The New Zealand Curriculum
LEVEL 4

SCHOOL JOURNAL

MAY 2015

TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
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Hakaraia: Warrior Peacemaker	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.

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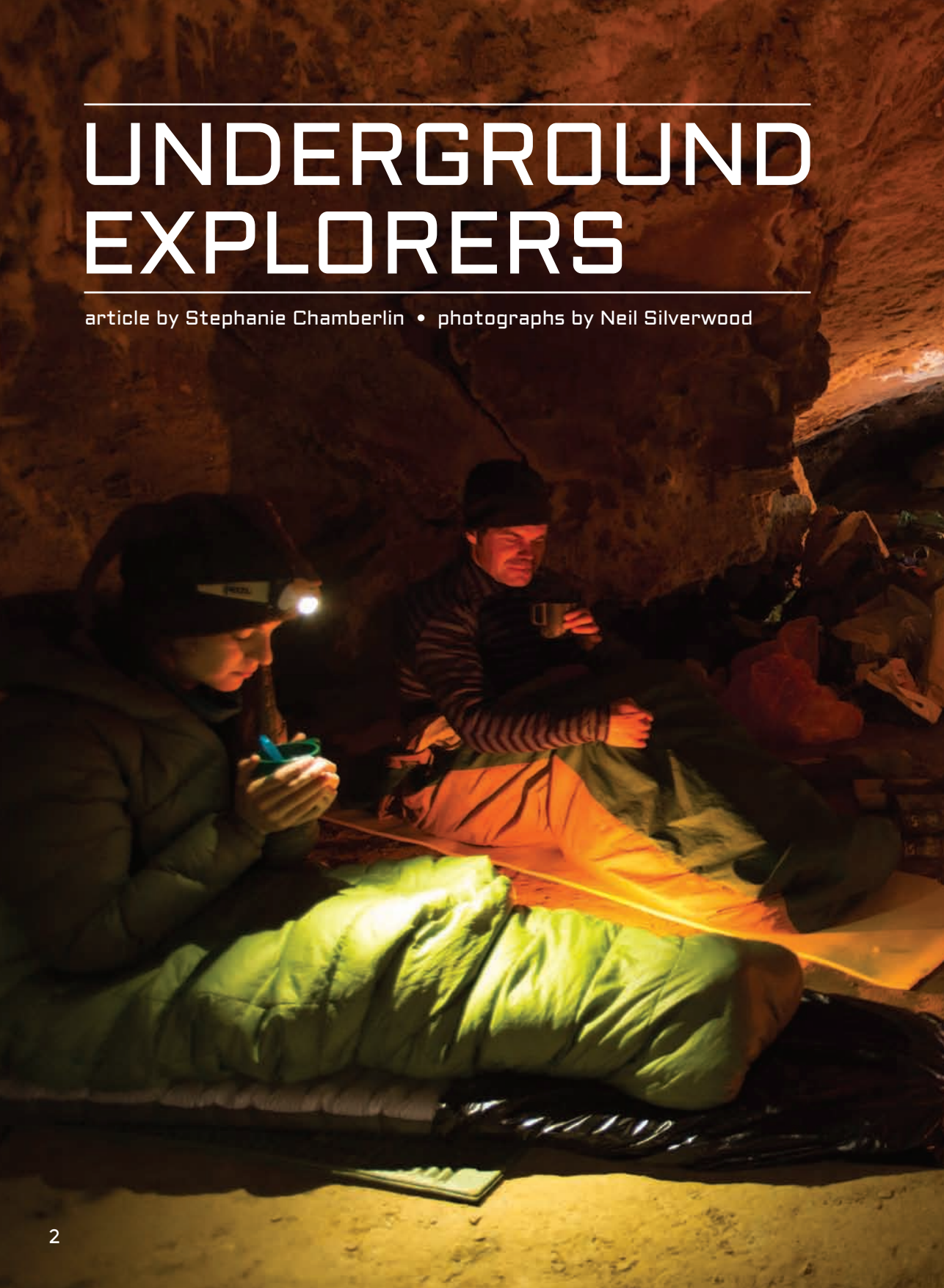
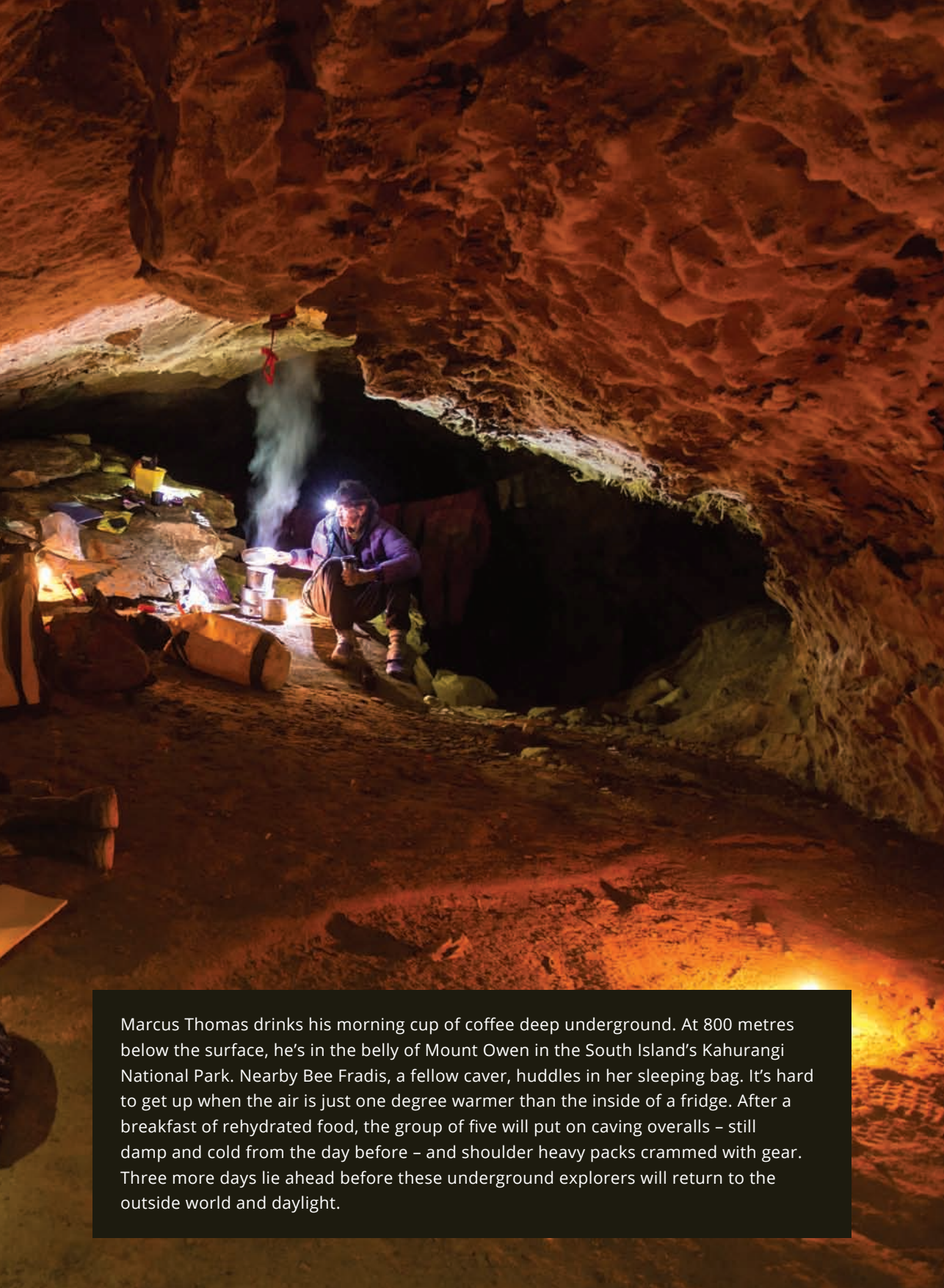
Ministry of Education

UNDERGROUND EXPLORERS

article by Stephanie Chamberlin • photographs by Neil Silverwood





Marcus Thomas drinks his morning cup of coffee deep underground. At 800 metres below the surface, he's in the belly of Mount Owen in the South Island's Kahurangi National Park. Nearby Bee Fradis, a fellow caver, huddles in her sleeping bag. It's hard to get up when the air is just one degree warmer than the inside of a fridge. After a breakfast of rehydrated food, the group of five will put on caving overalls – still damp and cold from the day before – and shoulder heavy packs crammed with gear. Three more days lie ahead before these underground explorers will return to the outside world and daylight.

An Underground Connection?

