



SCHOOL JOURNAL

JUNE 2022

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LEVEL 4

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Imagine having to make an impossible choice: stay with the life you know in the country of your birth but face misery after misery – or risk everything. Flee your homeland, where your family has lived for generations, for the chance of a new beginning.

The following is a true story. It begins when I was seven. Although these things happened to my family, the story is not only ours. It belongs to Afghan refugees everywhere, but especially to the people rescued by the Tampa.

Jakarta, Indonesia, August 2001





This is not what I paid for. This is not what I was promised.

I am not getting on that.

What's the alternative?

Let's just wait for the next boat.



Abdull!
No!

You knew it would come to this.

How could you live with yourself if one of us died?

How could I live with myself if one of us died begging on the streets?



Trust me.



Sungjoy, Afghanistan, March 2001
(five months earlier)



By the spring of 2001, the Taliban controlled almost all of Afghanistan. People were frightened. Many of the houses in our village had been abandoned.



We're leaving, too. We can't stay here.

But Mojtaba can't even walk.

Well if we stay, he won't be safe.

But our friends, your brother and sister!

My father had got us all passports. We were leaving for Pakistan the next day.



My father's friend picked us up.



My last view of our village was of the silver creek shining amid a cloud of dust.



Our family had lived in Sungjoy for almost a century. My great-grandparents had settled there. They connected the past to the present, and now that link was being broken. Would we ever return to climb these hills, swim in the water, or breathe the fresh air?

It took us two days to reach the city of Kandahar. We had to travel through Taliban heartland on the most dangerous road in the country, if not the world. It was known for killings, kidnappings, and robberies.



Someone will take us across the border tomorrow.

We stayed hidden the entire way.

Our last night in Afghanistan was spent in Kandahar. We drove to the border early the next day. Dad said the guards became grumpy as the day grew hotter.



Let's keep faith.

Inshallah.



We stayed in Quetta, in Pakistan, for many weeks while Dad planned our next move. He'd heard stories about refugees making it to Australia by boat. But first, we'd have to fly to Indonesia. Dad had to find the right people to bribe.



Indian Ocean, August 2001

The moment our boat left the shore, people became seasick. The women and children suffered the most.



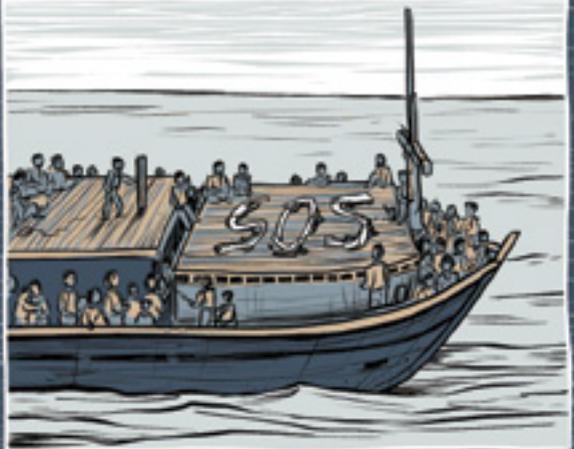
The real trouble started when the engine broke down. We were drifting in the ocean, at the mercy of the waves, with a storm brewing.



The storm was relentless. The boat began to fall to pieces before our eyes. We entered a trance-like state, our prayers drowning the crash of the waves ...



Morning came. By some miracle, we were alive.



Eventually, we were rescued by the Tampa. We took nothing but the clothes on our backs.



We spent ten days on the Tampa – waiting. Australia didn't want us. No one did. We weren't seen as people fleeing the Taliban and death and torture. Then some of us got lucky. New Zealand would take 150 refugees ...

New Zealand, September 2001

We found ourselves on another bus. This one took us to the refugee resettlement centre in Māngere.



Our days there were busy. After weeks stuck in limbo, we enjoyed the routine.



My name is Abbas, and I am from Afghanistan, and I like football, and Ali is my brother, and I like food ...

It was a special time for my parents. Neither of them had ever really been to school. My mum had never written her own name ...



All of us kids soaked up everything. We had been carried into our future. We were unstoppable.



We were sent to Christchurch. Our house had a white picket fence and a green front lawn. I stared in wonder at the hallway, the windows, the wallpaper. There was so much furniture! And there was a shed in the backyard with boxes and boxes of books.



Our neighbourhood, Ballantyne Avenue, was home to Pākehā, Pacific, Māori, and Asian families. I'd always been with people who were like me. What would we have in common?



But it was all fine. The kids on my street became my friends. With each passing month, my sense of belonging grew stronger.



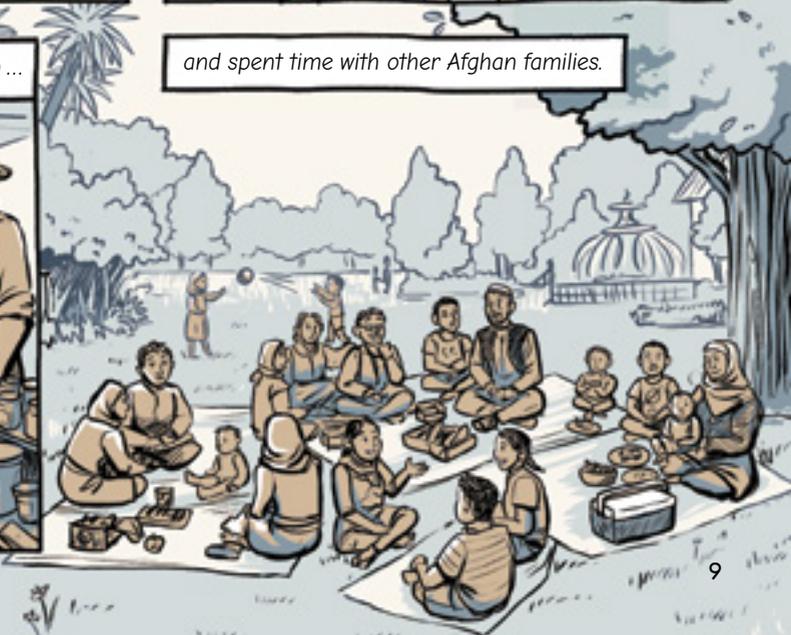
My family was soon busy with work and school.



In the weekends, we explored Christchurch ...



and spent time with other Afghan families.



In the months and years that followed, I thrived.



It was much harder for my parents. They marvelled at our progress ...



but my mother, especially, got badly homesick. She missed her watan, her homeland.



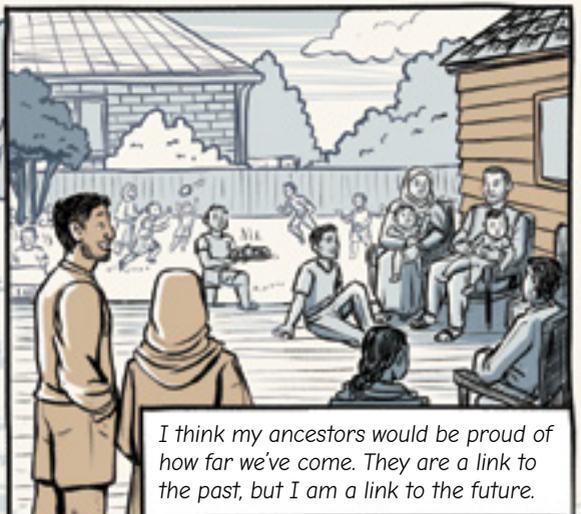
My father struggled, too. He missed Afghanistan – and the land his family had farmed for generations.



Looking back, I see that my parents were floating between two worlds: the old and the new.



I came to understand something. My parents had built the foundations for our new lives, and it was up to me – and my brothers and sister – to build the house.



I think my ancestors would be proud of how far we've come. They are a link to the past, but I am a link to the future.



The Lesson

by Emelia King, year 8,
Evans Bay Intermediate

Author's note: The following is based on a true story that was told to me by my great-grandmother. While the story is real, most of the names are fictional.

Elsie gave a small sigh as she watched her granddaughter whizzing around the field. Cece was rambunctious, feisty, and – most importantly – persuasive, and she'd finally persuaded Elsie to let her drive the ride-on mower.

"I'll stay in the field out front, Granny, where you can watch me with your eagle eyes," she'd said. "Consider it a favour! I'll be mowing one of your overgrown lawns."

So there Elsie was, anxiously stirring a cup of tea and reminiscing about when Cece had been a baby. It seemed like a lifetime ago, and in a way, it was.

Elsie recalled a very different driving session, a long time ago, with a *much* more disastrous ending. Just as she reached for a second spoonful of sugar, there was an ear-splitting *screeeech* and the ominous sound of cracking branches. OK, maybe the ending wasn't so different.

The corners of Elsie's mouth twitched into a smile as she took in the scene.

The mower had crashed into a hedge.

Elsie opened the window. "Get in here, you silly little girl," she called out affectionately. "Make sure you're in one piece!" She sat back, her brow furrowed. The scene was uncommonly familiar ...

"Granny?" said a timid voice.

Elsie jerked back to reality. Cece was standing in the doorway, her wild auburn hair strewn with leaves, a small cut on her cheek.

"Granny?" she said again, her eyes wobbling with tears.

"None of that, silly goose," Elsie said kindly. "Are you OK? Come and sit down. I'll tell you a story. You're not the first one to crash. My father did something similar, though not into that exact hedge. Sit down. I'll tell you what happened."

It was around 1920, during Elsie's teenage years. Her father sat down at the breakfast table with a thump. "I want you to teach me how to drive," he said.

He may as well have dropped a bomb on her head. Elsie sat there, dumbstruck. "How ... how to drive?" she stuttered.

"Yes, how to drive! The world is moving, and I want to move with it. You know how to drive, and I don't."

