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The teacher support material (TSM) and audio for Ready to Read texts can be found online at www.readytoread.tki.org.nz

kapa haka (**kah**-pah **hah**-kah): Māori cultural group **Whaea Mere** (fire **meh**-reh, *roll the r slightly*): Aunt Mere **Kahu** (**kah**-hoo)

Mōrena, tamariki mā (moh-**re**-nah, **tah**-mah-ree-kee mah – roll the r slightly): Good morning, children

karakia (kah-ra-**kee**-ah – *roll the r slightly*): prayer

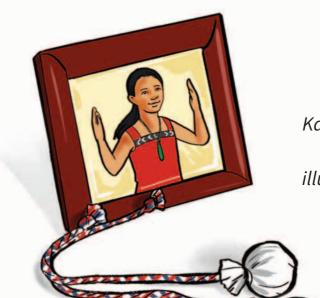
waiata (why-ah-tah): song

anō (ah-naw): again
e tū (eh too): stand up

Marama (mah-rah-mah – roll the r slightly)
pounamu (poe-nah-moo): greenstone
piupiu (pew-pew): cultural garment

For more support with pronunciation, go to www.readytoread.tki.org.nz to hear an audio version of the text.

Kapa Haka



by Lisa Rangiaho and Kahurangi Rangiaho-Katipa

illustrated by Adele Jackson

Ministry of Education

The bell rang, and I walked over to the school hall with my friends. This was my first time going to kapa haka. Whaea Mere was waiting for us, and I could feel butterflies in my tummy.

I saw my sister, Kahu, getting the guitar out of the cupboard.



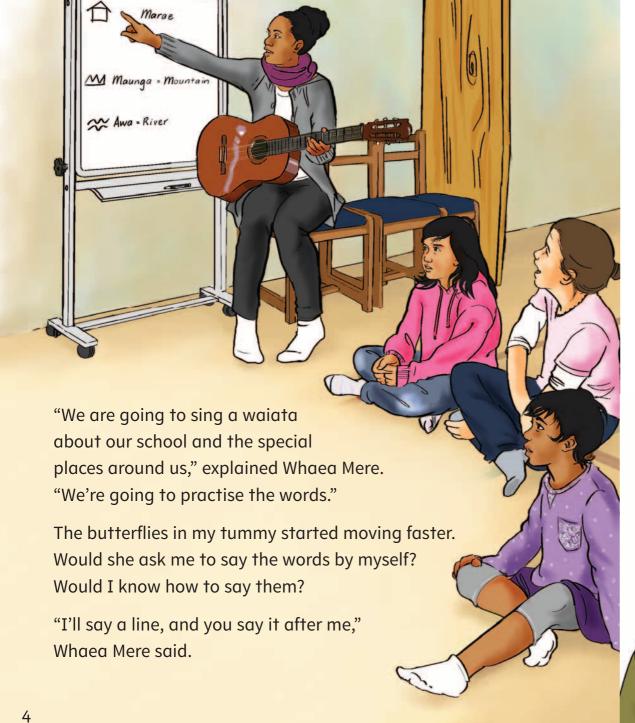


"Mōrena, tamariki mā," said Whaea Mere.

"We'll start with a karakia." Some of the other children knew the prayer, but I just listened.

"In a few weeks, we're going to have the school prize-giving. We'll be singing in front of the children and the parents," Whaea Mere told us.

I'd been to a prize-giving, but I'd never performed at one.



"Phew," I thought. The butterflies went away.

"Anō," said Whaea Mere. We said the words over and over again.

"Now it's time to sing," said Whaea Mere. "E tū."

Oh no. The butterflies were back.

I looked at my friends. They didn't seem worried.

Whaea Mere sang each line, and then we copied her.

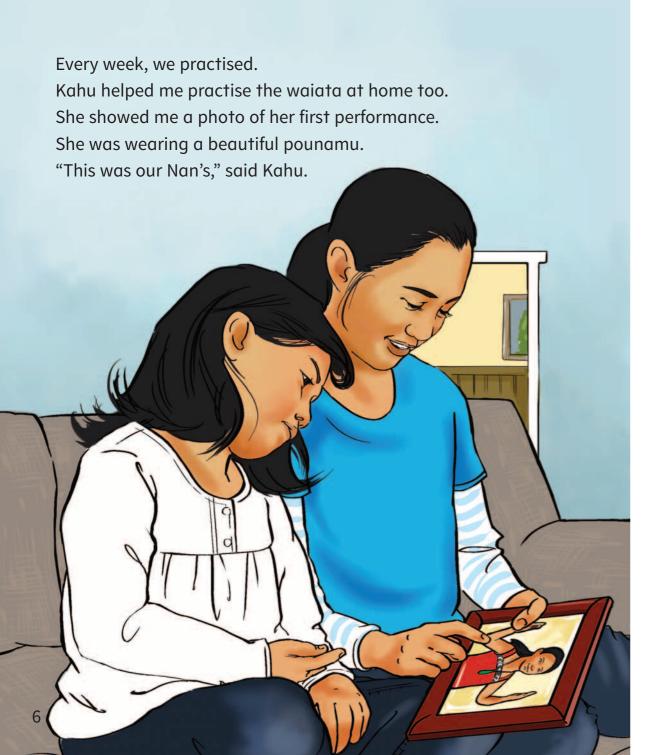
I kept making mistakes. I could feel my face getting hotter and hotter.

"Don't worry about it, Marama," whispered Kahu.

"It was the same for me when I started."

I wondered if I would *ever* remember all the words.







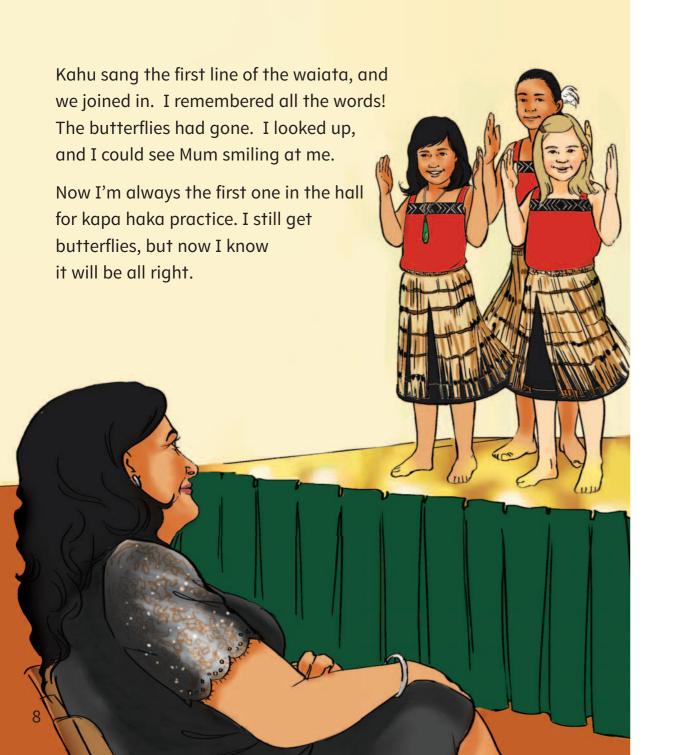
At last, it was the day of the prize-giving.

The butterflies came back, just like
my first time at kapa haka.

Mum came to school to help us get ready.

"I know your Nan would have wanted you
to wear this today," Mum said softly.

I gave her a big hug. Then I got in line to walk on stage.
I loved the swish-swish sound my piupiu made
when I moved.





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To go directly to audio and TSM for this book, scan the QR code or use the short URL.



Kapa Haka bit.ly/2CpyaXc



