

# Pāka`a Lanakila!

*Mo`olelo ma ka `ōlelo makuahine na Braven Kalama Cabigon a Sam `Ohukani`ōhi`a Gon III*  
English text by Jon Magnussen\*

Tracks  
#1 and #7

**Runner:** Make way! Make way for Pāka`a,  
son of La`amaomao his mother  
and Kūanu`uanu, his father.  
Make way for Pāka`a, who lives on  
the cliffs of Keahiahi on the island  
of Kaua`i.  
Make way for Pāka`a whose heart  
belongs to the sea.

**Narrator:** Pāka`a lives with his mother,  
La`amaomao and his uncle,  
Ma`ilou. He is a clever and  
hard-working boy.  
He is also a very determined boy.

One day, Pāka`a asks –

**Pāka`a:** Mother, who is my father?

**La`amaomao:** Why, Ma`ilou is your father.  
He helps take care of us.  
And he brings us birds and other  
food from the mountain.

**Pāka`a:** Then why is Ma`ilou small, but I'm  
big for my age?  
Perhaps someone else is my  
father?

**La`amaomao:** My son, your father is Ma`ilou.  
He takes care of us.

E-o-e... E-o-e... Eia mai ana nō `o  
Pāka`a, na Kuanu`uanu ke kāne, na  
La`amaomao ka wahine... Ho-e...  
Ho-e... `O Kaua`i kona `āina, `o nā  
pali o Keahiahi kona wahi noho.  
Ho-e... Eia mai ana nō `o Pāka`a, no  
ka hohonu nui ākea o ke kai, ke  
ki`ina loa a ka pu`uwai.

Noho `o Pāka`a lāua `o La`amaomao  
me Ma`ilou, he makuakāne ona.  
He keiki akamai, keiki maiu `o  
Pāka`a...  
...a he keu i ka ho`oholo a hana nō.

I kekahi lā, nīnau aku `o Pāka`a:

E ku`u makuahine e, na wai ho`i au?

`Ea, na Ma`ilou nō `oe.  
Nāna nō `oe i hānai a mālama.  
Lawai`a `ia mai nā manu o uka, pēlā  
pū ka `ai na kāua.

Akā, he u`uku kona kino ke nānā  
aku, a he nunui a ikaika ke kino o  
kēia. `O Hikaua nō paha ko`u makua?

`O Ma`ilou kou makuakāne e ke  
keiki. Nāna nō `oe i hānai a mālama.

**Narrator:** But the more Pāka`a thinks about  
this, the more he doubts his  
mother.  
So he keeps asking.  
Day after day.  
He persists.  
Asking  
Relentlessly  
Incessantly  
His interminable questions.  
Finally, his mother gives in–

**La`amaomao:** Kā! You insistent child!  
If you have to know–  
Okay, so Ma`ilou is your uncle and  
he is my brother.  
Your blood father is Kūanu`uanu,  
who lives in the direction of where  
the sun rises and the wind blows.

**Narrator:** And that is how Pāka`a learns that  
persistence can be a good thing.  
But soon he also learns that  
restraint is sometimes the better  
approach.  
One day, he asks:

**Pāka`a:** Mama - Why do I not know your  
mother and father?

**Narrator:** Silence–One look at his mother's  
face–and Pāka`a knows he's  
touched a nerve.  
A very sensitive nerve.  
Uncle Ma`ilou drags Pāka`a outside  
by his ear.

Eia na`e `o Pāka`a i ka no`ono`o, a ulu  
a`e kā ke kānalua i ka `ōlelo a ka  
makuahine.  
Nīnau, a nīnau...  
...i nā lā a pau.  
Noke ana nō...  
...i ka ninaninau.  
Nīnau a nīnau... ..ninaniele.  
Noi`i nowelo... koi`i kā!  
A hiki i ka palena pau o ka  
makuahine i ka ho`ole `ana.

Tsa! He luhi ma oli ho`i `oe e ke  
keiki.  
`Oia ka `oia`i`o.  
He makua hānai wale nō `o Ma`ilou.  
`O kou luau`i makuakāne `o  
Kūanu`uanu nō. No ka hikina o ka lā  
no ke alo kumu makani.

Malaila `o Pāka`a i a`o ai i ka waiwai  
o ka ho`omau me ka hā`awipio`ole.  
A he ho`omaopopo mai koe i ke aho  
loa me ka ho`omanawanui.

A hiki mai ka lā o ka nīnau `ana aku:

E Mama, `o wai kou mau mākuā?

