

The New Zealand
Curriculum

LEVEL

4

A young girl with long dark hair, wearing a yellow strapless dress with large red and pink floral patterns and a purple flower in her hair. She is standing in front of a thatched hut with a palm tree in the background. Her mouth is open as if she is speaking or singing.

School Journal

NOVEMBER 2016

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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.

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The photograph on the front cover by Edith Amituanai is called "Veronique at the Sunday school ball", 2012, and is from her Rānui 135 series.

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By the River

by Sarah Penwarden

School camp. Kenzie's seen the photos from last year. It looks nice: little cabins clustered around a central dining hall; grassy paddocks with giant macrocarpas; picnic tables and a fire pit; a green river, deep and shady, with a slide and a swimming hole. So yes, it *looks* nice, but Kenzie knows what it will actually *be* like: wall-to-wall noise, instructors blowing whistles, boys play-fighting, girls having dramas – with no way to escape any of it.

Her mother says she'll have a great time. "Besides, won't Chloe be there?"

"Yes, but ..." Kenzie stops. She can't tell her mother what she's afraid of – that Chloe will spend the whole time hanging out with Maddie Ng, and she'll be left alone.

Mum looks at her, and it's as if she can read her mind. "Try not to worry, love," she says. "Make the best of it. You never know, you might enjoy yourself."

Kenzie knows she won't.



Kenzie watches out the bus window until her mum's out of sight. Then she turns to look at Chloe and Maddie, sitting across the aisle. Last term, they started going to the same ballet class. Now all they talked about was dancing. They talked about their ballet teacher as they walked between classes, and at lunchtime, they practised little moves with their feet. Some days, they forgot all about her.

Maddie offers Chloe an ear bud. Kenzie looks away. She reads for the next two hours until they arrive at camp. Once they have their bags, the three of them head towards a cabin.

"This is going to be *so* cool!" Maddie says, taking a top bunk. "I've got heaps of food for a midnight feast!"

Kenzie arranges her sleeping bag on the other side of Chloe's. She squashes her teddy bear under her pillow so the girls can't see, then lies back, hands behind her head, and closes her eyes – just for a moment.

"You OK?" Chloe asks quietly.

"Yeah," she says, though she's feeling wobbly already.



Kenzie can hear the noise from the dining hall before she gets there. The bubble of talk bounces off the walls. She stops at the door, the last one to arrive. She had a long shower before tea and took her time getting dressed. Everyone's sitting on wooden benches, waiting for food. She scans the room for Chloe. There she is, laughing with Maddie. Kenzie walks over, and Chloe shifts so she can sit next to her.



Together, they queue for chicken pieces and mashed potatoes and salad, but Kenzie decides to skip the chicken once she sees it. Back at the table, she eats very carefully. The food isn't the same as the food at home.

"Tea's a bit yuck," Chloe says.

"Don't worry, there's always later," Maddie reminds them.

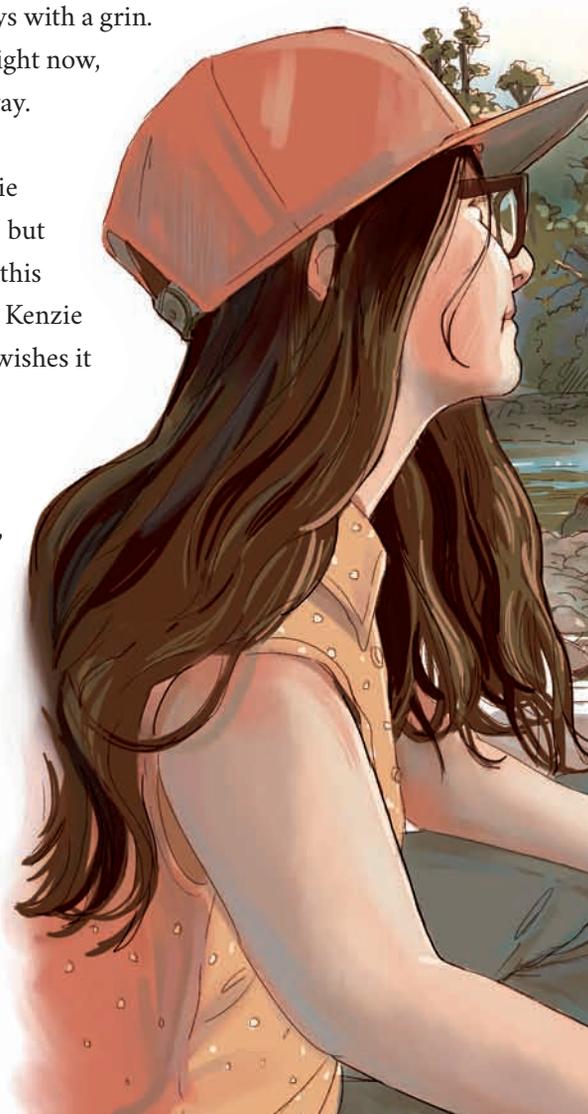
"Awesome," Chloe says with a grin.

Kenzie smiles, too, but right now, later seems like years away.

The next morning, before anyone else is up, Kenzie walks down to the river. A light mist hangs about, but the sun is up. It isn't cold. She thinks how perfect this is. The midnight feast last night had been fun, but Kenzie prefers the world like this, still and peaceful. She wishes it could stay that way forever.

Her teacher at primary school knew she liked space and quiet, but at intermediate, there's none of that. Sometimes Kenzie still hides in the toilets, just so she can think. She worries all the time about next year. She's been to the high school open day. The thought of going there *every* day makes her feel sick. Chloe would probably understand how she's feeling, but Kenzie doesn't have the courage to tell her. Besides, she's tired of always being the worrier.

She watches the river for a while longer. The water shimmers like a snake. It moves so fast, the current unstoppable.



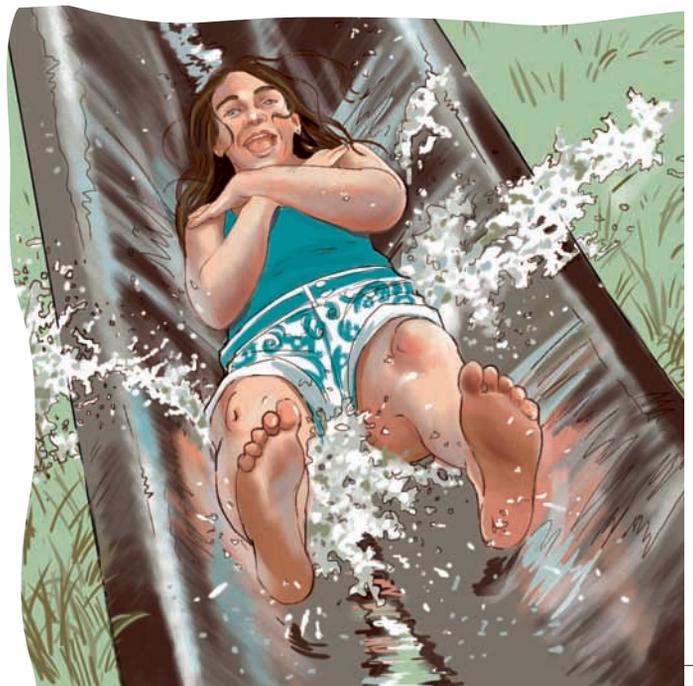
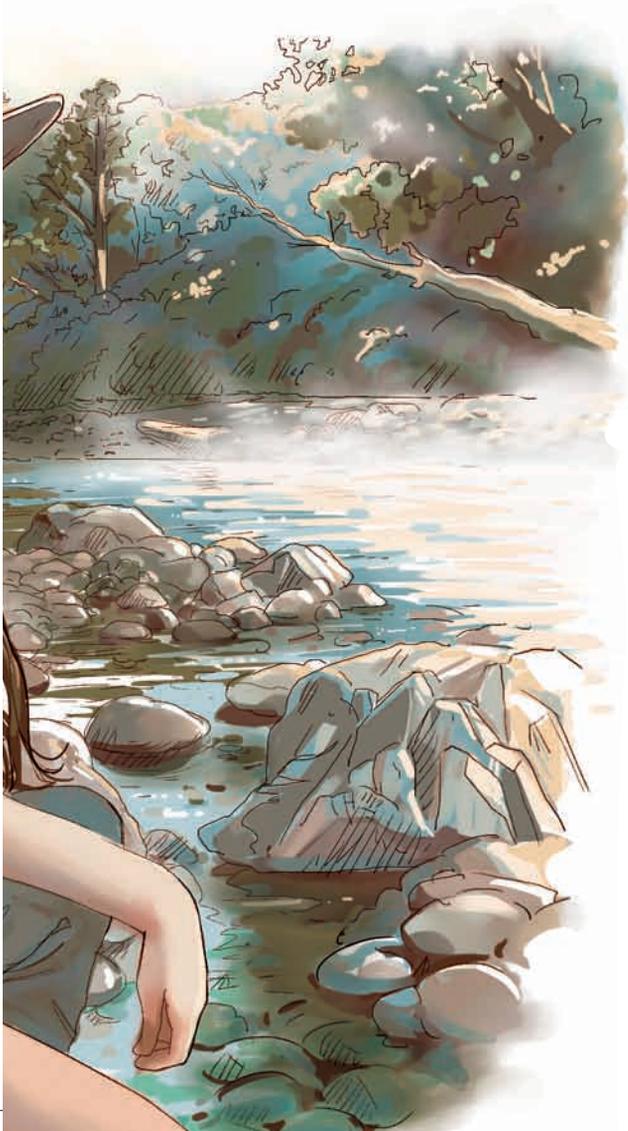
Back in the dining hall, everyone's talking about what time they went to sleep and how many mosquito bites they have. After breakfast, they divide into groups. Kenzie's group is scheduled to do raft building. She groans and pulls a face to Chloe.

They gather at the river. All morning, there's talking and arguments as they build the raft, then lots of yelling and splashing as they paddle it across the river. Chloe looks hot and red-faced, but Kenzie can tell she's having fun.

"OK," Mike the instructor says. "Seeing as you've cracked raft building ... you can all have a go on the slide!"

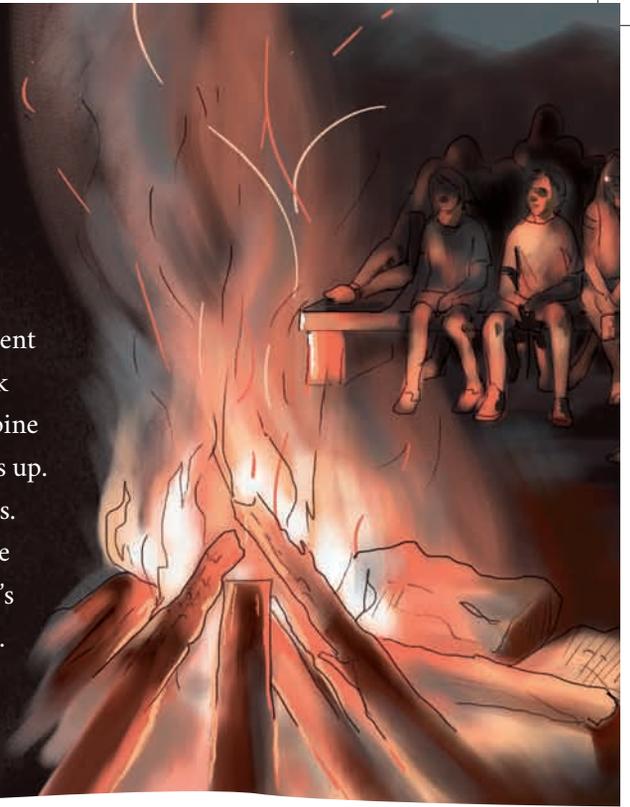
Most of them cheer. Only a couple – including Chloe – look doubtful. The slide runs from the top of the hill all the way down to the water. It looks slippery and very fast. "Go on, Kenzie!" Chloe whispers. "I can't do it unless you go first."