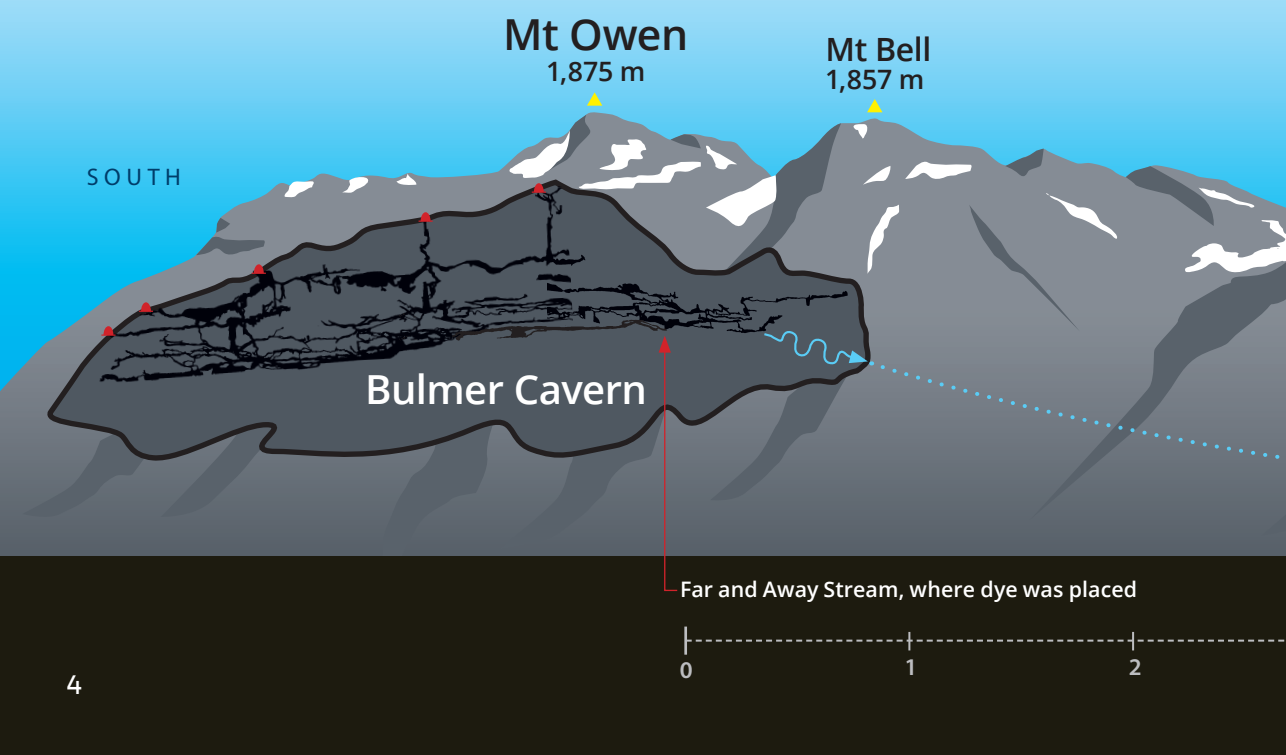
TO MOST OF US, the caving trips of Marcus Thomas sound like crazy endurance tests. But for extreme cavers like Marcus, this latest one is a dream come true. He and his team-mates are hoping to prove that the Bulmer cave system is much larger than previously thought – and today might be the day. If they pull it off, the team will make history. It all depends on the journey of a small trickle of green dye.

Five years ago, one of Marcus's team-mates, Neil Silverwood, made this same trip. Neil climbed Mount Owen, the highest peak in Kahurangi National Park, and caved as far as possible into the mountain's south-facing Bulmer Cavern. Neil had a theory the stream at the back of the cavern fed right through the mountain to Blue Creek on the north side. If this were true, it would mean there was an underground connection between the south and north sides of the mountain. This connection would open up a whole new world for cavers. "If water can make the journey," Marcus explains, "maybe we can too."

For cavers, this idea of an underground connection is mind-boggling. "As the crow flies, there are 8 kilometres between the end

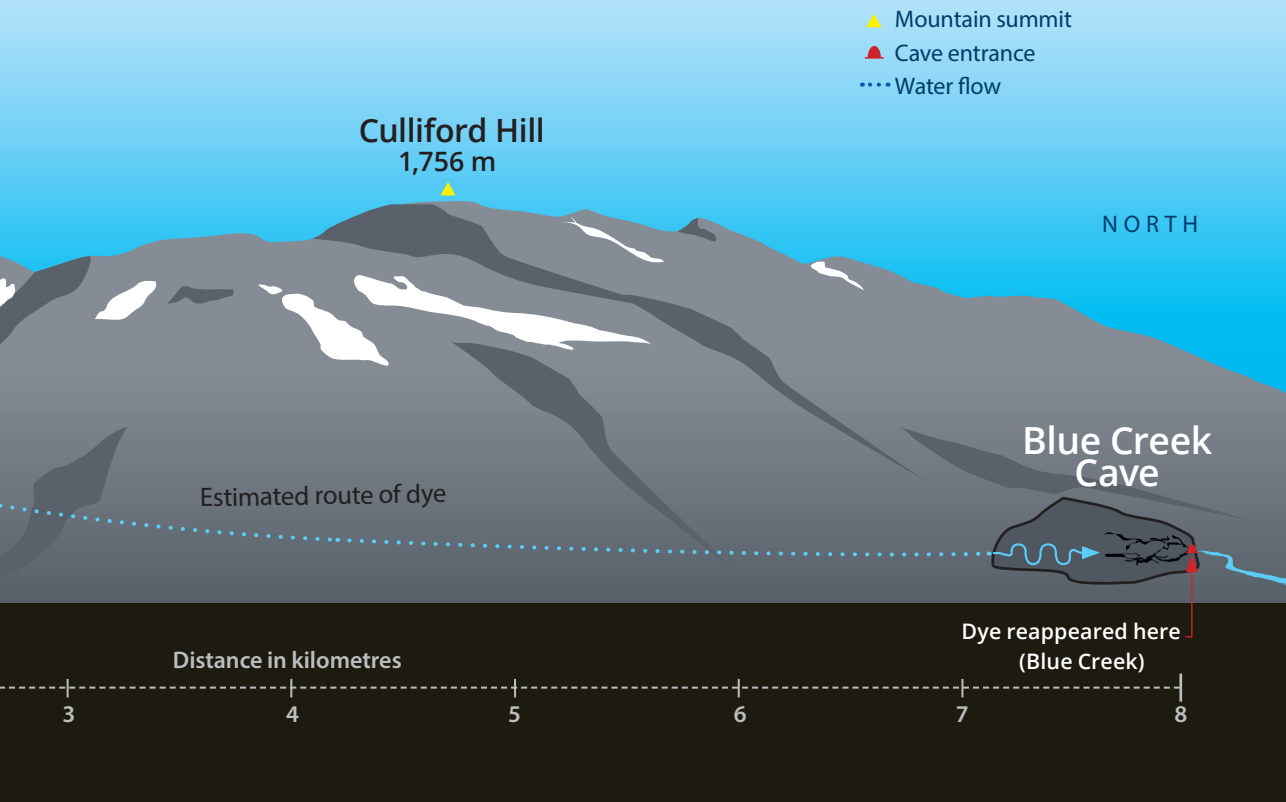
A profile map of Bulmer Cavern

Kahurangi National Park, north-west Nelson



of Bulmer Cavern and Blue Creek," Marcus says. "This means there could be many more kilometres of caving passages underground. Bulmer Cavern already has 72 kilometres of passages. So the potential cave could be over twice as long again!" When almost everything on the planet has been mapped for centuries, it's exciting stuff.

Last time, to test his theory, Neil placed a cupful of water-tracing dye into the cavern's Far and Away Stream. Then he made his way back to the surface and waited to see if the dye would reappear in Blue Creek. It showed up ten days later. A positive result – but the concentration of dye was weak, and people still had nagging doubts that a connection could exist. Neil understood that his claim was highly unusual, and he was keen to have the discovery confirmed by other cavers. To prove this underground connection beyond doubt, Neil knew that his experiment would need to be repeated.



Expect the Unexpected

On mountains that contain caves, water usually trickles down through cracks and shafts. Underground streams flow in a direction that roughly mirrors the slope on the surface. For water to travel from Bulmer Cavern in the south to Blue Creek in the north, it would have to cross the drainage divide. It would then have to intersect an entirely different cave system altogether (Blue Creek) for the water to flow northward – an unusual, and thrilling, possibility. Water rarely changes course in this way, but as Marcus points out, "This is limestone country, and these mountains are at the mercy of rainwater, which dissolves limestone. Mount Owen is ever-changing – and this means you should expect the unexpected."

This time around, nothing is being left to chance. Bags of charcoal that can detect even the tiniest trace of dye have been placed in rivers around Mount Owen. These will be tested at a laboratory and used as evidence. A sixth member of the team, Jon, waits at Blue Creek, ready to photograph the dye if it appears and to collect the charcoal bag.

Big Spaces

The team leave their campsite and travel via a series of abseils, then inch along rock faces that drop steeply away. Swinging on ropes, the cavers negotiate seemingly bottomless pits. Finally, they navigate a maze of 4-metre-wide tube passages by following wind draughts. As Marcus explains, "Passages that go nowhere usually have no draught. But passages that have both an entrance and exit have a strong draught funnelling through. People don't expect it to be windy underground, but in the tighter passages, the wind roars so loudly it's like a jet taking off."

Not surprisingly, people also expect caves to be dark. "They imagine black pits and mine-like passages – but it's rarely like that," Marcus says. In Bulmer Cavern, a white mineral called gypsum coats the cave walls. This makes the passages shine and sparkle in the cavers' lights. Their LED headlamps are so powerful the large galleries and tunnels are often filled with bright light. "When I think about caving in Bulmer," Marcus says, "I think about big spaces and amazing formations, not darkness."

> *"When I think about caving in Bulmer … I think about big spaces and amazing formations, not darkness."*

Alpine caving requires incredible skill. If anything goes wrong, there's no cellphone coverage. Help can be many days away. Here, Kieran Mckay helps Marcus cross a deep void. The bottom is too far away to be visible.

As well as gypsum, many of the walls in Bulmer Cavern are coated with moonmilk – a lumpy, creamy-white substance. Other walls bristle with crystals that have formed delicate shapes like flowers, stars, and snowflakes. "We call these 'pretties'," Marcus explains. The Bulmer Cavern is also known for its impressive helictites. "These form when water is pushed under pressure through a limestone wall. A mineral called calcite is deposited on the other side, and it grows in random angles, twisting and turning into curls and spirals."

By one o'clock, the team have reached their ultimate destination: the Far and Away Stream. The others look on while another Neil in the team – Neil Warrington – carefully pours the fluorescent-green dye into the stream. With some emotion, the cavers watch the colour gently balloon in the water as it starts its journey. They've done what they can; now they wait.

