



SCHOOL JOURNAL



AUGUST 2020

TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Waiting	5
The Poltergeist	6
Star-gazing	5
Born to Run	6
Roar	6
The Art of Aute	5
Tuālima	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.

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LEVEL 3

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CONTENTS

STORIES

2 **WAITING** *by Nadine Anne Hura*

Bella starts the timer on her tablet the day they move in.

16 **THE POLTERHEIST** *by James Brown*

Finally, some action at the school fair ...

36 **STAR-GAZING** *by Maria Samuela*

Stella's star-gazing brings more than she bargains for.

ARTICLES

8 **BORN TO RUN** *by Lucy Corry*

“Arthur Lydiard believed that anyone could be a great athlete.”

26 **ROAR** *by Kathryn Mercer*

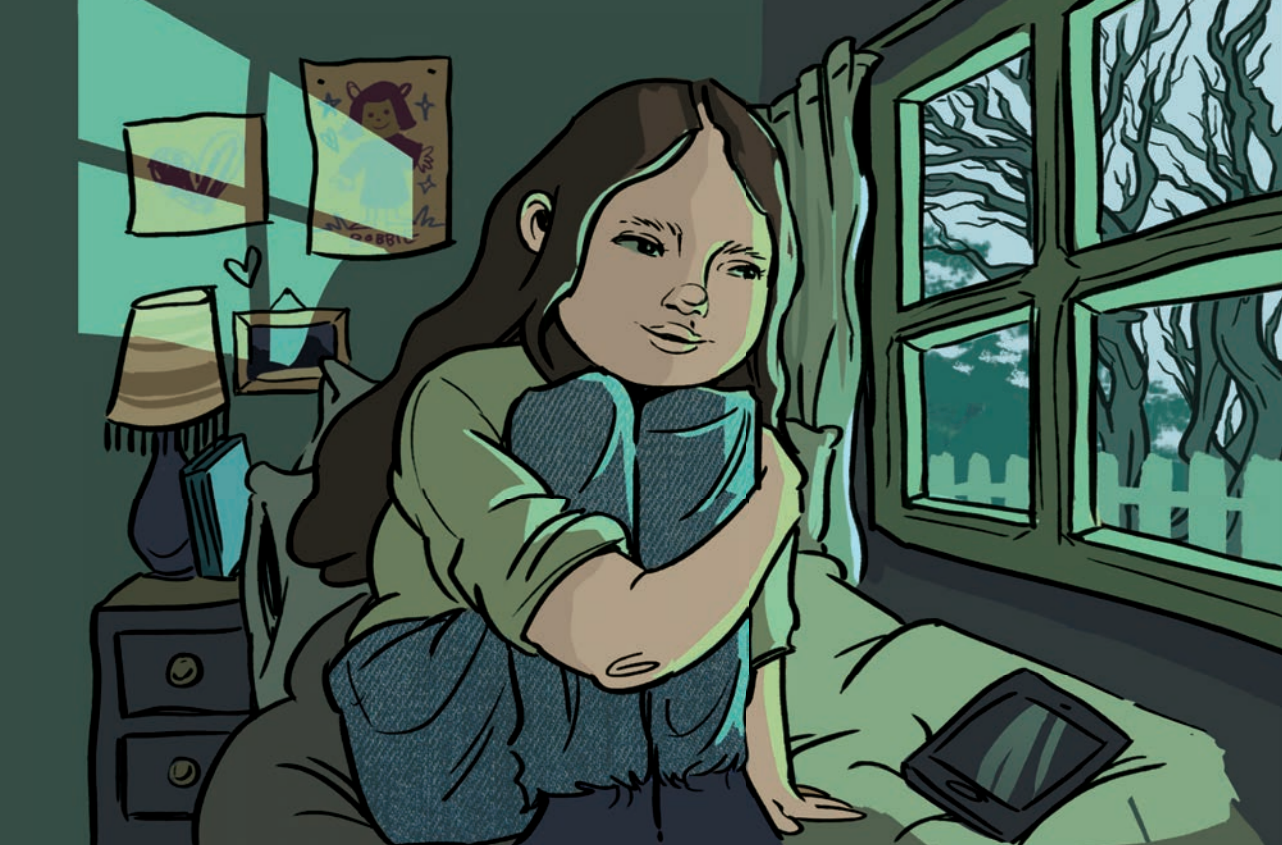
The Cleavers are a family that loves to hunt.

42 **THE ART OF AUTE** *by Matahana Tikao Calman*

“Few people know that Māori once made tapa ...”

POEM

24 **TUĀLIMA** *by Tusiata Avia*



WAITING

BY NADINE ANNE HURA

Bella started the timer on her tablet the day they moved in. It was winter, and the house was freezing. The carpet was mint green and had stains. Her mum took the biggest room, and Dylan got the second-biggest room, and Taylor came next ... so of course Bella ended up with the smallest one at the end of the hall. It was more of a wardrobe than a bedroom. The bed touched the walls at both ends, and when the door swung open, it banged into the bedside table.

“We’re lucky to have a house at all,” Mum said, seeing the expression on Bella’s face. “Let alone a room each.”

Bella’s room had one thing going for it: there was a tree outside the window. When she lay on her bed, she could see the branches waving to the grey sky. She almost managed to convince herself she was living in a treehouse.

A few weeks after moving in, Bella was lying on her bed, reading, when she heard Pīata barking. Pīata was still a puppy and curious about everything, but on this day, it sounded like she was far away. *Too far away*. Bella sat up and looked out the window just in time to see a flash of light brown disappear under the neighbour's fence.

"Mum!" Bella shouted, throwing aside her book. "Pīata's escaped!"

She ran to the end of their long driveway. The gate to the neighbour's was unlatched, so Bella pushed it open and tentatively followed the cobbled path.

"Pīata!" she called. "Haramai e Pii!"

"Who's that?" a voice said.

Bella froze. She could see a straw hat moving behind a lavender bush. "I'm really sorry," she said. "My dog snuck into your garden."

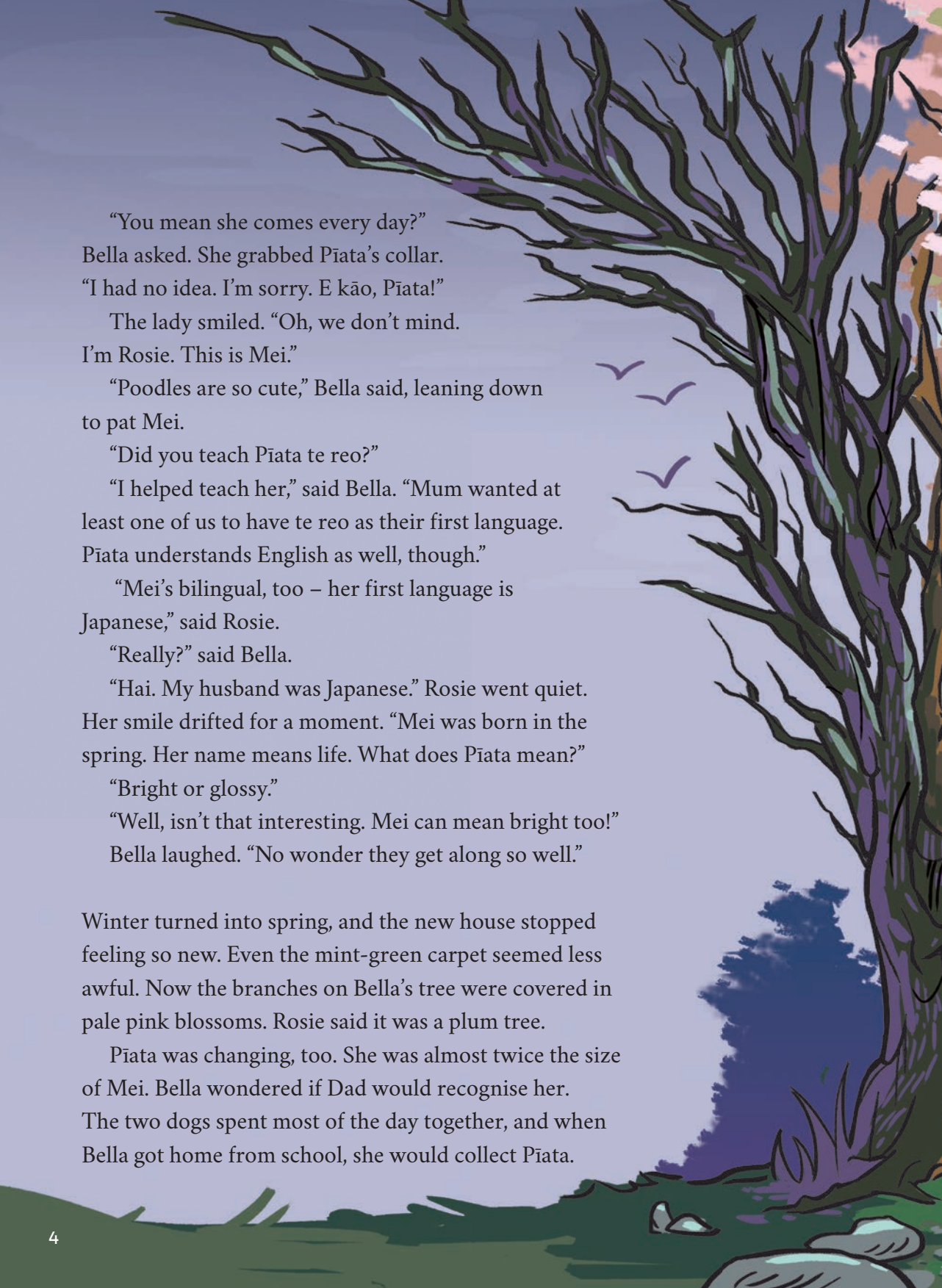
A woman with a basket appeared on the path. Pīata was frantically sniffing and panting around her ankles. "So you're her owner?"

