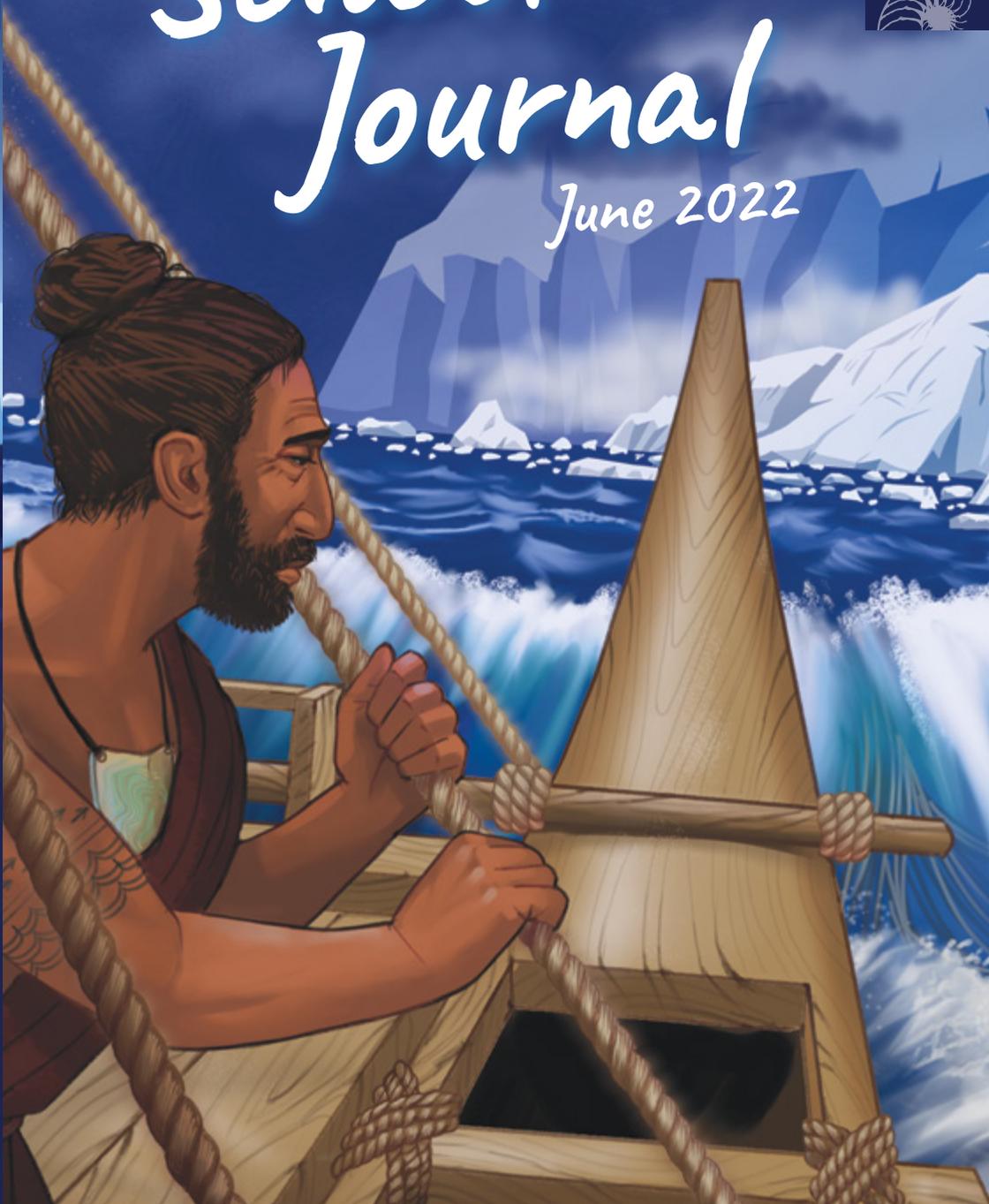




School Journal

June 2022



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Hui Te Rangiora: The Navigator	4
Oriori	4
Tō Mātou Wāhi – Our Place	4
Māui at Mahitahi	4
Out of the Wild	4
Hidden Talent	3
Best in Show	4
Piki Kōtuku	4

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Published 2022 by the Ministry of Education,
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.
education.govt.nz

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Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN 978 1 77690 542 3 (print)

ISBN 978 1 77690 548 5 (online PDF)

ISSN 0111 6355 (print)

ISSN 2624 3636 (online PDF)

Replacement copies may be ordered from Ministry of Education Customer Services,
online at www.thechair.co.nz

by email: orders@thechair.minedu.govt.nz

or freephone 0800 660 662

Please quote item number 90542.



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Paper produced using Elemental Chlorine Free (ECP) and manufactured under the strict ISO14001 Environmental Management System.

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Hui Te Rangiora: The Navigator

BY SANDY MORRISON



Long before the tūpuna of Māori settled in Aotearoa, people sailed across the Pacific Ocean using their knowledge of the stars and nature to find their way. One of those people was Hui Te Rangiora. Nearly 1,500 years ago, he made an amazing journey deep into Te Tai Uka a Pia (the Southern Ocean), where nobody had ever been before.

Hui Te Rangiora was a high-born rangatira and a great explorer. Around the year 650 AD, he and his crew set sail from Rarotonga for Aotearoa. In those days, it was very natural for Polynesian navigators to sail across the ocean. They were at home in that environment and felt connected to the universe, the ocean, and the atua. They watched carefully so that they were prepared for any changes in the weather or the sea. They also followed the movement of the sun, stars, and moon and watched the ocean tides, sea creatures, and birds to work out where they were.



Hui Te Rangiora followed a route that went from Rarotonga to the tip of the East Coast of Aotearoa. Many others had made the voyage successfully before him. But on this particular journey, Hui Te Rangiora and his crew sailed past the tip of the East Coast and found themselves going down the coast of Aotearoa. After a while, Hui Te Rangiora couldn't see any land at all. It was getting colder and colder. Then he saw mountains of ice in the water. He didn't know where he was or how far south he'd gone.

