

SCHOOL JOURNAL AUGUST 2016

The New Zealand
Curriculum

LEVEL

3



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
U-Turn	5
Helping Henrietta	6
The Duel: The Final Challenge	6
Six Photos	6
Michel Mulipola: Superhero Secrets	5
Car Games	5

This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 3. 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.

Published 2016 by the Ministry of Education,
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.
www.education.govt.nz

All rights reserved.
Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN 978 0 478 16646 0 (print)
ISBN 978 0 478 16653 8 (online PDF)
ISSN 0111 6355

Replacement copies may be ordered from Ministry of Education Customer Services,
online at www.thechair.minedu.govt.nz
by email: orders@thechair.minedu.govt.nz
or freephone 0800 660 662, freefax 0800 660 663

Please quote item number 16646.

CONTENTS

SCHOOL JOURNAL
LEVEL 3
AUGUST 2016

STORIES

- 2 U-TURN** by Anahera Gildea
Mum has a library fine, and she's not pleased.
- 20 HELPING HENRIETTA** by Renata Hopkins
"When Joe lets himself into the run, he sees that something is wrong."
- 40 THE DUEL: THE FINAL CHALLENGE** by Simon Cooke
Emma finally gets to meet Baron von Spanner ...

ARTICLES

- 7 SIX PHOTOS** by Dylan Owen
The Alexander Turnbull Library looks after thousands of photos.
Dylan Owen chooses some of his favourites.
- 26 MICHEL MULIPOLA:
SUPERHERO SECRETS** by Hannah Sperber
Michel shares his secrets for making the best comics.

PLAY

- 34 CAR GAMES** by Sarah Delahunty
Who'll be the first to see a black goat?



U-TURN

by ANAHERA GILDEA

My mother is big. I don't mean big in size – I mean big in personality. She has a voice like a gong, and she says what she thinks. She also has a strong sense of justice. So when the email with the library fine arrived, Mum went nuts.

“Twenty dollars! That's outrageous! Come on, Benji. Time for a lesson in how to stand up for yourself.”

I barely had my seatbelt on before we were backing down the drive. “Always meet a problem head on,” Mum lectured. “That's how we honour our ancestors.”

“Why don't you just pay the fine?” I asked. “That way, you wouldn't have a problem.”

“Absolutely not. It's about justice.” She smacked the steering wheel with the palm of her hand. “It's about what's right. It's about utu.”

I balked. “Utu?” This was getting serious. “Don't freak out at the librarian, Mum. Promise? Just be nice. You don't need revenge.”

Mum clicked her tongue. “Utu isn't about revenge, son. It's about putting things right. Anyway, I'm always nice.”

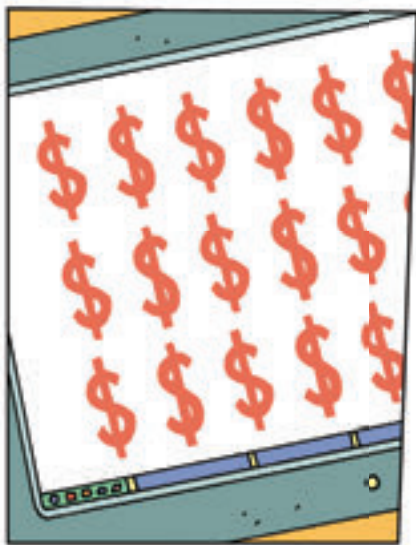
I said nothing.

Outside the library, Mum parked, wrenched on the handbrake, and checked her hair. “Right, let's go.”

She strode straight up to the librarian. “Hello. I'd like a fine removed from my card, please.”

The librarian raised a pierced eyebrow. “Let's take a look at your account.”





While Mum found her library card and the librarian keyed in her number, I took my chance to disappear down the nearest aisle.

“Benjamin Raroa Hurunui!” Mum’s voice rang out as if she had a loudspeaker. “Haere mai ki aha, this instant. I’m doing this for you too.”

I found that hard to believe, but I slunk back.

“That’s correct,” Mum was saying. “My sister had her baby early, and I had very little notice – but I asked my husband to return the books while I was away. I definitely remember that.”

“Yes.” The librarian looked up from the computer screen. She tried a smile. “But your husband returned them to the wrong branch, and now you owe a total of twenty dollars. You don’t have to pay it all now.”

Mum’s nostrils flared. I took a step back.

“My husband did his best, and under the circumstances, I think you should waive the fine.”

The librarian shook her head. “I’m sorry, but we can’t make exceptions.”

“What about a discount then?” Mum demanded.

“I’m sorry, it’s a fine. We don’t give discounts. That defeats the purpose.”

“You do give discounts!” Mum’s voice was loud enough for people to start looking over. “You’ve given me one before!”

“I assure you I do not give discounts,” the librarian said, her face a whole lot pinker than before.

“Well obviously not you!” Now Mum was talking very loudly. Some people would call it yelling. “But I’ve had discounts here. Heaps of them. From heaps of people!”

The librarian's nose twitched, and the colour of her cheeks deepened. They were now almost as red as her fire-engine hair. "I'm sorry. Those are the rules."

I have no idea why people ask questions when they're mad, but they do. "Are they?" Mum shouted. "Is that right? No discounts – is that the rules?" She had her pūkana on and was frog-stepping backwards like she might break into a haka at any second.

I grabbed Mum's arm and started pulling her towards the door.

"Come on. It doesn't matter," I begged.

"You just lost yourself a customer, lady," Mum yelled over her shoulder. "That's right – and I'm a *big* reader."



Mum was fuming as she marched back to the car. “Get in!”

I held tight as she made a U-turn. “Where are we going now?”

“To the council. They’re supposed to encourage reading. How are they going to do that if people can’t pay their enormous fines?”

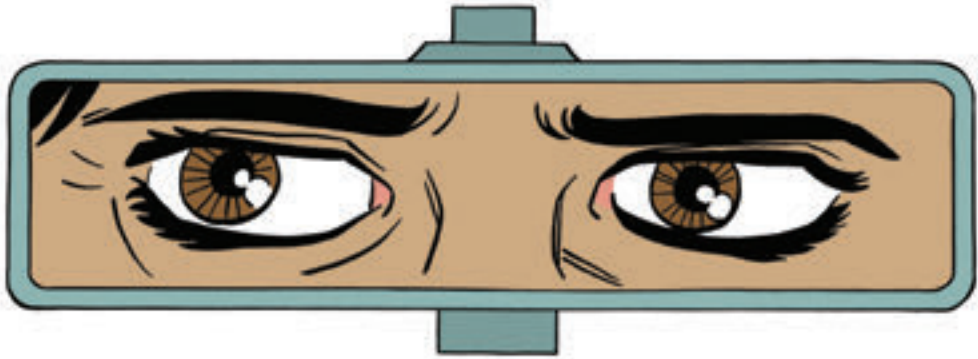
“It wasn’t that enormous,” I mumbled.

Mum looked at me in the rear-view mirror. She narrowed her eyes.

“What wasn’t?”

“The fine.” My heart was hammering, but I had to say it. “And you were really rude.”

Her mouth was open to say something, but then she shut it. She drove without speaking for a minute.



“Was I?” she finally said, her voice much calmer.

“You yelled at that lady. In front of everyone.”

“Well ...” Mum hesitated. “She was wrong.”

“She wasn’t. It was our fault. We returned the books to the wrong library, and now we have to pay the fine. There’s no injustice.”

Mum indicated and pulled over. We sat quietly while she thought things over. Then she put the car into gear and made another U-turn. “Actually there has been an injustice, Benji.” Her face was set. “When there’s a wrong, you have to right it. Otherwise things will be out of balance. That, my son, is *utu*. I haven’t finished at that library.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. My mother was so stubborn. Sometimes she made me want to call on the ancestors myself. So there we were again, out the front of the library. We even got the same car park.

“Can I stay in the car ... *please?*” My mother gave me the look. I unbuckled my seatbelt and got out. “Seriously, Mum.” I grabbed at her sleeve. “I’ll pay the fine. I don’t mind.” I did, but I was desperate.