`Ekekēmu `ole.  
Nānā i kona maka...  
...a ho`omaopopo nō.

Ua `eha i loko.  
Huki `o Ma`ilou i ka pepeiao o  
Pāka`a. Hele iwaho.

\*English text after Frederick B. Wichman, Moses Kuaea Nakuina (trans. Mo`okini, Nakoa), and Thomas Thrum

**Ma'ilou:** Boy—if you're smart, you won't ask her about that.  
You see, your mother married your father against her parents' wishes. Because of her stubbornness and their anger, they don't speak to each other anymore.

**Narrator:** This makes Pāka'a sad; but he still dreams... of someday knowing his grandparents and his real father.

As Pāka'a grows, his learning blossoms. He discovers that if he watches the kākāna carefully while they work, he can learn new skills. He learns farming, bird hunting, canoe carving.

But because he especially loves to eat fish, Pāka'a spends most of his time learning the old ways of fishing.

He spends hours sitting in his favorite perch at the beach, watching the chief's fishermen, those little dots on the horizon, way out in the deep sea fishing grounds, filling their nets with those delicious flying mālolo fish.

**Pāka'a:** (yelling) Uncle Ma'ilou, let's go fishing!

**La'amaomao:** Pāka'a, the fish have ears!

E ku'u keiki, 'a'ohē pane pono o kau nīnau.

Ua hō'ole kō kou makuahine mau mākuā i ka noho pū 'ana me kou makuakāne. Mamuli o ka hā'awipi-o'ole 'ana i kāna mea makemake, pū nō me ka hūhū mai o kona mau mākuā, 'a'ohē nō he pili o ka 'ohana i kēia mau lā.

Kaumaha 'o Pāka'a i kēia; a he i'ini na'e mau nō o Pāka'a e 'ike i nā kūpuna ona a me kona luau'i makuakāne.

I ka 'ulu 'ana a'e o Pāka'a, mōhala kona 'ike. Hākilo 'oia i nā kākāna mākaukau i nā hana like 'ole, 'oia ho'i ka mahi'ai, me ke kākili manu, ke kākai wa'a, me ka lawai'a, a pēlā aku.

No kona 'ono loa i ka i'a, nānā maika'i 'oia i nā loina o ka 'oihana lawai'a, a ua ho'oiikaika nui 'oia a loa'a mai iāia ia 'ike.

Ua nui nā lā i lilo ma ka nānā 'ana i ka po'e lawai'a. 'Oia nō kēlā mau mea li'ili'i ma 'alihi, mamao loa aku o ke kai hohonu o ka po'e lawai'a, e ho'opīha ana i kā lākou mau 'upena me ka mālolo mōmona e ulelele mai ana.

Makua Ma'ilou -- ina kāua i ka lawai'a!

Tsa! He mau pepeiao ko ka i'a! Aia la

**La'amaomao (cont.):** And you know your uncle is up ma-uka, catching birds for the chief. He cannot take you.

**Pāka'a:** Perfect --then I'll go fishing with the chief's fishermen. It's mālolo season, Mom!

**La'amaomao:** Son, you are not a chief's fisherman, and they are not a baby-sitting service for keiki who do not know how to swim.

**Pāka'a:** I do too know how to swim. I learned at the beach with my friends.

**Narrator:** But Pāka'a is told to wait until his uncle returns.

He is not happy with that.

The next day, when the fishermen return, Pāka'a hurries down to help them unload, hoping they'll give him some mālolo to take home. But instead he comes home with tears welling up in his eyes and only one damaged mālolo in his hand.

**Pāka'a:** Mom -- they said mean things about Uncle Ma'ilou. And they sneered at us and said we will always be only bird eaters.

**Narrator:** The whole world weighs on Pāka'a.

kou makua mauka i ka lawai'a manu no ke ali'i.  
'A'ole paha 'olua e hele i kēia lā.

He nani ia! E hele ho'okahi au a komo pū i ka hana me ka po'e lawai'a. 'O ke kau mālolo kēia e Mama!

E ku'u wahi keiki, 'a'ole nō na'e 'oe he mea lawai'a. 'A'ole ho'i ā lākou waiū no ke keiki inu i ke kai.

Ua 'ike nō wau i ka 'au kai!  
Ua a'o nō wau me ku'u mau hoa i ka 'au kai.

Akā, ho'opane'e 'ia kona makemake a hiki i ka ho'i 'ana mai o kona makua hānai.

'A'ole 'oia 'olu'olu i kēia.