Later, Hui Te Rangiora described what he had seen. He said he'd been to a foggy, misty, and dark place not seen by the sun. There were mountainous waves. He saw an animal with tusks that dived deep under the water and "rocks that grow out of the sea whose summits pierce the skies". He also described seeing a woman with hair that waved about in the water and on the surface of the sea. (He might have been describing bull kelp seaweed.)

He called this area he sailed through Te Tai Uka a Pia. (Tai means the tides or the sea, uka is ice, and pia is arrowroot.) Some people translate this as "the frozen sea of arrowroot". Other people think it means "the sea covered with foam, like arrowroot" or the "foaming ocean". (Arrowroot is a vegetable that looks white when it's scraped – just like snow or foam.)





Then, the currents changed and Hui Te Rangiora started sailing north again, along the west coast of Te Waipounamu. When he reached Te Tau Ihu o te Waka-a-Māui (the top of the South Island), he stopped and rested because it had been a very tiring journey. He drank the water from Riuwaka awa to refresh himself. At the mouth of the river, there is an island named after him. At high tide, Motu Hui Te Rangiora is only connected to the mainland by a small strip of beach.



Te Āwhina
marae

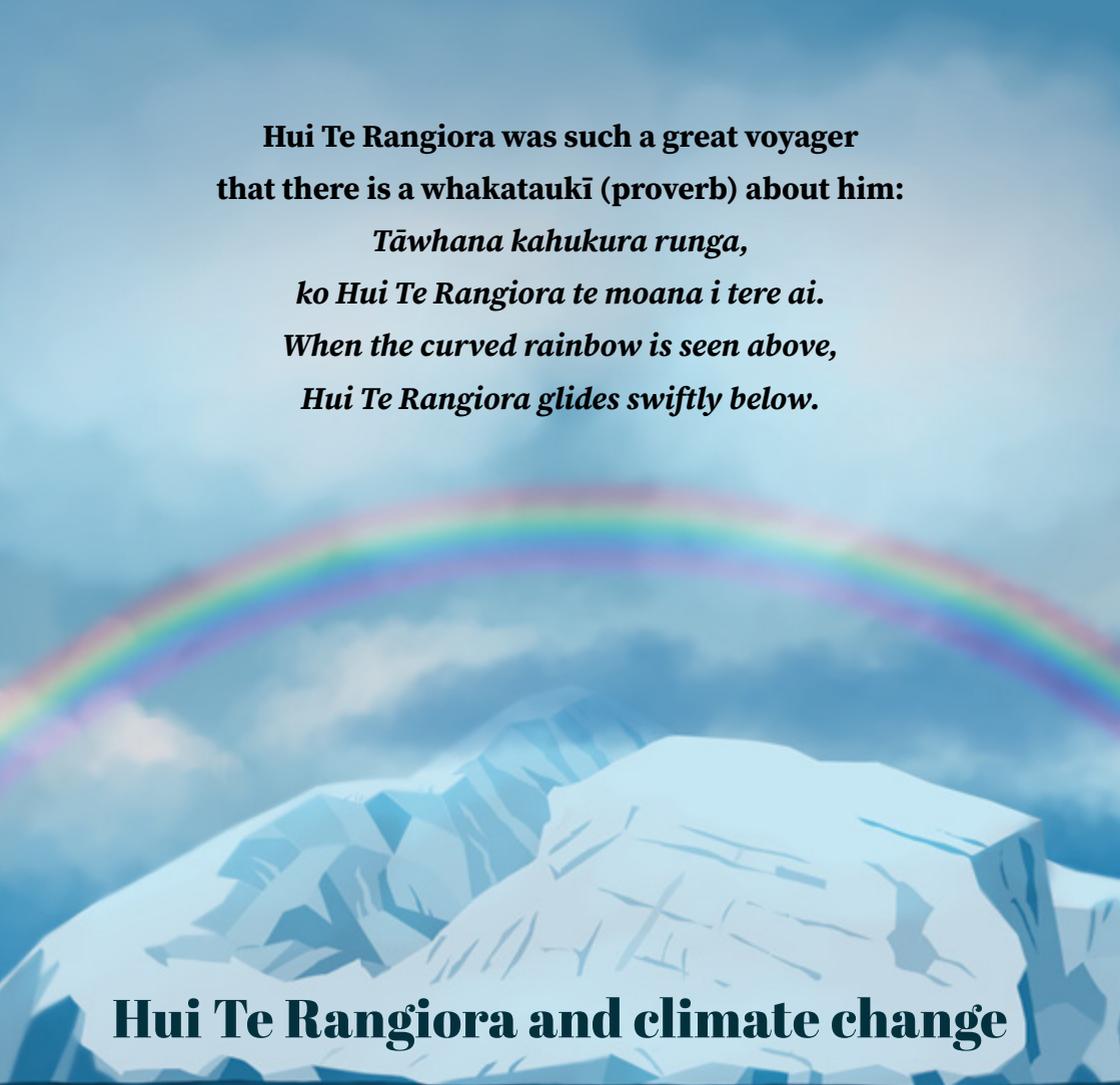
Today, Hui Te Rangiora is on the waharoa at Te Puna o Riuwaka, where the Riuwaka river emerges from underground. He rested and bathed in these ancient waters to restore his health. He is also on the tekoteko of Te Āwhina marae. He is shown looking out, always searching for new lands. These carvings remind us of Hui Te Rangiora, his journey, and where he stopped at Te Tau Ihu o te Waka-a-Māui.

Some of the people from Te Tau Ihu say that Hui Te Rangiora sailed to Antarctica. Others say that he only went some way into the Southern Ocean. We can't be sure, but what is important is that he is known and honoured as a great navigator who made a remarkable journey into Te Tai Uka a Pia.



**Hui Te Rangiora was such a great voyager
that there is a whakataukī (proverb) about him:**

*Tāwhana kahukura runga,
ko Hui Te Rangiora te moana i tere ai.
When the curved rainbow is seen above,
Hui Te Rangiora glides swiftly below.*



Hui Te Rangiora and climate change

Hui Te Rangiora needed to stay in tune with nature to sail safely across such wide and dangerous oceans. He watched for changes in the environment to help him know what actions to take. Some people say his story should inspire us to deal with the problem of climate change that we face today. By watching the signs in our environment, we can also be ready and take action to meet this challenge.

