

JUNIOR JOURNAL 49



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Junior Journal 49



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Ring! Ring!

by Diana Noonan

“Phit, phit! What am I?” asked Dad.

“I don’t know,” said Charlie.

“A fantail!” said Dad. He hammered the last tent peg into the ground. “Oornk-oornk! How about that one?”

Charlie looked at the big brown bulls grazing on the other side of the fence. He wished he was at Pipi Bay Camping Ground, pitching the tent beside their friends like they always did. Instead they were here on Mr Rose’s farm.

“Ouch!” said Mum, squeezing between some flax and the tent. “A mozzie just bit me.”

“There aren’t any mozzies at Pipi Bay,” said Charlie.



“That’s right,” said Dad. “Just radios playing and the sound of cars coming and going. And worst of all – mobile phones ringing non-stop. Tring-tring! Beep-buzz! This year we’re having some peace and quiet.”

From inside the car, the twins started crying.

“It’s past their bed time,” said Mum.

Dad gave the tent peg an extra hard bang. “There,” he said. “Now we can all snuggle into our sleeping bags and listen to the moreporks.”

Charlie didn’t want to listen to moreporks. He wanted to be at Pipi Bay playing torch tag in the dark with his friends.

In the morning, Charlie didn't want to go collecting firewood with Dad, either - not with the big bulls staring at him. He sat on a rock and watched the fire send grey smoke into the air. At Pipi Bay, you cooked breakfast in the camp kitchen with everyone else. You could flick soap bubbles at your friends while you did the dishes together in the big sinks.

"This wood just doesn't want to catch alight," said Dad, blowing onto the pile of sticks. "Still, it's nice and quiet. Not a phone ringing for miles."

In the afternoon, the sun came out.

"Let's all go for a paddle in the river," said Dad. "The only sound will be the water swishing over the rocks."

Charlie and Dad made stick boats so they could have races. It was fun for a while, but then Charlie thought about the camp pool. He wished he was there, snorkelling with his friends.

Just then, something fast and black whooshed past them. "Ooh!" cried Mum, ducking her head. "What was *that*?"

"It's a tūi." laughed Dad. "Look! It's flown into the flax beside the tent. Now that's something you don't see at the camping ground."



Early next morning, Dad went to the river to get some water. Charlie wriggled like a worm in his sleeping bag until he was right beside Mum.

“I wish we could go to Pipi Bay,” he whispered.

“It is a bit quiet here, isn’t it?” Mum whispered back. “But Dad loves it. Besides, there won’t be any tent sites left at the camping ground now. We always book in August.”

Suddenly, Dad poked his head into the tent. He looked like he’d seen a ghost.

“Did you hear *that*?” he asked.

“Hear what?” replied Mum.

“There it goes again!”





“It’s a mobile phone,” said Charlie.

“It’s not ours,” said Mum. “It’s not switched on.”

Now Charlie could hear lots of ring tones – and a motorbike. He hopped out of the tent.

“Morning!” called Mr Rose. “I see the townies have arrived.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mum.

“The tūi from town. They’ve found the flax flowers.”

“The tūi?” said Dad. “Are the tūi making those *ringing* noises?”

“Yes! Jokers, aren’t they,” laughed Mr Rose. “They learn to copy the sounds from the mobiles they hear ringing in the streets. You’ll have a lot of fun listening to them.”

“How long do they stay?” asked Dad.

“Oh, all summer,” said Mr Rose. “They feed and ring from dawn till dusk.”

Mum disappeared into the tent.

Mr Rose revved his bike. “Well, I’d better get those cattle shifted,” he said. “Happy camping!”

Charlie waited for Dad to say something, but he was staring at the tūi on the flax.



“They have one campsite left,” said Mum, coming back out of the tent.

“Huh?” asked Dad.

“At Pipi Bay.”

Dad looked at her. He looked back at the ringing birds. “Tell them we’ll take it.”

“It’s not the quietest spot,” said Mum. “It’s right next to the swimming pool. And the shop. There might be phones ringing.”

More tūi flew into the flax bushes.

“They won’t be ringing at five in the morning!” said Dad.

Charlie smiled. “I’ll get the tent bag,” he said quietly, “and pack up the sleeping bags.”

Tūi Talk

Tūi are very good at copying sounds, but no one is quite sure why they do it. It might be to pretend they are more than one bird. This would help frighten other birds away from their food. Or it might be to show that they are extra clever and would make a good mate.