Ia lā ana a'e, i ka hiki 'ana aku o ka po'e lawai'a, holo kikī 'o Pāka'a e kōkua iā lākou e hāpai wa'a. Akā na'e, ho'i aku 'oia me ka wai maka hālo'ilo'i ...a me ka hapa wale nō ho'i o kekahi i'a ma kona lima.

E mama -- 'ōlelo 'ino'ino wale lākou no makua Ma'ilou. A ua ha'i mai ia'u he 'ohana 'ai manu koekoena wale nō mākou.

He lu'ulu'u ko Pāka'a i ke kaumaha 'ilihia.

Tracks  
#2 and #8

**Narrator** (cont.): And whenever Paka`a feels the weight of the world,  
He goes to his own special place.  
His favorite hideout on the beach—From there he can watch the whole world. And he can see the chief's fishermen, those little dots on the horizon... way out in the kai-uli—the deep sea fishing grounds. Oh—he's beginning to feel better just thinking about it. Oh, he can almost taste the mālolo fish!  
But there is just one problem: If the fishermen are stingy... And he's not allowed to go fishing...  
How can he get mālolo to feed his family?  
As Paka`a sits there, perched in his favorite beach hideout... surveying his world...his troubles begin to weigh less.  
Look — the chief's fishermen came paddling in. They look exhausted from paddling. Their canoes look heavy with mālolo.  
Oh look — two young chiefs...  
...being pulled along the sand by a kite.  
The wind is strong today.  
Hmmm, Paka`a thinks. There's something to that.  
...Light kite... pulled by the wind...

No laila...  
ha`alele ia no kāhi o ka `olu`olu.  
Kahi kahaone punahele e noho ka`awale ai.  
A nānā wale i nā mea a pau o ke ao nei. A hākilo aku i ka po`e lawai`a.  
...kēlā mau mea li`ili`i ma `alihi...  
...mamao loa aku i ke kai uli...  
...ke kai hohonu o ka po`e lawai`a.  
A ea mai ana ka `olu!

‘Ū, ka `ono o ka mālolo—  
...Mūkākā!  
Akā, eia na`e ka pilikia:  
‘A`ohe hā`awi manawale`a ā nā lawai`a... a ua pāpā `ia kona hele `ana i ka lawai`a.  
Pehea la e loa`a ai ka mālolo iāia?

I ia noho `ana o Paka`a...  
...ma kona wahi punahele e hākilo aku...ku`u ana ka lu`ulu`u.

Nānā — e ho`i maila ka po`e lawai`a a ke ali`i. Luhi `ehu ihola.

Pihō ana nā wa`a i ka nui o ka mālolo.  
Aia la ho`i kekahi mau ali`i...  
...kauwalakō `ia ana e ka lupe lele a lāua ma kahaone.  
Makani ikaika kēia lā.  
‘Ī ihola `o Paka`a...

... ‘O kēlā mea lele... Lana ka lupe...

**Narrator** (cont.): The wheels start turning in Paka`a's brain.  
Heavy canoe...  
...light kite pulled by the wind.  
Heavy canoe...

That's it!!! - Paka`a has a plan.  
**Paka`a:** Mom — I'm going fishing for mālolo tomorrow.  
**La`amaomao:** Paka`a, the fish have ears! And you are still too small.  
**Paka`a:** But I am bigger than some of the others who go.  
**La`amaomao:** You aren't ready yet.

**Narrator:** Suddenly, silence.  
One look at Paka`a's face— and his mother knows she's touched a nerve. She never knew her son had nerves.  
**Paka`a:** Mother!!  
I am tired!!  
I am tired!!!  
Tired of waiting for those undependable scraps!!  
Instead of begging for scraps—  
We should be the ones giving the scraps away!!!

**Narrator:** End of discussion.  
Paka`a had made his point.  
Not everyone's happy with his point, however.  
**La`amaomao:** Obstinate boy! Kā! Just like his father...

...i ka.. makani... makani ikaika.  
A ho`omaopopo ana i ka `ike a nā maka.  
Pihō ka wa`a...  
Na ka makani ka lupe e lele...  
Pihō ana ka wa`a...  
A`oia! Ua `ikea!  
‘Āpōpō e Mama... I ka lawai`a `ana kēia.  
Tsa! e Paka`a, he mau pepeiao ko ka i`a! ‘A`ole ho`i lawa ka nui ou.  
‘Oī aku ko`u nui mamua o kekahi o lākou.  
‘A`ole nō ho`i i lawa ka mākaukau ou.