"You *know* Pīata?" Bella said.

"Yes, but I didn't know her name until now," the lady said. She scratched Pīata behind the ears. "She usually comes in the mornings. I think she enjoys the company." The lady turned to a black dog that was lying on the grass. A poodle.

"What do you think, Mei? Does Pīata get lonely?"





“You mean she comes every day?”
Bella asked. She grabbed Pīata’s collar.
“I had no idea. I’m sorry. E kāo, Pīata!”

The lady smiled. “Oh, we don’t mind.
I’m Rosie. This is Mei.”

“Poodles are so cute,” Bella said, leaning down
to pat Mei.

“Did you teach Pīata te reo?”

“I helped teach her,” said Bella. “Mum wanted at
least one of us to have te reo as their first language.
Pīata understands English as well, though.”

“Mei’s bilingual, too – her first language is
Japanese,” said Rosie.

“Really?” said Bella.

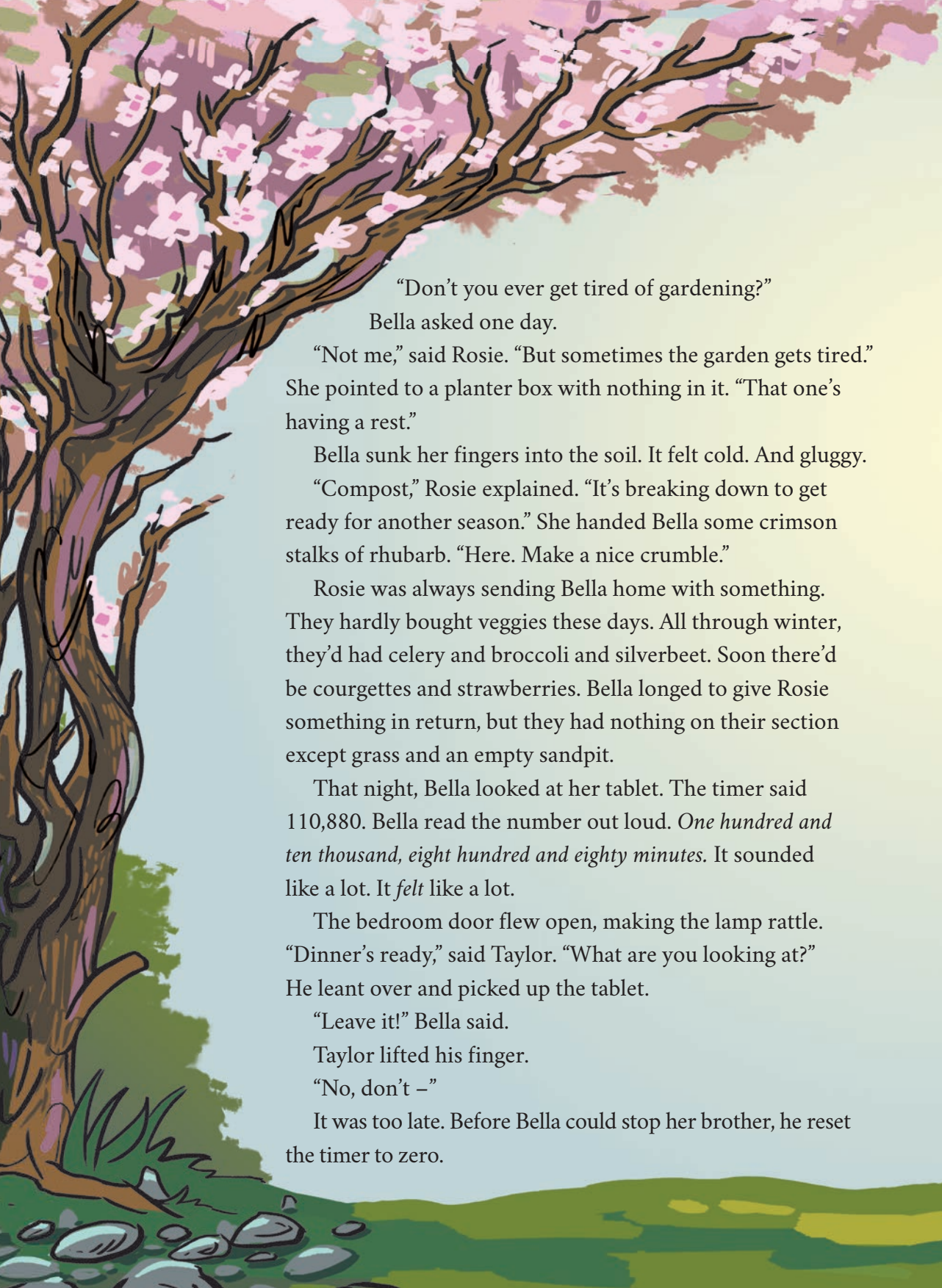
“Hai. My husband was Japanese.” Rosie went quiet.
Her smile drifted for a moment. “Mei was born in the
spring. Her name means life. What does Pīata mean?”

“Bright or glossy.”

“Well, isn’t that interesting. Mei can mean bright too!”
Bella laughed. “No wonder they get along so well.”

Winter turned into spring, and the new house stopped
feeling so new. Even the mint-green carpet seemed less
awful. Now the branches on Bella’s tree were covered in
pale pink blossoms. Rosie said it was a plum tree.

Pīata was changing, too. She was almost twice the size
of Mei. Bella wondered if Dad would recognise her.
The two dogs spent most of the day together, and when
Bella got home from school, she would collect Pīata.



“Don’t you ever get tired of gardening?”

Bella asked one day.

“Not me,” said Rosie. “But sometimes the garden gets tired.” She pointed to a planter box with nothing in it. “That one’s having a rest.”

Bella sunk her fingers into the soil. It felt cold. And gluggy.

“Compost,” Rosie explained. “It’s breaking down to get ready for another season.” She handed Bella some crimson stalks of rhubarb. “Here. Make a nice crumble.”

Rosie was always sending Bella home with something. They hardly bought veggies these days. All through winter, they’d had celery and broccoli and silverbeet. Soon there’d be courgettes and strawberries. Bella longed to give Rosie something in return, but they had nothing on their section except grass and an empty sandpit.

That night, Bella looked at her tablet. The timer said 110,880. Bella read the number out loud. *One hundred and ten thousand, eight hundred and eighty minutes.* It sounded like a lot. It *felt* like a lot.

The bedroom door flew open, making the lamp rattle. “Dinner’s ready,” said Taylor. “What are you looking at?” He leant over and picked up the tablet.

“Leave it!” Bella said.

Taylor lifted his finger.

“No, don’t –”

It was too late. Before Bella could stop her brother, he reset the timer to zero.

“I was so mad,” Bella told Rosie the next day. “I set that timer going the day we moved in.”

“That’s a shame,” said Rosie. “What were you counting?”

“The minutes,” Bella said quietly.

“Are you waiting for anything in particular?”

Bella shrugged. It was complicated. She didn’t want to talk about Mum and Dad and their problems.

“You don’t need a clock,” said Rosie. “There are other ways to measure time.”

“What do you mean?”



“The seasons, of course,” Rosie said. “You probably think time moves slowly, but if you watch the garden, you’ll see things change every day.” She pointed to a row of green, feathery tops. “These carrots weren’t much bigger than my thumb last week – now look at them! Sometimes I think time passes too quickly!” She pulled out a few carrots and passed them to Bella. “For your lunchbox.”

Bella kept an eye on the plum tree all summer. And just as Rosie had said, the changes happened quickly. The spindly branches produced leaves, followed by tiny green fruit. Bella pulled one from the tree; it was hard and bitter. Pīata sneezed and ran away after trying it.

The plums ripened to a dusky red and became sweet. Every day, Bella collected the fallen fruit and took some next door to Rosie. “Make a nice crumble,” she said with a smile.

One day, on her way back from Rosie’s, Pīata shot ahead, barking with excitement. Bella saw a car in the drive. A familiar figure stood by it.

“Dad!” she shouted, running towards him.

“Hey, Bub.” He held his arms wide, then wrapped them around her.

Bella stood with her eyes closed. She didn’t want to let go. “You’re back!” she sniffed.

“I’m back,” Dad said. “It’s been too long, eh, Bub.” He paused. “I’m really sorry.”

“It’s OK,” Bella said. “I got good at waiting.”

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ZOE HANNAY





BORN TO RUN

BY LUCY CORRY

Arthur Lydiard believed that anyone could be a great athlete. “There are champions everywhere,” he said. “Every street’s got them. All we need to do is train them properly.” When it came to coaching, Lydiard wasn’t afraid to do things differently. And even though his approach was unique, his runners consistently set new records and won Olympic gold.

A MARATHON BEFORE BREAKFAST

Arthur Lydiard was born in Auckland in 1917. He left school early so he could work to support his family, and while he enjoyed athletics, his real passion was rugby. Because he played sport and he was only twenty-eight, Lydiard had assumed he was fit. Then one day, he went on an 8-kilometre run with a friend. Lydiard said the run nearly killed him. “My pulse rate rose rapidly. I blew hard and gasped for air. My lungs and throat felt like they had been scorched. My legs were like rubber.” Clearly this was not good.

