



# SCHOOL JOURNAL

NOVEMBER  
2017



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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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LEVEL 4 NOVEMBER 2017

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# Skiing in Afghanistan

by Neil Silverwood



***“Want to go skiing in Afghanistan?” my friend Heidi asked.***

“Afghanistan?” I said. Wasn’t it one of the most dangerous countries in the world? The stories in the news weren’t good – frequent attacks against locals and foreigners, violence a fact of daily life ... Did I really want to go there?

I said I would think about it.



# Sandbag City

Heidi had been offered work as a ski instructor in Bamyan province, 180 kilometres from Kabul. She'd been asked to train young Afghan ski guides so they could take tourists into the snow-covered mountains the province is famous for.

Winter in Afghanistan starts in February, the same month Heidi and I arrived. In the end, I'd decided I would take the risk. Our host, Gul, picked us up from the airport in a beat-up Toyota Corolla, the vehicle of choice for locals. As we crammed our packs and skis into the car, I noticed two westerners from our flight putting on bulletproof vests before climbing into the back of an SUV. Gul saw my look and explained that, in his opinion, the best security came from keeping a low profile. I hoped he was right.

Afghanistan's capital has grown rapidly over the last fifteen years. With an estimated population of up to 5 million, Kabul is bursting at the seams. After the defeat of the **Taliban** in 2001, a flood of people – uprooted by years of fighting – arrived in the city in search of work and a new life. Around three-quarters of the population lives in sub-standard housing. Many are unemployed. Life expectancy in Afghanistan is forty-five years.

Everywhere I looked, I saw signs that life in Kabul is lived on the edge: buildings protected by barbed wire and sandbags; ex-police officers with missing limbs; soldiers on the streets with large-calibre machine guns; UN vehicles and SUVs filled with heavily guarded foreign officials on business. Conflict has blighted this nation for decades, and against this surreal backdrop, the locals do their best to go about their daily lives.



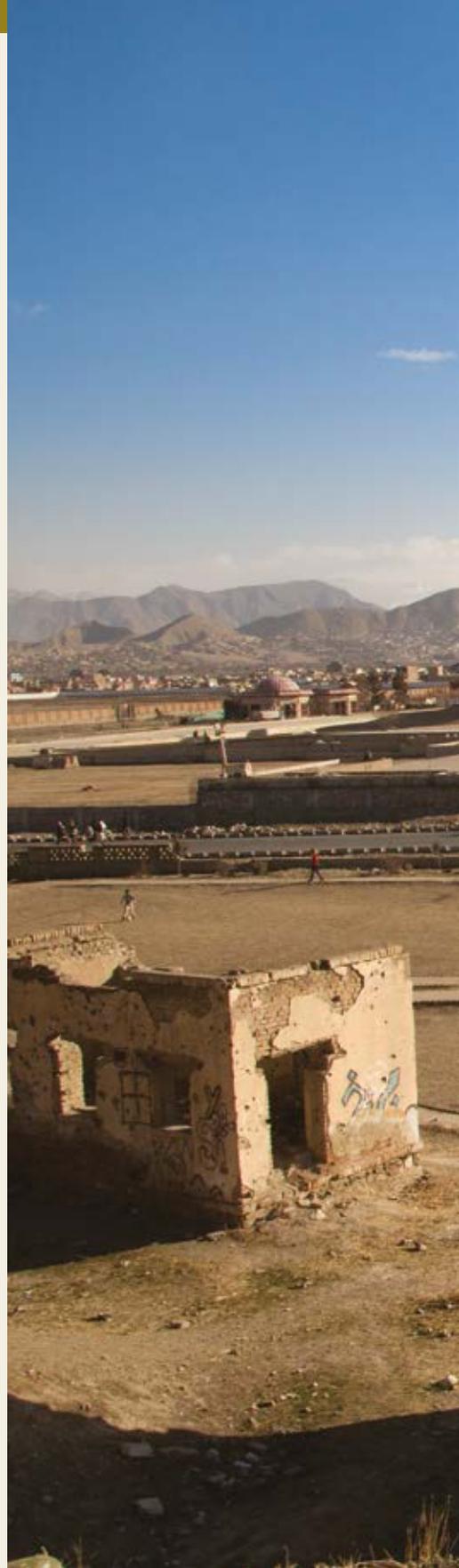
## A RECENT HISTORY OF AFGHANISTAN

Afghanistan has a long history of unrest. In recent times, the country has been at war for almost forty years. In 1979, the Soviet Union invaded, and the Soviet government appointed a **communist** leader. Local rebels formed a resistance movement called the mujahedin. Over the next ten years, around a million civilians, 100,000 Afghan fighters, and 15,000 Soviet soldiers died during what became a civil war. The Soviet Union finally withdrew in 1989, but the violence continued.

The Soviets left behind a divided nation, with **warlords** ruling much of the country. In 1996, the Taliban gained power across many areas and introduced **sharia law**. Women and girls couldn't leave their houses unless they were with a male relative, and girls were forbidden to attend school. Men were also denied basic human rights. The punishments for defying the Taliban were brutal, and many people were executed.

In 2001, after the attacks on the World Trade Center in New York and the Pentagon in Washington, American soldiers invaded Afghanistan. They were searching for Osama bin Laden, the leader of Al Qaeda – a militant Islamic group responsible for the attacks. The group had a close relationship with the Taliban. Many other countries supported America's invasion, and their soldiers – along with Afghanistan's **Northern Alliance** – worked to dismantle both Al Qaeda and the Taliban. Osama bin Laden was killed in 2011.

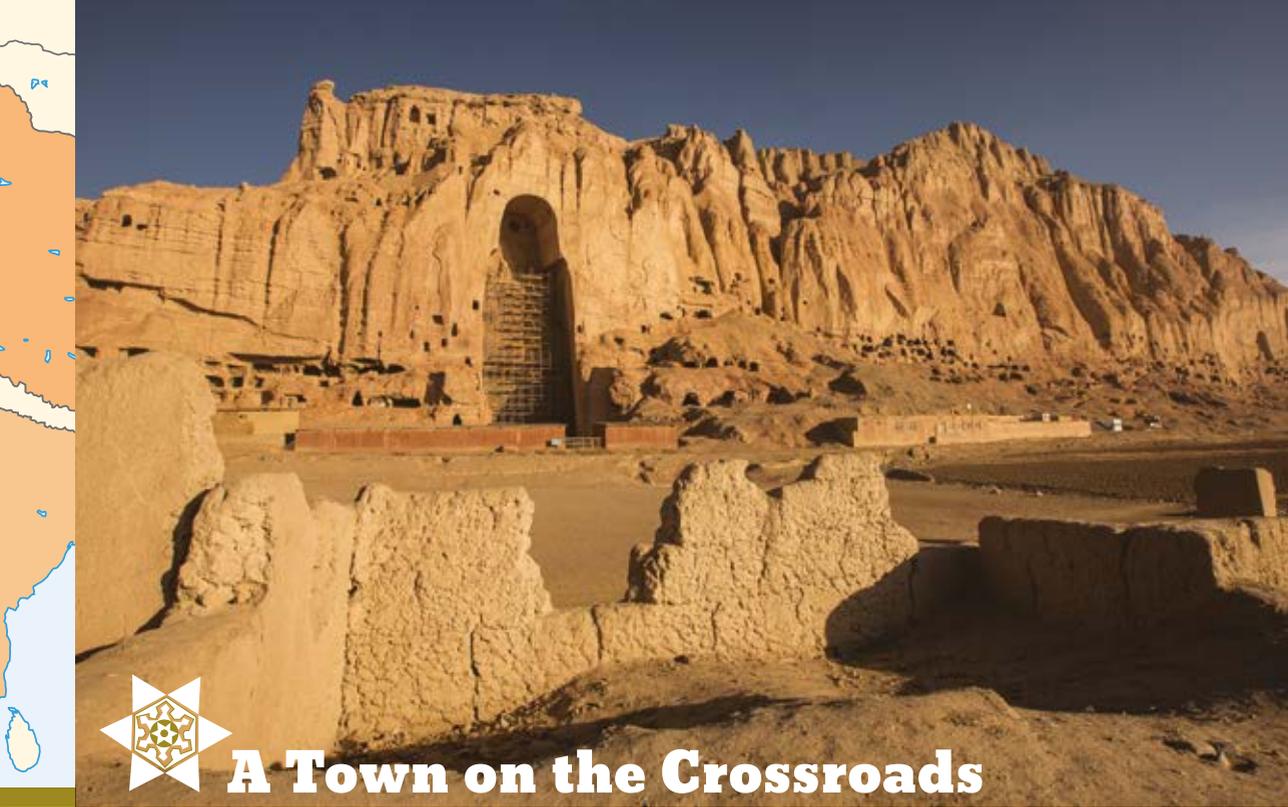
Most international troops pulled out of Afghanistan at the end of 2014. Since then, the Taliban has begun to regain power. The militant Islamic group ISIS (Islamic State of Iraq and Syria) is also active in the region.





