



PART ONE

In the void of darkness, birds stirred with anticipation. The approaching daylight separated sky from earth. By the time the first rays of the sun reached the top of the Ko‘olau Mountains, the birds were already in full chorus, celebrating the arrival of a new day.

On the leeward coast of O‘ahu, a Hawaiian woman, ageless as the ocean, stood in the mystery, ready to carry out her role in the morning ceremony. Water lapped as the tide rose. Into the darkness, facing the intense calm of the water, she began her chant. The primal sound of her voice was filled with the power of those who came before her. Her song carried out to sea.

Nā ‘aumākua i ka pō

Nā ‘aumākua i ke ao

Mai ka lā hiki a ka lā kau

Mai ka lā kau a ka lā komo

Far out in the deep, a shark was aroused. He recognized the woman's voice and started to move toward it. This ritual had taken place since the time of the ancients, unbroken by the inconsequential changes of invaders and governments.

'O Koihala

'O Kahi'ukā

'O Ka'ahupāhau

He hau ke anu i pā mai

Ma ka welelau a ka Moa'e lū lehua o 'Ewa uli a Lākona

He lehua au, he pulapula ho'i na Kawelo ē

E holo aku kākou, e nā 'aumākua

Mai ka nuku o ke awa lau o Pu'uloa

A ka malu o ka 'ohai o Honouliuli

E lei kākou i ka pua o ka ma'oma'o

I ka lei kauno'a 'ula o Ko'olina

'Olina ke kui lei hua kukui

Ho'ā ke kukui i ka lamalama pumehana o ka 'āina

The shark rose, its gray dorsal fin breaking the surface of the water as it gained speed, anxious to reach the source of the call.

E ao, a 'ōlinolino, a mālamalama ka lā

E kā'eo ka 'umeke a piha ka pūniu

E 'ike 'ia ke au nui, ke au iki

Ke au loa, ke au poko

*Nā au ia a 'oukou i alahula ai, e nā 'aumākua
A ho'i mai i ka moana kai lana o ka 'āina
'Ano'ai ā*

The shark reached the chanter's feet underwater and stopped next to her. In her faded mu'umu'u that rose barely above the water, the woman bent down, her gray hair falling around her face, and lovingly stroked the shark's back.



A handsome Hawaiian man, in his worn thirties, sat in a small living room speaking with an older Hawaiian woman. His casual sports shirt and slacks appeared almost formal next to the woman's threadbare mu'umu'u. The room was lit by the remains of the day that filtered through the partially opened window. Even though no one else was around, they spoke in lowered voices.

"Aunty, I made a mistake," said the man who squinted his eyes at the sun's reach. His head was almost too heavy to lift. "I need your help to fix it." His voice was a prayer.

The woman looked at him. She knew him as well as she knew her house, the surrounding land, this ocean. Finally she sighed. "We can try, Puni, but this is something maybe we can't put back together. It may be too late," she told him. As she spoke, the room started to tremble.



Two thousand four hundred miles across the Pacific Ocean near Santa Monica Beach, Moana Kawelo was startled from her sleep by a tremor. She was four years old and her father was steadying her surfboard as a small wave caught it and started pushing it forward. No, there was another dream. In her shaking bed, she turned toward the window for signs of dawn. Must be an earthquake, she sleepily thought as she realized the whole room was mildly shaking. By the time she was fully conscious, it had stopped. No damage. She looked across the bed at Charlie, who was still out, oblivious. She looked at the clock. Five a.m.

Moana rinsed her face, changed into her sweats and was out the door. It was a routine she could do in her sleep and often did. As she jogged from the doorstep of her condo to the beginning of the beach trail and picked a play list on her iPod, the tentacles of her dreams still had a hold she couldn't shake. This morning she needed upbeat Hawaiian: Henry Kaponu, Sudden Rush, Brother Noland. She always listened to Hawaiian music when she needed comfort food for her soul. She stretched just long enough to be able to say that she stretched before starting her watch to begin her serious run. The sky was already beginning to lighten.

After only a few minutes into her run, Moana was warmed up and in her stride. She had the slim body

of a runner although swimming was her first passion. Anything to do with the ocean—surfing, snorkeling, especially bodysurfing, would always win out over any other exercise, but in Los Angeles the water was too cold, too murky. Not inviting, like at home.

Moana turned her attention to the salt air, the pale blue of the morning sky. It contrasted with the dark blue of the Pacific Ocean, where the sun, in pure white sparkles, danced on the water. She kept pace with the beat of the music in her head. There was something so beautiful about the morning that Moana stopped to look across the vastness of the sea and breathe in the day. She thought about her home across the ocean and sent a silent greeting to the islands and to her family. Imagining her parents still sleeping, she pulled the elastic off her long dark hair and shook her head, letting each strand receive the blessings of the wind. Impulsively looking at her watch, Moana tied her hair back again and started running. She needed to stay focused today.

By the time Moana walked back through her front door, Charlie was dressed for work and already eating breakfast. Charlie McNeil was two years younger than Moana, and they both looked considerably younger than their mid-to-late thirty-somethings. He looked more like a professor than an attorney in his corduroy pants and tousled sandy hair. His boyish good looks, intelligence and unaffectedness made him irresistible to Moana, and she still melted whenever he smiled at her.

Maybe it was because his sparkling blue eyes reminded her of the ocean. They had dated since grad school at UCLA but had been too busy with their budding careers to spend time getting into a serious relationship. Three years ago they realized they were both ready, and after officially announcing their engagement, Charlie moved out of his parents' estate and into Moana's condominium. In another four months, they would be husband and wife.

"You should have gotten me up," Charlie said, barely looking up from his newspaper. "I would have loved to go running with you. Maybe I could have outrun some of this paperwork."

"You looked so comfortable lying in bed that I didn't want to bother you. Do you even know you slept right through one of your famous California earthquakes? The shaking bed woke me up. Anyway, if you'd have come I wouldn't have your specially made orange juice and espresso waiting for me," she teased.

Moana rifled through the fridge, looking for something simple to eat. The refrigerator door was a mess of pictures of family and friends: her and her parents at the airport, her piled with lei; her and Charlie bundled up at the top of a ski lift; her grandfather memorialized forever with raw crab remnants all around his mouth on his eightieth birthday; even a picture of her and her father when she was little and he was pushing her surfboard on a little bump, teaching her to surf. Why put

them in an album, she reasoned, where she would rarely look at them? This way she could see the pictures every day and keep them in her thoughts. Inside the fridge, a box with leftover pepperoni pizza caught her attention. She took out a slice and walked across the kitchen to get a plate and join Charlie at the table. Even though a paper towel would have served the same purpose, Moana preferred the decorum of eating off fine china.