Instead of heading immediately back to the surface and to Blue Creek, the cavers have allowed two more days underground. They slowly make their way to a passage named Black the Ripper, the northern limit of the cave and the last place the stream can be seen before it disappears in the direction of Blue Creek. They hope to be able to dig their way through to a large passage on the other side but have no luck. The team turn in for the night, thinking about the green dye winding its way through the mountain.

Top: Marcus admires a helictite.
Bottom: Neil Warrington pours the green tracing dye into the Far and Away Stream.

Taking Only Photos

The next morning, Marcus and Neil Silverwood want to do some photography in Avalanche Alley. This is a very beautiful section of Bulmer Cavern, named for its big piles of white gypsum. The passage looks as though it's filled with great banks of snow. Cavers take great care in places like this. Although Bulmer Cavern is seldom visited, caves are vulnerable to damage from people and their gear. Paths are taped off so that cavers follow the same route, and if a cave is particularly pristine, visitors will avoid walking through it – or at least take off their boots to leave the lightest possible footprint. "Even one bit of mud could stick around for many lifetimes to come," says Marcus. "The cavers' code is to take only photos and leave only footprints. Sometimes, though, even footprints are too much."

Taking the photos is very cold work. The wind in the cave seems stronger today. It's also blowing in the opposite direction from yesterday, now from the south – a sign of bad weather on the surface. "Because of its high altitude and length, Bulmer Cavern is one of the coldest caves in New Zealand," Marcus says. It's time to take a break and warm up.

> *"The cavers' code is to take only photos and leave only footprints."*

Another of Bulmer's secret delights: a crystal pool. The water is so clear it's difficult to see the surface.

Bulmer Cavern was discovered in 1984. Over the last three decades, few people have explored this incredibly complex network. Much of it still remains a mystery. “Bulmer Cavern isn’t linear,” says Marcus. “It’s more like a honeycomb, with a lot of interconnected passages.” Marcus has been exploring Bulmer for twenty-five years. On each visit, he’s collected data using a compass, an inclinometer, and a tape measure. People use this data to create detailed maps. “These help us to visualise and navigate the cave. Maps tell us where we’ve been, what we’ve found, and what equipment we need.” But perhaps most importantly, Marcus believes a well-drawn map is a source of inspiration for the unknown. “Maps show us what we don’t know; a blank space might be a new passage waiting to be discovered.”

An Incredible Forty-eight Hours!

After another chilly night in the mountain, the team is due to tramp out. The journey is carefully planned. It's a long, slow slog – with lots of crawling and the passing of heavy packs – to get to the entrance.
As the dim glow of the world outside grows stronger, it becomes apparent something's up. Hundreds of icicles hang from the ceiling, and there are piles of snow. While the team's been exploring, there has been a major storm. "Seeing the outside world and daylight after five days underground is always a special moment," Marcus says.

"The colours everywhere and the details in rocks and plants ... your brain struggles to cope with so much information. This fresh perspective brings a new appreciation for things you wouldn't normally give a moment's thought to."

It's getting late, and the sun goes behind dark clouds. On the horizon, more bad weather is approaching. Already the snow is falling. The team decide to camp at the cave entrance for the night rather than brave the deep snow. Getting off the mountain can be tricky. There's no need to rush and take risks.

By morning, it's stopped snowing. The cavers make it back to the carpark without incident. They dump heavy packs, pull off gumboots, and drift one by one back into their own worlds, cellphones in hand. Marcus is responsible for finishing the tracing project, which means heading to Blue Creek to find Jon. Unfortunately, access is cut off by high water. Marcus flags down a passing ute – and Jon is in the back! Nervously, Marcus asks his burning question.

"We got a positive all right!" Jon replies. "The dye flowed out in less than forty-eight hours! Want to see the photos?"

A positive trace in under two days is an incredible result. It suggests the waterway in the mystery cave is steep and fast flowing – and possibly very large. It's a significant moment in the history of the cave. A whole new network of passages awaits exploration. "Bulmer Cavern has the potential to become one of the longest caves in the world," Marcus says.

Neil is just as excited when he hears the news. "One day, maybe it will be possible to travel right through the mountain, from one side to the other," he says. "Perhaps it will be one of the greatest cave journeys in the world. One thing's for sure – we're all really looking forward to getting back in there to find out."

> *"Perhaps it will be one of the greatest cave journeys in the world."*

Marcus and Bee at Blue Creek

Mata i Pusi

by Sisilia Eteuati

Mata i pusi – the eyes of a cat. It was better than mata i povi – cow eyes – but not by much. I pulled the gauzy curtain across the mirror so I wouldn't have to look at my face, then scrunched my nose. No one else had curtains over their mirrors. It was embarrassing. I knew Mum and Dad didn't think much of the curtains either, although last night, Mum reminded me that Nana wanted the curtains, and when you live with someone, you have to put up with their little eccentricities.

"*Little*?" I'd said, not looking up from my phone.

Mum laughed. "Well, we're all a bit weird – like the way you worry about your green eyes … or the way you like peanut butter with talo." Mum screwed up her nose in the exact same way I did. "Who even does that?"

"Or the way you make me sing prayers in Samoan before we eat in a restaurant," I replied. "Who even does *that*?"

"Every Samoan, you cheeky child," Mum said.

"Stereotypes," I muttered under my breath – though not loudly.

"Green eyes are beautiful like the sea," Mum said at breakfast. She was obviously still thinking about last night's discussion and was trying to make me feel better.

"Your mother always has to have the last word," Dad said. "You know that. It comes from being a lawyer. Just take the compliment."

Nana nodded in agreement.

It was easy for Mum. She looked just like she was supposed to: brown skin, dark eyes, long black hair that she wore in a bun with a bright red flower tucked behind. When she was younger, Mum would never have been teased after church like I was. *Mata i pusi, fia Pālagi. Cat eyes, wanna be white*. And she'd never have been tongue-tied. All the retorts that came into her head would have been in Samoan. Not like with me. I thought in English, which just proved everyone's point!

It was easy for Dad too. He was Pālagi. No one expected him to look anything other than white or to speak anything other than English. I was all mixed up like a fruit salad with my light brown skin, my light brown hair, and – worst of all – my green cat eyes, which *weren't* beautiful like the sea.

“Siʻaula, my darling.” Nana put her hand on my shoulder. “Clear the table. We need to start walking to school.”

I wiped the jam off my cheek with my finger and licked it in one smooth motion.

“I’m old enough to walk myself,” I said automatically.

“Vaʻai lou gutu. Watch your mouth.” Nana had mastered the art of sounding both affectionate and stern at the same time. “You know I look forward to walking you to school. It’s important to get exercise at my age.” She hustled me out the door and broke into song. “Sāvalivali means go for a walk. Tautalatala means too much talk …”

“Nana – *don’t*! People will hear.” I stalked ahead of her.

“And what if they do?” Nana called, teasing. “First you don’t want me to walk, and now you don’t want me to sing. Is there anything else your poor old nana does that embarrasses you?”

“Well,” I said, slowing down, thinking how to start this. “Alison is coming home after school.” I paused. “Can we take down the curtain over the mirror? Just the one in my room … just for today.” The rest came tumbling out of my mouth. “The Samoan kids already tease me for being Pālagi. I don’t want the Pālagi kids to tease me for being Samoan.”

Nana looked at me with wide, sharp eyes. “You should be proud of who you are, siʻaula. You are descended from great chiefs. Where do you think your mum gets her gift from?”

“Law school,” I said.

Nana snorted. “A gift like your mother’s cannot be taught. My mother – your great-grandmother – was a tulāfale, a great orator. There were many who were against her speaking. They said it was not a woman’s place. But she would weave words like other women wove fofola ʻietōga, and such was their beauty, no one could deny her. I know the kids’ words hurt you. But your eyes have that same fearlessness in them, no matter what their colour.”

Her voice quietened. “My mother always covered the mirrors at dusk, too. I never questioned her – but I knew from my girl cousins that you must be wary of what you see in the mirror at night. It might be an aitu – a spirit. Or it might be your true self.” Nana laughed. “I’m not sure which would be scarier. But if this is important to you, then I will take the curtain down. You are old enough to decide.”

I was distracted at school. Who was my true self? The sun streamed in the window, stroking my back. I could feel its warmth through my uniform and had to fight the urge to stretch and yawn. I was hungry too. I should have had a proper breakfast. I sniffed the air delicately, cautiously. I almost imagined I could smell what people had in their bags for lunch.

That afternoon, Alison and I sat on my bed, weaving friendship bracelets. There was no trace of the curtain, and I gave Nana a smile when she came to check on us. "Do you have homework?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "I'll do it tonight, even though some things can't be taught."

"Cheeky," Nana said. "Be careful. I won't give you any of the koko alaisa I'm making – and I know it's your favourite. It will all be for Alison."

Alison laughed. After Nana left, I told her about the teasing.

"I don't get it," she said. "Why are cat eyes a bad thing?"

"It's because they're green. They tease me that I look Pālagi."

"I get carrot top and freckle face," Alison said.

We grinned at each other, and I tied a final knot. "There!" I said, shyly presenting the finished bracelet. "I hope you like it."

