The epic tale of...
Hi‘iakaikapoliopelo is the central figure of this story offered up to the friends and supporters of Ka Na‘i Aupuni. In this version being published, she is introduced as the youngest sister of Pele, the famed queen of the fiery realm of Kilauea.

In the story of Pele, we find that she, her brothers, and younger sisters traveled from Kahiki, specifically the land of Polapola, and the truth of this can be seen in the prayer that Hi‘iaka chanted amid the lehua groves in Pana‘ewa when Pana‘ewa dared to try and kill Hi‘iaka and Wahineōma‘o. This prayer chant by Hi‘iaka will be shown later.

In this account, these are the younger sisters who accompanied Pele from Polapola: Hi‘iakai‘ale‘i, Hi‘iakaika‘alemo, Hi‘iakapaika‘uhele, Hi‘iakaikapuaaneane, Hi‘iakaikapualau‘i, Hi‘iakanohole, Hi‘iakawāhilani, and Hi‘iakaikapoliopelo.

According to some who are knowledgeable in the lore of Hi‘iaka, there are many of these Hi‘iaka, some forty or more. And in versions known by others, there are but eight Hi‘iaka, the same number shown above, and here are their names: Hi‘iakamākolewāwahi‘a, with the lei of pandanus fruit and the rainbow as her symbols; Hi‘iakawāwahi‘a, also known as Hi‘iakawāhilani as shown above, marked by the drenching raincloud that comes ashore from the sea; Hi‘iakanohole, the bright rainbow fragment and the low-lying rainbow being her signs; Hi‘iakakalawamaka, the long-eyed sandcrab representing her; Hi‘iakaikapoliopelo, the pala‘a fern of the forest being her emblem, and eating fish from head to tail being her law; Hi‘iakakapu‘ena‘ena, and this may be the Hi‘iakaikapuaaneane shown above, the sign of her being the glowing red heat experienced by a man or woman when approached by this Hi‘iaka; Hi‘iakalei‘ia, all lei other than the lei of pandanus fruit being tokens of her; and the last, Hi‘iaka‘ōpio.

All of the Hi‘iaka sisters were women of great beauty, but the most beautiful of them all was Hi‘iakaikapoliopelo, the subject of this story. It is said that the rosy glow of this woman’s cheeks was like the red nectar of the ‘ōhelo berry, that her skin was fine like the golden keys of the ripe pandanus, and her whole form was of a precious beauty that would rouse hot surges in the heart of the stronger sex, who could “bask in those waters,” as the saying goes.

[1]* This seems the kind of beauty Whose slightest glance Stirs the sacred ancestral repository Alluring beyond compare.

When Pele and all of her people left Tahiti,† they came to the island of Ka‘ula. It was here that Pele placed one of her brothers, Kūheimoana, as chief and guardian of this island amid the “towering breakers” of the sea.

* Consecutive numbers have been added in brackets to each chant, and a complete list of chants begins on page 471. The author’s original numbering, beginning on page 34, has also been retained.

† “Kahiki,” foreign lands, also appears as “Tahiki” and “Tahiti” in this text.
Pele and company departed Ka'ula, moving on to Ni'ihiw, but because no appropriate place could be found where the queen of fire and her family could reside, they went on to land on the island of Kaua'i, called Kamāwaelualani in this portion of an ancient song, as follows—

Papa returned from Tahiki Kū
Filled with rage, jealous of the other wife
Heart torn asunder by the husband, Wākea
She coupled with Lua, a new mate
5. Born was O'ahu, child of Lua
O'ahualua, the island child
An offspring sired by Lua
Returned again to dwell with Wākea
Papa strained in birth of the island Kaua'i
10. Born was Kamāwaelualani, an island.

When Pele and company arrived on Kaua'i, she attempted in many places to carve out an area for her and her people to dwell on that island, Kilauea being the last place that she tried. Because it was shallow there, she and her followers left that island and sailed through the Ka'ie'i'ewa'ho Channel until reaching O'ahu.

Pele began to dig down at Kilauea, where that little cove is, just a bit to the north of Keawa'ula Bay, and because the land there was shallow, she came to sea water, so this voyaging woman departed. She journeyed all around O'ahu, visiting many places in search of a site for their home, but nothing could be found.

Kalaeoka'ena, another brother of Pele, was put in charge of that famous point in Wai'anae, known today by the name Ka'ena. He was the guardian of that place.

Pele dug the crater of Āliapa'akai at Moanalua, but soon reached sea water and left there. She also dug atop Pāowaina, Lae'ahi, and some other sites here on O'ahu, and because the earth was shallow in those places, sea water was again soon encountered, so they departed from O'ahu and proceeded on to Moloka'i. From there they moved on, arriving at Kaho'olawe.

On this island, Kaho'olawe, Kamohoali'i was left to reside (this being the shark form of that chiefly brother of the queen of fire).

From Kaho'olawe they arrived on Maui. Pele excavated the crater of Haleakalā and even there found salt water, so they all departed from Maui and reached Hawai'i. Prior to their arrival in Puna, there were many places where this queen of fire dug to find a home, but nothing had come of it. That is, until their arrival in Puna, the land renowned in song—

In Puna dwells beauty and goodness
A welcoming place of fragrance and sweetness
Sweet is the maile and the pandanus of Kea'au
Sustenance for the natives of Kaniahiku.

They eventually came to the place called Keahialaka, and just inland of there is where Pele carved out the crater of Malama, which is honored with this chant—
Here is the crater of Malama
In recurrent motion every second
Gushing like water as it erupts
The crater of Malama is a whirlpool.

When the queen of fire carved out the crater of Malama and found it insufficient for her wishes, she scooped out the crater of Pu'ulena, quite near to where Malama stands, and it is for this spot that the chant goes—

The Pu'ulena wind has moved on to Hilo
Gone off in search of Papalauahi.

This queen’s desires were not fulfilled here, so she dug out the crater of Kalaunui'ohanu. Since it was shallow, she went on to create 'Ohuanui Crater, then Kilauea Iki, and from there she carved out the great pit of Kilauea which exists today, along with the crater of Moku'aweoweo.

Kilauea became the home of Pele and her younger sisters, the Hi'iaka women. Lonomakua, one of Pele's brothers, was the lord of the great fires in Kilauea, and it could be mentioned at this point that he was the angel of the deep crater of Kilauea, the one who held the key to fire and heat.

The brothers of Pele who came all the way to Puna were Kauilanui maka'ehaiakalani, Kamoholi'i (in both human and mo'o forms), Kahuialoakalani, Ka'oakaoakalani, Kānehekili, Kānewāhīlani, Kānekapohāk'a, Ke'ōahikaua, Kapohākahiola, and Lonomakua.

It is said in this account and in Pele's own story that the crater of Pele was arranged upon four strata, a fifth stratum being the layer separating the earth from the water. The fourth stratum was the sacred level of Wākea.

Once Pele had dwelt amid the beauty of Puna as a resident of the land, and after life had become settled, the queen of fire turned and suggested to her younger sisters that they should all go down to the sea at Hā'ena and Kea'au in Puna for a swim.

When the party of women from the crater arrived at the sea of Kea'au, the other younger sisters of Pele went swimming, but Hi'iakaikapoli remained with their eldest sister and chiefess, Pele.

As Pele sat with her favorite little sister, she turned and said to her, "O Hi'iaka, dear to my heart, I have this small command for you: I am going to sleep because the lashes of 'Āwihikalani, my ever watchful eyes, grow heavy with a desire for slumber. How unusual for drowsiness to come upon me this way.

So I shall fulfill this inexplicable urge, and my sleep, therefore, should be shielded, dear sister. None of my favored sisters are to disturb my repose, nor may any of our dear brothers awaken me. And while I sleep, you are to hold the kāhili* and watch over me, but I shall awaken myself."

Hi'iakaikapoli agreed to this command from her elder sister and chiefess, and the queen of Halema'uma'u fell immediately to sleep. The perfume of hala and hinano blossoms of Kea'au permeated the walls of the ti-leaf house in which Pele slept, and since that time Puna has been renowned as a land whose bowers were fragrant with the scent of hala.

As Pele slept, her spirit heard the beating of drums and the sound of voices intoning chants of the hula. These rhythms and chanting voices were incredibly beautiful and joyous.

* A kāhili is a feathered staff used as a symbol of royalty.
Moving through the leaves of the 'ilima
Up to the top of Pōhākea
Reaching, looking, gazing toward Hilo
My hala and lehua resign themselves to the
sea of Kūkiʻi, oh

25. My hala and lehua in the sea of Kūkiʻi, ah.

There is also this version, which the writer has obtained, relating to the above chant.

[240]

Steep is Kaʻena, sailing along in the calm
The cliff faces hot from the sun
Bearing the sun to Kilauea
The sun on Keawaʻula’s lands is stifling

5. Refreshed by the Kāäuulu and Koholāelele winds
Winds from below
The sun is fierce on Mākua’s lands
The sun’s wrath is upon ‘Ōhikilolo’s regions
The Keaʻau districts are consumed by the sun

10. The sun dances upon Mākaha’s lands
Sharp are the teeth of the sun at Kūmanomano
Kamaile is spared by the Hunaniho wind
The plains of Aliʻo are hot in the sun
Kuaiwa is weary in the Malamapō breeze

15. Waiʻanae is refreshed by the Kāäuulu wind
Lifting the coconut fronds
Kānepūni mourns the heat of the sun
Then exhaustion and weariness from the
long trek subside
Having bathed in the waters of Lualualei

20. The Koʻolauwhine wind from below blows
Moving through the leaves of the ‘ilima
The pili grass is burned in the sun
On the breast of Puʻuliiʻiʻi
Bound at Pāholona

25. The lehua houses are pressed onward
into the sea of Kūkiʻi.

Wahineʻōmaʻo heard this chant of Hiʻiaka's from the canoe at a point
when she and Lohiʻau were not paddling and the strong currents of the ocean were working against
them, drawing their craft backward.

Wahineʻōmaʻo said to her husband, Lohiʻauipo, “That mele your wife just chanted was excel-
ent from beginning to end, and the only flaw was her saying to us that we ‘kū kiʻi,’ stand like a pair
of carved images. So, our response to your wife is up to you.”

At that point, Lohiʻau replied to Hiʻiaka from the canoe, “Of course, now your image stands,
woman. You are there on the solid sands ashore, while here we are in the quicksand of the sea.
We work the paddles, yet nothing makes the canoe move forward.
We paddle so hard that the shaft hits our foreheads on the return stroke, and yet you speak of our stance like carved images. You are unbelievable, woman."

Hi‘iaka heard this retort from her husband and said to herself, “Hah! I can see that your paddles stand idle, yet this, husband, you deny. I know the meaning of what you two are doing.”

Then she chanted this chant.

**CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN**

[241]

I am atop Pōhākea
Kamaoha’s crest rises upward
Luakini remains below
On gazing down at the dew of Lihu‘e
5. The kukui trees are silver-headed
   Creeping up into the bosom of Kānehoa
   Striking the chill-loving youths of Kawai‘eli
   We two are cold.

Wahineʻōma‘o chuckled and said to the man, “Ah! Your wife was right. We have been seen. What was the point of your complaint? You know that your body is kapu and that you are reserved for your elder wife, yet you are so insistent toward me.

We deserve the way your wife referred to us, you as ‘Kamaoha’s crest rises up,’ and me, that ‘Luakini remains below.’ Hey! Do not waste any more of our time, O Chief.”

Then the two of them paddled together and now their canoe moved onward.

By this time, Hi‘iaka’s eyes were gazing upon the ‘Ewa shore, where she saw a procession of women at the water’s edge, fishing for crabs and gathering seaweed, mahamoe and ʻōkupe shellfish, and such.

Noticing the women, she raised up her voice in this chant.

**CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT**

[242]

The Kēhau wind blows there below Waiʻōpu‘a
The plain is breezy, fragrant with kupukupu fern
Reposing in the chill of the grass
The cold lies in the sea of ‘Ewa
Cold is ‘Ewa with its fish sought in silence
Be silent indeed.

She had seen the women lying about on the sand and in the brackish pools, seeming to huddle against the chill of the Waikōloa wind blowing above them in the uplands, which is why Hi‘iaka mentioned in her chant about lying cold in the sea of ‘Ewa.

At the close of her chant, Hi‘iaka observed the canoe of her aikane and her kane, Lohi‘au, and saw it sailing along.

The man paddled and so did the woman. As Wahineʻōma‘o and Lohi‘au stroked their paddles, neither of them spoke, for Hi‘iaka had forbidden them to speak to one another, including in her chant the lines, “Cold is ‘Ewa with its fish sought in silence. Be silent indeed.”

If they did talk to one another, they would end up in trouble, or so implied the chant shown above, which refers to the need to silence the voice, lest it become windy.

The “fish” of ‘Ewa that was renowned in those days for being struck by wind if talked about was
the bipi oyster. If it was a completely calm day, people would search for bipi, but if any one of the

So Wahine'ōma'o and Lohi'au recognized that Hi'iaka had compared the two of them to the

women of 'Ewa who gather bipi. If they were to converse, or talk again, then the wind (anger) of

Hi'iaka's wrath would blow.

Hi'iaka gazed at her aikāne and her kāne sailing along at sea, and chanted this chant.

CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-NINE

[243]

Dear husband of mine in the calm of 'Ewa, ah
The shellfish sought in silence beckons the wind
And the wind replies to that creature of the sea
My dear fish of silenced voice
O Kuhia by the sea, O Palea there*
Do not utter a word.

When her mele ended, Hi'iaka turned to look down on Lihu'e. The sun sparkled on the plain, at
which time she spoke these words, "I must not forget you, Lihu'e, lest you say that I never chanted
my affections to you."

And then she offered up this chant of aloha for Lihu'e.

CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY

[244]

Hot are the pathways of Lihu'e
Warm upon the clumps of koa leaves
Swaying amid the blades of nēnē grass
Such an abundance of grass
5. In the stands of trees inland of Pu'ulelue
The Kēhau breeze blows, wind that scatters flowers,
sprinkles dew
Kukui blossoms, blooming in the expanses below
The garland of blossoms, my beloved lei.

Then Hi'iaka again turned toward Hawai'i, and saw the blaze of Pele's fires upon the lehua blossoms of Hōpo'e, and raised up this chant.

CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-ONE

[245]

Beautiful is Pālailai, a sacred assembly of the woman
I raise up the sacred drum of the voice
The voice of the sea is what I hear
The residents and natives of the land have heard
5. The birds have sipped what water remains on the noni leaves
The clouds spin dizzily in the calm
The fires of Hawai'i pierce me like a dart
Urging me to return
Return and reunite with the delight of love
10. Beloved are you
But as for me, I am not!
At the close of her chant, Hi‘iaka departed the heights of Pōhākea and came down onto the plains of Keahumooa.* Here she saw a group of women gathering ma‘o blossoms to string as their lei.

She watched as the women sat down together to string their ma‘o blossoms into garlands, which they placed on their necks.

The women, festively adorned with the garlands of ma‘o, were truly beautiful to see.

Then Hi‘iaka ran her hand over her own neck, which was bare of any adornment, and the wish rose in her for her own lei of ma‘o. She said to herself, “If I should trouble you women and you respond with kindness, no generosity goes unrewarded, but if you choose not to do so, that is fine, for all of that effort is yours.”

And then she offered this chant.

**CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO**

[246]

The plains of Ke‘ehumooa are garlanded with ma‘o
The lei-stringing women of the forest are festively adorned
Just like the lehua blossoms of Höpoe
Like lehua blossoms ensconced in the sun

5. Gathering ko‘a flowers on the cliffs
Those roof tops of ‘Äpuku
The cliff face of Pu‘uku‘ua rises up
Yet the land is the chief
Man is but a servant

10. As I am a servant to love
   It was love that invited the two of us to go
   I must, indeed, go on.

Then one of the women responded to her, saying, “Wait before you leave, stranger. Here is a lei. What you said in that chant of yours is true, that people are servants of love; it is love that invites, whereupon the body must act.”

The woman who had spoken ran and draped her garlands upon Hi‘iaka, and some of the other women did the same. The ma‘o-gathering women saw how beautiful this stranger was who had come down from Pōhākea, and they urged Hi‘iaka to visit their homes and eat before going on down to the sea of ‘Ewa.

Hi‘iaka replied, “I am not at all hungry. I am satiated by your generosity. Here is my word to you. Go on with your lives and if trouble should ever strike one of you, or your family perhaps, then consider my mele, with which I shamelessly asked for your lei. It is actually a bit of a prayer, and the trouble will pass. Now then, I shall kiss you all and make my way down across the long plain.”

One by one, each woman set her nose aside Hi‘iaka’s in a kiss, and then Hi‘iaka headed on down to the ‘Ewa coast. Her path, however, headed straight for the inland coast, the lands on the shore side of the calm lochs of Pu‘u‘oloa.

When she got to where she faced the sea of Honouliuli, she turned and saw Leinono, to which she exclaimed, “Oh my! I must not forget you, Leinono! I do not want you to accuse me of treating you harshly and not calling out to you, so I shall, now, salute you.”

Then Hi‘iaka offered up this chant.
CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE

Faces glow, uplifted to the sun
Hand-clasping companion through the breadth of 'Ewa
The heap of soil shorn by the wind
A first-born offspring of the Moa'e tradewind
5. A child for all of 'Ewa to hold dear
    O Leinono
    Friend indeed
    Of us all.

When her chant was done, she looked out at her aikāne and their husband, sailing their canoe.

Emotions welled up in her for her aikāne and Lohi'au and their burden of sailing the great, lonesome sea, the edict of her elder sister being their only companion.

She could see, even then, that Lohi'au would end up being killed by Pele when they got to Hawai'i, if their brothers did not come to her aid; at that point she lifted her voice in chant with these words.

CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR

My dear man of Pu'uloa's branching lochs
From the plains of Kānehili to reside
Let us dwell in the strand, you and I
Amid the 'ōhai shrubs and the wiliwili trees
With the blossoms of the noni trees
On the descent to Kānehili
I have gone astray, ah.

As she came down, she saw two women sitting on the plains, right below where she was descending, and they were both stringing lei of 'ilima blossoms. When the women noticed her, one said to the other, “Hey! That is Hiʻiaka coming down this way; we must flee, or we may die.”

The two women ran off, and as they approached a rocky spot on the side of the road that goes to Wai'anae, there stood a large stone.

At this spot, the two women changed into mo'o. One mo'o ran and went into a hollow in the stone, and the other clambered into another hollow spot of the same stone. One mo'o said to her companion, “We should hide here!”

That stone, which still stands there, if it has not been crushed by the road builders of these modern times, is called “Pe'ekāua,” or “let us hide,” a reference to those two mo'o hiding in the holes of that stone. At this point, Hiʻiaka chanted.

CHANT ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE

Greetings to you, O women of the plains
Plains desolated by the sun
A hard-smiting sun
You flee and hide
Let us hide at Pe'ekāua
Farewell to you both
For now I go on my way.
With that, Hi‘iaka’s laughter rang out. From there, they traveled toward Hilo, passing the lands of Hilo Pālikū, and arriving at Kuku‘ula‘umania, in Makahanaloa, Hilo. There, Hi‘iaka stopped, turned around, and looked toward Puna, the land she so loved, and saw that it had been decimated by her elder sister.

Her beloved aikāne, Hōpoe, had also been devoured by that same sister, just as she had seen from atop Pōhākea. Hi‘iaka’s tears streamed down her cheeks, and she again chanted a kau, the one about “Pana‘ewa of the lehua groves”* which was shown in one of the issues of Buke I of Ka Nu‘i Aupuni.

When her kau was finished, Hi‘iaka said—

“Indeed, I end up taking care of your loved one, but for mine, you had no regard. I am going to lie with your husband. I am not going to do so, however, until I am right before your eyes, so that you will witness it.”

Then she raised up this kau.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE

There lies Leleiwai and Makahanaloa
The ‘ōhi‘a covered point comes into view
Ridges of deep red lehua above capes of mâniienie grass
Inland of Keahialaka
5. The rocky cape emerges like a man
The voice of Kilauea’s stone
Returning to Kilauea
Some of the powerful vapor is gone
The great, expansive steam
10. The stone’s fires shall smolder on
I am from Puna, from where the sun arrives at Ha‘eha‘e.

As Hi‘iaka chanted, she wept, and though Hi‘iaka was the one crying, Wahine‘ōma‘o’s tears also flowed. Then they went on their way. On this leg of their journey, Pā‘ūopalaʻā arrived. She warmly greeted her charge, Hi‘iaka, as well as Wahine‘ōma‘o and Lohi‘au. When they finished their fond welcome, they all continued on their journey.

While they were moving along on their way, Hi‘iaka told Wahine‘ōma‘o and their kahu, Pā‘ūopalaʻā, “You two go on in advance of us.”

Following her directive, they went ahead, leaving only Hi‘iaka and Lohi‘au. Hi‘iaka said to her husband, Lohi‘au, “O husband! Listen to me. I must tell you that you are a husband for me in name only, I have no rights to you and you have none to me. Our relation to each other is through a different kind of prerogative.

I am but a humble messenger sent by the one to whom you truly belong. Because of her, I faced the hardship of a long journey over land and sea to find you in Kāne’s great beyond.

I persevered for you until you returned to the realm of the living. Finally, you saw me. To carry out the will of the one who commanded me, I brought you from your homeland here to Hawai‘i, the land of her whose order sent me on the arduous quest.

Observing the sacred command of the one who sent me to fetch you, I placed a restriction on your person, and I preserved the chastity of my own body, which you would not come to know.
But my elder sister and chiefess, your wife, has wronged me by paying no heed to the mandate I gave her, that being to take care of my beloved, my aikāne, Hōpoe.

She destroyed Hōpoe's lehua grove, and she killed this aikāne of mine. She has no regard whatsoever for me, her younger sister who has patiently endured the heat of the sun, the chill of the rain and wind, traveled quick and far, and faced the dangers of those who would harm me.

So I tell you all this, my husband, in way of explanation. All of the perils and ordeals that I so patiently withstood at her command, all of these things that I faced mean nothing to me now, for my chiefess and elder sister has struck me a cruel blow.

Therefore, the kapu of my body shall be violated by you. Once we commit this offense, I shall be stripped of all my abilities that you have seen on this journey from your land to mine. All my powers will be taken from me, save perhaps what little power my crazed rage may bring.

So, I go to pluck lehua for garlands to adorn the two of us. One color of blossom for you, and a different one for me. You and I shall be festooned with the blossoming lehua of desire. That will be our adornment, and you shall experience the lush, soft petals of the sturdy little lehua of Pihanakalani, that most heavenly realm.”

When Hi'iaka finished this declaration of hers, she went off to string lehua blossoms for herself and her man.

Here, dear reader, let us leave aside the discussion about Hi'iaka and Lohi'au, and watch Pā'ūopala'a and Wahineʻōma'o ascending to Pele's crater.

While they were wending their way up, Wahineʻōma'o turned to Pā'ūopala'a. “Our chiefess's command to us is rather puzzling. What could she be doing that we would be ordered to set off in front, while she stays behind?”

Pā'ūopala'a replied, “In answer to your question, let me warn you that something big is coming. This is an action that will exact our chiefess's revenge, and we will become the first sacrifices in this act of our young mistress. But, we need not concern ourselves with that. We must stand behind our chiefess until we are laid in the oven. The time will come when we shall see how blessed we are.”

Pā'ūopala'a's supernatural sight allowed her to see that a time would come when Hi'iaka would be shorn of all her powers because she disobeyed the will of her elder sister.

At the same time, she also saw that she and Wahineʻōma'o would be killed by Pele when they arrived at the floor of the crater.

They climbed on up until they reached the summit of the crater, whereupon all of the Hi'iaka sisters below saw Pā'ūopala'a and a strange woman standing directly atop Akaniakōlea. The sisters cried out, “Look! The chiefess's kahu is there, standing on Akaniakōlea with a strange woman. Where could the young chiefess be?”

One Hi'iaka went on to say, “Oh! That is the woman who brought the pig some time ago, on the very day that our youngest sister departed from here.”

Pele could hear all of what her younger sisters were saying from within her house, but she gave no response because rage and wrath roiled inside her toward her youngest sister, Hi'iaka, and all of those she had befriended on her journey.

Pā'ūopala'a turned to Wahineʻōma'o, and said—

"We should descend to the floor of the crater this very day. I will go first, and you should follow along behind, but do not be afraid."
“Absurd! How can I climb down into that blazing fire? I would be consumed by the flames.”

“No, you will not be. We must go down to appease the anger directed at our chiefess,” Pāʻūopalaʻā told Wahineʻōmaʻo, continuing on to say, “We will not die from the burning fires, for we shall die a different death if Pele is truly going to kill us. But I must tell you, anyway, that the taro may die, but lives on through the sprouts of the ratan.”

They climbed down, and made it to the bottom. When they got there, Pele ordered one of the Hiʻiaka sisters to bring Pāʻūopalaʻā and Wahineʻōmaʻo before her.

They were led before the queen of the blazing inferno of Kilauea. Pele asked Pāʻūopalaʻā, “Where is your chiefess?”

“She is coming along right behind us. We left her in the lehua grove just seaward of here and we hiked up to the crater.”

Pele’s eyelashes shot forth, sharp as the spines of a puffer fish, and her eyes glared red. She then asked, “Who told you to leave your charge behind, and to have your face be the first thing I see? How impudent of you. You will not live. You must die.”

Pele turned back and called out to Lonomakua, “O Lono!”

Her brother answered her. Pele then said, “Take this haughty, nasty woman and toss her into the fiery oven.”

Pāʻūopalaʻā was taken away by Lonomakua, and Pele turned to address Wahineʻōmaʻo. “You will be left unscathed by me this day. Indeed, you are spared because of the pig you offered to me on that day you made your way up here. You are Wahineʻōmaʻo, are you not?”

Wahineʻōmaʻo confirmed it. “Yes, that is my name.”

“Listen here, you are pardoned because of the young pig that you sacrificed to me that day you came here. If it were not for that little pig, I would have you killed for your insolence.

Have you no familial connection to this crater? You can only make your claim of association through Hiʻiaka. But you will be held by me here in my crater. You will never again see your parents. That is all! You are spared. Go now.”

Right then, Wahineʻōmaʻo was overwhelmed by love for her aikane, Hiʻiaka, and fearlessly, she boldly retorted to Pele, “Ha! What would be the point of me living? O Chiefess, you sent your younger sister’s guardian to her death and will likely do the same to your sister when she arrives. So what would be the value of my living? It would be better if I died so that your sister would have a moepuʻu, a companion in death.”

“Well! I admire the fine sentiments you express.

Listen here, your chiefess should not die by my hand, for she and I are both sacred. But I will strip her of all the supernatural abilities she received from me, and leave her with nothing but her own wretched powers if she breaks the kapu I placed on our husband, as I heard her scheming to do with Lohiʻau where you two left them.

However, if she upholds the kapu on our husband, nothing need be said. The Kaiʻokia edict is in effect. If she embraces that man of ours, Lohiʻau, and he reaches for her, there is nothing she could do to atone for that. I will destroy him. That one will receive no mercy from me.”

Now, dear reader, let us look in on Hiʻiaka and Lohiʻauipo of the hala of Naue by the sea.
Hi'iaka was away for a long while picking lehua, which she strung into two kinds of garlands. There was white lehua for Lohi'au and red lehua for herself. There were lei of lehua upon their heads and also around their necks, and the effect was stunning.