"Of course, Dad. I just ... um ... come outside, and I'll teach you the basics."

As usual, Tilly stuck her nose in. Little cousins, in Elsie's opinion, were worse than siblings. "Watcha doing, Elsie?"

"Go away, Tilly!"

"Won't." She stuck out her tongue. "You're teaching Uncle Harry how to drive, aren't you?"

"None of your business. Get your nose out of it." Elsie shoved Tilly out of the way and stormed out of the door.

"MUM! DAD! AUNT BETH! ELSIE IS TEACHING UNCLE HARRY HOW TO DRIVE!" Tilly yelled, racing to join them on the street.

Elsie's father was standing by the car. "What are you smiling about?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said unconvincingly.

"It seems there will be an audience."

Elsie bit her lip nervously and pointed inside the car. "You push that pedal to make it go forward, and you use the wheel to steer. Piece of cake." She stepped back. "Just drive to the end of the street and stop. Don't worry about any other cars. You know how quiet this street is."

"Elsie ..." her father protested.

"Off you go!" she said with a smile. "You'll be fine, Dad."

"But Elsie ..."

"Go!"

Her father got in the car, looking pale, and began to move cautiously down the street.

"Faster, Harry, faster!" shouted Uncle Peter. "A snail would beat you at the rate you're going!"

The car sped up a tiny bit.

"Faster, faster, faster!" shouted Tilly, skirt flying as she jiggled on the spot.

The car went a little faster. And a little faster. And a little faster. It was only when it was halfway down the street that ice flooded Elsie's veins. She had forgotten to show her dad how to use the brakes.



She gave a shriek and ran down the street, yelling desperately, trying to tell her father how to stop. The car was getting faster by the second, and Elsie could do nothing but watch as it left the safety of their little road and entered the main street.

A scream echoed in Elsie's ears, but she barely registered it – she was too fixated on the moving car. It was halfway across the main street. Her heart was pounding. Possibly, just possibly, no other cars would come and possibly, just possibly ...

There was a screech, then the ominous sound of cracking branches. The car had hit a hedge.

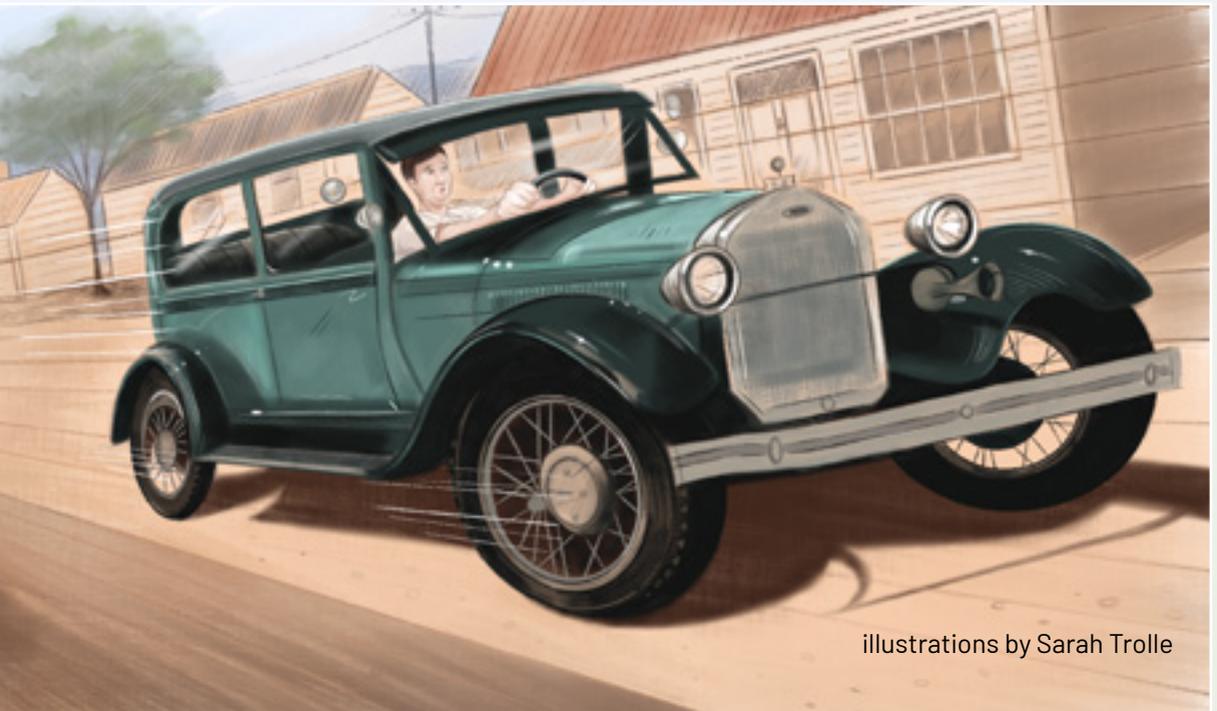
Back on the couch with Cece, Elsie said, "I'll never forget the terrified thought that

flew through my head. *I've killed my father!* We all sprinted down the road. By that point, I was laughing hysterically – or maybe I was crying. Father was OK, barely had a scratch, and he was laughing, too – big, heaving belly laughs that set us all off.

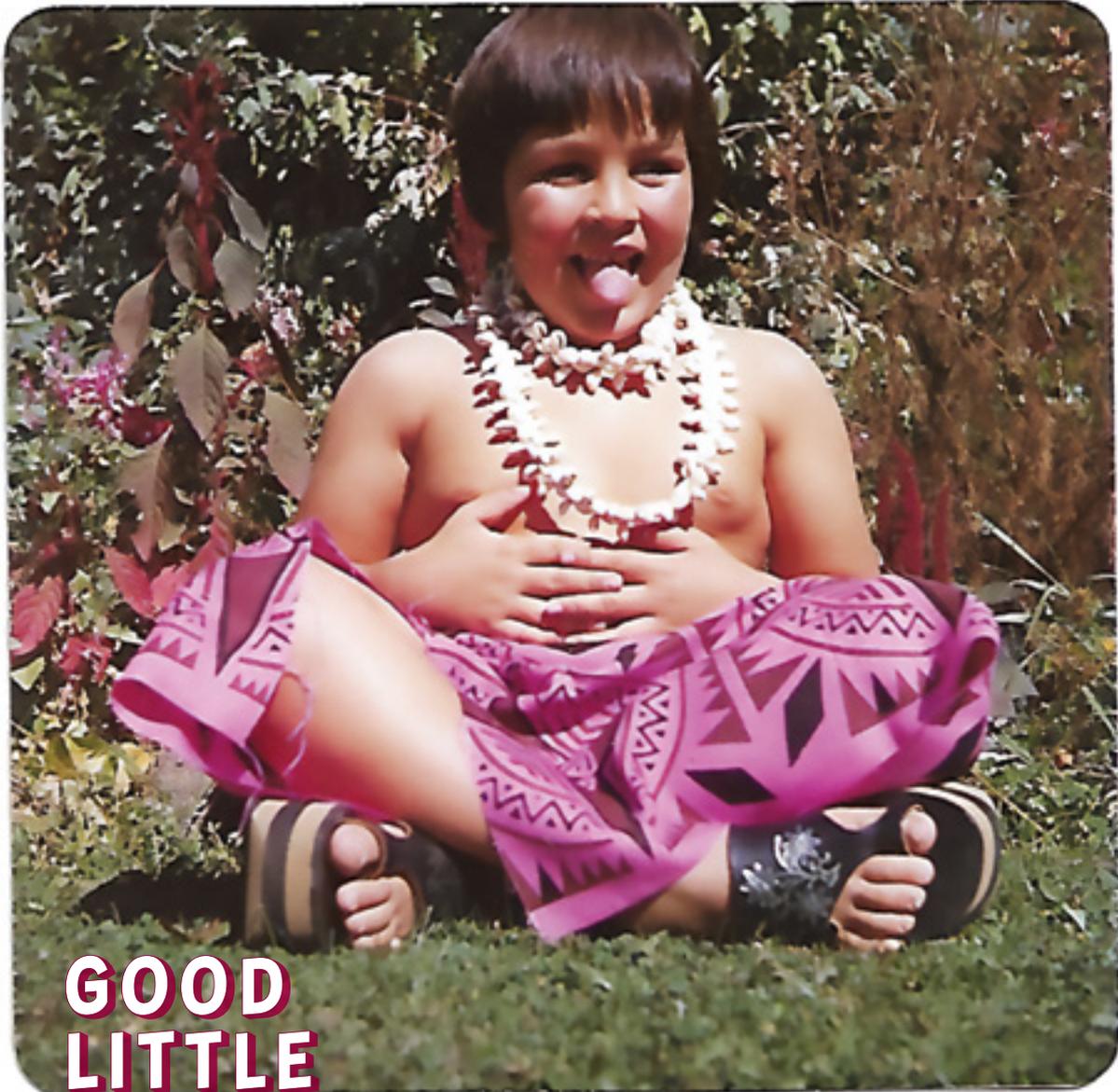
"We chuckled later, but in the moment, I tell you! Anyhow, the car didn't get off as lightly. Neither did the hedge. But all's well that ends well," Elsie chortled. "What a day!"

She hauled herself off the couch and went to the kettle. "I think you've learnt a lesson, Cecilia Brook. That persuasive charm of yours can sometimes get you into a tight spot."

"Yes, Granny," said Cece, stifling a laugh. "But now I know that I got it from you."



illustrations by Sarah Trolle



GOOD LITTLE SAMOAN BOY

**BY VICTOR
RODGER**

I met my Samoan grandmother, Matalena, twice: once when I was at primary school and once when I was at high school. Both times it was pretty awkward. Even though I knew who she was, I didn't *know* her.

