

MY HAWAII

By

Cliff Hanger

Copyright Brett Paufler, 5-15-09

Characters & Locales (alphabetically arranged?)

NAME: followed by a brief description, introductory joke. Shooting for 5 lines and 50 words, but Anne's at 15 & 200 is satisfactory. Joke is key. Whatever it takes to hit.

(Kami, Kimo, [37] heckling)

STORY:

ANNE: was married for something like 150-years. It was a good marriage, a solid marriage, and a happy marriage. And Anne grieved her husband terrible when he finally passed away. Her grief was so terrible, in fact, that when she finally recovered enough to get on with here life, she realized the only friend she had left in the whole wide world was her cat, Fluffy. Now, Fluffy is a fine cat and I'm knocking him in the least. But pretty soon Anne realized she was going to need a little more in her life that just a cat or she might as well be dead. So without further ado, ole Anne pulled up her roots and moved to Lihi'i -- a place she remembered fondly from her youth, having gotten married here and all.

Of course after the move, Fluffy was still Anne's best friend, but since he's a gregarious sort of fellow and happy to share his food (provided there's plenty of it to go around), all of the mongooses on the island introduced themselves to him one by one.

And that pretty much brings us up to date. The only tragic part of the tale being that Anne is a vegetarian... and neither a cat's nor a mongoose's digestive track is designed to deal with toffee, peanut brittle, cantaloupe, or celery.

(It smell!)

(Bad.)

(Real bad.)

(Like cross the street to get away from it bad.)
(But that still no do no good.)
(I tink maybe it the worst thing I ever smell...
[Leading to a story about not taking a bath, I'm guessing]
---- Dry Spell - 3 oclock rain stops,
mixed with Yard and Marijuana
& De-Da story (Army Or College)

CLIFF: after his second marriage fell apart, Cliff Hanger -- international man of mystery, agent provocateur, and all around swell guy -- was looking for a change of pace: something a little more relaxing, something a little more rewarding, and something just a little more comfortable than his sister's couch. So with the eager help of his brother in law, who was happy to see Cliff back on his feet and out the door, Cliff Hanger -- dashing hero, rugged fool, and Kala's gift to women the world round -- landed a new job with the State Department acting as the United States official attaché to the remote island territory known only as Lihi'i. Unfortunately, the job was not as easy as he had been lead to believe by his brother in law. No, sir-re! Beyond acting as a Cultural Liaison, he was also expected to fill out a five page report -- each and every month! Typed! And in triplicate!

(Ah, what you complain about, you no type up; Lihi do that. And all that change from month to month be the date. Everything else always the same.)

(No. No. He got to change what sort of {CANDY BAR} he order.)

(Oh, yeah-yeah. Dat be hard.)

(So many choices.)

(Et be the Reeses.)

(The peanut butter cup.)

(And that other one.)

(What other one?)

(I forget. Hey, Cliff. What you order this week?)

----Unpacking - Cliff takes his time unpacking (doesn't have to work till he does)

THIRTY SEVEN: is a no nonsense, pragmatic, down to earth sort of gal; that's why she flies an airplane for a living. They say Thirty Seven got her name from the number on her aeroplane, but which came first -- the number or the name -- only she can tell, but she's not, so no else knows, and there you are. One thing is for certain, however, Thirty Seven sure has a strong affinity for that particular number and you can bet that if only the right units could be found, one would find that Thirty Seven is exactly 37 (blanks) old and 37 (blanks) tall...

Um, we shall stop there, since it is well known fact throughout the territory of Lihi'i that adverse physical consequences soon befall anyone foolish enough to flesh out such a list any further. So as to mention anything further regarding Thirty Seven's curvaceous physique...

(Oh, whoa! Hey, there! You be careful, Cliff.)

(Yeah, you skating on thin ice.)

Um, yes.

So, limiting ourselves to the things we can say about Thirty Seven with... er, um, impunity, we know that she tears the 37th page out of each and every book, catalog, and magazine that she delivers to the island in her duties as Mail Lady; the cost of a flight on Thirty Seven's airplane -- Old No. 37 -- is always exactly \$37 (all seats first class, non-smoking with choice of beverage and snack included... trick flying, loop-de-loops, and barf bags optional); and that 37 is the number of times Cliff had to ask Thirty Seven out on a date before she finally succumbed to his charms and said yes.

However, if any of this should lead you to believe that Thirty Seven is a wee bit superstitious, keep such thoughts to yourself: everyone knows saying stuff like that is bad luck.

(So why you say it? You not too smart. You never catch me saying something like that.

Like what?

Oh, no. You not catch me so easy.)

Zero - Japanese fighter pilot, Japanese Attack (tourists, WWII flashback, reunion)----

KIMO: with the blood of Hawaiian royalty flowing through his veins, Kimo is the unofficial protector of the island. Of course, this purely honorific title might have more to do with his truly immense, awe-inspiring, larger than life size than anything else. Which is to say, there is no scale on Lihi'i that is large enough to hold Kimo -- let alone, weigh him. But depending on who you ask, they'll tell you that Kimo weighs as much as three, four, five, six, or even seven ordinary men.

In fact, Kimo is so large that it is quite easy to believe the rumor that he once won a tug-of-war against a pair of army jeeps and thereby saved the island from invasion. No mean feat that, even if the jeeps were bogged down in sand at the time.

But perhaps most importantly, Kimo is the only man alive who may sit in the Throne of the Gods... under pain of death -- a slow painful death reminiscent of being buried alive or suffocating under the crushing weight of the ocean.

(What Cliff mean to say is that Kimo sit on you, he see you sitting in the Throne of the Gods.

