



SCHOOL JOURNAL

2016

MAY



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Ngā Tātarakihi o Parihaka	8
MeMe and Me	8
Man and Sea	7
Wildboy: The Journey of Brando Yelavich	7
Captain Cook: Charting Our Islands	8
Surge	7
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This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 4. 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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A long wait with numerous complications!



Ngā Tātarakihi o Parihaka*

by Lucy Ira Bailey

Rarawa was in the bakery, kneading bread dough, when she heard the news.

“The government men were here, talking to Te Whiti,” Api cried, bursting through the door. Rarawa heard the note of panic in her brother’s voice and left off her work. Her hands were aching anyway.

“No need to run to tell us that, boy,” Aunty Maata said. “Those Pākehā are always here, coming and going, saying the same thing and never listening.” The kuia shovelled more loaves into the oven, swinging the heavy paddle without effort. “Now pick up that sack for me.”

Api hefted the flour onto the bench where Aunty Maata could better reach it. “They read out some sort of proclamation,” he continued. “We’ve got two weeks before the soldiers come. That’s what everyone is saying.”

“We’ll see,” Aunty Maata said. “But I’ve heard it all before. Anything else? We’ve got work to do.”

“Te Whiti and Tohu have called a meeting. Everyone’s coming.”

“Well, we’ll need more bread then,” Aunty Maata said, wiping the sweat from her forehead. She shooed Api outside and came over to check on the loaves. Rarawa tried to hide her slow progress, but there wasn’t much the kuia missed.

Aunty Maata sighed, then surprised Rarawa by smiling. “Off you go for a swim. It’ll wake you up. And come back with Rangi. We’ll need the extra help.” She gave Rarawa a quick squeeze with one arm. “You’ll work better after a break.”

Rarawa wiped her hands and gently covered the balls of dough with a cloth. As she left, she heard the kuia muttering. “It will be all right,” Aunty Maata was saying to herself. But Rarawa wasn’t so sure. Her brother didn’t usually get things wrong.

* This title means “The Cicadas of Parihaka”. Parihaka has long associated its tamariki with cicadas. This is because children usually stayed inside during winter, emerging in the summer like cicadas with their loud, happy chorus. It is a very old metaphor expressing the idea that conflict and difficulty can be endured if you stay focused on better times when peace is restored. Summer always returns.



As Rarawa ran through the streets, messengers were already heading out of the pā. There was no doubt people would come to the meeting. Parihaka was where everyone came to hear the teachings of Tohu and Te Whiti and to make decisions together. There would be hundreds here by nightfall; more over the coming days.

At the river, she barely stopped to whip her dress over her head before plunging into the still-cold October water. She gasped, heart hammering, and ducked her head under. When Rarawa came up, she saw Rangi on the big rock, basking in the sun like a skink.

“Are you coming in?” Rarawa called. Rangi screwed up her nose, then shrugged. She leapt into the river, landing with a big splash right in front of Rarawa.

“Did you hear?” Rarawa asked as soon as her friend surfaced.

“Hear what?”

“The soldiers are coming.”

Rangi stood up, suddenly very serious. “Soldiers. Are you sure?”

“I think so,” Rarawa said, remembering all the messengers. She looked down the river, shivering in the waist-deep water. The soldiers would be coming from that direction, from the new road that led to New Plymouth.





When the Pākehā government began taking down fences and destroying crops, Te Whiti had tried talking. When words failed, instead of turning to violence, as the government expected, the people of Parihaka turned their swords into ploughshares, just like it said in the Pākehā Bible. The two girls' fathers had been among the first to plough up the surveyed fields in protest. They had been arrested and sent to prison without trial. Hundreds more followed. Rarawa had turned twelve without her father. Now she was thirteen. She didn't know when she would see him again.

Rarawa and Rangi clambered up the bank and began to dress.

"Are you scared?" asked Rangi.

"Yes," said Rarawa. She was scared, but it was only then that she began to cry. Rarawa angrily brushed the tears away. Crying wouldn't help. "What if they take our brothers this time?"

"Maybe we should all just leave," said Rangi.

But the girls knew that no one would be leaving. This was their home, and the people of Parihaka had done nothing wrong. Instead, the Pākehā needed to see what Rarawa could see now: the potato and kamokamo and cabbage fields, the acres of wheat – their peaceful way of life. They would stay and stand strong – just as they always had.

Rarawa focused on the slap, slap, slap of her poi. She swung them in time with Rangi and the other girls, but fear had erased the words she was supposed to sing. She watched the soldiers marching towards them, the early morning light glinting on their rifles. The soldiers passed the young girls skipping. They passed the young boys playing with their marbles and spinning tops. The people of Parihaka were greeting the soldiers with their most treasured possessions as a sign of peace. They were greeting the soldiers with their children. As the men drew closer, the girls sang even louder. Rarawa met her friend's eye, and the words came flooding back. They spoke of the land, their ancestors, and peace. Rarawa felt the strength of the song and of the voices around her.

The soldiers were upon them, pushing their way through. The stale smell of their sweat was overpowering. Then Aunty Maata was there, holding out a loaf of bread. But the soldiers ignored Aunty Maata and the other women with bread. They carried on up to the marae, where the rest of the people sat, silent and unmoving.

For the next few hours, Parihaka held its breath. The man named Bryce, with his cannon on the hill, read out an order for the people to leave. Rarawa sat with her mother and brother on the marae, her eyes fixed on the albatross feathers on the heads of Tohu and Te Whiti. No one spoke, but whenever Api caught her eye, he gave Rarawa a gentle smile.

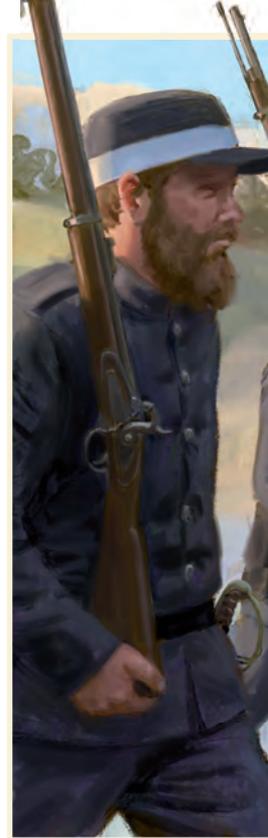
When the soldiers finally acted, Rarawa thought her heart might stop. But they didn't fire their cannon. They didn't take her brother. Instead, they took Tohu and Te Whiti and marched them away. As they left, the two men told their people to be steadfast, peaceful, and unafraid.

"We looked for peace, and we find war," Tohu called.

Rarawa and her mother held one another close. Her mother's cheek was hot and wet.

"Are we safe?" Rarawa whispered. "Will all of the soldiers leave now?" But her mother said nothing.

illustrations by Tom Simpson







Parihaka

A Brief History

“Ngā Tātarakihi o Parihaka” is an imaginary account of the experience of the author’s great-grandmother, who was born at Parihaka. At the time this story is set, Parihaka was the largest Māori settlement in New Zealand. It had become a haven for the people of Taranaki – and for those from further afield – whose land had been taken by the government during the New Zealand Wars. Two rangatira led the people of Parihaka – Te Whiti-o-Rongomai and Tohu Kākahi. Both men were spiritual leaders committed to the vision of a self-sufficient community that would peacefully assert the rights of Māori during a time of great change. Regular meetings were held on the eighteenth and nineteenth day of each month to discuss important issues and ensure that the kaupapa of Parihaka was upheld.

In 1879, the people of Parihaka began to protest about the government selling Māori land to Pākehā settlers. They protested by removing survey pegs, rebuilding fences that had been taken down to make way for new roads, and ploughing up the Māori land being used by Pākehā farmers. A law was passed allowing the government to hold the protesters without trial, and by September 1880, hundreds of men and boys had been sent to the South Island, where they were used as forced labour. Then, on the morning of 5 November 1881, Parihaka was invaded by over fifteen hundred government soldiers and volunteers. Te Whiti and Tohu were arrested, and most of the kāinga was destroyed. The armed constabulary occupied the village for the next two years.

Today, people still live at Parihaka, and the traditional monthly meetings continue to be held. The gardens remain an important part of the community – as do the teachings of Tohu and Te Whiti.





MeMe and Me

by Renata Hopkins

A few months ago, I got my first smartphone. Actually my first phone ever, of any kind. Result! At least, that's what I thought – until I met MeMe. I'll get to her, but first, here's why the phone felt like such a big deal.

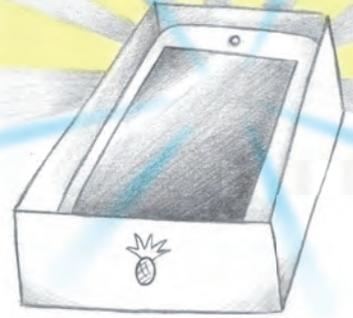
I was the fourth-to-last person in my class to get one. I was super-tired of hearing about some cool new app or how many "likes" someone's photo got. I wasn't interested in new ringtones. I may as well have been one of those people who wear headscarves and ride round in carts.

Wait, they're called Amish. I just looked that up on my phone.

Mum and Dad said they wouldn't buy me one. They said, "There's a big difference between wanting something and needing something." If they thought that would stop me from asking, they were wrong. I asked and asked and asked until I made them see that I would never stop asking. Finally they said I could have one if I earned the money myself. They thought that might stop me, but they were wrong – again!

I saved the money by vacuuming my gran's house and cleaning her windows for the next four months. If you've ever spent time up a ladder, scrubbing at baked-on bird poo, you will know that I earned that phone. But it was so worth it. I loved my phone's smooth, sleek shape. I loved its weight in my palm. I loved everything about it.

And then I met MeMe.





I'd just posted a photo of the fishtail plait I'd learnt to do. Two minutes later, my friend Cass messaged me: **Cool. Which app did u use to change your eyes?**

I texted: ?? **I didn't.**

She texted: **Got softball practice. L8R.**

I opened my last post, and guess what? My eyes were a different colour. They're brown, but in the photo, they were an electric blue. It looked kind of cool, but mostly freaky. I didn't have time to work it out because I had to go to Gran's. (Yes, Mum and Dad were making me pay for my top-ups too. I know, right?)

I didn't hear my text alert over the noise of the vacuum cleaner. It wasn't until I'd finished that I saw the message. The ID read "MeMe".

Mum and Dad had given me the phone-safety talk. I wasn't supposed to reply to messages from names I didn't know, so I opened the call log to see if I recognised the number. That's when it got weirder. It was my number. I'd sent myself a text. I tapped it. The message read: **Hi, Nina.**

I texted: **Who is this?**

The reply was super fast: **I told u. It's MeMe.**

I texted: **Do I know u?**

This time the reply included a photo. I opened it and saw the selfie of me with the blue eyes. Underneath it said: **We're almost twins!**

Gran was outside in the garden, but somehow the house didn't feel empty. It felt like someone was standing behind the door, waiting to scream "Boo!" so they could LOL when I jumped. I switched my phone onto silent and grabbed my things. It was time to go anyway.