Chloe's always been nervous of heights, but they don't bother Kenzie. She doesn't scream as she shoots down the slide, not like the other girls. Instead, she's thrilled by the air rushing past, the huge splash into the water. She swims back to the riverbank and scrambles out. Chloe slides down after her, followed by Maddie. They can't stop laughing when they see each other. Even Chloe had liked it.



That evening, the kids and teachers and parent helpers sit around the campfire. The sky is dark except for tiny holes of stars. Kenzie throws a pine cone into the flames, and a rush of sparks floats up. Mr K plays the guitar, and they sing a few songs. Then they go around the circle so that everyone can say something they're grateful for. When it's Chloe's turn, she looks at Kenzie for a moment. "I'm grateful for my friend Kenzie," she says.

Tears prickle Kenzie's eyes.



The next few days go past in a blur of bushwalks, noisy meals, swimming, and games of spotlight. On the last morning, when the bus arrives to take them home, Kenzie knows exactly what she's going to do. She'll ask Chloe if they can sit together on the trip back.

"Sure," says Chloe. "I sat with Maddie on the way here, didn't I?"

Kenzie nods, a little embarrassed, and Chloe looks at her closely. "What's up? You've seemed a bit sad. It's not me and Maddie is it? Because you know that –"

"No, it's not about Maddie," Kenzie breaks in with a rush. "I like Maddie." And she realises that she really does. "It's next year. I'm worried what it will be like."

"What!" Chloe squeals. "You're kidding, right?" She pulls a face. "High school ... it's freaky. Don't remind me! But whatever happens, we'll be together."

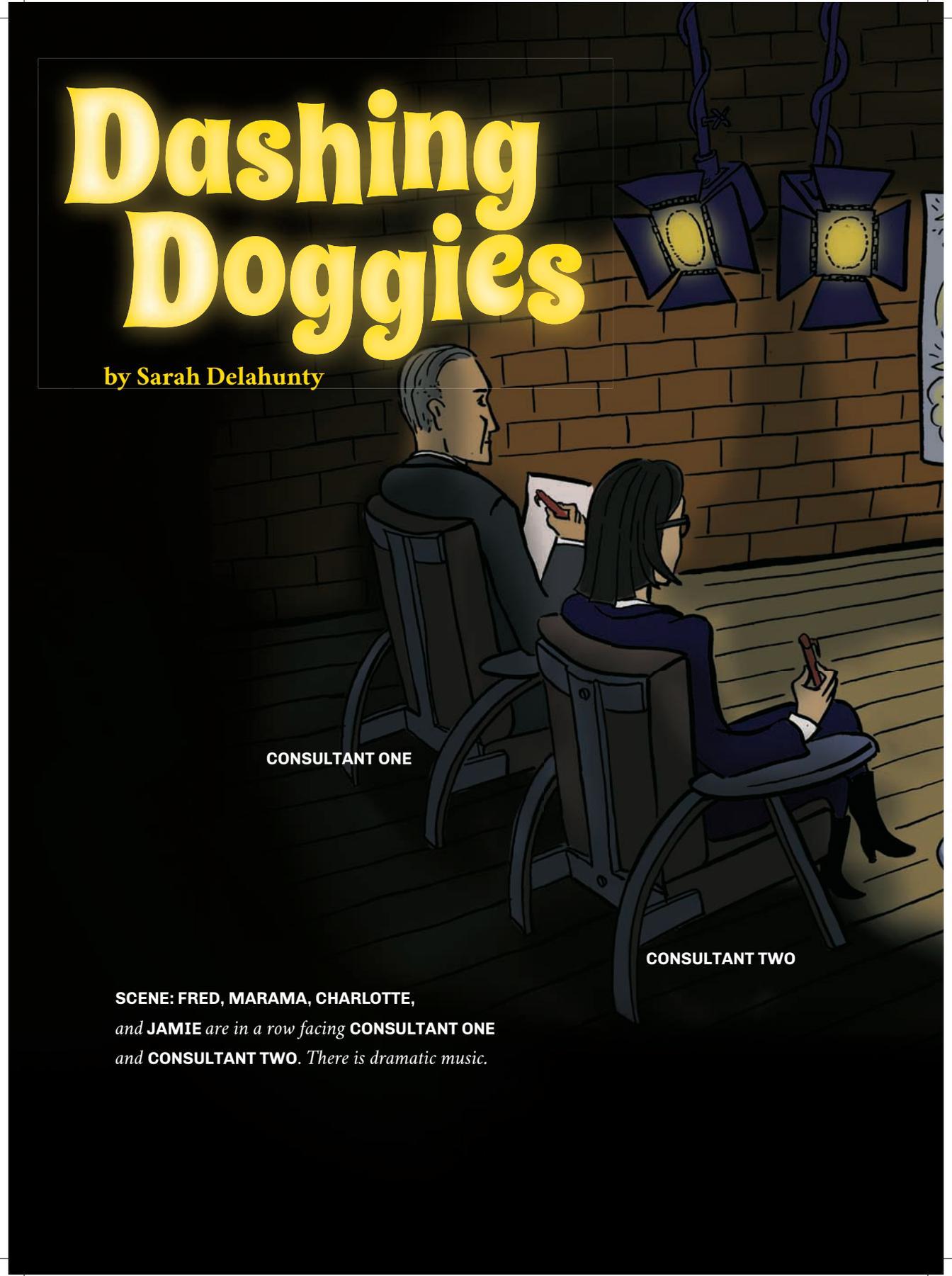
They sit near the back, Maddie leaning across the aisle so she can chat, too. The trees go past in a blur. A flock of birds flap off power lines and arch across the sky. And as the bus turns onto the main road, the river – Kenzie's river – winds out of sight.



illustrations by Adele Jackson

Dashing Doggies

by Sarah Delahunty



CONSULTANT ONE

CONSULTANT TWO

SCENE: FRED, MARAMA, CHARLOTTE,
and JAMIE are in a row facing CONSULTANT ONE
and CONSULTANT TWO. There is dramatic music.



FRED

MARAMA

CHARLOTTE

JAMIE

CONSULTANT ONE. Fred, Marama, Charlotte, and Jamie?

FRED, MARAMA, CHARLOTTE, and JAMIE. Yes.

CONSULTANT TWO. Of Dashing Doggies?

FRED, MARAMA, CHARLOTTE, and JAMIE. Yes.

CONSULTANT ONE. You know why you are here?

FRED, MARAMA, CHARLOTTE, and JAMIE. Um ...

CONSULTANT ONE. Your profit!

FRED (surprised). What profit?

CONSULTANT TWO. Exactly. What profit? What has been going on at Dashing Doggies?

CONSULTANT ONE. We intend to find out.

Dramatic music.

CONSULTANT ONE. Your dog-walking business, Dashing Doggies, has been running for three months. Is that correct?

CHARLOTTE. That's correct.

CONSULTANT TWO. Let's begin by discussing your debt.

JAMIE. I thought we were here to talk about profit?

CONSULTANT TWO. There's a link, which you seem unaware of. This is of concern.

CONSULTANT ONE. How did you start your business?

MARAMA. I noticed this dog one day, and he looked kind of sad because –

CONSULTANT TWO (*impatiently*). How, not why. How did you get your start-up finance?

FRED. Our what?

CONSULTANT ONE. The money you needed to start your business.

MARAMA. Oh. Charlotte's brother lent us a hundred dollars. We spent it on posters and fliers.

CONSULTANT ONE (*kindly*). That was a good investment.



CONSULTANT TWO. Any interest?

CHARLOTTE. Not really. My brother doesn't like dogs. He's more of a cat person.

CONSULTANT TWO. This is no laughing matter!

JAMIE. He's charging us 10 percent. He said it had to be worth his while.

CONSULTANT ONE (*approvingly*). A good businessman.



CONSULTANT TWO. So you're paying this loan back?

MARAMA. Yes, we give him ten dollars a week, plus one dollar interest.

CONSULTANT ONE. And your income?

MARAMA. We walk six dogs a week and charge ten dollars per walk.

CONSULTANT TWO. So that's a weekly income of sixty dollars. Any other expenses, aside from debt repayment?

CHARLOTTE. Well, dog treats are expensive.

JAMIE. And we get through heaps of those little plastic bags for picking up dog poo.

FRED. Especially me – seeing as I'm the only one who uses them!

JAMIE. You're the shortest! Close to the ground.

CONSULTANT TWO (*impatiently*). Focus. We're discussing your expenses.

CHARLOTTE. Let's call those extras ten dollars.

CONSULTANT ONE. So you spend ten dollars on dog treats and plastic bags, and you pay Charlotte's brother back at a rate of eleven dollars. This makes your weekly expenses twenty-one dollars. Your weekly income is sixty dollars. You should be making a profit. What's going wrong?

FRED. I know. It's really weird! Especially because Jamie's nana isn't charging us interest.

CONSULTANT TWO. Jamie's nana? What does she have to do with this?

JAMIE. Er ...

Dramatic music.



CHARLOTTE. I guess it started when Miss Peewee – this crazy dachshund – rolled on a dead hedgehog.

MARAMA. We couldn't take her back smelling the way she did, so we gave her a bath. We used a whole bottle of lavender shampoo!

FRED. Her owner was really pleased, so we decided to shampoo Miss Peewee every time.

JAMIE. But it wasn't fair to shampoo only Miss Peewee. We didn't want to show favouritism, so we started to shampoo all our clients. It's good for business.

CONSULTANT ONE. For free?

JAMIE (*cheerfully*). That's right.

CONSULTANT TWO. Free is not good for business. And what did this extra shampooing service cost you?

FRED (*counting off on his fingers*). We had to buy new towels, brushes ...

JAMIE. Don't forget the hairdryer.

CONSULTANT ONE (*surprised*). Hairdryer?

JAMIE. For the hairy ones.

MARAMA. And some of the dogs didn't enjoy their bath, so we had to buy squeaky toys to distract them.

FRED. And extra dog treats.

CHARLOTTE. We had to buy heaps of stuff.

JAMIE. And that's where Jamie's nana came in.

CONSULTANT TWO. So you borrowed money to pay for expenses you never tried to recover? There's a name for that: bad debt.





JAMIE (*surprised*). There's good debt?

CONSULTANT ONE. There is. Take your first loan, for example. That's a good debt because you spent the money on advertising. This helped you to get clients, which gave you an income. There was a long-term gain.

FRED. So what about our third loan? What's that?

CONSULTANT TWO (*shocked*). You have a **third** loan?

FRED (*cheerfully*). That's right. Another hundred bucks.

Dramatic music.

CONSULTANT TWO. Start talking.

JAMIE. We had a few ... complications.

CHARLOTTE. Miss Peewee got into a fight with an Alsatian. We had to take her to the vet. Sixty dollars later ... and that included a discount because the vet felt sorry for us.

MARAMA. Then Bronson, the spaniel, dug up Mum's garden, and she **didn't** feel sorry for us. She said we had to replace her shrubs. Forty dollars.

CONSULTANT ONE. And this money came from?

MARAMA. My aunty. The third loan.

CONSULTANT TWO. More bad debt.

JAMIE. Well, yes ... but Marama's aunty introduced us to a new client, Bella. That's a good thing, right ... new customers?

CONSULTANT ONE (*nodding*). Generally, yes. If the income they provide is greater than the cost of providing the service.

JAMIE. Well ...

CONSULTANT ONE. Go on ...

CHARLOTTE. Bella's owner doesn't exactly pay us.

CONSULTANT TWO. What **does** she do, exactly?

MARAMA. She gives us gingerbread!

CONSULTANT TWO. And I presume this Bella also gets a bath?

FRED. And the hairdryer. She's one of our hairiest!

CONSULTANT TWO (*outraged*). This is why your business is failing! Your expenses exceed your income. You need cash, not gingerbread!

JAMIE. But Bella's owner broke her hip. We wanted to help out.

MARAMA. And she's really nice. Not like that other lady. She doesn't give us anything.

CHARLOTTE. She says she'll put the cash in the letterbox, but she never does.

CONSULTANT ONE. Who is this person?

CONSULTANT TWO (*anxiously*). Does that matter? I think we've heard enough.

CHARLOTTE. We don't know who she is. We've only ever talked on the phone.

MARAMA. And Spartacus is a really horrible dog! He's badly trained.