The second – and last – time I met Matalena, she'd developed cataracts and could hardly see. She wept as she ran her hands over my face – and to be honest, it freaked me out.

Part of me thinks I look ridiculous, especially in those platform jandals. Another part of me recognises there's something else I appear to be: uncomplicated.

In 1977, when I was seven, my Pālagi mum took a photo of me for my grandmother who lived in Sāmoa. Mum wanted her to know she was raising a good little Samoan boy even though she was Pālagi and even though my father – Matalena's son – wasn't around. So Mum dressed me up the way she thought a good little Samoan boy should look.

In the photo, I'm shirtless. "Husky" as they used to say. A junior Poly-Buddha with a fringe. A thick shell necklace has been wrapped once around my neck, like a choker, the rest left to dangle in between my nipples. My hands cover my puku – whether by self-conscious design or unconscious coincidence, I'm not sure. My tongue pokes out like a smiley pūkana.

I'm wearing a lāvalava for the first time (a gift from Matalena that she made herself, I later learnt). It's watermelon coloured and features geometric designs in black and brown. I didn't know how to tie it properly. Neither did Mum. We held it together with safety pins. The ensemble is finished off with my mother's chunky black-and-silver platform jandals, which were popular in the 1970s. They snugly fit my wide seven-year-old feet.

For me, it's like playing dress-ups. Putting this attire on is no different from putting on a cowboy outfit or a pirate eyepatch. And like those costumes, the good little Samoan boy

is something I can put on and take off when I feel like it.

At the time Mum took the photo, I hadn't ever thought about what it meant to have Samoan heritage. Whenever I occasionally met a Samoan relative, I found their names hard to say and their accents difficult to understand. I couldn't get away fast enough. There was always a level of discomfort – and that was never more true than on the times my father made one of his rare appearances. The emotions he stirred up in me were dark and complicated. None of them were positive. Not yet, anyway.

I look at this photo over forty-five years later, and I wonder what Matalena thought when she saw it for the first time. Did she smile sadly and sigh, "Kalofa e"? Did she laugh at the platform jandals? Or was she moved? Did she understand the effort my young Pālagi mother made to try to prove that her fatherless son was still somehow a "tama Sāmoa" – a son of Sāmoa?

Matalena died a long time ago. Whatever happened to her copy of the photo? Does it still exist? Part of me thinks I look ridiculous, especially in those platform jandals. Another part of me recognises there's something else I appear to be: uncomplicated.

It will be a decade or so before I wear another lāvalava. By then, I'm starting to embrace my Samoan heritage, but that's precisely when things start to get complicated.

By the late 1980s, I'm a cadet reporter on a newspaper, fresh out of high school. I'm the only brown face among the reporters. I proudly answer the phone each day with "Talofa, newsroom".

When a story is published about a Samoan taxi driver in Wellington being told off for wearing a lāvalava to work, I decide to show my idea of Samoan solidarity: I put on a lāvalava in the men's bathroom and walk into the newsroom.

One of the Pālagi photographers is amused. "How'd you tie it?" he asks as he lifts his camera and gets ready to take my photo.

I feel myself blush. "Safety pins."

On one level, I'm still the boy in the photo Mum took in 1977, though this time, I've elected to display my Samoan-ness rather than being told what to wear.

The photographer looks disappointed. He puts his camera down and doesn't take my photo. Maybe he's thinking the exact same thing I'm thinking in that moment: bad Samoan.

Some people think it's ironic I chose to embrace my Samoan heritage given my father left my Pālagi mother to raise me by herself. But it makes sense to me. I've had a lifetime of Pālagi people asking "Where are you from?" and then, once I reveal my Samoan heritage, asking "Do you go back?"

Well, yes. I went to Sāmoa for the first time just before I turned twelve, only I wasn't going back. I was *going*. There's a big difference.

Thinking about it now, my upbringing was the reasonably common story of the Afakasi outsider: too brown for white people, too white for brown people – both sides ready to tell you what you were and, more to the point, what you were not.

My father didn't believe in the concept of being half-caste (a term I no longer use, even though I still sometimes use the Samoan equivalent – Afakasi).

"You're either one or the other," he insisted. This was back in the eighties when we were trying to establish something that resembled a relationship.

Was he right, all those years ago? Do those of us who have parents of different races need to choose one side over the other?

Was he right, all those years ago? Do those of us who have parents of different races need to choose one side over the other?

Because even though my fair-skinned face may not be the face of Sāmoa, it is a face of Sāmoa ...

I'm still one of those Samoans whose heart begins to beat with fear when *that* song comes on at a function ... you know the one? The one that means you'll have to aiuli your cousin/mate/relative/whoever when they're up there doing a siva. When you're going to have to pretend you're swaying unselfconsciously to the music while everyone else looks so free, but you feel like a total unco with arms of lead.

It's all there in my first play, *Sons*. I wrote the play in 1994, partly to represent my place on the Samoan spectrum – the place that has no language, no knowledge of the culture, yet with a deep desire to somehow belong.

The main character in *Sons* is Noah, a young Afakasi Samoan-Pālagi who knows nothing about his Samoan heritage. His half-brother Lua is aware of this (but unaware they are half-brothers). Lua ropes Noah into doing a dance at a Samoan fundraiser. It's a set-up: to get one over the clueless Afakasi. Noah dances, despite his reservations. He's terrible.

The scene is played for comedy.

On the opening night of *Sons*, the MC called me onto the stage after the play had finished. Not to take a bow. To dance.

And so there I was, dancing, in utter silence. My auntie Leitu'u got up to aiuli me. Everyone else in the audience sat there and watched in a gaping, uncomfortable silence that felt like it went on forever.

Life imitated art. And it *sucked*.

But as I've come to learn, it's all just part of the journey, where bits of it *really* suck but those bits are far outweighed by the other bits; the bits that bring joy and, yes, a sense of belonging. Because even though my fair-skinned face may not be the face of Sāmoa, it is a face of Sāmoa – just as all the other faces like mine are faces of Sāmoa in our different ways. Some of us even write plays, like I did, that deal with cultural identity or racism.

And while I never grew up to become the good little Samoan boy my mother dressed up all those years ago, I have, in my own way, embraced being a tama Sāmoa.

I think Matalena, if she were still alive, would appreciate that. And I like to think it would make her smile ...

A different version of this story first appeared in Pantograph Punch as part of the Creative New Zealand Pacific Arts Legacy Project.

Ancestors

Ancestors are deceased people who still bother you sometimes. Like crazy Great-Aunt Unice, who didn't let being dead stop her expressing an opinion. It's freaky, but ancestors are not zombies or ghosts. Well, they're sort of ghosts. They might haunt you if you've done something bad, just to teach you. But they kind of care too. Like, they don't want you to muck up. It's like noogie, noogie, noogie – hug! One day our pet cockatoo Queen E, whom no one really listened to any more, started talking in the voice of Great-Aunt Unice, saying, “Take me to the vet! Take me to the vet!” and when we did, the vet's X-ray showed Unice's long-lost wedding ring! Your ancestors know things. Queen E survived the zircon extraction, but eventually fell to indigestion.

James Brown





CRICHTON



ERUERA MAIHI PATUONE

THE STORY OF A GREAT RANGATIRA

as told by FRASER SMITH
(a great-great-great-great-grandson)

Eruera Maihi Patuone lived to be 108 (some say he was 112). Over his long life, he would witness enormous change. Patuone was a boy when Captain Cook first arrived, and he was one of the first rangatira to sign Te Tiriti o Waitangi. As a warrior, he fought with both traditional weapons and muskets. Later in life, he became a peacemaker. Like his cousin Hongi Hika, Patuone was a descendant of Rāhiri, who in turn descended from Kupe. Patuone was born the third son of Tāpua, a Hokianga chief and tohunga. His mother, Te Kawehau, was also highly born.

THE SHIP

One day in 1769, when Patuone was about five, his father was out fishing near Motukōkako (Piercy Island) when he saw a strange waka. It looked like a floating island. The fishermen went to investigate, throwing some of their trevally to the pale, oddly dressed men. The ship was the *Endeavour*, and Captain Cook invited Patuone's father and some of the other men on board. They were given gifts, including a leg of pork, a food unknown to Māori. Later, Patuone and his sister ate the pork. They declared it sweet and very good.

The coming of these strangers had been predicted by tūpuna years before. "Look to the sea and beware," they said. In the decades that followed, many more ships arrived, bringing fortune-seekers, whalers, sealers, traders, and escaped convicts from Australia. The needs of these newcomers were many, and Māori were eager to trade for axes, spades, fish-hooks, and muskets. Iron from Pākehā was highly prized. Even a simple nail was a treasure.

A NEW LEADER

When Patuone was born, his people believed he was destined for greatness, the chosen one who would inherit his father's mana. From an early age, he was taught hand-to-hand combat, history, and whakapapa – all the skills he'd need to be a tohunga, warrior, and leader of his hapū, Ngāti Hao. Tāpua had another prophecy for his son: "Hei tangata pai koe, māu e hohou te rongō." (You will be a good man, a peacemaker.)

As a young man, Patuone fought alongside his father and brothers in many battles. These were difficult years. War was always present in the far north as competing hapū struggled to gain land and power. Patuone's two oldest brothers were killed by the time he was twenty, but Patuone and his younger brother Nene survived, and their reputation as warriors grew. In 1806, Patuone fought in the battle of Waituna, using a mere pounamu to kill the enemy rangatira Tatakahuanui.

c. 1764

Patuone is born.

1769

Cook's first visit to New Zealand.

1806

The battle of Waituna, which helps establish Patuone's reputation as a great warrior.

