

School Journal

MAY 2015

The New Zealand
Curriculum

LEVEL

3



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Boy on a Bike	5
Bright Fine Gold	6
Bok Choy	6
The Red Ball	6
Grandparents' Day	5
Tautai	5
Following Gold	5

This Journal supports learning across the New Zealand Curriculum at level 3. 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.

Published 2015 by the Ministry of Education,
PO Box 1666, Wellington 6140, New Zealand.
www.education.govt.nz

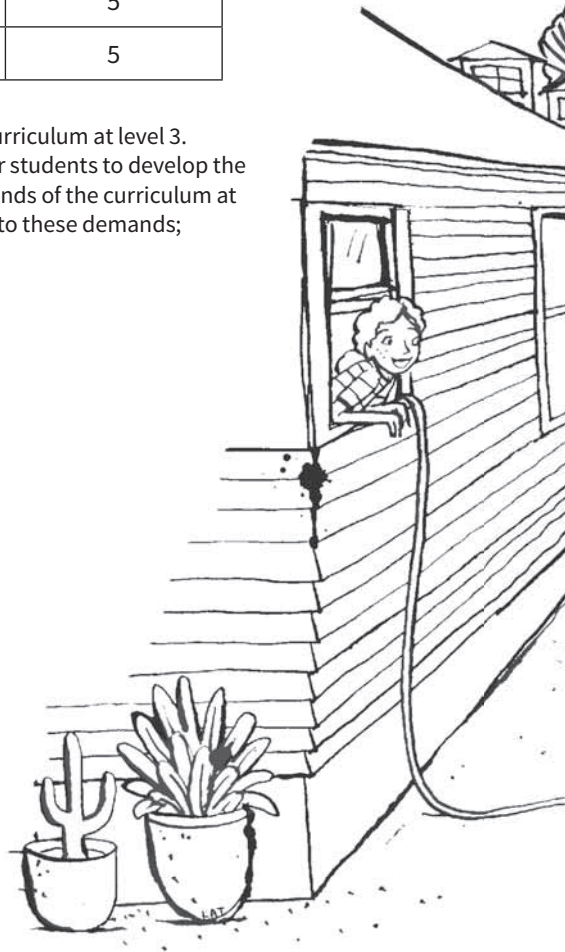
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Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN 978 0 478 44638 8 (print)
ISBN 978 0 478 44659 3 (online PDF)
ISSN 0111 6355

Replacement copies may be ordered from Ministry of Education Customer Services,
online at www.thechair.minedu.govt.nz
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SCHOOL JOURNAL
LEVEL 3 • MAY 2015

CONTENTS



ARTICLES

2

Boy on a Bike by Bronwen Wall

How do you raise money to buy ambulances?
By biking the length of the North Island, of course.

28

Bright Fine Gold by Mark Derby

Miners from all over the world flocked to
Otago in the 1860s.

STORIES

12

Bok Choy by Paul Mason

“He glared at the figure of Ah Sum moving
slowly down the street ...”

20

The Red Ball by Renata Hopkins

Be careful what you wish for.

38

Grandparents' Day by Adrienne Frater

For Isla's grandparents, the long trip from
Nelson is only the beginning.

44

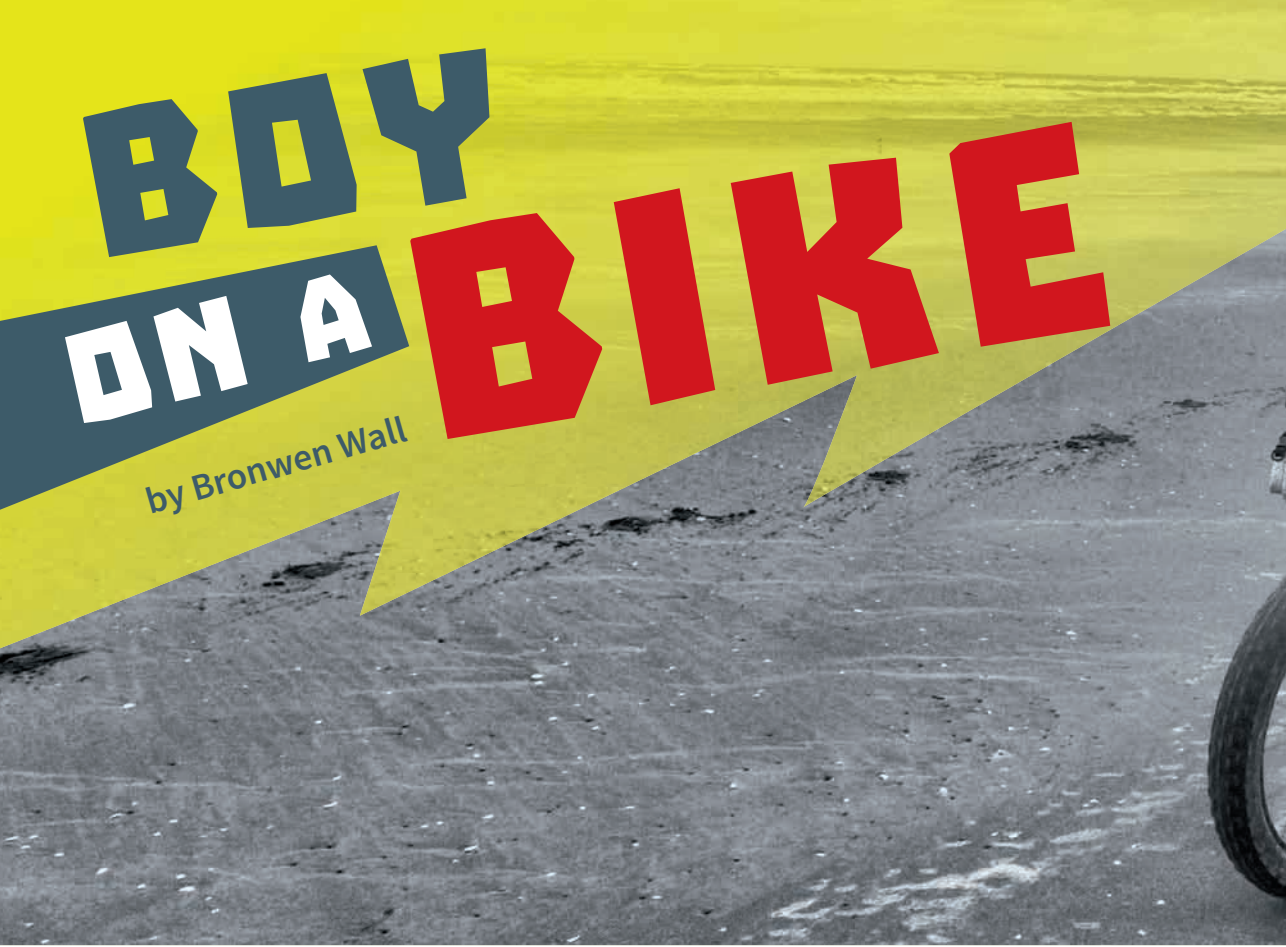
Tautai by Sisilia Eteuati

Tigi'ilagi learns to fly.

POEM

18

Following Gold by Chris Tse





The wind howled in Mac’s ears. He gripped his handlebars tighter. Something large swept into his peripheral vision. A four-wheel drive was on the beach. Dad had seen it, too, and was waving frantically. The driver waved back as he sped past.

“Dad!” Mac yelled into the wind. “What are you doing?”

“I’m trying to get us a lift.”

“Why?” Mac asked.

Dad rubbed a hand across his sweaty face.

“I’m sorry, son,” he said. “This is a crazy plan. I’m not sure we can do it.”

Mac squinted up at his father and grinned.

“It’s simple, Dad,” he shouted. “Just keep pedalling.”

THE CRAZY PLAN

A year earlier, Mac Madsen came home from St John cadet training with a plan. He wanted to raise money so that St John could buy more ambulances.

“But how will you raise this money?” his parents wanted to know.

“I’ll ride my bike,” Mac said. “I’ll ride it so far that people will know I’m serious about helping St John – and they’ll want to help, too.” Mac waved a book in front of his parents. It was a guide to cycling trips around New Zealand. At the back of the book, Mac had found the “ultimate” trip – cycling the length of the country!

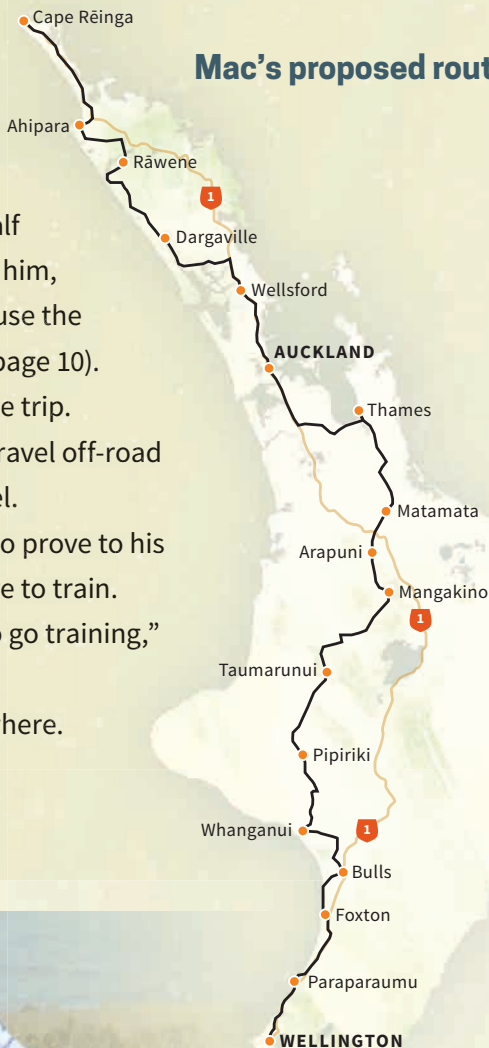


But Mac was only nine years old, and 3,000 kilometres is a long way. Together, Mac and his parents worked out a compromise. Mac would cycle the length of the North Island, a bit less than half that distance, and his dad would cycle with him, following an agreed route. Plus Mac would use the safest bike they could find – a fat bike (see page 10). A fat bike would be sturdy enough to last the trip. Its thick tyres would also mean Mac could travel off-road – across sand, through mud, and over gravel.

There was one final condition: Mac had to prove to his parents that he could do this. He would have to train. “And I’m not going to drag you out of bed to go training,” his dad, Craig, warned. “It’s all up to you.”

But Mac didn’t need to be dragged anywhere. In fact, he says it was the other way round!

Mac’s proposed route



“I wasn’t put off by the early mornings and the training. I had a great goal and knew it would take work to achieve it.”

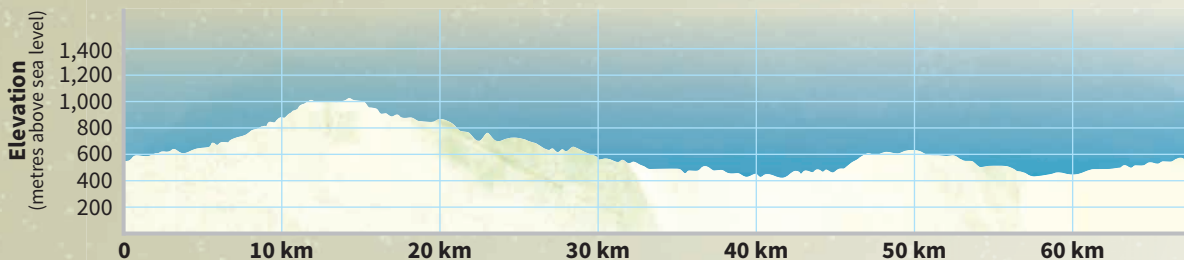


LONG TRAINING DAYS

Mac and his dad trained every weekend. Some days, they cycled up to 80 kilometres. Other days, their ride was shorter. Sometimes, in the holidays, they biked several days in a row. They trained in the rain; they trained in the sun. They trained through the dark of winter, getting up before dawn to make sure they could cover enough kilometres. “It was really fun watching the sun come up,” Mac remembers. Slowly, their muscles got used to the exercise. The two grew stronger and fitter, and their training rides became even longer.