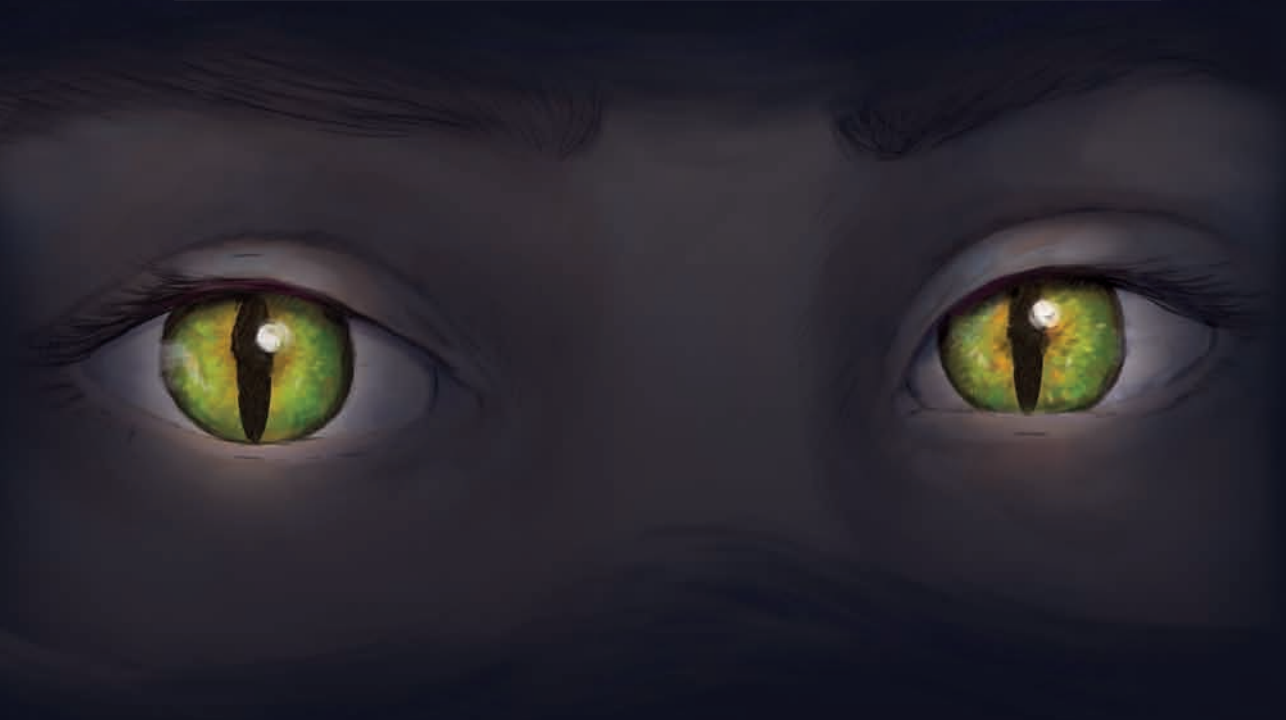
"It's awesome," Alison said, "but now I kind of wish you'd used green."

That night, I curled up under my duvet to sleep, purring a little tune to myself. I thought back to what Nana had said. *It might be an aitu … or it might be your true self*. Nana always said things that you came back to – ideas that you batted back and forth, like a cat playing with a mouse. I smiled at the strange turn of my thoughts as I drifted off to sleep.

A noise woke me. It was still the middle of the night, but moonlight streamed in through the window and bounced off the mirror. I slid out of bed, silent as a shadow. Still half asleep, I padded over to the mirror, intending to pull the curtain back across it. My eyes adjusted to the darkness. I looked into the mirror. My green, fearless mata i pusi eyes looked back at me from a cat's face.

"I should be startled," I thought, as I twitched my tail. Instead I stroked my fur and felt a deep sense of satisfaction. It was silky and luxuriant – and black.

illustrations by Leilani Isara



‘AFAKASI CHAMELEON

‘Afakasi means half-caste:
half-blood, mixed race, two pasts.

But even if one eye is brown,
the other eye blue,
no one is ever just two.

You can’t cut in half
blood that streams
or splice in two a river that teems
with tiny currents
running this way and that.
You can’t divide mata i pusi: the eyes of a cat.

An ‘afakasi is a chameleon
blending in,
coloured by genealogy
and its different skins –

a great-great-grandfather from Tuvalu
a great-great-grandmother from Peru

a great-grandfather from Italy
a great-grandmother from Fiji

a grandfather from England
a grandmother from Scotland

a father from Aotearoa
a mother from Sāmoa.

Cultural chromatophores,
pigmented geographies,
mixing the bloodlines
with poly-hued biographies.

Whether from Nauru or Australia
Israel, Greece, or Mauritania

Papua New Guinea or Ghana
Mali, Wales, or Grenada

Kiribati, Ireland, or Estonia
Costa Rica, Canada, or Ethiopia

France, Tonga, or Namibia
Somalia, Chad, or Nicaragua –

an ‘afakasi is a chameleon,
fast, agile, free

it knows who it is
as it blends with the soil
with the stalk
with the tree.

The chameleon is you, the chameleon is me.

We are all
‘afakasi.

Selina Tusitala Marsh


R·W·

THE PROMISE

BY BERNARD BECKETT

The colours in the bunker were muted, fading to grey in the shadows. Zadie tried to imagine the world outside. She pictured the sun, low and angry in a purple, ruined sky. Or perhaps it was night, the stars feeble in the haze. There was no way of keeping time, of knowing how many days had passed. Nick claimed it had been two weeks, based on the length of his stubble; he had been clean-shaven on the morning it happened. The last phone battery had gone dead on day five. None of them wore watches.

Zadie felt the cold reaching out like fingers from the thick walls. The concrete that had shielded them from the blast now threatened to freeze them. The lamp fizzled and sputtered overhead. They'd agreed to let it burn for one hour each day – but again, they were only guessing. Noah, their self-appointed leader, estimated that this way, the lamp would last another twenty days. Zadie's calculations told her that the food and water would run out in half that time.

"You all right?" Emma had propped herself up on one shoulder. She had fashioned her grey blanket into a hood and tunic and looked like a traveller from medieval times. Her hair, which Zadie had always been so jealous of, was tangled and dry. Zadie was glad that nobody had thought to include a mirror among the bunker's provisions.

"Yeah," Zadie replied. "I'm just, you know, thinking."

Emma didn't have to ask about what. What else was there to think about?

Asafo watched their every movement from the far wall. His eyes were full of worry as if afraid everyone else might disappear at any moment and he would be left to face the rest alone. He'd never been one for saying much, even back in the good times – before The Trouble started. Now he was like some sort of monk, slowly disappearing inside himself. So when he stood, everybody watched; when he cleared his throat to speak, everybody listened. He waited a moment, perhaps for effect or perhaps from shyness, who could say.

"I think it's time," Asafo said.

"For what?" Noah stood and turned towards him.

"You know what."

Noah walked forward until they were face to face, close enough to be shrouded in each other's steamy breath. Asafo didn't flinch.

"No, I don't know," Noah said. "So why don't you tell us?"

"You think we should go outside, don't you?" Emma said. Her voice was small with fear, and she shuffled closer to Zadie and took her hand. Zadie gave it a reassuring squeeze, even though she was just as frightened.

Asafo nodded. "Yes."

"We had an agreement." Noah tried to sound strong, but Zadie could hear the cracks. "We talked it through, and we're doing what we agreed – to wait until the food is finished. The longer we wait, the higher the chance that the air is clean."

"I know," Asafo said. "But –"

"There is no but. That's how it is. No one opens the door."

Asafo's jaw clenched, and Zadie saw the muscles pulsing. Silence settled over them. That's how it might have stayed, but Zadie couldn't let it.

"I want to hear what Asafo's got to say," she said. "It can't hurt to listen."

Noah shook his head. "We knew the longer this went on, the more frightened

we'd get, which makes it harder to think straight. That's why we made a promise to ourselves. And now we should honour it."

The moment stretched tight as a drum. Asafo studied his feet. Nick scratched his chin and looked at the door. Emma's jaw worked an imaginary wad of gum. Zadie stared into the lamp until her eyes burned. She spoke again, not to the group but to the light. It was easier that way.

"I think Asafo was going to say that if we wait for our supplies to run out – and even if we can survive outside – we'll only have a couple of days to find food and water and to deal with any danger before we become too weak. We might have a better chance if we go now."

"And if the air's still sick, we'll die!" Noah loomed over her, his voice bouncing off the walls. He sounded angry, but Zadie knew it was fear that fuelled him. Who wouldn't be frightened? She said nothing.

"We'll die if we stay in here," Asafo said. His voice was low and calm, like he had decided now and nothing would change his mind.

"Yes, but not yet," said Noah.

"Look around you," Asafo replied. "You wouldn't ask animals to live like this."

"To survive, animals do what they have to."

"I need more than this," Asafo insisted.

"More than each other?"

Zadie had thought like Noah too, at first. They all had. They'd told each other stories and sung songs and pretended this was just some very strange school camp. They'd tried to talk their way into another world. But the darkness, the cold, and the diminishing supply of food could not be denied.

"I can't live this way," Asafo said, restating his position. "I can't live in fear of whatever sits outside the door."

"And I'm not letting your fear be the thing that kills us," Noah answered.

The two boys held their ground, daring the other to yield. Noah was the first to flinch. He turned and stalked to the farthest, darkest corner.

There was a time when Zadie had dreamed of a situation like this: how she would walk to Noah and offer him comfort, how he would turn and finally notice her. But that was in another world, when all their problems had been so much smaller. Everybody waited. There was no hurry.

Nick spoke first. "I'm frightened too," he said. "But that's not the point. The point is Asafo's right."

Noah turned back to face the group. Zadie was surprised to see a tear on his cheek. He didn't try to hide it.

"Emma," Noah asked. "What about you?"

Emma had burrowed her face into Zadie's ribs like a nocturnal creature trying to escape the sunrise. Slowly, she turned her head to the group and blinked up at them. Then she stood, at first unsteady. Already they were growing weak. The group followed her with their eyes as she walked to the door.

"Maybe it's poison out there," Emma finally said. "Maybe it's fine. I can't stand not knowing. I know that's weak, but it's how I feel."

