



POLYFANTASTICA

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Publisher

Queensland Art Gallery

Stanley Place, South Bank, Brisbane

PO Box 3686, South Brisbane

Queensland 4101 Australia

www.qag.qld.gov.au

Published for 'The 6th Asia Pacific Triennial of Contemporary Art', organised by the Queensland Art Gallery and held at the Gallery of Modern Art and the Queensland Art Gallery, Brisbane, Australia, 5 December 2009 – 5 April 2010.

A version was published as a serial comic in the 'Island Life' section of the *Honolulu Advertiser*, Hawai'i in 2006–07.

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Please visit Polyfantastica.com for more information about the Polyfantastica graphic novel and other manifestations of the project.

ISBN 978 1 921503 12 2

CAST OF CHARACTERS

POLYFANTASTICA



Te'a: Peace-seeking ali'i of the 'Iapo



Wapu'ata: Power-hungry ali'i of the Kuahu



Moaka: Head tahuna; uncovers the 'oro'ino



Tumu: The teacher



Saumana: The student



Humama/Hulama'ino: Te'a's son; second possessor of the 'oro'ino



Kuiomo: Wapu'ata's nephew



Toihesi: Ali'i of the Mutu; ally of the Rungo



Komevemeve: Female ali'i of the Rungo



Atamu: Head tahuna



Noi: Te'a's daughter



Lomo/Lomo'ino/Lomo'inolua: Wapu'ata's son; first wearer of the 'oro'ino



Oreamu: Renowned general



The Death Masters: Who raise phantom fleets



Deaao: Female ali'i of the Cosixi; seer



The Warriors: Who specialize in the martial art of rua

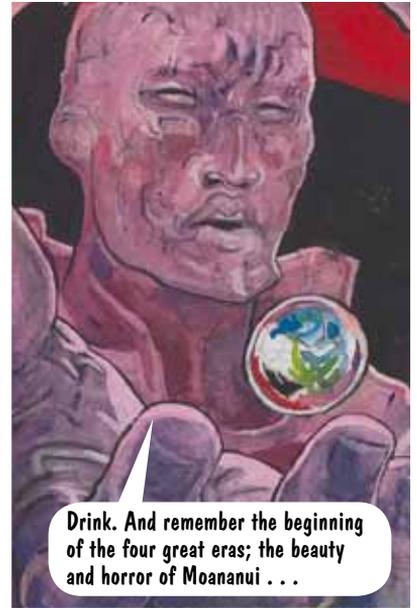
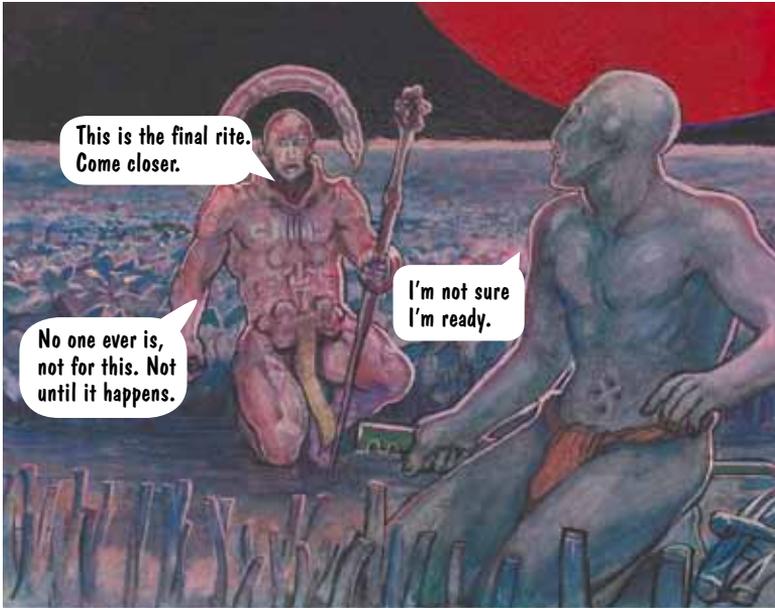


The Spies: Network of spies, led by the "Council of Patience"



Tu'eo: Influential member of the Visipi Council

POLYFANTASTICA: The Galaxy, in the year 39,999. There is no conflict here, not anymore. No warfare. No pestilence or starvation. Yet, each adult intimately knows them all – through a drop of water. Through memory.

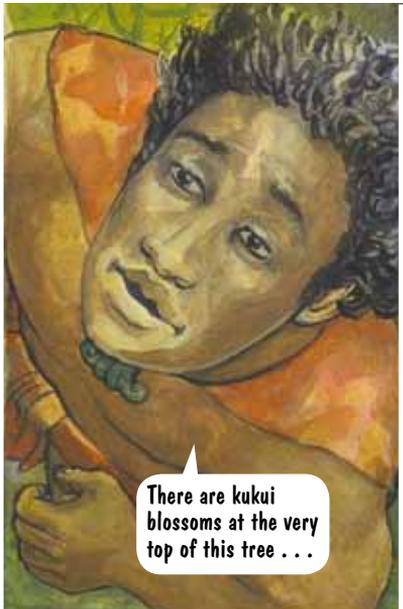


The ocean continent Moananui: 25,000 miles across and crested with innumerable islands. Year One: the Era of Kuu.



HULAMA: Welcome to Moananui, the ocean continent. It is an expanse of water and land 25,000 miles across, with 17 major political regions, home to millions of people. Although Moananui's citizens are not unfamiliar with conflict, unprecedented warfare is about to strike. It will be known later as the Era of Kuu. Year 1.

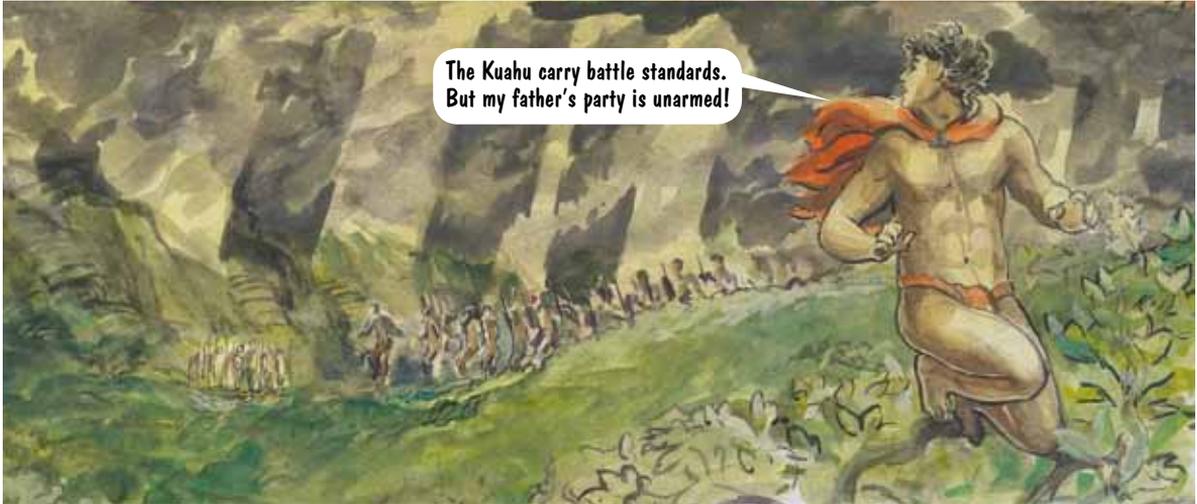
Hulama, the son of Ali'i Te'a, takes a much-needed break from the long canoe voyage to the peace council at Tekihe. While his father meets with the Kuahu leaders, Hulama finds a kukui grove and dances to honor this abandoned island.



There are kukui blossoms at the very top of this tree . . .



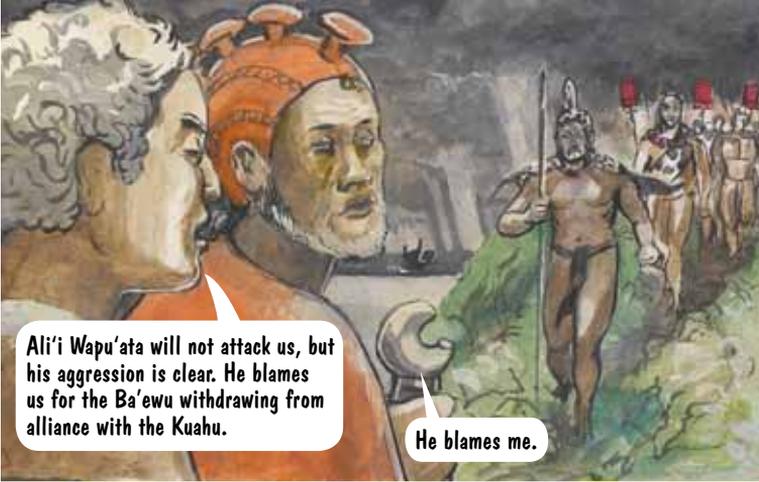
Something's wrong . . .



The Kuahu carry battle standards. But my father's party is unarmed!

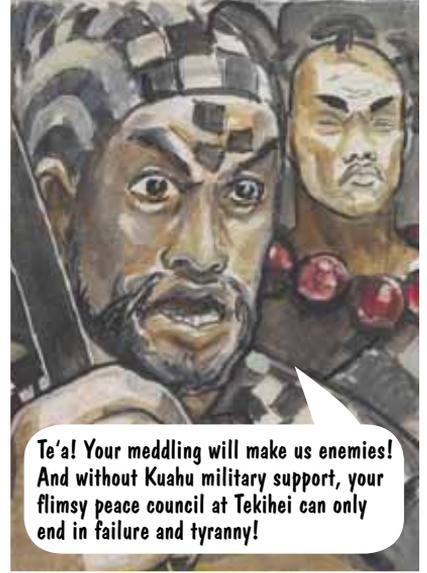
THE 'IAPŌ & THE KUAHU: In Moananui, leaders of some of its 17 political regions, seeking peace, have called a council on Tekiheī, a neutral city-island run by the Cosixi. Ali'i Te'a of the 'Iapō, his son Hulama and their party are on their way to the council but are waylaid by Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuahu, who requests a meeting.

On an uninhabited island in the Northeastern quarter of Moananui, two ali'i face each other. Both seek lasting peace in Moananui: one through diplomacy, the other through power. Growing desperation on both sides has led to this encounter. This ultimatum.

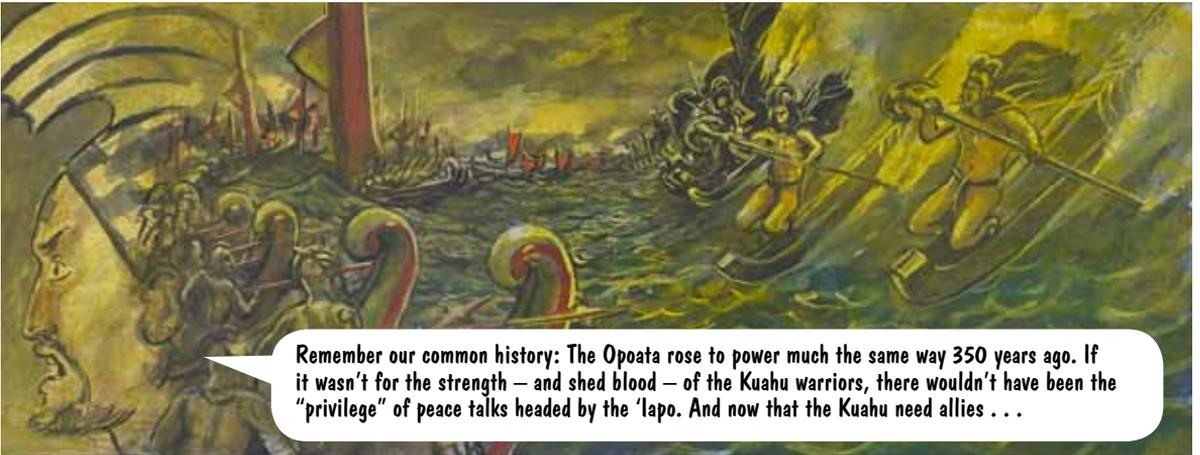


Ali'i Wapu'ata will not attack us, but his aggression is clear. He blames us for the Ba'ewu withdrawing from alliance with the Kuahu.

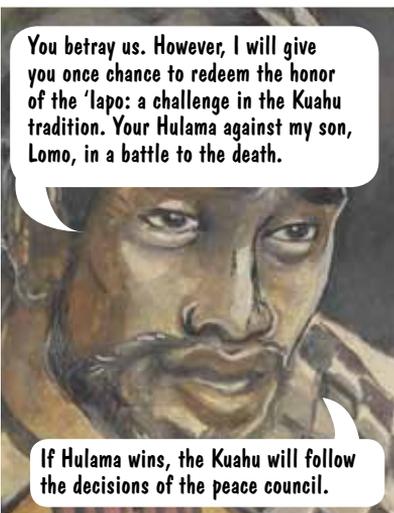
He blames me.



Te'a! Your meddling will make us enemies! And without Kuahu military support, your flimsy peace council at Tekiheī can only end in failure and tyranny!

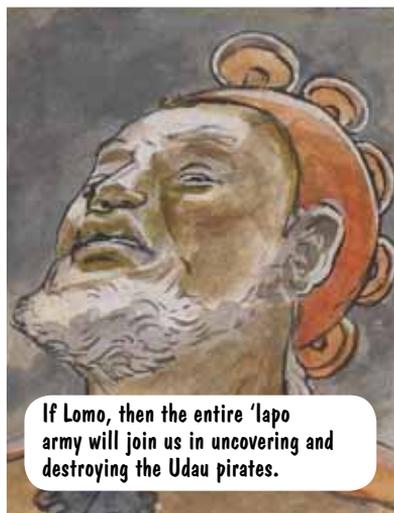


Remember our common history: The Opoata rose to power much the same way 350 years ago. If it wasn't for the strength – and shed blood – of the Kuahu warriors, there wouldn't have been the "privilege" of peace talks headed by the 'Iapō. And now that the Kuahu need allies . . .

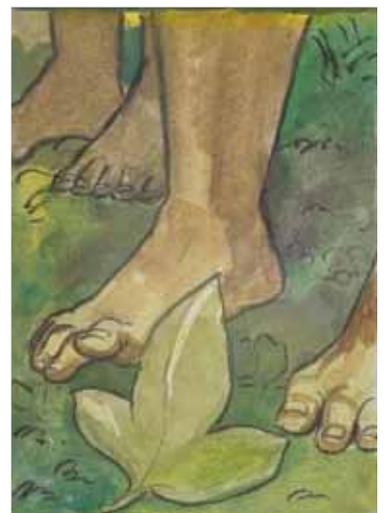


You betray us. However, I will give you once chance to redeem the honor of the 'Iapō: a challenge in the Kuahu tradition. Your Hulama against my son, Lomo, in a battle to the death.

If Hulama wins, the Kuahu will follow the decisions of the peace council.



If Lomo, then the entire 'Iapō army will join us in uncovering and destroying the Udau pirates.



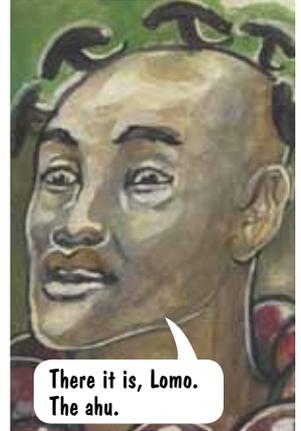
Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuahu has confronted Ali'i Te'a of the 'Iapo. Wapu'ata is enraged that Te'a has convinced the Ba'ewu to withdraw from alliance with the Kuahu against the Udau pirates. He challenges Te'a: a fight to the death between their two sons. Little does Te'a know that the Kuahu have an unusual battle strategy . . .

THE 'ORO'INO: One month prior to his father's confrontation with Te'a, Lomo and the tahuna Moaka journey to Niopa, an island just outside the Ba'ewu region. This small island is known primarily for its sweet potatoes, but visitors often also remark on seeing a timeworn ahu made of strange stones near the village. Even on this island, the Kuahu are known . . . and feared. Lomo — cruel, strong and cunning — personifies the reputation of the Kuahu.