Long ago, Māori kept tūi and trained them to speak. Some even taught them to give welcome speeches to visitors.

Tūī

The forest is a great green whare.
The tūī sings within its walls.
His waiata can be heard afar,
the trickiest of calls.

Head upturned, throat bobbing,
he opens up his beak.
Out pours his clever sounds,
craaack-craw, click, creak, tweet, tweet.

Whakarongo to this manu,
the master of mimicry.
Was that a bell, cellphone, or bird
high in the pūriri tree?

Kelly Joseph



No More Warts

by Tricia Glensor



“Look at my hand,” said Ellie’s friend, Buster.

“It’s covered in warts.”

He showed Ellie his left hand.

“Where?” asked Ellie. “I can’t see any warts.”

“There,” said Buster. He pointed to three tiny bumps on his thumb and one on his little finger.

“They’re only little ones,” said Ellie.

“They’re yuck,” said Buster.

Ellie got out her magnifying glass and peered at the warts. They looked like little white clumps of broccoli.

“I think they’re kind of interesting,” she said. “But if you want, I’ll make them go away.”

“How?” asked Buster.

“I’ll work something out,” said Ellie.

First she asked Grandad.

“How do you get rid of warts?” Ellie asked.

“When I was a boy, we used to cut up a potato and rub it on them,” said Grandad. “Then we buried the potato. You had to be careful not to tell anyone where you’d buried it.”

“Why?” asked Ellie.

“Because then it wouldn’t work,” said Grandad.

“And did it work?” asked Ellie.

Grandad stretched out his hands. “Must have,” he said. “No warts there now.”





Next Ellie asked Dad.

“We used to rub our warts with dandelion juice,” said Dad. “You had to pick the dandelions under a full moon. And you had to say:

‘Dandelion, dandelion
Yellow and bright
Warts will soon
Be out of sight.’”

“Did it work?” asked Ellie.

Dad took off his socks and stretched out his toes. “Must have,” he said. “No warts there now.”

Then Ellie asked Mum.

“Snail shells,” said Mum. “Squash them up and rub them on. It always worked for me.”

She held out her long fingers. “See? No warts there now.”

“I’ve got some cicada shells,” said Ellie. “I’ve been collecting them for ages. That might work.”

She found her jar of cicada shells. She tipped them into a plastic bag and banged them with a rolling pin. Then she put them into a jar. She made a label saying No More Warts – works every time!

She wrapped the jar in special paper.

Next time Buster came over, Ellie gave him the parcel.

“A present for you,” she said.

“What is it?” he asked.

“Open it and see,” said Ellie.

Buster opened the parcel. He looked at the label.

“That’s great,” he said. “But guess what.”

“What?” asked Ellie.

Buster held out his left hand.

“I don’t need it,” he said. “When I woke up this morning, my warts had all gone!”



FAQs about Warts

by Tricia Glensor

Who gets warts?

In fairy tales, it's usually the witch who has a wart on the end of her nose. But in real life, anyone can get warts. And children get more of them than adults do.

Where do warts grow?

You can get warts anywhere on your body, especially on your hands. You can also get painful warts on the soles of your feet.

Why do we get warts?

Warts are caused by a virus, just like a cold or the flu. They're not usually a problem, but they can be annoying.

People used to think you could catch warts by touching a frog or toad. But although frogs and toads may have bumpy skin, they don't, in fact, have warts.

Warts can spread from one person to another and, if you pick or scratch a wart, it can spread to other parts of your body.



How can you get rid of warts?

In the old days, people had all kinds of different ideas about how to get rid of warts. For example:

- Take a used dishcloth, rub the wart with it, and bury the dishcloth under the house.
- Rub the wart with the leather sole of a shoe. By the time the shoe wears out, your wart will have disappeared.



These days, some people suggest you could rub garlic or lemon juice on your warts. Others say to cover the warts with **duct tape** for six days. Then you soak the warts in water and gently rub them off with pumice or an emery board. Some people believe you can get rid of warts by just telling them to go away.

The truth is warts sometimes go away all by themselves. And sometimes, after you've got rid of them, they come back.

If you're bothered about your warts, it's best to go to a doctor. They can remove warts easily. But you might find that, in the meantime, your warts just – disappear!

Our Gifted Garden

by Bernadette Wilson

Does your school have a garden? Our school does. In fact, our school entered a garden in the Ellerslie International Flower Show!