At home, I didn't look at my phone for three hours – a record! I wasn't going to look before bed, either, but I couldn't help it. My palm actually felt itchy from not holding it. When I woke the phone up, I saw that I'd missed three messages from MeMe. In order, they read:

I don't like the silent treatment.

I'm sorry if I freaked u out.

I just want 2 B friends. Please?

I don't know if you've noticed this, but your texting finger can move faster than your brain. And then your message is sent, and you can't get it back. The one I sent said: **I want 2 B friends 2**. Because that's nice, right, when someone wants to be your friend? What could possibly go wrong?

Ha. Ha. Ha.

For the first few weeks, MeMe and I had so much fun. We made up a "Spot the Difference" game, where I would take a selfie and she would change one tiny detail, like the shape of a button on my shirt or the spelling on a poster on my bedroom wall. When I was nervous about my judo exam, MeMe texted me a grinning ninja emoticon. When Cass invited Rahera and Maddie to her birthday but not me, MeMe texted that I didn't need them because I had her.

Maybe you're wondering why I didn't tell anyone. Hello! Would you admit that you had a cyber twin living in your phone and they sometimes changed your ringtone for a joke? Didn't think so.





The day I let my battery go flat – that’s when I first saw MeMe’s bad side.

As soon as it was charging, I got a video call. “Where did you go?” she hissed the second I answered. The screen seemed to glow brighter than usual. And finally talking face to face with a twisted version of myself was beyond weird.

“Sorry,” I told her. “My battery went flat.”

“And you were so busy with your exciting real life that you forgot me?”

“I only went to the supermarket with Mum,” I told her.

“What makes you think you can go anywhere without me?” She was screeching so loudly I had to turn the volume down.

“Do you seriously expect me to take you everywhere?” I asked.

“Yes,” she yelled. The volume control didn’t seem to be working. “And text that so I’ve got it in writing.”

“No,” I said. “I don’t need friends who scream at me. My real friends don’t do that.”

After I said that, my phone felt different. Not smooth, but slippery. And cold.

“I’m not your friend anymore,” MeMe said. Then she ended the call.

I actually believed I’d heard the last of her. Then the bad texts started.

Cass didn’t invite you to her party because nobody likes you.

You only have 2 “likes” on your last post. Epic fail.

I H8 U.



If MeMe had known what to say to make me feel good, she also knew how to make me feel terrible. The more I ignored her, the more messages she sent. It got so bad I began to think I could hear my text alert going off even when I knew the phone was on silent or in another room. I didn't know how to stop her.

Then I had the dream. In it, MeMe came out of the phone. She became a real talking person. And when she came out, I went in. I was stuck in the phone instead of her. In my dream, she picked the phone up and laughed to see me trapped behind the screen. She whispered, "Now you're MeMe. And I'm you."

I woke with my heart racing. It was still super early, but I got out of bed, found the phone, and video-called her. She answered immediately, as if she'd been waiting.

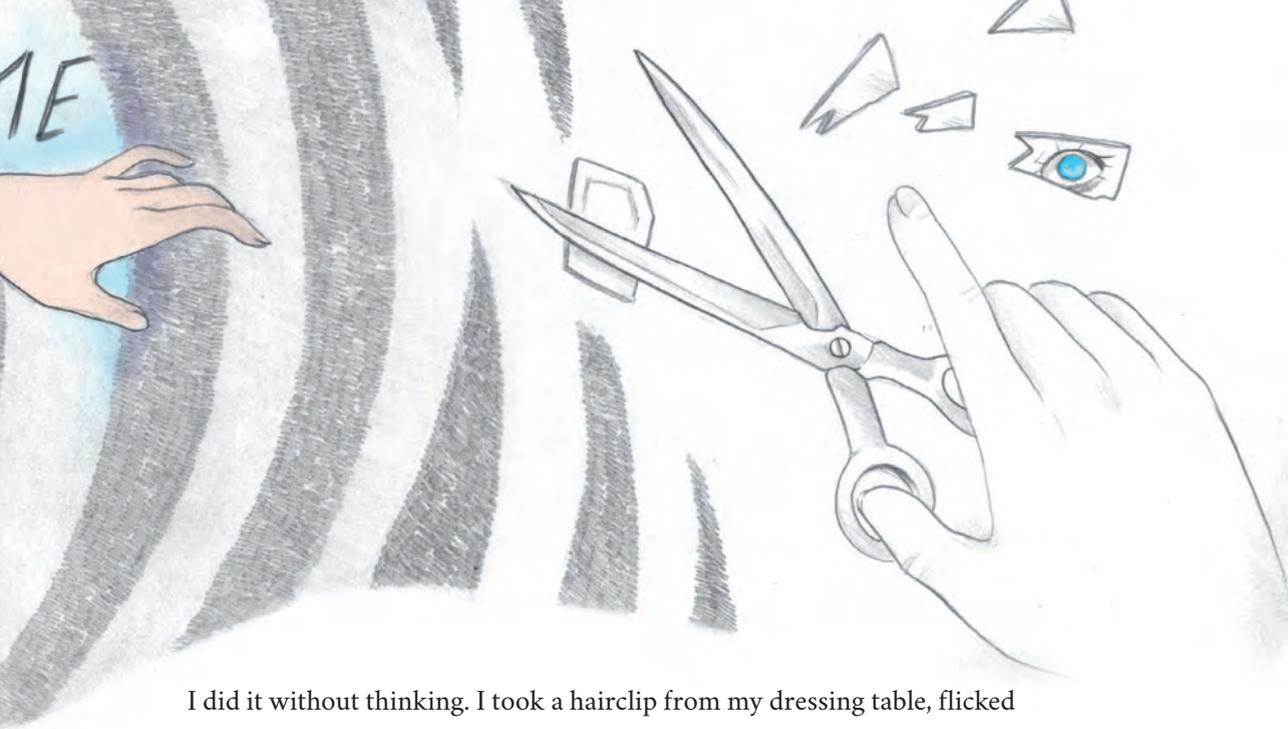
As soon as I saw her, I blurted, "You're not me. You're nothing like me!"

She smirked. "Wrong," she said. "I'm a part of you. I'm the part of you that only thinks about me, me, me ..."

"Stop it," I shouted, but she kept on going "me, me, me" until she was just shrill, metallic static. The phone felt so cold it burned.

"Stop!" I shouted again.

"Make me."



I did it without thinking. I took a hairclip from my dressing table, flicked the back of the phone open, and slid out the SIM card. Then I crossed to my desk and grabbed some scissors. “Bye, MeMe,” I said, and I cut the card in half.

I swear I heard a scream. Then silence, like when your signal drops out. I knew she was gone.

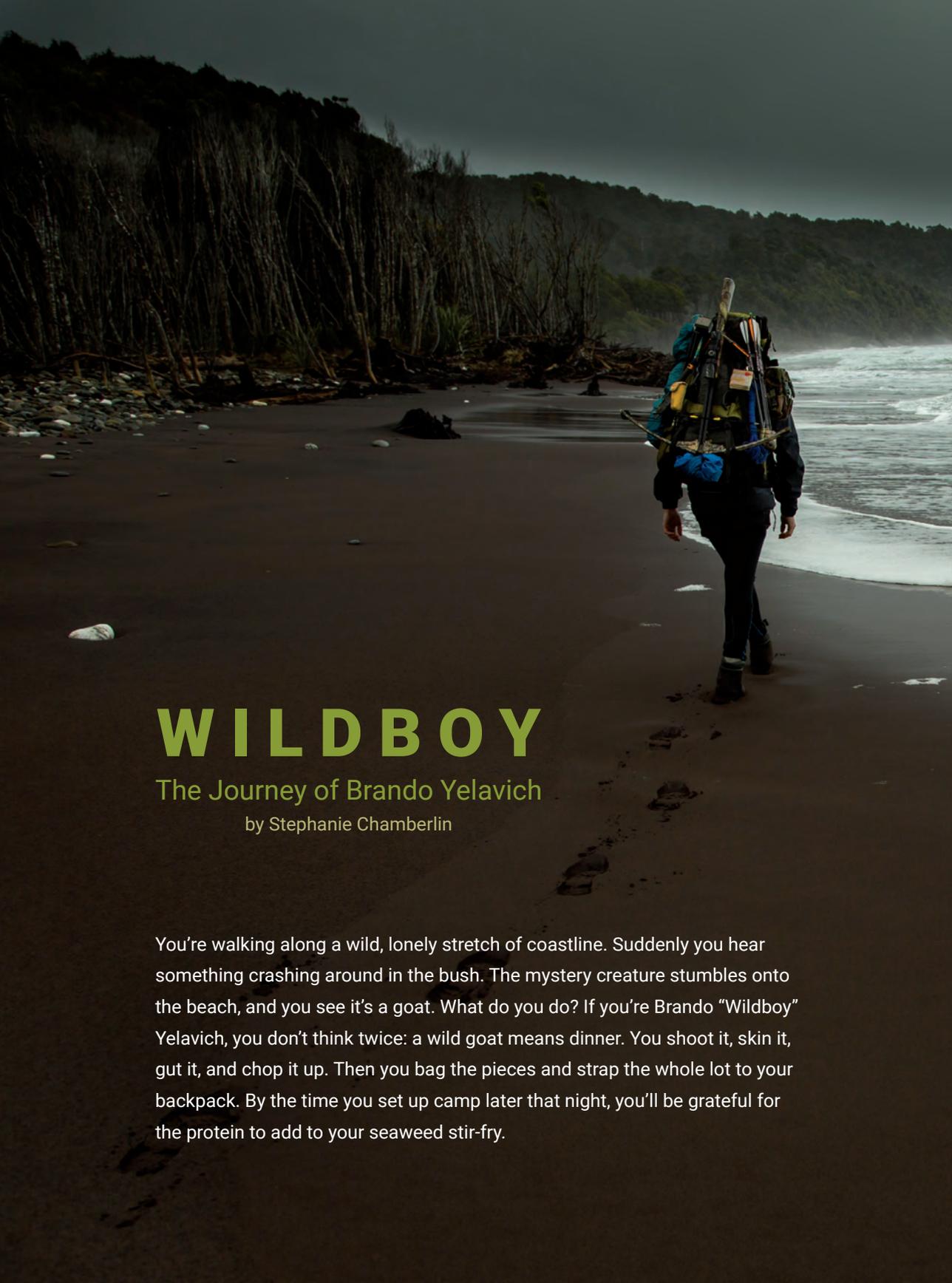
It was still an hour before I usually got up. I opened my curtains and watched the light creep into the sky, turning the clouds into candyfloss. It would have made a great photo, but I didn’t care that my phone was dead. I was happy just watching the light come back.

What happened next? Well, I sold my phone and decided I’d never get another one. As if! I got a new SIM card the next day. I’ve been nervous ever since, especially when I hear my text alert, but so far I haven’t heard from you-know-who.