Hi'iaka then said to her husband, "Let us climb to where I tell you that the red and white lehua shall entwine together as one, which will be where you and I shall entwine our shared desires.

But I must warn you, my husband, that if your body were to remain chaste, you would be saved, as would I. However, I am completely distressed and filled with rage at my sister's lack of compassion. So, let us proceed!"

As soon as Hi'iaka was done speaking, she voiced this kau.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE

[325]
Fond recollections come upon me, a billowing cloud of love
I hold dear the ti thickets of Pana'ewa
Pana'ewa of the lehua groves, land of twittering birds
Love is a bird, leaving no branch untouched
5. Do not deny the pangs of desire
Yours the needle, mine the blossom
Your piercing desires will find satisfaction
The feasting to be done lavishly
Fabled delicacies from the ancestors
10. At a touch of the hand, the 'uki grass of Mokuhana quivers
Kilauea lies in glory
Inciting the fires of Lonomakua
Do not turn away from me
I wish to be face to face
15. The intensity of the very core is right there
Wherein lies the passion and the desire
The desire of yours, of the man
The passion of mine, of the woman
Let it burst forth
20. A hala key glistening in the ocean
So be it.

To which Lohi'au then chanted his song.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO

[326]
I hold dear the kalukalu sedge of Kēwā
That velvet grass, redolent of lipoa sea moss
Like the kāweleu of Lanihuli in Nu'uanu
Waving in Pāpiohuli
5. I turn there and she turns here
Dense and laden are the billowing cloud banks at Māheleana
My desire—and then death
What could be the wrong
A feast coveted by the heart
10. I hope to be your husband and you, my wife
For you and I to lie together at the crest of the cliffs
The cliffs that drink in the smoke of the crater
We two shall be joined on one needle
O Hi'i. So be it!

We see above, dear reader, the mele that Lohi'au chanted. It shows that he is intent on having Hi'iaaka as his wife and being her husband. Lohi'au also expresses that though it may result in death, they will fulfill the yearning he has harbored for so long.

Through Lohi'au's mastery of the poetic repository embodied in the hula, he knew that the place Hi'iaaka wanted to have her revenge upon her sister was at the very lip of the crater, Kilauea, which is why he mentioned in his mele—

For you and I to lie together at the crest of the cliffs
The cliffs that drink in the smoke of the crater
We two shall be joined on one needle.

We both can see, dear reader, the purity of Lohi'au's passion, as expressed from the first to the tenth line of his chant shown above. And just as Hi'iaaka encouraged him in her chant, saying, "So be it!" Lohi'au chanted the same message in his kau, saying to the woman, "O Hi'i. So be it."

The poetic lines, "So be it," are ancient, sung here in chant by Hi'iaaka as shown above. At the close of Lohi'au's mele, Hi'iaaka said to her man, "Yes. Let us give ourselves over to our desires as you say, 'We two shall be joined on one needle.' Cast aside the law laid upon you by your wife when you were together at Ha'ena. That law was the Kai'okia. It forbids physical intimacy, and just so you know, husband, the body becomes the sacrifice. What is your thought?"

Lohi'au replied, "That edict means nothing to me. My desire will be fulfilled through you, who fetched me and allowed me once again to see the light of day, and if I should perish, there would be no wrong in that, for I am a man who has already died once."

"Good. We should go up then. Let me exact my revenge. Fire will come blazing at you, but you must pay careful attention to my instructions as to what prayers to give."

First comes a prayer of forgiveness, so turn toward Kilauea when you address Pele. And here are the prayers and hulihia chants that you are to memorize," Hi'iaaka said to her husband. Lohi'au asked, "How am I to memorize those prayers and hulihia chants in such a short time?"

"They are already memorized," Hi'iaaka answered, "Open your mouth."

Lohi'au opened his mouth, then Hi'iaaka breathed into it and said, "You now know my prayers and hulihia chants."

When that was done, Hi'iaaka remarked, "Now listen, husband. This is how you are to perform our prayers. First comes the prayer of forgiveness. Once that is complete, present the first Hulihia, that is, 'The Pit Rages and Breaks Like Storm Waves,'* and when that is over, give 'Kilauea Is Overturned, Darkened by Smoke.'† This is how you are to give all of the huli, and do not mix one with the other, lest we end up in trouble. I would not be able to save you. I stress to you that the prayers have power on the days of power, only if they are used correctly, but should they be used improperly, the prayers are useless."
Once Hi'iaka's instructions were finished, they headed to the top of the crater.

They continued their ascent until reaching the altar of Kaho'olii, at the very edge of Kilauea. Hi'iaka gazed down into the crater where all of her Hi'iaka sisters sat.

When she had finished scanning the crater, she turned to where Lohi'au sat and flew to kiss him. Their noses were held fast, pressing against each other as they clung together in an intense embrace. At that point, all of the Hi'iaka sisters down in the crater exclaimed, "Hi'iaka is kissing your husband! They're kissing!"

When Pele heard this outburst from her sisters about Hi'iaka and Lohi'au kissing, she replied, "Noses are for kissing. As though that is something to shout about!"

"So that's how it is!" one of the Hi'iaka sisters remarked, then mumbling, "Though she deserves to kiss him, and she should actually have the man as her very own, since she traveled the eight seas, facing life and death to get him.

Shocking, though! I thought this littlest sister of ours was supposed to contain herself throughout the toil of finding him there on Kaua‘i.

For this old red-eyed sister of ours left her husband to die, and now, thanks to our little sister having saved his life, Pele says our youngest sibling can kiss him, but Pele still expects to get what is regaled in song, "The probing sea of Kawelowelo joins in—The high and low heavens come together at Pu‘u‘umoe‘awa."

Pele heard this other sister grumbling, and Hi'iaka heard the words as well.

The Hi'iaka sisters watched in shocked fascination as their youngest sister and their husband fell upon one another, and at this point, the writer recalls these expressions of affection that emerged much earlier in this story—

"Lohi'au witnessed the beauty of Puna, inhaled the scent of the hīnano blossom, sipped the lehua nectar of Puna, donned the crescent garland, Hoakalei, drank of the waters of the delicate fringe, rolled along with the swirling current, and bore the unintended pain of love. Beloved is Puna, land of bowers fragrant with hala."

Then all of the Hi'iaka sisters shouted again, exclaiming with a start, "Hi'iaka is sleeping with your man! Lying with him!!"

This cry from the Hi'iaka sisters brought no response from Pele, but anger quickly seethed within her, whereupon she snarled, "Hah! I thought that girl was the only one who bore a grudge, yet it seems you all have your own, as well. Let me tell you, it will be all of you who consume the raw flesh of that man.

That little wicked one may be saved by her bond with our ancestors and brothers, but all of the powers that I bestowed upon her I hereby take away."

Right then, she turned and called out to Lonomakua, "O Lono! Light our fires!"

Lonomakua immediately struck the blaze of Kilauea, setting the base of the crater shuddering. The flames shot up into the air. Then Lohi'au said to his wife, "Oh, the fires of Kilauea are ablaze, the heat is burning my back!"

To which Hi'iaka replied, "The sun's heat rages, and the spines of the hā'uke'uke urchin start to stir. Let it begin! Your actions, and my own. So it must be! An act of passion fueled by desire."

The whole foundation of Kilauea was reverberating by then from the force of the fires that
Lonomakua stoked in that flaming furnace of the queen, Pele’aihonuamea, and at that point Lohi’au chanted this mele.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE

...[continued from previous page]...

5.  ʻŌhi’a kūmakua trees are entirely consumed
   As stones spew from the crater
   A blazing earth oven, scalding steam
   Burned is the brow of Kuiiianalei
   Chaos, white-hot there above Kali’u

10. The sun of Makanoni makes slow progress
    Igniting beyond the hottest places
    Scorched and seared are the ʻōhi’a groves
    Fearfully burned are all of my hala trees
    Hala of mine that plunges into the sea of Pu’a’akanu

15. Buried by the woman of fiery destruction
    Puna, so fine, is ablaze
    Its soil dug up and tossed in the air
    The highlands of Maluahi are gouged in furrows
    The land torched as though by a farmer

20. A farmer planting dirt clods from Malama
    Mindful of the ti leaves as food covers
    ʻAwa from Pūnanaka’ie becomes the sustenance
    Puna is furrowed, splitting the koa trees
    The billows at Kumukahi Point are carved in deep troughs

25. As Kumukahi commences the storm
    The rushing waves rise between deep gaps
    While the swells crash and swirl
    Besieging the violent, rumbling sea with storm
    The clouds sail in the Ho’olua gusts

30. Thunderheads are borne by the Moa’e winds
    The rising gales shriek and wail
    And the tempest is here
    And such a storm it is
    The fury rises, ire from the mistress of this realm

35. The jaw quivering with rage
    Your wrath is just what I crave. Will you pay heed?

As Lohi’au finished this chant, Hi’iaka said, “You have committed a great error by chanting that mele first. You should have listened to my counsel, that the prayer of forgiveness was the first thing you were to offer. Instead you started off by provoking your wife’s anger. You and I are really in danger now! Oh, how regrettable!!”
Pele had heard this chant from Lohi'au, and she responded angrily, "Wrathful might I well be, engaging with you, you arrogant man. The two of you have brought your vengeful actions right before my eyes. You will not survive this, you wicked, insolent man."

Then she turned and ordered her younger Hi'iaka sisters to climb up and destroy their husband and their youngest sister with fire. Not one of the Hi'iaka sisters took this command from Pele to heart.

The sisters talked among themselves. "Ah! We are to go up there, she says! If we find our little sister’s man to be fine and handsome, then only the sparks shall touch him and we will have most of the fire come back to us. If, however, our sister’s man is ugly, we will not give any consideration to him, or to our little sister, Hi'iaka."

Then each of the Hi'iaka sisters seized a flaming firebrand and started to climb. Hi'iaka saw her older sisters coming up toward them, and she told her husband, "When that fire that is rising this way in a line reaches us, do not forget what I taught you. The first prayer you must offer is the prayer of forgiveness, followed by the huli chants. If you listen to me, you might survive and I would escape having to grieve over you, but if you do not listen to what I say, you will be in trouble, husband. Then your life will be cast away as far as Kahiki!"

Lohi'au agreed. The problem, however, was that his hula deities, Kanikawi and Kanikawā, were there, whispering in his ears and advising him that he should offer a different sequence of prayers from what Hi'iaka had given him.

When the other Hi'iaka sisters reached the place where Hi'iaka and Lohi'au stood, Hi'iakaika-ʻaleʻi spoke from among the group, saying to her youngest sibling, "The family ties are broken, sister. We are here at the command of our elder sister chiefess. We have come up here to carry out her orders. But there's nothing you or I can do.

The sparks of the fire are all that we will allow to hit your husband, and the actual flames will stay with us. He is such an extremely handsome man. His back is straight as a cliff and his front is as fully rounded as the moon. He is a fine example of manly good looks."

Hi'iaka turned to her husband and said, "Now! Offer up the prayer!"

But Lohi'au's hula deities continued whispering softly to him, "Wait to say the prayer until the fire touches your skin."

Following the orders of those spirits of his, Lohi'au kept his mouth closed, and did not offer up the prayer of forgiveness Hi'iaka had instilled in him. Because the man did not chant the prayer, Hi'iaka wept and said to her husband, tearfully, "You should listen to my counsel, yet you heed those powerless spirits. Where were their powers and strength when you were taken by Kiloe-ikapua and her companion? They were useless, and you only survived because of my patient efforts with you, yet now here they are, trying to use their knowledge and powers to meddle.

While, as for me, the woman who faced all of your ordeals and hardships until you recovered, you pay no heed to my advice, even after you have witnessed all of my efforts, and here you are, fooled into following the guidance of your little deities. You should get on with the prayer!"

But nothing could make Lohi'au say the prayer, and he remained silent, his mouth closed. Hi'iaka said to her older sisters, "There's nothing more I can say. Do what you must."
The Hi'iaka sisters tossed only the sparks and cinders of the fire, which touched Lohi'au, while the main flames went back to them. The Hi'iaka sisters then turned and went back down into the crater. At that point, Lohi'au's little deities said to him, "Yes! Offer up the chant, "The Pit Rages and Breaks Like Storm Waves!!""

Hi'iaka could hear those ghostly spirits ordering Lohi'au to offer the chant "The Pit Rages and Breaks Like Storm Waves," and she said to her husband, "We must patiently rely on you, my love. If my royal chiefs pay heed, then you will escape, but if they do not, alas for you, and for me as well. Already the sequence of prayers I taught you has been skewed. So now! The prayer!"

My dear reader, from this point on, let us take note of the prayers that Lohi'au offered here, and do recall, fine reader, that this is the beginning of the sequence of renowned prayers in the Hi'iaka story that are called the "Hulihia" chants.

There are differences, however, between the hulihia chants obtained and published by your writer and those memorized by others.

But what the writer has in hand is what he shall publish, and if others have corrections they would perhaps care to offer for publication, they should please send them directly to the editor of this newspaper, along with their names. The columns of this newspaper are always open to those kinds of considerations.

