
The New Zealand Curriculum
LEVEL
3
SCHOOL JOURNAL
3
NOVEMBER
2018
4

TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Dangerous Games	6
Suckered	6
Little Fisherman	5
Listening Eyes, Speaking Hands: The Story of Deaf Education in New Zealand	6
Fly Me Up	6
Hine-o-te-Rangi: The Adventures of Jean Batten	5
Kilikiti	5

This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 3. It supports literacy learning by providing opportunities for students to develop the knowledge and skills they need to meet the reading demands of the curriculum at this level. Each text has been carefully levelled in relation to these demands; its reading year level is indicated above.

Published 2018 by the Ministry of Education,
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.
www.education.govt.nz

Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN 978 1 77669 452 5 (print)
ISBN 978 1 77669 460 0 (online PDF)
ISSN 0111 6355

Replacement copies may be ordered from Ministry of Education Customer Services,
online at www.thechair.minedu.govt.nz
by email: orders@thechair.minedu.govt.nz
or freephone 0800 660 662, freefax 0800 660 663

Please quote item number 69452.

CONTENTS

LEVEL 3

NOVEMBER 2018

STORIES

ARTICLES

POEM

SCHOOL JOURNAL

Ministry of Education

People often ask, “How did you solve the ToppLabs case so fast?”

“Imagination,” I tell them. “I took everything I knew about Mirtha Dare-Sweetly and her half-brother, Dario, then I imagined a story that fitted the facts.”

That was six months ago. The chief gives me even tougher cases now. “We need your creative thinking on this one, Minnie,” she says.

The tough cases are never a problem, but after a long day, I’m always glad to get home so I can watch TV and relax. Not tonight.

“Breaking news!” crows the presenter. “A company calling itself the Mars Games Consortium has announced plans for a new tournament. Let’s cross live to find out more.”

The view changes to a packed stadium. A woman in a suit stands behind a podium, her back turned. The company boss, I assume. She talks into the ear of a large man wearing sunglasses – her bodyguard, obviously.

It’s not until the woman turns to the audience that I *really* take notice.

She's wearing thick glasses, and her hair's bleached blonde – but I know who that is: Mirtha Dare-Sweetly, the criminal scientist who froze her colleague at ToppLabs to stop him from protesting against her brother's tour business – the same business that was going to destroy Mars's precious cave ecosystem. Mirtha Dare-Sweetly, the criminal scientist I thought I'd put behind bars for twenty-five years.

How had she escaped?

Mirtha adjusts her microphone and fills her glass of water. At last, she takes a deep breath. She beams. "Hello, everyone! My name is Bertha Dare-Sweetly."

Wait. Bertha?

"I know my family is unpopular here on Mars," she continues, "but I assure you, I never work with my half-brother, Dario Dare, or my twin sister, Mirtha."

Interesting!

"My consortium is planning the solar system's first-ever low-gravity games," she says. "Imagine! High jump, long jump, judo, javelin … all in low gravity. Sports fans on Earth will flock to our planet to watch!"

I wonder if Bertha can be trusted any more than Mirtha, but before I can think further, a red-masked figure runs on-stage and shoves Bertha aside.

"Don't listen!" the masked figure cries. "The games will destroy a precious environment: Valles Marineris. It's the biggest canyon in our solar system – a natural wonder – yet Bertha wants to build a games village right inside it!"

Bertha's bodyguard lunges at the protester – and his sunglasses fall off. The few seconds he takes to get them back on is enough time for the protester to vanish.

Bertha recovers herself. "Goodness. What nonsense. Yes, the games will be in Valles Marineris. Gravity is especially low there ..."

The bodyguard coughs. Bertha tries to go on, but he coughs harder.

"Excuse me," Bertha says. She hands her bodyguard the glass of water. He manages one sip before turning white. Then he collapses.

Bertha yells for help, and paramedics appear with a stretcher. I grab my phone. "Chief! The Mars games announcement … are you watching?"

"Yes," she says. "What's up with that bodyguard?"

"What's *up* is that Bertha's water has been poisoned! Only the wrong person drank it."

"Goodness, Minnie. For once, I think your imagination's working in overdrive. He's merely fainted."

"No, Chief –"

"You've been looking tired lately. Take a few days off." The chief hangs up.

I'm stunned. But a detective is still a detective, even when they're off-duty …

Hospital reception, one hour later. I flash my Red Planet Police card and ask for directions to Bertha Dare-Sweetly's bodyguard. His name, I'm told, is Rio.

Rio's out cold. He's attached to a beeping machine, still wearing his sunglasses. I notice that his fingernails are green. Odd.

On one side of him sits a nurse. On the other – Bertha.

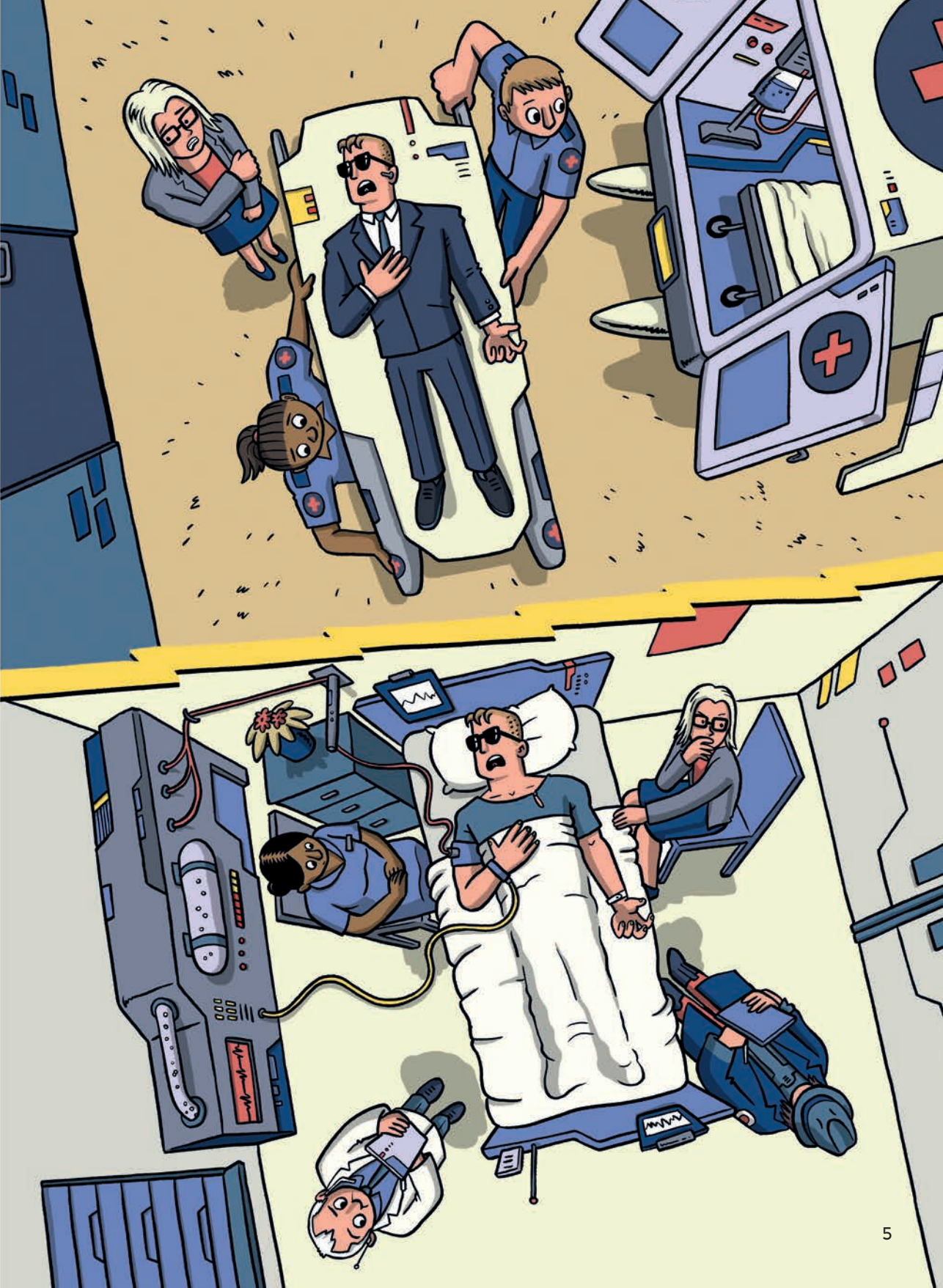
I introduce myself. Then I say, "I believe that Rio was poisoned. Furthermore, I believe that poison was meant for you, Bertha."

