

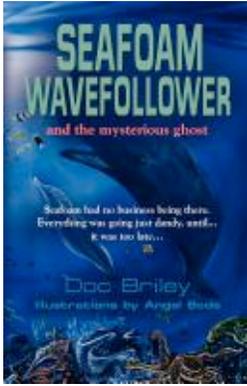
SEAFOAM WAVEFOLLOWER

and the mysterious ghost

Seafoam had no business being there.
Everything was going just dandy, until...
it was too late...

Doc Briley

Illustrations by Angel Bode



Seafoam Wavefollower, a juvenile sperm whale and skilled navigator, gets himself trapped in a sea cave under Mowie. Before the "Twenty-Four Hour Rule" forces his family to abandon him, Seafoam is forced to rely on the ghost of a mysterious Hawaiian boy he doesn't trust to lead him the way out via an underground river. Warriors, sorcerers, and a giant whirlpool (among other traps) bounce him from one fine mess to another. Time is running out...

SEAFOAM WAVEFOLLOWER

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Seafoam had no business being there. He knew he was breaking sperm whale rules. But as a path-finding navigator he just had to explore. Besides everything was going just dandy, until...

Frightened by the black water surrounding him, Seafoam swam upwards as fast as fin and fluke would allow. Higher and higher Seafoam swam without breaking surface, Dongo racing beside him.

“Oh, terrific!” he told Dongo in sonar-speak, “We forgot rule number two: ‘take in a one hour supply of air.’”

Seafoam heard a whale’s sob of distress and sadness—a frightened, unhappy sound. It was a keening sound...and it came from him.

PRAISE FOR SEAFOAM WAVEFOLLOWER:

by Gill McBarnet, Maui author and illustrator of
12 children's books

The adventures of Seafoam the sperm whale are sure to delight young readers who will relate to Seafoam's natural curiosity getting him into a trouble (a lot). Like a "Curious George" he ignores warnings *not* to get into trouble. His sense of humor, cheerful nature, and even bravery are not enough to overcome a very dangerous journey along a river beneath West Mowee. He has to use his smarts. And he has to trust a ghost; a child ghost; and a *human* child ghost at that. Humans are the ancient and sworn enemies of sperm whales. And worse, this young human spirit is hiding a secret he is ashamed to share with Seafoam. And unless the live whale and the human ghost cooperate Seafoam is doomed.

Whether the book is read by a child or to a child, Seafoam's adventure is both exciting and interesting. It draws on Hawaiian legends along with interesting facts about Sperm whales. A retired Maui paediatrician, "Doc Briley" is treating children to a fast paced, dramatic adventure set under "West Mowee" where *menehune*, fierce warriors, and giant centipedes are but a few of the obstacles that face the unwary. Will Seafoam ever be reunited with his pod? Will he save the "Hawaiian boy-spirit" from the ancient curse placed upon him? Read "Seafoam" to find out!

Gill's books include "The Whale Who Wanted to be Small", "The Goodnight Gecko" and "Gift of Aloha".

Seafoam

Wavefollower

and the mysterious ghost

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First Edition

Seafoam
Wavefollower
and the mysterious ghost

Written by John M. Briley, Jr. MD
Illustrated by Angel Bode

CHAPTER 1:
DOOM UNDER the SEA

“**W**hale Power!” Seafoam roared, charging the alarmed parrotfish. They scattered like sea spray in a stiff wind. “Say, this is gonna be fun!” The spray from Seafoam’s spout, warmed by his great lungs, blew back into his face.

“Hold on, mate,” Dongo warned. “Yer Dad says this is a new and dangerous part of the ocean.” The spinner dolphin grinned and poked his buddy with a flipper. “Besides, wasn’t you sent here as punishment?”

“Punishment?”

“Yeah. For braggin’ about how good a navigator you are.”

“Hey, I never brag. Can I help it if my family is the best navigator pod in the sixth Northern United Pods? A navigator can find his way from one spot in the ocean to another spot no one even knows about!”

Dongo snickered, “I can see you don’t brag, all right.”

