



SCHOOL JOURNAL

NOVEMBER
2020



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Orca – The World’s Largest Dolphin	4
The Kōrero of the Waka	4
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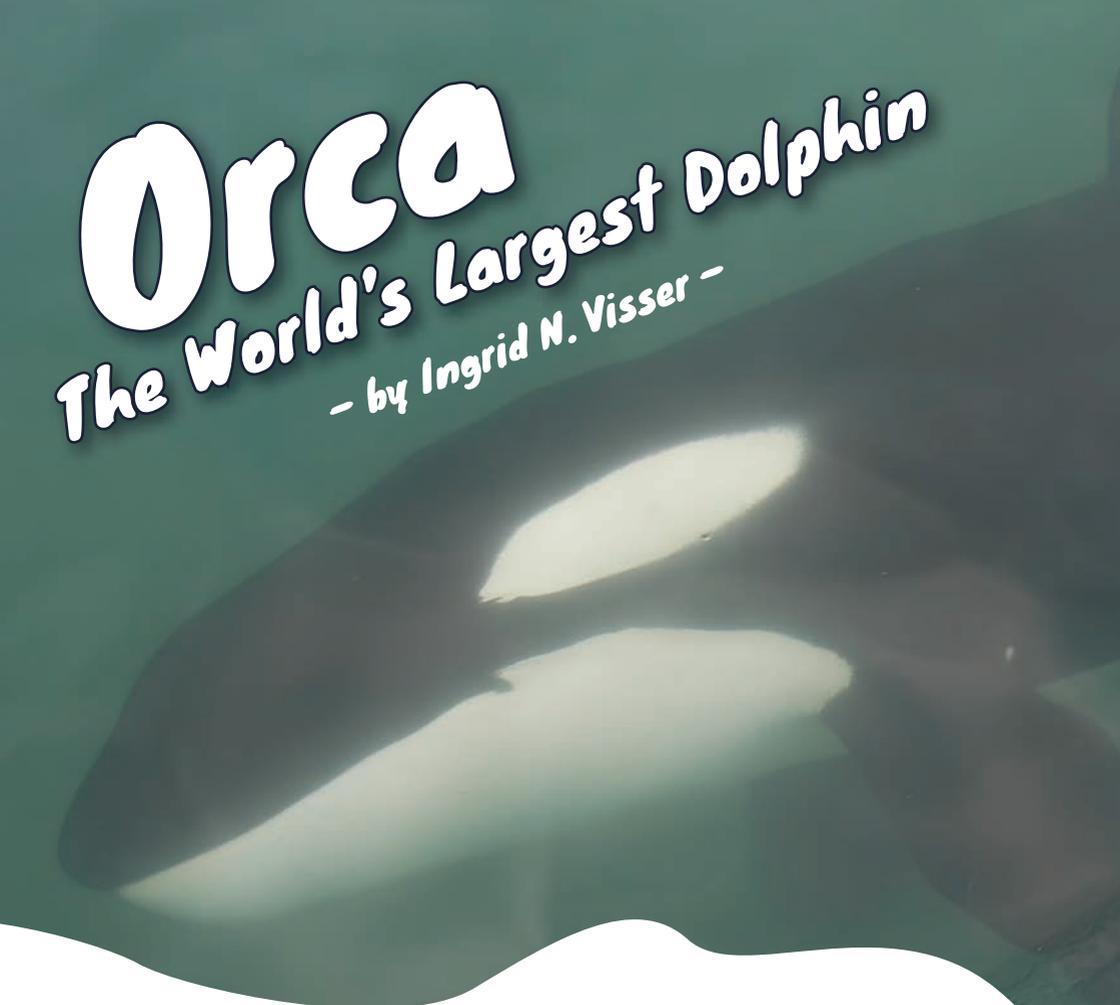
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Orca

The World's Largest Dolphin

– by Ingrid N. Visser –



When people think of dolphins, they often picture the bottlenose dolphin or the common dolphin. But there are many other kinds of dolphins. One of these is the orca – the world's largest dolphin.

Orca are found in all the oceans of the world, but not all orca are the same. They live in extended family groups, and each group has its own **culture**. This includes the way its members hunt, what they feed on, where they travel, their **dialect**, and the way they live together. Adult orca teach these skills to their young.