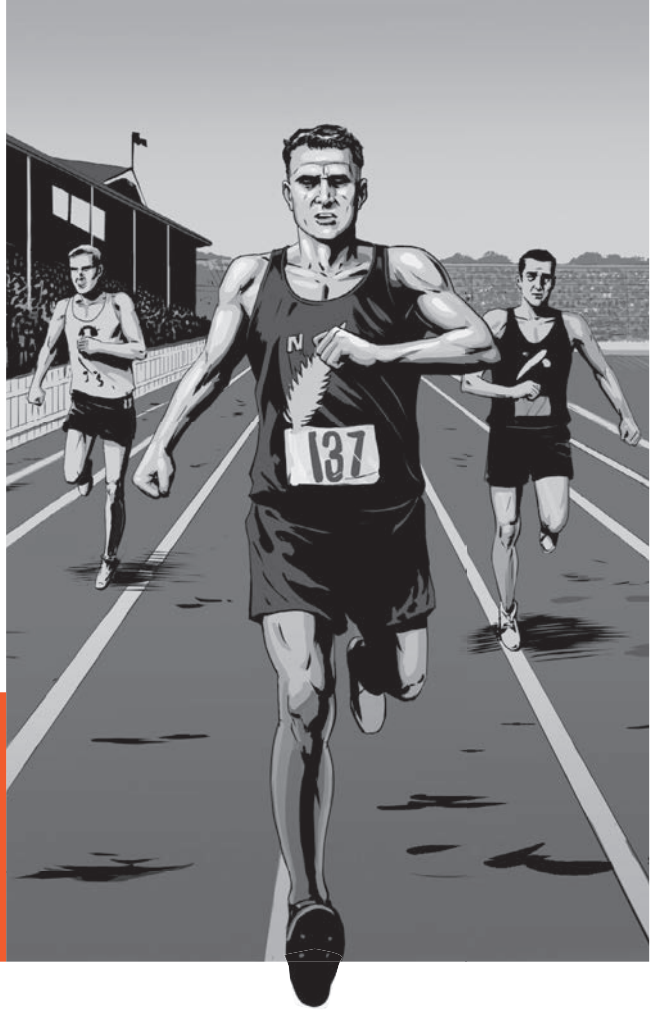


Lydiard decided to get fit. He wanted to run long distances at speed, and he began to experiment, starting with building endurance. After some trial and error, he realised it was best to run every day. Some days, he ran long hard routes; other days, short easy ones. Within a few months, Lydiard was running up to 24 kilometres a day. But he still felt it wasn't enough. Soon, he was covering 400 kilometres a week,

mostly in Auckland's Waitakere Ranges. It wasn't unusual for him to clock up a marathon before breakfast, then run again at night. Lydiard became fit, strong, and fast, whether he was running a few times around the track or an entire marathon. The way Lydiard trained helped form his ideas about how an athlete could reach their peak, and soon he would be asked to share these skills.



◀ In 1949, Lydiard came second in the New Zealand Marathon Championship.



STAMINA, STRENGTH, SPEED

Proof that Lydiard's method was working came in 1950, when he qualified for the Empire Games marathon. He led the race early on but came thirteenth (which was "a poor show", he said). Three years later, he put on a better show, winning the New Zealand marathon.

Young athletes began to notice this trailblazing runner. They wanted Lydiard to become their mentor and coach. Because of what he'd learnt from his own training, he told them that to increase fitness and stamina, they should run 160 kilometres a week, including a long run on the weekend. Lydiard's Sunday-morning runs were infamous. Auckland runner Bill Baillie (who later broke a world record) remembered that the 35-kilometre circuit, on steep hills, was his first test. The pain almost made him cry, "but you wouldn't give in". At the time, it was unusual for short- and middle-distance runners to cover so many kilometres. Other coaches didn't see the point. But Lydiard insisted that his method was a good one. After all, it had worked for him.

Once a runner had completed their “base training”, Lydiard focused on strength and speed. This meant hill work and running short distances at a fast pace. The schedule was tough going, but Lydiard’s group was determined. The young Peter Snell remembers how shattered he felt at the end of each run. “My legs were too sore to even walk, and I draped myself over a fence and told myself I was going to make it at all costs. In that company, I wasn’t going to let anyone down, least of all myself.”

By the late 1950s, “that company” included some of our most promising athletes. Lydiard predicted that his middle-distance runners Murray Halberg and Peter Snell would become two of the greatest athletes New Zealand had ever seen.



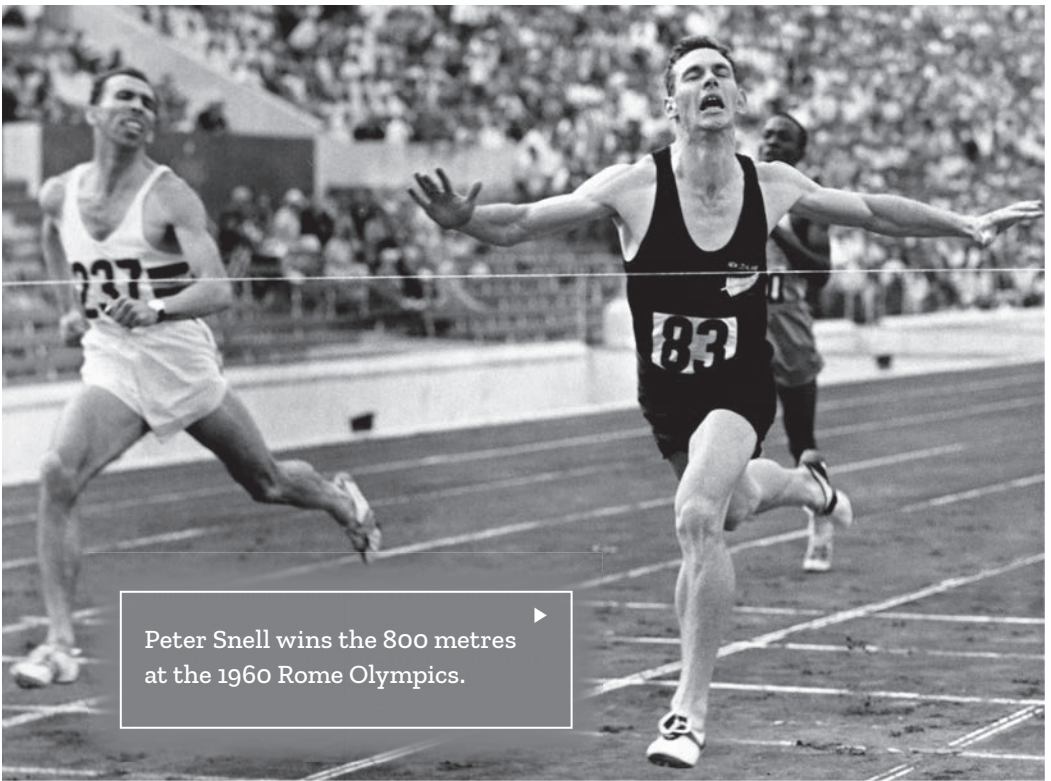
New Zealand’s 1957 cross-country team contained many athletes who’d been trained by Lydiard, including Peter Snell (top, third from right), Barry Magee (top, second from left), Murray Halberg (top, third from left), and Bill Baillie (bottom, first left).

RECORD BREAKERS

The results started to come. In 1958, Halberg became the first New Zealander to break the four-minute mile. Then, at the Rome Olympics in 1960, double triumph! Snell won the 800 metres and set

a new record. Less than an hour later, Halberg took the lead in the 5,000 metres and sprinted the last three laps to win. The two athletes became stars. Everyone wanted to know how they did it. The answer was obvious: five of the athletes who'd competed at Rome had been trained by Lydiard. Three of them won medals, including Barry Magee, who came third in the marathon. All of these runners came from the same Auckland suburb. Lydiard was right. There *was* talent on every street!

Over the next four years, no other middle-distance runner could beat Snell. He broke record after record. Suddenly, Lydiard was in demand around the world. In 1964, he finally became the official coach of the New Zealand athletics team for the Tokyo Olympics. He went on to work with runners in Venezuela, Finland, Denmark, Mexico, Turkey, and Australia.



Peter Snell wins the 800 metres
at the 1960 Rome Olympics.

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

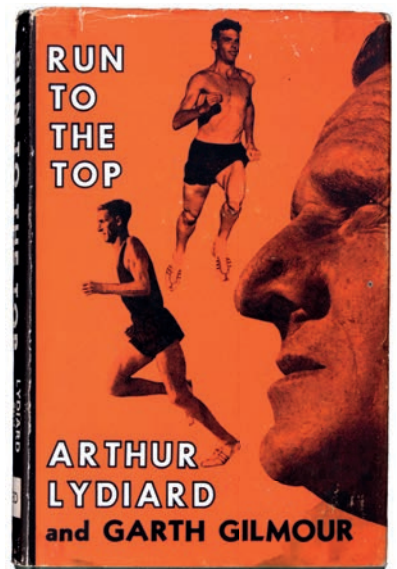
Lydiard (far right) gives training tips.



Lydiard was also interested in the idea of “mass fitness”. He believed that distance running was good for everyone. In 1962, he helped set up the Auckland Joggers Club, which attracted a lot of people with heart problems. Lydiard encouraged them to “run for their lives” – a concept no one had ever heard of. He claimed it was more satisfying to see club members “running around and enjoying life within a year” than it was helping an athlete get to the Olympics.

Bill Bowerman, who joined the joggers club to lose weight, was able to learn about Lydiard’s approach first hand. He returned to the United States and wrote a book that explained how ordinary people could use the Lydiard method. Suddenly running became hugely popular. People of all ages, everywhere, were taking to the streets. Lydiard’s message – that anyone could learn to run or become a better runner – was reaching more people than he could ever have imagined. Some even say that he invented jogging.

Lydiard wrote several books about running. His first, *Run to the Top*, was released in 1962.



LYDIARD'S LEGACY

Lydiard continued to run, to inspire everyday joggers, and to mentor athletes. He influenced generations of great sportspeople: John Walker, Dick Quax, Rod Dixon, Allison Roe, and Lorraine

Moller. He was also one of the first coaches in the world to take women runners seriously, giving them training schedules that were as demanding as the men's. Even now, more than sixty years after he first ran those great distances, Lydiard's ideas about coaching are still used around the world.

