



# School Journal

NOVEMBER  
2019



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Our Blue Planet	4
How Cars Changed Our World	4
The Choice	4
Ngāti Kurī Proud	4
Our Car (1970)	4

This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 2. It supports literacy learning by providing opportunities for students to develop the knowledge and skills they need to meet the reading demands of the curriculum at this level. Each text has been carefully levelled in relation to these demands; its reading year level is indicated above.

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# Our **Blue** Planet

*by Bronwen Wall*

There's something special about the planet we live on. Most of its surface is covered in water. There's so much water that people sometimes call it "the blue planet".



If you look at Earth from space, you can see why it's known as the blue planet.



# Magic water

Water is amazing – it can change its form like magic! And it changes form all the time.

Water can be:

- liquid like the water in rain, rivers, lakes, and the sea
- solid like the ice in glaciers, icebergs, hail, and snow
- gas (called water vapour), which is invisible.



Liquid water changes to solid water when it gets very cold and freezes. It can change back into liquid water when it warms up again and melts.

Liquid water can also change to water vapour when it warms up some more. This change is called evaporation. Water vapour is made up of droplets of water that are so tiny they are invisible. (The steam we see when we boil water is not water vapour. Steam is made up of liquid water droplets that are small but still big enough to see.)

We can't see or feel water vapour, but it's still there in the air. When water vapour cools, it changes back into liquid. This change is called condensation.

Breathe onto a cold glass and watch it fog up. Now take your finger and draw a picture on your foggy glass. Is your finger wet? That's the warm water vapour from your breath condensing on the cold glass.



# The disappearing act

You've just made water appear by breathing onto something cold. Now let's see if you can make water disappear.

## You will need:



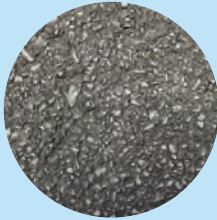
a container of water



a piece of chalk



a watch



an area of concrete (outside)



a fine day!

## What to do:

1. Find a space on the concrete.
2. Carefully pour a small puddle of water onto the concrete.





3. Use the chalk to draw around the edge of the puddle.



4. Note the time.



5. Check the puddle after five minutes.



6. Draw a new line around your puddle.



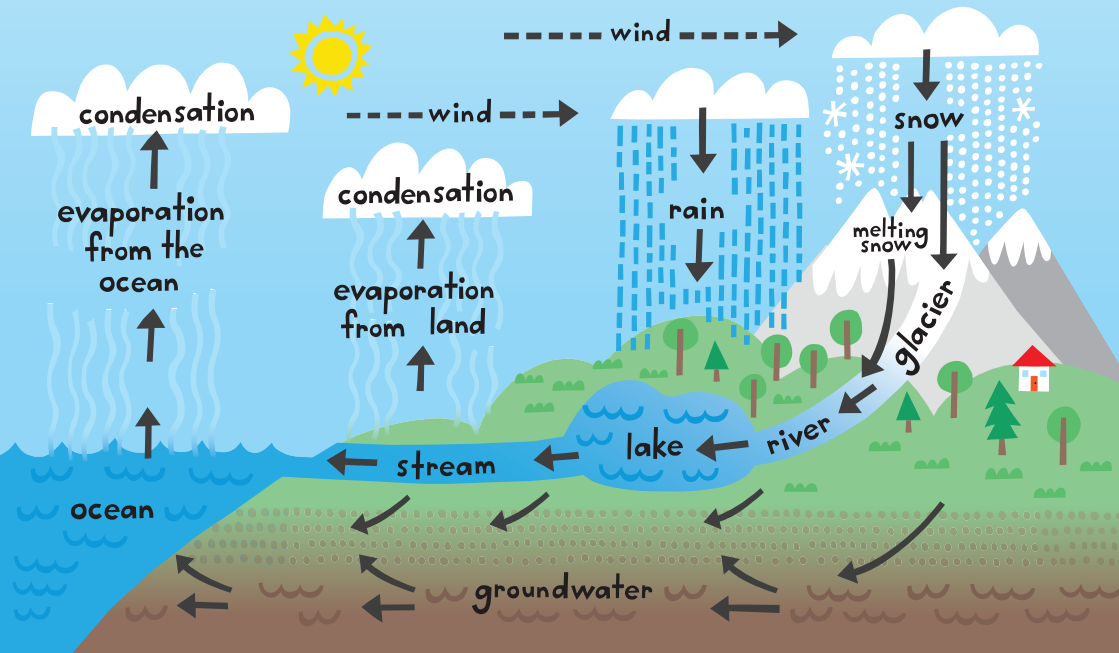
7. Talk with a partner about what has happened to your puddle. Discuss possible reasons why it happened. Check your puddle again. What has happened now?