“Cold pizza, the perfect pairing for freshly squeezed orange juice,” Charlie noted with amusement. It was a typical Moana breakfast, one of the many contradictions that intrigued him about her. When they decided to get married, they sat together and made a list of positives and negatives about each other. There were such categories as “endearing traits I can live with,” “unbearable habits I cannot live with,” and even “family members I will not sit next to.” Charlie smiled to himself thinking that cold pizza fell under “endearing traits.”

They had both settled into eating and reading the newspaper when a radio report caught their attention. Moana went over to turn up the radio. “A series of earthquakes shook the Hawaiian Islands early this morning, causing minor damage. The source of the quakes is off the west side of O‘ahu. Scientists are baffled, as it was an unusual place for a seismic swarm. They say it could be the earth simply relieving pressure, or it could mean the start of new volcanic activity.” The reporter then turned to the local traffic report.

Moana turned the radio down and resumed her breakfast. “Now I remember,” she said, as much to herself as to Charlie. “There was an earthquake in Hawai‘i in my dream at the same time I felt it here. I wonder if they’re related?”

Still not looking up, Charlie responded, “Are you sure you felt an earthquake here, or were you just dreaming it?” He recalled “weird dreams” being on his list of Moana’s “strange but bearable habits.”

Even though she was in a hurry, Moana thoughtfully recounted the details of her dream to Charlie. “I woke up remembering a dream about Dad teaching me to surf, but there were more dreams after that. There was an old Hawaiian woman at the beach, chanting out to the ocean. In the dream I saw that her chant made a pathway across the ocean right up to a shark. The chant belonged to the shark, and when he heard it, he turned in the direction of the chanter. The shark was lonely for the woman. He swam to her, following the path of the chant. He liked it when the woman leaned down and stroked his back. Then I saw my father as a young man. He was talking to the old woman. She called him Puni, and he called her Aunty. He was upset about something and very sad. I’ve seen the old woman in my dreams before. When she talked, the earthquake started.”

Moana continued to think about how lucid the dream was. “It gives me chicken skin just thinking about

it. The woman's voice sounded so real, so powerful, like it was calling through the ages. In fact, she looked like an ancient Hawaiian wearing modern clothes. I wonder what all this means."

"Maybe it means you should watch out for sharks today, especially the ones circling in your office," Charlie joked, having only half listened to Moana's story.

"Very funny."

Putting down his newspaper to give Moana his full attention, Charlie tried to be conciliatory. "Hey, I'm not trying to give you a hard time. I was just trying to be practical, thinking that maybe it has to do with your meeting today and your colleagues finding out there are going to be some choice new job opportunities. But you're the dream expert. Do you think it's some kind of premonition? Maybe you should call your parents. When's the last time you talked to them?"

"There are lots of shark stories about ancestors and 'aumākua," Moana said, not listening to Charlie. "I don't know what this could have to do with me or my family, though. Dad never talked much about our ancestors. He was mostly raised in the city, with his dad and stepmother and stepsiblings. He respected those stories, so much that he walked a wide path around them." She checked her watch and realized she needed to get ready for work. She wanted to look her best today for the big meeting. Today was going to be a turning point in her career. "Uh oh, I'd better get going.

I definitely don't want to be late today." Moana stopped to kiss Charlie as she balanced coffee and papers on her way out of the room.

"Honey, you're never late," Charlie pointed out.

"Wish me luck, Charlie Brown," Moana called from the bathroom.

"You'll do great, Dr. Kawelo," he called back over the blasting shower. Smiling, he thought to himself, "You always do." That was another definite plus about Moana. She did great work, and she was always on time. Charlie wondered if Moana's drive for quality and punctuality was the main reason they were so compatible.

As Moana drove to work, she thought about the upcoming meeting and how she wanted everything to be perfect. She was dressed in her favorite blue Ann Taylor dress that flattered her slender shape and olive skin. Eyeliner accented her dark Polynesian eyes that shined through long lashes. She even wore her strand of black pearls that Charlie had bought for her last birthday. Her taste was impeccable, and Charlie knew better than to try to select her jewelry and clothes, an arrangement that suited both of them. Moana's hapa mixture of Hawaiian and Caucasian features gave her a gorgeous look that had always turned heads, both male and female. Moana was making a statement today that notwithstanding her looks, she was to be taken seriously for her expertise and skill at brokering an agreement between one of

the leading museums in the country and California State's casino-rich Indian tribes. She deserved to be chief curator of the new wing at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, where she started as an intern in graduate school and worked her way up to the position of assistant curator.

She remembered that she needed to double-check the gift bags her staff had put together for everyone who was expected to be at the meeting. She needed to make sure there were extras in case the Indians brought along family or friends. Moana smiled to herself thinking about how if she was in Hawai'i, there would definitely be more people coming than just those holding invitations. She liked the inclusiveness of Native people, how everyone became family.

Moana then made a mental note to read the press release a final time before it was sent out. This was a huge announcement. Moana would go over the statement again to be sure that every sentence was crafted to make the tribes look good, that there was no room for anyone to read into the agreement anything other than honorable intentions by both parties.

This was a healing, Moana thought, proud of her role in bringing the museum community closer to the tribes through this new project. It was a different era from when museums ripped off artifacts and bones from Indians in the name of science. At times like this Moana was sad that she couldn't share her achievement with

her father. He had been totally against her becoming a cultural anthropologist. “Leave the past in the past, it serves no purpose to study artifacts,” she could hear him saying. He wanted Moana to be a lawyer, like him, to help the Hawaiians still suffering from the ravages of colonization.

Moana had no interest in becoming a lawyer. Ever since she convinced her father to let her spend a high school summer on an archaeological dig for the Knight Museum, there was no question. Her passion was studying the past, and Moana had an aptitude for learning about culture and artifacts. Once she had tried to get her father to talk about his parents’ cultural practices and stories he heard growing up, like tales about night marchers. He scolded her so severely for wasting time on useless questions that she never asked him again. A few times Moana had asked her mother why Dad got so upset when he saw her reading books on Hawaiian legends and ghost stories, but she didn’t want to talk about it either. Moana told herself that someday her father would understand why this knowledge was important and why it was especially important that a Native person be doing this work. She argued with him in her mind that one didn’t have to be an attorney to help our people; understanding the past and coming to terms with who we are was just as important. “He will be proud of me yet,” she thought as she turned into the museum parking lot.