When Hi'iaka commanded her husband, Lohi'au, to offer what she knew to be the appropriate prayer, he presented this prayer instead.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE

[328]

The pit rages and breaks like storm waves
Breaking upright, breaking like a comber
The destruction crashes upon 'Uolehua
Sea of Hiku, the lehua-devouring woman
5. Passion expanding until even the stones ache
Scraped by the fires
By the press of the Pu'ulema wind
The island is overturned, the land rattles
The mountain quivers and quakes
10. The voice at Pu'ukuakahi is proud
The voice at Pu'ukualua is satisfied (crackling)
The voice at Maunakualii is soft
At the home of the deity
At the power (shrine) of Kahoali'i
15. A rasping, the voice of the 'ohi'a tree
The voice of the sea cries out
The face of Papaluahii turns
The surf of Kea'au rocks the hala trees
Pana'ewa's sea strews the lehua blossoms
20. Crashing over the shrine of Lono
Listening, indeed, a deafening roar
This one turns a deaf ear, hearing nothing
Hearing nothing at all, ah.
As the Hi‘iaka sisters reached the floor of the crater, Pele said, “You are all such blunderers. You climbed up and saw the fine form and handsomeness of your little sister’s husband, so you tossed only sparks at him, holding back most of the fire. So, go up again. I do not want to hear that wicked man chant again. Get up there! All of you, get up there!”

Pele gave her order to the Hi‘iaka sisters to climb, and climb they did. They went on until reaching the top, tossed cinders to touch Lohi‘au, while keeping the actual fires near themselves, and then they turned around and went back down into the crater.

One reason that those Hi‘iaka sisters acted as they did, lightly tossing cinders at Lohi‘au, was because of their great love for their youngest sister.

When the fire touched Lohi‘au the second time, he raised up his voice with this hulihia chant.

HULIHIA ONE, CHANT TWO HUNDRED
AND THIRTY-THREE

Kilauea is overturned, thick with smoke
The upper reaches of the crater shrouded by bitter haze
A molten sea, He‘eia, sacred to the goddess
The stone surface broken and smudged black
5. The finest of lands, only cinders remain
The ruins of lehua endure atop Kaho‘okū
That land, shaped of stones
The pandanus broken, the rock shattered to pieces
The basalt stones clatter, the māmane trees weep

10. Voices of the tearful trees
Puna is engulfed by the fumes of the woman
The lehua trees in Kali‘u’s highlands are marred
The fire, a deep redness in the forest
The sparkling blaze of ʻĀpua

15. Igniting right before my eyes
The glades of lehua above Kaho‘okū
Encircled by acrid smoke, by the biting Nahunahu rain
The foundation is pounded, ravines broken
The cliffs are jagged teeth of flame

20. Stones shatter in searing heat
O heavenly splendor, earthly majesty
A murmur, a rustling in the heavens
A movement upon the earth
Cliffs I have traveled, tumbling top to bottom

25. The steep descent obscured by mists
The woman’s cloaks of lehua are enclosed by haze
The uplands are fearful, the crater is ablaze
Billowing clouds extend to pour down rain
As they move toward the sea of Papalauahi

30. The mouth of this wanton goddess flares
Yanking back and forth at the ‘ōhi‘a-covered cape of Kaimū
Following forward and back  
Fretting every which way  
I, too, fret at the fine rain that mists the lehua blossoms of the flats  

35. Pua’a’akanu stands high like a man forsaken in the sun  
Here is the lehua grove by the sea of Kapili  
That brings us two together, oh flee  
Climb to the heights, string and don garlands  
Of the lehua in the biting Nahunahu rain  

40. Bitten by the fires, darkened by the blaze  
Wounded are the flatlands, assailed and consumed by the goddess  
The woman playfully devours Puna  
Turning the ‘ōhī’a-covered capes into stone  
The smoke, the steamy vapors  

45. Depart, moving toward the uplands  
The hala and the lehua are strewn in the sea  
Puna is downcast, Kilauea stands majestic  
Puna’s mountain forests blaze on  
Puna, beloved land  

50. Alas for Puna, lying before me  
Land left to the gusting winds.

When the Hi‘iaka sisters reached the bottom, Pele was sitting there and said, “Hah! You are astonishing!! Here again, you have gone up and tossed cinders on our little sister’s man, while holding back the real fire.

I thought I sent you all to go up there and hit him with the full force of the fires so he would be killed. Yet he did not die, for there he is, still blathering. I shall pay no mind at all to his prayers. So you must all go up again. Go up! Get up there!”

When Lohi‘au had ended his prayer shown above, Hi‘iaka responded, “The prayer you offered, husband, was fine. The only mistake is that you offered this prayer at the wrong time. You did not start first with the opening prayer of forgiveness that I taught you. But we must proceed.”

Not long after, the other Hi‘iaka sisters arrived again. They tossed flecks of flame, but kept the main fires with themselves. Then they turned and went back down into the crater. At that point, Hi‘iaka said to her husband, “You must present the prayer of forgiveness so that the goddess will relent and support us.”

Lohi‘au’s little spirits were saying to him, “This is not the right time, O Chief, for you to present the opening chant of forgiveness. You must offer up another of the hulihia chants your wife gave to you, so that the wrath and anger of Pele will be overturned. Yes, present the hulihia chant.”

Lohi‘au listened to these spirit gods of his, casting aside the advice and command of his wife, Hi‘iaka. Then he presented this mele.
HULIHIA TWO, CHANT TWO HUNDRED
AND THIRTY-FOUR

The mountain is overturned, hot with the fires
A burning blaze in the heights of Kuiihanaalei
Fiery stone, heaps flying at Kekāko'i
Straight and true, with a joyous sound

5. Like the land shells of the mountain forest
A great carrying voice, a crackling report
Of the long man of the mountain
Kūpulumulu, deity of the woods
The gods of the rainforest

10. Kūipe‘enui‘aihua
Kīkālawaopiikea
The gray smoke in the uplands
The white smoke drifting toward the shore
The bitter haze upon the mountain

15. The whiteness that cloaks the forest
The smoke that settles on the lehua blossoms
Pele's land, there above
Fear strikes there at the shore
In the lands of Pele's clan, fear strikes

20. There at the shore
Consumed is the sacred grove
The vast 'ōhi'a grove of Kaliiu
And there atop Pōhakuokapu
Sacred is Puna, scarred by fire

25. Encircled, Kīlauea is besieged
The crater, Moku'aawooweo, rises steeply
The uplands at Keahialaka have exhaled
Moeawakea is devoured
Fire blazes at the sea of Kūkala'ula

30. At the top of Pōhakuoholona'e
I stop to gaze and to hearken
Gaining a clear vision of Puna
The glittering flats, 'Āpua is in upheaval
An endless day, burning and searing the feet

35. The coconut trees of Kapoho's plains are gone
The tainted smoke of Kuauli takes form
Ōma'olala is burned up by the fire
Fire struck and set to blazing
Fueled by the stands of trees

40. The sands are burnt, the rain falls
The grayness swirls, the rising mists spin
The bright glowing rain murmurs in the sky
Here is Pele from the mountain at Kilauea
From Wahinekapu to O‘ahu, indeed
45. From Papalauahi, coming brightly
   The uplands of Kali‘u are aglow
   Puna’s lands blaze hot, consumed by the goddess
   Kilauea is tossed like an outrigger’s float
   The cliffs are jagged teeth of flame, craggy in the heights
50. Puna is branded, burned, the sand blazing hot
   Lioloiwawau is the deity of the uplands
   Hot is Puna, ah!
   Charred by the fires!
   Burned by the fires of you, the woman
55. From the crater itself, ah
   The cliffs are jagged teeth of flame, craggy in the heights
   Scraped sheer, where only koa‘e may soar
   Tousled feathers beating against the wind
   The gods tread there in the upland
60. Pele dwells in the chaos
   Resounding down below in the pit
   Kilauea is overturned, adrift like a canoe
   Puna is branded, burned, the sand blazing hot
   Puna is destroyed, destroyed by fire
65. Charred by the fires of the woman
   Puna is blighted, burned in the fires.

When the Hi‘iaka sisters got back down into the crater, Pele said to them, "Curses! Only bits of fire touched that man, and most of the fire remained with you, and now you have all come back. The death of this man is what I want you to carry out. So you must all go up again."

The Hi‘iaka sisters arose and climbed back up. They came all the way to the top, where they threw cinders to touch Lohi‘au, while the body of the flames they held back, keeping it with them. Then those sisters stopped and went back down, at which point Lohi‘au chanted this mele.
As the Pu‘ulena wind carries the sulfury scent
Aromatic balm for those at Puna’s coast

15. From Puna comes the woman
From where the sun appears at Ha‘e‘a‘e.

Lohi‘au turned and asked his wife, Hi‘iaka, “How was my prayer? I did that prayer because the fire is consuming me. The fire is here at my knees. What is happening to me?”

“My dear husband, your prayer was not right. If only you had listened to what I told you, you would be in no trouble. Do not let yourself be misled, husband, for you followed the errant advice of your blundering spirits, so it is no surprise that the lava consumes your body. But you should still offer up the prayer!”

And at this point, my dear reader, before we see the prayer that Hi‘iaka demanded of her husband Lohi‘au, I offer this bit of clarification.

With this fire that the Hi‘iaka sisters kept flinging upon Lohi‘au, after which they would go back down into the crater, half of his body was completely consumed and turned into pāhoehoe lava. Hi‘iaka could see this, as could Lohi‘au.

Now Lohi‘au, his voice tinged with fear, said to his wife, “My feet have become so numb and heavy. They cannot move at all, and are like stone. The numbness is creeping up to my belly. What will become of me, Hi‘iaka, my love?”

Hi‘iaka wept then, and Lohi‘au’s tears coursed down his cheeks as well. Hi‘iaka said to the man, “My dear husband, that chill you feel is none other than the pāhoehoe lava that has covered you from your feet all the way up to your navel. This is terrible! There’s nothing more I can do, dear man, for our prayer was wrong, but go ahead and recite the prayer those deities of yours want, and perhaps your wife will listen and you will be spared. Recite the prayer.”

Then Lohi‘au offered up this prayer—

HULIHIA THREE, CHANT TWO HUNDRED
AND THIRTY-SIX

[332]

Overturned are the sands of Kahakuloa
The cliffs are set to shaking, the earth is raised up
The fires of Kilauea flash
Stones fly heavenward

5. The fragments rumbling through the forest
The stony voice of the goddess
Pele has demolished her own form
There is rain, sun, and thunder
Surges of heat atop O‘oluwela

10. Burned are the lehua trees of Kaniahiku
Puna is downcast, Kilauea stands majestic
The mountain Pu‘u‘onioni emerges into view
Rough fingers of lava clutch at the shore
For Lonomakua has kindled the firebrand

15. The edge of Polihekeawe is burned
The smoke of the pit has risen aloft

PELE SENDS HER SISTERS TO BURN LOHI‘AU
It sweeps and roils over Uēkahuna
As the Pu‘ulena wind carries the sulfur scent
Aromatic balm for those at Puna’s coast
20. From Puna comes the woman, from where the sun rises at Ha‘eha‘e.

When this “huli” (hulihia) chant of Lohi‘au’s was finished, Hi‘iaka’s tears were flowing, as were his,
and she said to her husband, “Present the chant, ‘The Fires Bring Majesty to Kilauea.’”

Then Lohi‘au lifted his voice with that mele.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN
[333]
The fires bring majesty to Kilauea
Its depth of stone flowing like a sea
The fires make Kilauea a night-dark sea
Crashing like waves upon the crater base
5. The burning heat from the smoke of the woman
O Hi‘iaka
Hold your breath
Let the molten swells crash and tumble back
The lightning power in the stone
10. Worn by fire into fragments
Scattered throughout Puna
The glare of the fires reaches Ka‘auea
The uplands of Kūlūlikūa are illuminated
Heated, burned, hot are the sands of He‘eia
15. Alas for the Kiakaumu lands
Desecrated by the fires and seared
Burned in the fires
Consumed by flame
By your fire, O woman of the pit.

At this prayer by Lohi‘au, all of the Hi‘iaka sisters said to their elder, Pele, “Have you no empathy
for the tears splashing down the cheeks of our littlest sister, or for the plaintive voice of our hus-
band? You, Pele, are truly merciless.”

Then Pele replied, “It is true, little sisters, what you say about Hi‘iakaikapolī’s tears. They may
be tears of sorrow brought on by me, your elder sister, but nothing can be done, for the law of our
ancestors and our brothers leaves me no other choice.

This savagery I have demanded of you, my younger siblings, could have been ended long ago if
only Lohi‘au had followed the advice his wife gave back on the plains about the prayers to offer up
to me, to the ancestors, and to our lord brothers. But he just wasn’t able to heed her clever guid-
ance, and instead he listened to his little hula spirits, Kanikawi and Kanikawai, ignoring the voice of
his wife, the voice of salvation.

There would be no point in me discarding the fires of our brothers now, for most of your hus-
band’s body is already consumed by pāhoehoe lava. But, however . . .”

At this point, Pele paused in her discussion, and fell completely silent for a short time, after
which she said, “I shall pay no mind to this prayer from your husband. Go climb back up.”
The Hi’iaka sisters went up once again, at which point Hi’iakaikapiopele said to her husband, “Ah! Your wife’s temper is a little better. Offer up the prayer of forgiveness I taught you.”

However, Lohi’au’s little deities, Kanikawai and Kanikawā, told him, “It is not the right time, Lohi’au, for you to offer that prayer. The prayer you should offer when the Hi’iaka sisters come up, throw embers on you, and return into the crater is the huli chant called ‘Wahinekapu’ that your wife gave to you.”

Hi’iaka then rushed over and embraced her husband’s neck, laying her nose aside his in a kiss, and her voice filled with emotion, said, “Listen to my counsel, O dear one whom I have doted on so patiently. Wait to chant the huli chant ‘Wahinekapu,’ until you have finished your prayer of forgiveness. Once your wife has looked favorably upon your request for forgiveness, then you can do the hulihia chant ‘Wahinekapu, Burned by the Fires.’ And if you have forgotten the forgiveness prayer that I bestowed, then I shall do it again and you should memorize it.”