Doc Briley

Seafoam snorted. “Look, Dongo, you ridiculous south sea dolphin if it’s true, it isn’t bragging.”

“Well, mate, what about all that braggin’ about you bein’ ready to fight squid? How ‘bout that, then?”

“Hey, I can handle squid.”

“The giant type o’ squid, mate?”

“Er...yeah, sure.”

“The big, huge, deep ocean giant squid? That giant squid?”

“Hey!” Seafoam spouted bravely, “the bigger the better. Bring ‘em on. Why, I’ll rip ‘em, from—”

“Yeah, you don’t brag, all right. Silly o’ me not to see it before...Heh, heh...say, where do you bury the tons o’ left over giant squid parts from all the humungous giant squid you rip to pieces.”

“Har har, Dongo. You’re as bad as dad. Squidcrusher worries about everything. Besides, you’ll notice he sent me to scout out these waters.”

“Wait a minute, mate. I believe your dad’s exzact words were: ‘Seafoam, if you’re so smart, you don’t need your mother Seabreeze and me

Seafoam Wavefollower

to help. You try chartin' those waters all alone and see if you still think it's so easy to—"

"I remember what Dad said, Dongo." Seafoam put a stubby flipper around his friend. "But I plan to do a complete job. I'm gonna do the best mind chart of this area ever done."

"Mind chart?"

"Well my flippers are no good for drawing a map (or 'chart' as we ocean whales say). So I remember everything I see. Then I can sorta 'download' it to the mind of any other navigator sperm whale."

"Er...yeah. I knew that..."

"Dad and his stupid Sperm Whale Rules."

"Rules? What rules? You never told me about any rules, mate."

"Because you're a dolphin, not a sperm whale." Seafoam cleared his throat. He copied his dad's voice. "The Sperm Whale Rules for Surviving Man-Infested Waters (ahem):

One: No leaping on the surface.

Two: Before diving, take in enough air to last one hour. A smart whale is a safe whale.

Three: No leaping on the surface.

Four: After diving, come up for air slowly. Man notices splashy breaching. And don't go spouting off as soon as you surface.

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Five: No leaping on the surface.

“Wait a minute...wait as minute! Rules one, three, and rule five are the same rule.”

“Well, for some reason Dad always repeats it ...more than twice.”

“Heh, heh...I wonder why?”

Seafoam glared at Dongo. “To continue....

Rule Six: Breathe slowly to keep your spout’s plume small. And finally,

Rule Seven: STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!”

Dongo grabbed his sides with his flippers and laughed. “Say, mate, he must really give you the stink eye when he gets to rule numbers one, three and five? Not to mention (hee hee) Rule seven.”

“Dongo-o-o,” Seafoam said warningly.

Dongo cleared his voice and tried to put on a serious face (which is not easy for a Spinner dolphin). “(Ahem)....And I quote, ‘STAY OUTTA TROUBLE’.”

Leaping over his friend with a showy two-and-a-half twist, Dongo added, “Fat chance o’ that, mate.”

“Har, har de har, Dongo. Very funny.” Seafoam glared at a nosy tiger shark. “What are you looking at, Spotty.”

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Before Seafoam could whack it with his broad tail the shark wisely tore off in the opposite direction.

“Too many rules,” Seafoam muttered. “That’s the trouble with being a Sperm Whale. Too many stupid rules.” He splashed a log covered with sea gulls. Half of them squawked in protest and flew off.

“I’ll bet those lucky humpback whales don’t have as many rules as we do!”

Seafoam thought the humpbacks were really great. For one thing, they were dandy jumpers! “Dad just doesn’t trust humpback information, Dongo.”

Seafoam cleared his throat and mimicked his dad, again. “You are to check out the humpback report that man is ‘tame’ in the Place of The Resting Waters. And then you are to mind-chart the coastline, reefs, and waters of the area on your own. And I expect a first rate job, too, young whale! Your mother and I will wait here for you to return with your report.”

“Well, as you say, mate-do a first rate job and show him!”

