



SCHOOL JOURNAL

September 2014



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
I Want to Be Zippy!	4
Reading a Boat	4
Pōhā: A Clever Way of Storing Food	4
Where Are the Fairies?	4
Nobody Laughed	4

This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 2. It supports literacy learning by providing opportunities for students to develop the knowledge and skills they need to meet the reading demands of the curriculum at this level. Each text has been carefully levelled in relation to these demands; its reading year level is indicated above.



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CONTENTS

Play

- 2 **I Want to Be Zippy!** *by Fiona Liddell*

Articles

- 9 **Reading a Boat** *by Don Long*
24 **Pōhā: A Clever Way of Storing Food** *by Dr Michael Stevens*

Poem

- 16 **Where Are the Fairies?** *by Serie Barford*

Story

- 18 **Nobody Laughed** *by Bernard Beckett*



I Want to Be Zippy!

by Fiona Liddell

CHARACTERS

LIAM

LUCY

MRS L

HANI

SONNY

SAM

DAYIB

Scene: *The classroom. DAYIB passes out copies of the play to the other students.*

LIAM. This is so cool! We get to do a play!

SAM. We never do plays.

LUCY. Hel-lo? We're doing a play now! Let's choose our parts.

HANI. We hardly ever get to do plays ... and it's not fair. Everyone else gets to have a go.

LUCY. No one else has had a go yet – just our group.

SONNY. I want to be Zippy!

LIAM. I want to be ... um ...

SAM. I want to be Fang – no Zippy – no Fang!

DAYIB. I want to be Zippy.

SAM. I want to be Zippy. He's on every page.

DAYIB. I said it first! I already said that I wanted to be Zippy.

SAM. Yeah, but I want to be him, too. You had the play before anyone else. It's not fair.

DAYIB. There are hard words in this play. I reckon I can say them better than you.

LIAM. That's mean.

HANI. Dayib, you had the biggest speaking part the last time we did a play.

DAYIB. That was ages ago, and we didn't get to do it in front of the class. This is different.

LIAM. Let's just look at the play and read it. We don't even know what it's about yet.

LUCY. Hmm ... it seems to be about two groups.

SONNY. And it looks like there are a couple of main characters.

SAM. So, who are they? They must be the most important.

SONNY. It's Fang and Zippy. They do most of the talking.

Then there are their two friends.

HANI. What? That makes four roles. So there are six of us and only four characters – and two do all the talking. This play's stink!

SONNY. I think it looks cool. Look, there's even some fighting in it.

See there! *(He reads from the copy.)* "They fight".

ALL THE OTHERS. Oh yeah!

DAYIB. So I'm Zippy, and Sam is Fang. Right? That's what we decided?

SONNY. What? We didn't decide –

SAM. Let's just start.

SONNY. This is dumb! *(He gets up and walks away.)* I'm outta here!

SAM. Sonny! Sonny! Hey, come back!

SONNY *sits down apart from the group.*





LIAM (to **SAM**). Look what you did. We still need him in the play. Look, we need all six of us. It says that Fang and Zippy *each* have two friends. How are we going to get him back?

LUCY. You guys weren't listening to him. We should let him have the part he wants.

DAYIB. No way! Why should we? Just because he gets all aggro?

LIAM. It's your fault!

DAYIB. No it's not! He just gave up and walked away!

LIAM. Yes it is! (*He pushes DAYIB.*)

DAYIB. Hey, don't push me!

LIAM. You asked for it.

SAM. Stop it! (*He uses his arm to form a barrier between the two boys.*)

DAYIB. Well, I want to be Zippy, and Sam can be Fang. We'll be funny.

HANI. You just decided on your own. I think we should take a vote.

DAYIB. I vote for me!

LUCY. No, wait. Who thinks Dayib should be Zippy?

SAM. This is just a play. Is it that important who plays who?

ALL THE OTHERS. Yes!

LIAM. Let's read the play first, and then we can decide who will suit each role.