Then Hi’iaka recited the prayer, like this—

**PRAYER OF FORGIVENESS BY HI’IAKA**

[334]

1. I offer greetings to my protector
2. I make a petition to my deity
3. I shall atone for my offense against you
4. Release the bond and remove it
5. What wrong have I done to you, O deity?
   An offense regarding vegetables or flesh food?
   A trespass concerning clothing or loincloths?
   A crime of broken edicts?
   If that is the transgression
10. Remove it from the back
    Remove it from the front
    Remove it, to end misfortune and defilement
    Remove it, to end my error and my wrong
    That I, your adherent, may survive in this world
15. O Kāne! Let it subside
    O Kāne! Turn to me
    O Kāne above
    O Kāne below
    O Kāne of the long
20. O Kāne of the short
    O Kāne of release
    O Kāne of forgiveness
    Forgive my transgression
    Forgive me
25. From the top of my head
    To the soles of my feet.

As Hi’iaka recited the prayer from beginning to end, Lohi’au memorized it. By this time, the Hi’iaka sisters had arrived from down in the crater.
Seeing Hi’iaka and their husband in a loving embrace, they said, “Here we are again. We have come up here to carry out the order of our elder sister. Therefore, you two should let go your embrace, or the fire may accidentally touch you, Hi’i of the loving heart. There seem to be no loving hearts left now among our family members.”

“There is but one loving heart, that being the heart of a man for his woman and the heart of a woman for her man,” replied Hi’iaka to her elder sisters, then added, “Do what you must.”

Then the Hi’iaka sisters hurled the full heat of the fire toward Lohi’au. At the same moment, Hi’iaka drew up her skirt and shielded the man so that the fire passed without touching him.

Lohi’au escaped through this action, and Hi’iaka saw, to her surprise, that there was still some remnant of power in that skirt of hers.

She said to her husband, “It seems we are blessed, for this skirt of ours still retains some force. I should perhaps go now and do battle with your merciless wife.”

As Hi’iaka uttered these words, a voice sounded in her ear, saying, “O Hi’i. Forgive your elder sister’s treachery. Do not destroy the sacred bond that you two share. When your husband’s body is turned to stone, seek life from Kāne of the life-giving waters. This is me, Kāne. I am Kāne who controls the waters of life. Do not worry about your sister’s betrayal, for the kānāwai ‘okia, the law of separation, is a fixed and unchanging rule.”

When Hi’iaka heard this voice of her brother, Kāne’ilo’ho, she left her husband and moved over to stand apart, saying to him—

“The fires of Kilauea will not be extinguished by me. Therefore, you and I must succumb to the wrath of your wife. The time will come when you will again be mine, for the voice of the god has joyously resounded. So! Offer up the prayer of forgiveness I have taught you.”

At that point the strange spirits connected to Lohi’au said, “Wait a bit before you offer that prayer. Present the chant ‘Wahinekapu’ first.”

Lohi’au heeded the words of his little deities and dismissed what Hi’iaka had just told him. So this disobedient Lohi’au then offered up the hulihia chant, “Wahinekapu.”

**HULIHIA FOUR, CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE**

Overturned at Wahinekapu, burned by the fires
The foundation is raging hot, the wilderness of Kali’u
He’eia is absorbed in the heat of the goddess
The fury and flames rise, stones disappear
5. Smoke enfolds, the isle is darkened
The clouds in the sky reflect the gloom
Pele prepares her body form
The rain pours down, the sullied waters flow to the sea
O first-born children of Puna
10. Sacred fragments of the royal peers
Pu’ulena is adorned with its cloak of fire
The heights above the crater are swathed in bitter haze
Spread out like a blanket
The crater is a forbidding place
15. With the voice of the roaring woman in the uplands
Proclaiming sacredness upon the mountain, Kī‘iwale
And through the cold forest of ʻOlōhekai‘ula
Fire unfurls, red as a carpet of lehua blossoms
Swathed in smoke, the foundation is blazing hot
20. The hala trees are snared, the ʻōhi‘a are darkened
The clatter of dense basalt stones sounds in chorus
Lightning flashes in the heavens
Kūlīkūkaua is roasted in the fire
The foundation is scorched, consumed by the goddess

25. Puna aches at Keahialaka
Like pumice to traverse
Like pumice to tread upon at Waiolama
O Kāne and your godly host
Let her jealousy and wrath be restrained.

When Lohi‘au had finished this prayer, Hi‘iaka said, “If only you had first offered the prayer of Kāne, as I taught you, and followed it with this last hulihia chant, which calls on the name of Kāne to quell the jealousy, wrath, and anger of your wife, then, you know, you would have extinguished the flames of Kilauea. But instead, that prayer you just offered will only stoke the fires down in the pit.”

It is true that this prayer by Lohi‘au affected the fires of Kilauea. The very foundations of that cauldron of fire rumbled. The flames crashed and broke like waves. Lonomakua turned and spoke to his sister.

“Pele?”

Pele replied, “Yes?”

“What about the fire? Nothing will stop these pleading tears of the Kaua‘i chief. Will you show him no mercy?” asked Lonomakua of his sister.

Pele responded, “The fires of Kilauea will never be extinguished by that man’s tears. Release the full force of Kilauea’s blaze.”

Lonomakua stoked the flames again and the incredible heat increased a hundredfold. Then Pele turned to her younger sisters and commanded them to go back up and burn Lohi‘au in the fires. So, again, the Hi‘iaka sisters climbed on up.

They climbed until reaching the top of the crater, whereupon one of them said to their youngest sister, “That old sore-eyed sister is so hateful. As our elder sister she should be good, but it’s not worthy of comment, and there is nothing we can do, for it is between you two deities, and a godly tug of war can go all the way to the stars.”

“Do not look to me, just do what you must,” replied Hi‘iaka.

At that point, the Hi‘iaka sisters flung the embers upon Lohi‘au, while bringing most of the fire back to themselves, after which they turned and headed back down into the crater.

This time when the fire hit Lohi‘au, the pāhoehoe lava formed a solid mass over his whole lower half, encasing him all the way up to his navel. His breath was constricted, and as tears rolled down his cheeks, he chanted this hulihia chant.
HULIHIA FOUR, CHANT TWO HUNDRED
AND THIRTY-SIX
Kūkaʻilani is overturned, quaking at the edge of bitterness
Extending to Keaomahuiʻilani
Intruding upon the lands in the embrace of Kāne
Held back by Uluhui, the branches sway
5. Flashing to blaze like bolts of lightning
   Such is the horrible destruction of the goddess
   The goddess Pele
   The woman who strings garlands of lehua from ʻOhiʻaokalani
   Mountain-calling man of Kualeʻahia
10. Boy who endures the rain of Kapohakau
   Child who dwells in the bitter ʻAwaʻawa rains
   Listening to the happy trill of land shells
   To the joyful chanting at ʻAhuʻulaʻe
   You will be there, I will be there too
15. Let us push on in the bitter ʻAwaʻawa rains
   And the cold, as well.

When the Hiʻiakea sisters reached the bottom, Pele again commanded them to climb up and burn Lohiʻau. They returned again to the topside of the crater and cast sparks upon Lohiʻau, while most of the fire stayed with them. They then turned around and went back down into the pit. Lohiʻau then recited this mele.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN
Puna is consumed, its foundation crackling
The mountain engulfed in haze
The mount where the crater lies
The forest above ʻEkahuna is acrid
5. The fog creeping inland
   The fog creeping seaward
   Puna is ablaze in the heights above Kānaenae
   The lama trees stand mottled
   The women appear in clarity
10. In the terrible bitterness ahead
   There is a growing silence
   A growing din
   A sea straying to dash the cliff
   A sea of Pele that crashes over Kahiki
15. Breaking like a wave to the fore of Kilauea
   The impending deluge, the Kahulumanu Sea
   Tempest-tossed like the Makaliʻi season
   Sea receding from the rocks
   From the fires of those ashore
20. That brands the back of the wind
Heat expanding like the sun in Puna
Puna is marred, consumed by the goddess
A deity being her only peer
Having thought her to be human
25. A deity is her peer.

Down in the crater, Pele heard this song that Lohi’au chanted and she replied, “Hah! What a foolish and arrogant man!! Yes, indeed, I am a goddess, which even your deaf ears should hear. Did you think I was a mere human? You are the mortal, you vile creature. You, human, can just stay there jabbering until the pāhoehoe lava engulfs your body and you die.”

Then Pele turned and ordered her little sisters to climb up and again burn Lohi’au in the fires. The Hi’iaka sisters heeded her command, and up they climbed. While the sisters were ascending, Lohi’au turned his head to look at his wife, Hi’iaka, asking, “O Hi’i! What is to become of me? My breathing is so labored. Alas for us both. The stone has risen all the way to my chest.”

Hi’iaka rushed over and kissed the man. Her hands reached down for his stomach and she saw that it was all pāhoehoe lava. Then she said, “Whatever I can do for you, husband, I will keep trying. My powers are all but gone now. It was wrong, our prayer was wrong, my husband. You did not offer my sequence of prayers, so there’s nothing more I can do. Perhaps you should still offer up the prayer.”

At this point, Lohi’au presented the prayer of forgiveness that his wife had taught him.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT

I offer greetings to my protector
I make a petition to my deity
I shall atone for my offense against you
Release the bond and remove it
5. What wrong have I done to you, O deity?
   An offense regarding vegetables or flesh food?
   A trespass concerning clothing or loincloths?
   A crime of broken edicts?
   If that is the transgression
10. Remove it from the back
    Remove it from the front
    Remove it, to end misfortune and defilement
    Remove it, to end my error and my wrong
    That I, your own adherent, may survive in this world
15. O Kāne! Let it subside!
    O Kāne! Turn to me!
    O Kāne above
    O Kāne below
    O Kāne of the long
20. O Kāne of the short
    O Kāne of release
    O Kāne of forgiveness

354 THE EPIC TALE OF HI’IKAIAKAPOLIOPELE
Forgive my transgression
Forgive me
25. From the top of my head
To the soles of my feet.

At the end of this prayer, the fires of Lonomakua were suddenly extinguished. There was no fire at all in Kilauea. Remaining bits of blaze went back into the fireplow that Lonomakua was holding. Upon this sudden and complete dousing of Kilauea’s flames, Pele asked Lonomakua, “What has become of your fires, Lonomakua?”

Her brother replied to Pele, “Well! What about them? The man has repented his wrongs. And what would be the right thing to do, Peleihonuamea?”

“There is no such thing. Reignite your fires. That was not a true apology. That was an apology of defeat. So then, let the flames be lit,” said Pele, giving her order to her brother, Lonomakua.

He rekindled the fires of Kilauea, and the burning heat of the inferno surged into the sky.

When the fires of Kilauea had ceased, Lohi’au said to his wife, “The fires of the pit have gone out. Might I be spared?”

Hi’iaka replied, “Yes. The fires of Kilauea were extinguished by the prayer of forgiveness you chanted, but this is not the final quenching. It is but a respite from the fire to satisfy your prayer, my husband, and then your wife will order the flames of Lonomakua to blaze anew, whereupon they will flare up to the sky. If only this had been the first chant you had offered to your wife, as I advised you, then there would be no more fires in Kilauea, and you and I would emerge safely from this. But, should you perhaps pray?”

Then Lohi’au said, “Ah! It seems prayer may have power on the day of salvation, but on the day of defeat, it has none. Therefore, let us share a kiss and I will leave you.”

Hi’iaka leapt over and pressed her nose to his in a kiss, crying all the while. The husband cried, too, as he kissed her, saying, “Goodbye! Farewell to you! Now I depart. I hope, someday, you reach my land and behold the hala trees of Naue by the sea. If so, give my regards and tell my beloved people that they shall never see me again. Farewell my land, my land slippery with the man-smitting moss of Manu’akepa! Here I am, wife, a morsel for the fires, a sacrifice for your love.”

Hi’iaka had no response, except for the tears that coursed down her cheeks.

As the two of them were being washed over by waves of love for one another, Hi’iaka heard the sound of another voice, “Hi’il! Release your husband as a victim of your sister’s wrath. You should not grieve for the love of your husband, for you and I are indebted to her generosity.”

Hi’iaka heard this voice that spoke and she recognized that it was her brother, Kānemiloahoe, talking to her once more. At that point, Lohi’au uttered this mele.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINE

[339]  
Blazing are the stars, the moon
Hot is the time of Makali’ī
The month of Kā’elo, up to Kaulua
The island is in chaos
5. The land laid flat
The heavens looming low
The mountain in an uproar
The sea exhales
Kīlauea crashes like lava waves
10. Pāpalauahi is like a billow rising
   Pele presents her forms
   Sprays of rain from the heavens
   The earthquakes rumble
   The crash of 'Ikuā booms forth
15. Puna stands lofty
   All of its center humbled
   Dust sprays from the uplands of Keahialaka
   The boiling springs of the pit are hot soot
   Stifled in the smoke of burning lehua
20. Gurgling, breathless in the cover of fire
   O Hi‘iaka
   Let your tears flow
   Cry for me.

As soon as Lohi‘au’s mele ended, the Hi‘iaka sisters arrived from down in the crater and tossed cinders of their fire upon him, while most of the blaze came back to them. Then those women of the pit turned and descended once more.

Then Lohi‘au chanted this mele—

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY

I was in the uplands of Puna
Where I encountered the goddess
Stunting the lehua trees
Feasted upon by lava stone
5. Striking, the ‘ōhi‘a trees burn
   Coming together with the bitter haze
   Closing in on the mountain
   And on ‘Olā‘a, rolling upward
   From Kīlauea to Wahinekapu
10. Breathless throughout the expanse of He‘eia
   Who could it be?
   It is me. The last gasps are gone
   Jealousy remains steadfast
   Brought about by you
15. And jealousy there is
   The jealousy has done its deed
   O Hi‘i
   Weep, for here I am.
As Lohi‘au’s mele ended, the pāhoehoe lava mounded up, covering his entire head, at which point he died. His whole body had become smooth volcanic stone.

