

School Journal

November 2016



TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Lost in the Bush	4
Mossie	4
Getting Closer	4
The Polish Refugee Children	4
Close-up	4

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

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LOST IN THE BUSH


by Serie Barford





Hi, I'm Terri.


And I'm Steve, and this is Rufus. We work for the Department of Conservation.



Welcome to Te Awa reserve.


Just remember the rules for staying safe in the bush.

Rule one: stay together. Rule two: stay on the track. Rule three: listen to your group leader.



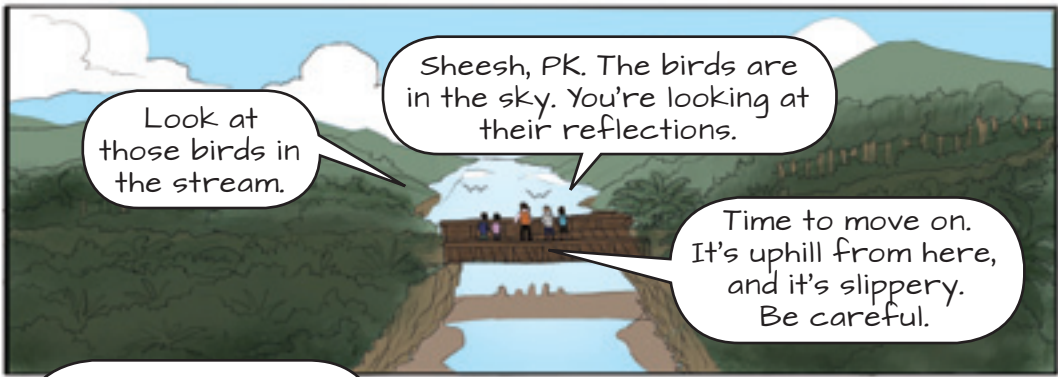
Here are your worksheets.

Look at all the trees and plants we have to find!



I didn't know there were so many kinds of trees in the bush.

I hope we don't get lost.



Look at those birds in the stream.

Sheesh, PK. The birds are in the sky. You're looking at their reflections.

Time to move on. It's uphill from here, and it's slippery. Be careful.



I could run through that bush to find the nearest takeaway, no sweat.

Yeah, right ... how's your worksheet going, Fatu? I've done nikau, rangiora, ponga ...

Oh! I was so busy looking I forgot to draw.



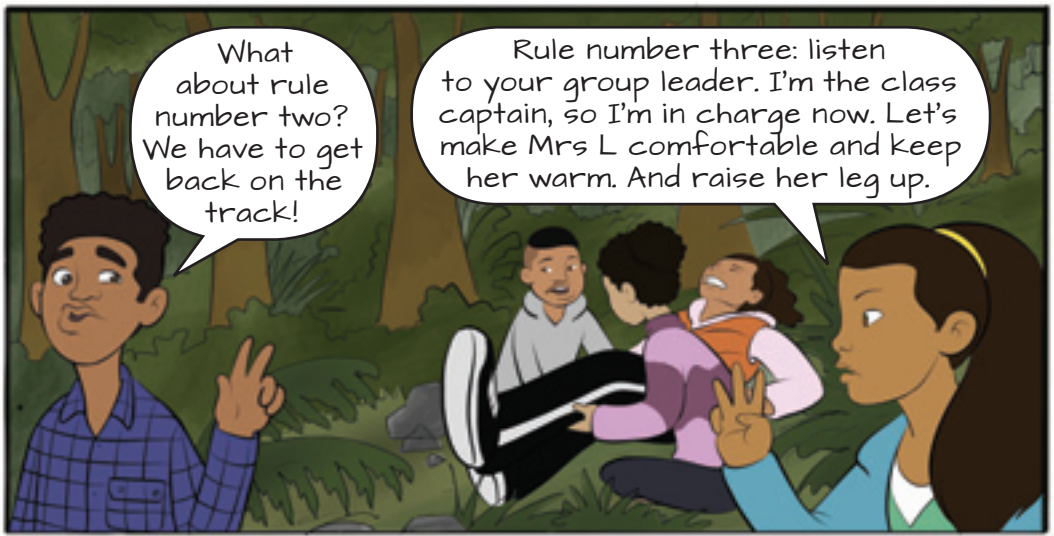
Ewww! My shoes are muddy!