CONSULTANT ONE. Spartacus?

JAMIE. And he's aggressive.

CONSULTANT TWO. He is not!

Dramatic music. **ALL** look at **CONSULTANT TWO**.

CONSULTANT TWO. I mean ... dogs are frequently misunderstood.

CONSULTANT ONE. Not yours. I've met him, remember? I seem to recall he "nipped" my ankle.

CHARLOTTE (*appalled*). Spartacus is your dog?

MARAMA. You're the one who never pays us?

CONSULTANT TWO. We are discussing your business here, not mine.

JAMIE. This is our business.

CONSULTANT ONE. Why haven't you been paying Dashing Doggies?

CONSULTANT TWO. I ... forgot.

MARAMA. Five times?

CONSULTANT TWO. I am not staying here to have my dog and my memory insulted.

FRED. We walked your dog, and you never paid us!

CONSULTANT TWO. I resign!

Dramatic music. **CONSULTANT TWO** rushes offstage.



CHARLOTTE. She owes us fifty bucks.

MARAMA. Well we won't be walking her dog again. She might have good advice, but she's a bad debt.

JAMIE. That's ironic.

CONSULTANT ONE. At last ... a sound business decision!

JAMIE. We have learnt some stuff, you know.

CHARLOTTE. Quite a lot, actually. Hey, we should start a new business!

MARAMA. Something less tiring.

FRED. Something less smelly.

JAMIE. Something that involves less work.

CHARLOTTE. We should become consultants!

We could give advice about dog walking.

CONSULTANT ONE. My advice as a consultant would be to make your first business work before you start a second.

FRED. How do we do that?

CONSULTANT ONE. It's simple. Reduce your expenses. Increase your income.

JAMIE. How?

CONSULTANT ONE. Expand your business.

Walk twelve dogs a week, not six. No dog treats ... and start charging for those baths! You'll have that debt paid off in no time and will start making a profit.

CHARLOTTE. I guess we should try.

CONSULTANT ONE. You should. Good luck.

CONSULTANT ONE passes **CHARLOTTE** a piece of paper.

CHARLOTTE. What's this?

CONSULTANT ONE. My bill.



illustrations by
Stephen Templer

The Great Ordinary

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF
EDITH AMITUANAI

by Hannah Sperber



Most people in Rānui, West Auckland, know Edith Amituanai as that girl who bikes around the neighbourhood. A few know her as the manager of the local league team. But Edith is also a photographer whose work has been shown in art galleries around the world. Her photos have been bought by collectors, and they've won prizes and been published in books. Edith is low-key about these achievements. She too sees herself as that girl who bikes. "I just happen to take a picture now and then."

**“I photograph my surroundings
and the people I know as if
they are unfamiliar.”**

EDITH AMITUANAI



The End of My Driveway

In 2011, Edith began work on a new project. She stood at the end of her driveway and took photos of students walking to school. She didn't hide her camera. A few kids noticed and asked what she was doing. Her response?

“I told them that I was making an important document!”

Edith named the project “The End of My Driveway”. Most of the photos in the series show kids deep in their own worlds, as if there's no camera there at all. Some of them are with friends, chatting and laughing. Others are alone. A few look purposeful, like they're running late for school. One or two are slouching, maybe still waking up. Each photo is different, but they share one important thing: none of the students is posing. These are just ordinary kids starting an ordinary day, something Edith was very keen to capture. That's because she sees her work as a kind of record – or “document” as she puts it – for people in the future. “When I'm dead, in a hundred years from now, maybe people will look at these photos and see what this time and place really looked like.”

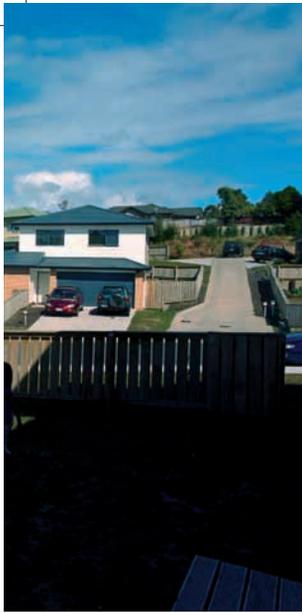
Photo Ninja

Edith's had a great deal of success as a photographer. But how does she know when

she's taken a winning photograph? "It's a feeling," she says. "That's silly, right? But if the feeling's not there, I won't end up taking a good picture. Often I'll know before I even pick up the camera." Edith always tries to do some research before she takes a photo. She calls this "fieldwork". But when it comes to taking a picture, she's a photo ninja. She believes the moment will disappear if you take too long. "I'm very fast. I've seen other photographers work differently, but for me, it has to be over quickly ... almost as if it's a non-event."

Edith says she's still not good at "the finishing part" – getting her work into a gallery so it can be sold. Not everyone goes to art galleries, and it's important to Edith that the people in her work get to see it and know they've helped to make an artwork. This has motivated her to experiment with different ways of exhibiting. Some of Edith's ideas have been highly original, like showing her photos on the backs of Auckland buses.





Art and Freedom

So how do people feel, having their photo taken when they're just going about an ordinary day? How would you feel to find yourself framed on the wall

of an art gallery? Edith says the strongest reaction she's had so far has been surprise: "Why are you photographing *me*?" Others have been flattered or excited. But people have always shown a lot of trust. Edith thinks that's because they recognise her as being part of their community. "I'm working from the inside. If you know the people and the culture of a neighbourhood, you can tell when it's OK to take a photo." It's also much easier to convey your warmth and good intentions. "I imagine I'm trying to take the best possible pictures of my family to show strangers," Edith says.

In the end, Edith is an artist, and part of that role means exploring boundaries and asking tricky questions. How much privacy can we expect in public? Is it OK for an artist to risk making someone feel uncomfortable? Can a photographer assume that their camera will always be welcome? And there's an even bigger question: if artists didn't have the freedom they need to make their own unique work, wouldn't this mean we'd only get a certain kind of art?

1. Christian, 2013
2. Khin Nu & Rawa from up the street, 2010
3. Zita Maria, 2010
4. Line and Shiloh playing cards, 2005
5. Miss Amituanai, 2005

In the Living Room

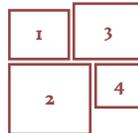
Edith's work is part of a long tradition called documentary

photography. She records the world around her, preserving the scenes she has chosen. There are lots of reasons for wanting to document a scene: because it's beautiful or interesting or challenging; or, more significantly for Edith, because it might otherwise vanish without trace. She once photographed the living rooms of several Samoan New Zealand families. She liked the way they were decorated, but more than that – she was worried that one day, these kinds of rooms would no longer exist.

“My parents came to New Zealand from Sāmoa in the 1970s. Their generation made homes that merged ideas about being Samoan with ideas about being a New Zealander.” Edith found these rooms fascinating because they raised so many questions. “What do you decide to take on from the culture you live in? What objects do you display in your home to signify who you are? And how have ideas about identity changed for my generation?”

Edith has said there's no way she could ever put together a living room like the ones she has photographed. And she thinks the same goes for other second-generation Samoan New Zealanders. Things have changed. This is why her living room photographs have become a kind of archive. They're a collection of images that document a time and place.





1. The Sagapolu Lounge, 2005
2. The House of Tiatia, 2007
3. The Crichton sisters, 2009
4. The Amituanai Lounge, 2005

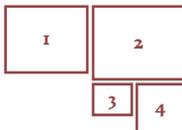


The Great Ordinary

When she studied photography at art school, Edith came across the work of Daniel Meadows. He is also a documentary photographer. Meadows travelled Britain in the 1970s and 80s to capture what he called “the great ordinary” – everyday people doing everyday things. In the same way, Edith is most interested in the familiar, especially young West Auckland faces and scenes. “I feel like what’s around me demands to be shown. It’s important – and right here!”

Edith says it’s easy to think that the more exciting things are happening somewhere else. “But that’s not true. We can connect to the big picture ... by looking at what’s happening in our own neighbourhoods. What’s fascinating to me is usually just next door or just down the street – right under my nose!”

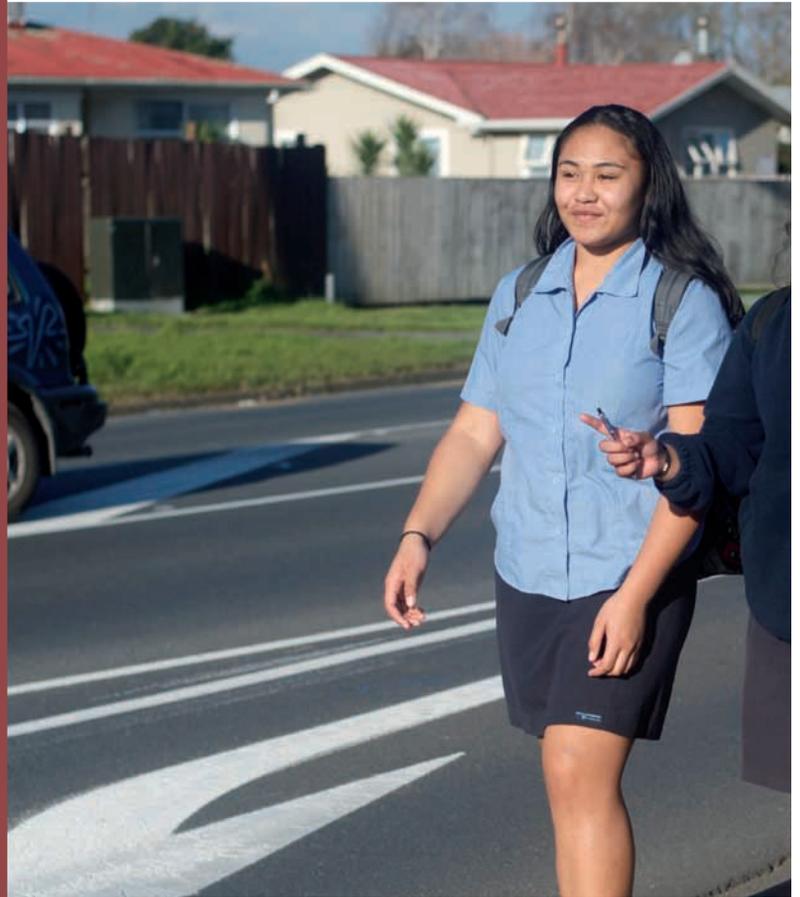
Cruising around Rānui, Edith says she sees moments of significance every day. She’s still trying to figure out the best way to attach a camera to her bike so that she doesn’t miss any of them.



1. Cassius & friends, 2013
2. Isaac before school, 2010
3. Meeting at No. 66, 2010
4. Nunu, 2009

Tips and Tricks: Edith's Advice

- 1.** A nice camera helps, but it isn't essential. A camera is just a tool. Use whatever you have, but take the time to think about what makes a photograph work. Consider the frame. What's in it and what's not? Think about colour, shadows, lines, and shapes. And never forget about the light. It adds a lot to the way a photograph looks and feels.
- 2.** If you're photographing a person, ask yourself what's interesting about them and their situation? What might this picture tell someone in twenty years? What details are important?
- 3.** Don't only photograph the stuff you think looks cool. Consider things that make you uncertain, things you want to change, things you love. Tell your own stories.
- 4.** Sometimes the best subject is right under your nose. You just need to look at the world closely and in new ways. Try looking at your surroundings as if you were an alien from another planet. Rediscover the wonder!



At the end of the driveway



At the end of the driveway the world begins.
At the end of the driveway the world is going.

Kids drift past trees and recycling bins.
Kids wander by, their faces glowing.

In summer sun and winter storms
kids walk to school in their uniforms.

Inside their uniforms, their itching skins.
Inside their skins, the kids are growing.

This girl frowns, this boy ducks his head and grins:
not yet seeing, not yet knowing

that what's gone is a new beginning,
that what begins is already going

fast then faster. Adults, with their set faces,
whoosh by in cars to adult places.

Tim Upperton

The World Will End

"If you touch that, the world will end," said the cat.
"Just so you know."

In the darkness, it was hard to be sure, but Raff thought it might be a calico cat. Its voice was high and quiet and raspy, as though the cat badly needed to clear its throat.