"What?" she gasps. "Why?"

A very good question, but before I have time to answer, a doctor enters. "We have test results. Rio's body is under attack from a strange, new bacteria."

Strange, new bacteria?

I say I'll be back. If anyone on Mars knows about strange, new bacteria, it's my contacts at ToppLabs. Martian bacteria is their speciality. Luckily, scientists always work late.



Doctor Topp's in her office. She looks up, startled. "Minnie!"

"Did you see the Mars games announcement?"

She hesitates.

I tell her everything, including Rio's green fingernails. "Could any bacteria cause that?" I ask.

Doctor Topp looks concerned. "Yes. We discovered a new bacteria in a Martian cave three years ago. When we realised how dangerous the bacteria was, we had it sealed in a vault. Only two of us had the key: me and –"

"Mirtha?" I supply.

Doctor Topp nods.

It's starting to make sense. Mirtha stole and hid the bacteria while she worked here. Then, from her prison cell on Earth, she hired someone to poison Bertha. Mirtha's in jail, after all, while her sister runs a successful business. A classic case of sibling jealousy! But whom did she hire?

"Doctor Topp, could I use your transmitter to call Earth?"

An officer at the Interplanetary Corrections Department answers my call. I explain I need the identity of every person who has visited Mirtha Dare-Sweetly in prison.

I hold while she consults their database.

As I wait, I spot something in Doctor Topp's rubbish bin. The red mask. Incriminating evidence if ever I saw it.

I go over and fish the mask from the bin. “Doctor Topp, an explanation, please.”

Doctor Topp groans.

“You were the masked protester,” I say.

“I was,” she admits. “Someone had to do something! Someone has to protect this planet – but I’m a respected scientist. I had to disguise myself.”

“So just how radical was this protest?” I ask. “*You* have access to the toxic bacteria. And *you* got very close to Bertha’s water …”

Doctor Topp looks shocked. “Minnie! You can’t be suggesting …?”

The visitor photos start flashing across the transmitter’s screen. Bertha is in one. Interesting. And a man I’m sure I’ve seen before – but where?

I recall the on-stage tussle between Rio and the protester, when Rio’s sunglasses fell off. Just for a moment, I saw his eyes.

I zoom in on the face. It’s definitely him. But the name under the photo? Dario Dare.

None of this is making sense. Now my imagination is failing. Maybe the chief is right. I’ve been working too hard. I need a break. I should go on holiday, see my family ...

Family. That’s it!

“Doctor Topp, is there a bacteria that causes instant coughing?”

“Absolutely.”

Topp’s answer changes everything. We need to get to the hospital – fast!

In Rio's room, the scene I feared is unfolding. The nurse dozes while Bertha stands over Rio, ready to unplug his life-support machine.

"Stop!" I yell.

Bertha whirls. The nurse wakes.

"Bertha Dare-Sweetly," I say. "I charge you with poisoning your bodyguard, Rio … or should I say your half-brother, Da-*rio*."

Bertha gasps.

"You and Dario run the Mars Games Consortium *together*. You knew everyone on Mars distrusted him, so you pretended to be the sole boss while he disguised himself as your bodyguard. But Dario didn't know your secret. Mirtha despised him for letting her take the blame in the ToppLabs case, so you, her twin sister, promised public revenge. A classic case of sibling loyalty!"

Bertha snorts. "I don't think so," she says.

This I ignore. "Mirtha gave you *two* kinds of bacteria she'd stolen while working at ToppLabs," I continue. "You tipped one onto Dario, just after the protester's attack, to make him cough. The other more toxic bacteria you put in your water. Eventually, you knew he'd need a sip."

Bertha looks impressed, then deeply irritated. It's like watching the sun go behind a cloud. "Fine! You're right – but you'll never catch me!" She leaps for the door.

Doctor Topp dives after her and throws powder in her face. Bertha collapses, coughing.

"Thought that might come in handy," Doctor Topp says happily.

An hour later, the chief is marching Bertha away. “See you in the morning, Minnie,” she calls. “Your leave’s cancelled.”

Doctor Topp returns from a meeting with Rio’s medical team. She’s been explaining how to use the bacteria’s antidote – but it’s clear something else is on her mind. I make eye contact. Doctor Topp blushes.

“Thanks for keeping my secret,” she says.

I assure her it’s no problem. I imagine we’ll be seeing more of the red-masked protester.

illustrations by Toby Morris

Listening Eyes, Speaking Hands

The Story of Deaf Education in New Zealand

by Renata Hopkins

It's lunchtime at a school in Christchurch, and groups of students are chatting. If they wanted, some of these students could talk without making a sound. That's because they also speak New Zealand Sign Language, one of our official languages. But when deaf students were first taught in New Zealand, sign language wasn't used at all. In fact, it was banned!

New Zealand's First School for the Deaf

New Zealand's first school for the Deaf opened in Sumner, Christchurch, in 1880. Over a century later, in 1995, it was renamed the van Asch Deaf Education Centre, but in the first few years, the school was known as the Sumner Deaf and Dumb Institution.

Wait – it was called *what*?

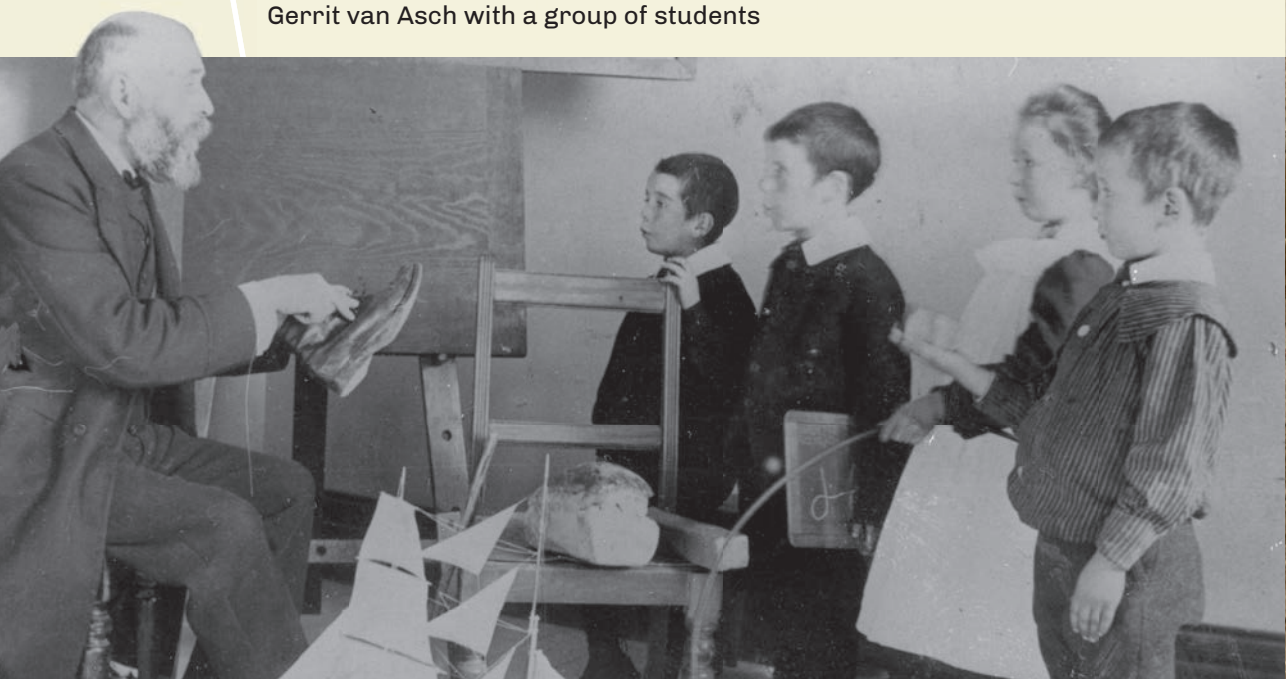
In 1880, deaf people were often referred to as deaf-mutes or deaf-and-dumb. "Dumb" was a way of saying that someone didn't speak, but of course, the word could also be an insult. For that reason, the label was eventually seen as offensive. And besides, the Deaf *did* speak. They had their own language of signs and facial expressions. Still, some people felt that the Deaf should communicate the hearing way. This meant lip-reading and speaking orally – a method called oralism. It was thought that if deaf children did these things, they could participate more fully in society.