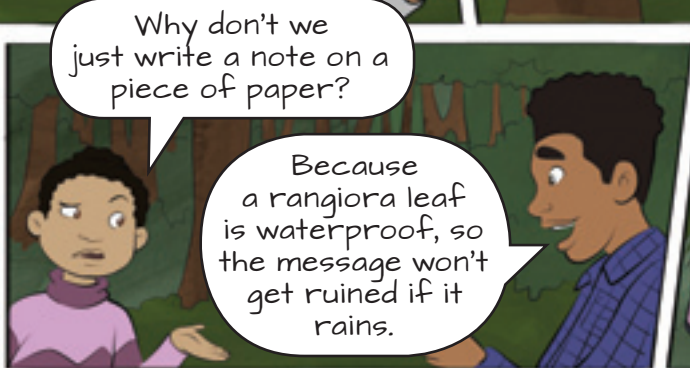


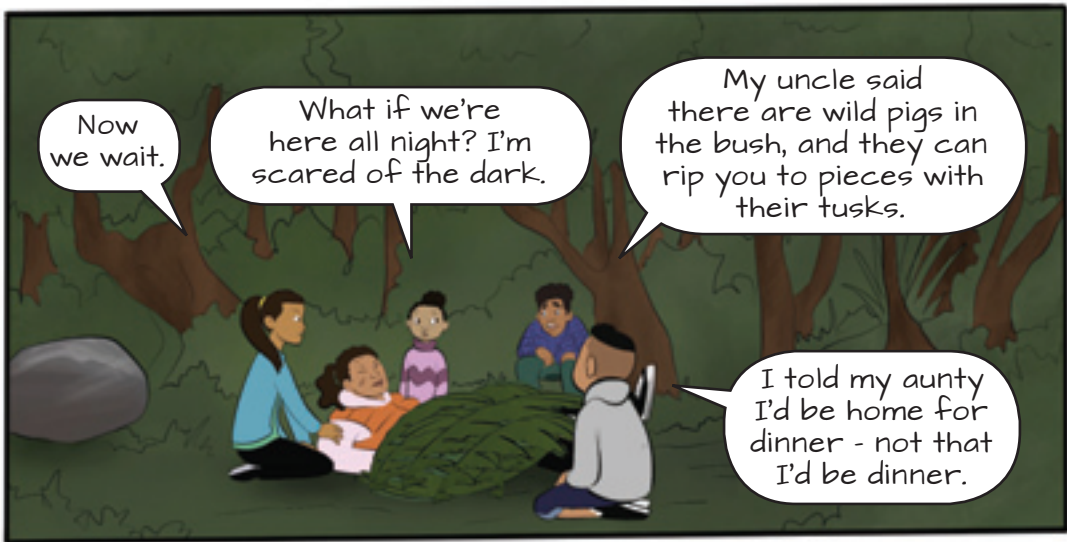
Mrs Lakatani!











Now we wait.

What if we're here all night? I'm scared of the dark.

My uncle said there are wild pigs in the bush, and they can rip you to pieces with their tusks.

I told my aunty I'd be home for dinner - not that I'd be dinner.

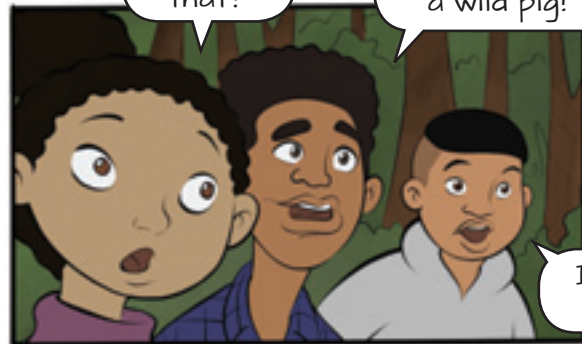


Calm down! If we follow the rules, we'll be OK.