I guess I should thank her for reminding me what makes a real friend – like Ruby. She shares a phone with her brother and sister, but it’s always out of credit. Whatever. She makes me LOL.



illustrations by Devon Smith

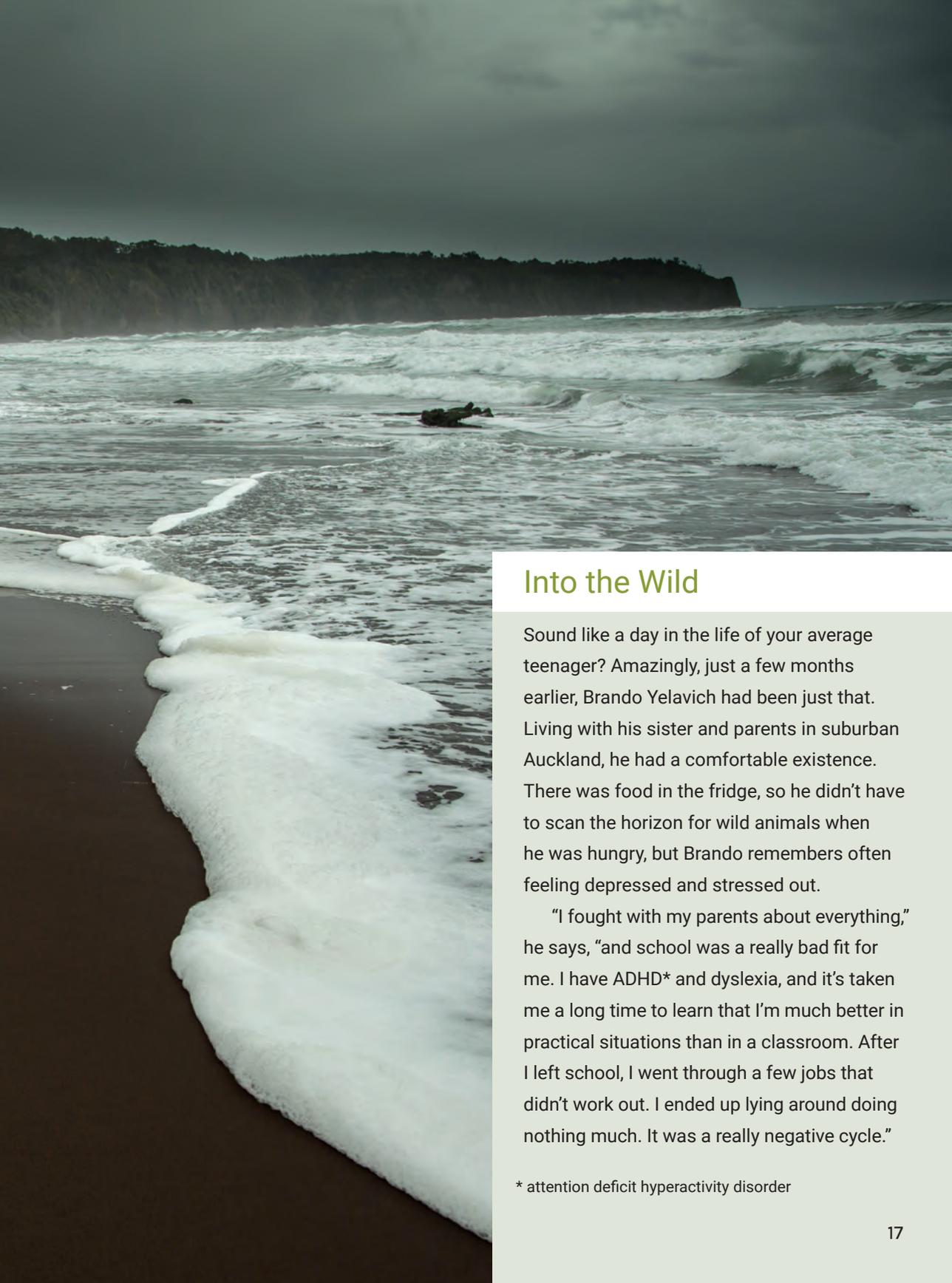


WILDBOY

The Journey of Brando Yelavich

by Stephanie Chamberlin

You're walking along a wild, lonely stretch of coastline. Suddenly you hear something crashing around in the bush. The mystery creature stumbles onto the beach, and you see it's a goat. What do you do? If you're Brando "Wildboy" Yelavich, you don't think twice: a wild goat means dinner. You shoot it, skin it, gut it, and chop it up. Then you bag the pieces and strap the whole lot to your backpack. By the time you set up camp later that night, you'll be grateful for the protein to add to your seaweed stir-fry.



Into the Wild

Sound like a day in the life of your average teenager? Amazingly, just a few months earlier, Brando Yelavich had been just that. Living with his sister and parents in suburban Auckland, he had a comfortable existence. There was food in the fridge, so he didn't have to scan the horizon for wild animals when he was hungry, but Brando remembers often feeling depressed and stressed out.

"I fought with my parents about everything," he says, "and school was a really bad fit for me. I have ADHD* and dyslexia, and it's taken me a long time to learn that I'm much better in practical situations than in a classroom. After I left school, I went through a few jobs that didn't work out. I ended up lying around doing nothing much. It was a really negative cycle."

* attention deficit hyperactivity disorder

Fascinated by a movie called *Into the Wild* – about the adventures of a young American named Christopher McCandless – Brando began to dream of a completely different life. With a strong urge to achieve something significant, he told his family and friends he was going to become the

first person to walk around New Zealand's entire coastline. Hoping to raise \$10,000 for Ronald McDonald House, Brando also decided he would be self-sufficient along the way: hunting, fishing, and foraging for food.

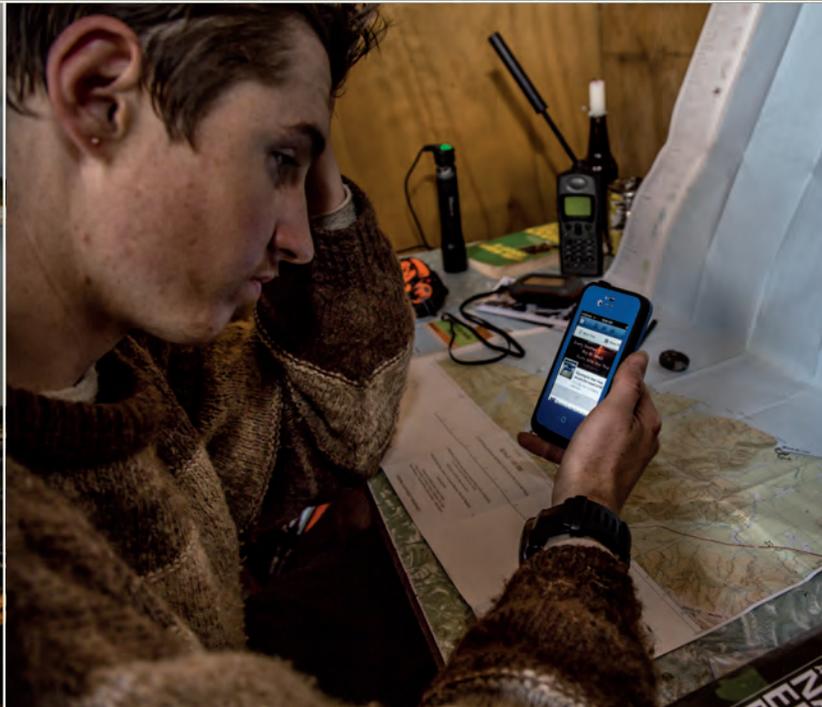
A Doer

Brando's goal was hugely ambitious. New Zealand's twisting coastline is around 15,000 kilometres long. As well as walking for days along endless stretches of beach, he would face sheer cliffs, sharp and slippery rocks, dangerous harbours, and deep rivers. Drowning, injury, and hypothermia were all real possibilities. Then there was solitude. Brando would be alone for up to a week at a time. And in isolated places, he'd have no cellphone coverage.

None of this stopped him. "I'd been told so many times that most people are 'gunnas'," Brando says. "They're gunna do this, gunna do that. I decided to be a doer." Not everyone took him seriously, but within months, Brando had worked

on his fitness and found a sponsor for his gear. "My parents made it clear that I was doing this on my own, and I had almost no money for food or campsites," Brando explains. "I had to be organised. I carried a lot of survival gear, including purification tablets for water, a flint and steel, a fishing line, a personal locator beacon, a survival blanket, a notepad, a compass, some rope, and wire traps. I couldn't have done without Andrew Crowe's amazing book *A Field Guide to the Native Edible Plants of New Zealand*, and I also carried an air rifle, a crossbow, and an inflatable raft for harbour and river crossings. My pack weighed over 40 kilograms when I set out." Before he left, Brando also set up a social media page so that people could follow his travels.

"I'd been told so many times that most people are 'gunnas' ... They're gunna do this, gunna do that. I decided to be a doer."



Food

Living off the land was a challenge from the first day. “I started my walk at the Cape Rēinga lighthouse and headed down the coast along Ninety Mile Beach,” Brando explains. “On that first night, I shot a black-backed gull with my air rifle. I assumed I’d be able to cook it in the flame of my gas cooker. It didn’t really cook; it tasted disgusting.”

Over the next six hundred days, Brando would become more skilled at cooking what he caught – though he had to remain open-minded about what was “food”. From the land, there were berries (Brando once got sick after eating the wrong kind), fern tips, earthworms, onion weed, and animals such as goats and pigs. One time, he ate a squashed wētā from the bottom of his boot; another time, he ate a possum.

“Our lives are too comfortable – and we’re too distracted by our smartphones and laptops. This stops us from figuring out the big questions in life.”



From the sea came blue cod, kina, and crayfish as well as less appealing options, such as whelks and stranded octopuses. "I also ate a lot of limpets," Brando says.

Sometimes food came easily. Kayaking round the Marlborough Sounds (in a borrowed kayak), Brando noticed a wild goat stranded on a rock. "I shot it with my crossbow," he remembers, "and strapped it to the front of my kayak before paddling on to a campsite where I could skin and

cook it." Other times, whole herds of wild goats could prove elusive, and Brando would go to bed hungry. "Having to fight for my food taught me a lot about myself," he says. "I realised I was no different from any other creature struggling to survive. We don't often get the opportunity to think about stuff like that. Our lives are too comfortable – and we're too distracted by our smartphones and laptops. This stops us from figuring out the big questions in life."





Connection

Trying to stay alive was one thing – and then there was coping with the countless hours alone. This was a huge challenge for Brando, especially when times were tough – like the day he received repeated electric shocks while climbing a fence. “Sometimes I was so lonely I would cry,” Brando remembers. “It felt like everyone had forgotten me.” But being alone eventually taught Brando something. “I learnt that

loneliness is a sign you haven’t figured out who you are – or why you’re here. When you can answer those questions, loneliness turns to peace. I’m different now. I never feel lonely anymore. Knowing who I am is like taking a friend with me everywhere I go.”