The librarian flinched when she saw us walk back in. I wanted to die.

“Hello,” Mum began. Her tone was unexpected. It was sort of gentle – and quiet. She pushed on. “About before. I’m sure that was awful, and I’m very sorry. I was completely out of line.”

The librarian looked surprised. “Oh. Well. Yes. It was uncomfortable. I don’t make the rules, you know.”

Mum held up her hand. “You’re right. The fine is my fault. I’m happy to pay it.” I stared at my mother like aliens might suddenly jump out of her. She paid the fine, and when we left, the librarian told her not to worry – it was just a bad day.

Bad day? Yeah, right.

On the way home, I had some questions. I was totally confused. Mum smiled. “I had a strong person stand up for what he thought was right. He reminded me about balance. That was you, Benji.”

“Duh!” I said with a grin.

“Imagine if I’d left it like that – if I hadn’t apologised. What would that have meant for the librarian? For us?”

“So all the utu stuff is balanced out now?”

“Oh, no!” Mum smiled. “Now I’m going home to have it out with your father. He owes me twenty dollars.”



SIX PHOTOS

BY DYLAN OWEN



WE TAKE PHOTOS ALL THE TIME. THEY SHOW THE WORLD WHERE WE'VE BEEN AND WHAT WE'VE BEEN UP TO. BUT PHOTOS ALSO SHOW THE WORLD TO US. AND VERY OLD PHOTOS DO SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. THEY LET US PEEK INTO HISTORY, AND THIS ENCOURAGES US TO ASK QUESTIONS. WHO IS SHE? WHERE'S THAT? WHAT ARE THEY DOING ... AND WHAT ARE THEY WEARING?

The following photographs are from the Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington. This library looks after thousands of photos that capture the history of New Zealand and the Pacific. Some were taken in the 1850s – well over 150 years ago! The people who took these very old photos had to lug around heavy cameras and tripods. They also used dangerous chemicals to develop the photos. But at the time, this was the very latest technology – and it was exciting. Photographers used it to capture what they saw, and this means that we will never forget: the clothes, the buildings, how people played, what they cared about, their celebrations and tragedies. So think of these six photos as a time machine, taking you back ...

KEEP STILL

Try this: keep still for half a minute. Don't move a muscle. Can you do it? Some of the children in this photograph couldn't keep still for ten seconds.

Getting your picture taken in the 1870s was nothing like taking a cellphone selfie. The Ferry family from Whanganui probably spent all morning getting ready for this portrait. Their best clothes would have been laundered and ironed; hair washed, brushed, and curled; boots polished and faces wiped. Then the family would have walked (very carefully to avoid mud) to the photographer's studio. Or maybe they rode in a carriage.

Taking a photo also took a lot of time. The photographer would have told the family where to stand or sit. Parents were often behind their children. Why? So they could keep them still. In those days, up to ten seconds were needed to take a photo. If a person moved during that time, they came out smudged and blurry. Look at the baby. And look at the way the parents each have a hand on a daughter's head. That's to keep them under control! Some of the first photographers refused to deal with children under three. Others used waist or head clamps to keep them still. True.

Family of T.W. Ferry by the studio of
William Harding, c. 1874-1876
(ATL reference: T/4-030717-G)



TE RAUKURA

These people are from Parihaka in Taranaki. From their hob-nailed boots to their hats, they all wear European clothes. During the nineteenth century, Māori had to adapt to Pākehā ways. Many were also under pressure to sell or give up their land for European settlers. Some Māori resisted, like those at Parihaka. As punishment, their whare were destroyed, their men were jailed, and their land was taken.

Perhaps that's why this group looks so serious – and so sad. We don't know if this photograph was taken before or after the government raid on Parihaka in 1881, but we do know these people had begun to fight back in their own unique way. Look closely at the women in the back row. They are wearing raukura – white feathers that were a symbol of the passive resistance movement led by Te Whiti-o-Rongomai and Tohu Kākahi. The mana of these two leaders is still remembered today.

Sometimes it's the smallest thing in a photograph that tells the biggest story.



Group of Māori men, women, and children at Parihaka Pā by an unknown photographer, 1880s (ATL reference: PA 1-0-405-06)





Children in fancy dress celebrating
Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee
by Edwin Pollard, 1897 (ATL reference: 10x8-0283-G)



WHERE'S WALLY?

In 1897, Queen Victoria celebrated her sixty-year rule over the British Empire. New Zealand was part of this empire, so people here joined in the celebrations, known as the Diamond Jubilee. In this photo, children in Nelson are wearing fancy dress.

You can see that ideas about costumes have changed a lot! To honour Queen Victoria's rule, some of the girls are dressed in the national costumes of Scotland and Wales (also part of the British Empire). Others have come as Britannia, a mythical woman who represents Britain. The boys' costumes tell a different story. They are soldiers, princes, pirates, and kings – from British history and storybook adventures.

But some of the costumes are downright weird. What about the boy dressed as a fob watch? And would you turn up at a party with your face blackened with soot pretending to be an African-American singer? Or spot the two "Fijians" dressed in tapa-cloth skirts with afro hairstyles and pig tusks. Today, these costumes would be very bad ideas.

I'd give first prize to the two boys near the middle on the right, dressed as Robinson Crusoe and Friday – two famous characters stranded on an island for twenty-eight years. The kids have also brought along a goat and a single-barrel shotgun. Classic.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

This is Irini Kemara. Her name in English (Irene) means peace. Maybe there was a special reason she was called this. Maybe there's even a way to find out. Irini was photographed by Samuel Carnell. He was a well-known photographer who took a lot of striking portraits of Māori during the 1880s.

Irini sits with her left side facing the camera. That's because both she and the photographer want us to see her tattoos. The moko kauae or chin tattoo was given to women of high rank. But what about the name tattooed on Irini's left arm: Pera Kemara? Pera is Māori for Bella. Is this Irini's mother, sister, or daughter? We don't know. But we do know that Irini was proud to wear this name. It was too important to cover up.

Irini wears both Māori and Pākehā clothing. Her blouse and headscarf are European. Her double-braided hair style was popular with all New Zealand women. Irini also wears a traditional korowai around her waist. The korowai may have been hers, or perhaps the photographer has given it to her for the photo. On it she rests her hands and a book. Like the tattoos, the book is very deliberate. I wonder what it is – and why she wants us to see it?

Portrait of Irini Kemara by Samuel Carnell,
July 1888 (ATL reference: 1/14-022019-G)





*Maori farm at Winiata, Taihape,
by Edward George Child, 1894
(ATL reference: 112-032309-G)*

TURNING BUSH INTO BUTTER

This family photograph taken at Winiata near Taihape is very different from the one on page nine. It's much more informal. It was also taken when new technology made it easier to photograph what went on in the world outside the studio.

Some of the family are milking the house cows. Two children are perched on carts. One boy holds the family cat. The other stands with the farm dogs. Behind them, you can see a new shed and house.

This photograph shows a much bigger picture than just one family's farm. It was taken during a time of great change, when huge areas of our native bush were being destroyed. Look at the hill. There's native bush – but below that, see the burnt trees? Back then, you first had to clear the land if you wanted a farm. You could chop the bush down – but fire was quicker.

So this picture tells two stories: the hard work that went into making and running a farm – but also the impact of that hard work on our forests. Gone forever. Did the photographer include that hill on purpose? Or was this sight so common in the 1890s that he didn't even notice it?



Kitchen interior by William Williams,
c.1880s (Art reference: 1/2-140288-G)



GUNS IN THE KITCHEN

What's the first thing you notice about this photo? I bet it's not the cups and plates. Aside from the impressive display of weapons, this photograph shows what a simple, tidy kitchen looked like well over a century ago. There's a clock, a candle, a teapot. There's a towel to dry your hands. And just like in the story about Goldilocks, there are three chairs.

But what's missing can be just as important as what's there. So what *is* missing? There are no family portraits or ornaments. There's no rug on the floor or cushions on the chairs. Why might these little extras be absent? This kitchen is in a house in Te Aro, Wellington. Three young men lived here together, so it was a flat and not a family home. It was a nineteenth-century man cave!

