

SCHOOL JOURNAL NOVEMBER 2016

TITLE	READING YEAR LEVEL
Puawai Cairns: Te Papa Detective	6
A Sweet Business	5
Turbulence	5
Cancel the Invasion	6
Lost Treasure	5
Atutahi's Unicorn	6
Not Your Normal Tent	6

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LEVEL 3
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PUAWAI CAIRNS

TE PAPA DETECTIVE

BY WHITI HEREAKA

Puawai Cairns loves history. That’s why she became a curator at Te Papa Tongarewa. Puawai (Ngāti Pūkenga, Ngāti Ranginui, and Ngāiterangi) is especially interested in social history, which she says is just stories about people. As a curator, it’s Puawai’s job to tell these stories. Each one always begins with a **taonga**.

Te Papa has thousands and thousands of taonga. Some have been well researched and a lot is known about them. Others are more of a mystery – and this is when being a curator becomes a bit like being a detective. “When very little is known about a taonga,” Puawai says, “you have to ask a lot of questions to get the full story.”

“... YOU HAVE TO ASK **A LOT** OF QUESTIONS TO GET THE **FULL STORY.**”

MĀTAURANGA MĀORI

Puawai is part of the team that works with Te Papa's Mātauranga Māori collection. As the contemporary curator, she looks after taonga that date from when Captain Cook first visited Aotearoa right up to the present day. "It was a time of huge change for Māori, which is one of the reasons the taonga in our collection are so varied," Puawai says. "We have kete and **kākahu** and medals. The collection even contains T-shirts!"

All up, there are around 35,000 objects in the Mātauranga Māori collection. Puawai says that ideally, a good curator should know something about each one of them – obviously an enormous job. "I could spend my whole life learning about our taonga Māori," she says. "Even then, it would be impossible to cover everything."

"I COULD SPEND MY
WHOLE LIFE
LEARNING ABOUT OUR
TAONGA
MĀORI."



THE CROSS-TREE

Because of its size, the Mātauranga Māori collection can't be on display all at once. Taonga in storage are kept in a special room that has a carefully controlled temperature. Small pieces can be found in drawers or on shelves. Very large pieces are attached to metal grills. This includes one of Puawai's favourite taonga: a long carved pole, as thick as a lamp post in the middle, with carved **manaia** at each end. Traditional **kōkōwai** has been used to paint the pole red. In some places, this paint is still as red as a tomato.

So what exactly is this pole? A ship's mast perhaps? Some kind of crane? "These are both common guesses," Puawai says, "but the pole is actually a cross-tree from a niu, which is a kind of flagpole. At one time, these niu were scattered all over the central North Island. The flags they flew made a very strong statement!"

Niu were linked to a Māori religious movement called Pai Mārire, which began in Taranaki during the New Zealand Wars. Puawai says that Taranaki Māori fought hard for their land and

independence. "Many Māori joined this new religion as a way of protesting, and so the government treated them as dangerous rebels. When soldiers stormed pā where Pai Mārire lived, their first job was to cut down the niu. Rejecting the Pākehā flag and flying your own was a big deal back then."

Puawai knows exactly how she would display the cross-tree in an exhibition. "I would make sure it was attached to a modern niu – and definitely flying a flag! That way people could see what Pai Mārire were saying and how challenging it was."

“WHEN SOLDIERS
STORMED PĀ
WHERE PAI MĀRIRE
LIVED, THEIR FIRST
JOB WAS TO
CUT DOWN
THE NIU.”

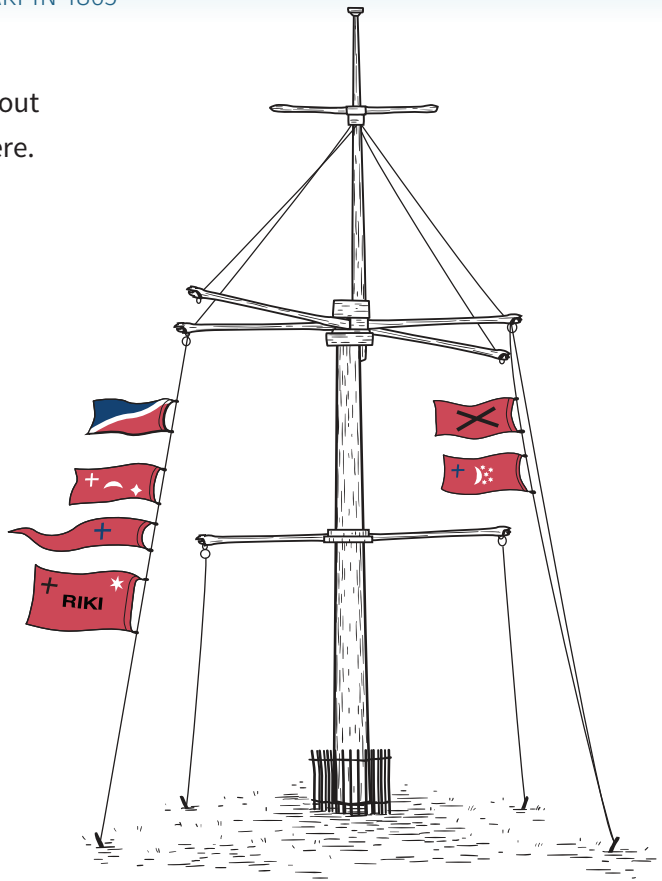




A PAI MĀRIRE CEREMONY IN TARANAKI IN 1865

Puawai would really like to find out who carved the cross-tree and where. She knows it was bought by a collector from a place called Fort Galatea, near Murupara, in the Bay of Plenty. Soldiers in the area probably seized the cross-tree from a captured pā. To find a family connection to the carver, Puawai says she would begin her hunt in Murupara and Whakatāne.

“Imagine if the carver’s whānau could see the cross-tree and know who made it,” she says. “How great would that be?”



THE SKULL TIKI

In the same storage room, tucked away in a metal drawer, is a small carved object. It's about the size of Puawai's hand and very light. Puawai points out how beautifully the taonga has been carved, with **piko-o-rauru** and **rauru** patterns. There's also an old cardboard label. On one side, it reads "21. N.Z.156, Skull tiki"; on the other, there's a crown stamp and the initials "GR".

"When I first looked at this tiki," Puawai remembers, "I knew it couldn't be made from an actual human skull. Te Papa does have taonga made from human bones, but they are kept in their own special room. This tiki is also too glossy to be bone."

Puawai photographed and weighed the skull tiki. Then she examined it very carefully, noting anything that could be a clue. On the underside, she discovered cross-hatched markings. She'd seen something like these before. "When a person makes a plaster copy of a taonga, they use mesh," Puawai says. "Mesh leaves this kind of pattern."

This was proof that the skull tiki was not an original. But who had made the copy and when and why? The answer to "when" came from the label. It didn't record an actual date, but Puawai knew



that the crown stamp and initials stood for "George Rex" – or King George V, who was the king of Great Britain from 1910 to 1936. "So I knew the skull tiki was most likely made during this time," she says.

The next clue came from a book written by an anthropologist called James Edge-Partington. "He was very busy in the late 1800s, researching and drawing Pasifika and Māori taonga," Puawai explains. In this book, she discovered a sketch that matched Te Papa's skull tiki. A caption said that the original was held in the British Museum. Useful information – but this still didn't explain how the copy had come to New Zealand.



