The New Zealand Curriculum

LEVEL 3

SCHOOL JOURNAL

JUNE 2022

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Sapasui: It's hard to get wrong!

by Susan Paris

Carlos Vakalaloma has lots of interests. He likes playing rugby (he's a prop) and doing jigsaw puzzles (the old-school kind with up to a thousand pieces). During lockdown, he also spent a lot of time cooking.

Carlos is happy in the kitchen. For a while, he helped his mum cook tea every Wednesday night, though he admits "that kind of stopped". Still, he can make a pear and chocolate cake. He can also make baked ziti, a classic Italian dish that involves mince and pasta. Carlos really likes Italian food. But if he was forced to choose his favourite meal, to both cook and eat, he'd say sapasui.

Sapasui is eaten all across the Pacific. The dish is a version of chop suey, which originally comes from China. It contains the same main ingredients: vermicelli, meat, garlic, and soy sauce. Because sapasui is so popular, people have lots of opinions on the best way to make it. The good news, according to Carlos, is that it's easy to figure out for yourself. He learnt by watching an online tutorial. The recipe took no time to master. In fact Carlos was soon confident enough to suggest selling sapasui at his school's market day. He led a team of four cooks, making enough food to feed dozens of people.

Carlos's friends (and fellow cooks) were dubious about adapting the recipe to make that much food. They were worried about getting the quantities right. "But they shouldn't have been," says Carlos. "Sapasui is hard to get wrong. I knew what I was doing!" Carlos is happy to share his recipe. He doesn't have a whole lot of advice, other than to sometimes add some vegetables. He suggests sliced carrot. He also says the amount of ginger doesn't really matter. He uses a small chunk about half the length of his thumb. And he does warn against experimenting with different kinds of noodles. "Stick with vermicelli," he says. "They're made from rice and are really thin. You don't have to pre-cook them."

SAPASUI

Variations of sapasui are found throughout the Pacific. It's been eaten there for a long time. People think the dish most likely made its way to the Pacific in the 1840s, when the first Chinese migrants arrived in Sāmoa. This means families like Carlos's, who come from Fiji, have been making sapasui for seven generations.

Ingredients

300 gms gravy beef
250 gms vermicelli noodles
1 onion
2 cloves garlic
Fresh ginger
3 T canola oil
1 cup soy sauce
Vegetables

Method

1. Cut the gravy beef into bite-sized cubes. Rinse the meat in a bowl of water.
2. Get a big pot. Add one cup of water and simmer the meat for about 15 minutes.
3. Chop the onion. (Carlos says not too chunky.)
4. Crush the garlic. (Carlos uses a garlic crusher.)
5. Peel and grate the ginger. (Carlos uses a cheese grater.)
6. Put the vermicelli noodles in a bowl of cold water to loosen them first. Leave for ten minutes.
7. Drain excess water from the cooked meat. Then add the canola oil, onion, garlic, and ginger.
8. Fry everything until it goes soft (about ten minutes), then turn off the heat and leave for five minutes.
9. Add the soy sauce to cover the meat.* Leave for another five minutes.
10. Cut the noodles so they're not too long. (Carlos uses scissors and cuts the noodles while they're still soaking.)
11. Drain the noodles, then add to the meat in several batches, stirring as you go. (Carlos uses a wooden spoon.)
12. Adding vegetables (carrots or broccoli)? Now is the time. Pre-cook them.
13. Add a little extra water if the noodles are looking dry. Leave them to sit for five minutes. Now you're done.

*** Actually, Carlos does have one last bit of advice. He says some brands of soy sauce are saltier than others. Add the soy sauce slowly and taste as you go. You might not need the whole amount.**

The Pā That Matawhero Built

by Mark Peters

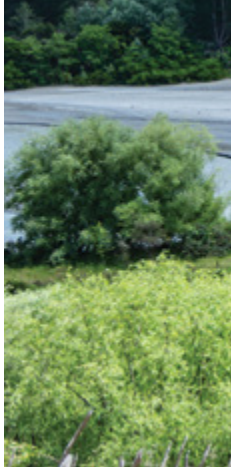
When people visit Pakeke o Whirikoka, the pā Matawhero Lloyd built, they enter a world that existed hundreds of years ago …

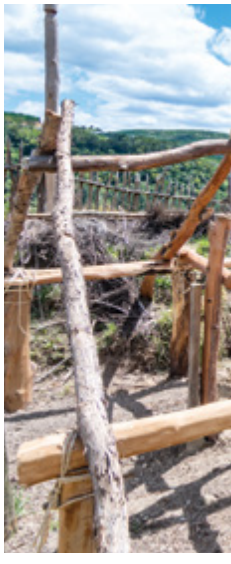
Pakeke o Whirikoka is in Whatatutu, a small kāinga north of Gisborne. The original pā, which overlooked the Waipaoa and Mangatū rivers, was once home to Ngāi Tamatea. Matawhero's tīpuna lived on this land. He's an eighth-generation descendant. He wanted to reclaim his people's heritage by building a living memorial to the past.

The lay of the land

No one knows exactly when the pā was first built, but the land has been in the same whānau for generations. It's a sheltered spot, protected by a hill. Before he started work, Matawhero spent a lot of time on this hill, just looking. "It was the perfect place to study the lay of the land," he says.

Matawhero spent six months thinking about his **restoration** plan. He knew he wanted to build a pātūtū (palisade), a whare moe (sleeping house), a pūhara (watchtower), and some kūwaha (gates). Deciding what to build was easy; the harder question was where. Along with his own observations (and a "massive amount" of research), Matawhero talked to whānau, kaumātua, and local farmers. He was also guided by what he calls "clues" – small hollows in the ground where buildings once stood. Sometimes, Matawhero wondered if tīpuna had left these clues behind, just for him. "It was like the original builders were telling me what to do," he says.

