

The Dolphins' View

Book 1

Transformation

The story of *The Dolphins' View* is told in a series of three books: *Transformation*, *Impossible Dream*, and *Hannibal Conquers Washington*. They should be read in that order.

The Dolphins' View

Story by Mookoo

www.thedolphinsview.com

Cover and Illustrations by David Magliocco

www.driscala.com

Interior Book Design by Stefanie Gold

Preface

“Man had always assumed that he was more intelligent than dolphins because he had achieved so much...the wheel, New York, wars, and so on, whilst all the dolphins had ever done was muck about in the water having a good time. But conversely the dolphins believed themselves to be more intelligent than man for precisely the same reasons.”

Douglas Adams

What would dolphins say if they could communicate with us? To answer that question, my writer read every book he could find about whales and dolphins, interviewed prominent marine biologists and government officials responsible for cetaceans, kayaked with orcas in British Columbia, and swam with dolphins in the Florida Keys. One of his greatest challenges was to capture the playful nature of dolphins. Our world, our nature and our society are far different than yours, and he hopes the reader will enjoy the dolphinialities of the three main characters.

The purpose of “The Dolphins View,” is to entertain and inform. Little known facts about dolphins are integrated into the text. If the story is a commercial success, a portion of its revenues will be donated to causes that benefit dolphins.

The difference between winners and losers is that after they fail, losers give up while winners try again and again and again.

Stranding

"Mookeeo! Where are you?" Straysee called, desperate to find her calf. She surfaced and expelled a geyser of stale air. An acrid taste in the water fed her panic.

She dived, swam parallel to the surface, and called his name again. "Mookeeo! Mookeeo, come here!" She approached the surface cautiously for another breath, searching for spaces between floating pools of gwee. She feared her calf might already be coated with the slime.

Members of Opo pod panicked and split apart. Straysee had never seen anything like this chaos. Dolphins always faced a crisis united, never apart. Mookeeo must have fled in the panic. Where was he? She breached high above the waves, searching for his fin. No luck.

She knew he could survive without her. He would leave her soon, but she wasn't ready to let him go yet. He was her first calf and her love. She needed his touch. She needed to know he was OK. She had to find him. She called him again and again.

Frantically searching, she swam farther from where the pod had been, risking her own life. Gwee pools became larger, spaces between them farther apart. She needed air so badly she had to surface in a gwee pool. It coated her skin and eyes. The fumes, ugh, the air. Straysee could barely keep herself afloat.

* * *

Mookeeo and Jocee, another juvee male in Opo pod, had wandered away when they heard the grinding noise of an approaching kruga and rode the bow wave. It wasn't unusual for Mookeeo to separate from Straysee these days. He was almost full-grown and soon he would leave his mother-calf tweeeo and form a new juvee tweeeo with Jocee.

They rode farther and longer than they ever had before. Finally, Jocee peeled away from the kruga. "Let's go back, Mookeeo," he said.

"Go ahead."

"What do you mean, go ahead?"

"You go, not me. I'm having too much fun."

"You crazy, Mookeeo? We're already too far from the pod. You're not going alone, are you? Come on, Mookeeo, nobody swims alone."

"Yeah, yeah, I know - our tenets and rules and all that swee. Don't worry about me. See you later, dol."

Mookeeo adjusted his flippers, like wings, to glide up and down and positioned his body and flukes for surfing. He barely broke the surface as he blew and descended again in shallow dives. Ignoring hunger pangs, Mookeeo feasted instead on the thrill of the ride. The wave pushed him forward, propelling him effortlessly through the water, and the speed and power charged him with great joy. Time seemed to stop and a lightheaded feeling lifted his spirit above the waves.

The kruga approached a strange object towering above the ocean's surface. Unlike a kruga, it didn't move and it made no sounds, except waves slapping against it. Mookeeo heard the engine cut back and felt the force of the bow wave shrink. He moved aside from the kruga as it docked.

Never before had he been this far from the pod. Still curious, Mookeeo sonared the object and received weak echoes from concrete columns that absorbed his clicks, and a crisp reflection of sound from a round pipe between the columns. With echoes like the sides of a kruga, he recognized the pipe was metallic.

He dived deeper, exploring by sonar, sensing the depth of the continental shelf beyond the columns. The speed of his echoes told him the sea floor was a blue, as deep as the length of a blue whale.