At the same time, Mac researched his trip. How much would it cost? Where would they stay? What route should they take – and what sights should they look out for along the way? Mac also studied the elevation charts in the guidebook. These showed the height and length of hills and helped him to prepare mentally for what he would face along the way.

An elevation chart



Mac didn't forget about the reason for his trip, either. He discussed his idea with the people at St John. They suggested that Mac decide how much money he wanted to raise and then establish a pledge page. Mac settled on the goal of raising \$5,000. Craig helped him to set up his own social media page to promote the fund-raising. Mac could post an entry at the end of each day of cycling, a bit like a diary, which he could share with his supporters.

Mac wrote and posted a first entry to explain his idea. Overnight, people began to read it. While Mac was at school the next day, those people were telling their friends. By the end of that day, Mac's pledge page had raised over \$1,500 – and there were messages of support from hundreds of people. Mac was suddenly nervous. People thought he was going to do something amazing. He began to wonder if he could really do it. Or would he let everyone down?

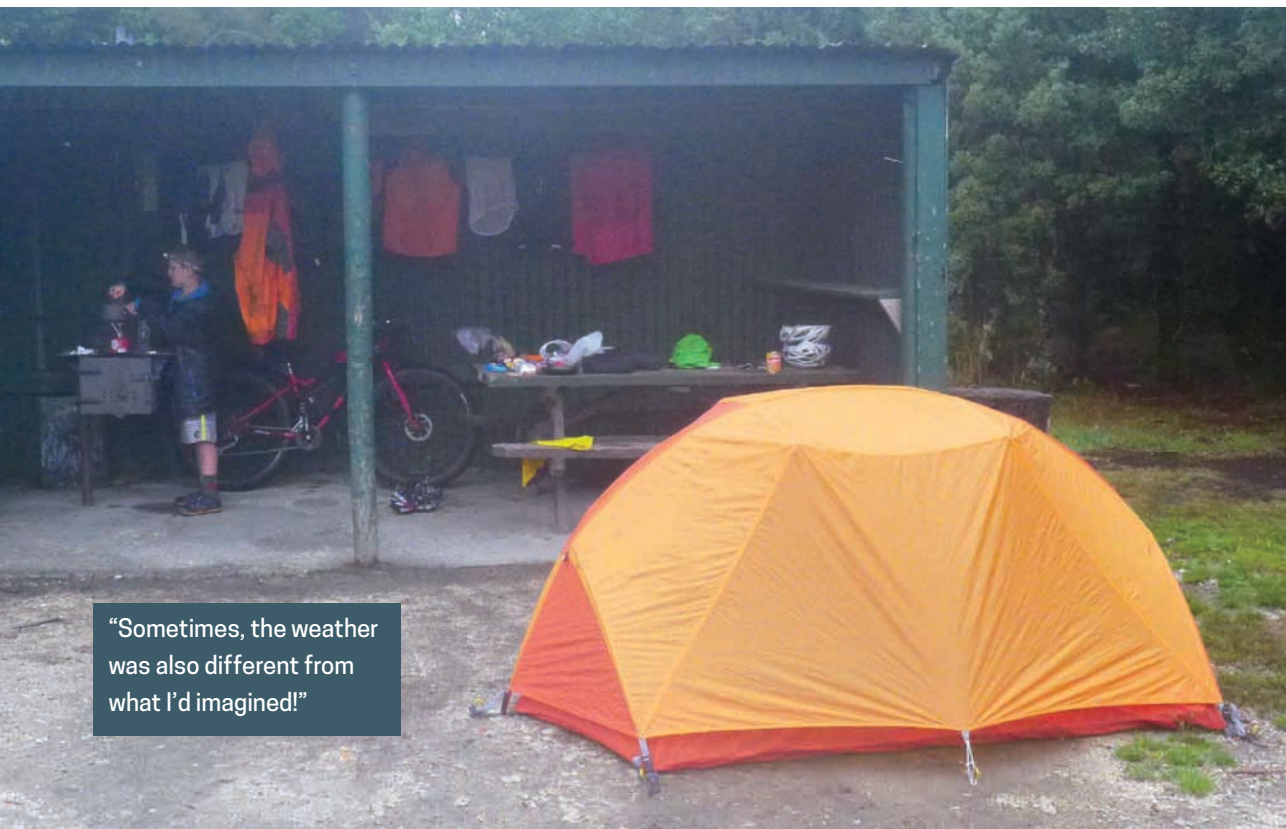
PEDAL POWER

It was the first day of their big adventure – and Mac and Craig finally reached the Ahipara camping ground shortly after ten that night. They had cycled 96 kilometres, mostly into a terrible headwind along Ninety Mile Beach. It had taken eleven and a half hours, and they were totally exhausted – with just 1,227 kilometres to go!





“Ninety Mile Beach was totally different from what I expected. I thought there’d be holiday homes or at least boat sheds along the way. But there was nothing! It was like being in a desert.”



“Sometimes, the weather was also different from what I’d imagined!”



“Pureora is a huge forest with ancient trees and ferns and amazing birds. It felt like we were miles from anywhere.”

In a way, it was good that the first day was the worst day. Nothing Mac and Craig faced over the following twenty-two days seemed as bad as that far-north beach wind. Plus Mac got fitter. The hills got much easier the farther he rode. By the time he reached Pureora Forest in the middle of the North Island, he was fitter than ever – and pedalling strongly.

“The Timber Trail through Pureora Forest was awesome,” Mac says. “I was so fit by then – it was like, ‘Where’s the steep part?’ We just powered over the hills.”

EATING ... AND TALKING



All that cycling made Mac hungry. He ate and ate and ate! “We were burning energy all the time,” Craig remembers, “and Mac was always hungry. We had to eat regularly – every twenty minutes!”

Craig couldn’t really complain about Mac eating a lot. But Mac didn’t feel the same way about his dad’s chatter. “The hardest thing about riding with Dad was that he talked all the time,” Mac says with a laugh. “He said it was to take my mind off the big hill climbs. But the hills didn’t bother me at all. Sometimes I had to tell him to stop talking – to just concentrate on the cycling!”

BURNING UP ENERGY

On average, a nine-year-old boy who weighs around 35 kilograms uses between 225 and 275 kilojoules an hour just watching TV. But when he’s cycling, he’ll burn through anything from 900 to 1,500 kilojoules an hour, depending on how hard he’s pedalling. That’s where the food he eats comes into play. Take a look at the table on the right to see the energy contained in various foods. What snack would you recommend Mac ate to replace 1,500 burnt kilojoules?

Food	Size of portion	Kilojoule count (on average)
Banana	Large	570 kJ
Apple	Large	430 kJ
Brazil nuts	100 g	2,790 kJ
Salted peanuts	100 g	2,510 kJ
Muesli bar	Small	720 kJ
Ham roll	Small	880 kJ
Yoghurt (sweetened)	200 g	470 kJ
Biscuit (plain, not chocolate)	Small	160 kJ
Orange juice	200 ml	300 kJ
Tea (with milk, no sugar)	25 ml whole milk	60 kJ



PEDAL ON

Twenty-two days after he first put foot to pedal, Mac cycled into Wellington. He felt all kinds of emotions. He was looking forward to getting home and seeing his mum and brother, but he couldn't help feeling sad that his adventure was coming to an end. For over 1,300 kilometres, Mac had been blasted by wind, soaked in rain, baked by the sun ... and he kept going through all of it. He biked through Whāngārei and Taumarunui and Whanganui – and dozens of other places he'd never been before.

FAT BIKES

In the 1970s, some cyclists in California began experimenting with bikes. They wanted a bike that was strong enough to cycle on unsealed roads as well as up and down mountains. They invented the mountain bike. This bike had a wide range of gears to make it easier to climb hills. It also had good brakes for the steep downhill. It had robust parts that could handle being banged against rocks and branches. And it had fat tyres with thick tread that could grip the dirt tracks.

Soon people wanted bikes that did even more. They wanted to ride long distances through mud, sand, and snow. But these are soft surfaces, and something heavy – like a person on a bike – sinks into them. So this bike's tyres would need to be even fatter than those on a mountain bike, to spread the weight over a bigger area.



Fat bike tyre

Mountain bike tyre

Road bike tyre

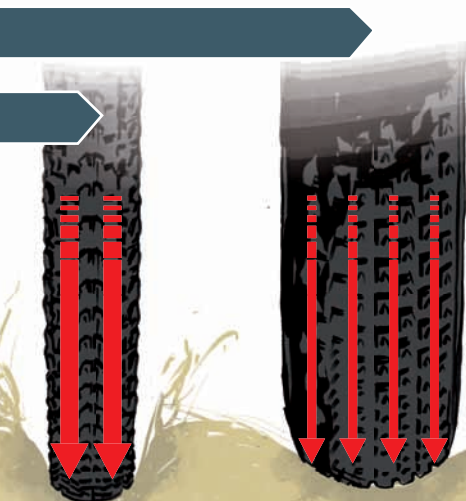
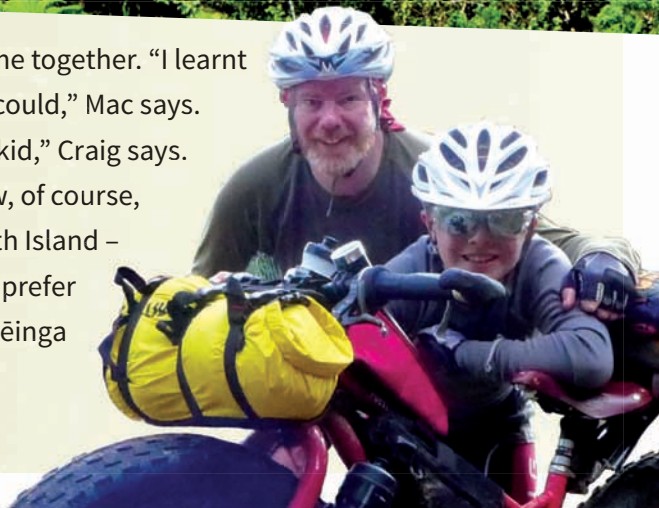


Mac and Craig learnt a lot from their time together. “I learnt that I could do more than I ever thought I could,” Mac says.

“And I learnt never to underestimate a kid,” Craig says.

Mac raised over \$7,000 for St John. Now, of course, he wants to do it all again. Maybe the South Island – although if his parents let him, Mac would prefer to do both islands in one trip, from Cape Rēinga all the way to Bluff.

His dad’s thinking about it.



Cyclists began experimenting by sandwiching two tyres together – then three tyres. It worked. These multiple tyres spread the weight further, which helped the bike to move easily over surfaces like sand and snow. Thankfully Mac’s bike didn’t have three tyres stuck together. These days, fat tyres are specially made. Mac’s were 3.8 inches (9.6 centimetres) wide – that’s wider than his leg! Most regular mountain bike tyres are about half that width.

Bok Choy

by Paul Mason



Jacob was helping Mother stack firewood when Ah Sum called by – Ah Sum who carried his vegetables from door to door, wrinkles stamped into his brown skin.