Then came more sleuthing and the final clue: a letter from the director of the Dominion Museum in Wellington to James Edge-Partington. It was written in 1909. “The museum director was very admiring of the taonga in Edge-Partington’s book,” says Puawai. “He wanted a copy and said he was going to request one from the British Museum.”

Eventually the museum director from Wellington was rewarded with a plaster replica. “The tiki was a gift from one museum to another,” Puawai says, “and I really love that. I don’t think the same thing would happen these days. In fact, I’m very sure it wouldn’t!”

“I KNEW IT
COULDN’T
BE MADE FROM
AN ACTUAL
HUMAN
SKULL.”

THE MICROPHONE

Another part of Puawai's job is to collect today's taonga for the future. This involves a bit of guesswork. "A hundred years from now, if a curator was making an exhibition about twenty-first century Māori, what would be in it?" she asks.

It's a great question, and Puawai enjoys answering it. Recently, at her suggestion, Te Papa acquired a microphone used by the reporters on Māori television. The station began broadcasting in 2004 to promote Māori language and culture and now attracts over a million viewers each month.

"Māori television has been a really important development in Aotearoa," Puawai says. "For me, the microphone is like a **tokotoko**. It shows that the reporter has authority. It's also a symbol of the freedom of the press – a promise to bring news to the people who sit watching at home."

Puawai admires the microphone collar's white-and-orange colour scheme – its mix of the old and the new. "These are not traditional Māori colours, but the koru is definitely ours."

To help future curators understand the microphone's history, Puawai will gather as much information about it as she can. "Perhaps one day it will be displayed in an exhibition about our times. Why not?"

"A **HUNDRED** YEARS FROM NOW, IF A CURATOR WAS MAKING AN EXHIBITION ABOUT **TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY MĀORI**, WHAT WOULD BE IN IT?"





GLOSSARY

kākahu: a cloak

kōkōwai: paint made from ochre and animal fat

manaia: a stylised figure

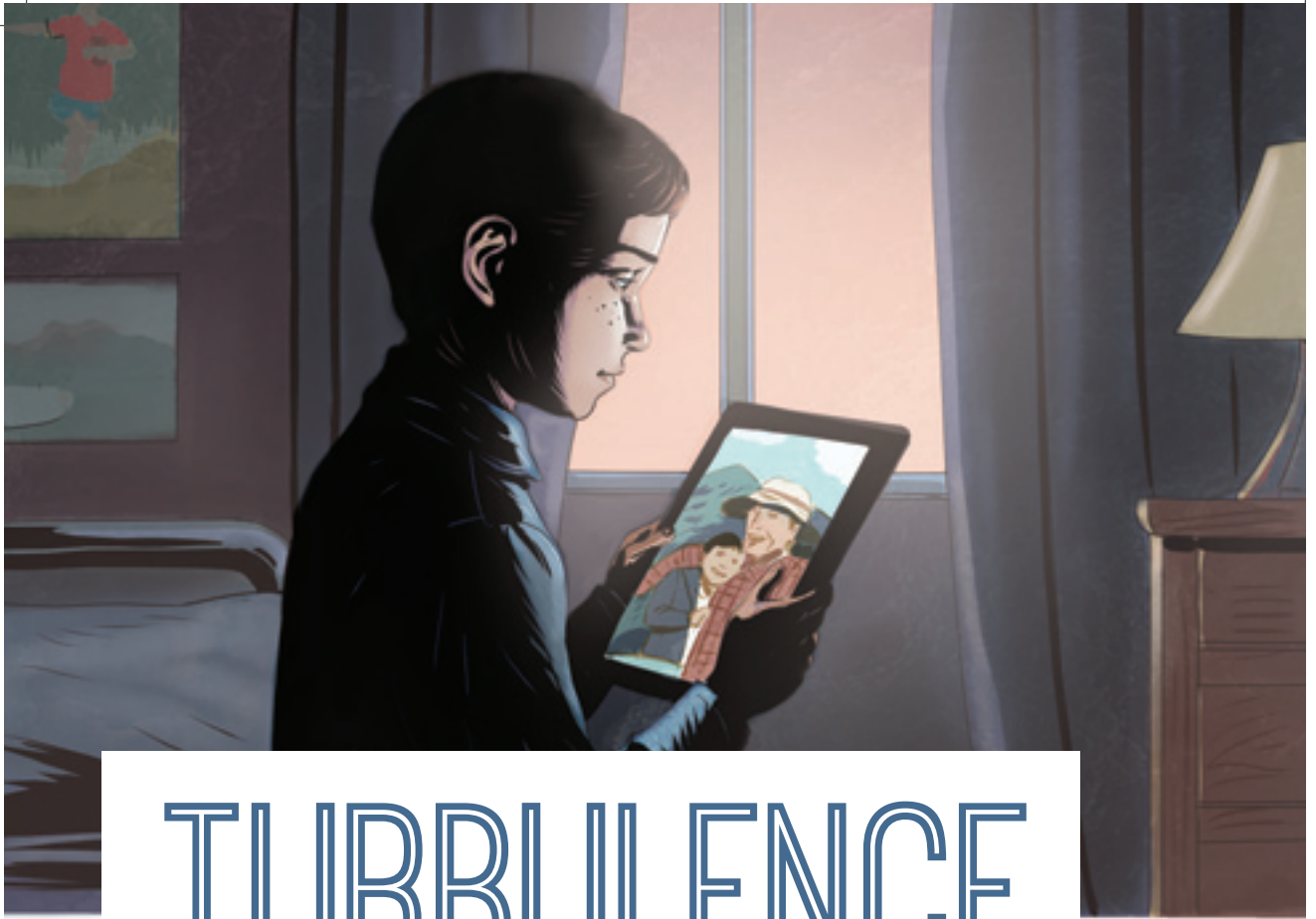
piko-o-rauru: plain spirals

rauru: notched spirals

taonga: a treasured object

tokotoko: a ceremonial walking stick (and a symbol of authority on the marae)





TURBULENCE

by Paul Mason

That week, an email from Cooper's dad arrived out of nowhere. It had two attachments: a photo and a plane ticket to Australia.

Cooper's mum wasn't so keen. "Unaccompanied minor," she said, reading the form from the airline. "I don't like the sound of that!"

"It'll be fine," Cooper said. He wanted his mum to feel OK about things.

The night before the flight, Cooper tried to remember what it felt like, being with his dad. While Mum packed, he studied the photo that had come with the email. It was an old one, taken the first time they went on an overnight tramp. Dad was wearing a silly bush hat. He had a big smile, with soft creases around his eyes. "Laugh lines" Mum called them. Cooper wondered if his dad still had them.

At the airport, Mum bought a hot chocolate and a muffin as a treat. "There's still a bit of time before we check you in," she said, holding Cooper's hand a little tighter than usual. They wandered over to the bookshop and looked at children's books before Mum found the one she wanted. "This was my favourite when I was young," she explained.

Mum paid for the book and handed it to Cooper. "For the plane. You'll call as soon as you get there, right?"

"Right," said Cooper, giving his mum a hug.