Killer whales

Orca are known by a number of other names. Some people call them killer whales – but not because they think orca are whales. It's because orca are the “killer of whales”. They hunt blue whales (the largest whales in the world) and other kinds of whales as well. In the wild, orca have never been known to harm people.

In te reo Māori, orca are known as maki or kākahi. The scientific name for orca is *Orcinus orca* (pronounced *Or-sigh-nus or-ka*).

I've been researching orca around New Zealand for many years. I take photographs of every orca I see so that I can build up a **catalogue** of individuals. Each orca looks different. I record when and where I see each one. I also make a note of any other orca that are with it. This helps me to monitor their movements. I've discovered that there are fewer than two hundred orca living around our coastline. Some of them stay around the North Island, some around the South Island, and others move around the whole country.



Rudie (NZ24)



Astrid (NZ32)



Pickle (NZ133)



.....
A pod of orca swimming
.....



If we know where orca travel, it helps us to understand which parts of our coastline are important to them and where we need to protect their **habitat**.

I've learnt that New Zealand orca use our harbours to hunt, sleep, play, and give birth to their young. For orca to survive, these harbours need to be clean and as natural as possible.

Unfortunately, each year many orca are hit and badly injured by boats. It's important that boat owners drive responsibly around them. This means not going too fast and not getting too close. Orca need to be given space to live their lives.

Ben (NZ101)





Around the world, orca feed on a variety of **prey**. In Antarctic waters, they hunt for penguins, seals, and fish. Around New Zealand, our orca eat at least seven species of shark and four species of ray. When hunting sharks, orca have to be very careful that the sharks don't bite them! Sometimes an orca will use its tail to hit the shark to stun it and slow it down.

When hunting rays, orca can come in very close to the shore. Sometimes they become stuck on the beach. If this happens, they often need help to get back into the water. I've helped to rescue many orca that were **stranded**. On occasions, I've heard them calling for their families. Some orca that have been rescued have been spotted alive and well years later. I feel good knowing I was able to help save them.

Orca watching

If you are on the coast, look out for orca. Now and then, they come in very near to shore. If you are on a boat, remind the driver not to get closer than 50 metres to an orca and not to go fast. The boat might run over the orca and hurt it. If you see a stranded orca or spot one around the coast, call 0800 SEE ORCA (0800 733 6722).



Glossary

catalogue: a list of items arranged in a certain order

culture: the ideas, customs, and behaviour of a particular group or society (including animals)

dialect: a variety of a language that is used by a particular group

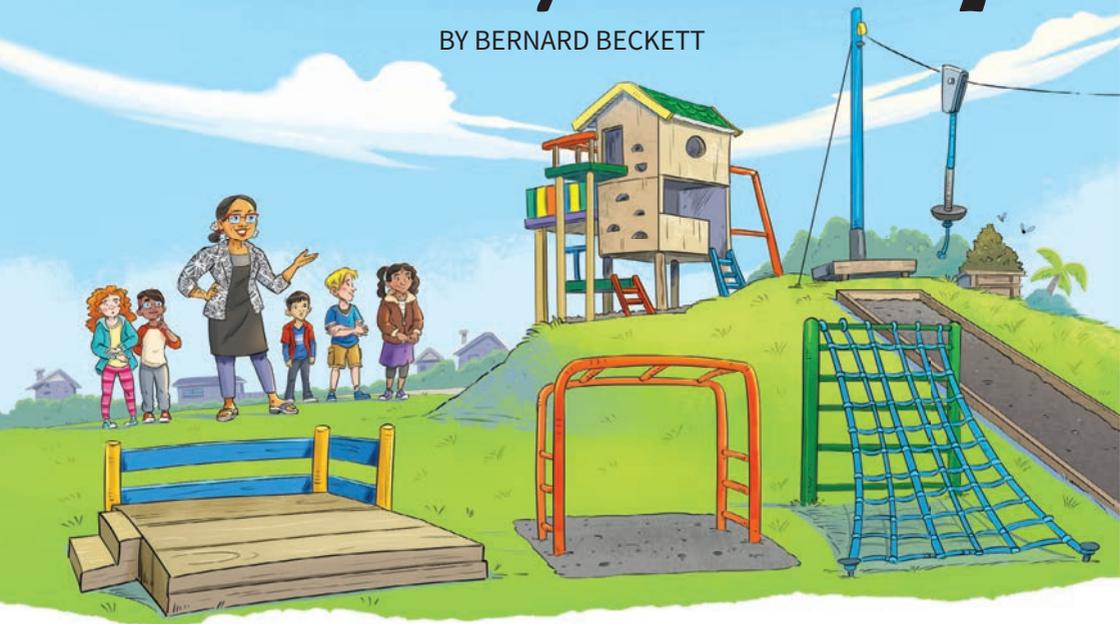
habitat: the natural home or environment of an animal or a plant