He don't say hi.

He don't say move.

He just sit on you, like you no even there.

Let me tell you, you don't make that mistake twice.)

-----The Barge - twice year barge comes to town, local boys want more money (than the \$100/each to unload), Kami wants Cliff to force them to work, comes with materials, everyone else gets a little addition (roof, bathtub, sink, window, door) (if Kami was going to use the metal siding, then why let it rust on the ground??)

LIHI: before Lihi was out of diapers, she had learned to read, write, answer the phone, take dictation, and in all other ways run a small, out of the way, territorial office. And then before she was seven, she had also learned how to write an environmental impact study, file a grievance, petition for a stay of construction, and in all other ways keep the contaminating influences of Western Civilization at bay and off the island of Lihi'i.

It's sort of odd (after you've listened to yet another one of Lihi's back-to-nature/anti-progress diatribes) to consider how much time Lihi chooses to spend "keeping her eye on the man," by which, of course, she means taking college level correspondence courses.

(Hey, why you no mention she only nine?)

(Or that she the orphan?)

Oddly enough, I was going to tell the story of how Lihi came to be adopted by the island of Lihi'i and thereby came to live in the Liaison's Headquarters.

(I wasn't adopted by Lihi'i. And I'm not an orphan. I'm Kimo and Sarah's niece.)

Notice how she doesn't deny the part about where she lives.

----- Lihi, petition to get Cliff kicked off island?

FATHER CROSS: is perhaps the only missionary in the South Pacific who provides on-demand counseling to grief stricken ghosts, regularly welcomes visiting deities to his Sunday service,

and runs a remedial school for wayward spirits... to which all the local children are invited. But don't think Father Cross is all fun and games, he maintains a strict policy concerning homework, which must be completed and handed in at the beginning of class by all students in attendance: be they Menehunes, Gods of War, or friends of a friend of a friend visiting from a neighboring island. Needless to say, he's probably not the most conservative of preachers, and he would, no doubt, have been fired long ago by his superiors on the mainland if he could not boast a staggering 100% conversion ratio on the island -- the exact denomination to which this refers, of course, varies according to needs of the moment and which church is currently offering the most lucrative incentive package for new recruits.

(I think I the Buddhist Muslim Fundamentalist New Age Christian Jew for Jehovah.)

(Oh, that too long to remember. I all know is, I believe! I believe! Uh... Father Cross, I forget. What exactly I believe in today?)

-----Missionary Church Group

DADA: is a Jack-of-all-trades completer of none. And as such, his half finished projects dot the landscape; including a line of fence posts delightfully free of stringers; a garden plot laid out and tilled -- all as nice as can be -- but which has never been sown with a single seed; and an old time dugout canoe, which still awaits the first stroke of an ax six years after the tree has been felled. But to be fair, all of this only provides half the picture, an incomplete image of the whole. Up at dawn, Dada is the consummate surfer. And until late in the night, he can be found sitting by the fire happy to share all that he has with whoever may care to join him. And should there ever be a luau in the making, Dada is always the first to arrive... and the first to pitch in, ready to help with the catching and the cooking, not to mention the tasting of the treat of the day. But come time to clean up, or attach the doors to a building once made... well, rest assured, Dada will get to it one of these days. I

mean, why rush to finish one job when after it's done countless others await?

(Yeah, yeah. Dada finish da one job, and everybody want him to finish the rest. He never get 'em done.)

(Shssh. He ever do that, I owe him millions. This way -- half done -- I no owe him no money and everybody happy. It all win-win)

(You mean it Kami win, Kami win.)

(It same thing.)

{{Probably a goddess story in there somewhere... Flower Goddess}}

----House cleaning service, yard work, message service, canoe taxi

Pau Hana (means done with work, work over... as in, that boy, Pau Hana)

KAMI: runs the only hotel, bar, restaurant, general store, laundry, tailor service, and savings and loan on the island. I'm probably missing a few dozen entrepreneurial pursuits in there, but seeing as how I've never seen a business license for any of these concerns, you'll have to forgive their omission.

On the mainland, Kami would most certainly be known as a tightwad, a skinflint, and a miser; and no doubt, crowds would gather from far and wide to watch this most beguiling of magicians squeeze the blood from a turnip after he made a penny cry. You might think I exaggerate, but I kid you not. Kami works magic with money. He's the type of guy who can wake up with no more than a penny to his name, and somehow by the end day, he will have turned that penny into a crisp, new fifty dollar bill. And he does this relentlessly, day in and day out.

(You start the day with only da single penny, Kami?)

I never knew.

Dat bad.

Here, Kami, here be da quarter.

Who else got da nickel? Da dime?

See, we take up a collection, Kami.
Give you da day off.
You work too hard, anyhow.
You slow down.
You take it easy.
You keep pushing so hard, something bad happen.
So here, take another quarter.
Tommorow, you take the vacation, take the day off.)
He took the vacation once... tax man. Looking for the Sam
Lee.

Tax Evasion: no Sam Lee on this island, that's Kami, --
You're a good man),---

AUNTIE: has been around for a long time. If I was going to tell a tall tale, I'd say she arrived with that first boatload of Polynesian settlers going on nigh near a thousand years ago. But if the truth be told, we all know she arrived before them, built a hotel with her husband in anticipation of their arrival, and started charging everybody rent from the very moment they arrived.

All of which is to say, Auntie is an astute businesswoman. But her days of plunder are far behind her. These days, Auntie is much more interested in singing with her friends the birds or perfecting her coconut cream pie -- already delightfully light and airy -- than scrambling after any more money.