The photographer (now well known) lived here. Sometimes the flatmates dressed up for fun. Other photos show them posing with the weapons. These guns and knives tell us a different story about our past. They may have been used for hunting – or perhaps they were even used during the New Zealand Wars.

THE FULL PICTURE

Old photos contain clues about the past. Next time you look at one, think about the following questions to get the full picture:

- What is the first thing you notice in the photo?
- Why do you think the photo was taken?
- What clues tell you how old the photo might be?
- If there are people, what are they doing?
- What can you see in the background?
- What do you think is going on just outside the frame?
- What do you think happened before and after the photo was taken?



HELPING HENRIETTA

by Renata Hopkins

As he eats breakfast, Joe can't stop grinning. The world is covered in thick white icing. It's on the trees and the shed roof and the lawn and the trampoline. The first snow in two winters. Joe can't wait to get out there. He grabs a piece of paper and writes a plan:

- 1. Make a MASSIVE snowman.*
- 2. Sled down Semi's drive (time ourselves).*
- 3. Make shaved ice with snow.*
- 4. Build an igloo.*

He thinks about the last idea and adds a question mark. Maybe they won't have time.

"Busy day," Mum says, reading the list over Joe's shoulder. "But first, the chooks need feeding."

"Can't you do it?" Joe pleads. "Just for today?"

"Nope. I clean out the coop, and you feed them. That's the deal."

"But what if the snow melts before –"

"It won't," Mum says, "and pets need feeding, even when it snows."

Joe pulls a face. "Chickens aren't pets, not proper pets anyway."

"They laid those scrambled eggs. That's pretty clever."

"Mum!" Joe laughs, but he still means it about chickens. They aren't pets. You can't teach them to talk, like Semi's budgie. You can't even take them for a walk. In Joe's head, "proper" pets can be ranked in order: dogs, cats, birds that can talk, then guinea pigs and rabbits. (Rabbits come last because they can't sleep in your room, which is the main reason he wants a pet.)



“Mum,” he begins. “You know how –”

“Right now,” Mum interrupts, “I’m only interested in the chooks getting breakfast. They’ll be even hungrier in this cold.”

Grumbling, Joe takes the scraps and goes to put on his gumboots.

The snow is clean and perfect, and his boots make a sound like eating cornflakes. Through the chicken wire, he sees two of the hens – Goldilocks and Big Bird – picking their way round in the snow. If chooks could talk, Joe is sure they would say, “What is this stuff?”

When Joe lets himself into the run, he sees that something is wrong. Their third chicken – Henrietta – is lying on her side, half under the nesting box. She’s breathing strangely, panting almost.

Joe kneels down next to her. “What’s wrong, Hettie?” he asks. “Did you get too cold?” The hen kicks out weakly, but she doesn’t get up. Joe knows that chickens don’t lie down to sleep. They sleep sitting up, on their roost. He slides his hands under Hettie and lifts her gently onto her feet – but when he lets go, she topples over again. He takes a handful of scraps and holds them under her beak.

“Look,” he says. “Rice and cheese. Yummy.” Hettie doesn’t even try to eat. Instead, she gives a strange sort of shudder. Joe runs to get Mum.

After she looks Hettie over, Joe can see on her face that it’s serious. “Are we going to take her to the vet?” he asks.

“You heard the radio this morning,” Mum says. “No driving in the snow unless it’s an emergency.”

“This is an emergency. You didn’t see that weird twitching she did.”

“Let’s try to make her a bit more comfortable.”

But as Mum says this, Hettie starts to shudder again. Mum speaks softly and strokes Hettie’s feathers until the shaking stops.

“Why is she doing that?” Joe asks.

“I think it was a seizure.” Mum gives Joe a look, and he knows he won’t like what’s coming next. “I don’t think the vet can help her, even if we could get there.”

“So we’re just going to let her die?”

“Actually, we need to ...” Mum looks uncertain about what to say next. “We can’t let her suffer.”

Joe understands, and he’s suddenly very glad that chickens aren’t like Semi’s budgie.

“What are you going to do? Are you going to chop her head off?” Mum tries to pull him in for a hug, but he won’t let her. “You can’t kill my pet.”

Mum doesn’t say anything, but Joe can guess what she’s thinking. Ten minutes ago, he’d said that chickens weren’t pets.

“She might just get better,” Joe tries. “Let’s wait till Dad gets home.”

Mum puts an arm round his shoulders, and this time, he lets it stay. “Joey,” she says, “I’m pretty sure she’s dying, but that could take a long time, and Dad’s away till Friday. I don’t think it’s fair to leave her like this.”

Joe looks at Hettie. He remembers the time he held her so that Dad could clip her flight feathers. She’d flapped at first – trying to get away – but Joe had talked quietly, and Hettie had calmed down. Dad was finally able to fan out her wing. While he worked, Joe could feel the hen’s heart beating through her warm feathers.

He thinks about collecting eggs from the nesting box – an Easter egg hunt every day. Hettie must have laid hundreds. Once or twice there had been a double yolker – a secret surprise, just for him. Joe still doesn’t know if Hettie’s a pet. All he knows is that they need to help her.

“Mum,” he whispers. “Will I have to hold her when you ...” He can’t make himself say it.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” Mum replies. “It’ll be quick, but it still won’t be very nice.”

Joe tries hard not to imagine that part.





“I’ll get what I need,” Mum says. “You look after her.” She lets herself out of the run and goes to the garden shed. Even though Joe’s wearing a coat and scarf, he feels shivery. He takes his scarf off and drapes it around Hettie.

“Mum’s going to help you,” he whispers. “I wish I could help, too, but I’m too chicken.”

Chicken? Joe wishes he hadn’t said that, even though he knows Hettie can’t understand. “Sorry,” he says. “You know what I mean.”

Hettie’s eyes are closed. Her beak opens and shuts and half opens again. It looks like she’s forgotten something she wants to say. Joe waits for her to move again, but she is very still. Something has happened. He slides a hand under the scarf. This time, he can’t feel Hettie’s heart beating. He waits. Nothing.

“Mum,” he calls out, his voice wobbly. “You don’t need the axe.”

“I’m glad you were there to help your mum,” Dad says on the phone later that night. “I hear you were brave about it.”

Joe shrugs. He’s not so sure about that part.

“What else did you do today?” Dad asks. “Did you build a snowman?”

“I was going to,” Joe says. “But then I had a better idea.”

After they finish talking, Joe emails his father a photo. Big Bird and Goldilocks can just be seen, red-brown blotches in one corner of the run. In the middle of the lawn there is a huge white chicken: a snow Henrietta. Beside her, as if freshly laid, is a huge snow egg. Joe imagines a perfect double yolk hidden inside.



**illustrations by
Andrew Burdan**

MICHEL MULIPOLA:

SUPERHERO SECRETS



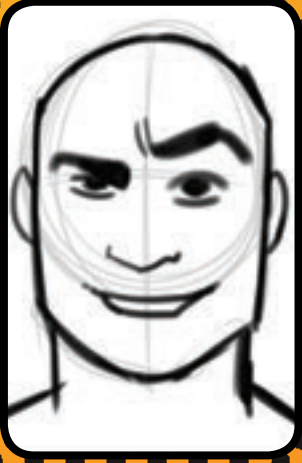
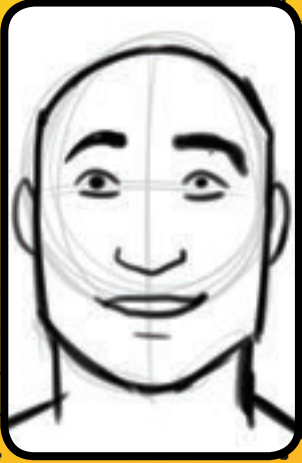
BY HANNAH SPERBER

Michel Mulipola discovered comics when he was five years old: a pile of *2000 AD*. “I remember the exact moment I saw them,” Michel says. “The bright colours and bold characters really caught my attention.” Mesmerised, Michel fell in love with the art form. He’s made comics ever since. He’s just finished illustrating a graphic novel for American readers, a pro-wrestling drama called *Headlocked: The Last Territory*. Fans already want more. (He’s working on it.) Recently, Michel got to meet some of those fans at Comic-Con. Held in San Diego, it’s the biggest comic convention in the world. Or as Michel puts it: “It’s the international mecca of comic-book awesomeness.”