Another big thing Brando learnt was the importance of connection. “I’m very conscious now of the way all living things have a relationship. Birds eat berries, but



“People’s generosity completely blew me away.”

then they spread the seeds around. Bacteria help dead trees to rot. The problem with humans as a species is that we’ve stopped working in with each other. We make a big deal of being individuals, but my trip taught me that human connection is everything. We need each other; it’s just not obvious like it is in nature.” On his trip, whenever he was offered food or shelter, Brando always

accepted it. Sometimes one person would ring ahead to let someone else know he was coming – a chain of hospitality and support. “It was amazing,” Brando says. “People’s generosity completely blew me away. They fed me and lent me kayaks. I was made to feel a part of families all over the country.”



Adventure

Brando walked all those kilometres, and he raised more than \$30,000 for his chosen charity. Then he wrote *Wildboy*, a book that went straight onto the bestseller list. Having tasted such a rich and exciting way of life, Brando says we should all be alert to the possibility of adventure – to *real* adventure that brings about change. “People often think an adventure is going somewhere interesting in a car and taking a photo to share on social media. But if you just take a picture and get back in the car and leave, it’s not really an adventure; it hasn’t changed you.” Brando has more to say on this topic. “Forget about how many people have liked

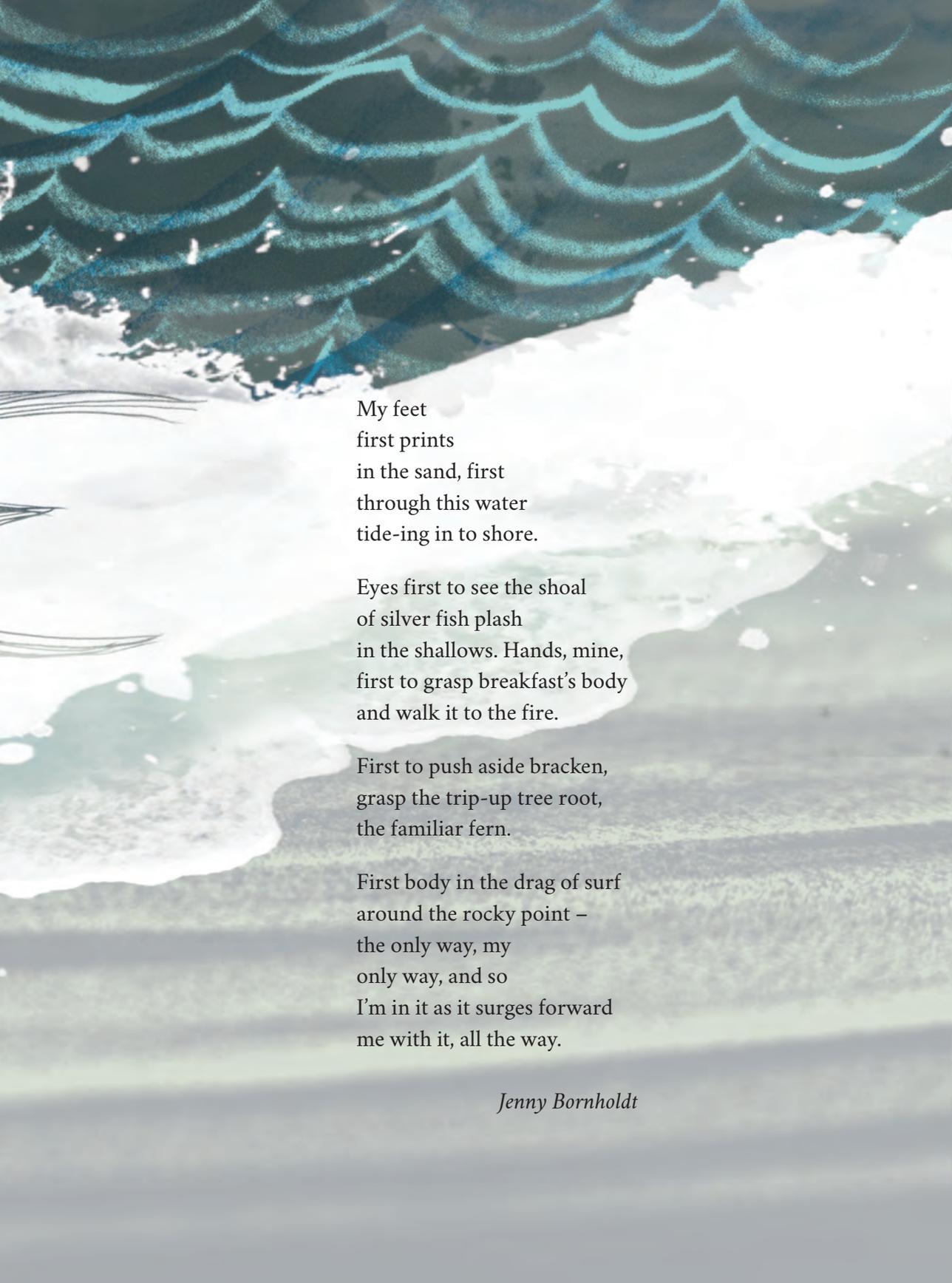
or shared your photo. Everyone’s awesome; the challenge is to make friends with who you are and what your story is.”

Now that his life is more “normal”, Brando is enjoying each day as it comes. As well as working, he’s grabbing every opportunity to get out and explore the outdoors. “Life is just so good,” he says. “The universe is an incredible place – there’s beauty all around us. We just need to make sure we slow down enough to see it. All the things we get busy with don’t really matter. I just want to tell everyone to get out there and do the things you really want to do.”



“The universe is an incredible place - there’s beauty all around us.”





My feet
first prints
in the sand, first
through this water
tide-ing in to shore.

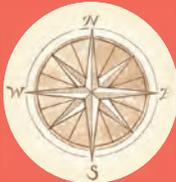
Eyes first to see the shoal
of silver fish splash
in the shallows. Hands, mine,
first to grasp breakfast's body
and walk it to the fire.

First to push aside bracken,
grasp the trip-up tree root,
the familiar fern.

First body in the drag of surf
around the rocky point –
the only way, my
only way, and so
I'm in it as it surges forward
me with it, all the way.

Jenny Bornholdt

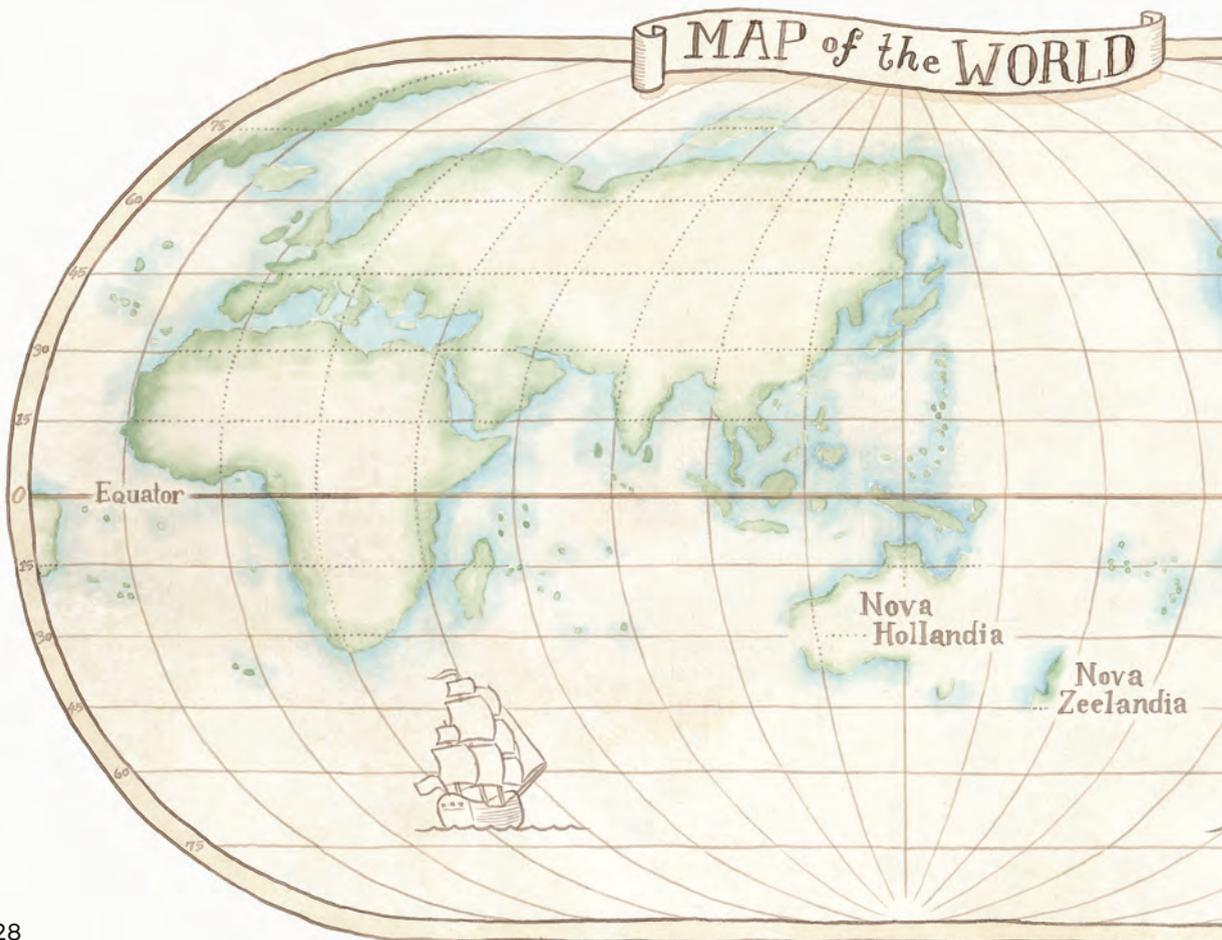
CAPTAIN COOK



CHARTING OUR ISLANDS

by Melanie Lovell-Smith

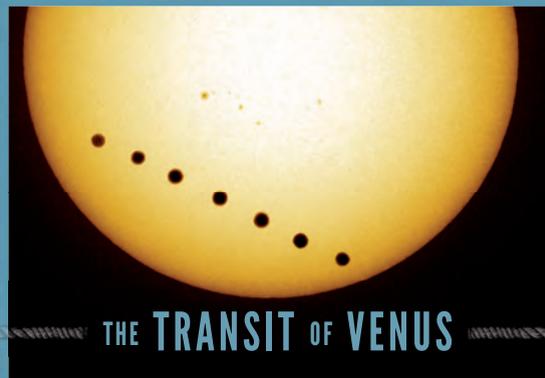
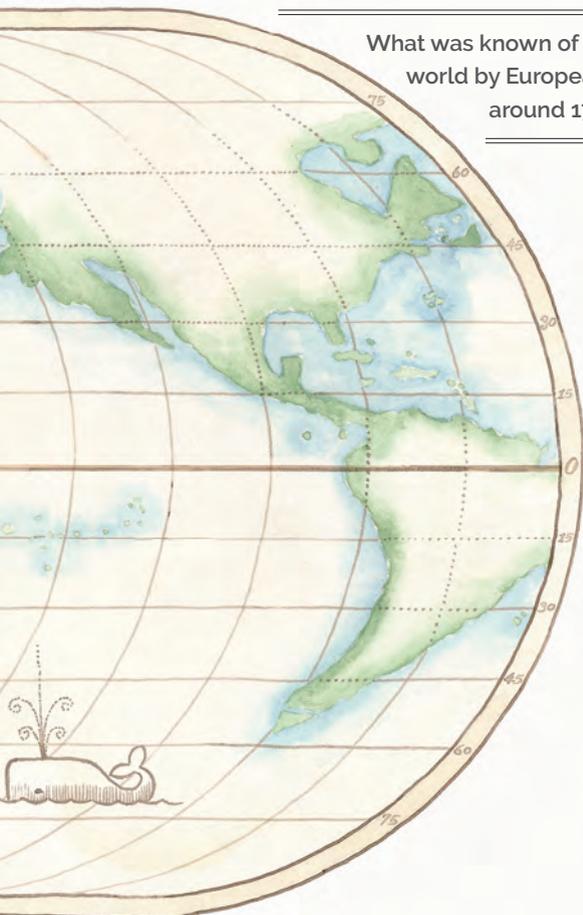
When James Cook set sail from Britain in August 1768, he had two sets of instructions. The first was to travel to Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus, an event that would be watched by scientists around the world. Cook's second set of instructions was secret. After the transit, his ship, the *Endeavour*, was to head south. It was hoped Cook would find the "Great Southern Continent". People thought this landmass must exist – to "balance" out the world. The time had come to put it on the map.