‘Ekeke`mu `ole.  
Nānā i kona maka... a ho`omaopopo.  
Uluhūa `o loko.  
Uluhūa ka `ōpū.

Ū—!!  
Ua pauhō kēia!!  
Pau pono!!!  
‘A`ole pono i ka oka `ai ā ha`i!!  
‘A`ole pono ō kākou i ka noho nele i`a `ole!!  
Na kākou `auane`i ke kiokiola `ai, a ho`opili mea maila lākou!!!

A `oia wale ihola.  
Ua hō`ike aku `o Paka`a i ke kumu o kona uluhua. A ua uluhua `o La`amaomao iā Paka`a.  
Keiki po`o pa`akīkī! Kū i kona makuakāne!

Tracks  
#3 and #9

**Narrator:** Finally, Pāka'a is given permission to go fishing.  
On the condition that he be safe; mind his elders;  
and be home by sunset.

With his uncle and mother's blessing, he launches his uncle's canoe, waves a quick goodbye, and paddles into the early morning light towards the fishermen's gathering place.  
As Pāka'a approaches the fleet of fishermen, he hears laughter.

**Big Mean Kanaka:** (heavy pidgin) Look, it's the keiki of La'amaomao.  
Where your uncle stay, eh boy?  
Up ma-uka playing with da birds again?  
So waste time, your uncle!

**Narrator:** They're all laughing.  
He hadn't expected such a warm reception.

**Big Mean Kanaka:** First time fishing, eh boy?  
You bettah watch out.  
Get one mean shark out dea. But no worry -- he always enjoys young, tender, inexperienced bait. (Laughter...more laughter)

**Narrator:** Just then, the head fisherman gives the signal to depart, and suddenly, all 30 canoes push off and head for the deep water-- the kai-uli.

Ua 'āpono 'ia ko Pāka'a hele 'ana me ka po'e lawai'a.  
Inā wale nō, he mālama i kona ola kino; he ho'olohe i ke po'o lawai'a; a ho'i i kauhale nei mamua o ka nāpo'o 'ana o ka lā.  
Aloha aku i nā mākuā, a ho'olana a'e i ka wa'a o kona makua hānai, a he ani pe'a lima me ke aloha nō... a hoe aku i ka wehena kai ao no kāhi o ka po'e lawai'a.

I ke kokoke 'ana aku 'o Pāka'a i ka 'auwa'a lawai'a, lohe maila i ka 'ua'uā.

'Auwē, eia mai ana ke keiki ā La'amaomao.  
Mahea aku nei kou mākuā hānai, e kēnā wahi keiki? Ka'i huluhulu ana paha me kona hoa manu?  
Hana make hewa wale!  
Kāhāhā nui mai ana.  
'Ī mai ana ka lawa kua.

'O ka manawa mua kēia nou e ke keiki? E maka 'ala mai nō.  
He niuhi 'ai kānaka mā'ō.  
Akā, 'a'ohe mea e hopohopo ai. 'O kāna 'ai punahele ka maunu 'ai palupalu 'opiopio. (E he he...A ha ha...)  
I kēlā manawa hō'ike aku ke po'o lawai'a, a 'o ko lākou ha'alele akula nō ia. 'O ka 'auwa'a lawai'a no ke kai hohonu-- hoe ana.

**Narrator (cont.):** Pāka'a is in the rear, scrambling to keep up.  
Past the sandbar...  
Salt water spraying his eyes.  
Out through the channel... around the outside reef.  
Deep ocean swells...  
Rolling darker, and steeper.  
Heading into the fierce wind now.  
Pāka'a already aching with exhaustion.  
But he's keeping up with the fleet as it gets farther and farther from land.  
Farther...  
and Farther...  
and Far-ther...  
Until...  
The whole island comes into view.

The paddlers begin easing up the pace. Pāka'a knows they must be getting close.  
As the canoes glide to a stop, all eyes are on the head fisherman-- the lawai'a nui. Standing upright on his canoe, he's looking back towards land.  
Making sure his landmarks are lining up. Satisfied, he turns and studies the water in front of him.  
He waits.  
And waits.  
Soon, he sees ripples.

