caused this excess accumulation of tissue. Was it a result of the consumption of excess resources, or was it a result of his sedentary lifestyle? Perhaps, it was both.

Suddenly, his thoughts took him back to the first words Na‘auao spoke when ‘Uthane gave him his life back, “You will be faced with four terrifying obstacles, each one tied to you in ways you might not possibly imagine.” Then King Malama’s mind

moved forward to when Na‘auao spoke to him in the Garden of the Duodenum, “Your decision in your dream allowed them to strategically place four obstacles on those islands. The placement of those obstacles is directly related to what caused your death in Intestinal city. A diseased heart.” He thought for a moment about the four obstacles. It was obvious to him that the first one was the challenge to alter the Wild Boars. But, what was the second one? Could it possibly be that the second one was himself? Was it in fact, a combination of his increased consumption of resources and the physical inactivity to which he had become so accustomed, which led to his own Obesity?

Quickly he glanced up, but could no longer see the Koā. He had disappeared somewhere through the trees. However, the image was still implanted in his mind. Again, he looked down at himself and wondered, “How is it possible that the Koā was a reflection of myself. Then he thought, “The only way the two of us could possibly be the same individual is if he was a mirror image of what was termed a savage, and I a mirror image of the civilized?”

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King Malama’s self-realization provoked the initiation and the desire that inspired him to become what he wanted to be. Focused and centered, he rose to his feet and carefully scanned his immediate surroundings, then moved into the grove where he last detected the Koā’s presence. As he walked, strangely his senses became clearer. He admired the butterfly that was so beautifully painted with red and orange streaks. His attention moved over to the spider with black and red spots that were placed perfectly on its yellow body, forming a clown-like face. Heading over to the edge of the grove, he noticed the ‘A‘ali‘i plant that was just ahead. The reddish-purple, winged, bladder-like

fruits on it caught his interest. Taking a moment to appreciate them, he noticed how wonderfully camouflaged the green disk-shaped bug was against the shrub's leaves.

While he was embraced deeply in thought, King Malama's eyes connected with the Koã's which were also masked by the plant. Like an untamed animal knowing that he had been spotted, the Koã leaped out of the bush and tackled King Malama, sending his head snapping back as it hit the ground. With one hand around the King's neck, the Koã let out a scream which sent an echo of fury crawling to the mountain's highest peak. Then he jumped off King Malama and disappeared into the jungle.

Swiftly King Malama followed in his path, and the two began to climb the uneven hillside. Seeing nothing but the Koã, his body moved at a continuous speed. But, in addition to being under the influence of unfamiliar dynamic forces that were countering his body, King Malama also felt the disadvantage of carrying along his excess weight. Nonetheless, power surged from his limbs, leaving a trail of blood behind as his delicate feet made contact with the rough surface of the ground. But he steadily stalked the Koã. The more force he applied to his legs when his feet hit the ground, the greater his stride became. And the faster he brought them back down to the ground, the quicker he propelled himself forward. Although his legs felt like someone had injected them with lactic acid, he severed any relationship he had with pain. Overwhelmed with the motivation that he had started something, and feeling the aspiration to see it to the end, he saw no barriers between himself and the Koã.

Deep welts now covered his body from the leathery leaves that whipped his sides. Step by step, he moved closer to the Koã. Now only a few yards away, he started to

become aware of the vast improvements he was experiencing as a consequence of the exercise.

It was amazing. His body was transforming simultaneously with the chase. Now approaching the top of the towering green cliff, King Malama felt the excitement of being close to capturing the Koā. But, with no warning, the Koā leaped off the edge of the mountain and plunged down into the dark blue water. King Malama dove in right behind him. The Koā rapidly moved forward, but King Malama did not experience the same power he had just moments ago. This gave the Koā an advantage because his body was not only trained in running, but swimming as well.

Realizing that power and endurance were specific to the type of training, King Malama worked even harder to accomplish the same strength gains. With enormous effort, he started to approach the Koā, and was soon within an arm's length of him. King Malama's adrenalin continued to build. With each stroke, his paddle shaped hands reached out to grab hold of the Koā's feet. Moving closer to him, he suddenly felt his hand brush the Koā's foot. But before he could get a good grip, the Koā switched directions and began moving toward the shore. Unexpectedly, King Malama was taken in by an undertow, which grabbed hold of his body, sweeping it below the water's surface. Rapidly thrashing about, he worked his way out of the riptide only to be caught up in a wave that sent his body smashing against the lava bluff.

Standing tall above him was the Koā. He had already pulled himself out of the water and was perched on the bluff, watching King Malama's body become lost in the white water. When he could no longer see his pursuer's face, he turned and boldly walked away. The surf relentlessly tossed King Malama's body around like it was a piece

of seaweed that no longer was attached to the ground. But, somehow he managed to catch himself on the element-sculptured cliffs. His hand grabbed onto its ragged edge and he pulled himself up its perpendicular face. Just as his head moved over the top, he saw the Koā walking away. Enraged, he got on his feet and leaped on the Koā's back, driving him face first into the ground. The two continuously rolled around, each one desperately trying to gain the upper hand. However, the more they moved around, the closer they found themselves to the edge of the cliff. With King Malama now on top, he glanced down and noticed the Koā was reaching for something that was hidden inside his perineal band.

Before the Koā had a chance to grab it, King Malama pulled it out of the cloth-like material. It was some sort of weapon he had never seen before. It was about a foot long and appeared to be made out of a hardwood such as kauila. Sharpened at one end, the dagger could be secured around his hand by a heavy cord of olona fiber that was fixed to it. Raising it above his head, King Malama was just about to send it plummeting down into the Koā's skull when the Koā looked at it and said, "It is an extension of my body and mind. It is a tool."

At that moment, King Malama froze. With the dagger still in his hand, suddenly the cliff they were suspended on gave way. King Malama kept himself from going over the edge. However, the Koā fell backwards, now dangling by his foot which had gotten wedged inside a crevice, causing him to just barely hang onto his life. Only a few seconds passed before it broke free. Without a thought, King Malama reached out and grabbed it. But with the weight of both, the fragile cliff continued to crumble. King Malama had

only two choices, to either let go and save himself or hold on, which might result in both their deaths. However, King Malama would not allow himself to remove his hand.

Suddenly, the lava rocks gave way and the two were sent like human boulders smashing to the ground. But, right before they hit, power emerged from King Malama's bracelet, turning the razor sharp rocks into a soft bed of sand, cushioning their fall. The two laid there lifeless when King Malama's body merged with the Koā's, and the two became one.

Before King Malama regained consciousness, he heard the war god's voice, "You have not only demonstrated the physical courage it took to capture the Koā, but the nonphysical courage it took to save his life, although it meant you might lose yours. Thus, you have now become the warrior. However, you will only retain his physique and physical stamina if you accumulate 30 minutes of a moderate intensity activity per day, in at least 10 minute increments, most if not all days of the calendar year," he paused, "for the rest of your life. If you do not, you will not only lose the physical attributes of the warrior, but you greatly increase your risk of experiencing the same fate you did in Intestinal City."

"When you awaken, you will notice another arm ornament that circles your wrist. It will give you the power of fire. You will need it in your quest to save 'Uthane and Na'auao who have been taken captive by the Damselfly Dragon on Hepatic Island. You can find your way to them through an entrance in the reef below the Cystic Duct. It is marked by a symbol you have seen before. When you recognize it, use the power of the boar tusk bracelet to allow you to pass through the reef, and then use the power of the necklace to carry you through the current you will be swimming against. Eventually, if

you follow the passageway, it will lead you into the Common Bile Duct. Pursue its path, and you will be guided right into the Hepatic Duct, which will eventually bring you to the southern border of Hepatic Island.”

