



SCHOOL JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 2018



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
The Sea Devil	7
Welcome to Lullo Marnoo	7
How to Be Normal	8
Science on the Ice	8
Rise Up: The Story of the Dawn Raids and the Polynesian Panthers	7
Much Ado	8
Brave Flower	8

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.

Published 2018 by the Ministry of Education,
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.
www.education.govt.nz

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

Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN 978 1 77669 453 2 (print)
ISBN 978 1 77669 468 6 (online PDF)
ISSN 0111 6355

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

Please quote item number 69453.

SCHOOL JOURNAL

LEVEL 4

NOVEMBER 2018

CONTENTS

STORIES

- 2 The Sea Devil** *by Paul Mason*
“His stare was intense. James had noticed him before.”
- 28 Welcome to Lullo Marnoo** *by Victor Rodger*
Michael meets his father and goes to Sāmoa for the first time.
- 33 How to Be Normal** *by Annaleese Jochems*
“Once Charley’s made herself less weird in every way, the others won’t notice her.”
- 46 S.O.S.** *by Gemma Lovewell*
This year’s winner of the Elsie Locke Writing Prize

ARTICLES

- 8 Science on the Ice** *by Neil Silverwood*
“In just five hours, I’m transported from the spring warmth of Canterbury to Scott Base and a frozen world ...”
- 40 Rise Up: The Story of the Dawn Raids and the Polynesian Panthers**
by Pauline Vaeluaga Smith
Aotearoa in the 1970s had its own civil rights movement.

PLAY

- 22 Much Ado** *by Susan Paris*
All the world’s a stage ...

POEM

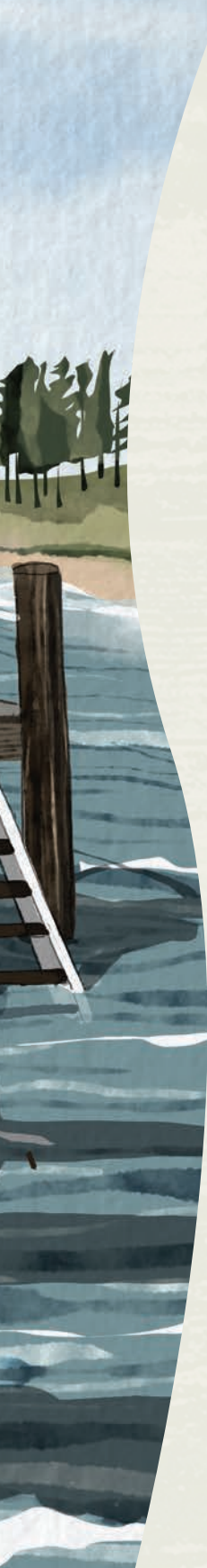
- 38 Brave Flower** *by Simone Kaho*

Ministry of Education

THE SEA DEVIL

BY PAUL MASON





James took the path that led from the internment camp down to the bay. The northerly was getting up, but here, on the south side of the island, the limestone cliffs provided shelter, and it was still. Just beyond the long arm of the wharf, the camp's launch, *Pearl*, tugged at its mooring. The thought of a big fish jaggng on his line quickened James's pace, and it wasn't until he was on the wharf that he saw he was not alone. A dark figure leant against one of the piles – it was one of the Germans, staring at the boat.

James thought nothing of it. The internees on Motuihe were respectable types, father said. Schultz had been the governor of Sāmoa. There were also several doctors. The Germans wandered where they liked during the day, working in the vegetable gardens and feeding their chooks. The camp commandant even let the keen ones take *Pearl's* helm on their trips to Auckland.

The man on the wharf heard James's step and turned, startled. He recovered quickly and gave James a smile. "A lovely afternoon, yes?" he said.

The man wore a uniform jacket and leather riding boots. A naval captain's hat sat tilted on his head, and in his hand, he held a pipe. His stare was intense. James had noticed him before. "You're the count, aren't you?" he said.

The man bowed. "Felix von Luckner."

"James Mullins. My father's one of the guards."

"Of course," said the count, shaking James's hand. He nodded at the fishing rod. "And what will you use for bait?"

James pointed to the shells stuck to the piles like a dark, glistening carpet. "Mussels."

"Show me," the count said, at once interested.

James took the steps, taking care not to slip on the slimy wood. *Pearl's* dinghy bobbed nearby. In the summer, he sometimes swam out to it and climbed inside. James reached over to a pile and wrestled a shell back and forth till it came free. Back on the wharf – while the count looked on – he crushed the mussel with the sole of his boot, pulled out some meat, and skewered his hook. Then he cast out.

“I think you are a good fisherman,” the count said.

“I never catch much,” said James.

“It is the endeavour that matters.”

James and the count watched the line. “Is it true they call you the Sea Devil?” James finally asked.

The count took out his pipe. “*Seeteufel* in German – but I prefer it in English. More dramatic.”

This was no surprise. The count had a reputation for drama. “I heard you destroyed twelve of our ships,” James said.

“Fourteen actually.”

“But you try to avoid harming people?”

The count nodded.

“Well, you’re still the enemy,” James said.

The count shrugged. “I was not always the captain of a German ship. I have been a wrestler. I have hunted kangaroos. For a time, I was even a strongman in a circus.”

“A strongman?” James looked the count up and down and smiled. This seemed unlikely.

“I will show you.” The count reached into a trouser pocket and pulled out a coin. “Perfectly flat, yes?”

James nodded.

The count gripped the coin with his fingers and strained until the skin on his face turned red and his arm trembled. At last he stopped and handed James the coin. The metal bowed into a shallow curve. It was warm.

“Good trick,” James said.

“Keep it.”

James pocketed the coin, and they watched the line some more.

“I’m coming next week,” James said, breaking the silence.

“You are coming?” The count looked at him, startled.

“To your Christmas show.”

The count relaxed. He smiled. “Oh, I see. The Christmas show.”

“Father says you’ve been making props – fake guns and such. Doesn’t sound very Christmassy to me,” James remarked. “Father thinks it’s a bit off, too.”

The count was about to respond when the tip of James’s rod dipped and trembled. He quickly wound the reel. The handle jerked in his hand.

“Here it comes,” encouraged the count.

Sure enough, a flicker of red and silver splashed at the surface. James lowered his rod and reeled in the line. Slowly, he pulled the rod back up. There was another jerk, and before James could act, the fish dropped back into the water. With a thrash of its tail, it was gone.

James kicked the wharf in frustration.

“Gone,” the count said. “But it was a big one, yes?”

“A big one,” James agreed.



Later that week, James thought he'd have another go at a snapper. The day was far from perfect, but he was in the mood to try. As he left the cottage, something caught his eye out in the channel. A boat. It was *Pearl*. A heavy swell pounded the hull, and James could see men at the stern, bravely holding on. Had anyone else seen them? What were they doing? He dropped his rod and ran back inside.

At first, Father was perplexed. He stood beside James and peered out to where the boat fought the waves. “I don't like the look of this,” he decided. Father strode over to the guard building, and after a quick moment inside, walked briskly down the hill towards the wharf. James followed.

At the end of the wharf, they spotted *Pearl's* dinghy, barely floating above the surface. “She's been scuppered,” Father said.

Now came the sound of heavy boots. James turned to see the commandant and some guards marching towards them. “What the blazes is going on?” the commandant shouted. “I ordered the *Pearl* tied and the spark plugs removed. What are those men playing at?”

James's father pointed. “The dinghy, sir.”

The commandant glared at the ruined boat. A dark look spread across his face.

“Who's missing?”

“Not sure, sir.”

“I want a head count. Find Von Luckner,” the commandant ordered. “Now!”

A pair of guards sprinted off. Soon, across the island came the sound of whistles blowing and dogs barking.



The commandant stared out into the bay, as if willing the launch to round the point and chug towards them. He rapped the end of his swagger stick in an impatient rhythm. Suddenly, he turned and strode back along the wharf. "Follow me," he shouted.

Up on the hill, they met a guard at the perimeter gate. Breathlessly, he gave his report. "Eleven missing, sir. Von Luckner is with them."

"Get Auckland on the telephone immediately," the commandant ordered.

The guard shook his head. "The lines have been cut, sir."

The commandant spun around in a rage, fists clenched. He saw James standing there, taking it all in. "Get that boy inside, Mullins," he hissed.

"Yes, sir." James's father took him by the arm, and together they walked to the family cottage. Behind them, the commandant continued to bark desperate orders.

"That ruddy play," muttered Father. "I told them those new stage curtains looked like a sail. And the prop gun ... why would you need guns in a Christmas play?"

James felt cold. He thought back to that day on the wharf, the way the count had been so startled, the worry that crossed his face. It made sense now; he'd been thinking about the escape. There was no point saying anything to his father. It was too late. The man was gone. Another big one had got away.

James remembered something. He felt in his pocket and found the coin. The twisted metal was still warm, as if Von Luckner had just bent it.

"Sea devil," James whispered to himself.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

In October 1917, Count Felix von Luckner was sent to Motuihe Island internment camp as a prisoner of war. A larger-than-life figure, Von Luckner was famed not only for his daring raids as a naval captain but for also treating his prisoners with respect. He was nicknamed the Sea Devil after sending fourteen Allied ships to the bottom of the ocean.

Von Luckner's imprisonment on Motuihe, in the Hauraki Gulf, was quite a prize for the New Zealand government. His arrival was also welcomed by fellow internees, several of whom had been planning an escape. With the famous count now in camp, events gathered pace. Using the excuse of preparing for a Christmas play, sails were made from canvas and disguised as stage curtains and backdrops. A sheet was turned into German naval flags. Fake weapons were made. Chickens were stolen and preserved. Ingeniously, one internee – Walter von Zatorski – had already made a sextant.

There are many accounts of the escape. Von Luckner – a natural storyteller – often added to the legend. But the truth was quite simple: security was relaxed on the island and escape relatively easy. On 13 December 1917, the camp commandant left some of the internees to secure the launch after a trip to Auckland. They were to bring him the spark plugs. Once the commandant was out of sight, the Germans gave the signal. The telephone line was cut, and the escape party met on the wharf. The Germans wrecked *Pearl's* dinghy with an axe and boarded the launch. They wasted no time heading out to sea.

The plan was to use the fake gun to take control of a bigger vessel and escape into the Pacific. Eventually, via South America, they would reach Germany. The men did capture another boat, and they used their sextant and a map to reach the Kermadec Islands, a thousand kilometres from New Zealand. It was here, on 21 December, that Von Luckner and his men were eventually tracked down.

News of their capture made headlines.

