

# Mahala!

THE JOURNAL  
OF A MAGIC PLACE  
CALLED HOME



Fan Fiction by  
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# MAHALA - THE JOURNAL

## JOURNAL ENTRY 1

THE ISLAND OF ISOLA HAS SEEN MANY SUCCESSFUL TRIBES DEVELOP. MANY OF THE STORIES HAVE BEEN PASSED ON FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION. THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND WELL-CHRONICLED JOURNALS OF THE SURVIVORS OF A TRIBE THAT FOUND THEMSELVES WASHED UP ON THE BEAUTIFUL, YET CHALLENGING SHORES OF THAT ISLAND.

**Mahala!**

*The sun has come and gone four times since we came to this place. Our home was gone; we had fled in all the fishing canoes before the waves of fire from the great mountain could destroy us all. We watched over our shoulders as our crops burned and our huts vanished in the wall of flames. Most of us had only the clothes on our backs as the 40 canoes paddled out into the ocean. Our tribal leader pointed to the setting sun, and the men and women paddled as if we could catch the sun if we were fast enough upon the waves but, of course, we could not, and the darkness settled upon us.*

*In the night the wind came, gentle at first, then it grew to become a storm. In the darkness we cried out to one another to try to stay together but the sounds of the sea and the roar of the wind stole the voices of our friends and family away. I was in the boat with my friends Aneko and Hiji—these boys had been my playmates in my childhood. There was another female in this canoe as well—her name is Hawa. Somehow in the confusion a small boy was separated from his mother. Hawa says his name is Pili. My name is Layla.*

*As the sun rose on that next morning we heard the thunder of waves breaking on the rocks and sand of a beach but there was little light yet to see it. Aneko and Hiji paddled against the strong current trying to bring the boat in safely but a great wave lifted up the boat tossing us out and threw the canoe on the beach smashing it. We struggled ashore; I kept my arm around Pili. We were so tired as we dragged ourselves onto the warm sand. In time we looked up and down the beach but there was no sign of the other canoes. We are afraid they are lost to the sea.*

*A way down the beach we came upon a wondrous sight, a village! Well, it once was a village. Now there were only huts in need of repair, something that might have been a well a table near the huts. This place had not had villagers in some time but it was a welcome sight to us.*

*We four were young, and Pili only a small child; we were unsure of what to do first. Hawa began to weep because she was hungry and afraid. As we wandered around the abandoned village a voice spoke to me. I knew immediately this was a guiding spirit, come to help us.*

*"This place was once called Isola", the Spirit told me, "now it is your home and you will call it Mahala." My father's father had taught me the old language spoken when our tribe was on the big island, before the hard times when we had split off to our smaller island. Isola meant "Magic Place" and Mahala was the word for "Home". We were to make our new home in this magic place!*

*The Great Spirit guided Hawa and Hiji to a berry bush and told them to pick the berries for us to eat. Hawa set out right away to gather the delicious food but the Spirit had to guide Hiji several times until he understood. Aneko was sent to the table to begin to learn the tools and writings left behind by the villagers. I wondered what the Great Spirit would have me do when it guided me to a half constructed hut. I was puzzled and wandered away a few times, but each time the Spirit sent me back to the hut to work and I at last understood this was my job. I had only worked on the hut a short time before the Great Spirit guided me over to what looked like a well. I understood why now I had learned to build the hut. These skills made it easy to uncover the well and give my tribe fresh water to drink! We gathered in the village center and danced with joy. We had food! We had water! We could survive in this place.*

## JOURNAL ENTRY 2

*On this fifth day it is hot. Hiji says some of the food that we have been gathering is rotten; he wants to get rid of the rotten food and keep the rest. I don't think that is a good idea but we have worked so hard to get that food; even little Pili has been guided by the Great Spirit to pick the mushrooms that grow here and there. As we have no leader, Hiji has his way and by nightfall Aneko and I are sick. I am afraid we will die because we have no healer, and no herbs to heal us. We watch as the Great Spirit guides little Pili over to us; the Spirit has given Pili the skill to heal us! By the next morning we are both at our jobs again.*

*The Great Spirit decided that there must be a leader of our group. This is how I come to be telling you our story. On the morning of the sixth day She took me away from the research table and guided me to a beautiful flower growing near the shore. As I touched the flower and studied the petals and leaves I suddenly understood this was a healing plant! The Spirit then took me back behind the village to another flower; as I looked at it I understood this herb too! I was also sent to learn two other plants near our village; suddenly the knowledge of these plants was mine! We all gathered and danced with the joy of it. Now with this knowledge and Pili's healing skills we did not have to fear illness.*