"If you don't touch it, the world will also end, of course." The cat started licking one of its front paws.

There is no right response when you meet a talking cat guarding a large glowing egg in the middle of the night. Raff was a little breathless anyway from the climb. Māngere Mountain is not really a mountain. It comes by the name because it's a dormant volcano, and volcanoes always get called mountains – but Raff had come up the steep way before plunging down into the main crater and climbing the sudden little hill in its centre.

End, Said the Cat

by David Larsen

Here, there was a little dimple in the earth – a mini crater at the heart of the main crater, like ripples in a pond. People sometimes did karakia there. Raff had been planning to lie in this smaller crater and watch the stars turn until he felt tired enough to sleep.

Then he would go back home and slip quietly into bed. His father told him he couldn't go out at night in the city, the way he did at his mother's, because this was Māngere, not the deep back country.

There were street gangs.

Raff had been pretty sure he wasn't going to meet any gang members on a volcanic cone at two in the morning, and he had been right. He was not finding being right especially comforting.

"Cats can't talk," he said to the cat.

It didn't seem a very clever thing to say.

The cat clearly thought so, too.

"Since that penetrating analysis will be disproved by any response I might make, shall we chat about the end of the world instead?"

In the flickering light from the egg, which was the colour of spring leaves, the cat was mostly an outline, though there were hints of its markings. Its eyes picked up the green light and threw it back. Raff tried to tell himself he was dreaming, but the night air was cool and sharp, full of faint night smells and distant sounds – he could hear a blurring motorbike somewhere off towards the airport – and he knew that he really was awake. He'd read about people thinking they were dreaming when something strange happened, and it was a weird little shock under the bigger shock of the talking cat to discover that those books had got it wrong: being awake isn't a thing you can be unsure about. This was really happening.

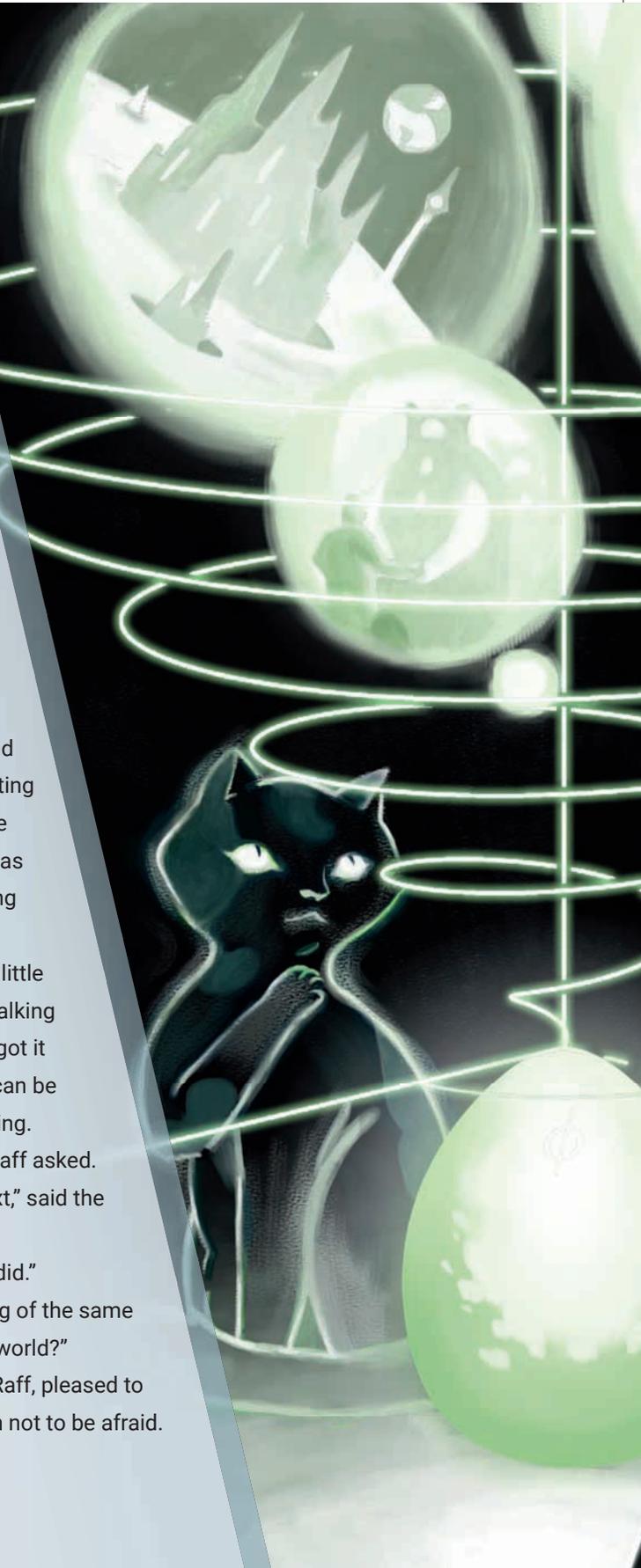
"Why is the world going to end?" Raff asked.

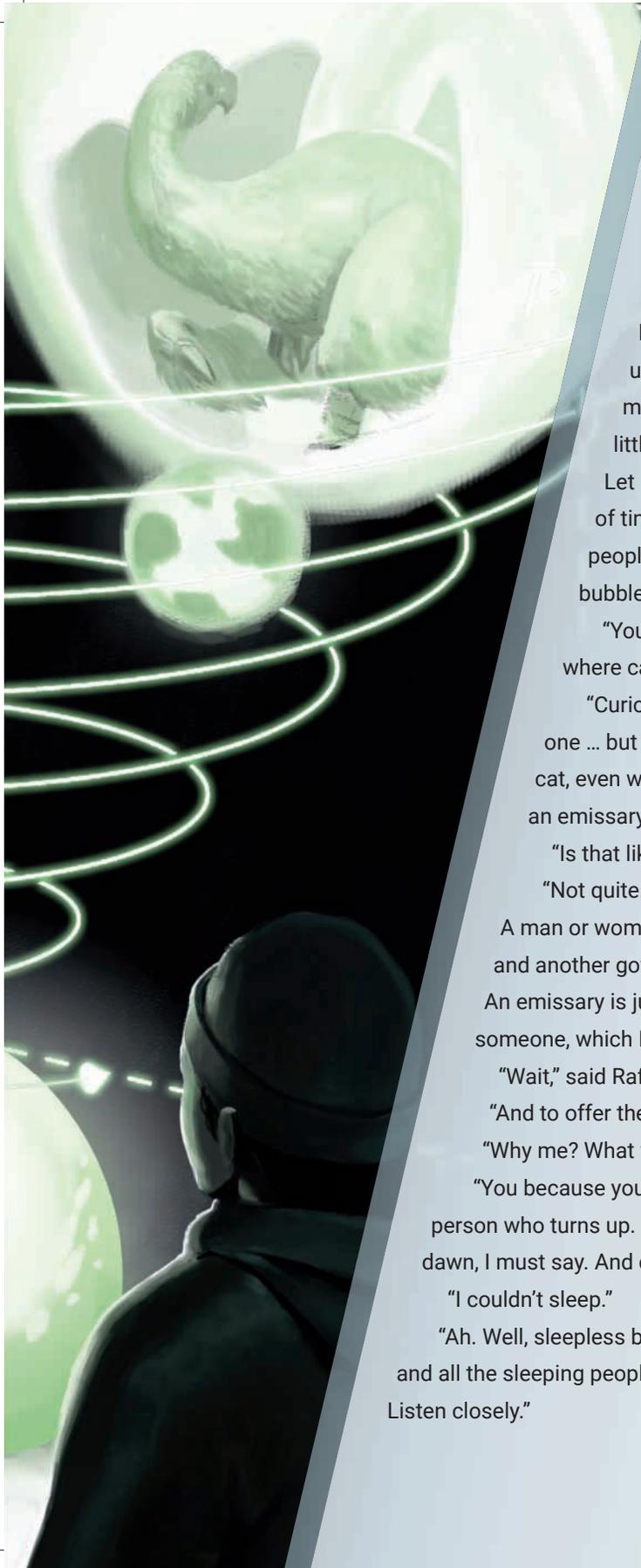
"That depends on what you do next," said the cat in its mewling little voice.

"You said it would end whatever I did."

"Yes, very good. But was I speaking of the same end, and was I speaking of the same world?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Raff, pleased to find that he was now annoyed enough not to be afraid.





“Let us suppose,” said the cat calmly, “that this is a moment when things can change. Perhaps I was sent here from somewhere else. Another universe, perhaps. Perhaps there are many of them. Perhaps universes are like little bubbles in an endless sea of foam. Let us suppose that in some other bubble of time and space, on a planet very like this, people learnt to open gateways from their bubble to another. Are you following me?”

“You’re saying you are from a universe where cats can talk.”

“Curious you assume no cats can talk in this one ... but yes. Or rather, no. I am not an ordinary cat, even where I come from. I was made. I am an emissary.”

“Is that like what – an ambassador?”

“Not quite. An ambassador is a useful fiction. A man or woman pretends to be a government and another government pretends to believe them. An emissary is just a messenger. I was sent to find someone, which I have done, and to –”

“Wait,” said Raff, “you mean *me*?”

“And to offer them a choice of futures. Yes, I mean you.”

“Why me? What futures? Why *me*?”

“You because you happened by. The choice goes to the person who turns up. I was not expecting anyone before dawn, I must say. And certainly not anyone so young.”

“I couldn’t sleep.”

“Ah. Well, sleepless boy, now you have a choice to make, and all the sleeping people of your world will be bound by it. Listen closely.”

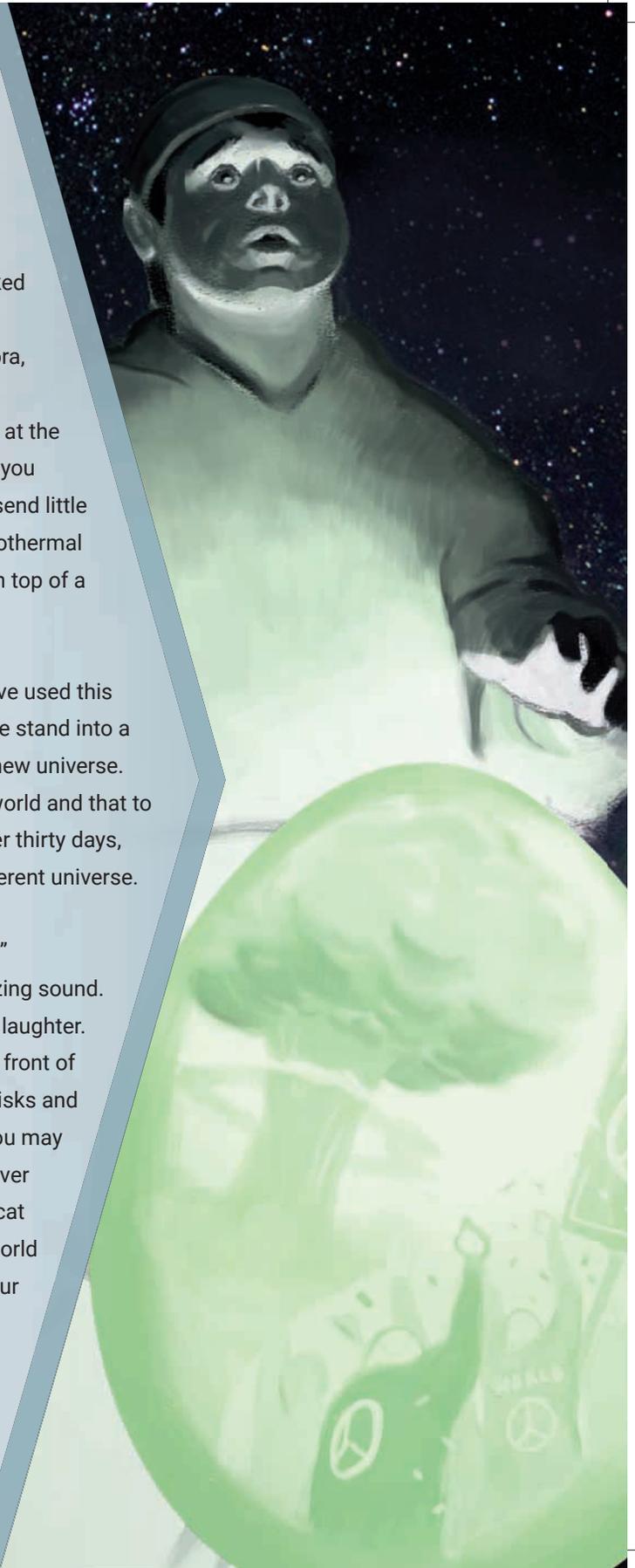
The cat stood and leant down until its nose was almost touching the egg. Its face in the unsettling light looked strangely vulnerable. "You see this? The people who made it call it a Pandora, though in some places it's known as a griffin's egg." The cat sniffed delicately at the egg, then sat back on its haunches. "If you touch the Pandora, it will hatch. It will send little tendrils down into this hill to tap its geothermal energy. You do know we're speaking on top of a half-asleep volcano?"