Precisely at 9:55 a.m., museum curators and directors filed into the boardroom. The meeting was to begin at 10:00, but the council members were late. Moana knew better than to be upset about it. Instead she wondered if she should have told the executives that the meeting was at 10:30, to allow for “Indian time.”

“It’s like Hawaiian time, Richard. Native people don’t live by watches,” Moana whispered to her colleague, Richard Kingsley, who was secretly taking pleasure that the Indians were late. He wondered why, if Native people were always late, Moana was never late. Dr. Kingsley was ten years older than Moana and although he always acted friendly toward her, Moana knew he didn’t care for her. It offended him that she was younger, female, Native and of equal rank in the museum hierarchy. As a white male and Yale graduate who always dressed in Brooks Brothers suits and a bow tie, Kingsley believed he should have become a department head years ago. Dr. Goldberg had assigned Moana as the lead and asked Kingsley to assist her on this project with the Indians, and both were determined to make the best of the situation. Nevertheless, Moana had never had a good feeling about Kingsley and did not trust him. She smiled to herself remembering Charlie’s remark about the office sharks as she looked around the table. “Yeah,” she thought, “they’re right here in this room.” Charlie was no fool.

As they waited, Moana gave a preliminary introduction about the visitors they were expecting. They were members of the Association of Southern California Casino Tribes, and most were council chairs of their own tribes. Upon approval of their councils, the association members were authorized to provide financial support from their tribes to Association projects.

The delegation finally arrived and filed into the room ceremoniously, dressed in suits, ribbon shirts and turquoise. When everyone was seated, Moana took a deep breath and sent a quick prayer out to the Universe.

The meeting was going well, and Moana finally reached the conclusion everyone had been waiting to hear. “The staff for the museum has come to an agreement on a new partnership between the Association of Southern California Casino Tribes and the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. Each association member has taken the proposal back to his or her tribe for approval. I am pleased to report every member tribe voted to commit financial support to build a new permanent section at the museum dedicated to exhibits featuring all California tribes.”

There was applause all around as Indians and museum personnel smiled and congratulated each other across the table. There had been rumors at the museum that such a proposal was in the works but few people believed that the tribes would support it, especially considering the bad relationships between the

tribes and the museum in the past. The museum had a tendency to take whatever it wanted and display it however it wished with little regard to the preferences of the Indians. The newly acquired wealth of the casino tribes went a long way toward equalizing relationships, and the museum was suddenly very receptive to the concerns and preferences of Indians. Moana finished her presentation by laying out the final steps of the agreement, most of which were formalities.

Ernest Pico, the association chairman, was on the agenda to speak last, and he closed with a comment directed at Moana. “We hope we’ll be able to continue to work with Dr. Kawelo, who’s understood and shared our vision from the outset. Because of her enthusiasm and expertise we’re standin’ here together today. And we don’t hold it against her that she’s Native Hawaiian. Ayy.” The Indians and Moana spontaneously laughed at this humor while museum officials looked furtively at each other and wondered if Pico was actually suggesting that they would prefer to work with someone else. In what seemed like an afterthought, he added, “Although she might get lucky and we’ll claim her as an honorary member of the Pechanga Tribe.” Moana smiled broadly, and museum officials concluded that this must be Indian humor and joined in the laughter.

As the meeting drew to a close on this high note, another member of the Indian delegation began to speak. He was wearing dark glasses and had walked in

late without being introduced. He was a good-looking Indian man with a single braid down his back, dressed in a black cowboy shirt and black hat that unlike the rest of the men, he did not remove. He had cultivated an air of danger about himself that kept others at a distance. “Museums act like it’s their god-given right to keep our ancestors and sacred items in their glass cages. Does your so-called ‘new relationship’ mean the museum is going to return what we’ve been asking for?”

Moana was stunned by his challenge and the threatening tone of his voice. She didn’t need to look at her boss to know that he would hold her personally responsible if this meeting became a public embarrassment to the museum. Kingsley tried to look concerned but offered no support. Moana had never seen this man before and wondered if he had been brought in to sabotage the meeting. Unable to see his eyes through his dark glasses, she couldn’t get a fix on what he really wanted.

“Sir,” Moana retorted stiffly, trying not to show her fear and resentment, “this is a new era of Native and museum relationships. I will be happy to meet with you separately about these issues.”

He wasn’t through. “There are more Indian bones in museums than there are Indians alive today. Where do you stand on this issue?” Moana knew he spoke the truth. An image of her father whirled through her head as she heard him admonish her, “I told you not to get involved in this. Not everyone feels the way you do.”

“Many museums, including this one, have been working with tribes on repatriation of remains,” Moana replied. “Each case has to be assessed individually so that ...”

“That’s not what I asked,” the man interrupted. “I asked where you stand on this issue.”

Moana was not prepared to discuss her own views about repatriation, especially with museum directors and Indian leaders watching to see what she would say. She looked surreptitiously at Ernest, who caught her eye and jumped in to address the man directly. “We’ve been dealin’ with a Native person on the museum staff who has the authority to negotiate with us. That speaks for itself. Dr. Kawelo has been sensitive to the issues you raise, and I have full confidence in what she says.” Before the man could respond, the rest of the tribal delegation started clapping loudly, signaling their own embarrassment at their colleague and closing off further discussion.

A reception had been set up for the meeting participants outside the boardroom. The delegation members and museum staff mingled over late-morning pastries and coffee. The Indians were pleased with their gift bags. Moana’s boss, Dr. Goldberg, took her aside to speak privately. “You did a good job today, Moana. Everyone was impressed with your presentation, including how you handled that guy. You’re really helping to turn things around with the Indian community, and

this is going to put us at the forefront of working with Natives.” Goldberg did not often hand out compliments, but he had always treated Moana well.

“Thanks, Dr. Goldberg,” Moana responded. “The tribes are as excited about this agreement as we are. It’s going to give them so much more voice in how they are presented.”

Goldberg had been head chair of the anthropology department at the museum for years and was a respected anthropologist and humanist. “Now that we’ve gotten this announcement out of the way, we need to make sure we’re ready for the foundation request and board approval presentations. How much more needs to be done on the numbers before we can take the proposal to the foundation?” Goldberg asked.