# The water cycle

The water on Earth is always changing and moving. We call this the water cycle. It works like this.

The sun heats liquid water on Earth. Some of this water evaporates, changing into water vapour. Water vapour is very light. It rises high into the sky, where the temperature is cooler. As the water vapour cools, it changes into liquid water droplets (condensation). The water droplets collect in clouds. When the water droplets become too big and heavy, they fall back to Earth as rain (or if the droplets get very cold, as hail or snow).

Some water falls into rivers, lakes, or the sea. Some water falls high up in the mountains as hail or snow. Some water falls onto the ground. It might flow across the surface of the ground and into a stream or river, or it might soak deep into the ground. This water (called groundwater) makes its way slowly through the rocks and soil and out to a river or the sea.





## Taking care of our water

Hang on a moment – if there’s so much water on our planet, why do we have water shortages? It’s because almost all the water on Earth is sea water, and sea water is salty. We can’t drink it. We need fresh water, and most of the fresh water on Earth is frozen in icebergs and glaciers. A lot more of it is under the ground, and some fresh water hangs in the air as clouds or mist. Only a very small amount of fresh water is available to use, and that water must be shared between humans, other animals, and plants.

So, fresh water is very important. It is a taonga – a treasure. We need to take care of it so there will always be enough. Fresh water means life for all the living things on Earth.



# The Choice

by Victor Rodger



As soon as Lamb woke up, he knew immediately that there were two things he didn't want to do: (1) he didn't want to get out of bed, and (2) he didn't want to go to church.

Today was the final of the church talent quest. Lamb was singing in it with his sister, Lala, and their brother, Lio. After three rounds, it was down to the last two contestants. The winners would get a fancy meal for their whole family at a fancy restaurant in the city.

But Lamb didn't care. There was only one final that he cared about – the final match of the season for Manu Sāmoa.

They were playing France, and the game was going to be live on television at 9 a.m. He was dying to watch it.

Lamb looked up at the huge poster on his bedroom wall. It was a poster of Mose Malolo, the captain of Manu Sāmoa. Mose Malolo was *the man*.

Lamb heard his mother's footsteps approaching his room. He squeezed his eyes shut and pretended to be asleep. He heard his mother fling open the bedroom door.

“Come on, Lamb! Se vave!”





She was telling him to hurry up. But Lamb didn't want to. It was too warm and cosy underneath his blanket. More importantly, if he got up, he would have to go to church, and if he went to church, he would miss the game.

“Sole – get up, you'll be late for the competition.”

Lamb opened his eyes. “I feel sick.”

His mother put her hand on his forehead. “You don't have a temperature,” she said.

“My tummy. It's sore.”

Lala and Lio appeared in the doorway.

Lala frowned. “He's acting, Mum. I bet he just wants to stay home and watch the game.”

Lamb's mother looked at him. “You wouldn't let your brother and sister down because of a game of rugby would you, Lamb? Because that would be makua – selfish.”

Lamb hesitated, then shook his head. His mother sighed. “Lamb, is your tummy really sore?”

Lamb hesitated again, then heard himself softly say, “Yes.”

“Then you'd better stay home.”

Lala looked horrified. “But what about the talent quest? What will we do without Lamb? We need his harmony.”

“I'm sure the two of you will still sound great, Lala.” Lamb's mother kissed Lamb on his forehead. “I'll ask Grandma to keep an eye on you. She's not feeling well, either, so she's staying home, too.”