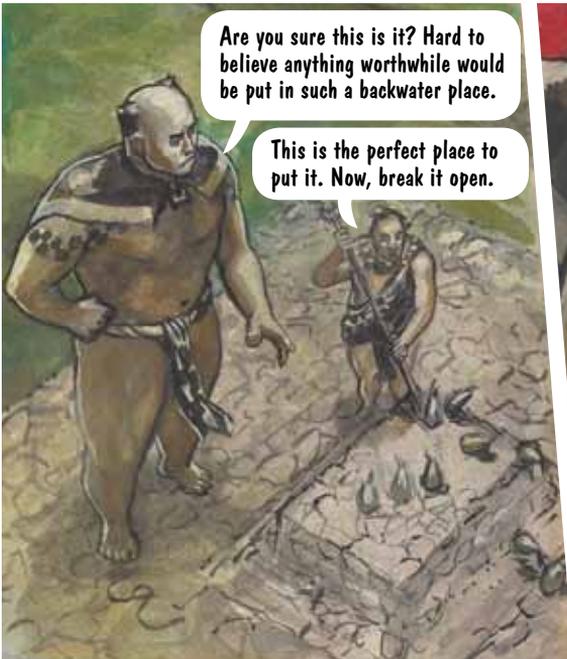


Lomo of the Kuahu is here! Take refuge in the forest!

Hurry! It's your life if you get in his way!



There it is, Lomo. The ahu.



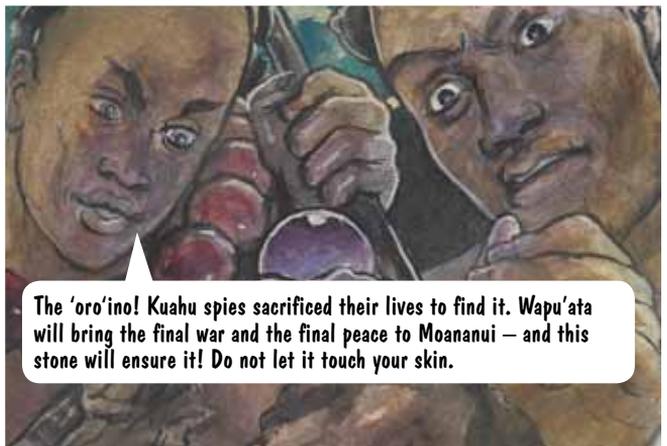
Are you sure this is it? Hard to believe anything worthwhile would be put in such a backwater place.

This is the perfect place to put it. Now, break it open.



What can this sacrilege mean?

They destroyed the ahu!



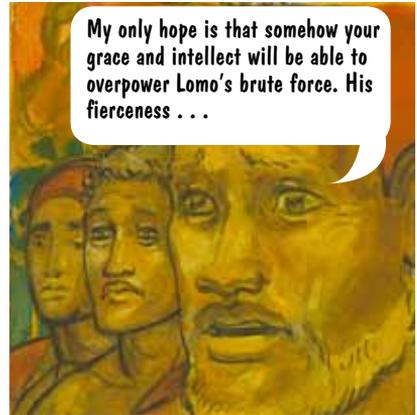
The 'oro'ino! Kuahu spies sacrificed their lives to find it. Wapu'ata will bring the final war and the final peace to Moananui — and this stone will ensure it! Do not let it touch your skin.

In Moananui, Year One of the 40,000-year cycle begins with a duel. Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuahu and Te'a of the 'Iapo pit their sons against each other. Victory means aid: either the Kuahu will obey the upcoming peace council, or the 'Iapo must help the Kuahu against the Udau pirates.

PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE: Two camps are set up at the edges of a kukui-laden forest. Within each, a father readies his son for the next day's fight – but in two very different ways.



Hulama, my heart is heavy. I must ask you to go against everything I've taught you.



My only hope is that somehow your grace and intellect will be able to overpower Lomo's brute force. His fierceness . . .

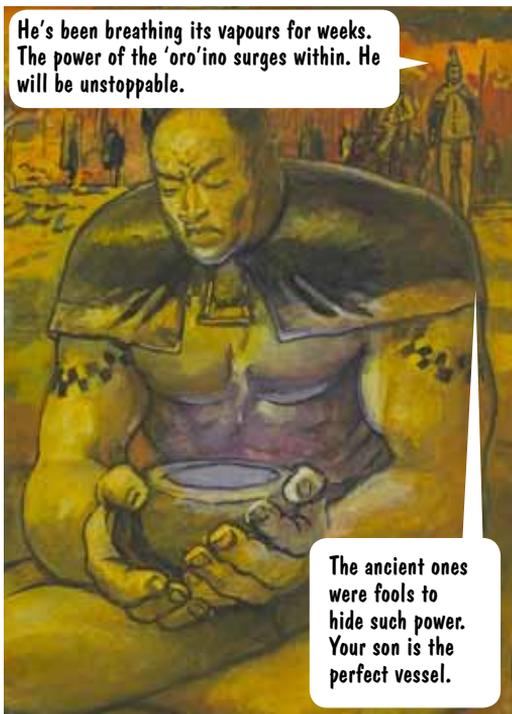


Don't worry, Father.



You're the one who said, "Hate is limited, but love is infinite". No matter how Lomo attacks, I will always keep this in mind. I have only to step aside as Lomo's anger wears him down, though I feel badly for him.

I pray it will be that simple.



He's been breathing its vapours for weeks. The power of the 'oro'ino surges within. He will be unstoppable.

The ancient ones were fools to hide such power. Your son is the perfect vessel.



Lomo will be a storm of change that moves across Moananui. The first lightning strike: Hulama's bloody defeat.

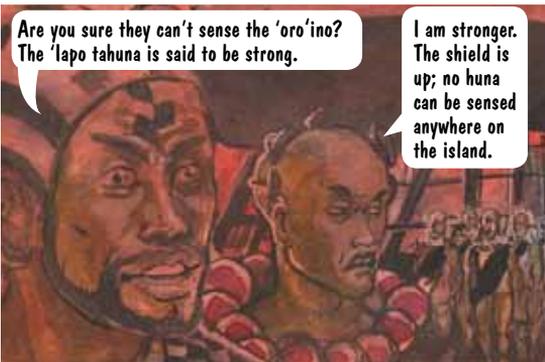
Hulama will be our final sacrifice.



We, the Kuahu, have given much. We've earned the right to enforce order across Moananui . . . through sheer power.

Hulama of the 'Iapo and Lomo of the Kuahu are being pitted against each other in a fight to the death. Hulama is confident that can avoid violence; meanwhile, the Kuahu expect Lomo's quick and impressive victory. At stake: the Kuahu joining the peace council, or the 'Iapo joining a war.

LOMO'INO: Dawn breaks across the nameless island. The two ali'i, their tahuna advisers and respective retinues watch anxiously from their ships offshore. The conventions of the Kuahu duel dictate that there be no interference; but Lomo wears the 'oro'ino concealed in a gourd as a pendant. Lomo attacks without ceremony.



Are you sure they can't sense the 'oro'ino? The 'Iapo tahuna is said to be strong.

I am stronger. The shield is up; no huna can be sensed anywhere on the island.



That can't be Lomo! He's monstrous. How - ?

Something is amiss . . . but I can't sense what it is!



I will destroy you. You must run, Hulama!



I will not, Lomo!



You're . . . ill. Let me help you!



LOMO'INO!

I am not "Lomo" anymore, I'm . . .

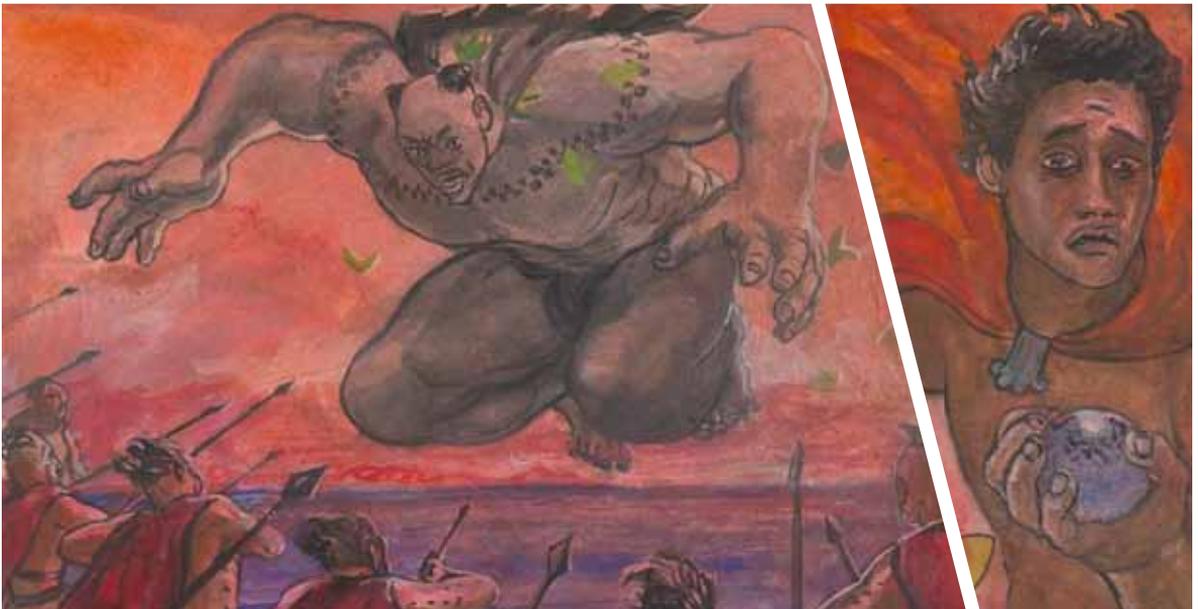
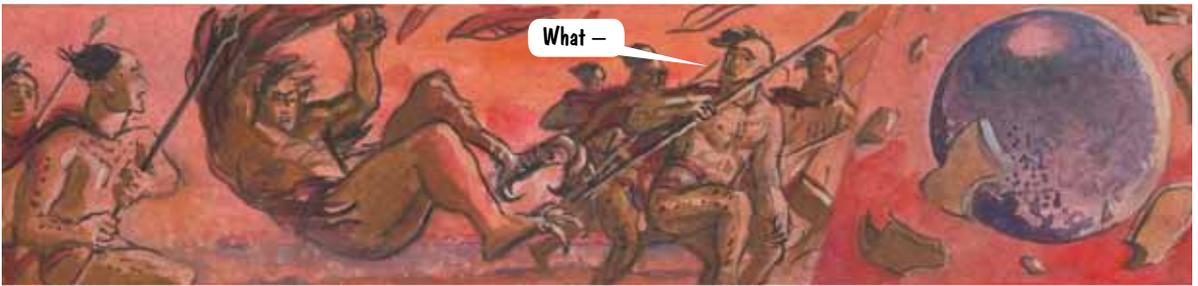
In the ocean continent Moananui, two young warriors are engaged in a battle to the death. Using the ancient stone, the 'oro'ino, the now-transformed Lomo'ino attacks as Hulama seeks a peaceful resolution to their duel. Moaka, the Kuahu tahuna, has created a shield around the island, so that no huna can be sensed.

AMBUSH: It is a strange battle. Neither warrior has landed any blows. Although Lomo'ino has torn up the beach trying to lay his hands on his opponent, Hulama parries by conjuring up curtains of kukui leaves to obscure Lomo'ino's vision.



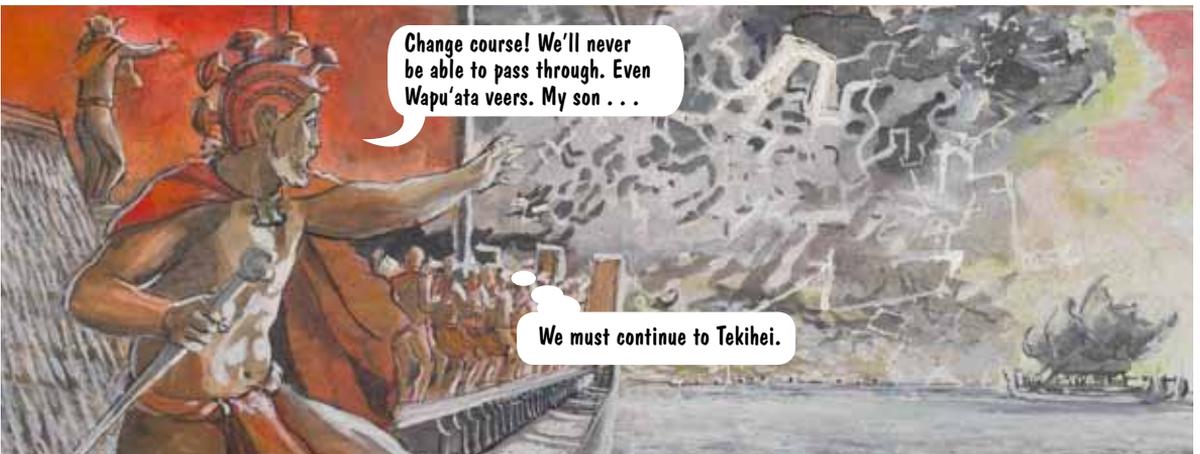
The Kuaha have unearthed an ancient stone, the 'oro'ino, whose powers have transformed Ali'i Wapu'ata's son, Lomo, into a bestial, murderous state. Now called Lomo'ino, he is fighting a duel to the death with Hulama of the 'Iapo. They are suddenly ambushed by the Opoata.

THE OPOATA: Kuahu tahuna have cast a shield over the island so that the 'Iapo cannot sense the 'oro'ino. This plan backfires as the Opoata use it to cloak their ambush.



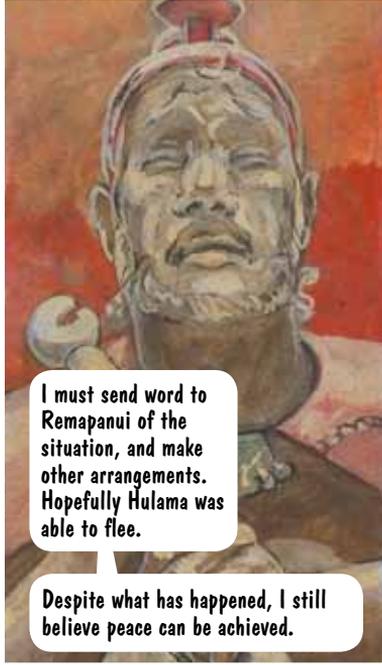
Hulama of the 'Iapo and Lomo'ino of the Kuahu duel. Against the rule of noninterference, Lomo'ino wears a stone of power, and the Kuahu tahuna shields its use from the 'Iapo. Under this shield, the Opoata ambush the two youths.

RETREAT: The ali'i refuse to watch the ambush from their ships offshore.



In the ocean continent of Moananui, the Opoata have taken over the duel between Hulama and Lomo'ino; they attack the two young men and are separated from their fathers' ships. The ali'i have been forced to flee.

ABANDONED: As Opoata warriors converge on a weakening Lomo'ino, Hulama stands at the edges of the fray. In the confusion, he remains unseen. The ali'i on their receding ships cannot see how their sons fare, but they grasp a larger picture.



I must send word to Remapanui of the situation, and make other arrangements. Hopefully Hulama was able to flee.

Despite what has happened, I still believe peace can be achieved.



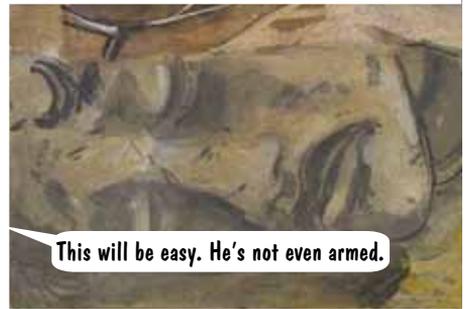
Opoata — damn interlopers! We must regroup now, but if they want a fight, I'll use the full force of the Kuahu to give them one!



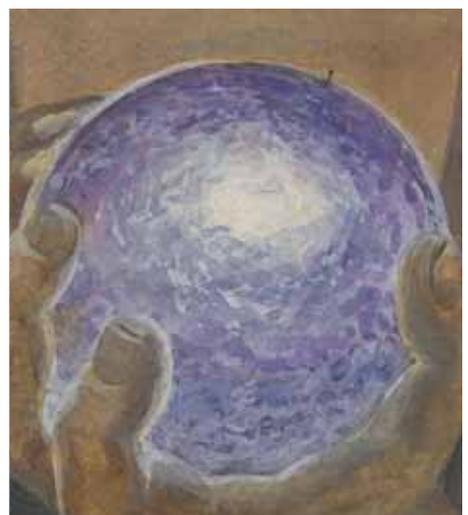
He doesn't bleed!

It's not here. Are you sure —

Wait — there's Te'a's son. Get him!



This will be easy. He's not even armed.



