



SCHOOL JOURNAL

October 2015

AAAAAH!



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Miri & Raru	6
The Rules	5
Happy New Year	6
The Remarkable Reti	5
Making Radio Waves	6
Barney Whiterats	5
Baa-mite	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

All rights reserved.
Enquiries should be made to the publisher.

Publishing services: Lift Education E Tū

ISBN 978 0 478 44644 9 (print)
ISBN 978 0 478 16442 8 (online PDF)
ISSN 0111 6355

Replacement copies may be ordered from Ministry of Education Customer Services,
online at www.thechair.minedu.govt.nz
by email: orders@thechair.minedu.govt.nz
or freephone 0800 660 662, freefax 0800 660 663

Please quote item number 44644.

SCHOOL JOURNAL

LEVEL 3 OCTOBER 2015



Contents

STORIES

- 2** **Miri & Raru** by Dylan Horrocks
Miri is drawing again, with unexpected results ...
- 16** **The Rules** by Maria Samuela
“Matoria couldn’t wait till he had enough money saved up.”
- 43** **Happy New Year** by Adrienne Frater
New Year’s Eve on Great Barrier Island doesn’t go according to plan.

ARTICLES

- 10** **The Remarkable Reti** by Kiwa Hammond and Duane Culshaw
“For Ngāti Pāhauwera, fishing with a reti is a way of life.”
- 34** **Making Radio Waves** by Iona McNaughton
The students at Lyall Bay School in Wellington have their own radio station.

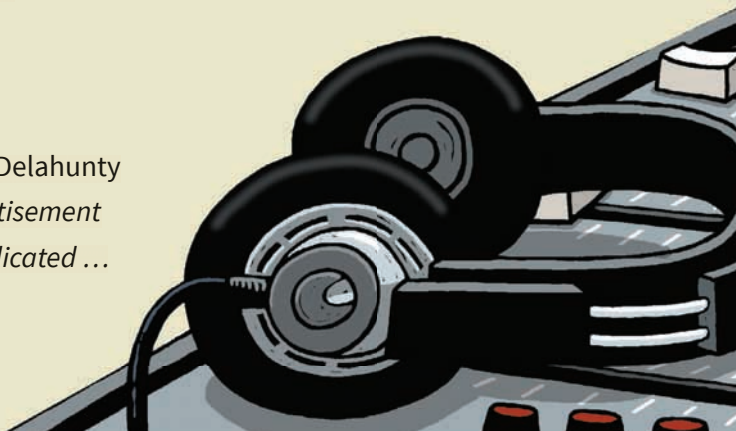
POEM

- 22** **Barney Whiterats** by Glenn Colquhoun

PLAY

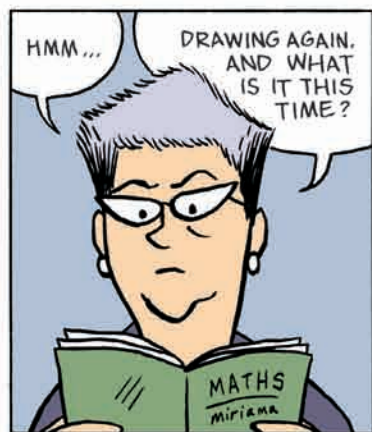
- 26** **Baa-mite** by Sarah Delahunty
Recording a radio advertisement has never been so complicated ...

Ministry of Education

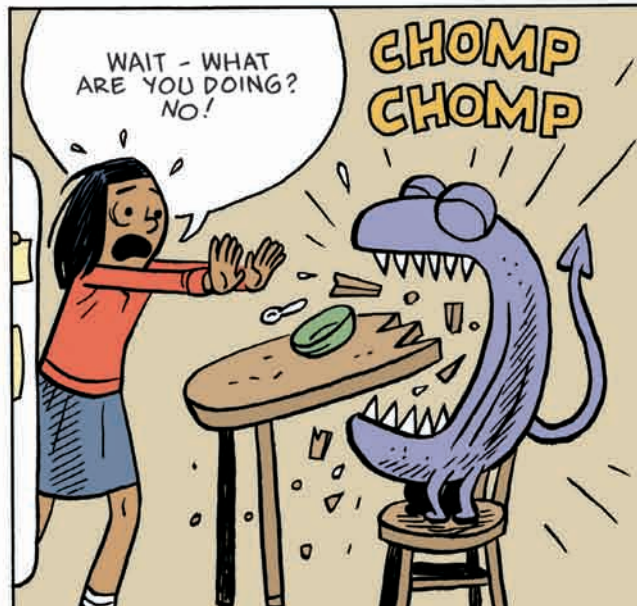


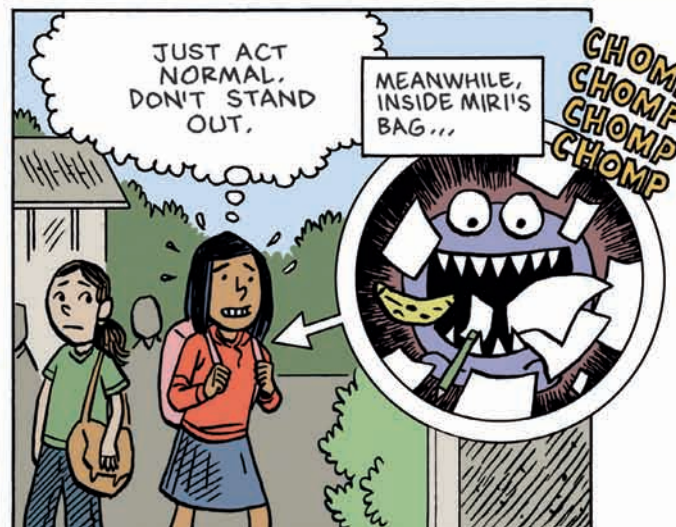
MIRI & RARU

by DYLAN HORROCKS



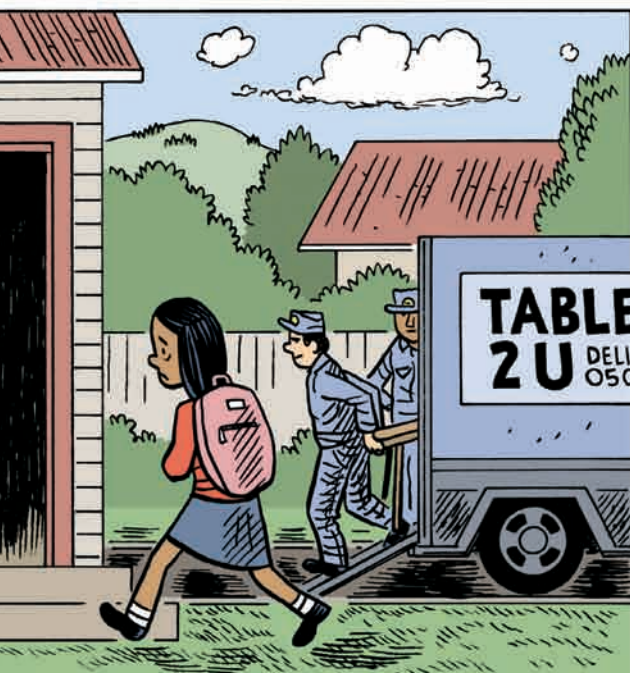
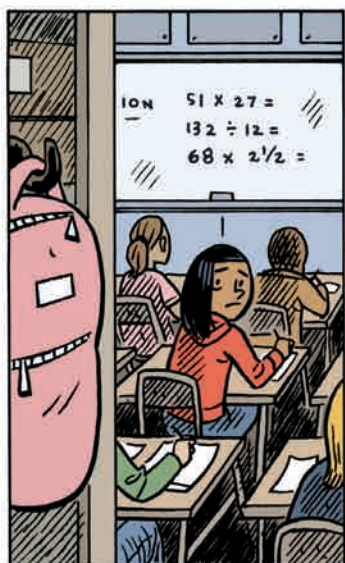














The Remarkable Reti

by Kiwa Hammond
and Duane Culshaw



At Mōhaka, on a summer's day, you'll find all kinds of people hoping to catch fresh fish. Some use surf-casting rods. A few use **kontiki**. And occasionally, at the river mouth, you might see a local with a strange-looking contraption that slices through the water like a shark's fin. At first glance, it looks like the person is playing with some kind of toy. But look closer, and you'll realise they too are fishing. They are using an ingenious device known as a reti.

