



# SCHOOL JOURNAL

NOVEMBER 2019



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Boot Camp	8
Hurly Burly	8
Across the Sea	7
The Game	7
Puaki	8
Chinese New Zealanders	7
An East German Childhood	8

This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 4. 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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# SCHOOL JOURNAL

LEVEL 4 • NOVEMBER 2019

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# BOOT CAMP

by Shanna Fa'aita

Liyah was waiting for Uncle Joey. He was late. It was almost five-thirty. She checked for toothpaste smears and was retying her laces when she heard his car in the drive, followed by two short toots. At least he'd turned up.

The car was filthy. The same empty drink bottles, chip packets, and half-eaten sandwiches strewn across the floor – the same sour stink of creeping damp. Liyah could smell some tacky air freshener he'd spritzed before she jumped in – another failed attempt to mask the chaos.

"I thought you were gonna clean this mess up?" she said.

"Didn't get round to it. I will, though. Tonight."

Liyah laughed. "You said that yesterday."

Uncle Joey didn't reply. He shuffled his hands on the steering wheel, embarrassed, before he put the car in reverse and backed into the road.

They drove in the strange half-light. Liyah liked this in-between time, with the streetlights still on and nobody up. Uncle Joey's fingers picked at the radio dial as he searched for stations, but he soon gave up. An awkward minute passed before he cleared his throat. "How's your mum?"

"Same old. Good."

"That's good."

"You should come over on Sunday, after church. She'd like that."

"Really?" Uncle Joey looked sceptical. He hadn't seen his youngest sister for a few months now.

"It'll show you're trying, yeah?" Liyah said. "She likes hearing about our sessions at boot camp."

Uncle Joey nodded. "I'll think about it."

Liyah's mum had always been close to Uncle Joey, but after he broke up with Liz, something in him shifted. He moved back from Sydney, tried to find a job. A few months went by. Then a few more. No job and still living with Nana. They began arguing – about his long-term plans, his friends, his drinking. Nana wanted him to make a clean break, maybe live with his cousin Sana in Auckland – but Uncle Joey wasn't interested.

Mum defended her brother. She told Nana to go easy on him. He just needed a bit of time, their support. Then came the fight on Mother's Day. Uncle Joey said stuff – Liyah never knew what – but he moved out that afternoon. Now he was living with his friend Sammy. Still jobless, still drifting. Sometimes he made boot camp, sometimes not. That was the deal. No one ever told Joey what to do.





At the community centre, Marcus was still setting up. Liyah loved the early morning rush that came from working out – Uncle Joey not so much, though some sessions were better than others. The first few minutes were always hell until they found some kind of rhythm. If they didn't, the torture went on and on.

"Let's go," Marcus called.

They started at the tyres. It was one of the worst places to begin, but Marcus believed in mixing things up. Crunches were rough, time trials were pretty bad, too, but Liyah especially hated the bulky, cumbersome tyres, which left dirty marks on her hands. Uncle Joey started the task of flipping them over, his face blank with effort. Liyah looked away. It was the same face she'd seen that night when Mum had picked her up from Sina's.

They'd been heading home to cook dinner – lasagne – but had needed tomatoes, so they stopped at the dairy. Liyah was walking back to the car, carrying the stupid can, when she saw him in the alley: Uncle Joey. He was nutting off in front of two cops, leaning sloppily against the fence for support. There was a carton of cigarettes on the ground. Maybe he'd nicked them; it was hard to tell what was going on. When one of the cops took out her cuffs, Liyah ran to get Mum.

They ended up at the police station, waiting on hard plastic chairs, dinner

forgotten. When Uncle Joey eventually appeared, he looked terrible. He was sober now, the shame on his face too much. They dropped him off at Sammy's, driving in complete silence the whole way.

Five more seconds, then they flopped onto the tyres to catch their breath. Liyah passed a water bottle to Uncle Joey, and he took long, gulping mouthfuls. Already his face was a deep red, and his T-shirt clung to his back. "You all right?" she asked.

"Yeah, doll. We're good."

"You know it." She held up a hand, and they slapped palms. Uncle Joey was in a good space. Determined. It was going to be one of their better mornings.

The hooter sounded, and they moved to the next station, where ropes had been carefully arranged on the Astroturf to form a horizontal ladder. Liyah watched as Uncle Joey went first, his arms and legs pumping like a mechanical toy. She followed, not minding the effort, then jogged back to the end of the queue.

A song by King Kapsi came on: "Salvation". It was an older one that Uncle Joey knew. He began to nod his head, his posture relaxed. He even sang along for a bit. The session ended with laps round the building. Liyah was dying – she needed food – but Uncle Joey was in the zone. He stayed by her side, encouraging her to ignore the tightness in her chest, her burning legs. She tried breathing slowly,



to push through the pain, but all the while, her eyes never left Marcus, willing him to call time.

When he finally did, she dropped to the ground in exhaustion. Uncle Joey waited patiently until she'd pulled herself together. "Nice work, Uncle."

Uncle Joey laughed. "You too, bud. Now breakfast. My shout."

She'd never seen him this happy. Their sessions were definitely helping.

Back at the car, Liyah waited while Uncle Joey rummaged in the boot. He wanted a clean shirt before they went out. "Where do you wanna get a feed?" he called.

It felt like a day to go someplace nice. "That café by the beach?" Liyah said.



Then she noticed them: Uncle Joey's old mates. Three of them in hoodies and trackies – their uniform – the same clothes Uncle Joey had started to wear. They hung around the back exit like three black crows.

"C'mon, let's go," she called. "I've got school at nine."

It wasn't too late. They could leave the carpark the other way.

Liyah held her breath, waiting for Uncle Joey to get in the car. When he finally hopped in, he wasted time adjusting the air-con. Then he checked his side mirror, getting ready to reverse out. It's OK, Liyah told herself, he might not see them.

But he did see them. His face closed in, and his hands began shuffling over the wheel like they had earlier that morning. "Just leave," she said quietly. "We don't have to talk to them."

Now the three men were right there. One of them, the older one, tapped on

the glass, smiled a too-big smile. Uncle Joey opened his window a little way and peered out.

The guy tapped again. It was an order, even Liyah could see that.

"What do you want? I told you I'm out," Uncle Joey said.

"No such thing. You know that."

Uncle Joey shook his head. "Forget about me."

"You need us."

"I don't. Get out of here."

He'd overstepped the mark. Liyah could feel her chest pulsating as Uncle Joey wound up his window and hit the auto-lock button. Then he shoved the gear stick into drive and shot forward.

An angry fist hit the car boot. One of the men called out. Liyah couldn't see which one, and she didn't catch what he said, but he yelled again, angrier this time.