An idealistic Hulama and monstrous Lomo'ino duel on a nameless island in northeastern Moananui. They are ambushed by the Opoata. Separated from their fathers' ships by a storm shield, Lomo'ino is brought down while Hulama is mesmerized by the 'oro'ino.

NOI: The remembrance turns to Remapanui, the capital of the 'Iapo. Noi, Te'a's daughter, has been called to the Listening Chamber, a hall at the center of the city, up through which grows a great tree. There is a message from her father.



Noi, check outposts near the star coordinates given.



But, there are a score of them! Is Hulama all right? Was he injured? How did the Opoata know they'd be there?

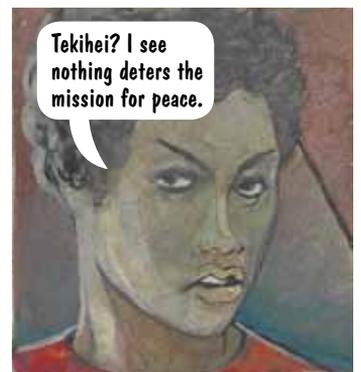


There is no information on those points.

Te'a trusts you will be able to find your brother. You know him best.



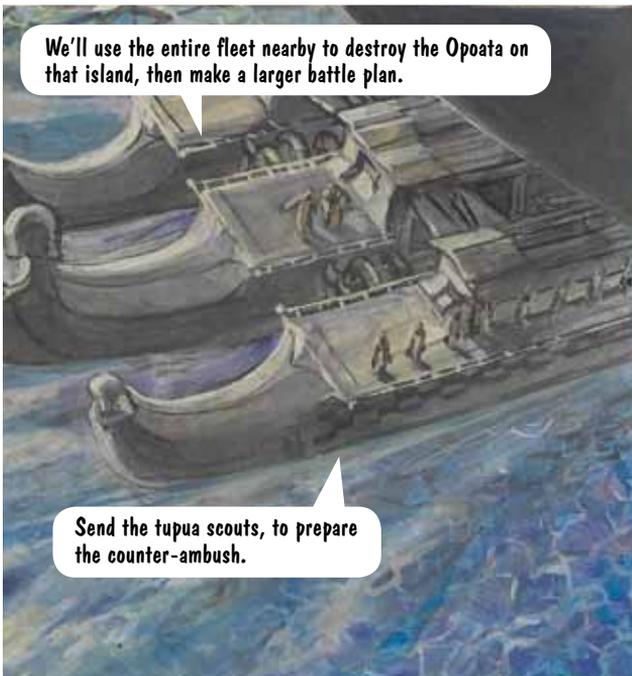
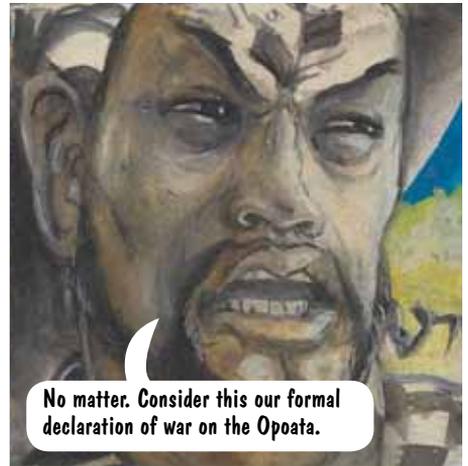
The two of you are to meet Ali'i Te'a at Tekihei.



Tekihei? I see nothing deters the mission for peace.

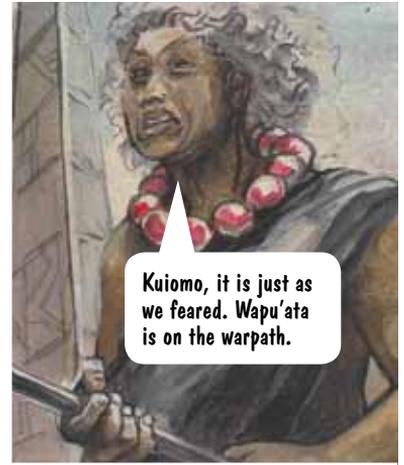
Opoata warriors ambush a Kuahu/'Iapo duel. Both the Kuahu and 'Iapo ships are forced from the area.

REGROUP: Wapu'ata, power-hungry ali'i of the Kuahu, sails his ship toward a waiting Kuahu armada. His gaze, however, has been glued back in the direction of the nameless island they left hours ago. The island where the 'oro'ino is. And his son.



Opoata warriors ambush a Kuahu-'Iapo duel, forcing the Kuahu's and the 'Iapo's ships from the area. Amidst the chaos, the two combatants – Hulama and Lomo'ino – are lost. Meanwhile, Ali'i Te'a of the 'Iapo travels to a peace council at Tekihehi.

KUIOMO: Wapu'ata, Ali'i of the Kuahu, has declared war on the Opoata. He sends word, via his tahuna, to his home islands of his brash retaliation. Nuapo, battle tahuna of Wapu'ata's nephew Kuiomo, intercepts this message in a mind-web she has cast over the island.



Kuiomo, it is just as we feared. Wapu'ata is on the warpath.

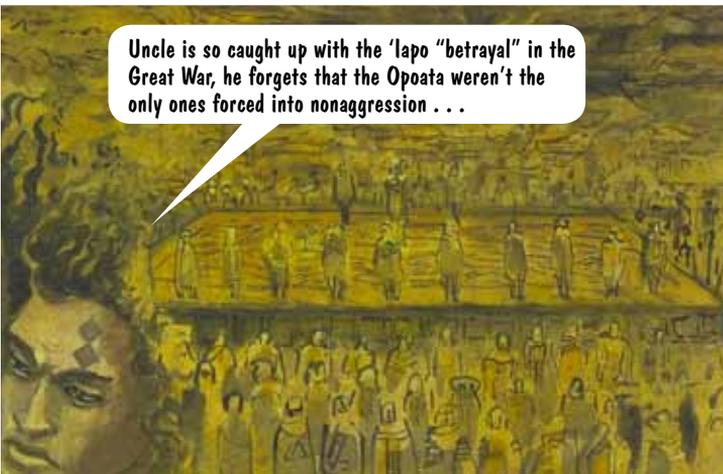


We must go to your uncle! Your ships will be ready to launch at dawn.

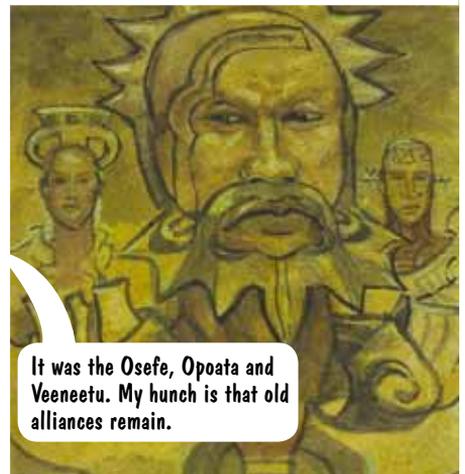
I put down my 'o'o and pick up my spear. Not a good sign, Nuapo.



First the Udau pirates, then the 'Iapo royal family, now the entire Opoata region. Everything points to greater violence, unless we can stop Wapu'ata.



Uncle is so caught up with the 'Iapo "betrayal" in the Great War, he forgets that the Opoata weren't the only ones forced into nonaggression . . .



It was the Osefe, Opoata and Veeneetu. My hunch is that old alliances remain.

On an anonymous island in Moananui, a duel between Hulama of the 'Iapo and Lomo'ino of the Kuahu is interrupted by an Opoata ambush. Lomo'ino throws his stone of power, an 'oro'ino, to Hulama just as they are set upon.

VISIPI COUNCIL: As tupia 'io circle above, Opoata tahuna channel their energies to report back to the City of the Moon. Within the Hall of Smoldering, the Visipi Council members can scarcely believe what they are hearing.

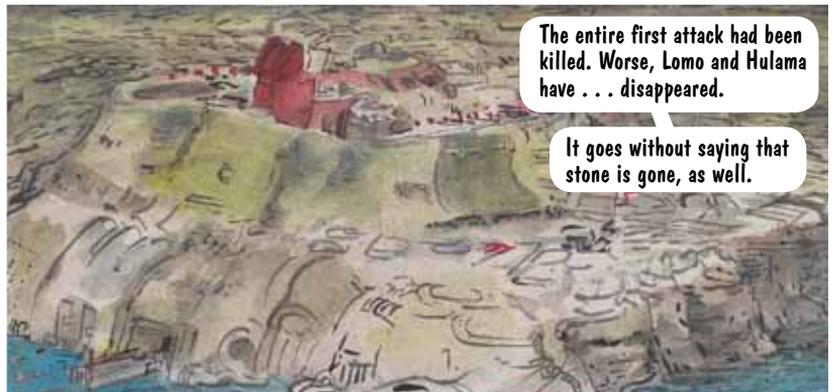


How can they all be dead? We thought the ambush was successful.

We as well.



But when the lightning shield was lifted this morning —



The entire first attack had been killed. Worse, Lomo and Hulama have . . . disappeared.

It goes without saying that stone is gone, as well.

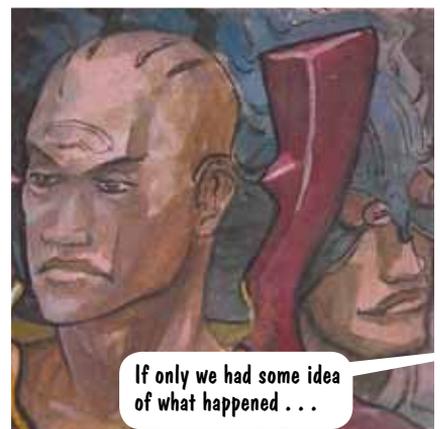


We are searching the island, trying to find survivors who can explain what happened, but we've had no luck thus far.

Keep the island as your base, but expand your search. Report when you find something.



Well, gentlemen, we must re-strategize, in light of these new developments. We cannot expose the Kuahu's actions if there is no 'oro'ino.



If only we had some idea of what happened . . .

Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuaha is driven from the island his son, Lomo'ino, and Hulama of the 'Iapo duel, by an ambush from the Opoata. After escaping the Opoata's lightning shield, Wapu'ata gathers his forces and declares war.

REVERSAL: The Opoata tahuna, spent, finish their transmission to the Visipi Council.



The difficulty of facing the council is over. Now we can settle in for the search.



Did you honestly think you had defeated us? By the time we are finished with you, you will be killing each other for the privilege of being the only one alive to convey to your pathetic council —



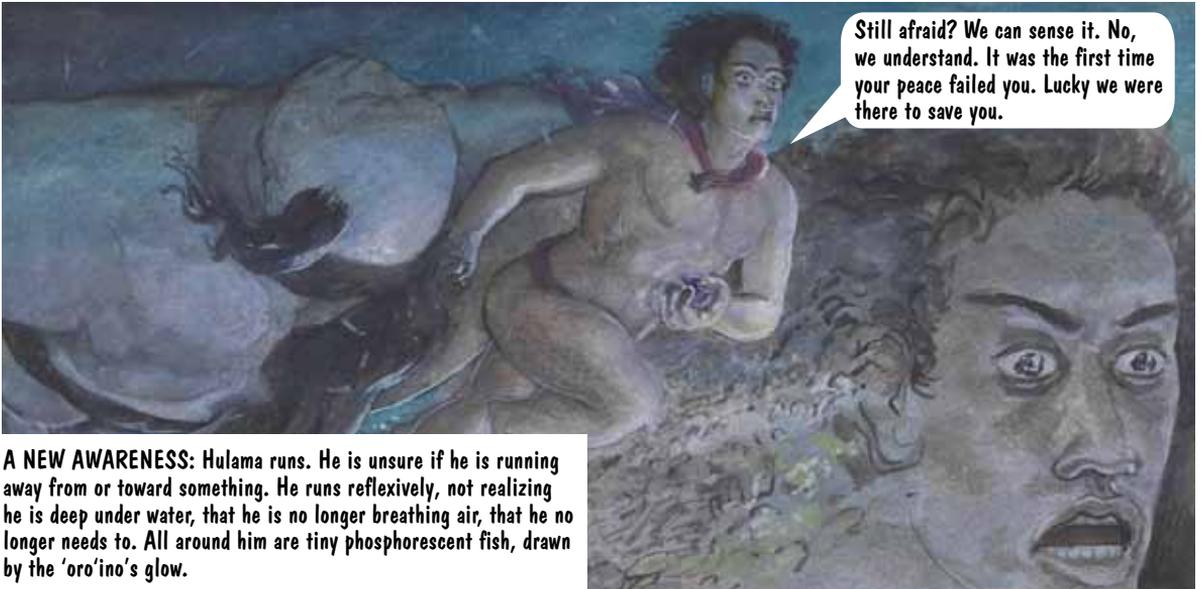
— My message of rage!



Drop the cloaking spell!

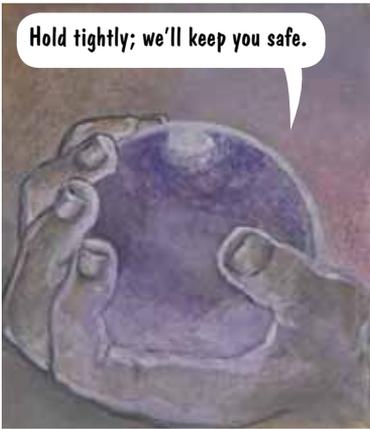


Hulama and Lomo'ino duel, but Lomo'ino is suffering. The 'oro'ino he wears around his neck is destroying him. Hulama relieves him of it, just as Opoata warriors ambush them. Lomo'ino is struck down. When Opoata reinforcements land the next morning, all of first attack are dead.



Still afraid? We can sense it. No, we understand. It was the first time your peace failed you. Lucky we were there to save you.

A NEW AWARENESS: Hulama runs. He is unsure if he is running away from or toward something. He runs reflexively, not realizing he is deep under water, that he is no longer breathing air, that he no longer needs to. All around him are tiny phosphorescent fish, drawn by the 'oro'ino's glow.



Hold tightly; we'll keep you safe.



We want nothing in return.

However . . .



We want to tell you a story. Surely, you can listen.

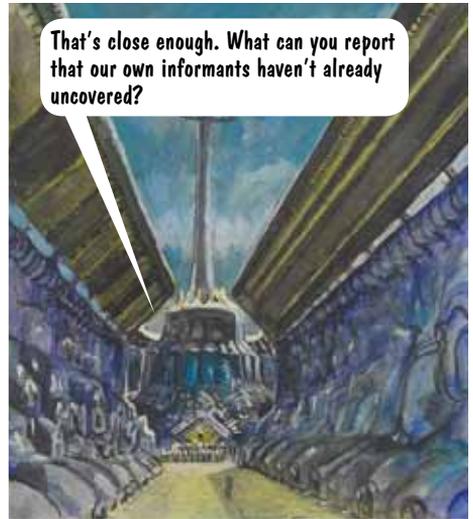


Good. Let us in. As a measure of good faith, we'll see to your friend.



After the interrupted Kuahu-'Iapo duel, things stand thusly: Ali'i Te'a of the 'Iapo continues to a peace conference; his daughter Noi searches for her brother, Hulama. Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuahu has gathered forces and attacked the Opoata who ambushed the duel. Hulama and Lomo'ino travel undersea, under the 'oro'ino's power.

THE RUNGO: Information travels quickly — especially when it is being sold. A Soo'a spy has arrived at the Rungo capitol Duakube, just days after the Opoata ambush. He approaches the House of Mana, where Ali'i Komevemeve holds court.



That's close enough. What can you report that our own informants haven't already uncovered?



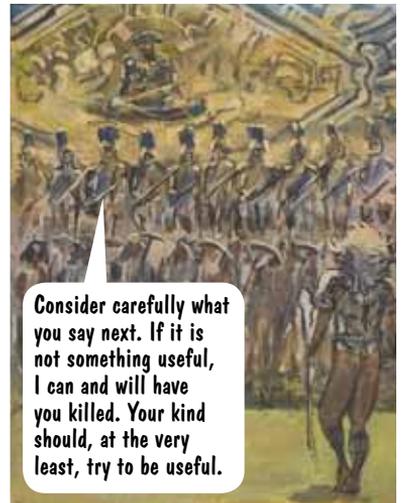
There is a stone of power —

You insult me.