What's that?

Sounds like a wild pig!



It's getting closer!





We found your trail markers and messages on the track, so we knew you were down here.

We realised something had happened when you didn't come back at the right time. It looks like we'll need a stretcher. Steve is calling for help.



You guys did all the right things. Well done!



I'm already planning my speech - it's going to be called "How I saved everyone when we were lost in the bush".



How I saved everyone?



How we all saved each other!

GETTING CLOSER

by Paul Sorrell



Last summer, there were lots of baby birds at Ōrokonui Ecosanctuary. All of them looked cute, but the cutest were the tomtits (kōmiromiro). They were tiny, with big dark eyes and fluffy feathers.

The young birds were very curious. They had just left the nest and wanted to explore the world around them. Unlike their parents, they weren't scared of humans. That was good news for me as a photographer. I knew they would come over to check me out. When they did, I'd be able to get the close-up shots I wanted.

I found a good spot just off one of the tracks, and I went there many times over the summer. As a result, I came away with lots of photos of the beautiful little creatures.

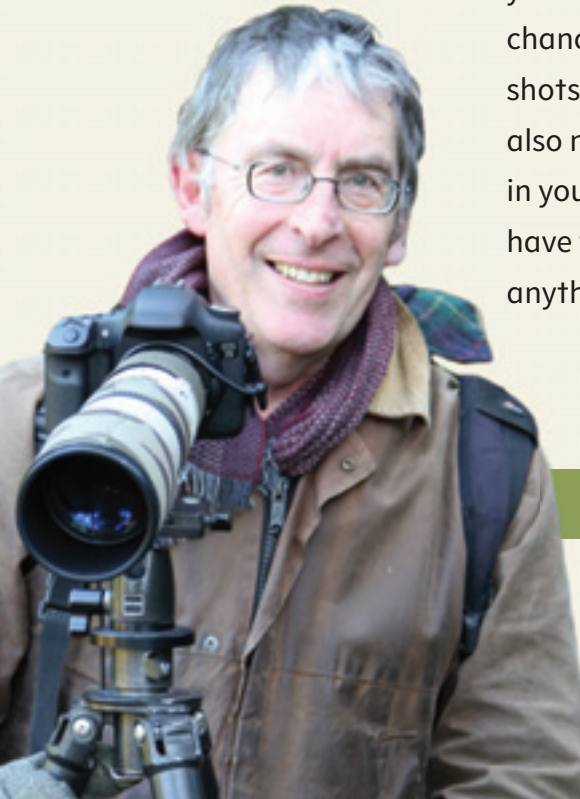


Fieldcraft

There are secrets to getting good photographs of wild birds. You can't just go outside with your camera and hope you'll be lucky. To get good shots, you need some fieldcraft skills – those skills that get you close to birds and animals in the outdoors. First, you have to find out where the birds are and what they are doing. That depends on the time of year. In the autumn, they might be feeding on berries. In the spring, they might be looking for mates.

Once you've found the bird you want to photograph, you've got to go back to the same spot many times. That way, you get to know the bird's habits and behaviour. The more

you know about the bird, the better chance you have of getting good shots of it. Wildlife photographers also need patience. Once you're in your spot with a camera, you may have to wait a very long time before anything interesting happens!



Paul Sorrell

Last summer, I spent a lot of time under one tree – a makomako, or wineberry tree. The tree was growing at the edge of the bush, so the light was good for taking photos. I noticed that the young tomtits would hop around on the same branches. One branch in particular was very popular. The end was broken off, and the tomtits would walk along it until they couldn't go any further. Then they'd look at the broken end as if they were wondering what had happened to their perch. In the few seconds that they were still, I was able to snap their portraits!





Camera

Lens

Tripod

Tricks of the trade

My camera has a long lens. This lets me get closer shots of the birds. I also use a tripod to keep the camera steady.

