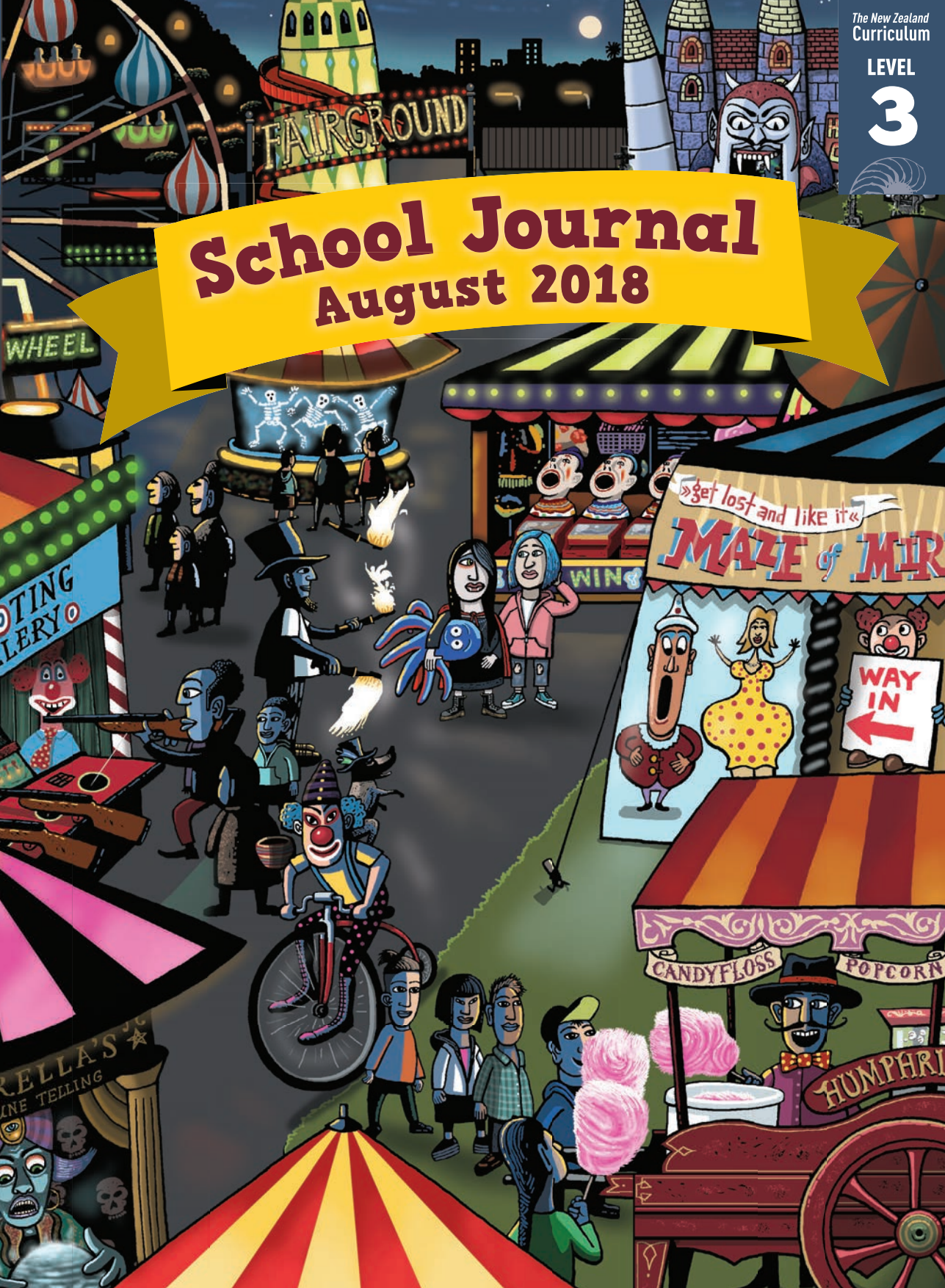


# School Journal

## August 2018



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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.

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# SCHOOL JOURNAL

LEVEL 3  
AUGUST  
2018



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# THE YOUNG ECOLEADERS AWARD

BY JOHANNA KNOX

MAYOR  
SMILES-REDDY



STEVIE  
SUMMER



ARI



TOBY



LIV



TOBY'S DAD



ARI'S MUM





**Scene:** *The stage of Harbourtown Hall. The young ecoleaders, **ARI, TOBY,** and **LIV,** sit on one side of the stage. **MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** sits on the other. **STEVIE SUMMER,** the host, stands at the front of the stage.*

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Beautiful people! Welcome to Harbourtown's annual Young Ecoleaders Award. I'm your host, Stevie Summer, a local personality. And you'll get to enjoy that personality tonight!