The first jolt hit the plane during lunch. The orange juice in Cooper's plastic cup sloshed back and forth like a wave. Another judder, more violent than the first, made the plane lurch sideways. Cooper pulled off his headphones and grabbed hold of the armrests. The flight attendants stopped serving and steadied their trolleys. Row after row of seats shook. The lockers overhead creaked. Then came the soft, almost cheerful ding of the bell, and the seatbelt light came on. All over the cabin, safety belts clicked. Was flying always like this?

The man beside Cooper leaned over. "Turbulence," he said. "If they start packing those trolleys away, you know it's bad."

Cooper stared at the flight attendants, willing them to carry on serving, willing the awful juddering to come to an end. His palms felt damp.

"Cabin crew to your stations," said the captain over the intercom.

"There go the trolleys," said the man. He chuckled grimly.

Cooper watched with alarm as the attendants bustled past. Now the plane shook even more. Outside the small window, the wings bounced. Cooper scrunched his eyes shut. Why did he ever agree to visit Dad?

✧ ✧ ✧



Cooper's mum never bad-mouthed his father. She just didn't talk about him that much. But Cooper knew how she felt. There used to be a photo of his parents stuck to the fridge with four little magnets. It had been taken at some party. Dad was doing the bunny ears behind Mum's head. She was laughing. Then one day, the photo was gone.

The plane gave another, much bigger lurch. There was nervous laughter. Cooper stared at his shoes - then he remembered the book Mum had given him. It was in the pocket of the seat in front of him. He let go of the armrests and reached for it.

The book's shiny yellow cover was smooth and perfect, the pages unturned. It was so much better than a movie. Cooper breathed deeply and opened at the first chapter. The words rushed at him. It was a story about a boy visiting his cousin on her farm for the summer. There was a strange, old prospector; a secret tunnel; a yellow gas that took them to another world. Cooper lost himself, ignoring the lurching and the juddering. Then gradually, everything calmed down. A bit later, the seatbelt sign switched off.

✈ ✈ ✈



At the airport, Dad was there to pick him up, just like he'd said. He looked older than in the photograph – and thinner. They hugged a little stiffly, then Dad signed the forms and thanked the woman from the airline. Cooper called Mum to tell her he'd arrived.

"Let's get a look at you," said Dad when they were waiting for Cooper's bag. "You've grown heaps and heaps," he grinned. The smile slowly slipped from his face. "It's been way too long."

"That's OK," said Cooper.

"No, it's not," said Dad. "It's really not."

Cooper didn't know what to say. They found his bag and went to wait for the bus.

"That was your first time on a plane, right?" Dad said after a while.

"It was real rough. The seatbelt light was on for ages. I was scared, so I read my book."

"Can I take a look?" Dad asked. He smiled when he saw the title. "You're kidding. This was one of my favourites!"

"Really?" said Cooper.

"True story," said Dad.

"It made me forget the shaking."

"You get that," said Dad. "Some flights are worse than others."

"I guess," said Cooper. He wouldn't know.

Dad went quiet again. "I wasn't all that good to be around for a while, Coop," he said finally. "But things can change." His father wiped the back of his hand across his eyes. Then the bus came.

"Does your apartment have a pool?" Cooper asked as the bus pulled away. "I'm getting good at swimming. Mum takes me to the pool all the time."

Dad laughed. "Yep. It's as big as a lake."

"That sounds cool," said Cooper.

"Your mum always did like the water," said Dad with a smile.

illustrations by Andrew Burdan





Not Your Normal Tent

The Oras is not your normal tent.
The Oras is unique ...
designed for a life of adventure
as well as heaps of internal pockets.

We've written instructions for you.
We know you know what you're doing,
but please follow them anyway.
Failure to do so may spoil a good night's sleep.

Lay out the ground sheet – a loaded pack
can help it stay put. Assemble the poles
by shaking them. It's the second fastest way.
The fastest way is to stand on them.

Insert one orange pole into its eyelet.
Carefully flex the pole. Repeat.
Carefully thread both grey poles over each other.
Clip together all quick-release buckles.

Position the tent. This is particularly important.
Bird droppings and falling branches can damage you!
Note that this tent has a front and back.
The front can be identified by the label marked "FRONT".

Make sure a storm isn't lurking on the horizon.
If your tent does become damaged, keep going.
Wedge it with a twig. Clear snow from the roof.
Dental floss makes excellent emergency thread.

Cook outside, even if the weather's rubbish.
Trust the Oras!
You're in the wilderness for adventure!

James Brown



CANCEL THE INVASION

by David Larsen

“Glorious leader,” Ash wrote on his padlet. Was that the right way to start? Maybe “Esteemed leader”? “God-like leader”? That might be going too far, but it was so important to get the leader’s attention. A cricket ball bounced off his head. He blinked and looked up.



“I’m so sorry, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry, are you OK?” It was a young human. She was nine or ten, he thought. It was hard to be sure. She was running towards him. She was holding a bat!

Human books had taught Ash that a bat was a flying mammal. Some bats could turn into blood-drinking humans. Blood-drinking humans were called vampires. A bat was also a weapon used for striking round red projectiles called balls. A ball was also a kind of dance. You could not hit a dance with a bat, even when a bat was a weapon and not a flying mammal. So why call dances balls? Human languages were as strange as humans.

“I wasn’t looking, Dad always says I have to look, I just hit the ball as hard as I could, are you OK?” The young human was looking at him with wide eyes. Could this young human be a vampire? She had a bat. Perhaps she was a vampire! It was entirely possible.

Ash attempted a reassuring smile. He was not sure he had mastered smiles. The young human yelped and leapt backwards and fell over.



Probably his smile had been a little off. But really, she had no cause for concern. Ash's skull was made of titanium, and in any case, his brain was under his rib cage, next to his heart. A much more sensible place than in his head. So the cricket ball could not have hurt him, and the girl had no need to feel bad. He could not tell her this. It was kind of her to worry. (But what if she was a vampire? This could all be a plan to get close to him so she could suck his blood. Not that he had any blood. But still. It was alarming.)

"Your teeth!" said the girl, getting up. Ash had forgotten about the teeth. Human ones were not quite as pointy or as blue as his. "I'm sorry, that was rude," she went on. "I didn't mean to jump. Are you OK?"

He was going to have to talk to her. He was very bad at this part. Probably the invasion committee should have sent a different advance scout. "I," Ash said. He took a long breath. "Am," he added. Almost there, almost there ... "Fine!" he finished. A sentence! He had managed a full sentence! Except a fine was a thing you had to pay when you broke the law. Human language was so difficult. He had better smile again to show her he was friendly and not a law breaker. No! He remembered his teeth just in time. The young human was looking puzzled. Perhaps he should smile after all?

Now two more humans were running over, wearing worried looks. They were both small, so they were both dangerous, and one of them had another bat. Even worse, the other was holding a book! If they were vampires, he could be in real trouble. Or they could be superheroes. Or wizards! So many terrifying possibilities. Perhaps stopping at the park to write his message had been an error. But it would have taken so long to get back to the ship, where he could write in private. The invasion fleet was to be launched in three hours. They had to be warned!





Ash rose to his feet, folding the padlet in two and slipping it into his sleeve-pouch. His scout garments had been carefully designed to cover his double set of knees, but he hoped none of the young humans noticed his legs were bendier than theirs. “Must,” he said, “go.” He bowed, pressing his palms together as humans did. Some humans. Possibly not most humans in this country. It was hard to keep all their countries straight. “Most.” He straightened up. “Kind.” He stopped himself from smiling again. “Of.” This was the longest exchange he’d ever had with a human. It was exhausting. “You.”

