



JUNIOR JOURNAL 48



FIRST WORLD WAR

1914–1918



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Ministry of Education



Always Great, Never Late!

by Bill Nagelkerke



Always great, never late! That's my mum's motto. It might be true for her, but it's only partly true for me. She's never late for work, but I'm nearly always late for school.

In the morning, my mum takes ages to get dressed. I'm always dressed before she is. Sometimes I have to get her breakfast.

My mum wears funny clothes to work. Well, you'd think they were funny. I'm used to them. They're a kind of uniform, I guess. She wears baggy trousers, a sparkly waistcoat, a fat bow tie, and a purple jacket with lots of pockets. That makes her sound like a clown, but she isn't a clown.



My mum spends far too long in front of the mirror. That makes her sound like a model, but she isn't a model. She doesn't put on make-up. It's just that she always does lots of practice in front of the mirror. I'm not allowed to see what she's practising. It's secret. She doesn't tell me, even when I beg.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asks me.

"You bet!" I say. I really, *really* want to know what her secret is.

And then she says, "So can I!"

How mean is that? She tricks me every time with that question.

"Is your bag ready?" my mum asks me.
"Have you packed your lunch?"

"Yes, Mum," I say.

"And your exercise books?"

"Yes, Mum."

"And your library book?"

"Yes, Mum."

"And your tablet?"

"Yes, Mum."

"Is it fully charged?"

"Yes, Mum."

Then it's my turn. "Is your bag ready?" I say to her. "Have you packed your handkerchiefs?"

"Yes," she says.

"And your ribbons?"

"Yes," she says.

"And your eggs?"

"Yes," she says.

"Have you packed your lunch?" I finish.

"Whoops!" she says. "I almost forgot." (The eggs are not her lunch.) There are lots more things my mum takes to work, but these are some of the things she needs the most.

"Are you fully charged?" I ask.

"One hundred per cent," she replies.





I look at the clock. It's not nearly time to go. It's not exactly time to go. It's *after* time to go. I'm going to be late. The third time this week.

"Hurry up, Mum," I say. "Ms Wright is going to growl at me again."

"I'm sorry, so sorry, so sorry," says my mum. "You won't be very late."

She grabs her bag with one hand and her hat with the other. Yes, my mum takes a hat to work. That makes her sound like a builder, but she's not a builder.

I open the front door and lock it behind us. I open the garage door. I open the sliding door of our van. Mum throws in her bag.

Our van is already full of other things, mainly boxes – lots of boxes. That makes my mum sound like a courier, but she’s not a courier.



At last, we leave. I enjoy the ride to school, even though we're running late. Our van is higher than a car. I can see people reading the words on our van. (Mum painted them herself.) On the back bumper, it says: **Beware! This van may turn into a driveway.** On the passenger's door, it says: **When is a door not a door? When it's ajar! Ha Ha!** On the bonnet, it says: **My tricks, your treats** – except the letters are written like this:

My tricks, your treats

so other drivers can read them in the rear-view mirror.

We arrive at school, and I climb down from the van, and my mum hops out to say goodbye.

"Bye-bye, honey pie," she says to me.

"I'll pick you up at the usual time."


"Please don't be late," I say.

"When am I ever late?" Mum asks.






illustrations by Kat Chadwick



Before our van disappears, I read what's written on the back door.



**Hire me, don't fire me!
I'm Marvellous Maddie,
Magician extraordinaire.
Always great, never late!**

My mum is magic!

Torty, the Lucky Tortoise

by David Chadwick



This true story was told to David by Torty's owner, Beth.

During the First World War, a young man named Stewart was a **stretcher-bearer** in the New Zealand Army. He moved sick and wounded soldiers from the **battlefields** to places that were safe. One of these places was the port of Salonika in Greece. While he was there, he made an unusual friend ...

The First World War

The First World War began in 1914 and took place mainly in Europe. It was called a "world" war because a lot of countries became involved. New Zealand soldiers went to fight on the same side as Great Britain. More than 18 000 New Zealanders lost their lives, and over 40 000 were wounded. The war ended in November 1918.