Wildlife photographers have a few other tricks up their sleeve too. At home, you can put out a feeder filled with nuts or sugar water to attract the birds. In the bush, you need a different approach because you want photos of the birds behaving naturally.



I usually carry a small digital recorder that has bird songs on it. When I play one of these songs, birds often appear. They want to see the bird that's making all the noise! I also have a bird caller made from wood and brass that attracts all kinds of bush birds.

You can make your own bird “squeaker” by rubbing cork or polystyrene on wet glass. An easy way to do this is to fill a small glass bottle with water and put a cork in it. Take it with you when you go into the bush or to a local park.



Digital recorder



Bird caller



Tomtits

Tomtits are found in forest and scrub all over New Zealand. The most common are North Island tomtits (miromiro) and South Island tomtits (ngirungiru). Some other kinds can be found on a few offshore islands.

The male and female birds are different colours. Male miromiro are black and white, while male ngirungiru have beautiful yellow and orange chests. Females of both types are mainly brown and white, but female ngirungiru can have some light yellow colouring.

Tomtits feed mainly on insects. They sit on low branches, watching the ground for prey. Often they fly around a circuit in the bush, returning to the same spot every fifteen minutes or so. If you know where a hunting tomtit is going to land, you can be waiting there with your camera!

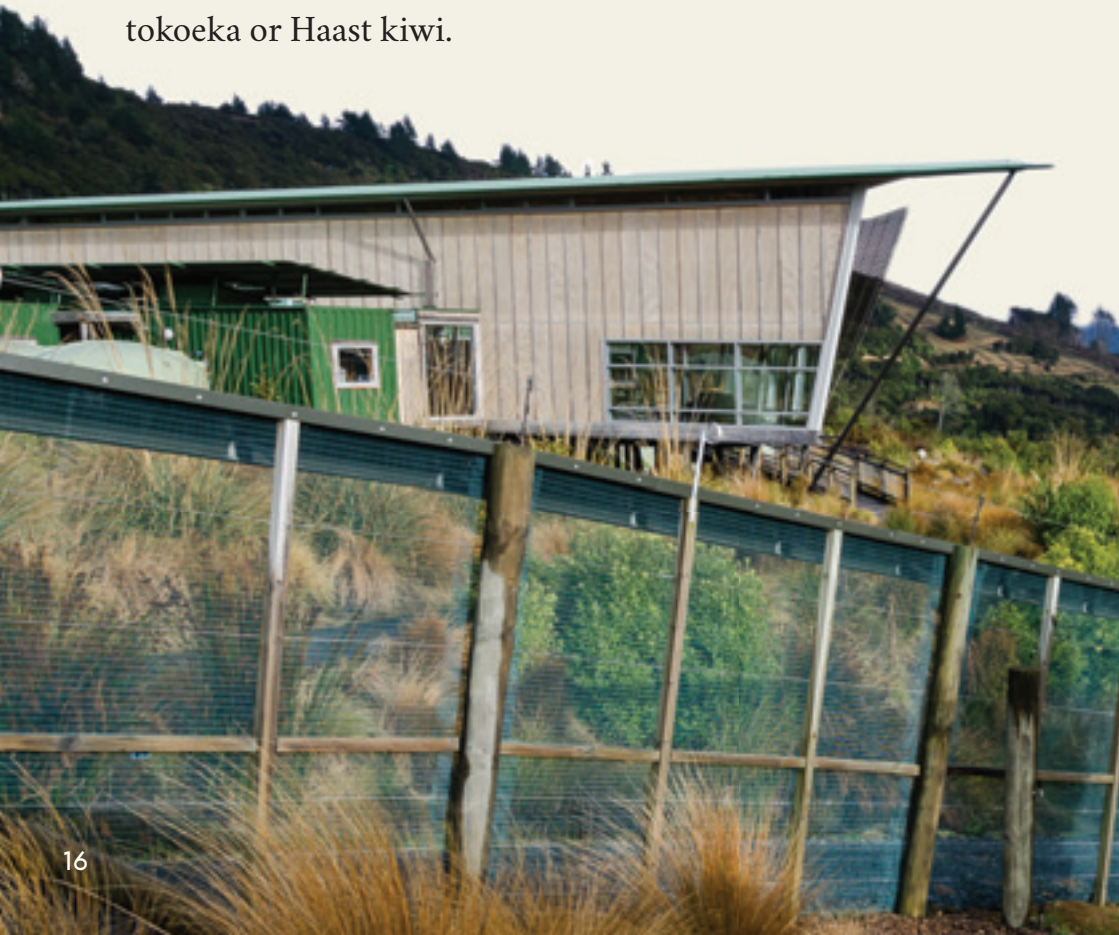


A male ngirungiru

Ōrokonui Ecosanctuary

Ōrokonui Ecosanctuary near Dunedin is a place where native birds and animals can live free from attack by rats, cats, stoats, and other predators. The **sanctuary** includes a river valley and 307 hectares of forest.