When the war ended, Von Luckner returned to Germany – but not without leaving a colourful footprint on the history of New Zealand. And Von Zatorski's sextant? You can see it at Te Papa Tongarewa in Wellington.

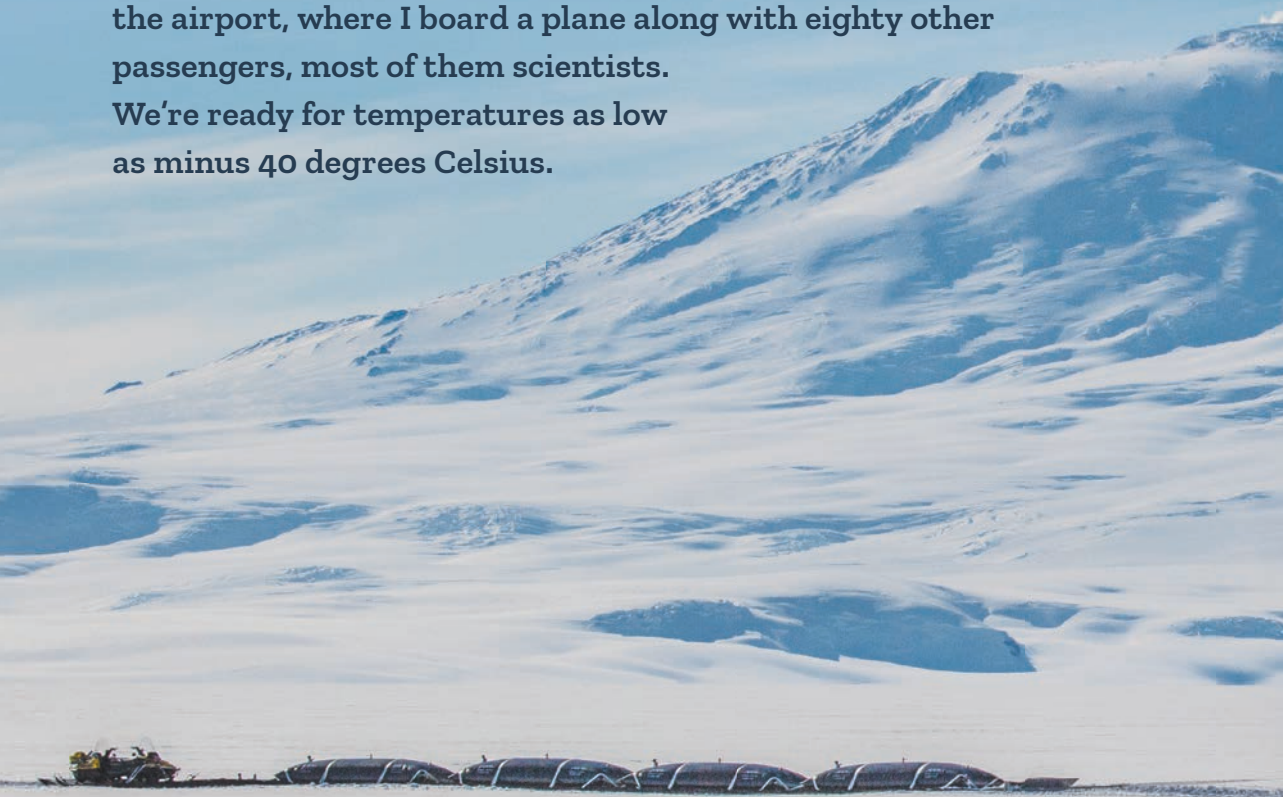


SCIENCE ON THE ICE

by Neil Silverwood

Two sets of merino underwear, two fleece jackets, a windbreaker, a puffer jacket, five pairs of gloves, a hat, a balaclava, fleece pants, fleece-lined boots, and lastly – a set of extreme-cold weather gear (called ECWs by those in the know). My kit is issued at Antarctica New Zealand's Christchurch headquarters, and I'm told to return the following morning at six. I'm to wear my ECWs for the flight south.

The next day, I'm woken by my phone buzzing in the dark. It's 4.45 a.m. "Ice flight delayed twenty-four hours due to weather," the text says. The same message arrives five mornings in a row, and I learn my first lesson about Antarctica: dates are only estimates. On the sixth morning, no text arrives. I head for the airport, where I board a plane along with eighty other passengers, most of them scientists. We're ready for temperatures as low as minus 40 degrees Celsius.



Frozen World

In just five hours, I'm transported from the spring warmth of Canterbury to Scott Base and a frozen world, much colder and brighter than I'd imagined. I'm a photographer, and I've come to Antarctica to document the set-up for a science project, starting with a deep-field traverse. This is a fancy term for lugging a huge amount of science equipment many kilometres across the ice. Usually this is done by plane, but this time, a convoy of tracked vehicles will drive deep into the polar region. The vehicles can cope with many more tonnes of equipment than a plane. They can also travel in almost any weather.

Our prize possession is a hot-water drill, which scientists will use to bore through 350 metres of ice to the ocean below. Once there, they'll lower equipment another 400 metres to the sea floor to collect data about ice, ocean currents, and biodiversity. They'll also take samples of sediment. A great deal of this work is new; many of these measurements will be taken for only the first or second time. What lies beneath the Ross Ice Shelf hasn't been incorporated into our climate models. These models are used to make predictions about the world's climate – a bit like weather forecasts on an epic scale. If all goes well, the work will fill in some large gaps about what we know.



Convoy

The day before we're scheduled to leave, I talk to Rob Teasdale, traverse mechanic and team leader. Back home, Rob works at the Mount Hutt ski field, maintaining snow groomers. Now he's head down over an engine, working intently, tools strewn across the workshop floor. "Might not be leaving till the day after tomorrow," he jokes.

One of the biggest challenges of this traverse has been planning the amount of fuel to take. "Too much," Rob says, "and we'll be weighed down and slow. But too little, and we won't make it." Solving tricky problems like

this is just one of the reasons the project has taken two years to plan. In the end, Rob settles on a hefty 33,000 litres. In a small car, it's enough to circle the globe twelve times.

Rob's responsible for all the vehicles in our convoy: three are similar to snow groomers; the fourth is smaller and has a double cab. The vehicles are specially designed for travel in polar regions. They'll be towing all that fuel along with enough equipment to run a small village in the middle of nowhere for two months. Our convoy, the day we set out, looks like a camping trip gone very, very wrong.





“Warning: Heavily Crevassed Area”

On our second morning on the ice, we wake at the edge of the shear zone. This infamous region is formed as sections of the ice shelf grate against each other. This results in crevasses – deep cracks or fractures in the ice – and lots of them! A sign warns of imminent danger, and pictures of two Grim Reapers ram the point home. While the marked route provides some comfort, there are no guarantees. Ice is always changing, and crevasses leave no visual clues. Instead, we rely on ground-penetrating radar to find a safe path. We also put on helmets and harnesses for the shear-zone crossing, and no one leaves a vehicle without being attached to a rope.

Mapping experts Lawrence Kees and Dan Price guide our convoy from up front. The radar is mounted on a boom in front of their vehicle. The return signal is displayed on a screen in their cab. Horizontal lines mean the ice is safe; curved lines indicate a crevasse ahead. In safe areas, we travel at 10 kilometres an hour. Even then we’d only have seconds to stop. In less certain terrain, we move at walking pace.

If a crevasse is discovered, we follow the same process. First, the ground is probed to determine its “strike” (the direction the crevasse is travelling). Then Dan or Lawrence draws up the crevasse’s profile, which allows them to calculate size. Anything narrower than a third of the length of a vehicle’s track is safe to drive over. Anything wider, and we go around. This time, we’re in luck. The crevasses are narrow, and we’re able to drive straight through.





Dish Soup

Life on the traverse doesn't vary. For eighteen hours each day, we travel at a speed most people could comfortably run. We stop to eat, refuel, and sleep. Meals are mostly boil-in-the-bag army rations. The ten of us either eat outside in the cold or cram into a vehicle cabin designed for four. Doing the dishes involves swilling warm water around in your bowl, then drinking the result before it freezes. This treat is nicknamed "dish soup". The toilet is a bucket in a tiny uninsulated cubicle, and our sleeping quarters are no warmer. Five of us share a space 3 metres square by 2 metres high. To stay warm, I sleep in a fleece liner,

two bulky sleeping bags, and a protective outer bag. Even with four layers, I'm only just warm enough.

On day three, the temperature plummets to minus 34 degrees. To work outside, we need to keep every bit of skin covered. Frostbite is a serious business in Antarctica, and I think about the first explorers who crossed the Ross Ice Shelf. Our route closely follows that of Scott's in 1911. Unlike us, his men had little protection from the elements and their success depended on much more than good planning. Back then, this involved luck, especially when it came to the weather and animal health.



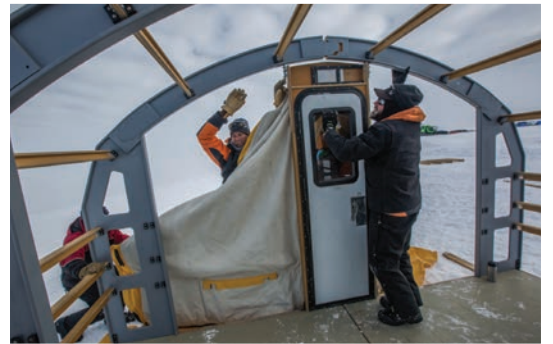
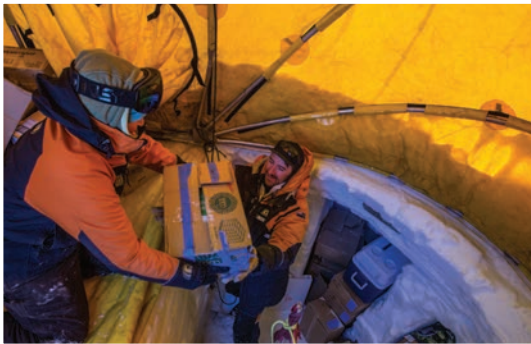
Buried somewhere beneath this ice lie the remains of Scott's and Shackleton's expeditions: food supplies never reached; men, dogs, and horses who perished along the way; and the tent and bodies of Henry Bowers, Edward Wilson, and Scott himself,

now on their final journey, carried by shifting ice towards the sea. Before I left on the traverse, I visited Scott's hut at Cape Evans. The building is a time capsule, a frozen monument to Scott's endeavours – and to the place where science in Antarctica first began.