TRADE

By the early 1800s, many northern hapū were growing food to trade with Pākehā. They had learnt that potatoes were easier to grow than kūmara; now they could produce three crops a year instead of one. Many hapū also had mōkai (war captives) to work in the fields as well as ploughs, horses, bullocks, and tools, all of which saved labour and increased production.

Patuone made the most of new opportunities. He grew wheat and other crops for trade, and he and Nene became involved in a shipyard in Hōreke, on the Hokianga Harbour. Many ships were travelling up and down the coast, and they needed a place to resupply. In 1826, Patuone made his first trip to Sydney to spread the word that Hokianga Harbour, under his protection, was a good place for ships to anchor. Patuone could provide them with potatoes, pork, flax, wheat, timber, and kauri spars, which were in high demand to make masts for ships.

Patuone wasn't the only rangatira in the north who wanted to do business with Pākehā. Hongi Hika had his own plans for trade on nearby Whangaroa Harbour. Although related, Patuone and Hongi were rivals, especially when it came to the missionaries. Mission stations in Northland meant more ships would come, and so both rangatira wanted a good relationship with the missionaries.

The shipyard at Hōreke



1814

New Zealand's first mission station is established in Rangihoua.

1818

The Musket Wars begin.

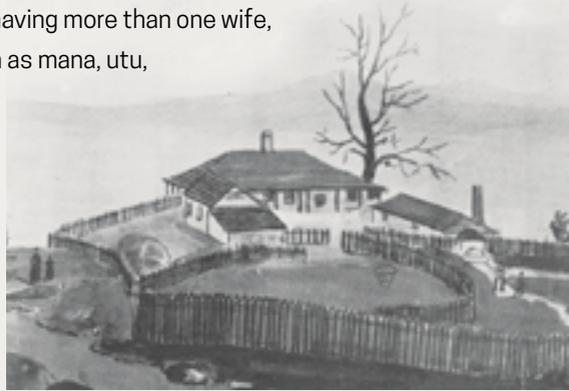
1826

The Hōreke shipyard is established.

THE MISSIONARIES

New Zealand's first missionary was the Anglican Samuel Marsden. He arrived in 1814. By 1845, there were eleven mission stations in the North Island – Anglican, Wesleyan, and Catholic. The missionaries introduced Western ideas about farming and trade as well as religion, and they often taught Māori to read and write. They also preached against Māori traditions, including the keeping of mōkai, having more than one wife, tribal warfare, and cannibalism. Māori values such as mana, utu, tapu, and noa were also discouraged.

Despite their influence, the missionaries still lived in a world that was overwhelmingly Māori. While they'd come to New Zealand to spread their ideas, especially about religion, the missionaries had to adapt. And Māori had their own way of interpreting Christianity so it was a better fit with their beliefs. This approach greatly troubled many missionaries.



The mission station at Māngungu

THE MUSKET WARS

Patuone was related to many powerful Ngāpuhi chiefs: Hongi Hika, Pōmare, Muriwai, and Hōne Heke Pōkai. These rangatira led many taua (war parties) that travelled vast distances to avenge past wrongs.

From 1818, Ngāpuhi launched a series of expeditions that covered much of the North Island. At first, Ngāpuhi had a huge advantage. They were the first Māori to trade with Pākehā, which gave them access to muskets. Māori had never used these weapons before, and so the battles that followed were part of what was later called the Musket Wars.

Patuone and Nene took part in some of these campaigns, including the first Āmiowhenua expedition in 1819. Using these new weapons, unknown to Māori in the south, they won many battles and took many mōkai. By the time the Musket Wars ended in the north in the 1830s, more than twenty thousand Māori had died.



Heke Pōkai (left) and Patuone

LAW AND ORDER

Hongi Hika died in 1828. It was the start of a difficult time for Patuone. Not long after, his wife and three of his children died within six months, probably from tuberculosis. Patuone became restless. He visited Sydney a second time, then married Takarangī, the sister of a Ngāti Pāoa chief from Whakatīwai. Patuone began to spend a lot of time in the area, trading flax and timber. He also maintained pā at Whakatīwai and at Pūtiki on Waiheke Island.

As the settler population continued to grow, so did the problems. Ships carrying rum often docked in Hokianga, leading to drunken behaviour and fights. Patuone and other rangatira wanted to ban alcohol from the rohe. Sometimes, he arranged for people to paddle out to the ships to tip the drink overboard.

In 1831, rumours spoke of more trouble: the French planned to colonise New Zealand. Patuone, Nene, and eleven other Ngāpuhi rangatira gathered at Kerikeri to sign a petition, asking the British king for protection. The result was He Whakaputanga (the Declaration of Independence). This was signed by thirty-four rangatira, including Patuone and Nene. He Whakaputanga promised that Māori would continue to rule over their land and Britain would protect them from other countries. Afterwards, Māori flew the United Tribes flag, and British ships fired cannons to celebrate.



1826

Patuone's first visit to Sydney.

1827

A mission station is established at Māngungu under Patuone's protection.

1835

He Whakaputanga is signed.

TE TAI TOKERAU

A MAP OF NORTHLAND



Whangaroa Harbour

Rangihoua

Motukōkako

Kororāreka

Hōreke

Māngungu

Ruapekapeka

Hokianga Harbour

Waiheke Island

Auckland

Whakatiwai

PARTNERSHIP AND WAR

Five years later, Patuone was part of another landmark signing: Te Tiriti o Waitangi. Many rangatira were against Te Tiriti. Some wanted to push the Pākehā back into the sea, but Patuone and Nene believed it was too late. Nene said, “We now have twenty-year-old children who have come from the Pākehā.” Patuone spoke for peace and acceptance, and over the next seven months, more than five hundred rangatira would sign Te Tiriti.



Patuone wanted a peaceful life with Pākehā, but after Te Tiriti, some Māori grew frustrated. The British were breaking promises. Heke Pōkai expressed this frustration, cutting down the British flagpole at Kororāreka three times. A few months later, he attacked soldiers based in the town. In response, the British launched a military campaign against the Ngāpuhi chief and his ally, Te Ruki Kawiti. This was the start of the Northern War.

1838

Ngāpuhi involvement in the Musket Wars ends.

1840

Patuone is baptised on 26 January and given the name Eruera Maihi (Edward Marsh).

1840

The first rangatira sign Te Tiriti o Waitangi on 6 February.

THE NEW ZEALAND WARS

The Northern War was the first of many between the government and Māori in the mid-nineteenth century. These wars were about who owned the land and who controlled the country. Most of the fighting was centred in four regions: Northland (1845–46), Taranaki (1860–61 and 1863–69), Waikato (1863–64), and Bay of Plenty/East Coast (1864–72). Although Māori sometimes had the upper hand, especially in Northland, they eventually lost. The government was able to sustain a long military campaign, but it was difficult for Māori, who had fewer resources and people to fight. By the end, Māori were heavily outnumbered. After the wars, the government punished Māori by taking millions of hectares of land.

The government siege on the pā at Ruapekapeka



1844

Heke Pōkai cuts down the flagpole at Kororāreka for the first time on 8 July.

1845

The Northern War starts.

1846

The Northern War ends.

BRIDGE BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

Patuone was in his eighties when the Northern War broke out. He and Nene didn't support Heke Pōkai. The brothers believed the Pākehā were there to stay; it was better if their people sided with the British – in a limited way. However, when Heke Pōkai was defeated, Nene advised the government not to take his land.

Patuone also had a lot of influence over government officials. There were many misunderstandings between Māori and Pākehā, and his reputation as a peacemaker meant he was often asked to help. When Patuone's third wife, Riria, died in 1849, his people wanted him to return to Hokianga. But Governor Grey valued Patuone's presence in Auckland – he was an important bridge between two worlds – and so he gave Patuone a large piece of land at Takapuna Beach. It was a shrewd decision that paid off just a few years later, when Ngāti Pāoa warriors arrived in Auckland to avenge the arrest of their rangatira. Patuone negotiated their peaceful withdrawal. In 1865, Wellington became the country's new capital. The politicians continued to ask Patuone's opinion, although he wasn't always listened to.



The British waiting to invade Waikato, 1863

1852

Patuone moves to Takapuna.

1863

The government invades Waikato in July, against Patuone's advice.

1865

Wellington becomes the country's capital.

“IN NO WAY
NEGLECT KINDNESS;
IT IS A POWER THAT
WILL HELP YOU.”

Eruera Maihi Patuone
c. 1764–1872



A CENTURY OF CHANGE

Patuone died on 19 September 1872. In the weeks before his death, Māori travelled from around the country to pay their respects. Patuone didn't want a traditional tangi. Instead, five hundred people – Māori and Pākehā – gathered for a state funeral in Auckland. He was buried in the Mount Victoria cemetery in Te Hau Kapua/Devonport, close to where he had lived for many years. The government erected a plaque by the grave. It described Patuone as a “warm friend of Europeans, supporter of the Queen's laws, and peacemaker”. Although Patuone had at least nine children, only one, Hohaia, survived to have children of his own. Before his death, Patuone told his son, “In no way neglect kindness; it is a power that will help you.”

1872

The New Zealand Wars
end in late February.

1872

Patuone dies and is buried
in Auckland.

1876

The Life and Times of Patuone
by C.O. Davis is published.

THE Bucket Man

by Anna Smaill

The last time it rained was the day I turned ten. I remember because that afternoon, I walked home from school for the last time. A half-hearted shower, over before it really started.

Back when I was too young to remember, the government divided up all the land. If you wanted food,

you had to grow it yourself. Our plot was steep and dry, so Dad and Mum built terraces. I hated those terraces. The dust got into my hair and into my mouth and under my nails. I didn't want to be there. I wanted to be at school, asking questions, getting answers. "What happens inside a seed?" I wanted to ask. "What's dust made from? Where did the rain go?"