SAM. Hey, look! There are three different endings.

LIAM. You're right. The first ending has Zippy just walking away and giving up on his friends.

DAYIB. That's dumb as. I don't want to be Zippy any more.
Who just walks away?

*They all look over at **SONNY.***

LUCY. What happens next?

SAM. It looks like Zippy feels bad and gets into trouble because he's upset and all on his own.

HANI. Oh. Maybe we should get Sonny back.

SAM. How?

HANI. You go over. Just ask him to come back. Tell him that you're sorry and we need his help.

SAM *walks across to **SONNY** to apologise.*

LUCY. What's the second ending about? It says here,
"They fight ..."!

LIAM. And someone gets hurt! (*They all look at **LIAM** and **DAYIB***)
And *that's* the end? Don't they make up?

HANI. I don't think it's meant to be a happy ending.

LIAM. Hurry up. We're running out of time. Mrs L will be expecting us to know the play.

LUCY. One more ending to go. It says, “They negotiate and finally solve the conflict”. That’s an idea!

SAM returns with **SONNY**.

HANI. OK. There are six characters in the play. How are we going to decide who plays which character?

DAYIB. We could take it in turns to play Zippy and Fang. We could swap around the characters for each of the three endings.

SONNY. Yeah, but the class won’t know what’s going on, will they? They won’t know who is who.

SAM. We could get props. Zippy could have a hat. Fang could have glasses. Then when we change parts, the audience will be able to follow the story.

SONNY. Oh yeah, and we could swap around for each ending and all have a go playing Zippy and Fang. Or we could use puppets!

DAYIB. All right! Let’s do that!



MRS L. OK, everyone. Time to come and share your play.

ALL STUDENTS. But we haven't had time to practise it yet!

MRS L. What have you been doing all this time? OK, you can have five more minutes.

HANI. Thanks, Mrs L. Right, let's get going!

MRS L. By the way. You've probably been wondering what the play is called. Here's the cover page. It was left on the photocopier.

LUCY (*holding up the cover page and reading out loud*). *The Birds and the Animals: A Fable about the Creatures of the Forest.*

The birds and the animals are always fighting, but in the end, they work out a way to solve their differences.

SAM. That sounds familiar. Have we done this play before?



ILLUSTRATIONS BY SCOTT PEARSON

READING A BOAT

BY DON LONG • PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADRIAN HEKE



Tobiah, Achilles, and Niko leaned over the rail and waved to their mum. She was standing on the wharf. Mum waved back. “Have a good time,” she called up to them.

It was the school holidays, and Gran was taking the boys on a ferry ride across the harbour. The sun shone brightly, and the sea was as flat as glass. “Perfect weather for a ferry trip!” Gran said as they climbed up to the top deck and found a seat.

They looked back at the city growing smaller behind them. Seagulls flew past, and the boys could see several other boats out on the water.

After a while, the boys went off to explore the ferry.
“Have you noticed how many signs there are on this boat?”

Niko said. “There must be hundreds!”

“Hundreds?” asked Achilles.

“Well heaps,” said Niko. “Have a look.”

He was right. There were lots of signs on the ferry.

“Do you think anyone ever reads this stuff?” Tobiah said.

“They’d better,” said Niko. “Look what that sign says – ‘Emergency exit’. You’d want to know where to go if there was an emergency.”

“Yeah, but that sign over there is only selling ice cream.”

“So how do you know which signs are important – and which aren’t?” asked Tobiah.

The boys asked Gran if they could use her cellphone to take photos of some of the signs. As they took the photos, they filed each one under “Important” and “Not important”.

The boys couldn’t agree on some of the signs. For example, Niko thought that “No smoking” was important, but Achilles wasn’t so sure.





“You don’t want to risk starting a fire on a ferry,” Niko reasoned. “‘No smoking’ might be just good advice somewhere else, but here it really matters.”

“OK, what about the recycling sign on that rubbish bin? Recycling is really important,” said Archilles.