HIDDEN TALENT

BY MARIA SAMUELA



Annie read the poster for the umpteenth time. “School Talent Quest! First prize: \$50. Second prize: \$30. Third prize: \$20.”

She couldn’t ignore it. Her younger sister, Kana, had made the poster, and their mother kept a copy on the coffee table so everyone could see it. Whenever visitors came to their house, her mother made sure they saw the poster. “Kana’s so talented. Just like Great-uncle Puna. He was a great carver and artist in the islands.” Everybody knew that he built the family homestead in Rarotonga.

Annie moped around the house. She wished she was artistic, but no matter what she made, it never looked any good.

“I’m going to sing in the talent quest,” said Juanita, Annie’s older sister. She started to sing. She sounded just like their Mama Ine, who wrote songs and was the lead chanter when the mamas did the ‘ute.



“If only I had a talent like Juanita,” Annie thought.

“My daughter sings like an angel,” Dad smiled. “Mama would be so proud.” Then he sang with Juanita because Dad also sang like Mama Ine. They sang for what felt like hours. Annie hoped Juanita was going to pick a shorter song for the talent quest. She knew there’d be a time limit. If Juanita sang for too long, she might be disqualified.

“Oh well,” Annie thought. It was sad she had nothing she could do in the talent quest, but at least Jackson wouldn’t be in it either. Her brother was only good at rugby. He wouldn’t be allowed to kick a rugby ball at the talent quest.



One week before the talent quest, Jackson strolled into the kitchen. “Guess what?” he said.

“What?” said Annie and her mum. Annie had a bad feeling about this.

“I’m the props manager for the talent quest. I’m in charge of all the props for the show.”



Annie’s mum acted as if Jackson had won the talent quest! “They need someone strong for that job!” she said. “That’s why they chose you. You’re like your Great-great-aunty Mattie.”

Annie could see how proud that made Jackson feel. Their Great-great-aunty Mattie once tackled a wild pig. Then she cooked it in an umu, and all the people in the village had a massive feed. Jackson pushed out his chest and strutted around the kitchen. Annie was worried he might trip over the mat. He needed to watch where he was going.

On the night of the talent quest, the whole family were at school an hour early. Mum was in the office helping Kana print out the programmes. Dad and Juanita were huddled in a corner, practising her song. Jackson and his team of helpers were busy setting up the hall. They'd lined up the chairs into rows and put the background scenery in place.

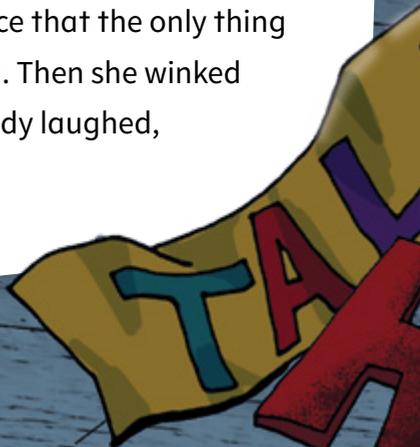
Backstage, Annie watched a small dance group go over their moves. Then she listened to a trio playing ukuleles. They were all so good!

Back in the hall, a boy from the senior school stepped up to the microphone. He was going to compere the show. "Testing, testing," he said with a big smile. "I just want to practise my lines. Tēnā koutou. Welcome to ..."

Crash! There was a tremendous noise from the side of the stage, and the microphone went dead. Then the lights went out.

"Aargh!" cried Jackson. Ms Hohepa turned on her phone flashlight and shone it towards the stage. Jackson had tripped over a power cable and fallen in a heap, knocking over a pile of props. Annie jumped up onto the stage.

"Are you OK?" she asked, clearing away the props to give her brother some space. She could tell by his face that the only thing hurting was his pride. "He's fine!" she called. Then she winked at him. "Just showing off, eh, bro?" Everybody laughed, and Jackson jumped up and took a bow.





“We can’t print the programmes!
The printer’s dead!” a familiar voice called.

Ms Hohepa’s phone flashlight was on Kana now. She was holding a handful of programmes. “This is all we’ve done. There won’t be enough.”

“How many do you have?” asked Annie.

“About forty.”

Annie knew many of the guests would be family groups or friends. “I don’t think every person needs one,” she told Kana. “Some of them can share a programme. Anyway, it’s better for the environment to use less paper.”

The worry on Kana’s face disappeared. But then a wail came from the corner. “I can’t do it.” Annie recognised Juanita’s voice. “There’s no power, so I can’t play my backing music.”

Annie turned to the ukulele players. “Can we borrow one of those for Juanita’s song?” she asked.

“Sure,” said one of the group. He handed his ukulele to Annie, and she passed it to Dad. He started strumming, and soon the hall was filled with Juanita’s singing. She sounded magical.



“Hey,” said the boy. “You don’t need a backing track. The ukulele sounds better.” Juanita smiled with relief. And then the lights came back on.

On the drive home, Mum turned to Annie. “You know who you remind me of?” she said. “Your Papa Mana. He was a great ariki who knew how to make things right.”

Dad chipped in. “Your Papa Mana was calm but strong. Smart too.”

“And quick thinking,” said Mum. “Good at solving problems.”

Annie had heard heaps about their Papa Mana. Everybody respected him. They looked up to him like a superhero. She stared out the window and smiled. It felt good to know she had a talent after all.

illustrations by Darcy Solia





Oriori

by Ariana Tikao

People sing oriori to babies as the babies are growing inside their mothers. They also sing them during birth to help keep the mother and the baby relaxed. Later on, oriori can be used as lullabies. Oriori help pass on values and knowledge about te ao Māori. They do this through place names, whakapapa, and stories about the baby's whānau. Oriori often include the hopes and dreams of the whānau for the baby.

