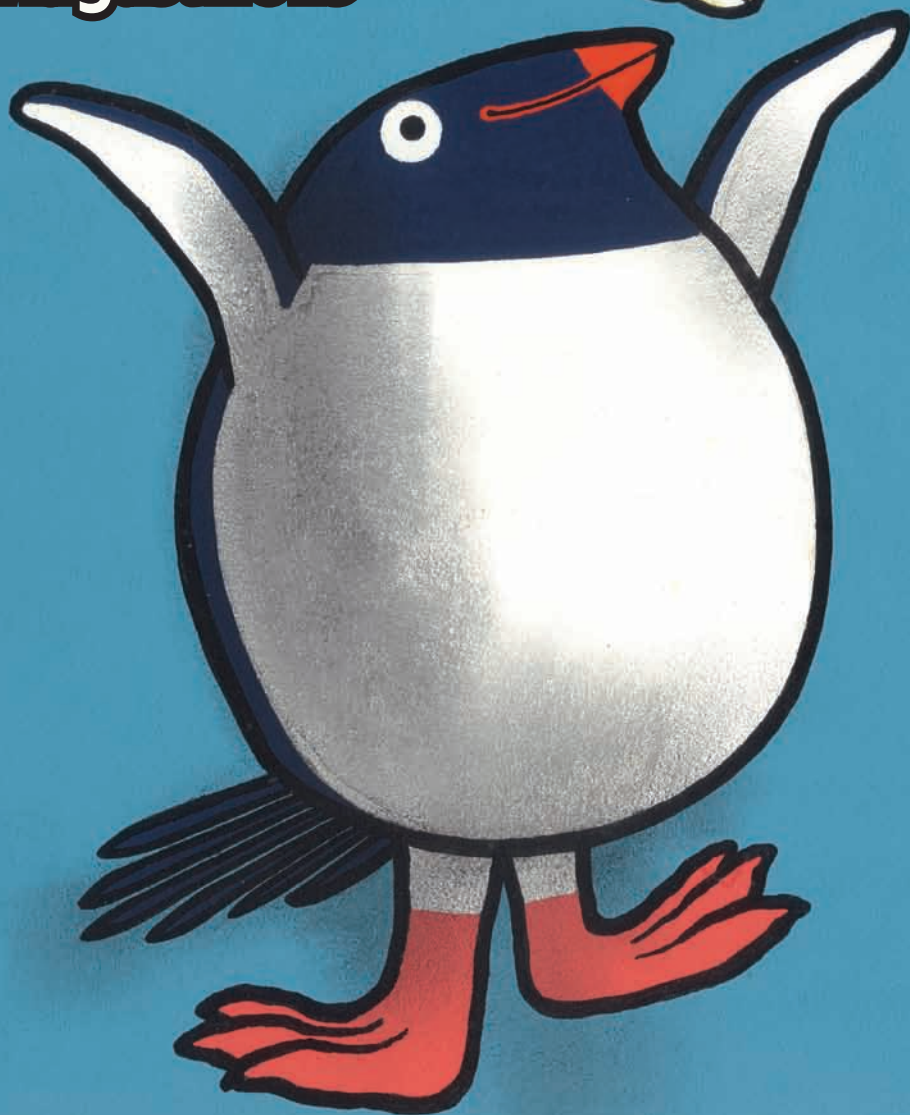




# SCHOOL JOURNAL

August 2015



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Starting with Strings	4
The Old Trunk	4
Tū	4
Best Mates	4
Meeting Katherine Mansfield	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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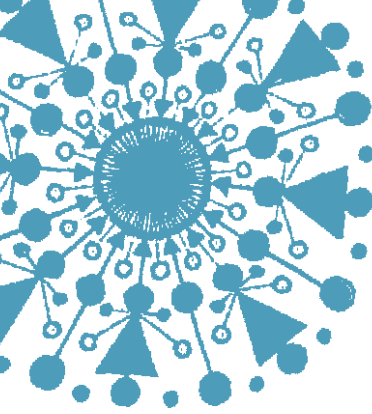
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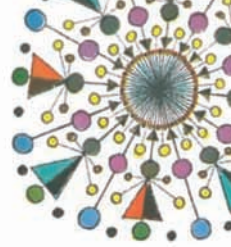
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# Starting with Strings

by Georgina Barnes



*There is a big and beautiful sound in Otara, Auckland, and it's being made by an orchestra of children. The orchestra is called Sistema Aotearoa.*

## **Joining the Orchestra**

To join Sistema Aotearoa, you have to be a student at a primary school in Otara. Tutors from the orchestra go to the schools and work with the six-year-old students. Then, if a student wants to join Sistema Aotearoa, they and their family must agree that they will go to orchestra practice three times a week. The practices are held at OMAC (Otara Music Arts Centre).