Descending toward the bottom, he discovered the columns plunged straight to the ocean floor. They seemed alien and unnatural to him, because they didn't move, as though they were unaffected by waves, surge and currents. He followed it a short distance until he felt a distortion of his sonic waves, where a black curtain fanned out with the current, flowing away from him and rising to the surface.

Coming up for air, he breached and looked at the surface. He saw a black sea gull and heard its cry. Black patches, with pink and violet hues, and white fish bellies floated on distant waves. Could that be gwee? He wondered, trying to remember what his mother had told him about it. Didn't she say it was toxic and huwees spread it from huge krugas? There aren't any huge krugas here, so it can't be gwee, can it?

Mookeo heard slaps on the surface behind him, where the kruga was and turned back. Two creatures with strange blubber and long flippers holding metallic objects descended. His sonar detected their lungs, but they weren't sea lions or dolphins. He wondered if they were huwees, the land animals that float on the sea inside wind riders and krugas. He noticed their two long split tails and how they swam up and down, not sideways like fish.

Echoes from metallic cylinders on their backs and sucking sounds from their labored breathing were easy to follow. They moved so slowly, he caught up to them without any effort and saw their air bubbles rise to the surface.

They followed the metallic pipe, touching and inspecting it as they descended.

Hungry, but still curious, Mookeeo rose for air several times and descended to observe them. They stopped where black fluid gushed out of the pipe, escaping in a strong, steady stream. Maybe it is gwee, he thought. One of them took a thin material similar to their blubber skin out of a sack with his long flipper, placed it over the leaking pipe and placed a metallic plate over the blubber skin. The other one held a metallic object, shaped like a thin eel with a curved neck and no fins, close to it. Mookeeo saw a beam of light, like the sun, come out of the eel and shine on the plate and pipe. Tiny showers of light scattered and disappeared. Gwee stopped escaping from the pipe.

Mookeeo knew huwees made krugas, so he assumed they made the pipe too. They must want the gwee, he concluded, but why? Do they eat it?

Eat. With nothing to eat all day he was famished. Nearing the surface, he saw a fish swimming sluggishly and grabbed it in his teeth. His tongue protested its vile taste, but before he could stop, the slimy fish slid down his throat.

Ick! What is that? He thought. Poison? No, it's capelin. I ate lots of them before. Ugh! Oh no, no, no! He retched from the revolting taste. It had to be poison. Nothing could ever taste this terrible.

A horrible aftertaste plagued his tongue. He opened his mouth; hoping seawater would wash away the taste. It didn't. Then he thought of the floating white fish bellies and realized he had eaten a fish that had swum through gwee.

He swam toward land when his first stomach knotted with muscle contractions. That had never happened before. Nausea gripped his body. He felt weak. He ached with every stroke of his flukes. He had to stay near the surface, lacking strength to dive deep or far. Even his blow felt feeble. He felt his body failing, wanting to sink.

Where was Straysee? He called her name. No answer. He needed her strength. He needed help - or something to keep himself afloat.

What about the prophecy? Straysee had told him the legend about the savior dolphin, the one who would rescue all the dolphins. Their environmental problems would disappear. The ocean would become free from the poisons of gwee and yukee, as it had been in the days of dolphin ancestors. But other dolphins said the legend was nonsense.

He whistled another distress call for the savior dolphin, for any dolphin. He listened. No answer. He whistled again, louder this time. No dolphin voices answered. An eerie quiet had settled into the sea, sending a chill down his spine.

What about land? He thought. He could still breathe there and he wouldn't drown. But land was forbidden. Land, the great unknown. Slowly, he swam east.

The ocean surface, which had been flat most of the day, swelled now. He felt a stronger wind when he lifted his back and fin for a blow among whitecapped waves.

He kept swimming, fighting the sinking feeling. His second stomach retched now. Convulsions rippled under his body like small waves. Still, he swam. Land, he thought, got to reach land. He grabbed the thought of land, knowing it might be like a wisp of fog, to coerce himself forward. Without a goal, he knew he would sink to the depths.

Why is land forbidden? He wondered. What would life be like on land? He kept thinking, focusing, avoiding an encroaching darkness. While the grip of sickness squeezed him like a vise, he reached inside for his will, compelling his body to obey. His body struggled. It wanted to stop. Still, he went forward. His body writhed in pain. He fought back. He started talking to himself. There's something I have to do in this life, he told his body. "Come on! Fight! Fight! Fight!"