King Malama’s eyes opened and he rose up from the ground. Placing his hand on his partially shaven head, he felt the mane of hair that ran passed his neck. Closely he examined the trail of markings on his skin. In doing so, he couldn’t help but admire the muscular curves that outlined his skeletal frame. He glanced down at the new bracelet; it appeared to be made from the phalanges of human fingers. Together it interlocked with the boar tusk bracelet, forming a single one.

This time when he reached out to touch it, he did so without experiencing the same fear he had felt when he received the necklace and the boar tusk bracelet. He knew he would see an image of the chief who wore it, and he welcomed it. When he placed his hand on it, the image of the Kahuna he had met at his grandfather’s war temple appeared. For a moment he was bewildered by this figure. However, he soon realized that the Kahuna he had spoken with in the war temple had been dead all along. He had appeared to him in a human form to ensure that he was guided in the right direction, allowing him to probe the true meaning of his dream. Placing the dagger into the gourd basket, he was now ready to move on.

CHAPTER 8

To Hepatic Island, December 30, 2236

Overwhelmed with self-confidence, King Mala'ma leaped off the sandy floor and plunged head first into the water. The underwater existence was a miraculous spectacle of both color and motion resulting from the sheer abundance of life. Taken back by the wonderland of colors, he watched the aggregation of an outstanding number of different fish move around him. His eyes moved from the Teardrop Butterflyfish that were swimming in pairs, to the oddly shaped characteristic beak of the Spectacled Parrotfish, to the Blue-eyed Damselfish that were staking out their feeding territories.

Near to the ocean's floor, soldierfish, squirrelfish, blennies, and gobies filled in the nooks and crannies of the reef. Looking for the symbol that marked the entrance to the Cystic Duct, King Malama closely studied the coral while he searched. Motionless, the Freckled Frogfish watched King Malama pass. A Yellowmargin Moray darted out at him, causing the Harlequin Shrimp to scurry about. With its mouth wide open to breathe, King Malama found himself quite impressed with its formidable teeth. Next to it was a reddish-orange creature that took the shape of a star. In the center of it was a tiny circular mark he had recognized from the petroglyphs. When he saw it, he recalled that Na'auao had described it as, "the animating essence of all things". Knowing he had found the entrance, he placed his hand on it. And when he touched it, the boar tusk bracelet illuminated, allowing his body to slip through its thick, spiny exterior cover into the Cystic Duct.

Still surrounded by water, he started swimming against the current. As he moved through it, the passageway appeared to be growing larger. He figured this must have been

necessary to accommodate the massive size of the Whales he saw passing him when the Cystic Duct merged with the Common Bile Duct. Each one stared at him as he passed, wondering why he was swimming in opposition to them. He too watched them pass. With his head turned in their direction, he unexpectedly felt his arm brush up against the hind flippers of something. Before he had the opportunity to turn around he heard a familiar voice, "Hey, you're going the wrong way!"

When King Malama turned around, he realized he also recognized the creature's face. "I didn't expect to run into you here."

"Me neither," the Seal stated, unaware who King Malama was, "so if you don't mind moving, I'd like to be on my way. And since this is my last trip through here, I would like to go on expending as little energy as possible and just enjoy the ride."

"Don't you know who I am?"

"No. Am I supposed to?"

"Well, considering I just spoke with you not long ago, you should."

"What on earth are you talking about? I don't know you and I certainly don't recognize you from any place I've been before."

"You must be losing your mind," King Malama said strongly.

"That's funny. My last partner, the Dolphin, used to say those same words to me. Oh, how I miss her."

"Yes, she was quite spirited, wasn't she?"

"You know her?"

"Why, yes. On your last trip around Gall Bladder Island, I am the one the Whale saved."

“No, that can’t possibly be true. I mean, I know my sight isn’t like it once was, but I sure you’re not the one. The man I met was not quite as... Oh, how shall I put it? As young, slender, well built, cut, and lean as you.”

“Well, thanks, I think. Anyway, I am King Malama, the same one you met off the coast of Gall Bladder Island. It’s a long story. So, let’s just say I evolved into what you see while I was there. And now I’m on my way to Hepatic Island to find my friends.”

“I’m happy to say it appears you’re on the right path.”

“Yes, I’m well aware of that. But, I was curious about what you meant when you said this is your last trip?”

“What I meant was, my services as a Bile Salt are no longer needed.”

Concerned, King Mală’mă asked, “What are you talking about?”

“I just came from seeing the Upside-down Jellyfish, who told me that the Fountain of Stomach has been erupting less frequently. Thus, the system is making huge cut-back. There will be fewer crab-like enzymes needed to break down the resources as well as Bile Salts like myself and other Lecithins, like the Dolphin. We are no longer needed in the numbers we were previously. Hence, as I said before, this is my last trip. And I am going along for the ride. Only this time, I will be seeing some of the uncharted territory of Intestinal City and beyond.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry.”

“No, don’t be. I’ve had a rather long life. Besides, things were beginning to get a bit overcrowded anyway. This is actually a great thing that’s happening to the system. I’d rather leave knowing things are going to improve, instead of staying within the system knowing things were only going to get worse.” The Seal paused while he watched those

similar to him pass. “Well, I must move on with the others. Just remember,” his voice grew louder as he moved away, “you can only gain entrance to Hepatic Island through the Upside-down Jellyfish.” King Malama watched until he could no longer see the Seal and then he moved forward.

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Swiftly, King Malama proceeded. Off in the distance, he saw that the duct he was swimming in diverged into two sections, one to the right and one to the left. Since he didn’t recall being given any specific directions as to which way to go, he chose the one to the right and continued.

Making his way into the Hepatic Duct, he began to delve deeper into darkness. The water started to take on a strange mixture of different shades of blacks, greens, blues, and purples. As the channel narrowed, strange sounds emerged through the current, sending vibrations of their noise reflecting in all directions. Soon he found himself surrounded by two extensive rows of the Upside-down Jellyfish.

He watched as their white, broccoli-shaped heads absorbed the water around them. To him, it appeared as though each one was performing a variety of different functions, from processing minute particles while storing others, to detoxifying microscopic foreign elements, to removing flat bacterial worms and yellow plant-like pieces of coral, to the occasional but continuous excretion of the Whale and synthesis of the Damsel fly. While he sat there for a moment deciding which one to enter, he realized it didn’t matter. Each one was capable of performing the same variety of complex functions.

He moved over to the closest Upside-Down Jellyfish. Sensing King Malama's presence, it rose up out of the ground. Its brownish-gray body extended high above the surface. Coiling up like a snake ready to attack, its broccoli shaped head opened, revealing the entrance into its body. At that instant, King Malama leaped inside. Shortly he passed through a membrane into a channel. With great speed, he moved into a larger one. The extreme pressure inside of it sent him hurling over a waterfall into a small pool of water.

When King Malama came to the surface, he immediately saw Na'auao and I who were immersed in the same pool as he, except we were somewhat masked behind the waterfall. Surprised to see us, he quickly swam over. Na'auao instantly recognized him; however, I did not. "Look Na'auao, someone is coming over to us. Maybe he's here to set us free."

"King Malama has come to do that very thing."

"King Malama?" I questioned with my eyes wide open.

"That's right. You do not recognize him because he has become a warrior."

"A warrior?"

"Yes, a person who is experienced as well as distinguished in the art of fighting. Through training he received during the time we were apart, he has proven both his physical capabilities as well as his intellectual ability to the war god, thereby earning the body of the warrior."

Looking at him, I was taken back by his young and strong appearance. When he appeared through the cascading falls, I was speechless.

“I’m glad to see you have made your way to us,” Na‘auao said proudly.

“Although I’d have to say that I had very few doubts.”

King Malama smiled and self-assuredly nodded. He looked over at me, “What happened? And why are you here, bound to the rocks?” He moved over to untie me. Still without words, I just sat there staring at him.

“No, don’t!” Na‘auao whispered. “You must be quiet and make as little movement in the water as possible.”

“Why?” King Malama demanded.