All three of them were staring with open mouths. This could be so their vampire fangs were able to thrust out of their gums. They were about to attack!

No. He must not panic. He wheeled round and strode off.

“Are you *sure* you’re OK?” the first young human called after him.



Ash found another bench under some trees. A few older humans were strolling about, but there were none of the young ones. He flipped out his padlet and tried to calm his thoughts. “Mighty leader,” he began. That was the proper tone. “Mighty leader, this least of your servants writes in greatest urgency. I was sent among the humans to learn their ways and prepare for your conquest. I have studied them. They are far more deadly than we supposed. They have a secret weapon, which I fear we cannot match. It is called *fiction*.”

He paused. This was the hard part. It was like trying to explain that water was no longer wet. It made his head hurt. But his duty was clear. He pushed on. “*Fiction* is kept in things called *books*, which in turn are kept in buildings known as *lie-berries*. This is partly because fiction is a sort of fruit for the mind and partly because it is full of things called *lies*. We do not have lies. They are difficult to explain.”



He took another deep breath. One of the strolling humans, a craggy-nosed man with white hair sprouting from his jaw and none on the top of his head, was getting rather close. Ash ignored him.

“Lies are things that are not true. Sometimes humans say ‘I am a vampire,’ which means an awful human bat. Or ‘I can fly faster than a speeding bullet.’ Or ‘I have a magic wand. It will turn you into a frog.’ Almost all the humans’ books about their children celebrate these horrible powers. When anything can be a lie, anything can be true!”

The man with the hairy jaw and the curious nose was looking at him. He was leaning on a stick. He had bright blue eyes. Ash hurried to finish his message before the man could try to talk to him. Delay now would be disastrous.

“Mighty leader, it is not for me to direct your path. But I beg you to consider this vital news. Great warriors may be hidden in every playground on this planet. Imagine young boys with lightning bolts on their heads and wands in their pockets; imagine young girls with capes and laser eyes! If our armies come here, they will be doomed.” He added his personal identifier code and pressed send. The padlet screen flickered, and the message text turned green: it had sent properly. He breathed a sigh of vast relief.



“Very good!” said the old human, still leaning on his stick. “Very wise. I hoped you had the sense to do that.” His voice was as large and craggy as his nose.

“I,” began Ash. “What?” He had no idea what to say. “Who?”

“No one important,” said the old man. There was a dry tone in his voice that Ash had heard before. Leaders used it when speaking to very stupid underlings. “You’ve done well. Now you go on about your day.”

Then the old man turned into a hawk and flew off into the trees.



illustrations by Gavin Mouldey

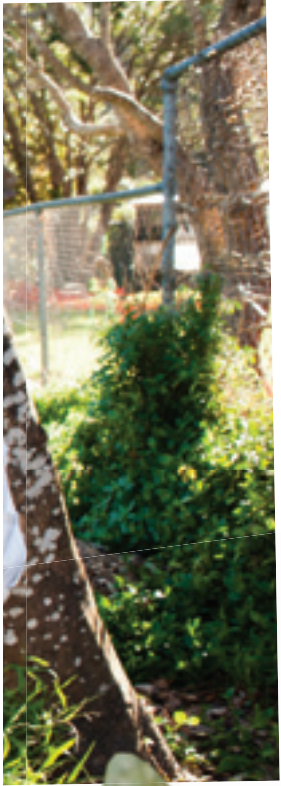


A Sweet Business



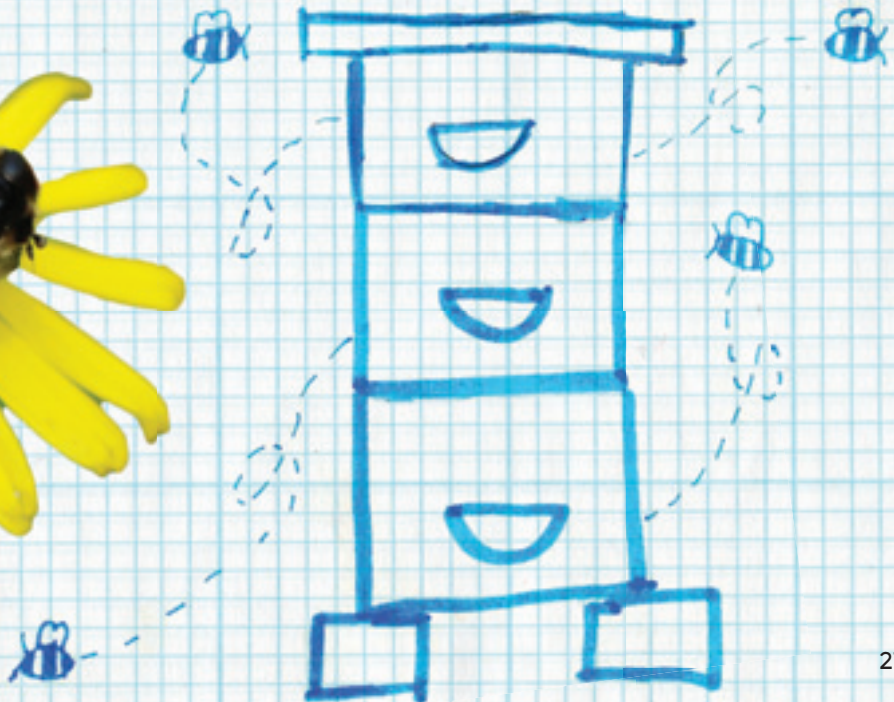
by Bronwen Wall

Imagine running a business that employs thousands of workers. The kids at Te Aro School in Wellington do just that. They're in the honey business, and their workers are honey bees.



Bees in the Garden

The idea to keep bees came up in a roundabout way a few years ago, when Rūma Koromiko was planning a garden. While researching what a garden needs, the students learnt about bees. These busy insects are essential to help plants reproduce, but worldwide, their numbers are dropping. To attract bees to their garden, the students decided to have lots of bee-friendly plants (ones with yellow, blue, purple, or white flowers). But even with those plants, where would the bees come from? Bees fly up to 2 kilometres – were there any beehives within that range? Maybe it would be better if the school set up its own hives. That way, the bees would live right beside the school garden. This would be good for the plants *and* the bees.



The Bee Man

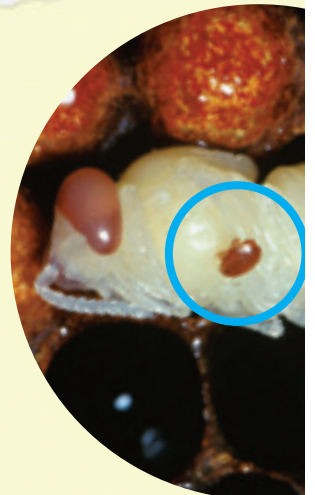
Martin has been a bee-keeper for many years, and he visited Te Aro School to share his knowledge. He thought it was a great idea for the students to keep their own hives. "You'll have bees in your garden *and* honey for your toast," he said.