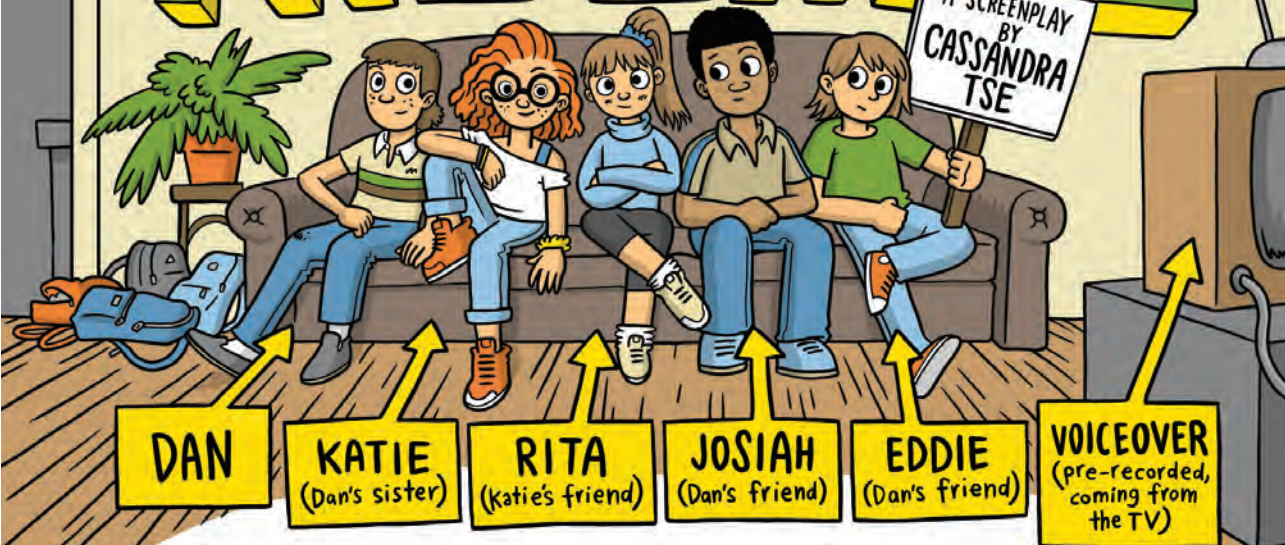
"You need us, Joey."

illustrations by Andrew Burdan





# THE GAME



Scene: August 1981. DAN and KATIE'S living room. There's a couch and a TV. DAN, JOSIAH, and EDDIE enter, all wearing school backpacks. They fling them down and pile onto the couch. DAN turns on the TV. (Note that the TV should be facing away from the audience, who can hear sound but can't see the screen.)

## VOICEOVER

Are you ready to see which of these Kiwi towns deserves the title Top Town?

## DAN

Top Town! This show's awesome.

## VOICEOVER

But first, of course, it's time to introduce our teams. Please give a warm welcome to Waipukurau, Hāwera, and Greymouth!

Applause rings out from the TV and continues for a time.

## DAN

Eddie, move over.

## JOSIAH

Yeah, you're hogging.

## EDDIE

Oh, sorry, like this?

EDDIE spreads his arms and legs, pushing the other two boys off the couch.

**JOSIAH**

Hey!

**DAN**

Don't be a doofus.

**EDDIE**

You're the doofus.

**VOICEOVER**

... but before we get started, let's meet our lovely scorer, the beautiful Theresa.  
Give her an extra-special round of applause, lads!

**DAN**

Look, Josiah – your girlfriend.

**JOSIAH** (*embarrassed*)

Nah.

**EDDIE** (*poking him*)

Oooh.

**DAN** and **EDDIE** are still teasing **JOSIAH** as **KATIE** and **RITA** enter.

**KATIE**

Dan, get off the couch. Dallas is on.

**DAN**

Aw, what?

**KATIE**

Mum said me and Rita could watch the TV. You and your mates go somewhere else.

**DAN**

No way! We were here first!

**KATIE** switches the channel. **KATIE** and **RITA** sit on the couch.

**DAN**

Oi, we were watching that!

**EDDIE**

Come on, Dan. Let's go to Steve Mitchell's place. He's got a colour TV.

**DAN** dives for the TV and switches the channel back.

**KATIE**

Dan! It's started!

**RITA**

We could watch it later at Lisa's house. She's got a VCR.

**KATIE**

Nah, I'll be busy. The rugby's on tonight.

*There's a pause. RITA frowns.*

**RITA**

You're gonna watch the game?

**KATIE** (*shrugging*)

Well, yeah. Me and Dan and Mum and Dad always watch the rugby.

**DAN**

We get fish and chips.

**RITA**

But ... it's the Springboks.

**KATIE**

So?

**RITA** (*baffled*)

What do you mean "so"? Haven't you read the papers and stuff? What about apartheid?

**KATIE**

Well, yeah ... what about it?

**RITA**

Black people can't vote, and they basically live in slums, and there are all these places they can't go, and ... didn't you hear about all those high school kids who got *killed* because they were protesting? My mum told me all about it.

**DAN**

Your mum must be one of those HART hippies.

**EDDIE**

What's HART?

**JOSIAH**

Halt all racist tours. They're protesting about South Africa coming here to play rugby.

**RITA**

She is in HART, actually.

**DAN**

Our dad reckons all the protesters are just overreacting. I mean, yeah, maybe some bad stuff is happening over in South Africa, but -

**RITA**

That's an understatement.

**DAN**

Come on. This is nothing to do with that. It's just sport.



**KATIE**

Yeah, Rita. It's not like the Springboks made all those laws. Sport and politics are two separate things, right?

**RITA** (*rolling her eyes*)

Why does everyone keep saying that?

**JOSIAH**

Hey, Dan, can we go back to *Top Town*?

**RITA** (*impassioned*)

Of course sport is political. Everything is political. There's supposed to be a boycott against South Africa right now, and breaking it is like saying to the world that we don't care about what they're doing to their people.

**KATIE**

I don't know if that's -

**RITA**

It's like ... it's like if Dan punched Katie, and we all agreed we wouldn't talk to Dan until he apologised, and then I invited Dan to come over and play badminton.

**DAN**

I wouldn't come anyway.

**RITA**

It's an example. I wouldn't *invite* you anyway.

**DAN** *sticks out his tongue.*

**EDDIE**

But even if we shouldn't have the Springboks here, what the protesters are doing is against the law. You can't just jump the fence and run onto the field during a game.

**RITA**

Why not?

**EDDIE**

It's trespassing.

**RITA**

Sometimes you have to break the law if the law isn't fair - and if it's the only way people will listen to you. Plus, HART isn't hurting anyone. Unlike the police ...





EDDIE

Hey! My dad's a policeman and he's -

RITA

And he's what?

RITA *points to DAN and KATIE.*

RITA (CONT'D)

On their side?

EDDIE

I mean ... not exactly. He said he thinks the tour shouldn't have happened in the first place. But now they're here, he's got to keep order.

RITA

By using force?

JOSIAH

Guys, can we stop arguing about this stuff?

KATIE (*ignoring JOSIAH*)

Well it's not fair for protesters to disrupt the games. People have paid to watch. And wouldn't the best thing be if the All Blacks totally smashed the Springboks? If we won every game? That'd be symbolic, right? Show them our team's better than theirs with all our players from different races.

RITA (*shaking her head*)

That'd be playing their game. Literally.

DAN

Dad says half these protesters don't really care about the tour anyway. He reckons they're just teenagers who want to fight with the cops and cause trouble.

JOSIAH (*quietly*)

My sister got arrested.

RITA

For protesting?

JOSIAH

Yeah, she went on that march to parliament last month. My parents wanted her to stay home, but she told them it would be peaceful. Then they decided to march to the South African embassy, and the cops showed up. One of them knocked her over.



**EDDIE** (*shocked*)

My dad would never knock anyone over – even if they were a protester.