Runner Dick Quax used Lydiard's method to become one of New Zealand's top athletes. He said the coach improved the lives of millions. "We recognise all the great surgeons who are talented people and do a marvellous job. But they're the ambulance at the bottom of the cliff. What Arthur did was get people out doing light jogging for their health, and you can't put a figure on how many lives that has saved."

The Lydiard running club in South Africa attracts some of the country's top runners. They all use Lydiard's training method.



LILLY TAULELEI

GOOD COACHES



Sport has always been a big part of Lilly Taulelei's life. So have coaches. By the time she was fourteen, she'd played basketball for New Zealand. She was also captain of the junior NBA Asia-Pacific team that competed at the Global Championships in 2019.

Lilly was a hockey and netball player when she first tried basketball. This was in year 7. She quickly discovered that basketball was her thing. "I enjoy the freedom of it. You can shoot, you can dribble, you can do anything. You're not restricted to any one position." Lilly plays in school and rep teams. She's committed to training and always shows up. "We have two intense training sessions a week," she says.

Another of Lilly's core values is fitness, and this means a lot of running. "There are times when I think 'I don't really want to do this', but I know the more I put in, the more I'll be able to take out." Although Lilly's good at motivating herself, she's grateful for the many great coaches she's had. "Coaches have a lot of authority and knowledge. Knowing you have someone there who understands the game and has your best interests at heart is really helpful."

A good coach, in Lilly's opinion, is someone who's supportive and direct, although never too direct! "Not everyone is motivated by being yelled at," she says. Lilly thinks it's good to have a coach you can talk to. "If you can't talk," she says, "everything will seem a lot harder."

Lilly believes the most important thing about playing sport is to find one you love. "Give lots of them a go while you're still young. Don't stress yourself by thinking you have to choose. Just have fun. There's not much point doing something that makes you miserable. Find the sport that makes you happy and go for it!"

The Pool

by James Brown

Jeet and I had been sent to collect boxes from the storeroom. I loved the storeroom. It was at the far end of the school, down a long corridor that no one used. I jangled the keys Miss Shroud had given me.

“This is creepy,” I said. “I bet there’s a ghost.”

“Or a poltergeist,” said Jeet.

“A what?” I said, looking for the light switch.

“A poltergeist. It’s a ghost that moves things around.”

“Oh, yeah. My mum thinks there’s one in our house that’s always moving her keys.”



terheist

I found the switch behind the door. Click. A fluorescent light slowly blinked into life. The corridor had an abandoned whiteboard parked to one side. On it, someone had written “Beware of the”. The last word had been smeared out.

“Only one of those tubes is working,” said Jeet, looking at the light. “It’s insufficient.”

I smiled. Jeet was always saying stuff like this.

We reached the door at the end, and I tried the keys until it opened. We had to take things over to the hall for the school fair tomorrow, for the white elephant stall. The storeroom was stacked with stuff.



“Where’s the white elephant?” I joked.

“A white elephant is a useless or troublesome item,” said Jeet. “And white elephant stalls sell those items.”

“I know what a white elephant stall sells,” I said.

“Me too,” said Jeet.

We picked up a box each and headed over to the hall, which was buzzing with activity. The white elephant stall was mostly in one corner, but some of the bigger things like bikes and doll’s houses would be outside under the verandah. We trooped back and forth, carting stuff. “I wish we had a poltergeist,” I said.

“This is our eleventh trip,” said Jeet.

“Is that all? Feels like more.”

“I’m counting there and back as one trip. We’ve travelled between the locations twenty-two times.”



At the stall, Mum was unpacking and arranging. Ms Joy was delegating. “Kitchenware here, crockery here, electronics and bric-a-brac ...”

I caught Mum’s eye. “Looks like I might be a bit longer,” she said, passing me her money card. “Here, get some fish and chips. I’ll see you at home.”

I went to find Jeet. His mum was running the samosa stall. They didn’t have much to do – the food was all being made at home – so Jeet had gone.

Mum's fish and chips were stone cold by the time she got home. She put them in the microwave and flopped into a chair. "Last year of fairs," she said.

"Don't they have fairs at intermediate?" I asked.

"I don't think so. You're too old for them. Or maybe us parents are."

Mum fell asleep, so I went online and played Poltergeist, a game where you try to steal objects using poltergeist skills. Then I talked to Jeet. He had a new occupation to add to his OOO list. OOO stood for Other Occupation Options. His parents wanted him to go into the family business, and the OOO list was part dream jobs, part serious suggestions. The new idea was pataphysicist.

"What?" I said.

"Pataphysics is a branch of philosophy or science that examines imaginary phenomena that exist in a world beyond metaphysics."

"What?"

"It's the science of imaginary solutions."

"Eh?"

"I want to study poltergeists. They operate between the imaginary and the real. That's pataphysics. If we can figure out how they move things, we could revolutionise transportation."

"Cool." Now that I understood, I was on board. "What do we do?"

"Study objects that might move for no discernible reason. I've set some cameras up in my room. You keep track of your mum's keys. Goodnight."

That was Jeet. An ideas person, my mum called him.



I wasn't too fussed about the fair. I'd been going for five years and used to love it, but something in me had shifted. Did *I* have a poltergeist? I still had to help Mum. I'd look around once the crowds had dropped off. There wouldn't be much left by then, just the things even the poltergeists had left behind.

The white elephant was popular. I was kept busy putting out new stuff as gaps appeared, trying for some kind of order. Eventually, things slackened off, and Mum gave me the nod. I went to find Jeet.

The saddest stall at this time of the fair was always home baking. They reduced prices to get rid of the cakes no one wanted. A forlorn ring cake had a table all to itself. Its centre was filled with blue jelly, and someone had stuck in jelly babies like they were swimming. It would have made a great birthday cake. Jeet and I bought some coconut ice, then had a quick look at the books. If we'd got there early, we might've found something good, but it was all Katie the Kitten Fairy and cook books. We breezed past the toys. There was still a small plastic mountain of them. Where did all this stuff come from? Where would it go?

"The Great Pacific Garbage Patch," said Jeet.

Mum was packing up when we returned. She looked glum. "Getting rid of the unsold stuff is always the worst part," she said. Some parents were coming with trailers to take it all to the tip shop. We flopped down among it.

One man was still looking. I saw his eyes radar across our pile. "Still selling?" he asked Mum.

"Absolutely," she said.

"How much for that?" he said, nodding to where I was sitting.

"Those few things? Ten bucks for the lot."

The man's eyes lit up. "Done!" he said, whipping out a ten-dollar note like it was a winning raffle ticket.

Mum beamed. "Saves us a job," she said.

"Happy to help. Could these two give me a hand? My car's outside."

We got to our feet. "Let's take that first," the man said. "Might be heavy." He was pointing to some kind of machine I'd been leaning against. I hadn't realised it was part of the deal. It had two wheels at the front, but one was a bit munted, so it needed a few people to manoeuvre it.

Jeet picked up a drying rack. "No. Leave that. Help with this," said the man. "You mean the air compressor?" said Jeet.

The three of us wobbled the compressor out to the man's car and heaved it into his boot.



"Thanks, boys," he said. Then he got in.

"What about the other stuff?" I said.

"Keep it. I just wanted this."

Jeet suddenly came to life. "Don't you need the retractable air hose? It's still there."

The man paused. "OK," he said. "That'd be good. I'll come back in."

Back in the hall, Mum spotted us and came hurrying over. "There's been a mistake," she said. "That thing belongs to the bouncy-castle guy."

"I bought it fair and square," the man said.

"But I shouldn't have sold it. It's worth six hundred dollars!"

The man folded his arms. "Tough," he said – and turned away. Mum's face crumpled. She'd had an early start, and now the bouncy-castle guy was headed our way.



I grabbed the nearest missile I could find and let fly. The swimming pool cake hit the man in the back before squelch-ploding everywhere. He took off. Mum and the bouncy-castle guy stood there, stunned. The crook was getting away. I started after him.

Jeet was one step ahead of everyone. When I got to the street, there he was, leaning coolly against the man's car, blocking the door. "I've got your registration number," he was saying, "and I've deflated your front tyre."

We had him.

Mum and the bouncy-castle guy arrived. Other people were coming, too.

"So," I said as Jeet began explaining air compressors to me, "how did you deflate his tyre exactly?"

"I didn't," Jeet said. "I just imagined it as a solution, and it was."



illustrations by Josh Morgan

Tuālima

Today is Sunday the twenty-seventh of October.

One year since my pa died.

All the women are here:

my granny, my aunties, my mum's friends –
and my friends, Malia and Masina.

Everyone is waiting.

Tyla, the tufuga tā tatau, sits across from Mum.

She draws patterns on Mum's hand.

She talks to her quietly.

Everyone is watching.

Then comes the sound of the tatau.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Malia squeezes my hand. *That must hurt.*

I look at Mum.

She is quiet, her eyes on the au.

My mum is strong, I say.

My heart swells with pride.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Aunty Ana starts the tatau song:

'O le māfua'aga ...

Everyone sings, even Mum's Pālagi friends –
they Google the words on their phones.

Mum doesn't sing.

The tuālima grows across her hand:

dark-green malu,

shapes like diamonds,

like birds and fish and the sea.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Masina squeezes my other hand.

Your mum is crying.

Mum looks up at me, then turns her head.

Standing next to her is Pa!

His hand is on her shoulder.

He is smiling.

I shake my head, close my eyes.

I open them again, and Pa is gone.

It is just Mum and Tyla.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Mum is smiling at me, nodding.

I know she is telling me not to worry,

Pa is here with us, too.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

Tap, tap, tap and wipe.

When Tyla is finished, everyone sings again.

Aunty Ana calls out for Mum to dance.

Everyone is calling.

Everyone is smiling.

She bows to us and dances a graceful siva,
the beautiful new tuālima on her hand.