*As we worked through the next days, our stockpile of food grew enough that the Great Spirit took Hawa from the food gathering to help learn the secrets of this place. As the leader of the Mahala tribe I understand our survival depends on unlocking all the mysteries of this place.*

## JOURNAL ENTRY 3

*Many years have passed since I set down our story in this journal. The sickness from the rotten food has taken strength from me several times. Pili has healed me but I am weakened, and the Great Spirit fears I will not live to an old age. Since Pili had grown to a man and been trained in*

all tasks in our village, the Spirit had decided I should bring forth a child. I have called him Koko and he is now six years of age. We struggle to survive year to year; the Great Spirit moved us from researching to food gathering as She deems fit. I have felt the Spirit is female, I wonder if She is the spirit of one of the Isola villagers still here in this village. She tells me to be patient; in time we will gain enough knowledge to grow our own food. I am pleased to hear this as the berry bush has fewer berries every year. I am Layla, I lead the Mahala tribe.

#### JOURNAL ENTRY 4

Time has passed and I am still with my tribe. We have gained the knowledge to plant and harvest crops! There is plenty of food for the village and the Great Spirit has set me to work on the small half completed hut again. My son Koko is a bright boy and Aneko has built a school so he and the children yet to come will share in the knowledge we gain.

Aneko, who once embraced me to create Koko, has embraced Hawa and she is nursing a child. Our village will have a new child soon and my son a playmate.

Hawa also gave the tribe a son she calls Mazi. Several years have passed and I am still alive although I am weak. The food ran out this year and we foolishly spent much of our time watering the ground instead of gathering berries. Aneko silently worked tirelessly at the research table as the rest of us at last gathered berries. The Spirit commanded him to stay there because She alone knew he was even weaker than me. To our great sadness we returned from a foraging trip to find he had gone with the Great Spirit and left the tribe of Mahala forever.

#### JOURNAL ENTRY 5

Two more seasons have gone and now the Spirit wishes me to tell you about those of us now in the Mahala tribe. I am Layla the leader, I have

lived for 41 seasons and have brought forth two children. I am trained in everything, and am the tribe's healer.

Of the men, there is Hiji who is 41 and he is a researcher. There are also Pili, 32 and a farmer, and Koko who is 22 and works at the research table or farming. I am also training him as a healer.

The other women here are Hawa, who is 38 and the mother of a daughter, Keiki who is 4. The youngest member of the original tribe is Pakwa, who has grown into a lovely woman who loves to run. The Great Spirit moves her between building and farming since she is so quick.

My children are Koko, who is grown, and loves to run like Pakwa, and little Kasa who has red hair like me. We were afraid for our children a few days ago; they both came down with a strange disease which left them weak. The Spirit called it a "pox" and told Koko and me to heal them. I hope they recover fully.

#### JOURNAL ENTRY 6

The work proceeds; we gain more skills with each year, we now can bring fish from the sea! Our food stores have never been so full; the Great Spirit is pleased. She says we shall not know hunger again.

More children arrive to make the tribe grow. Hawa has a new daughter named Chapa, and Pakwa and I are awaiting the arrival of our little ones as I write this.

A strange event happened a few months ago. Hiji was fishing and discovered a crate washed up on the shore. He called to us all to come and see it. It was not a large crate but it was well sealed, Hiji and Pakwa wanted to open it right away but Pili and Hawa wanted to push it back into the sea. I decided that whatever was in the crate must be important since it was sealed so well, and ordered the men to open it. To our complete surprise there was a baby in the crate! A baby boy! We named him Aitu, which means, "gift". He is growing into a sweet boy with a sunny smile. I

cannot help but wonder if he came from another island, perhaps an island that others of our original tribe found in the storm. I wish Aitu could tell us from where he came.

### JOURNAL ENTRY 7

We have now built another hut and the village is thriving. We found another crate on the beach and again there was much discussion as to whether to open it. In the end the decision was mine and I allowed it to be opened even though it was not as well sealed as the last. There was no baby this time, but instead there were some scientific instruments! The elders quickly set out to discover their use and these instruments have helped us understand the world around us better.