After observing the transit, Cook set sail to the south. He had very little idea of what he might find. Three months later, on 6 October 1769, a twelve-year-old sailor named Nicholas Young spotted land. The *Endeavour* sailed into Tūranganui-a-Kiwa – near present-day Gisborne – two days later.

What was known of the world by Europeans around 1750



Like Earth, Venus travels around the sun, but it follows a closer orbit. Sometimes, the planet's path takes it between Earth and the sun. When this happens, we can see Venus move across the sun's face. This is called a transit. Venus transits are rare but predictable. They occur in pairs eight years apart, separated by long gaps of either 105 years or 121 years.

In 1716, English astronomer Edmond Halley worked out a way to use the transit of Venus to calculate the distance between Earth and the sun. In the early eighteenth century, people didn't have this information. Over a hundred scientists watched the transit of Venus in 1761, but some couldn't take accurate measurements because of bad weather. Luckily they were able to try again in 1769. (If they were unsuccessful, they would have had to wait another 105 years!) As well as Tahiti, the 1769 transit was watched from various places that included Canada, Norway, and Russia. The results were combined with those from 1761, and a few years later, it was announced that Earth was around 93,727,000 miles from the sun.

Today, using modern technology such as radar, we know it's around 149,600,000 kilometres. So how accurate was the eighteenth-century calculation? Do the maths to find out.

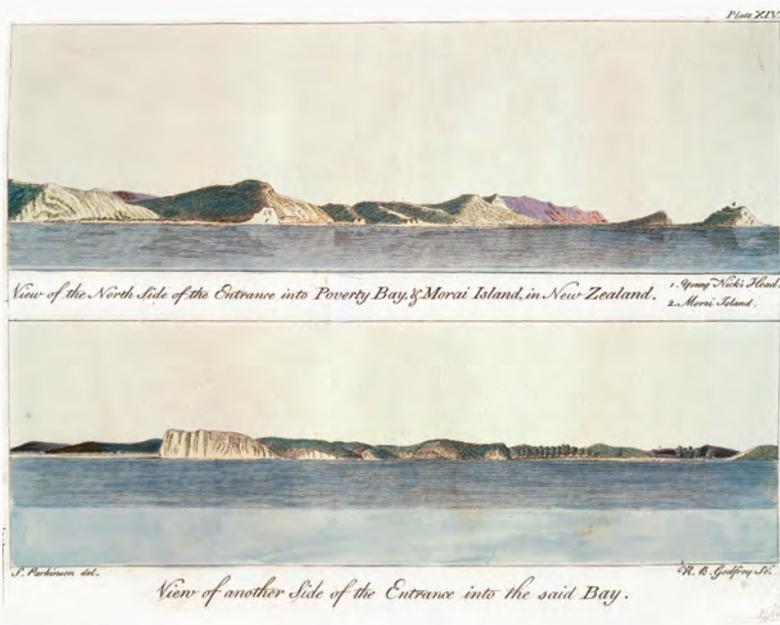
FIRST DAYS IN NEW ZEALAND

One of the crew's first tasks was to take a **sounding**. This told the captain where it was safe to drop anchor. (Cook recorded that they anchored in "ten fathom water, with a fine sandy bottom".) Over the next three days, the crew continued to record information about their surroundings. Men took more soundings, and the ship's artists drew coastal profiles of the land. Cook and his officers took observations of the sun, moon, and stars, which helped them to calculate their exact position in the world.

On their first day, Cook and a small group of men also went ashore. They hoped to find food and fresh water, but instead, a dispute broke out with local Māori. A Ngāti Oneone leader, Te Maro, was shot and killed by one of Cook's men. Cook returned to shore the following day, this time bringing Tupaia, the Tahitian priest and navigator who had travelled on board the *Endeavour* from Tahiti. Although Tupaia could communicate with local Māori, the encounter again ended with violence. Cook's men shot and killed the Rongowhakaata chief Te Rakau and wounded several others. Several more Māori were wounded or killed over these first days before the *Endeavour* finally left Tūranganui-a-Kiwa and sailed north.

Over the following months, more conflict and misunderstandings occurred about trade. However, in some places, because of Tupaia, the visitors communicated well with local Māori and were able to learn more about their land and customs.

These two coastal profiles show the crew's first views of Aotearoa New Zealand

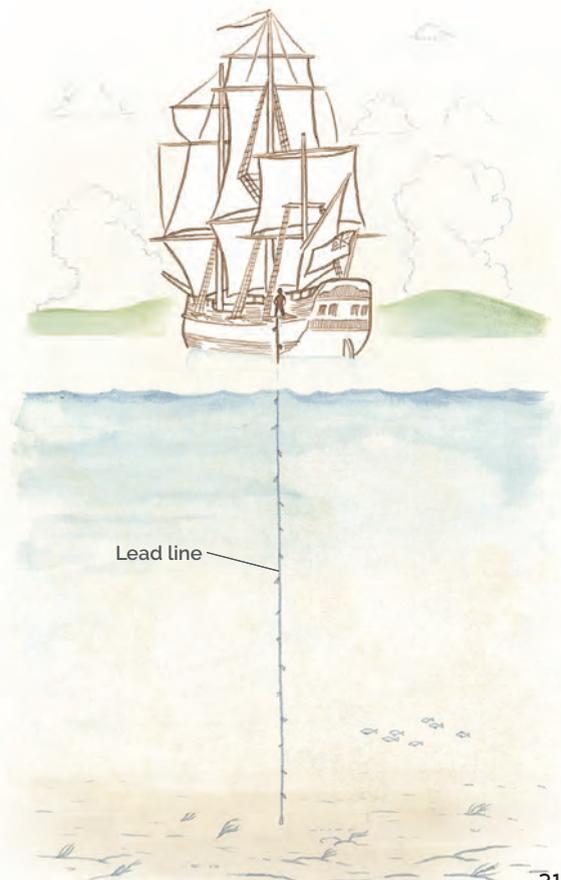
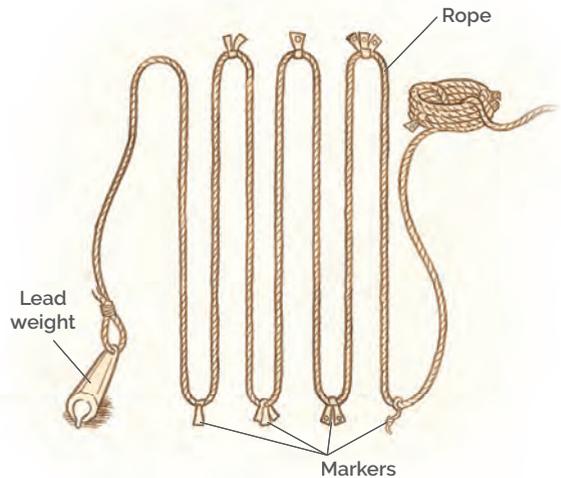


SOUNDINGS

Knowing about water depth was essential information for a ship's captain. No one wanted to run aground. In Cook's time, water depth was measured in fathoms (1.8 metre units). Depth was found using a lead line – a lead weight attached to a rope thrown overboard by a sailor called the leadsman. To save time, the rope was marked at regular intervals using different kinds of materials, such as leather and calico. The leadsman was able to “read” the depth by looking at these markers, and he would call out the fathoms.

The lead weight also had a small hollow on the bottom. This was filled with tallow, a sticky fat that picked up whatever was on the sea floor. Knowing what was on the sea floor helped a captain decide where to anchor. Some materials, such as sandy mud, were better at holding an anchor than others. A clean lead weight usually meant the sea floor was rock.

Sailors onboard the *Endeavour* had two kinds of lead weights: a hand lead and a deep-sea lead. The hand lead, which weighed 7 pounds (about 3.2 kilograms), was used for measuring the depth of shallow coastal waters. The deep-sea lead weighed 14 pounds (about 6.4 kilograms). It was attached to 200 fathoms of rope (about 365 metres). Pulling up a deep-sea lead was a long, arduous process.



9,300 MILES

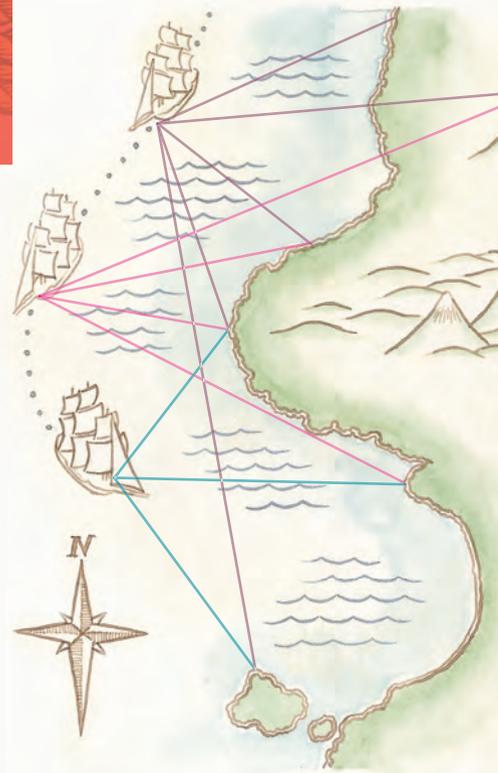
Cook had been instructed that if he found land, he was to chart it. Although he didn't know it when he set out from Tūranganui-a-Kiwa, an enormous task lay before him: 9,300 miles (15,000 kilometres) of unfamiliar coastline.

Surveying New Zealand would take Cook seven months.