“Well,” Na‘auao looked around, “because the Damselflies are nearby. They are capable of detecting abnormal movements in the water.”

“What are you talking about?” King Malama said quietly.

“The Damselflies are a Low Density Lipoprotein that transports cholesterol to other organisms in the system.”

“Oh, so it functions like the Whale.”

“Sort of,” Na‘auao responded. “But, the Whale transfers cholesterol away from the system so it is eventually excreted out the Rectal Hole, whereas the Damselfly carries it to other places in the system so they can utilize it. In doing so, it leaves a trail of cholesterol droppings behind. These droppings adhere to the tunnel walls and, over time, layer upon layer of this plaque-like substance builds up, causing the system to experience a side effect called Hypertension.

“Hypertension?” King Malama repeated.

Yes, it causes certain tunnels within the system to experience higher than normal pressure, which causes Myocardial Land to work that much harder to keep the system

running. And although it has done so for some time, it is not capable of functioning under these conditions much longer. Below us lies the tunnel that will allow us to cross the Diaphragm Ocean and enter Myocardial Land. However, the tunnel is nearly blocked due to the accumulation of these cholesterol droppings. If this tunnel closes, the continuous water supply that feeds Myocardial Land will end. And without a recurrent supply of water...

"The system dies," King Malama finished.

"That's correct," Na'auao responded.

"So what do we do?"

"You must destroy the leader of the Hypercholesterolemia Colony. Then, you must reopen the passageway to Myocardial Land."

"That seems fairly easy."

"No, I think not," Na'auao stated.

"Why?"

"Well, just beyond those trees, a single Damselfly Dragon stands tall. In flight, its wing-span covers more than a quarter of the Island's width and it leaves behind a trail of smoke that comes from its fire-breathing mouth. Spiked thorns are placed in rows of two upon its back, feeding into its tail which resembles a serpent's face."

"It not only protects the colony from destruction, but it stands guard over the Island. This group," Na'auao said with a solemn face, "is capable of destroying the system. As it stands right now, if the army of Damselflies moves through this pool of water, within just a brief moment, they would plug the entrance leading to Myocardial Land; hence, everything will feel its impact."

King Malama sat there and stared out into the trees, “So, what’s it waiting for?”

“No one knows for sure. However, I do know that it is protecting the entrance to a place that represents the past, only allowing those who do not put the past at risk to enter. It will do anything it takes to not allow us, or anyone else who threatens it, to go through the opening, even if it means destroying itself by sending its troops into the system.”

Na‘auao paused and then continued, “To answer the question you first asked when you saw us, ‘What happened? And why are we here bound to these rocks?’ I’ll tell you. After we got separated, ‘Uhane and I found ourselves being absorbed by the Upside-down Jellyfish. How we got there, I have no idea. Anyway, that’s not important.”

“From there, we moved passed a membrane into a channel where we were picked up by the notorious Crown-of-thorns sea star. Its job within the system is to remove foreign material from the water that passes through Hepatic Island. When it comes across matter such as ‘Uhane or myself it extends out its needle-sharp projections, thereby trapping the particle. Shortly thereafter, it completely surrounds the particle and secretes enzymes into the vesicle it has created. These enzymes then attack and destroy the trapped material.”

“As you can see, ‘Uhane and I didn’t encounter the whole experience. Just as the notorious Crown-of-thorns picked us up, two claws came crashing down, instantly piercing the water. The Damselfly Dragon grabbed the two of us and carried us away to this place. It wanted to know, ‘Why we were on Hepatic Island? Who had sent us? And were others like us coming?’ And so on... ‘Uhane and I didn’t respond to his questions. So it had its followers, the smaller Damselflies, tie us up like you see us now, to spend

the rest of eternity just a few feet away from the entrance to Myocardial Land, yet unable to proceed forward.”

“But don’t you see, I’m here now. I can set you free, and the three of us can go on to Myocardial Land.”

“No, we cannot move ahead until you have destroyed the Damselfly Dragon. For if you do not, when it sees we have escaped, it will send its colony in after us. Once they have entered, their cholesterol droppings will seal up the tunnel, causing everything in the system to die.

“Let me untie you first.”

“No, you must leave us here. The Damselfly Dragon has ordered routine check-ups on us, by members of the colony. That way if we escape, it could send its army in after us. I’m afraid ‘Uthane and I have no choice. We are stuck here until you have successfully returned.”

“I won’t let you down,” King Malama reassured the two of us as he climbed out of the pool and disappeared through the bamboo orchard.

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Quietly, King Malama ran through the mist-swirled, forest-caped hills, like an animal stalking its pray. With each step, the landscape drastically changed from weathered bluffs, to fertile plains, to green-clad walls lining a magnificent valley. At the base of the cloud-draped ravine, he stared up at a pinnacle that rose thousands of feet into the air. At its summit was the Hypercholesterolemia colony. He moved through the narrow, boulder-laced river to the bottom of the pinnacle and began to climb. Placing his hand on the necklace, he asked for the rain to fall in sheets from the sky. Then he rested

his hand on the bracelet calling upon the ground to shake and the clouds to send bolts of fire shooting down from the sky. At once, the Damselflies in the Hypercholesterolemia colony began to swarm over the pinnacle's peak. Then the Damselfly Dragon spread its wings and took off into the air. King Malama's eyes followed it as he watched the trail of smoke it left behind. Unaware of King Malama's presence, it, as well as the rest of the group, moved toward the direction of 'Uhane and Na'auao.

King Malama screamed as the Dragon passed, "It's me whom you want!"

The Damselfly Dragon turned and instantly spotted King Malama. Its yellow eyes honed in on him. "Get him!" it cried out to the others. Hundreds of them directed their streamlined bodies at him. They were prepared to use whatever means necessary to take him down. One after another pointed their needle-sharp tails at him and started to attack.

When King Malā'mā saw they were rapidly approaching, he raised his hand. The fire that shot out of it sent them smashing to the ground like pieces of blackened rock. Furious, the Damselfly Dragon struck King Malama from behind. Its claws left rows of bloody marks across his back, sending him down to his knees. Quickly he struggled to reach the top before the Damselfly Dragon had a chance to strike again. Once at the top, the even ground allowed him to regain his balance. But, the fire that was released from the Damselfly Dragon's mouth threw him back down again. Shielding the flames with his hand, they were reflected back in the Dragon's face, sending it hurtling through the air. But it quickly returned, whipping its serpent-like tail around. Darts of poisonous venom were released from its mouth. Again King Malama blocked them with his hand, turning them into solid stone and sending them plummeting into the ground. Thrashing about, the Damselfly Dragon moved through the lightning-stitched sky for another attack. But as it

returned, it glanced in the direction of ‘Uhane and Na‘auao and decided to change its course. Quickly, King Malama ran over to the edge of the pinnacle and leaped onto its tail. Feeling his presence, it turned its head and saw King Malama riding on its tail. Desperately, the Dragon tried to toss his body to the ground. But like a parasite, he remained attached.

“Look!” I shouted as I watched King Malama and the Damselfly Dragon move through the air.

“Oh no!” Na‘auao exclaimed.

“What is it?”

“Do you see what’s behind them?” his eyes grew big.

“Hundreds of Damselflies are heading our way.” They were the ones King Malama had not yet destroyed.

“All of you, into the pool!” the Damselfly Dragon ordered.

Heading right for us, one by one they began to enter the water. Within seconds, the water began to rise. “Do you see what’s happening?” I demanded.

“Yes,” Na‘auao responded while struggling desperately to break free. But, it was no use. The vine rope was just too tight. The water rapidly began to move above our shoulders. With no sight of King Malama, fear started to set in.

“Don’t give up on him now, ‘Uhane, you must have faith.” I looked into his eyes and nodded. “You’ll have to hold your breath soon, so do so as if it were your last,” he whispered as I watched the water move past his lips. And with that, I took my last breath of air, closed my eyes, and imagined King Malama battling the Damselfly Dragon.