“It is,” Niko agreed, “but whether people put empty bottles into that rubbish bin or not – well, that isn’t as important as knowing where to find the emergency exit, is it?”





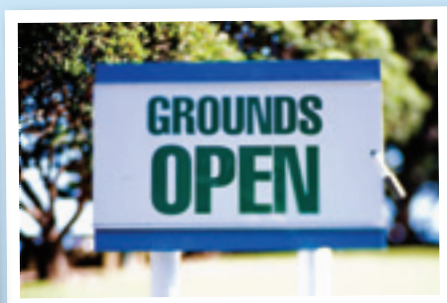
The boys went back up on to the top deck.

“I never realised there were so many signs on the ferry,” said Gran when the boys showed her their photos.

“I know,” said Niko. “It’s almost like you need to be able to read a boat.”

“What about on shore?” asked Gran as the ferry came up to the wharf. “There are lots of signs on land too. Let’s have a look when we get off the ferry.”

Gran was right. The boys hadn’t really noticed before, but now they were looking, there seemed to be signs everywhere.



As they walked along the shore, the boys divided the signs they saw into two groups: important signs and signs that aren't important. The advertising signs were easy. They were just trying to sell something. The road signs were easy, too. If you are driving a car towards an intersection, you really do have to stop.

“But what about that sign?” said Gran. “It says not to take too much kaimoana.”

“It's important,” said Tobiah. “It says that there's a fine if you take too much.”

“I don't think it's the fine that makes this sign important,” said Gran. “The kaimoana might disappear forever if people take too much. That's what makes it important.”



They couldn't agree about the sign telling people when they could walk their dogs on the beach.

"But two against one," said Achilles. "Gran and I reckon it's important. Sometimes there might be lots of people on the beach. A dog could scare someone."

Everyone agreed that the "Underground cables" sign was important after Gran told them what it meant.

"So if anyone digs here, they could get fried?" said Niko.

"Exactly," said Gran.

That evening when the boys got home, Mum helped them to download the photos from Gran's phone. Then she helped them to send the photos to some of their school friends.

The boys told their friends about signs that were important and signs that weren't important. The boys challenged their friends to find a sign that they wouldn't be able to classify.



Here are some of the signs that their friends sent back:



The boys and Gran talked about each sign. Then the boys decided whether the sign was a “must read” or not. They texted their friends with their answers. The boys reckoned that they had been sent at least one “must read” – maybe three.

“Sometimes it depends who you are,” Niko laughed. “CCTV cameras are in operation on these premises’ is a must read for shoplifters and robbers!”



Where Are the

*I wanna ride on a fairy boat,
my little sister whispered.*

*She was wearing a pretty lilac dress,
wings with sequins and glitter on them,
her pink sandals from Auntie Sina,
and a lolly lei from fiafia night.*

*We're on a ferry boat,
I whispered back, pointing to the sign.
It says "LIFEBELTS UNDER SEATS".*

But she wasn't listening.