Cook charted New Zealand using a method called a running survey. To do this, he sailed close to shore, taking compass readings of prominent landmarks, such as big hills, headlands, and cliffs. Then he would sail a short distance along the coast so that he could take readings of the same landmarks from a different position before plotting them on his chart. Cook then sketched the coastline between the plotted landmarks to complete the outline.

A crucial part of the running survey involved finding latitude and longitude. These gave Cook his exact position, which allowed him to chart the coastline and place New Zealand correctly on a world map. Cook worked out latitude by measuring the angle between the horizon and the sun when it was at its highest position in the sky. He did this using a quadrant. Occasionally men went ashore to take measurements. This work was easier on land, away from the movement of the ship, and the results were more precise.

Longitude was much more difficult to work out because it is based on time. To find their longitude, Cook needed to know the time in both Greenwich and New Zealand. Like explorers before him, Cook relied on what he already knew to find out what he didn't. He knew how long the sun took to move across the sky, and this helped him to work out local (New Zealand) time. But there weren't any clocks that kept Greenwich time accurately enough – especially on a rocking ship over a long voyage. Instead, Cook had to work out the time in Greenwich by making a long series of calculations, using his own observations and the **lunar tables** in a nautical almanac.



Cook used a compass to find out the direction of landmarks in relation to north. This information allowed him to slowly plot an image of the coastline.



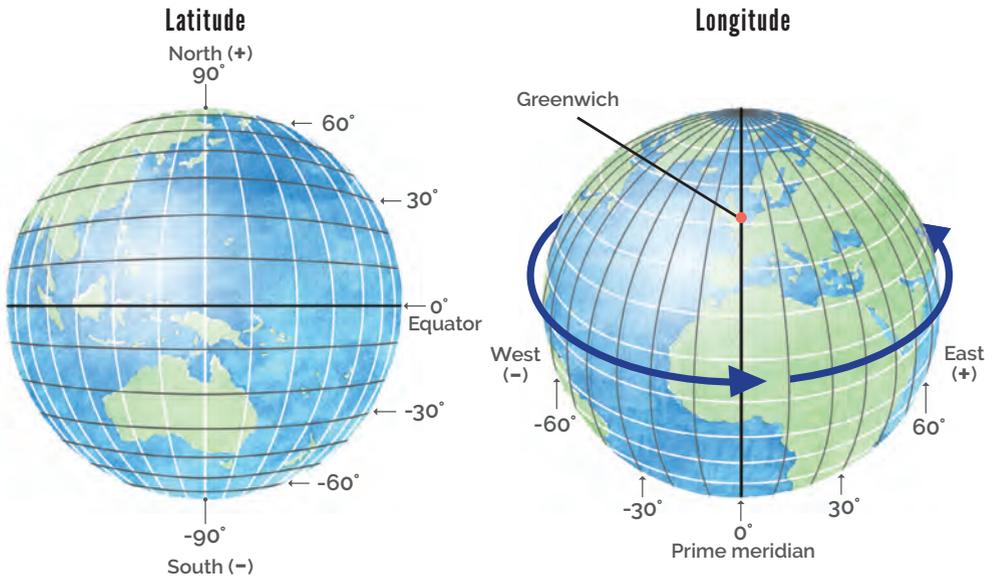
A quadrant was used to measure the angle between the horizon and the sun.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE

AN IMAGINARY GRID

Latitude and longitude are imaginary lines that form a grid around our planet. This grid is a way of locating places and being able to describe their location. Each place has an “address”, written as a set of numbers called coordinates. Both latitude and longitude are measured in degrees.

Lines of latitude circle Earth horizontally. The equator is the starting point for measuring latitude. The latitude of a place is described in terms of how far north or south of the equator it is.



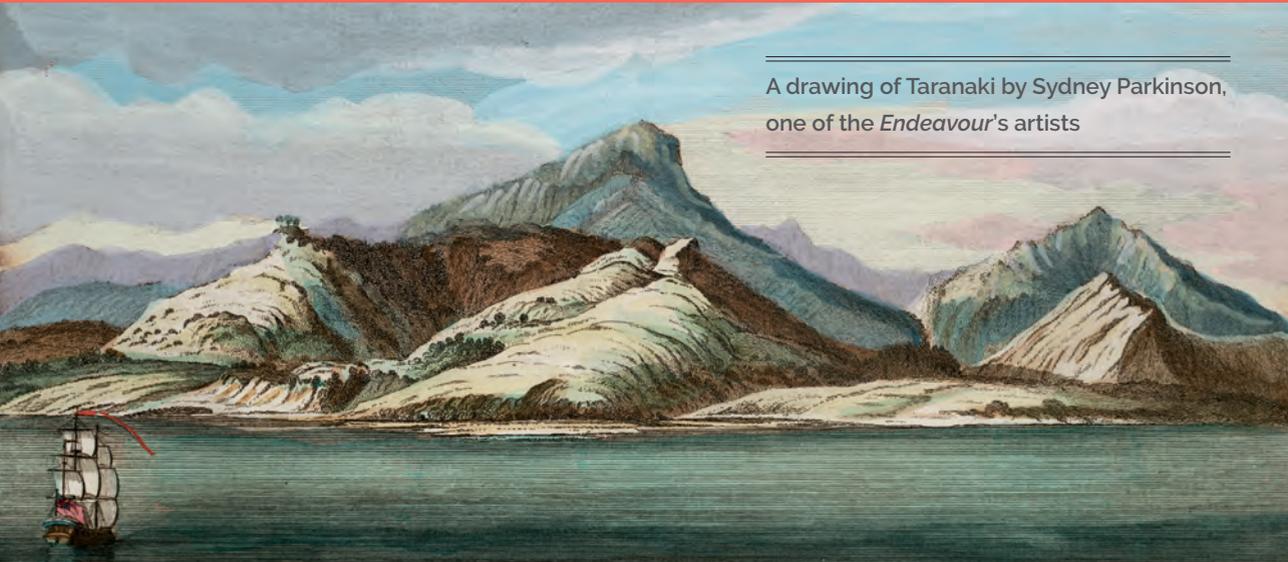
Lines of longitude run vertically from the top of Earth to the bottom. They divide the world into segments like an orange, meeting at the north and south poles. Lines of longitude are called meridians. Like latitude, they also have a starting point – at Greenwich, London. This is called the prime meridian. The longitude of a place is described in terms of how far east or west of the prime meridian it is.

Longitude is based on Earth’s rotation through 360 degrees, which happens once every twenty-four hours. Put another way, Earth turns 180 degrees every twelve hours or 15 degrees every hour. Because of this connection between time and longitude, Cook could work out his approximate longitudinal position if he knew the time in Greenwich.



During his time in New Zealand, Cook also made some detailed charts, like this one of the River Thames and Mercury Bay. The dotted line shows the course the *Endeavour* sailed. The numbers along this line show the depth of the sea. In the middle of the chart, near the bottom, there are extra numbers. This is the Firth of Thames, where the crew would have taken soundings from rowboats because the water is shallow. Cook recorded this additional information so that future ships would know where in the inlet they could go safely. In some places on the chart, like the top left corner, the coastline has been only partly drawn. Cook had a limited amount of time, so he didn't always stop to fill in the details. In other places, he couldn't work because of bad weather.

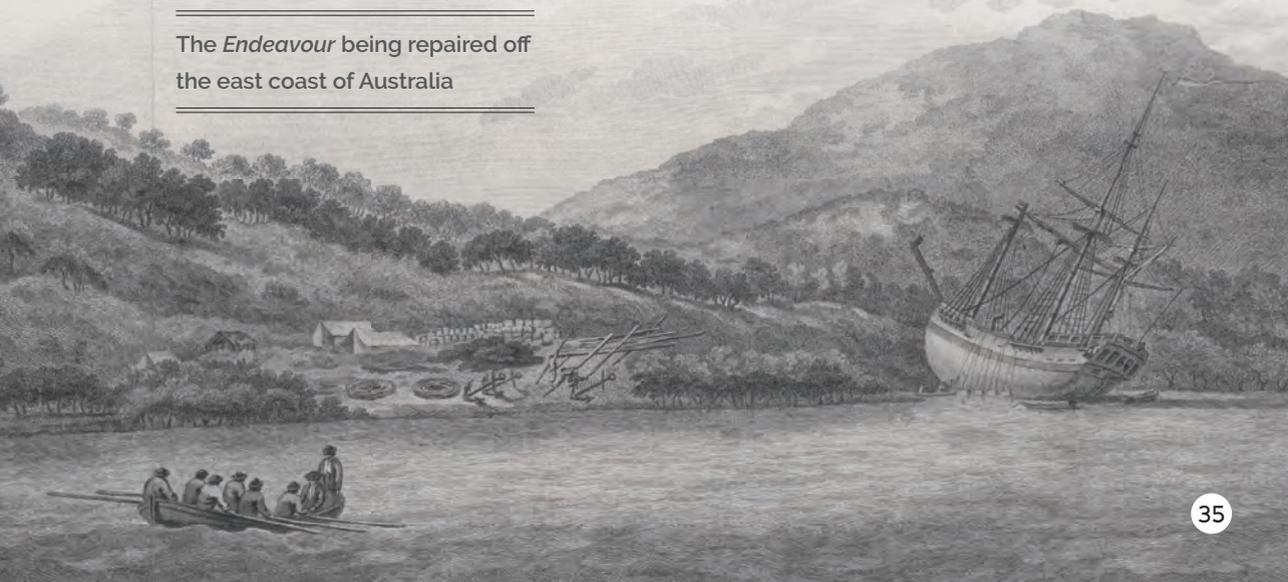
HOME

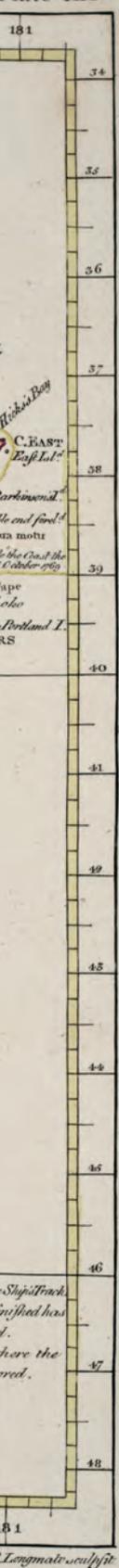


A drawing of Taranaki by Sydney Parkinson, one of the *Endeavour's* artists

Captain Cook completed his **circumnavigation** of New Zealand in March 1770. Then he sailed west, landing on the east coast of Australia four weeks later. He claimed the area as British territory, just as he'd done with New Zealand, and charted 2,000 miles (3,219 kilometres) of coastline. The *Endeavour* was shipwrecked on the Great Barrier Reef, and repairs took six weeks, but Cook and his men finally reached home in July 1771. Although Cook took great care of his crew, thirty sailors died during the epic three-year voyage. Cook was to visit New Zealand twice more before he was killed in Hawai'i in 1779 during an argument over a stolen boat.