But most days you’ll find Michel in Onehunga, Auckland. This is where he works in a comic store. It’s the perfect job – reading and selling comics from round the world and spending time with other comic-book fans. Sometimes, Michel draws at work. “It brings something different to the store,” he says. “People can see comics being created.” Michel also encourages young cartoonists to come in and share their work. “We chat, and I give them tips.”

Michel’s dream is to be the first Samoan to draw for Marvel Comics or DC Comics. He doesn’t mind which. Between them, these two publishing companies are responsible for some of the world’s most iconic comic-book characters: Spider-Man, Wolverine, the Hulk, Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman. Michel grew up loving these comics and characters. “Being able to draw my favourite superheroes is a massive goal of mine. But Marvel and DC are giants. You have to be hugely talented for them to notice you.”

Perhaps you’d like to work for Marvel or DC? Maybe even beat Michel to it! He has some secrets for making good comics, and he’s willing to share ...





SECRET #1

WRITE YOUR STORY

- Paulo: Caught between old and new
- New skater friends fun but kind of mean
- Stops being a good time = regret
- Misses Joe
- How to make it up to him?

People sometimes forget that comics aren't just pictures – they're stories too. In fact Michel reckons the very best comics are the ones you can't put down because the story is so good. This is why planning is so important. "When you're starting a comic, write the story down – even if it's just a bit of dialogue or a few bullet points. This is called the script. The script is a bit like directions you can refer back to."

So what makes a great story? Michel can answer this. "Good stories need unforgettable characters who go on some kind of journey. And by 'journey', I don't mean a road trip. I mean facing a problem or making a mistake and dealing with it. It's an inner journey." Characters who make mistakes stop a story from becoming boring. But Michel says they have another purpose. "In real life, no one's perfect. Everyone messes up. If you want readers to care about your characters, you need to show them messing up, too."

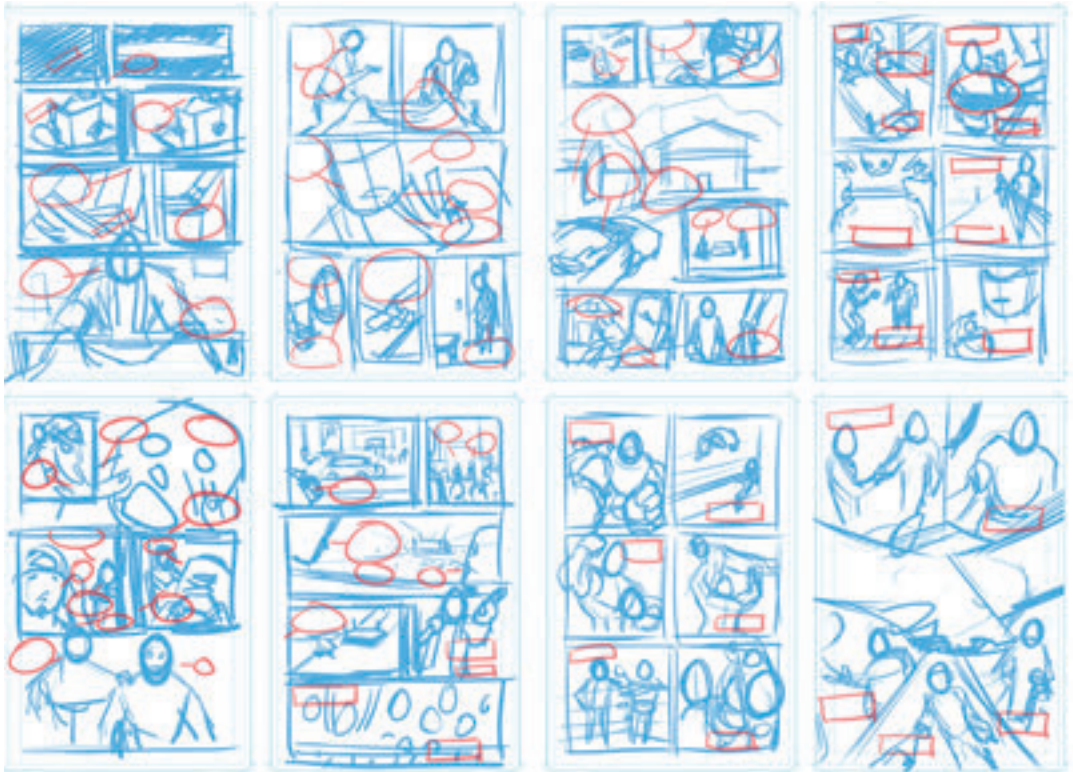
Sometimes, ideas take a long time to come. If you're struggling, there's another option. "Write about something familiar," Michel says. "I once did a humorous comic about the lighter side of life. You know the kind of thing: siblings fighting over the TV remote; Sunday lunch with the extended family turning into a food fight. For me it was an easy topic, but people really liked it."

SECRET #2

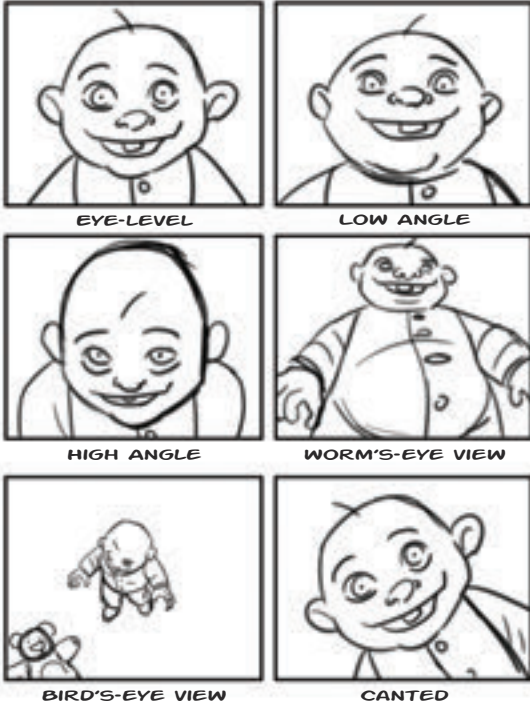
PLAN YOUR LAYOUT

Michel says that making a comic is similar to making a film. “Think of a comic as a movie on paper, with yourself as the director.” He warns that you’ll have to fill other roles too: the casting director, the props person, the sound director, the special-effects maker. “You’re a one-person movie-making machine!” Michel says.

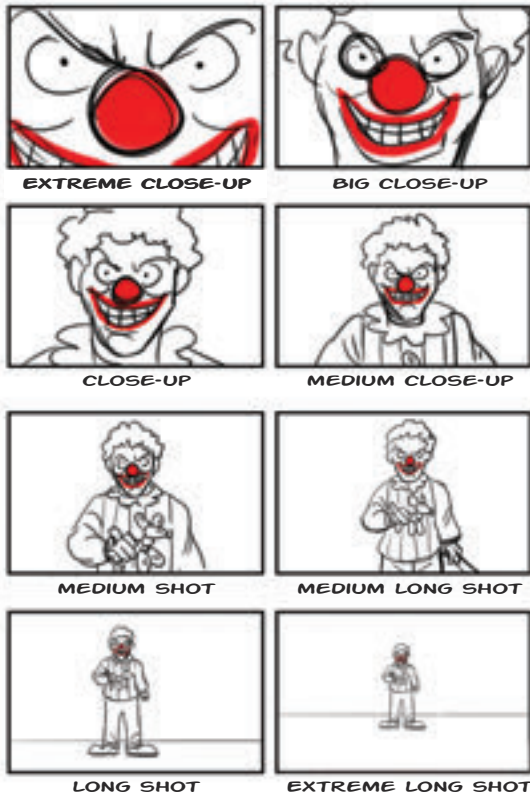
Most directors don’t begin filming until every shot is planned. Michel agrees that this is a good way to work. For a comic, he recommends doing some quick sketches of your layout. These sketches don’t have to be perfect – but they are important. They’ll help you to decide what you’ll show and how you’ll show it.



