

For the feet of the kanaka,
By foot, my travelling and arriving,
When the fish move slowly to Hilo,
At Hilo, the canoe is yours.

The keiki's improvised chant refers to the opening wide of the thighs of women who straddle the path to Mahiki, a place that gets slippery when it rains; thus, he alludes to the women who open their thighs at death in the current in the ocean.³⁶

When Kūapāka'a finished chanting, Kahikuokamoku asked, "How did you learn these chants, ē nā keiki?"

"These chants are learned by all the children of this place."

"We're leaving now, so if you have anything more to say, say it now."

"I call on you to bring the canoes ashore. There is a little 'ai from the uplands and some i'a, too. Tomorrow is a calm day for sailing; today will be stormy: there are thick cumulus clouds resting above Kawainui and the ridge of Wailau; when these clouds are blown with full force, a terrible storm will rage; when the clouds are at rest again, then good weather will follow. That's what I have to tell you."³⁷

There were no clouds yet—only the clouds in the wind gourd. The keiki was trying to trick them into coming ashore by saying there were cumulus clouds rising at Kawainui.

The ho'okele responded rudely to the keiki: "Maybe the ali'i won't bring the canoe ashore as you asked him to, ē nā keiki, because if your channel is stormy, the ali'i's canoe would be smashed to bits in it. Then we'd have to use your bones to drill holes to lash the ali'i's canoe back together."

Kūapāka'a asked his father without the others hearing, "Ē! Is what they say true?"

"A'ole."

Pāka'a advised his keiki about how to respond, and Kūapāka'a contradicted them, "Ē! Human bones aren't used to drill holes in a canoe. The stone adze is used to chop down the tree, trim away the top and the side branches, and carve the outside and inside into the right shape. Then pig and dog bones, not human bones, are used to drill holes in the canoe."

All the kōnaka in Keawenuia'umi's canoes agreed: "You're right, ē ke keiki. Those two ho'okele were impertinent and presumptuous, puffing themselves up on their own words."

Kahikuokamoku said, "I'm not speaking on behalf of those two, but I have a question: how is it a calm day like today can be a bad day for sailing? The sky is clear, the mountain tops are exposed, and the banks of clouds are asleep at the horizon."

Kūapāka'a said, "This will be a stormy day, a windy day. You came here from Hawai'i with the winds from there; Hawai'i is a windy land, and they blow here from behind you."

The keiki was a kama'aina of this place, the hot, dry coast of Pālā'au mā, where it's calm in the evenings and the mornings, but when noon approaches, the Moa'e blows. As the day grew warmer, he knew the winds of his island would blow very hard, so he predicted the winds would come from behind them.

"How did you learn the winds of Hawai'i? You've probably never been there," said Kahikuokamoku.

"As I told you before, the children of this island amuse themselves by learning chants. I can recite the chant of the winds of the island of Hawai'i, winds to destroy you."

"Begin then."

Kūapāka'a chanted:

Hurry, hurry,
The source of the storms of Hilo,
Is the wind called ua kea,³⁸
Shearing off the edges of a hale and breaking it up,
Kēpia is of Hilo of the upright cliffs,
Uluau is of Waiākea,
Ulumano, 'Awa, Pu'ulena,
Moani'ala are of Puna,
The winds of Kuamo'a'e have gathered,
My Moa'e, the wind that is swelling,
Apaiahaa is at Kanakaloloa,
Hau is of Kapalilua,
'Eka is of Kona,
Kipu is of Kahuā,
'E'elekoa is of Uli,
Kipu'upu'u is of Waimea,
'Ōlauniu is of Kekaha,
Pa'alā'a is in the ocean,
Nāulu is of Kawaihae,

A wind that comes
 And dashes the milo leaves of Makaopau,
 Kalāhuihua, 'Āpa'apa'a is of Kohala's upland cliffs,
 The wind that flies about like vapor,
 Pu'ukolea is of Kapa'au,
 Holopo'opo'o is of Waipi'o,
 'Aelo is of Hāmākua,
 Kona is the wind of the sky
 Above the 'Alenuihāhā sea,
 You should come ashore,
 The spray of the sea flies up,
 The spray of the wind, a storm is coming.

Kahikuokamoku asked, "Are these the only winds of the island of Hawai'i?"

Kūapāka'a said, "A'ole, here are more." Then he began to chant:

At Ka'ū's windy cape is Ka 'Īlio a Lono,³⁹
 The paddle is dipped into the sea of Kāilikī'i,
 At Puna's foundation turns the sun, the light,
 Go and feel the wind of Kumukahi,
 Hilo's wind-blown rain at sea,
 The rain is seaward, over the hala of Lelewi,
 The spray of rain is at Hāmākua,
 Hāmākua is the bridge to the cliffs,
 At Kohala-iki is the Moa'e wind, the Moa'e blows,
 Kona awakens with the Kēhau breeze,
 Kona's burden diminishing with the Kēhau breeze,
 Keawenuia'umi, come ashore, a storm is coming.

"Are these all of Hawai'i's winds?" asked Kahikuokamoku.

Kūapāka'a answered, "A'ole, there are more—but wait. If you agree to come ashore with us, my chanting will be worth my while. But if not, I'm wasting my breath. I told you earlier this will be a stormy day. No ho'okele is skillful enough to get you to O'ahu in the terrible storm that's coming." Kūapāka'a's repudiation of the two ho'okele-wa'a annoyed them greatly.

Kahikuokamoku asked his kahunas, kilo, and kākā'ōlelo, "Will this really be a stormy day?"

They said, "There won't be a storm. This is a good day for sailing." The ho'okele urged the ali'i to go on, but the canoe couldn't move forward because Kipukohola was holding back with his paddle; he wanted to stay because he was enjoying the keiki's chants; Kahikuokamoku and Keawenuia'umi also admired the way the keiki expertly chanted, using ancient words like an adult.

Kūapāka'a saw his haku's encouraging look and called out the rest of the winds of Hawai'i in a chant:

There, there are the winds rising from the earth,
 The 'Āpa'apa'a is of Kohala,
 The rainy wind called Nāulu is of Kawaihae,
 The Kipu'upu'u is of Waimea,
 A cold wind that hurts the skin,
 A wind that whips the kapa of that land about,
 Tossing up dust before it,
 Frightening the procession of travelers,
 'Ōlauniu is the wind,
 Pili-a is of Kanikū,
 A'e is of Kala'au,
 Pohu and 'Eka are the winds of Kona,
 Ma'a'akuulapu is of Kahalu'u,
 Pilihala is of Ka'awaloa,
 Kēhau is of Kapalilua,
 Piuhooilo is of Ka'ū,
 Ho'olapa is of Kamā'oa,
 Kuehulepo is of Nā'ālehu
 Uahipele is of Kilauea,
 'Awa is of Lelewi,
 Pu'ulena is of Waiākea,
 Uluau is of Hilo-pali-kū,
 Koholālele is of Hāmākua,
 Holopo'opo'o is of Waipi'o,
 The tip of that wind,
 The tip of this wind,
 They will twist into a whirlwind,
 The bundle of bones at the back of the canoe exhaling,
 Breaking off the buoy floating at the front;
 Taking the load from the swamped canoe,

The small canoe will be swamped,
 Destroyed with the large canoe,
 The ali'i will die, the kāhuna will die,
 The weak will die, the strong will die,
 The dark wisemen, the bright wisemen,
 They will search out, they will confer
 To locate the stars of the wave,
 O Hōkū'ula, O Hōkūlei,⁴⁰
 They will swim singly, they will swim by twos,
 Yesterday was a calm day,
 A crowd of fishermen was at sea,
 The paddling of the good canoes,
 The strength of the hoewa'a,
 The wisdom of the ho'okele,
 Don't go far out to sea, ē dear ones,
 Stop here, those from Hawai'i,
 Come here over the sea surface,
 You will be possessed on O'ahu,
 There will be darkness only on calm O'ahu,
 Yesterday was calm, today will be stormy;
 Keawenuia'umi, come ashore, a storm is coming.

Kahikuokamoku answered, "The ali'i's canoes won't go ashore with you, ē ke keiki. These winds you've called out belong to Hawai'i. They blow over the sea of 'Alenuihāhā and die out there. The winds of Hawai'i won't reach here."

Kūapāka'a said, "Since you deny the winds of Hawai'i, here in front of you is O'ahu, another windy land."

Kahikuokamoku said, "Let's hear the names of the O'ahu winds."