Canvas Village

Out here, time has little meaning. We cross an endlessly flat, featureless expanse under twenty-four-hour sunlight. In my mind, the traverse from Scott Base to our campsite merges into one endlessly long day. In reality, we're four days in when Rob announces over the radio "We're here".

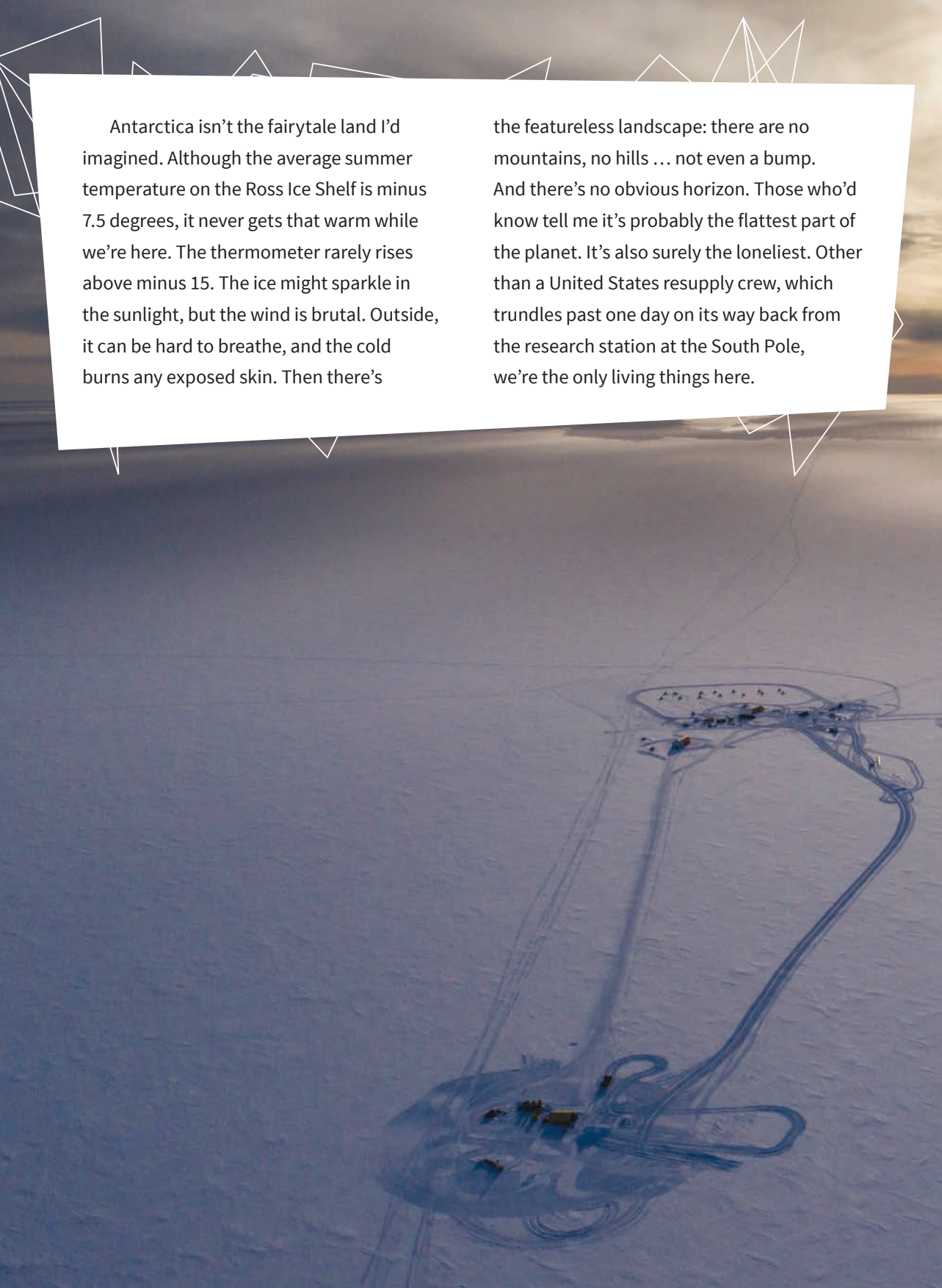


"Here" looks a lot like the 360 kilometres we've just crossed. Someone jokes about abandoning our mission and continuing to the South Pole. "We'd be the first motorised Kiwi team since Hillary." Instead, when the weather allows, we spend the next two weeks erecting tents. These range from a humble affair we'll use as a pantry to the Polar Haven science tent, which is larger than the average

four-bedroom house. The kitchen tent has running water – both hot and cold – as well as electricity, and the two large science tents are also fully powered. "A huge amount of effort is put in behind the scenes to allow the science to happen," says Jeff Dunne, the man in charge of setting up. "Nothing in Antarctica is easy. Every task takes twice as long as it would back home."

Antarctica isn't the fairytale land I'd imagined. Although the average summer temperature on the Ross Ice Shelf is minus 7.5 degrees, it never gets that warm while we're here. The thermometer rarely rises above minus 15. The ice might sparkle in the sunlight, but the wind is brutal. Outside, it can be hard to breathe, and the cold burns any exposed skin. Then there's

the featureless landscape: there are no mountains, no hills ... not even a bump. And there's no obvious horizon. Those who'd know tell me it's probably the flattest part of the planet. It's also surely the loneliest. Other than a United States resupply crew, which trundles past one day on its way back from the research station at the South Pole, we're the only living things here.









Underwater World

Far beneath the ice, it's a different story. The Ross Ice Shelf Cavity is the largest-known enclosed space on Earth, and it teems with life. Now that the camp's ready, the glaciologists, geophysicists, microbiologists, and oceanographers fly in; twenty-four scientists in total, all champing at the bit to explore this dark, not-quite-frozen world.

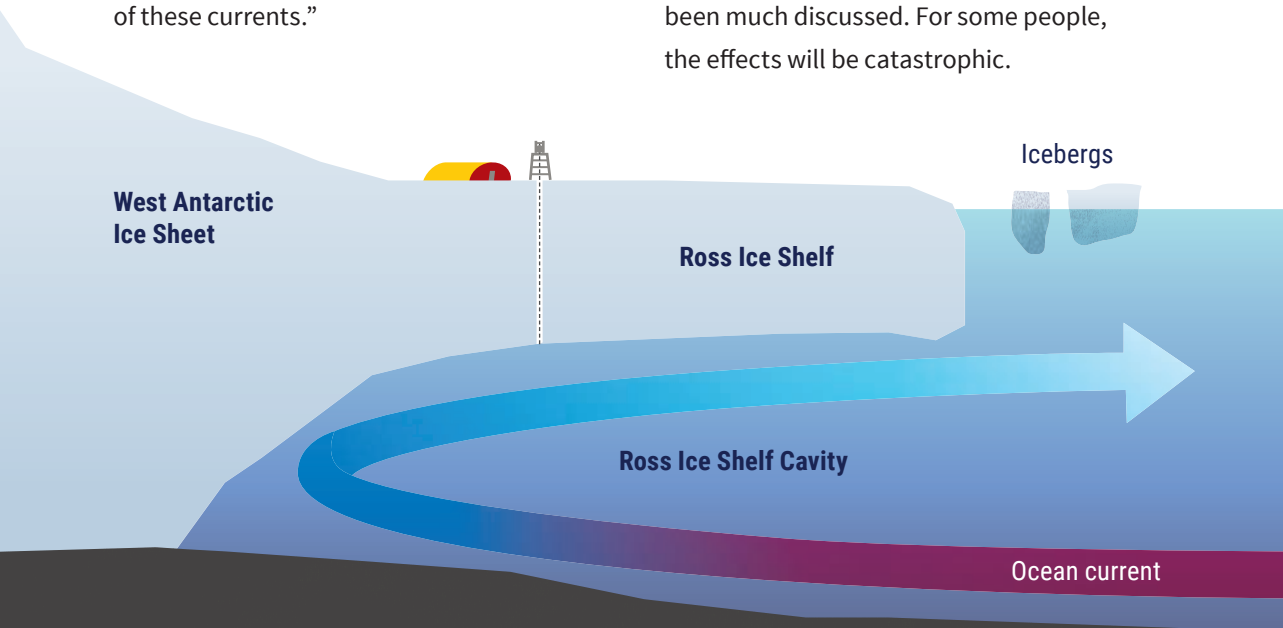
To create a portal to this underwater world, ice-drilling expert Alex Pyne and his team from Victoria University have designed and built a hot-water drill. It works a bit like a shower head: a fine nozzle on the end of a weight sprays hot water downwards

to melt a hole. Just above this weight, water also sprays outwards and, if needed, upwards, enlarging the hole to the diameter of a football. The nozzle can deliver 180 litres of water per minute (your shower at home delivers about 8). This water is melted from nearby snow that has been shovelled into rubber tanks and heated to almost boiling point. For this job, we have a series of boilers powered by five large generators. Once the hole is drilled, there's still the risk it will freeze over, so drillers and scientists work in tandem.



The scientists have three main tasks: extracting sediment cores from the sea floor, installing instruments for long-term monitoring, and lowering a tiny, remote-controlled submarine so they can observe the ocean below. “For me, it’s like going to Mars,” says lead oceanographer Craig Stevens. “We know almost nothing about the ocean beneath the ice shelf – an area that holds the same amount of water as two thousand Lake Taupōs.” Craig is especially interested in ocean currents. “Oceans absorb heat,” he says, “and ocean currents redistribute this heat. Any change in the climate can affect the force and direction of these currents.”

Craig and his team want to find out if warmer ocean currents are melting the Ross Ice Shelf from beneath. “Right now, we believe the ice shelf is stable, but it wouldn’t take much change in the currents for us to start to see dramatic differences,” he says. The Ross Ice Shelf is significant because it acts like a cork, holding back large sections of the West Antarctic Ice Sheet – part of the largest single mass of ice on Earth. In some places, it’s up to 2,000 metres thick, and it holds around 90 percent of the world’s freshwater. If the ice sheet were to melt, the world’s sea levels would rise by around 5 metres. What would happen after this has been much discussed. For some people, the effects will be catastrophic.



An ice shelf is a floating slab of ice that forms when a glacier or an ice sheet reaches the coastline. (An ice sheet, on the other hand, is a chunk of glacier ice that covers land.) Ice shelves are found only in Antarctica, Greenland, and Canada – and the Ross Ice Shelf is the world’s largest. It extends around 750 kilometres from the coast and is about the same size as France.



Home

After three weeks at the drill site, I board a twin-engine ski plane and head back to the comforts of Scott Base. Then I fly home. Shortly afterwards, the drillers break through the ice shelf, and the scientists are able to begin gathering their data.