The old man bowed his head to Jacob's mother and lowered his pole to undo his sacks.

"I don't know how you can eat that muck," said Mrs Bishop from next door. She had come out with William to beat their carpet, talking as if Ah Sum wasn't even there.

"It's called bok choy," said Mother, giving Ah Sum his coins with a smile. She was a regular customer and always bought something. "Thank you, Ah Sum," she said. Mrs Bishop sniffed.

William sneered at Jacob once their mothers were indoors and Ah Sum had moved on. “Chinaman,” he said, putting down the carpet beater and pulling back his eyes with his thumbs.

Jacob’s face flamed. “I hate those Chinese cabbages, too,” he said.

William just scoffed at him and began thumping the carpet again, sending out clouds of dust. Jacob knew he’d get more of the same at the schoolhouse. He glared at the figure of Ah Sum moving slowly down the street, clinging to the edge, his load weighing him down. Why did he have to choose that moment to come by?

Jacob could hear William still sniggering and had the sudden urge to go fishing. He wanted to get away.

It only took a moment for the river to steal him. A stumble as he cast out, his worn-out boot on the slippery rock – and he was up to his waist in the rushing water. The current closed in, swirling and tugging. Jacob was swiftly dragged away into the middle, where turquoise turned to deep blue.

Jacob flailed his arms. Then he tried to stand. Finally, he flipped onto his back, with his feet pointing down river. The cold squeezed his lungs. Dark shapes loomed up. Rocks – if he could only get to them! Jacob tried to move towards the rocks, but they came too soon. He’d got it wrong, and his body slammed against them.





The next thing Jacob knew, he was in a darkened hut. He forced his eyes open. In the gloom, he could see a man hunched near the doorway, tending a fire that was more smoke than flame. Jacob tried to sit up, groaning a little. The man turned and pressed him back down, pulling the covers up to his neck. Now Jacob recognised him. It was Ah Sum.

“Rest, rest,” Ah Sum said with a gentle smile.

“My mother?”

“Mother come soon,” said Ah Sum. He busied himself over the fire, then gave Jacob a mug of something hot. He supported the boy’s head with his hand while Jacob took little sips, the warmth flooding his chest.

“Walking home, I see you in water, on rocks.” Ah Sum clicked his tongue. “You are lucky boy.”

“I slipped,” Jacob said. Now he saw Ah Sum’s trousers were soaked, too. “Thank you,” Jacob said softly. Ah Sum nodded.

Jacob looked around the hut. Smoke clung to its low roof. Wooden boxes and sacks lined the stone walls. His own wet clothes – and more things besides – were draped over a rack that hung from the ceiling. There was a smell of something sweet, something peppery. Jacob had never seen inside one of the Chinese huts before. He’d never even been to the Chinese village. The way people talked, it wasn’t the sort of place you would want to visit. “Best they keep to themselves,” Mrs Bishop always said.



Ah Sum offered Jacob a dish with some rice, but Jacob shook his head. Ah Sum took some chopsticks and began eating the food himself.

“What is your name?” he asked.

“Jacob Smith.”

“Jacob Smith,” he repeated.

“Your mother come soon. Ah Ling go to bring.”

At the back of the hut, on a low bench, Jacob saw paintings in dark frames draped with cloth. The pictures were of a man and a woman, both of them serious and calm looking. On the bench there was a bowl with an apple, a dish of something, and some burning sticks. It reminded Jacob of the altar at their church.

Ah Sum caught Jacob’s gaze and smiled. “Ancestors,” he said with a bow to the paintings. “Family.” Then he refilled Jacob’s mug from a teapot.

Jacob liked the tea. He was starting to feel better now. “Where are they?” he asked. “Your family?” Straightaway, he wondered whether he should have spoken.

Ah Sum smiled. “My family all in Canton. Wife, children, everybody.” He paused at the thought. “No come here to New Gold Mountain,” he said quietly, the words fading on his lips. Now Jacob could see Ah Sum’s eyes glistening in the weak light. He felt his stomach twist. He had been so angry with him earlier.



Mother came soon after that, ushered in by Ah Ling. She ducked in through the low doorway. Ah Sum struggled to his feet to greet her.

“Are you all right?” Mother said, dropping to her knees. She put a hand on Jacob’s cheek. “What’s all this about falling in the river?”

“Ah Sum rescued me,” said Jacob.

Mother stood up and shook Ah Sum’s hand. “How can I thank you?” she said.

Ah Sum just smiled.

Mother noticed Jacob’s clothes hanging from the ceiling and brought them down. “Can you walk?” she asked him. “Let’s get you home to bed.”

Mother turned to the old man. “Come by the house tomorrow. I’d like to fix you up.”

Ah Sum shook his head. “No money,” he said. “No problem.”

“I insist,” said Mother.

Jacob and Mother walked back home through the Chinese village, which was little more than a handful of low huts clinging together in the shadow of the hill. A few old men worked in their vegetable patches; others sat outside their huts, nodding as the boy and his mother passed by. Jacob rubbed at the bruise on his head. His clothes were still damp, and they were cold.



On the path outside their cottage, they were stopped by Mrs Bishop. “Well, look what the cat dragged in,” she said, chuckling at Jacob.

“He fell in, daft boy,” said Mother, rubbing Jacob’s cheek. “He was rescued by Ah Sum, the vegetable man, would you believe.”

“Was he indeed?” Mrs Bishop raised an eyebrow. “You’ll be wanting to watch that. The Chinaman will be after something.”

Mother’s smile fell. She shook her head. “Whatever do you mean?”

“He’d probably sell his own mother for a ha’penny, given the chance,” Mrs Bishop said.

Jacob thought about the paintings in Ah Sum’s hut. The offerings to the ancestors. The lonely old man marooned in New Gold Mountain, a lifetime away from the family that he dreamed of.

“You’ve got that wrong, Mrs Bishop,” said Mother, clenching her jaw.



“I hope you’re not cooking that foul cabbage tonight,” Mrs Bishop added, wrinkling her nose.

“It’s called bok choy,” said Mother quietly, taking Jacob’s hand and leading him into their cottage.



illustrations by Ant Sang



FOLLOWING GOLD

I left my home for a new story,
my heart heavy with questions.

What is chance and what is fate? What fortune
lies in rivers in slumbering wait?

No map brought me here – just tales
gilded in promises. I am

a rival among strangers, determined to turn
the earth inside out until my luck has changed.

I follow gold. Sometimes I am lucky
and meet its gaze and hold it close.

I am looking for a future, for my own
share of the light. The river offers few clues.

This is how you learn to walk alone.
This is how you write your story.

Chris Tse





Once upon a time – but not a long time ago or very far away – there lived two sisters. They were as close in age as sisters can get without being twins. You might think this would make them good friends – but you’d be wrong.

Ida, the older sister, was quiet and shy and sometimes clumsy. May was the opposite. She was loud and fast and never missed a catch. If the sisters climbed a tree, Ida would get stuck and May would have to help her down. To Ida, this was all back to front. Ida was older, but May was better at everything. It wasn’t fair!

On the day that the girls fell out of this world and into another, Ida’s envy was worse than ever. That morning, the principal had made an announcement at assembly. A year 5 student was going to the regional athletics competition. The principal had called May’s name. As her smiling sister had bounded to the front, something cold twisted in Ida’s stomach. It felt like a snake made from ice.

Later, on the walk home, May was too excited to notice Ida's dark mood. She tossed and caught her favourite red ball, chattering happily all the while about new sneakers and training schedules. Finally Ida could take no more. Surprising both of them, she snatched the ball in mid-air and flung it into the playground they were passing.

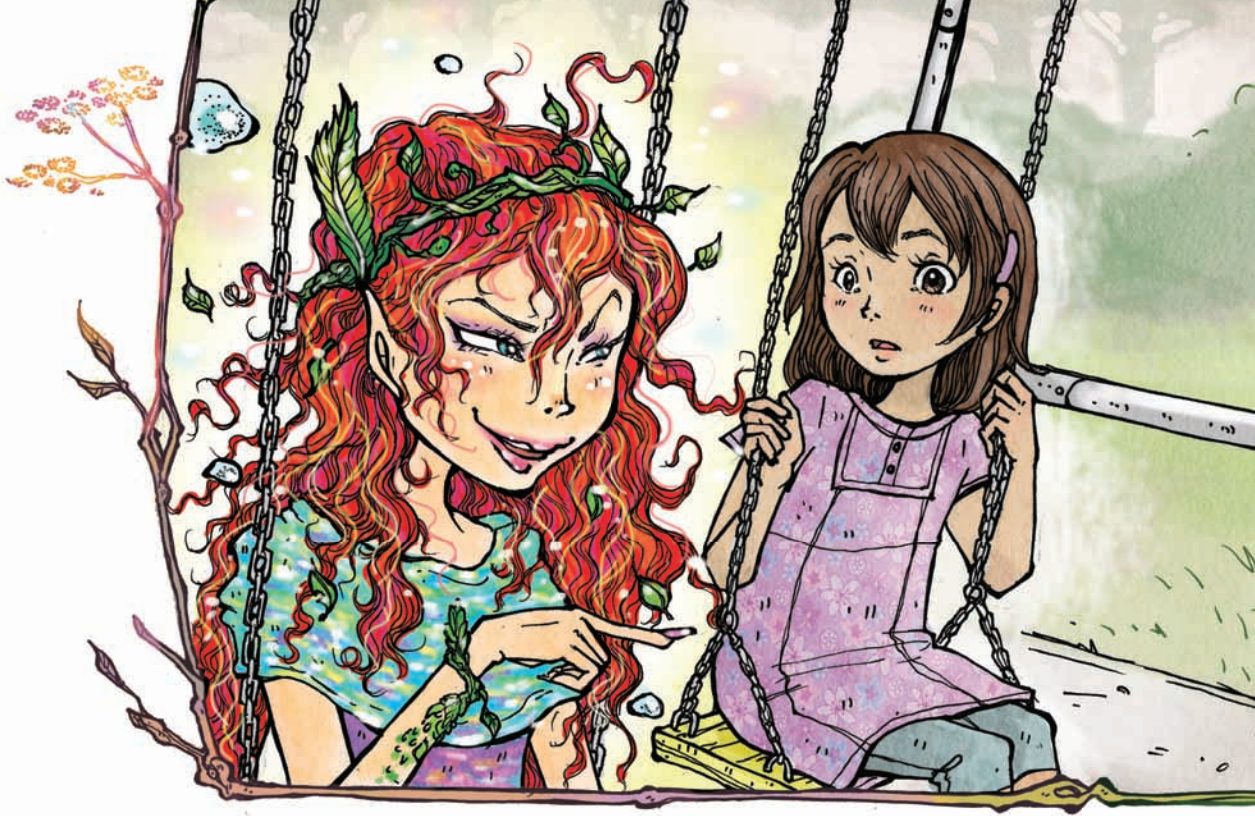


“Hey! What did you do that for?” demanded May.

“Because!” Ida retorted, “I’m sick of that ball, and I’m sick of you. You’re not as great as you think you are.”

Tears sprang into May’s eyes. “You’re mean,” she said quietly. Then she turned and ran after her ball.

Ida did feel mean, no doubt about it. But the meanest part of her was *glad* she’d upset May. For a moment, she considered leaving her sister behind – but she knew their mother would be angry if she arrived home alone. Instead, she followed May into the playground.



“What’s your name?”

Ida jumped. A girl was sitting on a swing. Ida was sure she hadn’t been there a moment ago. The girl wore a sparkly, floaty dress, as if she’d been to a costume party. Ida thought she looked too old to play fairies.

