



TŪRANGANUI-A-RUA,  
TŪRANGANUI-A-MARU,  
TŪRANGANUI-A-KIWA E!

JOURNEY OF A WAKA

GROW BIG

## TITLE

Tūranganui-a-Rua, Tūranganui-a-Maru, Tūranganui-a-Kiwa e!  
Journey of a Waka  
Grow Big

## READING YEAR LEVEL

4  
4  
4

At times, Connected themes require the introduction of concepts that students at this curriculum level may need support to fully understand.

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# Ki te hoe!

Let's get going!

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MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

LEVEL  
2

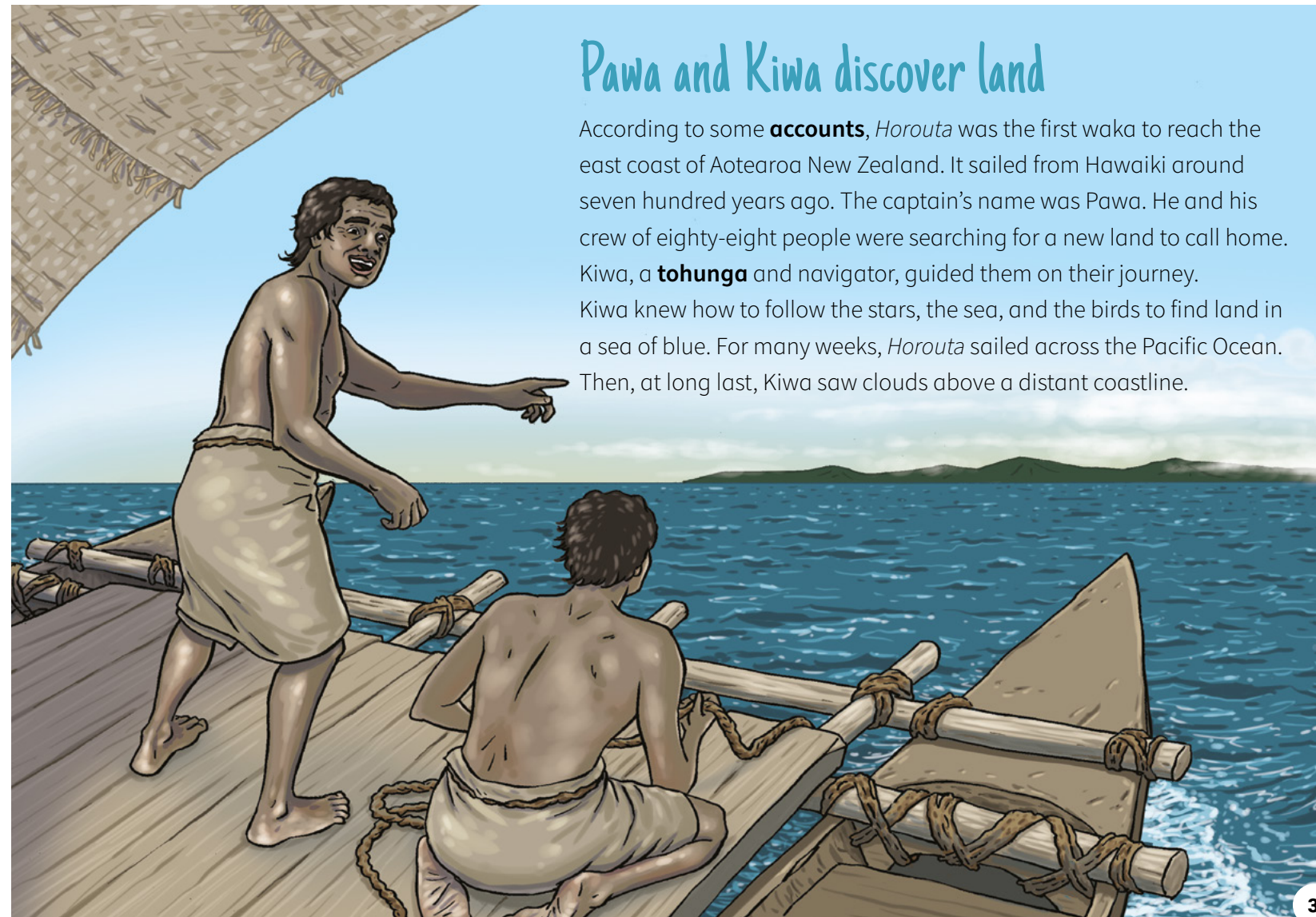




# TŪRANGANUI-A-RUA, TŪRANGANUI-A-MARU, TŪRANGANUI-A-KIWA E!

by Walton Walker  
(Ngāti Porou)