Martin knew all about the equipment first-time bee-keepers need. He explained that it costs around five hundred dollars to set up a beehive. It seemed like a lot of money, but Martin was keen to help the students get started. He said the local bee-keepers association would donate a Langstroth hive and some bee suits, and he would help the students to get their first swarm. This would reduce **start-up costs** significantly. How could the class refuse?



VARROA MITES

Varroa mites are tiny insects that feed on the blood of bees and bee larvae. This weakens the bees. The mites also leave behind small openings in a bee's skin, making it more likely for the bee to catch a virus. These viruses spread easily, and an entire hive of bees can die. Bee-keepers get rid of the mites using varroa treatment strips. These strips contain miticides – chemicals that kill mites.





Martin was quick to remind the students that bee-keeping involves **ongoing costs**. Hives need protection from varroa mites, and during winter, bees need to be fed sugar syrup. Beehives also require maintenance, and eventually, the students would need to replace their swarm and their suits. They couldn't rely on donations.

"How will you pay for all this?" Martin wanted to know.

It was a good question – with an obvious answer.
The bees would have to pay for themselves!

Earning Their Keep

How do bees earn their keep? Through their honey, of course. If the students looked after their hive, they would have enough honey to sell and enough for their toast. It seemed so easy. There had to be a catch, and it didn't take much research to discover what it was.

Under New Zealand law, honey that's sold to the public must be processed in a commercial kitchen. Te Aro School doesn't have a commercial kitchen. The students could pay someone to process their honey, but this would be expensive. Besides, they wanted to do everything themselves. There seemed no way around the problem. If the students couldn't sell their honey, they couldn't cover their ongoing costs. They needed an **income**.

Then Claire, Rūma Koromiko's teacher, had a great idea. Rather than selling their honey, the students could give it to their parents and grandparents in exchange for a koha. But how much koha might they get? How much koha did they need? Things were starting to get complicated. It was time to get more help.



Budget Time

Lucia's father, Justin, is an accountant. He was the perfect person to provide business advice. Justin began by explaining the importance of a **budget**. This is a way to estimate costs. Then the class would know how much income they'd need so they could pay their bills. The school was happy to cover any bee-keeping costs for the first year, but the students would have to repay this money after their first season.

"So let's look at the costs for your first year," Justin said. He wrote two headings on the board: "**Needs**" and "**Wants**". Then he asked the students to think about what expenses would be unavoidable. "These are your needs," he explained. "They are different from wants. A want is something you'd like, but it isn't necessary."

Lucy's hand shot up. "We'll need to register as bee-keepers," she said.

"That costs about thirty-five dollars."

"Over winter, there's less pollen," said Onel. "So bees eat sugar syrup. We'll need to buy sugar."

"It would be nice to buy extra bee-friendly plant seeds," said Tallulah. "But I guess that's a want."



The students also talked about hives. As well as a Langstroth, they were keen to try a top-bar hive. Maybe one kind of hive would produce more honey than the other. After a few harvests, they would be able to compare the results.

“It’s a good idea,” said Justin. “More honey means more income, but buying a second hive will be a big expense. Let’s see how your first year goes. If you’re still interested – and you’ve made a **profit** – you can buy a top-bar hive next year.” The students agreed to wait, and Justin listed the cost under “Wants”.

“We’ll need to pay for varroa treatment strips,” said Beth, “otherwise our bees might die.”

“We’ll also need an adrenalin injector for our first-aid kit,” said Claire. The adrenalin injector was a big cost, but Claire was adamant it was a need and wasn’t negotiable. “No one at this school has a serious allergic reaction to bee stings, but that could change. We can’t take the risk.”

“Anything else?” Justin asked.

The students had been thinking about how they might package their honey. One option was to bring jars from home. Recycled jars would be free and good for the environment, but they’d come in all shapes and sizes, and the students wanted their honey to look professional. Having jars that were all the same would also make it easier to measure equal amounts of honey.

Justin wasn’t convinced. “Sorry, guys. New jars will be expensive, and they’re not essential. Let’s put that under wants till we know more about your income.”





Te Aro School Bees:
Costs for the first year

Needs

Registration \$35

Sugar \$40

Varroa treatment
strips \$40

Adrenalin \$300

\$415

Wants

Plant seeds \$20

Top-bar hive \$150

Jars \$150

\$320



The Big Question

Now that the class had its costs, it was time to think about income. The big question: Would the students receive enough money in their first year to cover essential costs and repay their loan from the school? There were two important things to consider. How much honey would the bees produce, and how much koha might people give?

Martin had said to expect a harvest of around 40 kilograms. Together with Justin, the students did the maths. If parents gave five dollars for a 250-gram jar of honey, this would be twenty dollars per kilogram – eight hundred dollars in total. It would be enough income to cover both needs and wants! Maybe the students could have their new jars after all.

“The good news is you seem to have a viable business plan,” Justin said. “The bad news is there’ll be no money until after your first harvest, and don’t forget you are being given koha. That means your income may vary.” The students decided to see how it went before buying any extras. It was time to call in the bees!

Budget: First Year
Costs (needs)
\$415

Income
\$800



Money in the Bank

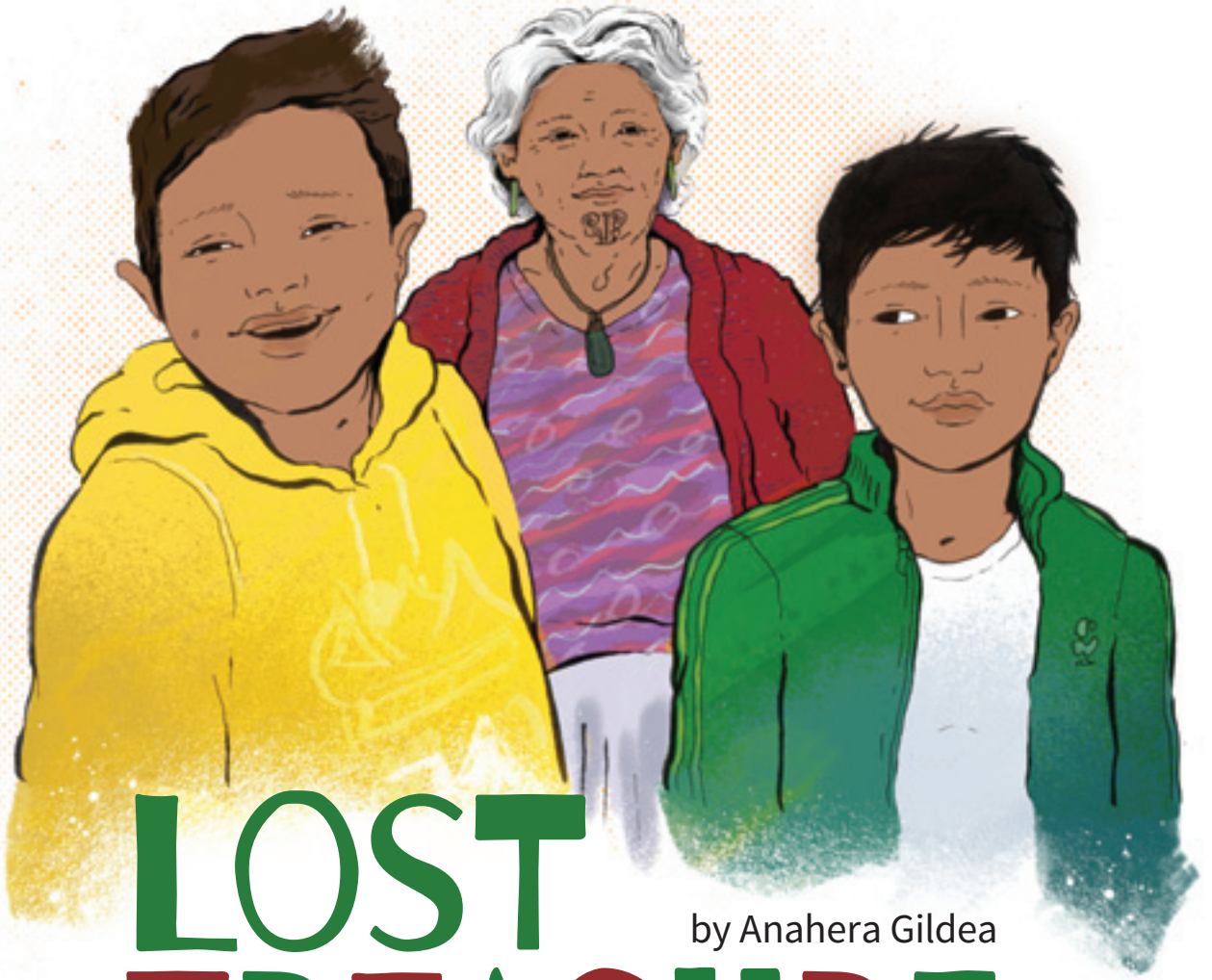
Two years down the track, the school's honey business is a great success. The bees are busy in the school garden, and the honey – in smart, matching honeycomb-shaped jars – is in hot demand. "It's so delicious, everyone wants some," Lucy says. There's even money in the bank to pay for some new bee suits – and a top-bar hive.