Day by day, their work in Antarctica means they're able to piece together the information needed to get more accurate climate-change projections. This means we can see a little more into the future. How we respond to this information is up to us.



Much Ado

by Susan Paris

MS CHEKHOV (a science teacher) • **JACK PETERSON** (a pompous director)
CALLUM • **OPHELIA** • **TASI** • **BO** • **ISAAC** (students)

Scene: *A bare stage. Enter MS CHEKHOV. She speaks to the audience.*

MS CHEKHOV (*very excited*). We have a real treat today: a visit from the acclaimed Shakespearian director, Jack Peterson! He should be here now. (*She looks at her watch impatiently.*) Mr Peterson?

MS CHEKHOV *peers off-stage, looking for JACK PETERSON, who enters from the other side holding a loud hailer. MS CHEKHOV doesn't see him.*

MS CHEKHOV (*calling*). Mr Peterson?

JACK PETERSON (*through the loud hailer*). Greetings, Ms Chekhov!

MS CHEKHOV (*startled but quickly recovering*). Goodness.

A hailer? Just for us?

JACK PETERSON. All the world's a stage, Ms Chekhov.

MS CHEKHOV (*enthusiastically*). Of course!

I couldn't have put it better myself. Thank you for coming, Mr Peterson. The students are a little nervous. I trust you'll keep this in mind.



JACK PETERSON. Some are born great, Ms Chekhov, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

MS CHEKHOV (*nodding*). You're a wise man, Mr Peterson.

JACK PETERSON. I think you'll find Shakespeare's wiser. (*He speaks through the loud hailer.*) Now, where are my actors?

CALLUM, OPHELIA, TASI, BO, and ISAAC enter.

MS CHEKHOV. Mr Peterson, meet five very talented drama students.

JACK PETERSON. We'll see, shall we. Let us begin with "Hamlet".

CALLUM (*muttering*). "Hamlet!" What about a comedy?

JACK PETERSON (*through the loud hailer*). Quiet on stage, please! You're here to learn, not whisper. (*He points to CALLUM.*) Young man, you can be Hamlet. We'll start with his famous soliloquy. (*He passes CALLUM a script.*) A soliloquy is the act of speaking one's thoughts aloud when one is by oneself, usually when one is being tested in some way.

CALLUM (*nodding*). Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie.

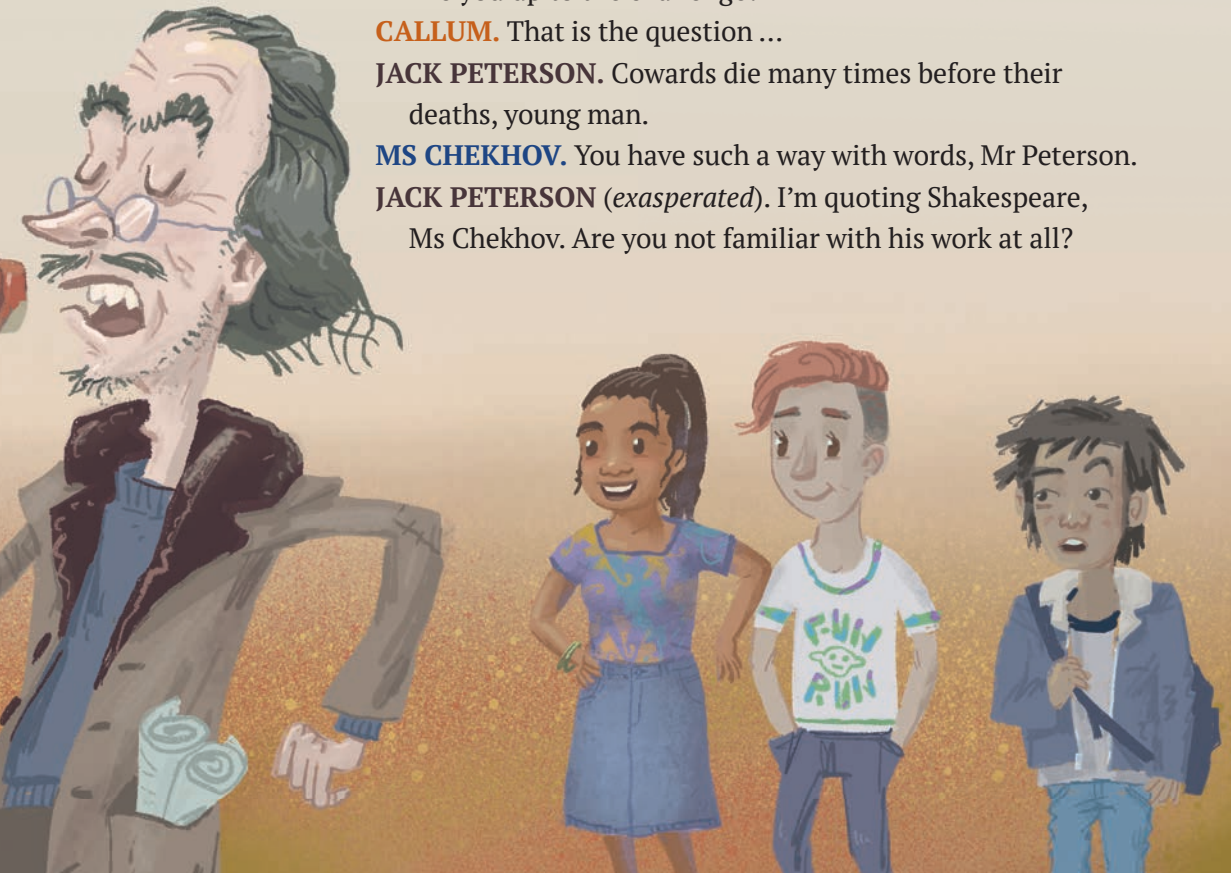
JACK PETERSON (*not listening*). For this soliloquy, the hero is alone in the castle, examining the dark recesses of his soul. (*He speaks to CALLUM.*) Are you up to the challenge?

CALLUM. That is the question ...

JACK PETERSON. Cowards die many times before their deaths, young man.

MS CHEKHOV. You have such a way with words, Mr Peterson.

JACK PETERSON (*exasperated*). I'm quoting Shakespeare, Ms Chekhov. Are you not familiar with his work at all?



MS CHEKHOV (*laughing nervously*). Actually, I'm the science teacher – the drama teacher's sick today.

JACK PETERSON (*dramatically*). Get thee to a nunnery!

MS CHEKHOV (*uncertainly*). Shakespeare?

JACK PETERSON (*nodding*). Shakespeare. (*He speaks through the loud hailer.*)
Right, let's go.

CALLUM. To be or not to be, that is the question –

JACK PETERSON (*interrupting*). More passion!

CALLUM (*muttering*). Warped, tickle-brained varlot.

JACK PETERSON. Pardon?

CALLUM. I said: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune or to take arms against a sea of troubles –

JACK PETERSON. No, no, no! Where's the feeling? Hamlet is beset with slings and arrows.

CALLUM (*teasing*). Should I dodge around a bit?

JACK PETERSON (*exasperated*). What on earth are you talking about? Let's try someone else. (*He points at OPHELIA and shouts through the loud hailer.*)
You there.

OPHELIA (*nervously*). Ophelia.

JACK PETERSON (*surprised and pleased*). Yes! How did you know?

OPHELIA. It's what my parents call me.

JACK PETERSON. Perfect. You won't miss your cues. (*He passes OPHELIA a script.*)
Ophelia is a pivotal role. She has just betrayed her lover and is now mourning his decline. Proceed.

OPHELIA (*a little wooden*). O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword –

JACK PETERSON. It's not a shopping list, Ophelia. It's a lamentation.

OPHELIA (*muttering*). Rank, onion-eyed minnow.

JACK PETERSON. Pardon?

OPHELIA. I said: Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form, th' –

JACK PETERSON (*through the loud hailer*). Enough, Ophelia.

MS CHEKHOV. Thank you, dear.

JACK PETERSON (*pointing to TASI*). Who's that?

MS CHEKHOV. That's Tasi ... I believe she's very good.

JACK PETERSON. All that glitters is not gold, Ms Chekhov.

MS CHEKHOV. Shakespeare?

JACK PETERSON (*nodding*). Shakespeare. (*He speaks to TASI, who fidgets nervously.*)

I'll be taking you through ... what's the matter?

TASI. I'm a bit nervous.

JACK PETERSON. Don't be ridiculous. Why?

TASI. There are too many people watching.

JACK PETERSON. I thought you were an accomplished actor?

TASI. I am, just not in front of an audience.

JACK PETERSON (*dryly*). Interesting. Let's try Macbeth's soliloquy. Our hero has been informed of his wife's death. He is a broken man. (*He passes TASI a script.*) Go.

TASI (*very quietly*). Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more.

JACK PETERSON. Oh, the irony! You squeak like a mouse.

TASI (*muttering*). Pribbling, ill-nurtured maggot-pie.

JACK PETERSON. What?

TASI. I said: It is a tale, told by an idiot –

JACK PETERSON. Enough!

MS CHEKHOV. I think they're doing very well. Really, Mr Peterson! You're being a little harsh, don't you think?

JACK PETERSON. I don't. Children can win Oscars under the right tutelage. (*He points at Bo.*) You – who are you?

BO. I'm Bo.

JACK PETERSON. Now you're Juliet. (*He points at ISAAC.*) And you – Romeo. You're lovers from warring families, acting the famous balcony scene.

BO. But we don't have a balcony.

JACK PETERSON. No doubt you can't act, either, so we'll be working around that too. Bo, stand over there and pretend you're on a balcony. Isaac, stand over there and pretend you're not on a balcony. (*He passes Bo and ISAAC their scripts.*) Romeo, you have been up all night. It's now early morning. You are waiting in the Capulet's garden, hoping to catch sight of your love. Suddenly, she appears. (*He shouts through the loud hailer.*) Proceed.

ISAAC. But, soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

JACK PETERSON. Awful, but let's push on.

ISAAC (*muttering*). Bootless, beetle-headed bladder.

JACK PETERSON. Pardon?

ISAAC. I said: Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon, who is already sick and pale with grief –

JACK PETERSON. Alas, the moon is not alone. Your performance pains me, Romeo. Juliet, your lines.

BO. O, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? Deny thy father and refuse thy name.

JACK PETERSON (*through the loud hailer*). No, no, no!

BO (*muttering*). Surly, rump-fed puttock.

JACK PETERSON. I heard that!