“Richard and I have pretty much finalized the numbers and are going over everything to check for any errors and omissions. We should have the request approved before the next museum board meeting.” Goldberg was clearly pleased with Moana’s efficiency. “I know we haven’t discussed anything formally yet, but I want you to know that you will have my full support for the curator position of this new California Indian wing.” Moana thanked Goldberg graciously and walked away, breaking into a smile.

In the hālau hula, which was actually an attached garage that kumu hula Naomi Wong converted into a

dance studio, three lines of women danced. They wore brightly colored pā'ū skirts pulled just above their hips, white T-shirts, and bare feet. The women ranged in age from teenagers to grandmothers. As they moved to the kahiko beat of Naomi's chant and pahu drum, their lines remained precise, front to back and side to side. Keeping a straight line was as much a part of the discipline as was the impeccability of their movements and timing.

Practice for the women was every Tuesday afternoon, and like the rest of her hālau sisters, Moana rarely missed a class. Although few of the women in the hālau were Native Hawaiian, most were originally from Hawai'i, and they all held tightly to this connection to their home and to each other. They had studied the meaning of this chant and did their best to express its story through their movements.

The dancers finished the dance with their dedication, "He inoa no Hi'iakaikapoliopele," and with the last beat of the pahu, Naomi told the class, "Lawa." As the dancers relaxed, some were sweating, all were breathing hard. "Maika'i, class. Wow, you guys was on today. Good practice." Naomi was also a transplant from Hawai'i. She was an accomplished hula dancer in her younger days but moved with her husband to Los Angeles in the late 1960s and had been there ever since. Naomi was a well-respected kumu hula in the Los Angeles area, but unlike other kumu hula who had moved to the

Mainland and evolved their styles, she held closely to the culture as she left it in the sixties. Even her home was a replica of the era of her formative years, with Naugahyde furniture, big-flowered Hawaiian-print curtains and shag carpets. Her house always smelled faintly of kau yuk.

As everyone cooled down, the announcements started. There were always announcements after practice, usually having to do with fundraising. “Everybody, be sure to sign up for your work shift at Family Fair before you leave tonight. If you want, you can start dropping off your goodies at the house next week, ’cause we’ll have people coming over to start organizing. Any other announcements?”

Marilyn, a striking woman of Hawaiian-Filipino descent, raised her hand. “I have everyone’s huluhuli chicken fundraiser tickets for Merrie Monarch. I’ve already put them in envelopes so please come get them from me and I’ll check you off the list.”

“Hō, Marilyn, you so efficient, mahalo! If no one else has anything, I’ll see you all next week. Mālama pono, a hui hou.”

The women gravitated toward their friends as they changed out of their pā‘ū skirts and snacked on banana bread that someone had brought. Marilyn came over to Moana after she finished handing out envelopes. “How did the big meeting go today? Are you head cheese curator of the new wing yet?” Both laughed. “Not quite, but I am definitely a step closer,” Moana replied.

“Your boss is lucky to have you making him look good,” Marilyn quipped. Marilyn was only a little younger than Moana and was her best friend. Although they hadn’t met until they both moved to LA, they were as close as if they had grown up together. Moana knew that Marilyn always spoke the truth in her sometimes cynical but entertaining way. “So which are you more excited about—your new job or getting married?” Marilyn continued as she changed the subject without missing a beat.

Moana had to think about the answer. “It’s still too soon to start getting nervous about the wedding. When my parents get here I’ll probably start losing it, but that’s still not for a few months.”

As the two women finished packing their things and started walking out, Moana’s phone rang in her purse. She retrieved it, checked caller ID and answered, “Hi, Mom. I was just thinking about you.”

Moana froze as she listened to the phone. “What? Dad what?” Moana’s head swirled inside as she tried to digest this news. She was unable to react. It was too far away, too inconceivable. She refused to accept what her mother was telling her, that her father was gone.



In his late sixties, Albert Kawelo was a handsome, fit Hawaiian man. He had a highly successful career as an

attorney and could have retired any time, but it kept his mind off other things to keep working. Every morning at around ten o'clock he left his Kailua beachfront home and drove over the Pali to his Honolulu office. At midafternoon he would lock up and leave downtown for the Outrigger Canoe Club on Waikīkī Beach, his home away from home.

Albert sat on the lānai at the Outrigger, greeting his friends who came by, watching the planes bank overhead and the pigeons begging for scraps on the beach. Today was just an ordinary day. There was nothing particular on Albert's mind other than his trip to LA in a few months and his daughter's wedding. He was looking forward to seeing old friends and making sure Moana's day would be perfect. Maybe he and Elizabeth would even drive to Las Vegas for a couple days.

Although they kept in touch by phone, it had been almost three years since Albert had last seen Moana and five years since his Aunty Puamana died. Remembering Puamana made Albert start thinking again that maybe he should tell Moana about her family. The problem was that he had kept so much from her that she would want to know why he had never told her anything before. She would hate him for keeping all this information from her, and he couldn't bear the thought of her being angry at him and possibly never speaking to him again. He was only trying to protect her from obligations that he thought were no longer important in this modern era.

He knew his daughter well enough, though, to know that his excuses would not hold up to her scrutiny. He smiled thinking that's why she should have become a lawyer. He knew it wasn't a coincidence that she was so intuitively gifted, especially through her dreams, and had such a keen interest in Hawaiian culture and anthropology. He was ashamed at himself for discouraging her interests and brushing aside her abilities, especially for the time he had scolded her when she was four years old and reported seeing her maternal grandfather standing in their house. Her grandfather was in Ohio at the time, and they got a phone call a few minutes later telling them that he just passed away. After that traumatic experience, Moana never said anything about what she saw.

There was a cruel irony in Albert's success in keeping Moana from knowing about her family. The price he was paying was that she now lived in Los Angeles, studying Indians, and that the two of them rarely talked because she didn't think he was interested in her work.

This final thought set Albert back in his depression. At this point he always started feeling like his life had been a failure. He failed his aunt, he failed his wife, he failed his daughter, and he failed his people. He could still change things, but he didn't have the heart. At least he had gotten closer to his niece, Lei, and was able to pass some of his knowledge on to her. He had watched Lei's life turn around when he started talking to her about Hawaiian history and how foreigners who came

to Hawai'i had systematically dismantled their people's rights and culture over the past hundred and fifty years. It surprised and pleased him that Lei was so interested in his stories that she had become inspired to go to law school. At least his life wasn't a complete failure. But rather than dwell on it, he finished his second beer, signed the tab and started down the beach for his afternoon swim.