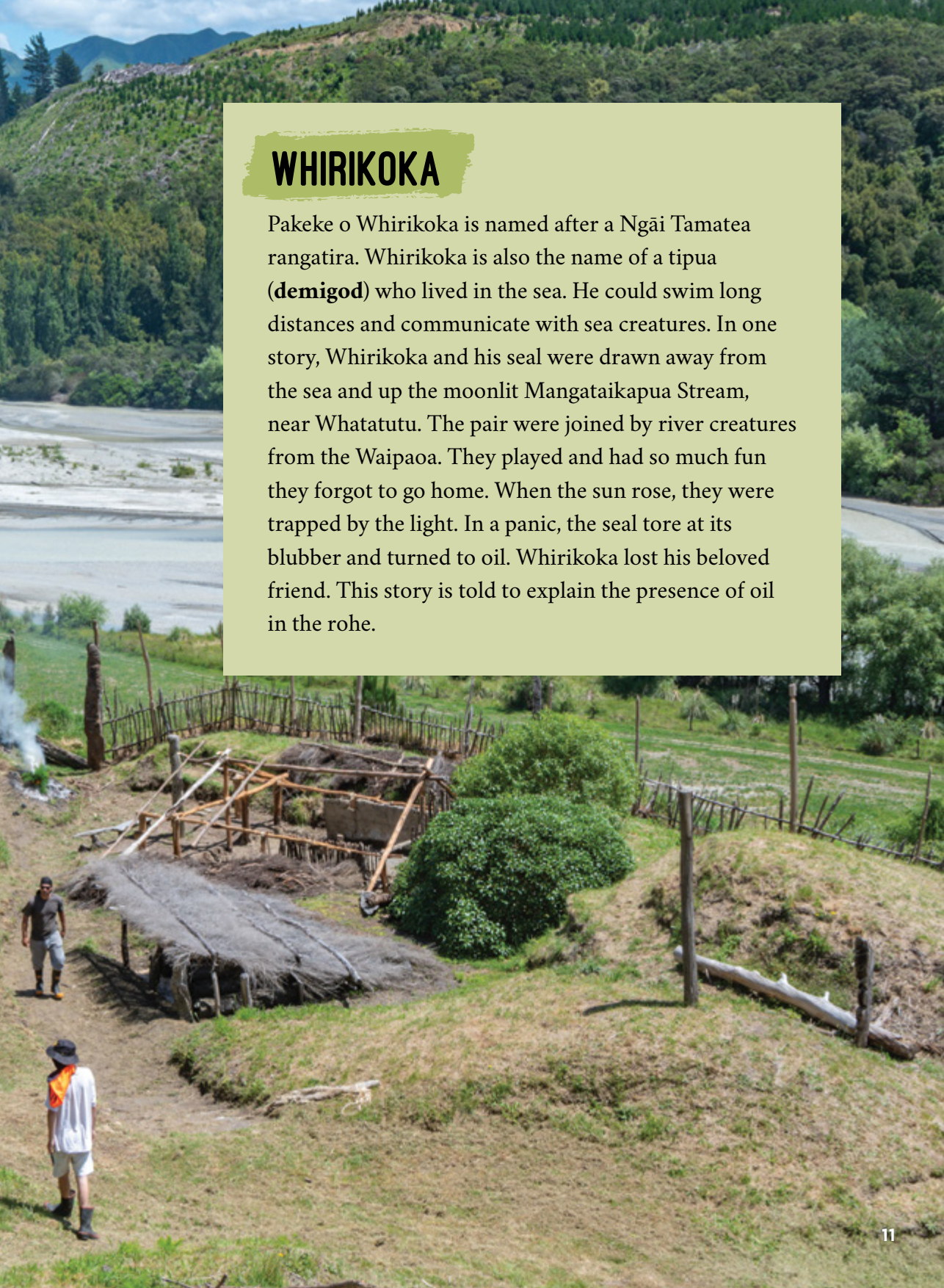




A pātūtū and a whare moe

Matawhero knew the original pā builders had needed three main things: access to water, security, and shelter. Water came from the rivers. Security came from the pātūtū, which circled the pā to protect it from attack. It made sense to build this first. Matawhero studied the hillside to decide where the pātūtū should go, then he cut mānuka to make the posts. He made bigger posts from tōtara and **lashed** everything together using rope.

The whare moe came next – the shelter. Again, Matawhero used mānuka to build the frame, and he used silt, river sand, and soil to pack the walls. "We always tried to use the same materials as our ancestors," he says. The traditional whare roof was **thatched** with mānuka.



WHIRIKOKA

Pakeke o Whirikoka is named after a Ngāi Tamatea rangatira. Whirikoka is also the name of a tipua (**demigod**) who lived in the sea. He could swim long distances and communicate with sea creatures. In one story, Whirikoka and his seal were drawn away from the sea and up the moonlit Mangataikapua Stream, near Whatatutu. The pair were joined by river creatures from the Waipaoa. They played and had so much fun they forgot to go home. When the sun rose, they were trapped by the light. In a panic, the seal tore at its blubber and turned to oil. Whirikoka lost his beloved friend. This story is told to explain the presence of oil in the rohe.

Tradition

Tradition is an important part of Matawhero's kaupapa. Working with natural materials was an obvious place to start, but he wanted to work using the old ways too. Often, this meant forgetting about modern tools and finding a simpler way to do things. Matawhero says he learnt to think differently. "I had to be more practical, like my tīpuna."

Finding a way to dig holes all the same depth was one challenge – and Matawhero had to dig a lot. Tape measures were out, so he needed a **substitute**. Then he remembered something he'd once heard: the ancestors used a body part when they needed a simple unit of measurement. So Matawhero did the same, using the length of his lower leg from knee to foot. He took a similar approach for the roof of the whare moe. Matawhero based this on the height of the average person.

THE PŪHARA

An important feature of Pakeke o Whirikoka was the pūhara, something Matawhero is now rebuilding. "In the old days," he says, "the guard would sit up there and bang the pahū from time to time to say he was watching. Then people could sleep well." Pahū means drum. The first pahū at Whatatutu was made from a hollow tōtara log. It was carved to look like a lizard kaitiaki or **guardian**.

Finding his own way

Matawhero says it wasn't always possible to follow tradition. Finding raupō (the plant tīpuna used for thatching roofs) was especially tricky. "Raupō grows in swamps, but most of the ones around here were drained for farmland," he explains. Harakeke was hard to find, too. So Matawhero had to **improvise**. He used mānuka to thatch the roofs and natural fibre rope instead of harakeke. He was happy with the result. "Mānuka is less waterproof than raupō, but we still bundled the thatch in the traditional way."

The new pā also includes tōtara logs, spotted in nearby Mangatū. "It was a bit of a drive," Matawhero admits, "and further than my tīpuna would've travelled. But it felt good to recycle, which also fitted our kaupapa." The tōtara once stood in a forest burnt by farmers long ago. "The logs were just lying in a paddock, so we used them to build the whare moe. You can still see where some of them are charred." Matawhero says the trunks are a reminder of another time in history, when the settlers stripped the land of its resources.

Kaitiaki

Caring for native plants is an important part of the pā project. “It’s not just about building a few whare,” Matawhero says. “It’s about being **sustainable**. We need resources that will always be here.”

Matawhero and his whānau have put a lot of mahi into planning for the future. They’ve planted along local waterways, and they’ve reforested an area near the pā site.

This work caught the attention of some neighbours who run a plant nursery. “Now they’re helping us develop our own nursery,” Matawhero says. “We’re growing a huge collection of native tree and harakeke species.” He likes to imagine the nearby pine forest replaced by wetland, filled with harakeke and raupō. “Maybe one day, we’ll be able to make roofs that use raupō thatching.”

Ā mua/The future

Now that he's achieved so much at Pakeke o Whirikoka, Matawhero has begun to think about other pā sites in the rohe. There are at least six around Gisborne, three of which need restoration work. To help with this mahi, he's keen to start a pā restoration trust. "One of the pā, Popoia, was established in about 1500. Imagine seeing that rebuilt."

Matawhero also likes the idea of a pā trail. He didn't restore Pakeke o Whirikoka for tourists but can see how much it has to offer. "We welcome anyone who wants to learn the history of Ngāi Tamatea. Our pā is a great way to engage people." However, Matawhero says Pakeke o Whirikoka is more than just a museum piece. "It's about the next generation. My kids all work and play on the pā. We turn the soil together. We're the latest layer of history. Their kids will come next."