**JOSIAH**

I'm not saying it was your dad, but one of them did. She got a black eye. They put her in a cell overnight for disturbing the peace. All she did was carry a sign and shout.

*There's another pause.*

**JOSIAH** (CONT'D)

Why don't they just cancel the games? If we're all against apartheid, and people like Sefina are going to jail for protesting ...

**RITA**

Because people like rugby. And they only stand up for what's right when it's convenient.

**DAN**

Dad says –

**JOSIAH** (*impatiently*)

Who cares what your dad says! What do you think?

**DAN** *is silent.*

**KATIE**

I think I don't want anyone else to get hurt. Not here and not in South Africa, either.

*Another pause.*

**KATIE** (CONT'D)

But do you think any of this is going to make a difference? Even if the tour gets cancelled – is that really going to do anything to stop apartheid?

*All the performers freeze. The television flickers and makes a static noise. The actor playing EDDIE steps forward.*

**EDDIE**

John Minto, anti-tour activist and chairman of HART.

**VOICEOVER**

I think all those New Zealanders who got bashed by police, who got beaten up by pro-tour thugs, and who went to hospital, who went to jail – all those people can take real credit for the fact that in the darkest days of apartheid, little old New Zealand was able to punch a hole in the system and let some light through.

*The actor playing DAN steps forward.*

**DAN**

Doug Rollerson, former All Black who played during the 1981 tour.

### VOICEOVER

It was important to get them over here and show them a multiracial society living in relative harmony ... twenty-five years later, I still think the tour should have gone ahead.

*The actor playing RITA steps forward.*

### RITA

Ron Don, chairman of the Auckland Rugby Football Union in 1981.

### VOICEOVER

I was very pro-tour. I don't regret anything that was said or done in 1981. We won. We beat the protesters. We beat the media, and most important of all, we beat the Springboks.

*The actor playing JOSIAH steps forward.*

### JOSIAH

Mereana Pitman, anti-tour protester.

### VOICEOVER

For me it was a really significant thing ... the relationships that came together have survived – even relationships between Pākehā activists and Māori activists. Those are still the ones that survive today because a level of trust was attained at that time that never actually went away.

*The actor playing KATIE steps forward.*

### KATIE

Nelson Mandela, anti-apartheid activist and future president of South Africa.

### VOICEOVER

By that time, we were allowed to have newspapers in prison and were incredulous that a peace-loving people on the other side of the world would stand up against their own police for our cause. I will never forget the day the Hamilton game was cancelled. It was like the sun coming out.



illustrations by Toby Morris



# PUAKI

*based on work by Michael Bradley*

Some people say they always had a tā moko just under their skin, waiting to be revealed. Photographer Michael Bradley liked this idea. He became even more interested after he heard of an unusual problem with some of the first photographs of Māori: their tā moko couldn't always be seen. When the photos were developed, sometimes the tattoos appeared faded; others times, they were completely gone. Because of this, tā moko were often drawn onto the photos afterwards.

“In the 1850s, taking photos was a tricky process,” Michael explains. “Certain colours were difficult to capture.” This was a challenge when it came to photographing Māori with tā moko. The blue-green tones that made up their tattoos often didn't show up. “An important cultural tradition was being erased by the limited technology of the time,” he says.

The word puaki means to come forth, to reveal, to give testimony. It was the perfect name for the project Michael began to plan: interviews with Māori who wore tā moko. He would take their photo and record their story. He wanted to learn about the various ways tā moko had been visible and invisible across the generations.



# THE TĀ MOKO TRADITION

The tradition of tattooing is found across the Pacific. Each culture has its own designs, rituals, and tools. Māori believe the tradition was a gift that came from the underworld and the ancestor Uetonga.

Māori call a tattoo on the face or body a tā moko, although tattoos on particular parts of the body have their own names. The tattoo women wear on their chin is called a kauae. A tattoo on the thigh is called a puhoro. Each design has its own meaning and significance. Some designs are universal, such as the spirals worn on a person's nose, cheek, and lower jaw. Other parts of a tattoo are carefully chosen to suit each individual.

Some of the first tā moko were done to mourn the dead. Women would cut themselves (called haehae), then add soot to the wound. The act of haehae was a way to express grief; the soot helped to create a permanent reminder of the person who had died. Some tā moko tell the story of family connections. Tā moko also express a person's mana – some rangatira signed the Treaty of Waitangi by drawing their tā moko.

As Pākehā began to colonise Aotearoa, the number of Māori with tā moko became smaller. This trend finally changed in the 1980s, when Māori began to rediscover and reassert their traditions. Tā moko was reclaimed as a unique way to express identity. As Gary Te Ruki says on page 19: “I am the people of the land, the spirit of the land, the essence of the land. This place is mine, so my moko speaks to that.”



Sketch of a rangatira by  
Sydney Parkinson (1784)



# KAANGA COOPER SKIPPER

*Waikato–Tainui*

---

## *We felt we were being blessed*

---

The day I got my tā moko, it was pouring with rain. The wind was blowing, the trees were rustling – we told many stories about why. All of my family were there. Spiritually, we felt we were being blessed. It was a wonderful day, a beautiful afternoon. I'll remember it for the rest of my life.

As a family, it was important to prepare properly for my moko. First we had to visit my ancestors, including my grandmother, on Taupiri maunga. Then we had to decide who would do my moko. I was honoured when the name that came up was Inia Taylor. We have a big family, and we all went together. My granddaughters, my grandson, my son ... everyone. Of course we went through the traditional parts first: pōwhiri, karanga, mihimihi. It was our day, and Inia allowed us the time to do whatever we needed before we got down to business.

Inia explained everything he was going to do. He'd done a lot of research. He wanted to use the traditional chisel as well as the modern needle machine.

This was his decision as an artist, and I agreed. I felt blessed to be a part of what used to happen in the old days. Then he did the drawing for my moko, which was to be the same as my grandmother's. There was a lot of wiping off and starting again. He was being careful to follow every detail in the photo we had of my grandmother. I thought I'd really feel the pain of the chisel, but I didn't. Inia began with the traditional method and finished the modern way. Within an hour, it was all over for me. We closed with prayers.

My grandmother died when she was ninety-four. She had her moko done when she was a young girl – this was in the early years when all the people had their moko kauae done by a chisel. I've now released her moko from the past and brought it into the future.

I hope everyone in my family will carry on the beautiful tradition of the moko kauae. I'm proud to have done this for my grandchildren and for future generations. I just want to encourage them not to wait as long as I did.







# GARY TE RUKI

*Ngāti Unu, Ngāti Kahu, Ngāti Maniapoto, Waikato, Ngāti Porou*

---

## *I am tangata whenua*

---

I can still see myself at school, forever scribbling moko. I'd draw over faces in magazines, put moko on them. It was always a part of something I wanted ... something right at the very heart of me. Now it's a statement of who I am and who my people are.

I come from the Waikato. Ōrākau is fifteen minutes from my marae, Te Kōpua. A battle cry was heard there: "Peace shall never be made. We shall fight you for ever." I have a rebellious nature, and my moko is a part of that. It tells the world that I won't bend to the status quo. I am Māori. I am Ngāti Unu, Ngāti Kahu, Ngāti Maniapoto, Waikato, Ngāti Porou. I am tangata whenua. I am the people of the land, the spirit of the land, the essence of the land. This place is mine, so my moko speaks to that.