There were many wild tortoises around Salonika.
One day, Stewart saw a tortoise crossing a track.



As he watched, he was horrified to see the tortoise run over by a gun carriage.



Stewart thought the tortoise would be squashed flat - but amazingly, it wasn't!



Luckily the ground was soft.

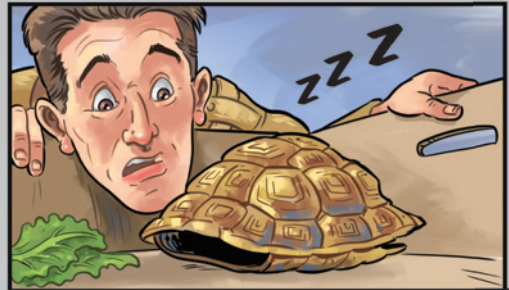
The tortoise had two deep **grooves** in its shell and had lost some toes and a small piece of its shell, but it was still alive.



Stewart asked the local people about the tortoise. They thought that it was over one hundred years old. They told Stewart what kinds of food tortoises like to eat.



Stewart decided to look after the tortoise until it was well again. He called it Tarty.



When Stewart was about to return to New Zealand, Tarty went into **hibernation**. Stewart had grown fond of Tarty, so he decided to take the hibernating tortoise home with him.



Stewart put Tarty in his army bag. When Tarty woke up, five months later, they were in New Zealand!



Torty's Adventures in New Zealand

Torty lived for many years with Stewart and his family in Dunedin. The war was over, but Torty's adventures were not.

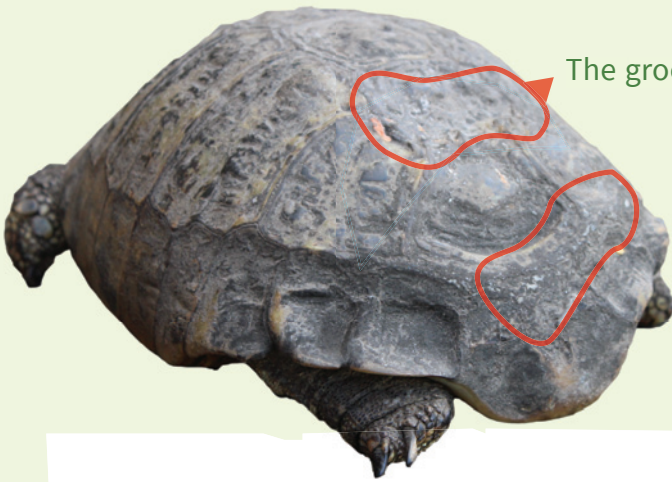
One year, Torty decided to hibernate under some leaves that had been put in a pile to burn. Nobody knew that Torty was under the pile until the leaves were set on fire. Luckily, as her hiding place became hotter, Torty woke up and scuttled out to safety.

Another time, she was stolen from the family's front garden. The people who stole Torty sold her to a circus. Stewart told the police that Torty was missing. A policeman found her when he took his son to see the circus.



The policeman saw the marks on her shell, so he knew the tortoise was Torty. Stewart and his family were very happy to get their tortoise back.

When Stewart died, his son Neil and daughter-in-law Beth took over caring for Torty. The tortoise had another close call when she climbed through a hole in the fence. She wandered into the sand dunes and became lost. It was very hot, and she had no water. When she was found a few days later, she was nearly dead.



The grooves on Tarty's shell

Tarty lost some toes on her back foot.



Now Tarty is probably around two hundred years old. She lives with Beth near Napier. A **reptile** expert who lives nearby owns a male tortoise called Boomerang. Recently, Tarty went to stay with Boomerang. When Tarty came home, she laid some eggs. Maybe they will hatch, and Tarty will become a mother at the ripe old age of two hundred!

Tarty likes company. Sometimes children come to see her. They talk to her and give her dandelion flowers and leaves to eat. Beth also takes Tarty to visit schools. She tells students about tortoises and about Tarty's amazing life.





