

Lost in Hawaii

I wake up extremely early, It's dark when I leave. I dash to my papa's room, grab his urn, and rush to the boat with him. I'm going to go fishing with my papa. I turn on the motor and start the boat.

My grandpa had died this week and I told him I was going to go fishing with him today. I am exhausted, but still cheerful because I can go fishing with my papa one more time. Later my father is going to spread his ashes into the water. This will be the first time I'm driving my papa's boat. I turn the key and pull the anchor out. My papa has a six thousand dollar boat.

It starts to rain, I'm heartbroken when I see the rain because it only rains once a month by where my papa lives. I think of turning back, but I'm so far out that I fish in the pouring rain. The water is stormy, and the waves are rough. The waves are hitting the boat very strongly almost as if a rhino is hitting the boat.

I feel so frigid my hands feel like they are going to fall off. I am so cold I hold my papa's urn trying to share body heat. I sailed so far out I couldn't see Maui. I even think I can glimpse part of the Big Island. I hear an earsplitting bang almost like lightning and then I trip over the urn and I accidentally bang myself on the pole holding up the sail.

I wake up with black sand in my mouth. It's disgusting! I spit it out and wash my mouth in the ocean water. I glimpse my papa's urn half buried in sand. "Ouch!" I yell. A dumb crab pinched me. I see a big crab on my shirt. I scream because I hate crabs.

I get up and grab the urn. I grab my phone, from my pocket, but there are cracks all over it and there's also no service by where I am. I walk to the boat clutching my head because I have a major headache. I scream, "Help Me!" I don't hear a response, so I knew I had to look for a way home. The boat is in two separate pieces because it was cut up when it hit the sharp rocks.

I check the boat for food and water, but there isn't any, but I do find my grandfather's wooden cane that I can use as a spear because it broke. My grandfather used the cane when walking on the rocks. In the distance I see a mountain.

I start walking towards the giant mountain in the front of me. I get scared when I see a giant three-horned chameleon. It looks just like a triceratops. I just keep on walking, while clutching my head. I will puke if I don't get water soon. I suddenly trip over a rock and land in a deep gulch. I sprain my ankle on the fall.

I struggle to get up with the excruciating pain. I started vomiting because of my headache. I feel sick! I try to stand up, but it's no use. I set the urn down and stand on it to reach the top. I grab a big rock. While scraping my knees I pulled myself up. Yes, I was able to get out I grabbed the urn with my feet by reaching in to the gulch.

I walk towards the mountain until I see a turquoise stream. I lean in for a sip, but in the corner of my eye, I see a couple of wild horses. I also see a sign that says Waipio Valley. I walk up to a path that leads to a white Toyota Tundra that has a dent in the middle of the doors. A kid is sitting inside that is maybe about 12.

I walk under a short tree but see a giant wasp's nest above me. I jump up because I'm so scared. I accidentally bump the hive and it falls off one of the branches of the tree. I run to the car with all the wasps chasing me. I beg the kid to let me in. Luckily, he lets me in before I get stung. While I'm in the car, the wasps are stinging the windows. I feel like they are going to break the windows for a second.

I ask what the boy's name was, and he says that his name was Angelo, and his parents are artists. He says that he is vacationing from Italy. I say to him that I was lost, and my name is Kalen, and I am from Maui. I ask him if I could use his phone and he says yes.

I'm cheerful when my dad answers and says, "Hello, who is this. Have you seen my son?" I answer back with, "Dad it's me Kalen. I'm in Waipio Valley, I hope. Where am I Dad?" "You're on the Big Island and you're grounded for a month, but don't worry I'm on my way. What are you doing there anyway?" he asks me. "So, I may or may not have lost Papa's boat. Okay, okay I'm sorry." I answer back.

I step on the plane ready to go back to Maui. My father came and picked me up about 2 hours ago. Though we also got some food from Café 100. I just love the loco mocos there. I've only went there twice.

I will never forget the last time I went with my papa fishing even if I had to do three times as many chores for a month to reimburse my father for the boat. I missed his old boat. I loved riding the ultramarine boat with him. I can still remember what it smells like and looks like.

My family all thought about it together and decided to keep the urn for a longer time, but I also had to pay for a new urn. I bought an urn shaped like the boat my grandfather had. I have now realized that my Papa is in a better place now even though it hurts me inside.

By LJ P.