Tusiata Avia



ROAR

by Kathryn Mercer



The Cleaver family is stalking a sika deer. They creep closer, but suddenly, there's a sharp crack. One of them has stood on a twig. Instantly the sika is alert, the white patch on its rump flaring in agitation. It disappears into the bush. There'll be no venison to take home this trip.

Birdsong and wild mint

Most of New Zealand's hunters are men, and a lot of these men live in rural areas. This makes Conrad (11), Madison (10), and Jack (8) a bit unusual. These urban kids have been hunting with their dad, Matt, ever since they could walk. The Cleavers don't see themselves as trophy hunters, despite the deer antlers decorating their fence. They shoot only what they can carry, and they harvest every bit of meat. Hunting keeps the family in venison year round, with enough left over to share with friends.

The Cleavers say hunting isn't about killing as many animals as possible. So what is it about? Conrad loves hanging out with his dad and brother and sister. Other things he likes about hunting are the scenery, the fresh air, the sound of birdsong, and the scent of wild mint. Plus, he says, the deer are beautiful to watch, especially the fawns.

Like Conrad, Matt enjoys the outdoors and all the things that come with it. "Coming across a deer is a bonus," he says. Matt's also passionate about the animals he hunts. "Deer are a valuable resource," he says, "and with the proper management, they can be there to be hunted by all New Zealanders."





A hunter's kit

Having the right kit is important. Matt and the kids each carry a pack – travelling light is balanced against being prepared for the worst. Cellphone coverage is usually zilch. Matt takes some gadgets, including a personal locator beacon (PLB). It's battery operated and bright yellow, and all the kids know how to trigger it in an emergency. Luckily, they've never had to do this. They also carry a couple of GPS navigator/radio handsets. These allow them to split up but still co-ordinate when they're stalking. Jack carries a cow horn to imitate deer calls (although some people play electronic deer recordings or use a piece of plastic pipe).

They take one gun, which has to be supervised by a person over the age of sixteen with a firearms licence. That's Matt. They also have a hunting knife, sleeping bags, spare clothes (often not used!), binoculars, headlamps, and a fishing rod. Huts are few and sometimes full, so the Cleavers also pack a fly to sleep under. They string it up between a couple of trees.





Entertainment comes from a deck of cards and their imaginations. The kids are good at making their own fun: climbing trees, swinging on vines, bouncing on bushes, building huts, having snowball fights, swimming, and catching eels, which are usually released. If they've had a big day, there's always the option of a daytime nap.

Eating out

The family always carries plenty of food and water. They prefer lightweight, freeze-dried meals: mashed potato, smoothies, cheesecake, carrot cake with custard ... these are all reliable and taste pretty good, the kids say. Home-made venison sausages are packed frozen to see them through the first few dinners,

and they always take a chunk of venison salami, also home-made. Finally, there are snacks, muesli, coffee for Matt, and hot-chocolate mix for the kids.

So what are their favourite foods when they're on a trip? "Deer heart!" says Jack. He doesn't need to think this through.

"Fried in garlic butter," Conrad adds.

What about Madison? She likes crackers and smoked cheese, but Jack shakes his head. They all agree that marshmallows taste better toasted over a real fire and not the little gas cooker. And they're all a dab hand at boiling up a brew in the camping billy.





Stealthy

Deer are stealthy, so it helps to be familiar with their habits. Conrad says that one of the animal’s biggest assets is a sensitive nose. “If a deer smells you, it’s gone. Sometimes, it will even sneak downwind to sniff out danger.” One of Conrad’s hunting tips is to watch where you put your feet. This isn’t just about those snapping twigs. One time, Matt fell down a cliff!

Because of their colour, deer are hard to spot. However, this difficulty works both ways. Deer can only see blues and greens, and hunters take advantage of this. Many dress in camouflage gear, which has patterns that blend in with the bush but also bright colours that a deer can’t see. Colours like blaze orange reduce a hunter’s chance of being mistaken for a deer and accidentally shot by another hunter.

Smelly

A deer digests its food very thoroughly, which makes its droppings smooth and shiny. Hunters keep an eye out for these droppings – they provide excellent clues. A male’s droppings are more joined-up than a female’s; fresh droppings mean the deer is close by. “Fresh poop is gooey in the middle and feels warm,” says Madison. “Fresh footprints feel warm, too.” Old droppings are hard, shrunken, and light in colour.

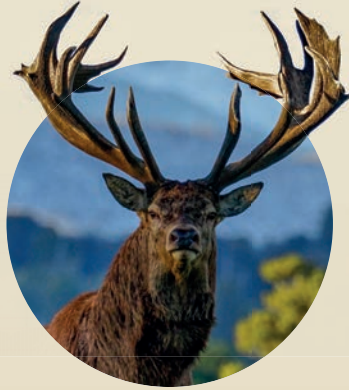
Deer are smelly, and dogs are very good at sniffing them out. The Cleavers always go into the bush with their youngest Vizsla dog, Izzy. She adores hunting, always “locking up” when a deer is around. She becomes stiff, has a straight tail, and “indicates strong” (this means pointing a front leg in the direction of the deer) when she senses a deer close by.

NEW ZEALAND'S COMMON DEER SPECIES

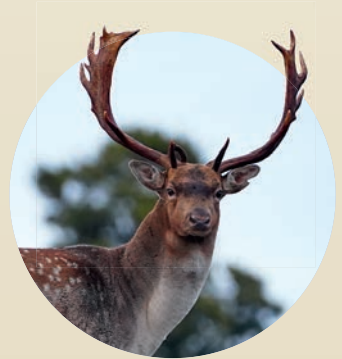
There are seven species of deer in New Zealand. The three most common are sika deer, red deer, and fallow deer. Red and fallow deer are found in the North and South islands. Sika deer are found in the North Island only.