BO (*innocently*). What, Shakespeare?

JACK PETERSON (*sadly to himself*). How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.

CALLUM. If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not **revenge**?

Ms CHEKHOV steps between them and makes a show of consulting her watch.

MS CHEKHOV. Gosh, we're about done here, Mr Peterson. I have a science class to teach. Thank you so much for your time.

JACK PETERSON. Sadly, it has been entirely wasted, Ms Chekhov. I should have known that nothing will come of nothing.

MS CHEKHOV. Shakespeare?

JACK PETERSON (*leaving*). Yes, Ms Chekhov. Shakespeare!

BO (*calling to JACK PETERSON*). Good night! Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow.

MS CHEKHOV. Well, a challenging lesson. But as they say, all's well that ends well! (*She pauses and looks thoughtful.*) Now, who did say that?

CALLUM, OPHELIA, TASI, BO, and ISAAC. Shakespeare!

illustrations by Gavin Mouldey







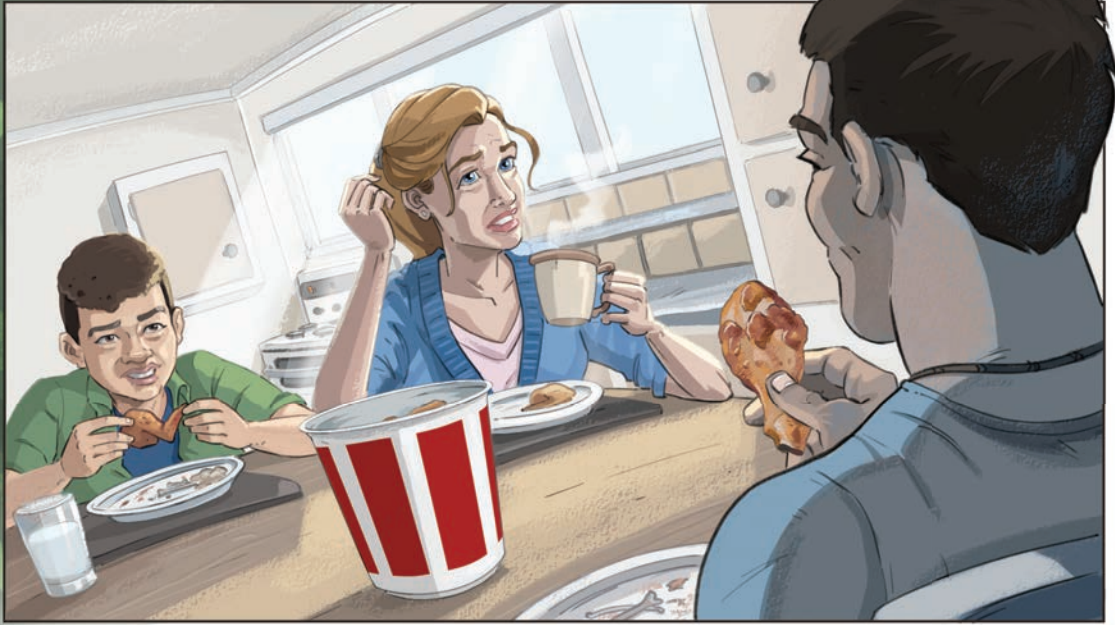
WELCOME TO LULLO MARNOO BY VICTOR RODGER

When I tell people, especially Pālagi people, that my father is from Sāmoa, they usually ask, “Do you go back?”

Weird, right? It’s not like I was born in Sāmoa. I was born here, in Christchurch. Aranui, to be exact. One of those suburbs the quake messed up. If I went to Sāmoa, I wouldn’t be going *back* – I’d just be *going*. But I don’t try to explain any of this. It can get complicated.

But sometimes people, especially Samoan people, still want to know what village my father is from and other Samoan stuff. Until a month ago, I didn’t know any of this. I didn’t really know my dad full stop. I mean, I knew his name, but I couldn’t spell it. Pālagi *and* Samoan people would ask me, “How come you don’t know anything about your dad?” I’d tell them the story Mum told me: my parents were together for a bit, and then they weren’t. Pretty simple. I never met my dad when I was growing up. All I knew was that he was a student in Christchurch when he met Mum but went back to Sāmoa before I was born.

Last month, though, just as we were parking in front of our flat, I noticed a man standing outside our front door with a bucket of fried chicken. It was my father. I recognised him from the one photo we had. Mum got such a shock she almost drove into the neighbour’s rose bush! Seeing my father outside our front door was a bit freaky but also a bit exciting because if there’s one thing I love, it’s fried chicken.



The excitement didn't last long. When we got inside and opened the bucket, it was mostly breasts and wings. Mum and my friends know I like thighs best, then drumsticks ... and that's it. Obviously my father didn't know this, and he took the only two thighs and drumsticks for himself.

I was pretty annoyed. When my father asked Mum if I was quiet because I was shy, she said no – I was quiet because he was eating my favourite pieces of chicken.

My father laughed. "Oi, sole," he said, one of the few Samoan phrases I knew from all the soles at school. Then he gave me five dollars.

I'm not going to lie. In my head, I was like, is that *it*? I must've looked ungrateful because Mum gave me the same look I get when she catches me on my phone in church. So I said thank you. That's how I was raised – to be polite, no matter what, even when your father's kind of stingy and takes all the thighs and drumsticks for himself.

After we'd eaten, my parents went outside for a talk. I was left in the kitchen with three piles of chicken bones. When they came back, I had a question. I wanted to know the name of my father's village. He said it really fast, so I wasn't sure I heard right, but it sounded like Lullo Marnoo. Then he said he had a surprise. He'd bought us tickets to Sāmoa so I could meet my Samoan grandmother. She wasn't well and wanted to see me.

Mum was drinking a glass of water, and she started choking and sprayed it all over him. I guess she was surprised, too. My father wiped the water off his face, smiled, and said I would see Lullo Marnoo for myself – real soon – then left.

• • • • •

A Pālagi man wearing a patterned shirt with big red flowers sat next to us on the plane. When I told him my father was Samoan, he said, “So, you’re going back?”

I shook my head. “No. I’m *going*.”

The man looked confused. I don’t think he got it.

When we got off the plane, the heat felt like someone had wrapped me in a duvet on the hottest day of summer. Sāmoa was hotter than anywhere I’d ever been. We got through customs, and my father was there in the arrivals lounge, wearing a singlet and lāvalava and jandals. He looked down at Mum’s high heels and chuckled. “Forget to pack your jandals?”

Mum rolled her eyes.

We got into his ute, me in the middle. I guess we looked like any other family – even though we weren’t. My father put on some reggae, then we headed to Lullo Marnoo.

I could tell Mum was a bit on edge. Everything seemed different, but that’s what made it interesting. As we drove along, you could see right into the fales. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of people watching TV on giant screens. When we drove through Apia, I saw a billboard that said “Supa seki”. I asked my father about it. He smiled and explained it meant really awesome.

“Do you think Sāmoa is supa seki, Michael?” he asked.

I shrugged. I wasn’t sure yet.

Finally, we arrived at my father’s village. “Welcome to Lullo Marnoo,” he said – or that’s what I thought he said, until I saw a sign on the side of the road that spelled it Lalomanu.

We drove up to a house right beside the sea. Outside the house, there was a grave with kids sitting on it. “That’s where my dad’s buried,” said my father.

The kids stared when we got out of the ute. As we followed my father towards the house, I heard them talking. The only word I could pick out was “Pālagi”.

Mum smiled at them. “Yes, that’s right. I’m a Pālagi.”

My father laughed and looked at Mum. “They’re not talking about you.” Then I realised they were talking about *me*!

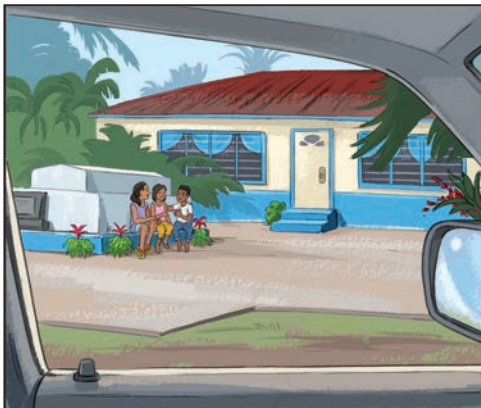
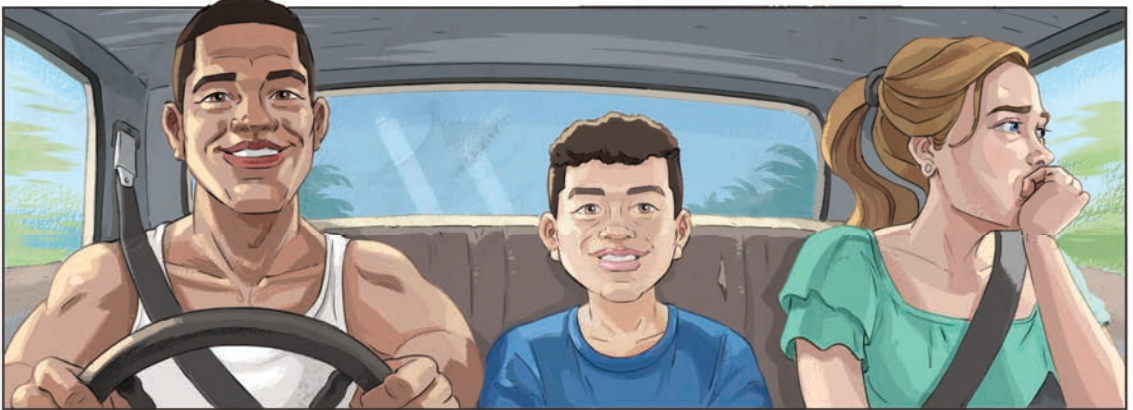
It was cool inside the house. Quiet too. The only noise we could hear was the sound of the sea and those kids on the grave, still talking. In the lounge, an old lady sat on a couch. My father said something in Samoan, and her face lit up.

“Michael,” he said, turning to me. “This is your grandmother Loloama.”

I smiled at my grandmother, but she didn’t seem to see me. Her eyes were really pale, a bit like Storm’s in X-Men when she makes a hurricane.

“Mum’s got cataracts,” my father explained.

I wasn’t sure what cataracts were, but they sounded serious.



“She can’t really see. Why don’t you go sit next to her?”