Torty and Hibernation

Every year of her long life, Torty has hibernated for about five months over winter. Hibernation helps her save energy when it's cold and there's not much food around. When Torty hibernates, it's as if she has gone into a deep sleep. Her body temperature falls, she doesn't move, and she doesn't need to eat, drink, or go to the toilet. When spring arrives, Torty wakes up again. Although winter in Greece is from November to January, Torty quickly **adapted** to the New Zealand seasons and began hibernating during our winter.



Glossary

adapted – changed to suit the place where it lives

battlefields – places where armies fight each other

grooves – long, narrow cuts

hibernation – when an animal or plant becomes inactive (not moving) for a time, usually over winter

reptiles – a group of animals that includes snakes, lizards, tortoises, and turtles

stretcher-bearer – a soldier who carries wounded soldiers to where they can get medical help

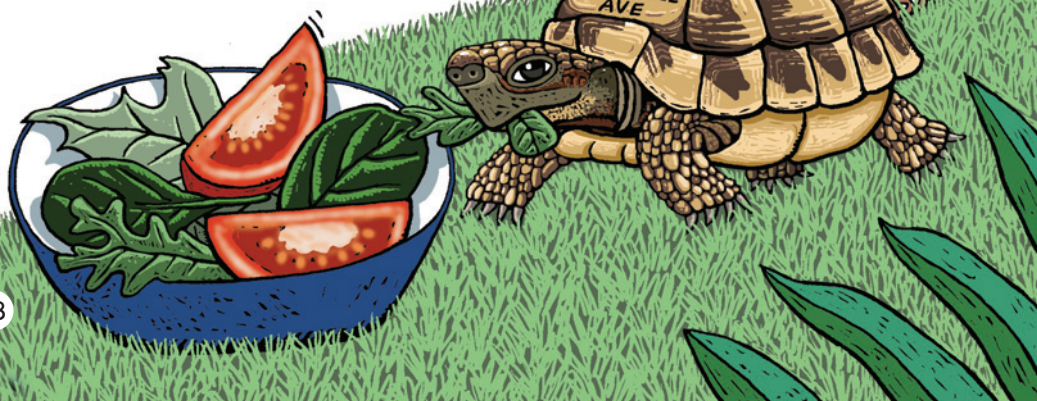
Tortoise

I found a harmless little creature
paddling in a ditch.
A turtle or a tortoise?
I wasn't quite sure which.

His home address was very clearly
written on his shell.
So I took him round to Jody's place –
I know Jody well.

“He's a tortoise,” Jody told me.
“He's really very tame.
My greatest problem with him is ...
He hasn't learned his name!”

Alan Bagnall



BREAKDOWN

by Tricia Glensor



Jake's mum's car was quite old.

"It's more than twice as old as I am," said Jake.

"It's an oldie but a goodie," said Mum.

"Just like me."

Mum used her car to go to work, and on wet days, she sometimes used it to give Jake a ride to school.

And every Saturday, she used her car to do the shopping at the supermarket. Jake always went too – to help carry the bags and choose the ice cream for their weekend treat.

Most days, the car started without any fuss, but one Saturday, when Mum turned the key, the car made a strange, spluttering noise.

“That’s funny,” said Mum, and she turned the key again.

This time, the car sounded as if it had a bad cold. It coughed and spluttered, and then it went quiet.

“Oh dear,” said Mum. “I don’t like the sound of that.”

She turned the key again. This time, nothing happened at all.

Mum lifted up the bonnet and looked inside. “I can’t see anything wrong,” she said. “I’d better ring the garage.”

The garage sent a big red tow truck. The driver’s name was Matthew.



Matthew tried to start the car, but nothing happened. He lifted up the bonnet and checked the battery and the engine. "I can't see anything wrong," he said. "We'd better put it on the truck and take it to the garage."

"How will you get it onto the truck?" asked Jake.

Matthew reached into the truck's cab and pulled out something that looked like a TV remote. He handed it to Jake.

"See that button?" he asked. "Press it and see what happens."

Jake pointed the remote at the truck and pressed the button. There was a loud, grinding noise, and the deck of the tow truck slowly tipped up until the back touched the ground.

"Now what?" asked Jake.