Big D, Little d

You've probably noticed that big D on Deaf (especially when used as a noun, not an adjective). Some deaf people prefer it this way. On its website, Deaf Aotearoa New Zealand/Tāngata Turi explains that deaf people are positive about being deaf: "It's a way of life for them, not a disability." Put another way, these people think of themselves as "culturally Deaf" in the same way that a person identifies as Australian or Japanese. There are around nine thousand people in New Zealand who identify as culturally Deaf. Most use New Zealand Sign Language as their first language and are involved in the deaf community. Those who prefer a lower-case d have often lost their hearing in later life and still consider English their first language. They may identify more with the hearing community.

In 1880 (the same year the school at Sumner opened), a conference on deaf education was held in Italy. Some of the people who attended thought that deaf students should be taught sign language; others thought that they should be taught oralism. A vote was taken, and oralism won. For the next hundred years, this method of teaching became the focus of deaf education in New Zealand, and deaf children were taught to lip-read and speak aloud. The first principal at the Sumner school was Gerrit van Asch. He believed in oralism and didn't allow signing in class.

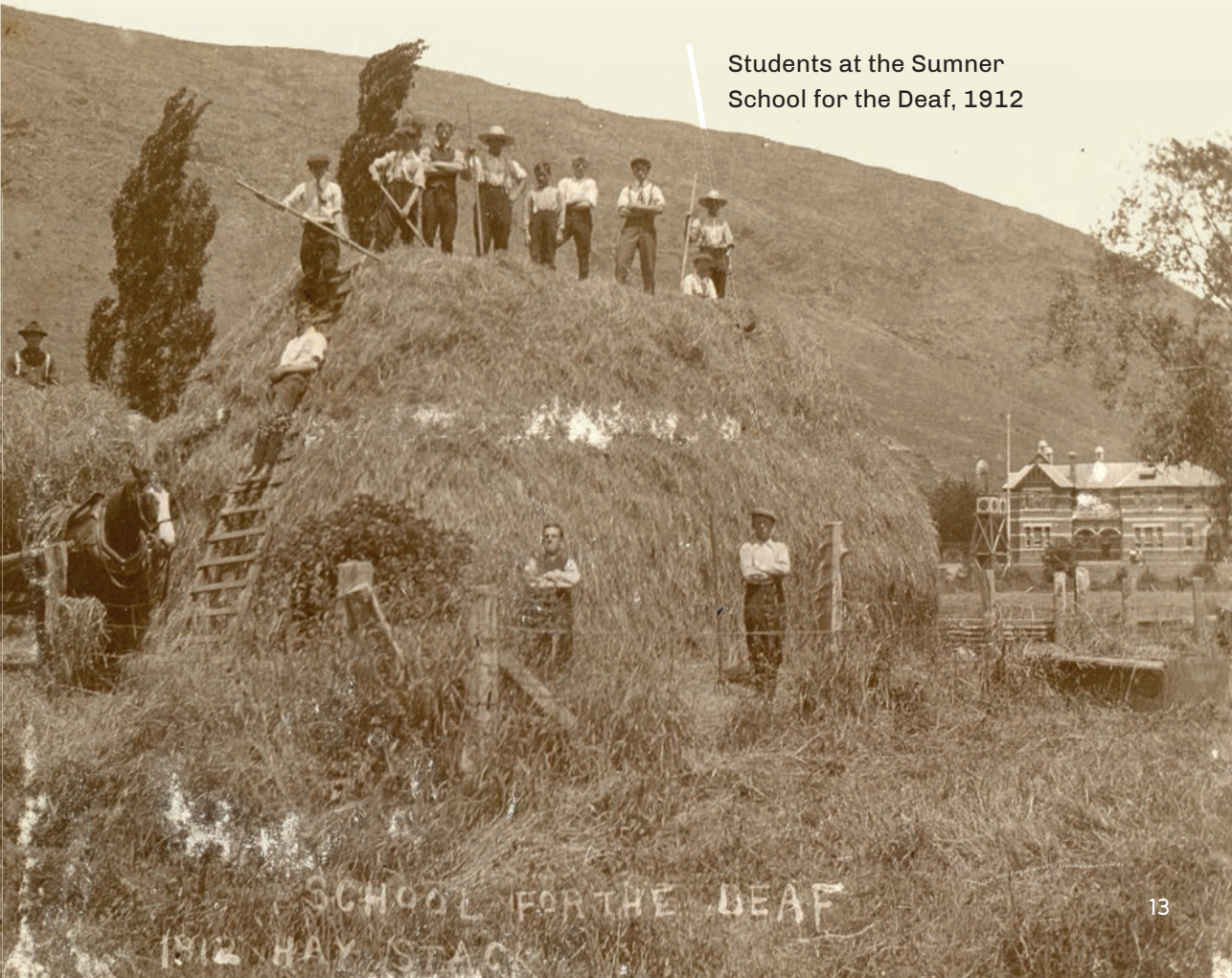
Gerrit van Asch with a group of students



Living and Learning at Sumner

Children travelled from all over New Zealand to live at the Sumner School for the Deaf (the school was renamed this in 1907). The students – some as young as three – went home only for a few weeks at Christmas. This might seem strange now, but it was seen as a chance for deaf children to be together. Before they came to Sumner, some of the students had never met another deaf person.

Formal lessons were about learning to talk. The work was difficult and repetitive, and it required a huge amount of concentration – imagine making a sound you can't hear. Students would carefully watch their teacher's mouth to copy lip patterns, and they would feel for vibrations by placing a hand on their teacher's throat. They also spent a lot of time learning breath control.



Students at the Sumner School for the Deaf, 1912

Students milking the school's cows

The school also made sure that the students gained practical skills. In the early years, boys were taught how to farm, and girls were taught how to do housework. All of the students worked in the school's gardens, milked the cows, and did the laundry. In later years, boys did woodwork and metalwork, and girls learnt to knit, sew, and cook. The school hoped this would help their students to get jobs after they graduated.

The Language That Wouldn't Be Silenced

Despite the ban on signing, the students continued to do it whenever they could. Janet Stokes, who now works at the school's museum, has been told lots of stories about this. "Signing was very underground," she says. "In the dormitories, where the kids slept, they would be signing like crazy. But when the matron came in, they would stop. At playtimes, lunchtimes, they were all signing. But in class … not a thing!"

In the late 1960s, ideas about deaf education started to change. New research showed that deaf students learnt better if they spoke and signed. Deaf people in New Zealand began to push hard for sign language to be part of our education system.

A class at the Sumner School for the Deaf in the 1960s

Many Sign Languages

Sign languages, like most languages, vary between countries. New Zealand Sign Language (NZSL) shares some signs with other sign languages, but many of its signs are used only here, including those for Māori words and concepts. NZSL also has regional variations. For example, the sign for the word "hospital" in Auckland is different from the one used in Christchurch.

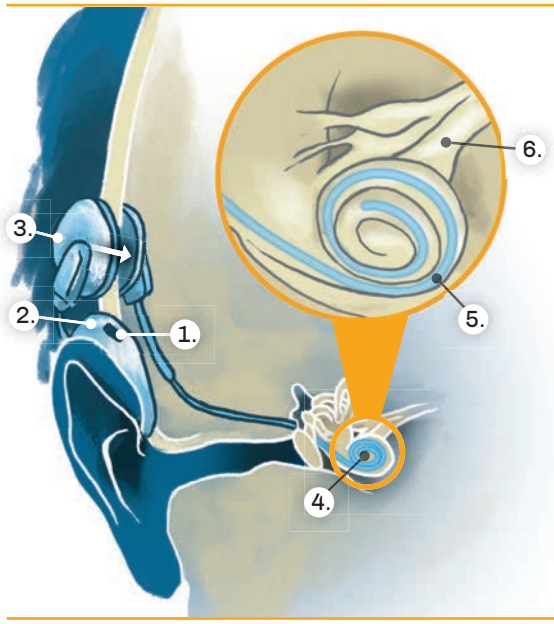
In 1979, Total Communication (TC) was introduced, a method that used formal signs, gestures, finger-spelling, body language, listening, lip-reading, and speech. TC was not the same as the sign language used today; it was more of a signed code for English. Some people found it clumsy and long-winded, and deaf people kept pushing for our own native sign language to be recognised. Finally, on 6 April 2006, the New Zealand Sign Language Act came into effect, and NZSL became an official language.

