



# SCHOOL JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 2014

**BOOM**



**THUP BOOM**

<b>TITLE</b>	<b>READING YEAR LEVEL</b>
Match Report	8
Kauri Island	8
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This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 4. It supports literacy learning by providing opportunities for students to develop the knowledge and skills they need to meet the reading demands of the curriculum at this level. Each text has been carefully levelled in relation to these demands; its reading year level is indicated above.



Published 2014 by the Ministry of Education  
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.  
[www.education.govt.nz](http://www.education.govt.nz)

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Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN 978 0 478 44302 8  
ISSN 0111 6355

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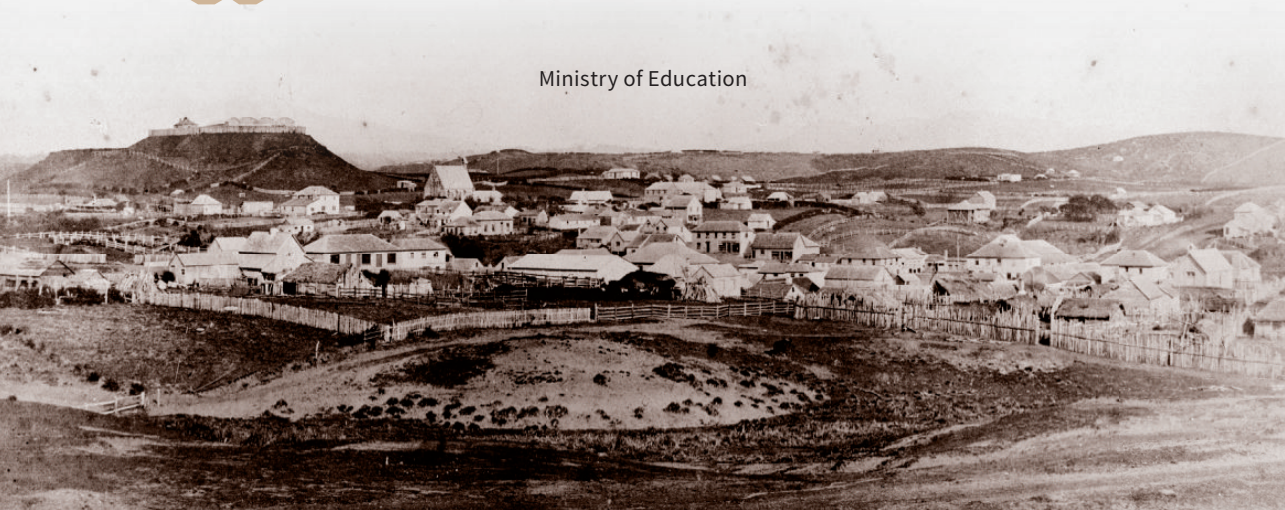
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Ministry of Education





# MATCH REPORT

by Kate De Goldi

10.04 a.m., Kōwhai Manor Rest Home. Tea and chocolate fingers. We're alone, so G and I suck off the chocolate.

"So ... remember we played Paroa this week?" I say.

G nods. "At Arthur Fong Park."

"Arthur Fong Park," I agree. "With the Grey River on your right –"

"And the Tasman Sea on your left ... bowling from the town end," G finishes.

We have a routine, me and G. Match reports in tandem.

"I called the toss right, for once, so I put Paroa in to bat."

G nods again, this time approvingly. "A green wicket. The ball always slides off."

"You got it. Another chocolate finger?" I offer G the plate.

"Don't mind if I do." Grandad's got a roaring sugar habit. He snarfs a party pack in an hour. Who cares when you're eighty-nine?

He eats steadily while I continue. "Harry Pugh opened the bowling –"

"Bonce's boy?" G asks.







“Great-grandson, actually. Jacko Byrne was at the other end –”  
“Facing into the wind!”  
“Don’t worry, Jacko’s tough as.”

G leans forward, his milky eyes wide. His good hand is up, the half-sucked chocolate finger a baton, conducting my commentary. I continue.

“Then –” Sandra barrels through the door, distributing laundry and pills and info about the outing, which G does *not* want to go on. He doesn’t want the pills, either. He says so very firmly. She’ll have to try again later.

“Now go away,” G says in Sandra’s direction, not *exactly* rude. “I’m hearing the match report.”

“Match report?” says Sandra.  
“But wasn’t it ...” I put a finger to my lips. Sandra stares, mouth gaping. Then light dawns, her mouth snaps shut, she gives a little smile. I like Sandra.

“Then,” I say, back to G, “*then* came a clever bit of bowling from Harry, some sharp work by Fitz behind the stumps – and Ron Regaldo’s gone. Paroa’s dangerman. Key wicket. It was beautiful.” I sigh happily, picturing it all.



Ron Regaldo is actually *Veronica* Regaldo, but G can't cope with girls playing cricket. So I lie, even though it's disloyal. Veronica's sixty-three not out last year was something else. She was born to bat. Best cover drive on the West Coast.

"Regaldo, eh?" G says. (I know what's coming.) "His old man was handy with the bat." (Her great-uncle, actually. Old Joe from Rapahoe.) "I always told Joe that Italians can't play cricket." (And then along came Vettori.) "And then along came Vettori, with his little hand grenades. Joe never let me forget it."

Grandad loved Vettori, too. When he could still watch TV, he'd load up his old test match tapes for us to watch. Daniel Vettori helped G to forget that his body was packing up, bit by bit. G could be in Vettori's body instead, coming round the wicket, arm over, friendly little ball leaving the hand, then *whammo* ... the batsman's all skittles at the other end, head down, walking off. "See that, see *that*," G would say, slow mo-ing with the remote so I could see again what Vettori did.

There's a great photo of G on our mantlepiece. The day he bowled his best figures playing club cricket: five for thirty-three. The photo's black and white, but the sky's cloudless, a Greymouth summer, with just a hint of breeze. G's white shirt billows a little, and there's a streak down his pants where he's shined the ball over and over. He holds up that ball, big smile for the camera.

"I worked to live," G always said. (Fifty-four years for the Railways.) "Real life happened after work."

G's hand is out again, beckoning greedily.

"So it was a brilliant start," I say, doling him yet another chocolate finger. "Then Jacko took two wickets in one over. Three for twelve. But Leo McKeefry likes to hit out, so I set a defensive field."

"Is he a big boy?" G asks, "like all the McKeefrys?"

"He'd be 2 metres, for sure."





“So, you put protection on the square leg boundary?”

“And at long on,” I say. “And at short extra cover.”

“And at silly mid-on,” says G, like he’s saying Amen. Grandad can see it all, I know. His inner eye is scoping Arthur Fong Park – the scrub boundary, the Corsican pine, bent from decades of westerlies. The bobbing seagulls. I’ve described the new clubhouse to him, with its view out to sea.

“Leo made *forty-nine*,” I spit. “He was dropped twice by Max Blanchfield. Twice!” It’d make you cry. “Leo would have made more, but he ran out of partners,” I add.

“That’s the beauty of cricket!” says G. “When you least expect it, a player hits his form and turns the game. Anything can happen.”

“We should have kept them under fifty,” I say bitterly. “The rest of their batting line-up’s rubbish.” Harsh but true. “They all went cheap: three, three, seven, duck, duck, duck.” We both laugh. It sounds like a wonky phone number.

G thrusts his cup towards me. He wants more tea. His hand’s shaky – it’s dangerous pouring for him. “So where were we?” he asks.





“We needed seventy-five runs to win. Only fifteen overs available.”

“Tough ask.” G knows our batting line-up, every kink.

“So remember that change you’ve been on about?” All season, G’s been gunning for a boy on our team, Billy Treacy. He’s been saying I should open with Billy.

G straightens. “Not Billy Treacy?”

I replace the teapot, sit down again ... taking my time. It’s all part of the deal. G loves the suspense. He gets no result until the very end, like real time; he wants all the strategy, every twist and turn of the play.

“Yep. I finally promoted him,” I say. “I used a left-hander and a right-hander as the opening combo, kept the bowlers thinking.”