Holding onto its spiked thorns, quickly he moved onto its neck. As he did, he remembered Na'auao had told him that the Damselfly was a Low Density Lipoprotein. Then he thought, "If the Damselfly Dragon was a mutated version of the rest of the colony, he could defeat it by lodging a combustible amino acid based compound into its body." He moved over to the edge of its fiery mouth. Protected by his necklace and bracelet, he climbed over its teeth to the back of its throat. He closed his eyes and called upon the water, the earth, and the fire to embed an explosive substance into its body. Within moments, the Damselfly Dragon suddenly blew up into pieces. As the particles fell to the ground, they returned to the shape of the smaller Damselflies and retreated. While King Malama's body was returned to the pool of water.

When I felt his body next to mine, I opened my eyes and there he was staring back at me. He ripped off the vine ropes and brought Na'auao and I to the surface, then headed toward the bottom of the pool. Pushing the other Damselflies aside, he swam around the sealed off entrance. Placing his hands around it, he searched for a weak spot. But the hard plaque-like substance was completely immovable. Suddenly, his eyes caught a glimpse of something glowing on his wrist. Taking a closer look, he realized it was another bracelet. Only this one was made out of thin plates of turtle shell cut to even lengths. Along both sides of its outer convex rim were carved human heads spaced about an inch apart. Their radiant eyes caused the water to illuminate. As he brought it closer, he reached out and touched it with his hand. The image of the Haku who wore it emerged directly in front of him. Just before it vanished, it mouthed the word, "Air". Looking up at the entrance, he said to himself, "Air?"

Then he glanced at the bracelet again. Bringing it closer to his face, he placed his mouth over one of the skulls while he put his other hand on the entrance. He felt his body begin to fill with empty space. And as it did, his hand started to expand, forming a smooth blade, which cut through the sealed entry. The air now moved past hand into his forearm and shoulder. Soon, his entire body expanded like a balloon, pushing the white cholesterol droppings against the tunnel walls, reopening the passageway. He continued to move forward until he felt no more resistance. Then his body deflated. With tremendous force, water came crashing down on him. Resisting the urge to move with it, he swam against its flow, back to us. As he approached the opening, he noticed the large pool of water was nearly gone. And the waterfall that before plunged into it was now a small flowing stream.

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Na'auao and I had our eyes peeled, waiting for King Malama to return. As soon as we saw his body emerge from the opening, I took off from the ledge where we were sitting. "King Malama," I hollered. When he heard me, he looked up, smiled, subtly closed his eyes and lowered his head. "You did it! You saved us all." He bent down, picked me up, and placed me on his arm. I leaned over to give him a kiss on the cheek, but just as I did, I heard Na'auao sliding down the slippery rocks on his back.

"Watch out!" he shouted, heading right for us. King Malama stepped out of his way. Na'auao raised his feet in the air and used them to cushion his impact against the wall surrounding the entrance. Using his cane to pry himself away from it, he made his way over to us. He took King Malama's hand and placed it in his, "So proud am I to have you following in my footsteps."

I looked at Na‘auao oddly and wondered exactly what he meant. But, before I had a chance to ask, King Malama spoke, “I have one more thing to do.”

Na‘auao nodded, “You know the way.” King Malama put me up on his shoulder and the three of us entered the tunnel.

CHAPTER 9

To Myocardial Land, December 30, 2236

I noticed the light inside the tunnel fading as we moved toward Myocardial Land. When I looked over at Na‘auao he said, “We are crossing below the Diaphragm Ocean. Your eyes will adjust; you just need to give them a moment.” However, before they did, I heard something buzz next to my ear. Startled, I lost my balance and fell off King Malama’s shoulder. He reached out and grabbed me, then put me back on. Both he and Na‘auao glanced at each other and chuckled.

“What was that?” I exclaimed.

“Just a Damselfly,” King Malama responded.

“But, I thought they were all gone.”

“Oh no,” Na‘auao stated, “they will never be completely extinct as long as this system is alive.”

“No?” I asked hesitantly.

That’s right,” Na‘auao replied. “Of course, their Hypercholesterolemia colony has been destroyed. But, the Upside-down Jellyfish are constantly making more of them.”

“They are?”

“Yes, the system needs them to function. The problem was...”

I interrupted, “There were too many of them?”

“That’s right, my dear, there were too many of them.”

I glanced over at King Malama and noticed he was deep in thought while he looked around. “What is it?” I inquired. But, he did not respond. I waited for a moment and then asked a little louder, “What is...”

“Oh, I’m sorry. Its just that something in this tunnel seems so familiar.” He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. It was then that he realized it was the smell that was so familiar. But, he couldn’t quite put his finger on it. He took another deep breath in through his nose and immediately opened his eyes. “My dream!” he exclaimed glancing at both of us. “These walls have the same musky odor as the ones in my dream.”

“You are close,” Na‘auao responded.

Feeling like I had missed something I asked, “To what?”

“To the cave in my dream,” King Malama said, then paused and stepped closer to the wall next to him, “I cannot only smell it, but I sense it as well.” He reached out to touch it. But before he could, it melted away, revealing a small cave. Astonished, I sat there wordless. Suddenly, I felt my body jerk back as King Malama ran over to the yellow feather cloak that was folded up on the ground. We watched his eyes light up as he got down on his knees and slowly ran his fingers over it. Then carefully, he unfolded it, exposing what was inside and glanced up, “What is it?”

“It’s a wooden drum,” I responded.

“A what?”

“An instrument to play music. Here,” I reached out, picked it up and brought it closer. I marveled as its beauty. “Look,” I leaned over closer to King Malama, “it is made from the trunk of coconut trees. This is the top end. When it was made, it was hollowed out about two-thirds of its length to form a resonance chamber.” I turned it over and continued, “Then the bottom end was also partially hollowed out, leaving a thin convex partition between the upper and lower surface. The base was then carved to provide

downward projections around which these long cords could be drawn to secure the shark-skin drum head.”

I placed it in my lap and said, “I’ll play something for you.” Clinching my wings, I began to play the most familiar beat that came to my mind. And as I did, I began reciting a phrase over and over. “Ke ho‘opa‘a nei au i ka‘u ‘ōlelo. Ke ho‘opa‘a nei au i ka‘u ‘ōlelo. Ke ho‘opa‘a nei au i ka‘u ‘ōlelo...”

Na‘auao got up and began dancing around me. With his feet kicking out and his arms swinging in the air, he started to sing along. The mixture of laughter and music that filled the air was magnified ten-fold as it resonated off the walls within the cave.

“Haven’t you ever seen a tortoise dance before?” Na‘auao grinned at King Malama, “Why don’t you try?”

“No, I’d rather just watch.”

“Oh, nonsense. Come on.”

King Malama got up and started to move around. Naturally his body quickly got into the rhythm of the beat and the two circled and circled until finally Na‘auao sat back down. “Wow! That’s a lot of fast movement for an old tortoise.”

King Malama smiled and sat down beside him. “Here,” I said handing the drum to King Malama, “try it out.”

“Okay,” he grabbed it and attempted to imitate the beat I had played. Sporadically he started and stopped.

“That’s all right. It just takes a little practice and you’ll get it.”

He paused for a moment, “What were you two singing?”

“Ke ho‘opa‘a nei au i ka‘u ‘ōlelo,” I replied.

“What does it mean?”

“It means, ‘I give you my word’.”

He frowned. “It’s a phrase of a song,” I said, “the rest of it goes like this:

Words bind us and they set us free.

They are the basis of our relationships.

They imply trust, solidarity, reliability, and dependability.

They should accommodate a variety of views and values of different groups, while still maintaining virtue.

This moral rightness is attained when one is not only honest with others, but with themselves as well.

It is only then that one can say, ‘Ke ho‘opa‘a nei au i ka‘u ‘ōlelo’.”