Just outside Gisborne, on the east coast of the North Island, lies a long, sweeping bay. It has golden sand, white cliffs, and rivers that twist into the sea. Like many places in Aotearoa New Zealand, it also has two names – one in te reo Māori and one in English. These names tell two very different stories. For the **tangata whenua**, they are part of a rich and sometimes painful history.



## Pawa and Kiwa discover land


According to some **accounts**, *Horouta* was the first waka to reach the east coast of Aotearoa New Zealand. It sailed from Hawaiki around seven hundred years ago. The captain's name was Pawa. He and his crew of eighty-eight people were searching for a new land to call home. Kiwa, a **tohunga** and navigator, guided them on their journey. Kiwa knew how to follow the stars, the sea, and the birds to find land in a sea of blue. For many weeks, *Horouta* sailed across the Pacific Ocean. Then, at long last, Kiwa saw clouds above a distant coastline.



Pawa and Kiwa sailed into a small estuary. But as they got closer, they struck a hidden sandbar. The **haumi** of the waka was badly cracked. It needed to be fixed.

Pawa and his crew made it to shore and split into three groups to look for wood. While they searched, Kiwa guided the damaged waka around the coast to wait for them on the other side. There he discovered a beautiful bay filled with plants and wildlife. As one of the first people to step foot on the land, he claimed the right to name the area. He called it Tūranganui-a-Kiwa – the long waiting place of Kiwa.

#### KEY

Horouta and Kiwa 

Pawa and crew 



How Tūranganui-a-Kiwa got its name is remembered differently by different iwi and hapū. The kōrero told here is just one version among many.

## A land of riches

*Horouta* is one of many waka that arrived in Tūranganui-a-Kiwa. The tangata whenua also have links to *Tākitimu* and *Te Ikaroa-a-Rauru*. Their ancestors were some of the first people to explore the land and learn how to live here.

Tūranganui-a-Kiwa had everything the people needed. There was easy access to **kaimoana**, good soil for growing crops, plants for building houses, and lots of birds, including moa. As the population grew, pā were built along the banks of the rivers and high in the hills. New **hapū** spread out. Eventually, people from all over Aotearoa came to trade for food and other resources. From the riverbank where Kiwa first stood, a community was born.





## Cook's arrival

Around five hundred years later, Tūranganui-a-Kiwa was the site of another historic landing. In 1768, James Cook set sail from England on his ship, the *Endeavour*. At the time, Europeans knew very little about the South Pacific. Cook was sent to explore the area and study the night sky. He also wanted to find out if there was a hidden **continent** at the bottom of the world. After spending some time in Tahiti, Cook continued sailing south.

On 8 October 1769, the *Endeavour* sailed into Tūranganui-a-Kiwa. After months at sea, Cook and his crew needed food, water, and other supplies. But their meeting with local Māori