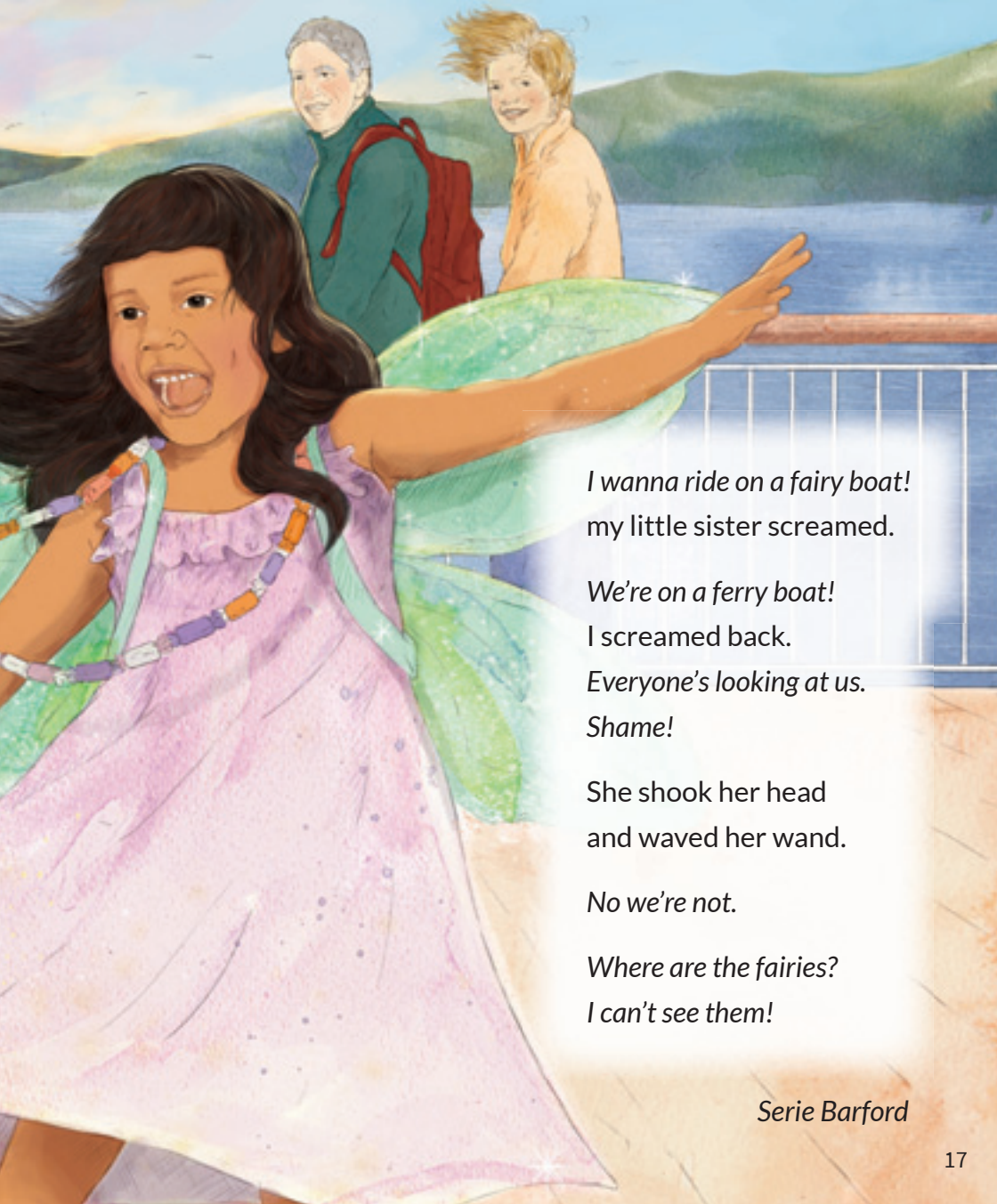
*I wanna ride on a fairy boat,
my little sister said.*

*We're on a ferry boat,
I said, pointing to the seagulls.
Look at the seagulls chasing fish.*

But she wasn't listening.



Fairies?



*I wanna ride on a fairy boat!
my little sister screamed.*

*We're on a ferry boat!
I screamed back.*

*Everyone's looking at us.
Shame!*

*She shook her head
and waved her wand.*

No we're not.

*Where are the fairies?
I can't see them!*

Serie Barford

Nobody Laughed

by Bernard Beckett



Aiden walked to school with a spring in his step and a bright green bag on his back. It was the first day back after the summer holiday. The sun shone brightly. Aiden kicked at stones and whistled to himself. He loved his school, and he loved his new bag. It was big but not too big – the perfect size for books, his lunch, and his secret favourite thing.



Aiden's friend Kane was waiting at the school gate. At first, they were so busy telling each other their holiday stories (new house, new hill, new bike, missing tooth) that they didn't even notice they had the same bag.