“Well?” asked the girl. “Have you forgotten your own name?” Her eyes were very green.

“Ida,” said Ida. She sat on the other swing and pushed off.

The fairy girl began to swing, too.

“Is that your sister?” she asked, pointing at May.

The snake in Ida’s stomach coiled tight. “Yes,” she replied.

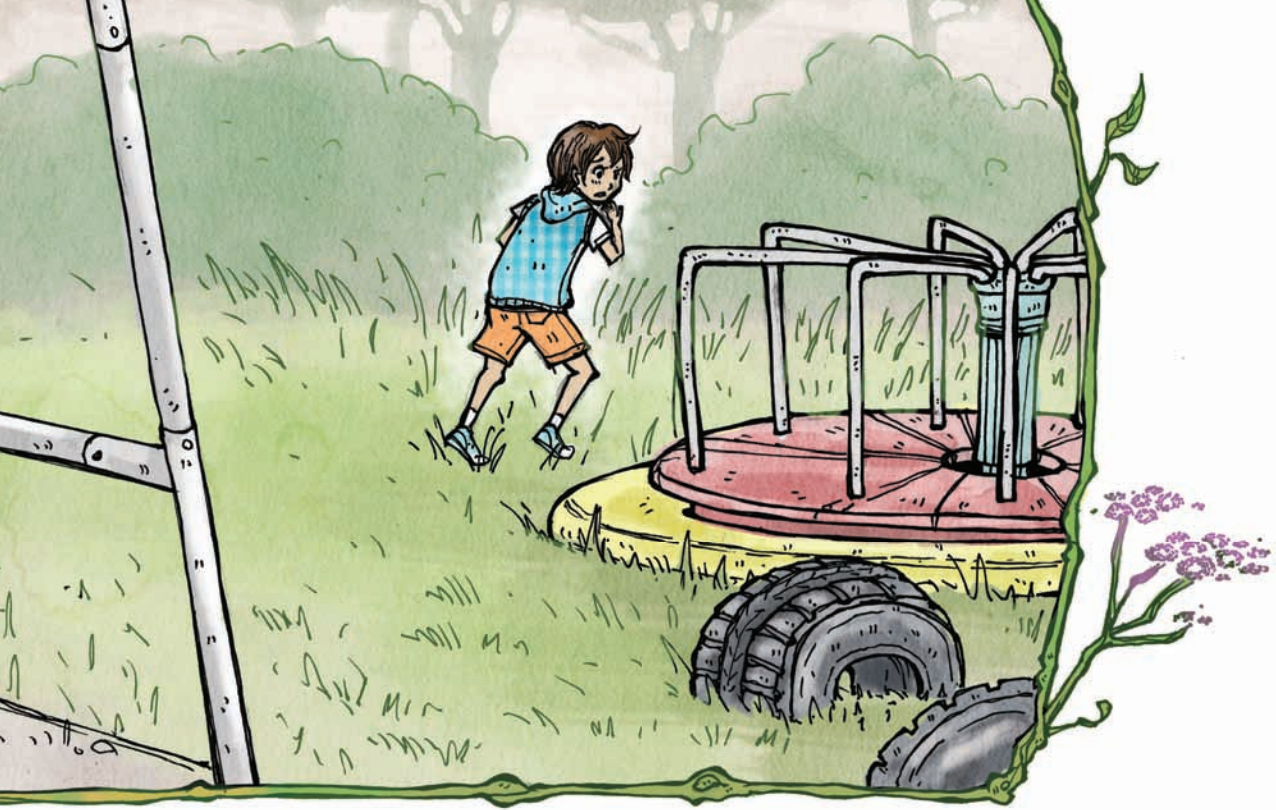
“But I wish she wasn’t.”

The girl’s green eyes glittered. “Perhaps you wish she would just ... disappear?” she suggested.

“So? Wishing won’t make it happen.”

“If you wish in the right way, it could.”

“What do you mean *the right way*?”



“It’s easy,” the girl replied. “Just say these words: *Fairy folk, so wild and free, take my sister away from me.*”

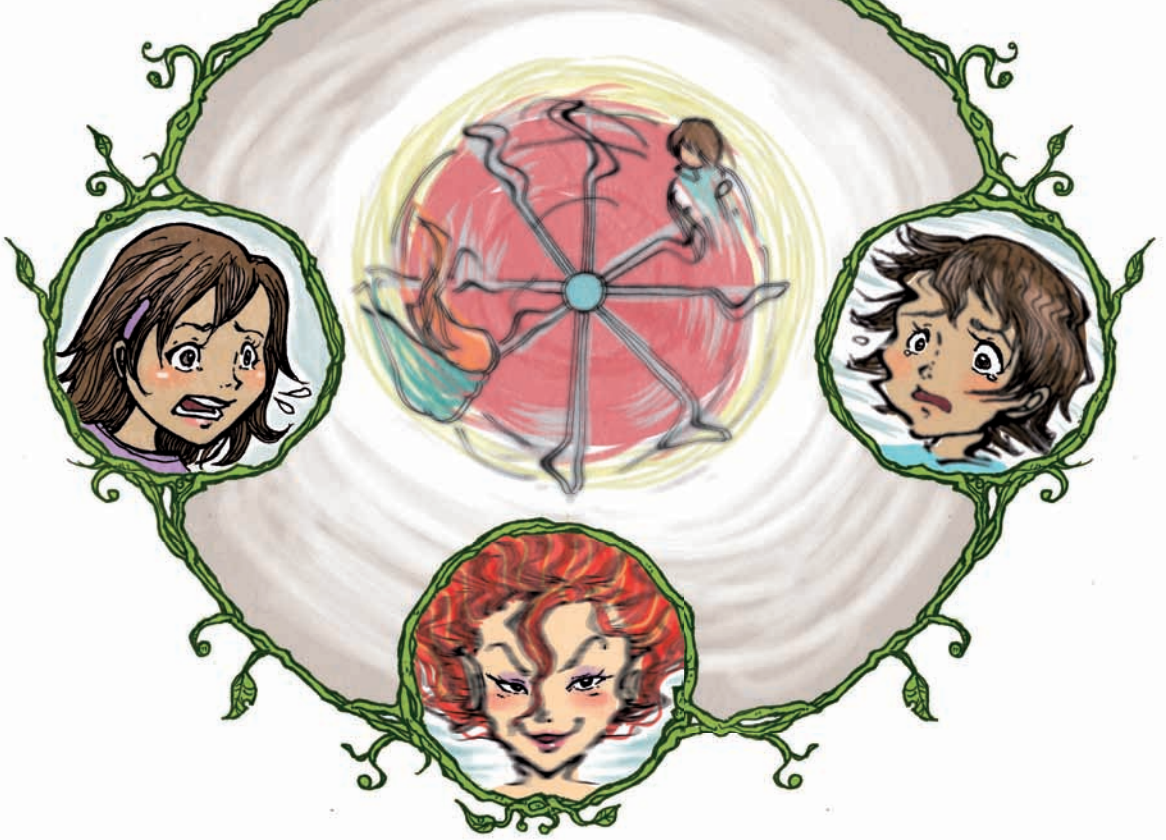
Ida felt a twinge of fear, but she said scornfully, “I don’t believe in fairies.”

The stranger smiled, although there was nothing friendly about it. “Perhaps I should ask your sister instead,” she said. “I bet she’d play my little game. She’s good at games, isn’t she?”

May had given up on her ball. She was standing on the crossbars of the roundabout, balancing as it spun around. Ida knew she’d be afraid to do the same thing, and her envy returned.

“Wait,” she said. “I’ll play.” And then she said the words.

At that, the strange girl vanished from the swing and suddenly appeared next to May on the roundabout. Ida saw May’s face, startled – and then frightened. The roundabout began to spin faster, without anyone pushing it. It spun faster and faster.



“Jump, May!” Ida screamed. But it was too late. The roundabout spun so fast that May and the girl became a blur of colour. And then they were gone.

Ida leapt off her swing and fell hard, winding herself. As she struggled to breathe, she caught sight of May’s ball, lying hidden under the slide. Dragging herself up, Ida ran to the slide and grabbed the ball. Oh, what had she done?

“May!” called Ida. “May, I didn’t mean it. I take it all back!”

Ida heard her words ringing in the empty playground. *Take it all back.* Suddenly, an idea came to her.

Holding the ball, she ran to the roundabout, which was slowing down. Leaning hard into a crossbar, Ida made it turn again, faster and faster. When it was spinning as fast as she could make it go, Ida leapt on. “Fairy folk, so wild and free, give my sister back to me,” she shouted.

The playground blurred. Then it disappeared.

When her head stopped spinning, Ida found herself in a forest. She was still clutching the red ball. Nearby, she could hear singing and laughter. Ida felt afraid, but she had to find her sister, so she followed the sounds. She didn't have to go far.

In a clearing, the green-eyed girl was dancing in a circle with other children. "No – not children," Ida thought. "Fairies." In the centre of their circle stood May.

"May!" shouted Ida.



Still enchanted by the fairy spell, May heard nothing. But the dancers stopped and turned towards Ida. Then the green-eyed one stepped out of the circle.

"You got your wish," she sneered. "Begone!"

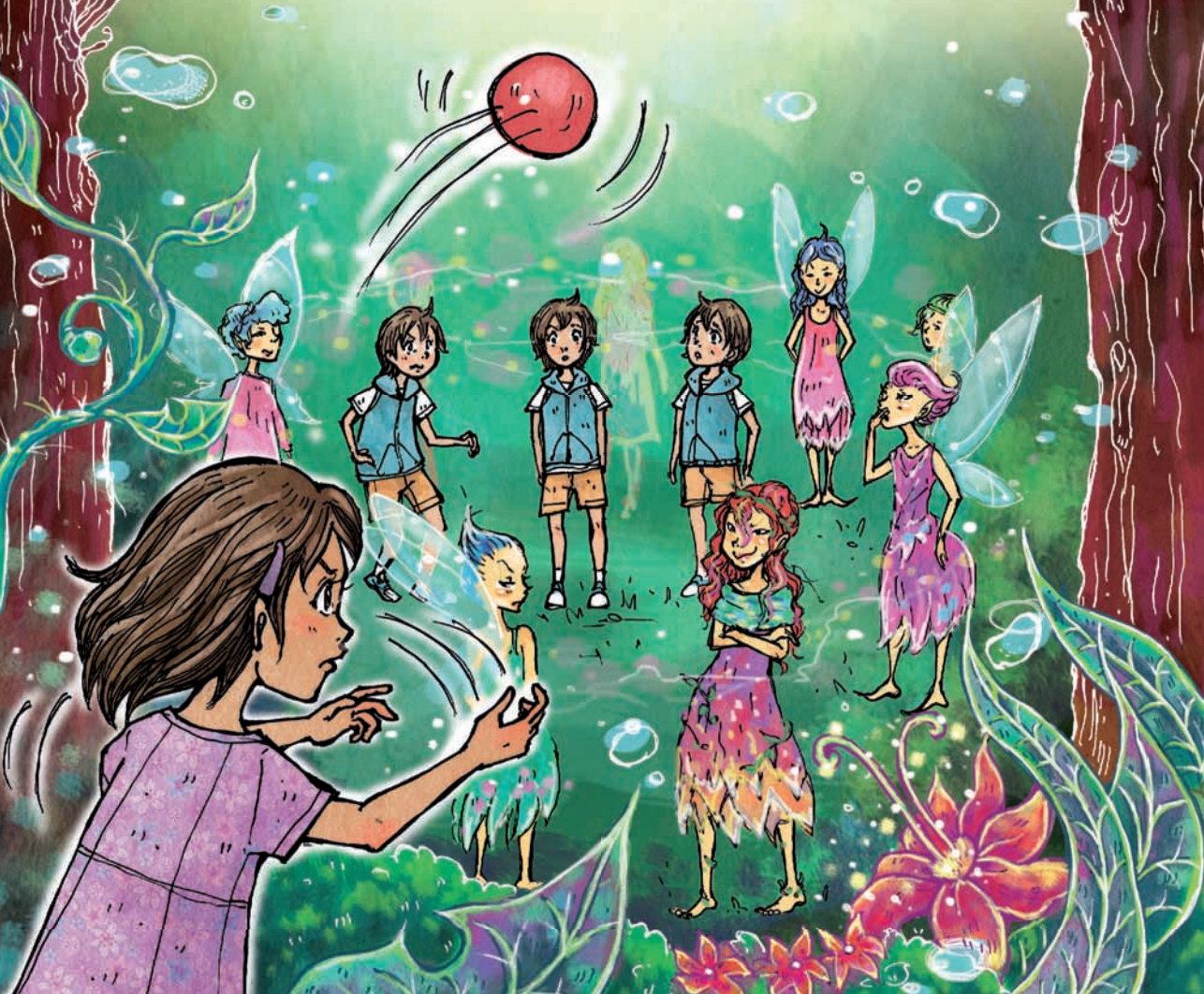
"Please," begged Ida. "I made a mistake."