My moko was done on my marae over three days. My first encounter with the world afterwards was at a gas station in Ōtorohanga. We wondered why no one was coming to help us. I could see people talking at the counter. It was a very new thing back then – no one else in the district had a full-facial moko.

There were people I'd known for some time who crossed the road when they saw me. That was strange, but it had nothing to do with me – it was all to do with them. Maybe they had feelings of inadequacy. But I was the same person I'd been the week before.

In the city, I had a different reaction. People came up to admire the artwork and ask questions. Overseas, my moko is received in different ways. In Japan, no one raises an eyebrow. South Korea, I had people run from my presence but also older people bowing.

I see so many faces without markings. I think, "Let us be Māori. Let's not be held back by society's way of doing things." I look at my friends who are beautiful speakers of te reo, very knowledgeable, and I think, "What are you waiting for? There's no special moment coming. You make the moment." It's a simple thing: a contribution to our tribal life, to te ao Māori, to our way of living. It's a renewal, a repatriation, a taking back – repossessing something that's been gone for too long. Those are my thoughts.



# PRISCILLA RUHA

*Ngāti Uepohatu*

---

## *Something solid, something unshifting*

---

I had my moko kauae done when I was twenty-one. It was a natural progression of my lifelong pursuit to express my cultural identity. My first love was haka, which I did at school as a little girl. We would have moko drawn on our faces for competitions. It was a powerful moment. I felt connected to my culture. Afterwards, the moko would be rubbed off, but as my knowledge and education about moko grew, so did my desire to have one on my face permanently.

Other women in my family wear moko kauae. I wasn't the first, which is never easy. I'm lucky I had other people paving the way, right from the beginning of moko's inception ... all the way through to today. I had many fearless and brave tribespeople before me take up the taonga and wear it. So for me, tā moko wasn't something foreign. Growing up on the East Coast, it was the norm. You would walk into the hospital, and you'd see auntie with her moko kauae, working in the A&E. We had doctors who wore facial moko, judges in the Māori land court. My auntie – who

was an exceptional caterer at the marae – she wore moko. So it was a normal part of my youth; now even more so.

On the East Coast, more and more young people are wearing tā moko. They've grown up in a society in which it's familiar and demystified. A growing number are deciding for themselves and their families to wear this treasure, and much earlier than the generation before them. Moko was driven to the edge of the cliff, to extinction. Without those brave people who are spirited, who have moral courage, we run the risk of losing certain aspects of our culture to the history books.

Moko is a powerful repository for the worldviews of our people. Without those magical expressions of who we are, it's easy to be lost in the wind, especially in the modern context, when there are so many ideas competing for attention. I think it's important to have something solid, something unshifting that our children can cling to. Moko is a physical reminder of who they are, where they come from, and where they're headed.





Tu Mac

ori



# RANGI MCLEAN

*Tūhoe, Ngāti Porou, Waikato, Ngāti Maniapoto*

---

## *The world is changing*

---

My journey began when I was eighteen. I dreamt about a moko. I could still see that moko in my mind three weeks later, so I drew it, not knowing what it meant. My parents said to take the drawing back home to the elders.

We had a big meeting on the marae. The elders asked what the moko meant to me. All I could say was that it came in a dream; I just wanted their blessing to get it done. But my elders said I wasn't ready. They wanted to test me. I was a bit of a rebel in those days. They wanted to make the point that the moko wasn't just for me or my family. It was shown to me on behalf of my iwi.

I really wanted a moko, so I decided to wait out my time, listen to whatever my elders had to say. Over the next twenty years, whenever I went home, they'd pull me aside to share their knowledge. They mentored me. I'd just dreamt about a moko, but they knew what it meant.

I was shocked when they finally said I was ready. I thought I'd need to get my moko done back home, but my elders surprised me. They said because it came from a dream, the wairua should

dictate who would do it. I searched Tāmakimakaurau – I went to seven tā moko artists. Six of them were my own people, but the wairua didn't feel right. Then I visited a tattoo studio in Papakura. A Pākehā was there. When I shared my story, he said it would be an honour to complete my journey. I said we'd need to follow protocol, do the right blessings, and he said not a problem.

Our plan was to do half of the moko, let it heal, then I'd go back for the other half. But the pain was so severe, so hard to take, that I was thinking of stopping. The blessings helped me to carry on, but still, I wasn't going back, so the tattoo artist did the whole lot in one go. Bending over me nine hours straight took a toll on his strength, but he said there was something there, telling him to keep going.

He was the right one to complete my tā moko, and he was a Pākehā! When I hear people having a go at Pākehā, I say hang on a minute, let me tell you a story. That soon changes their perception. I have Pākehā mokopuna now. The world is changing. We have to adapt and change with it but hold on to our old ways too.

# Hurly Burly

by Paul Mason

John Macbeth bows his head to the storm and follows the path of the creek back to camp. The air is filthy. Cold rain cascades off the brim of his hat, and the wind drives it into his eyes. A shovel leans heavily on his shoulder, a pan burrows into his back ... and for all that, Macbeth has nothing to show. He adjusts his load and thinks about packing the whole thing in, not for the first time. There's no gold out here. Yet what would he say to Duncan? His brother needs him.

Macbeth rubs his eyes. They're tired from searching the dirt for flecks of gold he now thinks he will never find. When he opens them again, they are suddenly there. As if from nowhere. Three creatures, wild and withered, huddling around a thin fire. Above it sits a dirty pot.

By the weak glow of the fire, Macbeth sees bone-white skin and dark hair; scowling faces hidden by midnight cloaks. A bony hand reaches out and stirs a foul stew.

*Double, double, toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble they say as one.*

Macbeth shivers. These are not creatures of this Earth. Somehow he finds his voice. "What are you? Speak."

Without looking up, the weird creatures respond.

*All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, searcher of streams.*

*All hail, Macbeth! Hail to you, proclaimer of gold.*

*All hail, Macbeth, who shall be as rich as a king hereafter!*

Macbeth feels the breath catch in his chest. They know his name. They know his purpose! He steadies himself against the trunk of a ponga. Why do they speak these prophecies? Do they look into the seeds of time?

Macbeth calls to them through the rain with a courage he does not feel. "For what reason do you greet me like this?" But the creatures say nothing. Macbeth tries again. "If you have more than mortal knowledge, speak." Clutching the handle of his shovel, he staggers closer.

Then lightning ignites the shadows. Thunder rumbles, and they are gone.

"As breath into the wind," gasps Macbeth. He swivels round, searching the trees, thinking for a moment that he has lost his reason.