No ke kai uli-- 'au ana.  
'O Pāka'a, aia la i hope loa.  
Pa'a i ka hoe... hoe... hoe ana.  
A hiki pu'e one la... 'au... 'au ana.  
Kai puhi 'ehukai... 'au ana... 'au.  
Kai ho'okele wa'a... hoe ana... hoe.  
A hiki ka po'ina nalu a--  
Hale ana kūna nalu a--  
Pi'ina kua 'ale--Kai pili 'oai kū--  
Huli ke alo i ka makani -- makani kū ana paio kū.  
'Eha nā po'ohiwi o Pāka'a.  
Pa'a ia na'e i ka hoena wa'a.  
Hoe... Hoe... Mao aku ana... Ma'ō aku ana... kona moku 'aina la.  
Mamao aku ana e... mamau ana.  
Mamao loa aku ana e... mamau ana.  
Mamao loa wale aku e... he moku kele i ka wā! A... 'Ike 'ia ka nui holo 'oko'a o ka moku, kona loa a laulā.

Mālia a ho'omaha a'ela na 'i lau hoe 'O ka ho'omaopopo 'ana kēia o Pāka'a, e ho'okokoke ana i ke kai lawai'a. I pūpū ka holo o nā wa'a, a kū-- huli aku nā maka o ke po'o lawai'a i kū -- O ka lawai'a nui.  
Kū ana i luna... hākilo 'oia i nā mākā lani.  
Kū ana ka pahu uka, me ka pahu kai.  
Pololei ihola, huli aku 'oia a nānā i ke kai imua ona.  
Kali ana. He aho poko no ke kai papa'u, he aho loa no ke kai hohonu.  
'A'ole i lō'ih... eia la. Ke hā'ale'ale

Tracks  
#4 and #10

<b>Narrator</b> (cont.):	The mālolo are schooling. With a movement of his hand, he signals for the heap of net to be tossed into the water. Two canoes each take hold of an end and paddle in opposite directions—spreading the net over 100 feet. Now the lawai'a nui begins barking commands:	nei ka 'ili o ke kai. E pū'ā ana. Ho'okahi kiani o ka lima... ...a 'o ka ho'oku'u 'ia nō ia o ka 'upena. No kekahi 'alihi o ka 'upena, lawe 'ia nō e kekahi wa'a a holo ma kahi 'ao'ao. No ka 'alihi 'ē a'e, lawe 'ia nō ma ka 'ao'ao 'ē a'e, wehea ka 'upena. Kauoha ke po'o lawai'a me ke kāhea 'ana aku. I kēlā wa kihi a'e, pai ka honua e-! 'Olo'olo e ka honua e- i luna a'e, i luna! E kēlā lihilihi e-, hului mai. Mālō pono! 'O ka ho'omaopopo 'ana kēia o Pāka'a i ka pū'ā 'ana o ka mālolo. Ho'omaka 'oia e ho'one'e i kona wa'a i kahi maika'i loa; a lohe a'e i kahi leo e 'ōhalahala ana mahope ona.	<b>Narrator</b> (cont.):	out-manuevers them. Paka'a's collecting as many fish as his little hands can grab. Fish are starting to fill his canoe. As quickly as it had begun, the fishing was over. The head fisherman directs the men to carefully pull the net up and seal the bag. The net is chock full of mālolo. After the chief's share is put aside, the remainder is divided between the fishermen. Out of the blue, a young voice calls out: <b>Pāka'a:</b> Who will race me back to shore?	Ho'alo aku na'e 'o Pāka'a iā lākou a pau. 'Oiai ia 'o ka hopuhopu hao 'ana i kēlā me kēia i'a.  A pau wale ihola ka hana. Pai ana nā lawai'a i ka 'upena nui ā lākou a pa'a. Piha 'ū ka 'upena. Ho'oka'a wale 'ia nā i'a no ke ali'i. A laila māhelehele 'ia ke koena o nā i'a mawaena o ka hui lawai'a.  