prey: an animal that is hunted and killed by another animal for food

stranded: stuck on the shore

The Way to Play

BY BERNARD BECKETT



When Room 6 won the competition to design the school's new playground, they couldn't wait to get started. Ms Mapasua took the class outside to the old playground and asked them to go and stand in their favourite spots. Then she told them to think about what they liked most about that particular place.

Roland walked straight to the fort. He liked to sit under it when it rained and watch the water splashing off the matting. He enjoyed digging his hands into the wet, sweet-smelling bark, down to the warm, dry layers underneath.



Crystal ran to the monkey bars. She loved swinging from them and having spinning competitions with her friends. Sometimes she sat at the very top, in the sunshine, pretending to be a monkey in the treetops.



Tama climbed the old cargo net. He and his friends liked playing there at lunchtime. They had a game where you had to climb to the top without being hit by a tennis ball.



Mathusha skipped to the old wooden stage and struck a pose. She and her two best friends always went there to dance. It was where they practised the moves that would one day make them famous.



Sam sat beside a pile of old grass clippings near the flying fox. He liked to search for worms and beetles. He kept careful sketches of them all in the back of his maths book.



“All right,” Ms Mapasua called.
“Now point at the thing you least like about this playground.” She waited until they were all pointing at something.
“Good. Think about why you don’t like it. OK? Now, let’s go inside.”

Back in the classroom, Ms Mapasua asked the students to discuss what they most liked and disliked about the old playground. “It will help us decide what we need to keep and what we need to change,” she explained.

Only, it didn’t quite work out like that. When Sam told his group about the grass clippings, Crystal screwed up her nose. “Yuk, that’s just compost. It’s smelly and disgusting.”

Tama began to tell everybody how cool his cargo-net game was, but Roland interrupted. “I don’t like the cargo net. I tried climbing it once, but I slipped and got rope burn.”

Mathusha explained how she liked the stage because it was great for dancing on. “But that’s not fair,” said Sam. “When people play music in the playground, it ruins the peace and quiet.”





“The space under the fort is good for sitting,” said Roland. “I like it because –”

“No way,” Tama exclaimed. “When I was in year 2, some older kids chased me under there, and I was scared.”

“The monkey bars,” said Crystal excitedly. “We’ve got to keep them so that –”

“No, we don’t,” Mathusha shouted. “Some people can’t climb them, and that makes them feel bad. We should get rid of the monkey bars.”

“Turituri!” called Ms Mapasua. “All right,” she said when the class was quiet. “In your groups, find one thing about the playground that you all agree on.”

Around the room, voices were raised again in disagreement. Everyone seemed to be talking at once. Ms Mapasua just smiled. “Well you all seem to have different points of view, but that’s a healthy thing. Different points of view make life interesting. They make us think, and they help us to imagine what it might be like to be somebody else. Tomorrow, we will sort this out and agree on the new design.”

But the students were still arguing as they walked out the door that afternoon. And they started arguing as soon as they got to school the next morning. Sorting it out seemed impossible.

Ms Mapasua walked round the room, handing each student a card. “These are your secret instruction cards,” she said. “They might help you to agree on the new design.”

Sam’s card said, “Take Crystal to the compost pile and show her the most beautiful beetle you can find.” Sam found one with brilliant green wings that flashed like little rainbows in the sunlight. Crystal thought it was amazing.

Mathusha took Sam to the stage and taught him her favourite dance move, just like the card told her to. Sam did it over and over, and then he made up a dance move of his own.

