

Aloha Adventure

An illustration of a young boy with black hair, wearing a purple long-sleeved shirt and a blue backpack, climbing a dark, wet rock face. He is looking down at a small, shaggy, light-colored dog that is also climbing the rock. The scene is set in a storm, with heavy rain falling diagonally across the frame. In the background, a turbulent ocean with white-capped waves is visible under a dark, stormy sky. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greys, and purples, with a bright yellow curved shape at the top left corner.

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TCM

Teacher
Created
Materials

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CHAPTER ONE



Winter of Adventure

I remember that winter, 30 years ago, very clearly. It was the year that my dad grew a beard. “It will be a winter of adventure,” he said. But every day was an adventure for us. We lived on the Hawaiian island of Kauai. The tropics never get cold, so we fished, swam, and explored every day.

“This year, we will hike the Kalalau Trail, Daniel,” my dad said. I had heard stories about that infamous trail from my best friend’s older brother. It was an 11-mile hike across rivers, through jungle, and over a towering sea cliff.

“Are we old enough?” I asked. I was 11 years old, and my brother, Oliver, was only 8. Dad laughed. “We will only hike the first two miles,” he said.

We never imagined the true adventure that awaited us!

CHAPTER TWO



Day Trip

“Rise and shine,” my dad said quietly the next morning, so as not to wake our mother. “It’s time to drive to the trailhead.” My brother and I got out of bed and hurriedly dressed. Bacon and eggs were waiting on the table.

We quickly ate and jumped into the jeep with our poi dog, Jackson. Poi

dogs are what we call mutts in Hawai'i. We thought Jackson was the cleverest dog in the world. We took him with us just about everywhere we went.

My dad started the engine and told us to buckle up. Our adventure was underway. It was still nighttime, but it wasn't too dark out. We could see stars shining brightly in the early morning sky because there weren't many streetlights to dim them. Oliver and I looked for constellations as the jeep headed north.



CHAPTER THREE



Trail Mix

Frogs were still croaking when we arrived at the trailhead. “The sun will be up soon,” my dad said. Before we even began to hike the first section, the sky was getting lighter.

The first mile went up a gradual incline, which was tiring and took lots of steps. However, the path was safe

and wide. Up and up we went. Some teenage boys were running the trail and energetically zipped by us.

We reached the trail's highest point at the first mile marker and had a gorgeous view of the blue ocean below. We then began the second mile down to the beach. It was much easier walking downhill! At the trail's end, a deep stream moved rapidly, and a posted sign warned people to watch for flash floods and not to swim in the stream.

We found some long branches and used them as poles to keep our balance as we crossed the stream. My dad had to carry Jackson. Oliver slipped on a small rock and got one shoe wet, but otherwise, we made it across dry. We sat on the beach, had a snack of trail mix, and then hiked toward the waterfall. It was just over a mile and went through an incredible bamboo forest! We arrived at a cool waterfall and the second mile marker.

Book Club Questions

1. Who helps Daniel's dad get out of the ravine?
2. What is the setting of this book? How does it change from the beginning to the end?
3. Would you rather be rescued with a kayak or a helicopter? Why?
4. What do you like most about this adventure?
5. Who is the bravest character in the story? How is that character brave?
6. If you could hear this same story from another person's point of view, whom would you choose?