The orchestra always practises as a group. The students are told "You have two ears – one to hear yourself and one to listen to the person next to you." The students play their instruments by themselves only when they are practising at home.



## *Which Instrument?*

When a student joins Sistema Aotearoa, they get the chance to play a stringed instrument. The tutors watch and listen carefully to decide which instrument suits each student best. The tutors might notice that one student holds the cello well or that another student makes a good sound with the violin.

The first instrument a student gets is one they make themselves out of cardboard or light wood. They play it with a pretend bow, which is also made from wood. This is known as a whisper instrument because it “whispers” as it’s played. It’s not as easy to break as a real instrument, so students can practise holding it and looking after it. They can also take the instrument home to show their family, and everyone can have a turn at playing it. Once they have proven that they can use the whisper instrument and look after it, students move on to a real instrument.





Each student must pass the “instrument test” before they can take a real stringed instrument home. They must be able to:

- take the instrument out of its case carefully
- loosen and tighten the bow (which is made of horse hair)
- rub the bow with a special wax called rosin
- show their tutors that they know how to practise their tunes by themselves.

The students also need to think about when and where they will practise their instrument and where they can safely keep it at home.

When Sistema Aotearoa started in 2011, the students played only violins and cellos. Now some of them are big enough to play woodwind and brass instruments. Some of the students play percussion instruments too. Everybody learns how to read music so they know the right notes to play.

## *Instruments of the Orchestra*

Orchestras are made up of four groups of instruments. These groups are called sections.

The **string section** has the instruments with strings, such as the violin, viola, cello, double bass, and harp.

The **brass section** has the instruments made of brass, such as the trumpet, trombone, French horn, cornet, and tuba.

The **woodwind section** has the instruments that were once made from wood, including the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, and saxophone. (These days, some parts of these instruments are made from other materials, such as plastic or metal.)

The **percussion section** has the instruments that are hit, such as the claves, drums, and triangle.

*Strings*



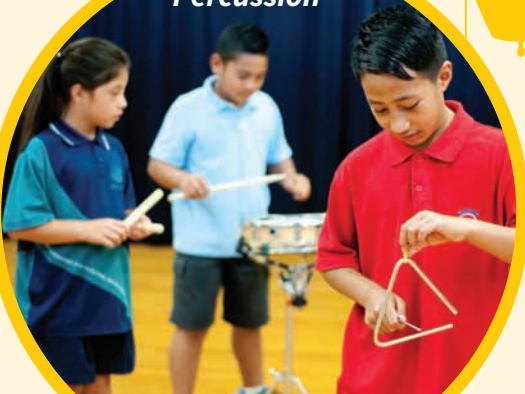
*Brass*



*Woodwinds*



*Percussion*



## *Tutti Means Together*

When you are part of an orchestra, you can't just play music whenever you want to. You have to watch the conductor. The conductor tells the orchestra who will play, when they will play, and how they will play. The conductor of the Sistema Orchestra often uses body language to show the students what she wants them to do.



*“If the conductor looks at my section and her fingers dance and point in time to the music, she wants all the cellos to join in.”*

*“Sometimes the conductor makes really big movements. This means ‘forte’ or loud. We all have to play really loudly with a big tone.”*





*“When the conductor looks around at all the sections of the orchestra and spreads her arms wide, it means ‘tutti’, so everyone has to play. When we do, the sound is really exciting. It feels amazing to be part of it.”*



## ***Bringing the Community Together***

Sistema students love to share music with their community, and the orchestra often plays in the Otara town square. The musicians also have to be ready to travel. They've played all around Auckland, including in the Town Hall and at Government House. The orchestra has even played in Hamilton. All the students get the chance to play in a concert.