Matthew pointed to a metal hook on the deck of the truck. The hook was on the end of a thick wire cable. The cable was wound around a metal roller just behind the cab.

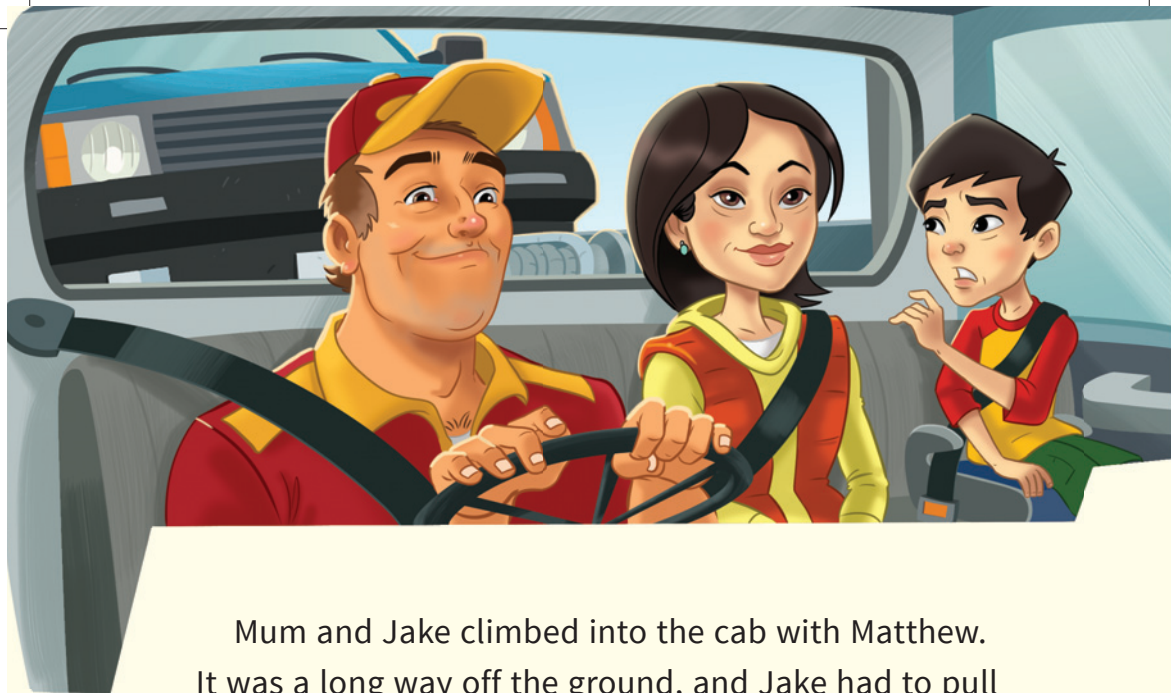
"That's a winch," said Matthew. "We'll hook that up to your mum's car so we can pull it onto the back of the truck."

Matthew unwound the cable and hooked it underneath Mum's car. Then he pressed another button on the remote, and the cable began to wind itself around the winch. Very slowly, Mum's car slid onto the deck of the truck.

"Now you can lower the deck again," said Matthew.

He showed Jake which button to press. There was another loud noise, and the deck of the truck went down again, taking Mum's car with it. Jake watched as Matthew put chains around the car's wheels.





Mum and Jake climbed into the cab with Matthew. It was a long way off the ground, and Jake had to pull himself up with the hand grip.

Matthew started the engine, and the truck pulled out into the road. Jake could see right over the top of the cars in front.

He looked back through the window at Mum's car. It bounced around a bit when the truck went over a bump.

"Don't worry," said Matthew. "It won't fall off. Those chains around the car's wheels will hold it on."

At the garage, Jake helped Matthew make the deck tip up again. He watched as Matthew winched Mum's car onto the ground.

The mechanic lifted up the bonnet and began checking the engine. After a while, he said, "I'm sorry, but we'll need to keep it here for some tests."

“Will you be able to fix it?” asked Jake.

