

I couldn't sleep that night. Something about his face.

Next day, I buy this big basket and fill it up with everything I could think of: candy, bread, juice boxes, chips, and those chocolate cookies. I left the basket right on the lanai, right under the louvered window to the kitchen. I put a little note on it that said "For you" and I figured he'd get it. That basket stayed there for a week. Untouched. But stuff kept going missing from my fridge. And when I looked real hard, I could see chocolate fingerprints on the louvers. I could see where he moved the basket to get to the window ledge and then put it back when he left.

I left a twenty dollar bill on the kitchen counter one time. Nothing. He left it right there but he took my leftover kung pao take-out.

So now, I keep a little extra food in the fridge. I make sure I always have those cookies. And when my landlord asked me if I was having any problems with the apartment and would I like to move to a higher floor, I told him no. I like it where I am.

KAYLA CAMPOS

CAN HĀPAI 20-POUND BAGS OF FRISKIES

I WAS, LIKE, SIX YEARS OLD WHEN I FOUND MY FIRST MYRTLE. She was just a small kitten living underneath the steps by the old dispensary. She was one-side makapō at first, but then her eyes opened and she could see everything. I was all by myself when I found her, and good thing, because if I was with my brothers maybe they woulda hurt her. But was just me, so I could take her and wrap her in my jacket before somebody saw and did something.

Myrtle lived in our washhouse underneath the skip that lifted up the washing machine for when the yard flooded out. That only happened in big rain, but we had big rain kinda plenty.

My dad told me she was pretty because she had a turtle shell coat and I thought that was hilarious because how can a cat have a turtle shell? Cat is cat and turtle is turtle. But then I thought, turtle, like honu, like our 'aumakua, which can change and shift and sometimes be anything. That's why I called her Myrtle. Myrtle turtle. She would protect me and I would protect her.

My mother didn't like Myrtle too much. She didn't like me sneaking milk and hamburger and vienna sausage to feed her and she didn't like Myrtle making messes, which Myrtle hardly ever did. My mom didn't just not like messes. She didn't like potential of messes. She let me keep Myrtle but only outside and only under condition of no messes.

When Myrtle got too big for under the skip, she moved herself to on top of the tool shelf in the garage and sometimes on the hood of the car, which I had to be very careful not to let my mom see. When it was cold, sometimes she liked to sleep underneath the car or in the engine.

That Myrtle went away the same night my dad left. I thought maybe my father took her with him. For protection. My mother said my father was working for the state and had to live away from us for a while. She told me Myrtle went to live with a nice coffee farmer in Kona who needed her help catching all the rats. I almost said that Myrtle doesn't eat rats, she eats vienna sausage, but then I remembered and I kept my mouth quiet.

For a long time I thought about my dad working hard for the state and missing us every every day, but he didn't write and he didn't call and him missing us was only what I imagined. Myrtle didn't come back to visit me either, but I looked all over for her. She sent me a message, though. Another turtle shell kitten that looked just like her was at the old dispensary. I called that kitten Myrtle. My number two brother told me "You cannot name a girl name like a junior!" and I told him she's not a Myrtle junior. She's just a Myrtle and I can name her whatever I want.

I told my second brother that he and nobody else better hurt Myrtle because she's watching over the whole family. He told me I didn't know what I was talking about. That my dad didn't go away for work, that he was taken away and wasn't coming back. And that there was no coffee grower in Kona who needed help for catching rats. Mommy didn't want me to know the truth.

When nobody else was around, I held Myrtle in my arms real close and I let my tears fall into her fur. I asked her what was the for real truth and she told me my Dad missed me more than he could say and that's why he doesn't say it and she told me her and all the Myrtles and turtles would watch over him and me always.

DOTTIE TAEZA-TABALNO

DOREEN'S SISTER

TELL HER IT'S FOR SCHOOL. TELL HER YOU NEED IT FOR A FIELD trip or something. Not a field trip. Tell her books. You gotta buy books for school. Tell her the books are kind of expensive and you're really sorry but you want to do good so you have to have the books or you're gonna be left behind. Tell her that.

No, wait. She'll write you a check. Don't do that. Tell her it's for shopping. Tell her you going to the swap meet with your friend. Don't say you're going with me. Say you're going with your friend. If she asks, tell her you going with your school friends, not your neighborhood friends. Don't tell her names because then she can check.

Tell her you need cash because they don't take check or credit card at the swap meet. I mean, if she gives you a credit card, you can take that too, but try to get the cash.

You understand, right? It's not a bad thing. It's a good thing. You're helping me out. You know you're my favorite of all the nieces and nephews. You're the only one I can trust. I would ask her myself but her and me, we don't always understand each other. Not like you and me. You and me, we're close.

Just, when you talk to her, act all casual and don't give too many details. Keep it simple. Hard to remember when you give plenty details and you don't want her to start thinking nothing.

Go talk to her now and then meet me by the bridge. I'll be right there on the side by the bushes by the water. Go now and I meet you there. And don't you mention my name, okay? Tell her you selling candy for school and you got hungry and ate 'em all and you have to pay it back. Tell her, okay? Go now and come right back.

"JOE BOY"

MY FIRST TATTOO WAS A PRESENT FROM MY MOTHER. A present on my fourteenth birthday. She wanted me to have an eagle like her boyfriend at the time. I wanted a snake with fangs curling around my arm. My friend told me Hawai'i doesn't have eagles or snakes so I should get a shark or something. I ended up with a dagger right here on my chest. See? It's like it's stabbing my heart. My mother was mad because she said she wanted me to have tattoos to make me strong, and the dagger made me weak the way it was poking into me.