Billy’s a left-hander like G. And like Bert Sutcliffe, G’s other hero. G holds his breath. I put two more chocolate fingers in his saucer, spinning it out.

“You’d have been proud!” I finally say. “Billy went straight to business, hit all round the ground. It was ...” I need a commentator’s word. “It was *magnificent!* A pull shot made it to the beach! Thirty-four, caught on the boundary by Ron Regaldo.” (Veronica can field too.)





G couldn't be happier. He sits back, stuffs both biscuits in his mouth, and relaxes into the rest of our innings: Fitz's run out, Harry's seven, my eleven (caught behind), Api's fifteen ...

"So we're sixty-seven for five, and then ... incredible ... a miserable run of ducks: Max, Jared, Chris. And then Leo McKeefry bowls two maiden overs."

G grunts. His wispy old eyebrows go up and down. He's mentally ticking off the balls remaining, the batsmen to come.

"Twelve balls. Four runs needed. Two wickets in hand, and then Leo clean-bowls Eddie Moynihan." I've dropped my voice, slowed it. I sound like G when he's retelling the epic 1953 Boxing Day test match story: New Zealand on a hiding, Bert Sutcliffe – head swathed in bandages – returning to the crease ...

"Enter ...," I say.

G's completely still. We're both thinking about that walk to the crease across the soft grass, your cricket pads knocking, helmet rattling, your box a bit loose, roaming in your undies.





After our moment, I continue. “Enter Jacko Byrne! Great bowler. Rabbit batsman. Average of one. Paroa has four slips, all itching for a catch.”

“But, cometh the hour, cometh the man?” says G. He’s full of hope, and I spill the last part in a rush.

“There’s a thunderbolt from Syd Apanui – and somehow Jacko edges it through the slips, and they run like crazy. Two! Everyone starts chanting, ‘Jac-ko! Jac-ko!’ – even the parents.”

G gives a little groan.

“Then Syd sends an absolute lemon down legside – a big slash from Jacko, but he mistimes ... only *just* connects ... but the ball goes down fine leg and they run another two! Everyone goes *bananas!*”

“Hooo-ray!” crows G, banging his good hand up and down on his bony knee. The grin could split his face. I’ve made his day, for sure.

“We’re hanging in there, G. The next game’s against Karoro.”



We sit together for ten minutes, quiet, finishing off the biscuits.

“Dad’s strung up a ball for me – from the verandah roof,” I say, breaking the silence.

“You doing a Bradman?”

I smile. “Kind of.”

Donald Bradman did something similar, only he used a cricket stump for a bat and practised with a golf ball, which he hit against a water tank.

“I do two hundred strokes a day, G.”

“That’s my boy.” He hugs me with his good arm, then switches off his hearing aid.

Sandra’s at reception as I leave.

It’s started raining.

“You’ll get soaked,” Sandra frets.

“I’ll dodge between the raindrops!”

“Who won, by the way?”

“We did, of course.”

“In your dreams.”

Dreams. I run between Kōwhai Manor and our house like I’m running hard between wickets. It’s been raining the whole weekend. Cricket was cancelled. That’s three weekends running. But I can still dream up a good game and deliver it to G. It makes him happy. And, who knows, it could have been like that. Anything’s possible, G says. Good cricket’s about dedication and imagination. True words. Dedication and imagination, and you can arrange things so that the rain never interrupts play.



# Ngā Pakanga o Aotearoa

## THE NEW ZEALAND WARS

by Ross Calman



*In the nineteenth century, a handful of Māori tribes fought a series of wars against the might of the British Empire – the world's largest superpower at the time. Although Māori were eventually defeated, the British didn't always have it their own way.*



## Beginnings

The New Zealand Wars were fought between 1845 and 1872. They were about who controlled the country and who owned the land. When Europeans arrived, Māori had already been in Aotearoa for more than five hundred years. New Zealand may have looked wild and uninhabited to the first Europeans, but this was misleading. Every part of the country was divided among iwi, hapū, and whānau. In each place, someone had the right to grow kūmara, gather fern-root, take birds or timber, or catch fish.

Organised groups of settlers started arriving in New Zealand shortly after the Treaty of Waitangi was signed. Most of these people came from the British Isles in search of a better life. At first, they lived in a handful of small coastal towns: Auckland, Wellington, Whanganui, Nelson, and New Plymouth. Māori outnumbered Pākehā, and British power and influence over the country was limited. Then, less than five years after the treaty was signed, a Māori leader decided to put British power to the test.



Kororāreka around 1835 (at the time,  
New Zealand's largest European settlement)

▲  
The Treaty of Waitangi





## Hōne Heke Pōkai and the Flagpole: THE NORTHERN WAR (1845–46)

Hōne Heke Pōkai, a Ngāpuhi chief, was a proud leader. He had been the first chief to sign the treaty, hoping it would benefit his people. However, many Ngāpuhi faced hard times after 1840, especially when the capital was moved from the Bay of Islands to Auckland in 1841. This meant there was less trading in the north.

In protest, Heke Pōkai chopped down the British flagpole at Kororāreka (which the British called Russell) not once but three times between July 1844 and January 1845. So Governor FitzRoy brought troops from Sydney and stationed them in the town. The Northern War began on 11 March 1845 when Heke Pōkai and his ally, Kawiti, attacked and routed the British garrison at Kororāreka. Most of the town was destroyed during the fighting.

Heke Pōkai's seemingly easy victory shocked Pākehā. They had expected the British soldiers, with their superior weapons, to be more than a match for the Māori warriors and their antique muskets.

Could Auckland be next? Was the young colony about to descend into chaos?

Under strong pressure, Governor FitzRoy requested more soldiers from Sydney and mounted a military campaign against the Ngāpuhi chief. However, things didn't go according to plan.

The first battle, at Puketutu on 8 May 1845, was inconclusive. The next month, the pro-British faction of Ngāpuhi had more success when they captured Heke Pōkai's pā at Te Ahuahu. Because no British troops had been involved in the encounter, FitzRoy was unable to claim it as a victory. In the next battle involving British troops, at Ōhaeawai, soldiers attempted to storm Kawiti's pā but came under intense fire from Māori, who shot from hidden positions. The soldiers were forced to retreat, and a hundred men were killed or wounded. FitzRoy didn't get the chance to make amends after the setbacks at Kororāreka and Ōhaeawai. He lost his post shortly afterwards.

### MĀORI VERSUS MĀORI

During the Northern War, and in the later campaigns against Tītokowaru and Te Kooti, Māori also fought on the side of British and colonial troops. Known as kūpapa, these Māori had various reasons for fighting against other Māori, some of whom were their own relatives. Some kūpapa were traditional enemies of those Māori who were resisting the government. Others felt that they needed to stay onside with the government in a bid to preserve their own lands. Others did it for the money. Kūpapa always retained a degree of independence and sometimes even refused to fight.



## Timeline

- ▶ **6 FEBRUARY 1840:** The Treaty of Waitangi is signed. (At the time, the Māori population is around 80,000, the Pākehā population around 2,000.)
- ▶ **8 JULY 1844:** Heke Pōkai orders the flagpole at Kororāreka to be cut down.
- ▶ **JANUARY 1845:** Heke Pōkai cuts down the flagpole at Kororāreka for a second and third time.
- ▶ **11 MARCH 1845:** Heke Pōkai and Kawiti attack the British soldiers at Kororāreka.
- ▶ **8 MAY 1845:** The Battle of Puketutu is fought (inconclusive).
- ▶ **12 JUNE 1845:** Pro-British Ngāpuhi defeat Heke Pōkai at Te Ahuahu pā.
- ▶ **1 JULY 1845:** Māori win the Battle of Ōhaeawai.