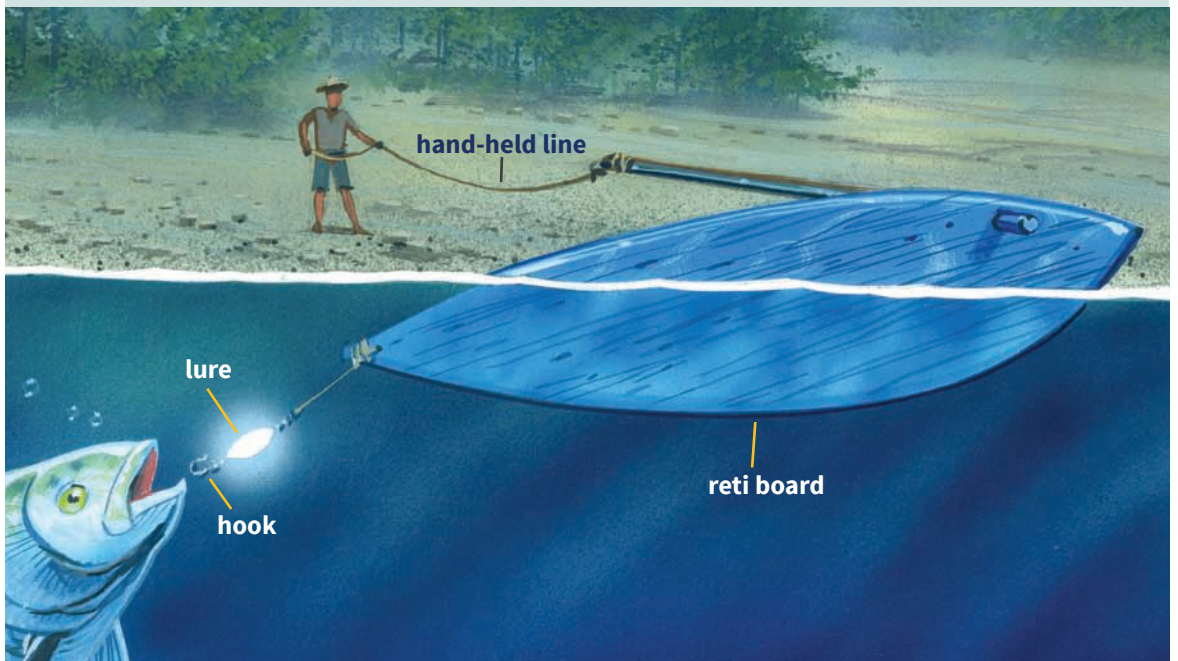
A Way of Life

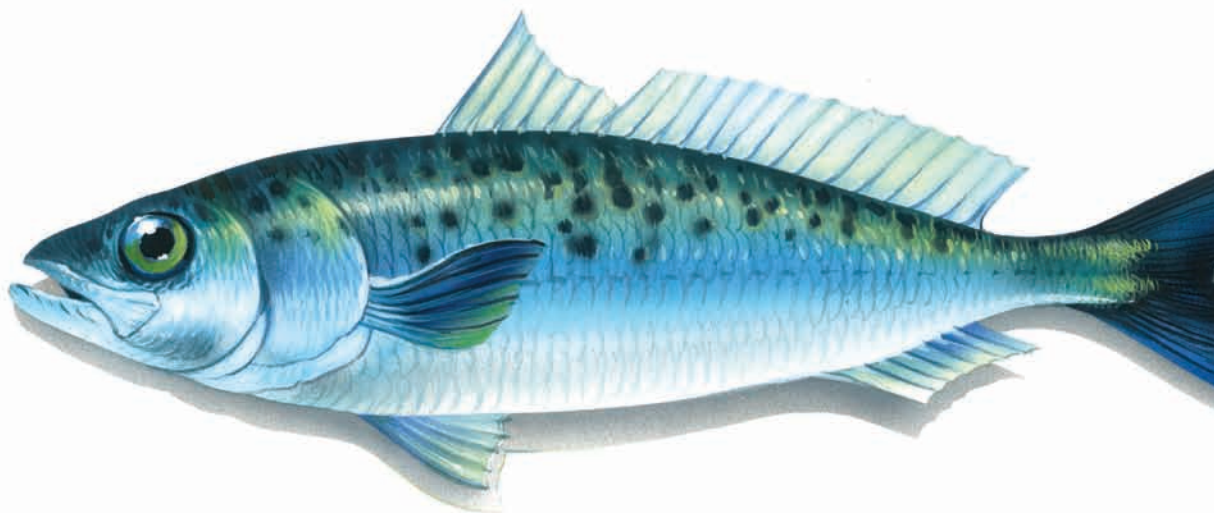
For Ngāti Pāhauwera, fishing with a reti is a way of life. The tradition has been passed down through generations, though it's hard to say exactly when reti were first used. Some people say their origin can be traced back to pre-European times, maybe even to Polynesia, where fish were caught from outrigger canoes using a fishing line and a **lure**.

But what exactly is a reti?

A reti is a fishing device controlled from shore by a hand-held line. The reti board is designed to move against the current, dragging a lure and hook. This board looks like an oddly shaped skateboard with no wheels – or perhaps a surfboard for a small dog. Some people say reti boards resemble fish, like kahawai or tāmure (snapper).

Although reti look unusual, they should never be underestimated. They are specially designed to catch kahawai and other predatory fish that swim in the Mōhaka River. This unique design is essential. As all successful fishers understand, no fish species is the same. They live in different habitats and eat different things, and this means they need to be caught in different ways.





Know Your Fish

Colin Culshaw is a Ngāti Pāhauwera kaumātua. He has lived near the Mōhaka River for most of his life. Colin agrees that it's important to know about the fish in your rohe (territory).

“You definitely want to know what you're after and the best way to catch it,” Colin says. “Take kahawai, for example. Because they're predators, they stay near the surface chasing smaller fish. This is why reti have lures. They look like small fish shimmering in the water, and this catches the attention of the kahawai. We don't even need to use bait.”

Colin remembers his aunts using the reti at the mouth of the Mōhaka River, and his older sister Hazel was “quite the expert”. Given his family's long association with the reti, Colin is often quizzed about them. “People are fascinated,” he says. “I've even seen visitors from overseas try to replicate one, but they always fail.”





1. kahawai (noun)

Arripis trutta: an edible greenish-blue to silvery-white coastal fish that has dark spotted markings, an elongated body, and a high front **dorsal fin**.



A Taonga

According to Colin, there is a secret to making a good reti and knowing how to use it. But it's not a secret he's willing to share with just anyone. Colin's adamant that the mana of the reti belongs to his iwi, Ngāti Pāhauwera. And people already recognise this. "I once made a reti for my niece in the South Island," Colin says. "She took it to a nearby river to give it a go, and before long, all the locals out fishing were drawn to this strange sight. One of them yelled out that she must be from Mōhaka!"

At Mōhaka School, the staff and students regularly have fishing lessons. Colin teaches them about the cultural significance of the reti, and this includes learning the history, stories, and waiata. "To Ngāti Pāhauwera, the reti is a taonga – an important treasure," he says. "The children understand this, and they take huge pride in learning about them."

Colin has taught all his mokopuna how to use the reti, and he always encourages them to take the lead when he's demonstrating how it works. Colin believes this will help his mokopuna retain the knowledge and teachings of the reti. One day, he hopes they too will pass this tikanga on.