I got lots of more tattoos after that. My mom stopped bugging me about the eagle after she broke up with that boyfriend, but she wanted me to have her name on my arm, so I got this when I turned eighteen. My mom liked the heart but she was mad that there was an arrow through it and blood dripping. She said my heart should be pure, but I still liked it. I got this one here by my neck and this other one on my leg. See? They're all knives. I got my sword, my dagger, and my switchblade with me at all times.

Once I started with the blades I never really thought about getting the eagle again. And then one time, me and my girlfriend was in bed and she saw the scar I have on the back, back here, and she goes, "Baby, this place here, this place where that man cut you, it looks just like a snake." So there you go.

WANDA YAMADA
—
PHARMACY GROUPIE

YOU SEE ALL THIS? STARTED WITH MY LEG.

Couple six, seven years ago, I'm sitting at the bar at Restaurant Row in my short black dress, same like every other woman sitting at the bar at Restaurant Row in a short black dress, and I doing the move with my leg and I feel this thing. Like a lump, but smaller. Like a bump, but bigger.

So I ran my hand down my leg, kinda sexy so looks like it's part of my act, and I felt it and it was kinda hard and raised and scaly. I took my French manicure nail and I started picking at this thing. But the thing didn't want to pick. I broke off my acrylic and the thing was still there.

I go home that night, look in the bathroom under the fluorescent light and the thing has one eye. One eye! I thought about making my own surgery with a tweezers and a safety pin but that thing was looking at me.

I was so scared. I started thinking that it was maybe my fetal twin, absorbed inside my body in the womb and now coming out after all these years, bone and hair and ay, Jesus, maybe get teeth inside there. I read that one time in the *National Enquirer*.

So when I sleep at night, I scared the teeth so I put one pillow in between my knees so the teeth no bite or spread or whatever. Except pillow isn't good enough protection so I gotta sleep with my legs little bit apart so it doesn't jump straight through the pillow to the other side.

That's how I jam up my hip, sleeping all like that. You jam up your hip, next thing to go is your feet. I gotta wear orthopedics.

When you get feet problems, next come the knee problems. Ace bandage. Two side. With a little hole cut on the side with the thing so that the teeth can breathe.

After the knee problems came the back problems. That's why I get the brace.

Look at me. Pau the short black dress.

And I get all this stuff going on, I cannot sleep I so worried and upset. You no sleep, you get all kind health problems. Heart, lung, kidney, spleen. I was falling apart, I tell you.

So I going doctor, one 'nother doctor, one specialist in spleenology or whatever, and he just so happen to look my leg and he says, oh, you have a wart on the inside of your leg. One wart. One wart! Here, he says, let me get that for you. Sssip. Stitch. Gone.

So I thinking that maybe everything else going go away too. Not yet, but I hoping. And all that time, I was so sure had teeth.

OFFICER WOLVERTON KAHAUNAELE

THE SUSPECT WAS FIRST OBSERVED BY ME GOING EASTBOUND on the westbound lane in a northwesterly direction. The suspect vehicle was determined to be a 1983 El Camino, blue and primer yellow, license plate KEG 298. The vehicle in question was weaving in and out of traffic and in the process hit two parked cars, a pedestrian, sixteen traffic cones, a City and County median sprinkler head, and a chicken. The City and County Department of Sprinkler Maintenance was immediately notified. While in pursuit of the rogue vehicle, I did not turn on my DIV (Department Issued Vehicle) lights and sirens because I didn't want to scare nobody and besides, on H-1 during rush hour, nobody can get out of the way even if they try. Maximum speed during said pursuit did not exceed maximum speed mandated minimum as referred to in SHOPO collective bargaining agreement section 23-14-45 A, subsection 2-Z under the heading "whippas."

It was determined by me that the vehicle in question was that of a stolen vehicle determined by the number of so-called dings around the door handles, the bumper sticker reading "My child is an honor student," which seemed not to match the appearance and demeanor of the suspect, and the fact that the driver did not seem to know where the controls for the turn indicator and windshield wipers were located. I determined this through the process of observation, and by the elderly female in the back of the car who appeared to be tied up with a binding material of some sort with the appearance of chintz. Upon closer observation by me and by a subsequent arresting officer, the woman had indeed been bound, but

the binding material in question appeared to be that of apparent manapua wrappers that had been glued together with tape.

After the suspect vehicle came to rest in the fountain at Honolulu Hale, I and Officer Barrington Magarifuji arrived at the scene and assessed the danger to said parties and other parties that were in the neighboring vicinity and surrounding areas of which there were none. At this time, we approached the vicinity of the El Camino which was filling with water at a rate that could be classified as rapid. Officer Magarifuji approached the rear of the vehicle to assess the condition of the before-mentioned elderly female tied up with the manapua paper. It was at this time that the suspect emerged from the driver's side window of the vehicle and spoke to us in a garbled but threatening manner. Assessing the situation and referring to the SHOPO revised standards manual handbook of regulatory procedures, it was at this time that I determined to draw my gun and fire a shot in the direction of the suspect who was, in my determination, a threat to life and property, of which included the before mentioned City and County fountain. It was at this time that the Mayor was grazed, but due to the nature of the before-mentioned circumstances and the vicinity of the sprays of water from the fountain that were shooting and spraying, it is undetermined at this time where the bullet in question originated at this time.