KINDS OF ANGLES



KINDS OF SHOTS



SECRET #3

KEEP THE LAYOUT SIMPLE

“Your initial sketches are also important because they encourage you to think about each frame,” Michel says. Will you use high angles to make your characters look small or low angles to make them intimidating? Will you use an extreme close-up shot, to exaggerate a character’s expression, or an extreme long shot, to show us where your characters are and who else is around? Will your frames be square or different shapes? How many will there be?

“Planning your layout is the best time to work these things out,” Michel says. “Otherwise you’ll make mistakes, and they’ll be hard to fix.”

Make sure that readers can follow your story easily. “Try using a layout called the Z formation,” says Michel. “This means your story travels from left to right, much like reading a book. It’s very straightforward, which is good. You don’t want readers working too hard.”



Michel does occasionally break out of the Z formation – just to mix things up. “Sometimes in a story something big happens. Then the layout needs a little shaking up. But you’ve got to know the rules before you can break them. I can tweak a comic so that it breaks the rules but still flows. You can do this when you have experience and are confident with the basics.”

SECRET #4

REMEMBER THE LETTERING

Comics use pictures *and* words to tell a story. So make sure you leave plenty of room for both. Otherwise, Michel says, you'll have trouble! "Squeezing in heaps of material can make a whole page look bad. I've seen comics with the words really squashed up to make everything fit. This makes it hard to read. I've seen speech bubbles with their tails crossing. This means you can't tell who's saying what." A bit of planning will ensure that both the pictures and text look great.



SECRET #5

PRACTICE MAKES (ALMOST) PERFECT

Michel calls it the artist's conundrum. "You're always searching for perfection, but deep down, you know you'll never find it. Don't let that stop you from trying. The more you draw, the easier it gets."

Some artists always carry a notebook. This is something Michel recommends. It means you're always ready when inspiration hits. "Draw the things you see around you. Draw the things you know – and keep at it. Don't give up. This is the first step to making your dream a reality. And don't be afraid to make mistakes. I make mistakes all the time. I love making them because that's how I learn. They teach me what *not* to do next time."

SECRET #6

HAVE FUN!

THIS IS EASY BECAUSE ACCORDING TO MICHEL, "MAKING COMICS IS THE BEST THING EVER! WORK HARD AND GOOD LUCK!"

CAR GAMES

by Sarah Delahunty

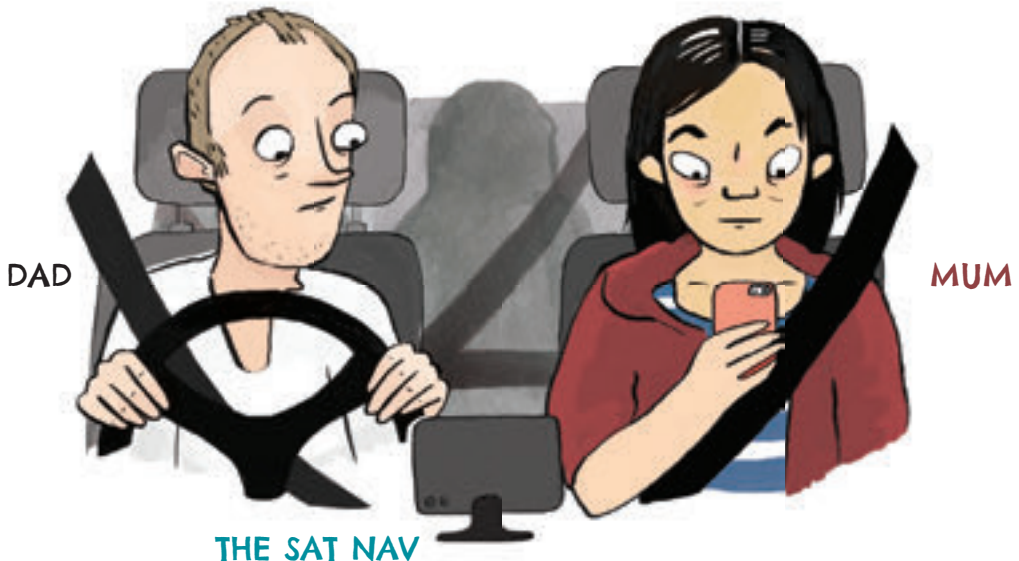


JACKSON

ALICE

HARRY

SCENE: *The family is in the car. DAD is in the driver's seat, MUM is in the passenger seat, and the three kids are in the back. HARRY is playing on a tablet. JACKSON is listening to music and wearing ear buds. ALICE has no device. The person playing the satellite navigation system should stand off-stage.*



DAD

MUM

THE SAT NAV

DAD. Right, mini golf – here we come. Seatbelts on, everyone?

HARRY and **ALICE** (*impatiently*). Yes!

DAD. Jackson? (*He waits.*) Jackson?

HARRY and **ALICE** (*shouting*). Jackson!

JACKSON (*taking out an ear bud*). What?

DAD. Seatbelt on.

JACKSON (*putting the ear bud back in*). Sure.

ALICE. Dad, can I have your phone?

DAD. When I was a child, we made our own fun in the car.

ALICE. That's why I need your phone.

DAD. We'd play car games, sing songs ...

ALICE. Harry's got the tablet, so I should get your phone. It's not fair otherwise.
And I'm bored.

DAD. But I haven't even started the car.

ALICE. Da-aaa-d!

DAD (*starting to drive*). There was a **great** game we used to play. We all chose a letter of the alphabet and spotted number plates beginning with that letter.

MUM (*enthusiastically*). We played that game, too!

ALICE. I'd rather play a game on your phone.

SAT NAV. Continue for 400 metres, then make a left turn.

DAD. Or how about a general knowledge quiz! What's the capital of Australia?

ALICE. Da-aaa-d!

DAD. I know. Goat spotting! First to see a black goat wins. Let's play that one.

HARRY (*looking at his tablet*). Yes!

DAD. See, Alice? Harry's keen.

HARRY. Level five! Awesome!

DAD. How about you, Jackson? (*He waits.*) Jackson?

HARRY and **ALICE** (*shouting*). Jackson!

JACKSON (*taking out an ear bud*). What?

DAD. Who'll be the first to see a black goat?

JACKSON (*putting the ear bud back in*). Dunno.

DAD. What's wrong with this family? Do you all need devices to survive?

SAT NAV. Continue for 100 metres, then make a left turn.

DAD. That's lucky. I was going to turn right.



ALICE. I'm bored!

MUM. Shush! I'm trying to concentrate. I'm texting Grandma.

DAD. First to see a black goat wins.

HARRY. No!

DAD. I thought you wanted to play.

HARRY. I've been killed.

MUM. What?

DAD. What?

MUM. Grandma. She says she's had her horse painted! On impulse.

SAT NAV. Make a left turn.

DAD (*confused*). When did she get a horse?

ALICE. Who's got a horse?

DAD. Grandma.

ALICE. Cool! Hey, Harry, Grandma's got a horse!

HARRY. Don't talk to me. I'm dead.

ALICE. Jackson. (*She shouts.*) **Jackson!**

JACKSON (*taking out an ear bud*).
Yeah?

ALICE. Grandma's got a horse!

JACKSON. A black one?

ALICE. Not sure. I'll find out.

JACKSON (*putting the ear bud back in*).
Oh. OK. Cool.

ALICE. What colour did she paint it, Mum?

SAT NAV. Continue for 200 metres, then make a left turn.

DAD. Really? That doesn't seem right ...

MUM. It's not. It's left.

ALICE (*impatiently*). Mum! What colour is Grandma's horse?

MUM. I just asked her that. She says white with blue trim.

ALICE. Blue trim? Where does a horse have trim?