The Real Learning

Over the years, schoolchildren from all around Te Wairoa district have travelled to Mōhaka to learn the tikanga of the reti and how to use it. “One time,” Colin recalls, “we had almost forty reti in the river all at once. It was a wonderful sight to see.”

Colin believes that you can only talk about the reti for so long. He says that the real learning comes from going down to the river and experiencing the fishing first hand. He always smiles when he sees how much people admire the simplicity of the reti and how it works. “It’s a different way of catching fish,” he says, “but it brings hours of enjoyment.”

And sometimes, fishing really does involve hours. “Even if you’re using a reti, there’s no guarantee of landing a kahawai,” Colin says. “That’s why it’s called fishing – not catching,” he teases.

Glossary

dorsal fin: the fin on a fish’s back

kontiki: a small craft used for fishing from the shore

lure: an object that is designed to attract a fish



The late Ramon Joe, also a Ngāti Pāhauwera kaumātua, composed this waiata about the reti. He was taught how to use the reti by his koro.

*Kei te rere tāku reti
Kei te piupiu ngā pāua e rua
Ko tētahi he kāmuramura
Tētahi he waitutu e*

*Kei hea rā koe e kahawai?
Kei te whanga au ki a koe
Ko te Maungatea ki Ahimanawa
Ko te Aramoana ki Mōhaka*

*Mehemea kāore koe e haere mai
Me kōrero koe ki ngā ngaru
Mā ngaru e kōrero mai ki ahau
Ka whakakīngia e au tāku pēke
te wahie*

*My reti is afloat
The two pāua are spinning
One is the red shell spinner
One is the blue shell spinner*

*Where are you, oh kahawai?
I am at the mouth, waiting for you
From Maungatea in Ahimanawa (Māhia)
Along the sea path to Mōhaka*

*If you are not coming
You should tell the waves
And the waves will tell me
I will then have to fill my bag
with firewood*



Te Kura O Mohaka

NGATI PAHAUWERA



The Rules



BY MARIA SAMUELA

“Tāviviki, hurry up. The shoppers are coming,” Uncle Joe called.

Matora hurried. He took a deep breath and tucked his violin under his chin. Slowly, he drew the bow away from his body and began playing “Yellow Bird”, his mum’s favourite song.

Matora hummed as he played, hearing the words in his head. *Yellow bird, up high in banana tree.* Some shoppers stopped to listen. Others stopped just long enough to throw coins into Matora’s case. Each clink made him smile.

At the end of the song, Uncle Joe went back to work. He’d said having a busker right outside his shop was good for business and he would match Matora’s earnings dollar for dollar. More importantly, he’d promised to keep Matora’s busking a secret. Uncle Joe didn’t know about the orchestra’s rules, and Matora wasn’t about to fill him in:

1. Don’t take your instrument out of the house except for rehearsals and concerts.
2. Don’t let other people play your instrument.
3. Keep your instrument in a safe place.

Matoria busked all morning. He played every tune he knew. After he'd played them a first time, he played them all again. Just as he was starting Beethoven's "Für Elise" for the third time, he spotted some of his mates. They'd been to rugby. Now they were pirouetting in a line towards him. Matoria blushed and stopped.

"Keep playing," Tommy yelled, his boots dangling around his neck. The three boys twirled and twisted, their faces contorted with fake emotion. The shoppers laughed, and Matoria grinned and slipped the violin back under his chin.

Matoria couldn't wait until he had enough money saved up. He wanted to see the look on his mum's face when he finally gave her the tickets. The Toru Maestros were hard case, just like his uncles. They mucked around on stage and made people laugh, although it wasn't their jokes that Mum loved the best – it was their music. Classical music with Island style is how she described it. But the tickets were really expensive, and Matoria didn't have the money. Well, not *yet* he didn't. It was OK. He still had a couple of months to earn it.



In his open case, Matoria could see a twenty-dollar note and two fives, not to mention all the coins. The number of Saturday-morning shoppers was steady, and they seemed relaxed and in a generous mood. Matoria loved playing his violin for the sake of it, but having an audience took things to the next level. And Pachelbel's "Canon in D Major" always got a big round of applause.

Matoria played the first few bars. He hit each note perfectly, like the string quartet that had played at Auntie Tilly's wedding. He imagined playing with them one day. Thinking of the quartet reminded Matoria of next week's concert at the community centre. He was really looking forward to it. They were playing with special guests whose identity was top secret. Even the kids in the orchestra weren't allowed to know.

Matoria's music seemed to reach the farthest corners of the shopping centre. Mr Savea came out of his fruit shop to listen and gave Matoria a wave when he'd finished. Matoria waved back. It was time to pack up. Mum was picking him up soon. She thought he was helping Uncle Joe in the shop.

As Matoria was folding up his music stand, he heard a voice.

"Score!" It was Sefa. What did *he* want? Surely Sefa wouldn't take his money, right there in the open. Matoria decided to ignore him. Besides, Sefa wasn't a thief. He was more into hassling people. Matoria made for Uncle Joe's shop, but Sefa cut in front of him. Without any warning, he snatched Matoria's violin and ran off, grinning.

Matoria sprinted after him. They ran through the shopping centre, over the pedestrian crossing, up to the bridge. Sefa stopped in the middle. He dangled the violin over the side.

"Dare me?" he teased.

Matoria felt icy panic. He looked down at the creek, then lurched for his violin, tripping and crashing into Sefa by mistake. The violin went flying.

Matoria peered down into the creek. The instrument lay on some rocks, the fingerboard snapped in two. Only the strings were keeping the pieces from floating apart. *The rules*, Matoria thought.

"It was an accident," Sefa mumbled. "You pushed me."





Matora scrambled down to the creek and picked up his ruined instrument. Slowly, he walked back to Uncle Joe's shop.

"Oh," said Uncle Joe when he saw the violin. "I don't think I can fix this." He looked to Matora for an explanation, but the shop's buzzer interrupted them. Matora didn't bother to turn around. He knew who it would be. His mum.

"Matora, what have you done?" she said.

Matora stared at the floor.

"I can't believe it! You took your violin out of the house."

Matora nodded.

"And then you broke it?"

Matora nodded again, even though technically *he* hadn't broken it. What did it matter? He'd broken the rules – that's what mattered now.

"The concert," Mum said, "it's next week. What will we do?"

"I don't know," said Matora. He hung his head, bracing himself for whatever came next.

"Don't be angry, sister," Uncle Joe said. "He wanted to surprise you." Uncle Joe told Mum about the Toru Maestro tickets, about Matora's busking. "He's a good boy," Uncle Joe said finally.

Matora forced himself to look his mother in the eye, just like she'd taught him. "I'm really sorry, Mum."



Matiora stood and took a quick peek. The community centre was packed, but there were his mum and Uncle Joe, right there in the fifth row. They smiled and waved. Feeling better, Matiora sat back down. He clutched his violin tightly. They'd made a deal with Uncle Joe. Matiora had given him the busking money as a down payment on a new violin, and he'd work in the shop every Saturday to make up the rest. In the meantime, Matiora's busking career was over.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr Palepoi, the orchestra's conductor, began. "I know you're all eager to hear our children play ... and of course to meet our mystery guests." Behind them, Masina filled the air with a drumroll. "So, all the way from South Auckland, I give you the Toru Maestros!"

The audience cheered like crazy as the three tenors walked onto the stage. Matiora couldn't believe it. It really was them. He wished he could see his mum's face, but there was no time to look. Mr Palepoi had raised his baton.

Matiora put his violin under his chin and lifted the bow. The Toru Maestros – and Matiora and all the other kids in the orchestra – began. *Yellow bird, up high in banana tree* – his mum's favourite song.



BARNEY WHITERATS



Clip. Clap. Clip. Clap.
Can you see them? Do you not?
Stitch. Hop. Turn. Pop.
Fantails in my muttonchops.