(She no scramble. You ever see Auntie scramble? She no scramble. The money, it just come to her.)

(It magic.)

(It **spooky**, dat what it is.)

{build hotel story}]

{Ghost Story, Pearl, gold coin story??? Auntie as hero???)

-After Poke

NINJA: they say Ninja got his wires crossed at birth -- a Chinaman who thinks he's Japanese... all the way down to the clothes, comic books, funky haircut, and love of giant robots. In the end, he's the only reason -- which is to say, it is by his efforts alone -- that the island stays connected to the outside world. He is a genius with electronics. And no doubt, he'll own the entire radio spectrum someday -- all the way from the AM to the PM. But that is someday, in a far off future. In the meantime, Ninja appears content to play his games and practicing at being a hero.

(He no need practice, he real hero. Without that signal, I never get no business.)

(Eh? Maybe you should give him reward, yeah?)

(No, no. I think that against the hero code)

{Incident of the gold dublon}

{And or, keeping the signal going (maybe best if before, mix with tidal wave???)}

-----The Great Race - Ninja and Poke race around island
(after fight, sort of)

PEARL: Miss Lihi'i for three years running, Pearl has stolen more hearts than she knows what to do with...

So now, she just leaves them where they fall...

Which would be at the foot of any young man foolish enough to set his sights on a Daughter of the Sea.

(Oh, Cliff go too far dis time.)

(How you say something like that and expect us to believe that?)

(Yeah, yeah. All dem hearts lying about, we bound to trip over one or two.)

(They clutter up da place...)

(Hey you think there market for second hand hearts?)

{Mermaid story, but I really have no idea which, sailor of old, princess??? Kai is the sea}

----Doubloon or Nothing - Pearl finds, turns into necklace, perhaps during the barge visit, turns up mud, Pearl finally finds something (could sell to barge operator, Kami, but decides to have it made into necklace by Anne instead)

SARAH: is the island's communal mother, always the first to help with a project, play in a game, or take in a stray -- be they man, beast, or lonely little girl. When the services of this soft spoken matron are not in demand, she is so quiet, she can stand beside you and you never will notice her until you are in need of something -- a tool, a sandwich, a break, or kind encouraging word. And then, there she will be offering whatever you need in outstretched hands, smiling and waiting patiently for you to take notice.

(Oh, we notice all right.)

(We just don't make big deal of it. Otherwise, it might go to her head.)

(Yeah, everybody know she make da best sushi.)

(Or da lilikoi lemonaide when you're thirsty)

(Or the LomiLomi... don't want to sell the LomiLomi short... or da KissiKissi, she pretty good at that one, too.)

(I know no about that.)

Me neither. I'll just take your word on that Kimo.

{unsung hero, remains unsung??? Don't know}}

POKE: no one's really sure how Poke got his name or whether he was named after the fish or the food. But one thing is for sure, he is to Ninja as Tonto is to the Long Ranger or Robin is to the Caped Crusader. They are complementary and inseparable. Where the one goes, the other invariably follows... if not already leading the way.

(Yeah, leading the other into trouble you mean.)

(Eh, you never know which one running the show.)

(Oh, I know dat. I just say, he tricky enough. Et compliment. Sometimes I think maybe he my son.)

(Eh, you just say that because he over all the time.)

(Yeah... maybe I charge him rent.)

(Yeah... maybe he start charging you for all the errands he run for you.)

(Eh, you right. I think it over, et bad idea. Hey, boss, you going to tell story or what. I think I close to loosing money here. You got to save me)

-----Boys will be Boys (& Girls will be girls), radio everyone wants a piece of the action, Lihi looking for an education and that scholarship (Kami already dealt with in #2), Elders, Kimono among them have their boys listening to radio for sports results ---

GRANDPA LOLO: in the days of old, when sugar was king, and robber barons ruled the land, a young Philippine immigrant quickly realized that a life spent working in the fields of another wasn't the dream he had signed up for. So setting out in a boat one night -- destination unknown -- it was only by luck that Granda Lolo alighted on the shores of Lihi'i... where he was quick to find true love and the life of his dreams tending his own small patch of sugar and taro.

(Good thing dat, too.)

(I surprised to hear you say dat.)

(Eh, no one else want to work on dis island. He no competition to me. Beside, I could never get a tomato to taste like Grandpa Lolo can.)

(Or dem onions, so sweet.)

(Or da strawberry. He deliver dem in baskets I sell to da... I mean, dose baskets must fall apart or something -- dey just dissapear dey so cheap...)

(Yeah, we know what you mean)

{How Tutu and Lolo came to live under the waterfalls, with We've running from the plantation poachers??? Army????}

GRANDMA TUTU: descended from the priestesses and wise women of old, Tutu knows all the lore there is to know... and then some. She can make a tea out of that pink crazy grass that'll sooth your aching head, a poultice from swamp mud that will break your fever, or hum a soothing melody that will carry your soul far away, into another world. And it is there -- far away but still right here -- that Tutu spends most of her time as she pounds taro into poi and gives life to a place others have long since forgotten.

(She just keeping her eye on it. She just want to make sure it still be there when it her turn to go.)

(Hey, you no say that)

(What, it no mean spirited. It no curse. It just like Dada polishing his surfboard on da day when da ocean is flat. Someday the waves be rolling in dat world of hers, and when that happen, Tutu going to paddle out, and she no never come back. You see. And she have smile on her face the entire time.)