Many iwi have well-known oriori, such as “Pinepine te Kura” from Ngāti Kahungunu and “Pōpō” from Te Aitanga-a-Māhaki.

The arrival of Pākehā affected some aspects of Māori culture. Many whānau stopped singing oriori. Now, some people are singing them again, and others are writing new ones. I wrote an oriori for my babies when they were little to help them go to sleep. Their pāpā spoke one when they were born.

“Piki Kōtuku” (See pages 18–19)

This oriori is a tohu or sign for a special visitor. It talks about the kōtuku or white heron. Kōtuku are rare – there are not many in Aotearoa. “Piki kōtuku” are feathers worn in the hair. They are a mark of mana. Piki kōtuku can also mean “my darling”.

The first verse is about Rangiatea, a spiritual homeland for Māori people. The second verse is about the Māori tīpuna, who were very skilful navigators and explorers. It talks of qualities (momo) that can be passed down in families, such as a talent in music or sport. The third verse says the baby is like a pounamu treasure, made by the clever hands of the baby’s tīpuna.

The last two verses talk about some of the things that will affect the baby in the future and my hope that they will be able to face those things. These verses are about our role as kaitiaki of the environment and our responsibilities towards our people.

The beginning and the end of this oriori link to a well-known whakataukī:

*E kore au e ngaro, he kākano i ruia mai i Rangiatea.
I will never be lost, as I am a seed sown in Rangiatea.*

This whakataukī is about the Pacific origins of Māori tamariki. When we understand our history and know about the strength and skills of our tīpuna, we understand more about our own potential. These gifts are passed on to us through our whakapapa.

Piki K

Taku piki kōtuku e,
ka tau mai koe i hea?

I rere mai i tūārangi,
i Rangiātea.

Ehara i te mea poka noa
tō taenga mokorea.

E te toi o te kurutao,
ko te tini kei muri rā,
ōu tīpuna kairangi,
kaiwhakaterere moana,
kaipōkai marohi
o neherā.

Tōku māpihi pounamu,
i ahu koe i a wai?

I ngā ringa rehe o mua
whakairohia, hangaia
e te kāhui kahurangi
hei taonga ahurei.

My rare feather plume,
where are you from?

You flew in from far away,
from Rangiātea.

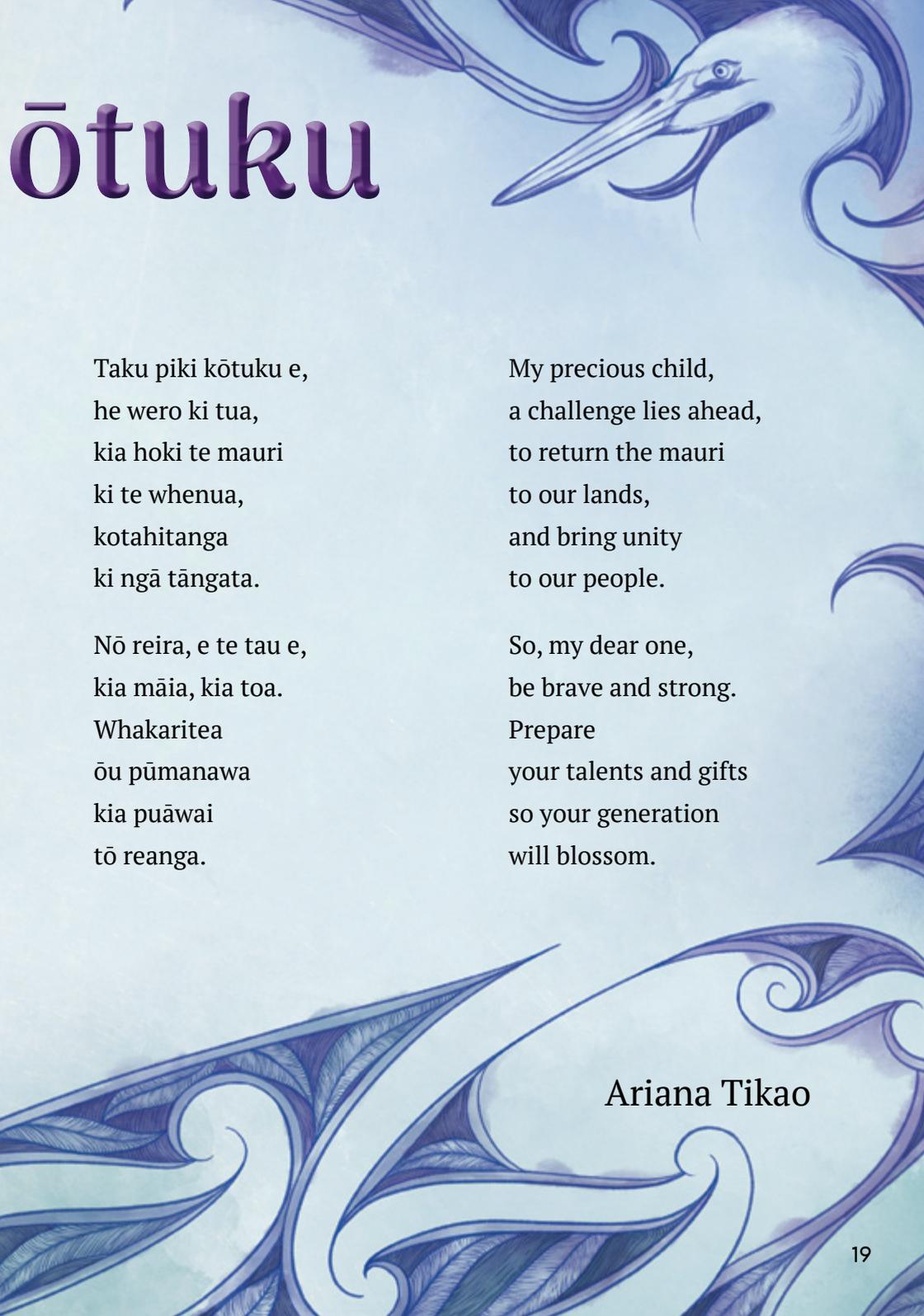
Your arrival at this time
is not by chance.

