

## Wahiawa Water Council

Hundreds of bodies of water from the islands gather in the room with the human representatives. They called this a "Water Council." They invited all bodies of water to come, big and small. Yet it seems some of them were... less welcome than others.

"...thank you for your input, Ala Wai. We will take better care of your waters. Next is—" the man squints at the list. "Wahiawa Freshwater Reservoir?"

A relatively young person with green-brown hair and a smell unfit for a body of freshwater raises its hand. "That's me. Lake Wilson." It begins to gather up its papers to make its case.

Another freshwater body next to it ripples in disdain. "Why they allowed you here, I don't know. We have bigger problems than a chopped mo'o tail like you. You're not even a real lake."

Lake Wilson pauses. "What's a mo'o?" It bubbles.

Another body of water tsks. "Poor thing doesn't even remember its own language."

"Ay, not my fault you so futless you no can answer!" Lake Wilson readies a red-green muddy wave.

"Wahiawa Freshwater Reservoir, if you don't get up here soon, your time's going to another body of water."

After some grumbling, Lake Wilson stands at the front of the room. The man from earlier speaks up. "So, Wahiawa Freshwater—"

"Lake Wilson. Call me Lake Wilson."

"At least that's a pronounceable name..." The man rolls his eyes. "Lake Wilson. How has human use affected you?"

"Well, aside from being the town water dump and homeless people making me smell like a sewage system, I've been watering the pineapple of Dole Plantation since I was born."

"I see." The man nods, apathetic. "So this is a rerouting issue—"

"No, I was dammed." It resists the urge to splash the man with foul water. "For a bunch of people who like to call me a reservoir, you don't even know what that means, do you?"

This time a woman speaks up. "Lake Wilson, if you can't be a productive body of water, we're going to cut you off from this meeting. Is that clear?"

"Yes, auntie."

"Right," the man continues. "You were created for the purposes of watering crops. But we have to get the water from somewhere, right?"

"Yes, you did do that for the purposes of using me to irrigate all that farmland—" Lake Wilson swirls its waters idly. "Dismembering me from Kaukonahua Stream. Making me work for an existence I never asked for."

The man shakes his head at the body of water in the same way one would a misbehaving child. "Now, now. That's not what I said. I said we need to get the water from somewhere. Besides, we replenish you with treated water. You're important to us because of what you do."

Now that really boils its water. "You say I'm so important to you. I, who was part of Kaukonahua. It was one thing to sustain your commercial crops with my body— I would have done so regardless as a part of Kaukonahua. But it's quite another to be so important that you attempt to refill me with treated sewage. Even if I accept that it's "gray water" and clean enough to water plants and take care of me, you still do a cheap job of taking care of your own kind. You know how I know that?" It spits at him. "Because they dump their own junk and load into my waters. There's so much stuff that ends up inside me that my reputation for sustaining healthy fish is a local joke."

The man sighs deeply at its statement. "Well, at least we're thinking of some constructive development solutions. I think you'll be happy to know you'll be taken out of custody from Dole Plantation. Then we'll restore your dams and build a hydroelectric dam."

"So your solution is to use me for more things?"

"Well, yes and no. We still need you to hold all that gray water, and farmers still need water for their crops. It's just that building a better kind of dam can be good for everyone, and take better care of you."

"How is making another dam going to help me? A dam is a dam. It still separates me from the body of water I was a part of."