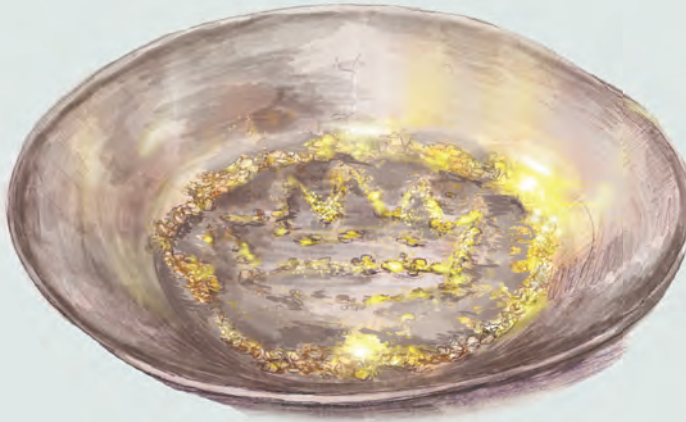




No sooner does Macbeth stumble into the tiny camp – a miserable collection of canvas and wood, clinging to the bank of the creek – than Duncan rushes up, slipping and sliding in the mud. There is no hiding the nervous light in his eyes. “It’s finally happened, John. Come!”

Duncan leads him to the tent as if he is a schoolboy. He points a shaking finger at the pan resting on the table inside. A circle of yellow lines the bottom. A golden round.

“Colour,” Macbeth whispers. He stares at the pan, then back at Duncan. His heart knocks at his ribs.



“Months by this blasted creek,” says his brother. “Finally she pays out.”

Duncan continues to blather, but Macbeth isn’t paying attention. The creatures’ voices fill his head. *Proclaimer of gold. As rich as a king.* But Duncan was the one to find the gold. The claim is his. How then is he, John Macbeth, to become rich?

He feels Duncan shake his arm. “You’re not listening, brother. You must go into town and register my claim.”

“Me?” says Macbeth.

Duncan spits. “I’m not letting this place out of my sight.”

“All right, Duncan,” Macbeth says.

“As soon as you’re ready,” his brother coaxes. “It’s well it were done quickly.”

Macbeth realises he’s still carrying his load. He drops his shovel and removes his sodden hat. Duncan is right. If he travels light, he can reach town by nightfall. Macbeth turns and heads back into the pouring rain.

“Meet the warden and bring the certificate,” says Duncan. “Don’t worry – I’ll see you right,” he adds.

“I’ll be with you by midday,” says Macbeth.

“Absolute trust, brother.”





Macbeth pushes through the bush. Wind lashes the trees, branches creak and groan, but the tempest spurs him on. He wants to feel a roof over his head.

As he stumbles downhill toward the road, silhouettes once again pass among the trees and hover in the air – quicker than Macbeth can catch. Is it the creatures come again, or nothing at all? Macbeth calls into the murk. “Speak, I charge you!”

Through the rushing wind comes a whisper. *Be bloody, bold, and resolute.*

A black thought finds its way into Macbeth’s mind – a horrible, horrible imagining. *Bloody, bold, resolute.*

Duncan.

“What is it you do?” Macbeth demands. “Tell me, you unknown power!” But there is nothing. Macbeth blunders on and finds he has somehow reached the road.

Night has fallen when he makes it to town. At the warden's rooms, Macbeth is greeted by a locked door that rattles under his hand. The claim will have to wait till morning.

Finally he reaches his cottage. Sarah opens the door and throws her arms around her husband. "You come with news?" she asks.

"Great news," says Macbeth.

After a wash with hot water and a change of clothes, Macbeth tells it all again – more leisurely this time. The strange creatures in the bush. The prophetic greeting. How they spoke of gold. The talk of riches, and finally the golden round in Duncan's pan.

"I wanted to question them further, but they made themselves air into which they vanished," Macbeth finishes. "They promised greatness, Sarah."

Sarah covers her mouth as she listens. "The instruments of darkness tell us truths," she murmurs at last. In her eyes, Macbeth sees the stirring of black and deep desires.

"They spoke two truths," Macbeth admits.

"And what of the third?" asks Sarah. "As rich as a king."

Macbeth sops up the last of his dinner with his bread. "But the find is Duncan's."

Sarah pauses, then takes his hand. "Then Duncan is a step on which you must either fall down or leap over."

"Sarah!"



But Macbeth knows his wife says what he already imagines – a golden round, a king. Duncan alone stands in their way. He hears the dreadful mutter from the bush. *Bloody, bold, resolute*. Macbeth shakes it from his head. “Duncan said he’d do right by us.”

“You’re too full of the milk of human kindness.”

“But I dare not, Sarah.”

“Don’t say ‘I dare not’, say ‘I will’.”

Macbeth closes his eyes. Duncan, his own brother! “Absolute trust,” he hears him say. Macbeth wishes the awful hurly burly in his head would go away. Won’t it leave him in peace? He is tired, so tired. Macbeth turns to his wife. His voice breaks as he speaks. “If we should fail?”

“We fail,” says Sarah. She reaches over and rubs a smooth hand across his cheek. “But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we’ll not fail.”

“Greatness was promised,” Macbeth says weakly.

Sarah nods. “In the morning, I’ll go to the warden and make the claim in your name. And you ...” Her voice drops away. She gets to her feet and begins to clear her husband’s plate and cutlery from the table. She pauses for a moment, then leaves the bread knife behind. “Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it, John.”

“Oh, Sarah,” he whispers, “so foul and fair a day I have not seen.”

## AUTHOR’S NOTE

*Macbeth* by William Shakespeare was written and first performed around 1606. The story follows the rise and downfall of Macbeth, a Scottish general in the army. Soon after the play begins, Macbeth returns from a victorious battle and meets three witches on the heath. They share with him three prophecies of the future. When their first prophecy comes true, Macbeth starts to believe the witches speak the truth. They have started him on a dangerous path towards their third prophecy: that he will be king. Blinded by a thirst for power and pushed on by his wife – the ambitious,

ruthless Lady Macbeth – Macbeth plots to kill King Duncan and take his crown.

*Macbeth* is a true tragedy: a dark tale of conspiracy, murder, and the supernatural. It serves as a warning of what can happen when people stop at nothing to get what they want. My story is inspired by *Macbeth* and its themes of greed and ambition. Although only loosely based on Shakespeare’s play, I have borrowed some of its lines, images, and plot. The phrase “hurly burly” means confusion or chaos. It is both the storm in the bush and the hunger for gold filling John Macbeth’s head.



# Chinese New Zealanders

by Helene Wong

Ever since the first Chinese came to New Zealand, the response to them has been mixed. In the early years, some people even formed groups to campaign for fewer Chinese migrants.



Kong Cong, who came to New Zealand as a young boy to mine with his father

## New gold mountain

It's thought that the first group of Chinese to arrive in New Zealand were twelve goldminers who'd come from the gold rush in Victoria, Australia. They arrived in Otago in 1866. The men were welcomed for many reasons: they were hard-working, they didn't want to stay long-term, and they were willing to rework claims other miners had abandoned. Gold had been discovered in 1861, but after five years, most miners were leaving Otago for the gold rush on the West Coast. Dunedin's city leaders were worried. There were fewer people around to spend money. They wanted to keep miners in the area for as long as possible.

Within three years, more than two thousand Chinese miners were working in New Zealand – “new gold mountain” as they called it. Many came from villages in southern China, where there was poverty and war. They hoped to find gold, become wealthy, and return home to provide a better life for their families.





Chinese miners in Otago with Reverend Alexander Don

## A troubled homeland

In the late nineteenth century, life in rural southern China (known as Guangdong province) was incredibly difficult. Overpopulation, wars, corrupt local officials, and lawlessness made people feel desperate. Life was especially hard for the poor, who had very little power to change things. Many longed for a better life.