Deaf Technology

Technology has meant some big changes for the Deaf, especially digital technology. Texting, video phones, and applications that allow online video chatting have made it much easier to communicate. New Zealand also has a telephone system called Relay, which allows the Deaf to hold conversations with the hearing (the deaf person types or signs into a device, and a sign-language interpreter verbally passes the message on).

Students using a group hearing aid in 1936

These days, hearing aids are small enough to fit inside or behind the ear. But the first hearing aid to be used at the Sumner school needed its own room! Students used it as a group, wearing earpieces that plugged into a central transmitter. Janet Stokes recalls some older deaf people saying that it sometimes gave electric shocks. No surprise it wasn't popular! The next development was hearing aids small enough to be carried on the body. Students wore earpieces that connected to a battery pack and amplifier, which were kept in a pocket or bag.



Cochlear Implant

1. The microphone receives sound.
2. The speech processor turns this sound into digital information.
3. The transmitter relays the information to the receiver (these are connected by magnets).
4. Electrical impulses are sent along the implant to electrodes.
5. The electrodes stimulate nerve cells inside the cochlea.
6. The auditory nerve sends signals to the brain, which interprets the signals as sound.

Cochlear implants are another important development. These hearing devices bypass damaged parts of the ear to directly stimulate the auditory nerve and send signals to the brain. Implants are different from hearing aids, which make sounds louder. Although cochlear implants are important tools for the Deaf, they don't restore perfect hearing, and background noise can be a challenge. They also work better for some people than for others.

Looking to the Future

Digital hearing aids, cochlear implants, chat applications – these things all mean that deaf people are better connected than ever before and they have better access to information. Everyday life has become easier.

But not all deaf people want to experience the world in the same way. They want to make the most of what new technology has to offer – but use it in their own way. Some deaf people are more visual. They like the way digital technology allows them to communicate online. Others like the way hearing devices and cochlear implants help them to connect with the hearing world. The most important thing is that deaf people have options. "That way," Janet says, "we're in control of our language and identity. And when this happens, we're more comfortable with ourselves."

Kilikiti

Try this one: eller-funny.
Eller-funny (pronunciation's not exactly right, but kinda close).
Eller-funny is Samoan for elephant,
and it's spelt like this: elefane.
But don't say it so it rhymes with aeroplane.
Remember: eller-funny
(not exactly right, but kinda close).

So, elefane (eller-funny) is Samoan for elephant,
which is funny 'cos there are no elephants in Sāmoa.
It's the English word first – elephant –
transliterated (Google that!) to Samoan. Elefane.
Funny, eh?

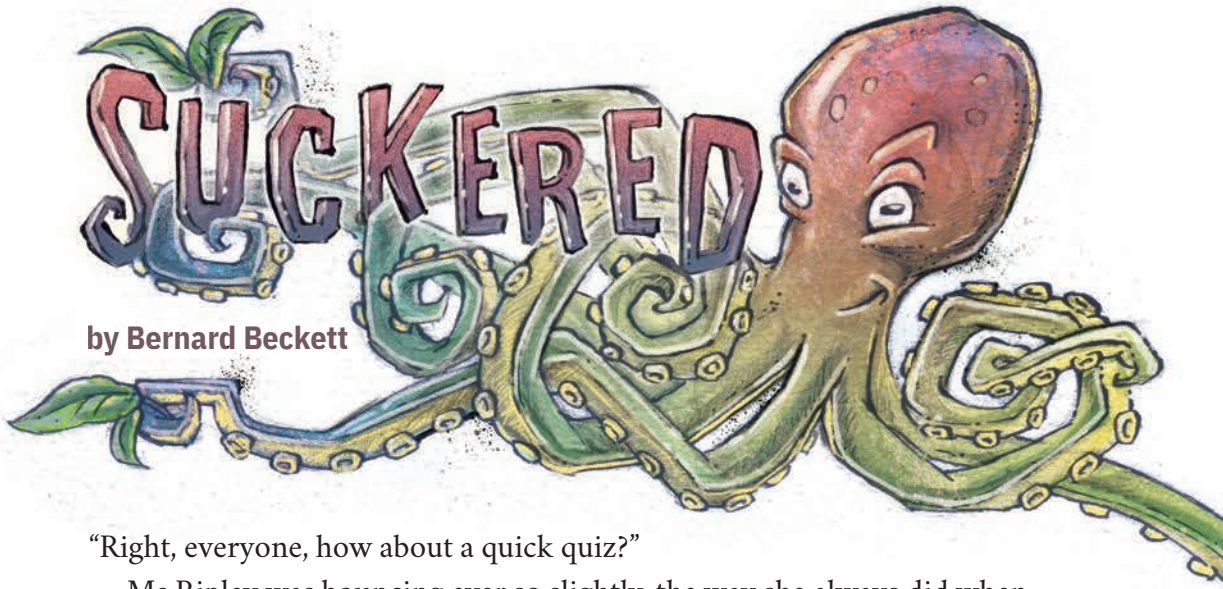
Then there's kilikiti.
Kee-lee-kee-tee (perfect – top marks this time).
Have a guess. What could it mean?
Ummm ... Kittycat? Kilometre? Kitchenette?
Nope!
Try cricket (the game, not the grasshopper).

Makes sense, right, if you repeat it:
cricket (kee-lee-kee-tee)
cricket (kee-lee-kee-tee)
cricket (kee-lee-kee-tee).
You can hear it, the transliteration
from English to Samoan.

(By the way, kilikiti is a bit different from cricket,
and it's way more fun.
It's like a party.
When someone gets a run, the whole team
does a dance, sings a song, has a laugh.
And everybody – even the nanas – plays.
Not just the dudes in white.)

Tusiata Avia


3
4



by Bernard Beckett

"Right, everyone, how about a quick quiz?"

Ms Ripley was bouncing ever so slightly, the way she always did when she had a good idea. Jason knew what was coming, and he looked across to Maia's table.

Maia's hand shot up. He was right. "Will this be for points?" she asked.

Ms Ripley had a points system. She rewarded her students for all kinds of reasons. (Last week, Ra had scored five for cleaning out the frog tank at lunchtime.) At the end of each term, the three students with the most points got to choose a book from the catalogue she kept in her top drawer. They were good books too, the kind that were always out from the library. Jason liked reading, but that wasn't the reason he liked getting points. His reason sat nearby, and right now, she was looking far too eager.

"Actually, Maia …" Ms Ripley's normal, uncomplicated smile tightened into a playful grin. "Today's quiz is worth triple points. How does that sound?"

"Awesome!" Maia replied.

Jason didn't bother to look again. He could picture the expression on Maia's face. He could picture it no trouble at all.

Jason had issues with Maia. She was smart – as smart as him, which was part of the problem. But mostly, it was the *way* she was smart. Jason hated her fake look of surprise whenever she beat him. And he hated the smug little smile that always came after, the one only he saw. Maia thought she was better than everyone at everything. Well, not today.

"To make things more interesting," Ms Ripley continued, "you'll compete as teams."

This was a twist. Already, Maia was whispering to her team-mates – no doubt explaining what she'd do if they lost. Jason looked round his own table. There was Ra, enthusiastic but easily distracted, and Dylan. He only cared about football. Dominic would have a go at everything but wouldn't mind when his answers were wrong. Maeve – the most reliable – was away.

Jason felt his optimism fade. Worse was to come.

Ms Ripley was looking at Maia's table. She did a quick calculation. "Megan, would you mind joining Tahi? Even the numbers up."

Jason barely suppressed a groan. Megan was brainy, but she was the most stressed-out kid he'd ever met. She was bound to freeze up. She'd be no help.

Maia caught his eye, then quickly looked away. Definitely she was hiding one of her smiles.