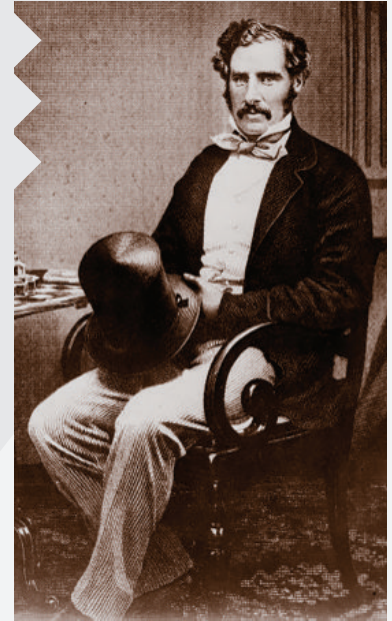


Kūpapa troops pose outside a stockade



FitzRoy's replacement was the brilliant but arrogant George Grey. Although he studied Māori language and customs during his time as governor, Grey still believed that British civilisation was superior to Māori culture, and he sought to bring the war to a swift conclusion. Grey increased the size of his army to over a thousand men, who were joined by 450 pro-British Ngāpuhi. Together, they attacked Heke Pōkai and Kawiti at Ruapekapeka on 11 January 1846.

The pā was quickly captured as many of the defenders, running low on supplies, had left overnight. The battle continued in the nearby countryside. Governor Grey claimed victory and brought the Northern War to a close. But Heke Pōkai retained his lands and remained independent of British authority, and the flagpole at Kororāreka wasn't rebuilt during his lifetime.



Governor George Grey



Above: The Battle of Ruapekapeka, with the pā on the hill  
Right: New Plymouth around 1857, with its stockade on the hill



## Wiremu Kīngi's Defiance: THE TARANAKI WAR (1860–61)

In the years after the Northern War, boatloads of fresh settlers arrived in New Zealand. By the late 1850s, Pākehā outnumbered Māori. The new arrivals had been promised cheap land, and many eyed up the prime sites occupied by Māori. Some Māori were happy to sell, but many were not. They were worried about Pākehā taking over the country, so it was decided to establish a Māori king. He would lead opposition to the British and help to prevent further land sales. In 1858, the Waikato chief Pōtatau Te Wherowhero became the first Māori king and leader of the Kingitanga (King Movement).

Towards the end of the 1850s, New Plymouth settlers put pressure on Governor Browne to make more land available. The governor bought the Waitara block from the young Te Āti Awa chief Te Teira, even though Browne knew the other owners of the block opposed the sale. Expecting trouble, Browne sent troops to the area to build a fort.

Wiremu Kīngi Te Rangitāke, a senior leader of Te Āti Awa, was outraged that the governor claimed to have bought his ancestral land and was intending it for Pākehā farms. In February 1860, he drove the surveyors away and built a pā at Te Kohia. This became the scene of the first battle of the Taranaki War on 17 March 1860, which was inconclusive. A British victory followed at the Battle of Waireka, but in June, Māori won a major victory at Puketakauere. Fighting continued for a further nine months, with neither side gaining a decisive advantage. A truce was declared on 18 March 1861, and the Taranaki War ended.

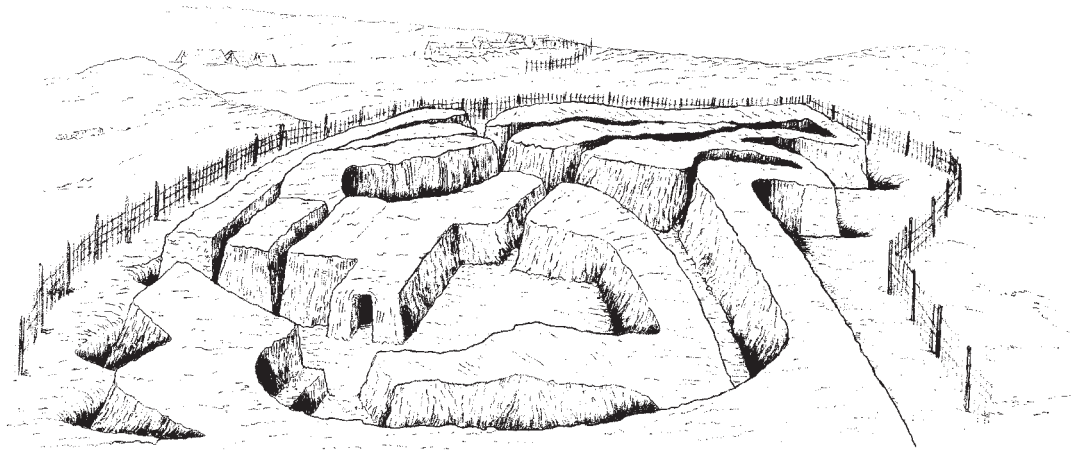
- ▶ **11 JANUARY 1846:** The British win the Battle of Ruapekapeka, and the Northern War ends.
- ▶ **1853:** The first election for a New Zealand parliament is held.
- ▶ **1856:** The Māori population is around 56,000, the Pākehā population around 59,000.
- ▶ **MARCH 1859:** Te Teira sells the Waitara block to the government.
- ▶ **20 FEBRUARY 1860:** Wiremu Kīngi prevents a survey of the Waitara block.
- ▶ **17 MARCH 1860:** The Battle of Te Kohia is fought (inconclusive).
- ▶ **28 MARCH 1860:** The British win the Battle of Waireka.
- ▶ **27 JUNE 1860:** Māori win the Battle of Puketakauere.
- ▶ **18 MARCH 1861:** A truce is declared, and the Taranaki War ends.



## MĀORI PĀ

A pā is a defensive structure consisting of trenches, earth walls, and wooden palisades. During the New Zealand Wars, some pā were made in a few days while others, like the one at Pāterangi, included a maze of tunnels that took weeks to construct. Pā like Pāterangi often had anti-artillery bunkers, hidden rifle pits, and escape routes.

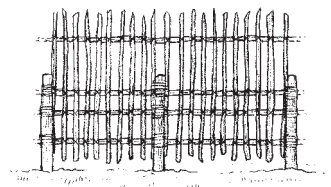
Māori pā weren't designed to be defended for long periods, and supplies such as food, water, and ammunition often ran out. This is why many pā were abandoned during battles under the cover of darkness. Most defenders thought it better to escape and regroup – to build another pā and fight another day.



Pāterangi pā



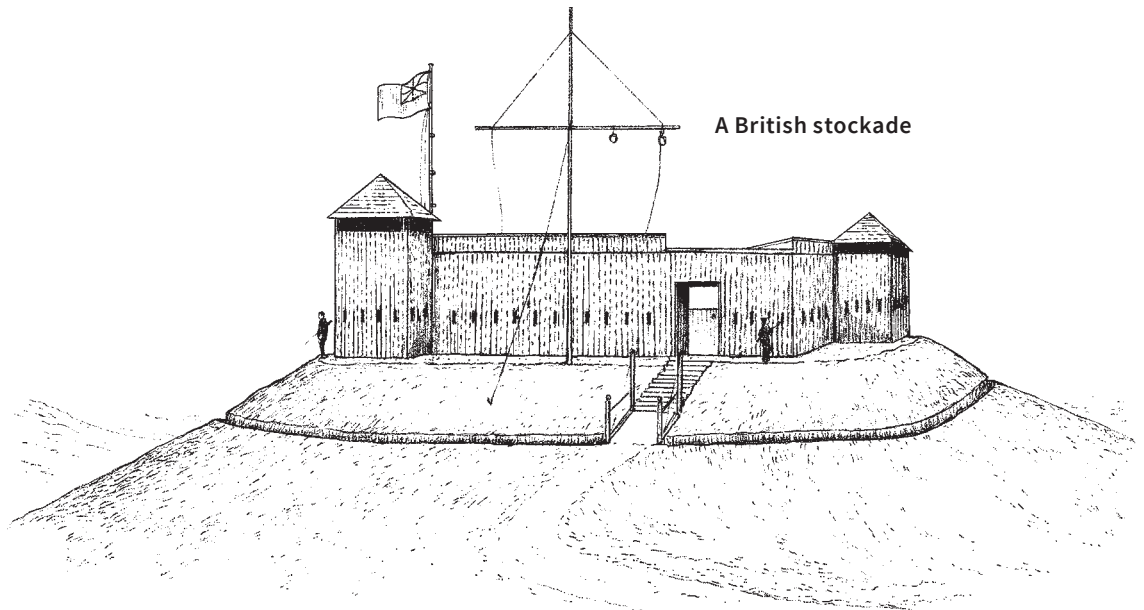
Tunnels providing safety  
for those not fighting