Ea-, i ho'ōho a'e ai i ka leo ha'aliki o Pāka'a. 'O wai o 'oukou ke a'a mai e heihei wa'a kākou? Kāhūhū!? Kū nānā nā kākā lawai'a kekahi i kekahi. <b>Pāka'a:</b> If you win, all of my fish are yours. But if I win, your fish are mine. You can see, I am only a small boy. My shoulders are not yet broad and my mom still ties my malo for me. Surely one of you is not afraid to race me?
<b>Lawai'a Nui:</b>	Swing wide with your net! You in the honua, lift up higher. You, pick up the slack over there—keep stretching it until it's tight."		<b>Narrator:</b>	Wait — Can this small boy really be challenging these grown men?	
<b>Narrator:</b>	Seeing all of this, Paka'a quickly figures out that the fish will be driven into the net. He starts calculating where to position himself when he hears a voice behind him.		<b>Pāka'a:</b>	If you win, all of my fish are yours. But if I win, your fish are mine. You can see, I am only a small boy. My shoulders are not yet broad and my mom still ties my malo for me. Surely one of you is not afraid to race me?	Inā make au iā 'oukou, 'o ka'u mau i'a a pau, na 'oukou. I make 'oukou ia'u, 'o kā 'oukou mau i'a a pau, lilo ia na'u. Aloha wale nō 'oukou, he wahi keiki u'uku wale nō au. 'A'ohe i pa'a ka malo i ka hume 'ia. 'A'ole a 'oukou he mea e hopohopo ai... 'a'ole anei?
<b>Big Mean Kanaka:</b>	Eh boy, you bettah keep your wits about you on 'dis one. When 'dat shark comes for his tasty morsel... You know what he goin' ask you for? One bird from your lazy uncle! (Evil laughter).	E 'oia nei, e maka'ala mai 'oe. E pi'i mai ana ka niuhi iā 'oe...i kāna 'ai punahele. Maopopo maila paha iā 'oe kāna mea e ui aku ai? I wahi manu hulu 'ole mai NA'U, mai Ma'ilou ka molowā. (Ke-he-he)	<b>Narrator:</b>	No one answers.	A'ohe wahi ke'u mai nā kākā.
<b>Narrator:</b>	Suddenly, the lawai'a nui gives the command, and the driving begins! Paddles splash and flail; the canoes steer the mālolo into the net. Paka'a darts quickly to this side of the net and that. Men try to block his way—But he	I ia manawa nō, kauoha ke po'o lawai'a, a ho'omaka nō i ka pū'ā mālolo. Kākā ana nā lapahoe; pākō ana i ka 'ili kai. Pū'ā 'ia ana ka mālolo i loko o ka 'upena. Holo kiki 'o Pāka'a i 'ō a i 'ane'i. Hoā'o nā wa'a 'ē a'e e ake'ake'a iāia.	<b>Pāka'a:</b>	(Taunting) 'Āuwe, look who's afraid of a little boy... BIG MEN!	'Āuwe no ho'i 'ē! Li'i li'i tamali'i. Nunui maka'uka'u mai nā kākā mākuā. Kā!! — 'Ē 'oia nei. He kēi nō 'oe o ka ho'owahāwahā he'e ho'ohewa. Ua pi'i ka inaina o ua kākā mākuā nui la.
			<b>Big Mean Kanaka:</b>	(angrily) Okay—that does it!!	
			<b>Narrator:</b>	The big kanaka has had enough.	