"You'll see the addresses for three websites on the board," Ms Ripley continued. "Each one is about the same animal: the North American tree octopus. It will be new to most of you. You have ten minutes to learn as much as you can. Take notes. Go!"

Jason took control.

"Ra, you read the first site, Dylan the second, Dominic the third. I'll read all three." He knew that's what Maia would be doing.

"What about me?" Megan asked.

"Whatever. You decide," Jason said. He was being mean but didn't care. There was no time.

Jason had never heard of the tree octopus, but this made the information easier to remember. It was interesting. Tree octopuses didn't live their whole lives in trees (they were born in water), and they only lived in one kind of tree. It had huge, bowl-shaped leaves that collected water. The octopuses used this water like a paddling pool to keep from drying out. The second website said the tree octopus was endangered. The trees it liked were being cut down for wood – "timber" the author called it.

Jason stored it all away, fact after fact. He reached the end of the third website just as Ms Ripley signalled time.

"Last group to pack up loses a point … Tahi, that's you. Dylan, device away, please." Jason shot Dylan his most evil stare.

"Question one. First hand up, remember, but I can ask anyone in the group. Now, on which continent –"

A forest of hands reached desperately for the sky.

"Maia, your hand was first. Tavita, the answer?"

Tavita looked relaxed, and Jason's heart sank. A bad start.

"North America," Tavita said.

"Correct. Two points to Ono," said Ms Ripley, plunging on. "The tree octopus is amphibious. Meaning?"

The questions came thick and fast. Jason's approach – insisting they huddle together so he could whisper the answer as his hand shot up – was a master stroke. Other teams dropped away, but not his. And sadly not Maia's. At the last question, they were tied, twelve points each.

This was it, Jason told himself. He felt a surge of confidence. They were going to win. He could feel it.

"OK," said Ms Ripley. "Hands ready. What's the most common cause of death for a female –"

In his excitement, Jason forgot to whisper the answer. He caught the blur of Maia's hand, waving madly, synchronised with his own.

"Close. Very close. I'm going to say … Tahi."

"Oh, come *on*!" Maia protested.

Ms Ripley ignored her. "And to answer the question, I'm thinking …"

Jason closed his eyes. He couldn't bear to watch.

"Megan, please."

Megan stood very, very slowly. Her bottom lip trembled. A film of water slid over her eyes.

"Would you like me to repeat the question?" Ms Ripley asked.

Megan nodded miserably.

"What is the most common cause of death for a female tree octopus?"

Megan's mouth opened. She knew the answer, Jason was sure – but nothing came.

"Sorry, Megan. That's one point off. Ono are our champions."

Jason wanted to say something to Megan – something dark and mean – but he didn't trust his voice just then. And he didn't trust himself not to start crying. Maia was exchanging noisy high-fives with her team-mates.

But Ms Ripley wasn't finished. "And now the bonus question," she said.

Maia's face fell. "You never said there was a bonus question!"

"No, I didn't, did I?" Ms Ripley replied cheerily. Something was up. "But there has to be a bonus question – I've been giving points to incorrect answers, and we can't have that."

"No, we can't," thought Jason. "We definitely can't."

"The bonus question," Ms Ripley said, "worth five points: Which incorrect answers did I give points to, and why were they incorrect?"

No hands went up. In fact, nobody moved. Jason racked his brain, but nothing came. In desperation he looked to Maia, but she was stumped, too. Finally, a hand moved slowly, tentatively, in the air.

"Megan. Excellent," Ms Ripley said. "You should be given the chance to answer again. E tū."

Megan stood. Her eyes darted about, looking for a place to safely settle. Her voice, when it came, was small. "Um, I think that …"

"What?" Jason thought. "Hurry up! What did she think?"

"I think *all* the answers, except what amphibious means, were incorrect."

"Yes." Ms Ripley nodded. Small sounds of puzzlement popped and fizzled around the room. "And why were they incorrect?"

"Because the sites you sent us to are fake. The tree octopus isn't real."

"Quite right. Tree octopus indeed! So what's the lesson?"

Hoax websites. Ms Ripley had mentioned them last week. She liked introducing new ideas with a bang.

So Jason had won, and Maia hadn't … but it didn't feel nearly as great as he'd imagined. In fact, it felt like the opposite.

He looked back to the board, where the title of the afternoon's lesson was written in large black letters: Tree octopus – the ultimate sucker!

illustrations by Kieran Rynhart

Fly Me Up

by Catharina van Bohemen

Tiffany Singh is a social-practice artist. The word “artist” might make you imagine someone with a brush and an easel, alone in their studio. If that artist is lucky – and they’re good – a gallery will hold an exhibition of their work. Art-lovers will come and buy it. Some of the paintings might even end up in a museum.

But a social-practice artist has a very different way of working.

Big Things

Tiffany doesn't usually make art to sell. And she doesn't work alone. Her art is about collaborating with others: school children, new New Zealanders, people with a common interest. Often this art takes the form of an installation – something big that makes people take notice; something big that suits big ideas.

Tiffany likes to draw attention to social issues. Her art asks questions. What's it like to be poor and live in a cold house? What's it like to arrive in a new country and not speak the language? If her art affects enough people, it might even lead to change. For Tiffany, this is what being a social-practice artist is all about.

Fifteen Thousand Flags

Fly Me Up To Where You Are is the name of one of Tiffany's biggest projects. It involves over fifteen thousand flags. The project began in schools in South Auckland, where Tiffany encouraged students to think about their future. What did they want for themselves, their families, their communities, their world? Then the students made flags and painted words or symbols to express these hopes. During the Auckland Arts Festival in 2013, the flags hung in Aotea Square – a joyful, jostling reminder that the city was full of young people who wanted a peaceful, co-operative world.

A year later, Tiffany worked with children in Christchurch. Their lives had been turned upside down by the earthquakes. Five thousand new flags were hung near the city council and Earthquake Commission buildings. The flags reminded adults what children wanted for the rebuild of their city. They gave children a voice.

In its early stages, the flag project surprised Tiffany. "I thought more kids would talk about wanting to be astronauts or explorers," she says. "But many simply wrote, 'I want to be warm' or 'I wish my family would stay together'." One eight-year-old boy asked Tiffany what hope was. A seven-year-old girl said that making her flag had been the best day of her life.

In Porirua, Tiffany asked high school students to imagine how they could make a difference to their community. The students were interested in big, universal ideals: peace, the sharing of resources, an acceptance of diversity. Things that involve all of us.

Close to the Spirits

The idea for the flag project began when Tiffany travelled to India and Nepal. She planned to go for three months but stayed three years! In India, Tiffany worked with all kinds of people. She worked with children to paint the slums – that's when she discovered the importance of colour in everyday life. She helped craft workers to form collectives so they'd be better paid – that's when she learnt the power of the group.

While Tiffany was in India, there was heavy rain, and a dam collapsed. Thousands of people lost their homes, and Tiffany worked for an agency that helped them. "Families had lost everything; they had nowhere to go," she remembers, "but I could leave anytime I wanted."

This difference had a big impact on Tiffany. "It really messed with me," she says. Tiffany spent time at a Buddhist monastery in Nepal. Here, she was taught to treasure teaching, meditation, and service to others. "I learnt that life is cyclical. There is not one lifetime but many. I learnt to take responsibility for my own life and to practise loving kindness for the benefit of others."

While she was in Nepal – where around 10 percent of the population is Buddhist – Tiffany saw prayer flags fluttering beneath the Himalayas. Local people believe these mountains are close to the spirits. "Each flag was like a person's dreams and wishes released directly to the gods," Tiffany says. Back home, thinking about the Auckland Festival, Tiffany remembered those prayer flags in Nepal. She also remembered the children who'd painted the slums. "How good would it be," she thought, "if Auckland children could make flags of their own?"

Choli and Siapo

Until she went to India, Tiffany didn't think much about having an Indian grandfather (this is her father's father). At first, the colour and crowds in India overwhelmed her, but then she began to dress like the local women. And although she couldn't speak any of the local languages, gradually Tiffany blended in. When people learnt about her grandfather, they said, "You are Indian, too!"

Tiffany thought, "Yes, I am. I'd never realised that."