Lamb sighed. His grandmother would want to watch her game shows. She'd hog the television. Now he'd have to work out another way to watch the game.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

Lamb’s mum looked at him suspiciously for a moment. Then she turned to Lio and Lala. “Come on, you kids, we’re going to be late.”

Lala’s face was one gigantic scowl. “Enjoy your dumb game, Lamb,” she whispered. She shot one last look at him as she left the room – a look that said “You’re a liar and I know it.”

Suddenly Lamb’s tummy *did* feel sore – not because he felt sick but because he felt guilty.

\*\*\*



At nine o'clock, Lamb sneaked into the lounge, still dressed in his pyjamas. A game show was playing on the television. His grandmother seemed to be watching it, but when Lamb looked more closely, he could see that she was asleep. Yes!

Very quietly, Lamb picked up the remote and changed the channel. There was Mose Malolo leading the team onto the field. Lamb was excited, but at the same time, he couldn't stop wondering how Lala and Lio were getting along without him.





He tried to push those thoughts aside, but they kept coming back.

Suddenly Lamb heard a noise behind him.

“So you’re too sick to go to church, but not too sick to get out of bed to watch TV, eh?”

He turned. There, in the doorway, were his mother, Lala, and Lio.

“I told you he was acting, Mum,” Lala sneered.



Lamb swallowed. “How come you’re not at church?”

“The minister had a family emergency,” said his mother.

Lala narrowed her eyes. “A real one.”

Even though Lamb knew he was in trouble, he couldn’t resist looking at the television screen. Mose Malolo had the ball and was running towards the French players.

At that moment, Lamb’s grandmother woke up and squinted at the screen. “Oi – what happened to my game show?”

Lamb’s mother grabbed the remote from Lamb and handed it to her mother. “Here, change it back to your programme, Mum.”

But grandmother’s face broke into a smile. “That’s Mose Malolo. What a handsome man. He reminds me of your father ...” Lamb watched as Mose continued his epic run towards the try line.

“Look at me, Lamb,” said his mother.

Reluctantly, Lamb looked at his mother, just as his grandmother let out a yell – obviously Mose had scored a try.

“Tell me the truth, Lamb. Did you lie to me?”

Lamb nodded.

“And did you lie to me just so you could watch the rugby game?”

Lamb nodded again.

“Son, do you think Mose Malolo would have let down his brother and sister like that?”

Lamb knew Mose Malolo would have done anything for his brother and sister. He felt guilty from the top of his head to the bottom of his toes.

“Sorry, Mum. Sorry, Lala. Sorry, Lio.”

His mother sighed. “You’re lucky church got cancelled today, Lamb. You’ll be able to do that competition with your brother and sister next week ... no matter what. Now go to your room. We’re all going to watch the match with Grandma. And when it’s finished, we’ll tell you what happened.”

Lamb nodded.

“Oh, and Lamb,” his mother added.

Lamb was suddenly hopeful his mother was going to let him watch the game after all. “Yes, Mum?”

“Close the door on the way out. It’s freezing.”

Lamb’s shoulders sagged. “Yes, Mum.”



illustrations by  
Michel Mulipola



# HOW CARS CHANGED OUR WORLD



by Bronwen Wall

*The first motor cars arrived in New Zealand more than 120 years ago. There were just two of them, and they came from France on the steamship Rotomahana. The cars reached Wellington on 19 February 1898. Their new owner was a man named William McLean. It must have felt like Christmas to William when he saw his two shiny, new machines!*



A car similar to one of the cars that William McLean brought to New Zealand

One of the cars was small, with a top speed of 16 kilometres an hour. The other was larger and could go almost 50 kilometres an hour! That was faster than any horse and cart could travel. William decided to call the big car *Lightning*.

William wanted to show everyone how good a motor car could be, so he took the mayor of Wellington for a drive. Things were going well until William lost control and ran into a fence. The mayor hurt his nose, and onlookers were shocked. They had just seen New Zealand's first car accident!