King Malama set the drum down, picked up the feather cloak and threw it around his shoulders. As he did, the opening to the cave closed and directly across from it, another door opened. Frightened, I turned to King Malama, “Its alright, ‘Uhane. I know the way from here,” he reassured me.

“You do?”

“Yes, this is the cave in my dreams.” He placed the drum in the gourd basket and got up. Na‘auao followed his lead. “Come on,” he leaned over and I climbed back on his shoulder.

We proceeded down the windy tunnel, which split into two. King Malama chose to take the one on our right and steadily moved forward. I could feel his intensity building as he confidently walked faster and faster. Soon, we came upon another larger

room, which again split, but this time into three separate tunnels. Choosing the one on our left, we continued.

My eyes moved in all directions as I felt my curiosity building, wondering where we were headed. I turned to Na'auao who was staring straight ahead. His face was motionless. His eyes were radiating a powerful concentration I had only seen one other time. And that was when the Machine had tried to use his supremacy to destroy Na'auao, but was unsuccessful. I turned to King Malama and felt the same energy emerging from him. He knew he was about to face something from his past that had haunted him for a lifetime. However, this time he was armed with the knowledge of who he was.

Finally the tunnel opened up into a giant dome-covered room made of solid rock. Water dripped off the ceiling into a small pond. "What now?" I asked.

"We dive in," King Malama responded, "as deep as you possibly can. Then keep swimming down toward the bottom. There should be underwater channel that leads to the outside." Without hesitation, King Malama moved over to the rocks that were found inside the pool, "Follow me." he said, then dove in.

I did the same. Although I was swimming as fast as I could, I could barely keep up with King Malama. When we approached the underwater channel, he darted inside. But, just as I entered, I started to lose speed. The air I had taken in was gradually running out. Although I knew Na'auao was behind me, when I turned around to find him, everything started to become a blur. Unaware of which way was up or down, I began to panic. No longer able to control my body, I felt someone grab me, put their mouth over my beak and breathed into it, filling my lungs with air. Without any effort of my own, I

rapidly moved forward. When my eyes focused, I turned, and King Malama was bringing me safely to the surface. Na'auao came up right after us.

A rumbling sound which filled the air caught my attention. When I turned around, my eyes followed a cliff that towered hundreds of feet high. Raging water soared off its peak into the pearl-shaped pool of water we were in. King Malama swam to the edge and climbed out. He leaned over, held out his hands and pulled both of us up. Glancing at the green tinged rocky ravine, he turned to Na'auao, "The only way out of here is for us to climb. Are you up for it?"

"I've waited a long time for this moment. I'll be right behind you."

Fluffing my feathers and drying myself off, I was unaware that the two of them had already begun to climb. "We'll meet you at the top," King Malama hollered, now twenty feet high.

"Okay," I shouted back. After I finished, I took off. Around and around, I circled the gorge until finally I reached the top and landed on a giant Ti tree leaf. I had a spectacular view of the silvery plume falls. When I looked straight down, I saw that King Malama was approaching. He lifted himself over the edge, and the two of us sat there watching Na'auao use all his strength to make it up the cliff. When he got close enough, King Malā'mā leaned over to lend him a hand. But, just as Na'auao looked up to reach for it, his foot slipped out of the rock pocket and he began to fall. Instantly, King Malama reached out, grabbed his hand, and pulled him up.

We sat there for a moment while Na'auao caught his breath. "That was close," he said, wiping the sweat off from his face. "Thanks."

“It’s the least I could do for one who has given me so much.” Looking over the edge of the falls, he immediately received a flashback of his dream. He saw himself wrapping the gourd basket in his feather cloak and throwing it over.

Standing there ready to dive, wearing nothing but his perineal band, he heard their voices, “Stop, you won’t be harmed if you surrender.” When his flashback ended, he glanced down at himself and looked at the man he had become. Fierce anger came over him when he finally realized that the instant he fled from the men was the instant he lost his reference point of where he had come from, where he was going, and with whom.

“It is time,” King Malama stated as he rose to his feet. “You must follow me, but stay out of sight. I will be making a path through the gingers and ferns just ahead. It will take us to the ridge of a mountain that rises thousands of feet into the air. From there, we will climb to its flat, barren peak. It is the center of all thoughts, feelings, and emotions. It is the core of Myocardial Land.” He looked up toward the direction he was heading and then continued, “I will see you again when I have put an end to something I should have a long time ago.” Then he disappeared through the jungle. We watched as his brilliant yellow feather cloak flapped like the wings of a bird in the wind.

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When I took off and rose above the gorge, I felt my body being swept away by the trade winds coming off the northeastern face of the island. Watching the clouds drift aimlessly across the orange-tinged sky, I could see the sun setting to the west just above the bluish-black ocean. King Malama was making his way up the ridge in a zig-zag pattern through the ferns and lichen that mostly covered the aged lava flow.

On top of the mountain peak, flat, barren, lifeless landscape extended itself for miles. Light, porous, volcanic rock blanketed the area. Sporadically, the skeletal remains of dead Ohia trees were scattered about. And a steaming bowl-shaped cavity hollowed out the center of the mountain. When I finished scanning the area, I turned around and flew back to Na‘auao.

“Did you see where he is?” Na‘auao asked.

“Yes, he’s approaching the summit and has probably already made it there as we speak.”

“What did you see at the top?”

“Not much of anything really. Most of the landscape up there is lifeless.”

“Lifeless?”

“Yes, there’s nothing much around for miles. All I saw were scattered pumice and dead Ohia trees.” Na‘auao frowned.

“What is it?”

“They are there. I’m not sure where they’re hiding, but they are there.”

“Who is there?”

“The two individuals keeping the Machine and Mr. Richards alive.” I stared at him blankly. “Remember what Akua told us?”

I thought back for a moment, to when Na‘auao and I were in the Eternal Light of Thalamus and Akua said, “The King Malama must destroy that which keeps the Machine and Mr. Richards alive, one who goes by the name of Captain Iron and the other you will recognize, for he carries a book. The two are tied together by a powerful bond. If the bond is broken, you can trust that the Intestinal City will be destroyed.”

“So, you see,” Na‘auao looked up to where King Malama was and continued, “they are up there somewhere.”

When King Malama reached the summit, he gazed upon the vast, motionless, flat land. Slowly and cautiously he walked toward the steaming crater. An eerie stillness filled the air. Although he saw no life, he knew this was where he had first begun to run from the men in his dreams.

Closing his eyes, he pictured their faces. He remembered one had been a captain of a fleet of ships that had landed on the island. He wore an oval-shaped hat that came to a point in the front and back. His dark fitted coat flowed into a longer tail in the back. His white pants clung tightly around his legs that fed into dark fitted boots. The other man who had accompanied him also wore a fitted suit, but his was slightly different. Both the jacket and the pants were the same dark color, but they hung looser around his body. Underneath his jacket was a white collared shirt. A dark strip of material was worn around his neck and tied in a knot at the front. Immediately his thoughts were interrupted when he realized how similar these two men were to the rulers of Intestinal City. The only difference between them was that they were from different eras, separated in years and technological advancement.

Just then, he felt a presence behind him. As he turned around, two bodies emerged from the dead Ohia trees. And standing before him was Captain Iron along with the man with the book.

Na'auao and I had finally made it to the summit. Although we could still see an outline of the island, the light was quickly fading with the rising of the moon.

"Look, it's Captain Iron and the man with the book," I whispered. "Where did they come from?"

"They've been here all along, just waiting until they were called upon by King Malama to reveal themselves."

Scared, I asked, "What do you think is going to happen?"

"I'm not exactly sure. That's completely up to King Malama. But whatever happens is completely out of our control."

The two men just stood there as King Malama walked over to them. It was as if they were meeting for the first time. Captain Iron was standing tall and proud with one arm behind his back and the other bent slightly across his torso. The other man stood with his hands folded in front of him, with the book joining the two.