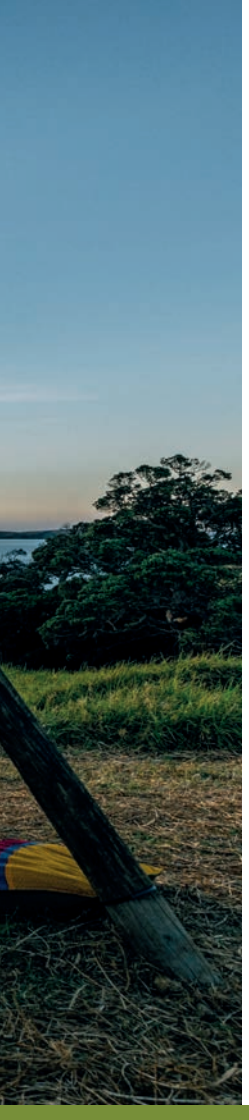
If you go to Tiffany's website, the first thing you'll notice is her photograph. She's wearing a purple sari. Look at the short, fitted bodice (called a choli) beneath her sari. You might recognise the patterns. They're similar to the ones on siapo, the traditional bark-cloth of Sāmoa. Tiffany's father is also part-Samoan, although Tiffany grew up in Auckland with her Pākehā mother.

In 2011, Tiffany went to Sāmoa, where she worked with local people to transform a rubbish dump into a peace garden. Landscaping students created the garden's design, filling it with medicinal plants that are indigenous to Sāmoa. Textile students made fabric flowers and prayer flags to thread through the trees. Performing arts students sang and danced, and everyone wrote a peace poem to bless the garden. For a brief time, the space became what Tiffany calls "a living theatre". But really, she wanted the garden to be a place where people could go to be quiet and reflect.

Where Is Home?

In 2016, back in New Zealand, Tiffany began work on a new project – an installation on Waiheke Island. This time, she collaborated with people from the Auckland Resettled Community Coalition. "Too often, resettled people are talked about in a narrow way," Tiffany says. "We wanted to share the stories of new New Zealanders to show how they make our country more complete."

The Journey of a Million Miles Begins with One Step was made from five abandoned dinghies, arranged upright, with tiny origami boats on their hulls. These smaller boats represented the journeys we – or our ancestors – all made to Aotearoa. "The boats were gold," Tiffany says, "because gold lifts



your spirits and draws you forward." Tiffany also used music to encourage people to enter the installation. Some of this music was sad, some more hopeful – to reflect the mixed feelings of new arrivals.

Once underneath a dinghy, people sat and listened to stories about migration, read by well-known New Zealanders. People from the resettled community wanted their experiences to become New Zealand stories – ones that we could all relate to. "Once someone with a refugee background is accepted into this country, they're no longer a refugee," Tiffany says. "They become a citizen of Aotearoa. This was an important part of our message."

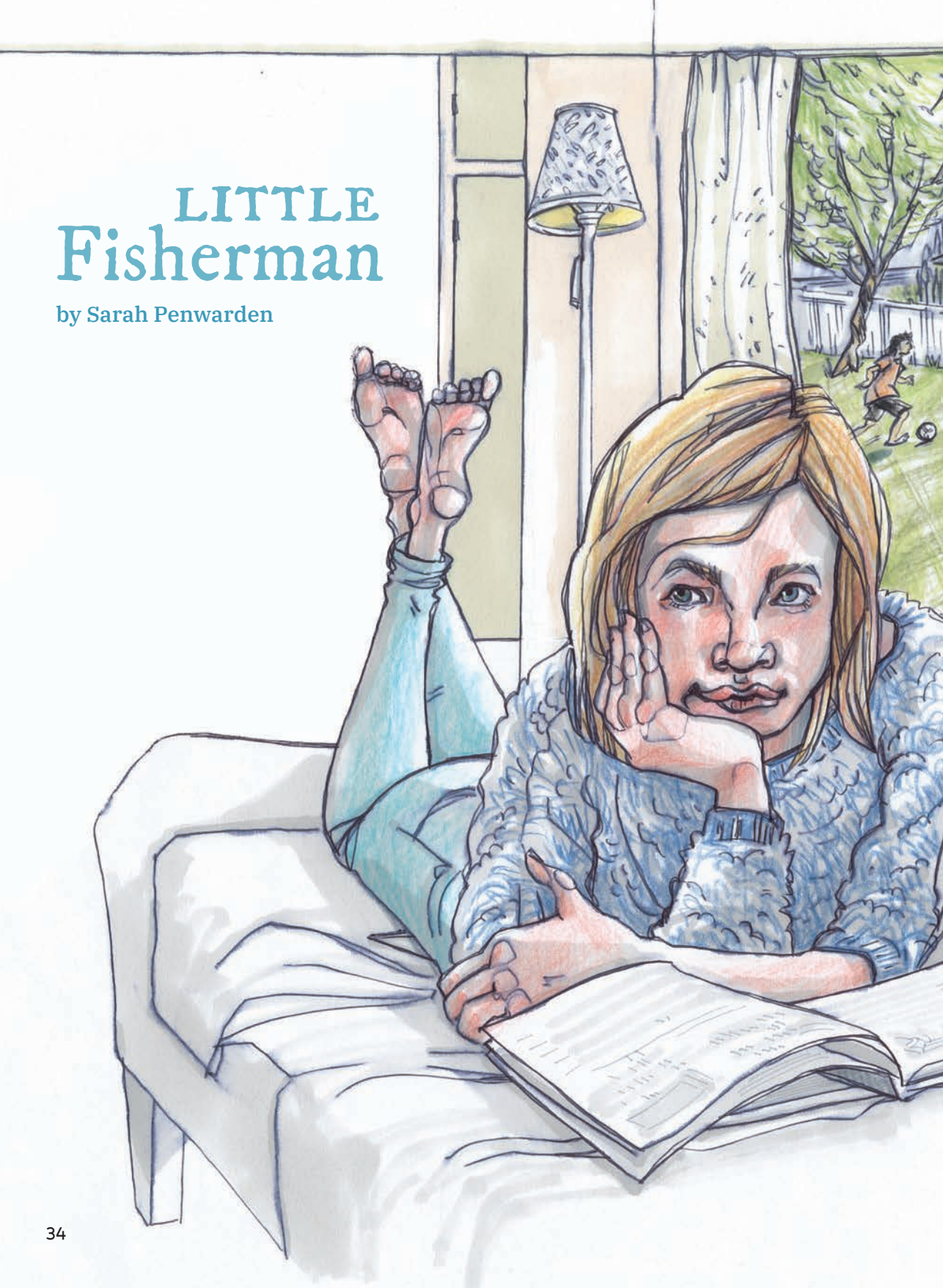
Another Journey

One day soon, Tiffany hopes the *Fly Me Up* flags will start their final journey. She'd like to take them to India as a kind of peace offering from the students of Aotearoa. "I imagine our flags, alongside countless others, tossed about by the high winds of the Himalayas."

Tiffany and her family have now left New Zealand. They may not come back. Tiffany's husband is English, and they both want their children to experience making a new home in a new country. Tiffany is also making the most of new opportunities for herself, studying social-practice art in England. Who knows what will come next?

LITTLE Fisherman

by Sarah Penwarden



It isn't that Haylee hates them. She just likes it better when they're not there: Tom and Tyler, Dayne's boys. They're not exactly her stepbrothers, but close enough. Her mum always says they're a family now.

It happened so fast, Dayne and her mum getting together. They'd met at Aunty Simone's birthday – she worked with Dayne at the panel beaters. Dayne was funny. Aunty Simone couldn't believe he was single. Later, she told Haylee he'd be great for her mum. Even Haylee could see they were a good match.

They'd started going out straight away. Dayne would come over for dinner and kiss Mum right in front of her. Then he'd stay weekends. Finally he moved in. Now he clomps round the house in his work boots, making jokes and leaving clothes that smell of car oil on the floor. Haylee might have been OK with this … but then there were his boys.

At first, she'd thought Tom and Tyler were twins. They had brown hair, cut short at the sides and long at the back, and they were the same size even though Tom was twelve and Tyler was ten. They both had Dayne's nose, and they talked like Dayne, too – when they talked. Mostly, they just whispered to each other and kicked their football.