SAT NAV. Make a left turn.

DAD. Left? Left? What are you talking about?

MUM. Don't argue with a machine.

ALICE. It must be the mane and tail.

MUM (*to DAD*). Why are you turning right? What's the point of having one of these things if you're going to ignore it?

DAD. I'm not!

ALICE. I **really** want to see Grandma's horse. Let's go to Grandma's. Dad, can we go to Grandma's?

HARRY. That's not fair. I want to play mini golf. Dad, you said we were playing mini golf!

DAD (*to MUM*). That's it. I can't drive with this racket. Swap places.

MUM and DAD swap seats.

ALICE. I'll text Grandma about her horse.

DAD (*starting to write a text*). No you won't. I will.

SAT NAV. Make a left turn.

MUM (*nodding*). Right.

DAD. No, left.

MUM. Shush. I'm concentrating.
I know what I'm doing.

ALICE. It's my turn with the tablet,
Harry.

HARRY. I'm not finished. I'm still on
level five.

ALICE. I thought you were dead.

HARRY. I was – but now I'm back.

ALICE. How many levels are there?

HARRY. Sixteen.

ALICE. Da-aaa-d!

DAD (*looking at his phone*). **What?**

ALICE. Harry won't give me a turn on
the tablet.

DAD (*very confused*). That's weird!

SAT NAV. Continue for 400 metres,
then make a right turn.

MUM. That is weird.

ALICE (*exasperated*). It's **not** weird.
It's normal. Harry always hogs it.

DAD. Grandma says she paid 250,000
dollars for her horse.

HARRY. What horse?

ALICE. For a horse? It must have been
a race horse.

HARRY. What are you talking
about?

DAD. If you paid attention to people
instead of devices, you'd know.

MUM. Shush! I'm trying to
concentrate.

SAT NAV. Continue for 200 metres,
then make a right turn.

MUM. I think we should turn left.

DAD. Don't argue with a machine.

HARRY. What horse?

ALICE. The one grandma painted –
her blue and white one. It's a
race horse.

HARRY (*impressed*). Wow. Hey,
Jackson.

HARRY and ALICE (*shouting*).
Jackson!

MUM. Shush! I'm trying to
concentrate.

JACKSON (*taking out an ear bud*).
What?

HARRY. Grandma paid 250,000 dollars
for a race horse!

ALICE. It's white with blue trim.

JACKSON (*putting the ear bud back
in*). Nice one, Grandma.





SAT NAV. Continue straight for two kilometres!

MUM. Two kilometres! We should be there by now.

DAD (*looking at the phone*). And now she says she's been up to the shops this morning for some more pigs.

ALICE. Jackson.

ALICE and **HARRY** (*shouting*). **Jackson!**

JACKSON (*taking out an ear bud*).

What?

ALICE. Grandma has pigs.

JACKSON. Is this some kind of quiz game?

HARRY. Grandma hasn't got pigs, so how can she be getting more? And shops don't sell pigs, do they?

JACKSON. Or are we telling riddles?

SAT NAV. Get ready for a right turn.

DAD (*looking at the phone*). She also bought bears!

ALICE. I really, **really** want to go to Grandma's.

SAT NAV. Your destination is on your left. You have arrived.



STRAIGHT FOR
METRES!



GARDEN
CENTRE
& COURTYARD CAFÉ

OPEN 7 DAYS

CUSTOMER
CARPARK
→

DAD. Umm, honey. This is a garden centre.

MUM (*crossly*). I can see that.

DAD: Kids, how do you feel about visiting a garden centre?

ALICE. Not good.

HARRY. Bad!

JACKSON: Hey, Dad, can I look at Mum's phone.

DAD (*sternly*). No games on Mum's phone.

JACKSON. I want to read Grandma's texts.

DAD (*passing the phone to JACKSON*). We'll just make the most of it. I know a **great** game using plant names. We'll need to pay close attention to the Latin.

ALICE. Dad, Latin's a dead language.

DAD. That's not true, honey. It's used in garden centres across the country.

JACKSON *laughs*.

EVERYONE. What?

JACKSON. Grandma says sorry about the texts.

ALICE. Why?

JACKSON. Because she's just found her glasses.



THE DUEL: The Final Challenge

by Simon Cooke

It's my daily inventing lesson at Grandpa Sid's house, and as usual, he's distracted. Ever since he got the challenge from Baron von Spanner, his mind has been elsewhere. He doesn't even notice when my latest invention – a super-strong glue I've named Sticko Strongo – accidentally sticks his coffee mug to the table.

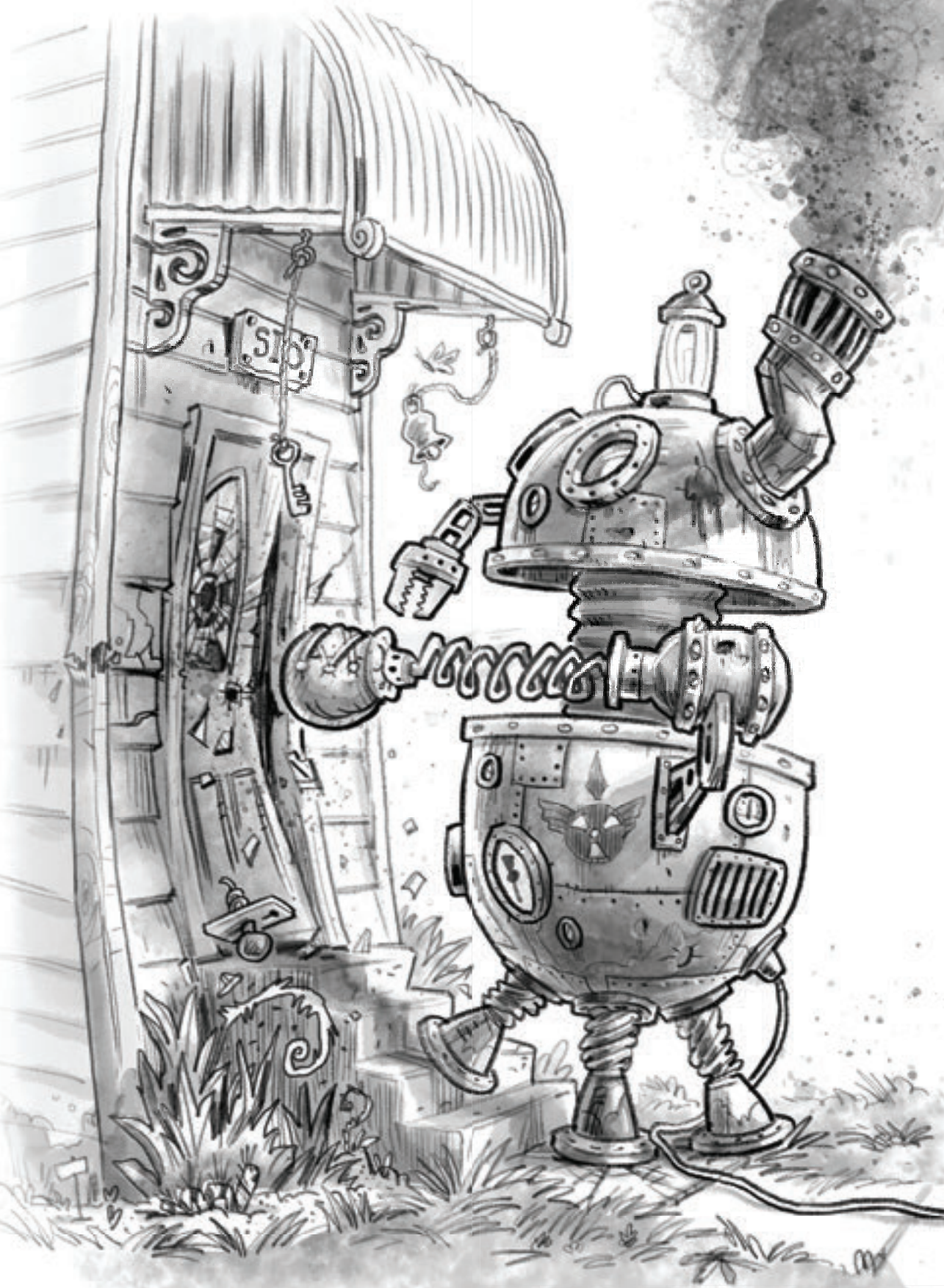


But he *does* notice the loud banging on the front door. That's because the whole house is shaking.

