(This transcript is written to reflect the Hawaiian pidgin dialect throughout the story)

This story is supernatural and eerie and tropical.

Floorboard 9: The Stone's Shade *(by Scott Hanada)*

soft ocean waves crash

Everyone who's anyone who grows up on the islands knows never take rocks from the beach.

low, ominous drums

Everyone get one second cousin or neighbor's uncle who did; and bad tings when happen to dem.

drums crescendo, then break with the call of a bush warbler and ukulele

3-foot waves tumbled up onto the white sand beach down the street from Kawika's house. It was one perfect summer day, and he wasn't gonna waste any of it.

The slap slap slapping of his rubber slippahs against his feet accompanied the feel of oven-hot sand spraying against his back and a subtle smell of coconut in the air.

(Cuz he stay wearing sunscreen. Rememba always wear sunscreen no matter what.)

Kawika swam out into the cool, clear Pacific. He floated, utterly alone.

a beat. followed by a twang of one ukulele string, slowly going out of tune

Instinctively, he turned toward the depths.

Diving down, Kawika found the coolest rock ever, poking out of the sand.

low drums again

A black, shark-tooth-shaped rock about the size of his hand.

Out of air, Kawika pocketed the rock in his board shorts and shot back to the surface.

ukulele chords, but a little more ethereal and a little left of normal

The next day, Kawika ate breakfast thinking about how taking rocks was kapu or forbidden. But what's the worst that can happen?

(Sigh.)

(Auwe… Kawika… you one real kolohe lolo boy.)

Entering Tats' Corner Store, Kawika felt he was being watched as he walked up and down the aisles. He swore he saw something out of the corner of his eye.

ukulele music playing on store speakers becomes strange like before, low drums

He turned.

Nothing.

Or more like no one.

Kawika approached the counter while constantly looking over his shoulders.

Tats rang up a soda and asked if Kawika was okay.

When Kawika asked why, Tats said: "Cuz you acting all tweaky, braddah."

Kawika brushed it off and forced his head not to look behind.

Kawika: “Wait. Anyone else stay hea?”

“No. Just you and me. Kawiks, you like me call your Moms, or what?”

“Nah, no worries, Uncle. It’s probably nothing,” and ran out the door.

a breeze and more birds accompany the rustle of the tree

He sat down on a soft grassy spot underneath a banyan tree and cracked open his soda.

He took out his new rock, but this time really looked at it.

drums begin, and swell steadily

There was something funny about the stone:

One way, it looked like a shark’s tooth.

Turned another way, it looked like a person’s face.

On its side, the tip of the shark tooth now pointed out like a nose. The grooves that were at the left and right sides of the tooth became the face’s eye socket and mouth.

As Kawika’s attention was stuck on the rock, the banyan tree’s branches and roots rattled in the cool breeze…

And behind him, a shadow reached out, swiping at Kawika and cutting his back just below his shoulder.

Kawika screamed, jumped up, and spun around to confront his attacker.

At first, he saw only the banyan's roots dangling down. But, looking closer, Kawika saw that between the roots, there was a shadow moving.

Not swaying in the wind like the others.

whispers begin

But, stretching out like when the sun sets, pulling the shadows out of their hiding places.

Not on the ground, though, but through the air!

Toward Kawika!

Kawika screamed and booked it as fast as his slippahs could carry him.

Kawika sprinted right into the jungle next to the park. Thorns and branches cut up his skin as he climbed over fallen tree trunks and squeezed past bushes.

He might not see that shadowy figure anymore, but it could be hiding anywhere.

Kawika screamed: "Stop! I sorry! I swear!"

And threw the rock into the forest, watching it disappear into the darkness.

Not taking any chances, Kawika ran to the safest place he can think of: home.

friendly ukulele chords return

As soon as he entered the front door, he heard his mom in the kitchen and smelled beef stew in the air. Safe! He made it!

As Kawika washed his face in the bathroom, He took one deep breath… *inhale*

drum

And he felt that all too familiar feeling again.

growing drums

But, it's impossible. He got rid of the rock!

whispers return

He tried to open his eyes, just in case. But the soap on his face dripped in and stung them shut.

the strange ukulele joins

He was so close this time.

If the soap hadn't burned his eyes, he would have seen two faces in the mirror.

One, his… the other… the stone's… and two arms reaching out for his neck!

the sounds swell, then fade to distant waves and birds

(Oh, Kawika, you mighta gotten rid of the rock… But you neva return em back to the ocean… where you found it.)