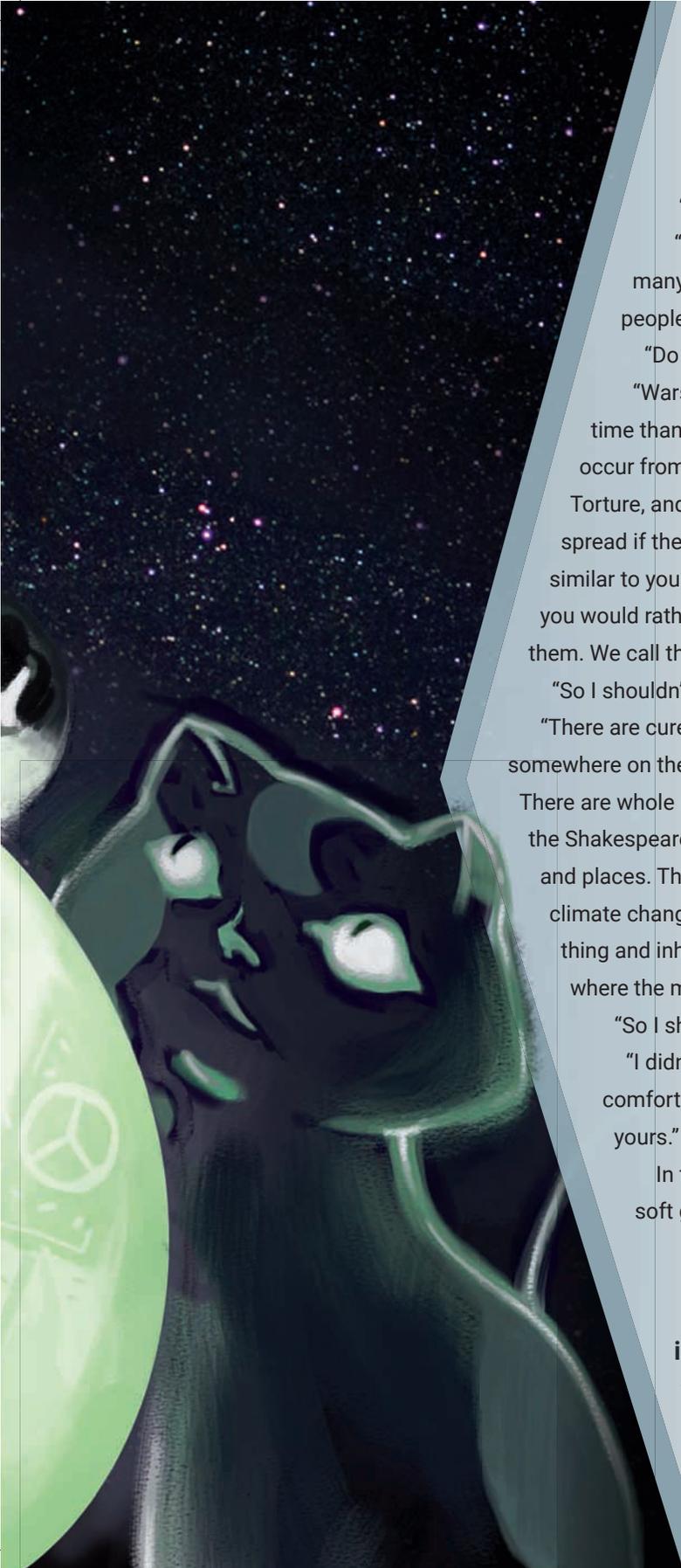
Raff nodded.

"Within a week, the Pandora will have used this energy to reshape the rock on which we stand into a great gateway. The gate will lead to a new universe. People can freely travel between this world and that to trade, talk, fight, learn new ideas ... After thirty days, the gate will blink and open onto a different universe. Every thirty days, a new universe."

"How will that make the world end?"

The cat made a peculiar little sneezing sound. It took Raff a moment to realise it was laughter. "There are two very different futures in front of you, sleepless boy. You may have the risks and the rewards of endless universes, or you may have the safety of the Pandora gate never existing. You may not have both." The cat yawned. "To touch or not to touch. A world of possibilities dies when you make your choice no matter what you choose. I admit, it's a slightly dramatic way of putting it."





“What do you mean, the risks?”

“In the history of your world, how many bad things have happened when people from different places have met?”

“Do you mean wars and stuff?”

“Wars? Hardly wars. Wars require more time than thirty days. But yes, violence does occur from time to time. Raids. Slave taking. Torture, and other atrocities. Plagues can spread if the new world’s biology is sufficiently similar to yours. A subtler danger is learning things you would rather not and finding you can’t unlearn them. We call this cultural destabilisation.”

“So I shouldn’t touch the egg.”

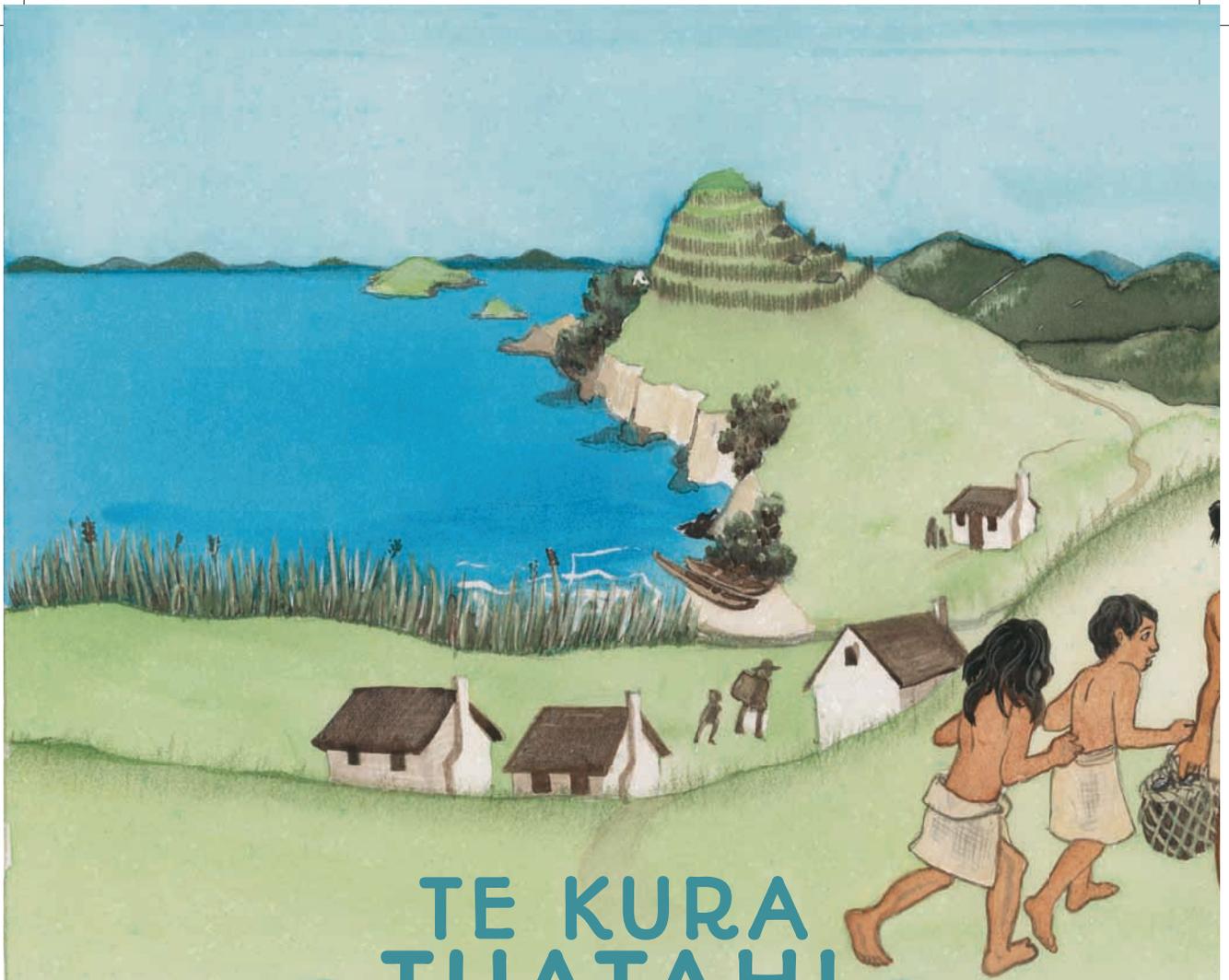
“There are cures for every possible disease somewhere on the other side of the Pandora gate. There are whole new kinds of art, great works by the Shakespeares and Beethovens of other times and places. There are technologies that can stop climate change. There’s every possible human thing and inhuman thing as well. There are worlds where the moa and the dodo never died.”

“So I should touch the egg.”

“I didn’t say that.” The cat settled down comfortably on all fours. “The choice is yours.”

In the darkness, the egg glowed like soft green fire.

