

Long, long ago, the Hawaiian Islands were far, far apart, so far that it took several months to go from one to the other. Māui, the demigod, lived with his brothers and mother Hina on the island of Hawai'i.

One day he was possessed with the desire to go fishing, but had no liking for small fishes. What he wanted was a fish so large that it would take all his brothers' strength and his own to pull it ashore. Quickly he ran to the cave of a shark kupuna, grandmother, of his and told her of his longing to catch a big fish.

"Ae, yes," said his kupuna, after he had expressed his wish. "Take this bone from the top of my head and make yourself a hook. Then go out a whole day's voyage, and part of the night, out to sea. When it is the middle of the night cast in your hook. Row for shore, and mind that you turn not behind you to look! When you enter Hilo Bay, you will hear the people shouting because of the size of your fish. If you look behind you before your feet touch the sands your fish will escape."

Māui promised faithfully to obey her instructions.

In a few days his hook was made. Calling his brothers together they made ready to go to sea. All day long they rowed and when midnight came they cast in the hook and started to go back. Each had a vision of a wonderful lūāu, feast, they would have with their friends.

Early next morning they saw an immense crowd, shouting and pointing toward the sea. The multitude grew and the din increased. Māui and his brothers could hardly refrain from looking backwards to see what sort of a fish they were bringing with them. As soon

as Māui threw his stone anchor into the sea he forgot the order of his good ancestress to let his feet touch the sand before he turned to look. He and his brothers were so filled with curiosity that they turned about to see. The line broke. What they saw were the other islands--Maui, Oāhu, Kahōlawe, Lānaī, Kauāi, Nīhau, Molokai--floating out to sea. Only one little island that was caught remained--little Moku Ola, Coconut Island.

Had Māui obeyed there would have been only one big island instead of many small ones. Māui succeeded only in dragging them nearer so that it took only a few days to go in canoes from one to the other.

Māui's disappointment was so great that he dived into the sea for his hook and threw it with all his strength to the sky. There it became a group of twinkling stars called Ka Maka a Māui, The Hook of Maui (The constellation Scorpio), to this day.