"It's not weak." Zadie used the wall as a crutch and pulled herself up. Her legs were numb, and her feet stung with the sudden rush of blood. She looked to Noah. "I think we all want to go."

"Well I think it's a mistake," Noah said. But the fight had gone out of his voice. Zadie took him in her arms. He felt softer than she had imagined. His shoulders shook. It seemed like a long time before they moved apart.

"All right," Noah whispered. "You all win."

* * * * *

Asafo grasped the wheel of the lock, his arms as strong as ever, his grip as certain. There was a slow hiss as the seal broke. Zadie held her breath.

The door eased open, and a thin shaft of light arced into a bright white flare.

At first, Zadie thought it was another explosion, but then her eyes adjusted. Nobody choked. Nothing burned. No one stumbled to the floor.

Asafo's shadow edged through the doorway, and the rest pushed close behind, blinking, their breathing shallow, barely able to believe they were alive.

The sky *was* purple. An arm slipped around Zadie's waist, another one at her shoulder. They stood together, the bunker behind them. They pulled one another closer. Nobody spoke.

illustrations by Tom Simpson

Hakaraia
Warrior Peacemaker

by Mark Derby

The Waitaha people have always lived beside the water. For hundreds of years, their rohe was the coastal land south of Tauranga. But in the early nineteenth century, Waitaha had to flee inland to escape warring tribes. They were given shelter at Lake Rotorua by their Te Arawa kin. Although this meant they were still by the water, it was not their home. The people of Waitaha never stopped thinking about their own whenua. And they never stopped hoping that one day they might return.

THE RETURN

One miraculous day in 1836, some visitors arrived on the shores of Lake Rotorua. They were from far away to the north. Two of the people were Pākehā – the Reverend Thomas Chapman and his wife, Anne. Another of the visitors was a man who looked familiar. His whānau thought they were seeing a ghost. This was Māhika, who had been taken from his iwi twelve years earlier by the same warriors who had seized their land. None of his people ever expected to see Māhika again. But he had survived, learnt to read and write at a **mission** school in Northland, and eventually converted to Christianity. Along with his new religion, Māhika had a new name: Hakaraia.

KO WAITAHA TE IWI

Ko Otawa te maunga
Ko Te Rapa-rapa-a-hoe te awa
Ko Hei te tipuna
Ko Takakopiri te tangata
Ko Waitaha te iwi
Ko Te Arawa te waka.

The tīpuna of the Waitaha iwi – the chief Hei and his son Waitaha – arrived in Aotearoa on the waka *Te Arawa*. As the waka passed the entrance of Tauranga Harbour, Hei claimed the land for his descendants. By the nineteenth century, the Waitaha people mainly occupied the land between Tauranga Harbour and the Waiari River, including the area inland up to the Kaimai Ranges. It was a beautiful region with rich soil for crops, many birds in the forests, and many eels in the rivers. Today Te Puke is the main town within the rohe of Waitaha.

HAKARAIA: THE PREACHER AND PEACEMAKER

By the 1830s, Christian missionaries had begun to travel outside Northland to spread their religion and ideas. Reverend Chapman and his family came to the Rotorua area with the idea of establishing a mission. They brought Hakaraia with them as a helper and interpreter. His Waitaha people were astonished to see him again. It was close to a miracle, and being deeply affected by this, many quickly agreed to be baptised.

In Rotorua, Hakaraia helped the Chapmans to build their mission station, along with a school and hospital. He also began to travel on foot to the territories of other iwi, encouraging them to follow a Christian way of life and to give up warfare. Many people now accepted Hakaraia as their spiritual leader. Most were Waitaha, but some came from other iwi, especially the neighbouring Tapuika. Because of his skills as a negotiator, Hakaraia even convinced the iwi that occupied Waitaha land to allow his people's return.

KENANA: THE PROMISED LAND

In 1845, after years of exile, Hakaraia led his people back from Rotorua to the Bay of Plenty. On Tapuika land beside the Kaituna River (near present-day Te Puke), they built a Christian community called Kenana, which means Canaan or the promised land. To his followers, Hakaraia seemed to prove that all of the Bible stories were true. He had risen from the dead by returning from captivity – and like the story about the Christian **prophet** Moses, he had led his people back to their homeland.

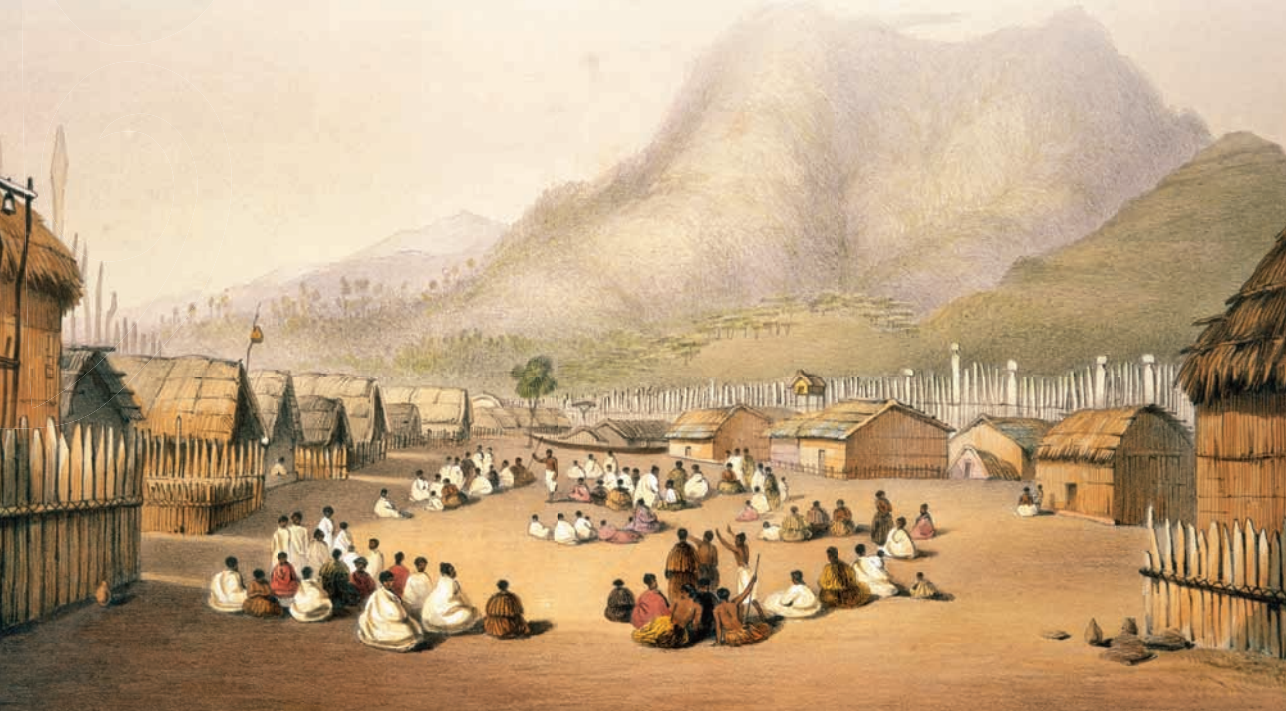
For the next decade, Hakaraia raised his family while his reputation as a devout spiritual leader grew. He continued to preach and to broker peace between warring tribes. The colonial government even paid Hakaraia to encourage this difficult yet valuable work.