After three days in Kabul, we were told the old Russian planes that usually fly into Bamyan had broken down. We had no choice but to take the Kabul–Behsud Highway – nicknamed “Death Road” by local journalists. The Taliban regularly attacks vehicles on this route, and along with the minority Hazara people, foreigners are prime targets. Understandably anxious, Heidi and I sat in the middle of the back seat – me wearing the traditional salwar kameez (loose trousers and a tunic worn by most Afghan men) in the hope of blending in. It was a huge relief when our four-hour trip was over and we crossed the border into Bamyan.





## A Town on the Crossroads

Bamyan is on the Silk Road, an ancient route that linked China with the Middle East. People first traded here over two thousand years ago, making the province a kind of cultural crossroads. Most of the population are Hazara, a peaceful people who avoid conflict, even though the area saw intense fighting between the Taliban and the Northern Alliance from 1998 to 2001. There are many challenges that come from living here. The area is ringed by mountains, making the winters long and extremely cold, and the region is very poor.

Our small guest house was built among the ruins of an ancient fortress. Above loomed a sandstone cliff, pitted with caves that Buddhist monks dug as meditation retreats many centuries ago. That same cliff was dominated by two enormous cavities. These once housed the world's tallest Buddhas, which drew visitors from all over the world. This changed when the Taliban took control of the area in 1999. The Taliban considered the Buddhas to be an insult to Islam and forced local villagers to plant dynamite and blow them to pieces. Over 1,500 years of Buddhist history – gone forever.







Life in Bamyán moved at a slow pace. In fact, it seemed to have barely changed in centuries. Old men still rode donkeys down the main street; people burnt horse dung to cook food and warm their homes. Once there, I was reluctant to go skiing. Most days I preferred to hang around, taking photos. The locals were very open to me and my camera – even more so after I tracked down some of my subjects to give them copies of the photographs I'd taken. I became very popular.

## **NEW ZEALAND SOLDIERS IN AFGHANISTAN**

In 2003, the New Zealand government was part of an international effort to help rebuild Bamyán after the Taliban fled. Soldiers in New Zealand's Provincial Reconstruction Team (PRT) worked to provide better security for people living in the area. They built roads, schools, and health clinics. However, in 2010,

insurgents (rebels) living along Bamyán's border began to carry out more frequent attacks against soldiers. This made it difficult for the reconstruction team to do its work. In April 2013, New Zealand's PRT was withdrawn. Ten New Zealand soldiers lost their lives serving in Afghanistan.



## Snow

After two weeks in Bamyan, the late February snow came. It fell lazily at first, and then steadily, the flakes enormous. It was without question the lightest, driest snow I'd ever seen. Heidi was pleased. She'd been coaching locals for the annual Afghan ski races, and one day, I finally tagged along. Mountain peaks stretched as far as the eye could see – the snow fresh and untouched. The skiing possibilities seemed infinite.

Our last two days in Afghanistan were spent at the ski competition – a highlight of the trip for Heidi. The first day was the men's race, and on impulse, I decided to enter. The event was brutal. Competitors raced down a bumpy, narrow gully, then put "skins" on their skis to help climb a 400-metre ridge before skiing down through deep powder and over a jump at the finish. It was a colossal, lung-burning effort.





The next day, I watched women race in their own competition. I talked with some of the skiers before the event. Several were fearful of letting their families down and planned on giving the race everything they had. In a country where women are often treated as second-class citizens, there are few opportunities like this. Bamyan has had a women's ski programme for the last five years. Each season, Henriette Borge travels from Norway to work as a ski instructor. The programme is close to her heart. "The young women here are incredibly welcoming," Henriette says, "and they're very keen to learn new skills. While the focus is on skiing, the programme is really about empowering women."

After the race, I interviewed one of the competitors. Marsia is nineteen years old and lives in Bamyan. "I really enjoy skiing," she said. "It's important to both men and women. Many people here don't have jobs, but they do have lots of time. Skiing gives them a focus, a meaning."

Marsia had just completed college. Her family is considering sending her to university, even though many women her age would be married by now. I asked Marsia if she would rather get married. "No, I want to study. I want to become a doctor," she replied.





# The Future

The local government in Bamyan is ambitious. The province is the first in Afghanistan to establish a tourist board, and it wants to build an international airport so visitors can bypass Kabul and its troubles. The people of Bamyan hope to make the area a tourist destination once more, especially for skiers.

In the meantime, as I write, violence in Afghanistan is escalating. The Afghan government controls just over half the country. For now, Bamyan remains untouched by the unrest, and the Hazara people continue to lead peaceful lives. But the rise of the Taliban – yet again – and the presence of ISIS is deeply worrying.

My month in Afghanistan went by so fast – I could have easily stayed longer, and despite my initial fears, the trip turned out to be one of the richest experiences of my life. Every day there was an adventure. I still think about the man I met one day while I was out biking in the countryside. He gave me some bread, despite the fact he was obviously very poor. He refused payment for the food, so when I left, I snuck some money to his son. The father found out and chased me down the street, insisting I take it back. That gesture is what I always remember when I think about Afghanistan.



## GLOSSARY

**communist:** a person who believes that wealth should be controlled by the government and shared equally among all people

**Northern Alliance:** an army made up of Afghan soldiers originally formed to fight the Taliban

**sharia law:** the set of religious principles and ideas associated with Islam (in Arabic, “sharia” means “way” or “path”)

**Taliban:** an Islamic movement that uses force to impose its extreme interpretation of sharia law

**warlord:** a leader of an area who maintains power by using force

# THE UNIVERSE IN THE SPARE ROOM

BY DAVID LARSEN



The universe in the spare room was unhappy. “Look,” said Rowen. “Two plus two equals four. That’s just how it is.”

“I disagree,” said the universe. It was a dense clot of shadow the size of a football. Tiny flecks of light moved inside it, wheeling and darting like a school of fish. “Maybe I disagree,” it added. It sounded worried. “I can’t decide.”

