



GAHUA
FAKALATAHA

Ko e Pō Milino

Johnny Frisbie



Supporting Pasifika learners
through dual language texts

Ko e tohi nei ke totou auloa mo e tau fānau aoga.

Ko e faiaoga mo e tau lagomatai hila ma e tau kupu nei hahā he
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he fakaholoaga tohi he Tupu

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Ko e Pō Milino



tohia e
Johnny Frisbie
tau fakatino tā e
Judith Kunzlé
fakaliliu e
Lino Nelisi

Faahi Gahua Fakaako



Ko e vahā tama haaku,
ne nofo au he taha tama motu tote.
Ko e magaaho ka momohe ai,
ne momohe oti a mautolu i loto he taenamu lahi.

Ko e taha pō, ne nā kai maeke au ke mohe.
Ne totolo atu au mo e fano evaeva.





Ne evaeva fakakū atu au ke he mataafaga
mo e moua e nofoaga
ke nofo ai he oneone tea, hauhau.



Ko e tau ata he tau niu
ha ne havilivili fakaeneene
ki mua, ki tua he vai.
Ke he faahi atu he namo,
ne kitia e au e tau molī ne kikila.
Nā kai maeke au ke kitia e tau tua fale i luga,
ti fakataitai e au ko e tau fetū a ia.

Ne totolo viko i a au e tau punua manu
mai he ha lautolu a tau pū.
Fuluola hā a ia he tau puhala nofo
he tau punua manu.
Gahua lahi a lautolu ka pō ke keli
mo e fakameā e tau pū.
Ko e matafatafa aho,
ne holoholo ha lautolu a tau gati he tofola,
ti totolo ke he tau ofaga
ke tanu i loto he tau oneone.



Ki luga he tau akau,
e tau manulele tahi tea ha
ne momohe fakalogologo,
kukukuku takitokoua he tau fā niu.



Ko e tau fuafua ha ne momohe fakamitaki
he oneone he tofola.



Ti fakahaupō mai tuga e kaihā, e kumā,
i luga he fā niu nākai mamao mai
mo e tau manulele tahi.

Ne tū a ia mo e ono mai ki a au.
Lutulutu haana a hafe.
Ti kitia agataha e au haana a hikuloa kafilō
ne fakatemole ki loto he haana a fata
i loto he atefua he akau.





Ne onoono hifo e mahina mai i luga ki a au.
Ne mamali hake au ki a ia.
Ti evaeva atu au ki kaina
he oneone tea, hauhau.



GAHUA
FAKALATAHA

Vagahau
Niue

A Quiet Night

Johnny Frisbie



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This book is for shared reading with students.

Teacher and audio support for this text is available online at
<http://literacyonline.tki.org.nz/Pasifika-dual-language-books>

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A Quiet Night



by
Johnny Frisbie
illustrations by
Judith Kunzlé



When I was a child, I lived on an island.
At bedtime, we all slept under a big mosquito net.

One night, I couldn't get to sleep.
So I crept out for a walk.





I walked a little way down to the beach and found a place to sit on the cool, white sand.



The shadows of the coconut trees were waving slowly back and forth in the water. Across the lagoon, I could see lights glimmering. I couldn't see the roofs above them, so I pretended they were stars.

Around me, sand crabs crawled out of their holes.
It's funny how sand crabs live.
They work hard all night digging and clearing holes.
At dawn, they wash their shells in the shallow water
and crawl home to cover themselves with sand.



In the trees, the white terns slept quietly,
nesting in pairs among the coconut fronds.



The silver mullet slept peacefully
on the sand in the shallows.



He stopped and looked at me.
His whiskers twitched.
Then I saw his long, stringy tail
disappear into his nest
in the heart of the tree.

Then, sneaking from nowhere, like a thief,
a rat appeared on a frond not far from the terns.





The moon looked down on me from above.
I smiled back.
Then I walked back home
along the cool, white sand.