After endless months of Kasa watering the field of dead flowers the wisdom of the Great Spirit has become apparent. One morning we awoke and to our complete amazement and joy the field was in full bloom! We had never seen such large blossoms and such vibrant colors! We gathered in and around the flowers and danced with the pure joy of the moment. We could all feel the pleasure the Great Spirit.

There have been new faces in our tribe: Pakwa had a beautiful daughter we call Ashby, and a son named Cuik. I have had another daughter we call Ginger, a son named Kaili and the most recent arrival, a dark haired beauty named Mika. Pakwa blessed the tribe with a son she named Masou. The Mahala tribe now numbers 18. We elders are beginning to slow down and weaken— even Pakwa, who fell ill after drinking a vial of liquid she found, no longer runs around like she did in her youth.

### JOURNAL ENTRY 8

My name is Koko. I am the leader of the Mahala tribe. Yesterday morning old Pili and I went to the far side of the village and dug my mother's grave. Kasa prepared a stone to mark it reading "Here lies Layla, Master Scientist age 67" I wish she had put "Leader" but Kasa said that mother loved her science more than being our leader. I guess that is true.

All through the night before she died my mother prepared me to become the leader of our tribe. Although I suppose she was training me all my life, last night was the final lesson I needed.

She reminded me of the history of our people, of the beautiful island lost to the mountain of fire, to the horrible journey in the canoe and how the other villagers were lost to us in the storm. She recounted the years of struggle and starvation that the young ones and I do not remember or have ever known because of the hard work of the elders, the discoveries and accomplishments... the celebrations.

She gave me this journal and commanded me to read it, add to it and pass it on to the next chosen leader as I draw near to the end of my days. She told me to wait by her grave and listen for the voice of the Great Spirit; the Spirit would now guide me as She had guided my mother for so many years.

### JOURNAL ENTRY 9

There are two more graves beside my mother's now. We said goodbye to Hawa and Hiji today. The elders'

numbers dwindle and I have fear for when they are all gone. How will we survive? Are we prepared to go on without them? I was sitting by my mother's grave after the others had returned to the village and pondering these questions when the Spirit spoke to me and told me not to fear, Not only was She here to help us, but the elders were with Her and through Her they too will guide us for many generations to come. The Great Spirit told me it was time to increase our numbers and prepare for new challenges ahead.

### JOURNAL ENTRY 10

We have obeyed the Great Spirit and the Mahala tribe is now 21 with four of our women caring for infants. Pakwa at 66 is the eldest; there is also Keiki, Ashby and Chapa. The Spirit asked them to all embrace Pili, our last elder male so his great skills might be passed down to their children. Pili was more than happy to comply. The new children born over the last few years are named Cheop, who is Hawa's last son and my mother's last daughter, Shuka.

The Spirit has told me to go to the pile of rocks down by the shore. This place had fascinated me as a child and I spent many happy hours playing amongst them. Now the Great Spirit gave me the understanding that this was once long ago a temple, a place for the tribe to go to hear Her voice and to celebrate its accomplishments. I have begun to restore this place.

### JOURNAL ENTRY 11

The last of the original tribe of Mahala are gone, Pakwa passed on without giving the tribe the child she carried. We doubly mourn our loss. Pili joined her a short time later. Now it is time for the second generation to guide the next into the future. The tribe of Mahala will continue on the island of Isola.

### JOURNAL ENTRY 12

Keiki has given the tribe a female child named Atepa; she is quite beautiful with her golden curls. Shortly after Chapa had a strong boy named Usutu. Ashby called her first daughter Tala. The Great Spirit says Pili's skills are strong in all three and they will all contribute in different ways to the tribe as they become adults.

The Great Spirit ordered the females of age to add to the village's number. I gathered two of the young men, Cheop and Kaili to help me build another hut. I am growing old and I must prepare the younger members to carry on when I, and the other elders, are gone.

There were many new faces in the Mahala tribe. A boy child named Akan from Alawa, another son called Bruk from Chapa. Howi was born of Keiki, and lovely Imala from Ashby. Three boys: Kupa by Ginger, as well as Mika's first child Malik, and Kasa had Mazi. During this time Chapa had a girl named Waka and Keiki also had Kayak, a boy. Alawa quickly had another child named Idowu—also a boy. These last seven children are special to me as I fathered them all.

Like my mother before me I am fully mastered in all the crafts and skills on this island. The Great Spirit hoped that not only would I pass along my mothers and my skills but also from these children I would find the next leader of the Mahala tribe. I have set down the names of the mothers and children so that in the distant (the Spirit willing) future our descendants will know us, know our names, our accomplishments and those whose name they bear.