Rowen sat on the bed. The spare room was meant to be where guests slept, but really, it was where things that didn’t have a proper home got dumped. Piles of board games and an old sewing machine and seven framed paintings sat against one wall. The little table in the corner was covered in things that Dad described as “bric-a-brac” and Mum described as “knick-knacks”. Also there was a piano. Mum had inherited it from an uncle. She kept saying she was going to learn to play it one day. It was pretty dusty.

The universe was hovering over the piano’s closed lid. That was where it usually hovered. When Rowen asked why it liked the spot, the universe had replied the piano was full of unused possibilities. Apparently it liked unused possibilities. It was not very good at explaining itself. Rowen had the impression that for a universe, it was rather young and inexperienced.

“Look,” said Rowen again. “You don’t get to decide about this. Two plus two equals four.”

“Why?” asked the universe.

“It just does,” said Rowen.

“But why?” asked the universe.

“Some things don’t need a why! Look! Two fingers!” Rowen held up two fingers. “Now two more fingers!” She held up two fingers on her other hand. She moved her hands together so the fingers formed a row. “How many fingers?”

“Four. But what does that prove?”



Rowen was not sure what to say to this. A coil of sparks formed deep in the universe's core. The coil spiralled around itself with dizzying speed, then shot outwards in all directions. For a moment, the universe was more light than shadow. Then the light died away. It left after-images on Rowen's eyes. She had to blink several times before she could see the universe again. In the week since she'd found it hiding in the spare room,

this was the first time it had done anything like this.

"Two plus two *can* equal four," said the universe, sounding newly sure of itself.

"But it doesn't have to. I see that now."

"Rowen," called Dad from the hall. The universe slid quickly backwards into the piano. The piano groaned alarmingly. "Dinner in ten minutes."

"OK," Rowen called back.

"It's all right," she said quietly to the piano. "He always leaves the vegetables till last, and then he worries about burning them. He won't come in."

The universe poked a little dome of shadow through the piano's chestnut front. It paused a moment. Then it seemed to decide it was safe and emerged all the way. Its lights were damped down to nothing. Something inside the piano made a loud twanging noise. "That was close," the universe said.

"Why don't you want anyone else to see you?" Rowen had asked this several times already over the last week. She had yet to receive a satisfactory answer, but she believed in persistence.

"Because of the observer effect," said the universe with an air of exaggerated patience, as if it were telling Rowen something very obvious. "If two people see me at once, I'll start being what you think I am."

"And that would be bad?" asked Rowen.

"That would be terrible. It would be like two plus two always having to equal four."

Rowen believed in persistence. "Two plus two *does* always equal four," she said.

"That's just what your universe wants you to think," said the universe. "My people are going to be allowed a bit more freedom." Its lights were springing back to life; little glints were whirling about in an ecstatic dance. Rowen had never been able to decide

about those lights. Why did they look very far away rather than just very small?

She leant back against the wall.

"Do you mean you have worlds inside you?" she asked. "Worlds with people on them? Really? Whole worlds?"

The lights dimmed slightly. "No," said the universe. It sounded a little ashamed. "Not yet. It's harder than I thought. That's why they sent me here."

"They?" said Rowen.

"Yes," said the universe. "They said I needed to see a universe with a proper axiomatic foundation." It sighed, and its lights dimmed a bit more. Their dance seemed to slow. "You can't build worlds until you have your basic physics sorted out," they said. "And before you can have physics, you need to decide what your laws of logic are going to be," they said. "Can things be true and false at the same time? That sort of business. I thought maybe I could work all that out as I went, but they said that would be – well, I forget exactly what the word was, but they said it wouldn't be a good idea. They think I'm too impatient." It sighed again. "Apocalyptic," it added. "That was the word."

Rowen wanted to go back to two plus two equals four. She was not happy with the idea of it equalling anything else. On the other hand, she was going to have to go eat dinner in a moment, and the universe was answering her questions.



It had spent all week not really answering her questions.

“Can things be true and false at the same time?” she asked.

“It depends,” said the universe. This was the sort of answer Rowen was more used to.

“You’re actually not being very clear,” she said.

“All truth is local,” said the universe. This was also the sort of answer Rowen was used to.

“But that’s why you came here? To find this stuff out.”

“Your universe is so *boring*,” the universe said angrily. Its lights flashed on and off in strange rippling patterns, as though tendrils of darkness were flexing inside. “It makes such obvious choices! Particulate matter! Linear time! And it cheats! It breaks its own rules – I’m sure it must! Because somehow ... somehow ...” It trailed off. “Somehow it gets things like you,” it finally continued in a small voice. “I don’t see how. You’re too improbable to exist. I don’t think I’m ever going to work out how to do it.”

Rowen was not sure what to say. The universe needed cheering up – she could tell. “Well,” she said carefully. “My mum says when a problem’s difficult, it’s a mistake to start by deciding the answer you want and then trying to solve the problem so you’ll get it. She says if you do the working properly, the answer

will take care of itself.” The universe said nothing. Delicate ribbons of light tied knots inside it and untied them again.

“She was talking about maths, though.”

“Dinner!” called Dad. Rowen stood up.

“That is sound advice,” said a deep, quiet voice. It seemed to come from all directions. The whole room thrummed with it. “You won’t hear better.”

“Easy for you to say,” said the universe savagely.

“Persevere, fledgling,” said the voice. “And be courteous. Manners cost nothing, and you’re my guest. You should go to dinner, Rowen,” it added. Rowen stopped looking around for the speaker. She had a feeling she knew who it was. “Though I’m afraid your father has burnt the vegetables again.”



illustrations by Daron Parton



# WIND CHIMES

**BY PAUL MASON**

They pushed on, the track beneath their feet soft and yielding. Moss hung from the beech in long wisps – the trees looming out of the fog like watchmen. More than once, Tre spun around, certain they were being followed.

“Can we stop?” pleaded Muse, though it was more a demand than a question.

Tre slowed down and tilted his head, listening for the tell-tale sounds of a squad of Voids.

“I keep telling you we lost them ages ago,” said Muse. “Voids don’t like getting their feet dirty. Besides, we’ve been walking for hours.”

She had a point. They’d covered a fair bit of distance since morning. Tre closed his eyes and caught a glimpse of the pod: the piles of white building blocks, every kid building towers exactly the same. Every one of them hushed by the Examiners. He and Muse had been lucky to escape.

Tre leant against a fallen tree trunk and took a water bottle from his backpack. He handed it to Muse. “The settlement’s at the bottom of this hill.”

“You think your parents will be there?”

“They’ll be there.”

“It’s just that most people who’ve been hushed never ...” Muse stopped.

“You beat them, didn’t you? You were hushed once,” Tre snapped.

“It wasn’t easy.”

“Mum and Dad will have made it. I know.” Tre took a swig of water.

“OK,” said Muse. She pushed at the dirt with her boot. “And they’ll like me?” she asked, not for the first time.

“They’ll like you all right.” Tre smiled. But then he thought back to the last time he’d heard his parents’ voices, and his smile dropped away. It had been an echoey conversation, the transmission more static than words. Dad telling him to keep his head down; garbled scraps about them all being free; a last, frantic “Be yourself, Tre!” And then the Examiners cut the call dead. That was weeks ago.