“Yeah.” Seafoam slapped a flipper on the ocean surface. “And if I do a good job, maybe

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he'll let me go giant squid hunting. After all, he was hunting giant squid at my age."

"Hey, mate. Fair's fair: That was different. He had to hunt 'em, right? Well...that's what your mom says, anyway."

A cold wave slapped Seafoam's face. "Yes. You're right about that, Dongo. He lost his family pod to human hunter-killers. He was left all alone."

Seafoam glowered at the remaining sea birds on the seaweed-covered log. They took off in a flurry of white feathers. "I do not trust those two legged land-walking killers called man."

Dongo rubbed flippers with Seafoam, comforting him.

"I'm all right, Dongo. Now let's get this mind-chart done. The sooner I chart the Place of the Birthing Waters, the sooner I prove what a good navigator I am to my sire."

"And the sooner he might let ya go giant squid huntin'?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah...that too."

Seafoam grinned as he swam underwater. Ahead lay the coastline of the largest of three

Seafoam Wavefollower

green and brown large chunks of land that rose with grand importance out of the ocean. Dongo claimed the dolphin elders called them “islands”.

“Leaping dolphins! These coral reefs close to shore are filled with little colorful fish of all types!” Seafoam sent sonar (sound) beeps ahead and found a hole in the reef and he and Dongo slid silently towards the steep sides of a tall cliff face.

As they got close to the cliff face, the long, flat moray eels backed up and huddled in their hidey-hole homes. But after losing their fear of the friendly young whale the hungry looking, toothy eels turned out to be a gabby as well as a grabby bunch of critters. Seafoam took advantage of their talky nature to ask for sea marks for his navigation mind charts.

“Yes, sonny,” one old moray informed Seafoam in an odd, squeaky voice, “there is an enormous sea cave just west o’ here. But it has a real nasty current rushing from its opening, so stay...away!”

“Well, sir,” Seafoam replied politely, “to a navigator pod whale like me, any tiny fact about this coast today might become a whole important piece of information tomorrow.”

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“Uh oh,” Dongo muttered, “Whenever he acts ‘Important-like’, it usually ends up with some cock-eyed plan, and...hey!”

Seafoam was already rushing off in the direction of the cave.

“Er, Seafoam,” Dongo said, catching up with his friend, “Maybe we oughta listen to the old guy?”

“Hey!” the moray yelled after them. “I pointed it out to you so you’d stay away from it, not go to it, you know-it-all sons of sea mammals.”

As Seafoam waved a friendly flipper, the old eel grumbled loudly as he turned back into his hole in the coral, “That’s the trouble with young ‘uns today, don’t hardly listen to their elders none (mumble, mumble, grumble).”

Dongo yelled back to the old moray, “Hey! Talk to my buddy here, not me!”

When they approached the cliff Seafoam detected a strange dark cavity near its bottom. The waving seaweed there streamed out as if reaching towards them.

“Hmm, Dongo,” Seafoam thought aloud, “no currents should swirl around the cliff in these parts, so this particular current must be coming from that dark cave opening.”

Seafoam Wavefollower

“That’s real interesting, mate. Now let’s get outta here.” Dongo pulled at Seafoam’s flipper. Seafoam pulled him back.

“You a scairdy-catfish, Dongo?”

“No. It’s just that yer old sire is smart. And your old sire expressly said to stay out of trouble. Rule seven. You do remember rule seven, right?”

“On the other flipper, he never exactly said anything about staying away from sea caves!”

Dongo said, in warning, “Uhhh...Seafoam, ol’ mate—”

“Come on, Dongo! Surely Dad would want me to investigate an unusual sea cave. One from which comes a Strange Water Current? To make accurate charts, of course.”

“Oh, sur-r-re, mate, o’ course.”

Seafoam studied the sea cave opening before him with respect. His curiosity finally brushed away the small fear nagging him. While Seafoam carefully examined the cave mouth for the best approach, Dongo glumly examined it with deep suspicion.

“Let’s see. If I take a good swimming start through the exact center of the opening...the current won’t throw me off balance. And if

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there's no air in the cavern inside, we can always hot-fluke it out of there."