## More Than Music

Sistema students aren't only learning how to play their instruments and make beautiful music. They're also becoming more confident, learning how to work well with others, and gaining new skills that will help throughout their lives. And they're having fun at the same time!



*"I was nervous about passing the instrument test to be allowed to take my violin home. Now I know how to look after my violin and how to play it."*

*"My son is way more confident than I was at his age. It amazes me to see him play in front of so many people."*



*"I love Sistema because I have fun with my friends."*



*"One day, I want to play the cello in another country."*





*“I have to listen to the other people round me. We have to work together.”*



*“I’m the first person in my family to play the violin.”*



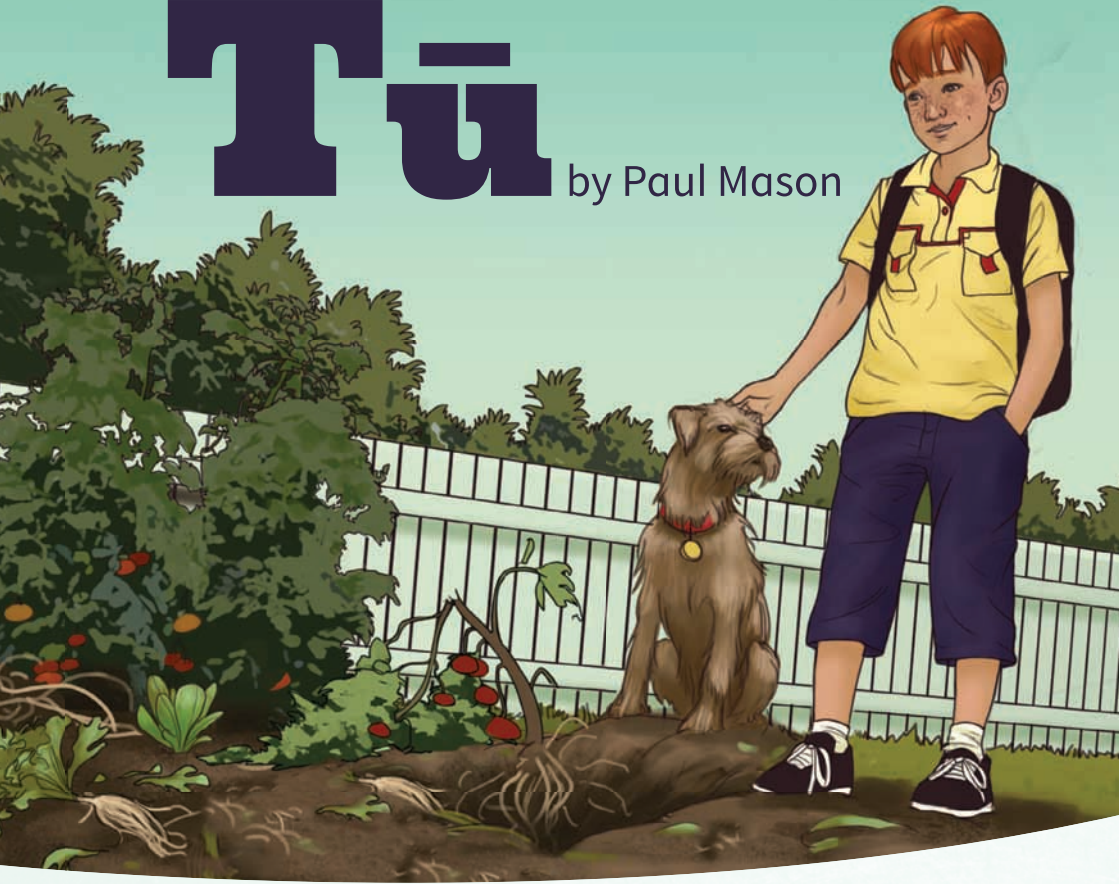
*“My children are learning more than just music – they’re learning to be responsible and to be part of a team.”*

## **Still Growing**

The idea for Sistema Aotearoa came from an orchestra called El Sistema, which began in 1975 in Venezuela, South America. The man who started El Sistema was called José Abreu. He believed that everyone should be able to enjoy music and art. Now Sistema Aotearoa is showing people around New Zealand how to start orchestras in their own communities.