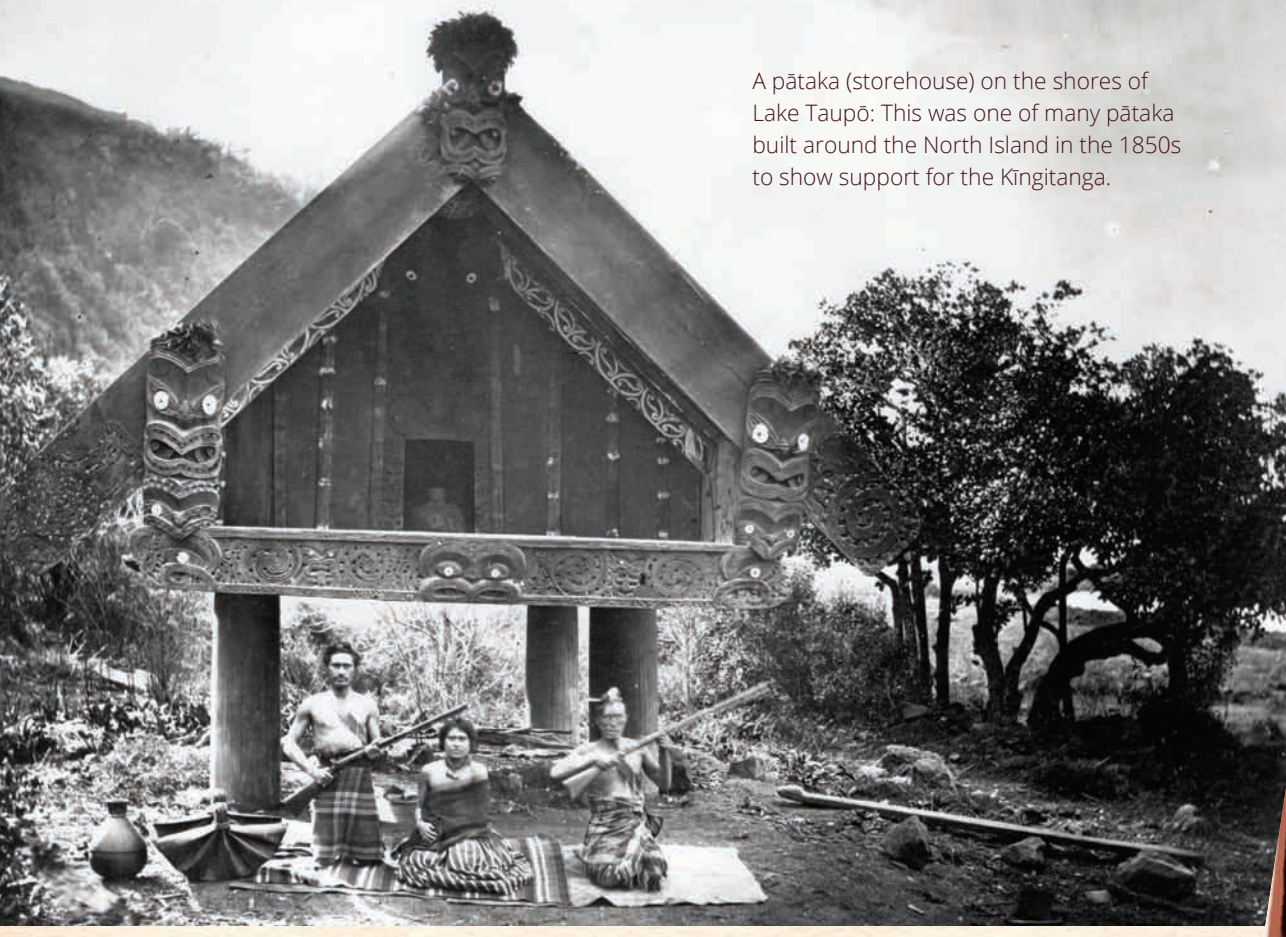
A NEW KING

The violent years of the **musket wars** were long over, but by the 1850s, Māori were worried about a new danger. Large areas of Māori land were being sold to European settlers, often without the consent of all the owners. As well, many Māori were dying of Pākehā diseases, like smallpox and measles. Some chiefs thought that these problems could be better dealt with if Māori had their own king to rule alongside the British monarch.

The movement to establish a Māori king was called the Kīngitanga. At first, the Kīngitanga had entirely peaceful aims: to retain Māori land and restore Māori mana. Hakaraia supported these aims. Then, in 1860, the controversial land sale of the Waitara block in Taranaki sparked a series of battles between Māori and the government. A truce was eventually declared, but in the following months, the government began to raise a large army. It wanted settlers to be able to farm the fertile Waikato, home of the Māori king and centre of Kīngitanga power. By 1863, the country was at war again.

The pā of the first Māori king, Pōtatau Te Wherowhero, at Ngāruawāhia in the Waikato (painted in 1847)





A pātaka (storehouse) on the shores of Lake Taupō: This was one of many pātaka built around the North Island in the 1850s to show support for the Kīngitanga.

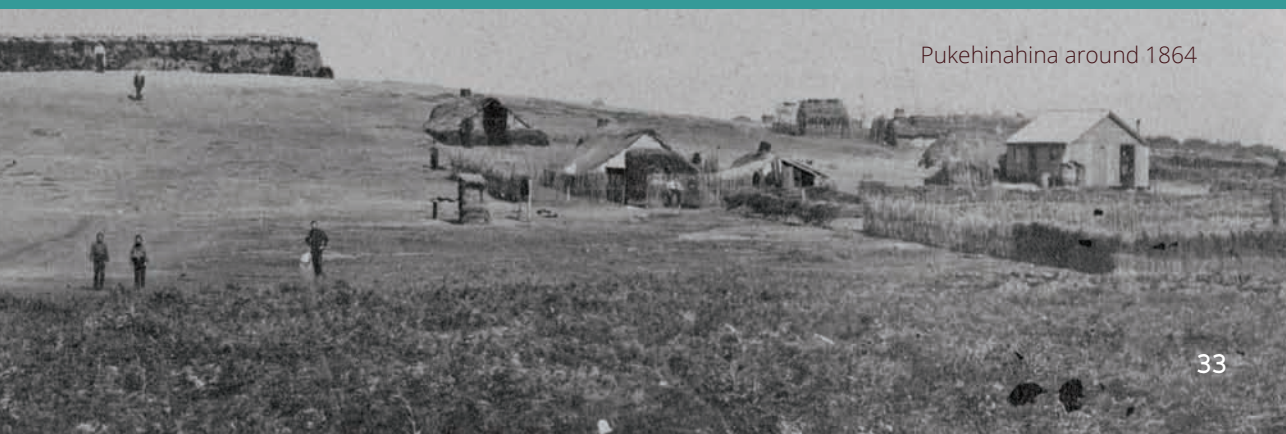
Hakaraia was greatly troubled. He fervently believed in the Christian principles he'd been taught, but he also believed that the government and its men weren't acting as the Bible instructed. Then, in February 1864, government soldiers attacked Rangiaowhia, a Māori village in Waikato that grew food for the Kīngitanga. Twelve Māori were killed, some of whom were women and children. Hakaraia decided that he could no longer remain neutral.

The flag flown at Pukehinahina during the battle

BATTLE AT PUKEHINAHINA

Hakaraia began recruiting warriors from the East Coast and helped them to find routes to the battles in Waikato. This enraged the government, and it sent hundreds of soldiers to the Tauranga area to stop Māori resistance. During his years as a captive in the north, Hakaraia had learnt to build fortified pā, and along with his followers and allies (including Māori from Ngāi Te Rangi and other iwi), he helped to build a small but carefully planned pā near the mission station at Te Papa. This became known as Pukehinahina (Gate Pā). Inside the pā, Hakaraia held church services – both in the morning and evening – while over two hundred men, women, and children waited for the attack.

The government troops attacked Pukehinahina on 29 April 1864. Soldiers fired cannon and then charged, certain they would win. But the defenders had been hiding in underground shelters and weren't harmed. Māori warriors poured out of their bunkers and drove the soldiers back. The British retreated in chaos, leaving a hundred of their men killed or wounded. Because they had read in the Bible "love your enemies", the Māori gave the wounded soldiers water.



Pukehinahina around 1864

ON THE RUN

Hakaraia knew that the government wouldn't give up after their defeat at Pukehinahina. He called on his Te Arawa whānau for support, and they built another pā called Te Ranga. Before the pā was finished, the British attacked – this time killing over a hundred of the five hundred defenders, many of whom were related to Hakaraia. Along with his son and a few other survivors, Hakaraia escaped into the Kaimai Ranges overlooking Tauranga.

As punishment for their involvement at Pukehinahina and Te Ranga, in May 1865, the government confiscated large areas of Waitaha land. But Hakaraia would never surrender, and the government sent another large force of troops to capture him. Again he escaped and moved even farther inland, to the King Country, where the second Māori king – Tāwhiao – had been living in exile since the Waikato wars. Māori from many different iwi came to live with Hakaraia, whom they called Te Hēpara (the shepherd). Some people claim that over the next few years, Hakaraia was even more influential than Tāwhiao.

Around this time, other fugitives were also living in the King Country. The most well-known was the East Coast leader Te Kooti. The government regarded both Hakaraia and Te Kooti as dangerous criminals and was determined to catch them. In 1870, it sent two separate forces of soldiers to do the job. These soldiers finally tracked Te Kooti and Hakaraia and some of their followers to the Waioeka Gorge, near Ōpōtiki. The final attack was said to be like "a mob of horses racing". Te Kooti escaped, but Hakaraia was killed.

FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED

The government and the newspapers celebrated the death of a "notorious rebel". The early years of good work done by Hakaraia – his peacemaking and his Christian community – were forgotten.

Hakaraia was once the most prominent Māori leader in the Bay of Plenty. But in the years after his death, his name was barely mentioned. Now, Hakaraia is being remembered as a principled man who turned to war only because he thought peace was no longer possible. One hundred and fifty years after Pukehinahina, a carved image of Hakaraia was placed on the site of the battle to mark the anniversary.

GLOSSARY

mission: a place that teaches Christian beliefs

musket wars: the inter-tribal conflicts that began in 1818 and caused the deaths of many thousands of Māori

prophet: an inspiring spiritual leader

BADGE OF HONOUR

BY SARAH PENWARDEN

Isaac's knee won't stop jiggling. He's sitting in assembly, waiting for Miss Latu to announce the new school captains. What if he's one of them?

"It's my great pleasure," Miss Latu says, "to announce that Fai Tuima and Jess Hutton will represent the girls."

There are a few cheers.

"And the boys are … Tomasi Tesi and Isaac Lauofo!"

Isaac feels a bubble of pride swell inside him. Everyone's clapping. He looks around and sees Tomasi get to his feet. They walk up together, along with Fai and Jess. Miss Latu pins a badge to each of their shirts. He looks over at Tomasi, and they grin at each other. They're going to make an awesome team.

* * *

“So,” Isaac asks as they head home, “are you pleased?”

“What?” Tomasi says. He seems to be a long way off.

“About being school captain … remember?”

“Miss Latu’s so strict,” Tomasi grumbles. “Didn’t you hear her going on?”

They’d met with Miss Latu after assembly – all four of them lined up on the couch in her office.

“Being a school captain is an honour,” Miss Latu said, “and I expect good things. It’s not just a job. You’re role models now – leaders. People will respect you – and you need to respect this.” Miss Latu pointed to the new badges and peered at each of them in turn. Isaac noticed that her eyes rested on Tomasi for a moment longer than anyone else before she looked away.

“It’s just … all those jobs she wants us to do,” Tomasi says. “I’ve got touch practice and other stuff. When am I meant to hang out with my friends?”