Tre spat on the path. The morning the Examiners came, they had sent two squads of Voids to do their dirty work. It was their boots Tre remembered most: kicking the school door wide open, wood cracking. Kicking over the fish tank. Desks. Kicking the book right out of Mum’s hands, making sure she couldn’t read another word. Everything destroyed by shiny black leather.

“Do what they say, children,” Mum had instructed while goldfish flapped on the floor. “It will be all right.” But Tre caught the worry in her eyes as Voids forced her onto the transport. Dad was herded into the back, too, his hands bound. Tre recalled a brief moment of feeling glad: at least his parents would be together. Then he was shoved in the other direction, along with the rest of the children. The adults were driven away like cattle.

Muse rubbed his shoulder, stirring him. “Should we make a move?”

Tre nodded. “Not long now. Wait till you see the lake.”

When they were close, Tre ducked off the path and into the bush, Muse close behind. They followed the slope downwards, heading towards the water. When the shore came into view, Tre peered through the ferns. Then he slumped to his knees.





The settlement was wrecked. The row of stalls on the main street, the meeting hall, the schoolhouse, the cabins – in ruins. Burnt into nothingness. The road out of town wore deep tracks, but there was no sign of the transports – or of anyone.

Tre's head dropped. "Looks like the Voids came back to finish the job," he mumbled.

"A while ago," said Muse, eyeing the remains. She offered her arm. "I'm so sorry, Tre."

Tre looked away, careful not to let Muse see his eyes fill up. "We should check it out," he mumbled, getting to his feet.

They walked through the town to the family cabin. Tre stumbled over lumps of blackened wood, mounds of cold ash. His mum's veggie patch out the back had been torched. Swan plants and butterflies gone, too. Beside the wrecked doorway, he found some pieces of burnt driftwood tied with string. Tre lifted the wind chimes out of the ashes.

"Mum was always making these," he whispered. He dropped them back into the rubble. "I guess they've been hushed, too."

"We should go," said Muse, taking his hand. "The Voids could come here looking for us."

"Go where?"

Muse shook her head. The two stood in silence. "Didn't you say your father built a boat?" she said at last.

Tre's face brightened. "He did too. Come on."

Tre led Muse along the lake's edge and pushed through a clump of harakeke. They found themselves on a tiny beach. A small, wooden row boat lay on the ground, its hull facing the sky.

Tre allowed himself a smile. "Dad was smart to hide it."



Muse looked across the lake. Dark, forest-covered hills rose sharply into cliffs of grey stone. “What’s over there?”

Tre followed her gaze. “Nothing. Just a whole country of bush. There are no settlements, no people ...”

“No Examiners, no Voids,” said Muse. “Give me a hand.”

Together, they turned the boat the right way up – a pair of oars was wedged in the bottom. They each took a side and heaved the boat along the sand until its bow met the water. Muse threw her backpack into the bottom and climbed in. She reached for the oars.

“You ever row a boat before?” said Tre.

“Nope,” said Muse.

“Well, for starters, you’re facing the wrong way.”

“Story of my life,” Muse laughed.

“Here, like this.” Tre got Muse to turn her back to the bow and showed her how the oars fitted the rowlocks. Then he shoved the stern, hopping in as the boat floated into the lake.

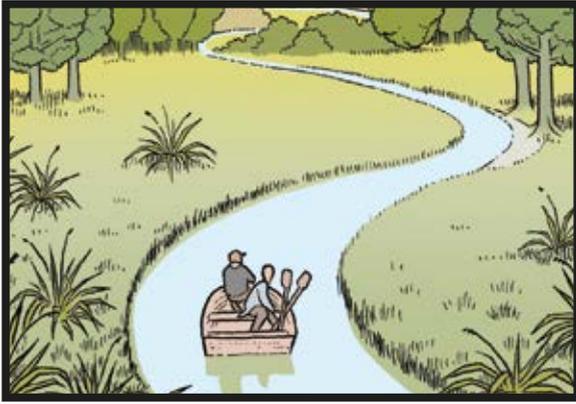
“We want to go there,” said Tre, pointing to a spot on the far side. “You can’t see it from here – but there’s a stream. Pull on your right oar.”



Muse dipped the oar into the water and pulled, turning the boat. Then she began to row. It was just the two of them, riding the swell, headed for the wilds. Muse turned her head briefly and smiled.

“You’re doing well,” Tre said. The tired circles around Muse’s eyes seemed to have faded.

The boat pushed on. They were almost there. Tre turned around and gazed back at the settlement. A last look. He tried to imagine the cabin as it was, at dinner time, smoke curling from the chimney, Mum and Dad in the kitchen. The tears came again, and Tre let them.



The bow forced its way through a fringe of reeds, and with a rustle, the feathered stalks closed in behind, swallowing them. A moment later and they were hidden, the old life just a memory. Tre guided Muse on the oars, steering the boat upriver around the bends. Thick bush hung over them on both sides. The water of the stream was clear and still.

“It’s like a secret,” said Muse looking around. “You’d never know it was here.”

“Dad found it fishing one day,” said Tre. “A bit further up you can catch tuna.”

“Never had eel before,” said Muse.

“Shh!” said Tre suddenly, his chest tightening. There had been a noise – coming from the bush up ahead. A rattle carried on the wind. A clunk. It came again. Tre stiffened, searching the gloom for clues.

Then he pointed into the trees, his arm trembling. Dangling from a branch, pieces of driftwood clinked together, making music – a gentle chorus. A song from the cabin porch in the old days, before they were all hushed.

“Wind chimes,” Tre whispered, a smile finding its way across his face.



# MY SISTER AND I

We were betting kids  
my sister and I.  
Horses flew  
unicorn-like  
around the racecourse  
when Dad's bets were up.

We were fried chicken kids  
my sister and I.  
Chicks cried  
child-like  
in the car park  
when Dad's chips were down.

We were gambling kids  
my sister and I.  
Women flocked  
geese-like  
to the casino  
when Dad's luck won.

We were rugby league kids  
my sister and I.  
Men fought  
warrior-like  
on the field  
when Dad's team lost.

We were betting kids  
we were fried chicken kids  
we were gambling kids  
we were rugby league kids  
my sister and I  
when Dad  
was alive.

*Leilani Tamu*





# Keeping Promises: The Treaty Settlement Process

by Mark Derby



Philly and Maizy are sisters. They live in Ōtaki, a small town on the Kapiti Coast. Both girls are fluent in te reo Māori, and when they leave school, they plan to apply for iwi scholarships to help with further study. Some of these scholarships are funded from Treaty settlement money, and Philly and Maizy's mum says the girls' great-great-great-grandfather, Mete Kīngi Te Rangi Paetahi, would be pleased by this. He was one of New Zealand's first Māori members of parliament, elected in 1868.

Mete Kīngi was an optimistic man. He welcomed European settlement and saw no reason why Pākehā and Māori couldn't both prosper. Mete Kīngi also believed the government would always act in good faith towards his people. This included keeping promises made in the Treaty of Waitangi.





## Change

When the Treaty of Waitangi was signed in 1840, almost all the land and natural resources of New Zealand belonged to Māori. Chiefs who signed the Treaty were told that unless they decided otherwise, this situation wouldn't change. Māori were guaranteed tino rangatiratanga – absolute authority – over their land, villages, and taonga. But it didn't turn out that way. Over the following decades, Māori became a poor people in a country filled with opportunity.