"We? Whaddya mean, 'we'? I'll just wait out here for ya, mate."

Seafoam glared at his friend. "Say, you aren't gonna sea-chicken on me, are you?"

"Hey, who you callin' a sea-chicken. Lead the way, blubber head!"

"Follow me. No guts—no glory!"

"All of a sudden-like, I got a bad feeling about this," Dongo muttered. "As usual..."

Unfortunately, as Seafoam moved in, his huge sperm whale body blocked the opening. The current from the strange cave sped up and tore at him. Its new, more powerful thrust fishtailed the surprised Seafoam. His muscular tail flukes smashed one, then the other side of the entrance. And he heard nasty rumbling noises. Oh, just Terrific!

He quickly dove forward as a massive slide of rocks and coral chunks sealed the entrance of the cave behind him. Only a small, Dongo-sized opening to the sea remained. As soon as the rumbling stopped, complete silence started. The unhappy whale could no longer hear the friendly waves booming against the cliffs. Trapped! Like some dumb lobster in a trap.

Seafoam Wavefollower

The underwater cave into which he had coasted was now totally dark. It was like being caught in a pool of black ink from an angry giant squid.

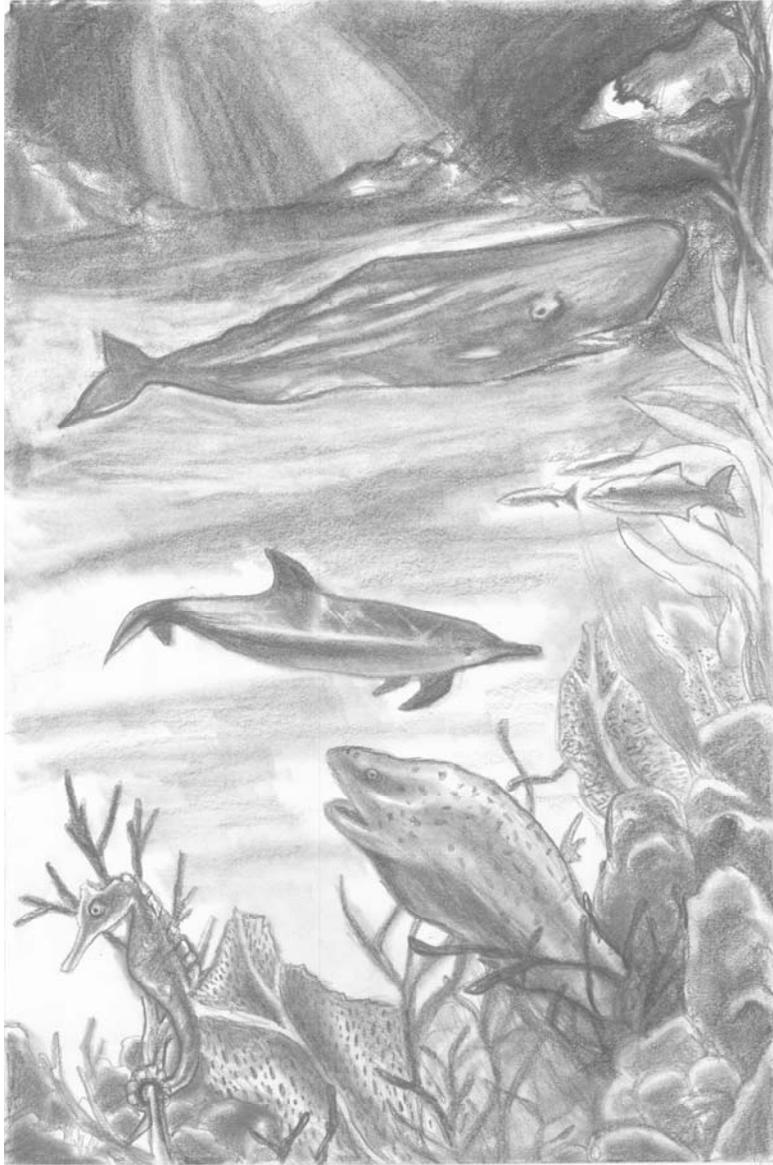
What about Mom and Dad? Seafoam thought. They won't have a clue where I am once they noticed me missing. Maybe they heard the rockslide and will come looking. Maybe! In the meantime, what about breathing? If there's no air to breathe in here, I'll drown!