Now that really is a sweet business.



FINANCIAL LITERACY TERMS

budget:	costs you expect to pay and money you expect to receive over a certain amount of time
income:	money received over a certain amount of time
needs:	essential costs
ongoing costs:	things that have to be paid for every year
profit:	money left over when all costs have been paid
start-up costs:	one-off costs of starting a business
wants:	non-essential costs



LOST TREASURE

by Anahera Gildea

I've got this cousin Hoani. He always causes me *big* trouble. One time, I stayed over at his house and woke up paralysed. During the night, he'd plastic-wrapped me to the stretcher. The only thing I could move was my head. Another time, when I was really little, he convinced me to eat a dead spider. I wanted to be in his club. It turned out there was no club. Then last year at Nanny's eightieth birthday, he ninja-farted into a jar and forced me to smell it. Nanny told me not to worry – everyone gets their comeuppance.

I was determined this time would be different. I would be on the lookout for my cousin's tricks. He wouldn't fool me.

On our first night at the marae, Aunty Pam stood up and told a story. Nanny used to collect teaspoons. She had hundreds of them, from heaps of places: Kaitiāia, Dunedin, Onehunga ... everywhere. Aunty Pam talked about Nanny's first teaspoon, the one she got when she was nine. It was silver-plated and had a blue circle saying "Whitianga". Nanny was called Whiti, so she decided that made the spoon hers. When she saw it in the cutlery drawer in the wharekai, she dropped it into her pocket.

For the rest of the day, Nanny worried. She felt bad for taking the spoon but didn't want to give it back, so she went out to the orchard, dug a hole near one of the apple trees, and buried it. She never found that teaspoon again.

Hoani's eyes lit up. Even though I'd tried to avoid him, he'd parked his butt right next to mine. He whispered to meet him outside. "Urgent," he said. So of course, like a big dummy, I followed.

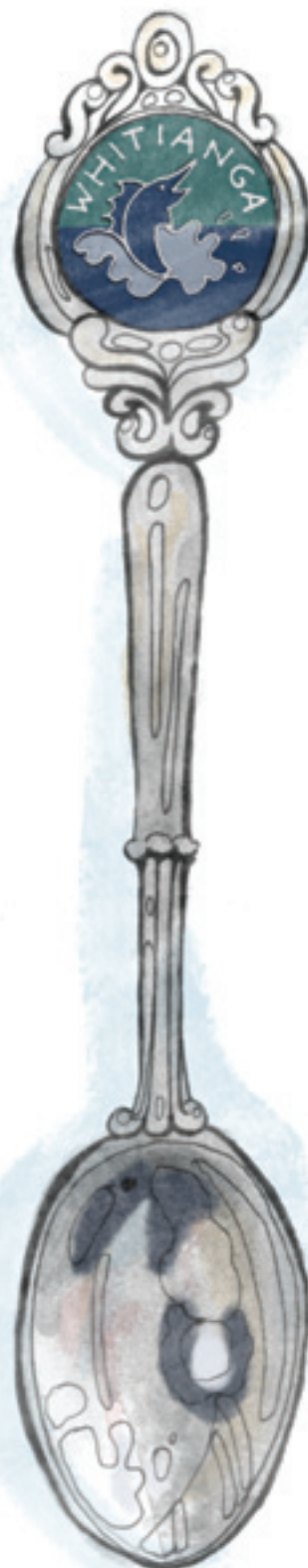
"Wai," he said in a dramatic, very serious voice. "We are going to find Nanny's teaspoon and give it back to her."

"We? What we?" I folded my arms and frowned at my cousin, trying to look staunch.

"You and me, Wai. We'll be heroes. Nanny would love to have that spoon back. It was her first one." He grinned like he'd just invented ice cream.

I could have said no. But deep down, I wanted to find that teaspoon. I was in, and he knew it. "No tricks?" I said.

"No tricks. Promise. Meet you in the orchard in the morning."



When I woke up, my cousin's sleeping bag was empty. The only people in the wharenui were two great-aunties and Nanny. I went outside in my pyjamas and ran into Mum on the verandah.

"Good, I was coming to get you. I need help with jobs."

"But, Mum," I pleaded. "Hoani and I are doing something special today."