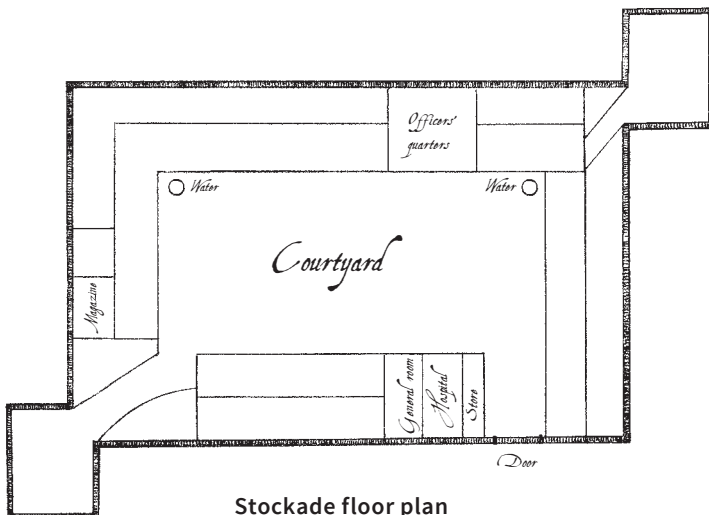
Palisades

## BRITISH FORTS AND STOCKADES

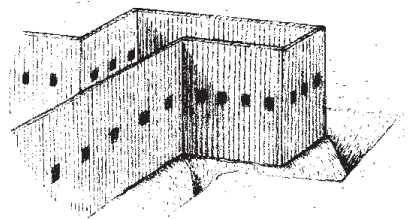
The British and colonial soldiers built forts in areas where they feared attack by Māori. Forts were usually made from wood thick enough to withstand rifle fire, and they had loopholes through which the defenders could shoot while keeping safe from harm. Some forts had earthworks, like pā. These were called redoubts. The main towns also had stockades, where troops lived and where weapons and ammunition were stored. Local townsfolk could also shelter in these stockades during an attack.



A British stockade



Stockade floor plan



Detail showing loopholes



## “Ka Whawhai Tonu Mātou”: THE WAIKATO WAR (1863–64)

George Grey, who was now a governor in South Africa, heard about events in Taranaki. He asked the British government to send him back to New Zealand, claiming he could put a stop to the troubles. Grey returned in September 1861 and within months was preparing for the largest military operation of the New Zealand Wars.

Grey was determined to break the resistance of the Māori king. To do this, he would invade the king's territory and defeat him. Then the lush Waikato land could be opened up to Pākehā settlement. Grey persuaded the British to send more regiments to New Zealand and raised an army that swelled to fourteen thousand men.

This army was commanded by General Duncan Cameron. Māori were heavily outnumbered. They could muster at most four thousand warriors – but not all at once as the men had to provide food for their families as well as fight.

General Cameron's army spent eighteen months building a road south from Auckland towards Waikato to make it easier to move troops and supplies. Then finally, on 12 July 1863, his soldiers crossed the Mangatāwhiri River. The invasion had begun. For some weeks, the men were held back by the Māori defences at Meremere. But then the British transported troops by riverboat at night, landing beyond the pā.



On the Pōkeno hill, building the military road to Waikato



General Cameron with soldiers

The first major battle was at Rangiriri on 20 November 1863. After a day of intense fighting, most of the Māori defenders left the pā overnight, and the British claimed victory. After Rangiriri, the British occupied the king's home village of Ngāruawāhia before attacking and burning the village of Rangiaowhia, which supplied the Kīngitanga army with food.

The last battle that took place in Waikato was at Ōrākau. After three days, the Māori defenders ran out of supplies and decided to make a break for the surrounding swamps. Many were killed. During a pause in the battle, Ngāti Maniapoto leader Rewi Maniapoto is said to have made his speech of defiance: “Ka whawhai tonu mātou, ake, ake, ake!” (“We will fight on, for ever and ever!”)

After two more battles near Tauranga, the Waikato War ended in victory for the British, and they confiscated huge tracts of land from Waikato Māori. King Tāwhiao and his followers retreated to the region that became known as the King Country. This part of New Zealand remained under Māori control for the next twenty years and was off-limits to Pākehā developments such as roads, railways, and telegraph lines.

- ▶ **1 January 1862:** Work starts on the road into Waikato.
- ▶ **1 November 1863:** Māori are forced to withdraw from the pā at Meremere.
- ▶ **20–21 November 1863:** The British win the Battle of Rangiriri.
- ▶ **8 December 1863:** The British occupy the Māori king's village of Ngāruawāhia.
- ▶ **20 February 1864:** The British attack and burn the village of Rangiaowhia.
- ▶ **31 March–2 April 1864:** The British win the Battle of Ōrākau (near Te Awamutu).
- ▶ **29 April 1864:** Māori win the Battle of Gate Pā (near Tauranga).
- ▶ **21 June 1864:** The British win the Battle of Te Ranga (near Tauranga), and the Waikato War ends.



Rewi Maniapoto





## “Hopes Are Ebbing Fast”: TĪTOKOWARU AND TE KOOTI

After the Waikato War ended, the British army withdrew, and the New Zealand government became responsible for running its own army. It relied heavily on kūpapa – Māori allied to the government. Troops moved through Māori settlements, tearing out crops and burning houses. Sporadic fighting continued, but it seemed that Māori resistance was waning.

Then, during 1868, two Māori leaders emerged to challenge the government and spread fear among settlers. For six months, they managed to outwit the army. In South Taranaki, Ngā Ruahine leader Tītokowaru won two decisive victories against government soldiers in the area. Meanwhile, Rongowhakaata leader Te Kooti escaped from the Chatham Islands, where he had been kept prisoner. He then launched a series of raids in Poverty Bay, including a raid at Matawhero on 10 November 1868, where more than fifty Māori and Pākehā were killed. This included both soldiers and civilians.

The Pākehā population became deeply concerned after these attacks. People worried that there would be a Māori uprising and their towns would be attacked. On 1 January 1869, Whanganui’s *Evening Herald* reflected the general feeling of doom: “The New Year brings no joy or gladness to Wanganui. Suspense is everywhere and hopes are ebbing fast.”

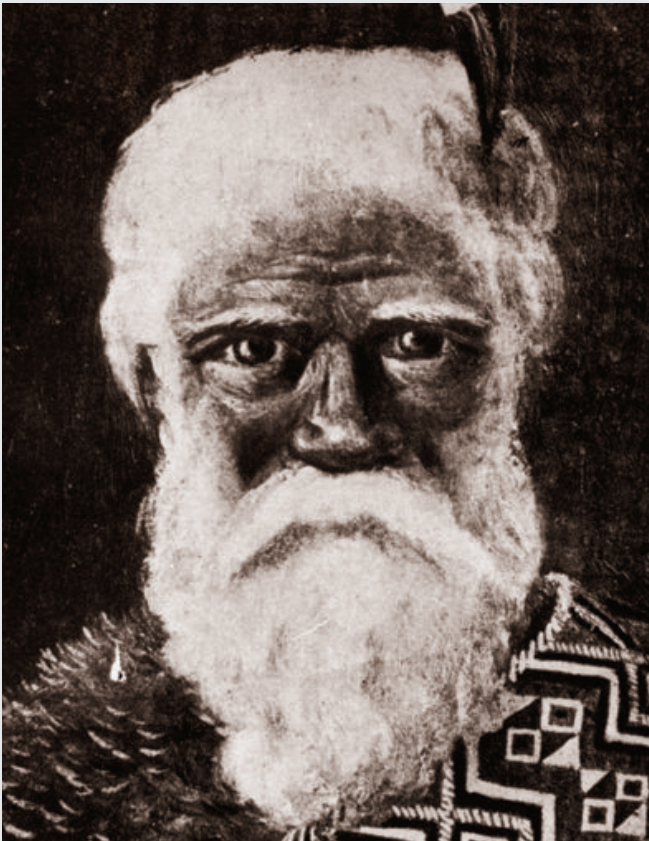
But events soon turned against the two Māori leaders. Te Kooti narrowly escaped from a battle at Ngātapa pā, where many of his followers were captured and killed. In February 1869, Tītokowaru lost the support of his people and had to retreat to inland Taranaki. It had been a close call for the Pākehā population.