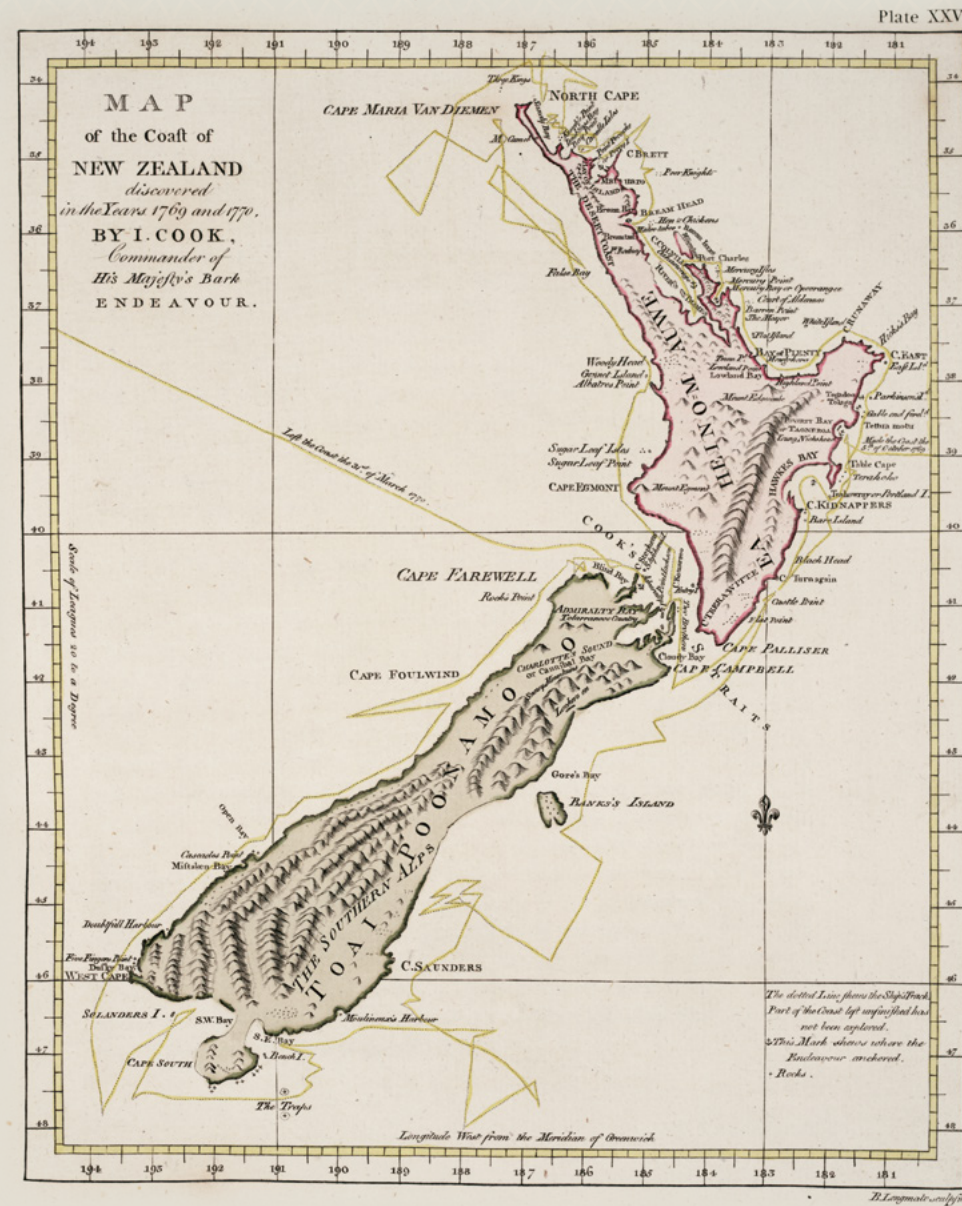


James Cook

was a disaster. Four Māori men approached the British and performed a wero – a ceremonial challenge. The British thought they were being attacked. One of Cook's men shot and killed Ngāti Oneone leader Te Maro. The next day, Cook's men killed several more Māori, including the Rongowhakaata chief Te Rakau.

Before reaching New Zealand, Cook had planned to name the first place he landed “Endeavour Bay”. But after the meeting with

local Māori, he changed his mind. He decided to call the area “Poverty Bay” because he couldn't get the supplies that he wanted.



## NAMING AND CLAIMING

After leaving Tūranganui-a-Kiwa, Cook continued sailing around Aotearoa New Zealand. He became the first European to draw a detailed map of the North and South Islands. On his map, he named many places that already had names. At the time, it was common for European explorers to rename places they had “discovered”, even if there were people living there. They did this to claim these places for their own countries. When Cook named places in Aotearoa, he was letting the world know that Britain claimed authority over New Zealand. This ignored the rights of Māori as tangata whenua. Many of these names are still in use today.



Cook's map of New Zealand



## A community stands up

After Cook's visit, Tūranganui-a-Kiwa was often named "Poverty Bay" in maps, charts, and other official documents. But many Māori continued to call it by its original name. Over the years, the local iwi made many attempts for "Tūranganui-a-Kiwa" to become the official name, but with little success. Then, in 2013, Kaiti School in Gisborne presented a **petition** to the council. The students couldn't believe that the bay's Māori name had been replaced by Cook. They wanted to change it back. This time, the council asked local iwi and members of the community if they agreed. After several years of debate, the answer was clear. It was time for a change.