Laying his shirt on the sand as he always did, Albert walked into the water up to his calves. He stood momentarily, assessing the tide, the wind, asking permission, as he had always done, to enter the ocean. This ritual was a relic from childhood, something his Uncle Buddy had taught him that he never forgot. He always did it in honor of Uncle Buddy, whom he rarely saw these days. Diving in, Albert swam fast to acclimate to the shock of cold on his warm skin. After only a minute or so, his breathing steadied and he relaxed into his stroke. He would take his usual path out to the windsock, where he would turn right and head toward the other end of Waikīkī, swimming just outside the reef. When he estimated that he had reached Queen's Beach, he would turn around and swim back. Sometimes he would swim further, as far as the Kapahulu groin, before turning back. The water was calm, it was a beautiful afternoon, too early for the after-work swimming crowd. He didn't need to think about anything other than the task at hand.

Albert headed into the channel, passed the windsock and was nearing Queen's when he felt his chest suddenly tighten. A cramp, he thought, and clutched his heart as he tried to swim through it. But the pain was getting worse and was spreading through his body. He started to lose control of his motions. Unable to keep swimming, Albert started sinking. Going deeper, he could hear a baby crying.

As Albert started to lose consciousness, a series of black and white scenes flashed through his mind. He saw himself being born, caught by a midwife in a shack. He next saw himself as a baby boy, sitting in the ocean next to shore while a shark swam nearby, his Aunt Puamana sitting on the beach, watching them. The scene flashed to Albert as an older boy, walking along jagged shoreline rocks with his Uncle Buddy, running out to pry 'opihi off a rock before a wave could crash over him. Next he was running through the jungle in Vietnam, looking for his unit. On his wedding day, he and his wife looked so happy. Then he was holding his baby daughter. The show ended there as Albert released his breath and sank to the bottom of the ocean.



The sun had broken through the clouds perched on the edge of the horizon as paddlers launched the outrigger canoes into Kailua Bay. Moana sat in seat four in the

lead canoe, holding a koa box containing her father's ashes while the others quietly paddled out into the bay. The paddlers, including Moana, were dressed in traditional attire; the men in malo and the women in kīhei. The five canoes stayed in a line until they reached the middle of the bay, then formed a circle.

Moana's mother, Elizabeth Kawelo, her mother's sister Lyn, and Charlie were standing in a group among the mourners on the beach. Elizabeth was a dignified woman and was having a hard time standing in high heels that had sunk into the sand while watching this final send-off for her husband. She did not want cremation and scattering of his ashes at sea, but it was Albert's wish. Albert's spirit stood next to her with his arm around her shoulder, but she was too distraught to feel anything.

When the onlookers could see that the paddlers were ready, a young man standing on the shore near the edge of the water, also dressed in a malo, blew a pū. Hearing this signal from shore, the paddlers began their ceremony.

The water inside the circle of canoes was calm. Ikaika Morales, seated in a canoe opposite Moana, stood up and started chanting. When he finished his chant, he nodded to Moana. It was her signal to jump into the ocean and release her father's ashes underwater. The rest of the paddlers threw flowers into the water and then jumped in.

Moana released ashes and tears underwater. She was overwhelmed by the finality of this act and stayed under as long as she could while images of her father's life burned in her mind. She saw him in the photographs on her refrigerator, she saw him pushing her surfboard on a wave and then sitting in the darkened house with the old woman. Finally she saw him sinking through the water, which made her surface immediately, gasping for air. She couldn't conceive of the idea of his being gone. Moana lingered in the water while the rest of the paddlers climbed back into the canoes.

Down the coast, Aunty Puamana watched the ceremony. A shark circled in the ocean in front of her. The paddlers did not notice Aunty Puamana but saw the shark fin rise above the water. It was not close enough to be a threat. They quietly gestured to each other to look at the shark, and everyone watched it in respect. They interpreted it as a *hō'ailona*, a sign that Albert's ancestors were with him. Only Moana did not see the shark.

The celebration of Albert's life continued that afternoon in the living room of Albert and Elizabeth's house as hundreds of guests came by to pay their respects. It was a beautiful home, front windows facing the ocean, decorated with original works of art, oriental rugs and contemporary koa furniture. The house was sometimes featured in local interior design magazines and was a reflection of Albert's successful career as well as his and

Elizabeth's good taste. Members of the community representing all walks stopped by, including business leaders, politicians, a former governor, bus drivers, and schoolteachers. Hawaiians, Caucasians and Asians were equally represented in the crowd. A trio of musicians played Hawaiian music, and there was an abundance of Hawaiian food that extended family and well-wishers had brought by.

Ted Rice, director of the Knight Museum, came up to Elizabeth to extend his condolences. He was well known in the community, mostly through his self-promotion. "Elizabeth, I'm so sorry to see you under these circumstances," he said, leaning over to kiss her. "I represent the entire board of directors of the museum in expressing our sympathy." Rice was not close to Albert other than in crossing paths in various social circles, and Elizabeth was surprised to see him in her home. She had never cared much for his overbearing personality. "Thank you, Ted. I appreciate your taking the time to come by."

Dr. Rice had a specific purpose in speaking with her and continued, "I know this probably isn't the best of timing, but we have a vacancy on the board that we hope you will consider filling. I've followed some of the community service projects you've been involved with, and people speak very highly of you. Your name has come up, and we think you would be an excellent addition."

Elizabeth was flattered but Rice’s inappropriate timing put her off, and she wondered if this was why he really came to pay his respects. She even wondered if he was flirting with her.

“I’m honored that you would consider me. I’ll think about it,” Elizabeth replied flatly.

“I’ll call you in a few weeks. Maybe we can have lunch. I know you have a lot more important things on your mind right now,” Rice said, smiling obsequiously as he moved on. Elizabeth smiled politely but didn’t bother to respond, glad to talk to someone else.

Across the room, Lei, Moana’s cousin, who had been helping Elizabeth, finally caught up with Moana. The two had seen each other at the ceremony on the beach but didn’t have a chance to talk. Lei’s young children, Kamaka and Kawehi, were playing in and out of the house and at the moment were standing by their mother. “‘O wai kēnā?” Kamaka asked his mother as Moana and Lei embraced. “‘O ‘Anakē Moana kēlā,” Kawehi whispered to him loudly. Moana looked at the children in amazement, then at Lei. She couldn’t believe they were speaking Hawaiian so naturally.