"They say you are the King of this magical place," Captain Iron stated. King Malama nodded. "We have traveled from a place that lies far across the sea. We carry with us a gray metal element that we use to make tools and implements." Captain Iron opened his hand. Inside of it was a small, sharpened, metal spike with a broadened flat end. Looking at it, King Malama recalled that in his dream, the last thing he remembered doing before he started to flee from them was reach out and place the object in his hand.

With a serious and dignified face, King Malā'mā stared into Captain Iron's eyes and said, "I, too, carry with me tools and implements." He looked at the gourd basket and asked, "Would you like to see them?"

“Why not?” Captain Iron replied, turning to the man with the book, who also agreed.

King Malama removed his whale tooth necklace and placed it on the ground. “It represents the power of water, the life-giving element.” When he finished, the Ali‘i who wore it raised up from the ground. He stood there wearing the whale tooth necklace around his neck. King Malama removed the canoe paddle out of the gourd basket and placed it in the hand of the Ali‘i and said, “Always remember to walk carefully, no matter where you are in your journey of life. You may walk with pride, but never elevate yourself above the pebbles in the sand that surround you at this moment.” He looked at Captain Iron and the man with the book and declared, “Humility!” As soon as he did, the two suddenly began to lose water from their bodies. Both of them feverishly wiped the sweat that began to run out of every pore in their skin.

In a star-like pattern, King Malama walked over to the next point that was directly across from the steaming crater. Although Captain Iron and the man with the book tried to resist following him, their bodies were uncontrollably driven by an outside force. When King Malama stopped, he removed the boar tusk bracelet. Lying it on the ground, he said, “It represents the power of this earth on which we live.” When he stood up, the Konohiki rose up out of the ground, wearing the bracelet around his wrist. King Malama took the ‘Ohua bag net out of the gourd basket and placed it in the hand of the Konohiki and continued, “Remember, the first one caught is offered to the gods. Then, the rest are distributed among the people. Both your prestige and prosperity are dependent upon the support of your followers. You must remember, it is the tail of the fish that makes it swim through the water, not the body.” Again, he turned to Captain Iron and the man with the

book and shouted, "Sharing!" Suddenly, their flesh began to dry up and turn to coarse sand, resembling the kind that is found along the seashore. Horrified, they looked at each other but were unable to do anything except remain motionless while their bodies were transforming.

King Malama walked in a diagonal line, again crossing the crater. He removed the human bone bracket and placed it on the ground. When the Kahuna rose up from it King Malama continued, "It represents the power of fire." Then he reached into the gourd basket and pulled out the dagger and handed it to the Kahuna and said, "You must always possess the ability to demonstrate both faces of bravery, not only the physical one, but the nonphysical one, which is based on an emotional, moral, or spiritual idea." He paused and moved closer to Captain Iron and the man with the book. Now standing face to face with them, they fearfully anticipated his next word. "Courage!" he exclaimed loudly. At once, their course skin began bubbling as their inner core began destructively burning. The two men squirmed in anguish, but were forced to follow King Malama to the last spot. Again, he moved to the other side of the crater, directly across from the Kahuna.

Finally he removed his last bracelet, which was made from turtle shell and placed it on the ground. Instantly, the Haku rose up from the ground and the bracelet appeared around his arm. King Malama stated, "It represents the power of air." Then he reached into the gourd basket, removed the drum, placed it in his hands and said, "Ke ho'opa'a nei au i ka'u 'ōlelo, I give you my word." He turned to Captain Iron and the man with the book who had fallen to the ground. The two of them now feverishly squirmed about when King Malama proclaimed his final word to them, "Integrity!" At that second, both

Captain Iron and the man with the book merged into one disfigured body that gasped as it took its last breath of air. Once again it took the skeletal shape of the dead ‘Ohia tree.

Suddenly, the sky opened up and water came pelting down. The earth started to rumble, flames rose out of the crater, and the wind swirled around the mountain. King Malā’ mā bent down, grabbed the remains of the tree, and raised it as high as he could above his head. He walked over to the crater where he stood on its edge. Letting out a cry that carried with it all the voices of his people, he hurled it into the fiery pit and watched it instantly turn to ash, disintegrating into nothing.

Slowly he backed up and moved over to the top of the star-like pattern he had created and observed the chiefs that were standing before him. Na‘auao and I went running over to him. When we reached him, I was still taken back by what had just transpired and was without words. Na‘auao held his hand out and handed him his cane. As soon as King Malā’ mā touched it, it changed into an elaborate kauila wood spear with disks of turtle shell embedded inside. And on his head appeared a yellow-feathered crested helmet.

King Malama opened his mouth, but before he had a chance to speak Na‘auao interrupted, “You have made it to your final destination, the top of the mountain. In doing so, you have accomplished both personal achievement as well as perfection. You have demonstrated as well as proven you know the answer to my question, ‘What qualities must you have to deserve the respect and allegiance from your followers?’ Thus, at this very moment, our relationship as well as your relationship with those that surround you...” Na‘auao motioned to the others standing there before us holding hands, man and woman, woman and woman, and man and man, “has changed. You are the Ali ‘i nui, the

king over all. They shall now feel the wisdom that comes with your name. “Malama!”

Na‘auao exclaimed, “It means to illuminate!”

“Illuminate,” King Malama repeated.

“Yes, you will enlighten others spiritually or intellectually.”

At that second, I felt my eyes light up as I looked into King Malama’s. Staring back at me, he turned to Na‘auao, “I recognize the circular symbol in her eyes. Do you see it as well?” Na‘auao nodded. “It’s the same one that appeared on the center of the star-fish, as well as the center of the petroglyphs. She is, ‘the animating essence of all things’!” Suddenly, an uncontrollable force took over my body and I found myself taking off, soaring into the sky. While King Malama watched me fly above him, he spoke to his people.

“Look, she rises high above us like the most graceful bird I’ve ever seen. I stand here in reverential wonder of the sensation produced by the visible wavelengths of fiery lava light, bringing existence to her external form. She is transforming into a mythical bird, the only one of its kind. Raging, glowing red, she brightly descends straight down into the fire-burning crater. While I stand here watching this both frightening yet beautiful thing occur, I cannot help to question if this is real, or is it the perception of what my senses and my mind are observing.”

“Now bound by the volcanic walls, the absence of sound surrounds us while we wait for what is about to transpire. Magically, the luminous rays of distinct color are extending themselves into the night’s air, painting the clouds, silencing the earth, soothing the wind, and extinguishing the flames. Her human body rises up from the ashes to live through another cycle. As she rises above the mouth of the volcano, its bowl-

shaped cavity is sealed shut, allowing her to place her graceful feet on the soft bed of moist grass that now covers the ground.”

“She is adorned in a delicate red and yellow feather cape that is bordered in black. In her hand, she grasps tightly to a kahili, the feather symbol that reflects her rank. A red cornet of feathers is elegantly placed on her dark hair. Her intense black eyes are inlaid below her arched brows and smooth forehead. Just below them, her faintly flared nose feeds into her full and curved mouth. She is a reflection of the strong, rich, yet delicate beauty of her culture. She is our queen. Now we are all united, the earth shall be eternal!”

CHAPTER 10

In the Temple of Hypothalamus

Inside Na‘auao’s sandstone house, I looked down at the shell in my hands, reached out, and handed it back to him. He turned around and placed it back on the windowsill. Then he walked over to the wood, grabbed a piece, and placed it on the fire. Once he leaned his cane up against the chair that was directly across from me, he sat down. With the placement of the new log on the fire, smoke from it began to swirl into the air. I watched it make strange patterns and then suddenly disappear. Focusing my eyes on the place where the light from the fire ended and the smoke began, I saw something. It appeared that the smoke was forming into letters. I noticed Na‘auao was also looking at it. Quickly, I glanced back down, afraid that I may have imagined it. The letters seemed to spell out a phrase. “Ua mau ke ea o ka ‘āina i ka pono.” I looked up at him and said, “The life of the land is preserved in righteousness.”