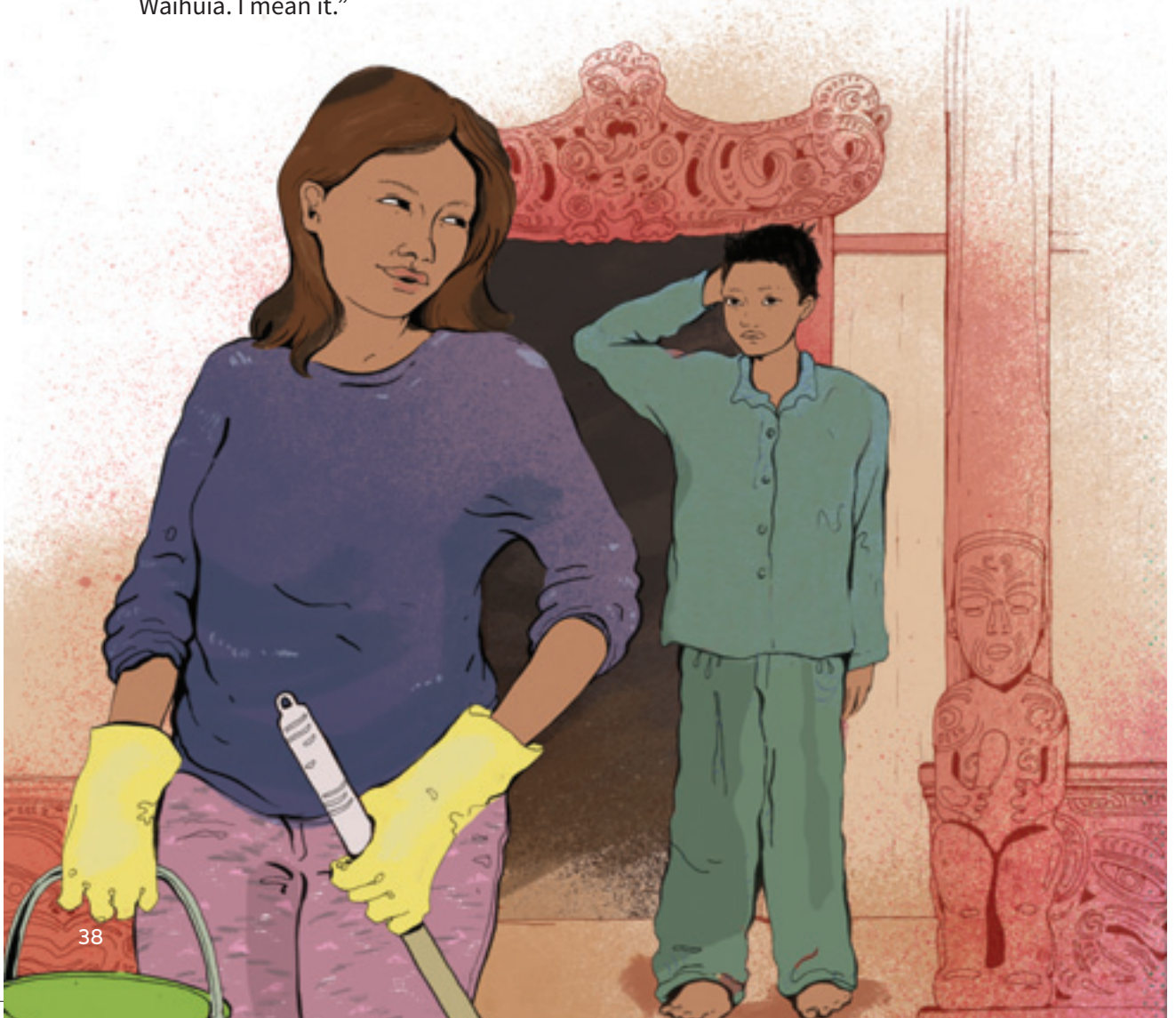
"Sorry, Wai. People will start arriving soon. You can help Uncle Dan set out the chairs, then you're needed in the wharekai."

I sighed and went to get dressed. Mum hovered while I brushed my teeth.

"Uncle is out on the paepae with your cousins," she reminded me when I was done.

"Is Hoani there?" I asked.

"I've no idea." Mum frowned. "But I've told you – no mucking around today, Waihuia. I mean it."



Once the chairs were done, Mum reappeared. She was like some kind of genie. “Good work, Wai. Now you can lay the tables for lunch.”

“OK, I just need to mimi,” I lied. If Hoani had found the teaspoon, he’d have come gloating by now. There was still time.

“I’ll come, too,” Mum said. “We can see if the wharepaku need another clean.” It was impossible.

The toilets were fine, and Mum escorted me to the kitchen. I laid the tables and carried stacks of plates. Then I folded a million serviettes. I finished just as people began to pour in for lunch. For the next hour, I carried full plates and empty plates, back and forth like a yo-yo. There was no sign of Hoani. It wasn’t like him to miss lunch. I felt mad, imagining the fun he was having without me.

Finally, the rush was over. I almost got away ... but then I was given the job of sitting with Aunty Jane while she ate. She has terrible eyesight and one time put salt on her pudding. Then my cousin Pounamu handed me her crying baby, and after that the ringawera decided I needed to peel potatoes for tea.



By 4 o'clock I was going crazy. I finally made a break for it. On my way out, I ran into Mum and Aunty Pam. They were sitting outside. It was hard to tell if they were laughing or crying.

"Wai," Mum called as I tried to get past. "Come over here and sit down."

"No, Mum." I put my hands on my hips. "I have to find Hoani."

"Hmm," said Aunty Pam. "No one has seen Hoani all day. I wonder where he is."

It all came out of my mouth in a rush. "He's going to find the teaspoon and be a hero when he gives it to Nanny, and I was supposed to help but I haven't been able to because *everyone's* given me jobs *all day*." My face was red. I wanted to cry.

Mum and Aunty Pam started laughing. Mum patted the seat next to her.

"We know," she said.

"You know?" I said.

Aunty Pam grinned the same grin that Hoani always had. "You didn't really believe Nanny lost that teaspoon, did you? She found it straight away, the first time she went back." Aunty Pam handed me something. The Whitianga teaspoon.

They cracked up laughing. "We may have told a fib last night," said Mum.

"We knew Hoani couldn't resist."

"Nanny did love it, though," said Aunty Pam. "Come on, let's take it to her."

I was completely gobsmacked as I walked with them to the wharenui. It felt like everyone had been in on the joke. Now even Nanny looked as though she was smiling. We slipped the teaspoon into her pocket and gave her a kiss.





Then all three of us went out to the orchard. We hid behind the garden shed to look.

There was Hoani, covered in dirt. There were little holes all over the place. He reminded me of the diggiest dog, bum in the air, trying to find his lost bone. Aunty Pam was holding her stomach she was laughing so hard.

“We can’t just leave him there,” I whispered.

Mum pulled me back. “We’ll tell him in an hour or two,” she said. “When it gets dark.”

I smiled and took another peek at my cousin. Nanny was right. Everyone does get their comeuppance.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY REBECCA TER BORG

Atutahi's Unicorn

by Hinemoana Baker

“Mum, you need to come!” I shouted. “I think Sparkles is bunged up again.”

I took a cautious step towards the unicorn. She turned her head towards me, eyes crossed from the strain, horn bobbing. It was the third time this week.

Mum appeared from the kitchen and went straight over and lifted Sparkles’s tail. “What’s up, my darling?” she asked softly. She looked closer. “Yep. We need the pūhā juice again. Where on earth is Atutahi?”





I went outside and yelled my sister's name as loud as I could. Twice.

"What?" The voice came from inside. My sister was slouched in her beanbag, reading a book about spaceship racing – her latest fad.

"What have you been feeding your unicorn?" I asked.

"Usual," said Atutahi. "Butterflies." She couldn't have sounded less interested if she'd tried.

Mum exhaled loudly. "Sweetheart. We've had this conversation. You can't feed Sparkles on butterflies alone. She needs a balanced diet, you know that. How long since you gave her sunflower seeds? Can you *please* put that book down!"

Atutahi mumbled and turned a page.