**illustrations by
Alexander Martin**

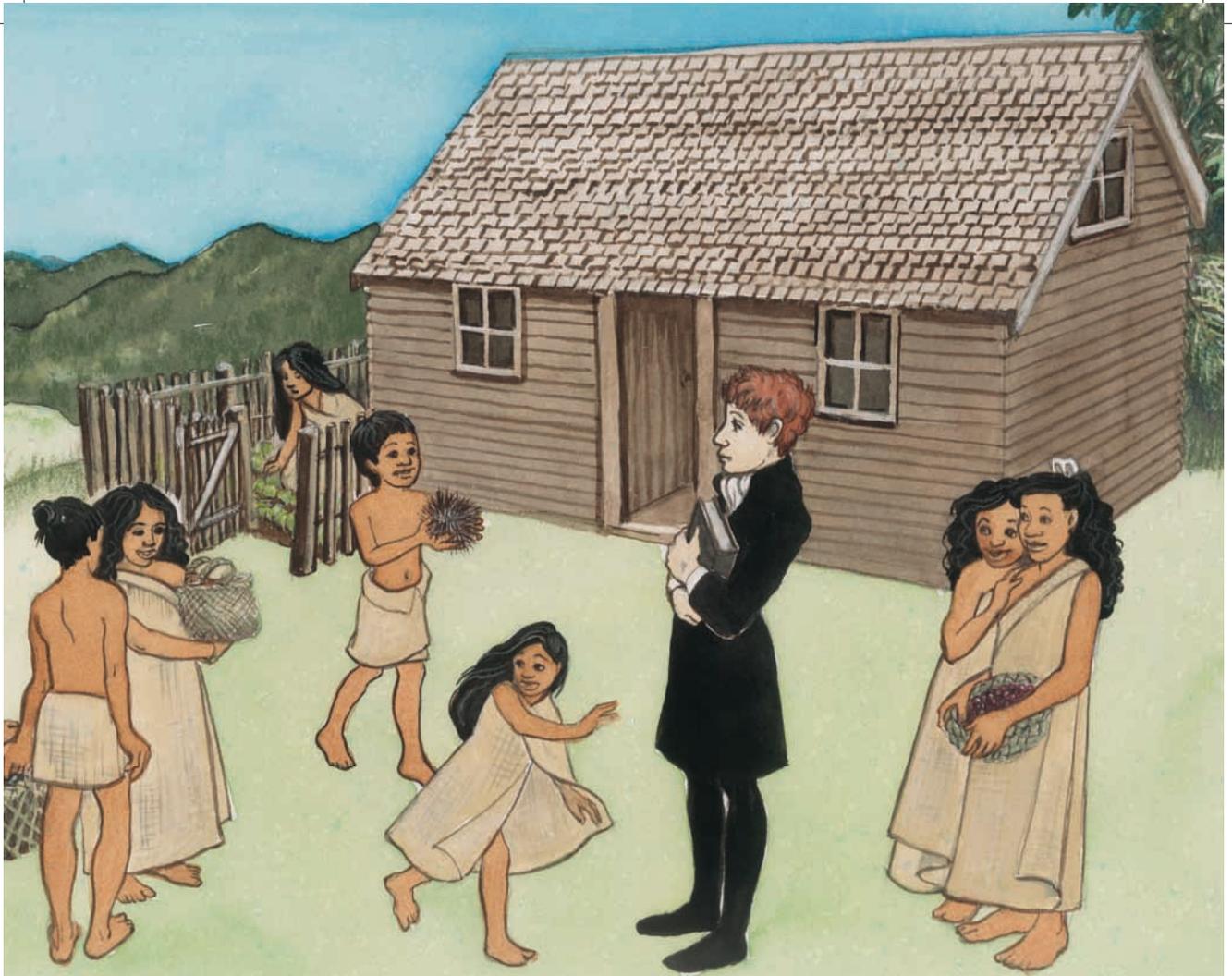


TE KURA TUATAHI

NEW ZEALAND'S FIRST SCHOOL

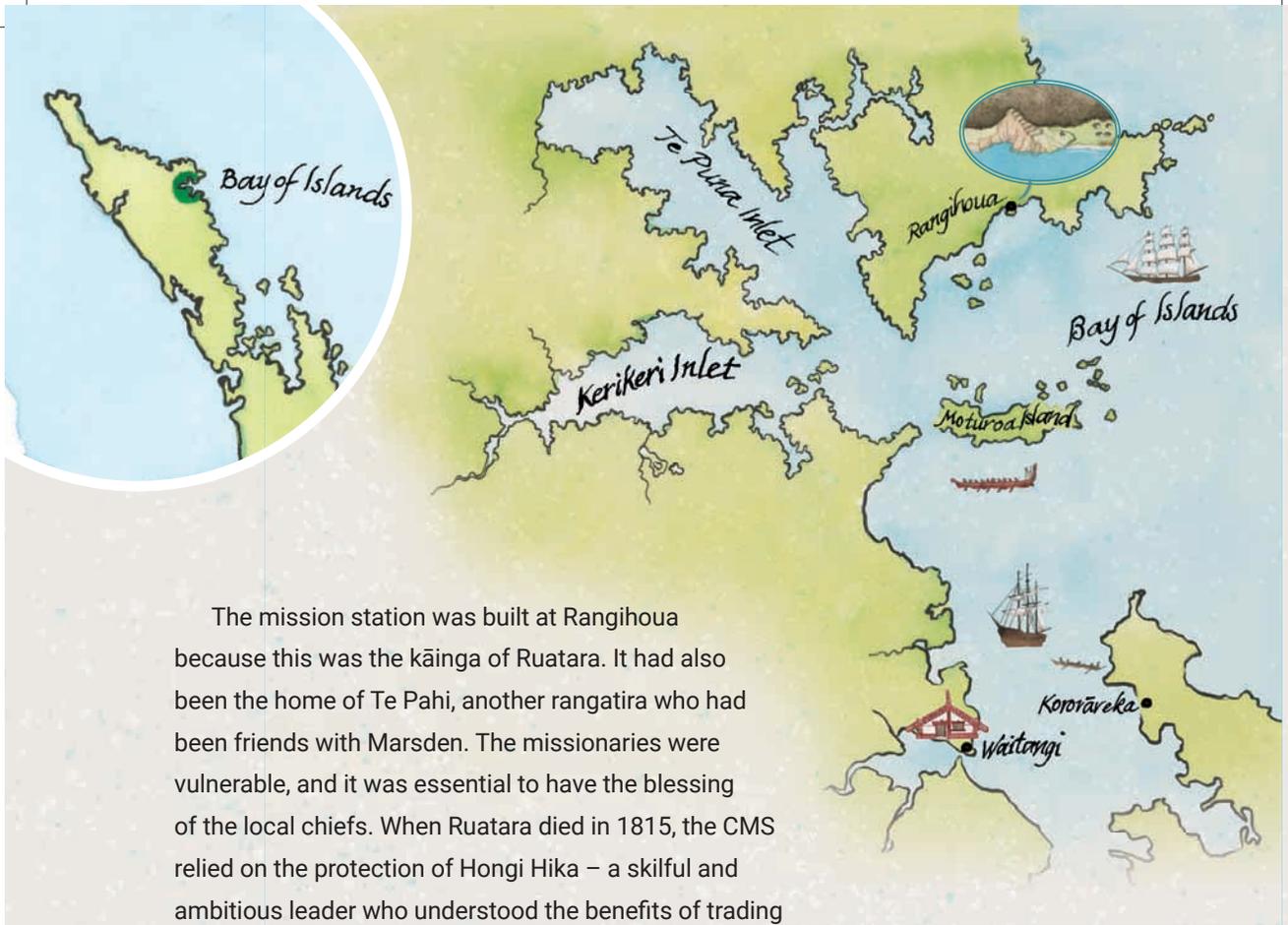
by Ross Calman

New Zealand's first school opened in 1816, but it wasn't a state school run by the government. We didn't even have a government back then. The school was run by a man named Thomas Kendall, a missionary from England. At the time, there were very few Pākehā in Aotearoa. Most were sealers and whalers, looking to make money. Kendall was different. He had come to New Zealand to teach Māori how to read and write so they could understand the Bible and become Christians, just like him. But Māori had their own ideas about what the missionaries had to offer. They were more interested in the mana that came from being literate. Many were also aware of the advantages a relationship with Pākehā would give them over rival iwi.



KENDALL ARRIVES

Kendall worked for the Church Missionary Society (CMS), which was based in England. The society's purpose was to spread Christianity, and its missionaries could be found all around the world. Kendall asked to be sent to New Zealand, where the CMS was planning a new mission station at the invitation of Ruatara, a Ngāpuhi rangatira who was friends with Samuel Marsden, one of the society's leading figures. Kendall arrived with his family in December 1814. A few days later, on Christmas Day, Marsden preached the first Christian sermon on New Zealand soil. It was attended by the missionary families alongside a large group of local Māori. The sermon was in English, and Ruatara would have been the only Māori there who understood Marsden's message. Afterwards, Ruatara gave his own interpretation in te reo Māori.



The mission station was built at Rangihoua because this was the kāinga of Ruatara. It had also been the home of Te Pahi, another rangatira who had been friends with Marsden. The missionaries were vulnerable, and it was essential to have the blessing of the local chiefs. When Ruatara died in 1815, the CMS relied on the protection of Hongi Hika – a skilful and ambitious leader who understood the benefits of trading with Pākehā and establishing an alliance with them.

A SCHOOLHOUSE FOR A MUSKET

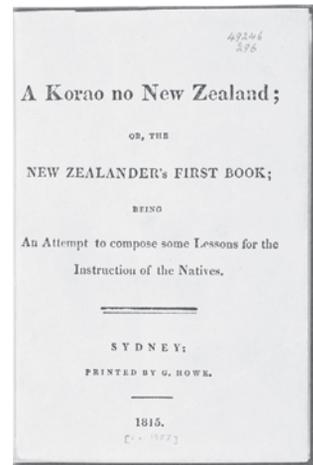
Kendall purchased the wood to build the schoolhouse in exchange for a musket. The schoolhouse was built by William Hall, a missionary settler, and finally opened on 12 August 1816. Twenty-four pupils crowded into the school's only room on the first day. Over the next few months, the roll would grow to more than seventy. Kendall guessed that his youngest student was six, the oldest twenty (a guess because Māori didn't follow the Western calendar at the time).

The school had more girls than boys. The girls were attracted by the chance to learn how to sew clothes, helped by Kendall's wife, Jane. Fewer boys attended because many were busy learning traditional martial arts, which started at a young age. The pupils slept at the school, and this meant they could begin lessons first thing each morning. They took a long break in the middle of the day, when they would spend time outside playing and gathering food. There were more lessons in the late afternoon.

KENDALL THE STUDENT

Before Kendall could begin teaching, he first needed to learn te reo Māori – the language he would use in the classroom. This included working out a system for writing te reo down so that he could make schoolbooks. So Kendall became a student. He was taught by a young Ngare Raumati chief named Tuai. Through Tuai's lessons, Kendall was able to write New Zealand's first book: *A Korao no New Zealand*. It was, as the author described in the subtitle, "the New Zealander's first book; being an attempt to compose some lessons for the instruction of the natives". The book, which was largely written in te reo Māori, was published in Sydney in 1815.

Kendall never lost interest in the Māori language. For the rest of his life, he continued to study and record it. In 1820, he travelled to England with Hongi Hika and another rangatira, Waikato, to finish and publish a book on Māori grammar. This was another first of its kind.



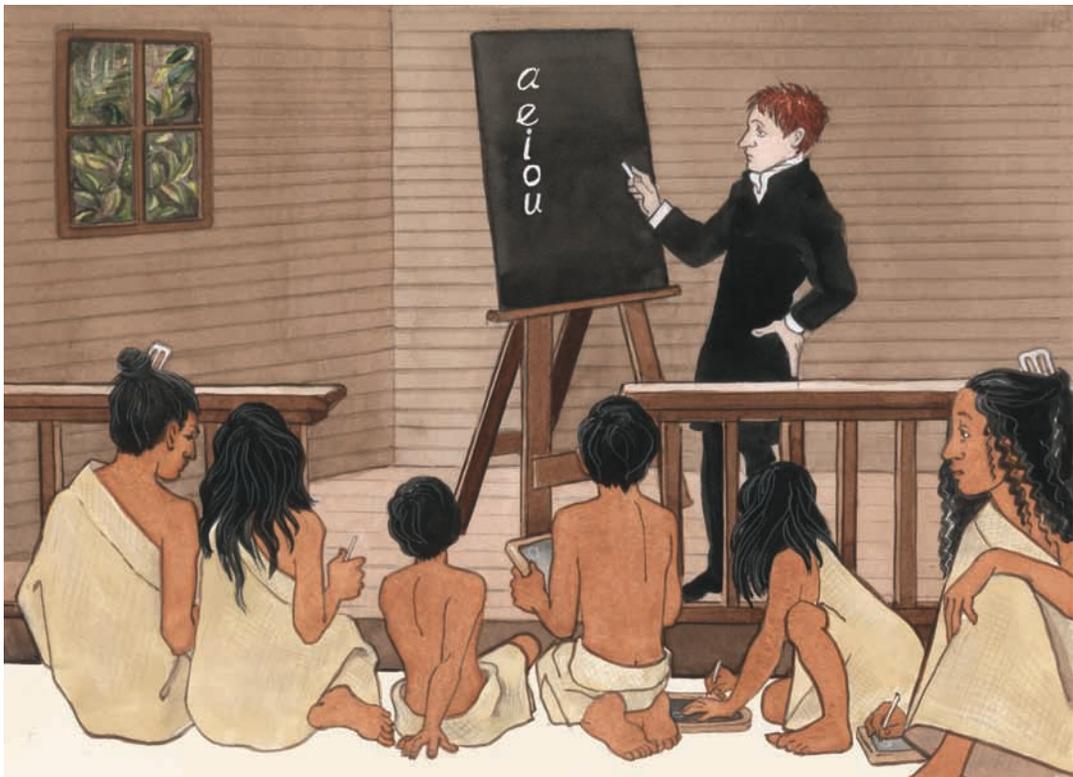
The only surviving copy of Kendall's first book, *A Korao no New Zealand*



Thomas Kendall with Hongi Hika (middle) and Waikato in 1820

FISH-HOOKS AND MARBLES

On fine days, Kendall found it difficult to keep his pupils inside. Most didn't like being confined to the classroom, and Kendall soon learnt that feeding his students was essential if he wanted to keep them in class. Describing his school in a letter, he wrote: "with a handful or two of potatoes daily, and occasionally a fish-hook, the children do at present very well". The students were also rewarded with trinkets, such as beads and marbles.