### JOURNAL ENTRY 13

New faces in our tribe are nothing new but this birth caught us by surprise since we had never seen anything like it before. Mika has had two babies—twins—two identical little boys. We called them Gun and Gin. Chapa also had a son named Rangí.

I am growing near the end of my time so it was a great moment for me to see the completion of our temple! When Goro, Kaili and I finished it I ordered a great celebration! Flowers were brought from the magic garden and a big feast was prepared. We all sang and danced into the night. I could feel the pleasure of the Great Spirit and of the spirits of the elders in this accomplishment.



### JOURNAL ENTRY 14

Although I am weak I still love to sit and tell stories to the children of the tribe. Now there are the little girls, Nunai, Pakwa and Huata. I remind Pakwa of the elder who she is named after, how she and I loved to run together, and how together we built many huts and cleared the lagoon where she swims.

There are three other faces that came to us in a strange fashion. A large barrel washed up on the shore one evening, I remembered the story my mother had told me about the well-built crate and the baby Aitu in it and ordered this barrel opened. You can only imagine our surprise to find three giggling infants in it! A girl we named Ulu and two boys we call Obi and Kamau. I can't help but wonder if they are not part of the original tribe that fled the island of fire the elders spoke of when I was a child. I am Koko, I am the leader of the tribe of Mahala.

## JOURNAL ENTRY 15

My name is Shuka and I have seen 33 years of life. I am the daughter of Koko and the leader of the Mahala tribe. My father lies in the place of rest near his mother and the elders.

Many years have passed since my father called me to him to tell me of the history of our tribe, many years since the Great Spirit told me to help my people to multiply and strengthen our village. We have seen new faces come into the tribe as we have done so—the new female children, Kaia and Hika and the boys: Silko, Rongo and the twins Ahi and Ahuk.

Goro found a badly-weathered crate on the shore yesterday. Some wanted to open it thinking there might be more babies, others wanted to push it back into the sea. I had a bad feeling about the crate, as did Goro, so I ordered it pushed back into the sea. I hope we did the right thing.

## JOURNAL ENTRY 16

Time passes so quickly—crops come in are harvested and it's planting time again. Children are born, new boys; Manu, Pawin, Hoto, Okwui, Duto, Yahto, Hoani, and Lanu; beautiful little girls; Qwara, Kukua, Poeya, Sekai, Yoki, Taipa, Etini, Isi, Nishi and Hika. The Mahala tribe numbers over 60 now. Sickness has come, we have healed those felled by it. Our food supply has never been so full; we dance and sing, and praise. Life is good. I read this journal—the thoughts and decisions, the suffering of those who made this possible and thank the Great Spirit for their strength and determination.

The Spirit spoke to me. She said to take the builders to the great stone near the village, to carve it in the memory of not only the elders, but those who lived on this island long ago, those who called this place Isola. The builders worked on it for many weeks until the stone idol was revealed. We again celebrated our accomplishment and gazed upon what was

there from long ago. We could not help but wonder about those who walked upon the beaches we walk upon, who lived in these huts and worked these fields. We wonder most of all—where did they go?

Old friends are gone. We said goodbye to Kasa, Keiki, the mysterious Aitu and the good mother Chapa. New friends have arrived: male children like Nawat, Howi, Guapi, Tanic and my little twins Koko and Konan. New little girls run through the flowers: Kiri, little Keiki, Aziza, and Seki.

Cheop found a vial of liquid on the beach. He foolishly drank it without bringing it to the tribal elders. While he was lucky that it didn't harm him, and we are pleased with the new farming knowledge he gained, I called the tribe together to implore them not to keep such discoveries to themselves—great harm might come upon them.

## JOURNAL ENTRY 17

At dusk two nights ago our friend Goro passed from us; at the same time a new child joins the tribe. We have called this boy child Goro in remembrance of he who worked so tirelessly for the Mahala tribe. In the weeks since, there have been other children joining the tribe: Iniko, Thabo, Etin, Tono, Arika, all strong little boys. We welcome new twins, Atepi and Aziza, little Koka and Banga, all beautiful baby girls.

My warning against opening the crates that wash up on the beach fell on some closed ears. Keiki found a small badly-weathered crate; she opened it to find some rusty scientific instruments. Several villagers cut themselves on these devices and within days were quite ill. I was kept busy tending them, so much so I began training the twins Atepi and Aziza to assist me even though they are quite young. I knew the healing ability was strong in them as they are my daughters.