I looked over at Mum, who nodded, then I took a deep breath and sat on the couch. I smiled but remembered my grandmother couldn’t see, so I stopped. She put her hand on mine and gripped it tight. I looked down. Her hand was so much darker than mine, almost the same way Mum likes her tea. Just black. Mine was the colour of hot chocolate made with heaps of milk.

My grandmother spoke in Samoan, and my father translated. “Mum says she’s so happy to meet you, Michael. And so glad you’re finally here in Lalomanu.” Then she began to touch my face, which was a bit freaky, but I got used to it. She ran her hand over my cheeks and nose and forehead. Finally, she held my chin and said something to my father.

“She says you are a handsome boy, Michael.”

My grandmother began to cry. It was pretty awks.

“Why’s she crying?” I asked my father.

“Because she’s happy to finally meet you,” he said. Then *he* started to cry. Double awks. I looked over to Mum ... and you guessed it. Triple awks!

It was silent again apart from the sea. After a while, everyone wiped their tears and my grandmother spoke to my father again.

“Mum says it’s time to eat,” he said. “You must be starving after your plane ride.”

My grandmother had that right – I was starving!

Mum and I helped her over to a big wooden table, and my father appeared with a huge oven tray covered with foil. He took off the foil, and underneath was chicken. A whole tray of just thighs and drumsticks!

“What do you think about that, Michael?” my father asked.

I looked at my grandmother and my father and mother. Then I looked at the chicken.

“Supa seki,” I said.



illustrations by Scott Pearson

HOW TO BE NORMAL

by Annaleese Jochems

Charley's at the old playground, sitting on the bottom of the slide and concentrating. When the bell rings, she'll walk back to class – but first, she'll wait till at least half the other kids have done the same. She's improving herself. This week, she's fixing her habit of being back at her desk too soon. It's unnecessary, and it singles her out. Once Charley's made herself less weird in every way, the others won't notice her. Then she can concentrate on what's important: her drawings and her dreams. Last week, she taught herself to eat apples without chomping. Already she's feeling more relaxed.

The bell rings, but she's feeling good. Things are always better when you have a plan. She counts the seconds on her fingers and watches the others go inside. After thirty seconds, Charley stands and brushes herself off. She wants to jog but forces herself to walk. When she gets nearer to the classroom, she sees the door's shut and walks quicker. Now she can see through the windows: they're all at their desks. Her heart pounds.



The door screeches when it opens. Everyone turns to look. Charley's desk is right at the front, a long way from the door, and she has to weave between the others to get there. Her classmates laugh and chat, but as she passes each group, she feels them go quiet. Someone throws a piece of chewed-up paper, and it hits her leg. She can't look up to see if it was aimed at her. All she has to do for everything to be all right is put one foot in front of the other.

Her hip whacks someone's desk.

"Owww!" It's Michaela. This is the worst thing that could've happened. "Mr Bennett! Charley just rammed my desk and hurt my foot!"

Mr Bennett turns from the whiteboard. "I'm sorry to hear that, Michaela. Will you be OK?"

"How would I know? Owww!"

"If you need first aid, go to the office," Mr Bennett says with careful patience.

"Can someone come with me?"

"No."

The door opens and shuts. There's a muffled laugh as a boy pulls his chair back and sits down with his friends. Sounds like Flynn. Charley made good progress while the others were watching the micro-drama between Michaela and Mr Bennett, but now she feels their eyes swivelling back to her.

"Maybe Charley should apologise?" says Trinity.

Charley's at her desk, finally. Her chair scrapes when she pulls it out, but that's fine. It's over. She doesn't look at anyone else in her group, just finds her maths book and opens it. But Amy, the new girl, is watching. They've never talked. Amy's the only person in the whole class worse than Charley. She's far from normal, and she's extremely short.

Charley needs to draw a line down the middle of her page before she can start. The page needs to be divided into columns, but she can't do it with Amy in her face.

Amy makes a choking noise, then speaks up. "Don't be a sook, Michaela." She enunciates each word loudly and with force. It sounds like she's about to cry.

The room hushes. "Oh, *wow*," Trinity says under her breath.

Mr Bennett puts his whiteboard marker down. "Michaela," he says. "I'll ask you one more time, and then we won't talk about it again: Do you want to go to the office?"

"No, I'll be fine," Michaela says smugly.

"OK then, let's move on," says Mr Bennett.

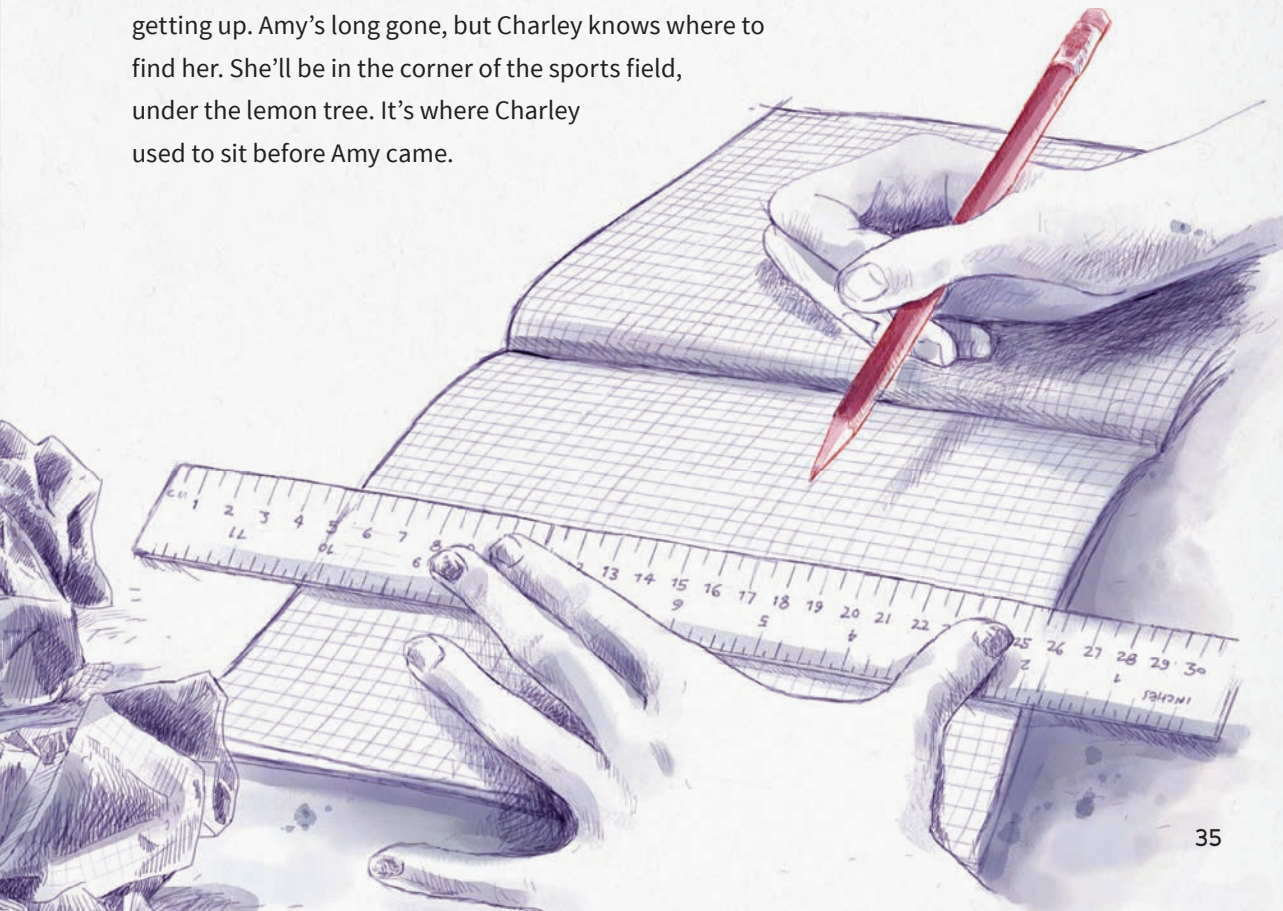


Everyone opens their books to the page number Mr Bennett's written on the whiteboard. Charley just needs to rule that straight line, then she can open hers too – but she can't do it. Amy's not looking anymore, but Charley's so angry she can't concentrate. She lines her ruler up and forces her hand down the page, but the pencil gets caught and tears the paper. She rips it out and tries again, three more times, but the lines keep coming out crooked. Who does Amy think she is, sticking up for her? Before Amy turned it into a big deal, Charley and Michaela might have been sharing an in-joke. Charley's just lost her final shot at becoming normal.

Everyone's looking at their books now, working. She can hear pencils moving. If she can't draw a line, she'll get behind. She tries again, ripping the page out before she's even reached the bottom, then gives up.

It's after she's put her pencil down that Charley realises what she's got to do. At lunch, she'll explain things to Amy. She'll be very clear but not unkind. After that, they'll never have to speak again.

Mr Bennett reads them a newspaper article about plastic bags, and they write the answers to some questions in their topic books. The bell rings. Charley waits for half the others to leave before getting up. Amy's long gone, but Charley knows where to find her. She'll be in the corner of the sports field, under the lemon tree. It's where Charley used to sit before Amy came.



When she gets there, Amy's sitting against the tree with her eyes closed. Charley stands, waiting, but Amy doesn't move.

Eventually Charley nudges her knee.

"Oh, hi." Amy looks up, smiling. "I can go if you want to be alone?"

"I don't want to be alone."

"OK."

"So, look, Amy. I don't need anyone to stick up for me, ever. Especially not you."

Amy looks surprised. "Um, sure. OK."

"Yeah. Well." Charley walks off to go sit in the library.

She draws horses. She draws horse after horse. Some are in forest glades or wading through water. One is part of a herd with a foal by its side. Each horse has a different marking on its face. She shades in their muscles and gives them little patches of shine on their hooves. After a while, she feels better. Charley's secret is that she's part horse. Not in an awful, childish way; or really, it's not as childish as it sounds. It's just that her soul is like a horse's soul.

She looks down and realises that one of the drawings is the best she's done in her life. It's the horse in the forest glade, a scene she's drawn more times than she can count – but in this one, she's captured the animal's essence. It looks right at her with real intelligence. It's a horse that really understands things: how they are and how they should be. She needs to show it to somebody right now. She might never draw anything this good again.

Charley stands up, holding the picture, and looks around. The librarian who usually looks at her drawings is helping some kid in the reference section, and it's a sunny day. Everyone's outside. Charley's out the door and across the field before she knows it.

Amy hasn't moved from her spot in front of the tree. She's reading. She puts her book down and looks at Charley's picture a moment before taking it. "Wow. That's amazing," she says. "Thanks so much." She runs a finger lightly over the horse's back and down the front of its neck.

