

# MY HAWAII

By

Cliff Hanger

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## CONCEPT

“Shoot,” “Shucks,” and “Gee Willickers,” only.

No sex. No violence. No swearing.

No beer. No drugs. No smoking.

Happy. Carefree. Magical. Respectful. Mystical.

100-200 words to a joke (1 page max) - joke to joke

50% dialogue or more

Characters Introduced by a Telling Story

Participating Audience & Target is the population of Lihi'i

Totally and completely unbiased, Cliff might as well be GOD

## CHAPTERS (25 odd)

Name: Thirty Seven (with Bio)

Peanut Gallery: You in for it now. Tell how she crazy, rip pages out of everything. Nah, he no do that; he the crazy one, crazy in love with her. (Perhaps consistently Kami and Kimo?)

Brief Story Description: While we all know Thirty Seven gets her name from the number on her plane, what isn't as well know is how she had to battle another pilot for that right.

Character Rebuttal: I didn't really battle him for it.

Peanut Gallery: It battle. She crazy mad at Zero.

{Brief. Rhythmic. Funny. Friendly. Good-natured.}

Back Story: a little history

Joke 1: enter the conflict

Joke 2: first failure, complication

Joke 3: second failure, complication

Finish: resolution

Set 'em Up for the Next Round: course, dat not as bad as fight between...

## SPLASH PAGES

To Web 1-5-13

(Sometimes you don't have to go back 100 years to find a place that never was. Sometimes it's just a short flight across the ocean to the middle of nowhere. And that my friends, is exactly where you will find Lihi'i: the tropical setting for Cliff Hanger's timeless comic masterpiece My Hawaii.)

To Web 1-5-13

(It was a dream job in a dream locale.  
The only problem was half the time it seemed like a dream.  
Oh wait, that's not really a problem, is it?  
My Hawaii, a dream quite literally come true.)

To Web 1-5-13

(Lighthearted.  
Soothing.  
Rhythmic.  
Just another haole talking story on the beach with his brahs and sistas.  
This is My Hawaii.  
Feel free to find a comfortable place by the fire and stay as long as you like.  
Aloha.)

To Web -1-5-13

(Holding the manuscript in my hands, I can almost smell the ocean air and feel the warm sun on my face.)

To Web 1-5-14

(Personable and relaxing: if you want to have sweet, pleasant dreams, My Hawaii is the type of book to keep by your bed and read before going to sleep.)

To Web1-5-14  
(Invitingly inspirational.)  
-- Zephyr

To Web 1-5-14

(Aloha means goodwill; or at least, that's what Cliff Hanger will tell you. Of course, you might want to take whatever Cliff says with a grain a salt because he'll also tell you that on Lihi'i:

-- Ku, a retired God of War, is attending school with the local children so as to understand what went wrong the last time and to prepare for his next offensive.

-- Ted, a smack talking turtle, is struggling to change his old fashioned chauvinistic ways so as to win the heart of We've -- the resident mermaid who just so happens to be a mite bit progressive.

-- While Thirty Seven -- a free spirit with a unbelievable pair of legs -- runs the only air-ferry service to the island.

Et true. Dem be some nice legs.

No body argue with that.

It is here that I suppose I should introduce Kami and Kimo -- the Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum of Lihi'i island -- who valiantly struggle to keep your ever so humble narrator in check.

Whoah, back up der fella. Who dis Tweedle Dee?

I hope, for your sake, you not calling me Tweedle Dum.

Me? Never. The point is, they are happy to correct me whenever I go astray.

Dis true.

Somebody have to.

Which is to say, My Hawaii might not be the most accurate account of the islands...

Oh, Et not.

Not by da long shot.

But is perhaps one of the more faithful accounts, full of aloha and goodwill...

And us.  
Yeah, me and dat Tweedle Dum, guy.  
Hey, who you calling Tweedle Dum? I'll have you know I  
think I more of a Dee-lightful type guy.  
Oh, dat good. I like that.  
OK, Cliff. We do our part. Now it your turn. You tell the  
story.  
Yeah, yeah. A story be good about now.)  
And no need to worry 'bout us. We just sit back and listen.  
No say a word.  
And like everything else in My Hawaii, on that you can rely  
at the gospel truth.)