Frightened by the black water surrounding him, Seafoam swam upwards as fast as fin and fluke would allow. Higher and higher Seafoam swam without breaking surface, Dongo racing beside him.

"Oh, terrific!" he told Dongo in sonar-speak, "We forgot rule number two: 'take in a one hour supply of air'".

"*Now* you tell me!" Dongo squealed.

Seafoam heard a whale's sob of distress and sadness-a frightened, unhappy sound. It was a keening sound...and it came from him.



Seafoam ignores the warning of the Moray eel

**CHAPTER 2:
A STRANGE ENEMY**

Ican't...hold my breath...any longer.
Oh Mom, Dad! Seafoam thought. Just then, Seafoam burst to the surface. After spouting, he sucked in a large lung full of air. It wasn't clean, fresh sea air; and the water around him was not the water he was used to. It was different. Not bad—just different from the familiar and friendly salty ocean.

“Hmm, must have entered a large underwater cave.”

“No kiddin', mate.”

“I only hope now Mom and Dad heard that noisy rock slide, and are on their way to rescue me, or we're in *deep* trouble! Oh, why didn't we listen to the warning of the moray eel?”

“We? *We*? Seems to me it was *you* who didn't listen!”

“Whatever.”

“Seafoam?”

“What?”

“I'm not enjoyin' meself.”

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“Maybe you ought to squeeze out of that hole, down below. Go and tell my parents.”

“You kiddin’? I ain’t gonna leave you alone. No way!”

“Er, Dongo—what’s that roaring noise?” The sound was as loud as huge waves crashing against a rocky shore; but unlike waves, this sound was continuous. And it was causing a fine mist that blew gently in Seafoam’s face.

“I don’t know, an’ I don’t want to find out, neither, mate.”

“Well I do.” Seafoam swam blindly around the cave, carefully, seeking the source of the noise and mist.

“Hey, mate—wait fer me...!” Dongo dolphin-kicked after Seafoam.

Forgetting his sonar couldn’t send bouncing sound signals above water, Seafoam blundered into thundering sheets of icy-cold water. Dongo followed him.

Coughing and spluttering, Seafoam backed out, yelling, “Oh help. An area of Falling Waters! Swim for your life, Dongo!”

“Relax, mate. It’s just a waterfall.”

“Oh, er...sure, I knew that. Say, it has a little salty taste. That must mean...the sea’s somewhere up ahead!”

Seafoam Wavefollower

Just then a pale, blue light appeared. As it became stronger the radiant plant life on the cave walls began to glow.

“No doubt about it, something really weird is going on.” To make matters worse, the eerie light was now coming towards Seafoam.

To Seafoam’s amazement, the light took the form of an odd, four-limbed creature that appeared to walk on its two lower limbs.

“Oh no, a human!” Seafoam said, remembering the “Enemy Recognition Mind-Charts” his father had taught him when Seafoam was just a calf. *So that’s what a human looks like.*

“Oh no, a *ghost*. You’re right, Seafoam. Someone oughtta tell your parents what happened. I’ll go get ‘em.” And Dongo dove to the small opening to the sea far below.

“Hey, what happened to, ‘I won’t leave you alone’? Well I’m not afraid of any ghosts!”

Seafoam searched through his mind charts for more facts and information, and found it: a young human male calf with sad eyes. A strange creature indeed!

Seafoam slowly cruised the water of the cave, keeping a careful eye on the creature.

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Before the startled whale could lift fin or fluke, the human child lightly hopped onto Seafoam's broad head. It boldly sat itself behind Seafoam's blowhole (which was huffing in anger and a "what-do-you-think-you-are-doing" sort of way).

"Hey! Human!" Seafoam snapped. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Stop blowing your spout, whale," the creature snapped, "I am your guide out of here...I hope."