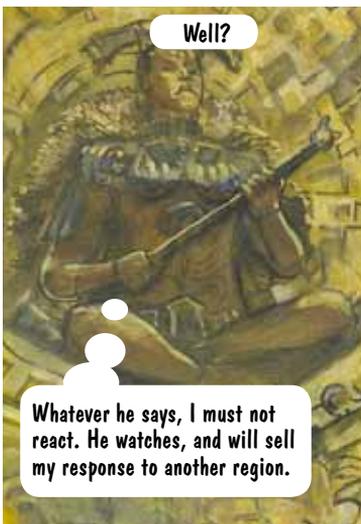


It is Hulama who has it —

Collect your thoughts.

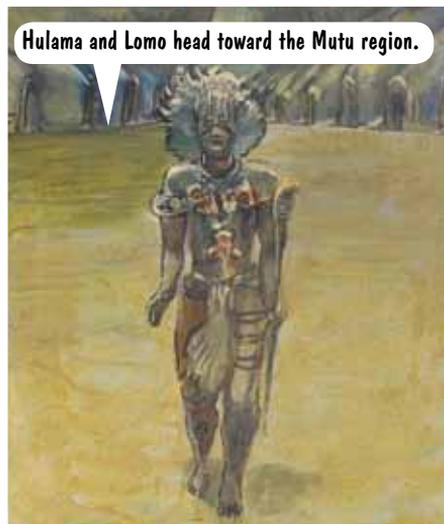


Consider carefully what you say next. If it is not something useful, I can and will have you killed. Your kind should, at the very least, try to be useful.

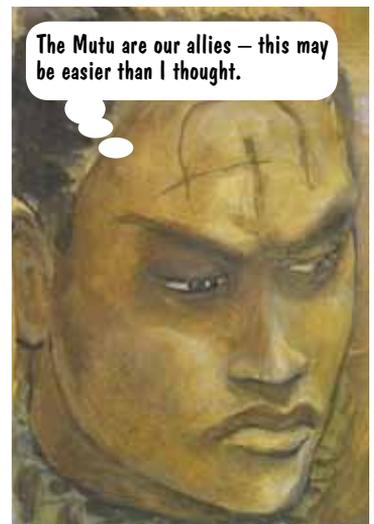


Well?

Whatever he says, I must not react. He watches, and will sell my response to another region.



Hulama and Lomo head toward the Mutu region.

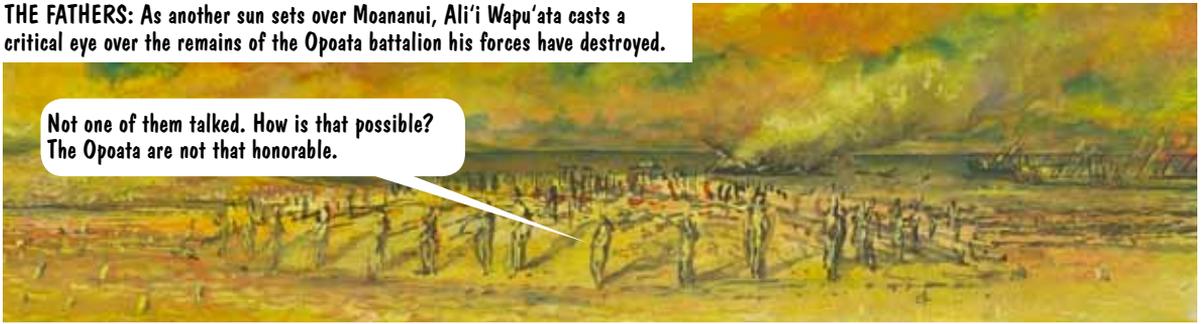


The Mutu are our allies — this may be easier than I thought.

As Ali'i Te'a of the 'Iapo heads to a peace conference, his daughter Noi searches for her brother, Hulama. Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuahu's forces attacked the Opoata who ambushed the duel between Hulama and Lomo'ino; the two young men travel undersea, under the 'oro'ino's power.

THE FATHERS: As another sun sets over Moananui, Ali'i Wapu'ata casts a critical eye over the remains of the Opoata battalion his forces have destroyed.

Not one of them talked. How is that possible?
The Opoata are not that honorable.



It may have nothing to do with honor. More urgently, though, I sense another, larger fleet approaching.

Will the reinforcements I wanted be here in time?

Yes, I believe we —

Then we should be fine. What bothers me is that our pursuit of the 'oro'ino is delayed again.

Why do I feel as if we are being strung along?



Meanwhile, several days' journey away . . .

I hope our delay has not endangered our standing with other groups. I fear tardiness will send the wrong message.

It was unavoidable.



It was completely avoidable. My son was not born to be used in someone's political maneuver.

I'm sure everyone would understand . . . should we choose to tell them.



THE HUNT FOR INFORMATION: Like a disease, word spreads about the 'oro'ino. Each place it touches is infected with curiosity, doubt and dread. These places seek to inoculate themselves through information. The 'lapo call their elders – living records – to the Hall of Gatherings.



The Kuahu go back to their clandestine source.

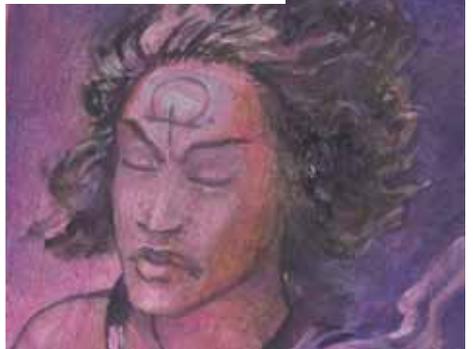


Of course there is always more information. The question is, who are you willing to sacrifice?

The Opoata find resonance in their thinking stones, translating the strange almost-language into human thought.



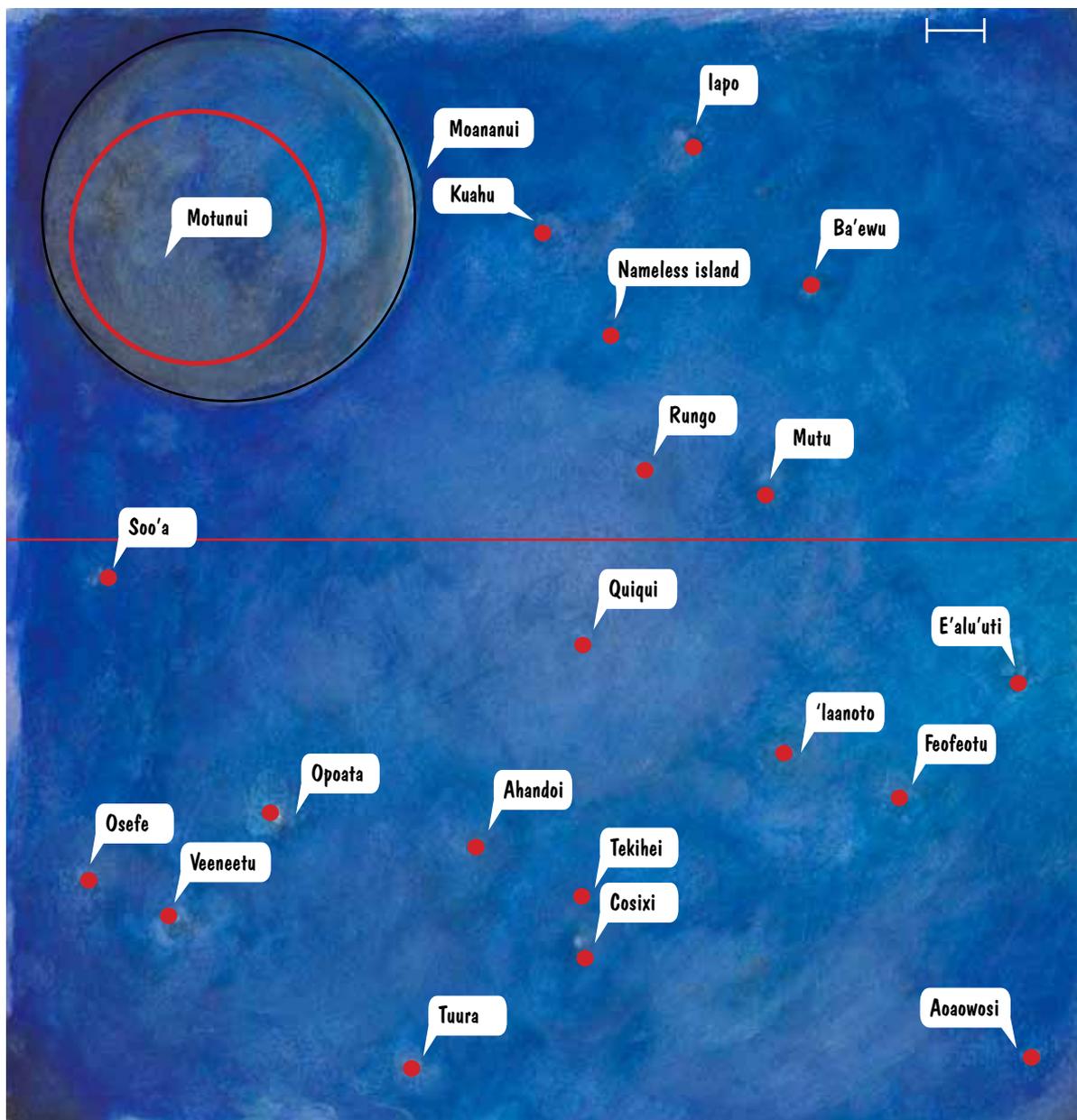
Ali'i Komevemeve summons her 'aumatua, Ujio'olaba, hoping its divine intelligence knows what mere humans do not.



Planet Honua

MOANANUI

1,000 miles

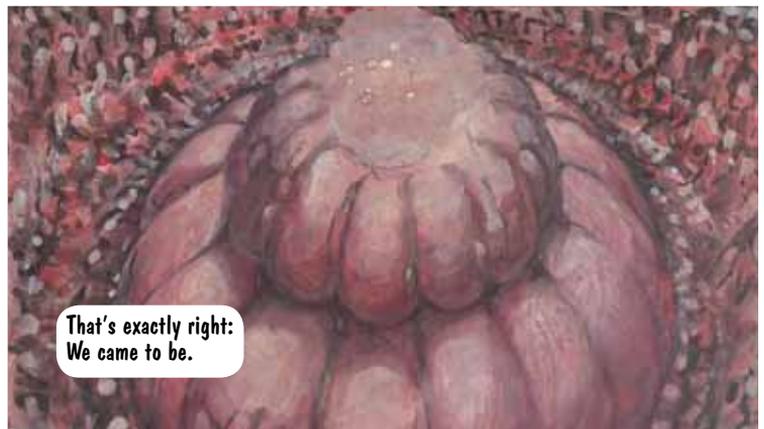
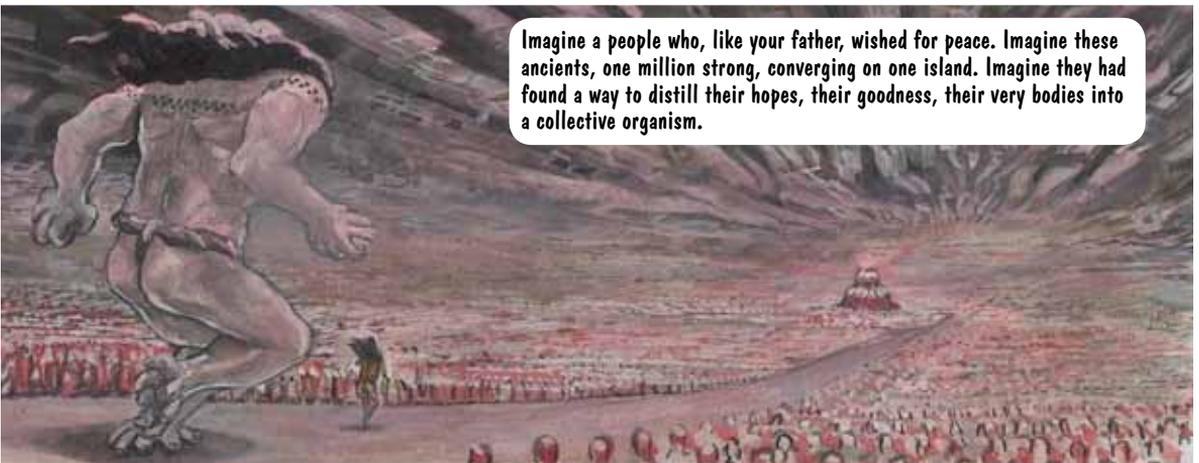


MOVEMENT IN MOANANUI

Polyfantastica pauses to take a look at the goings on in this vast archipelago in the year 39,999.

- 1 ALI'I TE'A: With his fleet, Te'a heads towards the peace council at Tekihe.
- 2 HULAMA & LOMO'INO: Under the 'oro'ino's influence, Hulama carries Lomo'ino underwater. They head toward the Mutu region.
- 3 ALI'I WAPU'ATA: On the nameless island, Wapu'ata and newly arrived reinforcements await another Opoata attack.
- 4 NOI: Noi takes a small fleet with her to search outposts near the nameless island, looking for her brother, Hulama.
- 5 KUIOMO: Kuiomo, his battle tahuna Nuapo, and a few ships head to the nameless island, seeking to stop Kuiomo's uncle, Wapu'ata, from starting a war with the Opoata and their allies.
- 6 OPOATA: A fleet of Opoata ships head toward the nameless island, to assist in the search for the 'oro'ino.

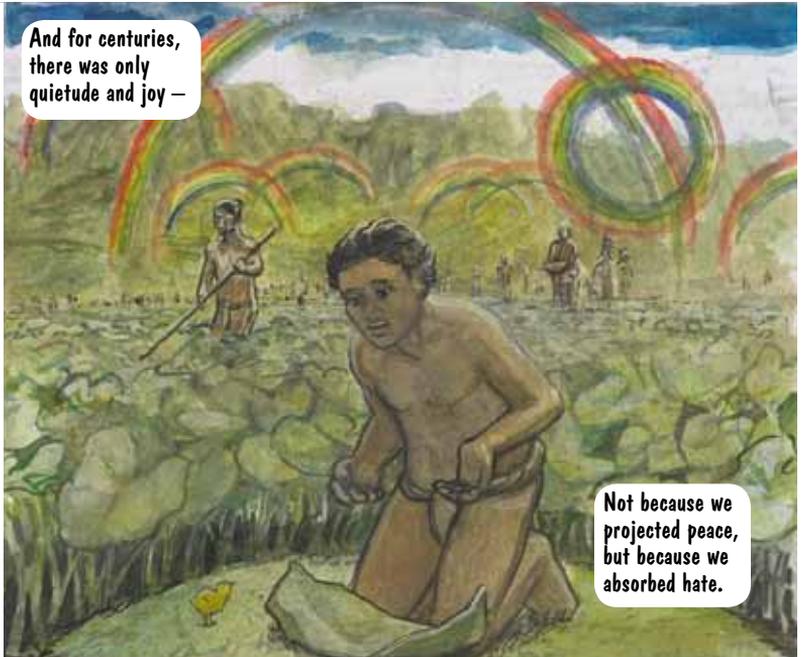
THE 'ORO'INO, PART ONE: Hulama and the recently "healed" Lomo'ino are guided by the 'oro'ino – both along the ocean floor, and on a journey through its own history.



THE 'ORO'INO, PART TWO: The 'oro'ino continues its story.

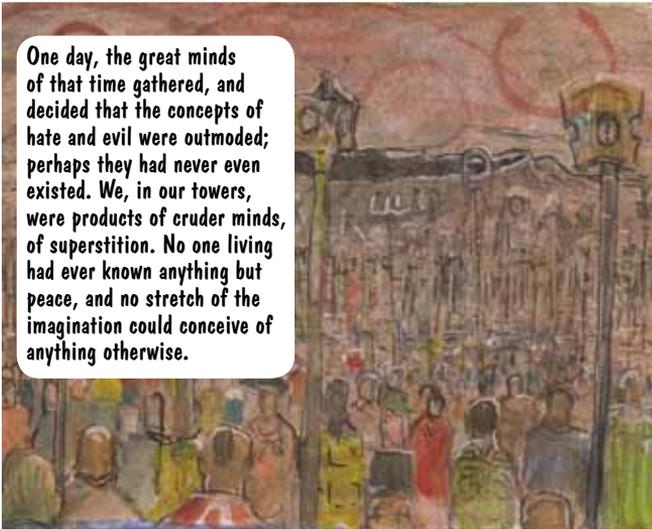


Nine of us were made. We sat in Towers of Hope, stationed across Moananui.