GLOSSARY

demigod: half god, half person

guardian: something that looks over a place (or person) and protects it

improvise: to use whatever is available to solve a problem

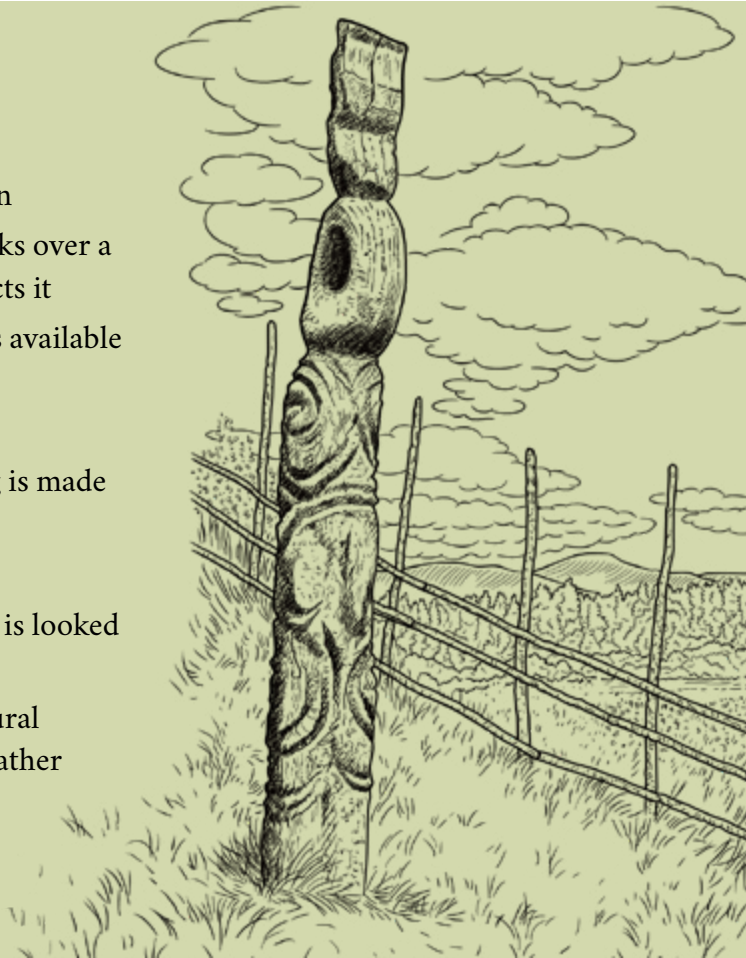
lashed: tied tightly together

restoration: when something is made to be the way it once was

substitute: a replacement

sustainable: when a resource is looked after so it isn't used up

thatched: covered with a natural material to keep out the weather



photographs by Tink Lockett

The Great-great-

CHARACTERS

BENNY LIM
(Lily's older brother)

LILY LIM
(Benny's younger sister)

GRACE CHEN
(Angus's twin sister)

ANGUS CHEN
(Grace's twin brother)

MUM
(Benny and Lily's)

Scene: *The Chinese Association hall, dinner time.* **BENNY** *and* **LILY** *are hiding in a storage room among all the chairs.*

LILY. I'm bored.

BENNY. Shhh. Someone will hear – and I think they've forgotten about us.

LILY. So can we stop hiding?

BENNY. What? Do you want to be stuck in the kitchen, peeling garlic and chopping potatoes all night? Trust me, Lily, this room is the best place to be. No one will find us in here …

GRACE *and* **ANGUS** *enter in a hurry.*

BENNY *and* **LILY** (*getting a fright*). Ahhh!

GRACE *and* **ANGUS** (*getting a fright*). Ahhh!

There's an awkward pause.

greatest

by Cassandra Tse

GRACE. Sorry, we didn't know anyone was in here.

LILY. We're hiding from kitchen duty.

ANGUS. Us too. Have you ever had to chop garlic?

BENNY (*nodding*). That's why we're here.

He and **LILY** *shuffle over to make room for the newcomers.*

BENNY. Is this your first time at the C.A.?

GRACE. The what?

BENNY. The Chinese Association.

GRACE. Oh, that. Yeah. We've just moved down from Auckland.

LILY. We come for the banquet every year. The food's yum as. But it's always late.

BENNY (*nodding in agreement*). Hours and hours late. Anyway, my name's Benny, and this is my sister, Lily.

GRACE. Nice to meet you. I'm Grace.

ANGUS. And I'm Angus. We're twins in case you're wondering.

GRACE. Ever since we were born.

They all laugh.

BENNY (*looking at his watch*). I wonder when it'll be safe to leave.

ANGUS. Wow. You wear a watch. Old style!

BENNY. I know, right. It was my great-great-grandad's.

GRACE. That's cool.

BENNY (*nodding*). My great-great-grandad is like a family legend.

GRACE. Really? How do you mean?

BENNY. He was a kung fu master.

He stands and begins to act out some kung fu moves.

He was famous across China for his incredible skills. He trained with the Shaolin monks and mastered all five styles. Crane –

He balances on one leg.

Snake –

He makes a snake with his arms.

Leopard –

He gets into a fighting stance.

Tiger –

He punches the air.

And Dragon.

He kicks, accidentally hitting one of the chairs.

LILY. Anyway, what Benny's saying is he was probably the coolest person who ever lived.

GRACE *and* **ANGUS** *make eye contact.*

ANGUS. I mean, he sounds pretty cool …

GRACE. But our great-great-grandad was pretty cool, too.

BENNY *raises his eyebrows.* **LILY** *coughs.*

BENNY. Pretty cool? How?

GRACE. Our great-great-grandad was a kung fu master *and* an amazing inventor.

ANGUS (*nodding in agreement*). He was mostly a genius.

GRACE. This was way back … like a hundred years ago, when they didn't even have cars or anything.

LILY. Well, actually –

GRACE (*not letting Lily interrupt*). That's when our great-great-grandad invented the first-ever bicycle-powered washing machine. People would pedal like crazy, and the clothes would spin in soapy water. No electricity necessary. Soon, every villager in Guangdong wanted one.

LILY. But *our* great-great-grandad was an inventor, too!

ANGUS. What? No way!

BENNY (*insistent*). He was!

LILY. Once he finished training with the Shaolin monks, he moved all the way to New Zealand. Over the years, he invented heaps of things.

BENNY. Automatic watering cans …

LILY. The electric hairbrush …

BENNY. Anti-sandfly pants …

LILY. Never-melting butter …

BENNY. Wearing jandals with socks …

LILY. Pavlova with kiwifruit!

ANGUS (*skeptical*). He invented pavlova?

LILY. Well, no – but he was the first person to put kiwifruit on top.

ANGUS. That's not really an invention …

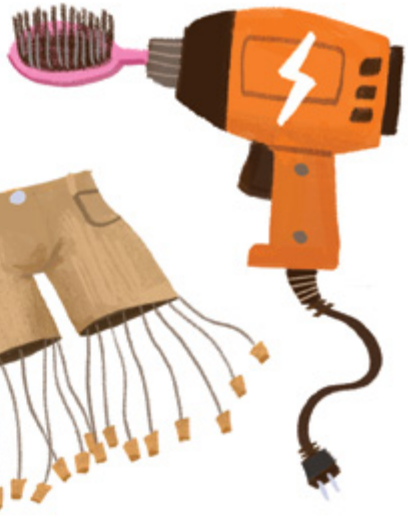
GRACE. Anyway, our great-great-grandad moved to New Zealand as well.

ANGUS. He moved to Canterbury and became a champion vegetable farmer.

BENNY. But –

ANGUS (*not letting Benny interrupt*). He broke the world record for the biggest pumpkin ever grown.

GRACE. It was so big it took all of his family to lift it!



ANGUS. The people from the *Guinness World Records* book flew over to take his photo. Great-great-grandad and his giant pumpkin were in newspapers all over the world!

LILY. But –

ANGUS. Dad says that he chopped it up and gave a piece to everyone in town … and there were *still* leftovers!

GRACE (*very confident*). So I think it's clear whose great-great-grandad was the coolest.

ANGUS. Not that there was ever any doubt.

BENNY. But it was *our* great-great-grandad who grew the world's biggest pumpkin! (*He waves his wrist in their faces.*) He's wearing this exact same watch in the photo!

ANGUS (*rolling his eyes*). Oh, sure.

BENNY. It's true!

GRACE. No way.

The two pairs of siblings eye each other suspiciously.

ANGUS. Have you been spying on us or something?

LILY. What? More like *you've* been spying on *us*!

BENNY. This is *our* great-great-grandad we're talking about. Our mum and dad told us the stories.

LILY. *And* our nan and pop!

GRACE. So I suppose *your* great-great-grandad once ate fifty cha siu bao in ten minutes?

LILY. And *your* great-great-grandad opened the first Chinese restaurant in Tīmaru?

ANGUS. And *your* great-great-grandad brought a real live cricket in a cage –

BENNY *and* **ANGUS** (*together*). On the boat from Hong Kong all the way to Wellington –

BENNY. For good luck!

ANGUS. How did you know that?

BENNY. Because that was *my* great-great-grandad, not yours!

ANGUS. Nuh-uh!

BENNY. Uh-huh!

GRACE. Stop stealing our stories!

LILY. Not until you stop stealing ours!

The two pairs of siblings are interrupted. Benny and Lily's mum walks in.