It isn't something Haylee can talk to her mum about. She understands most things – but not this. Besides, it wouldn't be fair. Her mum's happy, and that's good. The only person Haylee can complain to is Tara, her best friend. "I'm lucky they don't go to Riverhead Primary," Haylee had said. "Tyler would be in my class. Imagine that. Yuck!" She'd made a scream with her face, and Tara had laughed.

Haylee knows something is up when Mum's wish-washy about their holiday plans. She finally resorts to some direct questions.

"Are we going to Grandma and Grandad's after Christmas?" she asks.

"Yes, but …" Mum takes a deep breath. "Dayne's got the bach over new year, so we're going there for a few days first. Dayne's brother Pete will be there … and the boys of course."

"The boys!" Haylee's eyebrows pull together in a tight frown. "The boys will be at the bach?"

"Haylee!" Mum says. "They're Dayne's sons. He doesn't see them that often. And the boys are looking forward to being with their dad – and their uncle. Some quality boy time, you know."

Haylee tries to take all this in. "So, they'll be off fishing? We won't see much of them during the day?"

"That's right," Mum says.

The bach is small. Haylee and the boys share the bunk room while Dayne and Mum take the front room. But the lounge is big and sunny, and the view through the ranchslider is really something. There's a smooth beach of golden sand, where tiny waves ripple and gently break, and each end of the bay is framed by flowering pōhutukawa. It's postcard perfect. Every morning, after the boys go off in Pete's boat, Haylee sits on the deck and reads in peace.

"Don't forget to try something else, eh," Dayne advises one afternoon. He's gutting fish – eight gurnard and three big snapper – and he's pleased. No sausages tonight. Mum hovers with a plate and admires the big catch. "It's beaut out there," Dayne continues, nodding towards the sea. "You can't spend all holiday with your nose in a book."

"I can," Haylee says. She's done it before.

Mum nods, but it's not Haylee she's agreeing with. "Why not go fishing with Dayne tomorrow? Who knows, you might like it!"

Dayne scratches the back of his head. He looks shifty. "Well, it's mainly a guy thing …" Dayne meets Mum's eye and trails off. He rubs the back of his neck. "Sure. Haylee can come if she likes. She can borrow Tyler's spare rod."

When Tyler hears this, a frown crosses his face. “She’ll need to look after it.”

“Of course she will,” Mum says. She looks at Haylee. “So you’ll go?”

Haylee’s not caught anything in her life, never hunted or gone fishing. What will it be like, a whole day on the boat with Dayne and the boys?

“You don’t have to go,” Tyler says. “Most girls don’t like fishing.”

Haylee’s heard this kind of stuff a lot lately. She’s getting sick of it. They need to stop. “No. I’ll come,” she says.

Tyler and Tom shoot each other worried looks.

“That’s settled then,” Dayne says. “Good.” He smiles. “Right, let’s get this barbecue going.”

They leave early. The sea is dead flat. Haylee has to hold on to her cap as they zip across the water. Spray hits her face – they're really flying. It's so much fun, she never thought they'd go this fast. The boys are grinning, too. Obviously this is the best part.

It takes half an hour to reach Rangitoto. Pete anchors the boat off the island, and Tyler and Tom get out their rods. "There you go, love," Dayne says, passing Haylee the spare. "Watch out for the hook."

He shows her how to cast, then encourages Haylee to try for herself. She has a few goes – it seems easy enough, though she has to remember to flip the bail. She finds a spot next to Pete, casts out, and settles in to wait.

Then it comes. Total peace. There's just the ocean as far as they can see, the dusty trees of Rangitoto, the ferries crossing back and forth, the white yachts with sails like hankies. It's still, calm, quiet. No one speaks for a long time. Finally there's a tug on Haylee's line. It's just a little one at first, then bigger, until the line starts twitching.

"Hang on!" Dayne calls, leaping up. Haylee clamps her hands round the rod and holds as tight as she can. The thing on the end fights and fights.

"Reel it in slowly!" Dayne says, leaning over her shoulder.

She winds the reel just like he says, slowly, slowly, and all of a sudden, right in front of them, a silver-red fish leaps into the air. It's big and beautiful, and Haylee lands it all on her own.

Dayne can't stop talking when they get back to the bach. "Look at this!" he says to Haylee's mum, opening the cooler and taking out Haylee's fish. "A 5-kilo snapper!"

"Good on you, Dayne."

"It wasn't me who caught it – it was Haylee."

Mum looks amazed. "Haylee!"

"She's a natural," Dayne says, grinning. "A great little fisherman."

Haylee grins back. She lets that one pass.

"All that time reading books," Dayne says. "Who'd have thought! She's as good as the boys." There's real pride in his voice.

This time, Haylee groans. She looks over at Tyler. The corners of his mouth are turned up in an amused smile.

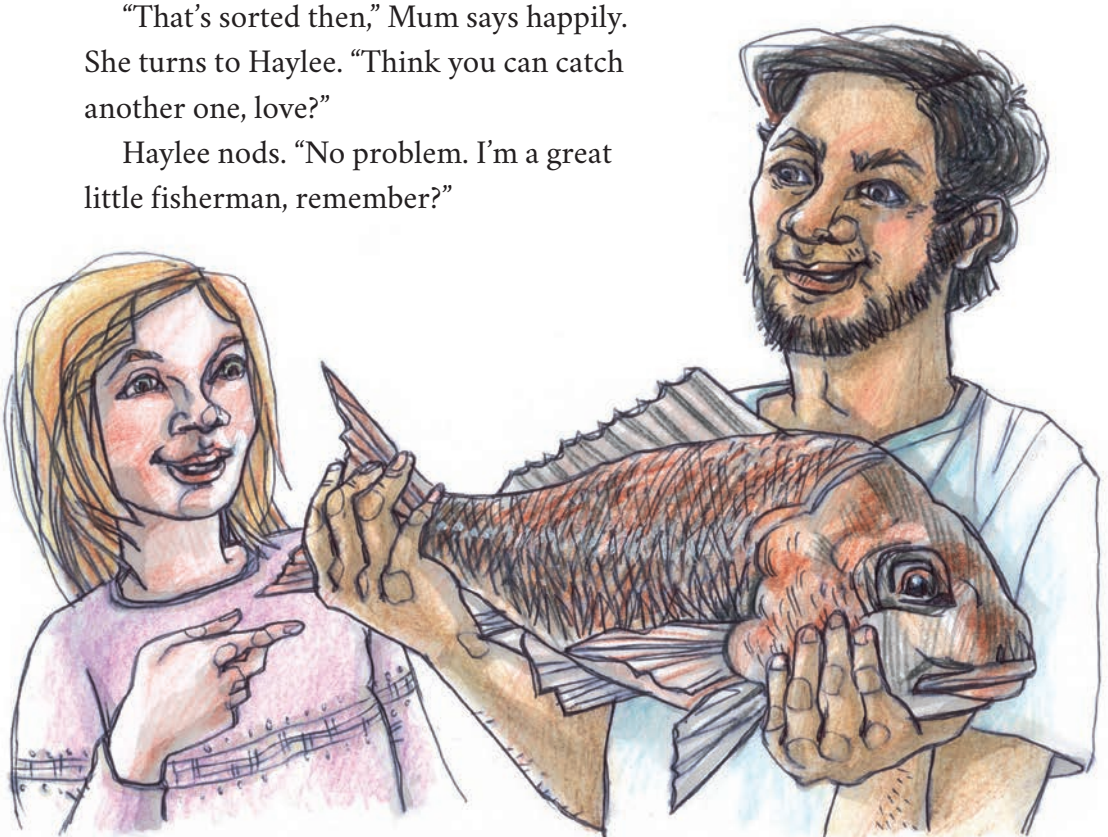
"Dayne," Mum says sharply. "Of course she's as good as them! How about I come next time, too. We could have a fishing competition."

Dayne laughs when he sees the boys' faces. "We might have to borrow another rod," he says, "but you're on."

"Haylee can use my spare again," Tyler offers.

"That's sorted then," Mum says happily. She turns to Haylee. "Think you can catch another one, love?"