But before Lohi‘au’s life breath had departed, Hi’iaka, weeping, said to her husband, “Do not let you spirit go along the windward side, or you will be lost to me, but go to the lee and I will find you when I search.”

Once Lohi‘au’s entire body was turned to lava rock, a powerful earthquake was set in motion and his stone form tumbled over on its side at the lip of Kilauea Crater.

With Lohi‘au’s body of stone lying there, Hi’iaka was suddenly overwhelmed, driven mad with grief for the man, so she leapt upon the stone form of her husband and wailed her sorrowful dirge.

These lamentation chants by Hi’iaka for her husband that the writer has acquired are what he shall present in this narrative, but the writer recognizes that the Hi’iaka chants of this section of the story differ among those today who have memorized the Hi’iaka poetry. What the writer has, however, is what he will present, but the door will be wide open for corrections, if anyone should desire to bring them in.

Here are the kanikau, the chants of lamentation, that Hi’iaka chanted for her husband.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE

[341]
My dear man from the burning sun of Auahi
Where we two made our way through the biting Nahunahu rain
Where we lay on a blanket of shrubbery
An unsheltering blanket of Ka‘awaloa
That even the winds of Ka‘u could not hold in place
Alas, my dear man
My dear husband, indeed.

She gazed upon the forests of Puna and the ‘awa that the birds planted up in the trees, as well as the swaying stands of ‘awa growing in the ground, and she chanted this lamentation for her husband.

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO

[342]
My dear man from where food grows
abundant in the uplands
From where the fickle winds of Kekaha blow
Plundered by the gains of heaven
Misjudged by the mistaken ones
5. Alas my dear husband
My dear husband, indeed
My husband from the abundant ‘awa of Hā‘ena
Love teases the heart
Physical desire is ever present
10. Alas, my dear man
My dear husband, indeed.

She looked upon the stone form of her husband and wept inconsolably, chanting.
CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE

My dear kane from the sun of Kuki'i
I weep with a wife's love
A wife, a companion for the nighttime
My husband of the Kanilehua rains
5. A sacrifice, my offering to you, O deity
Pay heed to this
Forgive me, your attendant
Alas for my dear man
My dear husband, indeed.

When this last chant of hers was done, the crazed state that had come upon her grew even stronger, and she gazed down into the crater of Kilauea. A strange feeling rose up in her mind, and the wild thought came to her to break through Kilauea Crater until she reached the sea, so that Pele could no longer reside there.

She stood up and raged, "You have had your vengeance, Pele, upon my husband, but you have yet to see mine!"

She pulled her skirt into place, covering her thighs. Her eyes blazed as though raging fires were being stoked within them, and all of her features took on a glow as red as brandy and as hot as burning embers.

A strange thought that came upon Hi'iaka then was that the spirit of Lohi'au had flown into the pit of Kilauea, and that if she were to crash through the foundations of Kilauea she would find the ghost of her husband.

In actuality, though, when Lohi'au's life force had fled, his spirit had returned to Kaua'i to inform his aikane, Kauakahiaupaoma, about his death, and to urge his dear friend to come for him.

Dear reader, this portion will be presented later, but at this point, we will observe Hi'iaka's actions in the eight strata of Kilauea.

When Hi'iaka had readied herself to carry out the revenge she wanted—namely, the destruction of Kilauea—she leapt down into the crater.

She descended until reaching the main floor of Kilauea, searching everywhere in that level for the ghost of her husband, without even a glimpse of Lohi'au's spirit, so she stomped on the base of this layer. As Hi'iaka stamped, the entire crater of Kilauea was rocked, and the cliff walls of Ue-kahuna trembled, as did the sacred cliffs of Kamohuali'i.

At Hi'iaka's stamp upon the first stratum of Kilauea Crater, the whole island of Hawai'i quaked, and that layer of Kilauea cracked open. Hi'iaka looked down into the space below and saw no sign of the spirit of her husband, whereupon her voice, tinged with madness, rang out, "It seems you have gone on to the second layer of Kilauea. Well, if that is where you are, my love, there too I shall go."

She leapt down on the pathway leading into the second level. She reached the bottom and there was no sign of her husband's spirit. She stopped, looked all about in that cavernous space of Kilauea, and seeing nothing of the husband, pounded her foot against this second foundation below Kilauea.

The earth tremors in the crater were still being felt from Hi'iaka's first blow, and they combined
with the force of this second quake, increasing the fearsome power of the reverberations throughout the firepit of Kilauea.

The cliffs of pāhoehoe lava encircling the crater were tumbling and one side of the crater collapsed, while the edges of the crater were being shaken loose all around.

The Hi'iaka sisters said to Pele, “O Pele! We are in trouble from your cruelty to your baby sister. She is going down to destroy the foundations here in Kilauea. The force with which she strikes the shields of our crater is incredibly powerful. With just a stamp of her foot, the earth breaks open from one side to the other.

Your youngest sister may use that force to strike each of the foundations here in Kilauea and bring up the sea water from below, which would fill this crater, leaving us no home. Then, Pele, the revenge of your little sister would be complete. You should go find her and soothe her; if she responds, we will all be saved.”

To which Pele replied sarcastically, “From where do you think that worthless wretch draws her power? She will continue like that until she reaches the fifth level below Kilauea, and by then she will be raw from the effort. I, Pele, will forever dwell here in the warmth of Kilauea, never to endure the cold on my skin.”

Following Pele’s response, not a word was uttered by the younger sisters, but they were filled with dread about Hi'iakaikapoli going down to destroy the earthen shields of Kilauea.

Clearly, dear reader, this strength and power that Hi'iaka possessed to break through the shield of Kilauea came to her from Kānemilohae. He so loved his sister for her good deeds that he endowed her with the spiritual power and physical strength to shatter the earth.

Pele and the Hi'iaka sisters, however, knew nothing of Kānemilohae's involvement, for his power shrouded them all, and they were blind to it.

Because Hi'iaka did not see her husband's spirit here, she slammed her foot against the third layer of Kilauea and it cracked open. The ground continuously shook.

At this renewed destruction of the foundation and the increasing tremors in the firepit of Kilauea, alarm filled the minds of the Hi'iaka sisters, making them agitated and fearful, as one of them again called out, "O Pele!"

She responded, asking, “What is it?”

"What do you suppose? What are we to do? Kilauea is shuddering. Its foundations are rocking. Hi'iaka is going to continue to break through the earthen shields of Kilauea until they are all destroyed. How, Pele, can you just watch this happen to us? Will you not go after your little sister and get her to come back? You are like some looming specter of death, Pele. Go and get your little sister so we can all be saved.”

Pele replied, “You have not even listened to what I just told you, that there is no snippet of anything at all for you to worry about. Her power to destroy stones will continue until she reaches the fifth level of the foundations here in Kilauea, where she will be worn out, her forehead rubbed raw, as I told you before.

Why are you all so concerned? Not one of you has even mentioned that it is affection for her that makes you suggest I go fetch your crazy sister. Hah! You go get your wild little sister yourselves!”

Then Lonomakua spoke to Pele. “Look at what is happening! Your younger sister’s strength to destroy and wreak havoc upon the foundations of Kilauea is amazing. You took all of her..."
powers away, except some leftover fragments of fire in that skirt, but I can see that the strength your sister is using is unmatched.

I have never before seen such intense quaking of this crater as I do now. This surpasses all. No powerful kupua has ever brought such destructive force against Kilauea; this is by far the greatest. There may never again be another kupua with strength such as this.

Because of that, I have a fearful premonition that Kilauea could be laid to waste if this uncontrollable destruction by your sister continues unabated. Therefore, it would be best for all of us if you would go fetch her.

If she listens to you, we will all be safe, but if she will not turn back and heed you, then it is a pity for us. I can see that the blazing fires here are of no use. Who in our family is empowering your little sister? That is the answer I have been looking for everywhere, in the heavens and here on the earth, but I have seen nothing at all.

All your brothers who accompanied you from Tahiti are here with you. There's only one exception, Kānemilohae, who dwells in Tahiti at the fringes of the rainbow. Could he be the one helping your little sister? If it turns out that he is the mysterious one that is razing Kilauea, then we are the ones who are to be pitied. For you know, Pele, that he is the most powerful of us all. He is the foremost of all the Kāne deities. He is the Kāne who holds the waters of life."

Pele finally replied to her brother, Lonomakua, "Foul indeed is this thought you have expressed about our lord and chief. Why should our lord, Kānemilohae, look down on this wretched girl and give her his help? If that were the case, then why would I, his favorite sister, not know about it? Do not predict our doom, Lonomakua, as those sisters of yours keep doing.

You should know that I have all of the supernatural power that our parents bestowed upon me. The strength of that peculiar girl will hold out until the fifth level, and then she will be frustrated. We will just watch and see!"

These words from Pele brought Lonomakua's worries to an end. He made no reply to his sister, but turned back to his work, stoking the fires of Kilauea.

He saw the extraordinary way the fire blazed. It burst forth, flaring wildly upwards, and then died out completely. Lonomakua groaned, saying, "O fire, you act so strangely. What force is at work and what is happening to us?"

**Dear reader, let us leave aside** the discussion about Pele and the others, and carry on watching Hi'iaka as she stomps the second foundation below Kilauea.

When Hi'iaka broke through the second level, she leapt down, and looking about, saw that the place was filled with common butterflies, lepelepeohina butterflies, large night moths, dragonflies, and all kinds of other little flying things, as well as caterpillars, from tiny to huge, crawling about everywhere in this place.

Caterpillars were atop other caterpillars, moving, crawling, and slithering along and such. When Hi'iaka beheld these creatures that made her skin crawl, she said, "Could the spirit of my dear husband be here with these ugly things? You are all horrible and worthless to me."

Then she gathered up her skirt in hand and struck a blow upon the hordes, throngs, and swarms of caterpillars, and suddenly, all of them turned into humans. There were men, women, children, and even babies. There were oldsters and youths as well. Some were beautiful, some horribly ugly.
She swatted her skirt at some of the dragonflies, butterflies, moths, and such, and to her amazement, they became a whole flock of people flying about.

When Hi'iaka saw these extraordinary beings, she exclaimed, "Oh! All of these creatures I have seen are actually people."

She went along until meeting two beautiful women who were unfamiliar to her. She offered her greetings and they responded in kind.

"Ah, you are a stranger?" said the women.

Hi'iaka acknowledged this, saying, "I am a stranger here. This place is filled with people whom I have seen crawling as caterpillars and flying like night moths, common butterflies, lepelepeohina butterflies, and dragonflies."

One woman replied, "This is where we live, and those strange shapes you saw buzzing about are the husks of those of us who dwell in this place.

We saw you and thought you were some new kind of thing sent from the world of light to live here. We thought you came here to live with us," said the two women, questioning Hi'iaka.

"That is understandable, given my wild flight here, entering this place unexpected and unannounced. But I should tell you that it is a search for a man that brings me here. Have you not seen a stranger who arrived here the same way I did?"

The two women said they had not, but they added, "We should go to the chiefs of this place to inquire, for they may have seen the one you seek."

They left, while the throngs of beings sat about or moved to and fro. As some of them saw these three going along, they came running up to give their regards to Hi'iaka. One of them said, "Oh! Is this a stranger who has arrived here?"

Hi'iaka agreed and verified that yes, she was a stranger.

"Well, then, are you going to stay here with us? There are no disadvantages to living in this land. Food of all kinds is plentiful here."

Hi'iaka replied, "I may stay here if I find what I seek, which is my husband. But if I do not find him here, then I shall wander on elsewhere, and perhaps find him there. I am going with them to the place of your chiefs, for perhaps they know something of that husband of mine. Did he come here, or not?"

At that point, an old woman arrived, her eyes rheumy and red. Her skin hung in wrinkles everywhere. Her hair had gone so silvery white that it looked just like snow. Those standing with Hi'iaka said, "You are very fortunate, for our seer has come. She is our great guardian of this place. She knows about all people from the world of light who arrive here!"

The old woman looked at Hi'iaka for a while, and then she said, "So that is why the earth shook; it is you, O goddess. O Hi'i of the highest realms of the isles, I have no offering for you. The one whom you have come seeking is Loh'i'aiipo from the hala trees of Naue by the sea, but he is not here.

I am your attendant, at your service. My name is Kauka'opua. So, Chiefess, you will not find your husband here. He may be down below. My request to you is that you continue on in your search for your beloved and that I be spared, along with the multitudes of us here in this place. Please do us no harm."

Hi'iaka agreed to this, so she gave her farewells to the women who had accompanied her and
all the others gathered there. Then Hi'iaka said to them, “Listen, all of you. You should remain here in your land and assume again the strange forms that I saw you in earlier. I shall go to seek my beloved.”

When she had gone some distance from where she had visited with those people, she turned and saw that the land was thick with caterpillars, and the air filled with flying things.

She stopped and brought her foot crashing down against the earth. There was a powerful quaking and the earth split wide open right in front of her. This was the third stratum of Kilauea that she had shattered.

When the foundation was broken through, the Hi'iaka sisters above felt it and so did Pele and Lonomakua. The quaking of Kilauea Crater became even stronger, at which point all of the Hi'iaka sisters shouted in a voice of shared fear, “Three foundations of Kilauea have been sundered by Hi'iaka. There’s no hope left for us!”

However, at the same time, Pele was lying comfortably upon her dais of mats. She had wrapped herself up in the mats, and only her eyes showed forth from under her coverings. While her younger Hi'iaka sisters were filled with alarm, she watched calmly and said to herself—

“What silly little girls. So what if their crazy sister has reached the third level of Kilauea, for she has already gone quite mad. Such is the nature of thin-skinned little girls, crying at any little pinch that nips at them.”