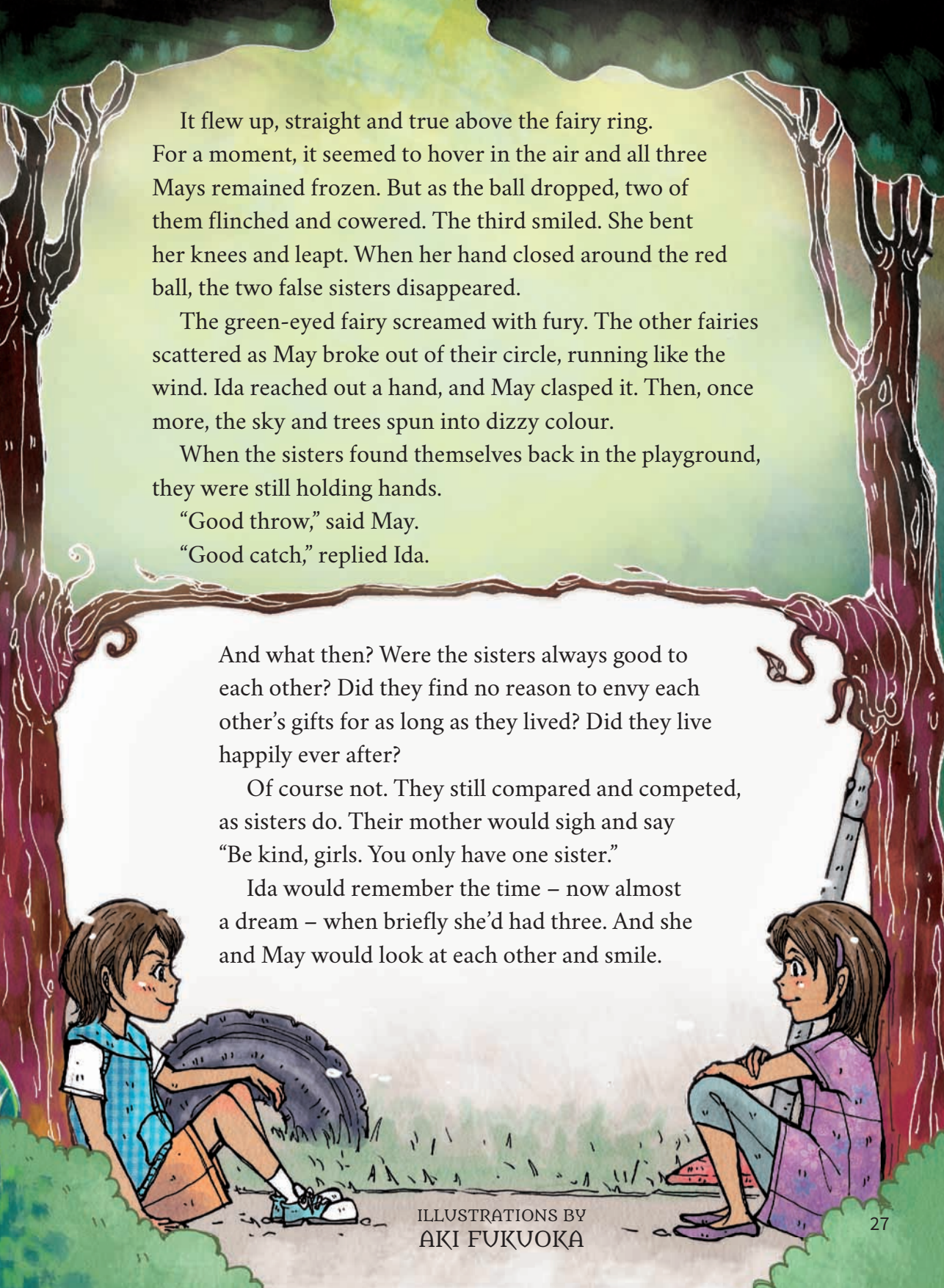
The fairy smiled her treacherous smile. "Silly girl. Let's see if you can get it right this time." She raised a hand and made a sign. Suddenly, inside the circle, there were three Mays.

“If you can pick your real sister,” said the green-eyed fairy, “she can go with you. If not, she will dance here forever.”

Ida looked at the three Mays. She could see no way to tell them apart. “May!” she called, but none of the three even blinked.

Ida’s heart was beating fast, but she made herself think. She knew in her bones that she could not step inside that circle. If she did, the fairies would keep her and May both. But how could she tell the real May from the others? Somehow she had to catch the impostors out. With this thought, Ida knew how. Her heart beat faster, but she didn’t hesitate. She pulled back her arm and threw the red ball.





It flew up, straight and true above the fairy ring.
For a moment, it seemed to hover in the air and all three
Mays remained frozen. But as the ball dropped, two of
them flinched and cowered. The third smiled. She bent
her knees and leapt. When her hand closed around the red
ball, the two false sisters disappeared.

The green-eyed fairy screamed with fury. The other fairies
scattered as May broke out of their circle, running like the
wind. Ida reached out a hand, and May clasped it. Then, once
more, the sky and trees spun into dizzy colour.

When the sisters found themselves back in the playground,
they were still holding hands.

“Good throw,” said May.

“Good catch,” replied Ida.

And what then? Were the sisters always good to
each other? Did they find no reason to envy each
other’s gifts for as long as they lived? Did they live
happily ever after?

Of course not. They still compared and competed,
as sisters do. Their mother would sigh and say
“Be kind, girls. You only have one sister.”

Ida would remember the time – now almost
a dream – when briefly she’d had three. And she
and May would look at each other and smile.

BRIGHT FINE GOLD

by Mark Derby



When gold was discovered near the Tuapeka River in 1861, thousands of people flocked to Central Otago. Almost overnight, whole towns sprang up in remote spots where no one had lived before. The miners came from many different places, but they all shared the same hope: to get rich. This never happened for most people, and they moved on. But for a time, Otago was home to a unique community.



GABRIEL'S GULLY

The Otago gold rush began with a man named Gabriel Read. An experienced miner, Read spent ten days **prospecting** in Otago's back country. One day, just on dusk, he spotted gold in his pan. It was, he said, "shining like the stars in Orion on a dark frosty night". The place – at the time just a creek bed in an unremarkable valley – became known as Gabriel's Gully.

Read's find, in May 1861, sparked a frantic response. Men from New Zealand and overseas poured into the area. At the time, the only town anywhere near Gabriel's Gully was the quiet port settlement of Dunedin. Over the next few years, Dunedin became New Zealand's biggest city as thousands of miners passed through on their way to the goldfields.

Gabriel's Gully, 1864



Otago in the 1860s

Other than in Dunedin, there were few roads in Otago. Miners had to follow rough tracks to reach Gabriel's Gully. Once there, they lived in tents or shacks, creating an instant "canvas town". A few miners even lived in caves. The landscape was rugged and isolated, and the weather was harsh, especially during winter. There was no wood for fuel, and it took weeks for much-needed supplies to arrive by wagon.

Getting Gold

Otago's gold was mostly alluvial, which meant it came from the rock and sand in riverbeds. Some of the very first arrivals simply plucked nuggets from mountain streams. More often, prospectors spent long days shovelling gravel from stream beds into metal pans or wooden cradles. These simple tools were used to separate the gold dust from the worthless stones and sand.

Once the "easy" river gold had been taken, miners were forced to extract it from hard rock. This required a lot more effort, such as building long **sluice boxes**. It also meant bringing in plenty of water, sometimes from many miles away. Later, huge mechanical sluices were built. These had powerful hoses that could wash away whole hillsides. Equipment like sluices was expensive and usually owned by companies that employed miners on a wage. By 1900, the digger with his metal pan and shovel was a distant – and romantic – memory.

BOOM AND BUST

By Christmas 1861, there were nearly ten thousand prospectors in and around Gabriel's Gully. Many had come from the gold rushes in Australia and California. These experienced miners were usually the first to find gold. They were among the lucky few. Most men lived in hope.

The gold at Gabriel's Gully was soon worked out, but the following year, there was a new **strike** near Cromwell. Again, thousands of men raced along dangerous mountain tracks to reach the Dunstan field, where the work began all over again. This cycle of boom and bust was repeated many times.



A mechanical sluice



Raniera Erihana

Before Pākehā came to New Zealand, Māori had no use for gold. Later, many Māori joined the gold rushes. Some had success on the West Coast, where they were already skilled at finding pounamu.

Raniera Erihana (also known as Dan Ellison) joined the rush to the Tuapeka goldfield in 1861. The following year, gold was discovered in the Shotover River. Erihana headed for Skippers Canyon, near present-day Queenstown, with two friends and his dog. The story says that one day, the dog fell into the fast-flowing river and became stranded on a shingle beach on the other side. When Erihana swam over to rescue the dog, he noticed gold dust clinging to its coat. That day, Erihana and his friends collected more than 11 kilograms of gold dust from cracks in the rock walls. It was worth 1,600 pounds, a huge amount of money at the time. The spot of this lucrative find was later named Māori Point.

BLACKSMITHS AND BOOTMAKERS

Soon after miners began working a new goldfield, shopkeepers would arrive with their horse-drawn wagons loaded with supplies. They set up big, wooden-framed tents and sold essential things such as food, tools, and clothing. Later a canvas town might attract blacksmiths, butchers, bakers, and bootmakers, some of whom established their businesses in more permanent buildings made



Bank of New South
186

from wood or stone. Most of the more successful mining towns went on to have pubs, banks, churches, theatres, schools, and newspapers. Women came to work in these towns, often as barmaids, teachers, and cooks. Many of them married miners and stayed to raise families. Domestic life was difficult on the goldfields, which were usually in the middle of nowhere.



New South Wales Cromwell

87



Little Biddy of the Buller

There were only a few women goldminers in New Zealand. One of them was Bridget Goodwin, who was born in Ireland and came to New Zealand in the 1860s with her friends Bill and Jack.

Goodwin was known as Little Biddy because she was only around 4 feet (1.2 metres) tall, yet she worked as hard as anyone. The three friends mined mostly in the Buller River on the West Coast, often standing in cold water all day as they shovelled gravel into their sluice box. They lived together in a hut near Lyell, now a ghost town in the Buller Gorge.