## LOOK OUT – IT’S A CAR!

Soon more people began importing\* cars. Others built their own. A lot of people weren't sure about these strange, new machines. Motor cars were fast and smelly and loud. They scared horses – and their owners!

### *The first traffic ticket*

In 1901, Nicholas Oates was caught driving his car over the speed limit of 6 kilometres an hour along Lincoln Road in Christchurch. His car scared some horses. Oates received the first traffic fine in the country.

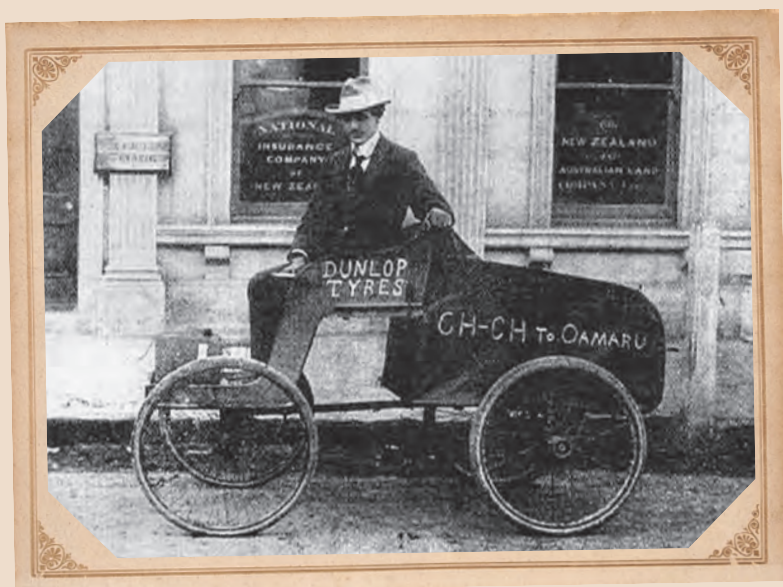


\*importing: bringing something in from another country



Cecil Woods was one of the people who built their own car. He was very proud of his invention, but one day, a butcher chased him and threatened to chop the car to pieces with his meat axe. The noise of the car had startled the butcher and his horse. Cecil had to turn off the engine and push his car home so it wouldn't frighten anyone else.

Fred Dennison was a bicycle mechanic and engineer working in Christchurch in the late 1890s. He decided to make his own motor car, too. In June 1900, he drove his "Dennison car" from Christchurch to Ōamaru. In a modern car, the 250-kilometre trip might take about three hours. In 1900, it took Fred five days, and the journey wasn't easy. The roads were rough and dusty. At one point, the car got stuck in a riverbed and Fred had to take it to pieces to get it out again. Then, on his way back to Christchurch, the car caught fire. Fred wasn't hurt, but he lost all his luggage in the blaze.



## LIFE BEFORE THE MOTOR CAR

Before William McLean brought his two cars into the country, life was very different for New Zealanders. In early times, Māori got around by waka or on foot. Most people lived close to lakes, rivers, or the sea. It was usually faster and easier to travel across water than to struggle through the thick bush and over the steep hills.

When Pākehā arrived in New Zealand, they brought animals to carry things. Bullocks could haul heavy loads on sleds, and wheeled wagons and horses could carry people. This allowed people to travel further and faster. They could now keep in touch and find out what was happening around the country more easily. In the 1850s, horse-drawn coach services began. They carried people, parcels, newspapers, and letters.

Most people worked closer to home in the days before the motor car. Local communities usually had their own shops, doctor, police station, post office, and school. There were no buses or cars to carry children between home and school – children walked, cycled, or rode the family horse. In the early 1900s, there was about one horse for every three people in New Zealand.



## EXPLORING THE COUNTRY BY CAR

Cars made it even easier to move around and keep in contact, but they were very expensive. Only wealthy people could afford one.

The first motoring club began in 1903. Club members would go for drives together. To make driving safer and easier, they made direction signs and warning notices and put them along the roads. They also drew road maps to help motorists explore more of the country. The clubs encouraged local councils to improve roads and to build more.