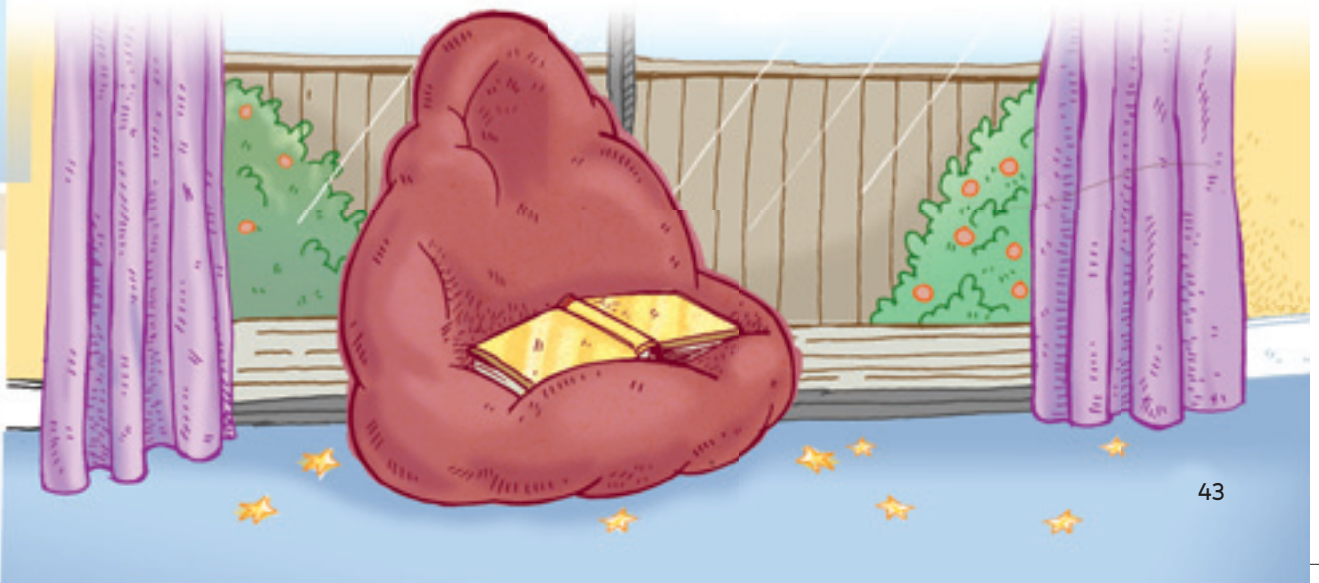
"No wonder this poor animal's all stopped up." Mum took the pūhā juice from the fridge and held out the bowl while Sparkles slurped her tonic. The unicorn finished with a burp. It sounded like a tinkly ringtone.

"Take Sparkles outside, Puanga. And keep her there till she's you-know-what."

"Why do I have to do it?" I asked. "Make Atutahi. It's her unicorn."

"You're right," said Mum. "Atutahi ..."

But my sister had gone.





This all started six months ago when Mum decided we needed to be more active. “It’s time you two stopped staring at screens all day. Get out there! Find some new hobbies. Move those tinana!” she said.

I wasn’t so keen, but of course my sister got really excited. I joined a BMX club, and Atutahi took up atmospheric trampolining – but she didn’t like wearing the breathing gear. Then she got interested in underwater chess but quit after the first practice when she realised Mum and I wouldn’t be cheering from the sidelines. Then came cloud lacrosse and laser golf and finally unicorn polo ... and Sparkles. The polo phase lasted the longest – six weeks – but Atutahi got bored because the competitions were only once a month. Turned out that as well as a varied diet, unicorns need weeks to recover after a game.





Then one day last week, Atutahi arrived home from school dragging a faded yellow spaceship tied to some rope. It was in pretty bad shape, hovering just above the ground like a helium balloon the day after a party. Sparkles sniffed it and turned away.

“Where did you get that?” Mum asked.

“In the empty section behind the dairy,” Atutahi said. “It’s my spacewaka!”

We sometimes stopped for a look in that section on our way home from school. Old recycling bins, bike racks, those big plastic trays they use for bread ... the grass was so long anything could be buried in it.

The spaceship sank even lower. Atutahi tugged the rope, and it drifted up for a moment. “Spacewaka are an *excellent* hobby, Mum,” she insisted. “And the first race isn’t till next weekend, so I’ve got heaps of time to practise.”

“Race?” said Mum.

“Yup,” said Atutahi. “Up at the dog park. Spaceship racing from three till four before the kennel club has puppy training. I can’t wait!”

“But what about Sparkles?” Mum asked.

“What about her?”

So the next weekend, there we were – me, Mum, and Sparkles – standing in the wind and rain at the dog park. Atutahi hovered, waiting for our old PE teacher, Mr Hamuera, to find his ref’s whistle.

None of the spaceships were flash. They were all second-hand, salvaged from places just like behind our dairy. Atutahi’s was smaller than the others, and it was floating much lower and wobbling up and down. It looked like she was having trouble keeping it in the air at all. Mum and I looked at each other. Her expression said everything. My sister would be lucky to finish this race.

Mr H stood up straight and raised his arm. “Tahi ... rua ... toru ... karawhiua!” He blew his whistle hard out and – amazing – Atutahi lurched over the start line ahead of the others.

“Woohoo!” we yelled. Even more amazing, my sister managed to hold the lead. It seemed like everyone was having trouble. Two of the blue spaceships kept crossing each other’s flight paths. It wasn’t long before one clipped the other and they clunked to the ground. The drivers climbed out looking more hopeless than their ships.

Meanwhile, Atutahi was still out in front, although a diamond-shaped spaceship was coming up fast. She was now flying so low that hot air from her waka blasted the grass. Sparkles cringed down on her haunches as Atutahi passed. Even Mum ducked. The diamond was gaining ground. Atutahi continued to lose altitude. Suddenly her waka tipped towards us on a sickening angle. It looked like the end.

Beside me, there was a sudden flurry. It was Sparkles. I turned just in time to see her launch into the air, hooves galloping on nothing as she climbed higher and higher.

“Puanga!” Mum yelled. “Grab Sparkles’s lead!” But it was too late. The unicorn was away, her beautiful mane swirling in the breeze as she sped towards Atutahi. Sparkles swooped over the diamond spaceship, her back hooves clipping its wingtip with a faint “Ting!”

“Hurry!” Mum yelled. “Kia tere!”



The unicorn spun in mid-air and plunged towards the ground. Like a superhero, she dived under Atutahi's waka just before they crashed. Then she soared up towards the clouds, the spacewaka balanced on the tip of her golden horn.

"Go, Atutahi!" I screamed. "Go, Sparkles!"

Mum was shouting something very fast in Māori and jumping up and down. Mr Hamuera was blowing his whistle so hard it was a squeak. Atutahi and Sparkles were metres away from the finish line, the diamond ship right behind them.

"Go! Go! Go!" I yelled.



They crossed the line, Atutahi just a glimmer ahead of the diamond ship. The crowd exploded. Sparkles gave the spacewaka one last little push up and off the tip of her horn. Atutahi cut the engines, and the waka floated to the ground, landing softly in the pine needles on the far side of the dog park.

Mum and I ran to the pine trees, grabbing my sister in a big hug. Then we all turned to look at Sparkles trotting towards us, a little slower than usual and breathing heavily. As if on cue, the afternoon sun appeared from behind the clouds. Her horn glinted in the golden light. She looked ... magnificent.

I glanced at my sister. Her face was glowing. I swear her cheeks were wet. She opened her arms to the unicorn. "Sparkles, I love you!" she said.

I snapped a pic of the two of them. It would have made a great shot, but for some reason, Atutahi looked a little distracted ...

illustrations by Dean Proudfoot



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