(Yeah, that easy bet. You win for sure. She always have da great big smile on her face)

{Pe'la, school kids? Menehunes no homework}

---- Farmer's market, bake sale (poha berry oat colashes, lilikoi cheesecake),

KANE: is a good son -- and a man's man. Whenever he can, Kane helps his father in the fields and his mother by the fire. But Kane always has an ear to the ocean, listening for the call. And when it beckons -- be it day or night, rain or shine -- there is no stopping him. He'll drop whatever he is doing -- be it the letter he is reading or the conversation he is holding -- and silently walk to where his boat patiently awaits. And then, without looking back or saying a word, Kane will paddle swiftly away, soon to disappear over the horizon, where he will stay for days, and weeks, and months on end with no one for company but Kia -- the watery sea.

(He another crazy one.)

(Yeah, he is! He hear Kia be mad, feathers all ruffled and hurricane on way, and what he do? He hop in boat and meet her halfway?)

(Like I say, he crazy. Now I think of it, this island full of all kinds of crazy. Maybe I leave. Go somewhere sane.)

(Yeah, you leave, sure. Where else you go, you fit in so well?)

{Tsunami story only Kane and Mano at sea. Or race between brothers for Kiwi?}

MANO: is a recluse, pure and simple. Oh, lots of folks on Lihī'i like their space, but not like Mano. If he learns you're planning on dropping by for a visit or to chat for a spell, he'll hide in the jungle or hop in his boat and simply sail away. Of course, seeing as how he lives on the deserted rain swept side of the island, he doesn't have to do this very often: and for the most part, folks have sort of gotten the hint and stay away. But every once in a while, Mano's particular set of talents will be required and someone will go looking for him... only to find him already on the scene. Because the fact is, the Gods of Old seem to smile on Mano a bit more than the rest. But there would be little opportunity for another living soul to learn this first hand, for ever since Kiwi left, Mano keeps mainly to himself... the jungle, the sky, and the sea.

(This be the tragic story. I think I already start to cry.)

(Yeah, what give, Cliff? I thought you only do the happy-happy story?)

(Hey, yeah. What with that? Why you even mention Mano at all?)

Mano is part of our ohana... even if we are not part of his. But we all know why that is, his heart is broken... as it has been ever since Kiwi went away.

(See, I told you it tragic.)

(Da love stories always are.)

OK, so maybe I no tell the story about how Mano race Kane around island, only to find Kiwi gone when they crossed the finish

line. I tell you more better story, yeah? I tell you the story of when Mano won the surfing contest. Mano not only beat Kane, he beat Dada, and that guy from the coast.

(That Dude?)

Yeah, that Dude, the guy from the coast.

{Mano wins surfing contest... hands down??}

MR. HARRISON: Tom to you. Of course, I'm not one to talk -- not of Mr. Harrison. When Tom retired as attaché some ten odd years ago, they said his shoes would never get filled... and so far they are right. I will not pretend to be as great a man as he, for he is the one who made Lihi'i what it is today; which is to say, he is the one who enabled Lihi'i to stay as it was, fall under the radar, and cling to its past. And in the end, you can't really improve on that -- no matter how hard you try. But I will give you one bit of advise that you may wish to consider should you ever find yourself in a situation like mine, walking down the same road that a man like Tom has walked down before: step lightly, follow in your predecessor's footsteps as best that you can, and hope that in time all traces of your passing will be washed away like footprints in the sand.

(Huh? What you say? You get all philosophical there, Cliff. You loose me.)

(It sound all mushy-mushy romantic, you ask me. I think Cliff say he sorry he no meet Tom, wish he had the chance to walk down the beach hand in hand, their footsteps washing away in the sand.)

(It queer sight, you ask me.)

(Hey, yeah. I thought Thirty Seven your girlfriend, Cliff. You go on like that, she going to get jealous.)

(Yeah, yeah. Beside, Tom no your type. He married. He got the family. You be the **house wrecker** you no watch out.)

{House wrecker, Tom builds up, but then time to leave. Eco/lecture. Story of how he broght Father Cross over to act as buffer at his leaving}

MRS. HARRISON: Betty to you, lived her life like a missionary's wife. Before Father Cross arrived, Betty was the school marm, and it was she who invited Lord Ku into the classroom. But her efforts at appeasing the spirits of the island were not limited to Gods of War, Betty was also responsible for organizing the Happily Ever After Quilting Society: an organization to which any lady of the isle could attend and which, by its very existence, all but eliminated malicious hauntings. But Betty's greatest coop of all may have been when she conscripted all of the Menehunes on the island into a scouting organization known as the Lihi'i Scouts.

(Oh, you tink that her gratest achievement? You not here at the time. It disaster. How many cookies a guy got to buy to keep the peace anyhow?)

(What you talking about? That great era! I never ate so many cookies in my entire life.)

(You no complain because you no have to buy. I almost go bankrupt)

{Kami buys cookies, Kimo eats in contest (against Dada, and rest of island combined)}

{Pinewood derby, but where get pine, so it's a Sandalwood bowl carving contest, with prize being more cookies??}

KIWI: if she had been born anywhere else, Kiwi might have dreamed of becoming a ballerina, but seeing as how she was fated to be a daughter of Lihi'i, her dream was to become a hula dancer, and in this she excelled. They say no one could tell a story quite like Kiwi could. And when she got down on her knees and begged for rain, even the gods above would cry. However, like all little girls, Kiwi eventually grew up; and when she did, she moved away. They say she went to Harvard, married a congressman, and eventually had a daughter of her own. Poor child, doomed to live her life somewhere else and never experience the joy that is Lihi'i. But who knows, perhaps someday her mother will return. And if

Kiwi ever does, you can rest assured that both Kane and Mano will be standing on the shore, awaiting her arrival, and wondering who she will chose... this time.