When the third stratum had been breached, Hi'iaka looked down into the place, and saw groups and crowds of cross-eyed spirits. “Hey!” she said, “What strange beings live here!”

After she'd seen those spirits, she flew down into the place. When the wandering-eyed spirits saw her, they shouted with loud voices that roared and echoed everywhere, “Here’s our dinner! How very, very delectable! Grind the bones! Squish the eyeballs! Salt up the flesh! How delicious! Smack the lips and chomp away! Eat her up! All of her!”

Just then those strange side-eyed folk pounced and tore at the body of Hi'iaka, thinking that they were the stronger. As they began to leap, Hi'iaka saw their nefarious intentions, so she told them, “You are wrong to attack! My skirt will deal with all of you, and you will be turned to ash!”

She gathered the Hi'iaka skirt up in her hand, and when the wall-eyed spirits leapt, she struck with the skirt.

A screeching of voices is all that she heard, and the assembled hordes of strange beings that had leapt upon her were turned to nothingness, with a single cross-eyed one remaining. He ran to her and pleaded, “If you are Hi'iakaiakapoliopelo, please spare me!”

“Yes, you are spared,” replied Hi'iaka, who then asked the little spirit, “Did you not see a strange man who arrived here before I did?”

“No. But I did see a woman roaring down here and passing on in a flurry to the realm below where we are now,” replied the spirit.

“A woman, what was she like?” asked Hi'iaka.

“She was a beauty. Her beauty was nothing like yours that I see now, but there was a purity about her. She had a skirt of pala’a fern.”

“Ah. I know which woman that is. So then, you have my regards. I shall go on down below,” said Hi'iaka to that strange being with the wandering eyes.
"Would it be that you have a friend down below?" asked the 'e'epa.

"I have no friend who comes from that place. I hope, however, to find my friend down there. The pala'a-skirted woman you spoke of, whom you saw roaring through here, is a friend of mine. And the man I asked you about, he is also my friend. Perhaps I will find them both at this place I am headed."

"Have you ever seen this place below, where you intend to go?" the strange one asked Hi'iaka.

"I have not. I heard, though, from my ancestors that Laloimehani is its name. It is where Papa and Wākea live, along with all of the chiefs from ancient times until now. Why do you ask?" Hi'iaka questioned the spirit.

"What you heard from them is correct. That is Laloimehani. It is, indeed, the home of Papa and Wākea. You cannot get to that place, for there is no opening to reach there. Even the fires of Pele cannot destroy the foundation that shields that land from this. Therefore, you should turn and go back to where you came from in the world of light."

"I shall see what I can and cannot do about that. I appreciate your concern. Now you just observe this path that I plan to use to get there."

Then Hi'iaka flexed her body and a bright red glow flushed her cheeks, at which point she stamped down on the ground at her feet. The whole earth shuddered and then the ground where she had delivered the blow cracked open.

Now Hi'iaka turned and said to her companion, "This will be my pathway down. Now you see!"

"Yes. Now, Hi'iaka, I see the power you wield, and am stunned. Oh! Such power and strength," replied the 'e'epa.

Hi'iaka gave her final farewell to the strange being and leapt downward.

All of Kīlauea was in motion, and the strength of this quaking was greater than ever before. The Hi'iaka sisters felt it and their fear surged within them. They annoyed Pele to no end.

This was the fourth protective layer of Kīlauea that Hi'iaka had shattered. This fourth level was what shielded Laloimehani (and according to some, Loloimehani is the name of the place—AUTHOR). This was the home of Wākea and Papa.

A clarification. Loloimehani is included in this story as the home of Wākea and Papa, while it is said that Loloimehani is a place not seen here in Hawai'i. The ancients, according to some historians now, used the name Loloimehani only to refer to a legendary place.

Documented in the mele "The Heavens of 'Oë Burn" are the lines verifying that the place called Laloimehani (or Loloimehani) was a land connected to fire. And the mele goes like this.

[344] Born is the child Hāloa, Haumea is the woman
   A woman from 'Iliponi
   From within Likalani
   From the human fire plow
   5. From the tinder of Kukû'ena
   From Kukû and Wel
   From the two tendrils of sacred fire
   Perpetuated by Ākea from antiquity
   Ākea, down below Mehi.
According to the religious beliefs of the ancients in Hawai'i, when a chief whose lineage was founded in the lines of Pele or Hi'iaka would die, the spirit of that chief would be returned to the crater of Pele. And it should be recognized that Haumea is also Papa, wife of Wākea, and comes from volcanic origins.

Therefore, when comparing this idea in the mele shown above with what is presented in this Hi'iaka story, important evidence will be seen concerning Laloimehani (Loloimehani) in the history of ancient Hawai'i—author.

Hi'iaka arrived at the place of Wākea and Papa and knew that she was related in the line of Haumea (Papa), so she went directly to the royal abode of Haumea and Wākea.

The home of those sacred chiefs was built upon a high stone edifice. There were five ascending stone platforms leading up to the house.

Standing kāhili of every color graced each terraced level, from the first to the fifth. Finely patterned pāwehe mats in a rainbow of colors were laid upon the path leading up from below and reaching the door of the house.

The house itself was completely thatched with bird feathers, and was most beautiful to behold. The purlins that held the thatching were made of bird bones, and the fine cordage that secured the feather thatching to the bone purlins was made of bird entrails. The pillars of the house, the rafters and so forth, were of sandalwood. The mats on the floor of the house were feather capes.

Hi'iaka observed that the enclosure around where the house stood was laid with rows of ti leaf. In every way, the royal palaces of the world today are only fractionally as beautiful, elegant, attractive, and dignified as this one, which was by far the finest.

All of the houses that Hi'iaka could see were of this same kind. Each home maintained its own royal sanctity in accordance with the sacredness held by its chiefly owner while he or she dwelt in the world of light.

Once Hi'iaka had grasped how the chiefs of that land lived, according to what she'd seen, and knowing that Wākea and Papa were the royal progenitors of all of the chiefly lineages in Hawai'i, she therefore made up her mind to go directly to their house, for there she could find out whether they had seen the loved one she sought.

She had climbed up to the platform where the house of Wākea and Papa stood, when she heard someone call to her from inside, "Welcome. Come inside, O Hi'iaka'i'ounāmokut!"

She entered the house and saw the ancestors, Wākea and Papa. They leapt up to kiss her. All of them wept for a time, and then Haumea, who is also Papa, asked, "What is the reason for your great journey, Hi'i, that brings you down here to Loloimehani?"

Hi'iaka replied, "It is a search for a man that brings me here."

"Who is this man that you seek here?" asked Papa (Haumea).

"Lohi'auipot!" answered Hi'iaka.

"Yes," Haumea replied to Hi'iaka, and then continued, saying, "the death of that chief was reported to us here. This, of course, was the chief's second death. He died the first time in Hā'ena, but he did not arrive here. And because of your efforts, grandchild, he was revived.

And now he has died again because of your elder sister who has no compassion for you, her own little sister. That husband of yours and Pele's has not arrived here. There was, however, one of you who did come here, Pā'ūopala'ā. She is off at the shore and should return soon."
So your husband is not here in Laloimehani. Perhaps your man is on Kaua‘i. He may have returned to present himself to his aikane, Kauakahiapoa, and to his sister, Kahanui. As for your attendant, Pāʻūopalaʻa, we should wait for her. She will be back soon.”

They were not sitting for long when Pāʻūopalaʻa came back. She had no idea that her chiefess, Hi‘iaka, had come. Arriving at the house of Wākea and Papa, where she had been welcomed after being crushed by Pele and expelled from Kilauea Crater, never to return, she saw Hi‘iaka and cried.

Pāʻūopalaʻa leapt over and kissed her charge, Hi‘iaka. When she stopped weeping, she said, “So, my chiefess, you have come?”

Hi‘iaka acknowledged this. “I came to search for your chief. I thought he would be here. But it is not so! Our ancestors tell me that he never arrived here.

**And whereas I have not found him here,** and here you are, my guardian, I shall send you back above. When you get up to Kilauea and are asked about where I am, and where I am going, you should say that I will continue to destroy the shields of Kilauea until not one is left here below, and then the sea will travel freely from down here up to Kilauea.”

Pāʻūopalaʻa replied, “How could one find fault with what you have expressed, my chiefess? My own thought, though, is different. Where your journey leads you, there, too, I should go, just as I accompanied you from Hawai‘i to Kaua‘i earlier. You go, I go. Do not send me back to where your elder sisters are. They will have no use for me. So, my chiefess, please give some consideration to what I ask of you.”

“That is not the case, O attendant and companion of mine from Hawai‘i to Kaua‘i. Three of us faced that quest: you, my attendant, Wahineʻōma‘o, and myself. You, I have found down here, but Wahineʻōma‘o I have not located. It seems she did not come here. I intend for you, Pāʻūopalaʻa, to return to Kilauea, and do not worry, for all of the Hi‘iaka chiefesses are in terror now.

Those chiefesses of yours are overwhelmed with fear about my destruction of the shielding layers of Kilauea Crater, for I have only one shield left and then cold spring water will flow into Kilauea, and when I reach the sixth level, sea water will rise, and flood into the crater; when I arrive at the eighth level, all of Kilauea will be demolished.

This foundation that I am about to smash is the fifth level, the one my mean-hearted sister boasted about to her sisters that at this shield I would be humiliated. Might that be so? Will it be my forehead marked in shame, or hers perhaps? She may know her own strength and power, but she has not yet seen the strength and power of this girl.

She alone is the favorite of all our lord brothers, and because of that, I could never garner the strength and supernatural power that would allow me to tear down the solid walls and cliffs of the sacred crater of Kilauea.

So then, when you get there, you will be prized by your Hi‘iaka chiefesses, who are living in fear and worry! They will not do anything bad to you. Pele has only now begun to experience a cold chill of dread about me, her younger sibling that she treated so mercilessly.

And our fire-stoking brother is very frightened. He has not been able to think clearly for some time now. The shattering of this foundation will mean a clear pathway for fresh water into Kilauea. The fresh water will get there first, and afterwards, the whole of the ocean will follow, turning the entire crater of Kilauea into a lake. So you should return.”

Haumea then said to Pāʻūopalaʻa, “Listen to the words of your charge, and do not insist on fol-
lowing her. This young chiefess is secure in the supernatural powers of Kānemihohae. He is the ku-pua who is demolishing the shields of Kilauea. When this shield is broken, it will create an ascending pathway for the fresh water and the sea water below until Kilauea is filled up.

As for us, though, we will not be affected, for the water will flow on its own path and arrive where it is supposed to pour out. Let me tell you, Pāʻuopalaʻā, that if Pele will acknowledge her little sister now, Kilauea will be spared, but if she does not, there will be no Kilauea Crater left and her fires will be extinguished as well. Therefore, you must return.”

At that point Pāʻuopalaʻā agreed to carry out Hiʻiaka’s wishes. Hiʻiaka said to her, “Let us go down from the house of these royal ones, and then I will send you on your way back.”

By then, the news had spread throughout the realm of Laloimehane about the arrival of Hiʻiaka, as shown earlier, so all of the chiefs of that wondrous realm came to see Hiʻiakaikapoliopele, the strong and powerful youngest sister of Peleihonuamea.

Many of royal status came: men, women, and children, young and old. These were the chiefly ones who had died following Wākea’s time and on up to the time when Hiʻiaka had arrived there.

When Hiʻiaka indicated to her kahu, Pāʻuopalaʻā, that the two of them should leave the house of Wākea and Papa, all of them, Wākea and Papa too, descended together through the terraced platforms of that house to the bottom. There, Hiʻiaka met with all of the chiefly ones of that realm who had come to see her.

As Hiʻiaka and the others were walking down through the terraces, Haumea said, “Wait, Hiʻi!”

Hiʻiaka asked, “What is it?”

Haumea told her, “You will be seeing ‘Olepaau and his brothers, those chiefs of Moloka‘i and Lānaʻi whom you killed when you were in conflict with Waihinalo and Kaweloikaiahuhehu.

I heard you then, addressing me, and my heart was cheered by your call. Those chiefs are here now, and you will see them, as well as some other chiefs that we all know.

You will see them and they will see you, and that is all that should happen. You should say nothing to them, nor they to you.”

These are the words Haumea said to Hiʻiaka beforehand. When Hiʻiaka actually met with the chiefs who had come to see her, they only looked at her and did not speak at all, and she did the same, just looking, without a word.

What Haumea had told Hiʻiaka about ‘Olepaau and his brothers was true, and she did see them. And she also saw many chiefs that she had once known in the world of light.

After she had seen the chiefs of Laloimehane, Hiʻiaka said to her kahu, Pāʻuopalaʻā. “I hold on to the edge of our skirt.”

Pāʻuopalaʻā rushed over and took hold of the edge of the skirt. Then Hiʻiaka whipped the skirt out and snapped it back, hurling Pāʻuopalaʻā upwards like an arrow shot from a bow, or like a ma‘a stone shot from a whirling sling.

Pāʻuopalaʻā blinked once, and when her eyes opened again, she saw that she was sitting at the doorway of the Hiʻiaka sisters’ house.

They saw her and cried out, “Oh my! It is you! Welcome! Where did you come from?”

Then Pāʻuopalaʻā reported everything to the Hiʻiaka sisters. She told of being destroyed by Pele, being tossed down into the pit of Kilauea, her arrival at the realm of Wākea and Papa, Laloimehane, being found by Hiʻiakaikapoliopele, and her being sent back by the order of her charge, Hiʻiaka, to dwell again in Kilauea Crater.
Pāʻūopalaʻa also explained that four foundations of Kilauea had been destroyed by Hiʻiaka, and that she was ready to demolish the fifth level protecting Kilauea from the fresh water below.