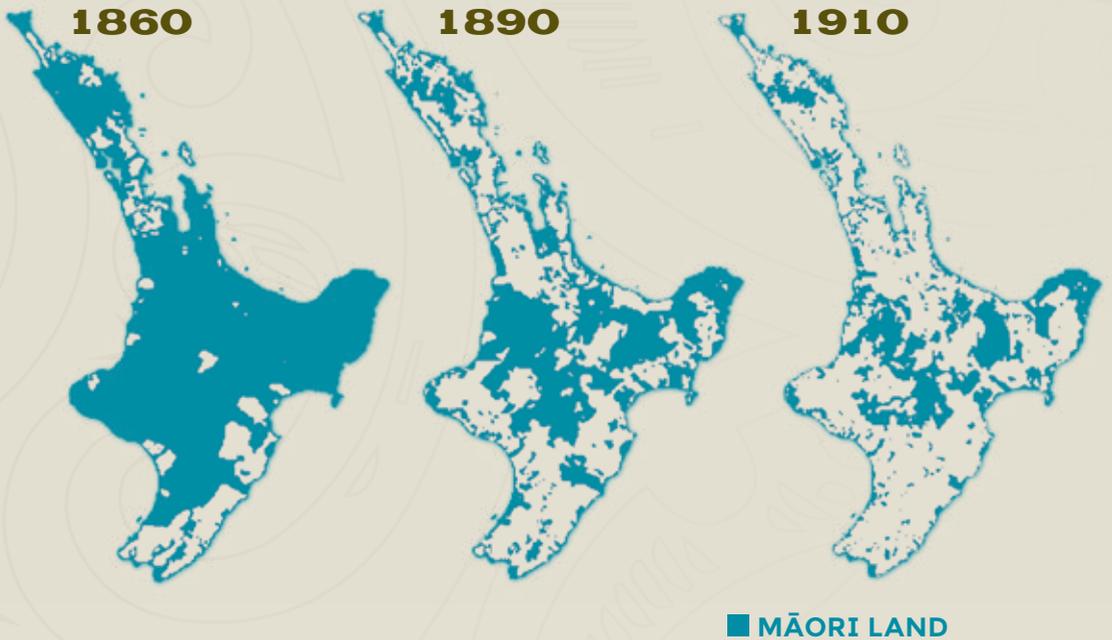
From the 1840s, chiefs were encouraged to sell their land to the government. This land, which was wanted for Pākehā settlement, was usually bought for a low price and resold to settlers for a profit. In some places, Māori resisted **colonisation**. They tried to hold on to their land and authority, and this caused tension.

As the Pākehā population continued to grow, the demand for land increased. Eventually the situation erupted into conflict. From 1845 to 1872, Māori and the British fought a series of battles known as the New Zealand Wars. As punishment for “rebellious” against the government, some iwi had their land taken. Pākehā called this confiscation. Māori used another word: raupatu – taken by force. The government wasn't always careful about whose land was confiscated, and some iwi loyal to the Crown lost land in the same way.

**colonisation:** when a country is taken over by another country



▲ Locals gather for a land court hearing in Ahipara, 1904



Māori also lost land through the Native Land Court system set up in 1865. The court changed the way Māori land was owned so that it was easier for settlers to buy. Land could no longer be held collectively by iwi or hapū; instead, it had to be put in the names of individual owners. This new system was very different from how Māori traditionally held land. Owners could now sell the land without the permission of the wider group. Among Māori, the Native Land Court quickly got the nickname “te kōti tango whenua” (the land-taking court).



▲ A land court hearing in the Tamatekapua wharenui, Ōhinemutu, Rotorua, around 1890



▲ Women in Tokaanu waiting for a land court hearing, 1914

## Protest

By the beginning of the twentieth century, the government began to admit that it hadn't always been fair to Māori. James Carroll, the Native Minister, said in 1906 that it was time to compensate those Māori who had lost land because of the Crown's actions. “We have reached that stage now when, I think, these matters should be settled, so as to clear our consciences.”

But in the decades that followed, only a very small amount of land or money was given to iwi, making no real difference to their situation. Māori continued to protest about the way the government had treated them – and was still treating them – and the Treaty of Waitangi remained a focus of that protest.



## The Waitangi Tribunal

In the 1970s, after many decades, the government finally began to listen to Māori. In 1975, it established the Waitangi Tribunal. This is like a court that investigates claims that the Treaty of Waitangi hasn't been honoured. In the tribunal's early years, it could only consider breaches of the Treaty that occurred in the years after the tribunal was set up. One of the first claims to the tribunal resulted in te reo Māori being made an official language of New Zealand.

In 1985, a major change to the rules enabled Māori to also make historical claims dating back to 1840, the year the

Treaty was signed. This right to make a historical claim ended in 2008.

Between 1985 and 2008, Māori lodged more than two thousand claims with the Waitangi Tribunal that related to historical grievances. However, not all Māori have wanted the tribunal to investigate their claims. In these cases, it has been possible for Māori to negotiate a settlement directly with the government. This work is done through the Office of Treaty Settlements – the part of government that settles all Treaty claims, including those that have been before the Waitangi Tribunal.



## Settlement

Although many of the historical claims have been made by individuals, Treaty settlements are almost always with an entire iwi. Most settlements are reached after many months of negotiation. Each one is different, but they generally include an agreed historical account of what happened, an apology, and compensation, usually paid in the form of money and Crown-owned land. Some settlements include a written agreement about the way Māori and the government will work together – managing historic places or conservation land, for example. Other settlements restore traditional rights to Māori, such as the right for iwi and

hapū to gather food from certain places within their territory. Sometimes significant place names are changed back to their original. Ninety Mile Beach, in Northland, is now known as Te Oneroa-a-Tōhē and is co-managed by Te Hiku iwi and the local councils.

The first Treaty settlement was signed in 1989. One significant early settlement was the 1992 Sealord deal, which involved not just one iwi or hapū but all Māori. This settlement compensated for the loss of traditional fishing rights. Among other things, Māori were given a half share in Sealord, the country's largest fishing company.



▲ Tame Iti (with pou whenua) and Whina Cooper (front middle) leading the 1975 Māori Land March through Hamilton

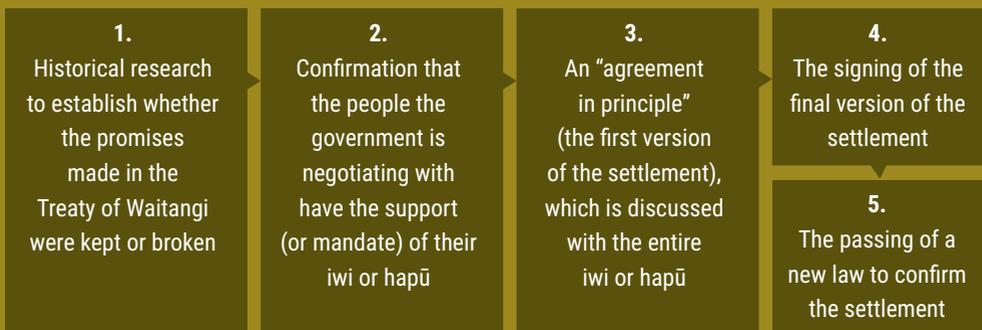
## Who is the Crown?

The Treaty of Waitangi was signed by over five hundred Māori chiefs from different iwi. A British official named William Hobson signed on behalf of Queen Victoria, the British monarch who ruled over the British Empire at the time. The chiefs who signed the Treaty with Hobson agreed to become subjects of Queen Victoria and for Aotearoa to become part of the British Empire. Hobson became New Zealand's first governor.