You are the tip of the arrow,
many stand behind you,
your mighty ancestors,
expert navigators
and explorers
of long ago.

My pounamu treasure,
who made you?

You were shaped
by the skilled hands
of your noble ancestors
into a unique taonga.

ōtuku



Taku piki kōtuku e,
he wero ki tua,
kia hoki te mauri
ki te whenua,
kotahitanga
ki ngā tāngata.

Nō reira, e te tau e,
kia māia, kia toa.
Whakaritea
ōu pūmanawa
kia puāwai
tō reanga.

My precious child,
a challenge lies ahead,
to return the mauri
to our lands,
and bring unity
to our people.

So, my dear one,
be brave and strong.
Prepare
your talents and gifts
so your generation
will blossom.

Ariana Tikao

Tō Mātou wāhi - Our Place

by Donna Reader,
Principal, Fox Glacier Weheka School



Fox Glacier Weheka School is a small, rural kura. You'll find it in the middle of South Westland. The school has only fourteen students. Some of them live near Fox Glacier Te Moeka o Tūawe, but others live at Bruce Bay Mahitahi. The Bruce Bay Mahitahi students have to travel for over an hour to get to school.



At the front of the school is a large, colourful mural. It was made by the students. Here's how they did it.



1. Planning the mural

The students live in different communities, but every day, they come together to learn. They wanted their mural to show that they all belong to the same place. They decided to paint a picture of their area and to include the things that are special to them.

Jemima Pedro is an artist from Dunedin. She helped the students to design the mural. Then they shared their draft design with the community. People in the community suggested some small changes. Once the tamariki had made the changes, they had their final design.

2. Getting the materials

The students used their maths skills to work out how much wood and paint they would need. Most of the paint came from a large paint company that helps with school projects, but some came from another school. Concord Primary School in Dunedin had just finished their own artwork. They heard about the mural and gave Fox Glacier Weheka School their leftover paint. They also provided some painting trays and cloths.

When the wood arrived, the tamariki moved it into the room where they were going to paint the mural.



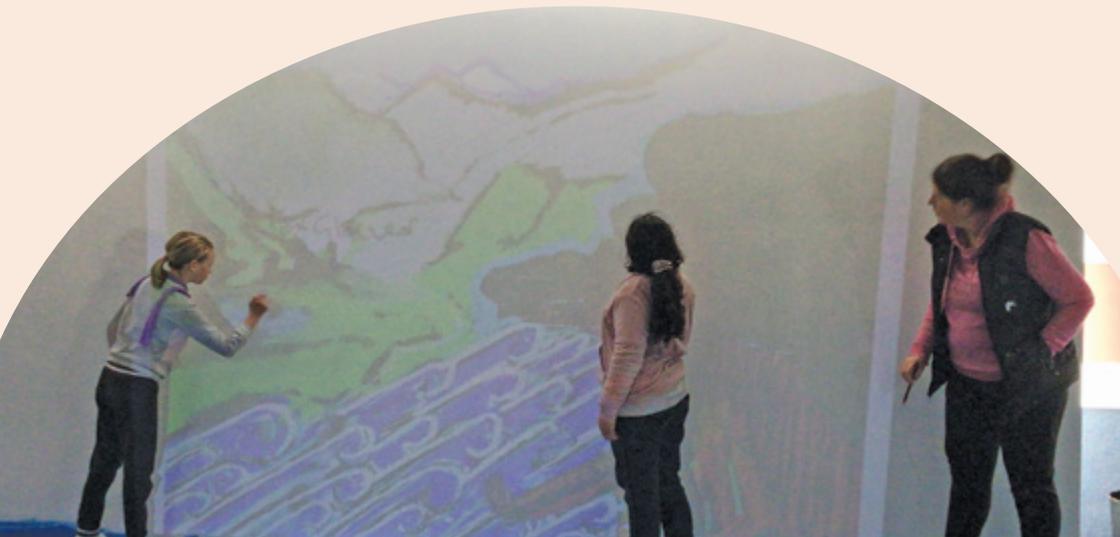


3. Preparing the panels

Caleb Freeman, a local builder, made a **frame**. Then he fixed wooden panels to the frame. The students brushed it all down to make sure it was clean. Then they painted two lots of undercoat on each side.

4. Drawing the design

Jemima used a **data projector** to shine the design onto the panels. Then the students drew in the design with pencils.





5. Painting the background

The mural was put flat on the floor again so that it was easier to work on. Then the students painted all the big areas of colour. These would become the sky, the bush, the sea, and the beach – all the

places the students love. They used different shades of each colour to add **contrast**. They also used their handprints to add **texture** and shape.

6. Adding the details

After the large areas of colour were finished, the students painted in the details. They added:

- stones and driftwood on the beach
- trees and shrubs in the bush
- koru patterns on the sea to show the movement of waves
- handprints to paint the bush around Lake Matheson
- layers of snow on Aoraki Mt Cook and the **glacier**.



After that, they completed a fence and painted a waka on the beach. The bright, colourful fence stands for the local marae, Te Tauraka Waka a Māui. The waka shows that Māui landed at Mahitahi. The story of the tipuna Māui is very important not only for local iwi Kāti Māhaki ki Makaawhio but to all Māori of Aotearoa.



FOX GLACIER – TE MOEKA O TŪAWE

Fox Glacier Te Moeka o Tūawe is a long river of ice. It runs for 13 kilometres, from the Southern Alps down into the forest. Fox Glacier is also the English name of the town beside the glacier. In te reo Māori, the town is called Weheka.

LAKE MATHESON

Lake Matheson is near Fox Glacier. On a clear day, the lake is like a mirror. You can see a perfect reflection of the glacier in the water. Lots of tourists come to visit the glacier and Lake Matheson.





7. Making the final changes

When they had finished adding the details, everyone looked carefully at the mural. Did anything need to change? The students decided to outline some things with black to make them stand out more clearly. They also used dark green to paint over some of the handprints – they decided there were too many! The shape of the glacier and the height of Aoraki Mt Cook needed changing a bit, too.