JOHN "JOHNNY" "JOHN-BOY" MONROVIA

SO I SAYS TO HIM, THIS IS HOW I GO, I GO: YOUR HONOR, I come before you to throw my mercy on this court right here to plead to you my pleadings of the facts of this case. To tell you the truth, Judge, I look at the charges my ex had allegeded against me and I'm dumbfound. This thing she get right here about how I had grab da torch welder and go for melt da ring on top her finger, das all outta porportionated right there. I never did threaten my ex with violences. In fact, I never was in possessions of one torch welder, and the torch welder I had before was stolen way before the event of the incident in question of which I facing charges.

The thing is, Your Honor, I am not a violent man. Look at my record. That speaks for himself right there. What, petty larceny, theft two, extortion. Nothing. I never been convicted of no violent crimes, and all the assault stuff on there, that's all misdemeanors back from when I was coaching Little League.

In fact, Judge, to tell you the honest truth, it is me who is really the one got perpetrated on of victimization. It's hard to admit, but I am an abused man. Das right. I not proud, but I say it right here so dat maybe odda mans can hear my story and know that they not alone. My wahine gave me dirty lickers. Planny. All the time. Ho, she used to beef me up, black eye, broken nose, everything. Look my nose. Can see the fracturcation, yeah? Das from her. And me, I man eh. I no fight back. I just take it like mans is suppose to take it. She come at me full barrel with the, the, the, the, what you call that now? The hair dryer. No! The iron curler. No, what is that? The waffle maker. That's it. She come at me full barrel with the waffle maker, all waffle

batter all over all stuck whatnot and she just blast me. Poom! Right there. That's assault and batter. Little bit more manslaughter was. I not lying, Judge. That's what I had to live through. Das what I had to endures.

So actually, Judge, what I saying is I should be getting one temporarily restraintment order against her cuz she da violent one. She dangerous, I tell you. Specially when she get hers. Hoo! I fear my life. I really do.

But den she go make all these trump up charges against me. Try make reverse psychologies. How can? I am not a violent man, Your Honor. I am a respect member of the community. I little more get my GED. And I'm a father. That's right, my baby girl just was born two, three months ago. Her name is Tejia-Ann or something like that. Deja, Tejia, the mother told me but I forget. These allegeded charges of which are all false I neva do, Your Honor. I promise. I neva have one torch welder long time.

Pretty good, eh? I get the lawyer talk down.

"KAHUNA DAVE"

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE IN relaxation and harmony in your Hawaiian vacation, look no further.

The ancient Hawaiians knew the secret to health, longevity, and peace. They turned to the ocean and to what they referred to as the "physicians of the sea"—the dolphins. Hawaiians would swim out to the ocean and call to their dolphin friends: "A hana laka laka zulu!" whenever they were feeling tired or sick or stressed or whatever. And the dolphins would hear them and come.

Through their amazing sonar techniques, which of course have inspired many of modern medicine's latest breakthroughs in healing, the dolphins know just what is wrong and just how to help.

And you can experience this ancient Hawaiian miracle of dolphin-healing, too.

And the best part—it's all free. Totally free.

The ancient Hawaiians believed you can't put a price on health and we believe that, too.

We do ask a small donation of \$185 per person to help support the work of our non-profit foundation, Dolphin Aloha.

What we'll do is take you and all members of your party to a secret, private beach.

We'll pick you up from your hotel in our foundation's Dolphinmobile for a small fee on top of the donation.

Then we'll take you to a totally private beach, teach you the ancient Hawaiian dolphin call, and lead you into the water where the physicians of the sea will come to you and heal you of your specific ailment, which they will be able to diagnose.

Sometimes they will heal you by bumping or brushing up against you.

Sometimes they might splash nearby.

Other times, the dolphins sense that the best thing is to swim about 400 yards away from you and just send you long distance sonar. When they do this, you might not even see them, but you will feel something happening and that's the most powerful form of dolphin healing of all.

After this, we'll take you back to your hotel and if you're so moved, you can make an additional donation to our cause, as many people are moved to do to express their gratitude to the dolphins.

Because really,
it's all about taking care of them.

Today is a little stormy so you probably don't want to stay by the hotel pool all day.

The private dolphin beach where we'll take you is always sunny because the dolphins make sure of it.

They want you to come. They love helping people. They're waiting for you right now.

Don't let them down.

They're dolphins.

HARRIET YAMASAKI**—
RETIRED FROM THE CREDIT UNION**

I FINALLY DID GET RID OF THAT, WHAT YOU CALL? TELEPHONE salesperson. Telemarketer.

I read about how to do that in the magazine at my doctor's office. I go doctor plenty so I get plenty time to read all what he get inside the waiting room.

But this story wasn't about how to get rid of the kind telemarketer. Was one story story, like for entertainment. Like spooky kind. Was about this wahine on the Mainland in one of those kind places where get beach but it's cold. East Coast kind place. And she all the time, all the time get this crazy man call her on her telephone, say any kind stuff, breathe, scare her like that. She was so scared she couldn't even stand for the phone to ring. Me, I was getting little bit that way, too. The phone ring, me, I jump. But I didn't have the kind scary kind crazy man. Me, I had the telemarketer.

So this lady in the story, the one she live by the cold beach, she get this idea one day that when the crazy man call her up, she going give it right back to him the same way except she going give back more. Be more crazy. So that's what she did. She told him all the kind things like to insult him and make him feel shame for calling her. She told him like he was weak and pupule and how shame that all he get for do in his life is call people he don't even know and make trouble to get his jollies. And she told him like if she was him, she no could live with herself and would be so shame that she would take a gun and shoot herself dead from the shame. And this lady, only one time she did this, but she did it so good, she made her

words come out so good and so strong, she hear one BANG on the other end of the phone and come to find out that the crazy guy did kill himself because of all what the lady was saying to him.