The British monarch remains our head of state, but New Zealand is now an independent country and no longer has a governor. Instead, we have a governor-general and a **cabinet**, both of whom represent the authority of the British monarch (otherwise known as the Crown).

## Settlement Process

Although the details of each Treaty settlement are different, the government always follows the same process to ensure that an agreement is reached.



**cabinet:** the senior ministers responsible for determining government policy

The first major claim about historical land confiscation was settled with Waikato–Tainui in 1995. This settlement package was worth \$170 million, made up of cash and land. Queen Elizabeth II was visiting New Zealand at the time, and she signed the settlement wearing a feather cloak gifted to her by Tainui. She also apologised to iwi for the fact Treaty promises were broken.



▲ Te Aroiana Dame Te Aitairangiā with Queen Elizabeth II at the signing of the Tainui settlement

Kāi Tahu (also known as Ngāi Tahu), whose traditional territory covers much of the South Island, waited for many years while its claim was investigated by the Waitangi Tribunal. Evidence proved that between the 1840s and the 1860s, more than half the total land area of New Zealand had been bought from Kāi Tahu by the government and that these sales had breached the Treaty. In 1998, the Crown agreed to pay the iwi a settlement worth \$170 million. The package guaranteed Kāi Tahu the ownership of all the pounamu in the South Island and the right to harvest traditional foods. Mount Cook was renamed Aoraki/Mount Cook and returned to Kāi Tahu ownership.



▲ Kuo Langsbury, Charles Crofts, Sir Tipene O'Regan, and Mark Solomon witnessing the Ngāi Tahu Claims Settlement Bill becoming law



▲ Pauline Tangiora (left) and Doctor Rangimarie Turuki Rose Pere celebrating the signing of Te Rohe o Te Wairoa settlement at Takitimu marae, Wairoa, 2016

## Afterwards

Almost every iwi in the country has either settled its Treaty claims or is in the process of doing so. Some Māori feel a sense of achievement when a settlement is finally signed: they have come to the end of a long journey. For others, especially young Māori, the settlements can be a stepping stone into a new future with new opportunities.

At the same time, Māori realise that no amount of compensation can truly make up for what was lost. And some say not enough has been offered in the settlement packages. However, the settlement process is one way of acknowledging past wrongs, and it encourages a greater understanding of our shared history and of what happened to Māori.

▼ Te Oneroa-a-Tōhē (Ninety Mile Beach)



# SETTLEMENT



## TUI HARRINGTON

(Kāi Tahu)

My iwi's settlement was an exciting time. Everyone in my whānau enrolled in the Whai Rawa savings scheme, which was set up by Kāi Tahu's rūnanga (council). Whatever money we saved, the iwi matched it. I used the money to go to university. I also received a Kā Pūtea grant to help pay my fees. The iwi has tried to establish a strong economy with the money from the settlement.



## TENETI RIRINUI

(Ngāti Te Rangi)

My whānau are from Tauranga. I wasn't involved in our Treaty settlement process but followed it closely. Because of the courage and mahi of my wider whānau, I learnt a lot about our past. Their research and submissions taught me how historical events shaped where we are today. Although our settlement deed marks the official end of the process, the real challenge lies in how we use the experience to meet the aspirations of our people.



## MATAHANA TIKAO CALMAN

(Kāi Tahu, Ngāti Raukawa, Ngāti Toa)

I think the Treaty settlement process has been a positive step for Māori, especially the hope it's given for the future of te reo Māori. Kāi Tahu have greatly benefited, being one of the first iwi to settle. It's meant I've received help to pay for tutoring. A Treaty settlement also means I can apply for Kāi Tahu scholarships to study at university.



## REREMOANA WALKER

(Ngāti Porou)

I grieve when I hear Pākehā landowners proudly talking about the land they inherited from their fathers and grandfathers when it was once Māori land – watch *Country Calendar*! The Waitangi Tribunal has recognised these injustices, but wise heads are now needed so that iwi can manage these funds to benefit all Māori in their rohe.



## HOHAIA WHIU

(Ngāpuhi, Waikato–Tainui)

My ancestors suffered and were killed for defending their own land. They lost their land and their language too when Pākehā forced them to learn English. Because of these experiences, some Māori today are broke and at the bottom with nothing – even though we are the people of this country. Ngā Puhi is negotiating with the government to get back land that was ours in the first place. The Treaty settlement process helps us to learn who we are.



## TERENCE TAMAKEHU

(Te Āti Haunui-a-Pāpārangī)

I live in South Taranaki, where pretty much everything was taken from Māori, whether they fought against the Crown or not. The government didn't care about the details. Land confiscation was just an excuse to take what it wanted. The Treaty settlement process hasn't affected me personally, but nothing can make up for what happened to Māori.

# The Steamer

BY PAUL MASON

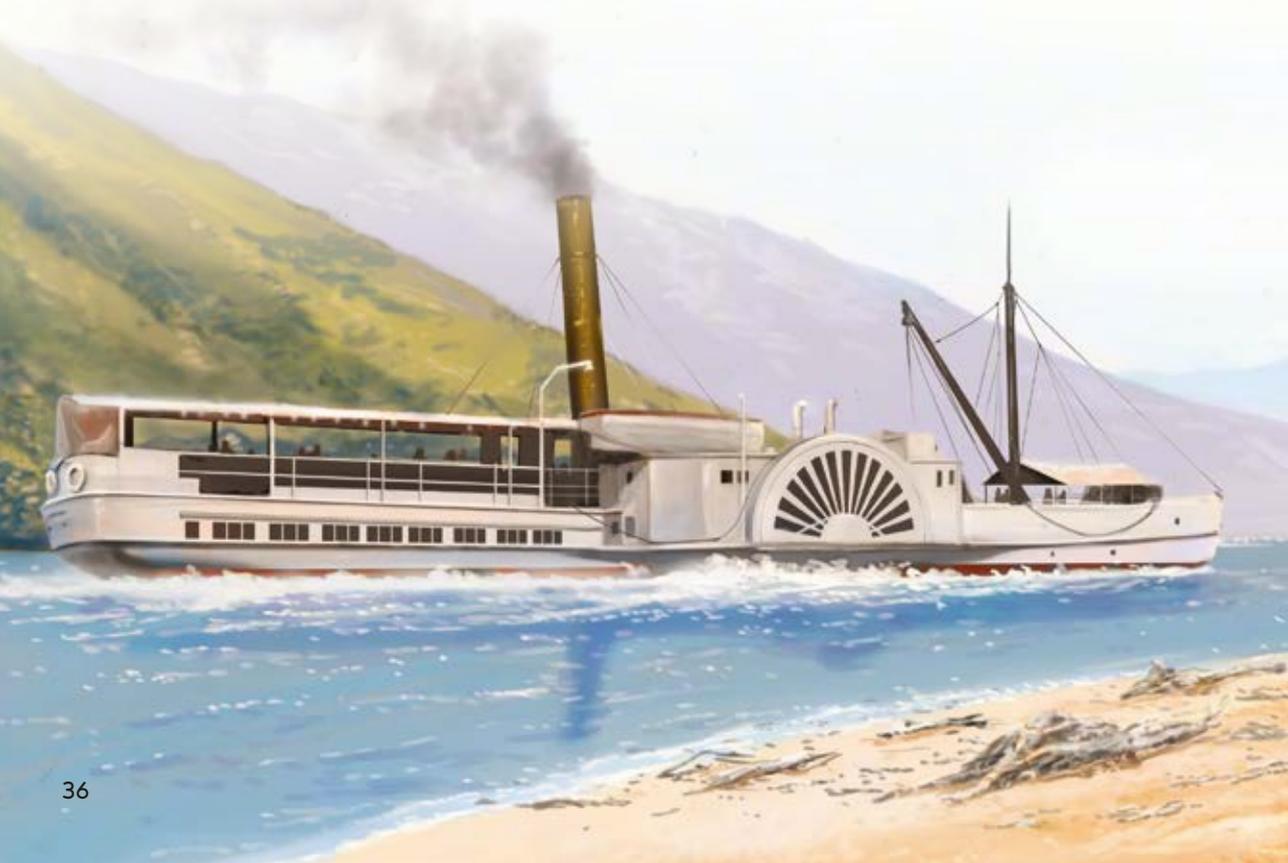
They sat on the shoreline, surrounded by bleached driftwood, and watched the steamer drift across the lake. Half the town was there, grateful for the break in monotony. Some of the men rested on their haunches further along the beach; others lingered by the shed to talk.