## One bay, two names

Two years later, the government decided to change the name of the bay to Tūranganui-a-Kiwa / Poverty Bay. They believed that a two-part name was the best way to reflect the area's Māori and Pākehā history. Not everyone agreed with the decision. But many people were happy to see the Māori name officially recognised. For the tangata whenua, the name connects them to their **tūpuna**. It honours Kiwa's achievements and celebrates the area's proud Māori history.

*“ We're not poor.  
We've got our reo.  
We have our land.  
We have our whānau.  
We have our community.  
For us as Māori, that's  
what makes us feel rich.  
Poverty Bay doesn't reflect  
us as a community. ”*



**Billie-Jean Potaka Ayton,**  
Principal, Kaiti School



## What's in a name?

Place names are everywhere. We use them so often that it's easy not to think about them. But each name tells a story. Often, these stories have replaced other stories. Learning about these stories can teach us a lot about our history and our values. What do you know about the names in your **rohe**?

## Glossary

**accounts:** descriptions of an event  
**continent:** a huge, solid area of land that is separated from other areas of land by water or other natural features  
**hapū:** a kinship group connected by whakapapa or a common ancestor  
**haumi:** an extra section added to the front of a waka to make it longer

**kaimoana:** seafood  
**petition:** a request to change something, often signed by lots of people who agree  
**rohe:** local area  
**tangata whenua:** local people; the people who belong to the land in a tribal area  
**tohunga:** a priest, healer, or expert in a particular area  
**tūpuna:** ancestors





# JOURNEY OF A WAKA

We know from Māori oral histories, and other evidence such as archaeology, that many ancestors of Māori began arriving in Aotearoa New Zealand more than seven hundred years ago. These ancestors sailed over a long period of time from East Polynesia in boats called waka hourua. These were dangerous journeys, but the ancestors were expert sailors. They planned carefully, knew when to leave, what supplies to take, and how to find land in the world's biggest ocean.

## ESSENTIAL ITEMS

Waka hourua carried everything they needed for their journeys, including paddles, bailers to remove water, spare sails, ropes, clothing, adzes, crops, and anchor stones.

## SIGNS IT IS TIME TO LEAVE

It was the right time to leave when there was plenty of food stored, when the seas were calm, the winds blowing east, and the birds migrating south.

## WATER

Water could be stored in coconuts and bottle gourds. The sails of the waka would collect water when it rained.

## FOOD

Different waka brought different kinds of food, including kūmara, bananas, taro and taro paste, yams, eggs, dried fish and vegetables, and coconuts.

## DEPARTURE East Polynesia

## PEOPLE ON BOARD

The main roles on waka hourua included rangatira (captain), tohunga (priest and navigator), kaihautū (person directing the paddlers), and kaiurungi (steerers). Some of these words are still used for leaders today.

## ANIMALS ON BOARD

Some waka hourua carried kūrī (dogs) and others brought kiore (rats).

## FISHING

While at sea, the ancestors probably caught mahimahi, flying fish, tuna, and sharks.

## SUPPLIES FOR STAYING WARM

Rain capes and ponchos, probably made from tapa cloth or pandanus leaves, kept the ancestors warm and dry on their long journeys.

## NAVIGATION

The ancestors of Māori were excellent navigators. They made their way across the ocean by keeping track of the stars, planets, ocean currents, the direction of the wind, and the position of the sun. They kept track of time by watching the phases of the moon.

## SIGNS THAT LAND IS NEAR

Clouds ahead, seabirds and birdsong, insects blown to sea, seaweed, and floating leaves and branches told the ancestors that land was near.

## ARRIVAL Aotearoa



# Grow Big

*Kāore te kūmara e korero mō tōna ake reka  
The kūmara doesn't speak of its own sweetness*

by Paula Morris (Ngāti Wai, Ngāti Whātua)



This story imagines what life was like for Ngāti Wai tūpuna on the east coast of Northland in the late 1700s.

When Moka woke up, he knew it was going to be a busy day. His koro said that this time of year was called **Whiringa-ā-Nuku**. The cold days of **takurua** were over, and the earth was warm again. It was time to plant food for the rest of the year.

“E **moko**, we need you today,” said Koro. “You have to be strong and work hard.”

Moka nodded, but deep down he wasn't sure. His friend Tai was the strong one. Moka was small for his age. And skinny.