8. Signing the mural

Once everyone was happy with the mural, Jemima added a note saying “Painted by the Fox Glacier School Tamariki 2021”. Then each student signed their name on the back. Serena, the school dog, put her paw print on the mural as well!



Last of all, they painted over the mural with **sealant** to protect it against the weather. It was also given an **anti-graffiti coating**. Finally, it was ready to hang!





9. Hanging the mural

When it was time to carry the mural outside, they found it only just fitted through the door. No one had thought to measure it! The mural was fixed to a wall at the front of the school so that everyone could see it when they arrived.



10. Making the front page news

A reporter from the local newspaper heard about the mural. He interviewed the students and wrote a story about it. The story was on the front page. The students are very proud of their mural. It tells everyone about their area and the things that make it a great place to live.

SERENA – OUR SCHOOL DOG

Serena belongs to our principal, and she comes to school every day. She enjoys sitting on the mat and getting lots of hugs. Serena is always interested in what we are doing. If we're having a bad day, she likes to sit in our lap. She makes us feel better.



CONNECTIONS

Many of the students at Fox Glacier Weheka School have connections to the area through their **ancestors**. Two children from Bruce Bay Mahitahi are the sixth **generation** of their family to live there. Another student, whose family farm is in Fox Glacier, is also the sixth generation of his whānau.



Glossary

ancestors: the people that someone is descended from

anti-graffiti coating: a clear coating that makes it easier to clean off unwanted marks

contrast: difference

data projector: a machine that shines words or pictures onto a wall or screen

frame: the part that gives something its shape and strength

generation: a group of people born about the same time (usually over about 20 years)



glacier: a river of ice that moves slowly down a valley

sealant: a clear coating that protects a surface from water and weather

texture: the way a surface feels or looks





MĀUI AT MAHITAHĪ

BY SUSAN WALLACE
(KĀTI MĀHAKI KI MAKAAWHIO, NGĀI TAHU)

Do you know who Māui is? If you ask people this question, most will reply “Yes”. But then, if you ask them to tell you more about Māui, it’s likely that each person will describe him differently. They might say Māui is a demi-god, a hero, a trickster, a rascal, their tipuna, or “that guy The Rock played in Moana”.

For South Westland iwi Kāti Māhaki ki Makaawhio, Māui is a great Polynesian explorer who did many good things for his people. He sailed from Hawaiki across the vast oceans to the west coast of the South Island. While Māui and his crew were still a long way from shore, a young man on board the waka spotted something that looked like a mountain range. He called out excitedly that there was land ahead, but Māui did not believe him. Māui dismissed the sighting as “he tiritiri o te moana” (a mirage of the ocean). As the waka sailed closer, Maui was proven wrong. The “mirage” turned into snow-capped mountains – the Southern Alps in all their glory. In memory of Māui’s mistake, the mountain range was named Kā Tiritiri o te Moana.

When he was approaching Mahitahi, Māui met two taniwha – Makotipua and Makohorapekapeka. These two taniwha, who were giant sharks, guarded the bay and stopped anyone from entering. Māui fought them and used his famous toki (adze), Tīhei Mauriora, to defeat them. In doing so, he cleared the way not only for his crew but also for future migrations of people to land safely at Mahitahi.

After making their landfall at Mahitahi, Māui and his crew continued their journey around the bottom of the South Island. On the way, Māui named many places, including Piopiotahi, which he named after the pet bird that had accompanied him on his travels. Then, when he reached Kaikōura, he carried out one of his greatest feats – the fishing up of Te Ika-a-Māui.

Māui only stopped briefly at Mahitahi, but his landing there was the beginning of the ancient migration of Māori to South Westland. It's the place where the first human contact with Aotearoa took place, so it seems right that Kāti Māhaki ki Makaawhio built their marae there. The name of the marae commemorates and celebrates the story of Te Tauraka Waka a Māui – the place where the waka of Māui made landfall.



Out of the Wild

by Matt Comeskey

When did the chicken cross the road? Probably about eight thousand years ago – no joke! That’s when some scientists think chickens were first **domesticated**. What about dogs, cats, and other animals? When did they start living with people. And why?



Dogs

The **ancestor** of the dog is the grey wolf. Many thousands of years ago, grey wolves and people were not friends. They competed for food. Sometimes they even hunted each other. Scientists think that around thirty thousand years ago, grey wolves started living closer to people. That way, they could take any scraps of food that people hadn't eaten.

After thousands of years of this easier lifestyle, some grey wolves began to change. They didn't need to hunt as often, which meant they didn't need such large paws or big teeth. These became smaller. Their pointed ears became floppy. They looked cuter. They also became friendlier towards people. Slowly, over a very long time, these grey wolves became dogs.



Grey wolf

Dogs could protect people from danger. They could pull sleds and carry things. On cold nights, a person could cuddle up to a dog to keep warm. People trained dogs to help them round up and move other animals. As time went on, dogs and people became good friends.

Kurī

When the tīpuna of Māori came to Aotearoa New Zealand, they brought kurī (dogs) with them. They knew kurī would help them survive in the new land. The dogs provided meat, and their hair and skin were used to make kahukurī (cloaks) and blankets. Kurī were also good companions. Māori used them for hunting, and some chiefs kept kurī as pets.

These kurī were small, long-haired animals that were once found throughout the Pacific. Scientists think the ancestors of these dogs came from Asia. When people from Asia began settling in the Pacific over three thousand years ago, their dogs came too. Later, these kurī slowly disappeared because they bred with dogs brought by European settlers.



Cats

Scientists are still working out when cats first started living with humans. Some people think it was almost twelve thousand years ago. This was around the same time that people began growing crops, such as wheat and lentils. These crops attracted **rodents**, and of course, the rodents attracted wild cats.

Wild cats that were brave enough to come into town could catch and eat lots of rats and mice. People were happy to see the cats getting rid of all the pests. They encouraged the cats to hang around, and the cats decided to stay. Over ten thousand years later, today's cats are not much different from their ancient wild ancestors.



