

THE SHREDDER

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BOOGIE RIDING

The cave is damp, the air thick with mildew and heavy vibes. Peter, a banana, sits Indian-style on the trunk of an uprooted tree, the fire jumping out of the logs, sending light bouncing off of the cave walls. He is waxing his boogie board for tomorrow. Waves crash just twelve yards outside the door, and although it is midnight, Peter wants to ride.

But the sound of the water lulls him to sleep. His wax and boogie board slide out of his hand as he droops into a dream about empty pools and boardslides.

Monumental waves roll in from the horizon like shaken linen and shatter hard on the reef. Peter and his friend Stephen, a local papaya farmer, count to two and plunge, with their boogie boards, into the ocean. The wild Maui water rocks them and sways them, lifting them and dropping them until they are dizzy.

“REGROUP,” they say in unison. “REGROUP.”

Their boards bounce and bob brutally beneath them as they regain their composure.

A monstrous wave, tumbling and roaring, swells up behind them. Stephen says “NOW”, and both of them, the banana and the papaya farmer, paddle away from it as fast as they can with their bellies on their boogie boards. But the wave catches up, and soon, they are on top of it, riding it into shore. Stephen lets out a yelp as the wave crashes into sand and slides them, at an incredible speed, up the beach. “Sick,” Stephen says. “Totally epic.”

But as they turn around to catch another wave, the ocean looks completely flat, as if no waves had ever been there. “What’s the deal?” says Peter. “We can’t ride without any waves.” So they go home and think about exactly what to do now.



HEAVY TIMES

They have no ideas. They are sitting in Stephen's tree house, a wobbly wooden shack near the top of a papaya tree. They are brainstorming hard. They can see the calm ocean from the window: the only waves are tiny ripples from the wind.

"We could snorkel," Stephen says, but Peter points out that most of the fish are probably in Honolulu Bay this weekend watching hockey playoffs. "Then what about band practice?" Stephen and Peter's rock band is called Nervous System. They play mostly grindcore. Some crust. But it is too nice out for band practice. Nothing they come up with seems appealing.

"We're just going to have to get the waves back," Peter says. "I want to boogie board. I want to shred."

So Stephen says he has heard of someone. A legend. A myth. A wild man in the heart of the West Maui Mountains who can control the waves. They look up at the looming green mountains. A film of crawling fog grips the treetops and swoops into the lush valleys.

"There are wild pigs in there," Peter says. "Spiders the size of Antelope. But my boogie board's all waxed up and I want to go boogie riding. Let's go see the wild man. This no waves thing is killing my vibe."

So they set out on bare feet. Into the rich green foothills of the West Maui Mountains.

JUNGLE

They make their way through vines and thick, gnarled trees. Beads of dew drip from hanging leaves and roll down the ginger stalks. The hike is long, uphill, and dark, shaded by the octopus trees and the drooping Acacia, but Peter and Stephen hike on, desperate for more waves.

Soon, they get hungry and climb the smooth, muscular, red bark of a guava tree. They pluck the yellow fruit from within gobs of hanging leaves and scoop the sweet, pink insides into their mouths.

"Aren't you afraid the guavas are like you?" Stephen says. "What if they can talk and breathe and think? You're a piece of fruit too."

Peter Napkin, being the world's most gigantic banana, has always eaten fruit and has never thought about it this way. "Well that puts a whole new perspective on things, doesn't it?" he says. "You're eating them too, Stevo."

"Sure, but fruit-on-fruit seems worse. People have been eating fruit for centuries. Millennia. We Hawaiians know what we're doing. It's accepted. With you – and I hope you don't take this

the wrong way – with you, it’s a new thing. A six-foot banana eating a couple of guavas is unheard of. It seems more savage. More barbaric. Pagan ritualistic, is what I’m saying.”

Peter stares at the torn pink flesh of the fruit in his hand, its guts spilling over the sides and rolling down the waxy skin. The sticky seeds inside glisten in the dappled sunlight: the dazzling innards of his fruit counterpart.

Then he lunges at the guava with his flat banana teeth and rips and tears, sending the smaller fruit tumbling into his stomach. “Guavas are guavas, and I’m a gigantic banana,” he says. “I’m entitled, I think.”