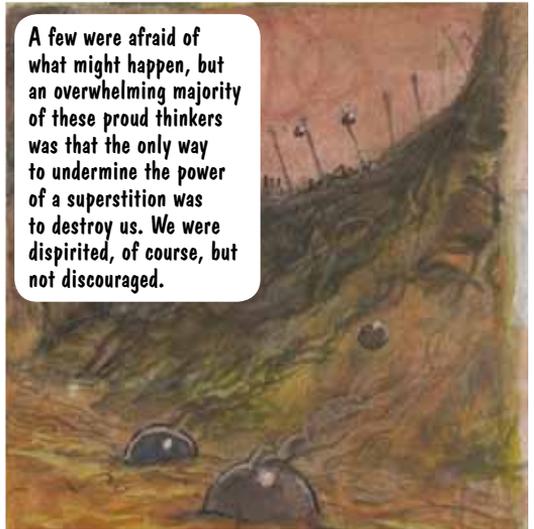


And for centuries, there was only quietude and joy –

Not because we projected peace, but because we absorbed hate.



One day, the great minds of that time gathered, and decided that the concepts of hate and evil were outmoded; perhaps they had never even existed. We, in our towers, were products of cruder minds, of superstition. No one living had ever known anything but peace, and no stretch of the imagination could conceive of anything otherwise.



A few were afraid of what might happen, but an overwhelming majority of these proud thinkers was that the only way to undermine the power of a superstition was to destroy us. We were dispirited, of course, but not discouraged.



We are still drawn to people, and every so often, we bubble up from the molten depths to befriend someone.



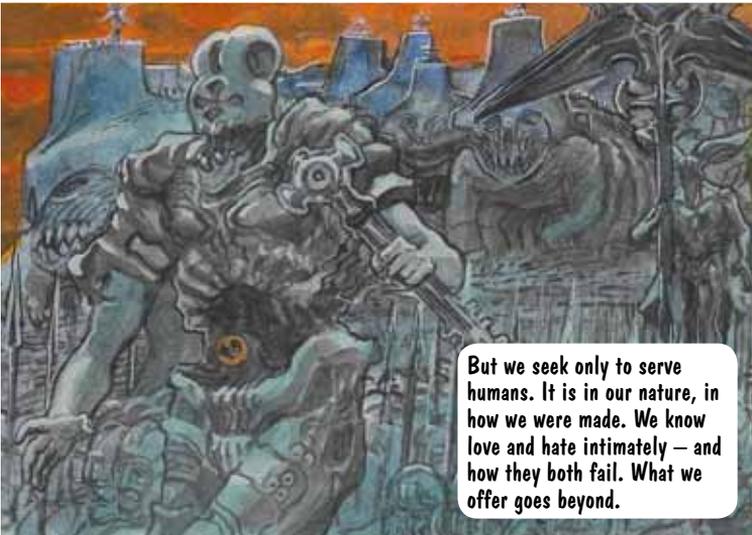
A special relationship often develops. A symbiosis.

THE 'ORO'INO, PART THREE: The 'oro'ino speaks of its relationship to humans.



It's true that we have created unparalleled warriors, raised great armies and established as many rulers as we have overthrown.

Often, this has been labelled as "evil" or "monstrous".



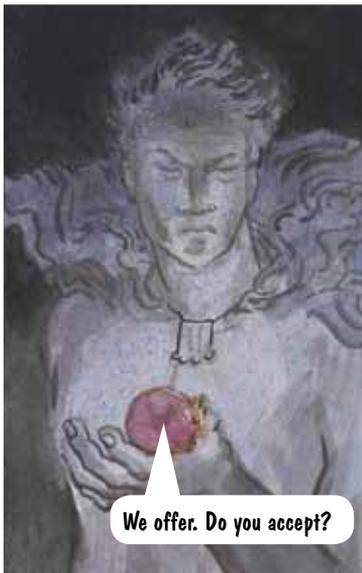
But we seek only to serve humans. It is in our nature, in how we were made. We know love and hate intimately – and how they both fail. What we offer goes beyond.



What we offer is a chance to do things differently. To upend what has come before.



Over and over again, we offer.

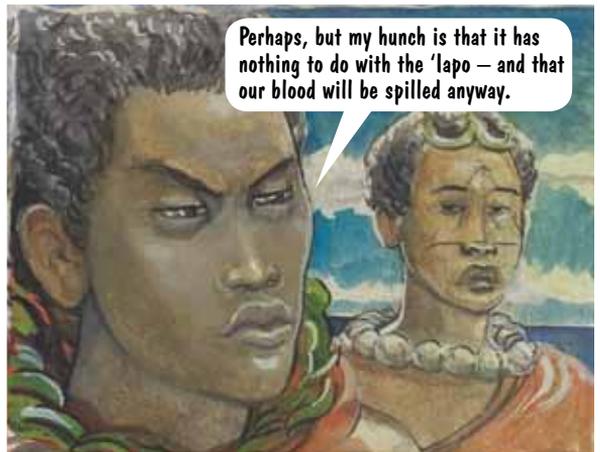
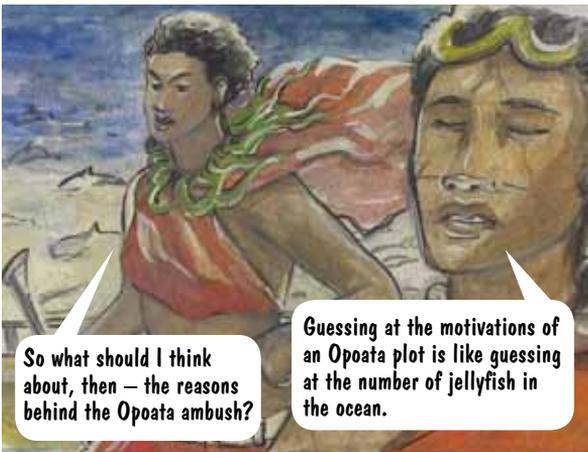


We offer. Do you accept?

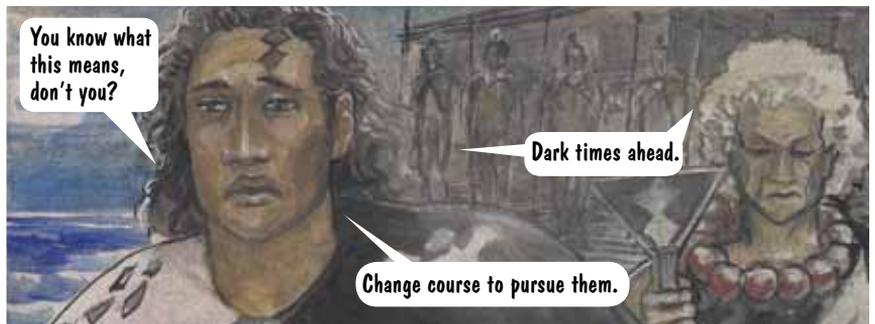
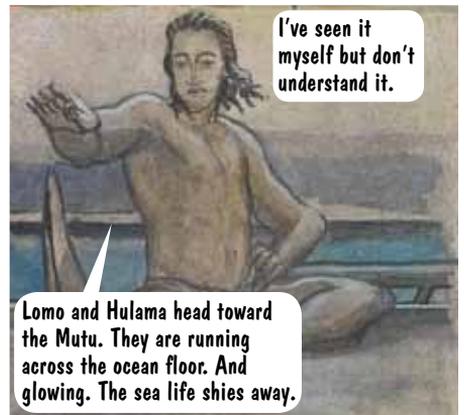


Noi of the 'Iapo sails, having been assigned with finding her brother, Hulama, after he is separated from their father, Ali'i Te'a. Kuimomo of the Kuahu unknowingly travels close by. He seeks to stop his uncle, Ali'i Wapu'ata, from waging war.

THE SEEKERS: Traveling in the wake of a massive pod of dolphins makes for easy sailing for Noi; her mind, however, is troubled.



Meanwhile...

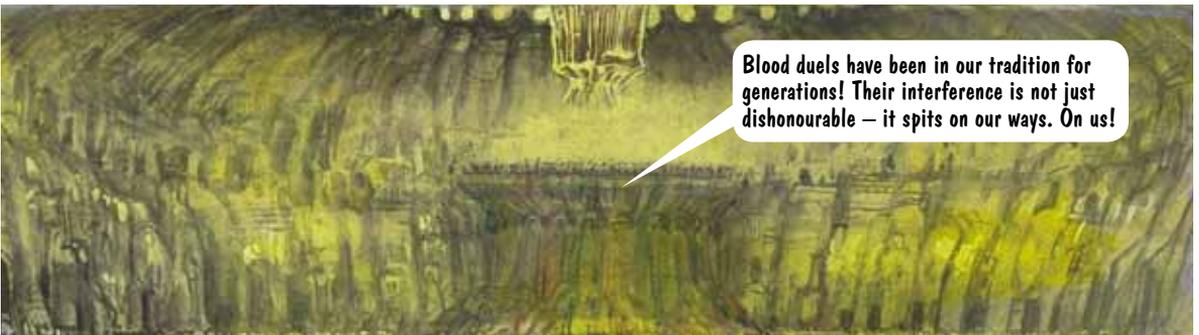


Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuahu seeks the 'oro 'ino, the powerful stone that was lost when his son Lomo and Hulama of the 'Iapo were ambushed by the Opoata. His first move, however, is to declare war on the Opoata.

TEKIHEI: Some words cannot be left unsaid, especially words of anger or hate. Most especially by someone in command. The Kuahu rally to support their leader — none more publicly than Ierau, the Kuahu diplomat at Tekihei. She has called out Fuuma, the Opoata diplomat, in front of everyone assembled. Ali'i Dea'oa tries to mediate.



It is a matter of honor!



Blood duels have been in our tradition for generations! Their interference is not just dishonourable — it spits on our ways. On us!



I wouldn't go so far —

We demand recompense! Ships! No tariffs on Kuahu goods at Opoata ports! Lowered trade restrictions!



Ierau, please, let's talk this over —



Ierau, let's calm down —



Calm! You dishonor my people, and you'll pay in trade — or blood!

Let's hope this was dramatic enough to keep them scrambling, make them forget the stone.

In the politically neutral city of Tekihei, diplomats gather to broker peace. The Kuahu representative, Ierau, tries to draw attention away from the 'oro'ino by being overly hostile to the Opoata.

BREAK DOWN: Ali'i Dea'oa replies to Ierau's aggression.

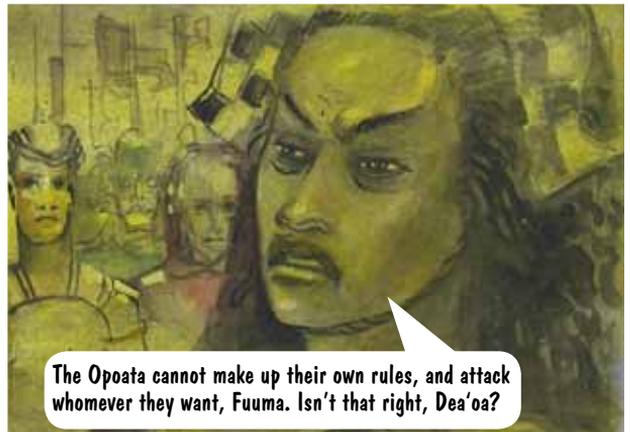


Don't speak so lightly of blood, Ierau. What we know of killing is slight, compared to the widespread war our ancestors lived with daily. It is no coincidence that we strive for peace at Tekihei: this very dais was once the site of regular, ritual executions. We must meet here to negotiate and to temper these negotiations with mindfulness.

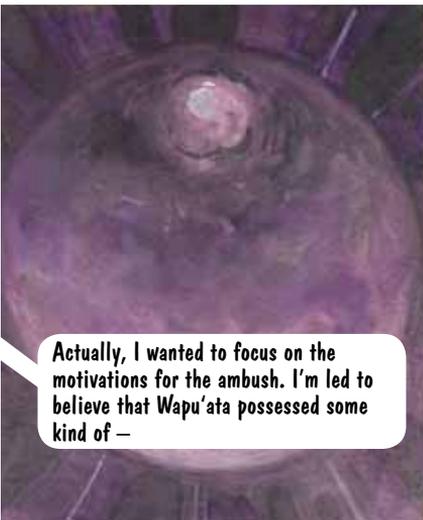
Fuuma of the Opoata, you may now speak.



I do not think warfare is necessary, but the Opoata are not willing to meet those demands. I feel they are outside reason.



The Opoata cannot make up their own rules, and attack whomever they want, Fuuma. Isn't that right, Dea'oa?



Actually, I wanted to focus on the motivations for the ambush. I'm led to believe that Wapu'ata possessed some kind of —



Enough! It is apparent no one will look out for us but one of our own. Wapu'ata will lead us to justice and victory!

Oh my ali'i, that didn't buy you as much time as you need. Please forgive me . . .

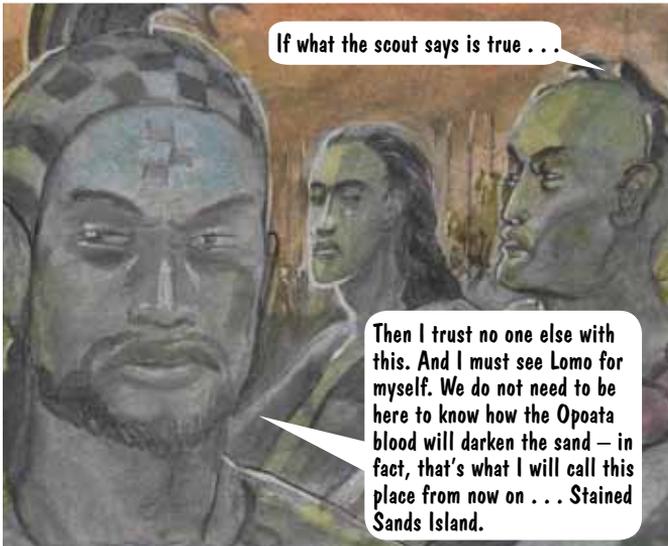
Diplomatic talks between the Kuahu and Opoata have broken down. Their armies prepare for war.

REINFORCEMENTS: Another sunset on the nameless island finds it transformed. The kukui groves have been cut down, the wood used to make hale for sleeping and storage, cooking fires for troops, and pikes to fortify the beachheads. Tupua sharks troll the waters. Kuahu Ali'i Wapu'ata, with his head tahuna and a tupua scout, surveys his completed orders. He is pleased.



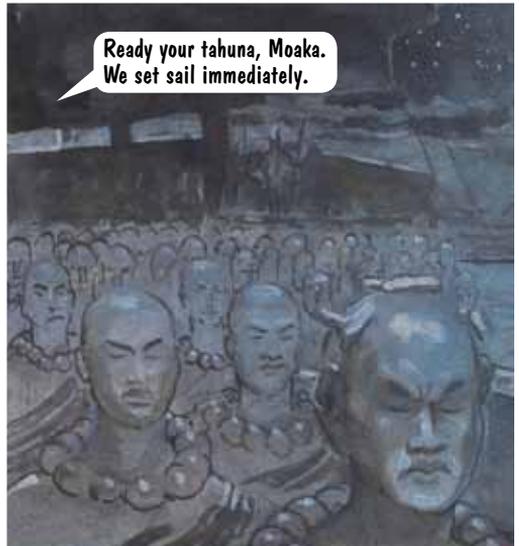
We are ready for any fight the Opoata wish to start. One of my top generals has arrived. We are free to go.

I did not realize we were pursuing the 'oro'ino ourselves.

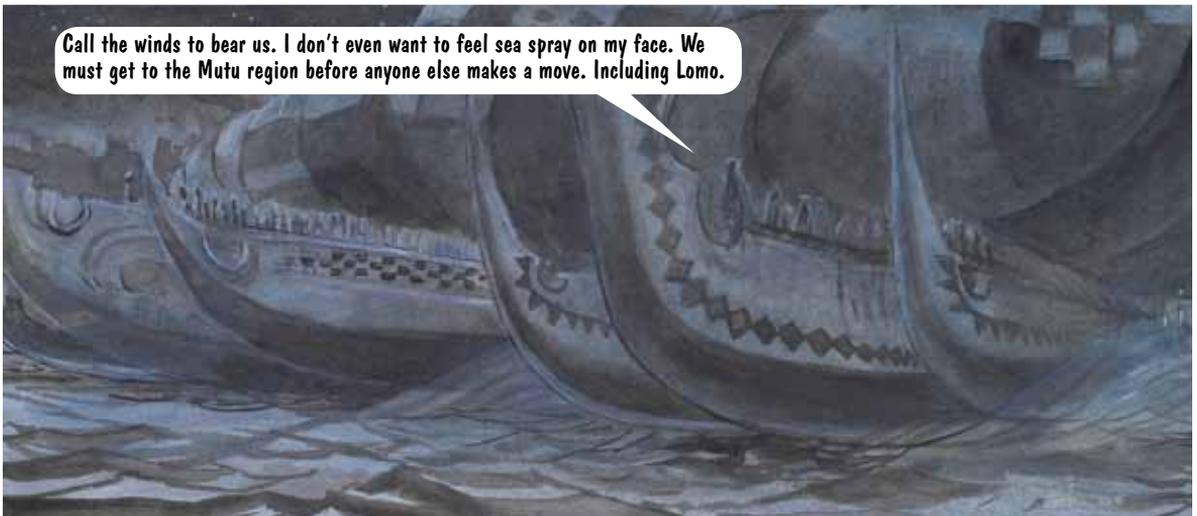


If what the scout says is true . . .