Little Biddy couldn't read or write, and she liked to smoke a pipe. She was well liked by her neighbours because she was generous to both visitors and strangers and she kept her hut spotless. Bill and Jack both died before Little Biddy. In spite of her hard life, "Little Biddy of the Buller" lived to be eighty-six years old.

THE NEW MINERS

By 1865, a new gold rush was happening on the West Coast. As the population of Otago plummeted, hundreds of Chinese miners were encouraged to come and rework the Otago goldfields. These miners, who were mostly from southern China, called New Zealand Sun Kum Shan or the New Gold Mountain. It was a place to get rich before returning home.

Most of the Chinese didn't speak English, and they preferred to build small stone houses away from the other miners. They often had their own shops, run by their own people. Working patiently through the piles of rock left behind, some Chinese miners were rewarded with gold, but many remained poor and far away from a home they never saw again.



Chinese goldminers in Waikaia, where gold was found in 1862



Miners outside their hut near Tuapeka



A miner with his wooden cradle on the banks of the Clutha River

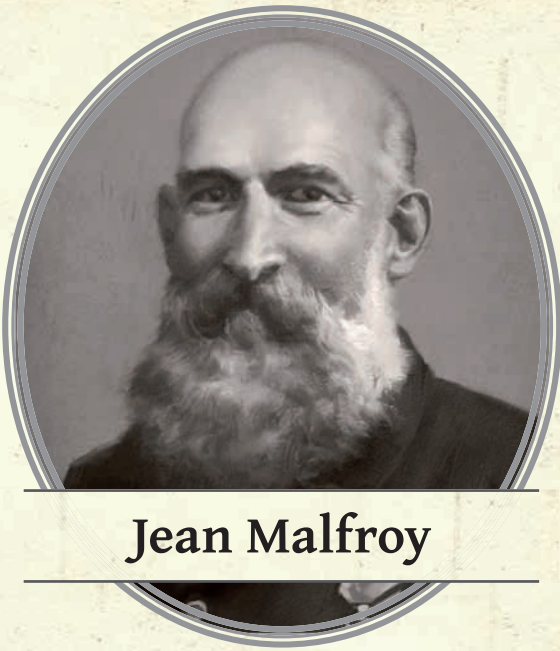


Ah Lum

Some Chinese miners became well-known in their communities. Ah Lum saved a British miner from drowning in the Shotover River, which made him something of a local hero. In 1909, he became a storekeeper in Arrowtown. As well as European supplies, his shop sold Chinese teas, medicines, salted garlic, pickled lemons, and shrimp sauce. Ah Lum's shop was said to smell "spicy and mysterious".

Ah Lum spoke English well, and he often interpreted for other Chinese. Sometimes he wrote their letters and banked their money. Each Saturday, he led a parade of Chinese miners through the streets of Arrowtown. They all carried vegetables they had grown for sale.

Ah Lum was tall, and he walked with his arms folded. He often wore a long embroidered smock and a small green cap, his long pigtail hanging down behind. Ah Lum's stone store still stands today on a hillside above the river at Arrowtown.



Jean Malfroy

Jean Malfroy was a Frenchman who went to Australia with his father and brother to look for gold in the 1850s. There he learnt how to work with steam-powered machines to wash gold out of rock. Jean then came to New Zealand and worked on the West Coast goldfields as an engineer. He designed and built powerful pumps and other equipment for carrying water to remote goldmines.

Later, after the gold ran out on the West Coast, Malfroy worked as an engineer for the government. He was sent to Rotorua to find ways to use the natural steam and hot water in the ground. There he made many other ingenious machines, including a water-powered clock. Jean Malfroy spent the rest of his life in Rotorua. He helped to make it a world-famous tourist centre, encouraging other French people to travel there. He used the skills he learnt as a goldminer to develop another important New Zealand industry.



In the years after Otago, there were gold rushes in Marlborough, the West Coast, and finally in the Coromandel. The miners continued to be mostly young, adventurous men – and they still came from all around the world.

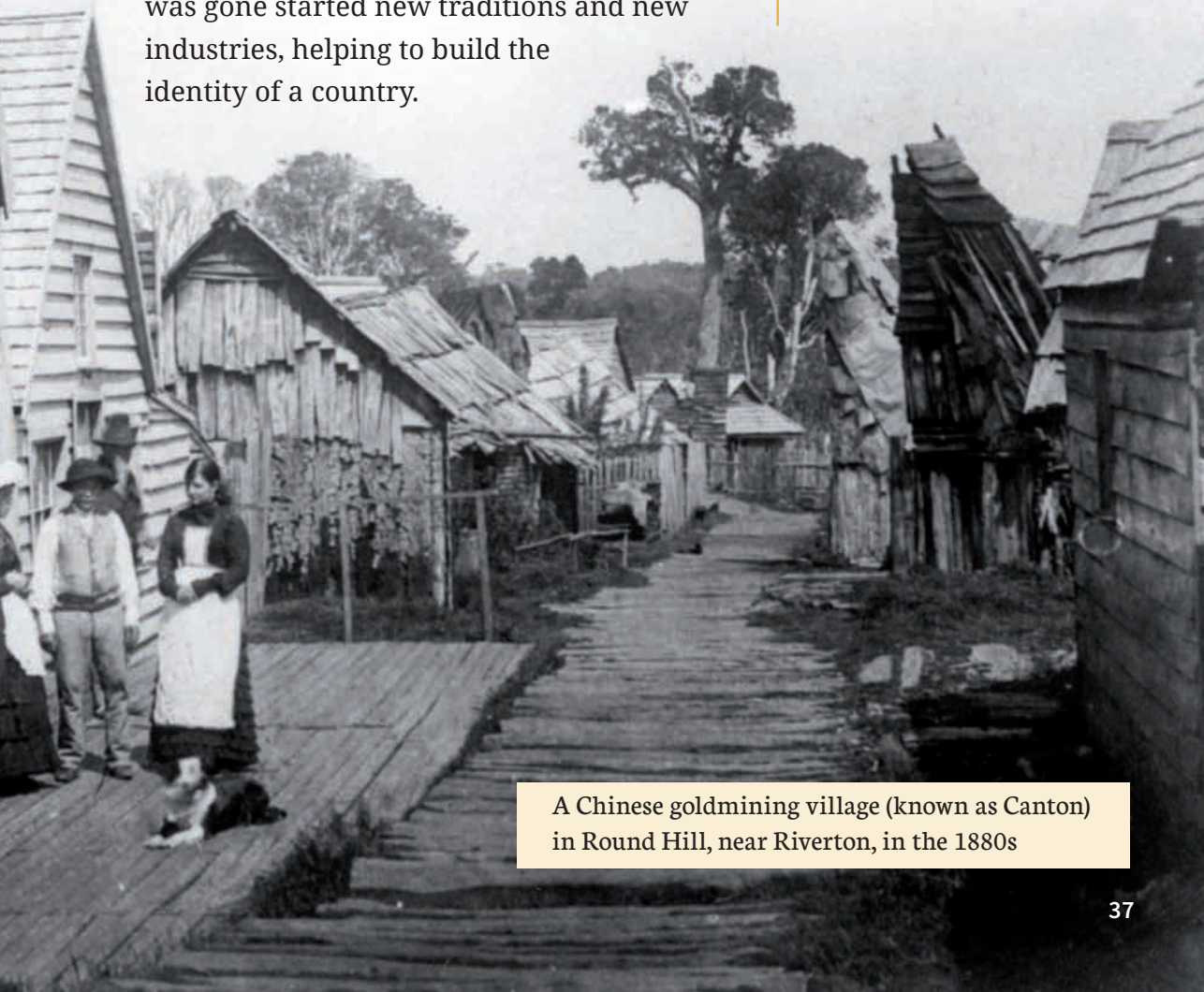
The very first European immigrants to New Zealand had been British. But the gold rushes brought Chinese, French, Scandinavian, German, and Portuguese miners, all with their own languages and customs. Those who stayed after the gold was gone started new traditions and new industries, helping to build the identity of a country.

Glossary

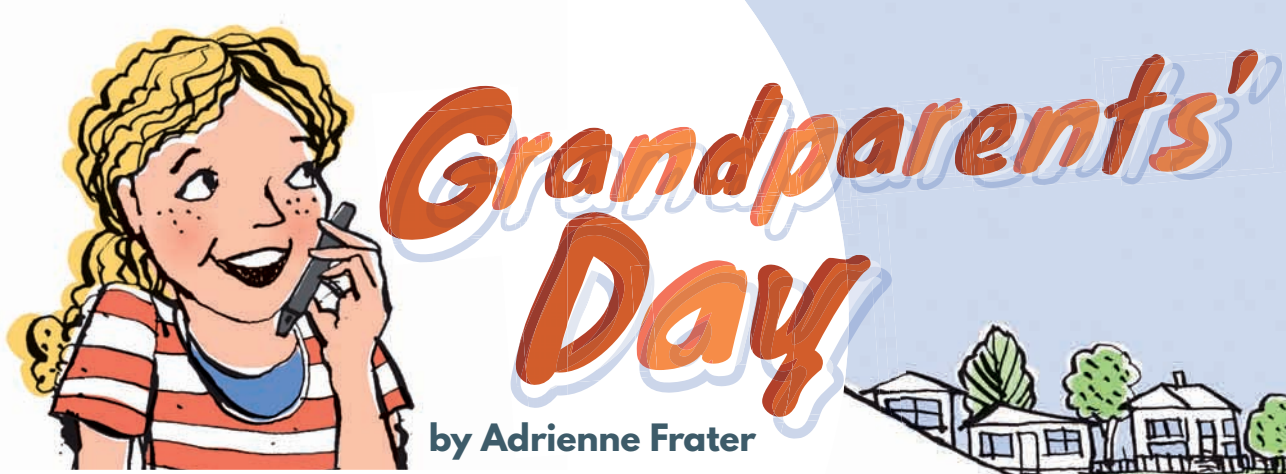
prospecting: to search for a mineral such as gold

sluice box: a trough with ridges along the bottom that traps gold dust as it washes through it

strike: a significant discovery of a mineral made by drilling or mining



A Chinese goldmining village (known as Canton) in Round Hill, near Riverton, in the 1880s