MUM. What's going on in here? Benny, Lily, I've been looking for you both everywhere. (*She spots Grace and Angus.*) Oh! Hello, you two. (*She looks back at Benny and Lily.*) I was planning to introduce you to your cousins. They've just moved down from Auckland. But it seems you've met already.

LILY (*confused*). Cousins?

MUM. Yes. Grace and Angus are your distant cousins. You have the same great-great-grandfather!

The kids look at each other. There is a long pause, then they all burst out laughing.

MUM. What's so funny?

BENNY. Nothing.

MUM. Well, whatever you're up to, we need help in the kitchen. Come on, there's a big pile of potatoes to peel.

MUM *exits and the cousins follow.* **ANGUS** *and* **LILY** *are the last to leave.*

ANGUS. Did you know our great-great-grandad invented the potato peeler?

LILY. He did?

ANGUS. You tell me ...

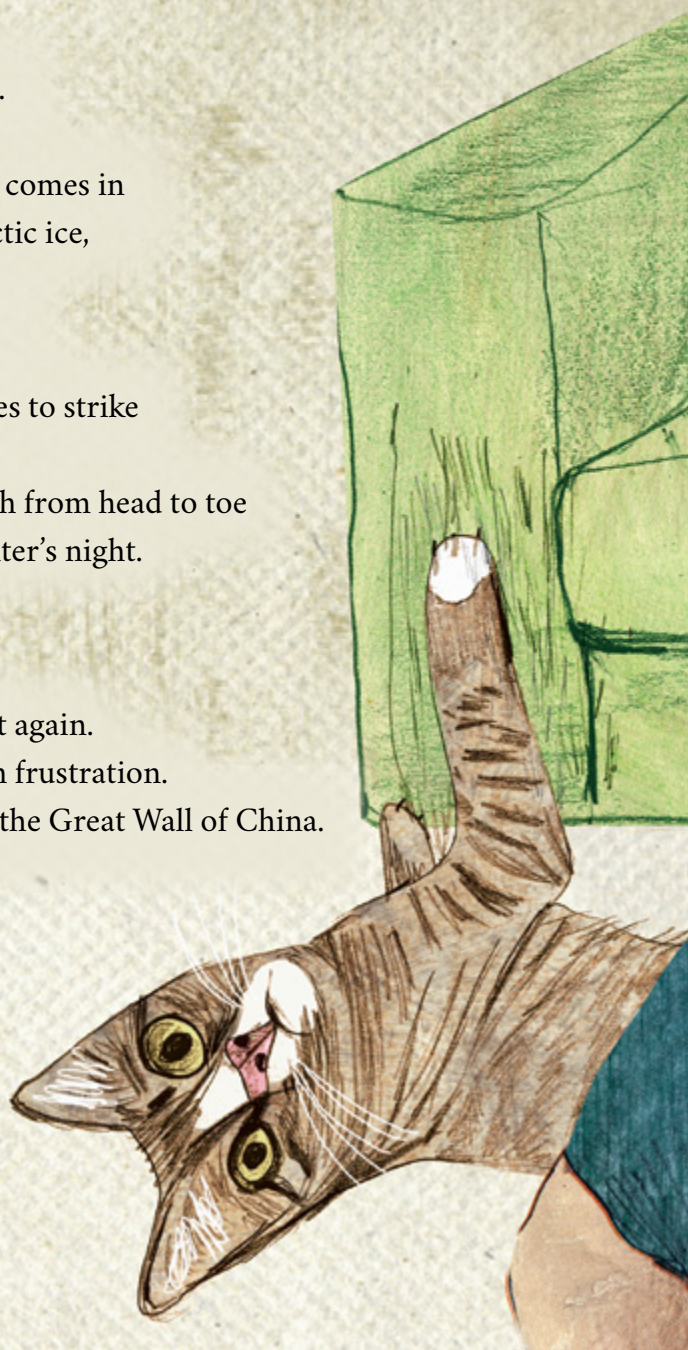
illustrations by Jez Tuya

Grandad's Couch

Our grandad adores his new couch.
The old, red, torn one goes out,
the brand-new, avocado-green one comes in
wrapped in plastic, slippery like arctic ice,
not coming off for a week.

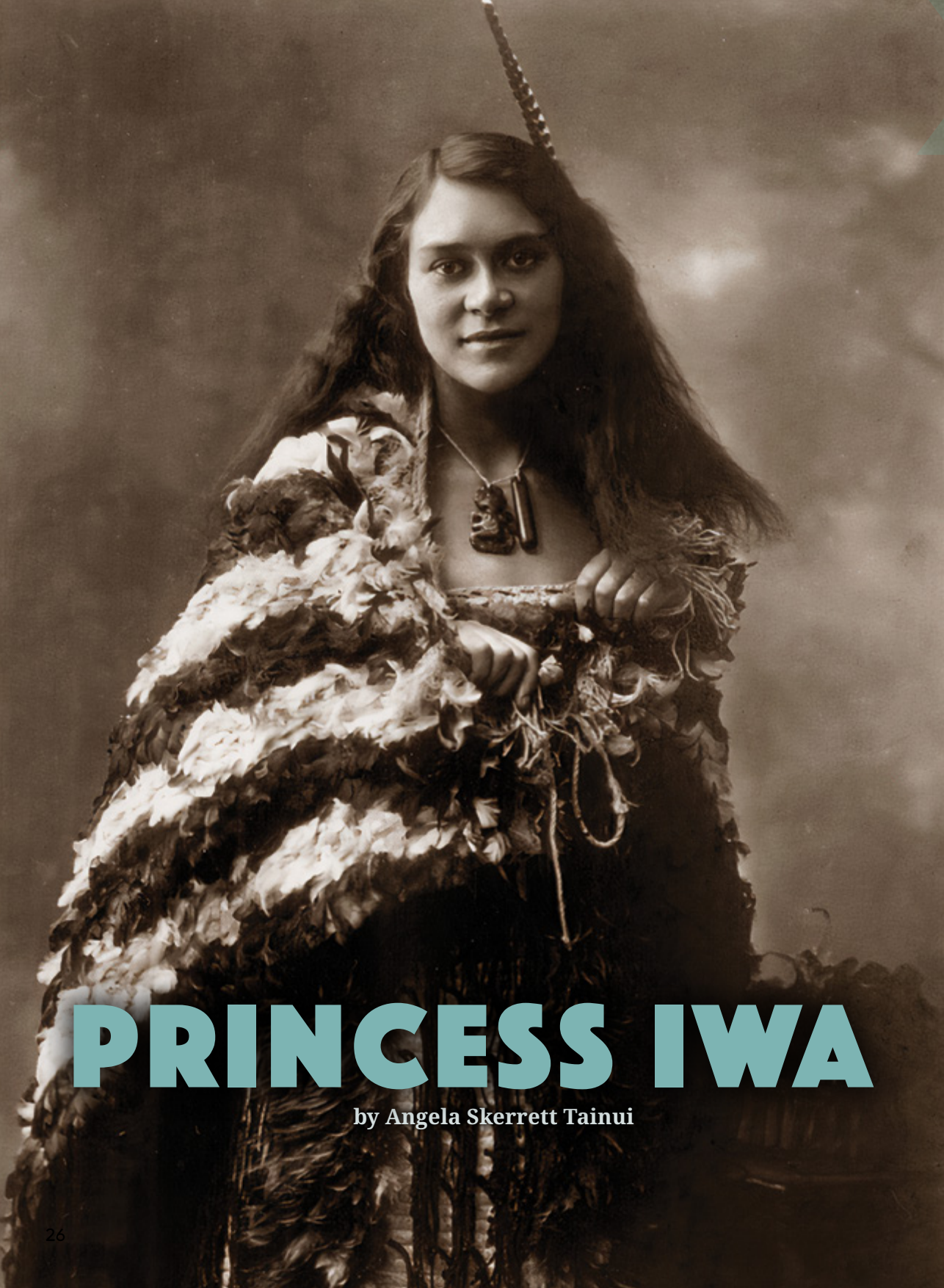
You hear a lion-like roar from him,
his face a shade of red as the cat tries to strike
when the plastic comes off.
Protective blankets engulf the couch from head to toe
like a warm campfire on a cold winter's night.