It was Gran who took pity on me. “Do you reckon you could lend me Jack for the water rounds?” she asked my mum.

“The drums are getting so heavy to lift, and I want to take some up to Gordon.”

Nobody refused my gran anything, so the next morning, there I was, piling the gallon drums into the cart. They were light and empty – hollow. Two for each of us, two for the fields, and an extra two for Gordon, our up-the-hill neighbour.

Gordon Ratana was totally cuckoo; everyone knew it. The whole flat roof of his house was covered in plastic 10-litre buckets, waiting for rain that never came.

“Why can’t the bucket man get his own water?” I asked.

Gran gave me her best stare. Then she twitched the reins, and we made our way to the reservoir. The sun burnt down the whole way, but it was way better than being on the terraces.

“Do clouds have names?” I asked. I don’t know where the question came from. We were driving back, the water drums heavy in the cart. I was looking at the small white streaks up high. Nobody paid attention to clouds any more, but I did. I liked trying to stare down the sky’s big blue eye, even though it always won.

“Didn’t they teach you that in school?” Gran asked.



“No,” I said. Thinking about school was like thinking about water when you were thirsty – it just made things worse.

Gran used to be a scientist. Dad once tried to explain her work to me. Basically, he said, it was coming up with new questions about the world and working out the answers. Maybe I never asked her about it because I was so envious.

“Those are cumulus clouds – Altocumulus.”

The word had a music to it, cool and calm. “How do they form?” I asked. “And why? And how do you know when they have rain inside?” I couldn’t stop the questions once they started.

Gran sat back and looked at me. I thought she would laugh, but she shook her head.

“You’re just like Ned,” she said, “when he was your age.” She was silent after that. Ned was my great-uncle. I never met him.

We drove all the way to where the old dirt track started. Gran pointed at the two extra drums. “Take those up to Mr Ratana,” she said.

I sighed and hauled them up the track, all the way to his crazy lean-to house with the buckets on the roof with their meaningless labels: potassium nitrate, silver iodide. Deep inside the shack was a strange sound. Metal clanging on metal.

I left the drums outside the door and ran all the way back.

I didn’t tell Gran what I’d heard.



The next day, Gran passed me something. A book. Books weren't made any more, so it must have been pretty old. The paper was dry, chalky almost.

I opened it in the middle. The page showed the long, stingray shape of our island. There were black curved lines across it like ripples inside a drum of water.

"Know what they are?" said Gran. "Isobars. We used them to predict the weather. That was my research field. I studied weather. The climate."

I tried to think of a time the weather wasn't always the same and turned the pages gently. There was a name on the front page: Ned Dixon.

"Ned was a scientist, too," Gran said.

"You both were?"

"Our father taught us to ask questions. And my mother. She was a geneticist. Her father was a scientist as well, and further back, his father. You come from a family of scientists, Jack. Questions are deep in your blood. I should have seen it. I'm sorry. I should have seen it before."

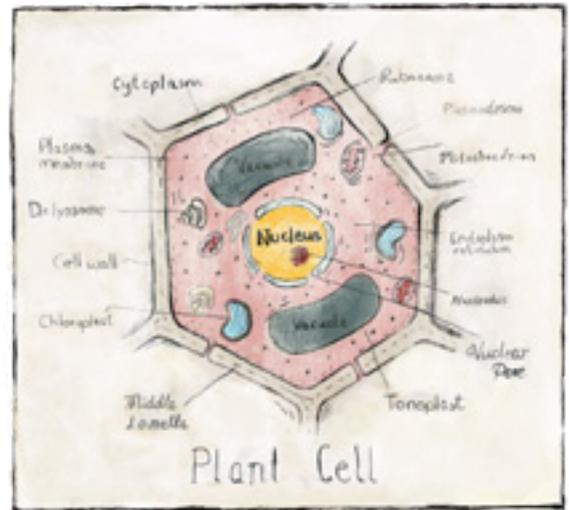
I breathed in and tried to imagine back then. There was a burn of envy. None of my ancestors had stopped school at ten. And what good had all their questions been? They hadn't stopped the earth from drying up. But it wasn't just envy I felt. It was excitement. And something else: the calm feeling of learning names.

That summer, Gran brought a new book on each trip to the reservoir. Each one had a name in the front. Sometimes her name, sometimes Ned's. The older books were her father's and mother's, and there were older books still – my great-great-grandfather's.

"Aren't these out of date?" I asked.

Gran laughed. "Don't worry. It's all still true." Then she took the book back to test me on the parts of a plant cell.

"Cytoplasm," I said, carefully. "Nucleus. Mitochondrion." I tasted the names, as cool as water.



At the end of each trip, I dragged the drums up the bucket man's track. The clanging inside was getting louder. One time, I craned my neck around the busted gate. Out behind his shack, I saw a huge object made from metal pipes all twisted together. The back half was covered in sheets of blue tarpaulin.

"Why do we get water for the bucket man, Gran?" We were drying dishes.

She spoke carefully. "We used to work together."

"Where?"

"Greta Point. We worked for the same institute. We were all trying to find solutions to the weather. Gordon latched on to one of my ideas. A silly one, really. It wouldn't have worked."

"I don't understand."

"He got fired. I've always felt guilty. Not that it made any difference. Soon after, the government closed us down."

"Is that what he's building up there?"

Gran's eyes flickered. "What?"

"There's always sounds from his house," I said. "When I drop off the water. Hammering. Other things."

Gran was silent. There was a crackle in the air. Like electricity.

Dad broke the news later that month.

"I need you back on the terraces full time," he said. "Your sister's finishing school soon. She can help with the water."

Gran didn't meet my eyes. We had worked our way through the life science textbook, and now she was introducing maths. There'd be no time for that now.

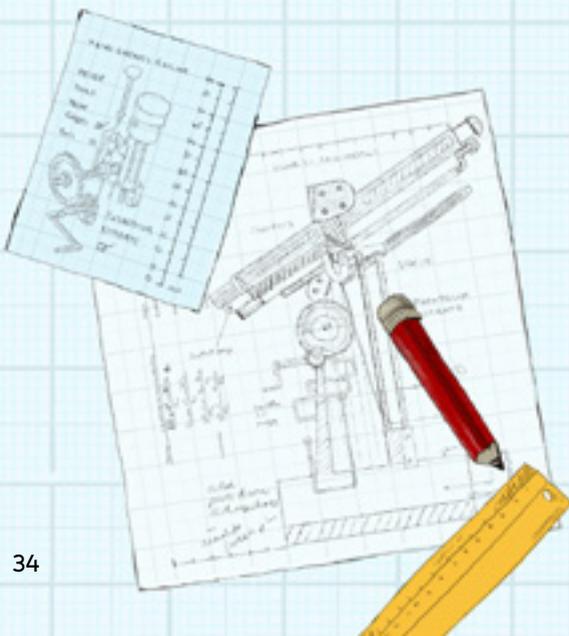
That night, I went to her room.

I knocked quietly, then pushed the door open. There was nobody there.

"Gran?" I whispered.

On the bed, there were sheets of grid paper covered in pencil markings. I looked closer. On the top was a sketch, a plan. Metal pipes twisted, an engine, a turret with a gun head. Next to the designs were formulae and equations. Before, they would have been nonsense. But not now. I was learning the family language. I could read the numbers and letters and knew they were names. Potassium nitrate, silver iodide. And I knew where I'd seen that machine before.

I saw what Gran had invented. I saw what the bucket man was trying to build. I saw that they were both as crazy as each other.



The summer dragged its heat along behind it. My sister took over the water rounds. I worked on the terraces and came home covered in dust. Every night, I went to Gran's room, and every night, she was gone. I knew they were up there, the two of them, building their crazy machine with its gun-like barrel swivelling toward the clear, unblinking sky. A machine that would make clouds. A machine that would make it rain.

The sound came on one of the first nights of autumn. I knew it at once, as if it had been down in my blood all that time.

A deep, resounding boom like hundreds of water drums rolling down the hill at once. A shift in the air came with it. A thickening. Then another boom. And another.

I got out of bed and pulled the curtains open. All the hairs on my arms prickled. The sky was moving. Fields of darkness gathering like battleships. Flashes of light darting out. Then there was a sort of sigh as if something were letting go. And another sound, the drum of droplets falling from the sky.

I looked up to the hills. Then I picked up my bucket and ran.



illustrations by E. Logan

NGĀ PEPEHA A NGĀ TUPUNA

The Sayings of the Ancestors

by Ross Calman

It can be easy to think we've always had written language. But our ability to speak came long before our ability to write. People have been around for almost a million years, yet we've only had writing for the last five thousand. Within Māori culture, that time is even less: te reo Māori was first written around two hundred years ago. Before then, spoken language was the main way Māori communicated their knowledge and ideas and passed them on to the next generation.

Te ao Māori has a rich tradition of oral literature, with a number of different forms. These include waiata (songs), pūrākau (narratives), whakapapa (genealogy), pepeha (tribal sayings), and whakataukī (proverbs). Each of these forms shares features that weren't usual in everyday speech, such as poetic language, imagery, and a repetitive structure. These features all made oral literature memorable. They helped knowledge to "stick".

Pepeha: A Connection to Place

A pepeha is a statement of belonging that usually follows the same pattern. It connects a person to a mountain, a body of water, and a tribe, “grounding” them to an environment that is unique to their iwi or hapū. For non-Māori, a pepeha connects a person to a place.

A pepeha is a good way to introduce yourself. It lets other people know where you’re from.