(Hey! I thought we agreed you no tell that story.)

(Yeah, it sad.)

(It like you think we have no feelings.)

(Hey, speaking of feelings, you think Kiwi teach her little girl how to hula?)

(I bet she talk story like nobody's business.)

{Kiwi daughter Kiri returns for visit, her and Lihi would certainly get along... or at least, you would think}

HIRO: is named after the Japanese God of Thieves. And because of this unwarranted association, he works doubly hard, perhaps as hard as anyone else on the island. But despite his efforts, no one believes he is an honest man.

(Of course, he no honest man.)

(Et like you never hear da stories. Hiro steal the sunshine. He steal the rain. He always stealing something)

(Et no like he have to steal from you and me...)

(Yeah, we like family. He no steal from us.)

(But the rest, you can bet he steal from the rest.)

(And den some day, da rest come looking for what he take. Dey want it back.)

(You no want to be around when that happen.)

(No, siree.

{steals the three sister's hearts all at once}

RAUL: Raul's amaku'a must be the pua'a, because he has a certain affinity for the animal. He doesn't even have to hunt them. He just walks into the jungle and an hour later a wild boar is trotting after him, following him home, grunting and squealing with joy, no idea of the terrible fate which awaits him. And perhaps this, more than anything else, describes Raul to the core.

(Yeah, I say. But pau'a not his totem. You add da extra letter. Dat boy be pau before he even start. Where he anyway?)

(I think he go to sleep.)

(What dis early?)

(Like you say, he Pau. Maybe we just change his name.)

{Out in jungle, hunting for pig, sitting by jungles edge, all quite, thinking he avoiding work, but instead he sees all -- The Witness,}

THE THREE SISTERS: are not as one, but they are never far apart.

Tehani is long and tall, refreshingly honest like a cold drink of water on a hot summer day.

Miri is short, petite, and full of passion. She is more akin to a glass of spicy punch whose flavor changes from moment to moment, sip after sip. One minute she love you long time and the next... she simple won't.

Nanihi, on the other hand, is everything a man could want in a woman... and more. They say it is not possible to overlook Nanihi. And I am inclined to agree. But although she may seem to be a bit much at first, her heart is so big, her generous nature always wins out in the end.

(Hey, you no say what type of drink Nanihi like.)

(Yeah, you got Miri right wit da punch... dat girl knock you out you no be careful. She pack da wallop. And Tehani... I no know. I think she more like da ice tea, than water. But Nanihi you no say one way or the other. What give?)

(Yeah, yeah. Out with it Meester. What you hiding?)

(Maybe he have da sip?)

(Dat it? You think maybe you gonna tell us she taste like da passionfruit? And den you think better of it; you no want Thirty Seven to know, so you keep quiet?)

Let's just put an end to this. I was thinking of something along the lines of milk for Nanihi, a nice tall glass of milk... but

then, I got to thinking that she is sweeter than that -- and more hearty -- so let's go with a chocolate shake.

(Or, da root beer float. What you think 'bout that, Nanihi?)
[I'd go more for strawberries and cream...]

(Oh, dat good.)

(So, now you know.)

{Hula story, how they met the Raul & Hiro, why the sisters all love Raul and Hiro}

The Lani's: sometimes it seems to me like the sisters three (Tehani, Miri, & Nanihi) are having an informal contest as to who can have the most kids; but they are so good natured about it, none of them can bring themselves to pull ahead and take the lead. Nanihi had three on the field, beating Miri and Tehani out, but she's sitting on the sidelines this round, so soon enough it will be all even again, a three way tie at three, three, and three.

(You maka dem sound like da livestock.)

(Or like it da horse race.)

Um, yeah. Sorry about that. Bottom line. I like the Lani's. Even if it did take me a year to learn each of their names... seeing as, you know, they tend to travel together in one swarming herd.

(Der you go with that animal motif again.)

(Yeah, what give there, boss man?)

Me, I blame the Lani's themselves.

(He would.)

(He never take da personal responsibility for his actions.)

(Bad upbringing.)

(He da slacker through and through.)

And so I know the quality well, and recognize it when I see it in another.

Now, now. Before you start in on me again, hear me out. The Lani's aren't slackers, but they are like the proverbial birds of a feather...

{Flower goddess, swirl, one get blamed, god going for revenge, but never know who???) (the Lani's) story why Lani's

prefer to go by the name of Lani, rather than their individual???
Benefits of all??? Prevent one from going away???

Rent (Hawaiian Independence) want rent from the tourists for the use of the beach and jungle. Cliff is brought in to arbitrate (forced into middle). Settles on Kami throwing a Luau every Sunday (on behalf of the tourists for the islanders. Establishes Cliff as resident judge -- not that he wasn't.

Ku: is the island's resident God of War. Although he gets into mischief on occasion -- inciting a petty argument here or a short lived feud there -- for the most part, Ku has retired and spends his time studying history with the other children at Father Cross's school. They say he is obsessed with discovering what went wrong during his last campaign, so that if he ever gets the chance, he will be able to slough off the unbelievably oppressive shackles of his present imperialistic masters.

(Dat sound sort of sarcastic, der. He sound sarcastic to you, Kimo?)

(You better watch it, Cliff. Someday Ku rise again. No God of War ever stay quiet forever.)

(Dat right, and when he do, you no want to be on his bad side.)

Yeah, that sort of brings up an interesting point.

(I see you'd got dat twinkle in your eye, Cliffy ole' boy. So, I just warn you in advance. We throw da heretics into da volcano around these parts.)

Just as long as you throw me into the extinct one off Pahoihoi Point, you know, in the water there.