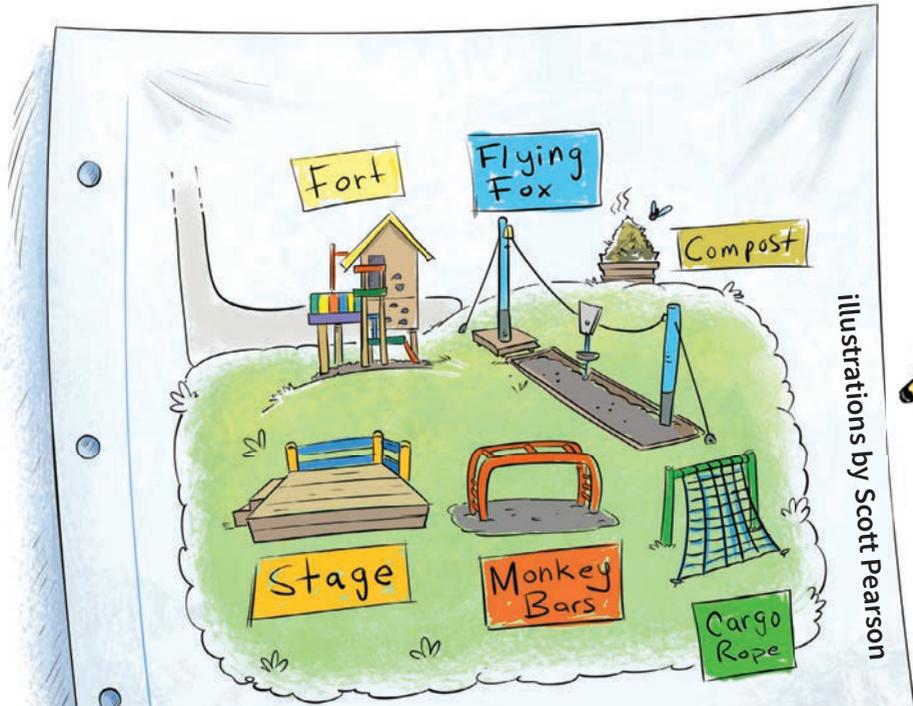
Crystal showed Mathusha how to reach the top of the monkey bars, using her own secret method. Mathusha asked if they could come back at lunchtime so Crystal could teach her how to spin.



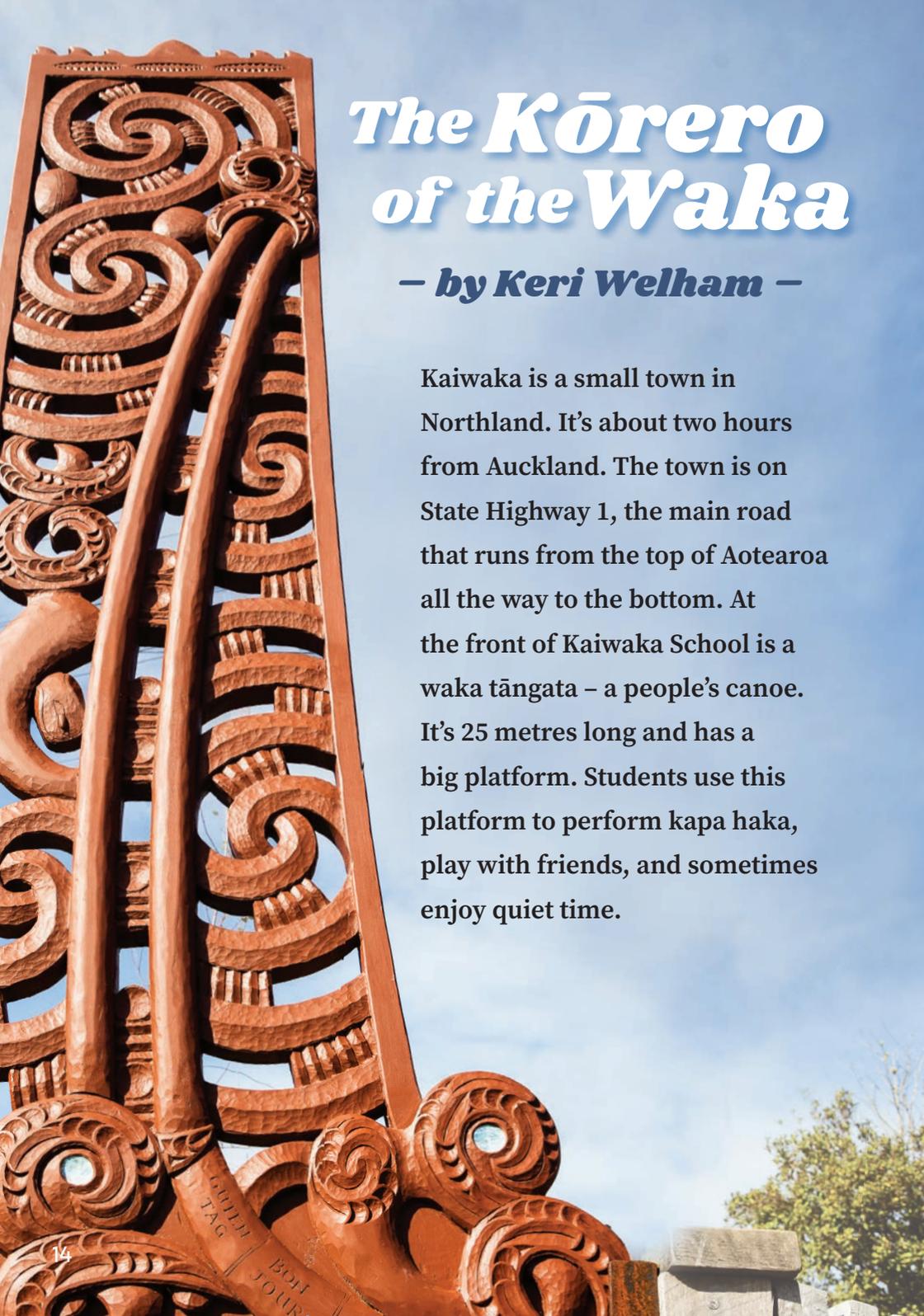
Tama showed Roland how to climb the cargo net without getting rope burn. Roland showed Tama the secret place under the fort where he sometimes hid lollies so he would always have a special treat if he was feeling sad.