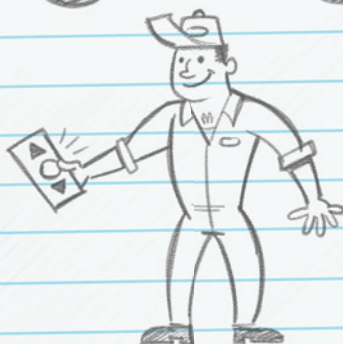
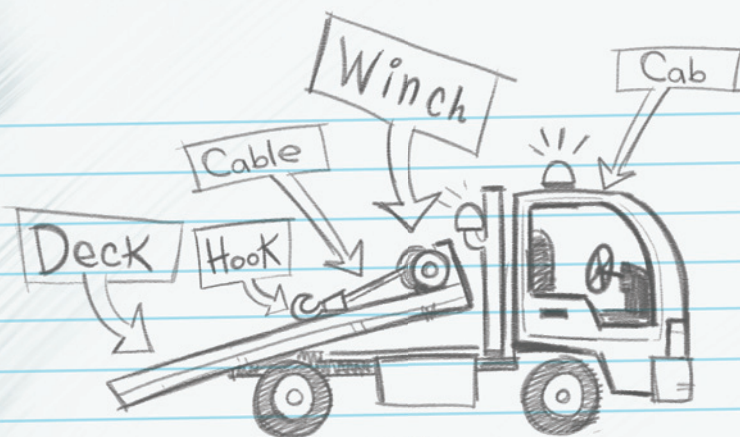
“It might need some new parts, but it should be OK,” said the mechanic. “It’s an oldie but a goodie.”

Mum winked at Jake.

“We’ll have to walk home,” she said. “Let’s forget about the shopping for today.”

“But let’s not forget about the ice cream,” said Jake.

illustrations by Scott Pearson



Rongoā Māori

by André Ngāpō



Mum was feeling sick. Dad was away with my brother at a soccer tournament, and Aunty Toni and I had been looking after Mum all morning, giving her drinks and chicken soup. I was worried.

“It’ll be OK,” said Aunty Toni, looking at me. “It’s not too bad. Just a 24-hour bug, I reckon.”

Then Nan arrived. She rubbed Mum’s back and held a cold flannel against her forehead.

After lunch, Nan picked up her kete and car keys.

“Right, Ana,” she said to me. “It’s time to get some medicine.”

“Won’t be long,” she called to Mum.

We drove through town, past the shops, past the chemist. I looked back and wondered why we didn't stop.

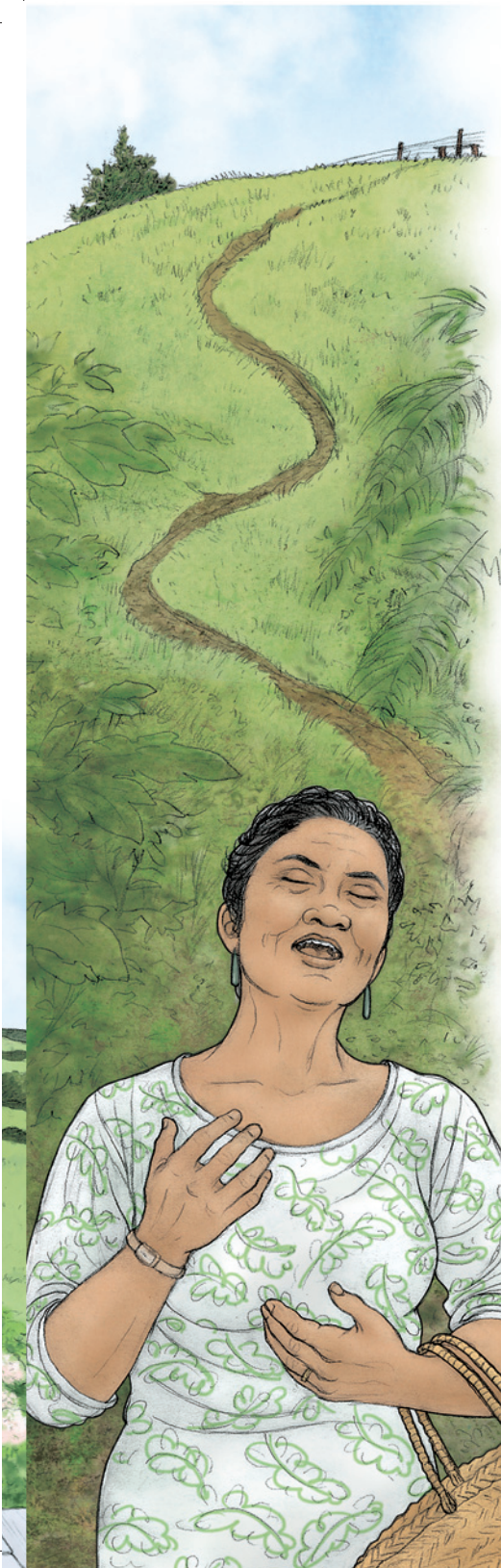
We kept driving, out towards the farms on the edge of town. Finally we stopped at a big farmhouse and Nan knocked on the door.