"There's only one thing that can make a racket like that," says Grandpa Sid.

"A rhinoceros delivering pizza?" I ask.

"No, Baron von Spanner's Thump-u-lator. He invented it for people too lazy to do their own door knocking. But like all his inventions, there are unfortunate side effects. If the door isn't opened in five seconds ..."



And there, right before me, stands the evil inventor himself. Grandpa Sid's nemesis. "I am Baron von Spanner," he announces. "Inventor of colds and tears and the colour grey. Inventor of prickles and stings and unscratchable itches." He grins like a shark that's just smelt blood.

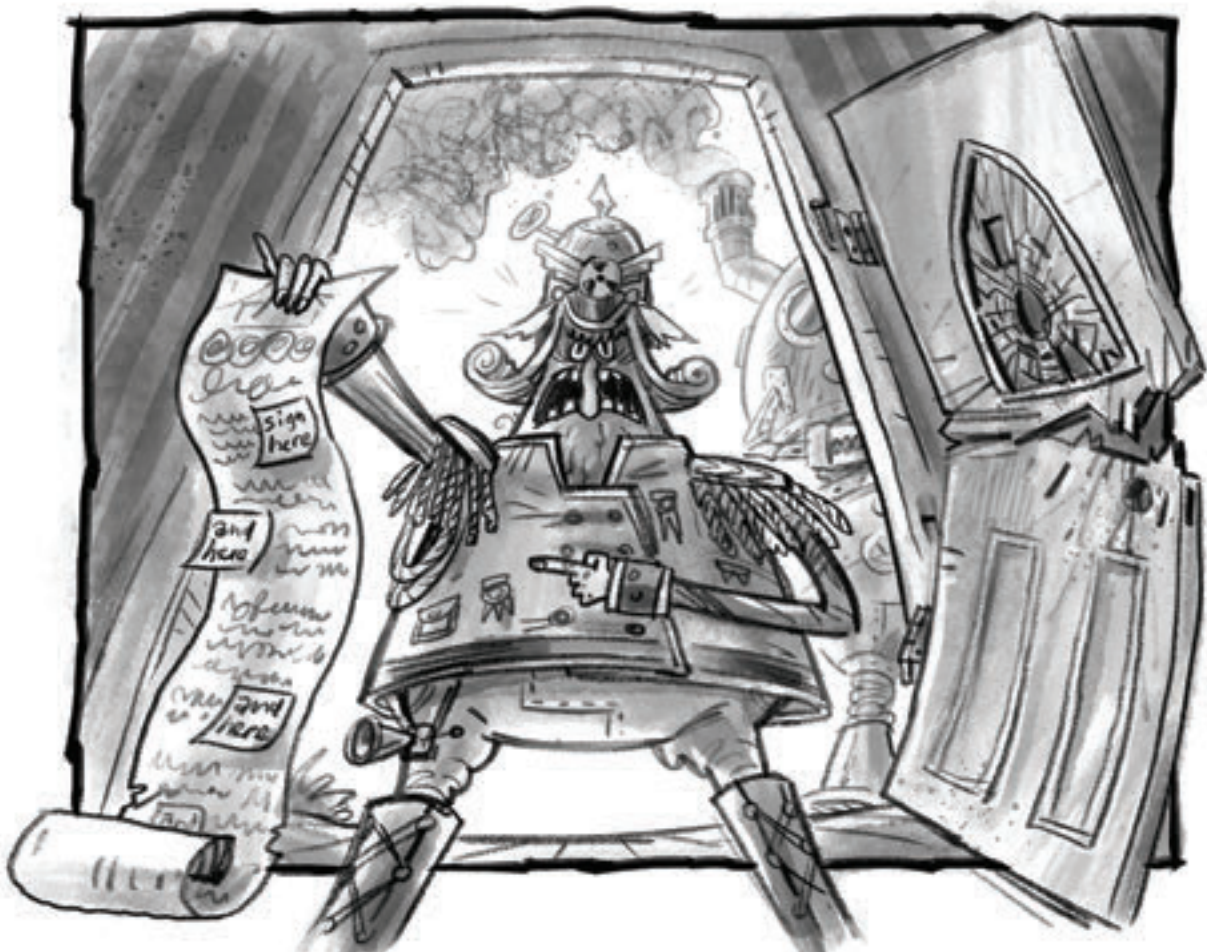
"And you are?"

"I'm Emma. I'm an inventor, just like Grandpa Sid."

"Just like Grandpa Sid?" he says. "How very dull." Von Spanner turns to Grandpa Sid. "You've been expecting me. I am here to finish what we started. The final challenge, winner takes all. The loser will never invent again. Agreed?"

Grandpa Sid nods. You'd think he'd be angry, wouldn't you? But instead, he's like a man who has lost a friend and can't figure out why.

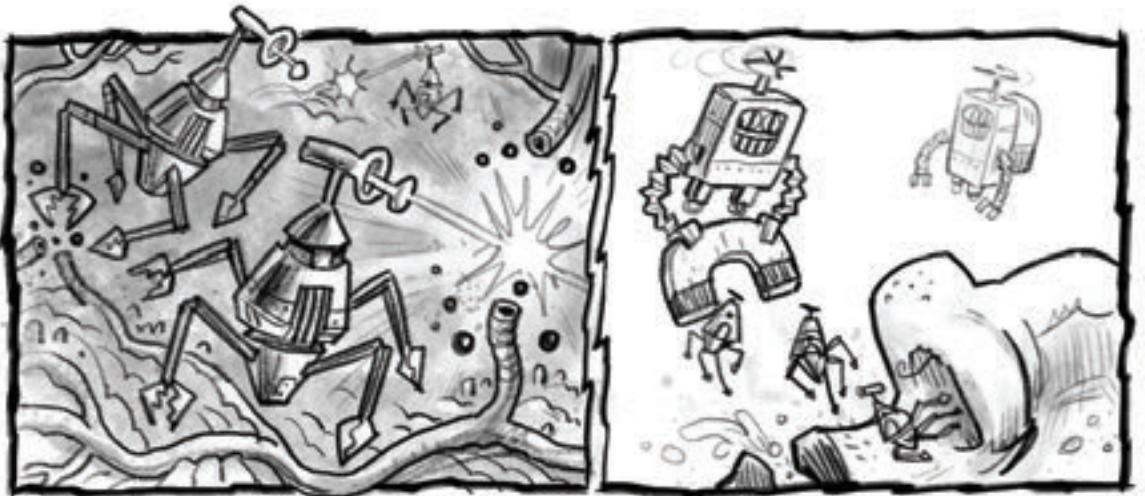
"Good." Von Spanner looks pleased. "Now this is the official duelling contract," he says. "Sign here."



The rules are simple. Baron von Spanner has to invent something, and Grandpa Sid has twenty-four hours to counter it with his own creation. If Grandpa Sid can't do it, he loses. If he can, they swap over: Grandpa Sid has to invent something, and von Spanner has twenty-four hours to neutralise it ... On and on it goes until one of them can't thwart the other.

I signal the start of the duel with a drumroll. Grandpa Sid invented drumrolls. He also invented clapping and cheering. I'm going to do all those things when he wins.

Round 1: Baron von Spanner's first invention is Sick-o-bots – microscopic nasties that travel through the body causing chaos.



Grandpa Sid makes Well-o-bots. They use magnets to pull the Sick-o-bots out of the nose.

Round 2: Grandpa Sid invents the Helping Hand.



In no time, Baron von Spanner has created his own version: the Hinderling Hand.



Round 3: Baron von Spanner invents a ... um. It's definitely a ... no, hang on, it's not. Actually, I have no idea what it is, apart from the obvious. And it turns out that neither does Grandpa Sid, apart from the obvious.