I read that, I think wow. That's one strong lady can talk one crazy guy into doing that kind stuff. But then I didn't think nothing. I mean, I didn't think nothing about me like that. But the thing must have stuck in my head.

Couple weeks later, I getting ready to go to my doctor appointment and my phone ring and ring. I thinking must be my doctor saying if I can come later or maybe that's my daughter telling me she cannot leave work to pick me up. So I coming fast fast out of the bathroom to answer the phone and I little bit more fall down and break my leg. I didn't fall down, but almost.

I answer the phone and it's the guy. Not the same guy, the telemarketer, but from the same place and I think so this one did call me one time before. And I was mad because I was rushing, rushing, and little bit more fall down because of him. But then he was talking to me and using my first name and that was what made me think of the story in the magazine about the lady on the cold beach. The crazy man would use her first name. I think that was special to make her more scared. For me, that just made me mad.

So I say to the man, the telemarketer, I say, "You know my first name so you must know a lot about me, yeah?" And he says, "Excuse me?" and I say, "No, I don't think I will." And I say 'em sassy and . . . kinda feel good. So I keep going. I say to him, "You must know my first name, my last name, my middle name, my maiden name. You must know where I live and how long I live here. You must have all that on your computer right in front your face. Must be because you call me up every day try sell me something. Maybe you know that one time I said yes and all that money, eighty dollars, gone and my daughter was so mad with me. Must be you put that on your computer and on the part where it asks if I'm a sucker, yes or no, you must have put yes. Well, I want you to put something else on your computer. I want you to put that this lady is crazy. Pupule. Out of her mind. Put that you call her up and she yell at you and tell you she going kick you in the 'ökole and poke out your eye and broke your nose. Put down that I used

dirty cuss words when you call me up. Put down on your computer that I called you asshole, because I just did. Put down that I told you your mother must be so shame her boy can only get this kind low-pay job calling up strangers and bothering them and trying to sell them things they don't want. Shame for your mother. Shame for your family. If I was you, I would get one gun and shoot myself dead. Asshole!"

Well, after I said that I was expecting to hear BANG. But all I heard was the click. The telemarketer don't call anymore. But sometimes I wish he would. That was good fun.

VIOLA PEROS
—
NAIL SCULPTOR

MY NEIGHBOR, SHE COME MY HOUSE AND SHE ASK ME babysit her Squeaky while she on a trip. I go "Vegas again?" because she always ask me watch the dog when she go Vegas. But she goes, "No I'm going to Colombia to have my eyes done." Well, I never did hear of this so I'm thinking is Colombia in a state or what? But her face was all serious. That's when I figured out Colombia was a country, and not the kind of country like Paris or London. The dangerous kind.

I tell her why you gotta go so far for make surgery? Get pretty good doctors right here in Liliha. She tell me no, they don't do that kind surgery in America. Only Colombia. I tell her, that don't tell you that maybe the thing little bit, oh I don't know, DANGEROUS?! She tell me no worry. Not too many tourist murders or hostage situations there lately so just take care the dog, water the plants, and bring the mail in the house if I no mind. I tell her I no mind. Cute the dog Squeaky. And small so if he make trouble on my leg, I can just fly 'em with one good shake.

Then, she tell me about the box. She go, "If something should happen to me, there's something I need you to do." And I'm like, oh, of course. No worry. We friends long time, ever since me and my first ex bought the house how long ago. And I'm thinking she going tell me I gotta take Squeaky if she die or something. But no, she goes, "There's a box underneath my bed. If something should happen to me, I need you to take that box and throw the whole thing away." Ho! Me, I thinking, why, you get somebody's head inside there or what? Because you know, I love my

CourtTV. She tell me, "Never mind what's in the box. You don't need to know what is in the box. Just do as I say and don't ask questions."

Wow.

So of course, she was gone from her house five minutes before I was in there and hunting for that thing.

Was under her bed. All wrapped with choke tape. Too small to be a head and the thing made noise when you shake 'em. Had plenty stuff inside. Ho, I wanted to look but had so much tape, no ways I could wrap 'em back like nothing if I took all that off. I put 'em back and walked the dog, but the whole time, I was thinking about that box.

Ten days she was gone and every day I was thinking how the hell am I going to look inside that damn box. I figured I knew what she had inside. I mean, I didn't think she was that kind wahine, but you never know a freak by the cover. But still, I wanted to check that thing out. I thought of all kind ways, like slit 'em on the side or buy one nodda same-kind box. One day, I no could take it. I was tired planning already. Cannot unwrap one box like that without somebody figuring out what you had do. Just like Christmas when your parents bust you for peeking inside your presents. Can always tell. So I just had bust 'em open. Ripped that bugga up. I no care she know what I did.