Robert and his father kept to themselves.

One of the crew clanged the steamer's bell, and Robert watched as the paddle wheel slowed and the boat nosed against the wharf. Men bustled about, shouting orders and lassoing ropes around the wooden bollards, and now the travellers,

who'd been sitting outside under the awnings, pushed their way forward, bags in hand.

Robert and his father had taken to coming down to the wharf each week to watch the visitors get off the boat. Father would scan the arrivals as they stepped ashore. Lately, it seemed to Robert that he was searching for someone, his gaze more intent than curious. When the steamer was due, his face would darken, but when Robert asked what was wrong, he got a shake of the head.



Once the crew were unloading the bales and wooden crates and mail, Father appeared satisfied. He pushed himself up, dusting the sand from his trousers with his hat, and smiled. "Let's see if someone needs a guide."

As they headed towards town, Robert glanced back at the steamer. A last passenger was stepping off – a middle-aged man with a clipped beard – but Robert didn't say anything. It wasn't their way to approach tourists at the wharf. The other guides did, but Father preferred to wait till the visitors were at their hotels and had talked to the owners. Perhaps there would be a

painter looking for a view, a husband and wife on a walking holiday, young men keen for the challenge of a local peak. Father knew the trails well enough.

Robert's mother sometimes heard of guiding work when she picked up washing from the Earnslaw Hotel. Father didn't like that she was taking in laundry. Robert often wondered why they had moved here. The settlement was nothing more than a few weatherboard buildings hemmed in by mountains at the far end of the lake. He remembered Lyttelton, where they used to live. It had been full of life. Here, the steamer was their only link to the outside world.





Robert and his father passed by the Earnslaw Hotel, not bothering to stop. Harry Birley, the owner, was a well-known guide. Everyone knew he'd been the first to reach the top of Mt Earnslaw, leaving a bent shilling in a bottle at the summit as proof. They went instead to the Alpine Club and the Glenorchy Hotel, with no luck. Lastly, they called in at the Austin Lodge.

"Good day, Iris," said Father, lifting his hat to Mrs Austin, who was working behind the front desk.

"Hello, Charles. I thought you might be dropping by. I've some newly-weds just arrived. They're resting right now, but I've told them about you."

"That's very welcome news and much appreciated, Iris."

Mrs Austin sighed. "But that's your lot, I'm afraid. The other gentleman said he was going straight back once his business was concluded."

Father frowned. "Oh, yes?"

"All the way from Lyttelton – and not planning on staying! He's in the saloon waiting for his lunch. You can talk to him yourself if you like. Change his mind, perhaps?"

They peered around the counter into the saloon, and Robert saw the man with the beard from before. He sat at a table, heavy hands resting on the top.

"And you're behaving yourself, young Robert?" Mrs Austin asked, reaching for the glass jar underneath the counter. She unscrewed the lid and handed him a piece of candied ginger.

"Thanks, Iris, but I won't disturb him," said Father, heading for the door.

Robert struggled to keep up on the way home. Father marched ahead. He seemed to have forgotten he wasn't alone. "Don't you want to ask at the Lake House?" Robert called.

"Maybe later," said Father.

"They might need someone."

"Later."

Their cottage was down a dusty side street not far from the post office. Mother was out in their small backyard, pegging sheets. They flapped on clothes line that ran the entire length of the section, witness to a morning's scrubbing.

"How'd you get on?" Mother asked, her face flushed but smiling. Robert loved that she could be elbow deep in other people's laundry and still manage to be cheerful.

Robert watched as Father took his mother's face in his hands and kissed her on the forehead, letting his lips linger for a moment. "There's a couple at Mrs Austin's place. They might be after a day walk."

"I'm soaking wet," she said, pushing him away. "Any luck at the Lake House?"

"We didn't go," said Robert.

"Why ever not?"

Father let Mother's question hang. "I was thinking ... why don't we go off together for a change? Pack our bedrolls. We could go to the falls – maybe even up the saddle?"

"Us?" Mother laughed.

"Why should I always be taking other people?"

"Because they pay," said Mother.

"But it's such a lovely day."

"We have bills!"

"There was a man from Lyttelton – we didn't ask him," said Robert.

His father frowned at him. "He wasn't a walker. Let's just go for the afternoon then. We could leave now. I'll go round to the Lake House first thing tomorrow."

Mother sighed and pegged another sheet. "You're talking foolishness," she said with a finality that made Father's face fall. "Come inside and have a bite to eat."



The three ate their bread and dripping mostly in silence. Mother tried to chat, but Father wasn't really there. After lunch, she sent Robert to fetch a bar of soap. "Tell Henry I'll settle the account next week," she said.

When he reached the main street, Robert saw the man with the beard coming out of the post office. Mr Smith the postmaster followed close behind and pointed up the street. A few minutes later, after Robert had bought the soap, the man was gone.

It didn't take long to find out where. He was in the back garden talking to Father. Mother stood with them. She wasn't smiling now.

"You never said about a summons, Charles," Robert heard her say. "You told me you'd paid the debt. The slate was clean."

"Robert, you're back," said Father loudly, driving a smile onto his face.

The man nodded at Robert. Dark eyes and dark hat. He looked nice enough, but something was wrong, and Robert quickly looked away. "I got your soap, Ma," he said quietly.

"Thanks, love. Take it inside."

But Robert wasn't going anywhere. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing." His mother had been quick to speak, but Robert saw her eyes well up.

"Turns out I have to take a trip," said Father. "Just for a short while. Back to Lyttelton – for work," he added.

The man looked down at the grass and said nothing.

"Lyttelton?" Robert was puzzled. "For how long?"

"Until I can sort things out," said Father. "Hopefully not long."

The man pulled out a gold pocket watch on a chain, then turned to Father. "We ought to think about going. You might want to pack your things." Father nodded and went inside, and the man stood by the steps, his wide shoulders blocking the doorway.

They walked together to the wharf. Mother kept her eyes down the whole way and ignored Robert's questions.





What was a summons? And who was the man?

When they got to the wharf, his parents hugged. "I'll work something out," Father whispered.

"Look after your mother while I'm away," he said to Robert. A firm handshake. Robert felt the tears coming, but he stopped himself from crying.