<p><b>Narrator:</b> Pāka'a is elated – This is his chance to prove the bully wrong. Victory would be most sweet!</p> <p><b>Pāka'a:</b> Give me your fish. Pāka'a says.</p> <p><b>Big Kanaka II:</b> 'Aole– We will hold the fish.</p> <p><b>Pāka'a:</b> 'Aole–</p> <p><b>Narrator:</b> And so they argue.</p>	<p>Ua nani nō – 'O kona lā kēia e kū ai ka makaia! E hopu aku ai i ka lei o ka lanakila!</p> <p>Hōmai ka i'a ia'u. 'A'ole. Iā mākou paha ka mālama o ka i'a – a kākou. 'A'ole. A pēlā ka hō'ole'ole 'ana.</p>	<p><b>Narrator (cont.):</b> starter. But before counting off, he paddles over, coming nose to nose with Pāka'a.</p> <p><b>Big Mean Kānaka:</b> Boy– You goin' be wishing your uncle caught more birds for dinner. (Evil laughter)</p>	<p>Huli aku 'oia iā Pāka'a, me ka 'ū ana.</p> <p>E 'oia nei, e ahona ho'i hā kō 'ohana la i ka hamu 'ai manu a kō makua la. (Kā-hā-hā)</p> <p>A kāna kāhea a'ela nō ia.</p>
<p><b>Pāka'a:</b> If I lose, you can easily take the fish from me since I am only a little keiki. But if I win, you might not give me the fish when I come for them. I would have raced for nothing.</p> <p><b>Narrator:</b> So they keep deliberating Finally they agree that Pāka'a will hold the fish, and the first canoe to dry sand will be the winner.</p> <p>The canoes line up next to the starter. On one side– a long racing canoe with eight menacing, large-muscled kanaka.</p> <p>On the other– a small boy in a small one-man canoe, heavily-lad- en with fish. The big mean kanaka takes it upon himself to be the official</p>	<p>He wahi keiki nō au. 'A'ohe i lawa ku'u ikaika e au'a iho i ka i'a, a he hana palupalu loa nō na'e iā 'oukou ke lawe wale aku i ka i'a, ke make au. Akā, ke make 'oukou, a 'au'a auane'i paha 'oukou i ka i'a ia'u, he nele ho'i ana au i ka pili... a hoka wale kēia.</p> <p>Ho'opa'apa'a ana nō... kekahi i kekahi... ka mea, ka mea a niu kūlolo. A hiki loa i ka 'āpono 'ia o nā mea a pau; ua holo e like me ko Pāka'a makemake. Iāia nō ka mālama o nā i'a. No ka wa'a e hiki mua ana i ke one malo'o e lilo ai ka i'a. Ho'okūkū mai nā wa'a. Ma kekahi 'ao'ao – 'ewalu kānaka pūkonakona, ka wa'a kialoa menemene 'ole mākaukau e lana wale ana. A kekahi 'ao'ao –ke keiki li'ili'i 'o Pāka'a me kona wahi wa'a, piha me ka nui mālolo e luma wale ana. Kū maila ke kanaka nunui nāna ke kāhea ho'omaka.</p>	<div data-bbox="1066 560 1186 625" style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 2px; width: fit-content;"> <b>Tracks #5 and #11</b> </div> <p><b>Narrator:</b> And with that, he counts off –</p> <p><b>Big Mean Kānaka:</b> 'Akahi, 'alua, 'A-'oia!</p> <p><b>Narrator:</b> And they're off! The big canoe with the large-mus- cled men quickly surges ahead.</p> <p>Pāka'a with his small canoe is... Wait – I can't see him. Can you see him? Wait – where is Pāka'a?</p> <p>THERE he is! Pāka'a is back at the starting line, and drifting– In fact, drifting in the wrong direction. He seems to be tinkering with something in the bottom of his canoe. Meanwhile, the big men continue their race.</p> <p>About half way, the paddlers begin looking back. They see that Pāka'a is by now just a speck on their horizon.</p>	<p>'Akahi, 'alua, 'A-'oia</p> <p>Holo akula nō! Kīau kekele kialoa nā kānaka pūkonakona i ka hoe– imua. Aia la e 'ūhai ana ka 'auwa'a lawai'a. A 'o kēlā wa'a li'ili'i 'o Pāka'a i piha me ka nui i'a... Aia la i... Aia ma... ua mea... Aia mahea la 'o Pāka'a?</p> <p>A'oia, MA'Ō aku! Ma kāhi i ho'omaka ai lākou i ka heihei wa'a. E lana wale ana ho'i i Kalalau. 'Auē! Ā–! Kohu mea la ke hanahana nei i kekahi mea.</p> <p>'Oiai, nā hoa heihei wa'a, ua pa'a mau nō i ka hoe, hoe... hoena wa'a.</p> <p>I ia holo 'ana nō a holo loa ia, huli akula nā mea hoe o ka wa'a hei. Hākilo akula i hope, 'o Pāka'a na'e... 'oia kēlā mea li'ili'i ma 'alihi honua.</p>