Lei Limahana was eight years younger than Moana and the oldest of five children. Her father was Albert’s half-brother, Willy, who was also much younger than

Albert. Growing up, Willy had always looked to his older brother as a protector and role model. Willy was still in grade school when Albert left Hawai‘i, first to go to the Mainland for college, then off to fight in the Vietnam War and on to law school. The relationship between the brothers as adults was more distant than close, primarily because they had such different lifestyles. Albert was part of Honolulu society while Willy was fully involved in the rural Nānākuli community. Still, Albert always had a special fondness for Willy and continued to take care of him and his family whenever he could.

The relationship between Moana and Lei was similar. Lei adored Moana when she was little, but as the two grew up, it seemed to Lei that Moana had become aloof, like her mother, which was mostly a perception based on Moana’s desire to be the best at everything she did. Moana had graduated from the prestigious Punahou School, while Lei had attended public school. Although Lei’s intelligence test scores were always in the highest brackets, her grades were mediocre. When she started cutting class and getting into trouble, Albert helped Lei apply for Kamehameha Schools, where her potential could be realized. Lei could have excelled at anything she wanted, academically or athletically, but unlike her cousin, she had little motivation. Surfing was her passion, and she was good enough to win contests—had she bothered to enter.

After Moana went to college, the only time she and Lei saw each other was at family occasions. They were polite to each other but otherwise kept their distance.

Lei barely made it through high school. Right after she graduated, she got married and had two children. Her husband Kama drove a tour bus, and Lei was the tour guide. Lei's parents watched the two children while Lei and Kama partied every weekend in Waikīkī, blowing their entire week's worth of hard-earned tips. This was the pattern for several years until Lei finally had enough of "pandering to clueless haoles," as she often described her job, and realized that her life was going nowhere. She never really cared for her husband's friends and realized that she didn't care for her husband, either. One day she looked in the mirror and discovered that she didn't even like herself anymore. When Kama made it clear that he had no desire to do anything more than drive a tour bus, party every weekend and watch sports for the rest of his life, she took the kids and left.

Lei struggled after that, barely making ends meet. She was only able to land minimum-wage jobs that had little opportunity for advancement. It took two jobs to cover her rent and food, which left little for other expenses, so she occasionally took on a third job. She was fortunate that her parents helped where they could, but they still had their hands full with the rest of their children, so Lei's whole world became a balancing act between working and seeing to her kids' needs. She

told herself she was better off than she was with Kama, but the one thing that hadn't changed was that her life still wasn't going anywhere.

That was when Albert stepped in again. Now that Lei had first-hand experience with the struggles many Hawaiians faced, she started listening more closely to Albert's stories. She began to more profoundly understand everything her people had lost, how invaders had stolen their land, their culture and their pride. Albert helped her to understand that she didn't have to be a victim, that change was always possible—whether it was individual change or changing an entire community. With his encouragement and support, Lei felt that she had finally found her purpose in life. She started taking Hawaiian language classes and enrolled her children in one of the Pūnana Leo Hawaiian language immersion preschools. She finished her college degree and was now in her first year of law school at the University of Hawai'i.



“Lei, you look great. And your kids are already so big. I hardly recognized them at the service earlier.”

Lei was devastated by Albert's death and started crying when she talked to Moana. “Moana, I'm so sad about Uncle Albert. If not for him, I wouldn't even be here. He believed in me when I didn't believe in

myself. I miss him so much already. Even Kawehi was crying this morning.” Looking down at her children, Lei told them, “Maka, Wehi, e honi iā ‘Anakē Moana. ‘O ia nei ke kaikamahine a ‘Anakala Albert.”

The children looked expectantly at Moana, waiting for her to bend down so they could kiss her. Moana was embarrassed, not understanding why they were looking at her. Lei finally motioned for Moana to let the children greet her.

Jealousy mixed with humiliation surged through Moana. Albert often considered Lei a second daughter, and as Moana and her father had grown apart in recent years, she knew he and Lei had gotten closer. Moana subconsciously resented the fact that as a law school student, Lei was the one fulfilling Albert’s dream. This was the same cousin who barely made it through high school.

Not knowing what to say next and fearing that she might sound bitter, Moana changed the subject. “Dad mentioned that you are really getting into the culture. I can see how fluent you are in Hawaiian language. Are you also involved in the sovereignty movement?”

Through her tears, Lei laughed at her cousin’s question. She wasn’t even sure why it struck her as funny. “You’ve been away too long, cousin. Your father, he taught me so many things, like the real history of our people and culture. If continuing to practice our culture

is resistance against the colonizers, then yeah, I'm practicing sovereignty. And when I get a law degree, I can fight the haole who keep stealing and polluting our 'āina."

Moana was stunned. "You learned that from Dad? Are you sure we're talking about the same person? He always said culture was a waste of time and that Hawaiians have to assimilate to be successful."

Lei continued talking about what she had learned from Uncle Albert, but Moana wasn't listening. She could not imagine the idea that her father knew any Hawaiian cultural practices—and if he did, that he would teach them to her cousin and not to her, who had always thirsted for this knowledge.



There were some things Moana knew about her father. She knew he was born in 1942 and that his mother, Mālie Kawelo, died giving birth to him. She also knew that Albert's father, Edward Limahana, gave Albert his mother's maiden name for a last name. What Moana didn't know was that Albert's mother was very traditional in her beliefs and practices. When it was time for Albert to be born, Mālie chose to give birth in the house that belonged to her parents on the rural 'Ewa side of O'ahu, where she and her sister, Puamana Kawelo, were born and raised.

Unexpected complications arose that the midwife could not treat, and Mālie died several hours after Albert was born. Devastated and unprepared to care for the new baby by himself, Edward was grateful for Puamana's offer to raise the child, which was the real reason for Albert's last name being written as Kawelo on his birth certificate. Mālie was the older of the two sisters and had inherited the house when their parents passed away at a young age. Puamana now lived there and would keep Albert with her while Edward moved to Honolulu to look for work and a new life.