After his escape from Ngātapa, Te Kooti was pursued mostly by kūpapa through the central North Island for the next three years. On 14 February 1872, the last shots of the New Zealand Wars were fired against him. After this, Te Kooti sought refuge in the King Country.





Above: The Battle of Te Ngutu-o-te-manu



Above: Te Kooti  
Below: Te Kooti's war flag, Te Wepu

- ▶ **1865:** The Native Land Court is established.
- ▶ **1865–67:** The British army withdraws from New Zealand.
- ▶ **1867:** An armed constabulary is formed to replace the British army.
- ▶ **1867:** Māori seats are established in parliament.
- ▶ **9 June 1868:** Tītokowaru's war begins when his men kill three military settlers at Ketemarae.
- ▶ **10 July 1868:** Te Kooti and almost three hundred followers land on the East Coast after they escape from the Chatham Islands.
- ▶ **7 September 1868:** Tītokowaru wins the Battle of Te Ngutu-o-te-manu.
- ▶ **7 November 1868:** Tītokowaru wins the Battle of Moturoa.
- ▶ **10 November 1868:** Te Kooti leads the Matawhero raid.
- ▶ **5 December 1868:** Colonial troops attack Te Kooti at Ngātapa pā.
- ▶ **5 January 1869:** Te Kooti escapes from Ngātapa. Many of his followers are killed.
- ▶ **2 February 1869:** Tītokowaru leaves Taurangaika pā and retreats to inland Taranaki. This is the end of Tītokowaru's war.
- ▶ **1871:** The Māori population is around 50,000, the Pākehā population around 300,000.
- ▶ **14 February 1872:** The New Zealand Wars end.



# THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND





## The End

Although Māori fought bravely and had the upper hand in a number of battles, the superior resources of the British Empire – and later, the settler government – ultimately prevailed. The government was able to sustain long military campaigns, while Māori had to juggle the demands of war and whānau. And while Māori had a realistic chance of wresting back power at the beginning of the wars, by the end, they were heavily outnumbered by Pākehā.

After the wars, the government punished those Māori who had fought by confiscating a million hectares of Māori land in Waikato, Bay of Plenty, Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, and Poverty Bay. Land was even confiscated from some iwi who had fought alongside the government. The confiscations compounded the negative effects of the wars on Māori and are still regarded by many as a great injustice.



New Zealand Armed Constabulary garrison at Ōpepe, near Taupō, early 1870s





# *Kauri Island*

..... BY AMY HEAD .....

A few days after we arrived, my father called me over. “Come and look, Thelma.” He had a map of the island, showing all its hooks and craggy inlets.

“This is our bay,” Father said. He pointed to one of the blue bites out of the green. I knew it already – and where the bush camp was, a couple of bays around. “And this,” he continued, putting his finger on the other side of the island, “is where they’re felling trees. Stay away from there. It’s not safe.” He stood and went outside with one of my brothers to split some kindling.

“Can I go outside, too, Mam?” Between cleaning the cottage and unpacking, I’d barely had the chance to see anything. Father had promised to show us a kauri dam and a bullock team and men walking over islands of floating logs.

My mother lowered herself carefully into a chair. “Why don’t you start a list of names in your journal?” she said. “We’ll think about them for the baby.”

There had been sadness in her voice ever since she'd waved goodbye to my grandparents at Falmouth. Sadness, seasickness, and the baby waiting to be born had made the hundred-day journey miserable for her, and miserable for her was miserable for me. I wanted to escape it, even if only for a short while.

"Please."

Mam sighed. "You'll hear the felling stop on McIntosh's. Come back then."

On the forest road, I was properly alone for the first time since I couldn't remember when. I didn't think I'd ever felt so alone. Except that I wasn't. A crowd of trees stretched away on either side. I stepped off the road and brushed through ferns. Until then, I had thought New Zealand trees to be ugly – a boggy kind of green. Most of the kauri I had seen had been lying on the ground. Alive, standing upright, they made me dizzy.

There were more delicate species crouched in the leafy shade. I had picked three specimens and pressed them into my journal, the last a twiggy shrub with tiny, leaves, when my heart began to thump. I could hear someone nearby, advancing fast.

He stopped. I had seen him before, down on our beach. He was a Māori boy. Father had told me he was related to one of the bushmen.

"Seen a pig?" the boy asked.

English – he could speak English. I was so surprised I didn't take in what he had said. I felt silly there with my journal and specimens, as though I'd been caught out.





“A pig?” I said.

The boy snuffled and grunted and mimed a running motion with his fingers – away from the camp. He looked amused to be explaining to me what a pig was.

“Your pig ran away?” I asked.

He nodded, looking at my journal. “What is that?”

I passed it to him. “It’s my journal. I’m Thelma.”

He imitated the way I put my tongue between my teeth.

“Thhh.” Then he said, “My name is Tamati. Tama.”

Tama turned the pages to my piece of twiggy shrub.

“This is mingimingi,” he said. I thought he was the same age as I was, perhaps a year older. “I can write the names for you. Bring a pencil tomorrow? Same time?”

I took the journal back from him and nodded. “Tomorrow, the same time.”

I couldn’t see Tama when I arrived in the clearing the next day. Then from nowhere, I was showered with a spray of drops. It had rained all morning, and the trees were still glistening. I looked up and saw Tama crouching between the boughs. He put on a serious face, pulled a bunch of leaves down to show me, and said, “Pūriri.” He laughed at me while I wiped my face, trying not to seem surprised.



“Did you find your pig?” I asked.

He gave a quick, exaggerated nod. “Good kai.”

“I suppose I would have tried to run away, if I were it.”

Tama laughed again, but I didn’t mind this time.

“So, is this really a pūriri?” I said.

Tama scrambled out of position and jumped the few feet to the ground.

“Give me that,” he said, holding his hand out for my journal.

A few mornings later, I was making pūriri tea, which Tama had told me was good for backache, when a weka picked its way past the doorway. I pointed it out to Mam.

“I don’t like their jerky walk,” she said. “And that one’s liable to run off with one of my pegs. Shoo it away, Thelma ... and what is that?” She frowned at the floating leaves in my pot.

“It’s for your back.” I wanted to help Mam feel better, but I also knew that if her back was less painful, she might spare me for an hour.

“I don’t want witch’s brew in my pots, thank you. Tip it out behind the house. You can tell that boy we don’t need his native remedies.”





I had to plead with Mam to let me go and was hot and flustered when I reached our usual meeting place. My journal contained two lists now: one for baby names, which was by far the shortest, and one for Māori words.

Tama wasn't there. I peered through the trunks, thick and thin, in the direction of the camp, and I became curious. Why shouldn't I meet him halfway? I made my way past the mānuka, tōtara, spiralling rata, and spiky mingimingi – an explorer. I began to wonder what the forest would be like at night. I thought it would be desolate.

A pīwakawaka dropped among the branches and bounced along beside me for a while. When I heard men's voices and a sharp tapping sound, I congratulated myself for successfully finding my way to the camp. Tama would be surprised to see me. Then a man's voice shouted, "Hel-lo in the gully!" Everyone knew the bushmen's warning call. I turned to where the call had come from – somewhere behind me, farther up the slope. I'd never seen a kauri fall before, only heard the crackle and whump from a distance. I looked up and saw the tree coming towards me and was paralysed by a rush of fear.