Kūapāka'a chanted the winds of O'ahu:

There are our clouds, my father's and mine,
 Covering the mountains;
 The clouds rise with a sudden shower,
 The whirling winds blow,
 The source of the storm of the keiki,
 Ku a ē-ho is at sea,
 From the sea, the storm comes sweeping toward shore,
 The windward Kui-lua wind churns up the sea,
 While you're fishing and sailing,

The Ihihilauakea wind blows,
 It's the wind that blows inside Hanauma,
 A wind from the mountains that darkens the sea,
 It's the wind that tosses the kapa of Paukua,
 Puuokona is of Kuli'ou'ou,
 Ma-ua is the wind of Niu,
 Holouhā is of Kekaha,
 Māunuunu is of Wai'alae,
 The wind of Lē'ahi turns here and there,
 'Ōlauniu is of Kahaloa,
 Wai'ōma'o is of Pālolo,
 Kuehu-lepo is of Kahua,
 Kukalahale is of Honolulu,
 'Ao'aoa is of Māmala,
 'Ōlauniu is of Kapālama,
 Haupe'epe'e is of Kalihi,
 Ko-momona is of Kahauiki,
 Ho'e'o is of Moanalua,
 Moa'e-ku is of Ewaloa,
 Kēhau is of Waiopua,
 Waikōloa is of Lihu'e,
 Kona is of Pu'uokapolei,
 Māunuunu is of Pu'uloa,
 Kaiāulu is of Wai'anae,
 Kumuma'oma'o is of Kamaile,
 Kumaipo is of Kualele,
 Kopiliehu is of Olopua,
 The wind of Ka'ena turns in two directions,
 Hinakokea is of Mokulē'ia,
 The winds of Waiālua blow,
 Moving silently at the cape of Ka'ena,
 Pu'u-ka'ala blows at Ka'ala,
 Kēhau is of Kapo,
 The sea wind blows hard,
 Mālualua comes from the northeast,
 Peapueo is of Kaunala,
 Ahamanu is of Kahuku,
 Lanakila is of Hau'ula,
 Moa'e is of Punalu'u,

'Āhiu is of Kahana,
 Holopali is of Ka'a'awa and Kualoa,
 Kiliua is of Waikāne,
 Mololani is of Kua'a'ohe,
 Ulumano is of Kāne'ohe,
 The wind is for Kaholoakeāhole,
 Puahiohio is the upland wind of Nu'uanu,
 Malanai is of Kailua,
 Limu-li-pu'upu'u comes ashore at Waimānalo,
 'Alopali is of Pāhōnu,
 At Makapu'u the winds turn,
 The Kona winds turn, the Ko'olau winds turn,
 The winds will turn before you and find you,
 You'll be overwhelmed, O deaf ali'i,
 The winds will gather,
 The na'ena'e leaves will bend,
 You'll be swept ashore at Awawamalu,
 Caught in the fishing net of the head fisherman,
 Your thigh bone and upper-arm bone
 Will be made into fishhooks,
 To catch the pā'o and the 'ōpakapaka,
 Your flesh will be without bones,
 The black crab, the shearwater will eat your remains,
 The life from the parents will be broken off,
 Here I am, the 'aumakua kanaka,
 Listen to my life-giving words,
 Keawenuia'umi, come ashore, a storm is coming,
 When you sailed yesterday, it was calm.⁴¹

After the winds of O'ahu had been named, the kōnaka were uncertain: they didn't believe fully in the keiki's words, yet they were afraid that he might be right and that some of them might die at sea.

They sat quietly, hoping perhaps the keiki's haku would go ashore; while they waited calmly for something to be said, they just stared fixedly at the keiki's moored canoe.

After a while, Lapakahoe said, "You're really smart, little keiki, and your chanting is delightful. Your memorizing of the chants of the winds of Hawai'i and O'ahu is extraordinary! Are these the only windy lands?"

"A'ole, Kaua'i is also a windy land."

"Do you know the names of Kaua'i's winds?"

"Ae." Then Kūapāka'a called out the winds of Kaua'i as follows:

There, see the wind,
 A wind, the wind gourd of La'amaomao,
 The Kiu, the Ko'olauwahine breeze, where I left it,
 Calling out to the multitudes, to the row of mountains,
 A cloud sign of the scattering wind,
 A cloud formed by winds gathering at Kapa'a,
 There they are, the winds of Kaua'i,
 Moa'e is of Lehua,
 Mikioi is of Kawaihoa,
 Nāulu is of Ni'ihau,
 Ko'olau is of Kaulakahi,
 Lawakua is of Nāpali
 Lani-ku'u-wa'a is of Kalalau,
 Lauae is of Honopū,
 'Aiko'o is of Nu'alolo,
 Kuehu-kai is the wind of Miloli'i,
 Pu'ukapele is of Mānā,
 Moeahua is of Kekaha,
 Waipao is of Waimea,
 Kapaahoa is of Kahana,
 Makaupili is of Pe'ape'a,
 Aoao is of Hanapēpē,
 Unulau is of Wahiawā,
 Kiuanu is of Kalāheo,
 A'e is of Lāwa'i,
 Malanai is of Kōloa,
 Ku'iamanini is of Weliweli,
 Makahuena is of Pā'ā,
 Onehali is of Manenene,
 Ko'omakani is of Māhā'ulepū,
 Paupua is of Kīpū,
 Ala'oli is of Hulē'ia,
 Waikai is of Kalapakī,
 Kā'ao is of Hanamā'ulu,
 Waipua'a'ala is the wind
 That knocks down hale of Konolea,

Wai'ōpua is of Wailua,
 Waiolohia is of Nahanahanai,
 Inuwai is of Waipouli,
 Ho'olua is the wind of Makaiwa,
 Kēhau is of Kapa'a,
 Malamalamamaikai is of Keālia,
 Hulilua is of Hōmaikawa'a,
 Amu is of Anahola,
 Kololio is of Moloa'a,
 Kiukainui is of Ko'olau,
 Maheu is of Kalihiwai,
 Nau is of Kalihikai,
 Lūhau is of Hanalei,
 Waiamau is of Wai'oli,
 Pu'unahahele is of Waipā,
 Haukoloa is of Lumaha'i,
 Lūpua is of Wainiha,
 Pahahehala is of Naue,
 Limahuli is of Hā'ena.
 Near the waterfall at the cliff,
 The water trickling down the paddle handle
 To quench one's thirst,
 The tip of that wind,
 The tip of this wind,
 They'll twist into a whirlwind,
 Rushing out over the sea.
 Come ashore, a storm is coming, yesterday was calm.
 Here are 'ai from the upland, i'a, kapa, malo;
 If you sail over the ocean,
 Remember the keiki who hasn't come with you,
 The outgoing and incoming currents will carry you,
 Possessed there at Hanauma,
 You will be caught by fishermen,
 Carried to the harmful spirit,⁴²
 You'll be called a castaway,
 Turn toward my sun and live,
 You deaf ali'i of Hawai'i,
 Come ashore, a storm is coming,
 Tomorrow will be calm.

When the chant ended, Kahikuokamoku said, "So a storm will strike today, ē ke keiki?"

Kūapāka'a said, "Ae, today will be stormy. The wind will rise from the cape of Kawaihoa, Ni'ihau, and turn back the bow of your canoe."

The ali'i's crew didn't respond. While they were calmly floating without saying anything, they heard thunder and a roaring of wind.

Then Pāka'a told the keiki, "You blundered when you called out Kaua'i's winds because you began with Hawai'i's winds, which are the easternmost winds. You should then call out Ka'ula's wind, which is the westernmost wind, not of Kaua'i." So Kūapāka'a called out for Ka'ula's wind:

There, there, there below the rock of Ola
 The black bird begged
 The bird of Ka'ula begged
 Suspended there above Wa'ahila
 The bird of Ka'ula-naula
 The favorite young island, given birth by Hina,
 Ekeu-ekeu is the wind of Ka'ula
 Bring here, bring here the wind.⁴³

Keawenuia'umi told Kūapāka'a, "Your chanting is delightful, ē ke keiki, but you blundered when you called for a wind. I told you I'm searching for my kahu, Pāka'a, and you called out, 'Bring here, bring here the wind,' so now that a wind is coming I won't come ashore with you."

He told Ho'okele-i-Hilo and Ho'okele-i-Puna, "Let's go."

The kānaka readied their paddles to go as their ali'i had ordered, but Lapakahoe didn't want to go because he was fascinated by the keiki's chanting, so when the kānaka in the middle and astern began to paddle, Lapakahoe quickly ordered the kānaka toward the bow—Kuia, Lona and Kipukohola, to hold back on their paddles to prevent the canoe from moving. The pebbles stirred, and the sand scattered on the sea bottom beneath the canoe, but the canoe remained in the same place, as if it were anchored.

Kūapāka'a looked at Lapakahoe, then said to Pāka'a, "The ho'okele ordered the kānaka to paddle, but some of them are holding back with their paddles, so the canoe is stalled."

Keawenuia'umi was getting very angry at the keiki and commanded the kānaka to paddle. Kūapāka'a told his father, "The ali'i is very angry with me and has shouted at the hoewa'a to paddle on."