Like lots of New Zealand schools, Raumati South School is an **Enviroschool**. Students in Enviroschools learn how to grow healthy plants and how to protect the environment for the future. Our school garden has won lots of awards for being **sustainable**. (That means the garden grows plants without harming the environment or using too much water or taking the goodness out of the soil.)

The Ellerslie International Flower Show began in Auckland in 1994, but it now takes place in Christchurch. Each year, garden designers set up their garden displays and thousands of people come to see them. There are prizes for the best gardens.



Planning the garden

The students and teachers who plant and care for the garden are called the Go Green team. The flower show was going to be held in March, so we had six months to plan and prepare our garden. We wanted to make it really special. Mr Stewart and Mrs Turner helped us to design it. (They organise our Go Green team.)

The rules said that the garden had to be 6 metres long and 6 metres wide. We wanted to have vegetables, herbs, and fruit as well as other plants. We also wanted some New Zealand native plants so that we could have lizards and wētā. Every class came up with ideas for things they wanted to see.

Then we drew a plan of the garden.

Our Garden



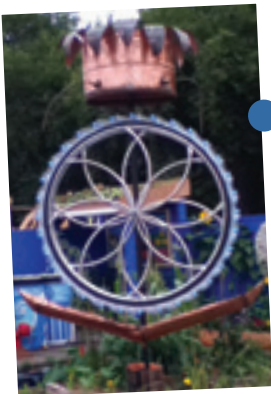
BUTTERFLY ART

This was made by Room 14 to go on the wall of the butterfly house.



MURAL

This mural, showing scenes of the Kāpiti Coast, was made out of driftwood.



WATERWHEEL

Room 17 designed a waterwheel to water the plants. Their teacher, Mr Aiken, had a pump. We used an old bike to generate the power to make the pump work.



PUMICE HEART

All the children at Raumati South School wrote their names on pieces of pumice and glued them onto this heart-shaped board.



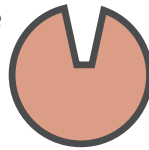
PIZZA OVEN

This was made of bricks and cement. You heat it by lighting a wood fire inside the oven.



AFRICAN KEYHOLE GARDEN

It's called a keyhole garden because it looks like a giant keyhole.



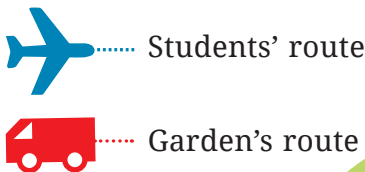
You put plants in the garden beds around the outside. In the centre is an area where you put all your vegetable and fruit scraps to make compost. The compost helps to hold water and keep the soil moist. These gardens are used in Africa where there is not much rain.



Making and moving the garden

We got to work making all the things we wanted in our garden and getting the plants ready. We worked in school time and over the summer holidays as well so that we would be ready by March.

When March arrived, we packed up our garden and carefully put it in a big truck to go to Christchurch. It's not easy to move a whole garden! Fourteen students from the Go Green team went to Christchurch too, as well as some teachers and parents. The truck (with the garden inside) went on the inter-island ferry and then by road to Christchurch, but we went on a plane.



Judging the gardens

When we got to Christchurch, we worked as a team to set up the garden. We had two days to get it ready for the judges.

The judges came and looked at our garden and asked us lots of questions. They wanted to know what everything in our garden was for and how each thing worked.

After they had looked at all the gardens, the judges went away to decide on the prizewinners. We were feeling nervous but excited. We thought our garden looked great, but had the judges liked it too? Finally, they announced the winners – we had won a silver award!



The people's choice

When the judging was over, the show was opened to the public. Crowds of people came, and most of them stopped to look at our garden. We took turns speaking to them about it.

Everyone loved the bicycle and the way it made the waterwheel turn. Lots of people had a go on it – including some well-known ones. Visitors to the show could vote for their favourite garden, and guess what! They chose our garden. So we won another award – the People's Choice award! That night we were on the TV news. Our families and everyone at Raumati South School were really proud of us.



All Black Kieran Read tries out the bicycle that powers the waterwheel.





Giving our garden away

Five days later, it was time to take the garden apart again. When the flower show ends, people can buy things in the gardens that they like, but we had decided to gift our garden to Wharenui School in Christchurch because it's an Enviroschool, too.