Time behaved strangely. Thoughts crowded in, all at once: I'd made an enormous mistake, there was no doctor on the island, it wouldn't do any good to scream. Then I closed my eyes and darted sideways. I felt the rush of air – the wind the tree created. I felt the boom under my feet when the giant landed beside me. I turned and stared. The trunk must have been six feet across. If I had been a few paces to the left, I would have been crushed. The violent reality of it made me sick to my stomach.

Then I realised someone was standing beside me. It was Tama. He stared at me, wide-eyed. "Kauri," he said. I looked at him, with his unkempt hair and serious expression, and I started laughing ... then gasping. My parents couldn't know what had happened – what had *almost* happened. I took a deep breath.

"I have to go," I said. "Don't say anything ... please, Tama. They'll never let me out again."

Tama gave one of his quick nods. "Hei konā," he said.

We had practised this, so I knew how to reply. "Hei konei."

I felt shaken – and very small and disconnected from what I was saying. I started off around the branches of the fallen kauri, heading back the way I'd come. Back past the mānuka, tōtara, and rata. Through the flax and ferns, towards the forest road and home.





*illustrations by Bob Kerr*

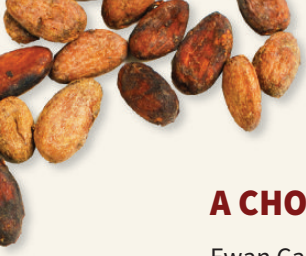


# Fair Chocolate

by Renata Hopkins

*There's a buzz of activity inside a warehouse in the Christchurch suburb of Sydenham. Metres of shining silver pipes are being used to connect equipment: gauges, pistons, conveyor belts, and steel tanks. But what's all this equipment for? Take a closer look, and you'll spot a major clue on one of the tanks – "Milk chocolate only". This warehouse will soon become one of the few places in New Zealand where fair-trade organic chocolate is manufactured.*





## A CHOCOLATE FACTORY WITH A DIFFERENCE

Ewan Cameron works for a fair-trade company that started in Christchurch in 1973. He's part of a project team responsible for setting up the company's new chocolate factory and managing its budget. The team has the same financial aim as any other business: to make more money than it spends – in other words, a profit. However, the company Ewan works for is not for profit. This means that instead of using any profit to reward owners or **shareholders**, the company has a very different purpose: using its money to improve the lives of the people it trades with, all of whom live in developing countries.

## FAIR TRADE

Caring about the welfare of the people you trade with is at the heart of the fair-trade movement. This is why fair-trade companies pay their trading partners the full cost of making or growing something rather than trying to bargain the price down to make a bigger profit. Matt Lamason, who runs a fair-trade company in Wellington, says, "Very high profits always come at the expense of someone else."

**"Very high profits  
always come at  
the expense of  
someone else."**



A cacao farmer in the  
Solomon Islands





**“People need to understand the real cost of things.”**

Ewan agrees. “It isn’t always good to get what you want for the cheapest price.” Fair-trade companies know this, but he thinks it’s something **consumers** need to be aware of, too. “People need to understand the real cost of things,” Ewan says. “If we’re going to eat chocolate, we need to pay enough for the cacao farmers to have sustainable farms and a decent life. If the farmers can’t survive on what they earn, they might walk off their land. And that’s not good for anyone.”

As well as paying a higher purchasing price, fair-trade companies pay their trading partners (who are usually in a **collective**) a share of the profits. They believe that redistributing wealth is another way of making the trade fairer. This money might be used to set up a school or a health centre, to build a central water supply, or to develop local businesses – all things that benefit an entire community. Ewan’s company also looks for ways to trade more directly with the farmers. This means that **commodity brokers** don’t take a cut. Instead, a much greater share of the profit stays with the farmers and their wider communities.

# How Is Chocolate Made?

Your chocolate bar begins with a small tropical tree, *Theobroma cacao* (pronounced ka-KOW). The plant is native to Central and South America, although today, around 70 percent of the world's cacao is actually grown in Africa, mostly in Côte d'Ivoire and Ghana. Cacao is also grown in large amounts in Indonesia, South America, and the Dominican Republic.

The fruit of the cacao tree is a ridged pod, shaped like a rugby ball. Inside this pod, thirty to forty seeds (or beans) are encased in a sticky pulp. After the fruit is harvested, the cacao beans are fermented and dried in the sun. Next, they are shipped to a factory to be processed into cocoa butter, cocoa liquor, or cocoa powder. These first two things are mixed with other ingredients – including milk, sugar, and vanilla – to make chocolate.

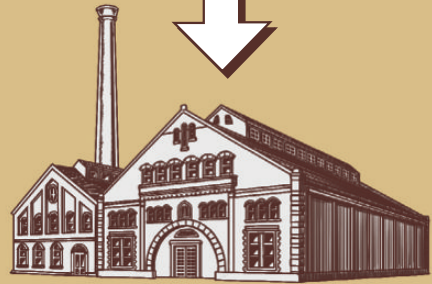
Chocolate is always conched and tempered. The conching process makes the chocolate so smooth that your tongue can't detect any graininess. Tempering involves stirring, cooling, and slowly reheating the chocolate several times. This gives chocolate its attractive glossiness. When these steps are followed correctly, you can see how the cacao tree got its name. In Greek, "theobroma" means "food of the Gods".



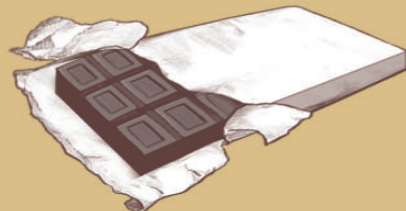
The fruit of the cacao tree (*Theobroma cacao*)



The cacao beans are fermented and dried in the sun.



The cacao beans are processed in a factory.







## FAIR TRADE AND NEW ZEALAND MADE

Until 2012, all of the fair-trade company’s chocolate was made in a huge factory in Europe – by one of the largest chocolate manufacturers in the world. This made it difficult for the company back in New Zealand to keep track of where and how the cacao (the main ingredient of chocolate) was bought. Because direct trade with suppliers is an important principle of fair trade, the company was keen to develop a closer relationship with a cacao-farming collective in the Dominican Republic. So the **board** began to look at a different way of working.

After researching costs, they estimated that chocolate could be made in New Zealand for 15–20 percent less. It all stacked up, and the move to New Zealand was made. Initially, the company contracted another factory to produce the chocolate for them. This decision quickly paid off. Because the chocolate was cheaper to make here, small bars could be sold for around a dollar less. Sales increased by 60 percent. Things were looking good ... but then there was a problem. Ewan explains: “Basically, the factory couldn’t keep up with demand.” Very few companies in New Zealand actually make chocolate from scratch. So finding another factory that could keep up wasn’t an option. This was when the fair-trade company began to consider a radical new possibility: opening its own chocolate factory.

**“Basically, the factory couldn’t keep up with demand.”**

## NUMBER CRUNCHING

A project team investigated what it would cost to open a chocolate factory. The main start-up cost would be buying the plant (or equipment) for the factory. This equipment could be brand new or second-hand. Buying new would cost at least three times as much as used equipment. But buying used equipment came with a risk: how well did it work – and how could you ever know?

At just the right time, the project team had some luck. “We heard there was a chocolate factory for sale in Sydney and it was still being used,” Ewan says. “That meant we could check it out, which kicked us into action.” There was another bonus to this option. “Chocolate-manufacturing equipment is very specialised,” Ewan explains. “The machines that make solid chocolate bars are different from the ones that make bars with a filling.” The Australian factory had both. For Ewan, this meant the company could look at increasing income by increasing the range of products it sold.

Ewan travelled to Australia with a specialist engineer who checked the equipment and gave it the thumbs up. The project team then estimated the cost of breaking down the factory, shipping it to Christchurch, and setting it up. The figure wouldn’t blow the start-up budget, so a decision was made to buy the equipment.

The next task was to create an operational budget. This meant estimating all the expenses related to running the factory, like rent, power, maintenance, wages, and the cost of ingredients. The team balanced these expenses against a **sales forecast**. “We were lucky,” Ewan says, “because we could look at our sales history to see how things like price affected how much chocolate we sold.” This information helped the team to set targets. How much chocolate did they need to sell before they started to cover their costs – and make a profit?