His father said, "Chant," so the keiki chanted:

Hurry! hurry!! hurry!!!
The sky is oppressive,
The earth is distressed,
Harmful spirits in the light,
The mischievous ones rise,
The mischievous ones tarry,
The 'iwa is aloft,
It's a windy day, it's going to rain,
The water flows, the 'opae surface,
The rocks are exposed;
Where the sea rages, the moi remains,
Where the sea spurts, the 'anae spawns,
Where the tide is low, the pūloa is struck,
The pāki'i is stepped on, the 'ulae is trampled,
The 'ina is pried up, the wana is hooked,
The honu comes up for air on a windy day,
Where the tide rises, the manini remains,
Where the shoals are rocky, the uoa turns over,
Where the sea is blue, the manō swims,
At the deep-sea fishing grounds, kāhala is hooked,
Where chewed kukui nut is spit to calm the sea,
The uhu is netted,
Caught by those in front, silently, noisily,
The rain borne on the Mālua wind falls,
The winds turn over,
Hāualialia of Kaunakakai,
Ihuanu of Kawela,
Akani at Wāwā'ia,
Pohaku-kupukupu at Kamalō,
Reaching Kala'e Loa of Lehua,
'Ualapu'e, a step away
From Kalua'aha and Mapulehu.⁴⁴

When the keiki finished this chant urging quick action, his father

ordered him to chant again, so he did so:

The cloud bank settles in the sky,
The rain water relieves the birth-pains of the clouds,
The black shining rain of Kāne,
The navel of the rain forms in the sky,
The streams swell with the rain,
The thunder roars, the earth rumbles,
The lightning flashes in the sky,
The light rain, the heavy rain,
The long rain, the short rain,
The softly blown rain, the sleep of the rainy season,
The breath is held, the hair is drenched,
The hair is parted in the middle,
Sleep curled up, sleep facing up,
Sleep and obey, sleep and wake up,
The teeth gnash angrily, the hands are slow,
The stubborn haku will die,
The stubborn hoewa'a, the stubborn ho'okele
Will die at sea,
You'll leave and be beset by a storm,
You'll be called a castaway,
The fragrance of the imu,
Like a fish hooked, you'll be cut up with shark-teeth,
Your bones will be made into fishhooks,
The olonā twisted to make fishing line, the fish will bite,
The 'opākapāka, hapu'u, ulua,
The month is Kaulua,⁴⁵
Care for the favorite keiki,
Or he'll be lost in the sea of Kaulua,
The canoe should come ashore,
Here are 'ai from the upland, i'a, kapa, malo,
Stormy days will come before calm seas,
So come ashore, my haku,
Today will be stormy, yesterday was calm.

When the ali'i heard the voice of the keiki again saying, "It'll be a stormy day," his anger subsided, and he asked his ho'okele, kāhuna, kilo, and other advisers, "How is it? Should we go ashore as the keiki

says?”

They responded, “Why should we go ashore here?”

Lapakahoe had paid close attention as Kūapāka‘a named the winds in his chants, and his love for Pāka‘a welled up in his heart, for the keiki’s chanting was like the chanting he and Pāka‘a had once done. Lapakahoe asked Kūapāka‘a, “Ē ke keiki, who taught you these chants?”

Kūapāka‘a answered, “I told you earlier I learned them during my childhood on Moloka‘i.”

Lapakahoe replied, “Only two people know these chants—my older brother Pāka‘a and I. We composed these chants for our ali‘i, Keawenuia‘umi. No one else knows them, not even Kahikuokamoku, the aikāne punahele of the ali‘i. Now I hear you reciting the chants, you small little boy. How did you learn them?”

Kūapāka‘a said, “I told you I learned them during my childhood on this island. If you come ashore, you would hear all the children reciting them.”

Then Lapakahoe replied, “No one else knows them, only Pāka‘a and I. If what you say is true, Pāka‘a must have taught them to the children. Tell me, do you know if Pāka‘a is living here?”

“No one by that name lives here—we heard that Pāka‘a is on Ka‘ula.”

Lapakahoe stopped questioning the keiki because he remembered Keawenuia‘umi had told him that Pāka‘a’s spirit had appeared in a dream and said Pāka‘a was on Ka‘ula.

Kahikuokamoku saw someone hunched over at the bow of the keiki’s canoe and asked, “Who is that at the bow of your canoe?”

“That’s my father—he’s deaf. He enjoys fishing for uhu.”

When Lapakahoe wondered if Pāka‘a was on Moloka‘i, Pāka‘a hoped the ali‘i would go ashore and search for him. Then Pāka‘a could carry out his plan of revenge and end his separation from his hānai. But he didn’t want to be discovered right away before his plan unfolded, so when Kahikuokamoku asked, “Who is that at the bow of your canoe?” Pāka‘a worried that he would be discovered. He was afraid that he and his keiki would be ordered to paddle closer, so the ali‘i could ask questions about Pāka‘a’s whereabouts. But this danger passed because of the keiki’s quick answer: if the old man was deaf, what was the point of questioning him? Thus Pāka‘a escaped detection.

When Kūapāka‘a’s exchange with Kahikuokamoku ended, Pāka‘a ordered the keiki to chant again, so he chanted:

Hurry, hurry, hurry,
The rain, the storm, the winds are coming,
The Pu‘ulenalena of Hilo, indeed,
Of Koha-i-nae, Hōkūkano, Waiolomea,
The paddles are seized in the starboard hull,
At the thought of running aground,
At the inboard part of the outrigger boom,
At the forward outrigger boom,
At the stern outrigger boom,
At the hollow of the canoe for the ho‘okele,
The buttocks will bestir, the paddles will be lifted,
The anchor pulled up, the waves watched for,
The twisting, the collapsing, the waves of the inside,
The rolling of waves, the paddling outside,
The calm at the canoe’s bow, the rolling,
The canoe rolls and stops,
The water outside gathers at the opening,
The beloved canoe hulls of those storm-beset,
Here I am to destroy you!
The small wave will destroy you,
The large wave will destroy you,
The long wave will destroy you,
The short wave will destroy you,
A wave crashing down on the unprepared canoe
Shows that the ho‘okele are unskillful,
The following waves inside, outside,
The roaring, the trembling,
The large wave, the long wave,
The waves that overwhelm,
The waves that overwhelm and swamp your canoe,
The swamping of the small canoes,
The swamping of the large canoes,
The paddles are bound together,
The ukana of a swamped canoe,
The small paddle, the large paddle,
The long paddle, the short paddle,
The small bailing cup, the large bailing cup,
The long bailing cup, the short bailing cup,

The thick bailing cup, the thin bailing cup,
 The incompetent ones of the swamped canoe will die,
 Trying to refloat the canoe,
 That block of wood, this block of wood,
 That rope is pulled, this rope is pulled,
 That multitude leaves, this multitude leaves,
 The large waves rise, the small waves break,
 The bow pieces snap off,
 The stern pieces snap off,
 The kāhuna are sundered,
 Rigid with fear and hollow, the pair with no rights,
 This is their day of death,
 The ocean gapes open, the louse eggs are cold,
 The lice are soaked, the wrong-doers are drenched,
 You ho'okele and kilo are disgraced,
 The kāhuna and other experts are disgraced,
 Look, you two ho'okele,
 For the star of the land, come ashore.

Keawenuia'umi was uncertain about what to do, so he again asked his ho'okele, kāhuna, kilo, and other advisers to look at the signs again to see if the weather would remain good or not because he was afraid that the keiki's words were true, that the weather would turn bad. He wanted to know if they would die at sea if they didn't go ashore, as Kūapāka'a had predicted.

So the ali'i asked again, "What shall we do? Go ashore as the keiki says?"

The advisers responded, "A'ole, there's no storm coming—the keiki is wahahe'e—a liar. Where are the clouds? Where are the cloud banks? Where is the rain? Where is the wind? Where is the thunder? Where is the lightning? What makes you think the keiki is telling the truth? This is your day to sail to Ka'ula, where you'll find your kauwā, Pāka'a."

When the keiki heard them call him wahahe'e, he calmly told his father, "The advisers refuse to land here."

His father said, "Improvise another chant," so Kūapāka'a chanted again:

The eyes are blinded by the sea spray,
 Which hides the line of islands,

These are the days of Kū
 When the current flows outward,
 The current enters the depths of the sea,
 The mouth of the manō gapes open,
 To snatch you up, Keawenuia'umi,
 You'll return only in spirit to Hawai'i;
 O deaf ali'i, come ashore, a storm is coming,
 Tomorrow will be calm.

Then the ali'i again asked the ho'okele and kāhuna, "Shall we go ashore as the keiki advises? If we sail on, he says only our spirits will return to Hawai'i."

The ho'okele and the kāhuna said to the ali'i, "We won't go ashore—this is a calm day and that keiki is wahahe'e." Then the ho'okele chanted to Kūapāka'a:

Who will go ashore on a calm day?
 The heavens are cloudless, the shrubs are dry,
 The clouds have gone back to the mountains,
 The wind has gone back to Kumukahi,
 The cloud banks have gone back to 'Awalau,
 The gloomy wind-blown showers have gone back,
 The canoes have gone back
 To the deepening rough-water channel,
 The canoes have gone back to the windy cape,
 The sea has gone back, the water of Manawainui,
 Where is your storm today, ē nā keiki?