Flap. Flap. What's that?
Kākāpō beneath my hat.
Smokes. Hope. Bar of soap.
Two white rats inside my coat.

Nibble. Nibble. Sniff. Sniff.
Shuffle. Shuffle. Skip. Skip.
Stop. Go. Heavy load.
Walking on a winding road.

Clip. Clap. Clip. Clap.
Do you see me? Do you not?
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.
Let me in if I should knock.

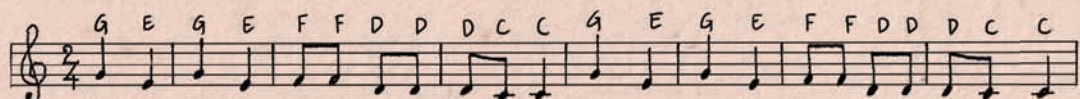
Bed roll. Bread roll.
Pot of soup. Pot of gold.
Who's who? What to do?
This old man lives in my shoes.

Who's who? What to do?
This old man lives in my shoes.

Glenn Colquhoun

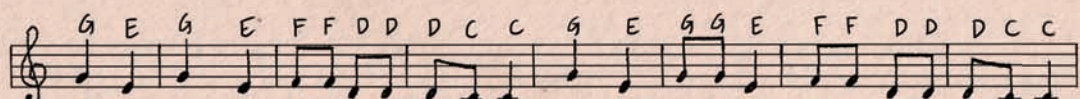
Allegretto

G E G E F F D D D C C G E G E F F D D D C C



Clip. Clap. Clip. Clap. Can you see them? Do you not? Stitch. Hop. Turn. Pop. Fan-tails in my nut-ton chops.

G E G E F F D D D C C G E G G E F F D D D C C



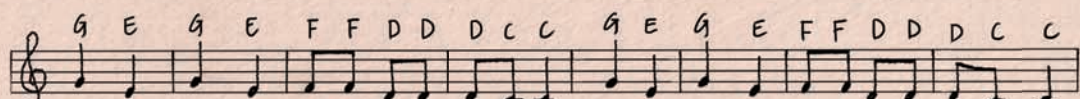
Flap. Flap. What's that? Kā-kā-pō be-neath my hat. Smokes. Hope. Bar of soap. Two white rats in-side my coat.

G G E E G E F F D D D C C G E G G E F F D D D C C



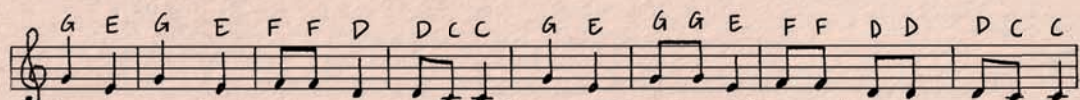
Nib-ble. Nib-ble. Sniff. Sniff. Shuf-fle. Shuf-fle. Skip. Skip. Stop. Go. Hea-vy load. Walk-ing on a wind-ing road.

G E G E F F D D D C C G E G E F F D D D C C




Clip. Clap. Clip. Clap. Do you see me? Do you not? Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. let me in if I should knock.

G E G E F F D D C C G E G G E F F D D D C C



Bed roll. Bread roll. Pot of soup. Pot of gold. Who's who? What to do? This old man lives in my shoes.

G E G G E F F D D D C C



Who's who? What to do? This old man lives in my shoes.



FROM SHOWMAN TO SWAGMAN:



Glenn Colquhoun talks about Barney Whiterats

As soon as I saw this photograph of Barney Whiterats, I knew I wanted to create something about him. I was searching for stories about New Zealand characters, and Barney seemed perfect. He was a famous swagman who spent nearly forty years travelling the roads of Southland and Canterbury. At the time – from the 1870s right through until the 1930s – there were a lot of swagmen in New Zealand. They walked from place to place, looking for work and a meal and maybe a bed for the night. Some people would leave a pot of soup on their stoves to feed passing swagmen.

But Barney was a bit different. He was also an entertainer. The audience would pay a few pennies to see him perform Punch and Judy shows, play his mechanical organ (called organ grinding), or communicate with the dead! He was most well known for showing off his two performing white mice. This is why he was called Barney Whiterats. (Obviously people weren't bothered by the fact that he owned mice and not rats!)

Barney's real name was Barney Winters. Before he became a swagman, he was a showman in London. He was said to have known the English writer Charles Dickens, who based one of his characters on Barney. I'm not sure which character that might be.

I don't really think of my piece about Barney as a song, even though I have given it a melody. It's really an oral poem. A long time before poems were written down, they were sung or spoken. Traditional Māori poetry is also chanted. It too tells stories about characters and what they get up to.

I wanted to create my own version of an oral poem, so I found Barney – and I opened my mouth and gave it a go!

Barney died in 1911, when he was ninety, only a few months after he gave up life on the road. This all happened a long time ago. But one thing I like about an oral poem with a tune is that you can sing a person alive again. The melody is on page 23 so that you can do this, too.



Baa-mite

by Sarah Delahunty

This is a radio play. It has been written to be heard but not seen, and this means no staging is required. You can record the play using a tablet, smart phone, or laptop. The sound effects should be pre-recorded. You'll need the sounds of a rooster crowing, a duck quacking, a cat meowing, a wolf howling, a lamb baaing, knocking, a door opening, a door slamming, and retreating footsteps. You'll also need to choose some music to play as a backing soundtrack in the places indicated.



SOUND ENGINEER (*playing the soundtrack of a rooster crowing*). No, that's not the right one ... (*playing the soundtrack of a duck quacking*) ... that's not right either ... (*playing the soundtrack of a cat meowing*) ... bother!

The sound of a door opening.

DIRECTOR. Where is everyone? You – who are you?

SOUND ENGINEER (*timidly*). Me? I'm just the sound engineer.

DIRECTOR (*sarcastically*). Well I'm **just** the director – and I want you to remember that this advertisement is really important. Baa-mite could make or break my career. Understand?

SOUND ENGINEER (*flustered*). Understand! I mean ... understood!

DIRECTOR. Baa-mite – ever tried it?

SOUND ENGINEER. No. But I can.

DIRECTOR. Don't bother. It's disgusting.

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. This is a recording studio. We are about to record an advertisement for a new sandwich spread.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Baa-mite?

DIRECTOR. Yes.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Great. I am in the right place. I'm the lamb – but I'm **so** nervous. This is my first acting job.

DIRECTOR. Well you're late ... although not as late as your mother.

NERVOUS ACTOR (*surprised*). My mother? Who invited her?

DIRECTOR. Not your **mother** mother – your sheep mother. And right now, she's trying my patience. She might be famous, but I have a schedule to keep.

NERVOUS ACTOR (*nervously*). My sheep mother's famous?