Charley stands waiting for Amy to give the drawing back, but she doesn't. She's looking at it intently. "It's really beautiful," she says. Then she adds, "The book I'm reading is about a girl whose mum died."

"OK," Charley says, realising she's not getting her picture back. She's sure she'll never draw a better horse, ever, and she studies it carefully. Then she sees what's special about it. Something in the horse's eyes. They're clear and infinitely deeper than the paper.

After she's looked at the drawing for long enough, she nods goodbye to Amy and walks back to the library.

illustrations by Adele Jackson





BRAVE FLOWER BY SIMONE KAHO

1.

Knocks come like shots

Searchlights chop

up the night

A voice through a loudspeaker yells

OPEN THE DOOR!

We know

who it is

They're not

going away

Bodies thump through the house

Suzi with the good English

e d g e s

to open the door

They aim torches in her eyes

You can't hear her

replies

The Alsatian

grinds shark teeth

jerks on the leash

Suzi says

it's just me here

But the dog smells blood

(from the freezing works)

BARKS like we're

murderers

They pull us all out –

Uncle from the wardrobe

You can't jump out the window

The police are all around

closing

in

2.

There are big pay packets in New Zealand

You can earn two hundred a week

if you *work hard*

On the docks, in a factory, at the works

You can *get educated*

make it

Be a *doctor* or a *lawyer*

3.

The family waits for your money every week

They're waiting for your money and making
umu in the sun

and going to church

with frangipani and hibiscus

behind their ears

4.

Brown boys shiver outside the freezing works

wait for the Pālangi manager

to come

down the line

He squeezes their muscles

to see who's got the big ones

Like we're animals laughs Dad

We drive past the works and smell the stink



5.

The police are stopping brown people on the street
If you're wearing jandals
and a bright shirt –
watch out.

They stop Māori and ask
Which island are you from?

The North Island, mate

6.

There are no more jobs
Muldoon says *the Polynesians* have to
go home.

We go to prison first

They send us back with no goodbye
They take parents in front of their kids
They take pregnant ladies in their nightdresses

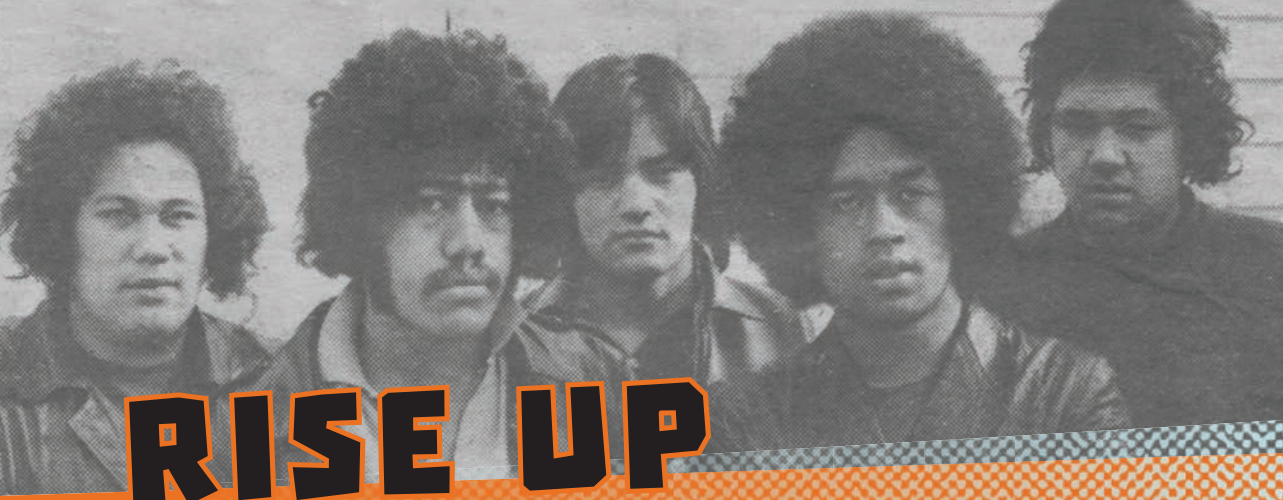
7.

I was going to stay here
I was going to
work hard
get educated
Even though it's cold

I see the hibiscus growing in New Zealand –
flares of colour in Pālangi gardens

It's a brave flower





RISE UP

THE STORY OF THE DAWN RAIDS AND THE POLYNESIAN PANTHERS

by Pauline Vaeluaga Smith



In the United States in the 1960s, the civil rights movement continued to grow. Those leading the demand for equality included Martin Luther King, Rosa Parks, and Malcolm X. Fast forward ten years to another country, Aotearoa, and social injustice was happening on the front steps of people's homes. Police and immigration officials were targeting Pacific people, accusing them of being in New Zealand illegally. Many experienced humiliating and often terrifying encounters known as dawn raids. Enter the Polynesian Panthers – along with other activist groups – and Aotearoa had its own civil rights movement.

BOOM AND BUST

The story of the dawn raids begins in the 1950s. At the time, New Zealand's economy was doing so well, there weren't enough people to do all the work, especially in factories. So the New Zealand government looked to the Pacific, introducing a system that made it easy for Pacific people to live here. Many came on temporary permits or visas, but when the labour shortage continued, the government allowed workers to stay longer.

Things suddenly changed in 1973, when hard times hit around the world. In New Zealand, unemployment became a problem – in stark contrast to the decades before – and Pacific people became scapegoats. They were blamed for the lack of jobs, and some people started using the term “overstayer”.

RAID

The first dawn raids happened in March 1974 under a Labour government led by Norman Kirk. Each raid followed the same pattern: very early in the morning, police and immigration officials would force their way into Pacific people's homes demanding paperwork. They wanted permits, visas, passports – anything that proved a person's right to be here.

In the first week of the raids, around eighty Pacific people were arrested. This caused a public outcry. Although some of those arrested did have expired visas, for many New Zealanders, the targeting of ethnic groups was unacceptable. They believed that the dawn raids were destroying race relations in New Zealand as well as Pacific people's sense of belonging.

Most of those arrested were taken from their homes with only the clothes on their backs. They were held in police cells until they could prove their right to be here. Those who couldn't either stayed on in the cells or reported to the police each day until they were deported. Some never got to say goodbye to family; others were escorted onto planes while distraught family members watched. It was a sad time that divided communities in all kinds of ways, with some people dobbing in others for being overstayers.



OPERATION POT BLACK

In 1975, a National government, led by Robert Muldoon, came to power. Muldoon was determined to address the “immigration issue”. His election campaign even used a television ad that showed a Pacific-looking character getting angry because there was no work. Muldoon’s plan was to find and deport overstayers, which seemed fair enough – if people were breaking the rules. But Muldoon’s government didn’t act fairly. At the time, around two-thirds of New Zealand’s overstayers were British or North American – yet by far the largest number of people to be prosecuted were from the Pacific.

As well as dawn raids, Pacific people also endured “blitzes”. These were random checks, in public, when the police demanded proof of residency. Pacific people were treated like criminals in front of family, friends, workmates, and neighbours, and this caused humiliation and shame. The police named this work operation Pot Black.



A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS

Many police officers were opposed to blitzing. They said it was harming their relationship with Pacific communities. Journalists were also keen to expose the injustice and wanted politicians and police leaders to come clean about what was happening. In parliament, the opposition leader, Bill Rowling, said: “When a Chief Superintendent of Police advises that anyone who does not look like a New Zealander or who speaks with a foreign accent should carry a passport, we have come to a very sad state of affairs indeed.”



Yet Muldoon tried to deny that raids or blitzes were happening, despite people who were there speaking out. Records show that during Labour weekend in 1976, police in Auckland stopped and demanded passports from over eight hundred people, most of them from the Pacific. Over two hundred homes were also raided. Bill Rowling was right. New Zealand had a disturbing problem.

TIME FOR CHANGE

The ongoing raids and blitzes caused many responses. One of the most important was the work of the Polynesian Panthers, an activist group formed in 1971. Most Panther members were young, between the ages of seventeen and twenty, and most had been born in New Zealand. Unlike their Pacific parents and grandparents, who were known for keeping their heads down and not complaining, the Panthers were prepared to fight injustice. Vaughan Sanft explains it this way: "People of our age weren't that patient. It was time for change, and it needed to be done then. I think worldwide this was starting to happen, and we were just people of the times."

The Panthers took photos if they saw people being treated unfairly by police, and they organised and took part in sit-ins and marches. They also supported various causes both here and around the world, including Māori land rights and the anti-apartheid movement. In their own communities, the Panthers set up homework centres, and they distributed pamphlets that explained people's legal rights.

WHEN THE POLICE COME TO YOUR DOOR...