# Tū

by Paul Mason



“That dog has to go!” said Mum when I got home after school.

“What’s Tū done now?”

“My vegie patch,” Mum moaned. “All my hard work ...”

Tū and I followed her out to the garden. There was no vegie patch. There was a patch all right, but there were no vegies in it. It looked more like the green-waste pile at the tip.

Tū bounded over and launched himself into the wreckage. He grabbed a tomato stalk and gave it a good, hard shake.



“No!” Mum shouted. Tū looked up for a moment, tail wagging, and then buried himself in the remains of some lettuces.

“He’s never been trained,” said Mum. “You haven’t even seen what he did to the hall carpet. Not to mention your father’s slippers. He’ll be so upset when he gets back from his trip and sees them.” Mum sighed. “I’m sorry, Jake, but back to the pound he goes.”

I could see there was no arguing with her. I patted Tū on the head. I didn’t want his feelings hurt.

\*\*\*



“There’s no mention of Tū having any behaviour problems,” the woman at the pound said as she looked up his file. “Affectionate family pet it says here.”

Tū gazed up at us, eyes bright.

“He’s completely wild – that’s what he is,” said Mum. “And he’s doesn’t listen to a word we say.”

The woman looked at the file again. “But that’s because Tū only responds to te reo,” she said, tapping the screen.

“Te reo?” asked Mum.

“Te reo Māori.” The woman leaned over and smiled at Tū. “E noho!” she said, and Tū sat down obediently. “See, you just need to give him the correct commands. We did explain that to the man who picked him up – your husband was it? He must have forgotten to tell you.”

I laughed. Dad’s always forgetting things.

“I see,” said Mum. “But what do we do? We don’t know any Māori. We haven’t been in New Zealand that long.”

“Then I guess it’s homework time!” said the woman, smiling. She handed back the lead.

Mum didn’t say anything on the way home, but I could see she’d set her teeth to “grind”.

\*\*\*



RECEPTION 

ADOPT



ADO





“Now,” said Mum, sitting in front of the computer. “The first thing we need to find out is how to tell him to stop!” She went to a te reo Māori website and did a quick search. I leaned over. There was more than one option for the word “stop”.

“Which one is it?” I asked.

Just then, Tū trotted into the room and picked up one of my comics.

“I have no idea,” said Mum with a laugh, “but you might want to try something pretty fast.”

I scanned the list on the website. “Ira kati!” I shouted, sounding as firm as I could. “Ira kati!” Tū stopped and tilted his head to one side.

“Look! He understands!” I said.



Just as I said the words, Tū bolted out the door, the comic clamped between his teeth.

“Tū!” I raced after him, but it was too late. By the time I caught up, my comic was paper spaghetti. “We need help,” I said.

\*\*\*

“You should have said just kāti,” said Nīkau when I asked him at school the next day. “That means stop as in ‘Stop! Please don’t eat my precious comic.’ Ira kati means full stop,” he laughed. “You were helping him with his punctuation.”

“Very funny,” I said. “Maybe you could come round after school and teach Mum and me a few things?”

“Sure,” agreed Nīkau. “I’ll check with Dad.”

\*\*\*







We got home to the sound of Tū barking like he was auditioning for the finals of *New Zealand's Loudest Pet*. Over the din, I introduced Nīkau to Mum as our “te reo expert”.

Nīkau blushed. “I’m not an expert, but I speak it pretty well, I guess.”

“Great,” said Mum. “Perhaps you can get him to stop? He won’t listen to us.”

“Sure,” said Nīkau. He called out, “Turituri!” Straight away, Tū stopped barking. His ears flopped down, and he did his saddest, puppy-dog expression.

“Thank goodness,” said Mum.

“Turituri means be quiet,” said Nīkau helpfully. “You could also try hoihoi.”

“I’d better write these down,” said Mum. She went to grab a pencil and paper.

That afternoon, with help from Nīkau, we found out Tū could do a whole lot of things. We had him coming and going like a boomerang, fetching sticks, sitting, lying down, and even rolling over. I could tell Mum was starting to see Tū in a new light.

“Ka pai!” Mum said, patting Tū on the head. “Good boy for making us learn a new language.”

Tū wagged his tail happily then ran over and flopped down in the vegie patch, crushing what was left of the parsley.