When the students came back inside, Ms Mapasua told them to sit quietly at their tables and draw a picture of their perfect school playground. Now, some people are good at drawing and other people aren't, but that didn't matter. On this particular day, a remarkable thing happened – everybody's picture looked the same. Because everybody drew the old playground exactly as it was. And Ms Mapasua smiled.



Illustrations by Scott Pearson



The Kōrero of the Waka

– *by Keri Welham* –

Kaiwaka is a small town in Northland. It's about two hours from Auckland. The town is on State Highway 1, the main road that runs from the top of Aotearoa all the way to the bottom. At the front of Kaiwaka School is a waka tāngata – a people's canoe. It's 25 metres long and has a big platform. Students use this platform to perform kapa haka, play with friends, and sometimes enjoy quiet time.

Designing the waka

The waka is named after the school's kapa haka group, Te Waka Rangimārie o Kaiwaka (rangimārie means peace). It was designed by a school parent, Benji Woodman, with help from other parents and students. Benji wanted the waka to include whakairo (carvings). “The waka welcomes people to our school,” Benji explains. “The carvings are an important part of the waka. They tell stories about the Kaiwaka area.”





Carving the waka

Tim Codyre is a well-known carver. He created a carving for each end of the waka – the taurapa (stern post) and the tuere (prow). It took Tim three months to finish them.

The carvings include images of:

- Pukekaroro (the mountain of the local hapū, Te-Uri-o-Hau)
- waves from the Kaipara Harbour
- sports gear
- a computer mouse
- pages of a book with greetings in several languages.





Tim also added some designs known as pākati (notches). These repeating patterns are often used in whakairo. One of the pākati is the diamond-shaped pātiki (flounder). For hundreds of years, Kaipara Harbour has provided food, including pātiki, for the people who live around it, so Tim made sure to include some pātiki designs.

Look at the photos of the waka. Can you see eels? Can you see the manaia? (It's a creature with the head of a bird and the body of a human.)



Adding to the waka

The school will be 150 years old in 2020. Principal Sharlene Tornquist says many of the celebrations will happen on and around the waka.



My favourite part of the waka is the carvings. I can see “hello” written in different languages. We use the waka as a place to talk and play. Sometimes we pretend the waka is a big ship.

I can see waves and shapes and people.



Ben Hita is a kaumātua of local iwi Ngāti Whātua. He held a ceremony at the school when the waka was finished in 2019. “The carvings are a very simple lesson in whakairo,” Mātua Ben says. “They are about the children of the school. The students now have their own waka, and they can add their own stories to it. The kōrero of this waka will go on and on – it will change and grow with every child.”