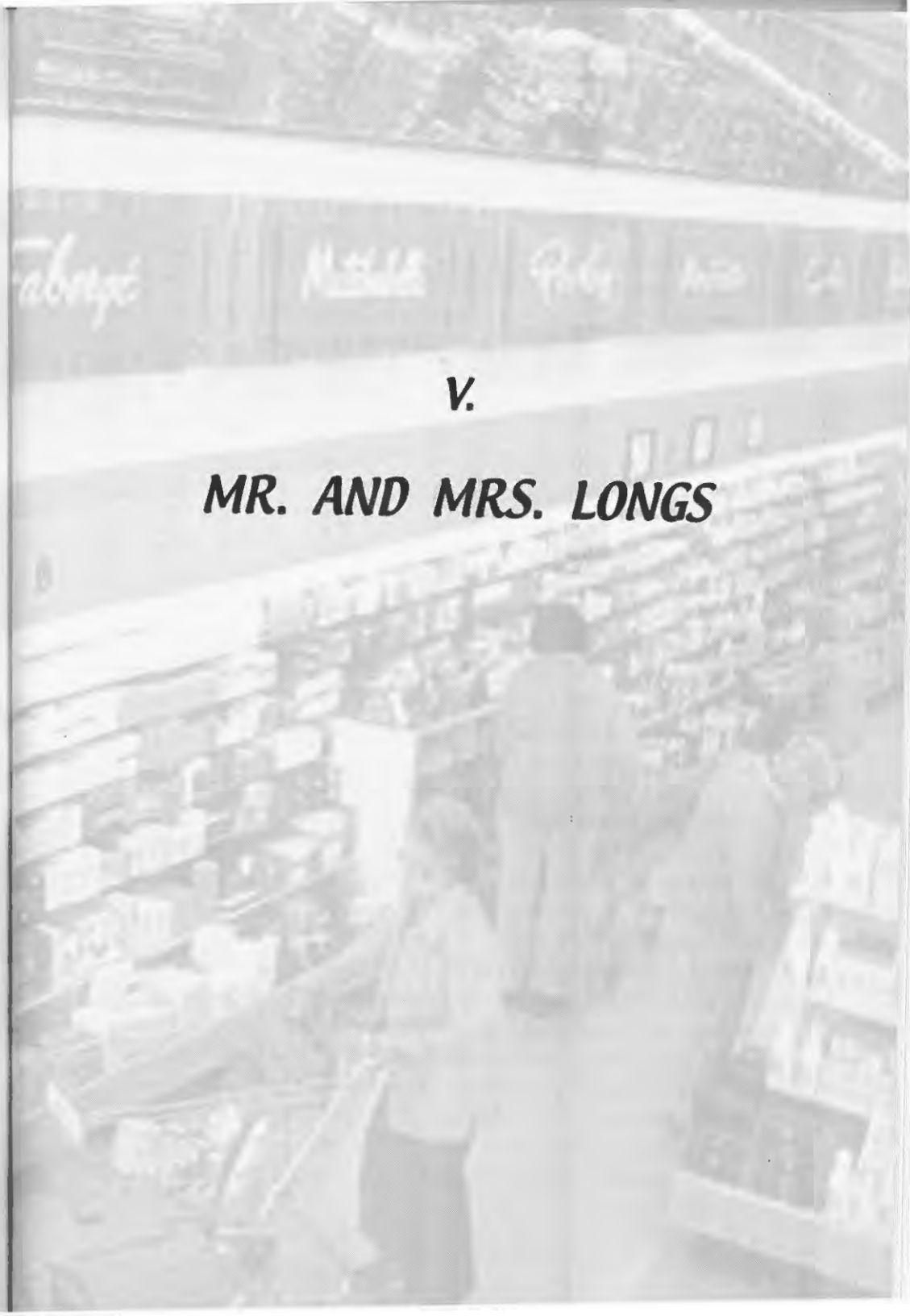
You know what she had inside? Three plastic cups, four batteries and a note that said, "Squeaky never liked you."

Yeah, so I don't know who taking care of that stupid rat dog now, but it ain't me. See? Those kind twisted people with the dirty mind. You never know.

GINNY DIAS

— STILL HAS TO GO DRY CLEANERS, BANK, AND GAS STATION

PEANUT BUTTER, GLAD BAGS, TAMPAX, SOAP.
 Peanut butter, Glad bags, Tampax, soap.
 Peanut butter, Glad bags, Tampax, soap.
 Peanut butter, Glad bags, Tampax. Oh, yeah, Advil.
 Peanut butter, Glad bags, Advil, soap . . . uh . . .
 Tampax, Glad bags, peanut butter, soap?
 Oh! Miller Lite, Advil, Tampax, soap.
 Wait now, Miller Lite, Tampax, dental floss?
 No. Colgate? Wait. Peanut butter, Tampax, Miller Lite
 Uh. OK. Peanut butter, Tampax, Glad bags, toothpick,
 Downy fresh spring, nail polish remover, coffee filters,
 AHHHHHHH! Ne'mind already.



V.

MR. AND MRS. LONGS

GEORGIE KAM**OFTEN DOESN'T BUY ANYTHING**

I HAD THIS DREAM.

It wasn't like a dream dream like when you sleeping. More like the kind dream when you not sleeping, just laying in bed next to your good-for-nothing husband listening to him fut and snore. Fut. Snore. Fut. Snore. Like anybody could sleep through that noise and that stink.

So I lying there not really daydreaming cuz it's night, but not dreaming dreaming because I cannot sleep in that frickin Iraqi war zone fut snore fut snore coming in like bombs.

In this dream, I'm Mrs. Longs.

I'm the same me, but I'm married to the man, Mr. Longs. Not the brother or one of the sons, mind you. The first one, the first Mr. Longs.

We live upstairs in one of the Longses, up above the pharmacy, where we can look out the glass windows at all the shoppers when we walking from the living room to the kitchen. Hello, little shoppers! Are all you happy shoppers happy today? Oh look, sweetheart—that's what I call Mr. Longs, I call him sweetheart when we in our upstairs above the pharmacy house, but never when we in the store. When we in the store I call him Mr. Longs just like all his employees. But at home when we looking out the glass at all our aisles and all our shoppers, I tell him sweetheart, look at all our Longsness.