Then I trust no one else with this. And I must see Lomo for myself. We do not need to be here to know how the Opoata blood will darken the sand — in fact, that's what I will call this place from now on . . . Stained Sands Island.



Ready your tahuna, Moaka. We set sail immediately.



Call the winds to bear us. I don't even want to feel sea spray on my face. We must get to the Mutu region before anyone else makes a move. Including Lomo.

Ali'i Te'a of the 'Iapo sails to a peace council at Tekihe; however, the Kuahu and Opoata are already at war. Hulama, Te'a's son, and the royal Kuahu son are missing, and in possession of a stone of power, an 'oro'ino. People in all of Moananui's regions seek information about the stone.

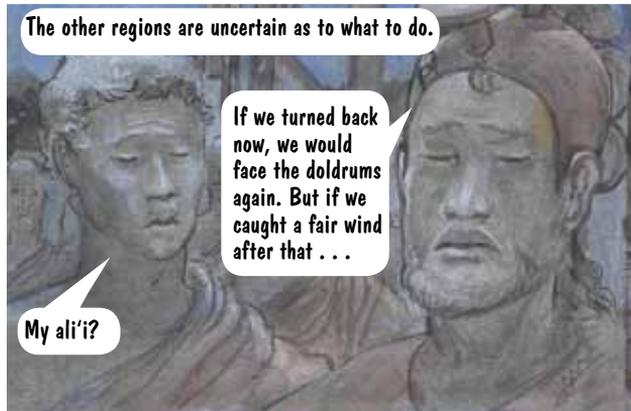
DUTY: Te'a's ship is more than halfway to Tekihe. The wind is steady. His party could be there in two weeks. Yet, tonight the sails are furled. They drift.



Dea'oa could not draw either side back to the discussion table?

The Opoata will see no one, and the Kuahu have left Tekihe completely.

I need more time to think.



The other regions are uncertain as to what to do.

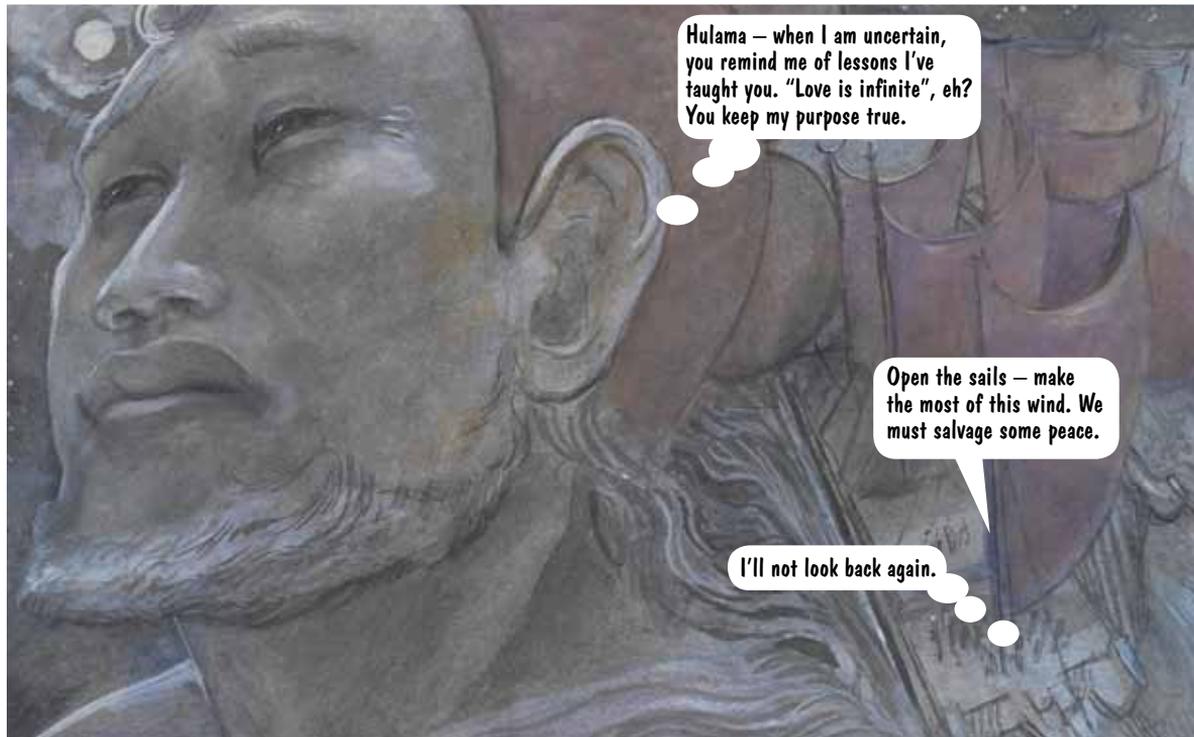
If we turned back now, we would face the doldrums again. But if we caught a fair wind after that . . .

My ali'i?



I feel that you are of two minds.

Part of me is with my son, yes. What father abandons his son? What leader abandons his people? All are in great need. If only there was more time!



Hulama – when I am uncertain, you remind me of lessons I've taught you. "Love is infinite", eh? You keep my purpose true.

Open the sails – make the most of this wind. We must salvage some peace.

I'll not look back again.

After the Opoata ambush a duel between Kuahu and the 'Iapo, the Kuahu declare war on the Opoata, for the insult and the loss of the 'oro'ino, a sacred stone. Diplomacy yields no fruit for either side.

SETTING SAIL: It is war for the Opoata and Kuahu. Always ready for battle, the Kuahu take little effort to mobilize more warriors and canoes.



Hundreds of hulls slice through the dark water. Thousands of men, proud Kuahu all, anticipate a fierce fight. But only a handful know where their leader is and what he actually seeks.



Less sure are the Opoata. Many hope only to stave off the Kuahu from decimating their villages. Their canoes plow onward. The golden sails will flash brightly when the sun rises, a great, shining curtain on the water's surface.



The navigators feel the tang of the ocean air. The taste is salty, like blood.

An Opoata ambush of the Kuahu cut off Hulama of the 'Iapo and Lomo of the Kuahu from their ships offshore. With the ships forced to retreat, the rest of the Opoata moved in, only to find that all their troops have been killed. Refreshed Kuahu forces opened battle on the Opoata. There are losses on both sides.

RETURN: Hope and disbelief hurry the footsteps of a Kuahu youth. He refuses to listen to what the other children said they saw — will not listen until he talks to his mother.



A crowd is gathered.



One look at her and there is no longer doubt.



Thousands of miles away, in the Opoata region:



A funeral procession.



The first fallen have returned home.



The Kuahu have declared war on the Opoata and broken off negotiations at Tekihe, Moananui's diplomatic center, in front of representatives from all 67 other regions. Opoata and Kuahu legions mobilize.

ACROSS MOANANUI: As soon as is permissible, the diplomats at Tekihe race back to their quarters, some stumbling on their ceremonial garb in their haste.



THE E'ALU'UTI



THE TUURA

The messages they send home all bear the same tidings: War. Secrecy. And prepare.



THE BA'EWU



THE AHANDOI

And so the people do. Across Moananui, lines are being drawn. Forces and supplies are gathered. Tahuna are consulted, prayers are offered. Alliances are negotiated, reconsidered.

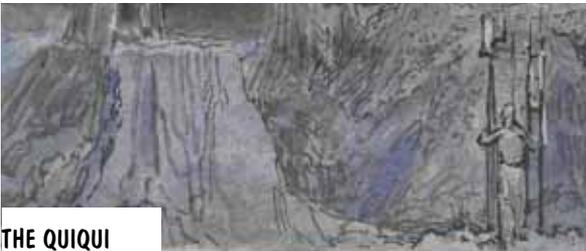


THE 'IANOTO



THE AOAWOSI

Some prepare to fight, if pressed. Some still campaign for peace. All hunker down for the long campaigns they know lie ahead.



THE QUIQUI



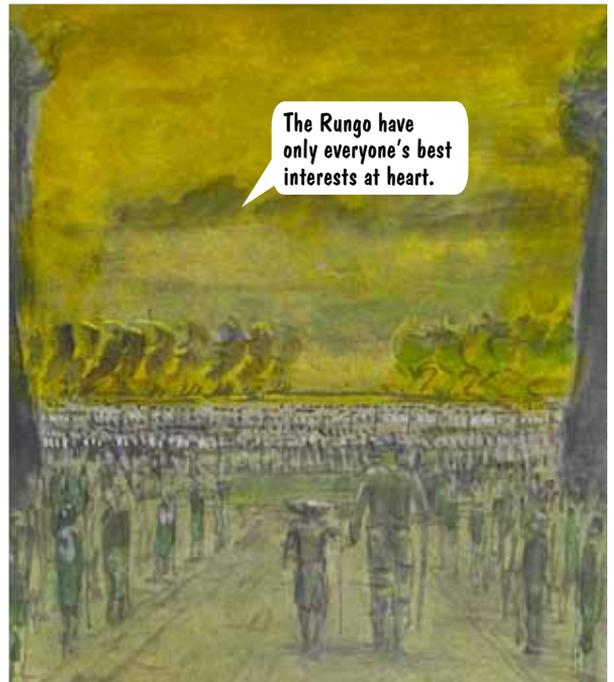
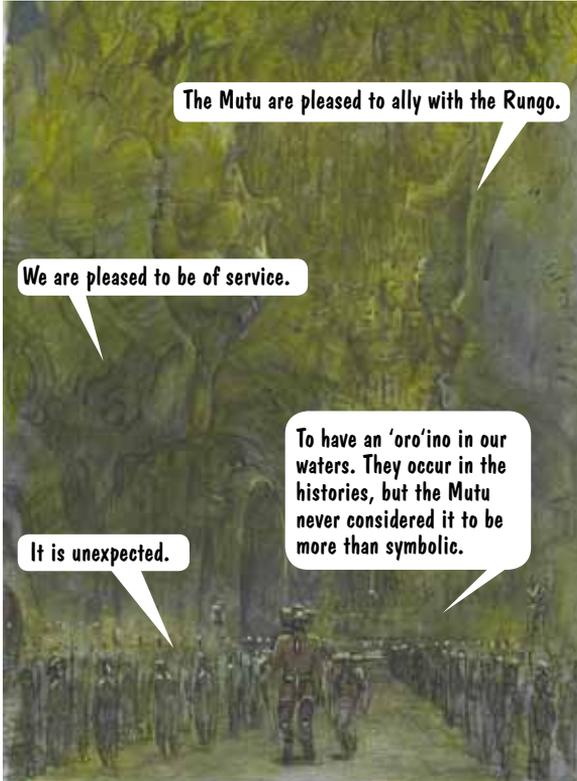
THE FEOFEOTU

The sky is bright. The sea is calm. It is more than water that is creating distance in Moananui.



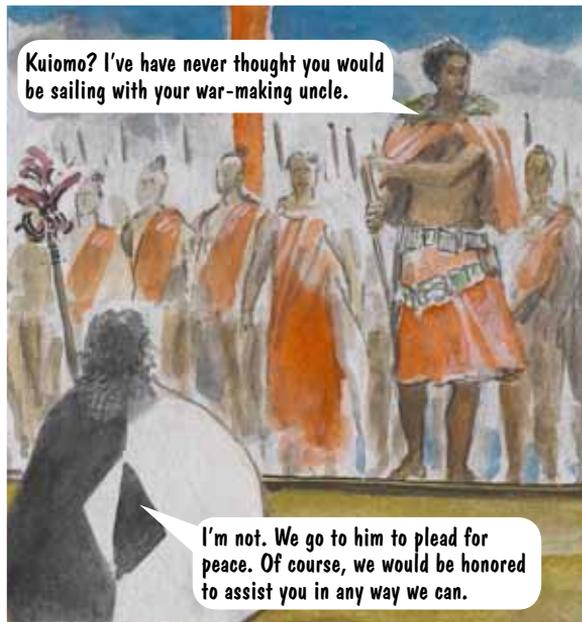
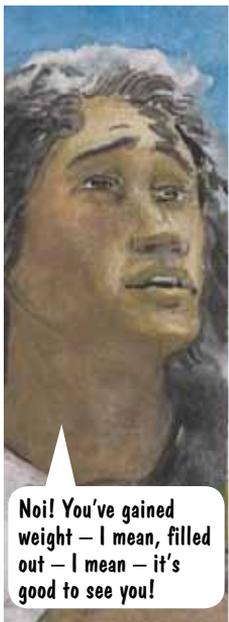
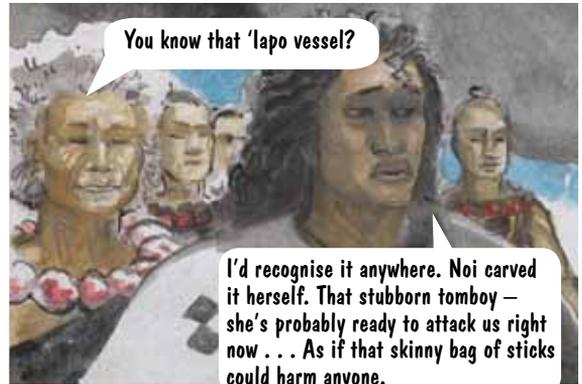
The Kuahu unearthed a stone of power, an 'oro'ino. Lomo, the son of the Kuahu ali'i, is wearing it when he and Hulama of the 'Iapo disappear. They are seen traveling with it underwater. Information of the 'oro'ino and its location spreads.

THE RUNGO AND MUTU: Spies uncover that Lomo'ino and Hulama are heading toward the Mutu region. Oreamu, the great, famed general of the Rungo, seeks audience with Toihesi, leader of the Mutu. The Mutu worry how they will police their waters once the stone surfaces; the Rungo offer protection.

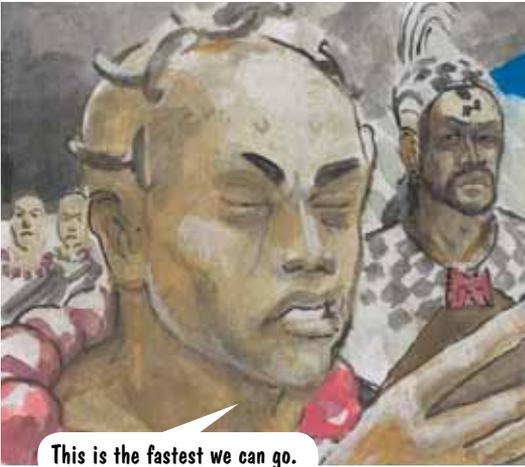


While the Kuahu and Opoata are at war, the two camps, along with several other groups, also search for the stone of power, the 'oro'ino. It is in possession of Lomo'ino and Hulama; under its protection, they travel hundreds of miles underwater.

THE SHARK AND THE DOLPHIN: Forces are converging in the Mutu region, where Hulama, Lomo'ino, and – most important – the 'oro'ino have been spotted. Noi of the 'lapo, however, cares only for her brother, Hulama, and is willing to kill to find him.



VEENEETU ATTACK: Moaka, the Kuahu battle tahuna, tires. For days, he has been exerting all his energy on swift travel for Wapu'ata's fleet. All the tahuna are drained.



This is the fastest we can go.