Finally the blankets come off.
But what's that noise?
Scratch, *scratch*. Oh, no … it's the cat again.
Grandad's face turns chilli-red with frustration.
The blankets come back, thick like the Great Wall of China.



by Lucas Yee, year 5
Russley School


Lisa Bandy



PRINCESS IWA

by Angela Skerrett Tainui

One day, many years ago, I was visiting my pōua when I noticed a photo of a beautiful wahine on the wall. She had long, wavy hair and wore a kākahu around her shoulders and a hei tiki around her neck. She looked to be about eighteen.

I asked Pōua about the photo. He said it was of his sister Eva. I wondered why I'd never heard of her. Pōua explained that she'd gone to England in 1911. She was the lead singer in a Māori concert party and went on to have a successful musical career in Europe. There, she was known as Princess Iwa. "She never came home," Pōua said. I felt the sense of loss travel from his heart to mine.

Many years later, I came across the sheet music for "Hine e Hine". This was a lullaby made famous in the 1980s, when it was played on TV to signal that programmes were over for the night – but it was the caption under the music that caught my attention: "Sung by the New Zealand **contralto** IWA." Surely this was Pōua's sister? But if it was, why did the caption later describe her as obscure? Hadn't she been famous?

With Pōua's sadness fresh in my mind, I decided to learn everything I could about my great-aunt. I wanted my whānau to know more about our tipuna. I would try to bring her memory home.

It took many years to put the puzzle together. I went to libraries and museums to search for Eva's name in old newspapers. I spoke to family, kaumātua, and historians. Slowly, piece by piece, the story of Eva's life began to take shape. This is what I found out …

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contralto: the lowest singing voice for a woman

The Skerrett whānau in Bluff, 1904 (Eva back left)

THE GLORIOUS VOICE

Evaline Jane Skerrett was born on Rakiura in 1890. She was Ngāi Tahu, Ngāti Māmoe, and Waitaha and had Irish and English tīpuna. When Eva was about two, her whānau moved to Bluff to live with her pōua. Growing up, she did kapa haka and took piano lessons, and she rowed competitively with her sisters.

Each year, Eva joined her whānau for the annual tītī harvest on Tia Island. Her mother taught her how to make pōhā for storing the birds. They would sing waiata and speak te reo while they worked. Eva's mother spoke her language fluently. Eva's brother remembered that sometimes "half of Bluff" would be visiting just to hear their mother's beautiful dialect.

The Skerretts were all musical, and each Sunday, Eva sang in the church choir. When Eva was about ten, this choir performed for the visiting **premier**, Richard Seddon. He spoke about Eva and her "glorious voice", and soon she was singing solo. Eva would be "discovered" many times throughout her life, although she never thought her voice was extraordinary. She'd been surrounded by talented musicians her whole life. Still, she loved reading stories about famous singers on the London stage and longed to be like them.

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premier: a name people once used for the prime minister

CENTRE STAGE

When Eva was a teenager, she entered a national singing competition in Dunedin. There were over a thousand entrants, many of whom had formal voice training, but Eva came second. The judge proudly declared he had discovered "a contralto with a future".

Mākereti Papakura, a well-known tour guide, heard about Eva. Mākereti was organising Māori performers to take part in the 1911 Festival of Empire – a lavish celebration of the mighty British Empire. She wanted Eva to take centre stage as her lead singer. The festival was planned for the same time as the **coronation** of King George V and would take place in London. To showcase New Zealand, there would be a Māori village with a wharenui and carvings. The concert party would perform waiata, haka, and whaikōrero every day.

The Māori concert party for the Festival of Empire, 1911

coronation: when a king or queen is crowned

INTERNATIONAL DEBUT

Eva left Aotearoa in October 1910. She had no way of knowing then that she'd never return. On the way to England, the concert party stopped in Australia for a ten-week tour. "Princess Iwa" made her international **debut** in Melbourne in front of a crowd of six thousand. The name Princess Iwa had been given to Eva – who was a descendent of Pokene, a Ngāi Tahu rangatira – by the tour's promoters.

In Australia, Princess Iwa quickly became the main attraction. She got rave reviews every time she performed. This success followed her to London, a place known as "the world's stage". Eva was star-struck by the famous city. Performing in London had been her dream, but one she'd never truly believed would happen. Now, she told a reporter, "like the strange things in a fairy tale, it has all come true".

Eva continued to shine, and her talent attracted the attention of an Italian **composer** and two leading opera teachers, one of whom said "there is no more beautiful voice in the world than Iwa's". With their encouragement, Eva decided to stay in London to further her career.

Eva with a fellow musician in Australia, 1910

debut: a person's first appearance or performance
composer: a person who writes music

Princess Iwa in London, 1919

In the years that followed, Princess Iwa performed across Great Britain and in parts of Europe. She sang national anthems, English ballads, and waiata, including "Hine e Hine" and "Waiata Poi". Eva was proud of her whakapapa, and she spoke openly about wanting to share Māori history. "It is curious how little is known of my people," she told a reporter. Eva liked to plan her own shows. She designed costumes and backdrops and used skills from childhood to make korowai, poi, and mats. If Eva was to educate people about her culture, it was important that the details were correct.

Eva met many famous people and performed in front of royalty and the British prime minister. It was an exciting life, suddenly interrupted by the First World War. Sadly for Eva, the war also stopped her from taking a planned trip home to spend time with her whānau.

WARTIME

Like everyone, Eva had to adapt and find new ways to make use of her talents during wartime. She performed during both the First World War (1914–1918) and the Second World War (1939–1945). Sometimes her audiences included soldiers from home.

Eva sang to ANZAC soldiers waiting to be sent to the Western Front and to soldiers in hospital. She also sang at farewell parties and in concerts held to raise money for the war effort. She hosted groups of New Zealand servicemen and women in England on leave, and she even delivered Red Cross food parcels that had been sent all the way from Southland.

Eva with an ANZAC soldier, May 1916

Times were tough in England between the wars. Eva had always enjoyed a comfortable lifestyle. In 1916, she had married Samuel Wilson Thornton – another opera singer – and people said they made a glamorous pair. "We always called her Princess Iwa," remembers her friend Molly.

Eva could afford a nice house with servants and a nanny for her two sons. But then came the Great Depression. Life changed. Eva helped make ends meet by teaching the piano.

Eva stayed in touch with her whānau over the years, and sometimes news of her reached New Zealand with a newspaper article celebrating her success. She died in London in 1947, just a few months after her mother. Letters from opposite sides of the world, sharing the sad news, crossed paths in the mail.

It seemed this would be the end … but Eva's whānau never forgot her. Five decades later, a granddaughter and great-granddaughter made the trip to Aotearoa. They would visit Te Rau Aroha, Eva's marae in Bluff, to remember their tipuna who had so proudly represented her people and shared Māori culture on the world stage.

Eva with Samuel Wilson Thornton and their son

DEOXYRIBONUCLEIC ACID

I look at my dad's chin. His chins.
Are those chins in my future?
I worry about my genes.
Is my throat getting soft? A little flaccid?
I pinch it. I'm not too sure.
Those chins might be in my DNA,
which is a lot easier to say
than deoxyribonucleic acid.

I worry about my knees too.
In the photos of my tīpuna
on Mum's side – look at great-aunt Sue! –
their knobbly knees are not their best asset.
I wish I'd paid attention sooner
to this stuff called DNA,
this thing that's impossible to say,
this deoxyribonucleic acid.

But I can run real fast.
Faster than just about anyone.
"Thank your grandma Sid," my mum laughs.
"No one could run as fast as Sid."
See all the trophies I've won.
I guess I should thank my DNA
for making me who I am today.
Thanks, deoxyribonucleic acid.