And I would be happy.

I would never leave the house. No need. Only time I go out now is to go Longs. I would have everything right there. Go right downstairs for cereal. Go right downstairs for shampoo. Go right downstairs when I need coffee. But I would always get dressed first. I would never go downstairs in nightgown and curlers. And I would always pay. The real kind pay, with money through the check-out line, not sign one paper and walk out the back. Mr. Longs wouldn't like that, and me, I like keep Mr. Longs happy.

I treat Longs with respect. I know that Longs isn't mine. It doesn't belong to only me. Not even to Mr. Longs. Longs is for everyone.

And if ever had hurricane or flood or whatnot, I would help Mr. Longs with whatever he need.

We would bring all our employees and all our customers inside the store, let them have anything they like, take them upstairs to our upstairs Longs house and give them tuna sandwich and tell them everything is gonna be alright don't worry don't worry. We always have Longs. Longs will provide.

Longs would be like the richest kingdom and Mr. Longs is the wise, noble king, and me, I would be the queen.

The good queen of Longs.

And I dream and I dream about my life in Longs until one extra loud snore or fut wake me up all the way and I think, ah, well. At least I know I can visit Longs tomorrow. Gotta go get Gas-X and breathing strips for him. Nose clip and ear plugs for me.

GRAMPA JOJI

STILL WEARS PLANTATION KHAKIS

BEFORE TIME NOT LIKE NOW.

We had pride back then.

We work hard.

When come night time, we go sleep. We was tired.

No go out drink, no go out cruise the town, no go out dance with any kind wahines, no dress up like one six-foot-three Liza Minelli like your cousin Bobby and walk around downtown scaring the homeless people.

We went sleep. We was tired.

We word hard 'as why.

Hard time work plantation.

But we neva have choice, you see.

Only had plantation.

Only job was hard labor.

You folks nowadays with your e-mail and whatnot. You no understand what is work.

You think so one hard job is the kind your boss no let you wear nose ring to work.

You don't know what is hard.

Hard is when you bend over hoe hana so long that when you pau work, no can stand up straight anymore.

Hard work is when get one centipede in your boots and he biting, biting all the way up your leg but you cannot stop to hemo pants. That is hard work.

Hard work is when the sickle stuck to your hand from all the blood that came out and dried up and you gotta wash your hand in the ditch water fo' letta go.

That is hard work.

You sleep good after that.

Your kaukau taste mo good.

Your coffee get good flavah.

HARVEY CARVALHO

GROUP LEADER

YOU KNOW YOU AIN'T LIVING YOUR LIFE RIGHT IF YOU
ashamed to be seen in Longs.

If you walking down an aisle and you see somebody you know and you
fast like duck over to the side aisle before they make eye contact, then you
know. You got some atonement you gotta make. You got some amends in
arrear.

Me, that's my test.

That's how I know.

I been on my spiritual path for fourteen years now.

Clean and sober.

Clean and mostly sober.

Never did have that awareness that they say you get after walking the path
a while. Never did have those alarms that go off. Recognize the triggers. So
I go to Longs, man. I go when it's busy and I walk up and down those aisles
and I make it my test.

And I was doing good, I was doing real good. Months of walking in Longs
with my head held high, my eyes up, back tall.

And then I saw this girl. Oooh. I forgot about her.

I wouldn't call it a full-on slip, but I couldn't look at her.

I ducked.

I ducked, man, right into the next aisle, down the side, out the door.

I went home and, man, I cried. I cried because I knew . . . I wasn't there yet.

LARRY TANOUYE
—
LONGS STOCK CLERK

SOME OF THIS STUFF, SHET, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IS this. You gotta buy this kind stuff, you in bad shape, you know what I'm saying.

Ah, like I get room for talk. What I need, dis place no sell.

If I only had a brain,
a heart,
da nerve.

Shet.

Sixteen years old, still in high school, world is my clam chowder and I figure, eh, get one job summer time, make some cash, fix up my car. So I come work over here. Rip boxes, stock shelves, take break. At least it's not "Would you like to super size that?"

My friends come inside the store, hoo, fast I dig back to the storeroom.

Not like I shame, but shet, shame!

So one day, one of the workers, Nadine, she buss me running away from my friends inside the store. She catch me in the back part by the break room and she tell me, what? Why you hiding over here? You shame? You shame your friends see you? Why you shame for?
And I tell her nah, because this ain't me.

And she go, who you then?
And I told her I not going work here the rest of my life. I going college. I taking Japanese AND Spanish. I going into international business. I going own my own company, my own jet, travel the world. This is just a summer thing. I not going be here long time. I get plans.

And she tell me yeah, that's what we all said.

That was thirteen years ago.

She was right.

Bitch.

And the real pisser is she still stay, too, and every day I come in, she tell me, "So Larry, how's those plans?"

Maybe some of this stuff would help because, damn, I am stuck.

JOSEPHINE LEI PERALTA

WAITING TO CATCH BUS

HOW COME ALL YOU YOUNG KIDS THINK OLD PEOPLE IS smart? Like you think when you past sixty-five you collect Social Security checks and you collect brains, too. Like some kind wisdom you never had your whole life jess kick in. That's baloney. No treat old folks like we know more just cause we older than you. We not smart. We just old.

Look at me. I'm seventy-three years old and I'm stupid. I'm more stupid today than I was forty years ago.