Canton (now called Guangzhou) was the biggest city in southern China, and it had a long history of receiving news from overseas. (Because of this, it was often referred to as the Gateway to the West.) People soon heard about the gold rushes in Australia and New Zealand. Seeing an opportunity, many men left to seek their fortune, leaving their families behind. Although the majority planned to return home, this didn't always work out. Some miners died; others never earned enough money to afford the trip back to China.



## Reaction

By the early 1870s, attitudes were changing, and anti-Chinese sentiment began to spread – on the goldfields, in the newspapers, and in parliament. Many people thought the Chinese were inferior and alien. They saw them as a threat – perhaps they'd even take over the country!

A **depression** in the 1880s deepened these feelings. People now worried that the Chinese would take jobs when there weren't enough to go around. It didn't help that there were no Chinese women or children in New Zealand. Lonely men without their families had time to gamble and smoke **opium**, people said. They were a bad influence on society. Concerned citizens even asked the government to stop Chinese from coming altogether.

The West Coast member of parliament Richard John Seddon was very outspoken. He helped make the first laws that discriminated against Chinese people, including a poll tax in 1881. The tax meant that every Chinese person had to pay £10 (about \$1,700 in today's money) to enter the country. No other ethnic group was taxed in this way.

**depression:** a time when the economy does badly and many people don't have work

**opium:** a drug that was popular during the nineteenth century



A cartoon published in 1905 in the *New Zealand Free Lance*, a popular weekly newspaper

The poll tax certificate of Wong Wei Yin, who came to New Zealand in 1916



### CERTIFICATE

Under Section 33 of the Immigration Restriction Act, 1908.

Customhouse, WELLINGTON, New Zealand, 6th day of February, 1922

This is to certify that WONG WEI YIN  
born at Canton, whose apparent age is 14 years, and  
whose former place of residence was Canton, did arrive in this Dominion by the  
vessel MANUKA from Sydney, 13/11/16, and that the Master of the  
said vessel has paid to me the sum of One Hundred Pounds, required by section 31 of the  
said Act, and that the said WONG WEI YIN





A Chinese greengrocer and his family in their shop around 1905

## A bigger poll tax and more

By the late 1880s, the gold rushes were almost over. Most of the Chinese miners went home, but a few stayed, becoming farm labourers or starting market gardens and orchards around Otago. They were joined by a new wave of Chinese migrants who came to Auckland and Wellington to establish fruit and vegetable shops, grocery shops, restaurants, and laundries as well as market gardens.

Many Pākehā continued to have a negative attitude towards Chinese migrants. They wanted a white New Zealand, and people formed anti-Chinese societies with names like the Anti-Asiatic League and the White Race League, to put pressure on the government. In 1896, the poll tax was increased to £100, and two years later, when the **old-age pension** was introduced, Chinese New Zealanders weren't included.

Over the following decade, the discrimination continued. In 1907, Chinese arriving in New Zealand had to pass an English language test, reading a hundred words picked by a customs officer. In 1908, they were no longer allowed to become **naturalised** as New Zealand citizens, and that same year, all Chinese temporarily leaving the country were required to have a re-entry permit, which was thumbprinted so their identity could be proven when they returned. No other group of people at the time was singled out in ways like this.

**old-age pension:** money paid by the government to support people over the age of sixty-five

**naturalised:** to be allowed to become a citizen of a country



HAINING STREET.—THE CHINESE QUARTERS OF THE CITY OF WELLINGTON.

## Haining Street

“Kidnapped, boiled in a copper, and made into preserved ginger” – this is what some children were told would happen to them if they visited Haining Street in central Wellington. For almost a century, between 1880 and 1960, Haining and Frederick streets formed a small Chinatown for local Chinese. Because the area had places where men gambled and smoked opium, it received a lot of negative attention in the newspapers. In reality, it was a safe neighbourhood with all the usual things a community needs: places to stay, eat, meet, buy groceries, and celebrate festivals.

In 1905, to protest against non-European migrants in New Zealand, a man shot and killed Joe Kum Yung in Haining Street. He said he wanted the country to be rid of the “yellow peril”.



A shop on Haining Street, which once sold Chinese embroidery, antiques, and groceries



## A new image

People's attitudes began to change in the late 1930s, especially after Japan invaded southern China in 1937. This war in China became tied up with the Second World War, and Japan became New Zealand's enemy, too. As the Japanese set their sights on the Pacific, people here realised it was the fierce fighting by the Chinese that had been holding the Japanese back. The Chinese were no longer considered yellow peril. They were now our brave allies.

The war helped in other ways. With so many Chinese men here worrying about their families back home, sympathetic community leaders asked our government to help. Between 1939 and 1941, almost five hundred wives and children – along with Chinese from New Zealand who were trapped in China by the fighting – arrived here as war refugees. Being reunited with their families meant a better life for the men. They could now be part of a more complete Chinese community that included women and children. These children went to school. Families started businesses. Most New Zealanders got used to having Chinese, and their New Zealand-born children, living alongside them. In 1944, the poll tax was abolished. Seven years later, Chinese were once again allowed to apply to become New Zealand citizens.



**Chinese New Zealanders helping to celebrate the end of the Second World War in Ōamaru, 1945**

# Hidden

By the 1980s, the Chinese had a new **stereotype**: model citizens. Most were choosing to hide their cultural background. Behaving like Pākehā New Zealanders was a way to avoid racial abuse. For the children, this often meant refusing to speak their own language, which led to a loss of culture and identity. Chinese parents also changed. In the past, most wanted their children to take over the family business and become shopkeepers or market gardeners like themselves. Now, they encouraged their children to go to university and become doctors, accountants, and teachers. These kinds of jobs helped the Chinese to become more **integrated**.

# The second wave

In 1987, the government changed the **immigration** laws. Traditionally, it only wanted migrants from Britain and Europe, but now people were needed who could invest in the economy. To help this happen, the government made it easier for wealthy people from countries such as Hong Kong, Taiwan, and China to live in New Zealand.

New Zealand's Asian population doubled in five years. Although these people were only 1 percent of the population, some New Zealanders became alarmed. Once again, anti-Chinese attitudes began to appear in our newspapers. Even original Chinese settlers and their New Zealand-born children found themselves being yelled at: "Go home!"



- stereotype**: a generalisation about a particular kind of person
- integrated**: completely mixed with other people
- immigration**: people coming to live in another country



## Diversity

More than three decades later, racism in New Zealand hasn't disappeared, but people are more aware of cultural diversity, and attitudes are changing. In 2013, the number of New Zealanders born overseas hit a million – around a quarter of the population. More people are taking pride in their cultural difference, and this includes the Chinese. As a community, this pride has given them the courage to speak out against racist treatment. In 2002, the government formally apologised for the poll tax and a special group was set up to record Chinese New Zealand history, culture, and knowledge that was lost because of prejudice from past governments.

Today, Chinese migrants learn English, and New Zealanders learn Chinese languages. Chinese New Year is celebrated throughout the country, and the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the first Chinese migrants are filmmakers, politicians, lawyers, designers, scientists, and Olympic athletes – as well as market gardeners. They are proud of being New Zealanders and proud of their Chinese ancestry.