Moana also didn't know that Albert adored his Aunt Puamana and thrived in the traditional lifestyle in which she raised him. Puamana called him "Puni," because he was her punahele. They spoke to each other only in Hawaiian, although Puamana made sure he learned English so he could speak to his father when he came to visit. Albert would be next in line to take over his mother's family's spiritual responsibilities, and Puamana started preparing him as soon as he was old enough to walk and talk. A ki'i, a stone carving in the shape of a shark, had always sat among the ti plants in the large front yard that went down to the ocean. Every day, Albert and Puamana would refill the 'awa cup in front of the ki'i with fresh 'awa or 'awa root. They would then stand in front of the ki'i and pray, a prayer that Albert had memorized by the time he was five:

*Nā ‘aumākua holo kai
Iā Kahi‘ukā i ka pō
Iā Ka‘ahupāhau i ka pō
Pale ka pō
Puka i ke ao
Eia kā ‘oukou pulapula
Ke haina nei i ‘awa no ‘oukou
E palekana mākou
A holo i ke kai mālie
A me ka moana mālinolino
A kū i ka pā aheahe mai a ka Moa‘e
‘O ka palekana ia a ‘oukou, e nā ‘aumākua
‘Āmama, ua noa*



Moana was still wondering what kinds of cultural things her father knew and had been teaching Lei when Charlie came over to her side. Moana was relieved at the intervention.

“Lei, this is my fiancé, Charlie McNeil. He’s an environmental attorney who is currently trying to save the world from cruise ship pollution.”

Lei and Charlie’s greeting was a mixture of condolences and congratulations. With the introductions out of the way, Lei’s face brightened and she jumped into her real interest.

“If you don’t mind, Charlie, I need to talk to you,” Lei said to him, forgetting all about Uncle Albert and

Moana. “We’re having huge issues with cruise ships and dumping. How long are you going to be here?”

Moana could see that Charlie and Lei had connected through their environmental interests. She was glad to let them talk while she moved off to greet other people. She was agitated, still thinking about her father’s supposed cultural knowledge when she wheeled around suddenly and bumped into a man, knocking the plastic cup of water he was holding out of his hand. Embarrassed, Moana bent down to pick it up, bumping him again as he bent to retrieve it. After wiping up the small amount of water that spilled on the floor, they finally faced each other. He was the man who had chanted in the canoe.

“E kala mai, Moana, for the mess. I guess it’s about time I properly introduce myself. I’m Ikaika Morales.”

As they kissed each other in greeting, there was an attraction between them, causing both of them to back off quickly.

“How do you do, Ikaika? Thank you for that beautiful chant today out on the water. Did you know my father?”

“Your dad helped my parents out with some legal problems a long time ago. He refused to accept payment from them, so they sent him mangoes and avocados or whatever was in season in our yard. They did that every year for as long as I can remember.”

“I remember all that incredible fruit!” Moana said laughing. “I still can’t bring myself to buy an avocado

from a store, let alone South American mangos that are picked green. So you're the Morales's son," she said, assessing him. "I'm surprised I never met you before. Dad talked about your parents all the time."

"My parents moved to Hilo a long time ago, and I didn't come to O'ahu very often growing up. They're sorry they couldn't come today. Your dad meant so much to them. It was an honor for me to chant."

Ikaika and Moana stood in shy silence for a moment, not knowing what to say next.

"Moana, if you're going to be here a few more days, you're welcome to come paddling with me and my friends. It's off-season and we go out just to have fun, get some exercise, nothing rigorous."

"Thanks, I'd love to, maybe next time I'm home."

Just then Dr. Rice barged in on their conversation. "Moana, I'm so sorry about your father," Rice said without even looking at Ikaika. Moana looked around Rice at Ikaika, who smiled and rolled his eyeballs for her benefit before winking and moving away.

"Sorry, was I interrupting something?" Rice asked disingenuously, pretending to look around at what he could have interrupted. Moana immediately decided she didn't like Rice. "No, we were just finishing our conversation."

"Moana, I've heard great things about your work. Congratulations on your coup with the LA County Museum and the tribes."

“I don’t know about ‘coup,’ but it is an exciting partnership.”

“Well, it’s great for the museum to be able to get some of that casino money. It’s appropriate for the Indians to be giving back to the community.”

Moana was appalled at Rice’s inference and remembered that he had a reputation in the museum community as being arrogant. Indifferently Moana responded, “I think the Indians have already contributed plenty to museums. The basis for this partnership is mutual respect, not anything else. The museum is matching the funding that the tribes contribute.”

Rice refused to concede anything. “That’s not what I was saying, but I actually am more interested in talking with you about an artifact we recently acquired from a donation.”

Moana brightened at the change of topic. “I’m always interested in talking about artifacts. What is it?”

“It’s a stone carving that came from a property your father sold a few years ago. The developers who bought the property are building a hotel and had an archaeological survey done. They found the carving underground, in a sinkhole.”

“I would love to see it and learn more about where it was found, but I’m heading back to LA tomorrow morning. I’ll call you.”

“Sure, no rush, it’s not going anywhere,” Rice replied, pulling a business card out of his coat pocket and handing it to her. “I’ll look forward to hearing from you.”

Moana turned to look for Charlie. She didn't notice that Lei had been discreetly listening in on her conversation with Rice. Ikaika was also observing from a distance. Lei and Ikaika looked across the room at each other and Lei nodded, a confirmation sign that Ikaika understood.

Moana made her way through the room, stopping to receive condolences and talk with people. An older Hawaiian man with a kind face and a shock of white hair that contrasted with his dark brown skin approached her.

“Aloha, Moana, do you remember me?” Moana did not remember him, and the man realized he had just put her in an awkward position. Quickly, he followed up. “Of course you don't, you were just a little girl when I last saw you. I was close to your Auntie Puamana. I came over to her house to play with your father when he was a little boy. He knew me as Uncle Buddy and I knew him as Puni.”

When he finished his introduction, they embraced. “Yes,” she said. “Of course I remember. Every time Dad would tell me something about the ocean, he would say, ‘That's what Uncle Buddy taught me.’” Moana was happy to meet this man from her father's childhood. His warmth and friendliness immediately made her feel comfortable.

“When your Dad was just a small keiki, his favorite thing was to go 'opihi picking with me. That was back

in the days when they were plentiful and easy to get. They were big, like dis.” Uncle Buddy made a large C with his fingers. “Nowadays is so different. People come, they take everything. It’s dangerous to pick ‘opihi ’cause you have to go so far out into the waves.”

Moana and Uncle Buddy looked at each other, both trying to see inside the other person.

“Did you see the shark this morning?” Uncle Buddy finally asked.

“You mean when we were out in the canoes?”

“Yes, it was in the distance. Your family’s ‘aumakua is the shark. It was a sign that your father’s spirit is being protected as it makes its way to pō.”