I been married five times, and every one was more worse than the one before. I quit drinking and smoking forty years ago and my life was downhill ever since. Now the doctor says I going die of skin cancer. Shit, I could have been enjoying my whiskey and my cigarettes all this time. Wouldn't have made difference.

You come to me and go, "Grandma, I so confused. I don't know what to do. Please help me." And I like tell you, "Damn kid, hell if I know. If I was you, I would go out, buy one pack cigarettes, get drunk, and no worry. You young yet. What the hell?"

Your cousin came my house last week and told me, "Grandma, I like do this but I think maybe so I should do that. What would da old Hawaiians do?" I told him, "Da fuck if I know!" Yeah, I old and yeah, I Hawaiian, but when I was growing up, I neva work taro patch. I worked pineapple cannery. But you don't understand, yeah? Old is old to you. Old is wise.

I tell you, good you get respect for your elders and all that, but no make me one fucking leader of your tribe. I neva did nothing special my whole life. I got married, I had kids, I watched TV. That's it. My kids not even special, and your Uncle Tommy got arrested two times.

So you gotta go find one noddia old lady for be your kupuna because I lived long time but I neva figure out shit.

CORY CHOW**TOO BIG TO RIDE IN THE SHOPPING CART
BUT CAN POP WHEELIES WITH 'EM**

ME AND MY TWO COUSINS TOOK NOTICE THAT ALL OUR grampa's drink-beer-in-the-garage friends got these cool nicknames. There's Legs, Fingers, Blackie, Whitey, Sexy, Menpachi—who they call Pachi—and our grandfather, who they call Uku. We don't know why they call him Uku, but must be something from when they were small.

Me and my two cousins, we're not allowed to ask about the nicknames. We're not allowed to call any of them by the nicknames. We're not supposed to even say them out loud. We tried one time, little bit sly, like, "Ho, Uncle Pachi, can pass the poke?" And our grandfather gave us the mean dirty look and that was it. We never did it again. I mean, to ourselves, when we climbed up on the roof and listened to them in the garage, we would say stuff like, "Fingers in the sauce again" or "You can call me Sexy" and we would crack up, but soft so they wouldn't hear.

Who would think three punk kids would look up to a bunch of old men? But they were cool. They were tough. They had their own gang. They knew stuff and kept secrets. They could spot a scam, they could hold their liquor, they could make you believe the most unbelievable lie.

Me and my two cousins came up with our own nicknames. My one cousin was Prince, my other cousin was Duke, and I was King. Terrible. So we changed. My one cousin was Lefty, my other cousin was Lucky, and I was Lexus. So stupid because Lefty wasn't a lefty, Lucky wasn't lucky, and I didn't even have a bike let alone a car. Try again. My one cousin is Ace, my other cousin is Deuce, and I'm Trey. After a while we figured out it doesn't

work that way. You can't just pick out your cool nickname. Something cool has to happen or your friends tease you about something and that's how you get the name. But nothing cool ever happened and the only tease names we had were Fut, Futhead, and Futboy.

One time me and my two cousins were sleeping over my grandfather's house. I fell asleep on the couch watching TV but my two cousins went sleep inside the bedroom. My grandfather came in from the garage and saw me sleeping there so he woke me up to go inside sleep in the bedroom. But when he woke me up, he said, "Bones. Bones. Go sleep in the bedroom." I woke up all the way and sat up on the couch, all excited. "Is that my nickname?" "Your what?" "Did you just give me my nickname?" My grandfather told me, "No, I just forgot your name and you the skinny one compared to your fat cousins."

But my grandfather, he was so good, he knew why I was asking. And every time after that, when was just me at his house without my two cousins, he called me "Bones," and sometimes, even in the garage in front of all of his friends.

ALFRED PINTO**CITY AND COUNTY PENSION**

LOOK ALL WHAT THEY BEEN PUT OVER HERE. LOOK ALL the buildings and whatnot. Cannot see the ocean. How you supposed to know you live Hawai'i if cannot see the ocean? And how close the ocean. Just right over there. Boop! But cannot see with all what they been put.

Look over there. How the hell, you tell me. You think so they got this zoning? For put something this big? I don't think so. Must be somebody know somebody kind of thing. Must be ho'omalimali I scratch your back you scratch mine kind of thing. You think so if was somebody like me I could put this kind buildings all over here? No ways. You gotta be connected, you see. Friends in high places is what it is.

I was living over here fifty years. Fifty years! Never did make no trouble to nobody. When they wanted to put up all the buildings, the man, he came. Two guys. They came my house talk to me, try get me sign, try give me money. But only little bit. I tell them, that's not what this house is worth. They try offer me little bit more. I tell them no, that's not the point. What is money? This is my home, you see. My home where I can look the ocean right over there. Night time I can look the moon through the coconut trees and see all the kind stars because dark the sky, no more lights from no buildings.

But now, look. No more stars. Get all the lights they been put on all the kind buildings now they get. Me, I held on to my house. For what? Not the same.

But I get all the palapala, you know. I save all that. All the papers I get. That's why they come all the time, they watch me, you know. They try get inside my house to get the papers. That's why I don't leave, you see. Because I get all the kind documents, and he show. He show 'em all. Not supposed to put all what they wen put all over here. I get all the papers that show. How the hell?