Na‘auao smiled and nodded, “You have come a great distance in such little time.” Then he got up and walked over to the small little door that was slightly cracked open. “Would you like to see the room that we would be in if you chose to take the other staircase?” Curious to see what it was, I walked over to him. But, before we entered he paused and looked around, “While you were here you experienced all that this room had to offer. And you are now ready to leave; thus, you will leave through the front door with a whole new perspective on life.”

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Ancient Hawai'i, 1825

He pushed open the door, and the two of us entered the other dome-shaped room encased by stone walls. Bamboo torches and fire lighting sticks were sporadically placed about. In the center of the room was a bundle of something wrapped in tapa cloth. Na'auao stood behind me while I walked over to it. Bending down, I placed my hand on the bundle. Immediately, I felt the urge to turn around. And when I did, standing there before me was my grandfather. The distinguished lines that ran in a mystic pattern around his face lit up when I saw him. His pronounced forehead and cheek bones drew my attention to his god-like eyes. He was embellished in a feather cloak. It was made entirely out of yellow mamo feathers with the exception of a few red 'i'wi feathers that surrounded the neck. Right away I ran to him with my arms wide open. I felt his strong arms take me, pulling me in, allowing me to feel the comfort of being near to him.

He placed his hand on my head. When I looked up he said, "You were called upon to go on this journey with me because, one day, you will be the queen of our culture. You must never forget how the past has played a role in creating who we are. Although at some time in your life, the present may appear to be upon the brink of a difficult struggle, you represent the future that affords hope for a better life, a life which reconciles the fundamental nature of the past with the constantly changing character and conditions that come along with the ordinary human pursuits of existence. You are our Mana'olana."

He stepped back, removed the gourd basket that hung from his shoulder, and handed it to me. "This belongs to your brother," he paused and then continued, "Unfortunately, it is time for us to say goodbye for now." He reached out and wiped the

tears that fell from my eyes and placed his hand on my chin and raised my head, “Always carry your head proudly.” I nodded, then turned and walked out the unblocked entrance of the cave.

However, just before I left, I turned around only to see my grandfather had changed back into Na‘auao. And there he was before me, rhythmically moving his body about. Finally, I was able to see what my grandmother did when she gazed up into the mountain range.

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I had a view of the entire valley when I walked out of the cave into the cooler night air. Off in the distance, I could see the outline of my village against the background of the dark ocean water. Using the light of the nearly full moon, I headed directly towards it and reflected on my journey.

As my grandmother had once told me, “There are lessons to be learned from each human experience. Sometimes our eyes, ears, heart, and mind are open to receiving the message, which allows us to see the world and the role we play in it.” I believe that it is through our experiences that we develop a sense of who we are, where we come from, where we are going, and with whom. Through our experiences, we are shaped and reshaped into the individuals we were in the past, are in the present and will become in the future. Thus, developing an identity is an ongoing process.

Until now, I never understood what she meant when she said, “But sometimes our eyes, ears, heart, and mind are closed. If they are closed, we’re unable to receive the message. We’re only able to send messages. Our eyes become blind, our ears become deaf, our heart becomes hard, and our mind becomes closed. A word of caution,”

grandmother exclaimed, “the receiver and the sender bring about contrary identities!” To me, she was suggesting that at any time in our lives, we are capable of becoming the receiver or the sender of the messages; hence, we must be aware that these roles bring about opposite identities. King Malama realized this when he had reached his final destination - the top of the mountain.

Just as I believe King Malama was astonished at how far he had traveled, I too was amazed. Not in just how far I had traveled in such a short time, but also at how differently I now saw myself as well as my relationship with this planet I called home. How similar I thought we were. Just as my own body was a living thing, so, too, was this celestial body. And just as my own body is vulnerable to being wounded or harmed, so too is the celestial.

I learned that as consumers of this celestial body’s resources, we are dependent upon it for our survival. One way is through the resources we ingest. If we consume excess resources, our body suffers. Over time it may experience Type II diabetes, obesity, hypertension, and hypercholesterolemia, all of which are risk factors for heart disease.

To protect ourselves from experiencing the side effects, we must first consider the benefits of having a limited number of wants. What I mean by that is limiting our resource consumption, whether that resource consumption is something we extract from this celestial body and ingest, or utilize in some other way. In doing so, we may not only be able to protect our body from experiencing the risk factors for heart disease. But, we may also protect this celestial body from experiencing the negative side effects from our processing of its resources, breaking them down, distributing them, storing the excess, and excreting the wastes.

However, limiting our resource consumption is not the only answer. To care for our body, it is essential to incorporate some type of daily physical activity into our lives, whether it is running, swimming, or walking. It doesn't really matter what it is, as long as we are moving. This notion of physical activity should be thought of as Na'auao did when he responded to the question I asked, "How can an old tortoise like you climb up and down the mountain each time you wish to leave your house?" And he replied, "It is a way of life for me. If I wish to leave my house and experience life, I must be fit enough to make the journey. When I can no longer make the journey, I will no longer experience life. So you see, experiencing life is the motivation as well as the reward."

The question we must now ask ourselves is, "As both consumers and guardians of this celestial body, what can we do to care for it?" To me, the answer lies in the smoky phrase that rose up from Na'auao's fire. Stated by Kamehameha III, "Ua mau ke ea o ka 'āina i ka pono, The life of the land is preserved in righteousness." I believe that if we are open to receiving this message, clearly, we will see the world the our role we play in it. But if we are not, quite possibly the life of the land as well as our own may someday be lost.

When I finally reached my village, I found my grandmother sitting down on the ground exactly where we had last spoken. With her back turned to me, I slowly walked up to her and placed my hand on her shoulder. Feeling my presence, she placed her hand on mine and smiled. Seating myself next to her, I gazed into her eyes and said, "I too see him dancing."

She looked at me, then reached out and touched the red, yellow, and black feather necklace that was around my neck. Completely unaware of where or when I had acquired it, I quickly touched it. Just as I was about to say something, she interrupted me, "I know you see him dancing. Just as I know you represent the wish for a better life for our people. Within you lies the ambition to pass on the knowledge of the dream, of keeping our ancestors' spirits alive." Then she turned and looked up into the sky.

No more words were exchanged between us that night. However, the two of us remained there throughout the night. Surrounded by other orbiting celestial bodies, hand in hand we gazed up into the mountain range. You may wonder where this place is, where the Mo'olelo is told through a story, ritual and dance. It is where the lava comes together and the river meets the sea.....

Appendix B

Content of “Mo‘olelo”

Narrative line. The narrative time span of the story will be one day.

Story line. The story line will be developed through dialogue and action. The technique used to develop the story line will be similar to a television script; readers are on the stage with the characters. The story line will also set the scene, the mood, and the background of the characters by placing chosen words and phrases into the dialogue.

Point of view. The story’s point of view will be given from one person only.

Characters. The characters will become real through their speech and actions, not by what the author says about them.

Cast. The cast will include the persons whom the main character meets and those who are important to her.

Situations. The situations will be familiar to the readers so they can project themselves into the story.

Emotional appeal. The story will emotionally involve the reader in a familiar or anticipated crisis such as rejection, fear, or loss of a loved person.

Mood. The mood of the story will change throughout the book as the main character changes.

A good opening sentence. The story will begin with the reader experiencing a sense of stepping into someone’s life and being grabbed by his or her concerns.

Appendix C

Issues and Ideas Incorporated into “Mo‘olelo”

Technological revolution. Prior to Captain Cook’s arrival, the Native Hawaiians evolved with their tools (Kanahele, 1986). Craftspersons influenced the development of their tools while they used them. However, after 1778, new technology was introduced which caused various changes to occur. As a result, new skills to implement new technology were under the control of the foreigners. Thus, the Native Hawaiians began to lose control over their tools, marking a turning point described as the technological revolution (Kanahele, 1986).