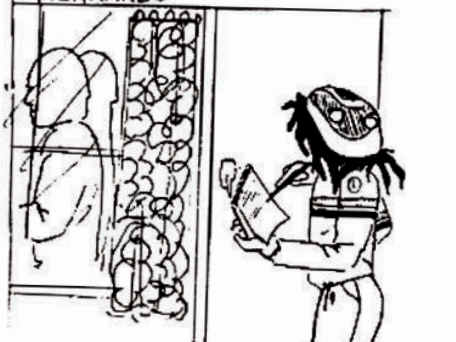
ASK THEM WHAT or WHO THEY WANT AND WHY

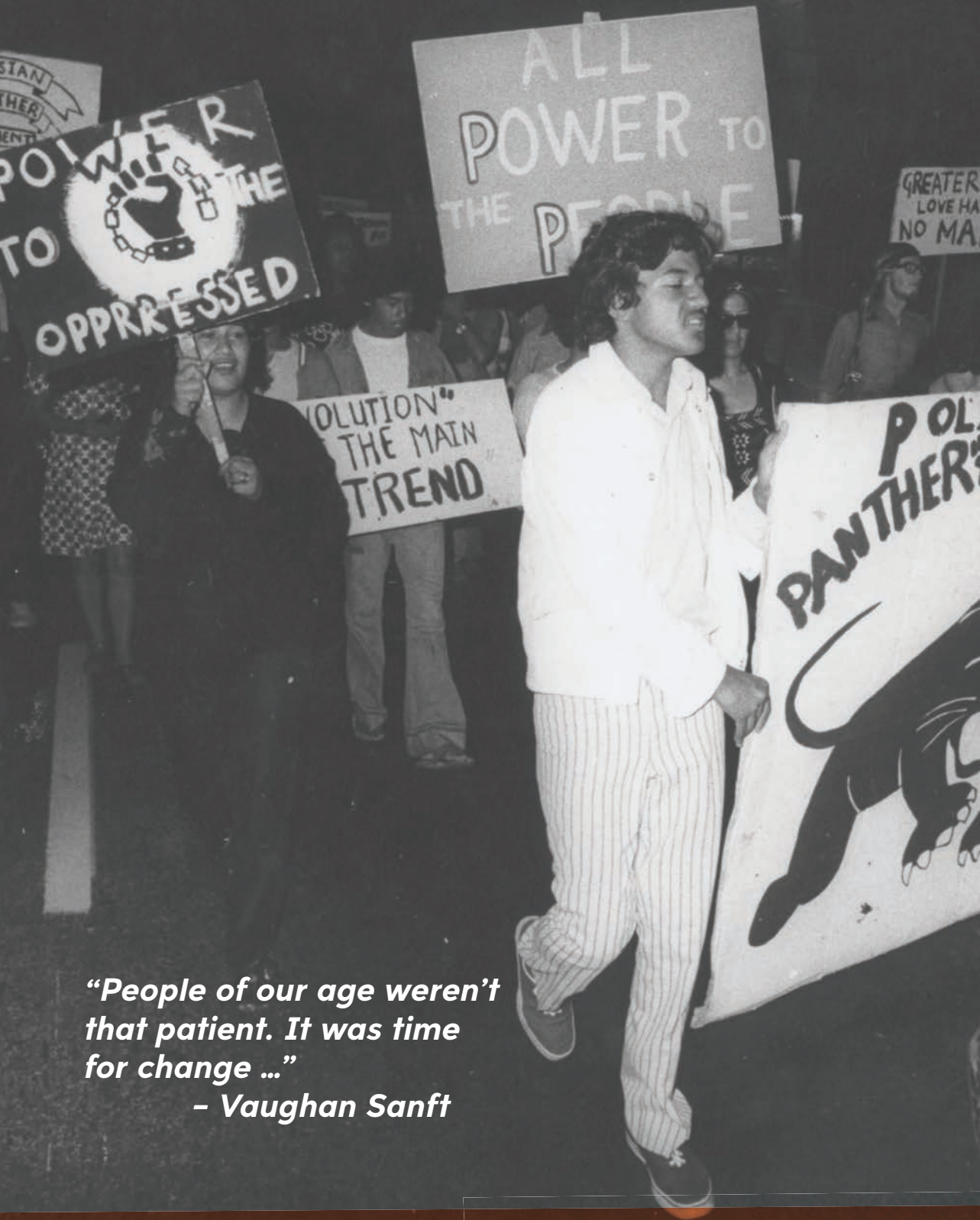


ALWAYS ASK THEM TO IDENTIFY THEMSELVES AND TAKE THEIR NUMBERS...



ALWAYS REMEMBER WHAT THEY SAID WRITE DOWN WHAT HAPPENED STRAIGHT AFTERSWARDS





“People of our age weren’t that patient. It was time for change ...”

– Vaughan Sanft

“COME OUT WITH YOUR PASSPORT NOW!”

One of the Panthers’ most memorable actions was to carry out several dawn raids of their own – at the homes of National politicians. Tigilau Ness, Panther #34, explains how it was done when he took part in a raid on Bill Birch’s house: “A group of us ... got together with some cars and some Pālagi students who had the cars ... Three o’clock in the morning we were out there with loud hailers and spotlights and shone them on his house. ‘Bill Birch. Come out with your passport now!’ When the lights went on and they all came out, we’d take off. Just to turn the tables.”

There’s no doubt that these actions had an impact. Polynesian Panther co-founder Will ‘Ilohahia remembers hearing the Minister of Immigration, Frank Gill, on the radio after his home was “raided”. “How dare these people come ... at such an ungodly hour!” Gill exclaimed. But as ‘Ilohahia says, “that was the whole point”.

INTO THE LIGHT

In 2005, Prime Minister Helen Clark was interviewed for a documentary about the dawn raids. They were shameful, she said, because they “set out to pick up anybody who didn’t look like a Pākehā or Pālagi New Zealander. They swooped on people who were Māori, they swooped on many Pasifika people who had absolutely lawful residence in New Zealand ...”

But some good things did come from this dark time. The Polynesian Panthers helped to start a revolution. Alongside other New Zealanders, they worked for the positive recognition of Pacific people in Aotearoa. Their message? Pacific people were New Zealanders with as much to contribute as anyone else. Some of the Panthers proved this by becoming teachers, academics, social workers, and police officers. They used their skills to help their people forge a new identity.

To this day, the Polynesian Panthers are active in their communities. They speak at schools and universities, passing on such messages as “knowledge is power”, “educate to liberate”, and “power to the people”. One of their strongest beliefs is “once a Panther, always a Panther”. Melani Anae has been a Panther since the group began. The experience has taught her to fight for what she believes in. Most important of all, Anae has learnt the value of education. She says it is “the tool that will lead us out of oppression and darkness and into the light”.

S.O.S.

BY GEMMA LOVEWELL
ADVENTURE SCHOOL
WINNER OF THE
ELSIE LOCKE WRITING PRIZE 2018



Professor Amberley stared malevolently. The images made her stomach turn. Those perfect New Zealanders, plastic-free for ten years and now celebrating sanctuary status with their pristine emerald pastures, azure glacial rivers, and abundant natural forests. Cursing the surround-vision, which made you feel like you were *there*, she shut the Holographison down. The incessant birdsong was more than she could tolerate.

The disgruntled professor stared across at her sheep. They'd eaten through the day's plastic and were now pushing hard against the electric fence, not feeling the zaps any more. They wanted out. And in that moment, Amberley decided they could have it. Why carry on? Sanctuary Aotearoa had already stolen Australia's thunder. She stormed down to the lab paddock, opened the gate, and watched, scowling, as her experiment headed towards the beach.

The sheep wasted no time. They needed to get away from the lab, where they were forced to eat plastic every day. Every shred of instinct they had left told them to get back to soil. The sheep plunged into the ocean and started swimming. Years of ingesting plastic – combined with genetic modification – had caused them to store the plastic in their bodies. Consequently, they could float. They were also very strong and never wore out. So they just kept swimming. And swimming. And swimming.





Sanctuary Aotearoa's Atmospheric Guard was high above the Tasman, patrolling the borders for signs of drifting plastic sources. The image alert started flashing madly, so the guard on-beamed the satellite pictures to Tamati in Eco Patrol.

Tamati's microchip buzzed, sending a tickle down his arm. There was a border breach, involving plastic! KP, the office kākāpō, squawked indignantly.

"Sorry, mate," Tamati soothed. "I've got to go – you're in charge again."

Tamati guided the Alpha chase vehicle expertly through the floating offices of the offshore city, then raced past the aquatic villages. Homes here had hydropower self-sufficiency stations, and they were transportable. Plus they had earthquake-resistant variable tension anchors, so their appeal was huge. Every year, more green space appeared as people relocated to the floating accommodation, freeing up the mainland for organic farming and native species regeneration. Already, this land looked healthy, with crops and animals thriving in the pest- and plastic-free environment. The nation's pride in this achievement was now part of the culture. No one wanted to go back to the ignorance of previous generations.

As he approached the target co-ordinates, Tamati was astonished to see a herd of sheep swimming towards the coast. “Plastic sheep?” he said to himself. “No, wait, modified sheep!” Somehow, they’d ended up plasticised and were looking for a pure environment to detox in. Knowing he couldn’t risk these animals reaching Aotearoa’s shores, Tamati needed a solution – and quick.

“The oil rig!” he thought excitedly. The preservation society had left biodomes there when they’d finished analysing the historic structure. Tamati turned his Alpha. Within minutes, he’d located a biodome, disconnected it from the oil rig, and was heading back. Hoping desperately that the plan would work, he manoeuvred the biodome between sheep and shore. With relief, the sheep leapt aboard and immediately started devouring the fresh grass.

But now what? Tamati furrowed his brow. They couldn’t have plastic in New Zealand, but he couldn’t send the sheep back to lab life, either. Then he realised he was staring at the answer. New Zealand could gift the entire biodome to Australia! The sheep could live out their days regenerating. Sanctuary Aotearoa would be safe, the sheep saved, and Australia could show the world the importance of putting things right. Everybody wins!



**illustrations by
Daron Parton**

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Ministry of Education and Lift Education would like to thank James Bade for his help with “The Sea Devil”.

“Science on the Ice” is adapted from “The Long Haul”, an article first published in *New Zealand Geographic*, issue 150, March–April 2018.

Quotes in “Rise Up: The Story of the Dawn Raids and the Polynesian Panthers” (except those from Bill Rowling and Helen Clark) are from two sources:

Polynesian Panthers: Pacific Protest and Affirmative Action in Aotearoa New Zealand 1971–1981 edited by Melani Anae with Lautofa (Ta) Iuli and Leilani Tamu, Huia Publishers, 2015 (second edition) and *Tangata o le Moana: New Zealand and the People of the Pacific* edited by Sean Mallon, Kolokesa Māhina-Tu'ai, and Damon Salesa, Te Papa Press, 2012.

All text is copyright © Crown 2018.

The images on the following pages are copyright © Crown 2018:

2–6 by Kimberly Andrews

20 (diagram) by Liz Tui Morris

22–27 by Gavin Mouldey

28–32 by Scott Pearson

33–37 by Adele Jackson

38–39 by Leilani Isara

42 by Andrew Burdan

46–48 by Daron Parton

The images on the following pages are used with permission:

front and back cover and pages 8–19 and 21 copyright © Neil Silverwood

40 (main image) copyright © Nigel Bhana

40–41 (Polynesian Panthers logo) by Tigilau Ness copyright © Waiata Artists' Trust

42–43 from the Roger Fowler archive copyright © the People's Union

44–45 (cropped) copyright © John Miller

The photograph on page 7 (reference NS000048) is used with permission from Te Papa Tongarewa.

The photograph on page 41 (reference PH-89-6-29) is used with permission from the Auckland War Memorial Museum Tāmaki Paenga Hira.

The background texture on pages 3–6 (by Titus Tscharrntke from goo.gl/5NbSwU) is in the public domain.

Editor: Susan Paris

Designer: Liz Tui Morris

Literacy Consultant: Melanie Winthrop

Consulting Editors: Hōne Apanui and Emeli Sione



Go to www.schooljournal.tki.org.nz

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

	TSM
How to Be Normal	✓
Rise Up: The Story of the Dawn Raids and the Polynesian Panthers	✓
Much Ado	✓