Mum called him to her. “Haere mai!” Tū didn’t move.

“Haere mai!” I tried. Tū just closed his eyes.

“Are we saying the wrong thing?” Mum checked her notes.

“No, they’re the right words,” Nīkau laughed. “I reckon Tū just wants a rest after all that running around you’ve been making him do.”

Mum shook her head, smiling. “What’s the word for worn out?” she asked.

“Ruwha,” said Nīkau.

“Then that’s one ruwha dog,” said Mum.

I went over to Tū and ruffled his ears. I didn’t want his feelings hurt.





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# MEETING KATHERINE MANSFIELD

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Long ago, there was an artist so skilful  
that, when he painted a bowl of peaches,  
hungry birds flew down to his canvas  
and pecked at the fruit.

I am not a bird, but I remember  
when I was young,  
standing on the fifth floor of Te Papa  
in front of a picture of Katherine Mansfield.  
We looked at each other for a while  
and then – although she was behind glass  
and it was against the rules –  
I reached out to touch  
her face with my fingers.

*Tim Upperton*



# The Old Trunk

by Gregory O'Brien



There is an old trunk in the hall at Glen McDonald's house. When Glen opens the trunk, the world suddenly becomes a bright, colourful place. Glen's mother, Jill, is one of New Zealand's best-known illustrators of children's books. The trunk is full of her work. There are pictures of animals, children, witches, penguins, snowflakes ...







## A Talent for Drawing

Jill McDonald was born in Wellington in 1927. At primary school, it was clear that she had a talent for drawing. She also loved reading books. In these books, pictures and words came together. As a child, Jill used to read books as fast as the library would lend them to her.

Jill could draw very straight lines, and she could also draw things in great detail. She thought she could use these skills to design houses, so when Jill left school, she went to university to study this. But then she began drawing illustrations for stories, and she decided that was what she really wanted to do. She never looked back.



## Jill and Margaret Mahy

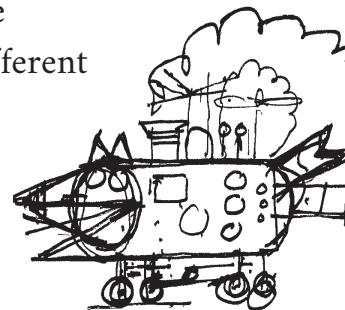
Jill got a job as an art editor for the *School Journal*. One day, a young, unknown writer came through the door. The writer's name was Margaret Mahy.

Like Margaret, Jill believed that life was exciting and great fun. Together, they made some very famous books, including *A Lion in the Meadow*. The stories they worked on are filled with their love of adventure and imagination.



## Her Favourite Subject

Jill drew thousands of illustrations for the *School Journal*. She used pens, pencils, crayons, stencils, inks, paints, and dyes. She also made collages (pictures made from a number of different materials) by cutting up printed words and pictures. This was in the days before computers, so Jill did everything by hand.



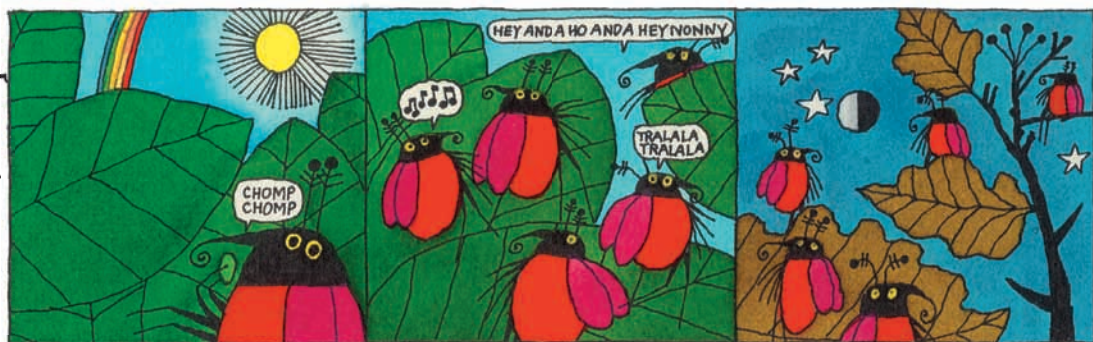


Jill drew Captain Cook and Jesse James, the outlaw; she drew schoolchildren and astronauts. But her favourite subject was animals. She knew a lot about them because her children often brought home stray chickens, mice, and rabbits they'd found on their way home from school. Jill and her family always made room for new arrivals.