SIKA DEER



RED DEER



FALLOW DEER

MALE **stag**

FEMALE **hind**

YOUNG **fawn or calf**

MALE **stag**

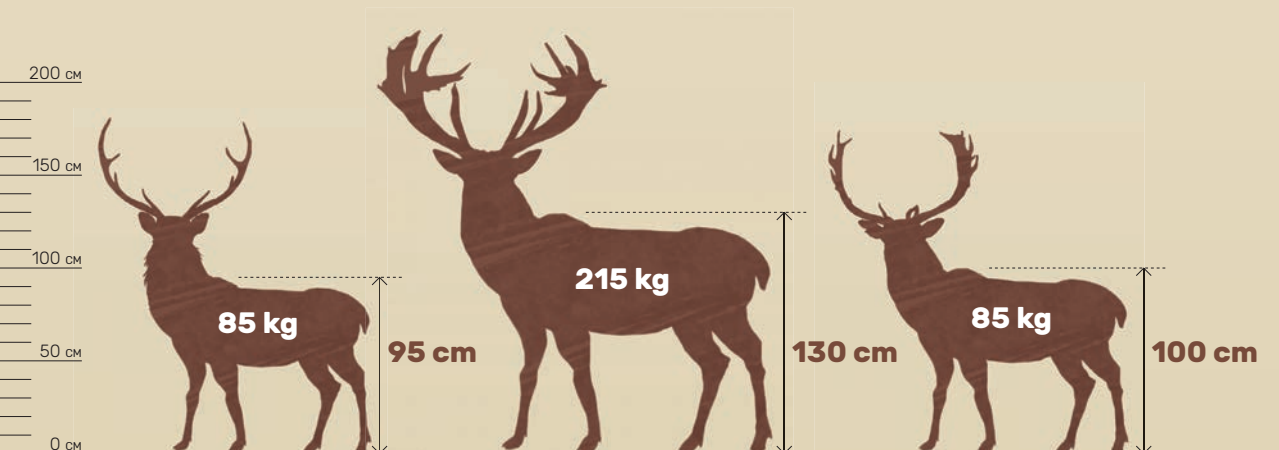
FEMALE **hind**

YOUNG **fawn or calf**

MALE **buck**

FEMALE **doe**

YOUNG **fawn**





Dawn and dusk

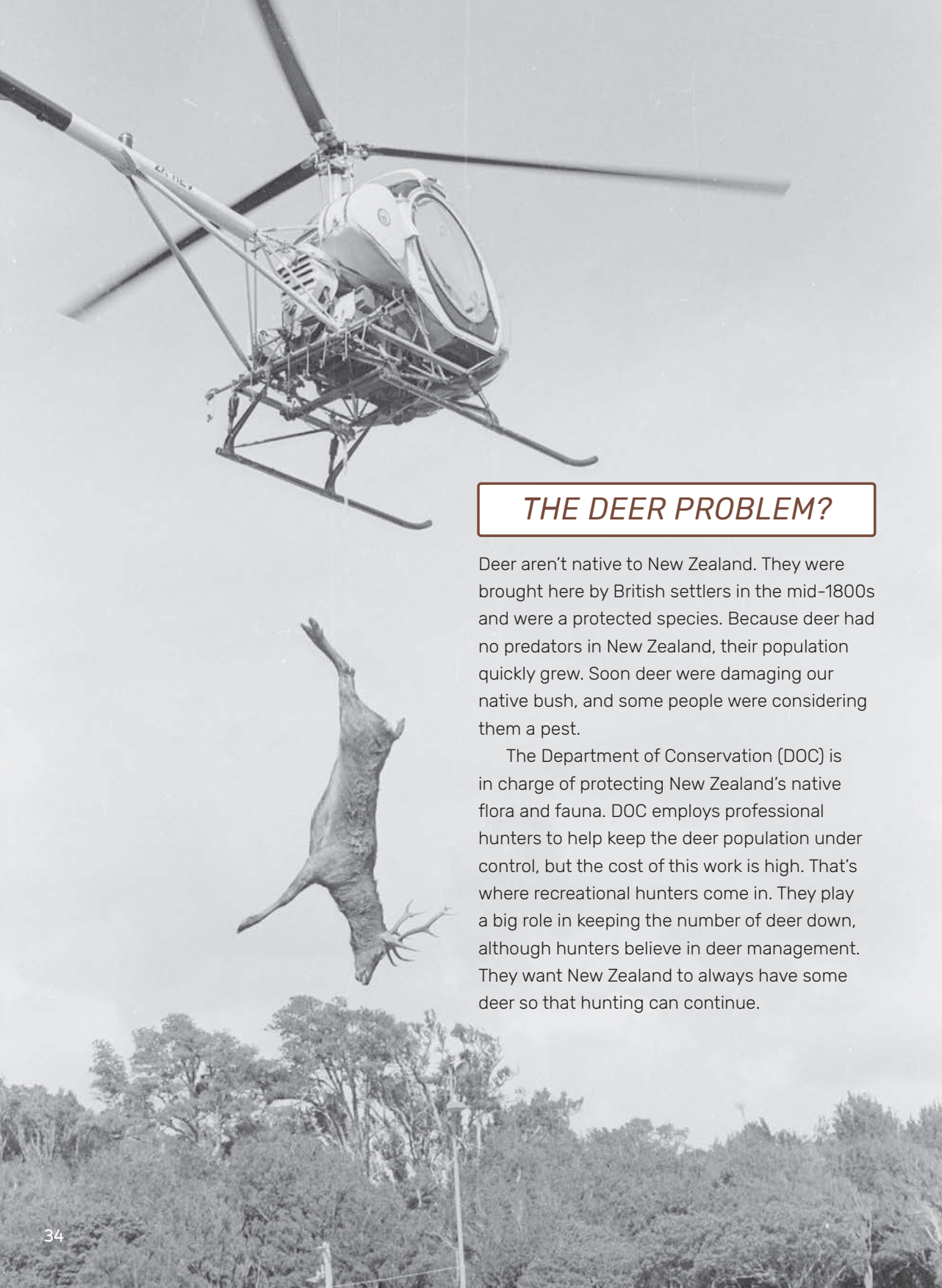
Deer are most active around dawn and dusk. They also graze in the open during spring. These are all good times to hunt. Autumn is best of all – it’s the mating season, also called the rut or roar. Antlered males, with raging hormones and no time to eat, become cranky and less cautious. They’re too busy staking out territory, which involves peeing in kicked-up dirt and loud roaring. Hunters imitate these roars in the hope a deer will respond and betray its location. “Some deer even come to you,” says Matt. The family all agree that Jack is the bomb at roaring. He practises constantly before each trip.

Taking the shot

All hunters are aware of keeping themselves and others safe. “The person with the gun always goes in front,” says Madison, “so the gun’s pointing in a safe direction.” Jack isn’t big enough to shoot while he’s standing. He needs to lie down in a place that has a view of the grazing area. With the gun supported on his pack, he’s ready to take a shot.

Matt says the first rule is to always clearly identify that the target is a deer. Hunters never shoot a female with a fawn. If the hunter’s confident that they’ll get a clean shot into a vital organ, they pull the trigger. Afterwards, even if they think they’ve missed, the area is checked – just to be sure. But if the shot’s successful, there’s a family photo, then the deer is butchered. Izzy is rewarded with the fresh tongue, and fried heart is back on the menu!





THE DEER PROBLEM?

Deer aren't native to New Zealand. They were brought here by British settlers in the mid-1800s and were a protected species. Because deer had no predators in New Zealand, their population quickly grew. Soon deer were damaging our native bush, and some people were considering them a pest.

The Department of Conservation (DOC) is in charge of protecting New Zealand's native flora and fauna. DOC employs professional hunters to help keep the deer population under control, but the cost of this work is high. That's where recreational hunters come in. They play a big role in keeping the number of deer down, although hunters believe in deer management. They want New Zealand to always have some deer so that hunting can continue.

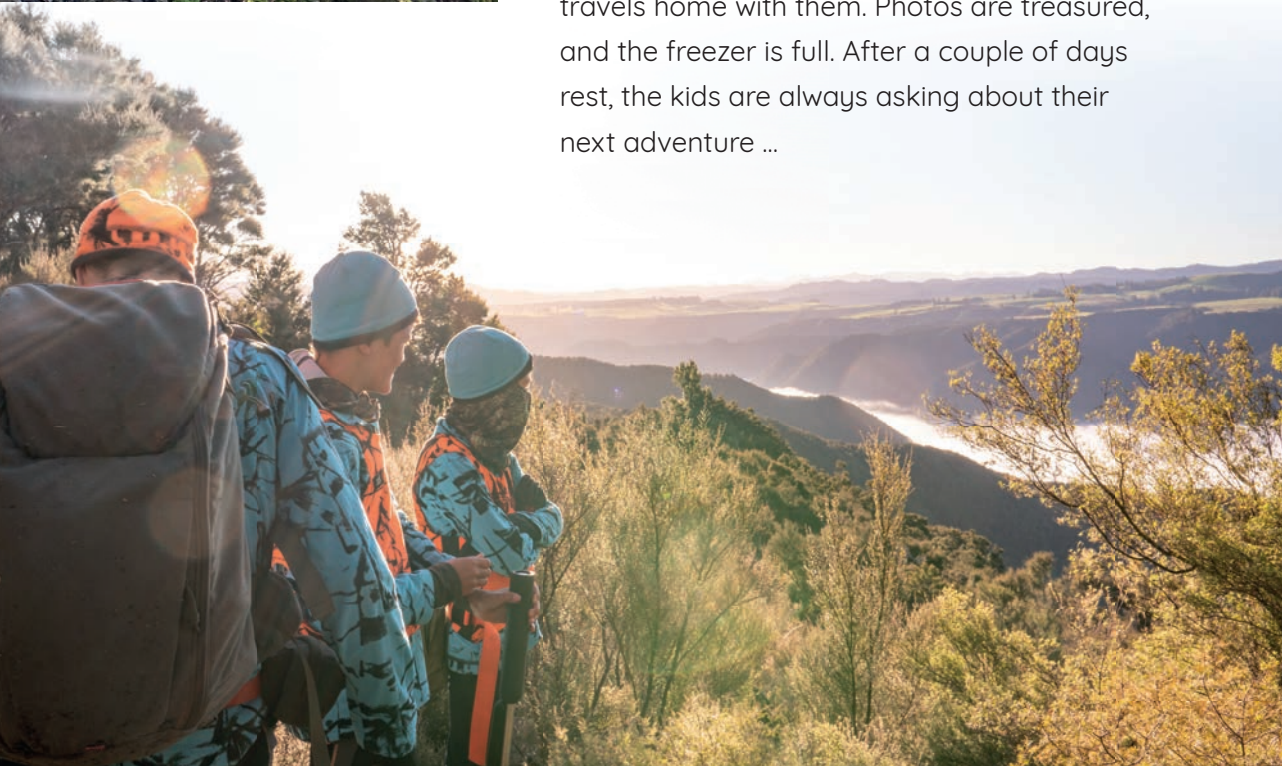


Downsides

The Cleaver kids say there are a few drawbacks to hunting. The first couple of days can be tiring while they rebuild fitness. “Climbing hills can be the hardest thing ever,” Madison says.

“Dad always tells us the only way up is putting one foot in front of the other.” Crossing streams means wet boots, and Jack hates pulling them on the next morning. Madison misses having a toilet, especially at night.

The kids reel off things to avoid, like stinging nettle and rats. One time, Matt woke a hut filled with trampers when a cat-sized rat climbed on his face. But unpleasant experiences often make the funniest stories, and the family loves sharing them. They also love that the fitness, grit, and resourcefulness they develop in the hills travels home with them. Photos are treasured, and the freezer is full. After a couple of days rest, the kids are always asking about their next adventure ...