The *Endeavour* being repaired off the east coast of Australia





ON THE MAP

Cook's charts were published in 1773. Although they showed he hadn't found a great southern continent, his work still had a huge impact.

The British now knew a lot more about the South Pacific and what could be found there. Cook's chart of New Zealand, which was used for almost a hundred years, helped people travel safely from the other side of the world. The first Europeans came here for seals, whales, timber, and flax – and to convert Māori to Christianity; others came later to start new lives. The British would colonise New Zealand, and the country would become part of the British Empire. For Māori, after that, everything would change.

An artist's impression of Nelson, 1842



GLOSSARY

circumnavigation: sailing right around something

lunar tables: a list of the angles between the moon and certain stars at known times, predicted months in advance

sounding: the process of measuring the depth of the water and taking samples of the sea floor

surveying: recording the size, features, and position of land to make a map



WAITING

by James O'Sullivan

CHARACTERS: HANNAH RAVI CHLOE TOM EMELI BEN

SCENE: A tree by the side of a road. HANNAH and RAVI enter.

HANNAH. This must be the place. My friend Mila said that Toni would meet us by the big tree.

RAVI. Cool, I like waiting. It gives me time to think.

HANNAH. About what?

RAVI. The big questions. Like why are we here?

HANNAH. We're here because Toni is going to lend us a copy of *Post-apocalyptic Zombie Super Hunters*, the greatest game ever.

RAVI. I was thinking in a grander sense.

HANNAH. In a grander sense, I need to go to the toilet.

RAVI. Go behind the tree.

HANNAH. Excuse me? I'm a girl. I don't go behind trees.

RAVI. Well go in front of the tree then.

HANNAH. I'm not going anywhere near a tree! Where's Toni? She should be here by now.

RAVI. I thought Toni was a boy.

HANNAH. I assumed she was a girl.

CHLOE enters.

HANNAH. Ah, this could be Toni now.
(To Chloe.) Are you Toni?

CHLOE. It's possible. Am I Toni?

RAVI. We don't know. That's why we're asking you.

for



CHLOE. I'm not sure. You seem to think I'm Toni. Now I'm so confused I don't even know why I'm here.

RAVI. That's exactly what I was thinking myself.

HANNAH (*exasperated*). Don't start on that again. (*To Chloe.*) What do people call you?

CHLOE. Chloe.

HANNAH. So you're not Toni?

CHLOE. Not when people call me Chloe. Are you waiting for Toni?

RAVI. Yes.

CHLOE. I have a message from Toni.

HANNAH. You've met Toni? Is Toni a boy or a girl?

CHLOE. I've never seen Toni. I communicate with Toni by email.

HANNAH. Does Toni spell his or her name with a "y" or with an "i"?

CHLOE. Or what about three e's – as in T-O-E-N-E-E?

RAVI. Why would Toni do that?

CHLOE. I don't know. But have you seen my brother Ben?

HANNAH. What does he look like?

CHLOE. He's the most extraordinary boy in the world.

RAVI. Why is he so extraordinary?

CHLOE. When you meet him, you'll know. I must find him.

CHLOE *begins to exit.*

HANNAH. Wait! What's the message from Toni?

CHLOE. Oh – Toni will be late.

HANNAH. But I have to go to the toilet.

CHLOE. Just go behind that tree.

HANNAH. I am **not** going behind a tree.

CHLOE. No one will see.

HANNAH. I will see!

CHLOE (*shrugging*). Suit yourself. If you come across Ben, tell him I'm looking for him.

CHLOE *exits.*

HANNAH. But we don't even know what Ben looks like. Now here's someone else.

TOM *enters walking backwards. He is wearing his clothes back to front.*

RAVI. Hello. Are you Toni?

HANNAH. Or maybe you're Ben?

TOM. Why would I be either Toni or Ben?

RAVI. What is your name then?

TOM. Tom, if you must know.

RAVI. Why are your clothes on back to front?

HANNAH. And why are you walking backwards?

TOM. Isn't it obvious?

HANNAH. No.

TOM. I'm walking backwards so my clothes will be pointing in the right direction.

RAVI. Why don't you just change your clothes round?

TOM. I haven't got time to change my clothes round. I'm too busy looking for my friend Emeli. Have you seen her?

RAVI. We don't know what Emeli looks like.





TOM. I didn't ask what she looks like – I asked if you'd seen her.

HANNAH. We don't know.

TOM. How can you not know? You've either seen her or you haven't.

HANNAH. But we don't know what she looks like.

TOM. We've just been through this. I'm not asking what she looks like. I just want to know if you've seen her.

RAVI. We can't tell you whether we've seen Emeli because we don't know what she looks like.

TOM. Yes, I see your point. Well, I'll go and wait for her.

HANNAH. Why don't you wait here with us?

TOM. And stand still? It's much better to walk and wait. At least you get somewhere.

TOM exits. EMELI enters.

HANNAH. Are you Toni?

EMELI. Do I look like Toni?

RAVI. We don't know. We've never met Toni.

EMELI. So how would you know if I were telling the truth if I said I **was** Toni?

HANNAH. We wouldn't.

EMELI. So what's the point in asking me?

RAVI. We're just trying our luck.

EMELI. Well, lucky for you, I'm a truthful person. I'm Emeli if you must know. I'm looking for my friend Tom.

HANNAH. He was just here.

EMELI. I don't care where he's just been. I want to know where he is now. Do you know where he is now?

HANNAH. No.

EMELI. Then this conversation has been completely pointless. I'll go and wait for him.

EMELI begins to leave.

RAVI. Why don't you wait here?

EMELI (*pointing*). But what if he goes over there? I'd look pretty stupid waiting here if he turned up there. No, I've got a much better chance if I wait there.

EMELI exits. TOM enters.

TOM. Have you seen Emeli?

HANNAH. Yes, she was just here.

TOM. I'll go and wait some more.

RAVI. Why don't you wait here?

TOM. Has anyone turned up for you?

HANNAH. No.

TOM. Then this is a terrible place to wait. I'm waiting somewhere else.

TOM exits.

RAVI (*impatiently*). Where is Toni?

HANNAH. When I finally get my hands on *Post-apocalyptic Zombie Super Hunters*, I'm going to play it all day and all night.

RAVI. Me too.

CHLOE enters.

CHLOE. Have you seen my brother Ben?

RAVI. No.

TOM enters.

TOM. Have you seen Emeli?

HANNAH. No. You should wait here.

TOM. I keep telling you this is an awful place to wait.

HANNAH. But now we're all here.

TOM. Yes, we're all here waiting for people who don't turn up.

CHLOE. Why are your clothes on the wrong way round?

TOM. My clothes are on the right way round. It's me who's back to front.

EMELI enters.

EMELI. Tom! Where have you been?

TOM. Is that important? You can't exactly go back into the past to meet me.

EMELI. I guess not.

BEN enters.

CHLOE. Ben!

BEN. How are you all?

CHLOE. Ben is the most extraordinary boy in the world.

EMELI. What's so extraordinary about him?

CHLOE. Isn't it obvious?

TOM. No.

CHLOE. Ben, explain to them why you are so extraordinary.

BEN. Certainly. (*He holds up his hand.*) In my hand, I have iron.



EMELI. But you don't have anything in your hand.

BEN. I mean inside my hand there's iron.

RAVI. And that's extraordinary?

BEN. The iron atoms inside my hand were created deep within a giant exploding star at four and a half billion degrees Celsius. These atoms then travelled thousands of light years across space and eventually were incorporated into this solar system. Billions of years later, these iron atoms have worked themselves into my hand. When I die, these same iron atoms will become part of someone else's hand. And that is extraordinary.

HANNAH. I suppose that is extraordinary. But doesn't that make me extraordinary, too?

RAVI (*exasperated*). You're very extraordinary, Hannah. But where's Toni? We're waiting for Toni!

CHLOE. Oh, I almost forgot. I have another message from Toni. Toni can't make it. So you won't be playing *Post-apocalyptic Zombie Super Hunters* today.

TOM. I told you no one shows up here.

RAVI. I really wanted to play that game.

HANNAH. That's just great. I've been waiting here, busting to go to the toilet, and Toni isn't even going to turn up.

BEN. Well, why don't you ...

HANNAH. I am **not** going behind that tree!

BEN. What I was going to say is why don't you all come back to our place? We have that game at home.

TOM. Good idea. What are we waiting for?

ALL exit.

illustrations by
Giselle Clarkson



MAN AND SEA

by Elia Taumata

An elderly man begins to sing in the corner of the fale, his torso swaying from side to side like a palm tree in the wind. Inhaling nervously, I move a little closer to Papa. Unfamiliar old men are all around. They sit on the floor, leaning awkwardly against the poles.





My brother Ioane steps into the middle of the room, and a group of men greet him. Ioane gives his hand to one of them, another man I've never seen before. He is the tufuga tā tatau, the master tattooist. He ushers Ioane onto an old fala, and my brother lies on his front. He doesn't look our way.

The tattooist takes up his position alongside the solo. Papa grips my arm as he proudly watches the ceremony begin. The tattooist selects a wooden tool. At the end of it are what look like tiny white arrows. I know what they are. Shark teeth. Papa has told me. And I know what the solo's task is. Papa told me this also. He will wipe away my brother's blood.

I have three brothers, but Ioane is the oldest. When Dad passed away, it was Ioane who had to drop out of high school and get a job, even though he was only sixteen. He's been at the meatworks for two years now. Mum has two jobs, so we get by. A few months ago, Papa came to New Zealand to talk with Ioane. He made us all stay back in the lounge after evening prayers on his first night. He had something important to say.

"Ioane, you have made me very proud," Papa said, his eyes glassy with tears, "and I know the alofa you have shown for your 'āiga, your family, would have made your father proud, too."