It's a good place to see bush and scrubland birds such as brown creepers (pīpipī), robins (toutouwai), and fernbirds (mātātā). You can also see a few **species** that mostly survive on a few islands or in **remote** areas on the mainland. These include kākā – New Zealand's forest parrot – and the tokoeka or Haast kiwi.



The sanctuary is also home to three special reptiles – the tuatara, the Otago skink (mokomoko), and the mottled green jewelled gecko (moko kākāriki).

Ōrokonui Ecosanctuary has a special fence that keeps the predators out. Because of the danger from predators, the people who work at the sanctuary spend a lot of time checking the fence line. They also set hundreds of traps. This helps to keep the birds and animals on the inside safe so that their numbers can grow. Perhaps one day we'll be able to see these endangered species living throughout Aotearoa again.

Glossary

remote: out of the way; hard to get to

sanctuary: a place where something or someone can be safe

species: a group of animals or plants of the same kind





Close-up

Bird on a branch.

Tomtit on a broken twig.

Male ngirungiru in a makomako tree,
perched at the end of a broken, dead branch, grey
bark peeling away a little beneath spidery, striped orange
feet, dainty thin black legs, sulphur-yellow breast puffed out
against the chill, black head and black wings with a flash of white,
short sharp beak, with its puff of white above, fine whiskers either side,
a speck of dust stuck in them, and there, shining, your warm,
dark chocolate eye –

Now I see you.


Tim Upperton

The Polish Refugee Children

– Adelphi Zawada talks to Ali MacKisack –

PART 1

When my *babcia* (*bub-cha*) – my grandmother – was only seven years old, her mother put her on a train with her brother and sister. The train pulled out of the station. *Babcia* didn't see her parents again for seventeen years.