"That's the thing about shopping at the Bigbarn store," Kane shrugged.

But then they saw that Lauryn had the same bag, too, and Jessie and William and Toeiva and Charlotte and ... in fact, their entire class. The day was getting weird.

"Just a coincidence," Mr Chalmers said brightly. (His bag was black and battered, with a tarnished buckle that had once been gold.) "We'll need to be very careful to hang each bag on its own hook so there are no mix-ups."



Of course, there was a mix-up. It happened while the class was out running laps of the field. (Mr Chalmers called it PE.) The school caretaker decided that it would be a good day to finally replace some broken hooks, and to do that, he had to take down all the bags and put them in a pile – a great big, fluorescent green, Bigbarn-store special pile.



There was a lot of shouting when the class got back from their run.

“Put that down. It’s mine!”

“No, this one is yours. Mine wasn’t that heavy!”

“Give it here!”

“Let it go!”

“This one’s mine!”

“Not even!”

“What are we going to do?”

Aiden said nothing. He’d already guessed what would happen next, and *that* had him worried. Sure enough, Mr Chalmers suggested the only possible solution.

“We’re just going to have to open up the bags, one by one, and look inside.”

Aiden had picked a very bad day to carry his secret favourite thing to school. When the others saw it, he would surely die of embarrassment. He put his head down and waited for the shameful moment to arrive.

Mr Chalmers opened the first bag. He pulled out a long, white bone. Aiden thought it probably came from a cow – it was that big.

“That’s my moa bone,” said Helen. “Sefton Johnson sold it to me for five dollars.”

Aiden waited for people to start laughing, but nobody did. Not even Sefton. It was turning out to be one of those upside-down, impossible-to-predict days.

“How about this?” Mr Chalmers held up a plastic bag containing an egg beater, a ball of string, a rubber band, and a calculator.

“I’m making a rocket,” said Nathan. “When I find the right fuel, it will travel to the moon.” Nathan was full of big notions that never worked out. Mostly, people laughed at his ideas, but not today.



Tamsin had a dead frog, a sprig of parsley, and an egg that she claimed was a thousand years old. She said that she was learning to become a witch. Nobody laughed.



Toeiva had a tea bag inside a small picture frame. It had once been inside Ma'a Nonu's tea cup when he had visited Asafo's auntie. Nobody laughed.

Charlotte had a magnifying glass. She explained how she used it to check the small print on labels. She had made a hobby of collecting long words that she didn't understand ("amaryllifolius" was her favourite). It was certainly a strange hobby, but nobody laughed.



One by one, the bags were opened, and each revealed its own secret favourite thing. There was a satin cape, a lock of hair, a lump of coal, a list of songs beginning with the letter A, and a superhero action figure. And not once did anybody laugh. Perhaps, Aiden worried, the class were saving up all their laughter for him.

Finally, there were only two bags left. Aiden crossed his fingers and hoped his would be last. That way Mr Chalmers wouldn't even have to open it. They'd know it was his already. He closed his eyes and crossed his fingers. A drop of sweat ran down his neck. His left knee began to shake. Mr Chalmers opened the second-to-last bag and pulled out a small, orange tutu.