## A SWEETER RECIPE

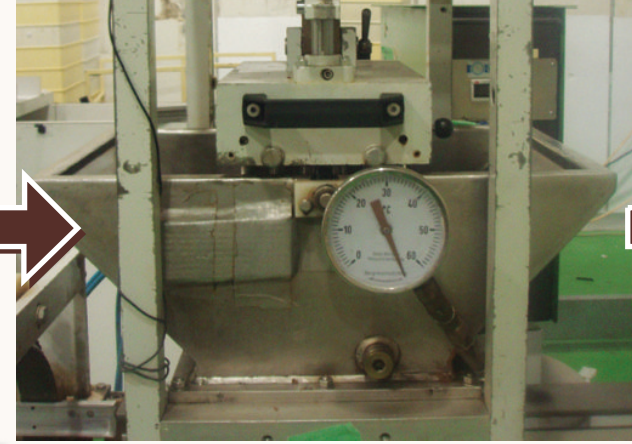
Ewan and the team have done all their sums, but as opening day draws closer, they need to stay focused on the start-up budget, especially when money is being spent but none is being made. Inevitably, some costs have been higher than estimated, so Ewan's always looking for other places to make savings to ensure they keep within budget. And of course, he's looking forward to that magic time when the chocolate starts selling and the company starts to make money.

The chocolate bars, when they finally roll off the production line, will be the result of a truly international effort. For the farmers, the partnership with a company in far-off New Zealand represents a more hopeful future. The higher prices they receive for their cacao will allow them to plan more effectively for their farms, their families, and their communities.

For Ewan and the people he works with, this exchange goes beyond dollars and cents. They believe chocolate tastes a lot sweeter when the recipe includes a commitment to fairness, with fewer people losing out along the way. They also feel good about spreading the idea of fair trade and creating informed consumers.

Ewan is excited about seeing the first chocolate bars – and not for the usual reasons. Every day brings them one step closer to production. “We’re moving out of the assembly stage and can really see the final shape of the factory.” He’s confident that the end result will make all their effort worthwhile. “The farmers we work with produce quality ingredients. That means we can make some amazing chocolate.” It’s almost as simple as that!

**“... we can make some amazing chocolate.”**



## **GLOSSARY**

**board:** a group of people who help to run a company

**collective:** a group of people who work together with the same aim

**commodity broker:** a person who buys and sells raw materials

**consumer:** a person who buys goods or services for their own use

**sales forecast:** an estimate of how much product will sell in a certain period of time

**shareholder:** a person who owns shares in a company and receives a part of the profit



A watercolor illustration of a tree trunk, rendered in shades of brown, tan, and pink. The trunk is textured and has several faces or profiles of people integrated into the branches and leaves. The faces are drawn with simple lines and some color, appearing to be part of the tree's structure. The overall style is artistic and expressive.

# THE EMBARRASSMENT EXPERT

If you want to become an expert in embarrassment, you must first learn the ways of the thumping heart; of the blush that reveals your predicament shimmering across your face like a comet; of the hands that reach to cover your face as if to hold your universe together.

Then you must learn the secret ways to stop being embarrassed. Only the true expert can master these techniques.

When embarrassment strikes, imagine it is a temporary STOP sign, grasped in a roadworker's hand. Before long, it will turn into a GO sign, the people in their cars streaming by. Or the moment is a summer storm, you an island on a map. Soon the storm will pass over before folding itself up into a calm day.

If your face feels as though it is crawling with ants, imagine those ants are marching away, never to return. Are your toes curling? They're the roots of a tree. Your hands are quivering leaves. Soon a cooling breeze will rush over your trunk. Your strong branches will lift you up. From here you can watch the embarrassment go by, just a slow cloud in the sky.

Finally, if you want to become an embarrassment expert, you must learn the most difficult technique of all, which is to laugh and keep laughing until the moment grows fainter and fainter and like a comet fading, vanishes into yesterday.

*Ashleigh Young*







# BATTLE

BY MARIA SAMUELA

"Hey, sole! Bring your moves over here. We gotta get this battle started," Charlie yelled.

Timiona pulled his hood over his head and crossed the courts, ignoring the jibes from Lucy and Moera and the other wannabe gangsters.

"Hey, Timiona!" yelled Lucy, trying one last time. "Moera thinks you're dumb."

Timiona locked eyes with Moera. She cocked her head to one side, daring him to look away first. Timiona scowled and dropped his gaze, kicking himself for giving in. He fingered Papa Ari's medal in his pocket. Still there. He wasn't stealing it, he reminded himself. He was *borrowing* it – and as soon as this was over, he'd return the medal safe and sound. Nobody had to know.

He'd heard the story about the medal a million times, how his great-great-grandpa got it for bravery in the war, representing Rarotonga in the Sinai Desert nearly a hundred years ago. But that was then, back in the olden days, and right now, Timiona was facing a battle of his own.

"Uce!" Timiona said when he reached Charlie. He gave his mate a homie handshake. "What's up with your dog? He's possessed." Charlie's fox terrier, Krusty, was running jagged circles at their feet. Timiona nudged the yapping mutt with his foot.

Charlie shrugged. "He's crazy. He keeps following me to school."



Timiona groaned. The boys had been neighbours since ages ago, and that loopy dog was forever bringing over “gifts” – like dead rats – which he left on the doorstep for Timiona to clean up.

“Just make sure Miss Luapo doesn’t see him. She’ll eat him at kai time,” Timiona teased, looking down at Krusty. The dog suddenly stopped running his manic circles and darted off towards the rugby field. The boys laughed.

Soon all the krumpers were gathered at the netball courts. They formed a circle, and Charlie appeared in the middle. “OK, listen!” he ordered. “You know the rules. Last man –”

“Or woman!” cried Lucy.

Charlie grinned. “Or woman. Last *person* standing wins. I’ll pull the first two names from my hat.” Charlie held up his cap. “Whoever wins this round takes on the next challenger, whose name will also be pulled from my hat. *Kapeesh?*”

Everyone understood and crowded round the krumpers to watch. Charlie sorted the music, and the netball courts were filled with a pounding bass. Then he pulled the first two names.

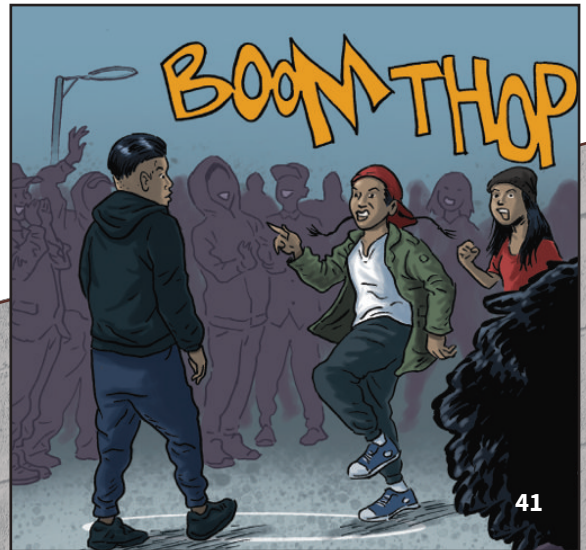
“Let’s give it up for Lucy and Wiremu!”

Timiona gripped the medal. His turn would come.

The other krumpers bounced a hand in the air, saluting the two competitors, as Lucy and Wiremu came forward.

Timiona always felt like a warrior when he stepped into the ring, just like his Papa Ari. It was the best feeling ever. The hardest part was waiting for your name to be called, especially in the lunchtime heat. Timiona peeled off his hoody and threw it down.

Round one had finished, and Charlie goaded the audience to vote for a winner. “Let’s hear it for Wiremu!” Cheers filled the air. “Not bad,” said Charlie. “But it’s not over yet. And Lucy?”





This time, the noise spilled over to the rugby field.

"Lucy wins the first round!"