He kept swimming east. Land seemed so far away. He wondered about his magnetic senses guiding his navigation. Were they still accurate? Mustering his strength, he swam faster, paying no heed to pain. He breached, just high enough to see over the whitecaps. In one brief instant, at the top of his breach, he saw a sandy beach. Creatures on the distant beach looked the size of anchovies. His skin felt fading rays from the sun. As he

fell back to the ocean, he saw more blackened sea birds and floating fish bellies.

His magnetic senses worked. No need to breach again to know how far he was from land. But the exertion weakened him more. Cramps erupted in his third stomach. Dry heaves forced him to stop and he retched several times. Nausea contractions made his stomach muscles feel weak and thin, like a fish fin.

Still, he refused to allow his aching body to sink. Can't give up, he thought, got to reach land. "Land! Land! Land! Come on flukes. Thrust! Thrust! Thrust!" Talking to himself over and over, he kept swimming, swimming, swimming.

Swells grew higher, breaking up gwee on the surface into smaller pools. He had been skirting around them. Now he dodged between pools when he surfaced. Getting closer, he heard surf pounding toward shore.

He surfaced and blew again. A wave fell on his back. Gwee slimed his skin and his eyes. His vision blurred. He dove under the surface to escape it.

When he ascended again, his lungs tasted it. Even the air, the sweet air, was wretched. An acrid, sickening sensation invaded his lungs. No, he thought. I can't let this happen. Not when I'm this close. Come on flukes, a few more strokes!

He made it to the surf line. So weak, his body surrendering, he tried to catch his breath. He floated, as

retreating water turned his body to the worst possible position, parallel to a wave, and the wave slammed on top of him. He rolled, twisted and gasped under the awesome strength of the breaker. Tiny air bubbles turned the water white. Surging water, mixed with scouring sand, held him helpless under water for what seemed an eternity, while his aching lungs protested for air.

When he finally reached the surface and blew, another wave carried him down. He felt a sharp pain. His right flipper and chest struck hard against a rock. He struggled to reach the surface for a blow.

Another wave broke on top of him. Exhausted, he didn't have strength to struggle. He relaxed and rolled with the flow. To his surprise, it was easier to handle the wave that way.

He blew again. Another wave peaking, about to break. Got to regain control. One more time! Come on flukes! Come on flippers! He turned and ducked under the wave and painfully thrust a few limp strokes from his flukes. He felt a drag, as the wave almost sucked him into its churning fury.

Escaping that one, he saw the next wave approach. Got to ride it like a bow wave, he thought. He turned toward land and thrust with his remaining strength as the crest of the wave broke. He bent his flukes down and spread his flippers out like oars and the wave drove him toward

shore. As the wave died, he kicked his flukes a few more times until he could move no more.

So this is land, he thought. He gasped for air. His right flipper hurt, his vision blurry, he lay helpless, stranded in the sand.

"It may be those who do most, dream most."

Stephen Leacock

Rescue

For the first time, Mookoo felt the heavy weight of his body. His breathing was labored. Through blurry vision, he saw huwees in the distance, some dropping yellow strands on the black beach, others picking up birds soaked in gwee.

A creature with four limbs ran down the beach toward him. Stopping half a dol from him, it crouched on its front limbs and barked like a sea lion. Thinking it might attack, Mookoo squawked a distress call and tried to retreat back into the water, but all he could do was squirm.

A barefoot huwee, with long dark strands that looked like eelgrass on her head, arrived a minute later. "Hush, Sheba!" he heard her say. He didn't know what it meant, but he noticed the creature calmed down. She knelt down next to him. "You poor thing," she whispered to Mookoo. Her touch

felt soothing against his skin as she softly stroked his head.

Even with hazy vision, he noticed how flat and flexible her face was. White teeth gleamed behind her upturned lips. She stroked his back and he wondered if the nipples at the end of her flipper gave milk. When he heard her say, "Yuck!" her lips moved down and her nose wrinkled up, while she rubbed her nipples. Maybe they're not nipples, he thought, and maybe she doesn't like gwee on her skin either. Then she rose, attached a line to the four-limbed creature and they ran off.

Several minutes later, more huwees gathered around him. He saw differences in their height, length of eelgrass on their head, even the color of their skin. One of them stood in front of him. Mookeeo let out a burst of clicks to "see" it better. But his sonic pulses and echoes moved five times slower in air making it difficult to interpret them. What's happening? He thought. I can't trust my own senses.