(You no take us seriously, huh?)

(OK. Dat it. You grab his legs, Kami. We gonna sacrafice da haole.)

Just hold up, there. Before you start working on my punishment, maybe you should just listen to my story first.

(Dat maybe sound reasonable.)

(Maybe... but not nearly so much fun. What say we just throw Cliffy off da side of da mountain and we listen to his story on way down.)

(If it good story, we can always say sorry when he go bouncy-bouncy at bottom.)

Yeah-yeah. Ha-ha. OK, I'm sorry. For whatever reason, it seems that Ku's tale has gotten off to a bad start, on the wrong foot, as it were. So, please forgive me.

(You no really sound sorry.)

(Yeah, he no really sound sorry. He actually sound sort of annoyed.)

I am annoyed. Now, let me tell my story.

(Your story? You going to tell the story about Ku and you call it your story?)

Well, maybe it is my story. You should, at least, let me start before you decide.

(No, no. I think it better we decide first.)

(Yeah, I with Kimo. We decide first... What we decide, Kimo?)

Perhaps what you have decided is that you are friends, that you will stick together, and that whatever the one decides to do the other will follow.

(Dat sound reasonable.)

(Et good plan you ask me.)

And that is what Ku is all about. Not only is Ku the God of War, but his name is also used to denote a friend.

(Yeah, sure. Dat be because da friend be someone worth fighting for.)

(Or, who fight for you.)

Yes... precisely

{who does Ku, fight for, who is his friend -- or better yet, who will fight for him -- Father Cross

Pe'la: was the first Goddess I encountered...
(What it, Cliff. Sounds like you be blaspheming again.)
I would think it would be more of the blasphemy if I denied
Pe'la. On my first day here, I hit my head pretty hard...
(Dat be pretty funny, you tell that story now?)
If you ever give me the chance.
(OK. We let you.)
(Oh, yeah. We be quiet. Dis good story. I like dis story)
(Et one of my favorite.)
(Me, too. Et great, Cliff just cream his head.)
(He go up. He go down.)
(Dat good bit. You act it out this time, Cliff?)
If you'll just let me tell the story in my own way.
(Hey, I got da idea. Maybe we help when da time comes.)
(Yeah, yeah. Cliff stand up, we come from behind... et be da
big hit. Eberybody laugh.)
No, thanks.
(You no know what you missing.)
And let's leave it that way.
{Bump head, Pe'la down by Poihoihoi and the ghosts of the
night}

Paka'ka: is perhaps the most gregarious entity on the island. He is everywhere all the time, putting his nose into everything, and helping out whenever he can by blowing through clothes to dry them out, directing Pe'la's vented smoke away from the island, and turning the blades on the wind-powered generator -- Lihi's sole source of electricity.

Of course, even if there is no work to be done, you can still hear Paka'ka's sweet voice singing in the breeze or whistling through the trees, or see his face every afternoon as he runs down the pali and ushers in the rain.

(Cliff, you holding out on us? Share and share alike, I say. If you got da crazy-loco poco-weed, you should bring it out. Et bad luck to smoke alone.)

(Yeah, yeah. And don't be saying how you already share with Paka, everyone share with Paka, every breath, so he no count.)

And now who be blaspheming?

(Eh, you take it wrong way. Paka'ka know what I mean.)

Don't be too sure about that...

{Kona wind, everything go backwards. So, what to do? Wind clock backwards, fool him!

Maka'pali: lives in the lowlands surrounding the lagoon among Grandma Tutu's flowers and Grandpa Lolo's fruits. She does not come out to play everyday; but when she is in the mood, and her lover, Paka'ka, blows strong, you can see her take form... in a whirlwind of petals in the lowlands or a spout of water dancing offshore.

(You make Maka'pali sound like da thing of beauty.)

(She dangerous one, Cliff. You be careful.)

Beautiful things are often dangerous. I think Thirty Seven is an adequate case in point.

[Oh, you just be careful now, darling.]

(Yeah, yeah, you be careful now, darling.)

{Massage after hula. Spinning form of flowers, vision... take him dancing... Zephyr get mad)

Kala: is without a doubt the best friend a haole could have on the island: he is newcomer's delight. In fact, they say Lih'i owes its very existence to Kala's good nature. While walking across the ocean one day, Kala sat down to rest; but before he got up, a bird had alighted on him. Rather than disturb the bird, its nest, or its eggs, Kala decided to wait for the chicks to grow-up and fly away. But before the first brood flew away, another pair of birds came to

roost, and then another, and another, and another; and that's the way it's been ever since.

(Eh, Cliff, you no tell the whole story, there.)

(Yeah, dat right. Kala, he no be all nicey-nice.)

Well, OK. The story does go on about how you have to crack a few eggs to make an omelet.

(How dat, Cliff?)

(Why you talking about da food, now. You hungry or something?)

(Yeah. Point is, Kala has his dark side, not dat he's da short order cook or something.)

Um, I was trying to be discrete guys. Let's just say that although Kala may be the god of tourism, good times, and corny luau's, he has been known to extract a terrible price for his benevolence.)

(You still be beating around the da bush der, Cliffy.)

(Dat Kala, he be one mean dude. You no want to cross him.)

Yet all the time, people still do.

(Hey, Cliff. You speak for yourself, you hear?)

(Yeah, yeah. I just scoot away a bit before you start you on this here story. No want Kala to get confused and think I the one talking.)

Is that so? Me, I'm thinking your current lack of faith in Kala's ability to hit the right target is pretty darn disrespectful...