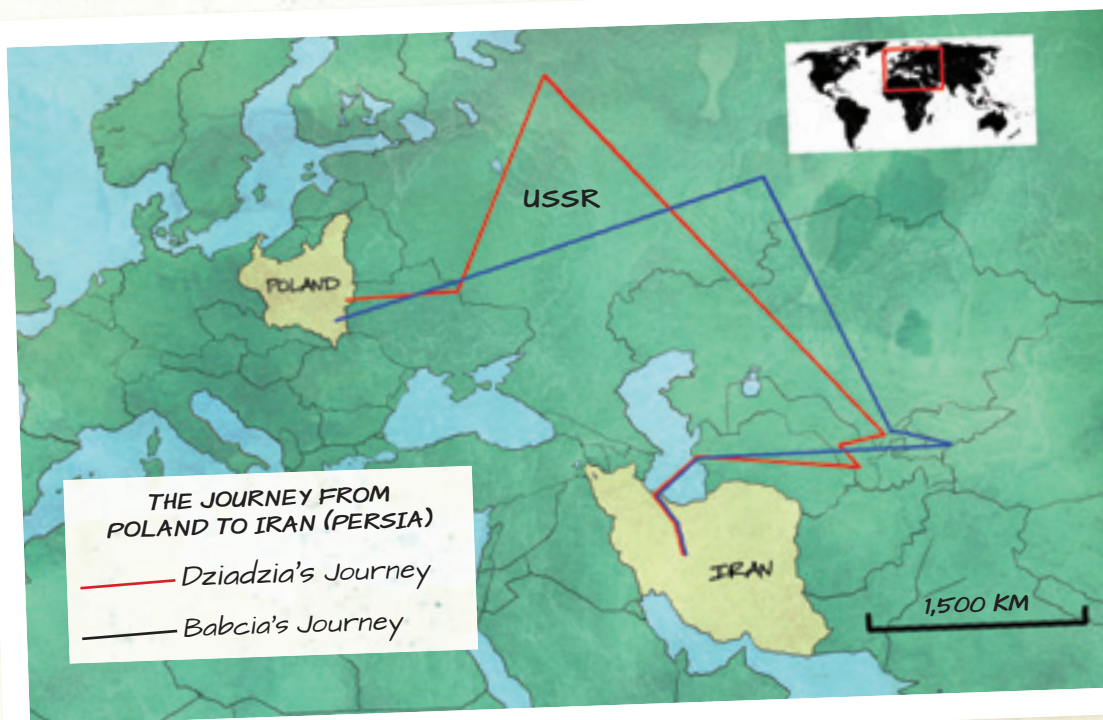
This happened during the Second World War. The **USSR** had **invaded** eastern Poland. The invading soldiers made *Babcia's* family leave their home. They were sent to one of the many work camps in the USSR, along with over a million other Polish people and their children. Hunger, sickness, and overwork killed thousands of them.

Going South to Iran

Babcia's family managed to stay alive and keep together. When the Polish people were allowed to leave the camps, they travelled south to get away from the freezing cold. The journey was difficult and took a very long time.

In the south, the family felt safer, but they had nowhere to live. It was also very hard to find work, and they never had enough food. Many children were travelling on to **orphanages** in Iran (then called Persia). Babcia's parents decided to send Babcia and her brother and sister there as well so they wouldn't die from hunger. That was why Babcia's mother put the three children on the train.

My dziadzia (*jah-jah*) – my grandfather – also travelled to an orphanage in Iran. His story is different from Babcia's story because both his parents died in the USSR and his youngest brother died in Iran.





Polish refugee children arriving in Wellington

The Journey to New Zealand

Babcia and Dziadzia lived in Iran for over two years. They started learning to read and write. Sometimes the children were taken swimming, but Babcia was not allowed to go because she was often sick with malaria.

Several countries said they would take some of the Polish children from the orphanages. New Zealand was one of them. Babcia and Dziadzia came here on a ship with over seven hundred other Polish children. Babcia was ten and Dziadzia was eleven. Those children were New Zealand's first **official** group of **refugees**.



Polish refugee children being welcomed by the New Zealand Prime Minister

The Camp in Pahiatura

The Polish children and their caregivers went to live in the Polish Children's Camp in Pahiatura. For the first time in their lives, Babcia and Dziadzia went to school every day. Their teachers were also refugees from the camp. All their lessons were in the Polish language because everyone believed that, after the war, they would go back home to Poland.

However, when the war ended, the soldiers from the USSR did not leave Poland. The country was not free, so the children and the adults who were looking after them were invited to stay in New Zealand.

■ *Babcia and Dziadzia* ■
at the Pahiatura camp



After the War

Babcia and Dziadzia spent three years in the camp. Then they left to go to high school. At first, they felt different. They spoke very little English, so sometimes they found it hard to understand their teachers. However, most New Zealanders were kind and supportive, and my grandparents settled in very well in this country. In 1963, Babcia and Dziadzia were married.

After the war, Babcia's parents returned to Poland and started searching for their children through the Red Cross. When they discovered that Babcia and her brother and sister were in New Zealand, they wanted to come here, too. After a lot of difficulty, they were able to join their children in 1959. In 1967, they became New Zealand citizens.