Glen says that life with Jill was always interesting. At home, Jill would read books to her children and draw with them. She encouraged them to use their imaginations, and she would often get ideas from the things they did. Glen remembers that she once made a “stuffy cat” out of a sock. Jill then wrote about the cat in the *School Journal*.

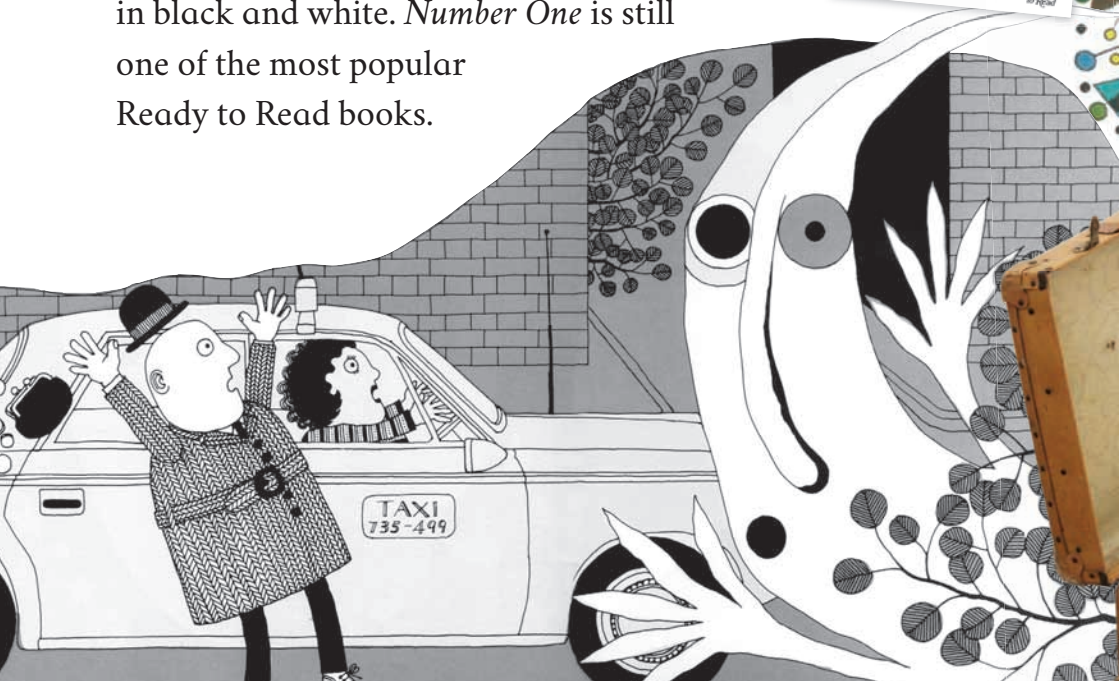
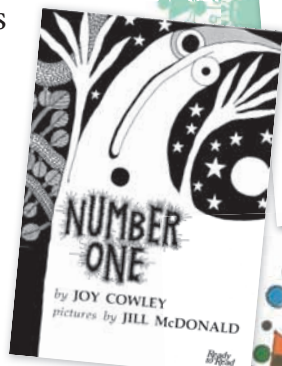
Although she could draw pictures that looked very real, Jill loved making things up most of all. She drew red rabbits and snails with patterns on their shells. She drew owls with beady eyes and lions with curly hair. She also drew some of the friendliest lizards and insects you'll ever meet.



## Moving to England

In 1965, Jill and her family moved to London, England, where she continued working as an illustrator. It was there that Jill drew one of her best-known pictures – the puffin bird for Puffin books. Many millions of Puffin books have been published. At Puffin, Jill worked with Quentin Blake and other famous illustrators.

All her life, Jill continued to draw illustrations for New Zealand books. This was before the Internet, so all of these drawings had to be sent back to New Zealand by ship or plane. The last book Jill illustrated was *Number One*, a Ready to Read book by Joy Cowley. She died before colouring the pictures, so they were printed in black and white. *Number One* is still one of the most popular Ready to Read books.