Kūapāka'a chanted back:

There is our fish, my father's and mine,
 A hinālea returns to the cave,
 Bunched up, curled up in the storm;
 There is our uhu, my father's and mine,
 Coming to the edge of the net,
 Baring their teeth, showing their teeth in anger,
 There is our coconut, my father's and mine,
 Planted in the ocean, growing in the ocean,
 Bearing fruit in the ocean, ripening in the ocean,

The voice of the coconut is a creaking,
Creaking in the storm.⁴⁶

The ho'okele said, "Your tongue is as slippery as a he'e, ē nā keiki
Who planted this coconut in the ocean, so that it sprouted, grew, bore
fruit, and ripened in the sea?"

Kūapāka'a said, "The head, where the ears stand up, didn't pay
attention."

Kahikuokamoku said, "Ae, is the creaking of the sennit of our canoe
your coconut's voice?"

Kūapāka'a said, "That's the coconut's voice—the lashings of your
canoe are made of twisted coconut-husk fibers. This answers the riddle,
'What coconut grows in the ocean?'"

The two ho'okele were offended by the keiki's wit, so Ho'okele-i-
Hilo responded, "You're a nobody, ē nā keiki, but your words are very
annoying. We'll sail to O'ahu, and when we come back, we'll roast you
in an imu."

The keiki whispered to his father, "Is what he says true?"

Pāka'a advised the keiki, and Kūapāka'a responded, "You won't kill
me—you'll die at sea before that."

The talking stopped while the crew prepared to go. When they
began to paddle away, the keiki told his father, "My haku is about to
go."

Pāka'a replied, "Call out the winds of Maui and Moloka'i"; so
Kūapāka'a called out:

There, there, the windy clouds rest,
The Paliale is Hilo's wind,
Pāki'ele is of Waiākea,
Hāna's winds are 'Ai-maunu,
Kaomi, Kāpae,
Ho'olua, Lauawaawa,
Paiolopaowa, Halemauu,
Kui, Kona;
Koholā-pehu is of Kīpahulu,
Koholā-lele as well,
'Ai-loli is of Kaupō,
Moā'e is of Kahikinui,
Papa is of Honua'ula,

Nāulu is at Kanaloa,
Hau descends from the uplands of Kula,
It's the wind of that place,
Searching the pili,
Nau is the wind of Kula,
'Ulalena is at Pi'iholo,
'Ūkiu is of Makawao,
The Puukoa rain is at Kokomo,
The Elehei rain is at Liliko'i,
The gentle, cool rain there,
Haule-aku is at Mauoni,
Hau-aku is at Keālia,
Kaumuku is of Papawai,
Olaukoa is at Ukumehame,
The wind that tears apart the hale at Olowalu,
Kilihau is the rain there,
Kololio is of Waikapū,
I'a-iki is of Wailuku,
'O'opu is of Waihe'e,
The Kaua'ula wind blows,
Roaring up the cliffs,
The cliffs of Kahakuloa,
Of Waiuli at Honolua,
Pohakea is at Māhinahina,
Lililehua is at the cliffs,
'Imihau is of Keka'a,
Nahua is at Kā'anapali,
Unulua fills the sail,
Ma'a'a is of Lahaina,
Settling at Kamaiki,
Moā'ea'e-aku is at the cliffs,
Alani is of Liloa,
Pa'alā is of Kaha,
The children of Ku and Naiwi,
Kaiāulu is at Pulupulu,
Holio is on the plains,
Holio is the wind,
Laukoai is on the plains,
Holo-kaomi is at Paoma'i,

The wind that doubles up is of the lowlands,
 Kupa and Okea are the winds,
 Paiolua is of the ocean,
 Ho'olua, Moa'e,
 Ka'ele are at Pālā'au,
 Haualialia is there,
 Laumaomao is at Punakou,
 Lawelawe-malie is at Kekaha,
 Haleolono is at Kaluako'i,
 The Iki-aea is at Ho'olehua,
 The Kuapa is at Mo'omomi,
 The Kiola-kapa wind of Kaeleawaa,
 Waikalua is the wind
 At Pu'upāpa'i, Pu'uanahulu, Ka'amola,
 The wind that buffets the canoes of Moloka'i,
 Makaolehua at Kalua'aha,
 The Pu'u-lolo at Mapulehu,
 Pu'u-makani at 'Aha'ino,
 Pakaikai is the wind that blows at Wailua,
 Ho'olua is at Hālawa,
 Ho'olua-noe is at Hālawa,
 Ho'olua-kele is at Hālawa,
 Ho'olua-pehu is at Hālawa,
 Ho'olua-ka'ipou is at Hālawa,
 Ho'olua-wahakole is at Hālawa,
 Hikipua is at Hālawa,
 Hakaano is at Hālawa,
 Laukamani is at Hālawa,
 Pu'uohoku is at Hālawa,
 Okia is at Hālawa,
 Ualehu is at Hālawa,
 Laiku is at Hālawa,
 Nāulu is at Hālawa,
 Kēhau is at Hālawa,
 Koipali is at Hālawa,
 Līanu is at Hālawa,
 'Ehukai is at Hālawa,
 Hauali'ali'a is of Kaunakakai,
 Pai is of Kamiloloa,

Ihuanu is of Kawela,
 Ekahanui is of Kamalō,
 Akani is of Wāwā'ia,
 Pohakupukupu is of Ka'amola,
 Heakai is of Kalaeloa,
 Makaolehua is of Ualapu'e,
 Kipukaholo is of Kalua'aha,
 Waikōloa is of Mapulehu,
 Hukipepeiao is of Kūpeke,
 Launahelēhele is of Honomuni,
 Mauna-i-heleia is of Kainalu,
 Kēhau is of Waialua,
 Alopali is of Honouli,
 Puuohoku is of Moakea,
 Kololio is of Keōpuka,
 Ho'olua is of Halawa-nui,
 Lau-kamani is of Hālawa-iki,
 Ho'olua-puakakalo is of Kaahakualua,
 Kaaki is of Pāpala-loko,
 Leia is of Kikipua,
 Ekepue is of Wailau,
 Pu'upilo is of Pelekunu,
 Kili'o'opu is of Makaluhau,
 Kaupu-moa-ula is of Kalawao,
 Koki-lae is of Kalaupapa,
 Drink the water of birth in the uplands,
 Makakuapo is of Nihoa,
 Aikupala is of Kahanui,
 Noe-ka-maile brings calm,
 Kumuma'oma'o is of Kaluako'i,
 Ho'olua is that Moa'e bringing clouds,
 Ho'olua is this Moa'e bringing clouds,
 Turning at Kalā'au cape,
 'Ūkiukiu is of Kalama'ula,
 Making a new path there,
 Burning the 'ai of that hot plain,
 Pa'ū-pili brings calm to Īloli,
 Striking the sea at low tide
 When the i'a are gathered,

The burden of the Moa'e wind,
 The Moa'e stays in the uplands,
 The Moa'e is at Kona,
 Ho'olua is at Ko'olau,
 We float in the calm,
 At the cape of Kalā'au, the wind turns,
 The deep hole foams up,
 Koa is of Mālei,
 It blows here and there on the coral reef,
 Mālualua is of Hale-o-Lono,
 Kumuma'oma'o is the Ho'olua in the forest,
 A roaring wind of Kona and Ko'olau,
 The Ko'olau winds will bring you to the channel-edge,
 The small canoes will be swamped,
 Destroyed along with the large canoes,
 The genitals will be dulled, the scrotums will shrivel up,
 The ho'okele will be disgraced,
 The kāhuna will be disgraced,
 The expert readers of storm signs,
 That appear and persist,
 That float and persist,
 The small ukana, the large ukana,
 The bailing cups carelessly left behind,
 You'll come to rest on the shore of Hanauma,
 The kānaka with the long thighs,
 The kānaka with the short thighs,
 The fisherman of Kookoo-na-moku,
 Crabs will tread on your teeth, and sleep,
 The deaf ali'i's life will be ended by the storm,
 Ah! Come ashore through the channel,
 While you're near, the haku,
 While I'm near, the kauwā,
 Await the calm day
 For this is Welehu, the stormy month,
 Makali'i, Kā'elo, Kaulua,
 A red glow bursts forth,
 In Nana the sea is calm,
 Welo and Ikiiki⁴⁷
 Are when the fishermen's lines are wet,

Look how the ocean is far,
 The island is near,
 Bring the canoe ashore,
 Search for Pāka'a, find Pāka'a,
 Papai, Waimea, Moloka'i are stormy.

As he neared the end of the chant, Kūapāka'a thought that if he hinted Pāka'a was on Moloka'i, he could lure Keawenuia'umi ashore, so he had added the lines:

Bring the canoe ashore,
 Search for Pāka'a, find Pāka'a.

When Lapakahoe heard this, he said to Kūapāka'a, "You chanted very beautifully, but you're lying now. Earlier I asked you about Pāka'a, and you said you didn't know about him. Now in this chant, you say, 'Search for Pāka'a, find Pāka'a.' I think you're lying."