*When I arrive at school,
I wait at the waka for my friends.
At lunchtime, we throw our jackets over
the paddles to make a house. Our town is
called Kaiwaka. Kai means food and waka
means canoe, so it makes sense we should
have a waka at our school!*





Learning the Art of Whakairo

Tim Codyre is Pākehā, but he learnt whakairo from a master carver named Alan Nopera. “I was really lucky,” Tim says. “I always wanted to carve. Māori carving has given me so many rich experiences.”

Learning the art of whakairo takes many hundreds of hours. First, you learn how to carve a perfectly straight line. Then you learn how to create spirals. Little by little, you learn the techniques, the traditions, and the vocabulary of Māori carving.

Tim says that the traditional patterns all have their own meaning and can be used to tell stories. These days, some carvers also include everyday images and designs in their work.

Tim has been a carver for more than thirty years. He has worked on meeting houses, carved family taonga, and created some large model canoes. In the 1990s, Tim even used his carving skills to build props for a television show. He carved mermaids and warriors out of polystyrene (a type of plastic foam often used for packing). One time, he even carved a huge dragon. It was as big as a room, and an actor came riding out of its mouth on a motorbike!

Whakairo is part of how we tell our history. As new generations learn the skills of whakairo, they can carry on recording the stories of Aotearoa New Zealand.



HE TOI WHAKAIRO

pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō

A strong wooden mallet strikes a sharp metal chisel.

We follow the wood grain
as we cut ridges and notches.

Wood chips fly!

pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō

Shapes are carved away:
triangles, diamonds, zigzags.
Rauru roll outwards and inwards,
the spirals creating ata and ātārangi.

pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō

Nature's patterns inspire us:
spider webs
fish scales and flounder
unfurling fern fronds.

pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō

We are tohunga whakairo.
With skill and patience,
tiki and manaia are carved
to decorate the prow of a waka.

pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō – pātōtō

Kelly Joseph





ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISOBEL TE AHO-WHITE

WHAKAIRO PATTERNS

pūngāwerewere:
spider webs



unaunahi:
fish scales



pātiki:
flounder



koru:
unfurling fern frond



GLOSSARY

ata: light

ātāurangi: shadow

manaia: stylised figure, usually a human form, with the head of a bird and the tail of a fish

pātōtō: repeated knocking noise

rauru: spiral form of carving

tiki: carved human figure

tohunga whakairo: master carver

he toi whakairo: the art of carving

Don't Forget to Vote

BY SIMON COOKE



MONSTER



SIR HIDES-A-LOT



PRINCESS
BIFFELDA



CITIZEN
ONE



CITIZEN
TWO



CITIZEN
THREE



SIR SPEEDY



ROYAL
ADVISOR

KING
SNOOZE

Scene One. *The royal throne room. **KING SNOOZE** is snoring loudly on his throne. He is holding Mr Teddykins, his royal teddy bear. The **ROYAL ADVISOR** runs in.*

ROYAL ADVISOR. King Snooze! Wake up! It's an emergency!

KING SNOOZE (*yawning*). What is it, Royal Advisor? Is another short-sighted monster knocking over my statues and destroying my city?

ROYAL ADVISOR. No, sire. It's worse. Your citizens say they don't want you as king!

KING SNOOZE (*clutching his teddy bear tightly*). What? They can't live without a king!

ROYAL ADVISOR. They don't want to. They want to hold an election and vote in someone else as king.

KING SNOOZE. Are they crazy? Bring them to me! (*Speaking to his teddy bear*) Oh, Mr Teddykins, I hope this is all just a bad dream.

Three **CITIZENS** file in and bow.



CITIZENS (*together*). King Snooze, we want a new king.

KING SNOOZE. Ridiculous! I'm a great king.

CITIZEN ONE. Great at doing nothing.

CITIZEN TWO. All you do is have statues made of yourself.

CITIZEN THREE. And spend the rest of your time snoozing.

KING SNOOZE. Snoozing is important kingly work. If I'm asleep, I can't start a war or raise taxes. I'm *helping* people by being asleep!

CITIZEN ONE. It's not enough – we want an election. We want someone else to be our king.

KING SNOOZE. Who is this traitor you want to elect?

ROYAL ADVISOR (*loudly*). Traitor, the king will see you now.

*The **MONSTER** walks in, looking very embarrassed.*



KING SNOOZE. Him? The monster? He knocked down our city!

CITIZEN ONE. Yes, but he rebuilt it – bigger and better.