"Guide? My father says no man creature can be a friend of whale!" Seafoam roared, "So get off of my back."

Seafoam raced around the cave. He tried to buck, and then scrape the human off his back. Leaps, rolls, flipper over tail flips—every trick he knew he tried. And every trick failed. He cruised to a halt, huffing and puffing through his blowhole. Then Seafoam got it: if the human were a ghost, he wouldn't be able to scrape it off his back!

"I can understand your feelings about man. But I still plan to get you out of here," the young land creature stated in a stubborn sort of voice.

Seafoam Wavefollower

“Who are you? Or... *what* are you?” Seafoam demanded, his breath returning.

“I am a human boy. A Hawaiian. I can tell you no more. But I *am* one human you can trust.”

“Hey, I know what’s so wrong here: You’re speaking the language of the whale. And not only of the whale, but in the special *sperm* whale language!”

Sperm whale calves were taught to respect whale spirits, so talking with a ghost didn’t bother Seafoam so much as talking with a *human* ghost.

“And just what is a human boy-spirit doing down in a deep, water-filled cave?”

The boy sighed sadly and didn’t answer. Try as Seafoam might to demand answers, the boy-ghost skillfully changed the subject.

“I shall explain later,” the boy promised at the end of each question.

Seafoam remembered what Squidcrusher had always said: “Never trust the land creature called man.” And now Seafoam knew his dad was right.

“Listen, whale, right now I have got to get you out of here. At this moment your parents

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are trying to remove the rubble from the cave-in. Unhappily, they are failing.”

“How can you know what my parents are doing?”

“I’d be a fine ghost if I didn’t keep track of what was going on around my own resting place! The important thing is that I know they can’t rescue you. So the sooner you start trusting me and we get going, the better.”

Seafoam didn’t like being prodded and pushed by a man creature; and he liked even less the thought of putting his trust in one. However, the boy made sense. *Under the circumstances, it is time to escape.*

Seafoam put aside his having no trust in man and his being really upset at the boy’s refusal to answer questions in.

“I don’t suppose you have a name, man-child spirit?”

“I’d rather be called Kekoa than ‘man-child spirit’.”

“Kekoa? Now *there’s* an odd name!”

“To a whale, perhaps. I don’t suppose you, a whale, even *have* a name?”

“Of course I have a name! Seafoam, Seafoam Wavefollower,” came the reply. *This creature’s beginning to really annoy me.*

Seafoam Wavefollower

“And you say my name is odd?” Kekoa snorted. “Say, how did you come by such a name, anyway?”

“Because when I leap in the air, I come down so hard I smash big waves into little droplets of water. And if any human messes with me, I can mash him, too!”

The boy got excited. “Say, whale, those great leaps of yours may be useful. To reach the underground river out of here you must first leap *that*.” He pointed to a thundering waterfall.

Seafoam studied the fifty-foot cascade of falling water. “So *that’s* what I blundered into earlier.”

Above the falls was another thirty feet to the rugged lava roof of the giant cavern. Seafoam didn’t like the looks of the fifteen-foot shelf of jagged rocks that stuck out from the base of the tall waterfall. *Terrific!*

“Holy squids!” Seafoam whistled. “You expect me to leap that?”

“Surely, whale. I have seen the long-flipper whales leap high in our Maui waters.”

“Ah. You mean the humpback whales. Well, I hate to tell you, but though I am a good

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jumper, I can't leap as high as a humpback or orca, you stupid human."

"Orca? And what is an 'orca'? What a strange name."

"Killer whale to you. Why am I even bothering to try talking to a human?" Seafoam muttered with a snort. "It would appear that Dad was right—man is both stupid as well as cruel: a dangerous mix!"

"Hear me well, Seafoam Wavefollower. We cannot begin your journey to safety till you jump those falls. Only then can you reach the underground river which leads to the other side of the mountain—to the way out." Kekoa sighed, and then added, "At least *try*; your life depends on it."

Seafoam regarded the thundering falls. He said, bitterly, "I can't jump it. It's too high."