Lapakahoe was angry, so he called on the hoewa'a and the ho'okele to go, and they quickly prepared to leave.

Kūapāka'a said to his father, "My haku is going. The kānaka are ready with their paddles and have taken their seats."

Pāka'a said, "Call out the names of the hoewa'a and your haku. Perhaps if they hear their names called out, they'll agree to beach the canoes and depart tomorrow instead."

Kūapāka'a stood up, and before the hoewa'a of the ali'i could dip their paddles into the sea, he called out loudly:

Hurry! Hurry!! Hurry!!!
 Hasten! Hasten!! Hasten!!!
 Be prepared, be ready,
 That canoe, this canoe,
 Hands working together, grabbing the paddles,
 The sea is calm,
 The wet and cold are ended,
 Let the backbone and side be slippery,
 Move, those seated in front and back,
 Like chopping wood,
 Firm are the hands while paddling,
 The paddle is the burden of the hand,

The wave is the opponent,
 The black is laid down,
 The white is brought up,
 The pieces connecting the hulls are washed over,
 The paddles whirl,
 Inside, outside, outside, inside,
 The canoe begins to move,
 Rocking, shaking, dizzying,
 The kánaka on the canoe fall down,
 The bailing cups knock about,
 The 'ōhi'a wood rattles,
 The lau hala sails crackles,
 The opponent of the wind,
 The bow of the canoe dips below,
 Who is the kanaka at the bow?

Pāka'a told his keiki, "Lapakahoe, my younger brother." Then Kūapāka'a called out the names of the hoewa'a:

Lapakahoe, who's next?
 Lapanaiwiaoao, who's next?
 Hookahikuamoo, who's next?
 Aohelimakainui, who's next?
 Kamahuakoae, who's next?
 Kipukohola, who's next?
 Kaili, the god, who's next?
 Ku ana Hepa, a kahuna, who's next?
 Noho ana Hepa, a kahuna, who's next?
 Kauilaokahoeikalima, who's next?
 Kanehekapoohiwi, who's next?
 Kahaluluakoae, who's next?
 Mokukaiiakapuhi, who's next?
 Ahuakaiiwi, who's next?
 Uluakamoanaiakaiehu, who's next?
 Oaiwaenakahoealiua, who's next?
 Halawaimekamakani, who's next?
 Hamamakawahaokaalemeheipula, who's next?
 Uakukapaiakalailalo, who's next?
 Uahaihaikakaoka, who's next?

Uanahaekaiowa, who's next?
 Oiukamaewa, who's next?
 Okioioekakahuna, who's next?
 Kamoeneikawaaokealii, who's next?
 Kekioneikaliuwaena, who's next?
 The port hull is complete,
 The starboard hull is complete,
 A query, a question, who are the others?

Kahikuokamoku said, "You've named everyone in this canoe hull. But you haven't named the kánaka in the other hull."

The hoewa'a in the other hull sat two or three at a seat, one paddling on one side, another on the other side. When one got tired and sore at the outside, he would exchange places with the person on the inside.

After Kahikuokamoku pointed out that the names of the people in the second canoe hull hadn't been called out, Kūapāka'a continued:

Hurry! Hurry!! Hurry!!!
 Sail quickly! Sail quickly!! Sail quickly!!!
 Swim there, swim here,
 Harmful spirits in the light,
 The mischievous ones rise,
 The mischievous ones tarry,
 The 'iwa is aloft,
 It's a windy day, it's going to rain,
 The water flows, the 'ōpae surface,
 The rocks are exposed;
 Where the sea rages, the moi remains,
 Where the sea spurts, the 'anae spawns,
 Where the tide is low, the pūloa is struck,
 The pāki'i is stepped on, the 'ulae is trampled,
 The 'ina is pried up, the wana is hooked,
 The honu comes up for air on a windy day,
 Where the tide rises, the manini remains,
 Where the shoals are rocky, the uoa turns over,
 Where the sea is blue, the manō swims,
 At the deep-sea fishing grounds, kāhala is hooked,
 Where chewed kukui nut is spit to calm the sea,
 The uhu is netted,

Kui and Lau, a pair, who's next?
 Koaloa and Koapoko, a pair, who's next?
 Nanaimua and Nanaihope, a pair, who's next?
 Puipui, Uhauhali, a pair, who's next?
 Neneimua, Neneihope, a pair, who's next?
 Kahaneeku, Kahaneemai, a pair, who's next?
 Ku, Ka, a pair, who's next?
 Kapilikua, Kapilialo, a pair, who's next?
 Kapohina, Kapoae, a pair, who's next?
 Kaukaiwahelamakani, Puupuukoaikainei, a pair, who's next?
 Hulihana, Hailawakua, a pair, who's next?
 Nulani and Haakoa, kāhuna, a pair, who's next?
 The slaves Pulale, Makaukau, a pair, who's next?
 Keawenuia'umi, Kahikuokamoku, Kīauau, three of them, who's next?
 The kānaka at the stern of the canoe,
 Ho'okele-i-Hilo and Ho'okele-i-Puna, a pair,
 The kānaka at the bow of the canoe,
 Kuia and Lona, a pair,
 The port hull is complete,
 The starboard hull is complete,
 Just a query, a question:
 What are the names of the people remaining?

Kahikuokamoku answered, "No names remain—you've recited them all. You know our names, but we don't know your name. What is your name?"

"I didn't tell you my name," said Kūapāka'a. "If you agree to come ashore, I'll tell you my name."

Ho'okele-i-Hilo said, "You withhold your name, you deceitful keiki, so you can get us to do what you want. But the ali'i won't go ashore with you. We plan to leave." Then the kānaka began to paddle the canoe away.

The keiki sat down and said to his father, "My haku won't come ashore. My mouth's exhausted from urging your deaf ali'i to come ashore."

"Patience," Pāka'a said. "If he listens, he'll live; if not, he'll die. Your haku will return because he'll die in the storm if he doesn't listen to you." The two watched calmly, as the ali'i's canoe headed toward

O'ahu; in no time, it was almost out of sight.

Then Pāka'a asked the keiki, "Where is your haku's canoe?"

"The canoe and the kānaka are almost out of sight—I can see only their sail."

Pāka'a said, "Open the wind gourd of La'amaomao."

Kūapāka'a uncovered the gourd and chanted to the winds:

Ē winds that I've called,
 Blow here, those of Ka'ula and Kaua'i first,
 Those of O'ahu and Hawai'i from the sides,
 Those of Maui and Moloka'i last,
 Blow true, and overtake the canoe fleet
 Of Keawenuia'umi, the ali'i.

When the chant ended, banks of clouds rose, storm clouds flew overhead, the skies darkened, lightning flashed, thunder roared, rain pelted down, and blustery winds blew—a terrible storm!

When Keawenuia'umi saw the storm coming, he remembered the words of the keiki and spoke angrily to his kāhuna, kilo, ho'okele and other experts: "Kā! You dismissed the keiki's words. The keiki said 'It'll be a stormy day,' but you said 'A'ole, it'll be a good day, no signs of a storm.' Here are signs of a storm—fire blazing in the sky, thunder rolling, Kulanihakoi spilling over,⁴⁸ the wind blowing strongly. What a storm! We're doomed because of you, you ignorant fools! Two or three times I asked you for your advice, but it turns out you don't know anything. The keiki told us to go ashore, and you said his words were wahahe'e. Now I know the keiki was right, and you were wahahe'e. Let's go ashore."

The ali'i's double-hulled canoe had not yet been taken by the storm; the forward canoes with the district ali'i and their kānaka were overwhelmed first, because the first winds blew from the west. The canoes at the front of the fleet, passing off of Kaluahole,⁴⁹ were caught by the storm and swamped. When the kānaka tried to swim, they were swept away in the outgoing and ingoing currents and lost at sea. The small canoes were lost in the waves whipped up by the multitude of winds blowing from the front, the back, the sides. When the large canoes went to refloat the swamped small canoes, the large canoes failed; all the canoes were damaged.

Thus the destruction continued until the double-hulled canoe

of Keawenuia‘umi was also caught and swamped, floating helplessly among the waves. All the canoes were swamped, and the survivors were cold and shivering from the rain and the sea. Their bodies were going into shock from the cold. Most of the supplies—the ‘ai, the i‘a, the kapa, and other necessities—were lost.

The ali‘i wept from the cold and again scolded his ho‘okele, kāhuna kilo, and other experts for their foolish advice: “I wanted to find Pāka‘a—you blundered, no knowledge, no skill. These buttocks wouldn’t be wet if Pāka‘a were here. Because of your incompetence, I’m soaked to the bone. I may even die here at sea.”

In the strong wind and the pounding seas, he called in vain for the experts at refloating swamped canoes.

