

At nine-forty-five on the morning of December 20, the wheels of our giant jet left the ground, and we were off! After months of planning and hoping noth-

ing would wreck our plans, David and I were actually on our way to Hawaii! For the next four hours we felt like a couple of excited little kids, waiting for some fantastic treat that's been promised for so long that it doesn't seem like it'll ever come true—but then, after hours of seeing nothing but water and the curvature of the earth through the window, David suddenly said "Look!" and pointed out to the right. There they were, like emeralds thrown carelessly into the sea—the Hawaiian Islands! Enormous pillars of clouds stood like giant soldiers guarding the tiny spots of green, and far off, near the horizon, there was a rainbow.

The big airport in the islands is on Oahu, which is the island with Honolulu and Waikiki on it. David had been there before, and he thought there would be too many people there, so we decided we were going to another island, Maui, which many people think is the most beautiful of all. We sat in the Honolulu airport just long enough to watch a football game on TV and sign about thirty trillion autographs, and then we climbed into this tiny plane that looked like it was about the third one ever made, and we took off for Maui!

FRIGHTENING FLIGHT

What a flight! We were shuddering and bouncing all over the sky and getting caught in huge winds that rush over the open surfaces of the sea. It was like being in an insane elevator! When we finally touched ground, we both just grinned like a couple of idiots. It was so reassuring to be on the ground again!

As I climbed out of the plane, I almost had to rub my eyes to make sure that they weren't playing tricks on me. Maui is so beautiful that there's no way to prepare yourself for it! You can look at postcards and pictures, think about beaches and palm trees and girls in grass skirts, but they don't