A farmer opened the door. Nan gave him a big hug, and I shook his hand. Nan said he was Mr Parry, an old friend of hers.

"I've come to collect some rongoā," said Nan.

"Ka pai," said Mr Parry.





We walked across paddocks, through gates, and over fences, then climbed to the top of a small hill. Below us was a patch of native forest. “You remember your way from here, eh?” he said.

“Āe, kia ora,” said Nan.

Mr Parry smiled and said he was going to check some fences.

We followed a narrow track down the hill and into the forest. Then Nan stopped. She closed her eyes and said a karakia. I heard the names of Tāne Māhuta, Papatūānuku, and Ranginui.

“Ana,” said Nan. “Did you know that your tūpuna used to go to the forest to find rongoā – their medicine? They were very clever, our ancestors.”



She walked deeper into the bush.

“Over here is kawakawa. Lots of people know about this rongoā because it has so many uses, and you can find it all over Aotearoa. Your koro used to chew on the leaves when he had a toothache.”

She pointed to another tree. “And this is pūriri. It’s good for all sorts of things – sore throats, sore muscles, sprains.” She carefully broke off a flower to show me. I held it in my hands gently, like it was a tiny, baby bird.

“Rongoā has to be treated with care. You can’t just pick it and eat it – it could make you very sick. You have to learn the correct ways, the safe ways.”

I looked up at Nan. The pūriri flower in my hand felt like a special treasure.

“Oh look!” said Nan, her smile growing even bigger. “This is koromiko. This is what your mum needs. Lots of kaha in this medicine!”

We walked further down the hill, carrying our rongoā in Nan's kete.

Mr Parry joined us halfway down. I noticed he was limping.

"What's wrong with your leg, Matua?" I asked.