Shortly after the crate was found Nawat found a new berry bush in the forest, and without asking he ate some of the berries. We heard him shouting and ran to him to find him



running in circles and yelling. It took hours to calm him down. I have made the men dig up the bush and warned all the tribe against eating anything found in the forest.

## JOURNAL ENTRY 18

My name is L ayla, I have seen 17 years of life. I am the last daughter of Shuka, I am the leader of the M ahala tribe. I became leader of the tribe when one of the younger children found a crate by the shore. Although we have been warned against opening things found on the island the crate was unsealed. Several huge rats leapt out of the box and bit several villagers. My mother was one of them. She died several days later although we asked the Great Spirit to save her.

When I became the leader I was unprepared— I didn't even know about this journal. I was also angry that my mother died. When the Spirit first spoke to me I turned my back because I was angry at it. Then I was made to understand that the Spirit gives us control of our lives. We had healers but my mother did not go to them. We had been told not to open the boxes without consulting the tribe but had done it anyway. The Spirit watches us but lets us make our own choices. I understand that now.

The west wind came and brought great heat to the island, the crops failed but we had the fish in the sea so it was not a huge disaster. There are new faces in the tribe; new little boys, K ito and Gin and little girls, J aha, Teata and the three identical ones K aia, K aimi, and K alea! The elders said they are the first triplets since coming to this island.

The Great Spirit says soon there will be a new face in the tribe, a special one. I wonder what She means by that?

## JOURNAL ENTRY 19

Many of the tribe's women are caring for children, and we sit together for many hours watching over the small ones and nurturing the infants. A few weeks ago I sat holding my baby with them as we discussed the great flock of parrots that had settled in the berry bushes a few days before. The birds had eaten almost every berry on the bush before we managed to shoo them away and make them stay away.

All of a sudden I felt the Great Spirit speak to me and lead me away from the center of the village. As I walked toward the lagoon I could hear the other women calling to me, asking where I was going but I could not respond. The urge to get to the lagoon was so strong. Before I could think about it I stepped into the water and walked in till the water was up to my shoulders. There was great yelling from the onlookers as the infant was in my arms in the water but before the men and women of the tribe could rush in to pull us from the lagoon, there was a great rush of the water around me and the infant rose up out of my arms and stood on the surface of the water, but he was not an infant—he had become a boy of 5 and dressed in golden robes with a golden glow around him!!

He suddenly giggled and rushed to the shore. We all rushed up to look at him and were filled with joy! We danced for hours at the delight of this child amongst us. The Great Spirit spoke to me and told me to call the boy Amina or "gifted one" because he not only possesses all of the skills we have learned on

this island but the memories and minds of all the elders and the memories and minds of the Isola people who once walked these shores. The Spirit told me this child would always remain as we see him now, a small boy, but he would have great gifts to give our people throughout the generations to come. I felt some amusement in the Spirit's voice when She cautioned me that with all good things there is some bad.

I found out what the Great Spirit was talking about having the good with the bad over the next few months.

Amina brought forth beautiful butterflies in the flower garden, which not only brought us joy but also brought forth a healing and nutritious fruit from the barren bush. Amina also calls us forth to celebrate and dance—at least once a day. At first it was great fun but it causes problems also. Food gets left cooking and burns; laundry floats away and the children are called away from their lessons. I wonder if it would be a great sin to put him in a hut and tie the door shut for a day or two so we can get our work done.

## JOURNAL ENTRY 20

Our food bins are full, our crops are growing, we are a bit crowded in the huts but all is good with the tribe of Mahala. The Golden Child stood before the big rock which blocks the cave at the edge of the jungle. He stood for many minutes waving his hands and yelling at the rock. At first I thought that he had played in the sun for too long. Then suddenly the rock vanished!

I led several of the tribe into the cave to behold what was in there. On the walls were drawings that we are still trying to understand the meaning of. There were also weapons, vessels and bowls. These bowls disturbed me the most, some contained ripe fruit. Someone was here, in this cave, recently. The cave stretches far back into the hill and branches out in many directions. We will not explore it now, but soon we will have to. There are too many questions to be answered about those who walked this island before. We will need answers. . . some day.

I will not write again in this journal. I will leave it for the children to come to know the history of the M ahala tribe.

I am L ayla, great granddaughter of the original leader of the M ahala tribe.

We have come full circle. We are M ahala.