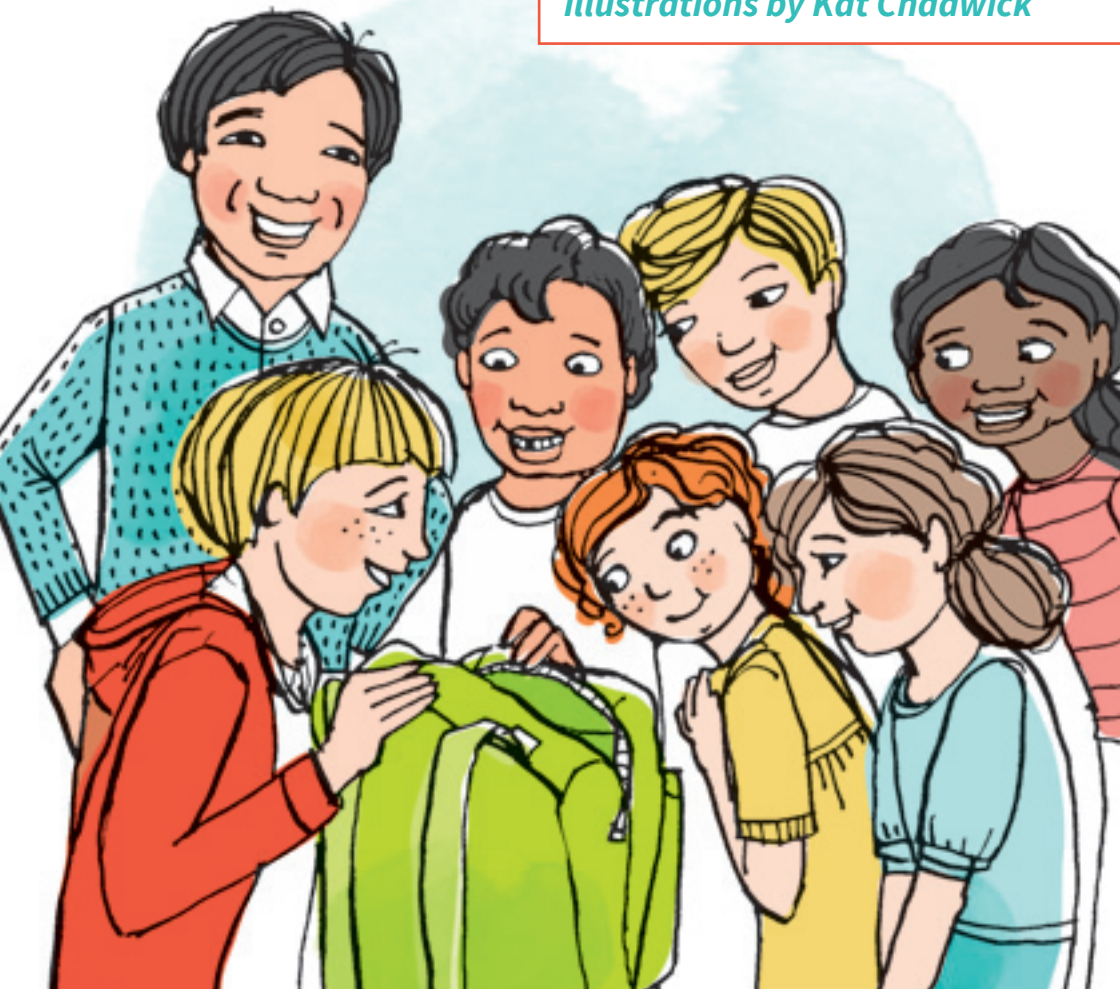
“Um, that’s mine,” said Kane. He walked forward and claimed his bag. Nobody laughed.

“Well then, this one’s yours,” said Mr Chalmers, throwing Aiden the last, unopened bag.

“Hey, that’s not fair,” called out Sefton. “We want to see what’s in his bag too.”

Aiden smiled. He opened his bag and showed the class his own, secret favourite thing. And nobody laughed.

illustrations by Kat Chadwick



Pōhā: A Clever Way of Storing Food

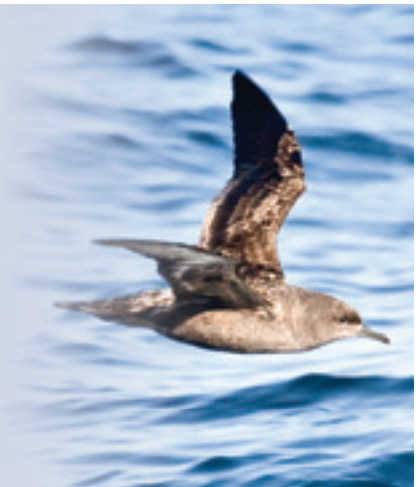
by Dr Michael Stevens

Nowadays, food is packed in cans or put in the freezer to keep it in good condition until we want to eat it. But before there were cans and freezers, people had other ways of storing food.