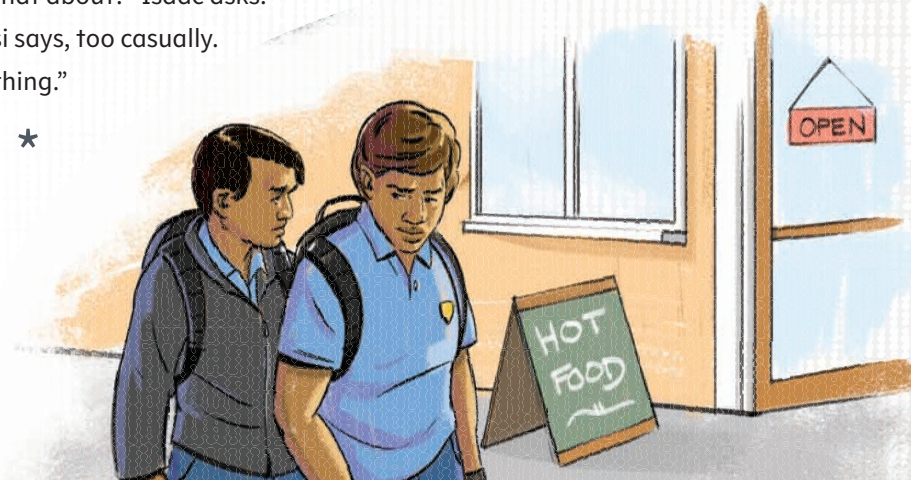
Isaac says nothing. He’d heard rumours about Tomasi and his new friends. That they get into trouble in the weekends. That they’re in a gang. Isaac can guess what you have to do to be in one. He’d been asked once but said no. He doesn’t want to fight, and he doesn’t want to steal stuff. But as for Tomasi … Isaac knew Tomasi wouldn’t do anything really bad, but who knew exactly what he got up to? It was best not to know.

A boy from Saint Benedict’s stands by the dairy across the road. The boy waves at them. “Wait here,” Tomasi says – and before Isaac can reply, he runs across the road. He returns a few minutes later, and they keep walking.

“What was that about?” Isaac asks.

“Oh,” Tomasi says, too casually. He shrugs. “Nothing.”

* * *



The next day, when Isaac's walking to PE, someone grabs his backpack from behind. He turns around. It's Fai Tuima. Isaac likes Fai. She's full of ideas and opinions and isn't afraid to share them. But she's sensible too. Her shirt's so full of badges, there's hardly enough space for the school captain one.

"Hey," Fai says. "We need to talk." She looks around, checking no one's watching, and leads him to a bench.

"What's up?" Isaac asks.

"It's Tomasi," Fai says in a low voice. "I know things about him … like he fights … on the weekend and sometimes after school, down at the park. His friends all go to watch. They film it on their phones."

Isaac doesn't know what to say, so he says nothing.

"I don't know why Miss Latu picked him," says Fai.

"Are you sure about the fights?" Isaac asks.

"Yup," Fai says. "Totally."

Isaac shakes his head. Maybe Tomasi did fight once, but things are different now. They're school captains. So it doesn't really matter what Fai has to say.

"I have to go," he says, getting up. "PE."

* * *

Walking home together, they're just about at Isaac's place when Tomasi's phone rings. He talks quietly, but Isaac can figure out what's going on. He catches the words "fight" and "Highfield Park" and "Saint Benedict's". Isaac's pulse starts to race. He stares at Tomasi, who finishes his call, slips the phone into his pocket, and starts walking – fast.

"Hey, what's going on?" Isaac says.

"Gotta go. The park." Tomasi pauses and looks at his friend carefully, as if he's weighing something up. Then he decides. "There's this fight," Tomasi explains. "With some kid called Richmond from Saint Benedict's. They're all waiting for me."

"But you can't! You're a school captain!"

Tomasi's top lip curls up. "That doesn't matter right now. I have to do this. The other kids expect me to. Don't worry – I'm a much better fighter than Richmond. I'll beat him no sweat."

Isaac's not sure he cares who wins. "But what about Miss Latu?" he asks.

"What! You're such a loser. I can't believe you're still going on about that. She won't find out. Anyway, it's after school. It's nothing to do with her." Tomasi softens his tone – meets Isaac's gaze. "It's about respect."

Isaac nods despite himself. His friend always has to prove himself. He was like that even when they were little kids. Isaac watches Tomasi walk off. What else can he do?

* * *

The next morning, during English, Isaac's got his head down, working on his blog – but he can feel someone's eyes on him. It's Fai, trying to get his attention. He blanks her, but as soon as the bell goes, she rushes over.

"Tomasi was in a fight," she says. "Yesterday, after school. I told you," she adds accusingly.

"Talk quietly!" Isaac says.

"Kelisha was there."

Isaac's stomach turns over. "Are you going to tell anyone?" he asks.

"I don't know," Fai says. "We probably should tell Miss Latu – but Kelisha doesn't want to get Tomasi into trouble. I don't really care about that. He's a school captain – and he shouldn't be."

"Yeah, but no one's perfect," Isaac says. "Not even you, Fai," he adds, trying for a joke. He needs to buy some time. Fai had said "we".

"Whatever," Fai says. "He's your friend, Isaac."

"So?"

Fai shrugs. She leaves the word hanging there and walks off.

* * *

At lunchtime, Isaac knows what he has to do – find Tomasi. They're all sitting around the back of the school, on the bench, laughing and talking. Tomasi raises his eyebrows at him. "What up?" Isaac can see a bruise under Tomasi's right eye.

"So you did it," he says in a low voice, looking pointedly at Tomasi's face.

"Oh, this," Tomasi says, touching the bruise gently. "Fell off my skateboard." He grins – then sees the look on Isaac's face. "Look, don't worry," Tomasi adds. "Miss Latu won't find out – and if she does, I'll deny it."

Isaac feels sick. He's about to tell Tomasi about Fai and Kelisha, when out of the corner of his eye, he sees movement. It's Fai, coming towards them, a serious look on her face. Beside her is Miss Latu.

"Tomasi," Isaac says, pointing. "She knows."

For a split second, Tomasi looks afraid. Then a smooth, confident look settles back across his face. "Hey, Isaac," he says quickly, "back me up. You need to say I was at your place after school yesterday. Miss Latu will have to believe us. We're school captains, right?"

illustrations by Vaughan Flanagan

FEVER

by Renata Hopkins

She had been waiting so long. Watching the leaves turn and fall and grow again, year after year. Alone, all alone, now that the others had gone. To help pass the time, she sang softly to herself:

One for sorrow, two for joy,
three for a girl, four for a boy,
five for silver, six for gold,
seven for a secret never to be told.

They came straight away, a message in black and white, just for her. Magpies – one, two, three of them – swooping through the pines to land on the seventh branch of the tallest tree. Three for a girl, and seven for a secret. She had waited so very long to share her secrets.

Spooky stories were big that term. The one about the babysitter. The one about the hitchhiker. The ones about monsters and maniacs and ghosts. At the end of a story, someone would hold out their arm to show the hairs standing on end, as if the hairs wanted to run away. Someone else might say "That's not even scary. Anyway, I don't believe in ghosts."

Carly would agree. "Me neither." And during the day, she almost meant it.

But at night, lying rigid in bed, she'd feel like all the ghosts in the world were coming to prove her wrong. The branch outside her window would tap the glass like a finger. *Let me in*. Her uncle had once told her that dogs can smell fear. That's how it was with ghosts. That's how they would find her.

Then Ms Ross had announced where they were going for school camp. It was to a working farm, and they'd get to milk a cow and feed lambs with a bottle.

"My sister went there on camp last year," Luca Brajkovic had volunteered. "It used to be a hospital. It's full of the ghosts of all the people who got sent there to die. True. Look it up."

Ms Ross thanked Luca for his "contribution" before explaining that the camp was originally a sanatorium for people with tuberculosis.

"Did they really get sent there to die?" Carly asked. What she really wanted to ask was "Is it true about the ghosts?"

"No, of course not," said Ms Ross. "The staff at the sanatorium tried to cure the patients, but fresh air, rest, and exercise were their only hope. There weren't antibiotics back then. We're very lucky."

Carly didn't feel lucky going to a camp where people had died – maybe even in the room she'd be sleeping in. And how many people? Twenty? A hundred? More? She wondered if any of them had been children.

The night before camp, Carly went to bed with a sore throat. She fell asleep straight away, but her throat still hurt when she woke up. She didn't say anything to Mum or Dad in case they made her stay home. Despite everything, she still really wanted to go to camp and learn how to milk a cow. And anyway, ghosts weren't real – they weren't, they weren't real …

On the bus, her throat got worse. By the time they reached the camp, she could hardly swallow. The bus pulled in to a long driveway, and she could see a large building at the top of a hill. The old hospital. Carly thought about all of those people – in the days of her grandmother's grandmother – arriving full of hope that they would get well. And then she thought about the ones who reached the point when hope failed them. When they knew they would never leave.

From the orchard, she watched the children get off the bus. She could see the life radiate from them in a shimmering haze. Was the girl among them?

Warm hands, warm.
The men have gone to plough.
If you want to warm your hands,
warm your hands now.

Her mother's voice came to her then, sing-songing the old rhyme. But the feeling of warmth – she could not remember that at all.

The morning passed quickly. At lunch, Carly began to feel seriously bad. Two seats down, Luca was hatching a plan for a midnight ghost hunt, but his voice seemed to come from far away. Her body felt slow and clumsy. Raising a glass of water to her mouth required a huge effort.

After lunch, they went to milk the cows. Carly tried to watch as the farmer showed them how to position their thumb and fingers around a teat, but her head pounded, and her neck ached from holding it up. She went and sat down on a bench.

Ms Ross saw and came over. "Is everything OK, Carly?" she asked.