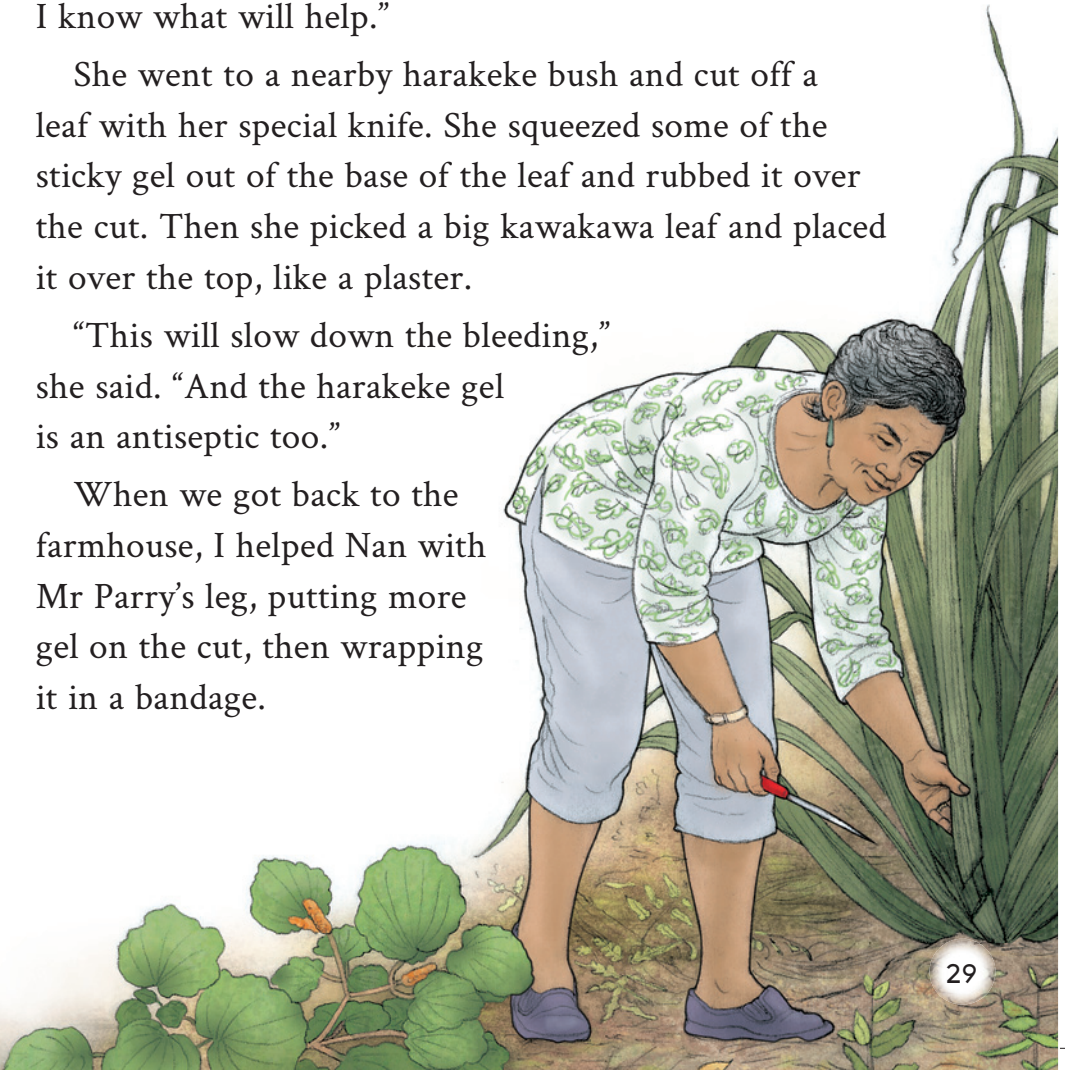
"Oh, it's nothing," he said. "I just scratched it on a bit of barbed wire."

"That's more than a scratch," said Nan. "Hang on, I know what will help."

She went to a nearby harakeke bush and cut off a leaf with her special knife. She squeezed some of the sticky gel out of the base of the leaf and rubbed it over the cut. Then she picked a big kawakawa leaf and placed it over the top, like a plaster.

"This will slow down the bleeding," she said. "And the harakeke gel is an antiseptic too."

When we got back to the farmhouse, I helped Nan with Mr Parry's leg, putting more gel on the cut, then wrapping it in a bandage.





“Thanks,” said Mr Parry. “Now you’d better get back to Ruby. Don’t let me hold you up.”

I looked at Mr Parry’s leg, feeling proud that I had helped someone by using rongoā.

In the car, I held Nan’s kete safe in my arms.

“Can you teach me more about rongoā Māori?” I asked.

“Āe, Ana,” said Nan, smiling.

At home, Nan prepared the koromiko. She put the leaves into a pot of warm water to steep.

“Nan’s rongoā will fix you,” I said to Mum. I told her all about the rongoā in the forest and helping Mr Parry.