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

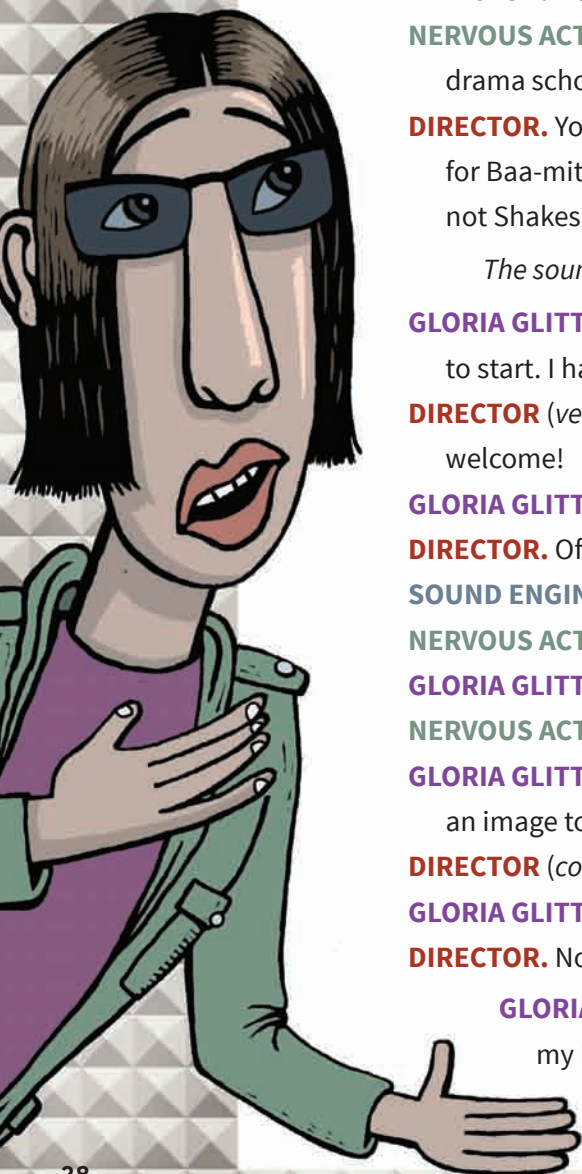
OLD LADY. Excuse me. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. For what?

OLD LADY. I was told to take the lift to the third floor, turn right, and knock on the fourth door on the left.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Are you my mother?

OLD LADY. I don't think so, dear.



DIRECTOR. Of course she isn't. Does she look like she could play a sheep?

OLD LADY. We have a club meeting. We knit vests for penguins.

DIRECTOR. Well, good luck with that. There are no penguins here. Let me see you out.

The sound of a door slamming.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Is this the first time I've tried Baa-mite?

DIRECTOR. How would I know?

NERVOUS ACTOR. I mean my character. They taught us in drama school to always research our character.

DIRECTOR. You don't have a "character". You're a lamb asking for Baa-mite in your sandwich. End of story. It's an ad, not Shakespeare.

The sound of a door opening.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Right, everyone. I hope you're all ready to start. I have another appointment in twenty minutes.

DIRECTOR (*very grandly*). Gloria Glitterbag! Welcome, welcome!

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Yes, yes ... can we get on with it?

DIRECTOR. Of course, right away. Sound engineer, you ready?

SOUND ENGINEER. Er ... I think so ...

NERVOUS ACTOR (*shyly*). Hello, Mother.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Who are you?

NERVOUS ACTOR. Your lamb. Baa!

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. You're far too old to be my lamb! I have an image to protect. What will my fans say?

DIRECTOR (*confused*). But it's radio.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. What?

DIRECTOR. No one can see you – or your lamb.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Oh. Well in that case, make sure my lamb sounds very young.

NERVOUS ACTOR. I was only born two days ago. In a sunny field. It was a relief to finally get here, I can tell you!

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Find someone who cares! I'm not your mother.

NERVOUS ACTOR. Well, strictly speaking, no, you're not, but –

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*very impatiently*). Can we please start?

DIRECTOR. We'll just have one quick run-through.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. I don't rehearse. Ever.

DIRECTOR. Of course not. No need. Right. Ready everyone?

NERVOUS ACTOR. I am a bit nervous, actually. I'd really like a quick –

DIRECTOR. Quiet, please.

SOUND ENGINEER. Er ... recording now. I think.

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a duck quacking.

DIRECTOR. No, no, no! This isn't a duck pond. Haven't you read the script? We need a howling wolf!

SOUND ENGINEER. I know. Sorry. I've got it now. And recording!

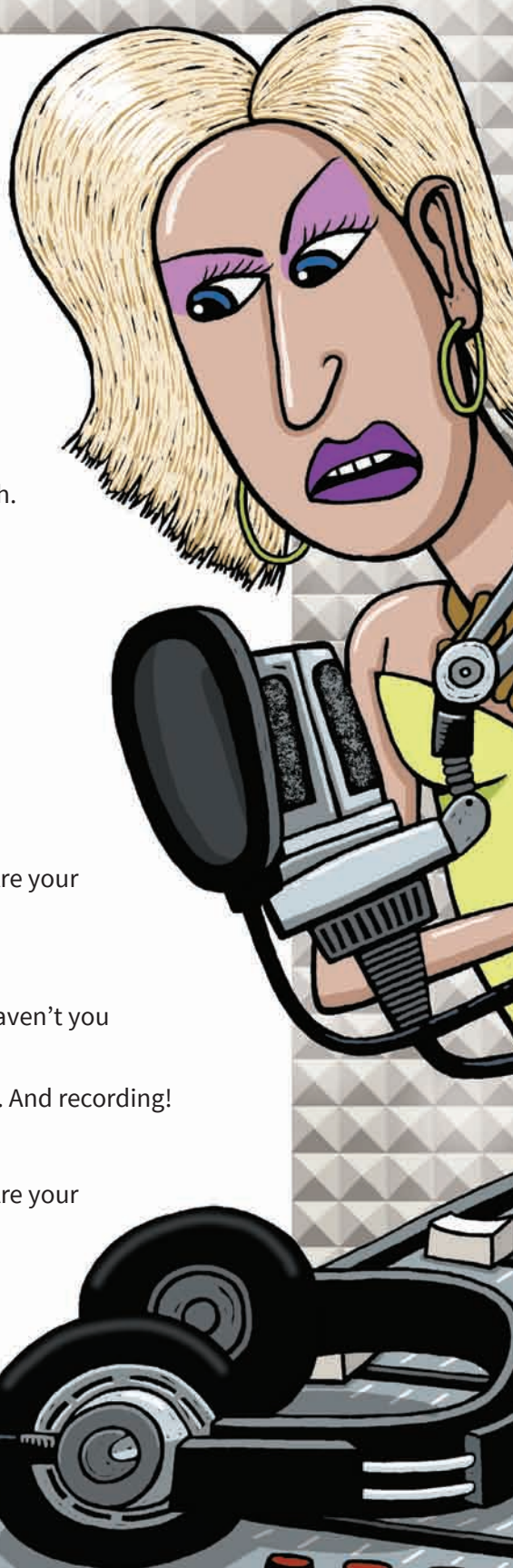
Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Do you have hungry mouths to feed?

The sound of a wolf howling.



GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Tame your wild beasts in just ten seconds. With new –

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

GUMBOOT THROWER. Excuse me. Am I in the right place?

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*outraged*). What do you think you're doing?

DIRECTOR (*also outraged*). We're recording in here!

GUMBOOT THROWER. Really? I was told to take the lift to the third floor, turn right, and knock on the fourth door on the left.

DIRECTOR. Well, you're in the wrong place.

GUMBOOT THROWER. You mean this isn't the gumboot throwers' meeting?

DIRECTOR. Not even close!

GUMBOOT THROWER. But I brought a gumboot.

DIRECTOR. Out!

The sound of a door slamming.

DIRECTOR. I am **so** sorry. You were brilliant, Gloria. Brilliant. Shall we start again?

SOUND ENGINEER. Recording.

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a rooster crowing.

DIRECTOR. No, no, no! This is not a chicken coop!

SOUND ENGINEER. Sorry. I'm so sorry, everyone.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. I should think so.

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Do you have hungry mouths to feed?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Tame your wild beasts in just ten seconds. With new Baa-mite, your hungry little beasts will become happy little lambs!

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

YOGA PERSON. Excuse me.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. What now? These interruptions are **not** in my contract.



STUDIO



YOGA PERSON. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. No!

YOGA PERSON. Are you sure? They said to take the lift to the third floor –

EVERYONE. Turn right and knock on the fourth door on the left.

YOGA PERSON. So you **are** here for the yoga class then?

EVERYONE. No!

YOGA PERSON. Well you should be. You obviously all need it. Calms you down.

DIRECTOR (*yelling*). I am calm.

The sound of a door slamming.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. This is ridiculous. I have better things to do with my time.

DIRECTOR. Tell me about it! One last try.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. This is absolutely the last time, do you understand?