Shared pepeha

Iwi and hapū also have their own pepeha. Māori from Ngāi Tahu, for example, sometimes use the following pepeha:

Ko Aoraki te maunga

Aoraki is the mountain

Ko Waitaki te awa

Waitaki is the river

Ko Ngāi Tahu te iwi

Ngāi Tahu is the tribe

AORAKI TE MAUNGA

WAITAKI TE AWA

Aoraki (also known as Mount Cook) is Aotearoa New Zealand’s highest mountain. The Waitaki River is the large river that flows from the base of Aoraki to the ocean north of Ōamaru.

Ngāti Tūwharetoa are from the central North Island. Their pepeha references the landscape in that part of the world:

Ko Tongariro te maunga

Tongariro is the mountain

Ko Taupō te moana

Taupō is the lake

Ko Ngāti Tūwharetoa te iwi

Ngāti Tūwharetoa is the tribe

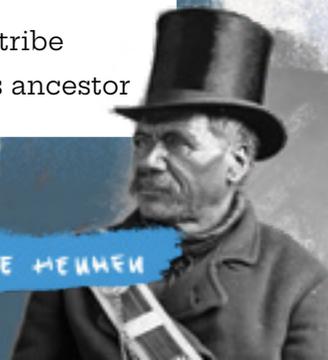
Ko Te Heuheu te tangata

Te Heuheu is the famous ancestor

TONGARIRO TE MAUNGA

TAUPŌ TE MOANA

TE HEUHEU



Personal pepeha

A pepeha can be made more personal by including names. Referring to your parents acknowledges the importance of whakapapa in Māori culture. For example, on my Ngāti Toa side, this is my pepeha:

Ko Whitireia te maunga

Whitireia is the mountain

Ko Parirua te awa

Parirua is the harbour

Ko Raukawa te moana

Raukawa is the ocean

Ko Ngāti Toarangatira te iwi

Ngāti Toarangatira is the tribe

**Ko Allan rāua ko Hilary
ōku mātua**

Allan and Hilary are my parents

Ko Ross Calman tōku ingoa

Ross Calman is my name



People who aren't Māori can also use pepeha to express their identity, even if they're from another country. Start by identifying the mountain and river that are meaningful for you. Someone from Scotland could say:

Ko Ben Nevis te maunga

Ben Nevis is the mountain

Ko Clyde te awa

The Clyde is the river

Ko Ngāti Kōtimana te iwi

Scottish is the tribe



Whakataukī: Ancient Wisdom

Whakataukī are proverbs or short poetic expressions that shed light on human behaviour and shared values. Many whakataukī are very old, dating back to pre-European times, and they often use metaphor, repetition, and other poetic techniques. When sayings are incorporated into formal speech-making, they lend power to the speaker's arguments. There are many different examples of whakataukī and the kind of wisdom they share.

Human behaviour

Kōanga tangata tahi, ngahuru puta noa.

At planting time a single person, at harvest time a multitude.

Long ago, when the tūpuna first came to Aotearoa, the kūmara was an essential crop. Neat gardens were planted throughout Te Ika-a-Māui and in the upper half of Te Waipounamu. Kūmara required a lot of care and attention to produce a good yield, including regular weeding. This whakataukī refers to a universal aspect of human behaviour: people are reluctant to put in the hard work of tending a crop when the reward lies a long way in the future, but everyone wants their share when the crop is harvested and ready to eat.

This proverb is not just about crops. It can be applied to any situation where the reward for effort takes time to come about. There's a direct parallel in Western culture with the story of the Little Red Hen.

THE WHAKATAUKĪ OF WHAKATĀNE

You've probably heard of Whakatāne, the coastal town in the eastern Bay of Plenty. But did you know the name comes from a famous whakataukī that was first uttered by Wairaka? The *Mataatua* waka had arrived off the coast near the mouth of the Whakatāne River. The crew were daunted by the cliffs and refused to disembark, and so Wairaka, daughter of the commander Toroa, leapt ashore, shouting the whakataukī:

Kia whakatāne au i ahau.

I shall act like a man.



Matariki

Matariki is an important event in the maramataka Māori (Māori calendar), when the constellation of Matariki (also called the Pleiades) is visible above the horizon at dawn. Matariki is a time for people to come together for feasting and storytelling. It's also a time to reflect and to remember the people who have died during the year. There are many whakataukī associated with Matariki.

Matariki hunga nui

Matariki when crowds of people gather



A Legacy

You too can do your bit to ensure that pepeha and whakataukī stay with us in the future. Memorise your own pepeha and learn some whakataukī – you never know when they'll come in handy. For starters, I recommend learning two of my favourites:

E kore au e ngaro, he kākano i ruia mai i Rangiātea.

I shall never be lost, for I am a seed that was sown from Rangiātea.

Rangiātea is the Māori spelling of Ra'iātea, an island in the Society Islands, near Tahiti. This is one of the places where the ancestors of Māori came from. It reminds us that no matter who we are and where we go, we take our heritage – our whakapapa – with us.

He aha te mea nui o te ao?

He tangata, he tangata, he tangata.

What is the most important thing in the world?

It is people, people, people.

Many of the pepeha and whakataukī in this pito kōrero are from Ngā Pēpeha a Ngā Tīpuna by Hirini Moko Mead and Neil Grove.

Whakatauki to Learn

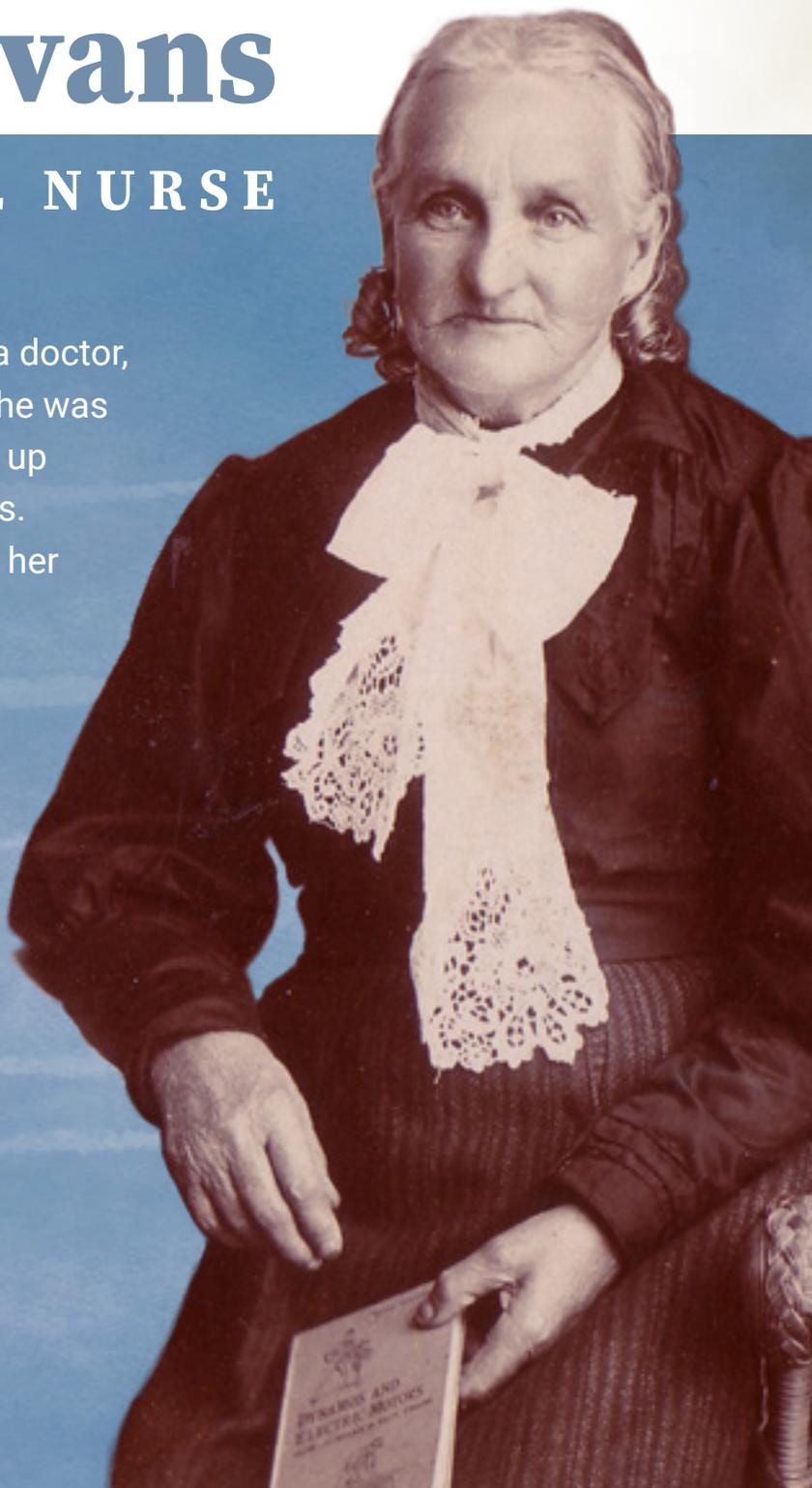
Whakatauki	Translation	Explanation
E kore a muri e hokia.	<i>There is no going back.</i>	What's done is done. An English equivalent is "Don't cry over spilt milk".
Ahakoā he iti, he pounamu.	<i>Although small, it is precious.</i>	People might say this when they are making a small gift or an offering that is from the heart. Another way of saying this is "He iti nā te aroha" (a small gift, given with love).
Ahakoā he iti te matakahi, ka pakaru i a ia te tōtara.	<i>Although the wedge is small, it is able to split the mighty tōtara tree.</i>	A small force, properly applied, can yield great results.
Arero rua!	<i>Two-tongued!</i>	Used for someone who is disloyal or changes sides in an argument. The English equivalent is "two-faced".
Ehara taku toa i te toa takitahi, he toa takitini.	<i>My strength is not of a single warrior, but of many.</i>	There is strength in numbers.
Iti rearea, teitei kahikatea ka taea.	<i>Although the bellbird is small, it can fly to the top of the lofty kahikatea.</i>	Small actions can yield remarkable results.
Whatungarongaro he tangata, toitū he whenua.	<i>People disappear, but the land remains.</i>	This is a reminder that we must look after Earth, which nourishes us and will still be here long after we are gone. This is even more pressing now in the time of climate change.