Tim Upperton

IC

illustration by Paul Beavis

The Story

retold by Toni Rolleston-Cummins

This story is for Kihi Ngatai, the great chief of Ngāi Te Rangi and Ngāti Ranginui. He passed away on 1 August 2021 at the age of ninety-one. Kihi loved his maunga. He walked around it three times a week. Toni Rolleston-Cummins shares the story with Kihi's blessing.

# of Mauao

Long ago, before the first people lived on the shores of Tauranga Moana, there lived three maunga. There was Ōtanewainuku, a chiefly maunga who ruled over the forest of Hautere. His body was covered in the korowai of Tāne-mahuta. Tawa, rewarewa, and other trees grew tall and proud.

The second maunga, named Pūwhenua, was a great beauty. For her, Papatūānuku had chosen only the best trees and ferns. Many maunga had fallen in love with Pūwhenua.

Finally, there was a third mountain. He was so overlooked that no one had bothered giving him a name. He was a pononga – a mere slave – to Ōtanewainuku. He was known as the "nameless one".

For many years, the nameless one lived peacefully in the Hautere forest. During the day, he worked for his master. But at night, he played with the magical patupaiarehe. The forest creatures would slide down his back and swing from his trees. They repaid him for this kindness by massaging his tired body with their feet.

One night, as the forest sparkled in the moonlight like pāua shell, the nameless one looked out over the land. His eyes fell upon the incredible beauty of Pūwhenua, and he fell in love. From that moment, the nameless one gazed at Pūwhenua each night, but she never once looked his way.

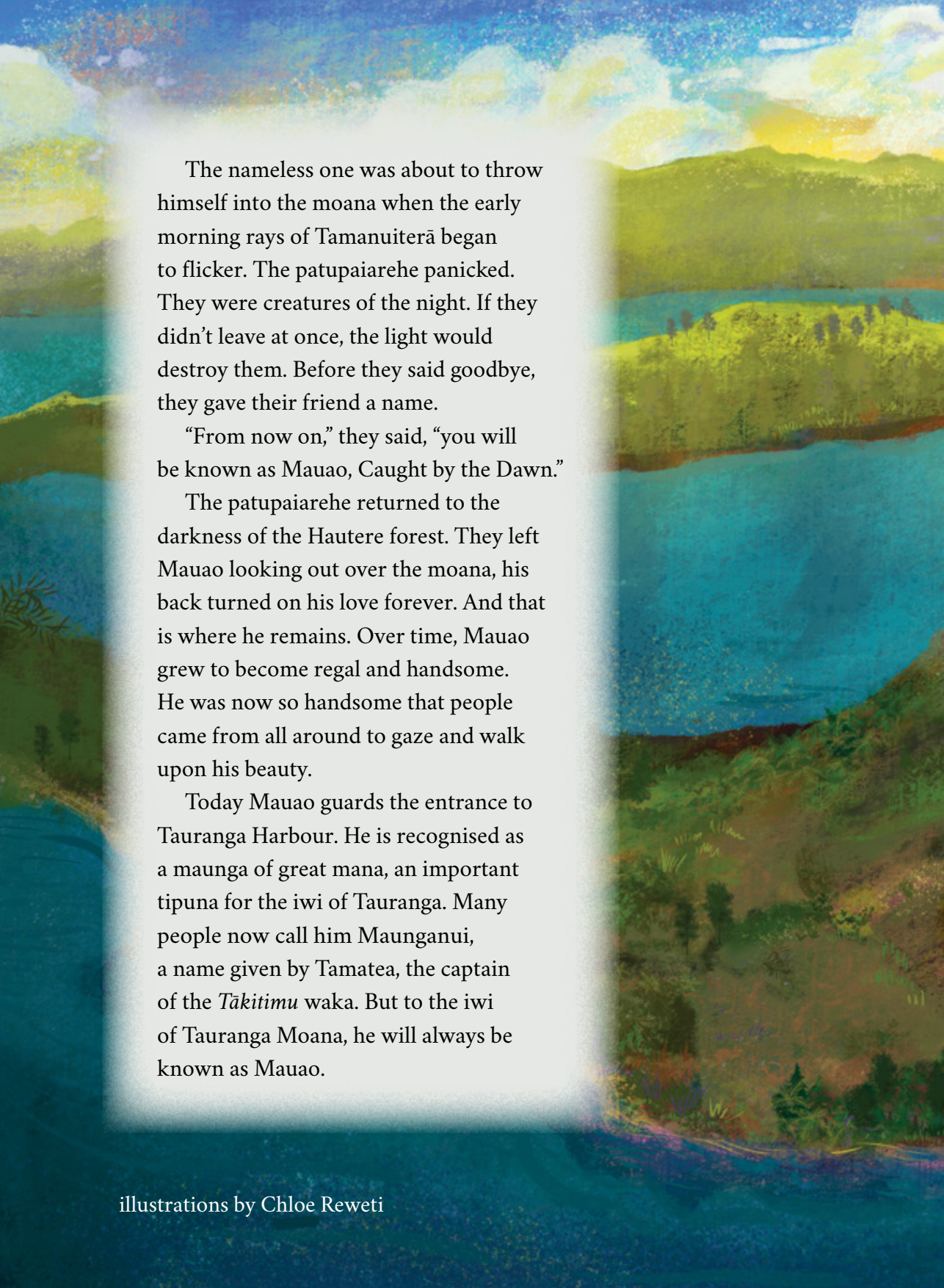
The nameless one begged the patupaiarehe to help. He had to win the heart of Pūwhenua. But the patupaiarehe had a warning. "She is a vain maunga, that one. She will only bring you pain."

The nameless one didn't care. He begged his friends to deliver a message of love. The patupaiarehe were fond of their maunga. Despite their fears, they agreed to visit Pūwhenua.

Time passed. The nameless one waited for his friends to return. Each day, he scanned the horizon, becoming more and more impatient. The patupaiarehe were nowhere to be seen. Finally, they returned with news: Pūwhenua only had eyes for Ōtanewainuku.

The nameless one was so overcome with sadness, he begged the patupaiarehe to drag him far away. He wanted to be taken to the moana, where he could forget his sorrow. The kindly creatures couldn't bear to see their friend in such pain and agreed to help. They wove a strong rope from harakeke, then chanted a karakia to Tāne-mahuta, asking for his help. They tied their rope around the nameless one and began to haul. As they pulled, his tears flooded the land. "Ka haere, ka mapu. I go, and I sob," he lamented. The nameless one's tears became a spring, today known as the Waimapu (weeping waters) spring.

Throughout that long night, the patupaiarehe dragged their heartbroken friend. As they pulled, they carved a great valley, where the Waimapu awa now flows. At dawn, they finally reached Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa.



The nameless one was about to throw himself into the moana when the early morning rays of Tamanuiterā began to flicker. The patupaiarehe panicked. They were creatures of the night. If they didn't leave at once, the light would destroy them. Before they said goodbye, they gave their friend a name.

"From now on," they said, "you will be known as Mauao, Caught by the Dawn."

The patupaiarehe returned to the darkness of the Hautere forest. They left Mauao looking out over the moana, his back turned on his love forever. And that is where he remains. Over time, Mauao grew to become regal and handsome. He was now so handsome that people came from all around to gaze and walk upon his beauty.

Today Mauao guards the entrance to Tauranga Harbour. He is recognised as a maunga of great mana, an important tipuna for the iwi of Tauranga. Many people now call him Maunganui, a name given by Tamatea, the captain of the *Tākitimu* waka. But to the iwi of Tauranga Moana, he will always be known as Mauao.

illustrations by Chloe Reweti

Sunday Hero

by Annaleese Jochems

When I got home from football, Oma was in the kitchen, chopping vegetables. "Are you making soup?" I asked.

Oma looked at the celery. "Yes."

"Green soup?"

"Yes." She put down the knife and waited. I was confusing her, but I'd started now.