"And according to what I heard," continued Pāʻūopalaʻa in her discussion with her Hiʻiaka chiefesses, "directly from the mouth of Haumea, that fifth foundation of Kilauea will be broken, for Kānemilohae is helping her to take revenge on all of you for killing her beloved, Lohiʻauipo, and upon Pele as well, for her cruelty to us all.

I have come back up here to tell you about the destruction that will come upon this crater, Kilauea. Now you have heard, so I shall leave to seek a new home for myself."

Pāʻūopalaʻa's words to the Hiʻiaka sisters made them regret the wrongs they had done to their little sister. But then one of them replied, "It is true that what we did to her was wrong, but how could we avoid it, with the mean-spirited insistence of our elder sister chiefess? Now I lament my actions, for I was mean to my own sister, and I ask that she forgive my offense."

Just then the voice of Pele resounded, calling them to come and meet with her in Mauliolaha Hale. One Hiʻiaka exclaimed, "Oh! That old sore-eyed one is summoning us to go to Mauliolaha Hale and talk with her. How outlandish. The old woman probably knows that the fresh water and sea water will be rising into Kilauea because of our little sister's anguish over her beloved man, and that is perhaps why she's calling for us.

What can we do? She should get up and go after her little sister, but instead she asks for us."

"There's nothing we can say right now," said another of the sisters, "for trouble and misfortune will beset us all. We must not assume that when water from the springs and sea comes rushing through Kilauea that only our elder sister chiefess will be in trouble. No, it will be all of us. So let us go and meet with her. We should leave all bad thoughts here at the house."

All of the Hiʻiaka sisters rose and went to meet with their elder and chiefess. They entered the house named Mauliola, whereupon Pele said, "Listen, my younger sisters, we are in dire straits. I see that our youngest sister has made the foundations of Kilauea unstable.

Only one foundation remains, and then there will be a clear path for the ground water to come up into Kilauea, and at the next, the sixth foundation, bitter sea water will gush forth that would spoil everything, just like what happened to the taro of Makaʻuki. I see that the strength and power our sister wielded to break those four foundations of the crater, and what she will use against the remaining shields, is from none other than our own brother and lord, Kānemilohae. He has given his support to our youngest sister, perhaps because of his love for her, but he just watches us and offers no help."

Pele was poised to continue her speech, but Hiʻiakaikaʻaleʻi interrupted, saying, "The support of our lord brother came about on behalf of his little sister because she was treated mercilessly. We heard that from Pāʻūopalaʻa. It also seems that our ancestors, Wākea, Haumea and all the other chiefs of Laloimehani may also assist her."

"Where is that attendant of the chiefess?" Pele asked her sisters.

"We left her at the house. She had just returned from below in Laloimehani, where you, Pele, had banished her," replied Hiʻiakaikaʻaleʻemo.

"If that is the case, then one of you go tell the chiefess's attendant to come, and let us all discuss the turmoil here in Kilauea," answered Pele.

One of the Hiʻiaka sisters hurried to fetch Pāʻūopalaʻa and found her at the house. However,
when this Hi'iaika found her, she was just about ready to leave the firepit of Kilauea for good, and climb up to the peak atop the crater, with the intention of going to the Hilo shore to live until her charge, Hi'iaikaikapoli, returned.

When she reached Pāʻūopalaʻā, this Hi'iaaka told her, "Listen, O guardian of the young chiefess, I have come for you to bring you back to Mauliola, for our elder sister and chiefess wants to meet with you. There is only one likely reason for her command, and that would be to address this problem with the young chiefess, as you explained to me. So we should go."

"There is nothing else we can do," replied Pāʻūopalaʻā, "so let us proceed."

As they were preparing to go, the ground in Kilauea was rocking. It was deep in the earth, below the crater where the fires burned. Pāʻūopalaʻā said, "Two more quakes of the ground of Maukele and the fifth foundation of Kilauea will be shattered. Let us hurry to Pele."

Both running, they soon arrived where the Hi'iaaka sisters were sitting with Pele, all of them anxious because of this great quaking that rocked Kilauea.

The two of them arrived and sat down, just as the base of Kilauea shuddered anew. The mountains of Hualalai, Maunakea, and Maunaloa convulsed. Pele spoke, "Listen, my sisters, there's no place left for us. I know that one more crack of the fifth foundation and the cold ground water and sea water will have a clear pathway up here to Kilauea. Our youngest sister is down there, nearly ready to bring her sacred foot crashing down.

These two quakes we have just felt result from the power of the oath our little sister uttered before our royal ancestors, Haumea and Wākea. One more quake to go, and the foot of that dear sister of mine will thunder down.

There's nothing left for us to do, and it looks very grim; Hi'iaakaikapoli's rage is right before me, here in my face, where she's directed it. The only reasonable thing we can do is to send one of you, my siblings, to go get your little sister to come back."

At this point the voices of all the Hi'iaaka sisters rang out, exclaiming that they could not fetch their little sister, for her vengeance was upon them for burning her beloved Lohi'au. "It would be better, Pele, if you go and get our little sister," replied the Hi'iaaka siblings.

Pele, however, refused. "I cannot, for most of her wrath is directed at me." She then added, "Perhaps her own attendant should go after her."

Pāʻūopalaʻā replied, "I am not able, for it was she who made me come back here. There is only one person I can think of who could go after her with any hope of success, and that is her aikāne, Wahineʻōma'o."

"The problem with that," answered Pele, "is that she may not agree to go."

"Hah! There is no wrong in trying," Pāʻūopalaʻā replied to Pele. "She alone can assuage the wrath of your little sister. There is no other. Not you, nor any one among all of her elder Hi'iaaka sisters, and not me either.

But as for Wahineʻōma'o, her traveling companion from Hawai'i to Kaua'i, following your wishes, Pele, she is our choice. If she agrees to go after her aikāne, our crisis will be ended, but if she refuses, we will all be destroyed, the house left in ruins. Therefore, Chiefess, try her."

Pele shouted for Lonomakua to tell her where Wahineʻōma'o had gone. Lonomakua heard Pele's call, and answered, "She's sitting here with me!"
"If that is so," Pele answered him, "send the chiefess's aikāne here. Be quick!"

In no time, Wahineʻōmaʻo arrived before Pele and the others. Pele explained the situation to Wahineʻōmaʻo, saying, "The crater of Kilauea is in critical danger now. Though I try with all my strength and supernatural powers to secure the foundations of the crater, nothing will hold them. Here I am, growing weak and exhausted. Therefore, only you, the aikāne of the chiefess, can save us.

This is how: you must agree to go and get your aikāne to come back. There is no other who can get her to return. She will not come back for our brothers and least of all for me. So you must go. I will bestow upon you some of my powers."

Wahineʻōmaʻo assented to Pele's idea about convincing Hiʻiaka to stop the destruction, and then Pele granted her some of her supernatural powers.

Wahineʻōmaʻo leapt down into the fissure where the uppermost foundation yawned open from Hiʻiaka's first stomp, and when she had passed that, she went on to the second level, but found no sign of her aikāne, so she made for the third foundation. She did not see her aikāne and went on to arrive at the fourth level. There, she heard a rumbling of the earth and the cracking of the ground.

For at that point, Hiʻiaka had stamped upon the fifth foundation, but before the earth opened in a wide crevasse, Wahineʻōmaʻo's chant could be heard, because as she flew downward, she saw her aikāne, Hiʻiaka, standing where she had just pounded her foot against the earth. The chant Wahineʻōmaʻo had called out to her aikāne was this—

CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE

[345]

My beloved aikāne
My most intimate companion, indeed
My aikāne from the setting sun in the west
Obscuring Ka'ena in the sea spray
5. Settling amid the leaves of the 'ilima
   Reddened in the sun are the breadfruit of Pōloa
   It is you who supports me, a friend in the cold
   Enduring with you the chill of the waters and the seas
   Oh, indeed! My dear aikāne
10. Let us come back together
    Here am I, Wahineʻōmaʻo
    Get up, give it a go, let us return.

Hiʻiaka heard this entreaty, and knew that it was her aikāne, Wahineʻōmaʻo, who was following along behind her, so she said, "If you were one of my unloving elder sisters calling me, there is no way I would go back. And especially if you were my most malevolent elder sister, I would never return."

Then, Wahineʻōmaʻo presented the second of her love songs.
CHANT TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE

My dear aikāne of the cliff-trickling waters of the land
From those love-snatching cliffs of Kalalau, oh
My companion of the cliffs of Hāʻena, ah
Love blazes, dreamy recollections come to me
Will you heed my call?
Let us return.

At this last kau that the aikāne chanted to Hiʻiaka, tears rolled down Hiʻiaka’s cheeks and she said, “Well, that is that! I shall return with you, my friend who faced death with me everywhere we have gone. There has not been enough time to take my full revenge upon Pele, for you, my friend, found me first,” Hiʻiaka said to herself as she was turning back.

And here, dear reader, you should recognize that at the time Hiʻiaka had stamped upon the fifth foundation, as described above, she only applied part of her strength to the blow, for she was surprised by the faint sound of her aikāne’s beckoning voice.

Therefore, because Hiʻiaka’s strike against the fifth foundation was not at full force, that bulwark was cracked with only a shallow opening. The crack was not big enough to create a wide gap from the top of that fifth shield down to the coursing waters below.

However, this crack in the fifth foundation of Kilauea became a channel through which the flames of the pit would occasionally be blown out, sometimes leaving only a tiny fire in Kilauea.

Hiʻiaka turned back and reached her aikāne, Wahineʻōmaʻo, whereupon they both wept. When their tearful reunion was finished, Wahineʻōmaʻo said to her aikāne, Hiʻiaka, “I have come to get you, my dear friend to whom I have clung throughout our many travels from Hawaiʻi all the way to Kauaʻi. We must go back.”

Hiʻiaka hung her head, and on raising it up, asked cautiously, “If we go back up, who is friendly toward us?”

“Everyone in Kilauea Crater will be friendly toward us. The crater is in dire circumstances. Our sisters and brothers are not doing well at all.

It was our elder sister chiefess who sent me here to get you. I listened to everything she said, beginning to end, and it was compassionate, leaving me touched by affection for her and your other sisters. So when our sister chiefess commanded me to fetch you, I got up and flew down here without hesitation.

And when I got to the first open level of the land, I looked all about, but did not see you. I got to the second open level and it was the same. So was the third. Only when I reached the fourth realm did I see you down here. That is why I chanted to you. I thought you would not heed my voice. But since you did listen to me, let us make our way back.”

Hiʻiaka agreed to her aikāne’s urging, and the two of them left Laloimehāni and made their way back up to Kilauea Crater, where Hiʻiakaikapoli met with Pele. Pele wept over her youngest sister and apologized for her wrongs and for being so cruel. After they talked about Hiʻiaka’s visit with their ancestors, Wākea and Haumea, Hiʻiaka said to her elder sister, “I do not know what is to come of this! I came back because of your command. I am not, however, going to stay with you. I do, though, retain the right of residence here in Kilauea and all the way down to Laloimehāni; that is mine.
I undertook the quest, thinking that I would return here to Kilauea and all of you, my royal sisters, would be here. But, Pele, because you killed my husband, I shall grieve for his love all the way to the cliffs of Hā’ena and the hala trees of Naue by the sea. The enmity between us, however, must stop.”

To this, Pele replied, “To me, everything you have said is correct, little sister of my heart. You are a little sister to me, and I am your elder, as are all of your other sisters. So I am giving back all of the powers that I had taken away from you.”

Then Pele breathed upon the head of her sister five times in succession. When the five breaths were finished, she said, “All of your powers are back with you, with the exception of the ability to bring back to life one who has died a second time, like your husband, Lohi’au, for only Kānemilohae holds that power. But the power to cure all illnesses, that of prophecy, and all the great kinds of knowledge are yours.”

As Pele finished this speech, Hi’iaka jumped up and kissed her elder sister, and then did the same with each of her other sisters. Some of their brothers were there, and she kissed them as well. Then she went and began her climb up to the edge of the crater. She led the way, while her aikāne and her kahu followed behind.

Here, the author must make a clarification. Some who have memorized the Hi’iaka story say that upon the return of Hi’iaka and Wahine’ōma’o from down in Laloimehani, on the fifth level below Kilauea, Hi’iaka did not meet again with Pele, but that the two arrived above and climbed on up until reaching the topside of the crater.

But in this version, as shown above, Hi’iaka did in fact meet with her elder sister and chiefess, Pele, and they ended their antagonism and anger at one another. Hi’iaka, though, also revealed her intention to travel on, for she hoped that Lohi’au would be revived by her brother, Kānemilohae.

When the three of them reached the place above the crater where the stone form of Lohi’au lay, Hi’iakaikapoliopele wept. She kissed the nose of her husband, and her tears flowed freely down. Wahine’ōma’o and the kahu were also weeping for love of their husband, the companion who had shared their journey from Kaua’i.

When they were done weeping, they arose and began the descent toward the sea at Kea’au, so that Hi’iaka could see her aikāne, Hōpoe.

Here, dear reader, we will leave off discussion about Hi’iaka and her companions, and let us turn to see what happened to Lohi’au’s spirit following his death.

**When the lava had completely covered** and encased the human form of Lohi’au, his life breath departed and his spirit left the body, traveling along the lee side of the land in accordance with his wife’s command. Lohi’au carried out his wife’s edict, but Hi’iaka did not recall the order she had given her husband about going to the lee. She was absorbed in breaking through the foundations of Kilauea, and once she and Wahine’ōma’o returned, met with Pele and her elder Hi’iaka sisters, then climbed up to find the stone form of her husband, as shown above, she and her companions did not travel to the lee of the island to seek their husband, but instead, descended toward the sea of Kea’au to see her aikāne, Hōpoe. We will, however, eventually see Hi’iaka’s fulfillment of what she had told her husband, Lohi’au.

Lohi’au’s spirit traveled through the lands of Ka’u and reached the Kona districts. From there