### Chinese New Year in Wellington, 2018





# ACROSS THE SEA

by Hone Rata

Ihaka buried his face in his korowai. It was cold, and they had hours to go. Kāmaka said they wouldn't arrive until sundown, and the sun was still at least two hands above the horizon. His sister leant into the tiller, turning their tiny waka across the wind as she looked to the waves. Ihaka liked watching her sail. She'd been on the water before he could tie his first knot.

"Where's the wind strongest?" she asked.

He looked across the waves to where the gusts whipped the crests into white foam. After some thought, he pointed to the east. Kāmaka nodded. The question had been a simple one; Ihaka knew she'd asked it to teach a lesson. They may have travelled far from home, but he could figure out what he needed to know. He had the skills now.

Ihaka turned to study the foaming wake. All the comforts of home, of whānau, lay far beyond that glistening trail. As he watched, an orca leapt from the water. The mighty creature soared gracefully before disappearing in a huge splash. The sight reminded him of the kahawai his koro once caught. They had jumped, too. It used to be that a person could catch countless fish in the river, but there were none now. They had all been taken.





Only a handful of islands in their rohe had survived the rising sea. This was Ihaka's first journey to them. He'd worked for this moment his whole life: learning to navigate and to sail, to speak the dialects of the people who lived in these waters. He could still see his nanny on the shore, watching as they set off. She was proud of her granddaughter, a fearless sailor and kaiwhakaterere. Ihaka hoped she would feel the same about him one day.

"Ki raro rā!" Kāmaka shouted.

Ihaka ducked as the waka turned and the boom swung above his head. The boat listed sharply as it came about, and he held tight to the side. Once they'd settled, Kāmaka pointed ahead. He could just make out the chain of islands that was their destination, the largest of them resting like a green jewel in all that blue. He pictured cooking fires, piles of food. Maybe the tangata whenua would serve them pipi. Kōura, even. They'd been sailing for three days on light rations, and his stomach grumbled as he imagined biting into sweet white flesh.

"Take the tiller, e hoa," Kāmaka said, nodding to the biggest island. Ihaka moved clumsily, suddenly uncertain, as they changed seats. "Aue, e te tungāne," his sister added gently, an encouraging smile on her face. Ihaka let his training take over. He'd done this dozens of times, he told himself. It made no difference that he was sailing to a new place, to trade with people he'd never met.

The wind dropped as the sun went down, and Ihaka admired the golden light. Slanting rays cut through the surface, and far below, beneath all the water, he caught a glimpse of rooftops. Kāmaka had said they might. "Look!" he cried. "The old city!"

His sister nodded but kept her gaze fixed ahead. She didn't want to see. It made her too sad, but Ihaka was curious. He'd been told stories about life before Earth had warmed. His marae was large, but the drowned city had been home to tens of thousands. So many people living together in one place! Ihaka watched the submerged buildings pass until there were no more roofs, and the ruins were far behind.

"Ready?" Kāmaka asked. The beach was up ahead. They crested a wave, the waka hanging for a moment – almost weightless – before plunging down. Ihaka held his breath and leant back. The waka shuddered as it took the full weight of its cargo, but he wasn't worried. He knew their boat was strong. It had been built by his tīpuna and had carried generations across the sea. It was one of the few waka that remained. Ever since the sea rose, wood had been in short supply, especially on the mainland. Nanny said if people in the before-time had known what lay ahead, they might not have been so quick to fell the forests. They might have been more careful with what they had.

Kāmaka reached for her pūtātara and blew a long, loud note. A karanga rose up,

calling them in. Kāmaka responded in kind, her voice strong. Ihaka reefed the sails, and the waka slowed almost instantly. Expertly, he guided them onto a wave and rode it in, carefully landing the craft on the pebbly shore. Kāmaka smiled at his perfect landing, and Ihaka felt his cheeks heat with pride.

They climbed out of the waka and waited. A man called out; others joined in. Many feet pounded. Ihaka stood in awe as their voices grew louder. The silence that followed the haka lay unbroken for a long moment as they stood, humbled by the display. "We must reply," Kāmaka said. "Do your best. Remember, our tīpuna stand with us."

They'd been taught the traders' haka, which renewed their iwi's promise to treat all others equally. It was a good promise – Ihaka was proud to be the one making it – yet as he stepped forward, he felt small in front of the crowd. He paused for a moment, steadying his thoughts, then lifted his foot and stomped down.

Over his shoulder, he saw Kāmaka mirror every action, and together they fell into the well-practised moves. His voice grew loud and clear as his confidence grew. When they sang the last verse of the waiata, the islanders joined in. Their voices lifted their spirits and bound them as one.

It was dark by the time people crossed the stony beach to greet them. Ihaka and Kāmaka responded with hongis and smiles, then they unloaded the goods from the waka. The dried meat and pounamu were



eagerly taken; in return, Ihaka and Kāmaka took metal salvaged by the island's divers and timber from the local trees.

They spent the evening around the fire, laughing and eating. Ihaka was taught the local whakapapa and learnt the ways they were all related. Even this far away, their whānau were woven together. When they lay down to sleep, Ihaka turned to his sister. "Did I do OK today?"

"You've done well. Now get some rest. It's been a big day."

His sister turned on her side, but Ihaka's mind was racing. He watched the people who lingered by the fire and thought about their lives. The island was so small, the sea so vast. Why did they live so far from the mainland? He bothered his sister with one last question.

"These islands were once the high places," she said. "Their tīpuna were here long before the old world drowned. This is their tūrangawaewae. Besides, they like it here. They have freedom."

They didn't talk after that. Soon Ihaka could hear the steady rhythm of his sister's breathing. He was still too excited to sleep. Instead, he pictured his nanny's smile as she welcomed them home. He wondered how much Kāmaka would let him sail on the way back. And when they might go on their next trip. There were other islands, many people he had yet to meet. Ihaka closed his eyes and listened to the sound of the waves lapping at the shore.

illustrations by Isobel Joy Te Aho-White






# AN EAST GERMAN CHILDHOOD

*by Uli Hartung as told to Lucy Corry*







On 13 August 1961, the East German government began to build a wall. Although the wall went right through the city of Berlin, it was finished in just two days. Suddenly an entire population was trapped. Over the next three decades, soldiers guarded the Berlin Wall so the East German people couldn't escape to the West. Still, thousands tried, and many were killed. When the wall was finally torn down in 1989, Uli Hartung was seventeen. She talks to Lucy Corry about growing up in East Germany.

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## EYES

I was lucky. I had a nice childhood. For me, living in East Germany was normal. I didn't know any different. It was much harder for my parents' generation. They were teenagers when the wall was built. Suddenly, they were locked away from the rest of the world. Families were cut off from one another. People suffered.

I grew up in a town called Eberswalde, 50 kilometres north-east of Berlin. I lived with my parents and older sister. My dad was a doctor, and my mum was a veterinary researcher. My parents never joined the ruling **Socialist Unity Party**, although the government tried to make them many times. My dad did a lot of home visits to elderly patients. We had an old Russian car that was always breaking down, and party members would try to bribe him. They'd say, "Well, Doctor Hartung, if you joined the party, we could get you a new car." But he wouldn't.

We knew we were watched by the Stasi – the secret police. They were always keen to get inside our flat. They'd pretend they needed to use it to watch people across the street, but really they just wanted to search our place, see the books we had on our shelves ... that kind of thing. The Stasi wanted to control everything. We'd watch West German TV – one thing the Stasi couldn't control – and our parents would say, "You musn't talk about this at school." We stayed away from certain kids because we knew their parents were Stasi.