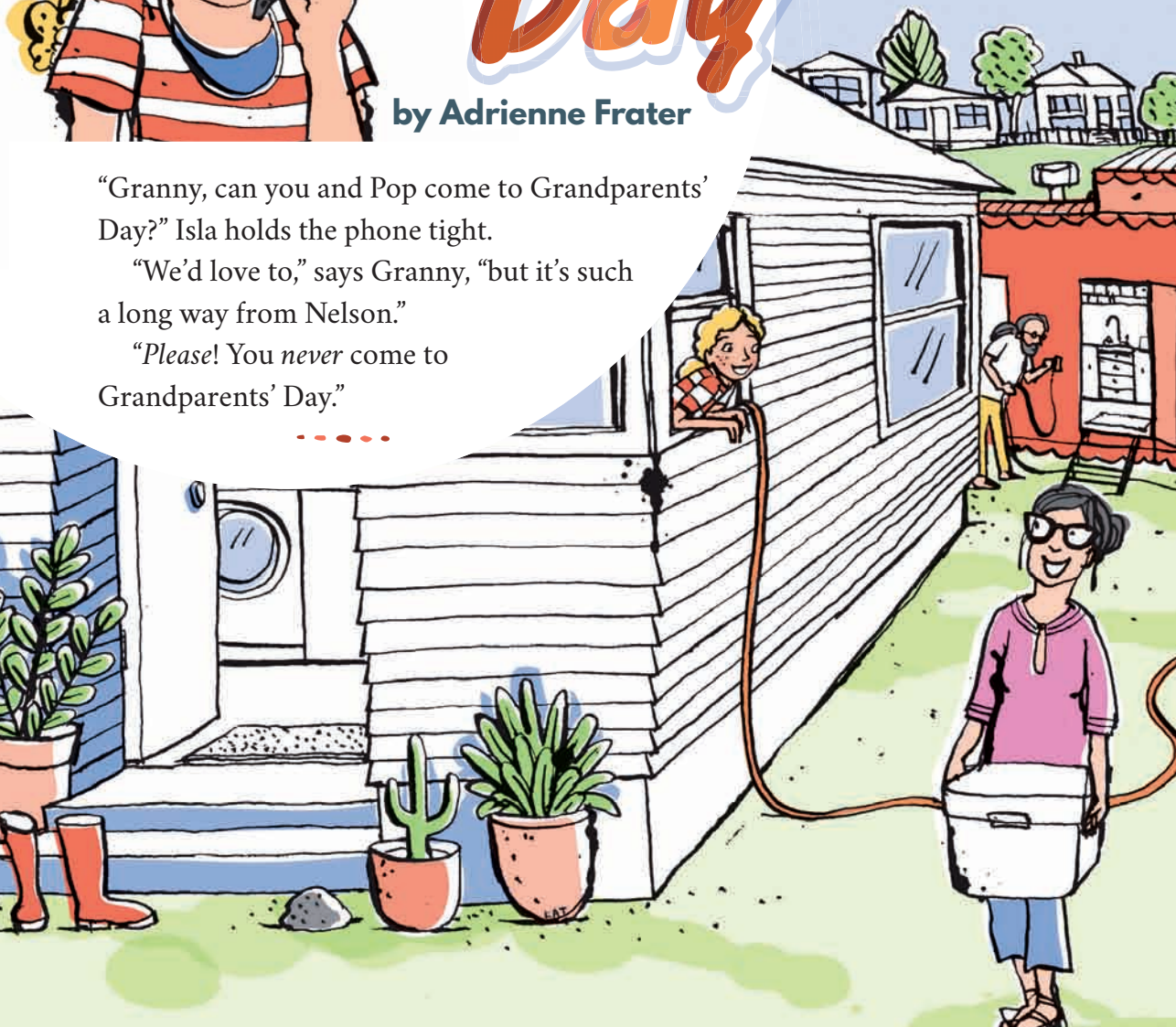
Grandparents' Day

by Adrienne Frater

"Granny, can you and Pop come to Grandparents' Day?" Isla holds the phone tight.

"We'd love to," says Granny, "but it's such a long way from Nelson."

"Please! You never come to Grandparents' Day."



Isla squeals with excitement when her grandparents arrive. They park their house truck on the front lawn and plug their power cable into the socket in the laundry. The house truck has everything they need.



The night before Grandparents' Day, Pop asks, "What time are you expecting us?"

Isla empties her backpack. "Here's your invitation. Sorry, I nearly forgot."

"Grandparents are to meet in the hall at ten," reads Granny. "After a special welcome and class visits, there will be a shared picnic on the sports field." Granny's eyes grow wide. After Isla has gone to bed, she searches the fridge and hunts through the pantry. "I guess I'll have to bake," she says with a shudder.



Once Isla's parents have left for work and Pop is walking Isla to school, Granny gets to work. She chops bacon, grates cheese, and cracks eggs. She mixes and stirs and puts the muffins in the oven.

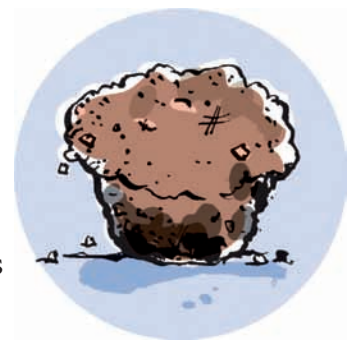
"Smells OK," says Pop when he returns. "I'll watch them while you get ready."

Granny puts on her new skirt. It's purple with yellow polka dots. She mostly wears jeans, and the skirt feels strange. It's already hot, so she digs out her pink sunhat with the seashells that dangle around the brim.

Granny spots Pop outside feeding the rabbits. "What about my muffins?" she calls through the house truck window.

"Oops," says Pop, dropping the pellets and rushing inside.

"They *should* be OK," Granny says, scraping the burnt bits off the bottom. "But perhaps we could buy something at the bakery, just in case." Granny sighs her sixth sigh of the day. "It's already nine-thirty," she says. "And you can't go to Grandparents' Day dressed like that."





While Granny packs the muffins, Pop changes his shirt. “Ready?” Granny calls as she slams the back door.

“Not yet!” yells Pop. He looks at the power cable that leads from the house truck to the laundry. It needs to be unplugged so that they can shut the laundry window.

“Oops!” says Granny. “I’ll get the house key.” She lifts up the door mat. The key’s not there. It’s not in the pot plant or under the stone. It’s not in the rabbit hutch or inside a gumboot. “We’re going to be late,” Granny wails, “and we’ve still got to stop at the bakery.”

“Don’t panic,” says Pop. “I’ll get a ladder.”

At last Pop finds a ladder and levers the cord from the socket with a piece of wood he’s found in the shed. Carefully, he pushes the window shut. “There. That will have to do,” he says. He winds up the cord and stows it in the house truck.



“It’s nine-fifty,” Granny says as they back down the drive. “We’re definitely going to be late.”

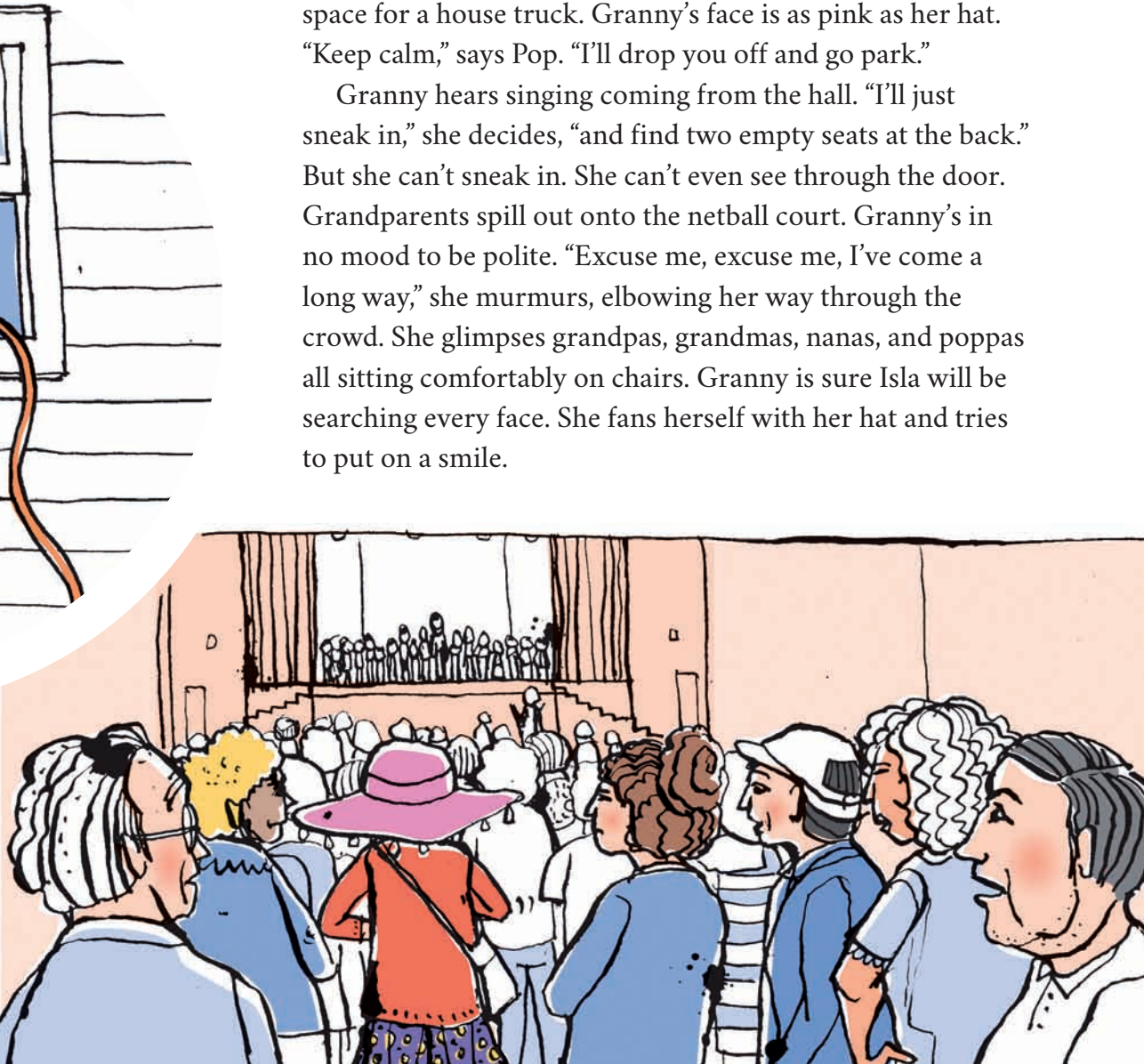
“Not that late,” says Pop, patting Granny’s knee. He stops the truck opposite a bakery. “Some blueberry muffins might be nice. Mind the traffic. The road’s busy.”

Granny eventually returns with some cheese muffins. “The blueberry were sold out,” she says.



Parked cars line the streets around the school. There’s no space for a house truck. Granny’s face is as pink as her hat. “Keep calm,” says Pop. “I’ll drop you off and go park.”

Granny hears singing coming from the hall. “I’ll just sneak in,” she decides, “and find two empty seats at the back.” But she can’t sneak in. She can’t even see through the door. Grandparents spill out onto the netball court. Granny’s in no mood to be polite. “Excuse me, excuse me, I’ve come a long way,” she murmurs, elbowing her way through the crowd. She glimpses grandpas, grandmas, nanas, and poppas all sitting comfortably on chairs. Granny is sure Isla will be searching every face. She fans herself with her hat and tries to put on a smile.



After the singing, the principal welcomes the grandparents. "I wonder who's travelled the farthest?" she says.

Three hands go up – but Granny clicks her fingers and waves her big pink hat. "I'm from Nelson!" she yells.

"I was worried you wouldn't get here," says Isla as she leads Granny and Pop to her classroom.

"I wouldn't miss my first Grandparents' Day for the world!" says Granny.

Granny walks around the classroom. She admires the self-portraits and the dinosaur mural and the photographs from school camp. When she went to school, her classroom had a blackboard and a single world map.

Pop sits in a chair that's far too small. He has a dreamy look on his face. One moment, he's in his granddaughter's classroom – the next, he's back in his old classroom, sixty years ago. His wooden desk has a lift-up lid. He holds a pen that he has to dip in ink. There are forty children in his class, and not one of them dares to speak a word.



Isla skips beside her grandparents as they head for the sports field. Pop carries the chilly bin. Granny carries the rug.

"Let's sit here," says Isla.

They spread their rug near the flying fox. "Would you like a turn?" asks Pop. Isla waits in the queue, and Pop disappears. The cheese muffins – both the burnt ones and the not-burnt ones – look lonely on the picnic rug. Granny tries not to notice what everyone else is eating. Although it's a shared picnic, no one seems to be sharing.





“What are you up to?” Granny asks Pop. He has reappeared with a sausage in bread, a present for Granny that he hides behind his back.