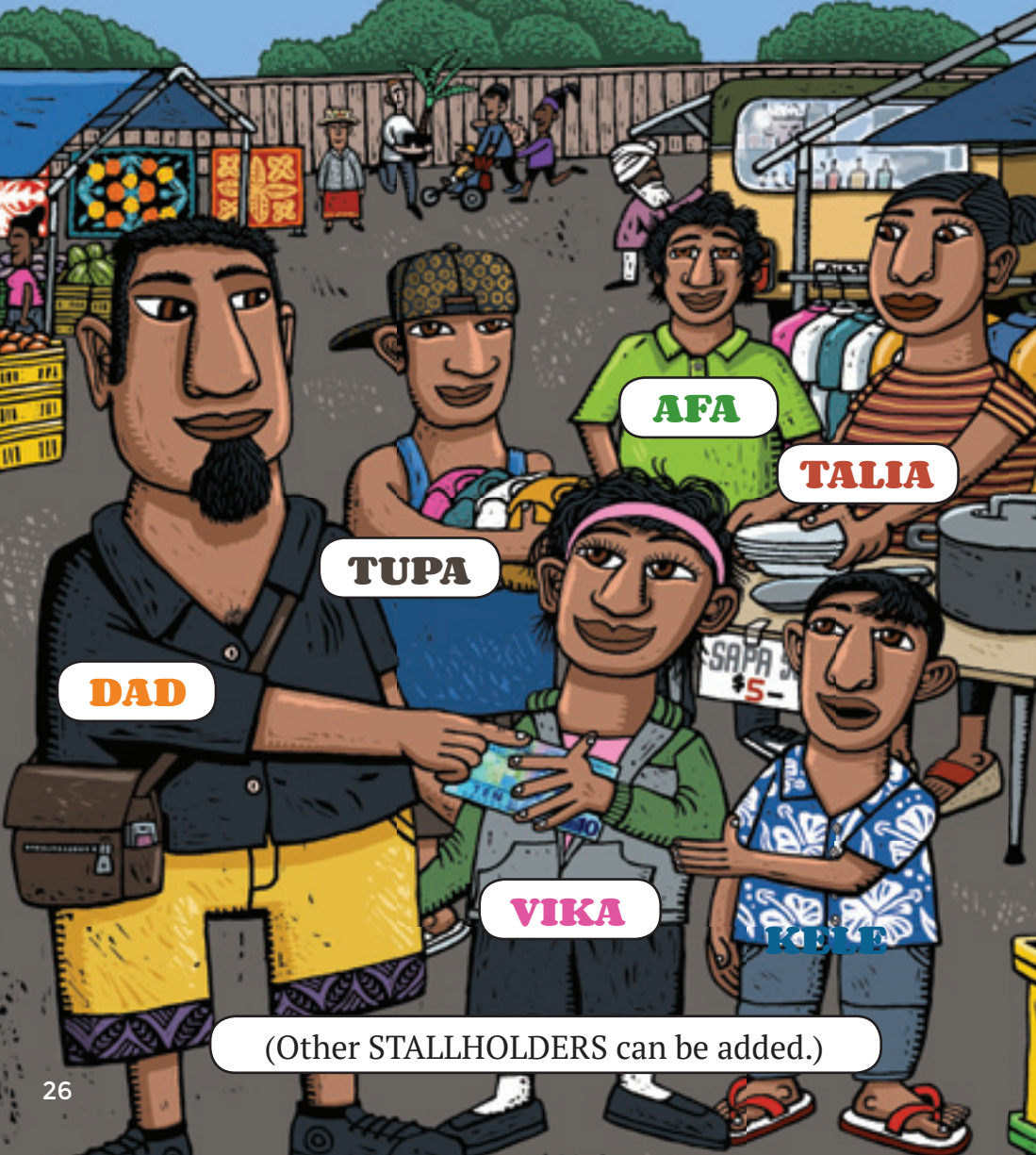
Early the next morning, we were welcomed with a pōwhiri at Wharenui School. Then we worked with the students and parents to rebuild the garden – just as it was before.

It was sad to say goodbye to our special garden because we had spent so much time looking after it. But we know Wharenui School will care for it in the same way. And one day, some of us might return to Christchurch and see our Gifted Garden.

Kele's Car

by Feana Tu'akoi

CHARACTERS:



DAD

TUPA

AFA

TALIA

VIKA

KELE

(Other STALLHOLDERS can be added.)

Scene: *A weekend market. STALLHOLDERS have tables set up around the stage. TALIA is standing at her stall. AFA and TUPA start setting up their stall. KELE, VIKA, and DAD arrive.*

KELE. Look at the stalls. There's so much to buy!
Can we have our money please, Dad?

DAD. Here's ten dollars each for all the jobs you've done. Are you sure you want it now?