"Mum said we have quite a lot of green soup in the fridge already. There's more in the freezer."

"Did I make it yesterday?"

"You did."

Oma peered at the celery again. Then she looked out the window. "I made it yesterday?"

"It was really nice."

"Green soup. Yesterday."

"Dad likes it, too."

Oma shrugged. She didn't believe me. I could see her remembering all the other times I'd said the same thing. "How was football?" she asked.

"Good. How was home?"

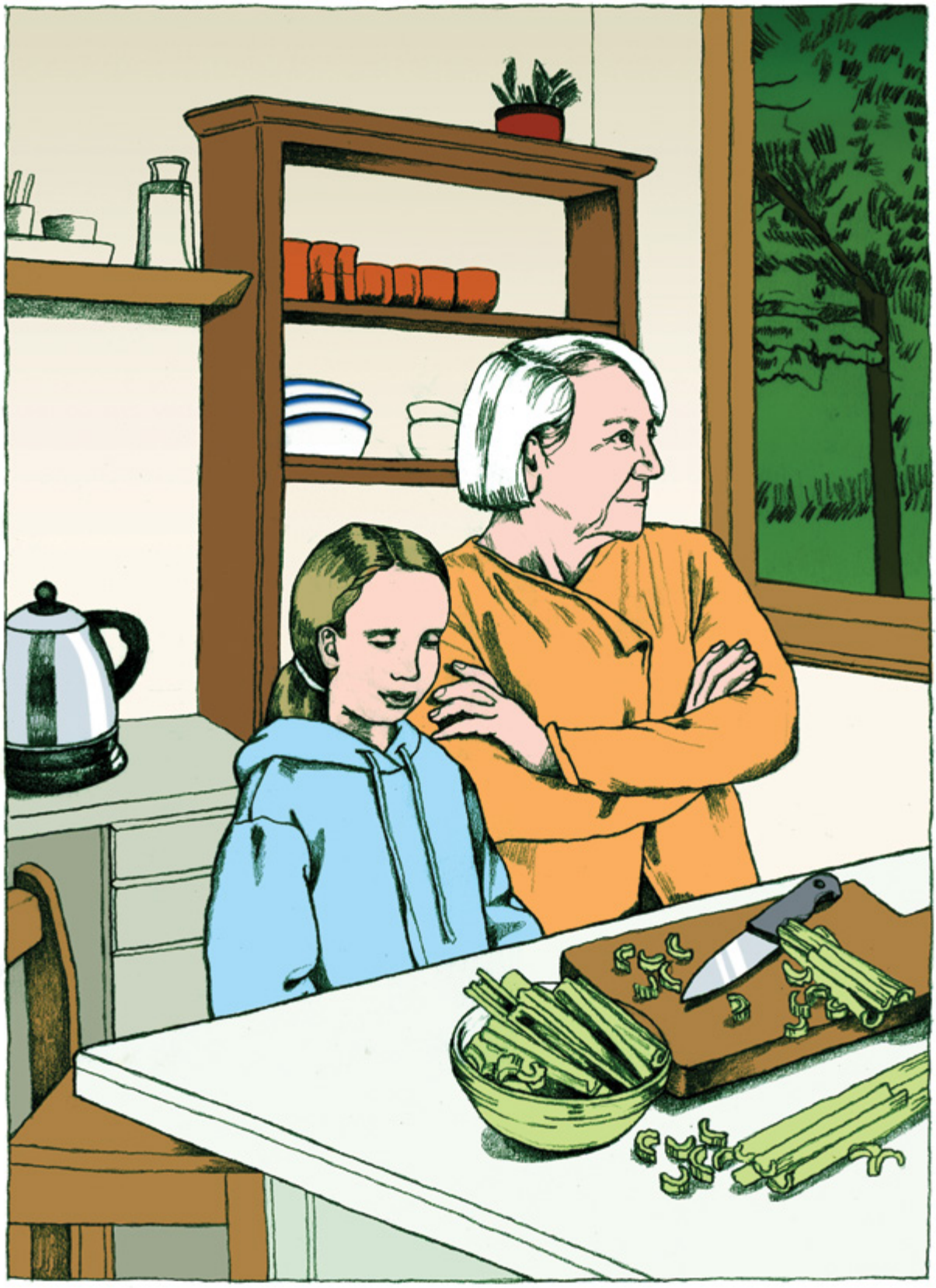
"Good. I made soup."

I gave her a hug. Before she moved in, we'd never hugged much. It still felt a bit weird. We left the vegetables on the chopping board and went to watch *Brooklyn 99*. We were on to our second episode when Dad came in, wanting the key to the shed.

"Still lost?" Oma said.

Dad couldn't find the key last week, either, and now the grass was long. Mess made my dad aggro. He liked to mow the lawns every Sunday.

"I guess you haven't seen the key?" he asked me.



Dad went to the hardware store, and Oma went to her bedroom. I was in the kitchen, putting the vegetables in a container when I heard her call my name.

She was standing in the middle of her room, looking. "Don't laugh or you'll break my heart," she said. "I have a box of keys somewhere. Maybe one of them unlocks the shed."

"OK," I said. I wasn't so sure I wanted to get dragged into this.

"I know it sounds crazy, but it'll work if you take it seriously."

"OK."

I was waiting in the doorway, and Oma waved me in. "Now, we're looking for an old tin with a picture of Santa on the lid. I think it's red, but it could be green."

Oma had a lot of things. There was barely enough room to move.

"Get down and check under the bed, will you? I'm not doing that."

Oma opened drawers while I looked under the bed. I was actually enjoying being told what to do. It was like the old Oma had come back.

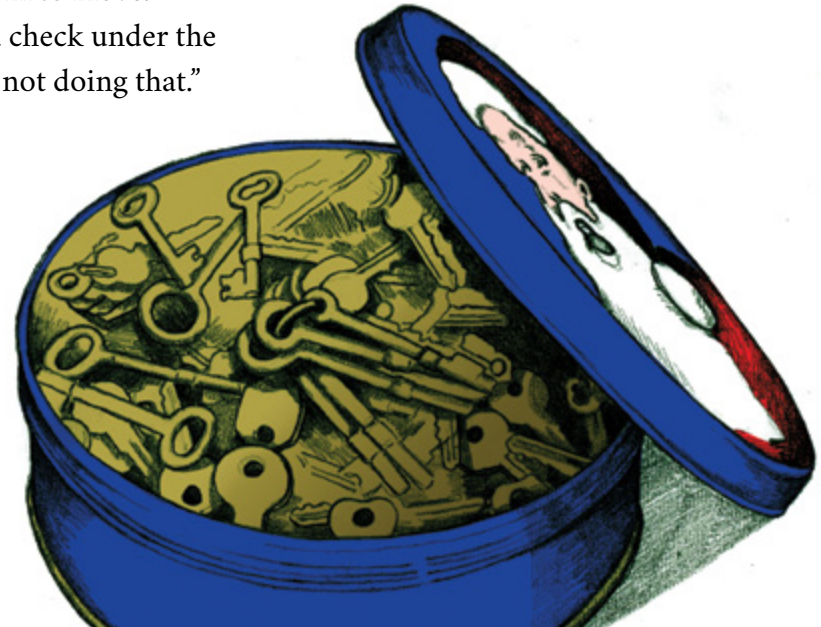
We searched for ten minutes before I found the tin inside a plastic tub.