Stephen sighs. “O.K.,” he says, and they pack as many guavas as will fit into their canvas backpacks.

Reinvigorated, they continue up the slope toward the heart of the island.



Pale pink and off-white bellflowers hang from vines, which are draped sloppily over the thick, stretched branches of Banyan trees. Birds scream overhead, and a thin mist floats, winding through the rainforest’s understory and brushing up against Pete and Stephen.

“Hold on, Steve,” Peter says, looking around. “Bad vibes.”

“What?” says Stephen.

“I don’t know. Something isn’t quite right.”

A wild pig with a baseball hat explodes out of the ginger stalks. Snorting and bucking. Charging full-speed, his hooves pounding the jungle floor like echoing thunder. “Oh no,” Stephen says. The banana and the papaya farmer run, letting out yelps and hollers as they crash through the trees and ginger. Ahead of them is a hut made of broad leaves laid like shingles around a bamboo-shoot frame. It grows as their whirling feet and heavy panting propel them toward it. Behind them is the wild pig, its short, dull tusks gleaming. Its eyebrows sharply furrowed.

“Wind, though, is what really makes waves. Out in the deep water, where people rarely go, windy days will blow huge, crushing waves into the beach. But if it’s too mellow out there, if the winds are tired and lazy, they’ll hardly blow anything for you guys to boogie on.”

“So you can’t help us?” Peter says.

“No. Sorry. You just have to wait for the weather out in the heart of the Pacific to get windier.”

“Weak,” says Steve.

“Oh brother,” says Peter, and they head out again. Through the jungle. Backpacked. Homeward.

SHREDDING

Two-story waves spill onto shore, climbing high above the reef and crashing to the sand. Splattering. Spreading fast and silent like ivy up the beach, and then receding, sucked back in by the powerful mouth of another wave.

“Norm Hamburger was right. I guess it’s windy again out there,” Peter says.

“Rad,” says Stephen, and the banana and papaya farmer begin to boogie ride. They shred all day. Even into the evening, never tiring of the epic waves caused by a mid-Pacific storm out in the desolate reaches of the ocean.



ESSAY: THE VIBE TENT

become more immediate concerns and begin to

As resource rationing and conservation ^{move toward} the forefront of the world's ~~goals~~ ^{drastically} it gets clearer that reducing individual burden on a global scale is the single most effective way to cut down on pollutant emissions and preserve our irreplaceable resources. The Vibe Tent, a solar-powered, sun-heated, ^{house on a} rainwater-irrigated, sustainably farmed property, drastically reduces individual burden on energy, ~~water supply~~, gas, food, and water supplies, and subsequently, ^{with others'} ~~with~~ utilization of ^{a similar brand of} green architecture, saves natural habitats and biomes from agricultural use, oil-drilling, ^{dams and} damming and flooding, and many other environmentally harmful ^{projects} ~~projects~~ to feed the world's "insatiable" thirst for ~~nonrenewable~~ nonrenewable resources.

supposed
day for
bring
2100
sophisticated
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undertakings

The solar panels, for example, laid on the roof at a 30° angle ~~to~~ ~~which~~ ~~can~~ ~~be~~ ~~adjusted~~ ~~to~~ ~~up~~ ~~to~~ ~~55°~~ during the winter months, according to the height of the sun, to capture and utilize the most solar energy. ~~Also~~ ^(diag. gram) Also dictated by the sun's position, the majority of the ~~double~~ windows, which are all double-paned, are facing south and east, letting the sun's heat penetrate the house. In back ~~of the house~~, on the south side, two sets of sliding glass doors ^{each} stand in front of ~~the~~ trombe walls, trapping the sun's heat ~~in the space between~~ ^{and} allowing it to radiate ~~to~~ into the rest of the house, ~~through the walls~~ ^{during} during the colder hours of the day. Eaves extend two feet from the wall to block high summer sun, and ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~poles~~ of Ginkgo biloba ^{deciduous trees}, deciduous trees, shadow the sliding glass doors with leaves in the ~~winter~~ summer and let the sun's heat flood through ~~its~~ bare ~~branches~~ branches in the winter. Operable windows are placed on either end of the house for cross-ventilation, ~~which~~ ~~alleviates~~ ~~summer~~ ~~temperature~~ which alleviates summer heat.