As Mookeeo wondered whether huwees were going to hurt him or help him, he saw something approaching, leaving a trail of dust behind. About as long as a pilot whale but as wide as a sperm whale, it had two large white eyes in front of its head, round black feet, and it roared like a kruga. It must be a land kruga, he thought, when he saw huwees inside it.

Mookeeo felt not only weak, injured and hungry, but hot too. Without water to cool his body, his blubber provided

too much insulation. Squirming in the sand, he noticed the water had retreated, no longer touching his flukes. The land kruga stopped near him, its body opened and three huwees got out.

* * *

A sign on the door of the truck said "American Cetacean Society Santa Barbara." John Stock opened the passenger door, and the dark-haired woman who first found the dolphin followed him out. A shark's tooth swung from a necklace on John's bare chest as he ran to the dolphin. Ron Fargo shoved the keys into his khaki shorts and adjusted his aviator sunglasses when he approached. They identified themselves as members of the Marine Mammal Stranding Network and walked around the dolphin.

"Do you think we could dig a path in the sand to the surf and push him back?" John asked.

"I saw him rolling around like a log in the surf," the woman frowned as her dark hair tossed in the breeze. "It looked like he didn't have any power."

"I wouldn't try it either," Ron said. "He looks too sick."

The two men asked the crowd to move a reasonable distance away, touched the dolphin's skin, felt traces of oil, sprayed a cleaner and gently rubbed a cloth on his body to remove the oil. "We need to cool him down," John declared.

Volunteers loaded buckets with water, removed floating oil and put blankets over the dolphin's back. While John put his hands around the blowhole so water wouldn't enter, they threw buckets of water on the blankets over the dolphin's back.

Ron applied zinc oxide on the dolphin's head to protect him from sun and wind, careful not to get too close to his blowhole or his eyes. John counted his respirations.

"We're going to have to stabilize him so he doesn't go into shock," Ron said. "Might as well take a blood sample while we're at it." He walked to the truck, took out a black leather bag and walked back.

"OK," Ron announced. "I need two people to hold his flukes."

John and one of the volunteers stood behind the dolphin and lifted his flukes. "Flukes are pretty limp," John observed, "he doesn't have much strength."

While Ron felt and probed the flukes, the woman waited patiently. "Can't you find a vein?" she said. "I'm a nurse, maybe I can help."

"It's not that," Ron said, still searching. "It's their blubber and their counter-current circulatory system. Their arteries are surrounded by bundles of veins. Heat from outgoing blood is absorbed by cooler returning blood, minimizing heat loss to their environment, but that makes it harder to find veins and arteries...Ah, here. I think I've got it."

"Think he'll make it?" John asked.

"Maybe," Ron replied, "but we don't have facilities to care for him here. We'd have to get him to San Diego, but he probably won't survive if we have to drive him there."

"What about a helicopter?"

"Good idea. I'm sure the county will cooperate."

While John called, Ron took a blood sample and administered steroids intravenously. Then he injected shots of antibiotics and vitamins.

The helicopter arrived in half an hour. They lined the chopper with layers of foam rubber, took a large canvas sling with flipper holes out of the truck, and placed it in the sand next to the dolphin. Ron carefully felt the hand-like bones in the dolphin's flipper before tucking it next to his body, so the dolphin wouldn't be injured. John and two volunteers rocked him on his side. The dolphin whistled and squawked while they slipped the sling under his body and Ron guided his flippers into the holes.

Six men lifted the sling and carried the dolphin to the helicopter. They put the wet blankets on his back and loaded buckets with seawater to keep him cool and moist. Ron monitored his vital signs during the flight from Santa Barbara to San Diego.

When they arrived at the marine park, they lifted the dolphin out of the helicopter and placed him in a small examination pool, which was outside, next to a one-story

laboratory building. It was long enough and wide enough for an orca, but only two feet deep.

"He's been out of water too long." Ron said. "Let's get this exam over quickly. I want him in a deep pool as soon as possible. There might be gravity damage."

"Gravity damage? What's that?" The helicopter pilot asked.

"Dolphin ribs can't support them on land, and within several hours their vital organs can be crushed by the weight of their body," Ron answered.