To Web 1-5-14

(A small little book chock full of great big aloha.)

To Web 1-5-14

(Lying on your back in the warm island sand, staring up at the cloudless night sky; with so many stars overhead, it's not hard to comprehend how the Milky Way got its name.

Take a moment to enjoy the heavens and the cool ocean breeze as it caresses your body.

When you tire of this, turn your attention to the endlessly crashing waves in the distance and revel in their power and mystery.

And then, when you are ready to rejoin the world, bring your focus back to the circling warmth of the crackling fire. If you look closely enough, I'll bet you can see the smiling faces of your friends reflected in the fire's light, welcoming you back into their midst as they laze in each other's arms and wait for another fanciful tale to begin.

This is Lihi'i.

This is My Hawaii.

And in this circle of friendship, you are always welcome.

Aloha.)

To Web 1-5-14

(A place, a story, and a few pleasant companions: they are all one and the same. They are My Hawaii.

The island of Lihi's is a small and secluded, out of the way locale. Having no economic or military value, the island has never been developed -- not in the conventional sense.

But that does not mean the place is without culture or merit. Rather on Lihi'i, life itself is the highest form of expression. And on a typical night, the island residents (all 37 of them) gather around a fire on the beach to talk story. This is a collection of the best they have to offer (all 37 of them).

1-5-14 to Web

Oh, and just so as to insure that you are of a like mind when you read these tales -- of a time that never was and a place that's never been -- I invite you cuddle under a blanket and sip on a nice hot cup of chocolate as you read, for contained within these pages are stories of love, happiness, aloha, and friendship: sure to warm your heart.)

To Web 1-5-14

(Empty your mind. Listen to the crash of the ocean as Cliff Hanger clears his throat and prepares to tell yet another one of his outlandish tales about his adopted island home -- Lihi'i: My Hawaii.

They are stories of the way things could be, ought to be, and someday will be.

So, sit back. Relax. There is no need to rush.

Whenever you are ready Lihi'i will be waiting for your return.)

To Web 1-5-14

(The scene is set: sitting around a beachside fire surrounded by family and friends, the cool ocean breeze blowing at your back, while the stars dance lazily overhead. The only thing missing from this scene of island tranquility is a story -- a nice story, one full of happiness and aloha.

Luckily, the tome you are holding -- *My Hawaii* -- fills this void superbly.

There is no danger here, no threat. Only love and warmth, jokes and good times, for this is Hawaii; this is aloha; and you, my dear friend, are always welcome here.)

1-5-14 to Web

(Tired from the worries of the day?

Looking for refuge and retreat?

Then think about taking a vacation to Lihi's, my Hawaiian home.

Here there are good times, good friends, happy memories, and pleasant dreams. In short, everything you need to get away... from it all. And get back to the place where you belong: the land of hope and plenty, the land of goodwill and joy, the land of aloha.

This is Lihi'i.

This is My Hawaii.

And I hope you will let this be your tropical island home away from home, as well.)

To Web 1-5-14

(Cliff wasn't ambitious. In fact, sleeping on his sister's couch seemed like the answer to his dreams. But then his brother in law (a nice enough chap, even if he worked at the State Department) found Cliff a job: a job far, far away on the island of Lihi'i... as the island's consulate, no less.

It's an impressive sort of title, until one realizes that the island of Lihi'i boasts a grand total of 37 occupants, including:

-- A retired God of War looking to make his comeback

-- A love struck turtle desperately trying to mend his chauvinistic ways

-- We'we, the mermaid who lives beneath the falls and the object of the aforementioned turtle's desire

-- And Pe'la, the local Volcano Goddess, whose principle claim to fame is that she sat next to Pe'le in the second grade.

But don't be fooled into thinking Cliff's life is one of fun and games. Volcanoes tend to ignore EPA regulations and Gods of War aren't keen on following postal regulations.

The only question is, when the smoke has cleared, will Cliff still have a job?)