One way that Māori stored food was to pack it into pōhā. Pōhā are bags made from a special kind of kelp called rimurapa. Some Māori still make pōhā. They use them to store tītī meat. Tītī are seabirds. They are also known as muttonbirds.

Facts about tītī

- Tītī are the most common seabird in New Zealand.
- There are more than 40 million of them in the world.
- They are also known as sooty shearwaters and grey-faced petrels.

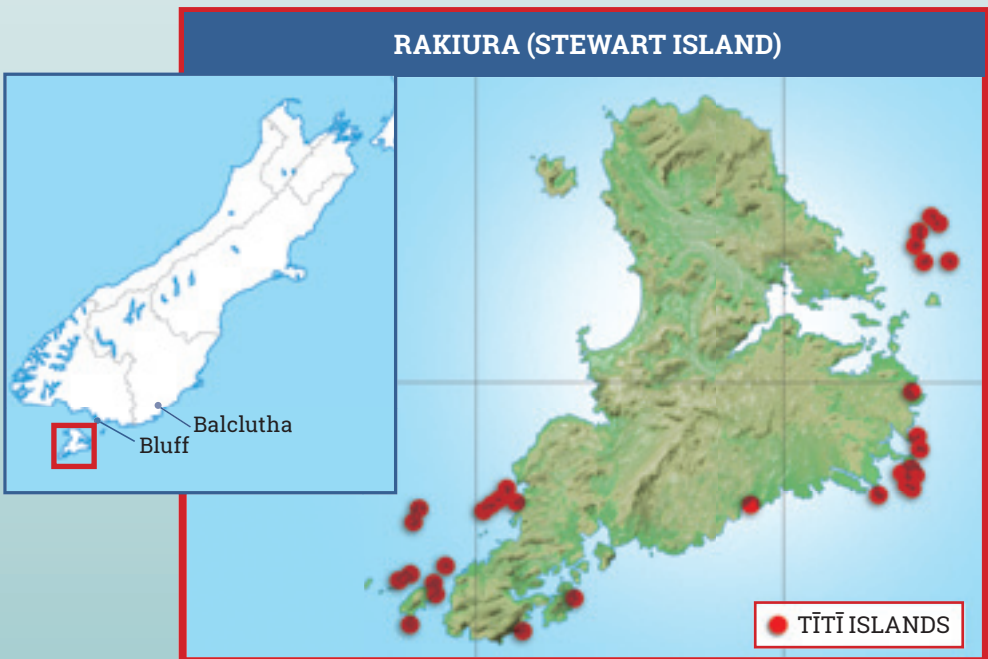


Muttonbirding

Although tītī fly all around the world, they only lay their eggs on particular islands in the southern hemisphere. Some of these islands are near Rakiura (Stewart Island). Several **Kāi Tahu** families have houses on these islands. They visit them every year in April and May.

These days, family members travel to the islands by boat or sometimes by helicopter, but they have the same reason for making the journey as their **tipuna**: they go there to harvest tītī chicks for food. This is called muttonbirding.

Tītī are a very popular kai, especially with Māori. They are often cooked for important events such as birthdays, weddings, or tangi.



Catching the tītī

The muttonbirding harvest has two parts. The nanao is when muttonbirders catch the tītī chicks in the daytime by pulling the birds out of their burrows. The rama is when muttonbirders catch the tītī chicks on dark, stormy nights, when the chicks come out of their burrows by themselves.

After the chicks have been killed, their feathers are plucked. Then they are gutted and coated with salt. Most muttonbirders pack the tītī into plastic buckets to take them back to the mainland. Each bucket holds about twenty tītī.