Ann Evans

COLONIAL NURSE

by Kathryn Mercer

Ann Evans was never a doctor, although that's what she was often called. She grew up in England in the 1840s. Most people expected her to become a wife and mother. At the time, very few women had a career.



An independent woman

Ann was born in 1832. She grew up in Birmingham, an industrial city known at the time for its factories, factory workers, and slums. Ann's family (the Clives) was middle class. For girls, this usually meant a little education and eventually marriage. Women's lives were managed by their fathers or husbands. But Ann chose a different path: independence. By the time she was eighteen, she was a nurse, working with Florence Nightingale in Turkey during the Crimean War.

In Turkey, Ann saw terrible things. There was little food, and the hospitals were rat-infested and poorly equipped. Many of the patients died from disease. The nurses, led by Nightingale, worked hard to introduce basic hygiene and better systems. Ann and the other nurses would remain mostly unknown, but Florence Nightingale was immortalised.

Opportunity

After the war, Ann continued to work as a nurse. Although it was considered a lowly job, she believed nursing allowed her to make a difference. The 1850s was a time of social change in England. Work was hard to find, and the cities were crowded and polluted. More young men began to leave the country in search of a better life, and single women in England soon outnumbered single men. A woman who worked was looked down on, but for many, the alternative was poverty.

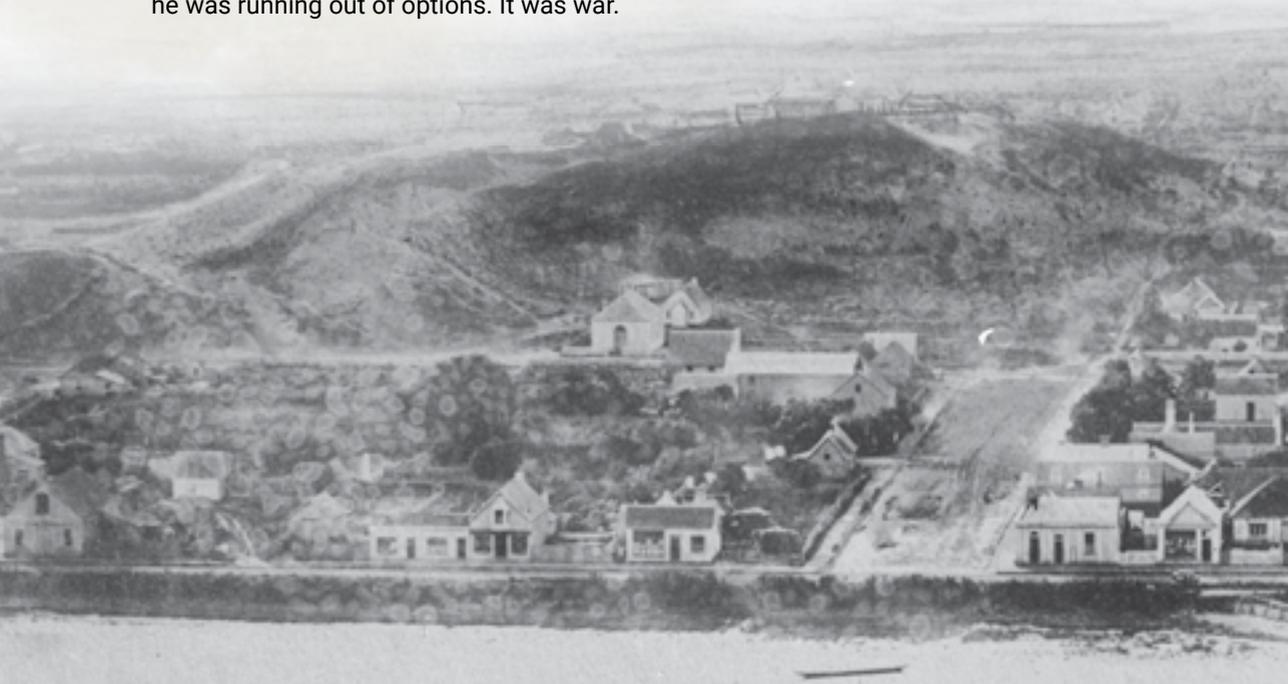
New Zealand had the opposite problem: not enough single women and a large number of single men. There was also a shortage of servants. To address these issues, Otago's provincial government decided to help pay for the cost of single women's fares so they could come to New Zealand. More than 1,200 intrepid young women arrived in the province between 1862 and 1863. This included Ann, who left England against her father's wishes.

A new life

Ann sailed on the *John Duncan*. Half the passengers were young, unmarried women. The journey took ninety-eight days. At sea, one of them died, and a baby girl was born. Ann was thirty when she arrived in Dunedin. She most likely stayed in the crowded women's barracks while she looked for work, but even the tent hospitals on the goldfields wanted male staff. Despite her impressive skills and experience, Ann had to give up. Disappointed, she accepted a position as a housemaid on a remote farm. She was paid three times more than she would have received as a nurse, including two dresses a year. In the spring of 1863, Ann married Thomas Evans. They moved to Napier, then Whanganui, where they lived for six years and had five children.

Whanganui

Whanganui in the late 1860s was an unsettled place. War in neighbouring Taranaki was dragging on, and to punish the Māori "rebels", the government confiscated a huge area of land and burnt many kāinga and pā. By 1868, Ngāti Ruanui were facing starvation in South Taranaki. Their leader, Tītokowaru, had campaigned for peace, but now it seemed he was running out of options. It was war.

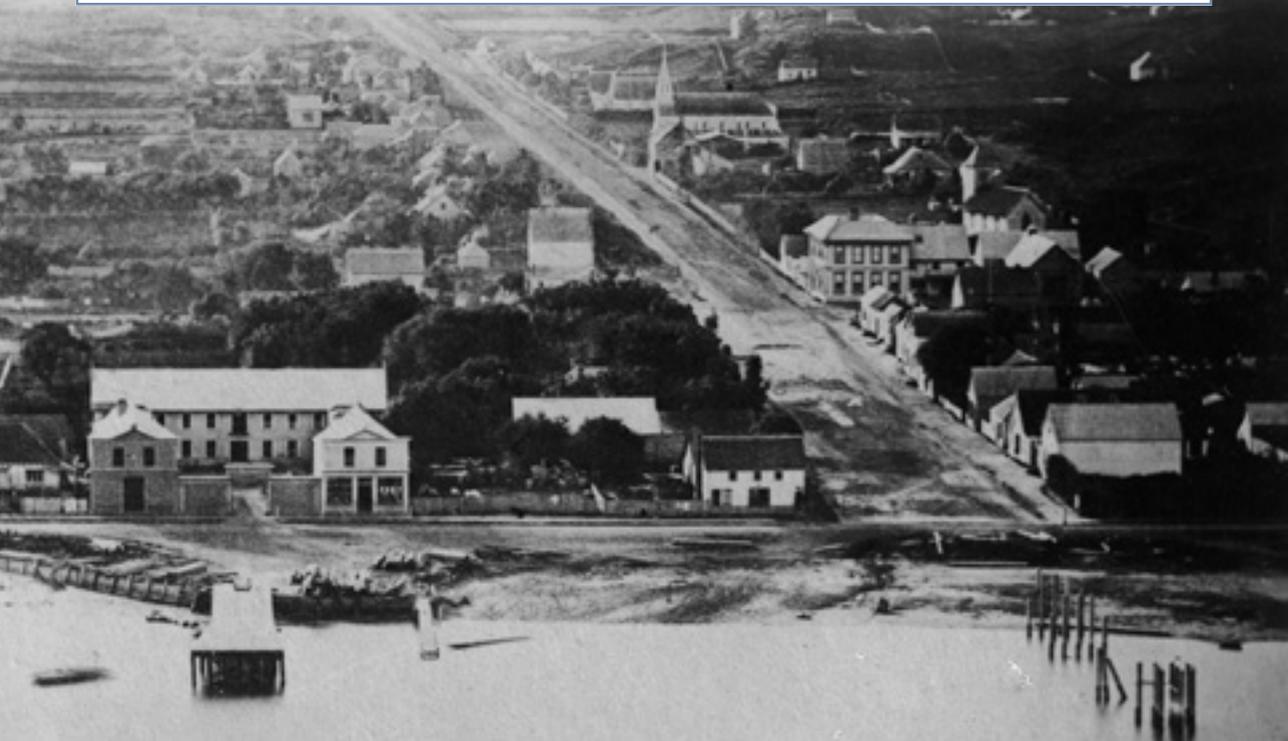


Tītokowaru's men won two decisive battles in the area, taking back 110 kilometres of land between the Waingongoro and Whanganui rivers. When he brought taua to within 5 miles of Whanganui, settlers terrified themselves with wild rumours of what would happen next. Like many others, the Evans family fled. They wouldn't return until Tītokowaru and his men had gone.

A TROUBLED TOWN

Whanganui was one of New Zealand's first towns. Its early years of European settlement were troubled and violent. Almost all Māori disputed the Whanganui land sale of 1840, and some wanted their land back and the settlers gone. The first soldiers were sent to Whanganui in 1846, and the town soon had a large stockade, with eight hundred soldiers protecting fewer than two hundred settlers. In the winter of 1847, there was several months of conflict after a young Māori man was accidentally shot by a British soldier. A few days later, a settler family was killed, and four of the Māori men responsible were hanged. In retaliation, taua attacked the town in May and again in July.