KELE and **VIKA** (*together*). Yes please, Dad!

*DAD gives KELE and VIKA ten dollars each.
They go to AFA.*

DAD. What are you selling today?

AFA. Everything you need. But I'm still setting up.
(*Looks at TUPA.*) Can you look after the stall while I go and get the rest of the stuff from the van?

TUPA nods. AFA leaves.

DAD. Let's get something to eat while we wait.
I'm starving.

TUPA. Don't forget to come back. We have the best bargains.

DAD (*grinning*). We'll be back.

TALIA (*shouting*). Sapa sui! I make the best sapa sui – great big hunks of meat and heaps of noodles! Come and buy your sapa sui from me!

KELE, VIKA, and DAD *go to her stall.*

DAD. Sapa sui, please. It looks delicious.

TALIA. It is delicious. And it's only five dollars – what a bargain!

KELE. I'll buy some, too. I love sapa sui.

VIKA. Not for me, thanks. I'm saving my money.

KELE and DAD *each give ten dollars to TALIA for their sapa sui. TALIA gives them their change and then their food.*



KELE (*eating*). Yum. Hey! Look at that remote-control car!

They go back to watch TUPA, who is using a remote-control car.

TUPA. This car is awesome. I can make it go wherever I want.

KELE. It's so mean! How much is it?

TUPA (*looking around*). Oh ... er ... ten dollars?

KELE. Ten dollars! What a bargain!

KELE gets out his money.

KELE. Oh no! I only have five dollars left.

DAD. Never mind. You can save up and buy it next time you come.

TUPA. The car won't be here next time.

KELE looks disappointed.

VIKA. I know. I'll buy it, and you can pay me back.

KELE. Great! Thanks, Vika.





DAD (*grinning*). Hang on, Kele. You should always ask a few questions before you agree to a deal.

KELE. What do you mean?

DAD. For instance – where will the car be kept while you save up for it? Is Vika planning to use it?

KELE. Oh, I didn't think of that.

DAD. And if she does use it, will she give you a discount?

VIKA. A discount! What for?

DAD. The car will be second-hand if you use it.

VIKA. What! I'm not going to use it. I'm just trying to help Kele.

KELE. OK, I ...

DAD. One more question. Is she planning to charge interest?

VIKA *looks guilty*. **KELE** *looks confused*.

KELE. Interest? What's that?

DAD. Interest is a charge you pay when you borrow money.

VIKA. It's only fair. It's my money. I deserve to get five dollars for lending it to you.

KELE. Five dollars? As well as the ten dollars for the car. That means the car would cost me fifteen dollars. What a rip-off!

DAD (*grinning*). See? You should always ask questions. And only deal with people you trust.

KELE *thinks for a moment.*

KELE. I trust you, Dad. Could you buy it for me?

DAD. OK. But you can't have the car until you've done enough jobs to pay for it.

KELE. Deal! Hang on. What kinds of jobs?

DAD. Now you're thinking! Really horrible jobs.

KELE *thinks about it.*
Then he shakes hands with DAD.



KELE. I'll do any jobs, even horrible ones. It's worth it.

VIKA folds her arms and looks cross.

DAD gets out ten dollars. TUPA picks up the car.

AFA comes back with his arms full of stuff.

AFA. Sorry I was so long. I couldn't find my keys. Hey!
What are you doing with my car?

DAD. Your car?

AFA. Yes. My car. I bring it so I've got something to do
if the stall is quiet.

TUPA (*guilty*). I wasn't really going to sell it. It was
just a joke.

*AFA puts his hands on his hips and glares at
TUPA. VIKA grins.*

VIKA. Dad's right, Kele. You should always ask
questions. And only deal with people you can trust!

*DAD shakes his head, and VIKA laughs as
they leave the stage.*



Acknowledgments

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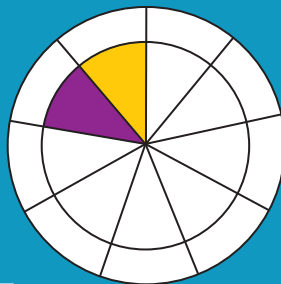
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TITLE	GUIDED READING LEVEL
Ring! Ring!	Gold 1
No More Warts	Purple 2
Our Gifted Garden	Gold 2
Kele's Car	Gold 2



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	TSM	Audio
Ring! Ring!	✓	✓
No More Warts	✓	✓
FAQs about Warts		✓
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Kele's Car	✓	



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