(Oh, hey der, Cliff. I just joke. Ha, ha. You no be spiteful about it and weave da story the wrong way.)

Me, never... and oddly neither Kala, too. It's hard to hold a grudge when your vengeance tends to be spot-on, immediate, and overpowering.

{Father Cross, a tourist, and the lua}

Menehunes: legend would have it that the Menehunes are a smallish dark-skinned race who posses exceptional skill when it comes to moving rocks about. But I think all that stuff about them being stone masons sells them a bit short. Like Leprechauns,

Fairies, and the little people of a thousand different lands, the Menehunes like a good party, a clever tale, or a practical joke; and wherever there is one, the Menehunes can never be far behind.

(Dat why you gots to keep the stories all nice-nice, Cliff.)

(Yeah. Dem Menehunes be known to act on what they hear.

And if dey hear it wrong...)

(Or you slip on the lip...)

(Watch out.)

I suppose that was a problem... {visiting preacher, missionary}

{Island Scouts, fond of church, school, but not sitting still or doing homework}

37 - Intermission

(OK, Cliff, dat make 37...)

Are you sure?

(Yeah, I count them as you go. Maybe you slip up because you no count the Three Sisters, Seven Lani's, or take into account that them Menehunes always be traveling in pairs. Sometimes they be more, but I give you the break and just call it the two.)

Well then, as we all know, only 37 folks live on Lihi'i. So, I'll just have to move on to the folks who, if they don't live on the island proper live next to and around Lihi'i.

(Hey, wait just the second, before you go on, Cliff. I got the bone to pick with my "friend," here. If you can count to 37, Kami, den how come you always skip dat number whenever you make da change? You always go 34, 35, 36... and den it's be straight to 38. What happen to the 37? I always figure you no so smart and so let it go, but if you can count, I figure you owe me some change...

(Oh, yeah, dat? We get to dat later. Right now, Cliff about to tell another story, right Cliffe? I say, right Cliffe? Um, Cliffe?)

Maybe we should just explain that whole thing...

{Thirty Seven's Story about 37}

Ted the Talking Turtle: there are a lot of turtles who live in the lagoon. And for the most, they are normal turtles and like to keep their distance. But among them is one -- Ted the Talking Turtle -- who not only enjoys the company of man... but acts like the crudest and rudest among them.

(I think Cliff go too far. He pulling our leg, now, for the sure.)

(Turtle like that, we bound to have seen him.)

(Besides, how can a turtle act like a man?)

Well, if you listen, I'll tell you

{tequila, worm, cigarettes Dada shares the pipe at Lihi's birth}

Wewe'li'li: is the only mermaid I know who follows the stock market. It seems she found a treasure trove a few years back, and it has been her passion ever since to squeeze the highest level of returns that she can from her investments.

(Oh, dis be good.)

(Yeah, yeah. Dis I got to hear.)

What? You guys sound skeptical.

(We no doubt you see mermaid.)

(And Wewe'li'li, good name. I think I hear that name before.)

(But mermaid care about anything other than how she look? Me no think this for real.)

(Yeah, yeah. You say maybe she want to be the pop star? Maybe the super model? Dis I believe. But interested in the stock market? Der no way. How she talk to her broker? How she do the trade? There no radio down at the beach.

Well, funny you should ask...

{When they tried to hook Lihi'i up to the trans pacific line???

Puka'ana: The Sky Goddess, the most beautiful, alluring, exotic, beguiling, hypnotizing, and tantalizing of all Goddesses...

or so I am led to believe, seeing as how I've never seen her in person, you know, seen her in the flesh.

(What? You no see the sky, Cliff? You no see the sunset everyday?)

(What's with dat, Thirty Seven? You two always taking the long walk on the beach around the end of day. But Cliff no never see the sunset? What you been doing?)

[You two best never no mind. It ain't none of your business.]

No, no. I can handle this, honey. Truth is, when Thirty Seven is around, I don't have eyes for another.

[That's sweet. A lie, but sweet.]

Sweet lies, white truths, some mythical sun/night/love affair {story of Sunset, seeing the light, Sky Goddess, going too far... to the end of the world in search of the sunset???

(Cliff, that good story, but it no true, it no Lihi'i story.

What you mean? If it be good story, it be Lihi'i story, so I no mind. And you tell your story, Cliff.)

-----(Mano = Shark) lives in shack, tooth around neck, has hollowed out palm tree as boat, pulls into cave (steep back here)... if you can't get along with others, you end up living by yourself. Stars at night. Fell in love with the sky goddess?

Mai'kai: the Chaos Star, is a sign of trouble. Not necessarily the first star out, nor the last, usually somewhere in between, where you least expect it.

(No, no. I no like that. You try again, Cliff.)

(What not to like?)

(I just no like. You try again, Cliff.)

Well, let's see. Mai'kai... in the night sky, shimmering and twinkling, lost amongst the rest. The dark of night is a time of magic. Halfway between yesterday and tomorrow, a time when anything can happen...

(And it usually does... What I just saying?)

(You just saying. What you know? Dis story be about anything so far.)

(So, anything could happen...)

(And it usually does.)

(See. Easy.)

(OK, Cliff. We set you up. You take from there.)

Yes, well. That's quite the set-up. In the dark of the night, when anything can happen.

(Yes, sir-re.)

(Anything.)

I suppose that must be a lead-in for some sort of surrealistic tale, some story about something that made sense in some weird sort way at the time, but in retrospect doesn't quite hold together.

[Right. That'd be good way to make this tale seem different and stand out from all the rest of the stories you tell.]

Now, now. Be nice.