**Narrator (cont.):** They begin laughing...  
...laughing at the boy and losing  
their rhythm.  
Why paddle so hard? Clearly they  
are the winners.  
What could the boy do now? He's  
so far away.

But that speck on the horizon—  
begins to grow—  
and grow...  
...gaining on them.  
Wait — could it be?

Is that a kite on his canoe?  
Suddenly, like a rogue wave  
smacking into them, they realize  
what Pāka'a has done.

With the winds in his sail—  
Pāka'a is hurtling towards shore!

Quickly the men scramble to  
resume paddling—  
But to no avail.  
Pāka'a's going much faster than  
they could ever go.  
As he zips past them, Pāka'a lets  
out a clever boast:

**Pāka'a:** Eh, my friends — The stick of the  
birdcatcher will always tell...  
My Uncle Ma'ilou— the Chief's  
birdcatcher — taught me that one.

'Uā ana ka 'aka'aka o lākou.  
Ua lilo wale i ka hana le'ale'a—  
ke'eke'e hana ho'okele; kāpekepeke  
kau puna hoe— pākī 'chukai, kai  
uluō'a nō 'oe.  
Kuhi ana lākou, ua pau 'ē ka heihei  
wa'a. Lawe wale ana nō i ke eo.

Akā 'o ua mea li'ili'i ma 'alihi honua;  
aia la ke 'ea mai ana.  
Ke 'ea mai ana nō... a nui a'e ana.  
E kokoke loa mai ana...  
Pāha'oha'o wale... pōina ka inoa. He  
aha la ho'i kēlā mea kohu hao a pa'ihi  
'ia maluna o kona wa'a?  
Kainō paha he lupe ho'olele?  
Puoho 'ia ka la'i o ka pae 'ōpua.  
Pū'iwa 'oko'a lākou i kā Pāka'a mea i  
hana ai.

Ua hao a pā'ihi, 'i'iwi pōlena...  
popohe kona lā.  
Ke kiau manu lele maila 'o Pāka'a!  
Me ka wikiwiki nō ho'i nā kākāka  
lawai'a i ki'i i ka hoe—  
He hoe kūnihi na'e, hana makahewa  
wale.  
'Oi loa aku ka wikiwiki o Pāka'a.  
Ho'okā'alo wale ana iā lākou, kaena  
a'e 'o Pāka'a:

E nā hoa heihei: Ke hō'ike aku nei ka  
lā'au a ke kia manu... wahi ā Ma'ilou,  
ke kia manu ā ke ali'i — ka mea nāna  
au i a'o.

**Narrator (cont.):** In no time Pāka'a reaches the  
shore with his canoe full of mālolo.  
He is greeted by a crowd of  
appreciative onlookers.  
“Look — it's Pāka'a, keiki of  
La'amaomao!” they exclaim.  
People have never seen such a  
flying fishing canoe before—and  
one full of fish, no less!  
They're lining up to help him carry  
his canoe to dry sand.  
First things first, Pāka'a goes to  
the ku'ula to give fish to the  
fishing gods. Then he shares his  
fish with the gathering crowd of  
families.

Just then, he sees his mother and  
uncle, standing quietly off to the  
side, and beaming with pride.  
Caught in their gaze, a warm  
feeling comes over Pāka'a.  
Standing there gazing at his  
mother and uncle, Pāka'a knows,  
without any doubt, that they love  
him unconditionally.  
And he knows that he can  
accomplish pretty much anything  
if he puts his mind to it.

It's been a good day for Pāka'a.  
A very good day, indeed.

And if you're wondering what  
became of those big kākāka who  
lost their race against Pāka'a,

Me ka 'emo 'ole a hiki aku 'o Pāka'a  
ma kaha 'one.  
Hele aku nā kākāka o ke anaina me  
ka 'oli'oli.  
“Eia la 'o Pāka'a — ke keiki a  
La'amaomao.”  
'Akahi nō a 'ike kēia po'e i ke 'ano  
wa'a lawai'a ho'ohana lupe lele ā  
Pāka'a — a piha nō ho'i kā me ka i'a!  
'Alu po'i ana nā kākāka e kōkua aku  
iā Pāka'a e hāpai i kona wa'a i ke one  
mālo'o. Ka ia mua, hele i ke ku'ula a  
hā'awi i ka i'a. Alaila, māhelehele 'ia  
ke koena me nā 'ohana i 'ākoakoa  
mai.

'O kona 'ike a'ela nō ia i kona mau  
mākua e noho mālie ana. Ua ahu  
wale ke 'ike aku, he piha ha'aheo  
maoli nō. I kēia nānā 'ana, i ko lāua  
mau maka palupalu, ua 'ilihia 'o  
Pāka'a i ke aloha mākua. I loko nō o  
kēia hui 'ana me kona 'ohana, ua 'ike  
pa'a nō 'o Pāka'a: 'a'ohe mea e hemo  
ai 'o ke aloha mākua.  
A maopopo iholā nō ho'i iāia— ua  
hiki loa iāia ke hana i nā mea a pau,  
inā he a'a nō e ki'i i ka hana.

He lā maika'i no Pāka'a.  
'Ae, ua nani maoli nō kēlā.

A inā nō paha 'oukou e no'ono'o ana  
no ka hopena o ua po'e kākāka hoa  
heihei wa'a o Pāka'a, 'o ka hapanui, i

**Narrator (cont.):** many of them came ashore that day and greeted Uncle Ma'ilou... with new-found respect.

One of them even told Uncle Ma'ilou how proud he was to know such a smart, courageous, and resourceful young Hawaiian boy like Pāka'a.

THE END

ko lākou ho'ea 'ulolohi mai ana, ua hā'awi aku lākou iā Ma'ilou i ko lākou aloha... he aloha kānaka.

'O kekahi ho'i, ua hō'ike aku i kona mahalo no ka hana ā Ma'ilou; no kāna keiki u'i maika'i, i a'o 'ia a i hele me ka mākaukau, oia nō ho'i la 'o Pāka'a.

UA PAU