Daily lessons involved learning the Māori alphabet. Kendall was helped by Tōwai, the son of Te Pahi. As the son of a rangatira, Tōwai's presence in the classroom would have encouraged the children to want to attend school. Because attendance was voluntary, Kendall needed to have a good relationship with the parents of his students. This meant not using the strap – at the time a common way to keep English schoolchildren in line. Kendall knew that Māori would never tolerate corporal punishment.

THE LEARNING CONTINUES

The school at Rangihoua became famous, and groups of travelling Māori – curious about Pākehā ways and what the missionaries had to offer – often called in. But in the end it became impossible to keep the pupils fed. Ngāpuhi were only interested in trading food for muskets and gunpowder, and the CMS refused to allow Kendall to continue trading these items with Māori. This meant Kendall had to rely on shipments of food from Sydney. Marsden and the CMS eventually lost interest in paying for the school's expenses, and Kendall had to use his own money. When he could no longer afford to do this, the school closed in 1818.

Māori and Learning

Before Europeans arrived in Aotearoa, Māori had their own reasons for learning and their own ways of teaching. Instead of schools, they had whare wānanga. These “houses of learning” had different roles. Some were for the sons of chiefs, who were taught the rituals needed to please the atua before activities such as hunting, fishing, and warfare. Other whare wānanga were used for teaching children how to carve (whakairo), weave (raranga), and tattoo (tā moko). Ngā mahi a te rēhia (games,

songs, and storytelling) were also formally taught. Māori used these arts to record and pass on information. But to ensure their survival, children also needed practical skills. Finding and preparing food took up most of the day, and it required knowledge and cooperation. Children were taught how to garden, fish, hunt, and forage. Boys also learnt how to fight. These skills were picked up through play, through watching and imitating adults, and through formal lessons.



Over the next two decades, other schools were started by missionaries from different religions. Many Māori learnt to read and write – so many, in fact, that the literacy rate was higher among Māori than Pākehā. Most of these schools closed during the early 1860s because of the New Zealand Wars, and in 1867, the government set up a native schools system for Māori children. A decade later, the Education Act of 1877 was passed. This made education widely available for all children and was the start of the state system we know today. At first, state schools allowed te reo Māori to be spoken, but this attitude changed, and Māori students were punished for speaking their language. The government believed that if Māori were to be successful, they needed to adapt and fit in to a Pākehā world. This way of thinking continued for many decades.

Important changes happened in the 1970s. Many Māori communities felt that the education system wasn't doing the best for their children. Māori were especially concerned about the survival of te reo. In 1913, over 90 percent of Māori schoolchildren could speak their language; a number that had plummeted to less than 5 percent by 1975. This led to the establishment of kōhanga reo (preschool language "nests") in 1982. The first kura kaupapa Māori (Māori-language school) opened three years later.

MISSIONARIES' LEGACY

Thomas Kendall and the missionaries had a huge impact on the people of Aotearoa. They helped Māori learn skills such as reading, writing, and farming, but at the same time, they stifled Māori traditions. They believed that the Christian way of living was superior to the Māori way of living and that in the end, Māori were better off being like them. This attitude was widely held among Pākehā of the time. Today, Māori are reclaiming many cultural practices that were banned by the missionaries, including tā moko, taonga puoro (Māori musical instruments), and rongoā (healing).

The Marsden cross at Rangihoua, marking the site of Samuel Marsden's Christmas Day sermon



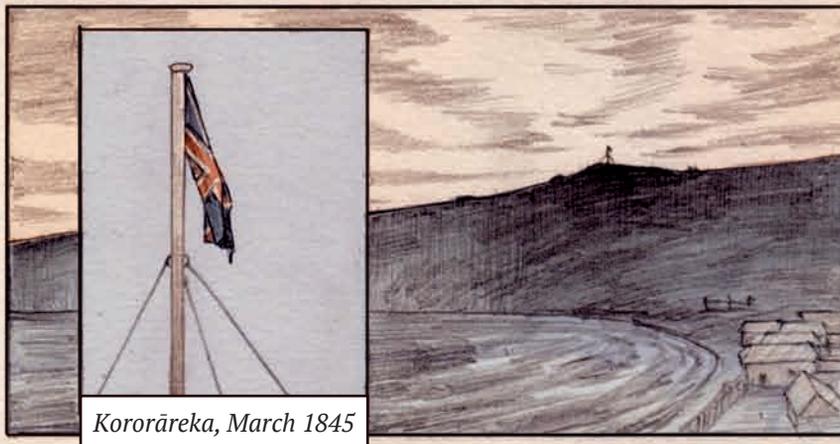


Young children learning in te reo at a kōhanga reo in Wellington



Fallen Leaves

by Paul Mason



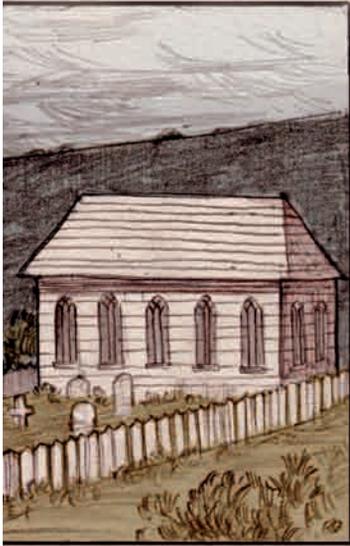
Kororāreka, March 1845



Haora hurried along the shore, his toes digging into the soft sand, passing Kororāreka as quickly as he could. The town was little more than a stockade, a clutch of settlers' houses, and a small white church – all caught between dark hills on either side. On the crest of the steepest was a pole with the British flag. It hung limp and lifeless, framed by a cloudy and troubled sky. The air was heavy with omens. Kororāreka would fall. Haora could sense it.

He reached the stuccoed walls of the mission, climbed the staircase that led to the printery, and knocked loudly on the heavy door.

“I am glad to see you, Haora,” said Frère Jean, opening the door wide. “Come, there is plenty of work for us to do.”



If the tiny settlement seemed troubled, inside the thick walls of the printery, all was quiet industry and peace. The air was cool, the rich smell of ink, paper, and leather instantly comforting. Haora waved to the two men working quietly: the one named Frère Emery hunched over the tiny metal letters in their frames; the other, Frère Luc, rolled ink across a finished plate. They looked up to smile but carried on with their tasks.

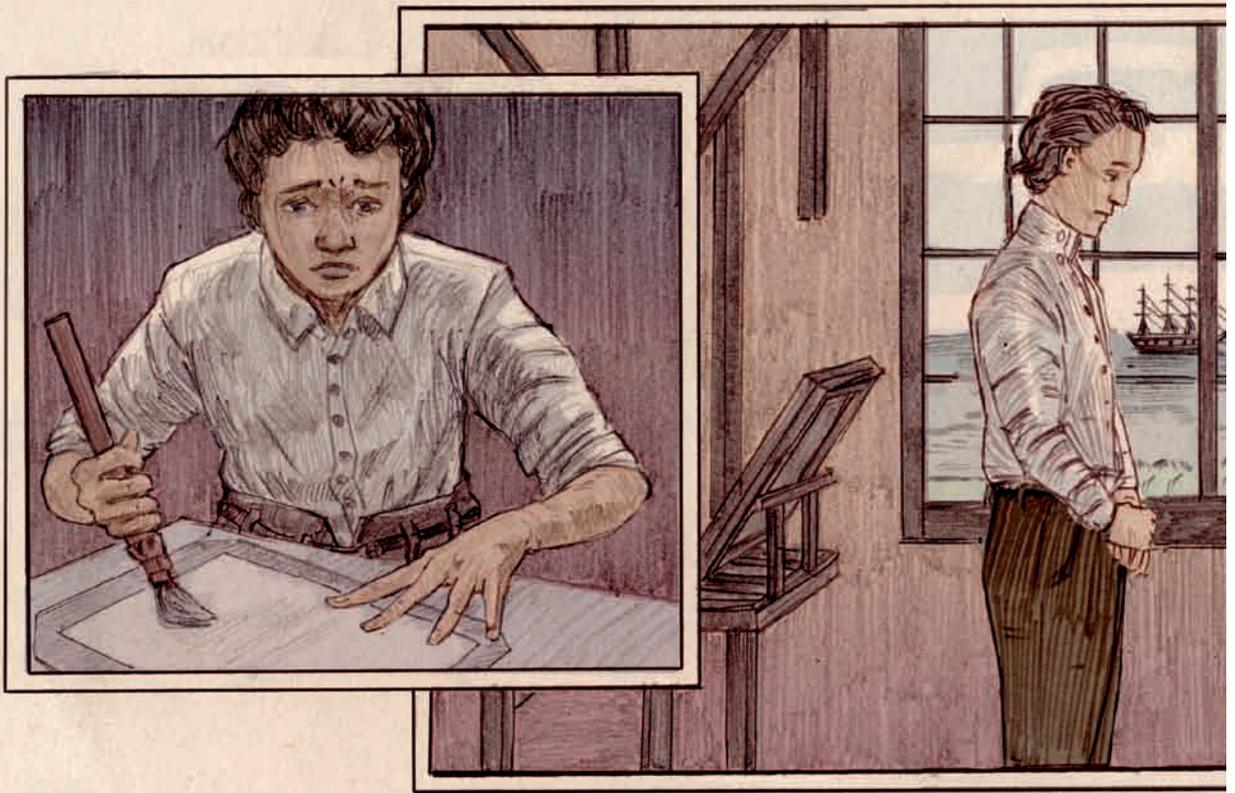
“Did they know there would be a battle,” Haora wondered, “that Heke Pōkai and his warriors were coming?”

Frère Jean seemed unaware of the troubled look on the boy’s face. He led his young apprentice across the room and sat him at the binding table. “These books need their covers. You remember how I showed you last week?”

“How to add the leather? Āe.”

“Good. We will work together.”





For the moment, Haora fought down his worry. Slowly he began to lose himself in the quiet rhythm of the work – trimming the soft hide, spreading the glue, turning over the edges, gently pushing them down.

“And your mother and father?” asked Frère Jean after a time.

“Kei te pai,” said Haora.