Moana started thinking about a shark swimming near the canoes. She had a vague feeling of pieces in a puzzle being revealed but didn’t know where to put them. She wondered how Uncle Buddy knew this information about her family and wished she could talk to him and learn about her father’s childhood, something she rarely heard him discuss. A question suddenly occurred to her. “Is Aunt Puamana still alive?”

Uncle Buddy was taken aback. “No, she passed away several years ago. You didn’t know?”

Moana was suddenly embarrassed that she didn’t know, let alone not even know who Aunt Puamana really was. She downplayed her question, not wanting either her father or her to look bad. “I haven’t been home much lately. I don’t remember Dad mentioning anything over the phone, although he could have.”

Uncle Buddy looked again at Moana. “Ke hā‘awi nei au iā ‘oe. E mālama ‘oe i kēia mau mea. ‘A‘ohe mālama, pau ka puamana o Hawai‘i.”

Moana had no idea what Uncle Buddy said and waited for him to translate. She was becoming increasingly resentful, first at her lack of knowledge about her family, and now about not knowing the Hawaiian language.

“I pass on to you. Take care of these things. If you don’t take care, the well-being of the Hawaiian people will end.” Buddy continued, “I always remember your Aunty Puamana telling that to your father from the time he was young. She had so much wisdom.”

Suddenly the house started to shake. Furniture began to sway, and the dishes in the cabinets rattled. There was a moment of pandemonium as people in the crowded living room jostled each other and scattered in different directions, some trying to run outside, others trying to stand under a doorway or other secure place. The tremor ended as quickly as it began, and everyone stood poised, waiting to see if it was going to begin again. When it was clear that it was not, everyone was suddenly uncomfortable and didn’t know whether to stay or leave. In an effort to get the celebration going again, Lei and Ikaika moved quickly to the musicians and asked them to play “Tewetewe.” As the upbeat song began, they started dancing and Moana jumped in to join them, much to the entertainment of everyone

in the room. The tremor was quickly forgotten and everyone settled back in to their food and drink.

Later, as the guests were leaving, Uncle Buddy and his wife, Emmalia, stopped for some final words to Moana. “The earth is alive, Moana,” said Uncle Buddy. “It needs to be nourished, taken care of.” Exhausted and relieved that the afternoon was coming to a close, Moana responded by thanking Buddy for being there to honor her father. Uncle Buddy had another message for her. “You have many gifts, Moana. You need to start using them.” He started heading out the door and turned back in an afterthought to tell Moana, “Come see us sometime. Our door is always open.” Uncle Buddy reminded Moana of Ernest Pico, the tribal chairman. He and Moana had developed a close relationship over the years. He saw her intuitive gifts and was generous in his sharing of knowledge with her.

Later that afternoon, Moana floated on her back out in the ocean in front of the house. Her hair fanned out, framing her head as she released her grief. She sobbed for her father, for herself, for everything she wasn't able to do to prevent his death. After several minutes, she felt something bump her on the head and immediately turned upright, surprised at the intrusion. She was eye level with the front of a surfboard. There was a man sitting in the middle of it, straddling both sides with his legs. He was a ruggedly handsome

Hawaiian man and was wearing a black turtleneck Xcel rashguard and surf shorts. He was looking at her, smiling. Moana quickly composed herself, embarrassed and annoyed at the same time.

“Sorry about that,” said the man on the surfboard.

“The whole ocean and you bump into me?” Moana retorted, treading water.

“You bumped into me!”

Moana looked again at the surfer. There was a familiarity about him, and for some reason she found his presence consoling. “Then I apologize to you,” Moana laughed. “It’s been a long day. I’m Moana, by the way.”

“I know. I’m Kahi‘ukā. You can call me Kahi‘u,” the man replied. “I knew your dad. I’m sorry he passed away so suddenly. It was a beautiful service.”

“I don’t remember seeing you there. It was all so overwhelming, the whole community came out to pay respects.” Moana continued to scrutinize him. “You seem so familiar. Do I know you?”

Kahi‘u laughed. “I’ve known your family for a long time. I met you when you were just a keiki. We used to play together. I’ve seen you only occasionally since then.”

“Where have you been?” Moana asked.

“I’ve always been here.”

“Here? Since my father’s passing I’ve been walking through a story that’s unfinished. I keep thinking that once I get on the plane tomorrow, I’ll go back to my real life and everything will be normal.”

“Real?” Kahi‘u asked. “What do you call all of this?” he asked, making a sweeping gesture. “This ocean, like your name, Moana, this ‘ohana?”

“I return here in my dreams,” Moana responded, now looking out at the ocean. “Then when I wake up, I put on my real life. I keep thinking I’ll wake up and Dad will be packing me up to drive to the North Shore to watch the big waves. Then I remember he’s gone.”

“Your father will always be with you.”

“There’s so much about him I don’t know,” Moana responded.

The sun set, leaving a glow from the clouds and reflecting gold light on the ocean. Charlie came down to the beach looking for Moana. He saw her in the water and called out, “Moana, come in honey. It’s getting late. You don’t want to be swimming at dusk.”

“What’s wrong with dusk?” Kahi‘u asked Moana.

“You know,” she said. “Feeding time in the animal kingdom.” She turned to Charlie. “I’ll be right in, honey.”

Kahi‘u was amused by this and asked Moana, “What’s for dinner?”

They both laughed easily. “When you come back, come see me.”

“Where?”

“Here.”

Moana studied him. “I wish I could place you. I know you from somewhere.”

Kahi'u turned his board away from Moana and started paddling off. He called to her, "Don't think too hard. Just come home again soon. We need you here."

Only the light from the television illuminated the room. Charlie sat on a sofa with his feet, in socks, on the table as he watched the news. Moana, still wet from her swim, had a towel wrapped around her. The report caught their attention. "Another tremor rattled O'ahu this afternoon. Scientists are speculating that these are only stress releases associated with the weight of the volcanoes. They say there is probably nothing to worry about."

"Better get packed, sweetheart. It sounds like we may need to get to the airport extra early tomorrow if tourists are starting to cut their vacations short."

"Okay, Charlie Horse." Moana walked through the house looking for her mother. She found her in her father's study sitting at the desk, staring at stacks of paperwork.

"Mom? Are you all right?" Moana was alarmed to see her mother sitting in the dark.

"He's gone. Everything's gone."

"I'm here."

"No, you're gone too."