However, a few muttonbirding families still pack their tītī into pōhā. Tiny Metzger is a **kaumātua** from Bluff. He knows a lot about pōhā. His **tāua** taught him how to make them when he was a boy. Tiny has taught his grandchildren how to make pōhā, too.



Getting ready to make pōhā

A pōhā is made from three things: a kelp bag, a kete, and strips of tōtara bark. Tiny and his family start preparing early so that these things are all ready by the start of the harvest season each April.

First, they pull layers of bark off big, old tōtara trees. They take only a small amount from each tree, and only every few years. That way, they don't hurt the tree. They cut the pieces of bark into strips. Then, at Christmas time, they cut **harakeke** and weave it into kete. In February, they gather rimurapa to make the kelp bags.

To get the rimurapa (also called bull kelp), Tiny and his family wait for sunny weather and a very low tide. They know some places where rimurapa grows on rocks along sandy beaches. One of these places is Kaka Point, near Balclutha. The family walk onto the rocks and cut about a hundred pieces of the kelp. They choose rimurapa that is the right size and shape to make bags.



Facts about rimurapa

- Rimurapa is a type of seaweed. It grows on New Zealand's rocky coastlines, mostly in the South Island.
- The inside of rimurapa looks a lot like a honeycomb. This helps the rimurapa to float on the water. Blades of rimurapa can grow up to 10 metres long.
- Rimurapa is ideal for making containers. It is tough and flexible like leather, waterproof and airtight like plastic, and strong and stretchy like rubber.
- Māori traditionally used rimurapa for lots of things: as containers to hold fish and shellfish while they were being cooked; as sinkers and floats for fishing lines; as sandals; and even as inflatable life jackets!
- The importance of rimurapa to southern Māori is recognised in law by the Ngāi Tahu Claims Settlement Act 1998. This Act protects rimurapa from commercial harvesting within the tribe's area.



Making the pōhā

When Tiny's whānau get home, first they open each piece of rimurapa by pushing a hand down through the middle and shaping the kelp with their fingers (1). Then they blow up each piece with air so that it becomes a bag. They tie the bags' mouths tightly closed with flax (2). At this stage, the rimurapa looks like big, long, brown balloons. Finally, Tiny and his family hang the bags in the sun until they have dried out completely and gone hard (3).

1

2

3

Next, they lay the dry bags on cloth and under canvas and place them under the house. In a few days, the bags soften until they feel like leather. They are strong like leather, too. The family pack the bags, kete, and tōtara bark onto a boat, and they take them to their tītī island.



Packing the pōhā

The harvested tītī chicks used to be cooked before they were packed into pōhā. These days, they are salted and put into big wooden barrels for four or five days. Then they are packed into the pōhā. Tiny and his family make sure that there are no sharp bones sticking out of the birds because these could make holes in the rimurapa bags.



After they have tied the mouth of each bag with flax, they place it into a kete. They put a bit of tōtara bark in the bottom for a cushion.

Then they cover the rimurapa with tōtara bark. They tie the bark all around with flax to hold it tightly in place. This way of tying the bags is called **tāhere**, or tā for short. The finished product is called a pōhā-tītī.

A pōhā usually holds anywhere between seven and thirty-five birds. In the old days, some pōhā were so big that they could hold over three hundred tītī! If a pōhā is stored in the right place – somewhere cool but not damp – the tītī will be good to eat for about two years.





He Taonga

The Tītī Islands and pōhā are taonga handed down to southern Māori from their tīpuna. These things are so special to the community that the **wharekai** at Te Rau Aroha Marae in Bluff has model pōhā and paintings of tītī on its walls. If you are lucky enough to visit this marae, you might see people making pōhā, and you might even get to eat tītī!

Glossary of te reo Māori

harakeke: New Zealand flax

Kāi Tahu (or Ngāi Tahu): the Māori tribe that has customary authority over most of the South Island

kaumātua: respected elder

tāhere: to tie up

tāua: grandmother

tīpuna: ancestors

wharekai: dining room



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