STAR-GAZING

by Maria Samuela

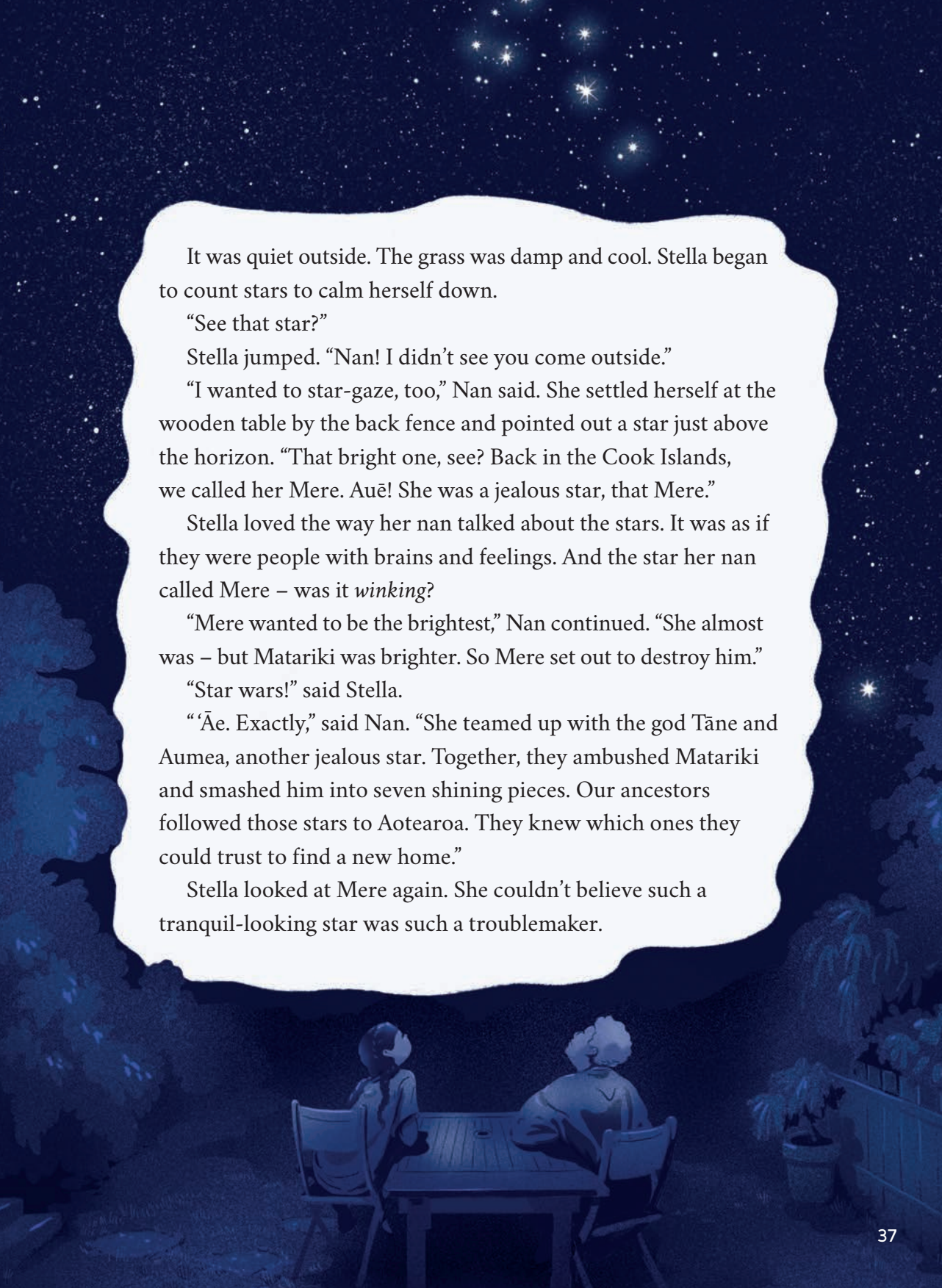


Kai time at Stella’s house drove her nuts. Every night was the same: Nan sat at the head of the table between Mum and Dad; Aunty Nga and Uncle Tai came next; Aunty Mareta usually nursed pēpe Sam; then came cousins Lena, Jojo, and Nina; and Stella’s brothers Ken and Kura sat by her. It was squashed, and everyone talked and laughed at once. The only thing that changed was what they ate. Tonight, it was mince chow mein.

“You’ve got more than me,” Kura teased, peering at Ken’s plate.

“Move your elbow,” Lena said to Jojo.

But Jojo wasn’t listening. “Gross!” she cried. “Whose is this?” Jojo dangled a strand of hair in front of Nina, who shrugged and flicked her plait. Pēpe Sam started to howl. Stella couldn’t take it any more. She pushed back her chair and slipped out the back door.



It was quiet outside. The grass was damp and cool. Stella began to count stars to calm herself down.

“See that star?”

Stella jumped. “Nan! I didn’t see you come outside.”

“I wanted to star-gaze, too,” Nan said. She settled herself at the wooden table by the back fence and pointed out a star just above the horizon. “That bright one, see? Back in the Cook Islands, we called her Mere. Auē! She was a jealous star, that Mere.”

Stella loved the way her nan talked about the stars. It was as if they were people with brains and feelings. And the star her nan called Mere – was it *winking*?

“Mere wanted to be the brightest,” Nan continued. “She almost was – but Matariki was brighter. So Mere set out to destroy him.”

“Star wars!” said Stella.

“‘Āe. Exactly,” said Nan. “She teamed up with the god Tāne and Aumea, another jealous star. Together, they ambushed Matariki and smashed him into seven shining pieces. Our ancestors followed those stars to Aotearoa. They knew which ones they could trust to find a new home.”

Stella looked at Mere again. She couldn’t believe such a tranquil-looking star was such a troublemaker.



Later that night, Stella lay in her bed, gazing out the window. *Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight.* She was trying to distract herself from her cousins' snores. *I wish I may, I wish I might, have this wish I wish tonight.* Her eyes grew heavy until all she could see was blackness.

"Pssst. Stella. Yo! *Stell-laa!*"

Stella looked around. Her cousins were still asleep.

"Let's go, girl!"

Stella sat up and looked again, but all she could see was Mere, gleaming in the night sky.

"Yup, it's me," said Mere with one of her winks. "Get up."

Stella froze. What was happening?

"Don't you want a new home? One that's peaceful, without all the people. Just jump," Mere said. "It's not that far if you believe. Look up."

Stella looked at the ceiling.

"*Beyond the ceiling, Stella.*"

Stella looked again, and this time, the ceiling melted away to reveal the sky beyond, filled with the light from countless twinkling stars.

Stella did what she was told and jumped.

The air was cold. Stella wished she'd worn Nan's jersey, the red one with the extra-long sleeves. "It'll keep you warm anywhere," Nan had said. Stella would miss her nan – she knew that already.

In the distance, a planet began to take shape. "Venus," Mere announced. "Your new home."

Venus was dazzlingly bright, and as Stella flew closer, the temperature became unbearably hot. Now she wanted Nan's church fan. What was Mere thinking? It was obvious no one could live on Venus.

"This planet is hotter than the sun," Stella exclaimed.

"Not true," said Mere.

Stella didn't like her tone. "Whatever," she said, using a tone of her own. "But I can't stay here."

Mere was silent for a moment. "OK. I know another place."

That place turned out to be Mercury. It was smaller, and its surface was pitted with craters. It looked like an orange.

"Welcome to Mercury," said Mere. "Smaller, but cooler."

"Isn't Mercury closer to the sun?" said Stella

"I know, right," said Mere. "Go figure. Something about it having no atmosphere. Anyway, the good news is that the temperature gets way cooler at night."

"How much cooler?" asked Stella.

"Minus 170 degrees Celsius – but I'm sure you'll cope."

Stella glared at Mere. A guiding star that couldn't guide? "I won't cope," she said firmly.

"You need to take me somewhere else."

"Manners," Mere snapped.

"You need to take me somewhere else, *please*," said Stella.



Next they tried Uranus. It was good to feel weightless, floating in the planet's gases, but no matter how hard she tried, Stella couldn't move about. The best she could do was float. "Whoa," she said, attempting to dog paddle.

"Uh," said Mere, clearly bored, "you know that's not water, right?"

"I need land," Stella complained. "I need land to ... you know ... *land on!*"

"So leave," Mere said. "Literally no one is stopping you."

Stella was incredulous. "You need to find me a planet like Earth," she cried, "but with *no family*. That was the deal."

Mere flashed red, then cackled like a chicken. "I don't remember any deal. And besides, there's no planet like Earth except, oh, you know – Earth."

"You could have told me that before!" Stella yelled. What was going on? She began to count stars to calm herself down. "One," she breathed slowly, "two, three ..." Some flashing ones caught her eye: seven of them. Matariki. The same stars her ancestors had used to find Aotearoa. "They knew which ones they could trust," her nan had said, and now Stella did, too. They were pointing towards Earth – and her family.

"No!" Mere screamed. "Don't follow Matariki. Come back."

Mere lifted a shaky finger, pointed at Stella, and fired a cluster of asteroids. The giant rocks flew past her, then burst into fragments. A tiny shard clipped Stella's cheek, but she ignored the throbbing pain. Earth was growing bigger.



Stella quickly jumped to the second Matariki star. “I said come back!” Mere screamed. Now she was raging like a fireball. As Stella watched, a giant vortex emerged – a black hole.

“Aaarrggghhh!” Stella tumbled deep into the black hole’s centre. Her head and stomach spun; the mince chow mein she’d had for dinner rose in her throat. Down, down, down she spiralled. This journey would never end.



“Stella! Yo! *Stell*-laa!” Stella struggled to move. Her body felt heavy, but she had to get moving. That crazy star was back!

When she finally forced her eyes open, she saw her three cousins staring down. “Bad night, cuz?” Lena asked.

“You look wrecked,” said Jojo.

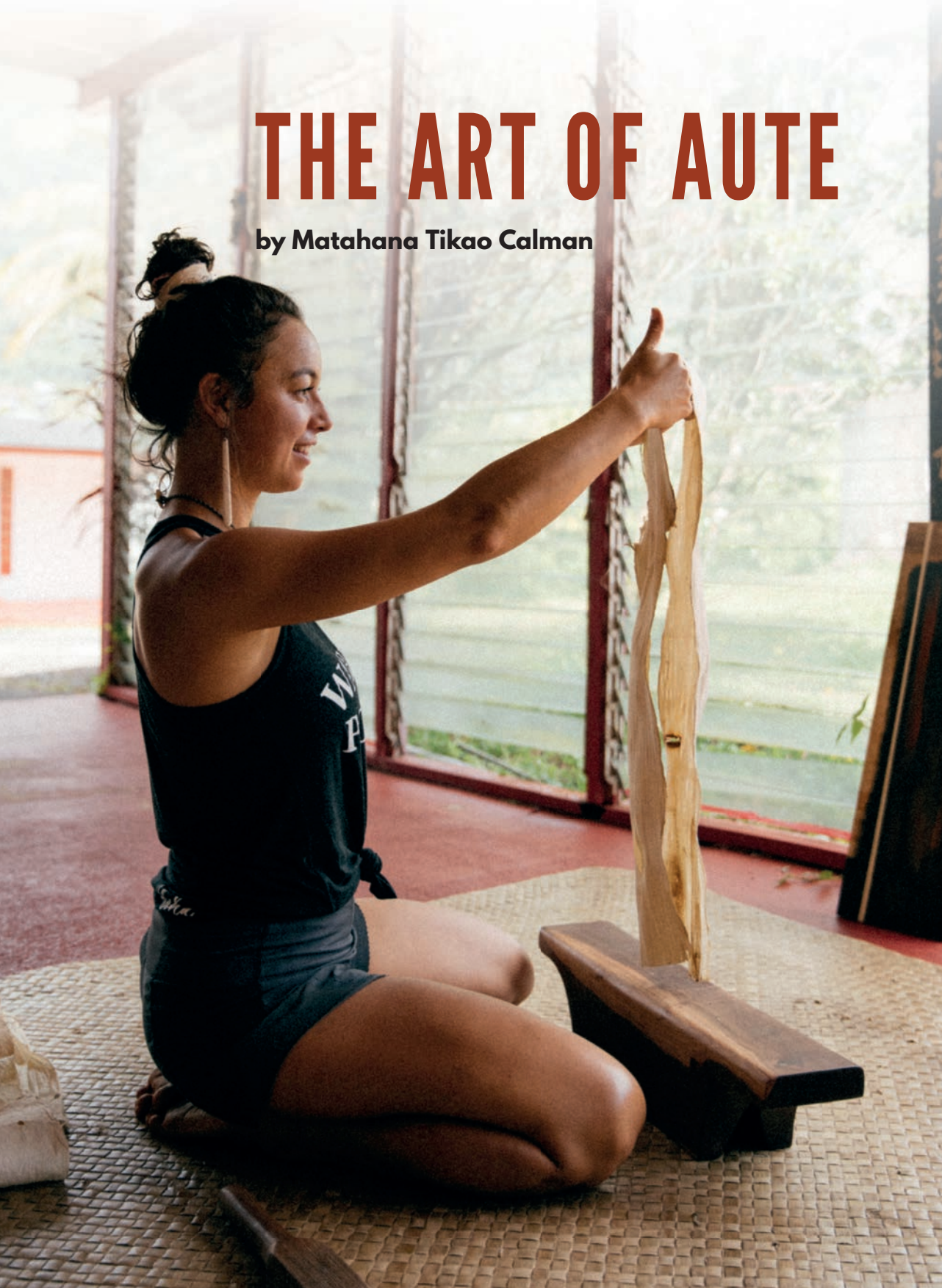
“*Totally* wrecked,” said Nina, flicking her plait.