Have you noticed that cats aren't as helpful as dogs? Perhaps that's because dogs have been living with us for much longer.

It might take another twenty thousand years before your cat will fetch a ball for you!



Sheep

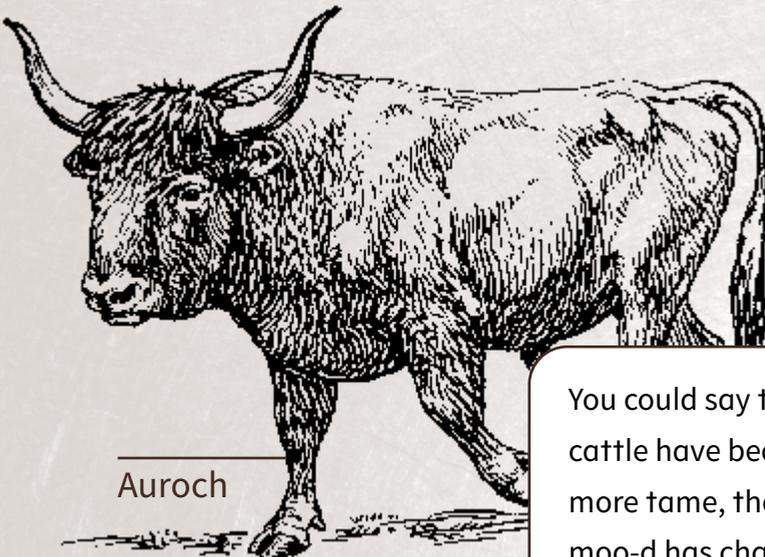
It's thought that the ancestors of sheep were animals called mouflon. People began taming these animals about thirteen thousand years ago. First, they farmed sheep for their meat. Later, they also farmed sheep for their milk and wool.



Mouflon

Cattle

Evidence shows that cattle were domesticated around ten thousand years ago. The ancestors of cattle were called aurochs. They were impressive creatures! Aurochs were much bigger than today's cattle and had huge, sharp horns. Over thousands of years, cattle have become smaller. They are also more relaxed around people.



Auroch

You could say that as cattle have become more tame, their moo-d has changed!

Chickens

What about that first chicken that crossed the road? It's thought that the earliest chicken was a red jungle fowl. Jungle fowl are smaller than today's chickens. They're more **aggressive** too. As jungle fowl became domesticated, they became more like the chickens we see today. They grew quieter, easier to control, and fatter (better for eating). They also laid more eggs.



How do domesticated animals help us?

Domesticated animals help us in lots of ways. Farm animals give us meat, milk, and eggs to eat. In some places, cattle help **plough** the land so that people can grow crops. We use sheep's wool for clothing and to make rugs and blankets. Dogs can be trained to help us and protect us. Cats catch rats and mice. This was very important before modern medicines because rodents often spread diseases that made many people sick. Both animals provide friendship.

So next time you see a domesticated animal, think about what they do for us and be grateful.

Glossary

aggressive: violent

ancestor: an animal that another animal is descended from

domesticated: changed over time from wild to tame

evidence: information that shows something is true

plough: dig over the ground before planting

rodents: small mammals, like rats and mice



Bentley had the same nightmare every night: he was in the Perfect Pedigree Pooch Show. He sat proudly on the stage. His coat shone. His teeth gleamed.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said the judge. “Winner of best in show is ...”

Bentley’s chest swelled with pride, and he stepped forward. Many of his ancestors had won best in show: Great-grandma Grace, Grandpa Hudson, his mum and dad. Now, it was his turn.

“... Colin the sheep!” announced the judge.

Bentley’s mouth opened. He felt sick. Beaten by a sheep!



The room grew cold and dark. The audience was laughing at him. Bentley wanted to run, but he was frozen to the spot ...

Bentley crouched beside a tall wire fence on a building site. This time, he wasn't dreaming. He'd run away from home, and now a strange human was chasing him. If the human caught Bentley, he would check his microchip, find out where he lived, and take him back home. His owners would take him to the Perfect Pedigree Pooch Show – and he'd be beaten by a sheep ...

A voice called through a hole in the fence. "Over here." It was a friendly voice, and not a human one.



Bentley decided to take a chance. He squeezed through the hole. On the footpath was a shaggy dog with short legs and a stumpy tail. “This way,” the dog said. It led him into a park, where there was a huge clump of harakeke. They hid behind it.

“I’m Scruff,” said the dog, wagging his tail. “I’m the local guide for the lost or strayed. What’s your story?”

Bentley’s voice trembled. “I was scared I’d let everybody down if I didn’t win best in show.”

Scruff growled. “Humans! Who are they to judge us?” He sniffed Bentley. “Stick with me. I’ll look after you.”



They went to meet the other dogs in the neighbourhood. “Some are strays like me,” said Scruff, “but most live with humans. We look after each other around here.”

Bentley was impressed. Scruff strutted about as if he owned the world. The other dogs wagged their tails at Scruff as he passed by. They let him gnaw their bones and chew their chew toys. Scruff was best in show in the competition of life.

“How do you do it?” asked Bentley. “You’re so confident. You act like you’re top dog.”

Scruff put his ears back. “What you really mean is, why do I feel good about myself even though I’m not a pedigree with a pile of prizes?”

“Well, yes,” Bentley admitted.

“I’m confident because I know who I am,” said Scruff. “I know my heritage.”

“What’s heritage?” asked Bentley.

“It’s like knowing your pedigree, but better,” replied Scruff. “It tells me who my real ancestors are. And they’re not just a list of pure-bred prizewinners.”

“How can I learn about my heritage?” asked Bentley.

“Wait until tonight,” said Scruff. “There’s a full moon. That’s the best time.”



Bentley followed Scruff through the city and down to the docks. They walked to the end of the jetty. Waves lapped at the rocks. A yellow moon glowed in the sky. The hairs on Bentley's neck stood up.

"Ah," said Scruff. "You can feel it, too. Welcome to the inter-howl."

"What's the inter-howl?" asked Bentley.