To Web 1-5-14

7-31-09 Query #1

The format for My Hawaii is straightforward enough. I, your humble narrator, briefly introduce a character.

And den, we tells what wrong wit what Cliff just say.

Yeah, Cliff, he nice and all, but he no always tell the truth.

Et like he live in his own little world.

Fair enough. I admit that my take on reality may deviate just a wee bit from the norm, but the stories I tell have a grain of truth about them nonetheless... and well, certain things don't really need to be said. Which is to say, I prefer to concentrate on the loving side of things: the kindness and compassion that I see on the island, along with the brotherhood, goodwill, and the aloha.

What he mean to say is, he in love with Lihi'i.

Dat not only thing he in love with. He crazy for Thirty Seven big time.

Yeah, he never say anything bad about her, it ever.

So, he running a little scared, maybe bend the truth a little hear and there.

Me, I would have thought if you were telling stories of the Gods of Old -- Ku, Pe'la, and Paka'ka to name just a few -- the fact that you were stretching the truth a little here and there would go without saying.

You saying dey don't exist?

OK! Dat it! Dat the last time you blaspheme, Cliff ole boy.  
Help me with his legs. It time for Cliffe to say hello to da inside of  
da volcano.

To Wbe 1-5-14

7-31-09 Query #2

The format for the interlacing collection of short stories known as My Hawaii is straightforward enough. First I introduce one of the folks who live on the island. This could be Ku, our retired God of War; Father Cross, a hip missionary who runs the local school; or Thirty Seven, a slightly crazed, but amazingly warm hearted pilot.

Den after Cliffy do da introduction, we tells where he go  
wrong.

Usually, our part take longer. Why is dat Cliff?

Perhaps, because your part is more fun.

Yeah, dat probably it.

From there the character's defining moment is related: you know, the story that reveals the character's true nature and that the other residents on the island like to tell about them -- over and over and over again. And although these tales may be a bit light hearted and at times farfetched...

I say.

Cliff can tell the whopper.

Overall, the tales ring true enough and are chockfull of that elusive thing called aloha -- in a way that the literal truth never could.

In short, My Hawaii tells of a time and place that is kinder, gentler, and safer than the world today. It's just the type of place you could run to when times got hard... or when you simply wanted a break from it all.

And if a place like that sounds tempting, then consider this your personal invitation to take a vacation inside the pages of My



Hawaii. The price is right. The natives are friendly. And trust me, once you step inside, you'll never want to leave.

My Hawaii, consider it your island home... away from home.

To Web 1-5-14

Gods #1

I do not know whether the Gods as depicted in My Hawaii are real or imagined; but I do know that even if they are imagined, I have a real relationship with them; and the stories as expressed herein are based on that relationship.

So, if you believe I have taken excessive liberties in depicting their character or that the Gods do not exist as I have depicted, all I can say is this is how they have presented themselves to me; and whether that expression was real or imagined, it is not my place to decide.

To Web 1-5-14

Gods #2

As to those who think I may have taken undo liberties with the Gods as expressed in My Hawaii, let me say:

I have a real relationship with these characters. And whether these entities be real or imagined that relationship remains real enough to me.

But more than that, if for the sake of argument we allow that these entities be real, then I can assure you, they have had their say in creating these stories, for it has been their voices that has guided my pen and sung in my ear on many a cold and lonely night.

To Web 1-5-14

Gods #3

I met Pe'la many years ago in my dreams. She told me I was to be known as Kala'ku... or maybe Kalala'ku, because I was more lala than the rest.

I was a bit tired at the time -- dreaming as I was -- but I still had the presence of mind to ask the Goddess her name.

She just waved me off, saying, “What does it matter? You’d just get it wrong, anyhow.”

I suppose she was right.

So if you’re still wondering why Lihi’i might not seem as you recall or why the Gods and Goddesses names are all wrong, the explanation is simple enough: I have simply done as was requested... in an effort to protect the anonymity of all.

To Web 1-5-14

Never Land

Sometimes you don’t have to travel back 100 years to find a place that never existed. Sometimes it’s just a short flight across the ocean to the middle of nowhere. And that’s exactly where you’ll find My Hawaii, my adopted island home.