Ron listened to the dolphin's heart and lungs with a stethoscope. He examined its eyes, mouth and flippers, took a mucus sample from the dolphin's blowhole with a cotton swab, another from the anus, placed the swabs in small marked plastic containers, dropped them into a plastic bag and made this note:

"Run blood analysis. Examine swabs for bacteria and parasites. Gelatinous layer protecting eyes clouded, probably from oil. Right flipper appears sprained but X-ray for broken bones. Heart and lungs sound OK. Administered steroids, antibiotics and vitamins.

Good luck,

Ron Fargo"

He gave the note and samples to a marine park trainer. "Would you see that Frank Coleman gets these first thing in the morning?"

"Gotcha." The trainer smiled affirmatively.

"OK, guys," John said, "let's get him to the rehab pool."

They lifted the dolphin's limp body onto the stretcher again and walked through the moonlight. Path lights illuminated an asphalt pathway through a ground cover of juniper bushes. Oak bars of the stretcher, supported by their hands and shoulders, creaked in protest.

"Damn!" the pilot complained. "I see what you mean about his weight crushing him. It's crushing me too!"

"We're lucky," John gasped. "He's probably less than six hundred pounds. Full grown, he could weigh a thousand."

"You mean he's only a baby?"

"No." John grunted from the burden. "He's a teenager."

Finally, they reached the side of the pool. John and Ron gently let the front end of the stretcher down. The dolphin slid into the pool with hardly a splash.

* * *

Mookeo still felt nauseated. Although he felt relief to be back in water, the taste of chlorine on his tongue disgusted him. His stomachs cramped and retched again. He remembered how his mother described yukee, when an unnatural taste invaded the water. The normal reaction of dolphins was to flee, but he felt disoriented. As he sonared, he heard strange echoes, like rocks blocking his way, but they

were on all sides, not just the ocean floor. Bewildered, he slowed just before ramming the side.

Mookeeo turned away in a cloudy state of consciousness, as though he hadn't slept in a long time. He heard those echoes again and slowed before hitting the other side. After a few passes, he realized he was in an enclosed smooth-rock lagoon, five dols long, three dols wide, and half a dol deep.

They threw a fish in the water. Mookeeo noticed it didn't move as it sank and wondered if it had gwee on its scales. It didn't matter, he was too sick to eat. His flukes barely moved. Instead of swimming, he bobbed up and down. When he reached the surface, he listed to his right with his blowhole open. Water entered. Pfff, he feebly blew it out.

A huwee entered the water. Mookeeo felt the huwee's arms boosting him to the surface, keeping him from listing to the side. Mookeeo felt the huwee's pulse and the warmth of his body. He knew now the huwee was trying to help. He stayed in the water with Mookeeo a while, then another huwee took his place. They took turns the rest of the night, one watching from the side, the other assisting him in the water.

* * *

The next morning, Frank Coleman, the veterinarian at the marine park, read Ron's note and inspected his patient. The dolphin didn't seem healthy, barely staying afloat.

Concerned about its weakness and refusal to eat, Frank moved the dolphin to the examination pool, where he and his staff took a blubber sample and X-rays of the right flipper. They blended ground-up squid, herring, vegetable oil, and vitamins, put it into a container with a long tube, and inserted it into the dolphin's throat, where the mixture flowed directly into the dolphin's digestive system. After the feeding, they took the dolphin back to the rehab pool.

* * *

Later that day, Mookeeo still felt weak but no longer listed to his side. A huwee continued watching, but nobody stayed in the water with him. He had become accustomed to the taste of chlorine, but he still didn't like it.

Alone with his thoughts, Mookeeo whistled for Straysee. He wanted desperately to see her, touch her, caress her.

She was loving, smart, and perceptive. She still disciplined him too, especially when sharks were near. Straysee's best friend, Mookeeo's "aunt," was killed by a shark when he was only three moons old. She had shielded Mookeeo with her body, while Straysee and the rest of the pod were diving for fish. Ever since then, he hated sharks.

Just one moon ago, Mookeeo had disobeyed her when bulls defended a calf that had been attacked. Mookeeo had moved his head back and forth to maximize his sonar range, simultaneously sending out rapid bursts of clicks. She swam up to him, eavesdropping on his echoes, which bounced off

everything between him and the ocean floor, allowing both of them to sense distant objects long before their eyes could see them.