Scruff scratched behind his ear. "Humans have the internet. We dogs have the inter-howl. All our information is stored on it. Mostly it's about where to get the best bones. But it also has every dog's heritage. All the way back in time to the ancient snow-covered forests. Do you know what we were then?"

"Cold?" sniffed Bentley.

"No," grinned Scruff. "We were wolves!"

Bentley felt a thrill pass through him.

"So, what do I do now?"

"Upload your howl," said Scruff.

"And the inter-howl will tell you your heritage. Make sure it's loud and clear."

Bentley took a deep breath and howled.

"Now we wait," said Scruff.

They gazed at the moon.



“Knowing about your heritage will give you confidence,” said Scruff. “You’ll know who you are. A real dog, descended from real wolves!”

And then Bentley heard it. The sound of the inter-howl. It sang to him of his wolf ancestors from thousands of years before. It sang of good dogs. It sang of bad dogs. The inter-howl asked, “Which kind are you, Bentley?” Bentley felt a warm glow inside. He felt strong and brave.

At that moment, a van pulled up. It was the human again. The one who had chased him before.



“Dog catcher,” warned Scruff. “They return some dogs to their old homes. Some are given new homes. Others ...” His voice fell to a whisper. “We don’t know what happens to them. But don’t worry. I’ll look after you.”

Bentley knew what he had to do. “No, Scruff,” said Bentley. “This time I’m looking after you.”

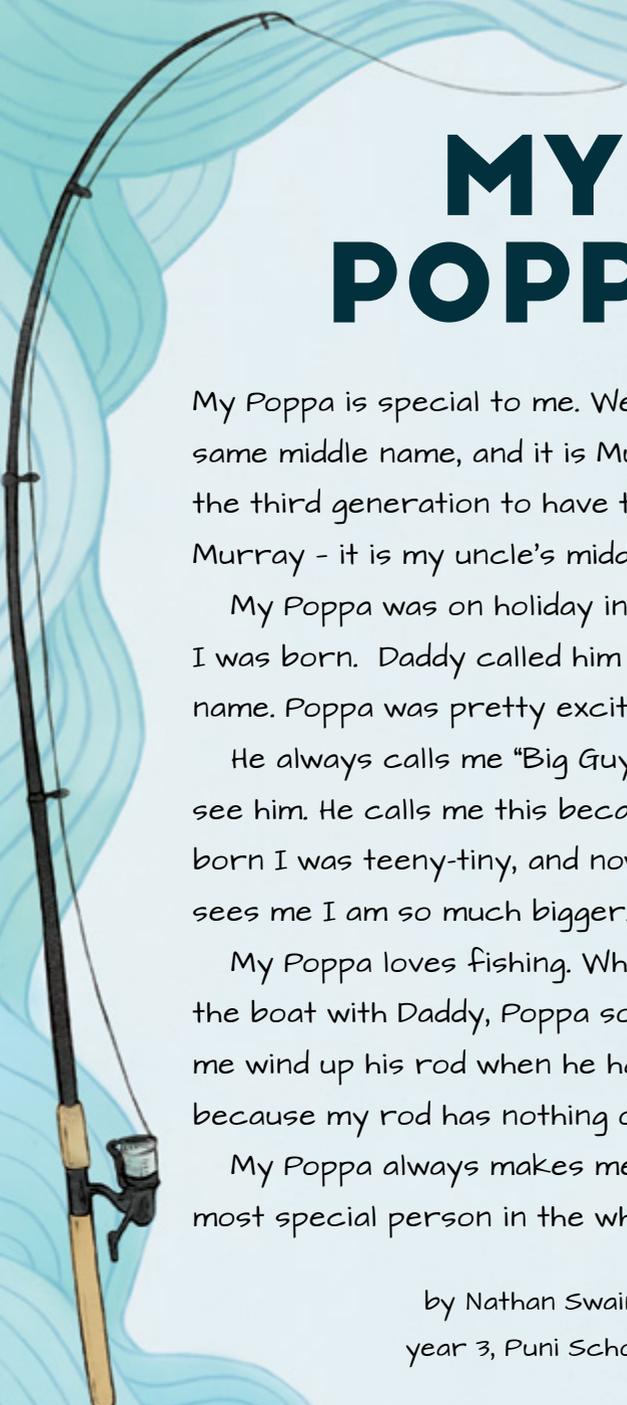
Bentley walked bravely towards the human, wagging his tail. As the human grabbed Bentley, Scruff slipped past them and into the night.

The dog catcher checked Bentley's microchip. He found out where Bentley lived and took him home. Bentley was washed and dried. His coat shone. His teeth gleamed.

At the Perfect Pedigree Pooch Show, Bentley wasn't nervous. His chest swelled with pride. Not because of his glossy coat and perfect ears. And not because he'd just won best in show.

Bentley was proud because he knew who he was and where he'd come from. Bentley knew his place in the great howl of life.





MY POPPA

My Poppa is special to me. We share the same middle name, and it is Murray. I am the third generation to have the name Murray - it is my uncle's middle name, too.

My Poppa was on holiday in Australia when I was born. Daddy called him and told him my name. Poppa was pretty excited.

He always calls me "Big Guy" when I go and see him. He calls me this because when I was born I was teeny-tiny, and now every time he sees me I am so much bigger.

My Poppa loves fishing. When we go out on the boat with Daddy, Poppa sometimes lets me wind up his rod when he has a fish. This is because my rod has nothing on it.

My Poppa always makes me feel like the most special person in the whole wide world.

by Nathan Swain
year 3, Puni School

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Ministry of Education and Lift Education would like to thank the staff and students of Fox Glacier School for sharing the story of their mural.

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Editor: David Chadwick

Designer: Liz Tui Morris

Literacy Consultant: Melanie Winthrop

Consulting Editors: Ariana Tikao and Emeli Sione



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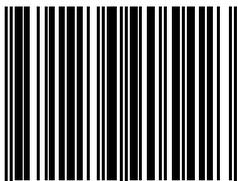
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ISBN 978-1-77690-542-3



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