Pāka‘a watched the storm’s devastation from his canoe, then told his keiki, “Cover your gourd so your ali‘i won’t suffer from the cold.” Kūapāka‘a covered the wind gourd and the sea became calm. In no time the storm had passed, and the sun came out and warmed the ocean. The biggest canoes, belonging to Keawenuia‘umi and the district ali‘i, were still partially afloat. The crews bailed the canoes and climbed back into them. When the ali‘i got back into his canoe, he looked around for land and saw that O‘ahu and Lāna‘i were far away. Moloka‘i was the closest island, so he decided to go back there. “Perhaps we’ll find the keiki who was anchored there. If he urges us to land again, this time we’ll land.”

Kahikuokamoku and the rest of the kānaka agreed, so the fleet went back to Moloka‘i. The canoes were paddled so they would arrive before nightfall at the place where they met the keiki. It was already getting dark. Keawenuia‘umi’s hoewa‘a were the strongest, so his canoe moved into the lead, with the rest of the canoes falling behind. The ali‘i’s canoe was the first one Kūapāka‘a saw returning.

The keiki told his father, “Here comes my haku now.”

“Where?” asked Pāka‘a.

“There.”

Pāka‘a told the keiki, “If your haku tries to enter the harbor, tell him that the channel is dangerously crooked and that you and I will go ahead to guide his canoe; when we reach a safe spot, we’ll signal for his canoe to follow. We’ll lead the way to shore and his canoe will follow us. If we let them go ashore on their own, they’ll land before us and I’ll be discovered.”

When the ali‘i’s canoe was nearby, Kūapāka‘a called out:

Hurry! Hurry!! Hurry!!!

The rain comes with the wind, the island is dark,
The haku comes quietly,
The rain twisted, the canoes rolled,
The sea raged, the puna coral flew up,
The crew slipped down, eaten by the waves,
The ukana on the canoe,
And the canoe itself were tossed up,
The wind challenged the loved ones of the keiki,
Wept for the loved ones of the women,
Keawenuia‘umi sat in the hale,
The seat was stormy, unsteady,
The ‘ilio in the sea snapped angrily,
Bit the bow of the canoe,
The expert ho‘okele,
The companion in front was made to crawl,
The companion in back departed,
The companion of the kāhuna took over,
Bowed his head with humility, trembled,
Grew bewildered, shivered,
The body hair bristled in fright as they sailed,
You, Keawenuia‘umi-a-Liloa.

Keawenuia‘umi said, “Ae, you were right, ē ke keiki. What you predicted turned out to be true. Now I’m going to come ashore as you suggested. I thought my ho‘okele-wa‘a knew what they were talking about, but they didn’t.”

“Now you know the danger of not coming ashore through the keiki’s channel?”

“Ae, let’s go ashore,” said Keawenuia‘umi.

Then Kūapāka‘a replied: “Ē! Listen, ē ke ali‘i, we two will go first while you wait behind. When we beckon you with our hands, you follow us. The channel zigzags. The time is past for going ashore unguided. If you had listened to me earlier and come ashore when the tide was low, you would have been able to see the coral heads. Now that the tide is high, you can’t see them. You won’t know which way to go and if your canoe hits the reef, it’ll be badly damaged. Then when good weather returns, you won’t have a canoe to search for Pāka‘a and return to Hawai‘i.”

The ali'i said, "Ae, you're right, ē ke keiki. We'll follow you to shore." The keiki pulled up the stone anchor and placed it on board his father's canoe, then he and his father paddled ahead to a safe deep spot and stopped. Kūapāka'a signaled, and Keawenuia'umi mā followed. When the ali'i reached the safe spot, the small canoe went forward again. That's how they entered the harbor, zigzagging in among the coral heads. Near shore Kūapāka'a paddled vigorously and landed on the sandy beach.

As soon as the bow of the canoe touched the sand, Pāka'a jumped off and ran into a hale 'ā'īpu'upu'u, which he and his keiki had stocked with food. Pāka'a knew he could hide there from his ali'i because only 'ā'īpu'upu'u would ever enter such a hale.

When Pāka'a leaped from the canoe and ran into the hale, Lapakahoe saw him from the bow of the ali'i's canoe and thought the kanaka looked very much like Pāka'a because the kanaka limped as Pāka'a did; but he doubted himself because he believed Pāka'a was on Ka'ula.

By evening, all the canoes had landed, but Keawenuia'umi remained on the platform of his double-hulled canoe because he had no dry kapa or malo to wear since all his clothing had been lost at sea. Kūapāka'a saw his haku shivering on the canoe, so he went to speak to his father: "I pity my haku because he's suffering from the cold. He just sits there in a wet malo on the canoe, without any kapa covering."

Pāka'a took out one of Keawenuia'umi's malo which he had cared for when he was the ali'i's kahu; he gave it to his keiki: "Here's one of your haku's malo. Take it to him. Ask him to remove the wet malo he's wearing and bring it back here. Tell him that this malo you give him is yours."

Kūapāka'a took the dry malo and offered it to Keawenuia'umi saying, "Here's my insignificant malo for you. Please remove your wet one."

Keawenuia'umi gave his wet malo to Kūapāka'a, and the keiki gave the ali'i the dry one. Keawenuia'umi noticed the dry malo looked very much like one of his own. He said to Kūapāka'a, "Perhaps this is one of my malo—it looks like one of mine."

The keiki said, "The malo is mine. My mother beat the kapa for it and was saving it until I could wear it in public as an adult. But now it's yours, my haku."

After the ali'i had taken off his wet malo and put on the dry one, he

placed the wet one in the keiki's care.

The keiki returned with it and when he reached the door of Pāka'a's hale, his father asked him, "Where is your haku's malo?"

"Here it is."

"Hang it at the door of my hale, so that the 'ā'īpu'upu'u can no longer come in here."

"I've hung it at the door."

Pāka'a said, "Now only you can enter here because you've been made sacred for your haku by your handling of his kapa. From now on, you'll distribute the food in here to the 'ā'īpu'upu'u who come, because they can no longer enter."

Kūapāka'a went back out and noticed the ali'i was still without any kapa covering; compassion welled up in him, so he went and told his father, "Kā! my ali'i has a malo now, but no kapa. It's wrong for him to be without kapa to cover his skin."

Pāka'a took out the kapa he had once cared for and had stored in the wind gourd of La'amaomao when he left Hawai'i. He handed the kapa to his keiki and said, "Here's your haku's kapa. Give it to him. If he suspects it's his own, tell him your mother made it for you; through your crafty words, my presence will remain a secret."

As Kūapāka'a carried this kapa to the ali'i, he felt a strong desire to put it on himself because it was scented with aromatic leaves and other fragrances. The name of this kapa was 'Ō'ūholowai-o-La'a. Kūapāka'a said to the ali'i, "Here's my insignificant kapa for you to wear against the cold."

Keawenuia'umi grabbed it, looked it over closely, unfolded it, shook it out, smelled the fragrance, then asked the keiki, "Where did you find this kapa?"

The keiki answered, "On Moloka'i."

Keawenuia'umi said, "There's no kapa like this anywhere except on Hawai'i. It's not made for any other ali'i—only for me; so perhaps this is my kapa and perhaps Pāka'a is here on this island."

The keiki said, "My mother made this kapa for me because my mother, Hikauhi, and my father, Pālā'au, are ali'i. They looked for the very best kapa for me, one that was dyed and scented. Our fragrant kapa is called Wailau and the fragrant kapa of Hawai'i is called 'Ō'ūholowai-o-La'a. However, the fragrance is the same." This explanation quieted the ali'i's suspicions, and he put on the kapa without further questions.

When the ali'i was dressed in the malo and kapa that Kūapāka'a had

brought him, everyone proceeded to the kauhale.

Keawenuia‘umi had landed like a castaway and because the sea had robbed his kánaka of most of their supplies, they groped about clumsily to care for the needs of the ali‘i and themselves, no longer confident in themselves. On Hawai‘i they were quick and well-prepared and won praise for their excellent work; but here on Moloka‘i, they had been humbled at sea and were timid. Had they followed the keiki’s advice and landed in the first place, their reputations would have been saved; but because of their stubbornness, the ali‘i’s malo and kapa had been soaked; the ali‘i would have had to remain on the canoe platform, if the keiki hadn’t provided him with dry clothing.

Not only that, after the kauwā had been scolded by the ali‘i, they were listless, like drooping flowers, and sulky.

Before going to meet the fleet to urge Keawenuia‘umi to come ashore, Pāka‘a and his keiki had prepared provisions for all the people who would travel with Keawenuia‘umi.

When evening fell, Kūapāka‘a sent the six district ali‘i and their kánaka to the six hale he and his father had built. There were six hale for the six district ali‘i and their kánaka, and a separate hale for Keawenuia‘umi. Each hale was full of kapa and other supplies the malihini needed.

At dinner time, Kūapāka‘a waited on Keawenuia‘umi promptly, serving him carefully and neatly; and the ali‘i appreciated his expert care.