"It's a big red button," he says. "But what for?"


"I don't know, but we have twenty-four hours to find out," I say.

"Actually twenty-three," says Grandpa Sid, consulting his watch.

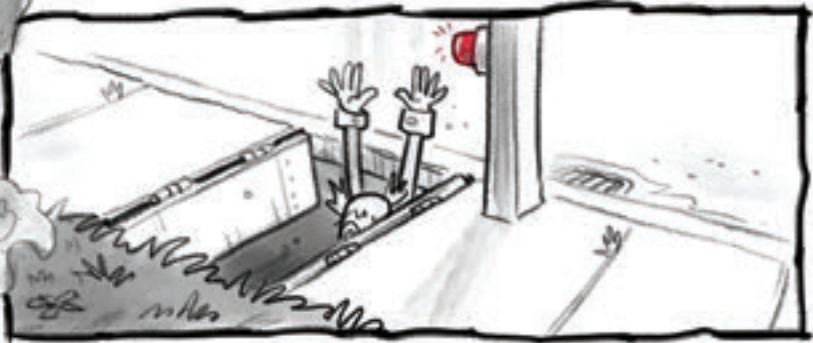
The big red button is on a lamp post outside Grandpa Sid's house. We search for a clue ... anything ... that will help us to figure out what it's for. We take scans and readings with every measuring device under the sun. Nothing works.

"If we don't know what it does, how can we invent something to beat it?" I wail.





“You’ll never figure it out!” gloats Baron von Spanner. “Your only option is to push the button – and by then, it’ll be too late. And if *you* don’t push it, someone else will. It’s human nature. All big red buttons must be pushed, even if nine times out of ten, they do something nasty like ...”



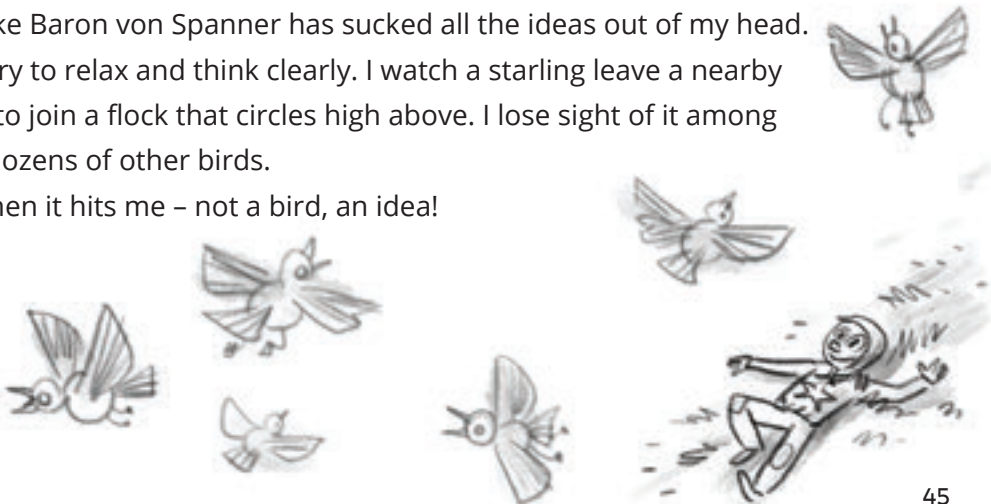
“Haa-hah!” cackles Baron von Spanner. “I’ve got you this time!” He roars off gleefully, leaving a black cloud of exhaust fumes.

Grandpa Sid turns to me. I don’t like the look on his face. “This is serious, Emma,” he says. “I need inspiration, and I need it now! I’m going to my thinking room. I need to be alone.”

As Grandpa Sid’s newly appointed apprentice, I’m feeling the pressure. I need to think, too. I lie down on the lawn and look up at the sky. This usually helps, but not today. Today there’s nothing. It’s like Baron von Spanner has sucked all the ideas out of my head.

I try to relax and think clearly. I watch a starling leave a nearby tree to join a flock that circles high above. I lose sight of it among the dozens of other birds.

Then it hits me – not a bird, an idea!



I run inside to tell Grandpa Sid. "Remember rule number one?" I ask him. The three fundamental rules of invention were the first things Grandpa Sid taught me, and he nods straight away. As I explain my premise, he starts to smile. It goes like this:



This is a bird.



And this is a bird in a flock of birds.



This is Baron von Spanner's big red button.

And **THIS** would be Grandpa Sid's invention, a Spot-u-lator, creating big red buttons all over the place. Try spotting von Spanner's button among this lot!

Grandpa Sid and I spend the night in his inventing room. We finish the Spot-u-lator in the nick of time. As we stand back to admire our handiwork, the sky fills with choking exhaust. Baron von Spanner has returned, and he's so furious he crashes into a tree.



"What have you done?" he yells.

Grandpa Sid grins. "Everything and nothing. All *my* big red buttons are absolutely pointless. People might press one or two, but then they'll stop. After all, why push buttons that don't respond?"

Baron von Spanner fumes. I think there's even smoke coming out of his ears. "But I know which one is my button," he growls, although it's obvious he's bluffing. "I'll push it myself!"

"Fine," says Grandpa Sid, "but you only get one chance. Fair?"

Baron von Spanner grumbles and nods. And what happens next is this:




NOTHING

Baron von Spanner stares daggers at Grandpa Sid.

"The duel is over," Grandpa Sid says. "Go and never return."

Baron von Spanner looks like he's going to explode, and then suddenly ... he's gone, just like that. Grandpa Sid has won! He gives me the biggest-ever victory hug, followed by a high-five.





We're celebrating with a cup of tea and Anzac biscuits when the phone rings. "That's probably the mayor wanting to congratulate us for beating Baron von Spanner," says Grandpa Sid proudly.

But he's wrong. It seems the mayor isn't happy about her town being covered in big red buttons. She says it looks like a case of chicken pox. And the mayor isn't the only one who's displeased.

illustrations by Gavin Mouldey

"Don't worry, Emma," says Grandpa Sid.
"I have a couple of inventions perfectly suited to situations like this."

"What are they, Grandpa Sid?" I ask.
"Disguises and long, relaxing holidays in far-off places," he replies, grinning.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

All text is copyright © Crown 2016.

The images on the following pages are copyright © Crown 2016:

2–6 by Dylan Horrocks

2–7 and 26–27, 29, 32–33 (dotted graphic feature) and 35–38 (background texture) by Liz Tui Morris

20–25 by Andrew Burdan

26 (title), 28, 31, and 32 by Michel Mulipola

32–33 (photo) by Hannah Sperber

34–39 by Giselle Clarkson

40–48 by Gavin Mouldey

The background textures on the following pages are used under a Creative Commons licence (CC BY 2.0):

7, 8, 10–14, 16–17, and 19 by blog.spoongraphics from <http://goo.gl/xRS69R>

20–23 and 25 by blog.spoongraphics from <http://goo.gl/6pDEVQ>

The images on the following pages are used with permission from the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington:

page 7, reference 1/2-003064-F; page 9, reference 1/4-030717-G; pages 10–11, reference PA1-o-405-06; pages 12–13, reference 10x8-0283-G; page 15, reference 1/4-022019-G; pages 16–17, reference 1/2-032309-G; page 18, reference 1/2-140288-G.

The images on the following pages are used with permission:

27, 29, and 30 copyright © Michel Mulipola

Editor: Susan Paris

Designer: Liz Tui Morris

Literacy Consultant: Melanie Winthrop

Consulting Editors: Hōne Apanui and Emeli Sione



Go to www.schooljournal.tki.org.nz

for PDFs of all the texts in this issue of the *School Journal* as well as teacher support material (TSM) for the following:

	TSM
Six Photos	✓
Michel Mulipola: Superhero Secrets	✓
Car Games	✓



MINISTRY OF EDUCATION
TE TĀHUHU O TE MĀTAURANGA

New Zealand Government

ISBN 978-0-478-16646-0



9 780478 166460