DIRECTOR. Certainly. Right, everyone. This time, read right through to the end – no matter what.

SOUND ENGINEER. And ... recording!

Music plays briefly before fading out.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*in a warm, gentle voice*). Are your children running wild?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Do you have hungry mouths to feed?

The sound of a wolf howling.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG. Tame your wild beasts in just ten seconds. With new Baa-mite, your hungry little wolves will become happy little lambs!

The sound of a lamb baaing, then a long silence.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (*loudly and exasperated*).

Your hungry little wolves will become happy little lambs!

Another silence.

NERVOUS ACTOR. I ... I forgot my line.

GLORIA GLITTERBAG (yelling). That's it!

The sound of a door slamming.

NERVOUS ACTOR (timidly). Oh, I remember now.

Can I please have some more baaaaaa-mite?

DIRECTOR. You'll never eat baaaaaa-mite again.

You're fired!

NERVOUS ACTOR. What?

DIRECTOR. Don't bleat about it! O-U-T! Out!

NERVOUS ACTOR (sobbing). You should have let me rehearse.

The sound of a door slamming.

DIRECTOR. Do you **ever** push the right button?

This is all your fault.

SOUND ENGINEER. It's my lunch break. I think I'll just ...

The sound of a duck quacking.

SOUND ENGINEER. Oops, turn that off. I'll just go now.

The sound of a door slamming.

DIRECTOR. This is the worst day of my life.

The sound of knocking and a door opening.

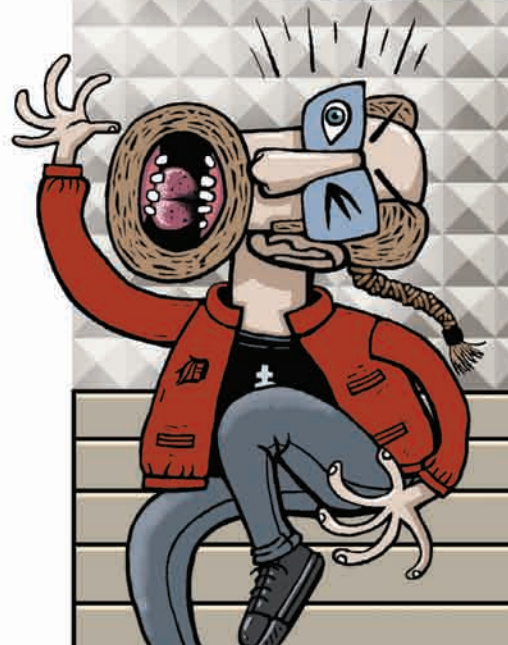
THE VERY LAST PERSON. Excuse me. Am I in the right place?

DIRECTOR. Aaaahhh!

The director's cry gets fainter and fainter along with the sound of retreating footsteps.

THE VERY LAST PERSON. Maybe not.

The sound of a door slamming.



illustrations by Fraser Williamson

MAKING

RADIO



The students at Lyall Bay School in Wellington are making waves – radio waves. Their school's radio station, MaranuiFM, broadcasts twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Whether it's music, news, weather reports, or interviews ... there's always something to listen to.



WAVES

by Iona McNaughton



IT'S RADIO, AND IT'S LIVE

Year 5 and 6 students at Lyall Bay School have been running MaranuiFM since 2008. This involves all kinds of challenging tasks. The students write **business plans**, sell advertising, and make deals with sponsors. They plan and research the daily shows, and finally, they host these shows. It's radio, and it's live. Anything can happen – which is why the students say they love it!

Today, Elisabeth and Ollie are buddies for the Rita Angus hour. This is a show sponsored by a local retirement village and aimed at the people who live there. The students sit together in the radio station, a room that contains most of the broadcasting equipment. There are computers, microphones, a **mixer**, and a transmitter (see page 37). On the wall, there's a big clock and various lists that remind the students of things like the station's website address and social media URLs. It's easy to forget things when you're under pressure.

Elisabeth and Ollie have a few minutes before they go live. Ollie checks for emails and surfs the Internet for last-minute ideas. On a second computer, which contains the radio software, Elisabeth finalises a playlist from over five thousand songs. This computer is connected to yet another one, in a different room, which **live-streams** the radio station on the Internet (<http://player.wizz.co.nz/maranuifm>).





The countdown is almost over. Both students reread the plan for the show. There's just enough time to take one last look for emails, then it's all on. Five, four, three, two, one ... Elisabeth gives Ollie the thumbs up, and they turn on their microphones.

“Good afternoon. You're listening to Lyall Bay School and MaranuiFM 106.7. We're bringing you the Rita Angus hour. I'm Elisabeth ...”

“And I'm Ollie. Before we go to the music, here is today's question for our listeners: What was your favourite game when you were a child? Email us your responses, and we'll read them out later in the show.”

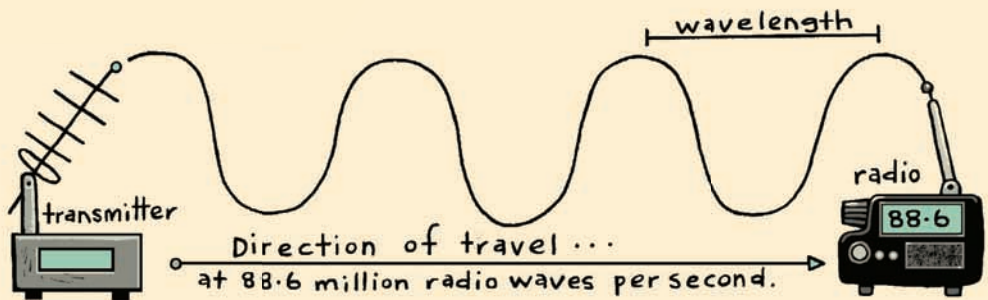


RADIO: HOW IT WORKS

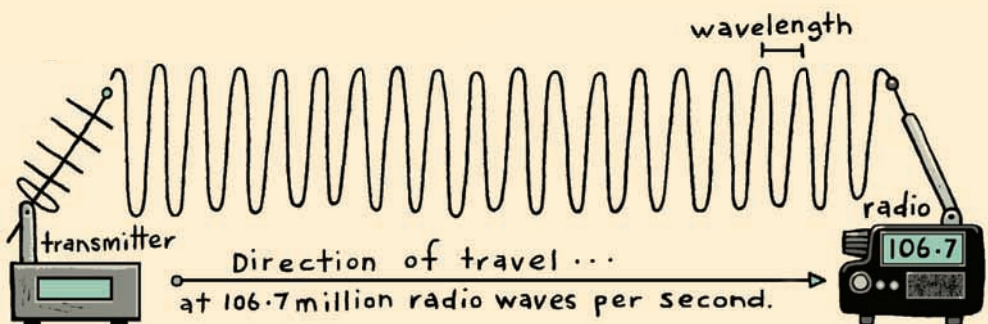


As well as streaming on the Internet, MaranuiFM broadcasts at a frequency of 106.7. So what does this mean, and how does it work? MaranuiFM has a radio transmitter that sends an electrical signal to an aerial on the school's roof. The aerial changes this electrical signal into electromagnetic energy (a combination of electricity and magnetism), which travels through the air in waves to your radio.

Radio waves have a certain speed, length, and frequency - just like the waves in an ocean. Speed is how fast the radio waves travel, although this is so quick it's almost instantaneous. Wavelength is the distance between one wave's crest (or peak) and the next. Frequency is the number of waves that arrive at a radio each second. These are usually measured in **megahertz**.



The radio waves from MaranuiFM travel at a frequency that is higher than the example above. To listen to MaranuiFM, people need to tune their radio to a frequency of 106.7 megahertz.