When night fell and everyone was at ease, Keawenuia‘umi reminisced: “My love for Pāka‘a wells up in me. On evenings like this, my kauwā would bring me my cup of ‘awa and live hinālea, and the intoxication would take effect; I would sit enjoying the intoxication of the ‘awa until I fell asleep; then I would sleep soundly all night long. How I miss Pāka‘a!”

Kūapāka‘a heard the words of the ali‘i and reported to his father: “Kā! My haku desires some ‘awa. He spoke of his love for you; when you were his kahu, you brought him his ‘awa. He misses it.”

Pāka‘a took out an ‘awa preparation bowl and a cup, some grass for straining the ‘awa, a piece of dried ‘awa root, and portions of ‘awa root already chewed, which he tied into bundles. He put everything into a piece of trimmed kapa, which he took out of the wind gourd of La‘amaomao, and told his keiki, “Take this dried ‘awa to your ali‘i and show it to him. If he tells you to chew it, look for a dark place and hide

the dried ‘awa there, then strain this portion of already chewed ‘awa into the bowl. He’ll be impressed with how quickly you’ve prepared the ‘awa for him. That’s the way I did it when I was with him. After pouring the ‘awa into the cup, serve the ‘awa to him, then run quickly to the beach to get the live hinālea we put into the small pond, and give them to your haku as pūpū to cut the bitterness of the ‘awa.”

Kūapāka‘a took the ‘awa and the other things to the ali‘i and said, “Here’s a little ‘awa for you to drink.”

When the ali‘i saw the large dried ‘awa root, he told the keiki, “You must chew my ‘awa.” The keiki turned away to a corner of the room and dropped the dried ‘awa root there, then poured water into the preparation bowl and put into it the ‘awa Pāka‘a had already chewed. He strained the juice out of the chewed ‘awa with the grass, then poured the juice into the cup and gave the cup to the ali‘i. Then he ran to the beach and returned with two hinālea wriggling about in his hands. He put them on a dish and placed the live hinālea before the ali‘i.

When Keawenuia‘umi saw the tasty fish presented to him, he grabbed them gleefully, admiring the keiki for doing what an adult would have done; it was as if the keiki had lived with an ali‘i because the keiki knew exactly what to do.

The ali‘i was delighted with the ‘awa and enjoyed his drinking; then, very tired from having almost drowned at sea, he fell asleep along with his kánaka.

After they were all asleep, Kūapāka‘a opened his wind gourd, and the winds rushed out and a storm blew continuously for many days. The ali‘i and his kánaka became very discouraged while waiting for good weather.

After the ali‘i landed on Moloka‘i and began living with Kūapāka‘a, Pāka‘a put into motion his plan to kill Ho‘okele-i-Hilo and Ho‘okele-i-Puna.

He told his keiki, “Let’s go look for a hollow log.”

“Why a log?”

“To store food inside.”

“Why are we going to store food in a log?”

“The food will help us gain my revenge against my two enemies,” said Pāka‘a. They went and found a big, long log that was rotted hollow; they cleaned it out, then took it to the home of Ho‘olehua mā, the parents of Hikauhi.

After they left the log there, Pāka'a told the keiki, "Let's go look for a big rock."

"Why a rock?"

"A rock anchor for the ali'i's canoe, to help us gain revenge against my two enemies."

They found a rock grooved in the middle so a rope could be tied securely around it.

When the log and the rock were ready, Pāka'a gave the keiki more instructions: "After the ali'i and his kākana eat up all of their food, they'll come to you for more. That's when you'll give them the 'uala we planted in the uplands. Tell them not to throw away the small ones. They should prepare the small 'uala carefully—peel them, clean them, and set them out in the sun to dry. Then take the 'uala to the kauhale of your kūpuna and store them in the hollow log. Also put into the log some dried fish, some water gourds, the loulu fronds we brought down from the uplands, and finally, some coils of rope for the stone anchor.

"When your haku urges you to accompany him, refuse at first; then when he stubbornly insists, tell him that if your 'ope'ope can be put on board the canoe, you'll go with him. When he agrees, have the log and the rock loaded onto the canoe.

"When you sail beyond the sea of Ka'ie'iewaho to Kaua'i and turn at Waimea, open your wind gourd and let the winds blow and the rain and stormy weather pour out. Your haku will ask you what he should do. Tell him to drop the sea anchor. Unwind the coils of rope and tie one end around your stone anchor and the other to the canoe, then toss the anchor into the sea so the canoe won't be swept too far off course. If the kākana are shivering from the rain and the cold, give out the loulu fronds for protection to everyone except Ho'okele-i-Hilo and Ho'okele-i-Puna. If you see that the kākana are hungry and thirsty, give the dried sweet potatoes, fish, and water to everyone, except Ho'okele-i-Hilo and Ho'okele-i-Puna. Eventually the two of them will die from the cold. After my revenge is complete, cover the gourd and sail with your haku to Hawai'i. Then return to me here."

All these commands were carried out faithfully by the keiki.

He went and filled the log with food; the stormy months ended and the days of good weather returned.

Keawenuia'umi, the district ali'i, and the kākana remained on Moloka'i waiting for good weather. After the month of Welehu passed,

the little food that was left after the canoes had been swamped at sea was gone, so one of the district ali'i sent his 'elele to Keawenuia'umi. When the 'elele came before the ali'i, the ali'i asked him, "What brings you here?"

The 'elele replied, "I've been sent by my ali'i to tell you we've eaten all that was left after our canoes were swamped at sea, so we've come to ask you what we should do."

Keawenuia'umi said, "One of you should go to the keiki—perhaps he has some food."

One of the kākana went to Kūapāka'a and said, "The ali'i has sent for you."

The two of them went before Keawenuia'umi, and the ali'i said to Kūapāka'a, "I've summoned you because our food is gone and my people are starving. If you have any food left over, give it to them."

Kūapāka'a replied, "Ae, I have a little food in the uplands. For the six district ali'i, there are six little patches of 'uala and six little clumps of kō. Here's what you should do to make sure there's enough food. When you go and gather the food, don't leave the small tubers and stalks behind. If you gather everything, you'll have enough to eat and won't have to gather more."

"You have only six little patches of 'uala and six little clumps of kō, ē ke keiki? How will all these kākana be fed?"

"The 'uala here bears tubers only when it sees the kākana themselves are productive. The same with the kō—only when it sees the kākana increasing in number does the kō grow lushly."

Here's the reason for the keiki's words: he knew some of the ali'i's kākana were lazy, especially his hangers-on, so when he said that only when the 'uala sees the kākana, the plants bear tubers, he meant that only when the kākana went to dig the 'uala from the mounds would there be an abundance of food; so too with the kō: the cuttings without flowers had been planted, so the kō had grown wild and bushy. But the lazy ones wouldn't see the lush growth unless they went to harvest the kō in the uplands.

Keawenuia'umi and the six district ali'i and their kākana just laughed at the keiki's answer; thus, some went to the uplands, while some stayed back.

Kūapāka'a accompanied the six district ali'i and their kākana to the uplands and pointed out the 'uala and the kō. When the ali'i and their kākana saw the abundance of food—so much 'uala and kō, their eyes

would go blind before seeing it all—they said to themselves: “Kā! The keiki said only six little patches of ‘uala and six little clumps of kō, but here are many long rows of ‘uala and many fields of kō growing tall and lush.”

The eyes would go blind before seeing all of the ‘uala, and the kōnaka could lay down and disappear in the fields of kō.

When the kōnaka saw the great abundance of ‘ai and kō, they returned to the coast and got those who had stayed back. They all dug the ‘ai and pulled up the kō, doing just as the keiki had told them to do, taking even the small ‘uala, so they wouldn’t have to return for more later. The district ali’i and all their kōnaka were exhausted before all the fields of ‘uala were harvested.

When the ali’i and their kōnaka finally returned to the seacoast with the ‘uala and kō and lit their imu, Kūapāka’a told them, “The big ‘uala are yours, the small ones are mine.”

“Kāhāhā!” they said. “That’s not so—all of them, big and small, are yours.”

“‘A’ole, the big ‘uala are yours, the small ones are mine. When you finish peeling the small ones, lay them out in the sun to dry.”

They asked, “Why should we do that?”

“I’ve asked you to harvest my ‘uala fields because the months when the seas are stormy are upon us and your stay here will be long. Welehu will pass and three months of bad weather will follow—Makali’i, Kā’elo and Kaulua.⁵⁰ When Nana comes, perhaps there will be good weather again, and that’s when you’ll be able to leave. While you’re here you’ll consume all of my food. I won’t starve or be deprived of food because I’ll have the small ‘uala to eat while I plant food crops again.”

The kōnaka took care of the small ‘uala, according to the keiki’s advice to be thrifty—every time they baked any ‘ai, they dried the small ones in the sun and took them to Kūapāka’a.

Kūapāka’a’s words hid his real purpose. He had served the ali’i so skillfully, he knew Keawenuia’umi liked him and would urge him to come along with them to look for Pāka’a. Kūapāka’a had the dried ‘uala prepared so he could take it with him for food on the voyage, as his father had instructed him to do.