“Yum,” Isla yells. She jumps out of the queue and runs over to Pop. “I forgot to tell you there was a sausage sizzle,” she says, grabbing the sausage. “Thanks, Pop.” Isla gulps down Granny’s sausage in four bites, then runs off to the monkey bars with her friends.

“Do you think we can go now?” Granny whispers. Sweat makes her face shine.

“If we’re quick, we could go for a swim,” says Pop.

“Great idea! We’re off, sweetheart,” Granny calls to Isla. “Thanks for inviting us.” Then Granny sees Pop’s face. “What now?” she asks.

Pop pats his pockets and smiles sheepishly. “Um,” he says. “I seem to have lost something.”

“Not the keys to the house truck?” Granny wails.

“It’s a great day for a walk, don’t you think?” says Pop.

TAUTAI

by Sisilia Eteuati

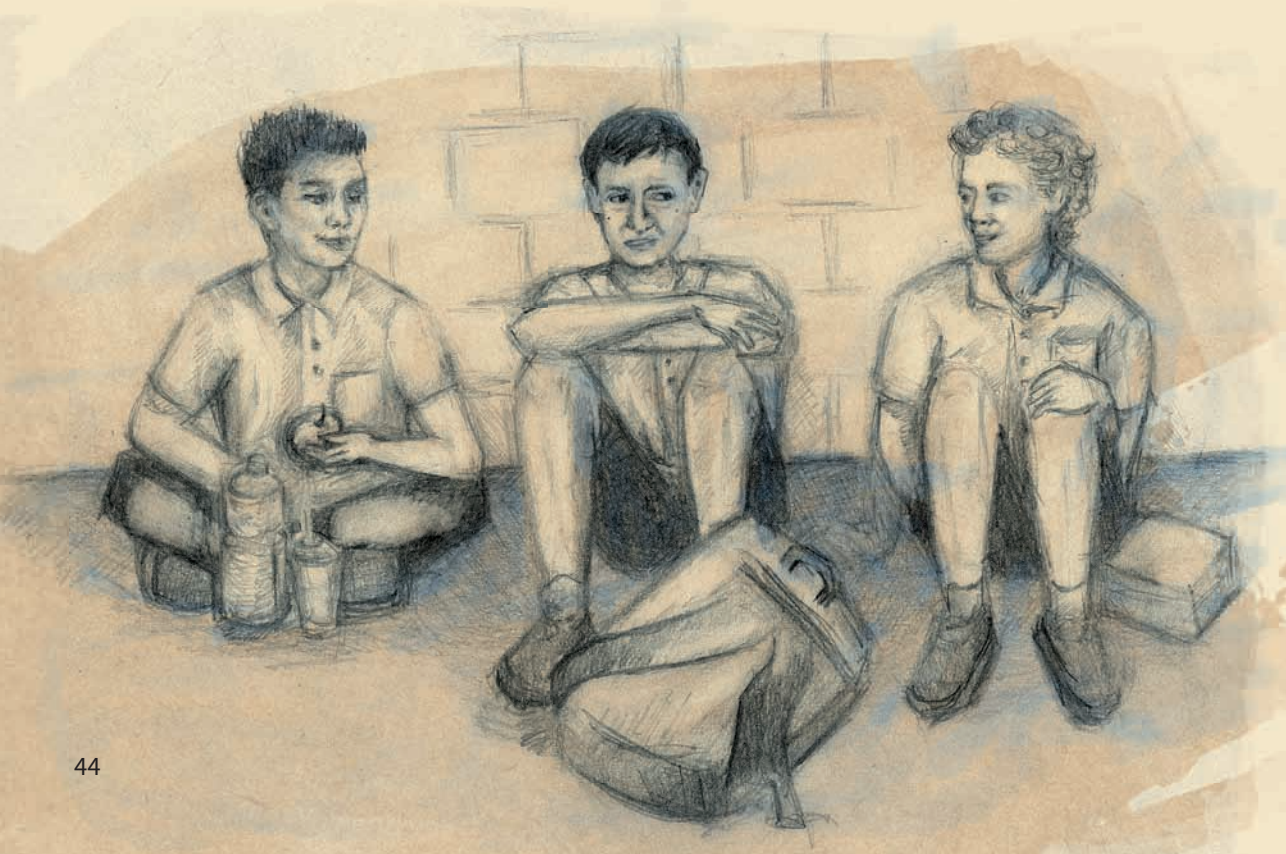
“Stinky,” Alex called. “I heard you’re going to Sāmoa these holidays. That true?”

Everyone had a nickname. Robert was Hobbit. Lucas was Puke-us. And Tigi’ilagi was Stinky, despite the fact he had rounded out the vowels slowly on his first day. “My name is Tigi-‘i-lagi,” he’d said carefully. “But just call me Lagi. It means ‘sky’, like rangi in Māori.”

But Alex (who was Bean) had latched on to the first part of his name. “Ting-y? Sing-y? Sting-y ... Stinky!” Bean had collapsed laughing. “Definitely Stinky!” The name had stuck.

Lagi shrugged at Bean’s question, even though he was excited. It was his grandmother’s sixtieth birthday, and Lagi’s parents had decided he was old enough to travel by himself to represent their family. “You’re her oldest grandchild, her pele,” Lagi’s father had said. “There could be no better gift.”

Lagi felt proud to be given this job – but at school, he kept his cool.



“Yeah, it’s all right,” he said to the others. “I’m going on a 737.”

Knowing the kind of plane was important. It was like knowing about cars, only better. Lagi’s dad was awesome with cars. He’d just bought one, real cheap, and Lagi had helped fix it up. His dad was really happy after they’d resold it. “High-five,” he said as the man drove off. “We’ve just made enough money to pay for your ticket to Apia.”

Lagi looked for plane books in the library and searched the Internet. “The wing flaps cause lift,” he told the other kids at lunchtime. “The pilots deploy them while they’re waiting on the runway.

They retract the flaps when the plane starts to climb.” For once, they were all fascinated. Even Lucas Puke-us and Robert Hobbit, who were pretending non-interest on the edge of the circle. Even Bean.

“There’s also the thrust lever. It’s automatic,” Lagi continued. “The autopilot selects the power setting, the pilot pulls back on the control wheel, and then the plane lifts off.”

“How come you know all this?” challenged Bean.

“I saw it on TV,” Lagi said quickly. He knew enough not to admit going to the library.

• • • • •



The day arrived, and a lady in a red uniform with a scarf met them at the security gates. “I hear we’re flying together,” she said. “My name’s Tracy.” Lagi smiled back shyly. His dad pushed him forward, and he shook Tracy’s hand. “I might be able to get you into the cockpit before we take off,” Tracy added.

“Really?” Lagi asked.

“Yes, *really*. I’ll talk to the pilots.” Tracy tapped the side of her nose. “Now, we need to look out for gate 7.”

Lagi’s excitement welled up as they walked through the airport. The boarding pass seemed to shiver in his hand, but he clutched it tight. “Gate 7,” he yelled when he saw a large black 7 next to a door.

Tracy laughed. “Eagle eyes – just like a pilot’s.”

There were heaps of people waiting around, but Tracy guided Lagi straight to the front counter.

“Perfect timing,” the man behind the counter said.

“The pilots are just finishing their on-board checks. We’re about to board VIPs.” He winked at Lagi.

“Do you have your boarding pass?” The man scanned Lagi’s pass while Tracy used the phone on his desk.

“OK, let’s go,” she said.

They walked down a narrow, metal tunnel that moved ever so slightly. “This is the air bridge,” Tracy explained. Lagi nodded. They reached the plane, and Tracy steered him to the left. The door of the cockpit was open, and Lagi could see lights and gauges on the ceiling, in front of the two pilots ... they seemed to be everywhere. He stood there, his mouth slightly open.





“Captain, this is Tigi‘ilagi,” Tracy said.

Lagi noticed the captain’s taulima straight away, an intricate tattoo in a band around his muscular brown arm. On his shoulder, above the tattoo, Lagi could also see the captain’s four gold stripes.

“Tigi‘ilagi,” the captain said, pronouncing Lagi’s whole name correctly.

“You’re *Samoan*?” Lagi asked.

“Yes,” the captain laughed. “Just like you. Don’t be so surprised. Our people have always been navigators – tautai – although they didn’t have all this.” The pilot waved towards the gauges. “They navigated by the stars and rode the ocean currents. But then maybe this isn’t so different. The Samoan word for plane, va‘alele, means ‘flying boat’.”

“Va‘alele,” repeated Lagi. “Cool! Is this the thrust lever?”

The captain laughed. “It sure is. You seem to know a lot about aeroplanes.”

They talked a little longer. Lagi was trying to remember every single word for later.

“We need to take our seats now, Lagi,” Tracy eventually said. “The other passengers are about to board.”

“Sole, listen out for me,” the captain called after him.

Lagi’s legs felt wobbly walking to his seat. He buckled his seatbelt and sat very quietly while the jets started. Soon they would be taking off. Out of his window, he could see another plane parked next to them.



Tracy smiled at him when their plane finally began to move. Slowly, they made their way to the end of the runway. Lagi heard a mechanical sound and thought “flaps”. The plane started to gain momentum, and Lagi was pressed into his chair. He tapped his fingers on the armrest, faster and faster like his heartbeat. The terminal whizzed past, and Lagi felt the plane lift. He watched the buildings grow smaller – with a strange feeling in the bottom of his belly – until they were nothing more than tiny models.

Then Lagi heard a voice over the intercom. “Tālofa lava. This is captain Manu Ioane, with first

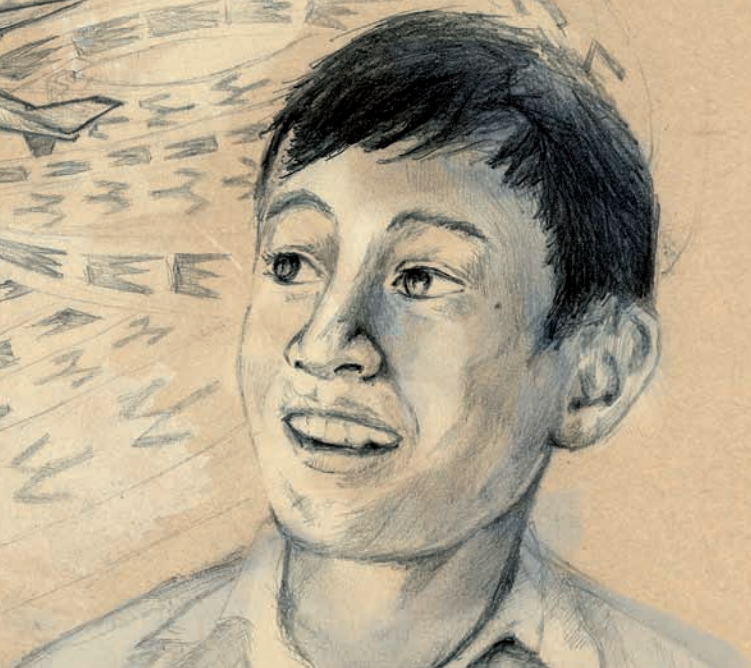
officer Tony Thompson. On behalf of the crew, I’d like to say a special welcome to our gold customers – and also to my little uso, Tigi’ilagi.”

The captain kept talking, but Lagi was distracted by the glow in his chest. It seemed to spread to every part of him.

• • • • •

“And the captain knew that my name means ‘reach for the sky,’” Lagi told the other kids a week later, when his holiday was over. A smile erupted across his face. “He said it was the perfect name for a pilot.” The boys all looked impressed.

“Tigi-‘i-lagi!” he said, the slow vowels as delicious as a mango.



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ISBN 978-0-478-44638-8



9 780478 446388