*Babcia with her
parents in
New Zealand* —



*Me looking at
a photo album
with Babcia* —

PART 2

Passing On the Polish Ways

Babcia and Dziadzia, my dad's parents, have lived here now for more than fifty years. In lots of ways, my family is just like any other Kiwi family. However, like many people who come to live here, Babcia and Dziadzia still do some things the way they did in their home country. They have passed some of these **traditions** on to their children and grandchildren.

*Dziadzia, Dad,
and me
looking at an
old family
prayer book* ■



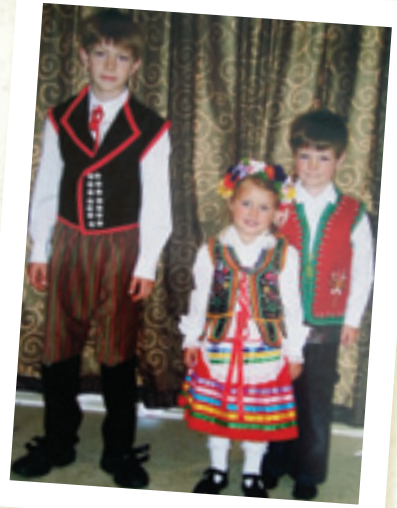
Painted Polish Easter eggs ■

A lot of the Polish things we do are part of special celebrations. For example, on Christmas Eve, we sing Polish carols and have Polish Christmas food. At Easter, we paint real eggs and make Easter baskets, and on Easter Monday, we have a huge water fight. It's an old Polish tradition that goes back hundreds of years. We also sing and dance at festivals and on special occasions. My grandparents speak to each other in Polish. My brothers and I can speak and understand a bit, too.



■ Mazurek,
a traditional
Polish Easter
cake

My brothers
and me in traditional
Polish costumes ■



Part Kiwi, Part Polish

When they are young, a lot of children from Polish families go to Polish clubs or Saturday “schools”, where they learn Polish words, songs, and games. But we also learn a lot just by being with the family and listening and joining in. My mum is a third-generation Kiwi, but she can speak Polish and she

knows a lot about Polish **culture**. She says that being part of the Polish community is like having a window you can look through to get a wider view of the world.

I love having a part of me that’s Polish.

My teachers never seem to get my last name exactly right, but I like it that my name is unusual.

My friends also think it’s pretty cool that I know Polish songs and dances and some Polish language. I do all the ordinary things that my friends do, but I get to do those other Polish things as well. I hope I can pass some of my Polish life on to my own children one day (like “Sto lat!” – the special song you sing on someone’s birthday).



Different, but the Same

Babcia says that one happy memory from her childhood is from when she was about four years old. She was sitting under a tall Christmas tree. She remembers looking up and seeing candles, colourful decorations, and walnuts wrapped in silver paper.

Maybe that's why she has a huge walnut tree in her garden. My brothers, my cousins, and I all love climbing that tree. Every year, we help Babcia and Dziadzia collect walnuts for our family and friends to share.

My grandparents are different from other grandparents because of the way they came to New Zealand and because of the Polish way they still do some things. But they are also just like grandparents everywhere. They love welcoming their family and friends into their home, and there are always cakes and biscuits to share – and walnuts if you're lucky!



↓ *My family visiting Babcia and Dziadzia*

Glossary

culture: the customs, beliefs, and traditions of a particular people

invaded: sent soldiers into another country to take control of it

official: approved by the government or by someone who has the power to make decisions

orphanages: places that care for children who don't have parents to look after them

refugees: people who can't safely return to their own countries

traditions: things that have been done for a long time

USSR: The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (also known as the Soviet Union), a country that existed between 1922 and 1991.

It was made up of several smaller states that are now independent countries. The government of the USSR was in Russia.



*Babcia and Dziadzia's
walnut tree* ■



Mossie

by Tira Johnson



Riki didn't want lunch. His puku was feeling weird – all tight and jumpy. It had jumped all the way to school as he walked behind his cousin Tu. It had jumped when he stood in front of his new teacher, and it had jumped when he sat down in his new class.

Riki chewed the corner of a sandwich and put it back in his lunchbox. Luckily, Tu was hungry. He gulped all of his lunch and then ate Riki's too.