ALWAYS LEARNING

At the beginning of each year, senior students who want to be announcers on MaranuiFM have to apply for a position. Grace was interested because her older sister said it was a lot of fun. The experience has given Grace a lot of new skills. “I’m an outside girl, and I play a lot of sport,” she says. “I never used to spend much time on computers. Now I’ve learnt how to use them – and I’m no longer afraid to give things a go. In fact, I love radio announcing so much I want to be an announcer for a job.”

A major highlight for Grace was interviewing Rio Hunuki-Hemopo, a musician in the band Trinity Roots.

Grace says it was pretty cool. “At the time, my mum was working in Vanuatu. She was able to listen to the interview on the Internet. She emailed me afterwards to say how proud she was. I love knowing that when we’re talking on the radio, people anywhere in the world could be listening.”

One thing that was definitely *not* a highlight was a show that Grace did with her friend Asha. “We put on some music,” Grace remembers, “then we carried on talking. I said to Asha ‘Wouldn’t it be awful if the microphones were still on!’ I checked – and they were. It was so embarrassing! I’m much more careful now.”



IN THE BEGINNING

New Zealand's first radio programme was broadcast on 17 November 1921 by physics professor Robert Jack. Transmitted from Dunedin, the broadcast was heard as far away as Auckland. Radio stations were soon established in New Zealand's three other main cities at the time: Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch.

By the end of 1927, more than thirty thousand homes had paid for a radio licence, which allowed them to receive radio broadcasts. Professor Jack's radio transmitter is on display at Toitū Otago Settlers Museum in Dunedin. The station he founded in 1922, today called Radio Dunedin, is the oldest radio station outside the United States and the fifth oldest in the world.



New radios on display for sale in 1928

Grace says that radio announcers need to be able to interview people. She has some advice about this. “You should find out as much as you can about the person beforehand, then prepare some focused questions. You also need to listen carefully to their answers so you can respond with more questions.”

Another student, Eli, believes that radio announcers need to show their personality. He describes himself as a chatterbox who has learnt to think ahead and be flexible. Things don’t always go to plan!

“One time during a show, I put on a song, then started talking to my buddy about what we’d do next. When I checked to see how long the song had left to play, I realised I hadn’t pushed the play button.” After two minutes of broadcasting nothing, Eli went back on air feeling very embarrassed. But he managed to take control of the situation. “I said, ‘Sorry about the dead air. We hope you’re still with us. And now for an interesting fact ...’”

Eli is keen to follow in his grandfather’s footsteps and eventually work in radio. His grandfather started as the office boy for a radio station in 1947 before working his way up to become a producer. Eli loves being involved with MaranuiFM because he says he gets to meet interesting people and is always learning new things. Last year, he was among a group of students who visited Radio Network House. “It looked like a lot of fun to work there,” Eli says, “and would never be boring.”



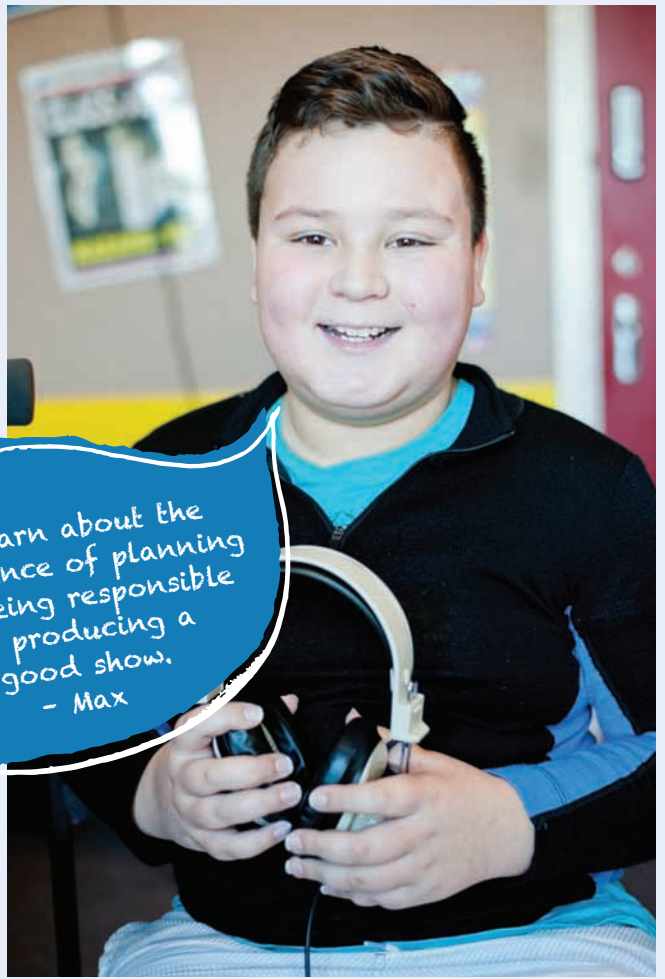
We learn how radio works and how to use different kinds of technology.

- Rata



We learn about the importance of planning and being responsible for producing a good show.

- Max



I used to be shy, but now I'm much more confident and can talk to anyone.

- Dhani



I've learnt to work with people I've never worked with before.

- Grace

BUILDING THE FUTURE

An important role for the announcers on MaranuiFM is to encourage everyone in the school to become involved. Younger children read their stories and poems on the radio. Some play musical instruments or sing. Others are interviewed about their hobbies or what they did on the weekend.

“One of the best things about being an announcer is getting to know the younger students,” Asha says. “The little ones are often very quiet. Some have to stand on a chair to reach the microphone. Older kids are usually excited. They can also be nervous if it’s their first time.” Other students are the opposite of nervous! “Some kids are a bit too chatty, or their stories are too long,” says Asha. “You have to find a way to bring the interview to an end without being rude.”

All of the announcers agree that they enjoy involving the younger children in the radio station. As Grace says, “Getting the little kids interested is building the future of MaranuiFM.”

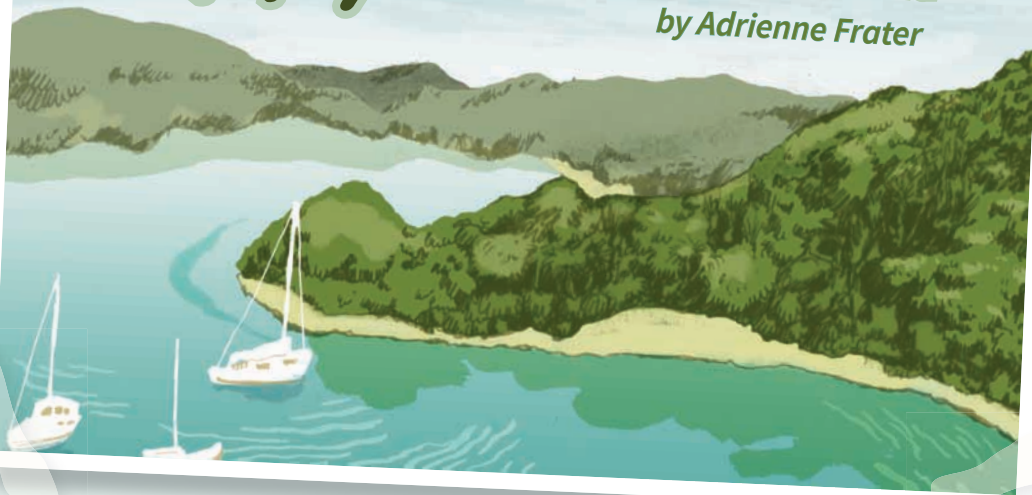


GLOSSARY

- business plan:** a plan that explains the goals of a business and how they’ll be achieved
- live-stream:** to transmit an event over the Internet at the same time as it’s happening
- megahertz:** millions of waves per second
- mixer:** electronic equipment that controls sound

Happy New Year

by Adrienne Frater



“There it is,” says Mum. “There’s Great Barrier.”

Cathy can hardly believe they’re almost there. She looks to where Mum is pointing and sees a thin blue smudge. It hovers in the distance like a mirage. Cathy would like to draw her first view of the island, but the water’s too choppy.