**Building roads was hard work.**



## ONE CAR, TWO CARS, THREE CARS, AND MORE

As the years went by, cars and petrol became cheaper. People could buy second-hand cars, too. These days, there are well over three million cars in New Zealand.

Cars make it easier to carry heavy things.

In New Zealand, hundreds of people are badly hurt or killed in car crashes every year.

Cars help us to get to places more quickly.

Cars can make us lazy. We stop walking and cycling and become unfit and unhealthy.

Cars help us travel long distances.



Lots of New Zealanders own a car. Many people rely on their cars, especially if they have to travel long distances. Cars are useful, but they have their downside too.

Some cars can be expensive to run and maintain.

Cars give us shelter from the weather while we travel.

Exhaust fumes from some cars can pollute the air.

Electric cars are cleaner to run than petrol cars.

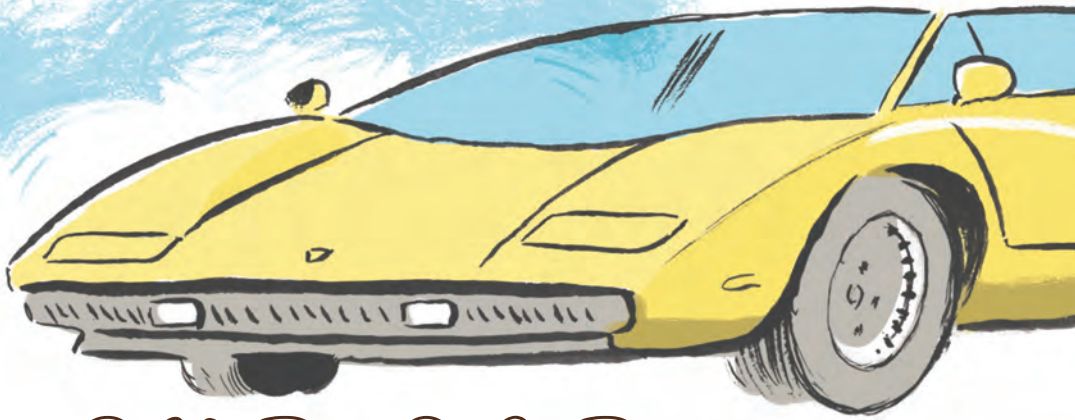
If there are more cars, we have to build more roads.



Cars are important in our daily lives, but there are other options for getting around. Maybe we don't need to use cars as much as we do.

**What do you think?**

illustrations by Scott Pearson



# OUR CAR (1970)

(THE POET REMEMBERS HIS FAMILY'S OLD CAR.)

A Fiat Bambina's teeny  
compared with a Lamborghini.  
A Lamborghini's like shouting "I'm rich",  
like shouting, "Hey! Get in the ditch!"  
at every passing car.  
A Lamborghini will take you far –  
not like Dad's old Holden.  
The heater doesn't work. It lets the cold in.  
Dad turns on the car radio.  
It's my favourite song. Sing, Daddy-o!  
With us kids in the back, a rug on our knees,  
and even though it's a bit of a squeeze,  
I like to think our car's somewhere between a  
Lamborghini and a Fiat Bambina.

*Tim Upperton*





# Ngāti Kuri Proud

by Tim Tipene



Nana was collecting seaweed for her garden. Her three mokopuna – Heta, Temere, and Wiremu – had come to help, but they were too busy enjoying the beach.

Heta ran about waving a piece of driftwood. “Arhh!” he cried, flashing a pūkana. “Let’s build a whale.”

“A whale?” Temere frowned.

“That’s how Ngāti Kuri got its name,” Heta said.

“Isn’t that right, Nana?”

“You tell me,” Nana said with a smile.

\*\*\*



“A long time ago, the warriors of Ngāti Kurī were attacking an enemy pā,” Heta explained. “But the pā had very strong defences. The warriors couldn’t break through. So one night, they made a huge whale out of sand on the beach. They covered the sand whale with dog skins and fish. Then they hid in the sand dunes and nearby bushes. Some even hid underneath the dog skins.