“Come on, cuz,” said Tu, standing up and brushing off the crumbs. “It's lunchtime – rugby!”

They dumped their lunchboxes, and Riki followed Tu onto the field. A big group of kids were throwing a ball around. There were boys and girls. There were a lot of big kids and a few small ones. Riki watched them run, step, and pass. They yelled when someone was touched and groaned when someone tried to be tricky and got tagged anyway.

A few boys stopped in front of Tu and Riki.

“Guys, this is my cuddie Riki. He’s staying at my place. He just started school today.”

Tu pointed to each boy and said their names quickly. The first name was “Tama”. That was clear. Riki had no problem with Māori names. But the others sounded like “Silly” and “Woolly”. Riki knew that couldn’t be right.

The problem was he was having trouble understanding what people were saying. It seemed like everyone talked too fast and with their mouths only half-open. Anyway, even if he could understand, he’d never remember everyone’s names. There were too many of them. The faces and names were starting to blur together.



“Where are you from?” asked Tama.

Riki swallowed. “Brisbane.”

Tama looked puzzled. “Breeze Bin? Where’s that? The South Island?”

Tu laughed. “It’s in Aussie. Riki’s a Mossie.”

“A Mossie?” said Sili, grinning. “He doesn’t look like a bug.”

The boys snorted and laughed and slapped their legs. Riki laughed, too, but Tu shook his head.

“Don’t be a spoon. He’s a Māori from Aussie. Get it? A Māori from Aussie ... a Mossie!”

The other boys said, “Ahhh,” but Tama looked confused. “That can’t be right,” he said. “Māori don’t come from Aussie. We’re from here.”

“Nah,” said Riki, shaking his head. “My whānau are from *here*, but we were living over *there*. There were heaps of us. Even my koro and nanny live in Australia.”

“OK, sweet as,” said Willie. “But can you play rugby? My dad says Aussies can’t play rugby.”

Tu blew in his face. “Whatever. I told you he’s a Mossie, and he’s my cousin.”

“Yeah, and there are Mossies in all the Australian teams,” said Riki. “Rugby and league!”

“That’s true – and heaps of PIs too,” said Sili.

“OK,” said Tama, shrugging. “But you have to kōrero Māori to play in our team. We do everything in Māori. If I call ‘mauī’, then you’ve got to know ...”

“To the left!” interrupted Riki with a grin.

Tama looked surprised. “Um ... te taha matau?”

“To the right!” said Riki.

Tama narrowed his eyes, took a deep breath, and said very quickly, “E oma?”

“Run!”

“Whiua?”

“Throw it!”

“Hopukina?”

“Catch it!”

“Whanaia?”

“Kick it!”

“Tukuna mai?”

“Pass it to me!”

“Tukuna atu?”

“Pass it out!”

“Rutua?”

“Tackle!”

“Whāia te pōro?”

“Chase the ball!”

“Kia kaha?”

“Go hard!”



Tama stopped, eyes wide and mouth half-open. The other boys laughed.

“E koe!” said Riki. “I might be a Mossie, but I went to kōhanga reo and kapa haka. My whānau had an awesome kī-o-rahi team too.”

“Kī-o-rahi?” said Willie. “I’ve heard about that, but no one at our school knows how to play it.”

“I can show you,” said Riki. “It’s easy, and it’s all in te reo Māori, too.”

“Kia tere!” said Tu. “Stop mucking around. The bell will go, and we’ll still be talking.”

The boys whooped and ran onto the field. Riki’s puku wasn’t feeling weird any more – just a little hungry. He sprinted to catch up with Tu.

“Maybe I shouldn’t tell them ...” whispered Riki.

“Tell them what?” asked Tu.

“I like playing rugby,” smiled Riki, “but Aussie Rules is better!”



illustrations by Scott Pearson



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

	TSM	Audio
Lost in the Bush	✓	
Mossie		✓
Getting Closer	✓	
The Polish Refugee Children	✓	✓



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TE TĀHUHU O TE MĀTAURANGA

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