Economics and environment. The Native Hawaiian beliefs and values suggest that they lived in a world of relative abundance, but had limited wants (Kanahele, 1986). This notion was due to the type of environment on the Hawaiian Islands. The Hawaiian Islands are described as a subtropical place in the middle of the world’s largest body of water. In addition, tropical rains produced an ideal environment for cultivating crops (Kanahele, 1986).

Peaks in Native Hawaiian culture. An understanding of the peaks in the Native Hawaiian culture may provide Hawaiians, as well as other ethnic groups, with a better understanding and perspective toward the Native Hawaiian ancestral past (Buck, 1964). These peaks include: canoe making, feather work, wooden bowls, twine baskets, sleeping mats, bark cloth, musical instruments, chants, dance, agriculture, fishing, sports, religion, housing, and weaponry (Buck, 1964).

Appendix C continued

Ideas and Issues Incorporated in “Mo‘olelo”

Leadership. Following Captain Cook’s arrival the Native Hawaiian leaders, specifically the chiefs, were most affected (Puku‘i et al., 1979). They served as agents that channeled change associated with new technology, economics, religion, and politics. In addition to accepting the newcomers, Native Hawaiians were impressed by the advantages associated with the Western culture. However, new technology took away from the Native Hawaiian experts who were the base of traditional leadership (Puku‘i et al., 1979). Native Hawaiians turned to myths and legends as guides and models to imitate. These literary sources were intended for education purposes (Bethwith, 1970). Some of the leadership qualities that were suggested to be of importance to the Native Hawaiians include caring, humility, integrity, wisdom, courage, competitiveness, and sharing (Puku‘i et al., 1979).

Identity. One’s awareness of his or her identity is called “ethnicity” (Kanahele, 1986). Ethnicity is an essential component of one’s self-identity and may be preserved through knowing who and what we are, thereby influencing, shaping, and guiding our feelings, ideals, and hopes (Boggs, 1985).

Appendix D

Questionnaire for Assessing the Effectiveness of
“Mo’olelo” as a Adolescent Literature Teaching Device

Direction: please rate and fill out the following questions using this scale:

1 = Strongly Disagree; 2 = Disagree; 3 = Undecided; 4 = Agree; 5 = Strongly Agree.

1. I feel the story was easy to follow.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

2. I do not feel the concepts presented in the story are useful as a teaching device.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

3. I am not familiar with the health benefits of exercise in the prevention of cardiovascular disease.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

4. I think the story needs more illustrations.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

5. I feel the story emphasized the importance of family.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

Appendix D continued

Questionnaire for Assessing the Effectiveness of
“Mo‘olelo” as a Adolescent Literature Teaching Device

6. I do not feel the story is restricted to the Hawaiian population.

1 2 3 4 5

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7. I feel the characters are believable.

1 2 3 4 5

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8. I do not feel the story appropriately targeted the Hawaiian population.

1 2 3 4 5

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9. I do not feel that fitness and health was placed within the context of the story.

1 2 3 4 5

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10. I feel the story is a good length.

1 2 3 4 5

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11. What do you feel is the appropriate age group for this story?

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.....

12. Do you have any comments, recommendations, or other concerns in regard to
 “Mo‘olelo”?

.....

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Appendix E

Questionnaire for Assessing Effectiveness of
“Mo’olelo” as a Native Hawaiian Culture Teaching Device

Direction: please rate and fill out the following questions using this scale:

1 = Strongly Disagree; 2 = Disagree; 3 = Undecided; 4 = Agree; 5 = Strongly Agree.

1. I feel the story was easy to follow.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

.....

2. I do not feel the concepts presented in the story are useful as a teaching device.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

.....

3. I am not familiar with the health benefits of exercise in the prevention of cardiovascular disease.

1 2 3 4 5

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4. I think the story needs more illustrations.

1 2 3 4 5

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5. I feel the story emphasized the importance of family.

1 2 3 4 5

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Appendix E continued

Questionnaire for Assessing Effectiveness of
“Mo‘olelo” as a Native Hawaiian Culture Teaching Device

6. I do not feel the story is restricted to the Hawaiian population.

1 2 3 4 5

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7. I feel that the idea of “going back and making things right” was appropriately placed within the context of the story.

1 2 3 4 5

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8. I do not feel the story should have included the idea that ancestors come back to you in different forms.

1 2 3 4 5

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9. I feel the story reflected the idea that names have meaning.

1 2 3 4 5

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10. I feel it was appropriate that the grandfather’s bones were placed in the cave.

1 2 3 4 5

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11. What do you feel is the appropriate age group for this story?

.....

.....

12. Do you have any comments, recommendations, or other concerns in regard to “Mo‘olelo”?

Appendix F

Questionnaire For Assessing Effectiveness of
“Mo‘olelo” as a Exercise Physiology Teaching Device

Direction: please rate and fill out the following questions using this scale:

1 = Strongly Disagree; 2 = Disagree; 3 = Undecided; 4 = Agree; 5 = Strongly Agree.

1. I feel the story was easy to follow.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

.....

2. I do not feel the concepts presented in the story are useful as a teaching device.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

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3. I am not familiar with the health benefits of exercise in the prevention of cardiovascular disease.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

.....

4. I think the story needs more illustrations.

1 2 3 4 5

.....

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5. I feel the story emphasized the importance of family.

1 2 3 4 5

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.....

Appendix F continued

Questionnaire For Assessing Effectiveness of
“Mo’olelo” as a Exercise Physiology Teaching Device

6. I do not feel the story is restricted to the Hawaiian population.

1 2 3 4 5

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7. I do not feel fitness and health was placed within the context of the story.

1 2 3 4 5

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8. I feel the Surgeon General’s recommendation to decrease the risk of disease was included in the story.

1 2 3 4 5

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9. I did not feel the risk factors for cardiovascular disease were discussed in the story.

1 2 3 4 5

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10. I feel the FITT principle should have been included within the context of the story.

1 2 3 4 5

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11. What do you feel is the appropriate age group for this story?

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12. Do you have any comments, recommendations, or other concerns in regard to “Mo’olelo”?

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Appendix G
Cover Letter

Kristy Stuart
P.O. Box 534
Boulder Creek, CA 95006
Home Phone (831) 338-9843
E-mail: knstuart@juno.com

Expert's address:

Dear Expert:

I am a graduate student majoring in Exercise Physiology in the Department of Human Performance at San Jose State University, California. Presently, I am working on my Master's thesis research, "Mo'olelo: A Native Hawaiian story, ritual, and dance". Originally the story was going to be created for individuals 11-14 years old. However, due to the complexity of the issues and ideas discussed within the story, the target age changed to individuals over the age of 15 years.

In my research, I will be measuring the story's effectiveness as a teaching device. A total of four experts have been chosen in the following fields: Native Hawaiian culture, adolescent literature, and exercise physiology. I have selected you as one of these experts.

Enclosed is a package containing a story, a questionnaire and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. I ask that you review the story. For effective feedback, please respond to the questionnaire *without* placing your name on it. Then, please return the questionnaire as well as the story in the self-addressed, stamped envelope within two weeks.

No risks and/or benefits are anticipated to result from your participation in this study. You should also understand that your participation is voluntary and that choosing not to participate in any part of this study, will not affect your relations with San José State University.

The results of this study may be published, but any information that could result in your identification will remain confidential. Please maintain this copy of the consent form for human subjects' rights. I truly appreciate your time and cooperation. If you have questions about this study, I will be happy to talk with you. I can be reached at (831) 338-9843. If you have questions or complaints about research subjects' rights, please contact Nabil Ibrahim, Ph.D., Associate Vice President for Graduate Studies and Research, at (408) 924-2480.

Thank you,

Kristy Noël Stuart