Stella was lying on the floor. The sheets were wrapped around her legs, and her cheek throbbed. Pēpe Sam was crying in the next room, and she could hear Nan in the kitchen, getting everyone’s breakfast. Toast and eggs. It took every ounce of self-control to resist running through the house, kissing everything in sight.

Stella jumped up and pulled the curtains. The sky was blue. There wasn’t a star in sight.

THE ART OF AUTE

by Matahana Tikao Calman



Tapa cloth is made all across the Pacific, although it has many different names. Few people know that Māori once made tapa, too. They called it aute. Artist Nikau Hindin first heard about this when she was a student in Hawai'i. She wanted to know more.

Nikau (Ngāpuhi and Te Rarawa) is from Motukaraka in the far north. In 2013, she was living in Hawai'i, studying for a degree. She took a class in Hawaiian **kapa**. "Did you know that Māori once made this cloth?" her teacher asked. Nikau didn't know. She was surprised.

FOLLOWING THE TRACES

In many Pacific countries, tapa making has a long tradition. Back in Aotearoa, Nikau found that little was known about our own history of making tapa. No pieces of the cloth remain, and there are few oral histories. All she could find, she says, "were traces about aute in our language, and some old stories".

Then Nikau made an important discovery: Auckland's museum had fifteen **patu aute**. The beaters, which are hundreds of years old, were found preserved in a swamp. They're the only physical evidence that Māori once made cloth. Nikau says the fifteen patu include some of the oldest bark-cloth beaters in the world.

**Patu aute from the Auckland War Memorial Museum
Tāmaki Paenga Hira**



TRADITION

Auckland museum's patu aute are unique. Some are thick, others thinner. One even has a pattern for putting texture on the cloth. Nikau says these differences provide useful clues about how the bark was processed. "They tell us there was no one way of making aute." (She was told by a kapa teacher in Hawai'i that there were seventeen different ways!) Nikau carefully studied each patu aute, then took the next obvious step. "You can't exactly buy patu aute in a shop," she says, "so I had to make my own."

Patu aute are made from hardwood. Nikau chose pōhutukawa, although she later worked with kauri, mānuka, and rimu. Like early Māori, she used a **toki** to cut her patu aute and pipi shells to shape the wood. Finally, she used **hōanga** to sand the beater down and shark teeth to form the grooves on the sides. Although this work "made my fingers numb for a week", Nikau says it was worth it to follow tradition. That first pōhutukawa beater is now her favourite.



AUTE: WHAT WE KNOW

In te reo Māori, the word "aute" means both the aute plant and the cloth itself. The plant (which some people know as paper mulberry) is native to Asia, though it's also found in Europe, the United States, Africa, and the Pacific.

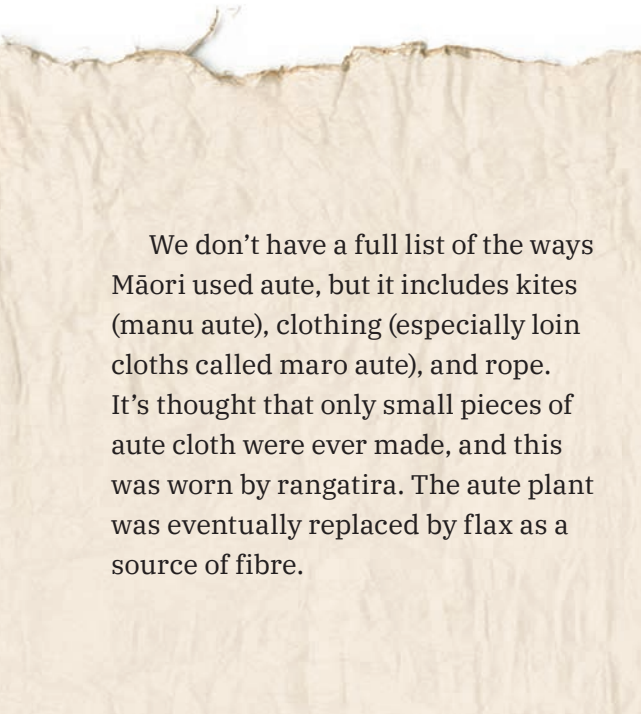
Aute was first brought to Aotearoa by our Polynesian ancestors over seven centuries ago. Like kūmara and taro,

it was a resource they didn't want to live without. However, the plant struggled to survive in New Zealand's colder, damp climate. It grew best in the Bay of Plenty and the East Coast, where it is warmer, although aute beaters have been found as far south as Taranaki. By the late 1700s, however, there were very few plants left.



**Women beating tapa
in Tonga around 1900**

An aute maker also needs something to beat their cloth on. For this, they use a specially shaped piece of wood called a kua (in **ke 'ōlelo Hawai'i**). Kua are hollow, which results in a drumming sound when the cloth is beaten, and like patu aute, they need to be strong. Nikau's kua is made from milo, a hardwood that's native to the Hawaiian Islands.



We don't have a full list of the ways Māori used aute, but it includes kites (manu aute), clothing (especially loin cloths called maro aute), and rope. It's thought that only small pieces of aute cloth were ever made, and this was worn by rangatira. The aute plant was eventually replaced by flax as a source of fibre.



**Nikau harvests aute
(paper mulberry)**

LEARNING FROM THE MASTERS

Nikau tried to teach herself how to beat aute through trial and error. She soon learnt it was delicate work and hard to get right. Because the cloth starts with the plant, Nikau decided she'd start there, too. She went back to Hawai'i, where master cloth maker Verna Takashima took Nikau under her wing. She began by showing Nikau how to connect with the aute plant. "In lots of ways," Nikau says, "it became my most important teacher."

Nikau learnt from many different teachers in Hawai'i, all of whom had their own ways of working. If it weren't for these people and their knowledge, Nikau says that learning how to make Māori aute would have been much more difficult.

SIMPLE AND SUSTAINABLE

Making aute is very physical. The bark needs to be stripped from the tree, then scraped and beaten. But now that she has a good process, Nikau enjoys all the hard work. She also loves that most of the things she needs come from the natural world. "I don't need very much. Just an airtight bucket, my wooden tools, earth pigment, and lots of dried aute."

Nikau's hand-made aute, and the artwork she creates from it, relies on what Papatūānuku provides. It's important that this connection is sustainable. Nikau asks herself questions: Where have the materials come from? Am I using the best source? She respects the life cycle of the aute plant and takes the time to find natural pigment to use for paint.



STAR MAPS

Nikau calls some of her artwork “star maps”. Each painting, which is carefully researched, records the connections Māori have with the night sky. One recent series of work shows the times that stars rise and set during **rākau nui**. Nikau did this by painting six moon cycles. “It involved a lot of maths,” she says, “but the series helped me to learn the positions of the stars and the way these change over time.”

Nikau likes the idea that her work is about understanding the stars. “It’s the same knowledge our ancestors used to forecast the weather, observe the time, and reach Aotearoa.” Some of Nikau’s recent paintings were inspired by her own trip sailing on a double-hulled waka.





CONNECTION

Nikau feels connected to her **tūpuna** when she does what they did: beating aute, speaking te reo Māori, using the night sky to read **tohu**. She wants to share this knowledge with others, especially the knowledge of making aute. “I want to show people the incredible resources available in our environment, if only we knew how to unlock them. Eventually, as our climate changes, we’ll rely more on the plants around us.”

Nikau likes to imagine big patches of aute, growing all around the North Island. She also likes to imagine a new generation of cloth makers using this aute. But she says that plants need time to grow and people need time to learn. In the meantime, Nikau plans to keep learning herself.



GLOSSARY

hōanga: sandstone

kapa: the Hawaiian word for tapa cloth or aute

ke ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i: the Hawaiian language

patu aute: a beater used for flattening aute

rākau nui: the full moon

tohu: signs

toki: a sharp stone used for cutting (also called an adze)

tūpuna: ancestors



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