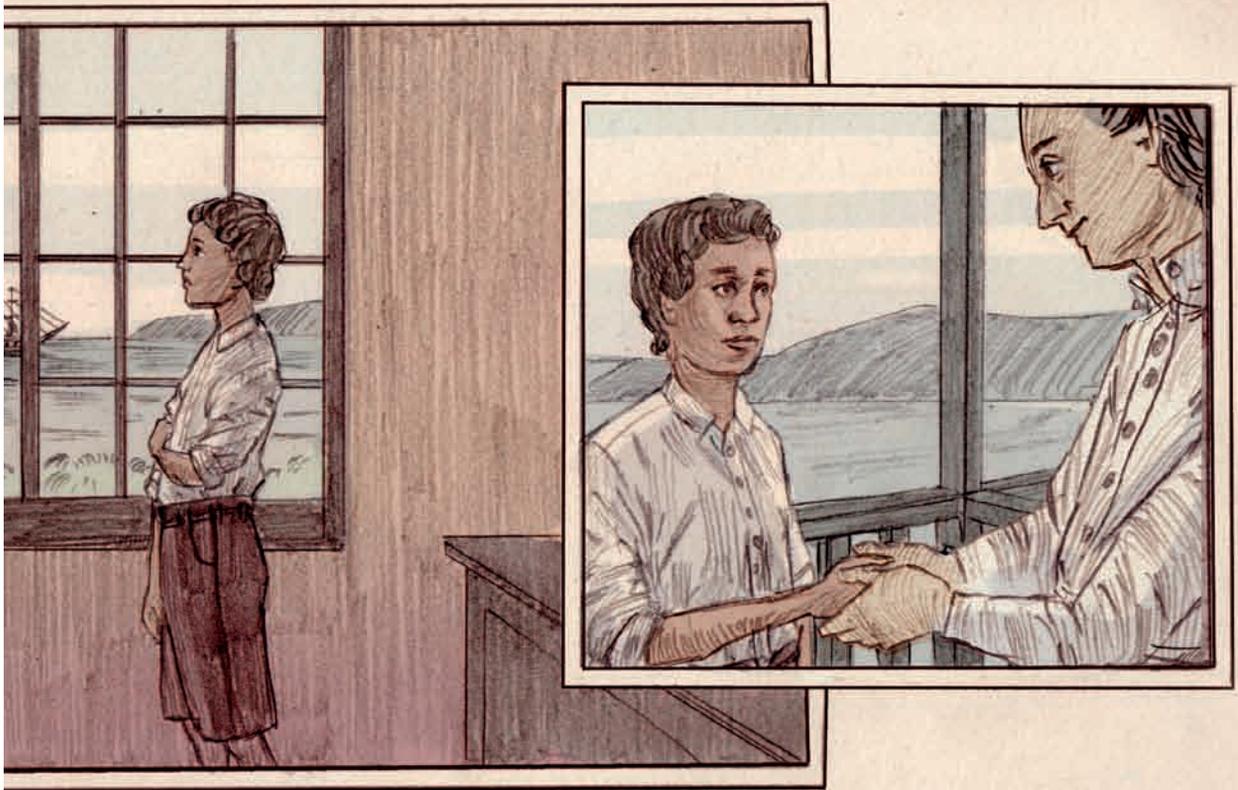
From the other side of the room came the creak of the wooden screw as paper was pressed onto ink. Page after page, leaf after leaf ... the words appearing as if by magic. The two men barely shared a word as they worked, their worn-out shoes scuffing over the floorboards. The brothers weren't ones for talking. Not like the men in the town who gabbled too much and drank too much and worse besides. How many would fall in the fighting? Dark clouds were drifting in, and Haora needed to speak of it.

“Heke is coming – others too,” he said suddenly.

Frère Jean looked up. “You know there will be fighting?”

Haora nodded. “Yes. Soon. I heard they won't hurt this place, but you should still go.”

“Thank you, my boy. But we already know. You're not to worry.”



“And in the meantime, we work,” Frère Jean added. “Our metal letters will not be taken for musket balls.” He released some finished books from the clamp – held in place to keep their shape – and handed them to the boy.

Haora ran his fingers over the soft brown calfskin, over the writing in gold that ran down the spine. He loved the feel of these books, their weight in his hand. What a thing it was to put words onto paper for others to read. The brothers gave everything for these scripts, for the ideas written on the pages. Carefully, Haora placed a dried bay leaf in the middle of each book. The smell saved the paper from insects.

“They are wonderful, yes?” Frère Jean asked, watching.

“Waiwaiā,” agreed Haora, although his mother didn’t understand what all the fuss was about.

They worked until the sun began to set, then Haora got up to leave. He knew he was welcome to stay, but any offering on the brothers’ dinner table was as threadbare as their clothing. They couldn’t feed another mouth.

“Goodbye, Frère Jean,” Haora said.

“Go in peace,” said the man, taking the boy’s hand.



The crack of muskets came a week later, just after dawn. Haora ran through the bush, unease squeezing his chest, his legs unsteady. Would Frère Jean and the others be spared? He crouched down to watch the battle from behind some harakeke, as if the spiky foliage were enough to protect him. He could hear the thud of cannon in the town below, the terrible cries. He watched with dread as men from both sides fell to the ground, their bodies crumpled and motionless.

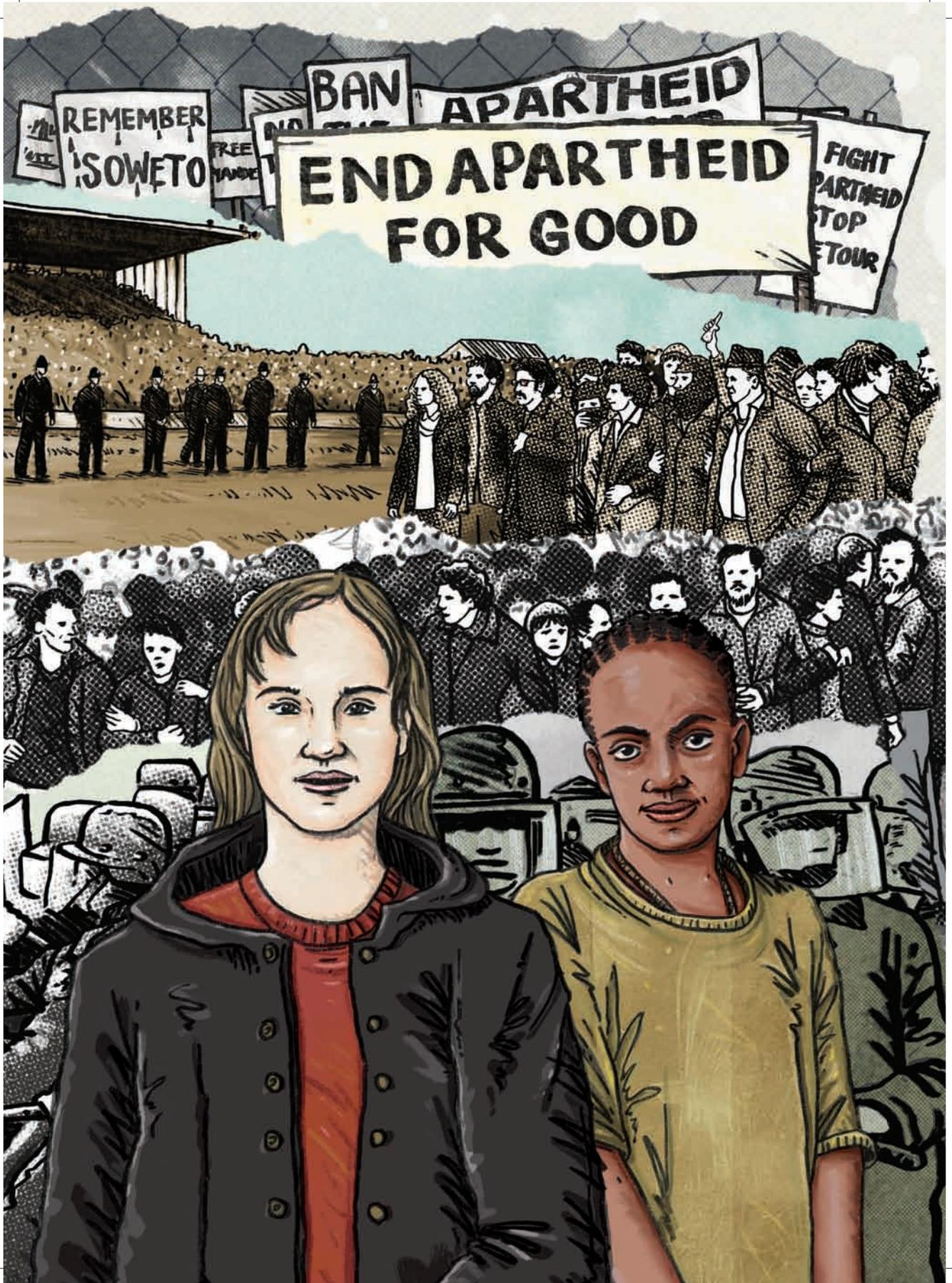
Gunfire shook Kororāreka all day. The flagpole lay on the ground like a felled tree. That afternoon, a blast came from inside the stockade. The earth rumbled, and a cloud of furious smoke burst into the sky. The British scrambled towards the beach and rowed boats out to their warship in the bay. The big guns started soon after; one after the other, roaring from the side of the ugly brown ship. They were louder than any thunder, worse than any fire. Then the battle was over, and Kororāreka burnt into the night.

Haora made his way along the beach in the morning light. The sting of smoke still hung in the air. Most of the settlement lay in ruins, but at the far end of the bay, the printery was untouched. Its thick white walls stood strong. The door was locked. No sound came from inside. Had Frère Jean and the others escaped? Haora searched the gardens and orchard, then checked the tannery round the back. He even peered into the deep pits. There was no sign of the brothers.

He turned and left, starting back through the town's charred remains. Something on the path made him stop. It was a book, half buried and badly burnt. Was it one he had helped to make? Haora picked it up and looked at the scorched cover. Inside, the book had fared no better, although the dried leaf in the middle had survived. "It only protects against insects," Haora thought. "Not gunfire."

He wiped off the dirt as best he could, and holding the book tight, walked back to his village. He had been right. There had been omens. And now it had begun.





MIRROR IMAGE



BY Julia Randerson,
Ridgway School
Winner of the Elsie Locke
Writing Prize 2016

Hamilton, New Zealand, 25 July 1981

Rain spat at Meggie as she trudged home through storm-darkened streets. Being mocked at school for opposing the Springbok tour had put her in a black mood. She had tried to explain, slowly and simply, that playing rugby with South Africa was “kind of supporting apartheid”, but her schoolmates had laughed. Meggie kicked a tin can lying in the gutter. Those stupid kids.

Overnight, Meggie hatched a plan to show them. She would join the big protest that afternoon at the rugby field. Along with hundreds of others, she would try to stop the hotly anticipated game. There was one hitch: her parents had forbidden her to go because it could be dangerous. That didn't matter. They didn't need to know.

At two o'clock, Meggie left the house, saying she was going to a friend's place and would be back in a few hours – surely enough time for a protest.

As she approached the stadium, she stared about in wonder. Hundreds of protesters were there, all risking injury or arrest to bring down apartheid.

The next few moments were overwhelming and passed in a blur. Meggie was swept along in a people-tide. The crowd surged forward and broke down the fence. Everyone rushed onto the field. Finally, after much confusion, loudspeakers boomed, “The game has been cancelled.”

A firm grip on her shoulder made Meggie look up. A policeman stared back. “This isn't a good place for a young girl. I'll take you back to the station. You can wait for your parents there.” He probably expected a chagrined look but instead got a big smile. Proud of the way she'd stood up for her beliefs, Meggie grinned at the TV cameras and gave a quick, shy wave as she was frog-marched away.



Johannesburg, South Africa, 25 July 1981

Crickets sang in the cloudless, star-sprinkled African sky. Remnant sounds from a late-night party drifted through the darkness. Zodwa sat with her knees to her chest, listening to her brothers' steady breathing. She couldn't sleep. Sometime in the next hour, her father would fetch them to watch the rugby on their neighbour's new television. Zodwa wasn't especially a rugby fan, but it excited her to watch a game in the hope that the Springboks would be beaten.

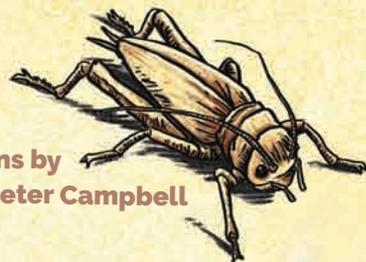
Softly the door creaked open, and Zodwa's dad crept in. Her woke her brothers before coming over for her. They dressed swiftly, then stepped out into the crisp night. Their neighbour's was warm and inviting as Zodwa and her family entered and settled down to watch the rugby.

The broadcast had barely begun when what looked like a swarm of angry hornets rushed onto the field. The game didn't start. Excited talking broke out around her, but Zodwa's eyes stayed glued to

the screen. The hornets morphed into protesters carrying signs and chanting. Their message was unclear. Didn't they like rugby?

Finally Zodwa could make out what they were saying: "One two three four. We don't want your racist tour!" She read the words on a sign: "End apartheid for good." Breathless, she realised what the protest was about. The people were saying no to apartheid!

Peering closely at the crowd on the small black-and-white screen, Zodwa spotted a girl her age being escorted away by a policeman. Instead of cowering, the girl kept a brave face and smiled broadly. A kid, on the other side of the world, standing up for Zodwa and her people's rights! At this moment, Zodwa knew for sure that things were going to change.



illustrations by
Peter Campbell

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