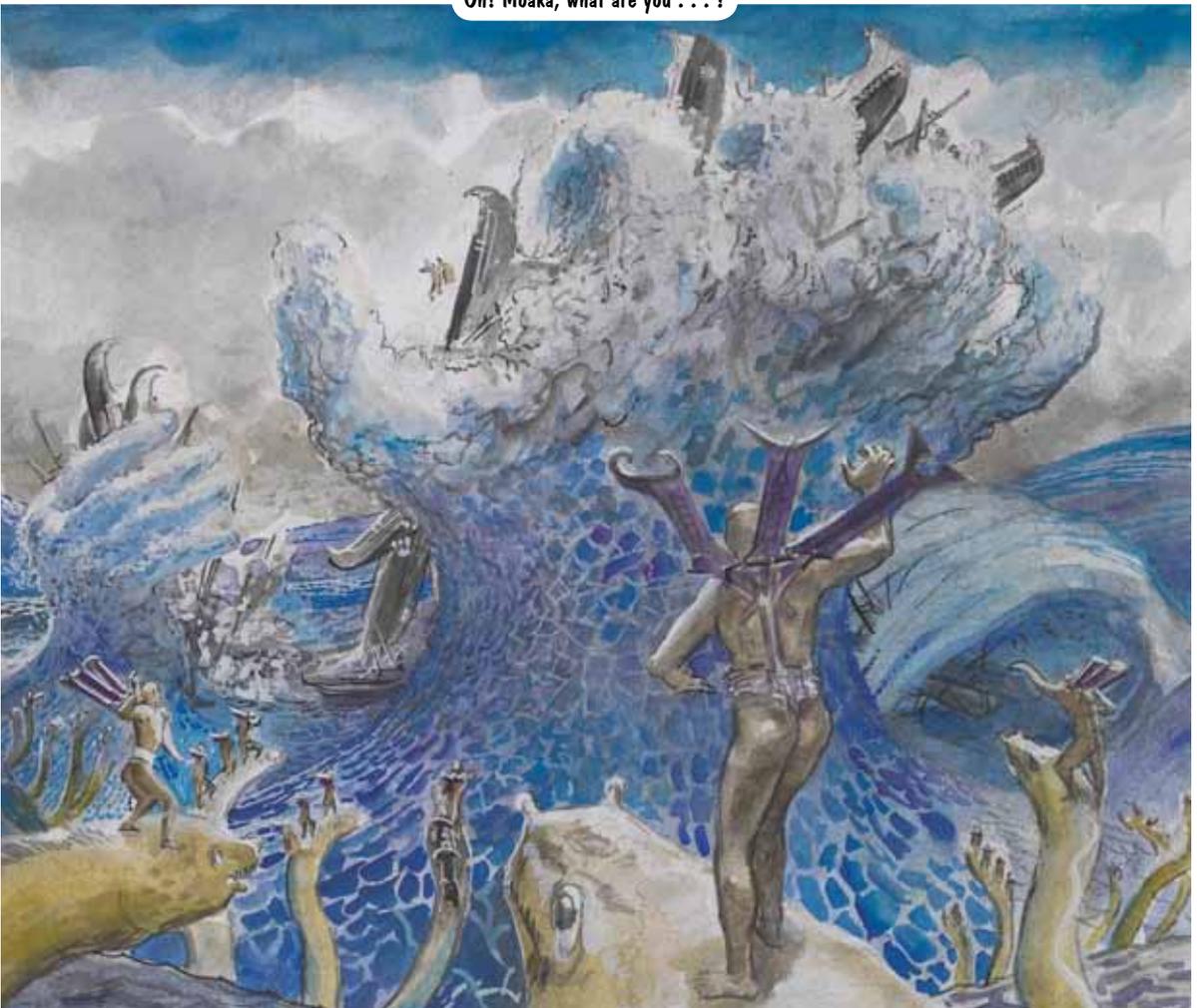
I need more speed — I know the other regions are getting close. I am certain of it.

But we are outpacing our tupua scouts! We are completely vulnerable!

We wouldn't be, if we were going fast enough!



Oh! Moaka, what are you . . . ?



All forces are being guided to the Mutu region. Hulama and Lomo'ino, under the protection of the 'oro'ino, travel there underwater. Noi of the 'Iapo and Kuiomo of the Kuahu join forces. At the region's edge, Ali'i Wapu'ata's fleet is attacked by the Veeneetu.

RUNGO ATTACK: The seas are choppy. Huna and warfare make for rough water. Oreamu, general of the Rungo, concentrates on his own inner stillness.



It is there.



We must be careful not to betray our presence until we're ready.



Looks like we have company.



Maybe they're friendly.



Maybe not.

Let's greet them properly, shall we?



The Veeneetu attack the Kuahu at the edge of the Mutu region, while Ali'i Wapu'ata is too distracted in his quest for the 'oro'ino to properly secure his fleet.

MOAKA'S FAREWELL: The battle should have lasted two long days, but did not go as expected. It should have been an easy victory for the Kuahu, but for the weakened tahuna. It should have been an easy victory for the Veeneetu, but for the fierce fighting spirit within all Kuahu.

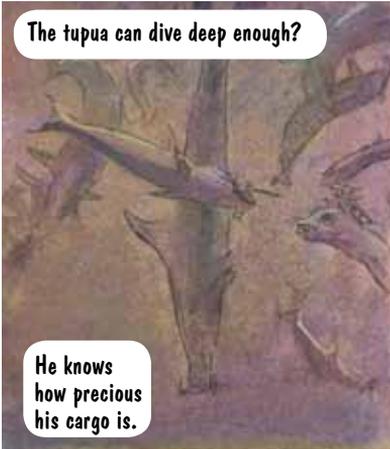


Still, the Veeneetu can all but taste success.



Has Wapu'ata escaped?

Yes, sir.



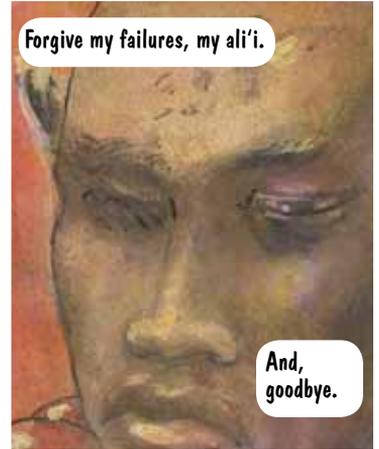
The tupua can dive deep enough?

He knows how precious his cargo is.



His fate rests with the akua, then.

Perhaps they will protect him better than I could.

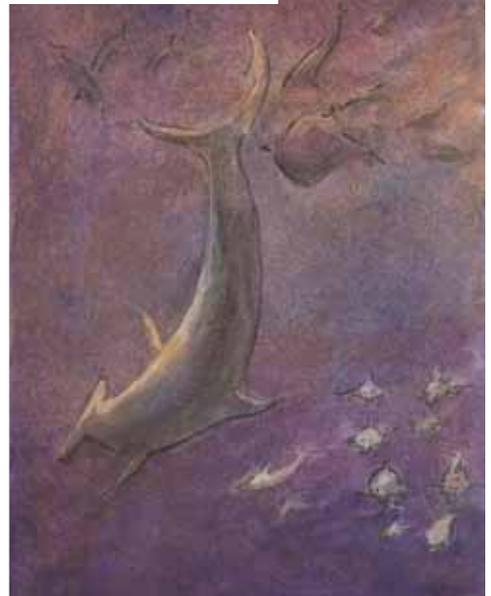


Forgive my failures, my ali'i.

And, goodbye.

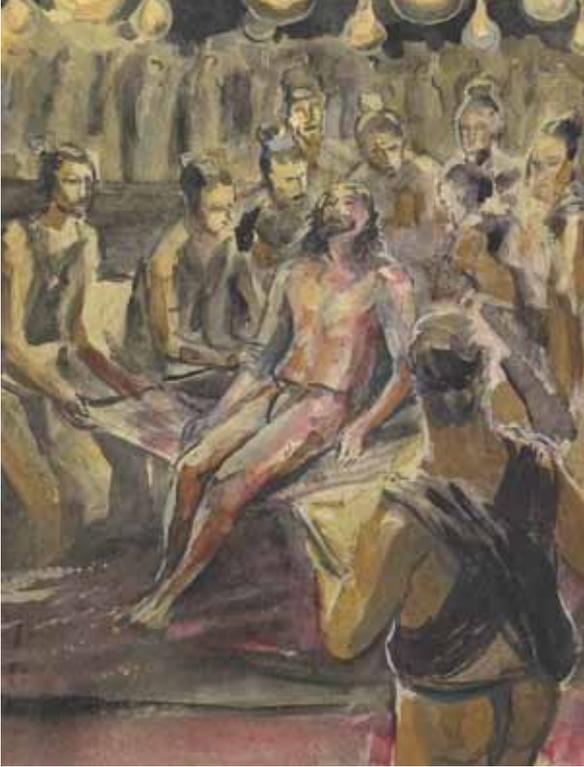


Perhaps it is providence: a pod of dolphins approaches.

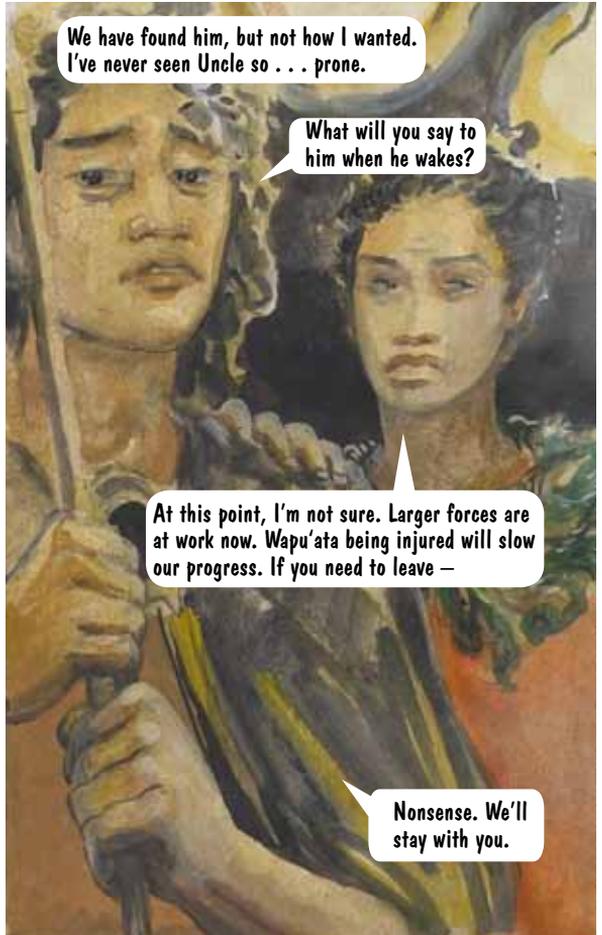


Ali'i Wapu'ata of the Kuahu is among many searching for the 'oro'ino, which was lost to him during an ambush by the Opoata. He journeys to the Mutu region, and is beset by the Veeneetu. His ships are destroyed, and he narrowly escapes.

THE ANXIOUS CAREGIVERS: Noi's tupua dolphins guide Wapu'ata's guards to her and Kuiomo's ships. He is cut out of the belly of the giant shark that protected him.



He is alive, but injured and unconscious. The glowing ipu lamps cast light over those tending him, but also bring out shadows.



We have found him, but not how I wanted. I've never seen Uncle so . . . prone.

What will you say to him when he wakes?

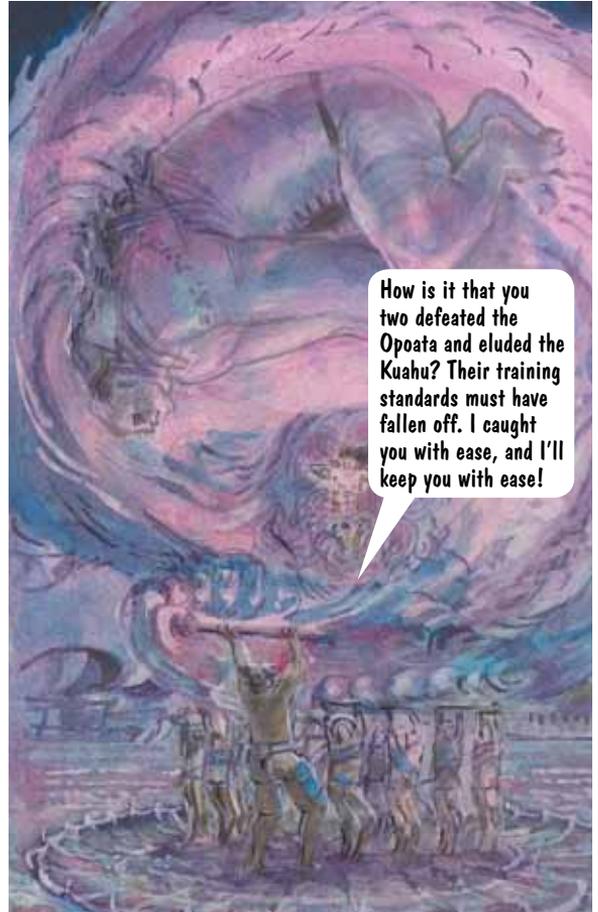
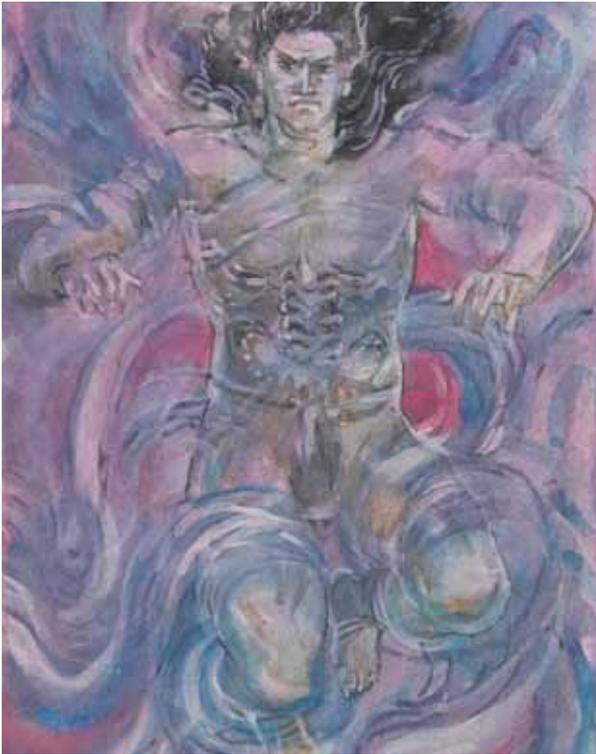
At this point, I'm not sure. Larger forces are at work now. Wapu'ata being injured will slow our progress. If you need to leave –

Nonsense. We'll stay with you.

Banding together is the only way we'll survive what's on the horizon.

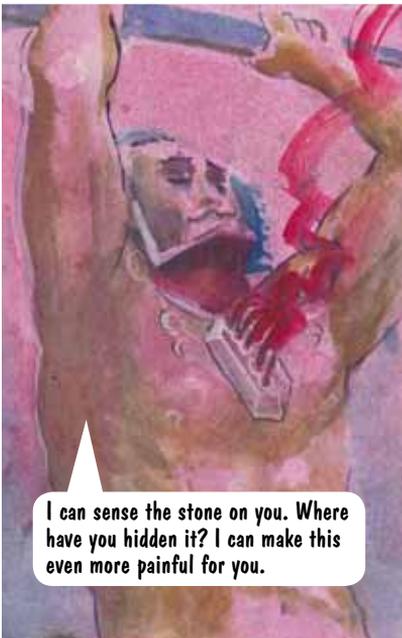
General Oreamu of the Rungo has allied with the Mutu to recover the 'oro'ino, which is being held by Hulama and Lomo'ino. The stone guides the two underwater, but Oreamu tracks them down.

BATTLE WITH OREAMU, PART ONE: Hulama is caught: After leaping out of the water to meet Oreamu, the general and his men send up a giant, jellyfishlike net to hold them.



How is it that you two defeated the Opoata and eluded the Kuahu? Their training standards must have fallen off. I caught you with ease, and I'll keep you with ease!

Both Hulama and Lomo'ino have been in its paralyzing grip for hours. It is clear that Oreamu has more power than the average military man.



I can sense the stone on you. Where have you hidden it? I can make this even more painful for you.



Where is . . .



Ali'i Te'a of the 'Iapo is sailing to Tekihei to attend a peace summit. He is waylaid by the Kuahu, and is forced to have his son fight a duel. The duel is ambushed by the Opoata, and Te'a is cut off from his son. Brokenhearted, he continues on to Tekihei.

TEKIHEI, AT LAST: Te'a has been travelling for weeks. He and his men are exhausted as they land at Tekihei. While they can finally rest, Te'a must continue to his true destination: the peace council. Or what's left of it.



He schools his features into calmness, and carefully weighs what he will say. Any false step and they will all scatter.