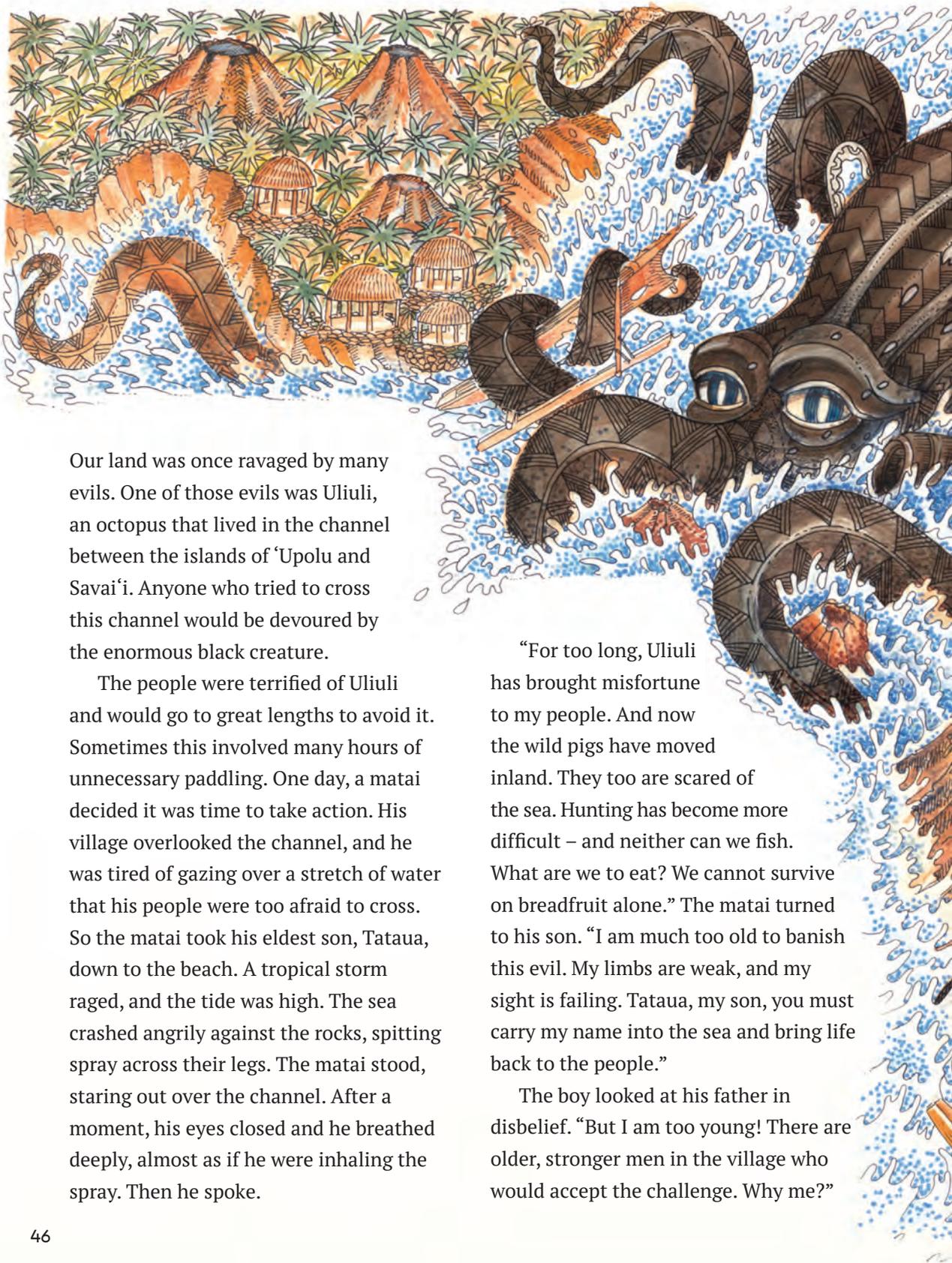
Mum was all choked up and couldn't say anything. None of us could, so Papa went on. "As you know, your father was also forced to become a man at a young age. Many years ago, I offered him the same proposal that I am here to offer you, Ioane."

My brother guessed what this proposal would be. He looked at Mum and gave her a shy smile. Even though she was crying, Mum smiled back.

Ioane makes a small noise as the tapping begins. I close my eyes, afraid to watch his pain. Outside, a dog barks. Some kids are teasing it, and a woman yells at them to stop. Just beyond the fale lies the beach, and I can hear a group of boys playing in the water. Papa pulls me closer and straightens his back as Ioane groans again. I know I must stay with my brother. The tufuga tā tatau is hunched over him, his body blocking our view. We can hear Ioane but not see him.

Tap, tap, tap. Ioane's legs jump, and the solo gently pushes them back down. He leaves his hands there as the noises from my brother continue.

Papa clears his throat. "Ioane, listen," he says. And then he begins a story that I recognise straight away. It's the same one our dad used to tell.

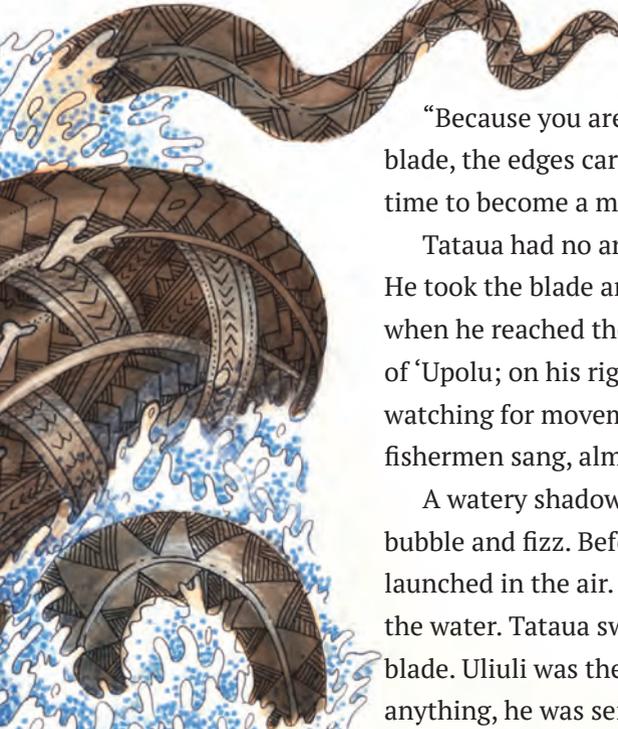


Our land was once ravaged by many evils. One of those evils was Uliuli, an octopus that lived in the channel between the islands of ‘Upolu and Savai’i. Anyone who tried to cross this channel would be devoured by the enormous black creature.

The people were terrified of Uliuli and would go to great lengths to avoid it. Sometimes this involved many hours of unnecessary paddling. One day, a matai decided it was time to take action. His village overlooked the channel, and he was tired of gazing over a stretch of water that his people were too afraid to cross. So the matai took his eldest son, Tataua, down to the beach. A tropical storm raged, and the tide was high. The sea crashed angrily against the rocks, spitting spray across their legs. The matai stood, staring out over the channel. After a moment, his eyes closed and he breathed deeply, almost as if he were inhaling the spray. Then he spoke.

“For too long, Uliuli has brought misfortune to my people. And now the wild pigs have moved inland. They too are scared of the sea. Hunting has become more difficult – and neither can we fish. What are we to eat? We cannot survive on breadfruit alone.” The matai turned to his son. “I am much too old to banish this evil. My limbs are weak, and my sight is failing. Tataua, my son, you must carry my name into the sea and bring life back to the people.”

The boy looked at his father in disbelief. “But I am too young! There are older, stronger men in the village who would accept the challenge. Why me?”



“Because you are my son.” The matai handed Tataua a wooden blade, the edges carved to resemble shark’s teeth. “Take this. It is time to become a man. Our people need you.”

Tataua had no argument against the power of his father’s words. He took the blade and swam out into the channel, only stopping when he reached the middle. On his left, Tataua could see the island of ‘Upolu; on his right, Savai’i. The boy scanned the water all round, watching for movement. Then he started to sing a song that the fishermen sang, almost as if he were teasing the octopus.

A watery shadow slowly became larger, causing the ocean to bubble and fizz. Before he knew what was happening, Tataua was launched in the air. His body twisted, and he plummeted back into the water. Tataua swam to the surface, struggling to pull out his blade. Uliuli was there, waiting, but before Tataua could do anything, he was seized by a monstrous tentacle.



Using all his strength, Tataua swung his wooden blade. The creature hurled the boy into the air once more with a screech of pain mightier than the storm. As Tataua came back down, he readied his blade one last time, driving it into the head of the octopus. Black blood spilled over brown skin, and it was finished.

The story ends with Tataua arriving back in his village covered in the blood of Uliuli. When they washed Tataua's body, the black blood remained in his battle scars. Papa explained that these marks of Tataua are the marks of our people.

After the story, we are silent. Papa and I sit quietly, just watching, for a long time.

"We will stop now," the tattooist finally says. "It is time for a break."

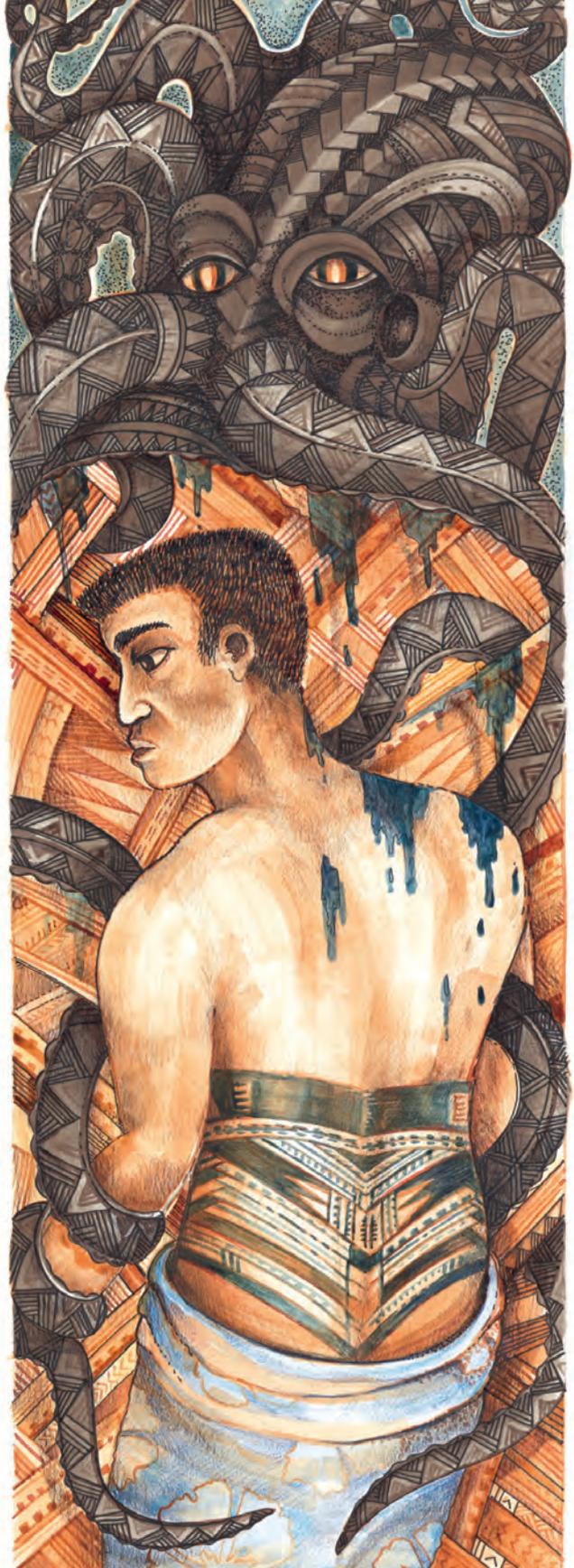
I help Papa to stand, and the solo helps my brother. They walk to a mirror propped against one of the poles, and we follow. We study the pattern begun on Ioane's thigh. He traces his fingers over the symmetrical lines, the fresh ink.

"A few more years, and this will be you, little brother," Ioane says, looking at me.

"Maybe," says Papa. "We will see."

Ioane rests his hand on my shoulder for a moment, just like Dad sometimes did. Then Papa and I watch as Ioane walks down to the sea.

illustrations by Michel Tuffery



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