Lower frequencies defined shape: long, large, extensions on each side of the head. Time lapses between clicks and echoes told them it was on the sandy bottom, moving away, as dolphin shapes approached it. Higher frequencies provided more detailed images - acoustic rebounds of a cartilage back confirmed it was a shark - a hammerhead.

Their acoustic senses allowed them to witness the battle from a distance. Leading the attack, they heard Elwees direct the others to focus beams of sound into a high-pitched sonar scream that shot through the water. Aimed at the shark's head, it would disorient its senses into a confused, foggy haze. Elwees gave the shark another sharp sonic blast before ramming its ribs. With superior speed, other bulls rammed its ribs and belly. The shark tried to swim away.

Without whistling a word, Mookeeo's eye had pleaded with her. She read it, telling him no, that he was too young. Mookeeo, already as fast as most bulls, dived toward the shark.

He remembered how she clapped her jaw in protest and followed him down. Approaching from behind, he saw the shark's tail swishing back and forth. Swimming alongside, he studied the protruding eye and noticed a fading glassy gloss. Boldly, Mookeeo thrust forward and slapped the eye with his flukes. The shark rolled, wincing in pain.

As he rose for a blow, Elwees whistled praise for Mookeeo's daring attack, while Straysee trailed, gaping her jaw in anger. He breached high in the air and knifed back into the water, avoiding her as she approached the surface. Swiftly descending to join the attack again, he rammed the shark in its gills. When all the dolphins had finished, the shark's limp body sank to the sea floor.

When Mookeeo rejoined her, she slapped him with her flukes. In a scolding lecture, she told him he was too reckless. He protested how he hated sharks. She told him she did too, but they were dangerous. The next day, he overheard her tell another dolphin how proud and amazed she was at his performance.

But now, most of all, He needed her hana. Like all dolphins, he had learned about hana, the unique combination of tactile sensing and sexual play dolphins use to show affection, from his mother.

He remembered when she rushed to his side after his first confrontation with a bull. She had caressed her body with his, belly to belly, sang a tender loving song just for him, and held him with her flippers. Her embrace, her soft, smooth skin, her gentle touch, oh, so soothing.

He realized now, despite his bravado at the time, that he wasn't ready to fight a full-grown bull and she knew it. He didn't need her protection or milk anymore, but she was still his teacher and best friend. And oh, how he needed her hana! He called her again and again. But the only sounds he heard were the lonely echoes of his own voice.

He felt lonely, then angry, and then lonely again. Sinking in despair, he thought about drowning. Why am I here? What purpose does my life have? Why did this happen to me?

In his darkest moment, a new voice came to him, one that he did not hear through his acoustic senses because it came directly from his mind. "Come here," the voice called. "Dive deep, Mookeeo, deep into the ocean of your soul."

In a trance-like state, Mookeeo dived within himself, just as if he was swimming after the voice, even though there was no water. "Deeper," the voice called, "deeper." And Mookeeo went deeper, and as he went deeper, layers in

his consciousness seemed to cast off as he dived into a core, just as if his body peeled away skin, then muscle, then bone, until he reached an altered state deep inside his mind, inside his spirit. And when he reached that deep ocean, his mind flowed through mysterious undercurrents, into thoughts, ideas, inspiration, just as his body would flow through water. And he went with the flow.

And the flow gave him images, and he would swim into the images, exploring them. In one image, he saw Straysee and her teachings. He remembered how she told him that dolphins aren't sharks, how dolphins are not meant to live alone, how they needed each other to hunt, to hana, to be part of something greater than themselves, a tweeco, a pod. He thought about the radical ideas she had about dolphin society, how bulls and dolphins are together but apart and her vision of how they could be closer.

In another image, he saw two huwees, alien creatures resembling squid, and he saw himself - but it wasn't himself - it was a strange creature resembling a dolphin, and there were two more like him. That can't be me, he thought, but he felt it was.

In a third image, dark and cloudy, he saw hana destroyed. He saw dolphin problems succinctly. He saw how gwee and yukee could destroy dolphins, kill fish, kill

birds, destroy life. He knew that could happen. He saw it himself, lived it himself.

Then, deep within his core, his hana shined forth. Like a bright light casting demons to the shadows, it gave him hope and purpose for his life. Instead of taking from Mother Ocean, he wanted to give something back to her. He saw a greater hana - not just for himself, not just for his tweeo or his pod, but for all dolphins. And in that image he committed all of his hana. He didn't know how he would do it, but he vowed that day to fight gwee and yukee.