Kekoa, silent for a few seconds, then said in a quiet voice, "Very well, we shall just have to get you a little help. You haven't earned it, yet. But I do owe you."

Before the uneasy Seafoam could ask Kekoa what he meant by "a little help", and Seafoam not having "earned it yet", and him "owing" Seafoam, the boy placed himself in what looked to Seafoam like a "trance"—like when sperm

Seafoam Wavefollower

whales transferred mind-chart information to each other. They did not know what was going on around them while they did. Kekoa extended his arms and chanted in a melodic human language. For a human tongue, it was strangely pleasant to Seafoam's ears.

Small tongues of flame jumped from the cavern walls and then crept towards Seafoam. His unhappiness about being close to a human increased.

"Jumping purple porpoises!" Seafoam shouted, as the small blips of fire circled his head. He tried to keep his sperm whale calmness, *but if pretty soon somebody doesn't explain something I'm going to complain to someone!*

"Oh, terrific. More spirits," Seafoam groaned. The tongues of flame had turned into tiny, elder humans—less than half the size of Kekoa, but with the same odd, bluish spirit glow. They were pot-bellied and their hair hung low over their foreheads. Their unhappy expressions suggested that at one time they might have been cheerful—but that something terrible had changed them. With alarm, Seafoam noted they carried long, harpoon-like sticks. Really sharp and really pointy ones.

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The little men nodded grimly to the boy, as if they had come to some secret agreement. Seafoam's nerves were turning to seawater—
"*No one asked me for my opinion!*"

The little men surrounded Seafoam's head like a crown of flames, and lifted their spears high above the head of the horrified whale—aiming the spear tips at his unprotected blowhole.

Seafoam spouted angrily. *I've been tricked by the Hawaiian boy-spirit and his merry little band of men. Which means I am about to become whale meat.*

That unpleasant thought did it! Seafoam charged around the cavern, trying to escape the spears. He roared in anger every time he crashed into a wall. This was about as much fun as battling a giant squid to the death. And losing.

"Hold still, you ungrateful whale!" Kekoa commanded. "We are only trying to help."

"Help yourselves, or me?" Seafoam countered as he painfully bounced off a rugged wall. He sounded—diving under water. "*Oh no, you big_dummy_Seafoam!*" Once again he had forgotten to fill his lungs with enough air before sounding. *Terrific*—that was twice in

Seafoam Wavefollower

one day he'd forgotten the really, really important 'rule two' for staying alive in human infested waters.

As he returned to the surface with a whoosh, he spouted a wide plume. The plan was to put out the tongues of fire.

No luck. The boy and the little human men patiently waited for him.

"Seafoam, you stubborn blubber-head! The *menehune* spirits are here to help you—so you can leap that waterfall."

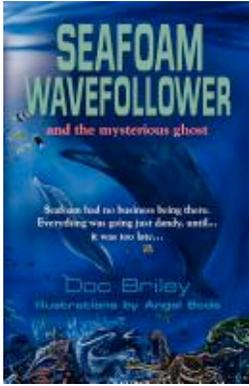
"*Blubber* head, am I? Hah! I know a treacherous human when I see one." Seafoam gave Kekoa a murderous look.

"But...*auwe!*" Kekoa wailed. Seafoam saw the boy point to his blowhole and utter rapid instructions in that strange human language of his. The little spirits immediately hurled their sharp spears towards Seafoam.

Seafoam cried out the whale scream of terror. As the spears struck his blowhole, Seafoam saw a brilliant flash of light...and then saw nothing more.



Seafoam saw a brilliant flash of light...



Seafoam Wavefollower, a juvenile sperm whale and skilled navigator, gets himself trapped in a sea cave under Mowie. Before the "Twenty-Four Hour Rule" forces his family to abandon him, Seafoam is forced to rely on the ghost of a mysterious Hawaiian boy he doesn't trust to lead him the way out via an underground river. Warriors, sorcerers, and a giant whirlpool (among other traps) bounce him from one fine mess to another. Time is running out...

SEAFOAM WAVEFOLLOWER

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