The girl krumpers high-fived each other, squealing their delight. Moera raised an eyebrow and flicked her head at Timiona. His stomach did tiny backflips.

Charlie pulled another name from his cap. "The next challenger is Sue."

Lucy's face fell. They all knew that this could happen at any time – that you might have to battle your own mates. But knowing it could happen never made it any easier.

Timiona suddenly remembered Papa Ari's medal. He turned to grab his hoody. His backpack was slumped on the ground where he'd left it, but his hoody – with Papa Ari's medal – was nowhere in sight. Timiona scooped up his bag. Perhaps the hoody was hidden underneath. Nope.

"Who took my hoody? Have you seen my hoody?" Timiona quizzed everyone in sight. Nothing. Behind him he heard the booming beats from the speakers. The yelling seemed to intensify.

The second round finished, and the audience made their vote. Timiona's heart started to pound. He searched frantically among the schoolbags and shed clothing as another krumping round finished ... and another.



Then he heard his name called.

As he walked back to the krumpers' circle, Timiona could hear his mother's voice in his head. *That medal never leaves this house.* The crowd parted, and Timiona got a clear look at his opponent.

Of course it was her.

"Final round, peeps!" Charlie grinned. "Who's gonna take it out? Will it be Timiona?" he urged the other kids. Their cheers filled Timiona with confidence. "Or Moera?" Now the sound filled him with dread, adding to the bad feelings that already threatened to overtake him.

Moera took centre stage first. She swung her arms with such force that each swipe looked like a rugby tackle. Her legs jerked as her fists punched the air, sharp jabs – all in perfect time. She shuffled towards Timiona, teasing him with her twitching shoulders before the music suddenly stopped.







Timiona swallowed. He admired Moera's moves, but he'd been practising hard. He knew he could freestyle just as well as her – if not better. But could he pull it off without the medal? He took a deep breath and forced himself to swagger to the middle of the circle. He had to keep his head clear, the way he imagined Papa Ari had tried to keep his own head clear.

The music began, and Timiona's limbs twitched involuntarily. He swung his arms, swiping the air, and punched the space in front of him with tight fists. Then he edged his way towards Moera. He popped his chest like a heartbeat in time to the pulse of the music. There was only 2 feet between them, and the music was coming to an end, when Timiona brought a hand to his mouth and blew his opponent a kiss.

Moera blushed. Timiona had killed it! It was clear who won that battle.



After school, Timiona turned into his driveway, hoody-less and medal-less and with his heart in his stomach. He heard a familiar, irritating yap. Krusty was sitting on his front doorstep. Stupid dog. But as he moved closer, his heart jumped. For the first time ever, he was happy to see that loopy mutt. And he didn't mind one bit that his hoody was covered in fur.

"Krusty!" he cried. He ran towards the dog and yanked the hoody out from under him. He plunged his hand deep into the pocket to find nothing.

The front door opened, and there in the doorway stood Timiona's mum. Her head was cocked to the side, one arm raised in the air. Dangling from her fingertips was Papa Ari's medal.

Timiona looked down at Krusty. He could swear the dog was grinning.

**ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANT SANG**





# CLOSE TO THE EDGE

*by Cecile Kruger, Stirling Primary School  
Winner of the Elsie Locke Writing Prize 2014*

Soil crumbles under uncertain footsteps as we walk north, the only direction we know. South and east and west no longer matter. All we know is that somewhere, farther along this dusty track, we may find what we are looking for. Yet we have walked for days – and it feels as if we will never stop.

With each breath, I taste dust. It floats into the air, stinging my eyes, sticking to my sweaty hands and dark hair. I turn to my mother, swallowing another mouthful.

“Mum,” I say, but she has drifted away, oblivious to everything going on around her. She is sucked into another world ... a place anywhere other than where we are right now, searching for something we may never find. Something that has been lost. Something we have destroyed.

“Opal,” my mother mutters, blinking back tears as she takes my hand. “Don’t go too close to the edge.” I shuffle closer to her, towards the middle of the track, away from the cliff that hangs precariously over a wide valley.

I look towards the horizon. The sun’s crimson rays melt into tainted blue sky as day turns to night. From here, I can see the city, even though we are miles from it. Laurel-green smoke rises thickly above it. I feel a flash of hate for the Citizens. They have left us to suffer.

The track thins out, and we trudge on in single file. All I can see is the smoke, the yellow rock, and the drooping heads of the people in front of me. Dreamily, I slide my rough hand along the smooth rock, thinking faraway thoughts. Anything to take my mind off the thirst.





My hand slips over a crack in the surface of the rock at the same time as we hear a sudden noise. The line stops. Somebody has stepped too close to the edge, sending sand and stone tumbling down. While everyone is distracted, I explore the crevice in the rock face. The gap is just big enough for a dehydrated, starved girl to fit through.

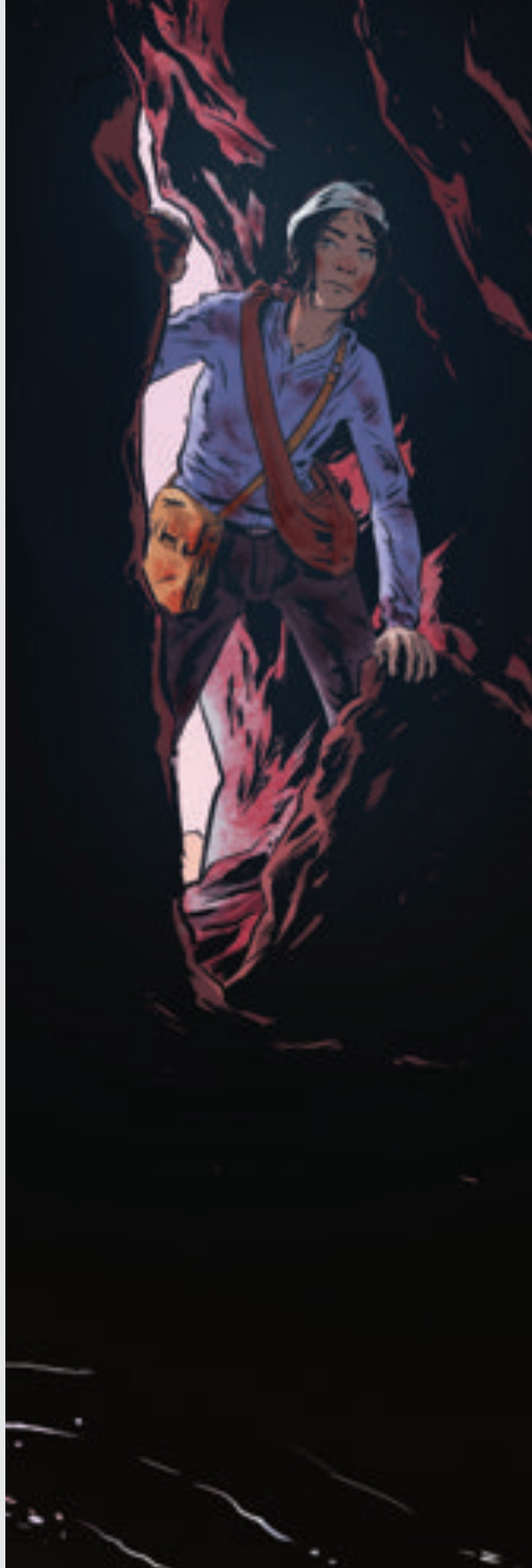
I glance around and then slide in, scraping my chest on the jagged surface. I find myself in a dim cave. Sunlight shines through the odd gap and is scattered across the walls. It is the only light, and I can't find the crack I have come through. I will keep exploring – in whatever direction the cave leads me.

I walk on, scared, with no idea of what's going on outside. The only sound I can hear is my breathing and my tentative footsteps.

And suddenly, I step in something wet. It welcomes me, curls around my ankles, wraps around my legs.

It is cold – and sends tingles down my spine. I know exactly what it is.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM GIBSON



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MINISTRY OF EDUCATION

*Te Tāhuhu o te Mātauranga*

New Zealand Government

ISBN 978-0-478-44302-8



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