My brothers and sisters: A great wave is building. It gathers speed and power. You all feel its pull, and that is why you are here. I entreat you: We must stand together, with great forbearance, and it will break at our collective feet. Apart, we will be smashed into oblivion.

Well spoken, Te'a but —



Waves come in sets.



General Oreamu of the Rungo has tracked the underwater movements of Hulama and Lomo'ino. He seeks the 'oro'ino, which Hulama has taken into his belly. When the two surface, Oreamu traps them in a stinging jellyfish net. The 'oro'ino then awakens.

BATTLE WITH OREAMU, PART TWO: The 'oro'ino devours Oreamu's net, freeing Hulama. Oreamu, the consummate warrior, attacks again, this time with his staff.



You have something we want.

You'll get something else instead, boy.



Now who's caught and kept with ease — boy?



That's my —

We know what it is.



And it's ours now.

General Oreamu of the Rungo thinks he has trapped Lomo'ino and Hulama, but in hand-to-hand combat Hulama bests him. Hulama also takes half of another 'oro'ino that Oreamu wears around his neck – and ingests it.

BATTLE WITH OREAMU, PART THREE: The jellyfish platform twists and bucks, changing to Hulama's will. Waves of power charge away from him, and they threaten to capsize the surrounding ships.



Oh, yes. This feels good.
This feels . . . right.



Thank you for reuniting
us with our family.



No, you can't do this!
It's too much power –



Haven't you realized that word no
longer applies to us? "Can't"?
Come, Lomo'ino. Let us show the
general just how much is possible.

THE RUNGO ATTACK: Rungo tupua dogs leap to defend their general.



Their attack is frenzied — partly in response to the charged atmosphere around them, and partly in fear.



They lunge in a pack, hoping to rip the two men to pieces.

Like a child batting away pests with a branch, Hulama swats away the growling horde.



The last thing many of them think is how much Hulama seems to be enjoying himself.

THE RISE OF HULOMO: The packs of tupua dogs circle, see their opening, then attack. Hulama swings Lomo'ino's body like a giant cudgel, but the dogs use Lomo'ino's size and heft against the two, using quick, darting bites.



This is not going to work. We must try something new, see what these new powers are good for.



Open up. Time for you to carry us for a change.



We find the view from here much better.

Hulama and Lomo'ino battle Rungo General Oreamu and his tupua troops. Hulama has taken Ormeau's half of an 'oro'ino, and with the increased power, he enters a cavity in Lomo'ino's body. They are now Hulomo.

THE OSEFE SURFACE: The Rungo had not anticipated a fight like this — how hard could it be to take the stone from two youths? But with Oreamu down, lesser officers want to retreat. A sudden shaking from the ocean depths stops them.



Ships appear, seemingly out of nowhere, surrounding the area. Both the ships and their crews are lit by an eerie, yellow glow. The Rungo are trapped.

Osefe. Lost sailors and ships, reanimated by Death Masters. They cannot be killed, and those they kill are added to their ranks.



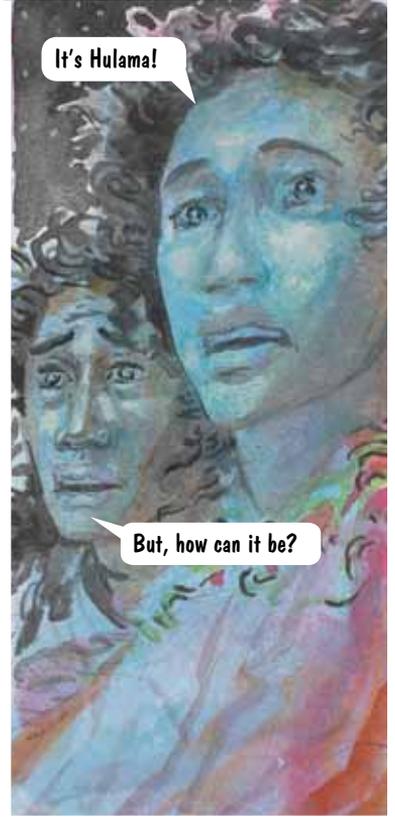
Welcome! Took you long enough to get here.



This big, fleshy goon is not going to last long — but hopefully, it will be long enough.

The many factions involved in the hunt for the 'oro'ino converge outside of the Mutu region. Hulomo, bearer of the 'oro'ino, faces his next challenger, a Death Master of the Osefe.

THE DEATH MASTER, PART ONE: The battle is fierce. Huna crackles like lightning around the Death Master and Hulomo. Hulama jumps out of Lumo'ino's body, in order to fight the Death Master in hand-to-hand combat.



It's Hulama!

But, how can it be?



Well, hello there.



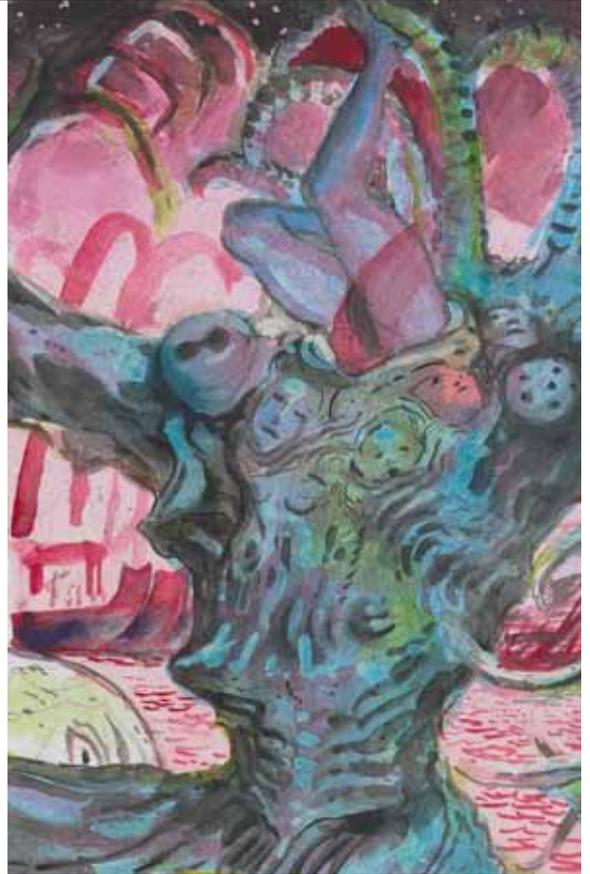
Let's get to know each other a little more intimately, shall we?

Hulama battles with an Osefe Death Master; from a distance, Noi and Kuiomo watch the battle, unable to comprehend how Hulama would up in such a situation, or his powerful response.

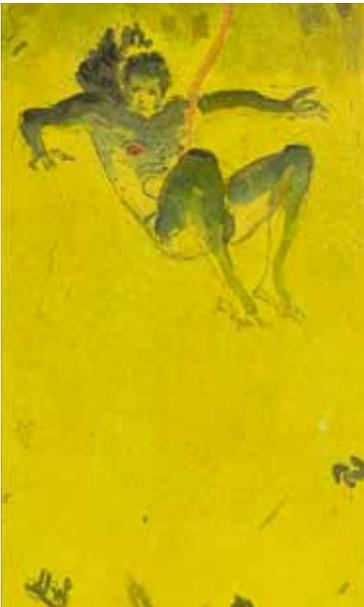
THE DEATH MASTER, PART TWO: Hulama and a Death Master grapple, each trying to subdue the other. In a sudden movement, Hulama climbs up the Death Master's torso, until he is level with its lifeless faces.



Don't be shy. We just want to honi.



Hulama falls . . . into another world. It is the Death Master's interior landscape.

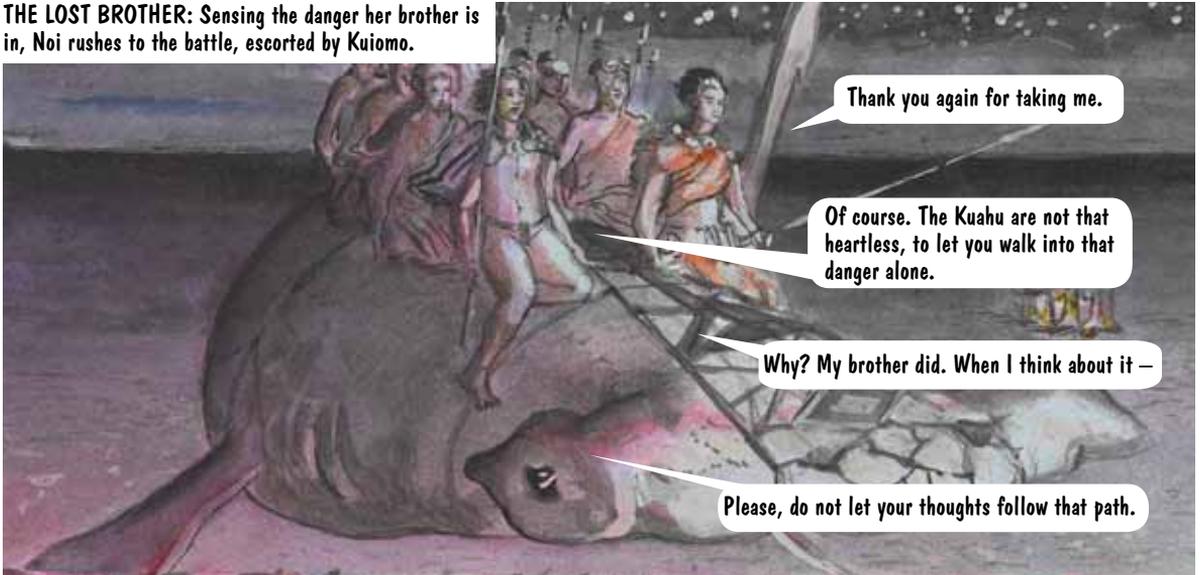


Somewhere in this alien place is the Death Master's secret, its source.



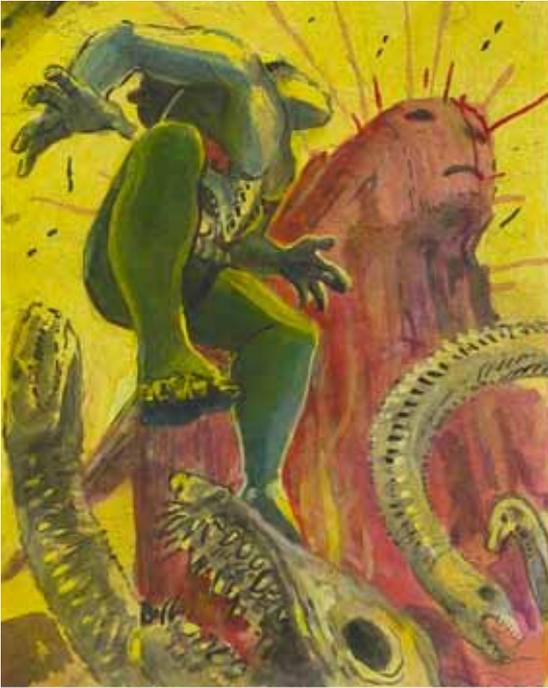
Hulama grapples with an Osefe Death Master, forces open one of its mouths and crawls in. He enters a strange landscape, and sets off to find the creature's heart.

THE LOST BROTHER: Sensing the danger her brother is in, Noi rushes to the battle, escorted by Kuiomo.



Hulama is on a metaphysical journey inside an Osefe Death Master.

THE DEATH MASTER, PART THREE: Hulama is on a metaphysical journey inside an Osefe Death Master. With a surefootedness like destiny, Hulama continues in his search. Soon enough, he spots his goal.



Is that all the protection you had? How . . . disappointing. We were expecting many more demons, so to speak.

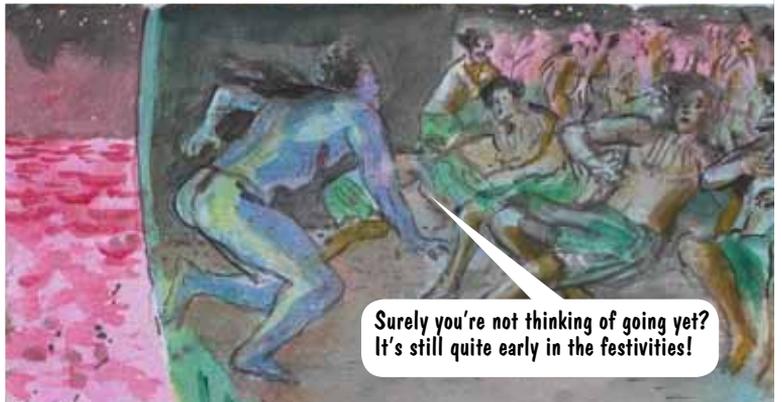
Now that we're here, we want to talk with you about something. No need to get up. We'll come closer; we want to whisper in your ear . . .



In the outside world, the battle is . . . uncertain. Lomo'ino's prone body floats, lifeless. The Death Master has sunk back into the depths, and the Osefe soldiers are frozen in mid-movement. Few ships remain afloat, the crews uncertain and tense.

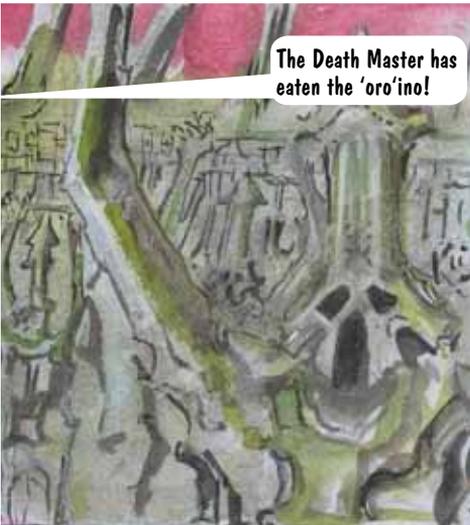


Is it over?



Surely you're not thinking of going yet? It's still quite early in the festivities!

FROM WHERE THEY STAND: *On the deck of a Mutu ship, Hulama hears the waters break. He tenses. It is the Osefe. As he turns to survey them, the Mutu take advantage of the situation by fleeing – all except three who remain, out of fear, or curiosity, or ambition.*



STIRRING: *Noi's voice carries deep into Hulama, then into the stone itself, to a chamber where many slumber. But, this voice speaks to Hulama only.*

It is a voice of tending childhood scrapes, a hand holding his when he was too small to walk on his own. It is the voice of his family, separate from what he has become with the 'oro'ino.



CHOOSING A PATH: Abruptly, the ethereal door is shut, and Hulama is sealed within his tomb again.

Away? But we're right at home. We have a better idea — come join us.



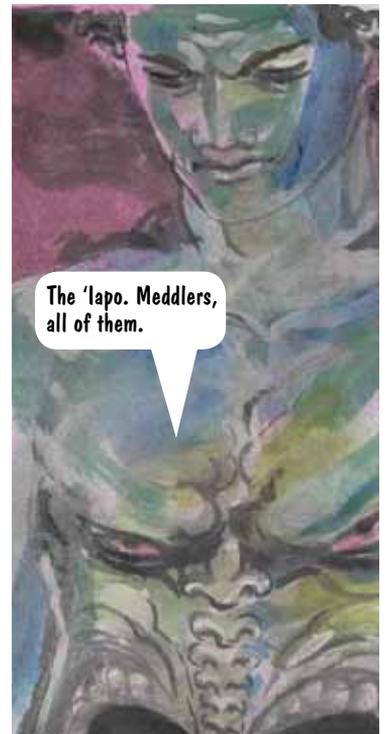
Noi, my dear heart, that is not Hulama! We must leave now!



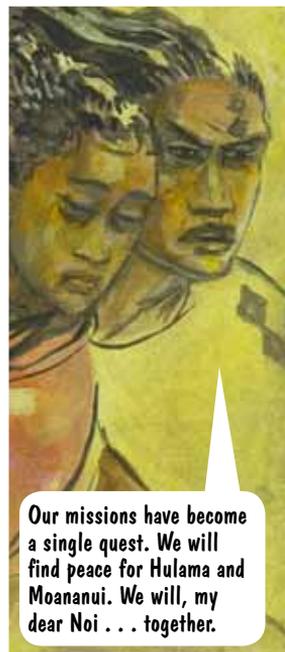
Hulama!



The 'lapo. Meddlers, all of them.



END OF VOLUME ONE, WHERE IT STANDS: Any remaining Mutu and Rungo ships have been sunk, and their numbers added to the Osefe horde. Hulama stands on Lomo's fallen, floating body, welcoming his new generals. They are the only living beings for miles.



978 1 921503 12 2