Haylee nods. "No problem. I'm a great little fisherman, remember?"



illustrations by Caroline della Porta

Hine-o-te-Rangi

The Adventures of Jean Batten

by Bronwen Wall

1928 was an exciting year in the world of flying. The newspapers went crazy when Bert Hinkler made the first solo flight from England to Australia. They went crazy again when Charles Kingsford Smith flew 11,500 kilometres across the Pacific, from the United States to Australia – also a first. He set another record a few months later when he successfully flew across the Tasman.

Learning to Fly

Back in New Zealand, an eighteen-year-old named Jean Batten avidly followed this news. In these thrilling times, she had a dream. She wanted to become the first woman to fly alone from England to New Zealand. So in 1930, the year she turned twenty, Jean travelled to England to learn how to fly.

At the London Aeroplane Club, some of the other trainee pilots didn't think Jean would cut it. She was slow to learn. But Jean knew what she wanted, and as she said, it was "quite useless to … dampen my enthusiasm in any way". By December – seven months after Amy Johnson became the first woman to fly solo from England to Australia – Jean had her private pilot's licence. She began training for the next stage. This meant learning about cross-country navigation, meteorology, and aeroplane mechanics. Two years later, Jean qualified as a professional pilot.

The Try-again Girl

Spurred on by Johnson's success, Jean began planning her own flight to Australia. She was bold and focused, and within a few months of becoming a professional pilot, she'd found a way to buy her first plane: a Gipsy Moth. On her first attempt to reach Darwin, in April 1933, Jean was caught in sandstorms over Syria and Iraq. Her plane went into a spin, and she recovered just in time – though she had to spend the night alone in the desert, sleeping beside her plane.

I was horrified to see what looked like a wall of sand overtaking me. I put the nose down and tried to outrace it.

Two days later, Jean flew into another sandstorm over Pakistan, and she crash-landed in a field near Karachi. She escaped with no injuries, but her plane was wrecked. Undaunted, she returned to England to find a new one.

A year later, in a second Gipsy Moth bought for her by an oil company, Jean tried again. This time, she ran out of fuel over Italy and had to make an emergency landing in the dark in the middle of Rome. Somehow, she managed to find a tiny patch of clear ground where she could land. Jean had her damaged plane repaired and flew back to England to start again. Two days later, on 8 May 1934, she set out a third time. She finally reached Darwin in fourteen days, twenty-two hours, and thirty minutes – bettering Amy Johnson's time by over four days! The journey had required twenty-five landings and take-offs.

Jean became world famous because of this new record. In Australia, huge crowds gathered to catch sight of her, and she received a flood of fan mail – over a hundred letters a day. After a month in Australia, Jean toured New Zealand. Her arrival in Auckland brought trams and traffic to a standstill. People wondered what this incredible twenty-four-year-old would try next. The following April, Jean flew back to England. This made her the first woman to fly herself from England to Australia and back again.

Greeting the crowd in Sydney after breaking Amy Johnson's record

The Longest Journey

Jean bought a new plane, a Percival Gull. This was faster and more comfortable than her Gipsy Moth. In 1935, she used her Gull to fly from England to Brazil, becoming the first woman pilot to cross the South Atlantic. The 8,000-kilometre flight took just over two and a half days. Again, "Jeanius" made the headlines.

In October 1936, Jean embarked on her dream journey – the longest by far: almost 22,000 kilometres from England to New Zealand. Jean's route took her across Europe, then over India and Indonesia to Australia. She reached Darwin in record time – a whole day faster than the record holder, Jimmy Broadbent.

Jean rested in Sydney before attempting the final leg to New Zealand. This meant crossing the Tasman Sea, a tricky stretch of water known for wild and stormy weather. Many people urged Jean not to attempt the flight. It was too far and too dangerous – she would be lost at sea. Before leaving Sydney, Jean announced that if she disappeared, no one was to search for her plane.

If I go down in the sea, no one must fly out to look for me.

TOP: Jean and her Percival Gull – luxury compared with the Gipsy Moth

BOTTOM: Jean and her black kitten, Buddy, given to her for luck

Moths AND Gulls

Jean's first two planes were **De Havilland Gipsy Moths**, which travelled at a speed of 130 kilometres an hour. The moths had a range of 1,290 kilometres – the distance Jean could fly before running out of petrol.

LANDMARK FLIGHT DETAILS

- England to Australia (May 1934)
- Return flight to England (April 1935)
- England to Brazil (November 1935)
- England to New Zealand (October 1936)

Jean's third plane was a **Percival Gull Six**. It was nearly twice as fast as a Gipsy Moth (240 kilometres an hour) and could carry a lot more fuel. Depending on the weather, the Gull had a range of up to 3,220 kilometres.

Jean Batten

BORN: Rotorua, New Zealand, 15 September 1909

DIED: Majorca, Spain, 22 November 1982

When Jean flew her Gipsy Moth, she wore a leather helmet and goggles to protect her face. A thick flying suit and fur gloves kept her warm. When it was hot, she wore a cotton flying suit.

Ups and Downs

A few people did consider Jean foolhardy, but she took her flying very seriously. To be the best, she had to stay as fit as possible. "I trained systematically …," she explained, "skipping, running, swimming, walking, and horse riding."
But even a well-prepared pilot finds it difficult flying alone. In the air, Jean was kept busy plotting her course, checking her position against maps, writing in the flight log, and pumping petrol into the tanks (a job that wasn't necessary in the Gull, which had electric fuel pumps). She had to keep herself fuelled, too. It was hard to eat and drink while flying, especially when the plane hit an air pocket.

Jean also had to be resilient. She experienced disappointment and expense when she crashed and wrecked her planes. At times, she was scared, and she suffered from the hours of isolation. "When I had been over the sea for about two hours, I experienced a terrible loneliness – my only company (if they can be called such) were the four flames from the stubb-exhaust pipes of my engine and the purr of the engine itself."

At the same time, Jean saw extraordinary things: the night sky "encrusted with stars", the moon "coating my plane with its ghost-like rays". She flew across brilliant blue skies with the sun blazing down. She flew through rainbows and rain clouds and sandstorms.

Maiden of the Skies

Jean wanted to explore the world, and she wanted to break records. She longed to fly faster and further than anyone else. She also wanted to show people that an aeroplane could take them to places they'd never thought possible. Plus she had a secret wish. She wanted her achievements to draw the world together. "I hoped that, in some small way, by my flight, I had perhaps been able to strengthen the great bonds of friendship …" she wrote in her memoir.

It was a time of great possibility, and the public was eager for news of Jean and her adventures. When she finally reached New Zealand – her greatest adventure of all – on 16 October 1936, the crowd waiting at Māngere aerodrome broke through the barrier and surrounded her plane. In her hometown of Rotorua, a few months later, she was honoured by Te Arawa with a feather cloak and the title Hine-o-te-Rangi: Maiden of the Skies.

Jean in Rotorua, being greeted by Guide Bella

Anyone's to Explore

Jean's epic journey from England to New Zealand took just over eleven days, with twenty-four landings and take-offs. She'd had little sleep and was physically and mentally exhausted. Instead of a celebration tour, like she'd planned, Jean had a much-needed rest at Franz Josef.

The following February, Jean flew back to Australia. A few months later, she returned to England, setting another record with her time of five days, eighteen hours. She continued to make small flights around Europe, but not long-distance ones, and she would never hit the headlines again. Perhaps she didn't mind. The times were changing. Soon bigger, faster, safer planes were being made. These could carry people together all around the globe. As Amy Johnson put it: "Our job is done. Record breakers are wanted no more."

Every flyer who ventures across oceans to distant lands is a potential explorer.

Besides, Jean Batten had achieved her lifetime's dream. She'd proven to the world that the sky was hers – and anyone's – for the taking.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Editor: Susan Paris
Designer: Simon Waterfield
Literacy Consultant: Melanie Winthrop
Consulting Editors: Hōne Apanui and Emeli Sione

The New Zealand Curriculum
LEVEL 3
SCHOOL JOURNAL
NOVEMBER 2018

Go to www.schooljournal.tki.org.nz

for PDFs of all the texts in this issue of the *School Journal* as well as teacher support material (TSM) for the following:

	TSM
Dangerous Games	✓
Fly Me Up	✓
Listening Eyes, Speaking Hands: The Story of Deaf Education in New Zealand	✓

ISBN 978-1-77669-452-5
9 781776 694525

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION
TE TĀHUHU O TE MĀTAURANGA

New Zealand Government