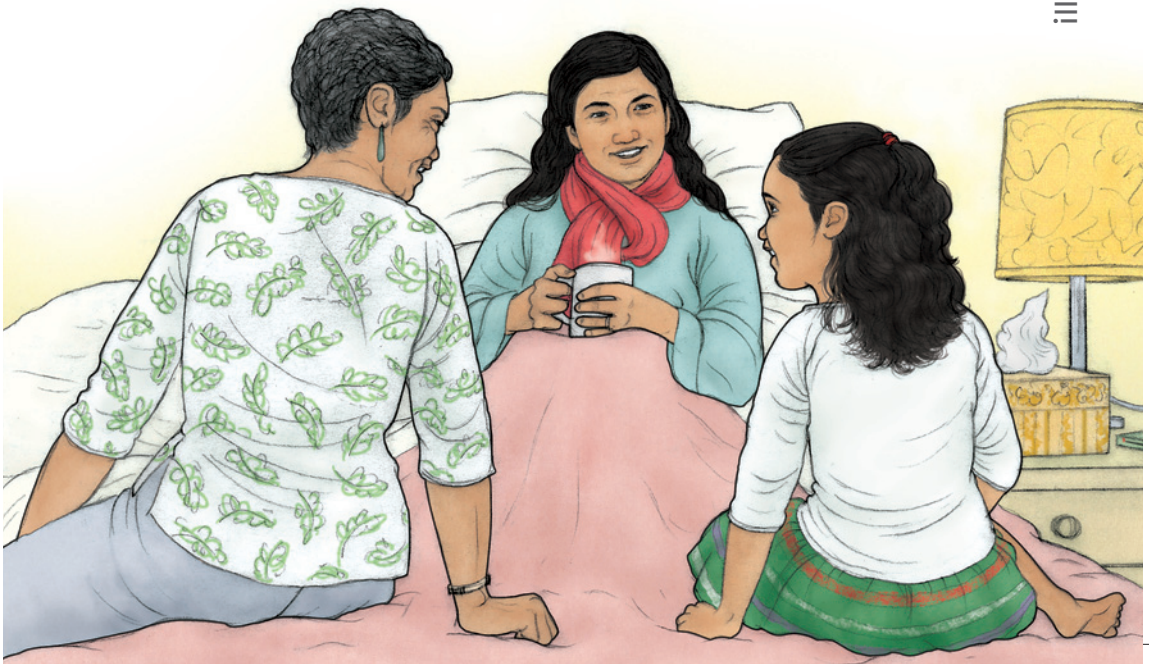
“Oh, Ana,” said Mum. “I think I feel a bit better already, just talking about it.”

“But you haven’t even tried it yet,” I said.

“I told you it has lots of kaha,” smiled Nan. “Just talking about rongoā Māori might be enough to cure your mum.”

We all laughed. Then, when the koromiko was ready, Mum took a big sip. And I didn’t feel so worried any more.

illustrations by Elspeth Alix Batt



Helpful Trees and Plants

There are many helpful trees and plants in New Zealand. These are the ones that Nan uses in “Rongoā Māori”.



Kawakawa

It's easy to spot kawakawa. This small tree has heart-shaped leaves that are often covered with caterpillar holes. In summer, it has orange, spikey flowers.



Pūriri

This tree grows about 20 metres tall. It has bright red berries that are eaten mostly by native birds like kererū, kōkako, and tūī.



Koromiko

The koromiko is a small shrub with tiny flowers that grow in bunches. The flowers smell sweet to attract butterflies and bees.



Harakeke

Harakeke is also known as flax and has many important uses. As well as being a medicine, it is used for such things as clothing, mats, kete, ropes, and nets.

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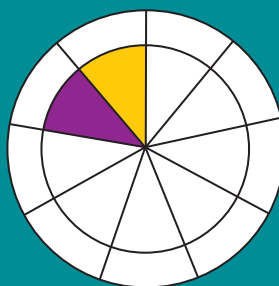
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TITLE	GUIDED READING LEVEL
Always Great, Never Late!	Gold 1
Breakdown	Gold 1
Rongoā Māori	Purple 2
Torty, the Lucky Tortoise	Gold 2



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Breakdown	✓	✓
Rongoā Māori	✓	✓
Torty, the Lucky Tortoise	✓	✓

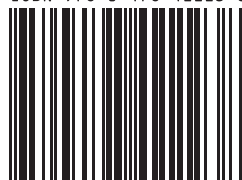


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