More than a decade of peace followed. Fighting resumed in 1864, when the government and its Māori allies fought followers of the Pai Mārire faith, most of whom resisted Pākehā rule. The following year, the government announced the Taranaki land confiscation. This involved Māori land almost as far south as Whanganui. The taking of this land caused much suffering for local iwi and contributed to what became known as Tītokowaru's war.



“Ann the Doctor”

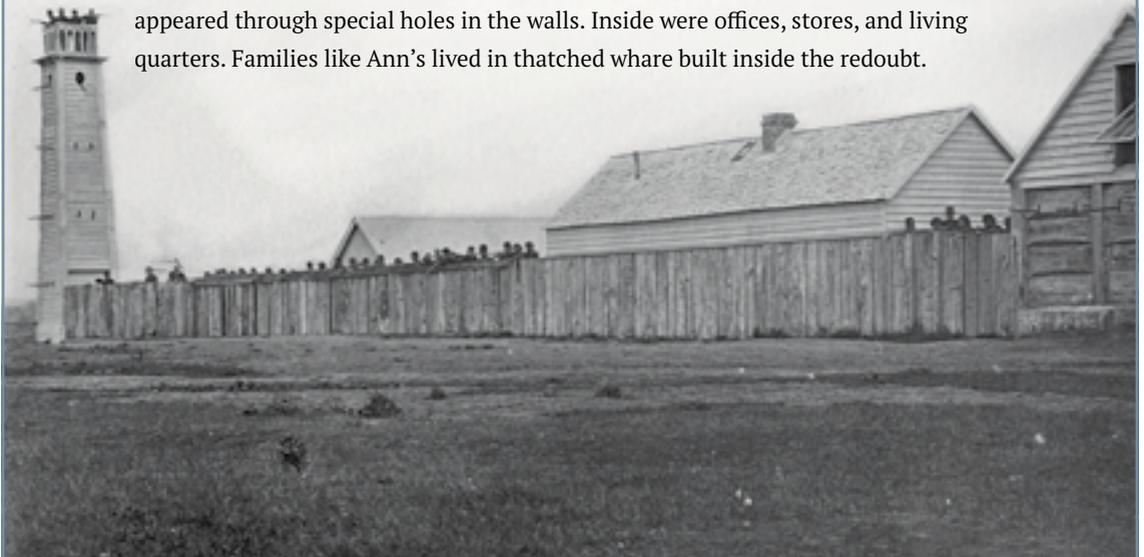
Thomas’s work as a house painter exposed him to toxic dust and fumes. He became sick with lead poisoning. Ann nursed him but couldn’t save him, and he died in 1871. She was left with five young children to support. The following year, she packed their possessions into a wagon, and the family set off for the Waihī Redoubt near the small town of Normanby in Taranaki.

Ann’s family was welcomed at the soldiers’ camp. There she ran a shop while their house was built. Other settlers were establishing themselves in the district, and soon there was a school – but no hospital. The nearest doctor was several hours away, and word quickly spread about Ann’s skills. Keen to ease suffering, she earned the nickname “Ann the Doctor”. She treated both Māori and Pākehā patients and attended almost every birth and medical need in the area.

THE WAIHĪ REDOUBT

The Waihī Redoubt was built in 1866 and was used as a base for colonial forces until the 1880s. By the early 1870s, it held the largest number of soldiers in the area: thirty-six men. These men were part of the armed constabulary, which fought Māori during the New Zealand Wars and occupied confiscated Māori land. After the wars, the armed constabulary split to form the police force and army.

During times of unrest, the Waihī Redoubt became a safe haven for local settlers. It had imposing high walls and an even higher lookout. When under threat, rifles appeared through special holes in the walls. Inside were offices, stores, and living quarters. Families like Ann’s lived in thatched whare built inside the redoubt.





Patients

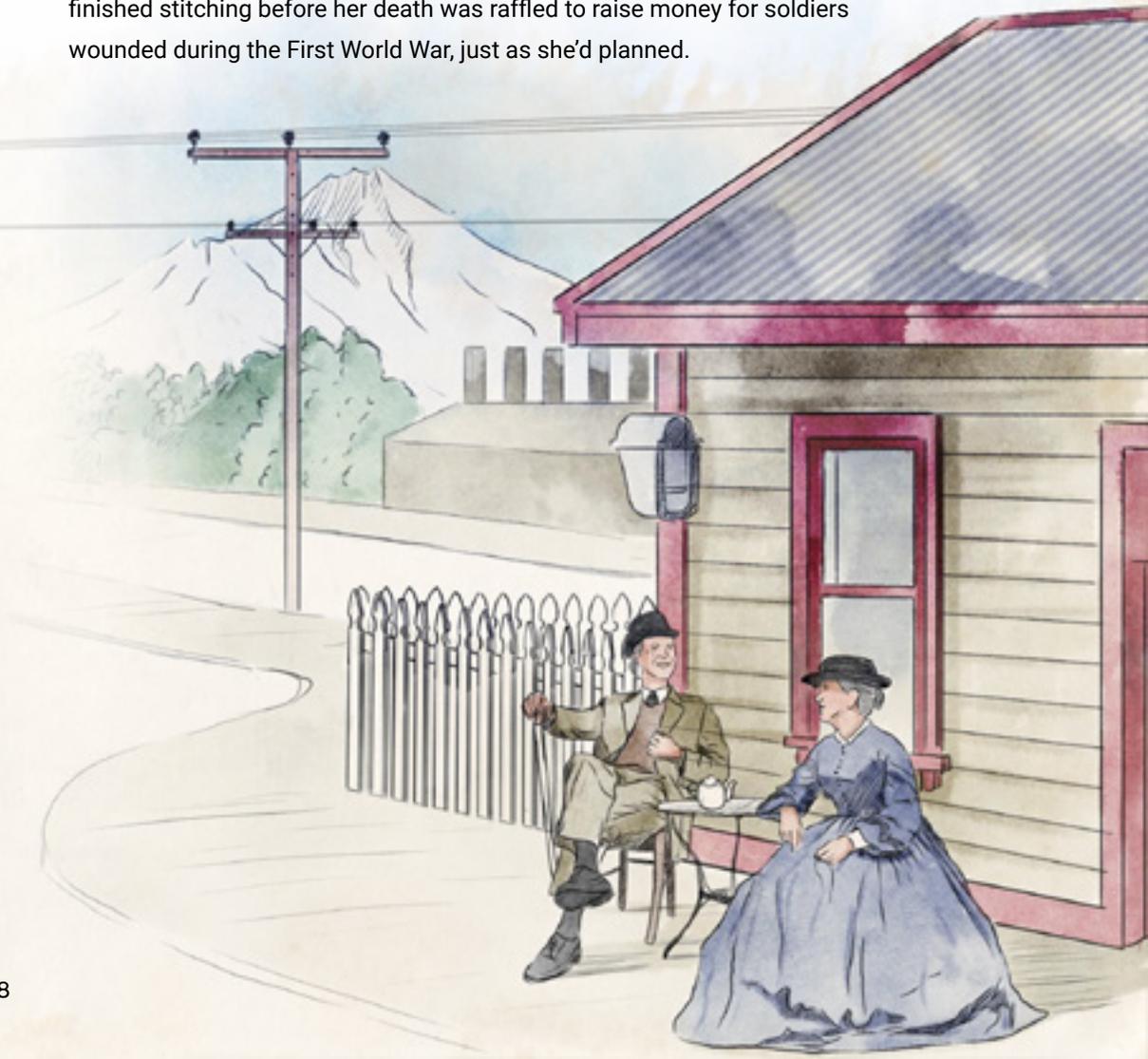
Ann travelled long distances on horseback to reach her patients. She took lonely tracks deep into the bush, in all weather, sometimes in the middle of the night. There were some close calls. One time, just before dawn, two men emerged from the gloom, clearly intent on robbing her. Ann took control and threatened them. She didn't let on that her only weapon was a riding crop.

Another event was even more memorable. One day, so the story goes, a group of Māori from Ngāti Ruanui visited Ann, asking her to help a sick man. Ann went with them. She was blindfolded by the Waingongoro River, and her horse was led for what felt like miles. Her blindfold was removed in a forest clearing, and there in a whare she met the sick man. It was the outlawed Tītokowaru, who had both pneumonia and a thousand-pound bounty on his head. Although she was at first alarmed, Ann stayed with him. She helped care for Tītokowaru and other sick people in the camp for six weeks. Each day, Ann wrote a letter to her family, which Ngāti Ruanui delivered along with gifts of meat. She later described their treatment of her as "kindness itself". It's said that Tītokowaru thanked Ann and handed her a hundred-pound note. She didn't want the money. "Take it," the rangatira insisted wryly. "My life is worth more than that."

Final years in Hāwera

Ann moved to nearby Hāwera in 1875. Two years later, the growing town had a qualified doctor, and medical duties could be shared. To supplement her income, Ann ran a boarding house, restaurant, and employment agency. She adopted a foster child. When the physical demands of her work became too much, she leased space next to the Hāwera railway station and ran tea rooms. The straight-talking but kind “Granny Evans” was popular with customers and railway employees alike. One time, a man who’d served in the Crimean War passed through and recognised Ann. She had spent six months nursing him back to health.

Ann died in 1916 aged eighty-three and still running the tea rooms. Despite a long working life, her death certificate read “Occupation: widow”. The tapestry Ann finished stitching before her death was raffled to raise money for soldiers wounded during the First World War, just as she’d planned.



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