“One day you'll grow big,” his mother always said. Moka hoped that was true.

The first jobs began as soon as the sun rose.

“You fetch the water, Moka,” his mother said.

She handed him a **tahā**. When it was empty, Moka liked to drum on its hard skin with his hands.

“Stop making so much noise!” said his older sister Pae. She thought she knew everything. “And don't spill the water this time.”

Moka ran off towards the stream. The ground felt soft and dewy under his feet. As he ran, he dodged everything in his way: a dog flopping in a muddy puddle, the post where they hung **kete** of food, the trap built to catch **kiore**. The tūi in the trees sounded like a crowd cheering him on.

The stream was cold and clear. In the summer, Moka spent many evenings there trying to catch eels. His father showed him how to find juicy grubs on pūriri trees. The grubs were bait, hooked onto the end of a line and tied to a stick. His father let the line dangle in the water and chanted, soft and low. Whenever he caught an eel, he would hang it to dry in the **raumati** sun. Drying the eels made them last for months. They would be stored and then eaten through the cooler, darker nights.

**Whiringa-ā-Nuku:** Fifth month of the Māori year; around October  
**takurua:** winter

**moko:** grandchild  
**tahā:** a water container made from the hard shell of the Polynesian gourd

**kete:** basket  
**kiore:** Polynesian rats  
**raumati:** summer



Today, Moka's friend Tai was already at the stream, crouched on a rock. His two tahā looked full.

"Only one?" he shouted to Moka. "You need to be strong like me."

Moka sighed. Tai was so tall, with thick arms and legs. Still, Moka could see that Tai was struggling with the heavy tahā.

"See how strong I am," Tai called. He stood up and lifted the tahā over his head.

Moka filled his tahā to the top, but it was heavier than he expected. He tried to lift it up like Tai, but it slipped from his grasp and plopped into the water.

Tai burst into laughter. Moka jumped into the stream and grabbed the tahā before it bobbed away. He knew he would get into big trouble if he lost it.

Climbing back up the hill was hard work. Moka took his time, careful not to slosh the water. He knew Tai would be back at the marae, bragging to everyone about what had happened. He tried to forget about it. "He iti, he iti kahikātoa," his father always said. The mānuka tree might be small, but its wood is strong.



At the whare, everyone was busy.

"You have a big job today," his mother told him. "We're going to clear the ground up the hill for planting kūmara."

Kūmara! That was Moka's favourite food of all. Sweet, smoky kūmara cooked deep in the ground was the best meal.

Moka could smell the smoke already. It wafted down from the hill where some of his cousins were burning away the low bush. This was the first step in clearing the land. Moka's mother carried a toki on her shoulder. The adults used these tools to break the soil and dig out roots.

Koro and Pae followed, both hauling kete of sand.

"Let me help you," Moka said, but Koro shook his head.

"Too heavy for you."

Everything was too hard or too heavy for Moka. All he wanted to do was help. Up at the field, Tai was busy smashing clumps of dirt – showing off, again.

"I have another job for you boys," his mother said. "We need you to spread the ashes from the fires. Let all that heat soak in."

"I thought the earth was already warm?" Moka asked.

"It is," said his mother. "But kūmara like it really, really warm."

"Moka, let's have a contest," said Tai. "I bet I'll be faster than you."

"You will not!" Moka argued.





Koro leaned close, gesturing at Tai. “**He kai ā-waha,**” he whispered, and Moka smiled. Tai really did have a bragging mouth.

For the rest of the day, everyone worked together in the field – digging and smashing or spreading sand and ash. Tai grabbed big handfuls of ash and tossed them over the garden. But because he didn’t mix it into the soil, half of the ash was blown away. Moka pretended that he was a kiore, small and quick. He raced up and down the rows on all fours, spreading the ash and patting it into the soil.

It was a long, long day. That night, around the fire, Moka’s arms and legs ached.

Koro patted him on his shoulder. “You were the hardest worker today,” he said. “We’ll have a good crop because of you.”

Moka smiled. He hoped the kūmara on the hill were warm under their blanket of ash.

“Grow big, kūmara,” he whispered into the night sky.

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**He kai ā-waha:** food of the mouth – a whakataukī (saying) applied to people who brag a lot. Gathering food takes lots of hard work, but a bragger’s achievements are all in their talk.



illustrations by Josh Morgan

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