CITIZEN TWO. And he put in sewers so we don't have to hold our noses any more.

CITIZEN THREE. And he scared off the goblin army that tried to invade last Tuesday.

MONSTER. I'm sorry, King Snooze. I just like helping people. Now they want me to be their king.

KING SNOOZE (*angrily*). Get out of my throne room! Call my royal knights, Sir Hides-a-lot and Sir Speedy. Call my clever daughter, Princess Biffelda!



The **CITIZENS** and the **MONSTER** leave. **SIR HIDES-A-LOT**, **SIR SPEEDY**, and **PRINCESS BIFFELDA** enter.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA (*sobbing*).

Oh, Daddy, is it true the citizens want to get rid of you?

KING SNOOZE (*hugging Mr Teddykins tightly*). Yes. If only we hadn't told the people about voting.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. This is your fault, Daddy. You make people vote on too many things.

SIR SPEEDY. Like whether you should have scrambled or poached eggs for breakfast.

SIR HIDES-A-LOT. And which royal socks you should wear.

KING SNOOZE. But voting is such a good idea. I never have to decide anything, and if things go wrong, it's no longer my fault.

ROYAL ADVISOR. But now they want to vote for someone else to be their king.



PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Don't worry, Daddy, all is not lost. We can help you.

SIR SPEEDY. Indeed. I, Sir Speedy, shall run around the city at top speed, telling everyone what a wonderful king you are and that they should vote for you.

SIR HIDES-A-LOT. And I, Sir Hides-a-lot, shall search every secret place where people might be hiding and get them to vote, too.

SIR SPEEDY and **SIR HIDES-A-LOT** *run out of the throne room.*

KING SNOOZE. And I'll have a snooze.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. No, you're coming with me, Daddy. The people have to see you. You have to explain why they should vote for you.

ROYAL ADVISOR. Oh, dear. I think it might be better if he went to sleep after all.





Scene Two. *The town square. Everyone has gathered for the announcement of the vote.*

KING SNOOZE. I'm worried (*hugging his teddy bear*). So is Mr Teddykins.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Relax, Daddy, I've worked it out. If everyone who promised to vote for you does vote, it will be a draw. That means you will stay king.

KING SNOOZE. Phew, that's a relief.

ROYAL ADVISOR. Ladies and gentlemen, the votes have been counted. King Snooze has 320 votes.

PRINCESS BIFFELDA, SIR HIDES-A-LOT, and SIR SPEEDY. Hurrah!

ROYAL ADVISOR. Monster has ... 321 votes.

CITIZENS (*together*). Hurrah for King Monster!

PRINCESS BIFFELDA (*shocked*). We lost by one vote! I was sure we had enough!

ROYAL ADVISOR. I've checked the electoral roll, sire. One person didn't vote.

KING SNOOZE (*furious*). Who? I demand to know!

ROYAL ADVISOR. Forgive me for asking, sire, but did you vote?

KING SNOOZE (*suddenly looking worried*). Did I vote? Let me think ...

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Oh, Daddy, it's too late if you haven't! It's after 7 p.m., so you can't vote now. The polls have closed!

KING SNOOZE. Oops! I was so busy telling everyone else to vote, I forgot to do it myself.

CITIZENS (*together*). Hurrah for King Monster!



KING SNOOZE (to **MONSTER**, *sadly*). I suppose you want my crown?

MONSTER (*kindly*). King Snooze, you forgave me when I accidentally knocked down your city. Instead of punishing me, you found my glasses so I could see again. I never wanted to take your job.

KING SNOOZE (*sobbing*). But you have.

MONSTER. Yes, and now that I'm king, I declare you to be my co-king.

EVERYONE. What?

MONSTER. I can't snooze as well as you. And I can't design statues.

You can look after those royal tasks. I'll look after the easier ones, like building hospitals and protecting the city.

KING SNOOZE (*puffing his chest out grandly*). I accept.



The **ROYAL ADVISOR** hands **MONSTER** a second crown.

EVERYONE. Hurrah for the kings! Hurrah for voting!

PRINCESS BIFFELDA. Let's celebrate with a royal banquet.

SIR HIDES-A-LOT. I want chocolate cake.

SIR SPEEDY. No, let's have doughnuts.

CITIZENS (together). Let's vote on it!



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Audio is also available for the following:

	Audio
The Kōrero of the Waka	✓
He Toi Whakairo	✓



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