## The History of East Germany

After the Second World War (1939-1945), the countries that won divided Germany into four zones. Three of these zones (including the western half of Berlin) were to be controlled by the United States, Britain, and France. The fourth zone (and the eastern half of Berlin) went to the Soviet Union, which was a **socialist** state with many harsh laws. Although the original plan was for Germany to be reunited, this never happened. In 1949, the three zones, including their part of Berlin, officially combined to form the country of West Germany, and Bonn became the capital. That same year, those living in the fourth zone found themselves citizens of a new East Germany, with East Berlin as their capital.

Many of the East German people didn't want to live under Soviet rule, and they began to escape to freedom in the West. To the rest of the world, they were refugees, but the Soviet Union called them **defectors**. Between 1949 and 1959, over two million people left East Germany. The easiest route was through East Berlin into West Berlin because thousands of people crossed the city's border to shop and work each day. On just one day, in early August 1961, around 2,400 East Germans travelled into West Berlin and never came back. The East German leaders were determined to put a stop to this, and so they built the Berlin Wall.



From 1949–1989, West Berlin was an island of freedom surrounded by Soviet rule.

Uli (far left) and her sister (far right) with friends at the beach



## YOUNG PIONEERS

When we started school in East Germany, we had to join the Young Pioneers. This was a kind of youth group that turned six-year-olds into loyal East Germans. After four years, you became a Thälmann Pioneer, named after a well-known German political figure who was executed by the Nazis during the Second World War. We had uniforms: we all wore white shirts with a logo and a coloured scarf. I didn't know anyone who wasn't a Pioneer. Teenagers joined the Free German Youth. We each had a membership book, where we kept our annual membership stamps.

East Germany called itself the country of workers and farmers. Higher education was limited. Finishing the last two years of high school wasn't a free choice – you had to apply. If what you wanted to study fitted with the government's plans, and you had the grades, they'd let you finish school. But only a small percentage of students were ever allowed to do this. If you weren't a member of the Free German Youth, you could forget about the extra study. You had to leave school and do an **apprenticeship**.



Thälmann Pioneers in East Germany



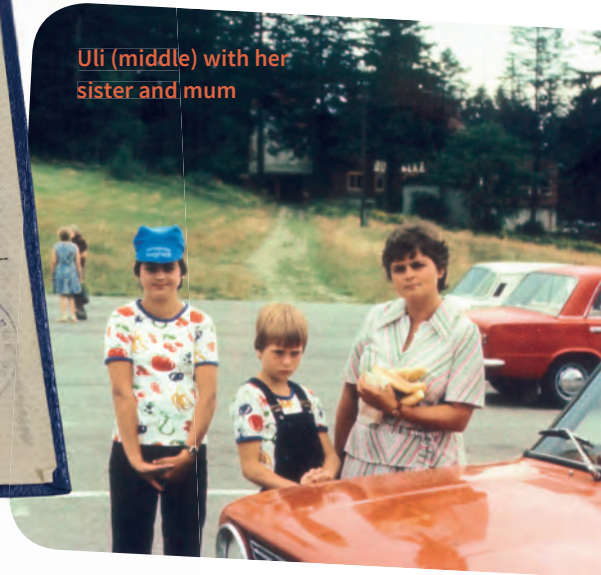
# PROPAGANDA

Political propaganda was everywhere. Maths problems in textbooks would say things like “At what angle does the tank have to fire its missile so it will hit the enemy plane?” At school, we had a subject called citizenship. We learnt about the socialist heroes Lenin and Karl Marx and how to be a good East German citizen. A lot of lies were fed to us. We were told that all the Nazis were hiding in West Germany. And all our maps were wrong – always a few kilometres out to make escape difficult.

When I was fifteen, I joined a church youth group. We weren't a religious family, but the group felt so free. We sang only socialist songs at school, but at youth group, we sang other songs and we talked about all sorts of things. We played games and read poems. It was a much kinder environment. I felt so happy. I made many good friends there.



Uli's Free German Youth membership booklet



Uli (middle) with her sister and mum

# RULES

Life in East Germany could be frustrating. You could never be an individual. We often got boxes of second-hand clothes from our cousins in the West. For once, you could look different! Our relatives in West Germany did visit, but it wasn't easy. We had to apply for permission on their behalf. We'd get all the paperwork stamped, then send it to West Germany. Everything had to be planned months in advance. One time, our relatives couldn't come because the paperwork didn't arrive. We never knew if it got lost in the mail or was taken by the Stasi.



We'd queue for hours for special things like a bunch of bananas ... but we were lucky. We were never short of food. Basic items like butter, milk, and flour were always available, and they were cheap because they were **subsidised**. But there was only ever one sort of anything – one brand of sugar, one brand of milk. My dad's elderly patients had garden allotments, and we were given lots of fruit. I remember buckets of apples, cherries, strawberries, and pears. Old people were allowed to visit family in the West more often, so Dad's patients would buy us treats like coffee and chocolate. One time, a couple brought us back a Mars bar. My dad cut it into four equal pieces.

## CHANGE

By the time I was seventeen, change was in the air. New political parties formed; everyone knew that something was happening. In some towns, there were peaceful protests and public meetings with mayors so people could ask questions.

In early October 1989, there was a huge demonstration in Berlin. Protesters wanted the laws and political system to change – they wanted freedom. I was at a friend's birthday party. We could hear lots of noise. I was scared. We turned out the lights and sat there with candles, listening to the radio. Three members of our youth group who went to the demonstration were taken to prison, including a fourteen-year-old girl.

The following month, I went to a public meeting in Eberswalde. There were so many people there we couldn't get in. It was the ninth of November, a Thursday. Someone came out and said, "The wall is open!" It was astonishing. My dad had to work that weekend, so the next day, my parents and sister drove to Berlin and crossed the border. I went on the Saturday morning with friends, even though we had school. My mum said, "I'm not going to ring the principal and give him an excuse!" Missing school was a big deal in East Germany.



## THE OTHER SIDE

It was surreal to be let through the wall. We went early, about 6 a.m., and we just walked around because people were still asleep. Our money was worthless in West Germany, but everyone coming from the East was given one hundred Deutschmarks. They called it “greeting money”. We had to go to a bank and show our ID. We queued for hours! It was so nice, though. A woman and her daughter handed out coffee and pastries. We were all so happy.

I really wanted to take something home to my family, so we went to a supermarket. There was so much choice, I was overwhelmed. I bought a bag of mandarins, then left. My friends decided they were going to stay in West Berlin, which meant I had to travel home alone. It was late – I was so tired – and the trains were full. I managed to call my mum to let her know I was safe. She’d been worried. Had they closed the border again? Was I in trouble? The border had only been open for three days. No one was sure how the situation would work out. We didn’t know then that the wall was gone for good.

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## GLOSSARY

**apprenticeship:** a job where a person is trained as they work

**defector:** a person who escapes their country to start a new life in another

**socialist:** a system where all resources are controlled by the government and  
(in theory) shared among the people

**Socialist Unity Party:** the political party that controlled East Germany

**subsidised:** when part of the cost of something is paid for by the government

People celebrating the fall of the  
Berlin Wall, November 1989



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