## The Treasure Chest

Jill McDonald died in 1982. A lot of her art was put in the trunk and sent to Glen, who had returned to New Zealand a few years earlier. The trunk is a treasure chest for friends, family, and visitors to the McDonald household.

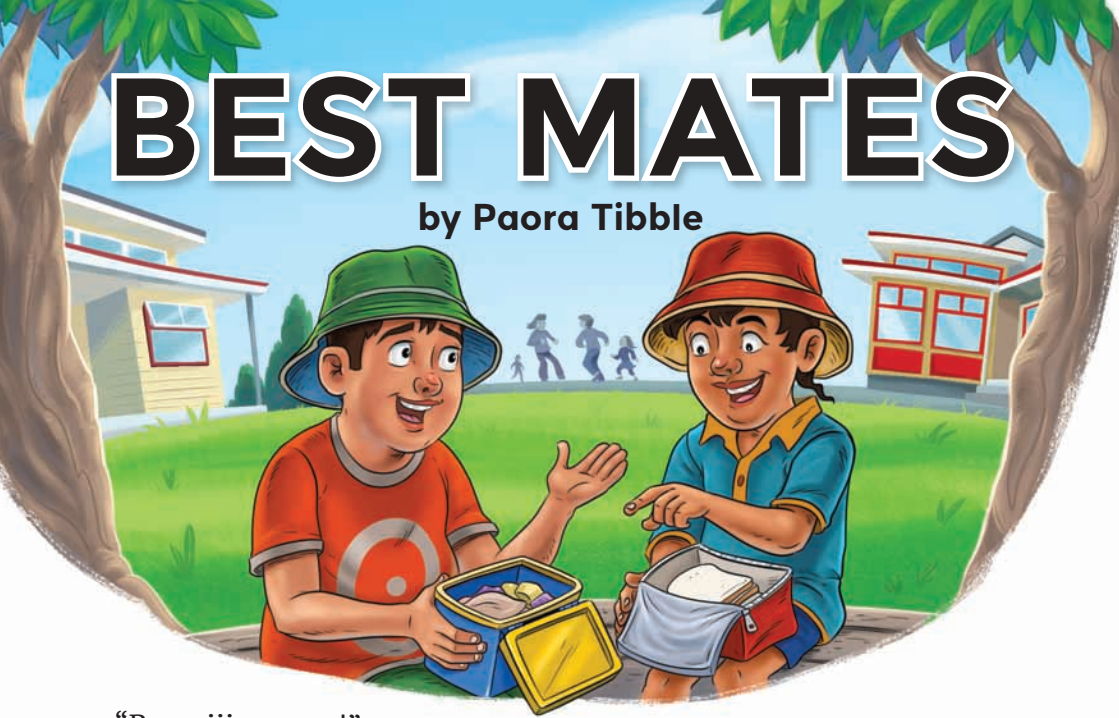
Jill's great-grandchildren were born long after she died, but they talk about Jill as if they know her. And the thing is, they do know her – through her wonderful and captivating art.





# BEST MATES

by Paora Tibble



“Brrrrriinnnggg!”

Lunchtime. I sit next to Jackson. We sit in pretty much the same spot every day. He’s my best mate – we’re in the same class, the same swimming group, the same rugby team, and the same cricket team. We like the same stuff. Mum says he’s my brother from another mother.

Jackson buzzes when he sees my lunchbox. “Whoa, Mana, what’s that?” he says.

“Hāngi,” I reply. “What have you got?”

“Jam sandwiches.”

“Want some of mine?” I ask.

“Yeah!”

“Bad luck!” I laugh. “You know the rules about swapping food.”

“That’s OK,” he says. “Jam is sweeter than hāngi anyway.”



We're out playing rugby when Jackson tells me. "Mum's got a job in Auckland. We're moving next month."

My stomach feels like it's suddenly been filled with lead. I want to say something, but all I can manage is, "Oh stink."

"Yeah, stink one, eh?"

I stand there thinking – Jackson is going to Auckland. It's such a long way away. Suddenly I hear someone shout, "Pass it to Mana!" I turn round, but too late – BOOF! The ball hits me in the stomach, and I fall down winded.

The rest of my day is like that. It's as if I've been knocked over. I'm still in a daze. It just drags on.