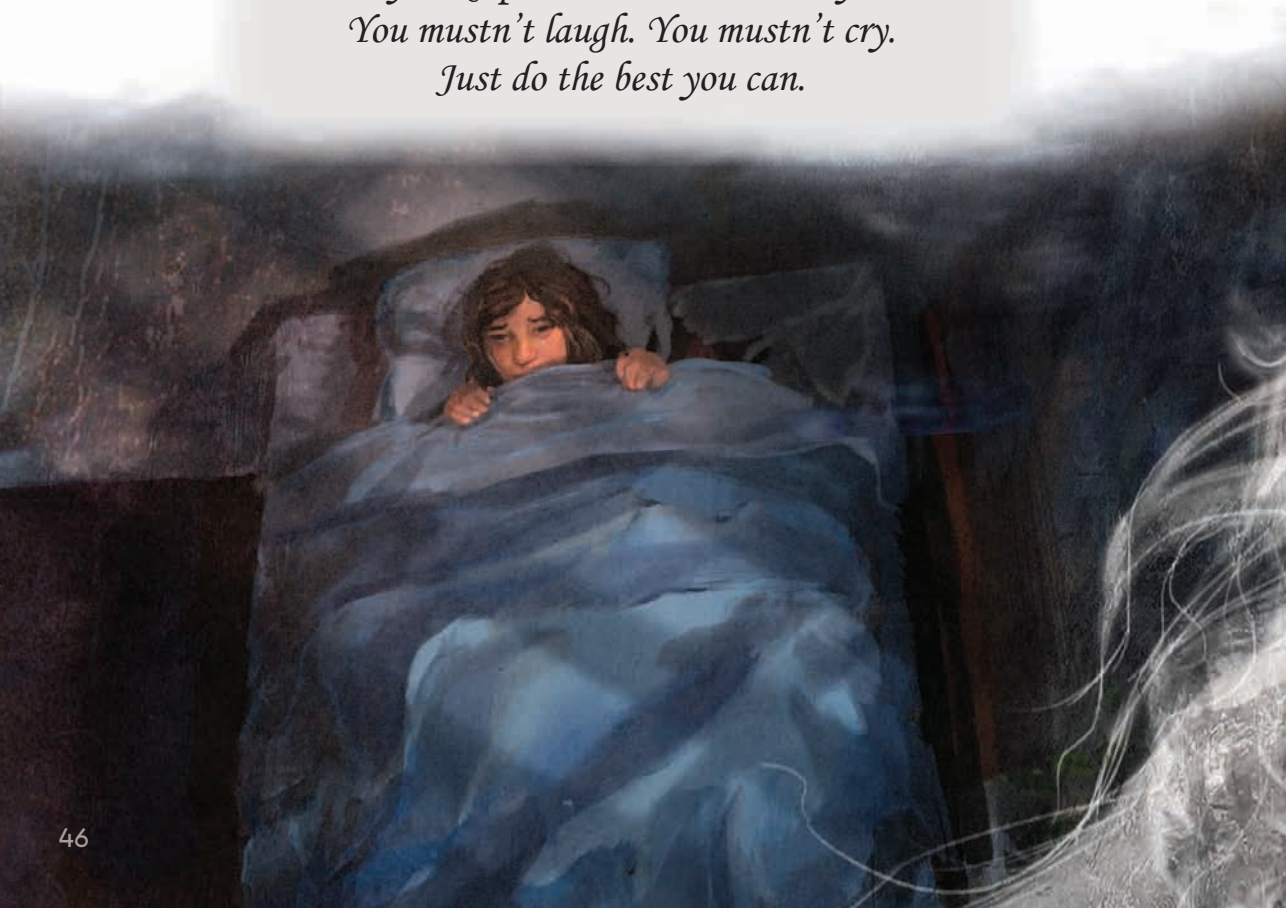
Carly shook her head. Ms Ross put a cool hand on Carly's forehead and frowned. "Poor thing, I think you're coming down with something. You're very warm."

But Carly felt frozen. As she followed Ms Ross back to the house, she barely heard what her teacher was saying. Her attention was caught by three magpies swooping through the pine trees.

The light hurt her eyes. All she wanted to do was close them.

Then she was alone in a room, in a bed. Time stretched – and she didn't know if she was asleep or awake. The bed seemed to be floating, and the room was huge and then tiny. Carly was freezing and sweating, and someone was singing.

Can you keep a secret? I do believe you can.
You mustn't laugh. You mustn't cry.
Just do the best you can.



The voice didn't sound like Ms Ross's. Carly forced her eyes open. A girl was standing at the end of the bed. She was wearing an old-fashioned nightgown. Her face was thin and pale, and she had dark shadows under her eyes. She was staring at Carly.

Carly lay completely still. She was sick – or dreaming – and this wasn't real and it would stop. The girl would go away. She closed her eyes and counted. "One, two, three …"

She heard footsteps, coming closer.

When Carly opened her eyes, the girl was leaning over the bed. Her face shone in triumph. "I knew I would find you."

Carly's teeth began to chatter and click. When she spoke, it was as if she were trying to bite the words. "What do you want?"

"Everything," the girl said, "and now you are here to help me. I knew you would come. The others have all found someone. I'm the very last."

"I don't understand."

The pale-faced girl smiled. "Of course not. But you will. Listen."

Then the ghost bent forward until her long hair fell like a curtain around Carly's pillow. She whispered a hundred years' worth of secrets into Carly's ear.

When her mother arrived later that evening, Carly was asleep, and they decided not to wake her. By morning, the fever had broken, and Carly was well enough to be bundled up and helped out to the waiting car. Carly's mother supposed she must be disappointed to be leaving camp early. "I know you were looking forward to milking a cow," she said.

"No. I've done it before."

Carly's mother, unlocking the car, was struck by the sound of her daughter's voice. It must be the sore throat, she thought – but for a moment, it hadn't sounded like Carly at all.

"Are you sure? I don't think I remember that. Anyway, another time." She helped Carly into the back seat and tucked her sleeping bag around her. "There you go, sweetheart. Are you feeling all right?"

Carly nodded. Her throat still hurt, but it was nothing. Not compared with the powerful, steady beat of her heart; to her lungs breathing in the sweet, spring air.

There was nothing to be afraid of now.

illustrations by Gus Hunter

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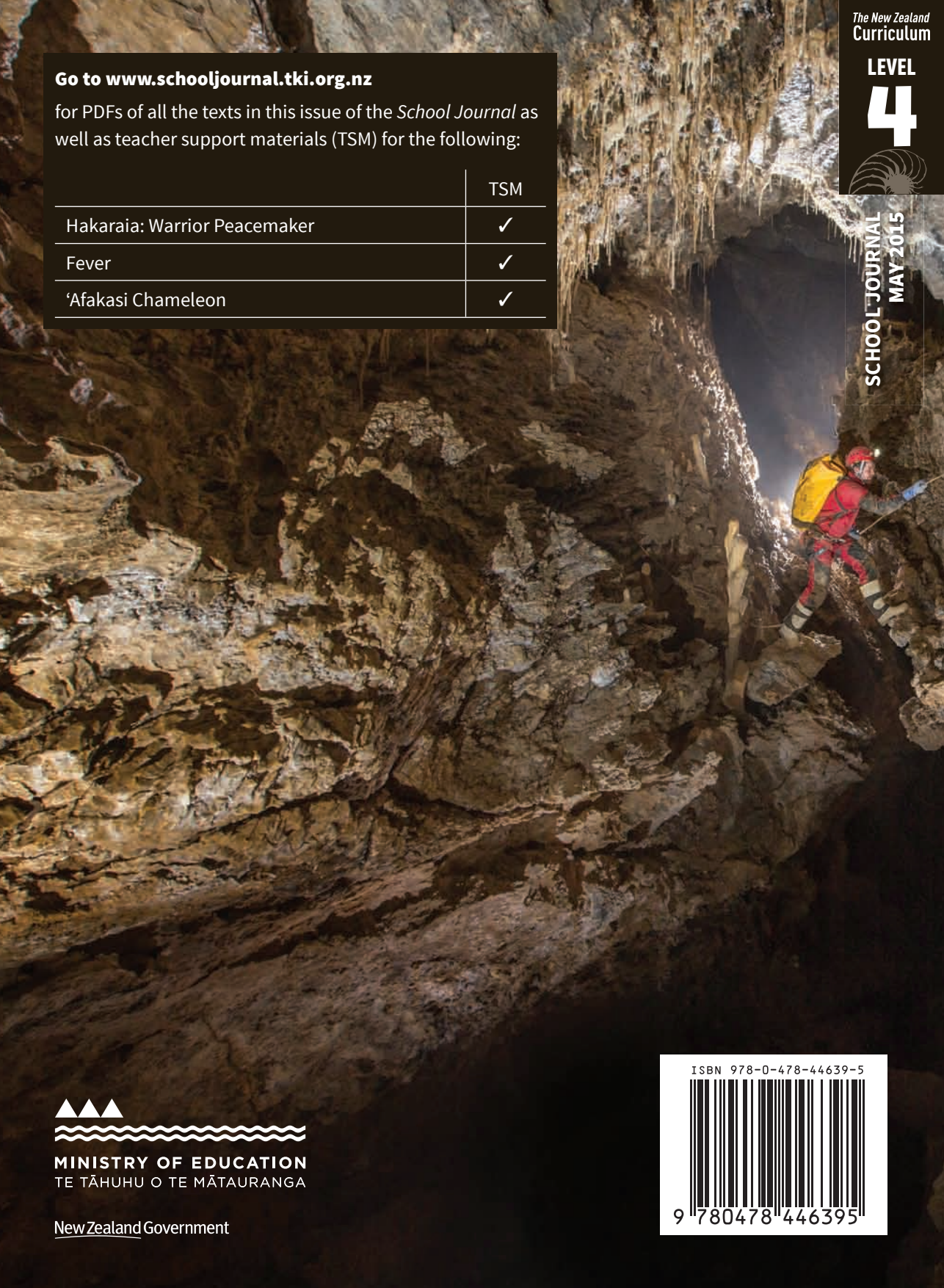

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