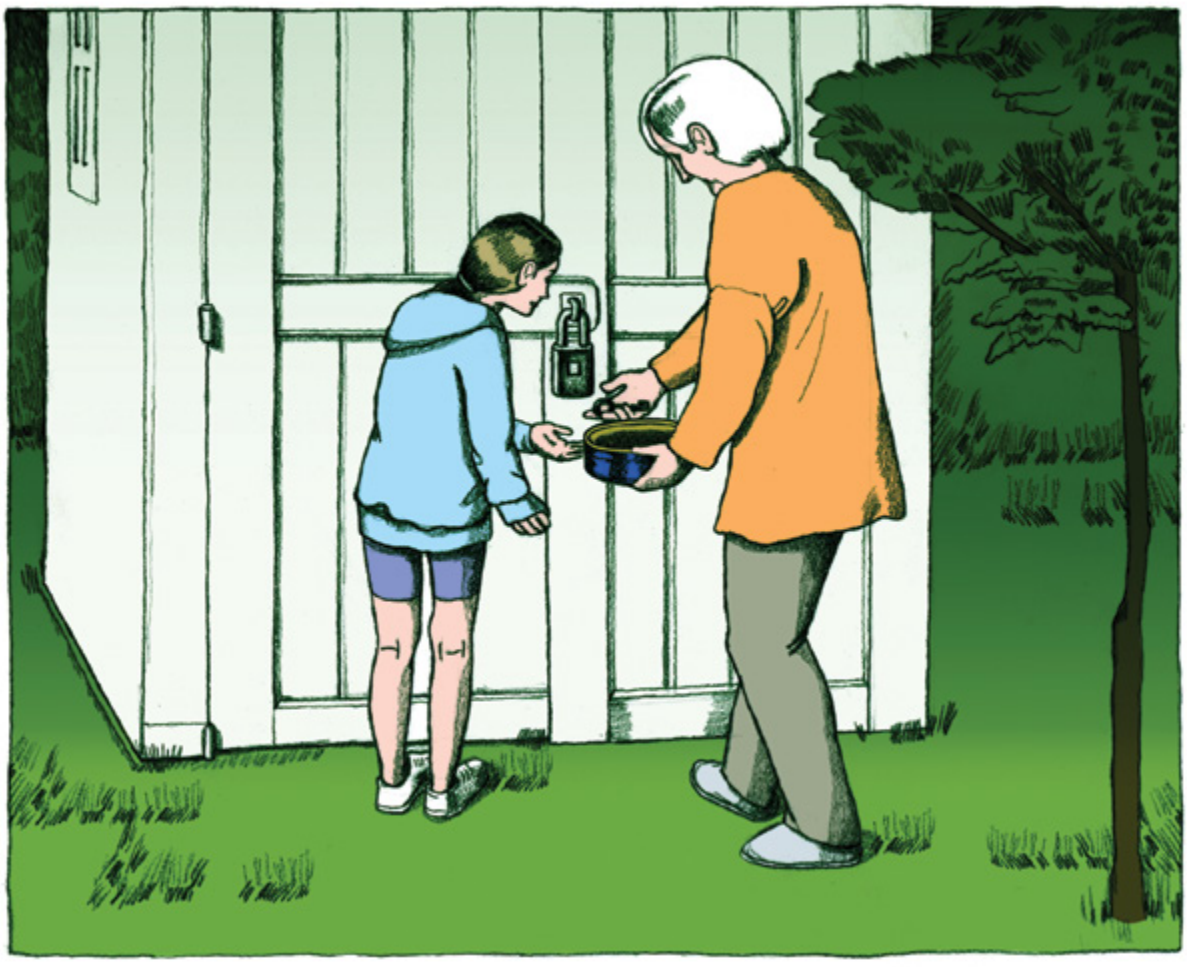
"Open it," Oma instructed.

There were maybe a hundred keys in there. Old keys and new keys. Rusted keys and copper keys and silver ones. What would happen when we found out none of them unlocked the shed? Oma might cry.

"Put your doubts out of your mind or you'll jinx us," she said. "We'll never get the shed open, and your father will be muttering for the rest of his life."

I laughed. Oma had liked making jokes before Grandad died. Before she'd started to forget everything.





We went outside. Oma nodded at the shed door and handed me a key. It didn't work, and I passed it back. She shrugged and handed me another. We'd have to be quick if we wanted to test them all before it got dark. "What's this one?" I asked. The key was small and a pinkish-silver.

"I found it outside the supermarket." Next, she passed me a big old rusty key. It was very long, with two small teeth at the end like rabbit teeth. "This was the key to the church my mother used to clean," Oma said.

"Are there others from the Netherlands?" I asked.

Oma rummaged in the tin and fished out a copper key. It was less rusty than the church one. "Well this was their house key, but I've no idea about the rest. They belonged to my mother. She gave them to me. I'll leave them to you, too, I suppose. Do you want them?"

The house key had a flower pattern at the end. It was beautiful. I knew my great-grandparents had been poor. It was probably the prettiest thing they owned.

"Yes, I want them," I said.

Oma nodded, pleased. Then she passed more keys. I tried each one before she dropped it in her pocket. "You know, church was very important back then," she said once we'd got our rhythm. "For a lot of people, Sunday was their only day off. And my opa was their Sunday hero."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," said Oma, "it was because of the Clydesdales. Opa broke them all in. Those horses! They had hooves like dinner plates – and their heads were logs of wood."

"Like as big as tractors?"

Oma looked doubtful. "Small tractors, maybe."

I nodded, though I couldn't see where all this was going.

"Opa always said horses loved work … and they did … but he also said they loved food and rest too. If everything was in balance, they were happy – just like people. That's why Sunday was so important. Horses and humans need at least one day to loosen their muscles and relax their thoughts. To get a little bored even, so they want to work again. Is that true for you?"

I thought about school while I tried another key. "I could use three days off."

"Yes, even better!" Oma said. "One year, there was a huge harvest. There was so much wheat to get in. The village landlord realised things could be done faster if there were no days off. He said to Opa, *If the horses don't have a day off from eating, why should they have a day off from work?*"

"What did Opa say?"

"Then the horses won't work for you. And neither will we."

"So, he took the next Sunday off?"

"Yes … and he went to church! Afterwards, he went to the barn to feed the horses. And the landlord came."

"The landlord came?"

Oma nodded. She was so happy. "He got close to Opa and peered down at him. My opa was short. The landlord said he hadn't seen the men in the fields. *No*, Opa said. *The horses refused because it's Sunday*. The landlord said he hoped they wouldn't refuse next Sunday. Opa looked into a horse's big, chocolate eye – then he looked at

the landlord. *I think they'll refuse even tomorrow*, he said. *If there's no Sunday, the week makes no sense. You're the only one around here – man or animal – who thinks we should work Sunday."*

"What did the landlord say?"

"Nothing! He went home, and he never spoke to my opa again. He used the other men to pass on messages."

"Maybe he was scared of the little man with the big horses."

"Exactly."

After a while, Mum came out to sit in the sun. She had a packet of chips. There were bees in the flowers and birds loud in the trees.

"Show Mum how many we've done," I said, and Oma lifted her cardigan pockets to show how they sagged with the weight. Mum went off again and came back with an ice-cream container.

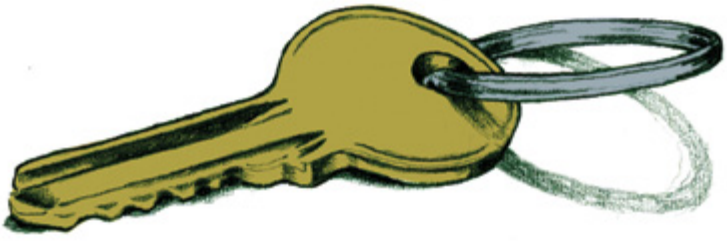
I didn't want to talk any more about the keys or the horses in front of Mum. I didn't want Dad to know either, even though Oma is his mum. It felt like we had a secret understanding.

"You know," Oma said, "your grandad was always antsy about the lawn – like your dad. He said looking at overgrown grass gave him sweaty armpits."

She handed me a slender key. There weren't many left in the tin, maybe ten. I held it a moment before sliding it in. It went in easily, like slipping on a T-shirt, and the lock clicked open.

Mum nearly choked on a chip. "Babe!" she yelled at Dad. "They did it!"

"What?" he yelled back. Dad came over, and we all stood there, laughing at the lawnmower inside the shed.



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