Besides, with all these interruptions I've sort of lost track of what I was going to say, you know, what comes next... and the last time that happened.

(What you mean, last time? That happen all the time.)

OK. So, the last time that I care to remember that happening...

(This be the selective memory thing?)

[Just let him tell the story. Go on, Sweetie.]

{Tidal wave, up on the peak, all the rest come... the trouble it cuases... and how it doesn't matter.}

Mano'hae: is the ever hungry Shark God. Now, some say this particular deity has the body of a man and the head of a shark...

(Who say that? You say that, Kami?)

(I no say that. I think maybe it rumor Cliff try to start.)

It was just how I understood things at one time.

(Well, you wrong.)

(It from reading too many comic books, you ask me.)

Well, that may be. The point is, for whatever reason...

(It because you no so bright at times... I just saying, that the likely reason.)

Yes, well, for whatever reason, there was a time when I thought ole...

(Now he old?)

When I thought old Mano'hae had the head of a shark and the body of a man.

(Which you wrong about.)

Which I was wrong about.

Interestingly enough, however, I learned the error of my ways just about the time I saw my first Great White Shark in the lagoon.

(This funny bit.)

(I never knew you run so fast, Cliff.)

Dada was showing me how to free dive and go spear fishing in the lagoon, just twenty feet from the shore, when I saw this monstrosity, this gigantic whale of a fish.

(You should have seen him run.)

(He walk on water.)

It was a religious experience. And yes, I got out of the water as fast as I could. The point is...

(There be a point to this?)

If you would just let me...

(By all means.)

(We no stop.)

(You going to tell us now how the shark had feet? Maybe toes?)

No. Just that in the water, that shark might as well have been god.

(That your story, tonight?)

(Honestly, Cliff. I disappointed in you. Usually, your stories be better than this.)

And you two are usually a little less vocal.

(No. I no think so.)

(Me neither.)

[Nor I dear, they're always interrupting.]

(Hey!)

(We helping!)

[Call it what you will.]

There you go, 'Call it what you will.' I think the tie-in I'm looking for is something about how a rose by any other name is still a rose.

(And if you swim with the sharks, you can expect to get eaten by the sharks.)

(Hey, I think I know this story.)

So, would you like to tell it?

(No, no. I think I be quiet for while.)

(Me, too.)

[Me, Thirty Seven... Sorry, honey. Couldn't help myself... Sorry, I'll be a good girl. The floor is all yours.]

{Ninja, theft of dubloon, Japanese Business man, have to steal to get back.}

----Ninja steals Pearl's Dubloon necklace gives to gangster, has to steal back. Theft of Pearl's Doubloon -- left on beach when she went swimming. Everybody thinks it's the first guest visitor a Japanese Gangster type -- "If you mean by that, I'm a cutthroat businessman, then I take that as a compliment." Ninja, a local Japanese lad actually stole trinket to impress the gangster. Gangster laughs and steals from Ninja. Now Ninja has to steal it back -- "a more fitting way to impress the gangster, don't you think?" Cliff convinces gangster to let Ninja steal it back? Appearances are not always as they seem? I made a few mistakes in my youth as well... the only difference is that if you are lucky others will not see yours or force you into a role you never desired. sashimi (spam, pizza, luau), jogging---

Mala Wa'a: are the rowers, the boat people. Their cousins are the night walkers, warrior ghosts that march by in the dead of

the night. Word is, if you see that particular parade, they pick you up and take you with them, never to see daylight again.

(You die.)

Yes. Thankfully, the rowers are slightly more benign than the marchers. Because if you see the rowers slipping by in the night, heading off towards the horizon, you're simply compelled to follow them.

(Until you fall off the edge of the world!)

(And die!)

No. No. The rower just give all who see them the curse of the wanderlust.

(How that be curse?)

(Plenty folks have that. Half Kami's customer's have the wanderlust.)

(Sometimes they be good tippers. Often they tell the good stories, too.)

(Better than dis one?)

(So far.)

Yes, well. Be that as it may be. What you're forgetting is that all the folks who stay at the Hotel got their wanderlust somewhere else. But if you're unfortunate enough to catch the bug here, you never see Lihi'i again.

(Oh, that be bad.)

(I agree. Only thing, I can't figure out who dis story about yet.)

Wanderlust, Rowers, Visitor, so fake spirit character, lost god...

-----Canoe People, gathering, how Lihi got to island and her father, the initial gathering, moby dick

LAST - MIX AND MATCH STORY LINES

Tourists

Army

he's: (hungry)
Dolphins
Cardinals, Birds

RELATIONSHIPS

Cliff, Thirty Seven, Lihi
Kimo (Hawaiian), Sarah (Japanese), Pearl, Poke
Auntie (all Chinese), Kami (Sam Lee), Ninja
Lolo (Grandpa, Philipino, weave palm), Tutu (Grandma,
Hawaiian priestess, grow vegetables,), Kane & Mano sons (Kiwi
crush)

Harrisons (Tom, Betty, Kiwi (perhaps Cliff met once, before
he signed on))

Hiro, Raul, Two Brothers (Japanese/Portuguese), go with
sisters

Tehani (long, tall, honest, calm), Miri (short, quick, fiery,
fast), Nanihi (big in every sense of the word hearted, generous,
large)

Lani's (Seven Children)

Boys: Lani (heaven), Alani (orange tree), Aolani (cloud),
Kalani (heaven, sky)

Girls: Nalani (heaven, sky), Ulani (happy, of the heavens),
LeiLani (heavenly flower)

Wewe'li'li: Kia's representative.

Captain Ka'haole, Cool Ridge, Coolidge, is Cliff's off island
boss