Chris pours a bucket of seawater over his head and shakes the drips from his hair. He’s too distracted by the heat – and the evening’s plans – to bother looking. “What time does the party start?”

Dad yawns a giant yawn. “After nine hours’ sailing, we’ll be lucky to stay awake till midnight.”

“Not me,” says Chris. “There’s no way I’m missing it.”

The wind freshens as they near the island. Cathy watches the shoreline take shape. What was once blue is now green. Bush cloaks the island, which is bordered by grey rock. They seem to be heading for a wall of that rock until it suddenly parts to let them through.

Mum wipes the sweat from her brow. “Radio Uncle Pat,” she says, checking the chart. “Confirm that we’re about to anchor for the night.” A few keelers and launches have already chosen a spot in the middle of the long, sheltered bay – but with the centreboard wound up, they’ll take their trailer yacht closer in.

Mum grins as she and Cathy fold the mainsail. “Feeling happy?” she asks. Mum’s cheeks blaze, and her hair is stiff with salt.

“I thought you said people lived here,” Cathy says. “All I can see is bush.”

“Exactly.” Mum’s smile has become even wider. “Don’t worry. There are houses in Port Fitzroy – and even a few shops.”

At least there’s a nice beach. Cathy can see a crescent of gold sand backed by a swath of green bush.

“I’m going to start collecting some firewood,” says Chris. “Our bonfire is going to be the biggest.”

“Sorry, Chris,” says Dad. “A bonfire’s out of the question. The island’s as dry as a bone.”

“But we *always* have a bonfire on New Year’s Eve.”

Chris is right. They do always have a bonfire. Cathy wants one, too.

“We’ll be careful,” she says. “We’ll build a proper fireplace with stones.”

“No. There’s a total fire ban, and that includes letting off flares,” Dad says.

“The bush could go up in a flash.”

“Whatever,” Chris grumbles. He looks at Cathy. “Do you want to swim to the beach?” He throws off his T-shirt and stands poised to dive from the bow.

“I’ll race you.”

From the beach, they follow a track that leads to a stream. The bush is so dry it’s like walking on cornflakes. Thirsty leaves are coated with a fine layer of dust. They both lie in the cool water and stare up at the trees.

“I’m still rocking,” says Cathy.

“Same.”

“Is that one a kauri?” Cathy asks.



She points to an enormous tree with a mottled trunk that looks like it's been there forever.

“How should I know? Let's go back to the beach.”

Mum's rowed ashore to explore the bay. “Look at the nīkau palms. They're so beautiful,” she says. “But I can't believe how dry it is.”

“I'm going to draw those palm trees,” Cathy says. “I like their spiky leaves.” Mum tosses Cathy a beach towel along with her sketchbook and pencil case.

“Did you bring something to eat?” asks Chris. Mum digs around in her backpack for apples and biscuits, and this makes Chris think about the marshmallows they brought.

“How will we toast our marshmallows without a fire?” he wails.

“You won't,” says Mum. “You'll have to eat *untoasted* marshmallows.”

Cathy takes her things and clammers up a steep, rocky track. She finds a perfect spot overhung with small pōhutukawa and with a view of the beach. The birdsong from bellbirds and tūi is backed by the white noise of cicadas. Fantails flit and squeak, and the bush smells of dust. Beyond the nīkau, Cathy can see more pōhutukawa. Beyond that might be some kauri, but she's still not entirely sure what they look like. She waves down to Mum and opens her sketchbook.



The sun is much lower when Cathy finally stops drawing. She'll finish it tomorrow. Back at the beach, boats are rafted up in twos and threes, many with gas barbecues going. "At least they're observing the fire ban," says Mum.

Their cousins arrive, and the kids start a game of football on the sliver of beach the high tide has left behind. The adults arrange rugs and food. Dad moves crates out of the way, then flops onto a log. "Look at that!" he says, spreading his arms at the view. "Heaven."

They eat late. The sky has clouded over, hiding the moon, and Cathy walks to the water's edge and stands in the shallow waves. Dark sky ... dark sea ... dark land. She shivers. It's spookier being on an island when everything is so black.

Much later, after games of spotlight and a swim in the dark, they gather under the gas lantern that Uncle Pat has hung from a large tree. Someone produces a radio, and they chant along with the scratchy voice. "Five, four, three, two, one ... happy new year!"

There are yells and foghorns and hugs and kisses. Then the traditional circle of hands, and they begin to sing. "Should auld acquaintance be forgot ..."

They stop as a flare blazes from a launch far out in the bay.

"What are they doing!" says Dad. "Idiots!"

A second flare arcs into the trees behind them, trailing orange light.

"It's OK," someone says – but it's definitely not OK. A small glow in the bush appears. It becomes larger and larger. They stand and stare, horrified.

"We need to get off the beach," says Mum. The adults dash about grabbing gear and stumble towards the dinghies. They hear a "Woomf", and an explosion turns night into day.

"Run!" someone screams. Flames roar, and heat singes Cathy's cheeks. The fire is a living thing devouring the bush.

They row towards their yacht, now clearly visible in the surreal, dancing light. Cathy watches the fire race up the peninsula. Sparks glitter the air, the odd one falling into the water. Back at the boat, Mum and Chris clamber up the ladder. Dad passes them gear while Cathy steadies the dinghy. Safely aboard, the four of them stand on the cabin roof. Cathy grabs her father's hand.

"It's OK," Dad says. "There's no danger unless the wind changes."

Ash rains like flakes of grey snow, and the sea mirrors the pyrotechnic sky. Cathy wonders how such a terrible thing can look so beautiful?



Early the next morning, the air smells of soot. Most of the peninsula is black.
“Everything’s gone,” says Cathy.

“At least the fire’s out,” says Chris.

“Not quite,” Dad says as they watch a large inflatable roar into the bay. A fire crew assembles a pump and trains giant hoses on the remaining hot spots. The last few dribbles of smoke become steam.

“I hope the culprits own up,” says Dad.

“Would you?” Chris asks. “Isn’t there a big fine?”

“I wouldn’t ignore a fire ban in the first place,” says Dad.

But Cathy doesn’t really care who did it – or whether they’ll be fined. It won’t change anything. She goes below to fetch her sketchbook and opens it to the drawing from the night before ... to the nīkau and pōhutukawa, to the maybe kauri – although now she’ll never know.

illustrations by Rebecca ter Borg



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The poem on page 22 and the music on page 23 is copyright © Glenn Colquhoun (music arranged by Tracey Ryan). The article on pages 10–15 (“The Remarkable Reti”) is copyright © Ngāti Pāhauwera. All other text is copyright © Crown 2015.

The images on the following pages are copyright © Crown 2015:

2–9 by Dylan Horrocks

10, 12–13 (bottom), 14, and 15 by Kate Standring and Suzi Lewis

11 and 12–13 (top) by Spike Wademan

16–21 by Michel Mulipola

22–24 by Adele Jackson

26–33 and 37 by Fraser Williamson

34–35, 36, 38, 40, 41, and 42 by Adrian Heke

43–48 by Rebecca ter Borg

The image on the following page is used under a Creative Commons licence (CC BY 2.0):
16 (dot texture) by blog.spoongraphics from <http://goo.gl/Bmtznc>

The image on page 25, reference MC.94.1.2.SO, is used with permission from the South Canterbury Museum, Timaru.

The image on page 39 (bottom), reference EP-1321-1/2-G, is used with permission from the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington.

Editor: Susan Paris

Designer: Jodi Wicksteed

Literacy Consultant: Melanie Winthrop

Consulting Editors: Hōne Apanui and Emeli Sione



Go to www.schooljournal.tki.org.nz

for PDFs of all the texts in this issue of the *School Journal* as well as teacher support material (TSM) for the following:

	TSM
Miri & Raru	✓
The Remarkable Reti	✓
Barney Whiterats	✓

