



Eddie gazed into a sea of angry faces. The men and women gathered in the Kalihi Community Center were people he'd known all his life. But tonight, their fear and frustration made them seem like strangers.

“—Why can't you do something?” Everyone was talking at once, so Eddie heard only part of what Mr. Chang was asking. But he could easily figure out the rest. Everyone in the Center was wondering the same thing. *Why can't you protect us, Eddie Kahele? You're a cop!*

He held up his hands for silence. Bit by bit the talking stopped.

“Mr. Chang,” Eddie said patiently, “I'm

only one cop. This neighborhood is not the only trouble spot in Honolulu. That's why you folks need to form a Neighborhood Watch. You have to look out for each other."

Mr. Chang made a disgusted face. "I grew up in Kalihi," the old man said. "We had gangs when I was a kid—but not like what we have today. Back then, kids were mischievous, not vicious or even mean. Things are worse now."

"I know," Eddie said quickly. "Things have changed a lot. But that's not what we're here to talk about. Let's stay on the subject, please."

An elderly woman in the front row stood up. Eddie smiled to himself. Auntie Malia had seemed old when he was little, but now she really was old! She was also one of his favorite aunts. Not that she and Eddie were related by blood. In Hawaii, young people called their elders "auntie" and "uncle" out of respect.

"Eddie," she said, "I'm too old to patrol the streets. What can I do to help?"

Eddie explained that not everyone had to go out on patrol. He talked about block captains. He explained how the people in the neighborhood could look out for each other. But he could see it was a lost cause. By the time the meeting was over, only a handful of people had signed up for the Neighborhood Watch.

When Eddie left the Center, he felt frustrated. Deep in thought, he headed for his small apartment a couple of blocks away.

A full moon splashed silver light over the monkeypod trees that lined the street. The warm air was sweet with the lemony scent of plumeria blossoms. As he walked, Eddie remembered being a kid here, playing ball in the street on nights like this. In those days he hadn't had a care in the world.

Then he grew up, and the world changed.

Hawaii had breathtaking rainbows, beautiful beaches, and perfumed air—but it was not really paradise. Honolulu had the same problems as any other big city. Kalihi was an old neighborhood, a poor

neighborhood. But people of all different races lived, worked, and played here together. Eddie loved that. As far back as he could remember, living in Kalihi meant having a sense of “ohana”—a feeling of family.

Kalihi had always had its share of crime. Now and then, kids ripped off something from Mr. Chang’s little grocery store. Sometimes a car got stolen for a joy ride. But for the most part, the gangs were a nuisance, not a threat.

Then the face of crime began to change. The criminals started packing knives and guns. And stealing wasn’t enough. They seemed to get a thrill out of beatings and killings. They respected no one and nothing. In fact, just a week ago, old Mrs. Shiroma had been badly beaten after cashing her pension check. She had stubbornly refused to hand over the money to her attacker.

Eddie was thinking about Mrs. Shiroma when a loud scream ripped through the night. He froze, trying to figure out where the sound had come from. Then he heard men’s voices