“When the sun came up, the people in the pā looked out and saw seagulls flying around a beached whale. They had been stuck in their pā for a long time, defending themselves against Ngāti Kurī, and they were very hungry. All they could think about was the blubber and tasty meat from the whale. There was no sign of the Ngāti Kurī warriors. Thinking they were safe, the people came out of the pā.

“When they got close to the whale – WHAM! The Ngāti Kurī warriors jumped out. The people from the pā were taken completely by surprise and defeated.”

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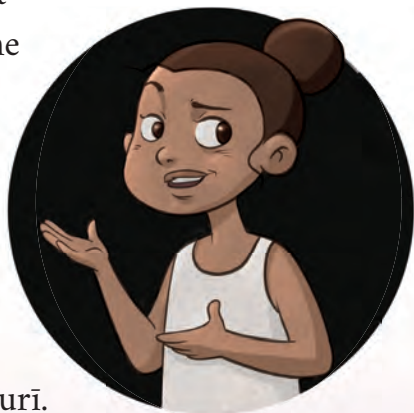


Temere tutted and rolled her eyes. “It was the other way around,” she said. “It was the battle at Maungapiko, and Ngāti Kuri were the ones who were *in* the pā. They were being attacked. Our ancestors were the ones who got tricked by the pretend whale.”

“No!” Heta growled.

“Yes,” Temere continued. “But that wasn’t how we got the name Ngāti Kuri. I’ve heard a different story.”

Nana bent over, picked up a long piece of seaweed, and stuffed it in her sack. She looked at Temere. “So how *you* think we got the name?” she asked.



“Aunty told me that our name used to be Ngāti Kaha,” Temere explained. “Long ago, our ancestors came here on the waka *Kurahaupō*. The voyage to Aotearoa wasn’t easy. Our tūpuna had to be tough and strong to make it.

“Pōhurihanga was the captain of the waka. On the journey, *Kurahaupō* was damaged in a storm and started sinking, so Pōhurihanga and his people landed on the shore of some islands called Rangitahua. Pōhurihanga had a big fishing net for catching kurīmoana – seals. He used his net and some seal skins to tie the waka together so that they could continue their journey to Aotearoa. Because of the seals, we became known as Ngāti Kurī.”

“Is that right?” Nana smiled.

“Āe,” Temere answered, raising her head.

\*\*\*





Nana stood still and looked out to sea. “What about you, Wiremu?” she asked. “What stories have you heard?”

“I was told that we got our name from a sacrifice,” Wiremu said.

“Eh?” said Temere.

“One of our chiefs, Ihutara, was killed in a battle at Houhora,” Wiremu explained. “His son, Taihaupapa, carried his father’s body to an island in the Pārengarenga Harbour. In those days, chiefs used to have kurī. Dogs were special. Their skins were used for cloaks. Taihaupapa killed three kurī and offered them as food to the atua. He did it because of his father’s great mana.”

“When you offer food to the atua like that, it’s called whāngai-hau,” Nana said.

“The island was called Motu Whāngaikurī after that,” Wiremu continued. “Dog Island. That’s how we got our name.”

\*\*\*



Nana closed her eyes to the breeze and took a deep breath.

“So, what do you think, Nana?” Temere asked. “Which story is right?”

“I’ve heard them all before, my moko,” Nana said. “Each one is a part of who we are, so each one is right.”

Nana turned, studying the beach and the land. “Ngāti Kurī is a name of mana,” she said. “We are Ngāti Kaha, we are Ngāti Kurī, and we are Muriwhenua. We are connected to the kurī and the kurīmoana. I am proud to be Ngāti Kurī.”

Temere, Heta, and Wiremu stood taller. “So are we, Nana,” Temere said. “Ngāti Kurī proud.”

illustrations by Munro Te Whata



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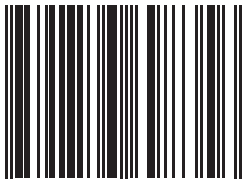
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