MARLENE KAHIKINA**TAKES HER AUNTIES SHOPPING**

WASN'T SO MUCH THE MONEY THAT WAS MAKING ME nuts, 'kay? Was the names. Everywhere. On little pieces of tape. Under the picture. Under the lamp. Under the television. My grammada wasn't even sick yet and they all kapu-ing what they like after she dead. My grammada was little bit forgetful that time already, but she knew what they was doing, 'kay? She just didn't say nothing.

go over her house, make coffee, OH! Get my cousin's name underneath the coffee pot. I mean, I can see the thing old and probably from the plantation days, but come on. She still using 'em. I made coffee for my grammada and that piece tape on the bottom burned off right there on the stove.

grab the blue vase to put her favorite anthuriums inside, get my other cousin's name on one piece tape.

went little bit nuts. I looked under everything. Made me one list. Looked again one more time. Come more mad. I asked my grammada what you know about this and she tell me better pick out what you like now because those vultures not letting you take the lint from the bottom of the drawer when I'm gone. I told her Gramma, what I like from you is you. I like you tell me all kind stories from your old plantation days. I like spend time with you. She tell me, "You sure you don't want the candy dish? It's real crystal."

When my grammada went into the hospital, I was the first one at her house. I made sure. I beat all of 'em. But I didn't take nothing. No ways,

'kay? I took all their names on those pieces tape and I had switch 'em all around. Took my one cousin's name off the vase and put 'em behind the picture. Took my other cousin's name from behind the picture and put 'em under the lamp. Like that, all through the house.

After the funeral, we had the reception at my grammada's house. All my cousins were going nuts, 'kay? Was full chaos. Me and my grammada, we was just laughing.

NADINE TAM SING**LONGS WORKER**

END OF MY SHIFT, I CASH OUT MY REGISTER, TAKE MY drawer and I'm heading to the back office, and then I see something out of the corner of my eye. There's this lady, all dressed up, nice dress, pantyhose, black pumps, and she's like, walking on her knees down the center aisle.

I thought to myself, well, there's something I never seen before. But then, I remembered.

When I was small, I was with my mother-dem in church. We were sitting down waiting for mass to start. All of a sudden, this lady comes crawling down the aisle. Not really crawling because it wasn't hands and knees. Just knees. She was all dressed up with nylons and heels and that little scarf pinned on her head and her hands were like she was praying and she was crawling—knee crawling down the center aisle to the altar. And she was crying and crying and crying. My mom tells me don't look, don't look. And all I could think of was, what could make somebody cry like that?

And here's this lady now in the middle of the store and she's crying and crying and crying. And I'm thinking don't look, don't look.

But this is Longs. I'm Longs. She needs something. So I go up to her and say, "Is there something you were looking for?" And she stops dead in her knee tracks. I'm thinking maybe she lost her car keys or she's sick and she can't find the diarrhea medicine or I don't know

what. And she looks up at me and her eyes are like, I don't know, like maybe she didn't see me standing there. So I go, "Can I help you?"

Right there, she stops crying. It was like turning off a faucet. And she gets up off the floor. She looks at me, not smiling, but something . . . I don't know . . . peaceful. And she walks out of the store like nothing. That was it. I noticed the toes of her shoes left black marks all down the center aisle from 1-A to 7-B. So I locked up my cash drawer and I got the mop.

Hi, did you find everything you needed today?



Lee Cataluna was born on Maui and raised in plantation houses in Wailuku, Kōloa and Ka'u. She graduated magna cum laude from the University of the Pacific in Stockton, California in 1988, and in 1999, was awarded the honor of Distinguished Young Alumna of the University. After working ten years in local television and radio, she became a columnist for *The Honolulu Advertiser* in 2000. She has studied playwriting with Victoria Nalani Kneubuhl, Y York, and at the David Henry Hwang Playwriting Institute at the East West Players in Los Angeles. She is a 2004 winner of the Cades Award for Literature for her body of work, and served as the 2004–2005 Keables Chair at Iolani School. Her favorite stories, fiction and non-fiction, are about ordinary people struggling to live lives of dignity and purpose.

WORK INCLUDES:

Da Mayah—first produced by Kumu Kahua Theatre, September 1998; remount summer 1999; broke box office records for the theater. Subsequent productions at Maui Onstage at the Iao Theatre, January 1999, remount in 2000; University of Hawai'i-Hilo Theatre department, October 2000. Published in *He Leo Hou: A New Voice—Hawaiian Playwrights*, Bamboo Ridge Press 2003.

Ulua: The Musical—with music composed by Sean T.C. O'Malley—Kumu Kahua Theatre/McKinley High School drama department, November 1999.

Aloha Friday—winner of the Kumu Kahua/UH Drama Department Playwriting Contest Hawaii Award. Produced by Kumu Kahua Theatre, September 2000; remount summer 2001. Produced by the UH-Hilo Theatre department, November 2004.

Musubi Man—an adaptation of the book by Sandi Takayama, commissioned by Honolulu Theatre for Youth, produced spring 2002; remount with Honolulu Theatre for Youth, spring 2005.

Super Secret Squad—commissioned by Kumu Kahua Theatre, produced spring 2002.

You Somebody—with music composed by Keola Beamer. Commissioned by Diamond Head Theatre, produced summer 2002. Po'okela winner for original script. Produced by the Volcano Arts Center, August 2004.

Folks You Meet in Longs—produced by Kumu Kahua Theatre, August 2003, remounted summer 2004; toured to Maui Arts and Cultural Center, September 2004.

Kona Town Musicians—commissioned adaptation of the book by Pat Hall for Honolulu Theatre for Youth, September 2004, with neighbor islands school tour.

Half Dozen Long Stem—Kumu Kahua Theatre, October 2004.