Father and the man boarded the steamer with the few others who were

leaving that afternoon. Robert hoped they would sit outside so he could wave, but they didn't. Later, as the boat headed up the lake – paddle wheel churning, coal smoke drifting from the funnel – Robert sat by himself on the beach. He would come back next week and wait for the steamer. Perhaps Father would be at the stern with the others, bag in hand, ready to be the first one ashore.

*illustrations by Dede Putra*

# THE FIGHT

BY SARAH PENWARDEN



“Hey, Heath!” Calvin says. He uses a rugby pass to throw me a piece of balled-up paper. Calvin loves league. He plays it every weekend, then spends most of Monday morning reliving the game. He describes it in great detail to anyone who’ll listen. Today, it’s me. I’m sitting across from him in maths.

Mrs Gibson is at her desk, glasses on, marking last week’s test. I’m pretty sure I aced it.

“Calvin ...,” she says in warning, just quietly – but she also gives him a look.

Robbie sniggers, and Calvin makes a face back.

Robbie shouldn’t have laughed. I can feel the change in atmosphere. It’s like a hot day with thunderclouds on the way.

There’s a short silence, then scuffling noises as Calvin and Robbie begin to kick each other under the table. Calvin flicks Robbie’s ear. “Ow! Get off!” he yells.



Mrs Gibson looks up, about to say something to calm things down, but it's too late.

Robbie mutters a few words under his breath, and Calvin's up like a shot, scraping back his chair. I think I can guess what Robbie said. Calvin has that face – the one that says he's lost it. His eyebrows are drawn together. His arms are up, he's moving, he's seconds away from following through.

“Leave the room, Calvin,” Mrs Gibson says. “Now!”

Calvin swears – just loud enough to be heard – and storms out.

Robbie sits there. He's slightly shocked by the close call but trying not to show it. The rest of us do a good job of pretending to be invisible. There's total silence as we go back to our work.



At interval, we're sitting on the benches outside Mr Matthews's room. Kai is demonstrating a kick-boxing move, and then I hear banging on the window: Mr Matthews. He's looking across the playground to where a pack of kids has gathered by the gum trees. In the middle of them, I catch a glimpse of Robbie and Calvin.

There's shouting and yelling, and more kids appear. Mr Matthews bursts from his room and runs towards the group. "Hey! Stop that!" he yells.

The crowd parts to let Mr Matthews through, and there's Calvin, jerking around, trying to land some punches. Robbie keeps ducking out of the way, looking more mad than scared. He's eyeing Calvin up, like he's not so sure he wants this to end just yet.

"Enough!" Mr Matthews grabs Calvin and holds his arms. Calvin starts yelling abuse at Robbie, saying he'll sort him later. Robbie stands there taking it, chin up, until his friends pull him away.

Mr Matthews walks Calvin to Mrs Langi's office. He's asked me to come, too. I help Calvin sometimes, try to calm him down. Doesn't always work.

Calvin scuffs his shoes, wipes quickly at his eyes. He knows he's on his last warning. He's been stood down before. Each time, Mrs Langi calls in his parents; Calvin promises to try harder. He knows he's not supposed to fight, but sometimes he gets so mad – then nothing can stop him.



We plonk ourselves outside Mrs Langi's office while Mr Matthews goes in to talk. Calvin hangs his head, studying the stains on his sneakers. Kids stare as they walk past. It's a weird kind of fame – and not worth anything. This is going to turn out bad.

Mrs Langi comes out and looks at both of us, hard, like I've done something wrong, too. She points Calvin into her office, closing the door behind her. I hear raised voices. Then Mr Matthews comes out and sits down beside me with a sigh.

"Calvin won't get kicked out of school, will he, sir?"

"Well, that depends," Mr Matthews says. "It's up to Mrs Langi – and the school board."

"But she doesn't know the full story."

Mr Matthews looks at me. "And what is the full story, Heath?"

"Robbie's been hassling Calvin about his mum," I say. "Robbie saw her coming out of their house. She was wearing pyjamas even though it was the afternoon. Robbie says she was drunk, and –"

"OK, OK," Mr Matthews says. He runs his hand through his hair.

"Calvin hates it. He's ashamed."

"I'd say you're right, Heath."

Mr Matthews looks at me thoughtfully for a moment, like I'm a book he's trying to read. "I'll make sure Mrs Langi knows," he says.

I'm thinking about Calvin and about Robbie as I walk home. The sky has been getting darker and darker, and it finally starts to rain. Small drops at first, but they get bigger fast. Once I've left the shelter of the shops, I start to run, putting on a final burst of speed as I turn into our street.

Mum's sitting in the lounge in her dressing gown. Her hair's not combed. There are dark circles under her eyes. Probably she's just woken up. She hasn't slept that well, not since my dad moved to Perth. "Come here, love," she says. "I've missed you today."

Mum puts her arms round me, and I hug her back, tight.



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# THE MOA

**BY LUCY BUCHANAN**  
*Matamata Intermediate,  
Winner of the  
Elsie Locke Writing Prize 2017*

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Ahorangi's family had been arguing again.

She had heard shouting on the way to the lake but had chosen to ignore it. Instead, she quickened her pace towards the safe, sandy shore and sat there now, thinking. Dipping her hands into the cool water, Ahorangi picked out the prettiest stones she could find, savouring the feel of the smoothest ones before dropping them in her kete. It was therapeutic. The gentle waves could almost wash away her nerves and worries. But not quite. There was still a nagging voice that echoed in her head; unsettling words rolled around like a serpent ready to strike.

Ahorangi's grandfather was dying.

Her father, Ihaika, was determined to be the new chief and had the entire iwi trapped beneath his pressing palm. He thirsted for power and planned to attack a neighbouring iwi they had been happily aligned with for many years. Ahorangi knew that should they attempt to defeat the iwi, they themselves would be defeated. But Ihaika refused to believe they weren't invincible, his ignorance overtaking common sense.

The crunch of twigs sounded in the forest, snapping Ahorangi out of her reverie. Her head whipped around, hair slapping her face from the sudden movement.

At first, she thought the towering creature was a figment of her imagination, but Ahorangi knew it was real when it locked black eyes with her brown ones. She dropped the stone she was holding in favour of the heavier kete. Instinct told her to throw the basket, but her mind told her to wait.

The brown-feathered bird stared down, studying her like prey. She wanted to run, to escape the terrifying gaze. The bird stepped back on its large clawed feet, keeping its small eyes on her. Ahorangi felt trapped beneath the glare, as if the bird were suffocating her, as if its claws were already scratching at her throat. Her grip on the kete tightened, her knuckles turning a pale white.

Then the bird ran.





Relief flooded through her. Ahorangi released her death grip on the kete, her fingers stiff and sore. Her heart was racing.

A moa. She had been told there were very few left.

Ahorangi sat still for a long time until she heard the familiar sound of a trap closing. She tried to ignore the men's shouting, but their elated whoops and cries dominated the otherwise peaceful forest. Ahorangi closed her eyes.

Her hands were shaking as she left the lake. The cries of the hunters faded as she neared the village, but she could still hear their shouting in her spinning head.

Ahorangi was going to confront her father. After today, something had stirred within her. She wasn't going to allow him to imprison the minds of her people. Something had fallen into place like the last strand of flax woven into a kete. For the hunters hadn't been celebrating the catch of a kiore. No. They had been celebrating the catch of the creature that Ahorangi could relate to – except she refused to meet the same end.

Unlike the moa, Ahorangi would escape.

illustrations by Elliemay Logan

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