Finally, the bell rings for the end of school. Jackson asks me if I want to come over to his house, but I can't. I'm staying with Dad and Sharon this week – not with Mum, who lives round the corner from Jackson.

When Jackson's mum turns up, she gives me a hug. "Hey, Mana, you'll have to come over for kai before we leave, eh?"

I guess so.

Dad picks me up not long after.

"How was your day, cuzzie?"

"Stink. Jackson's leaving."

"Eh? That's no good. But you'll be all right. You'll find another mate."

He doesn't get it.

\*\*\*





Later on, after kai, I have a shower and get my PJs on. Dad is watching something online. He doesn't watch TV. He reckons there's too much rubbish on. Sharon joins us in the sitting room and sits next to Dad.

I read my comic, but it feels like they're both staring at me. "Have you told him?" Sharon asks Dad.

I look up. I hate it when people talk about me as though I'm not there. Dad just shrugs.

Sharon pipes up, "Mana, your dad's got something to tell you ..."

Dad blushes and looks a bit whakamā. "Mana, you're going to have a new little brother or sister. It can be your new best mate, now that Jackson's leaving."

A baby as my best mate? Whoa! He definitely doesn't get it.

On Friday, Mum picks me up from school.

“Mum, did you hear about Sharon?”

“Yep, I had a coffee with them the other week. Good news, isn’t it?”

“It’s not fair, Mum. Jackson’s leaving, and Dad doesn’t even care. He thinks I can replace Jackson with a baby!”

Mum gives me a big hug. “What makes you think that?”

“Cause he said it can be my new best mate.”

“Well ... you know what your dad’s like. He’s just being funny. By the way, Jackson’s mum invited us over for tea tonight. We’re taking dessert.”

\*\*\*

We get to Jackson’s, and we just hang out. We play a bit of scrag with his younger brothers and bug his big sister just for the fun of it.

Being around Jackson’s whānau gets me thinking.

“Jackson, what’s it like having brothers and sisters?”

“I dunno. Amy’s all right, I guess. Sometimes I get sick of Brooklyn and Quade scragging. But they’re my bros. Besides, they look up to me.”

“Sharon’s pregnant. She and Dad are gonna have a baby.”

“Cool! Then you won’t be all alone.”

\*\*\*



On our way home, I get a surprise.  
We go to the bus stop and pick up Nan.

“Nan! I didn’t know you were coming.”

“Whoa, you’ve lost weight my handsome mokopuna. Your mum and dad not feeding you?”

“Nah, Nan. Me and Dad run together.”

“Bah, running – it just makes you tired. I never ran, and look how healthy I am!”

\*\*\*

When we get home, my bedroom is already sorted. Nan sleeps in my bed, and I sleep on a mattress on the floor. It’s good when Nan comes to stay. She listens to me – not like Dad.

“Moko.”

“Yeah, Nan.”

“I hear you’re going to be a big brother.”

“Yeah, Nan. But I don’t care. My best mate is moving away.”

“Is that where you went tonight?”

“Yeah.”

“What’s your friend’s name?”

“Jackson.”





“You know what? When I was your age, I had four brothers and five sisters. They were *my* best mates.” Nan laughed. “And sometimes, they were my worst enemies too! Your great-uncle Mana, he was the next after me. We did everything together. I even taught him how to catch eels. We had heaps of fun.”

“Is that why you wanted me to be called Mana?”

“Āe, moko.”

Nan tells me a few stories about her hard-case brother, my koro Mana, before I fall asleep.

\*\*\*





That night, I have this dream. There's me, Dad, and a little boy. He's called Haki. We're throwing the rugby ball around. It's the final game of the season. The score is tied at 12–all, and we need a try to win the game. Dad's playing on the other side.

It's touch footy. I hold the ball in two hands in front of my face and make the signal behind the ball so Dad can't see it. I tap off and pass the ball to Haki. He runs at Dad and dummies, and then he does this mean-as sidestep I taught him. Dad can only watch as Haki runs round him and scores a try.

\*\*\*

When I wake up, I'm still thinking about my dream ... and my little brother, Haki. I'm still thinking about him later when I'm eating my toast. I wonder if Dad has kept my first pair of rugby boots – the ones I grew out of. I go to look for them in the garage.



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