After the kōnaka had gathered their ‘ai, they went down to the beach, kicked up the water, and stranded baby mullet on the sand; thus, they obtained some i’a to go along with their ‘ai; they ate the famous fish of this place, that is, “the fish kicked ashore at Hilia.”⁵¹ That’s how

they subsisted during their three-month wait for good weather.

Before Keawenuia’umi mā sailed from Hawai’i, they had told the maka’āinana they would be gone a month, but more than three months had passed, so the people of Hawai’i thought the ali’i had died at sea, and everyone grieved for him—the men, women, and children, the overseers of ahupua’a and the maka’āinana. But while they grieved, their ali’i was alive on Moloka’i, detained there by Kūapāka’a.

Keawenuia’umi and his district ali’i and their kōnaka lived on Moloka’i for four months. They missed dearly the people of Hawai’i they had left behind and longed for their wives and children; their thoughts were sad.

When Kūapāka’a knew that the stormy months he had spoken of had passed, he covered his wind gourd and calm seas returned. He told the ali’i, “This is the month of Nana, when good weather returns; Welo and Ikiiki will follow, months when the fishermen’s lines are always wet because the seas are calm, and the fisherman goes out often.”⁵²

Kūapāka’a urged the district ali’i and their kōnaka to secure the lashings and riggings of the canoes and prepare to sail because the weather was good: “I’ve asked you to remain here during the stormy months, but now the seas are calm again, and it’s all right for you to leave. Secure the lashings and riggings of the canoes and anchor the canoes offshore, then go to sleep and rest your eyes, for the ali’i’s journey is about to begin again, and you must prepared yourselves to go.”

The district ali’i commanded their kōnaka to secure the lashings and riggings of the canoes, and when all was secure, the canoes were paddled out through the channel, and anchored offshore. Late that evening, everyone went to sleep; but before long, Kūapāka’a got up and called out to the district ali’i and their kōnaka to get up and leave in their canoes, even though it wasn’t dawn, which was the customary time for ali’i to depart in the old days. Kīauau⁵³ usually roused the ali’i for departure, but Kūapāka’a was up before him and called out in a loud voice:

Get up! Get up!! Get up!!!
It’s near midnight, it’s near daylight,
Gone are the tiredness, the soreness, the lameness,
The faintness of the crew,
Get up, get up, there above,

Hikili'imakaounulau,
The morning star is at the border of the land,
Get up, move, let's go.

When the ali'i mā heard the keiki calling, they mistakenly thought it was Kīauau, so they said to each other, "Strange that Kīauau should awaken us to go at night."

One said, "Wait! Kīauau has never done this before, but perhaps he's anxious to go—he was unhappy that we had to stay here so long."

Because the kānaka didn't get up, Kūapāka'a called out again:

Get up! Get up!! Get up!!!
It's near midnight, it's near daylight,
Gone are the tiredness, the soreness, the lameness,
The faintness of the crew,
Get up, get up, there above,
Hikili'imakaounulau,
The morning star is at the border of the land,
Get up, move, let's go.

Some of the kānaka got up at the keiki's calling, but the ali'i and the others remained asleep. The kānaka who got up went outside and saw it wasn't Kīauau, but Kūapāka'a, who had roused them, and they were very annoyed that their pleasant sleep had been disturbed: "Kā! The keiki is strange! It's not even dawn and he's calling us to get up. It's still in the middle of the night, yet the keiki's telling us to get up because Hikili'imakaounulau is above." (In ancient times the people of Hawai'i called the last star appearing at dawn Hikili'imakao-unulau.)⁵⁴

The district ali'i had heard the second calling, but they and the other kānaka wanted to sleep some more and give their eyes a rest; only when Ka I'a turned in the sky after midnight would they get up and prepare to go. Kūapāka'a waited in the dark, and when the ali'i didn't get up, he decided to call the names of the six districts of Hawai'i to drive the ali'i out of their hale:

Get up, Kona, land of the sea soothed
by the Kēhau breeze,
The shady clouds of Ke'ei are flying,
The clouds are like roof-thatching

above the breadfruit groves of Weli,
How long you've slept, even though I call you,
You rest calmly and do not stir.
Get up, Kohala,
Move, Kohala, all together,
Papa stirs, the one who gave birth
to the islands of Ko'olau.
Get up, Hilo,
Hilo, with its adze-headed rain brought
by the Unulau wind,
the hair straight on the pandanus pillow,
The lehua blossoms open in the zigzagging rain,
In the calm, the kī-leaves are braided
onto the edge of the net,
To catch the nehu in the sea of Punahoa.
Get up, Puna,
Puna, land fragrant with hala,
From the heights to the seashore grass,
The red of Kailua,
A-ē 'ae kukio, the wind of Ka'ū,
Get up, Ka'ū,
Ka'ū, the vast, windy land,
Ko'a, the current to Hala'ea,
Where the canoes hurry to leave,
To leave for Kā'iliki'i, for Kaulana,
The canoes for one go, the canoes for two go,
The canoes for three go, the canoes for four go,
The canoes for five go, the canoes for six go,
The canoes for seven go, the canoes for eight go,
The canoes for nine go, the canoes for ten go,
The baggage canoes go, the small canoes,
The red-sailed canoes of the ali'i go.

When the district ali'i heard the keiki calling, they knew he was calling them; they woke up grumbling about having to get up and prepare to sail when they hadn't slept enough. They didn't go outside at first, but sat at the edge of their mats and listened as Kūapāka'a called again.

A little while after he had called the names of the lands, Kūapāka'a

called out again because he thought the ali'i were still not up. In this calling, he named not just the six lands, but the six ali'i who ruled these lands because he was sure that when they heard their names, they would get up and prepare to go. First he called those of Kohala:

Get up, get up, it's day, there's light,
The sun has arrived, and there above,
Iao [the planet Jupiter], Maiao [a navigation star],
Kamaha, Kahikikuokamoku,
Kani-'ū'ū, the star at Helani,
Get up, move, Kohala,
The land of Wahilani.

When Wahilani and his kánaka heard Kūapāka'a's call, they all got up and prepared to go, but when Wahilani saw Kūapāka'a was the one calling, he grumbled, "It's not this keiki's duty to drive us from our hale."

When Kūapāka'a saw that Wahilani and his kánaka were awake, he called those of Hāmākua:

Get up, get up, it's day, there's light,
The keiki of the wind urges you,
The daughter of the wind of Malanai,
Of Malanai, of Ku, of Ha'eha'e,
The sail crackles in the wind,
Kaulua, Hinaia'ele'ele,
The stormy months of the islands,
Get up, get up, Hāmākua,
The land of Wanu'a.

When Wanu'a heard Kūapāka'a's calling, he said to his kánaka, "Let's get up, don't sleep anymore." They all got up and prepared to go, but when Wanu'a saw Kūapāka'a was the caller, he said, "Kā! How puzzling!—I thought it was Kiauau waking us up while it's still evening, but it's the keiki. It's not this keiki's duty to drive us from our hale."

After the ali'i of Hāmākua and his kánaka were awake, Kūapāka'a called those of Hilo:

Get up, get up, it's day, there's light,

The keiki who nets the schools of nehu urges you,
The rain draws the schools of nehu seaward of Punahoa,
The adze-headed rain in the Unulau wind,
The lehua blossoms open in the zigzagging rain,
The warm rain of the land of Hilo,
Get up, get up, Hilo,
The land of Kulukulu'ā.

Kulukulu'ā heard his land being called, so he got up and awakened his kánaka saying, "Those of you still asleep, get up and prepare to go. Here's the call." They all got up and prepared to go, but when Kulukulu'ā saw Kūapāka'a was the caller, he grumbled, "Our eyes are open, and we're awake; but it's not this keiki's duty to drive us from our hale."

When Kūapāka'a saw Hilo's ali'i and kánaka were awake, he called those of Puna.

Get up, get up, it's day, there's light,
The sun emerges at Kumukahi,
Shining like Makanoni,
Puna whose bowers are fragrant with hala,
From the heights of Akoakoa,
Puna is a proud land for her people,
Get up, get up, Puna,
The land of Hua'ā.

Hua'ā heard his land being called and awakened all his kánaka, saying, "Get up, don't turn again in the kapa covers, here's the call."

Those of Puna woke up and prepared to depart, but when Hua'ā saw Kūapāka'a was the caller, he grumbled, "Kā! Here it's still evening and we're being awakened. The keiki is strange. It's not this keiki's duty to drive us from our hale."

He said angrily, "You're wahahe'e, ē ke keiki. Who says the lā (sun) emerges at Kumukahi when it's still evening?"

Kūapāka'a said, "Lā does appear. The native son waits at the cape of Kumukahi and when the sun sets, he lies down for a while but doesn't sleep. He gets up when the 'ōpelu runs, and goes down to the seashore, boards his canoe, hoists his lā (sail), and sets off. Thus, lā does appear at Kumukahi when it's still evening."⁵⁵