*He flashes a big smile at **ARI, TOBY,** and **LIV.** There is an awkward pause, and they look confused before politely clapping.*

**STEVIE SUMMER** *(smiling broadly).* Too much, **too** much! We'll meet our three finalists soon, but first, let's welcome our judge. Look! Is that the mayor of Harbourtown, Pat Smiles-Reddy? Surely not!

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** *(nodding).* Thank you, Stevie. Delighted to be here. Just delighted. I've been called the mayor who cares, so I can't wait to hear what the young people of Harbourtown have been up to this year.

**STEVIE SUMMER.** And, of course, I'd like to thank the Harbourtown City Council for tonight's prize money. Five thousand smackeroos! Now, let's meet our first young ecoleader. Please welcome Ari, from Seaview School.

***ARI** comes to the front of the stage.*

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Ari, talk to me.

**ARI.** Well, I organised my class to clean up Seaview beach, which is right by our school. We picked up rubbish and then sorted it into what could be recycled, what could be upcycled, and what was real rubbish.

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Sounds smelly. Then what?

**ARI.** We took the rubbish to the tip. We took the recycling to the recycling depot. Then we upcycled everything else. We made sculptures, and our school had an art auction. We donated all the money we raised to our local aquarium.

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Ka pai! And what would you do with five thousand dollars if you won, Ari?

**ARI.** I'd organise rubbish and recycling bins for Seaview beach, and I'd go there every weekend to teach people how to use them properly.

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Mayor, any questions for the amazing Ari?

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*sitting forward with a serious expression*).

Yes, I do. Ari, you know that some sea creatures die from eating plastic?

**ARI** (*nodding sadly*). Yes. That's why I'm doing this.

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY**. But are you doing enough?

**ARI** (*a little taken aback*). Well ...

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY**. Picking up rubbish is all very well, but why not stop the use of plastic in your community? Has your school banned plastic drink bottles, for example?

**ARI**. No, but –

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*interrupting*). Or cling wrap? Or straws?

**ARI**. No, but next year –

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*sitting back*). No more questions. It's a start, Ari ... albeit a very modest one.

**ARI'S MUM** (*calling out from the audience*). Give the kid a chance!

**STEVIE SUMMER** (*holding up a hand*). I'm sorry, no interjections from the audience please. Hmm ... some tough questions there, Ari. Take a seat.

**ARI** *sits down, upset.* **ARI'S MUM** *claps loudly.*

**STEVIE SUMMER**. Our next young finalist is Toby from Beachside Primary. Let's hear what he has to say.

**TOBY** *comes to the front of the stage.*

**STEVIE SUMMER**. Toby, what's up?

**TOBY**. Well, I want everyone at my school to eat less meat.

**STEVIE SUMMER**. Seriously! Tell me more.

**TOBY**. Farm animals produce methane – a greenhouse gas. Being vegetarian is better for the planet. Lentils don't burp! Ten families at our school have already pledged three meatless days a week.





**STEVIE SUMMER.** Well, good for them.

Mayor, any questions for the terrific Toby?

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*very eager*). Several.

Tell me, Toby, what are your shoes made from?

**TOBY** (*looking at his feet*). Umm ... leather,  
I think.

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY.** And you know  
that leather is cow skin?

**TOBY.** Yes, but –

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*interrupting*). Do other students at your school wear  
leather shoes?

**TOBY.** That's not really what –

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*interrupting with a dramatic sigh*). Never mind. That's all,  
thank you, Toby.

**TOBY'S DAD** (*calling out from the audience*). What's that I see on your feet,  
Mr Mayor? They don't look like fair-trade sneakers.

**STEVIE SUMMER** (*quickly moving on*). Better luck next time, Toby – if there is  
a next time!

**TOBY** *sits down.* **TOBY'S DAD** *claps loudly.*

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Our last finalist is Liv from Bay Intermediate. Incidentally, Liv's  
sister won the award last year, and her brother won the year before. What an  
incredible family! I'd love to know your secret. Welcome, Liv.

**LIV** *comes to the front of the stage.* **MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** *claps loudly.*

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Liv, go for it.

**LIV.** I'm running a campaign to encourage more parents to bike to work instead  
of drive.

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Radical! How come?

**LIV.** Cars burn fossil fuels. This is causing climate change.

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*leaping out of his seat, clapping*). Bravo!

**ARI** *and TOBY* *look confused.* **LIV** *hides her face in her hands.*

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*sitting down, a little more subdued*). Bravo, yes, bravo.  
*He claps twice more, quietly.*



**STEVIE SUMMER** (*laughing*). Well, I see you've got someone on your side there, Liv. But tell us a little more. Your plan's very ambitious. How are you running the campaign?

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*jumping up again*). No need to bother this girl with any further questions!

**STEVIE SUMMER** (*surprised*). None?

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY**. None. I'm very impressed. Very impressed.

**ARI'S MUM** (*standing*). I'm not. Liv, you want more parents to bike **to** work, but how are they meant to get home? Have you thought about that part?

**LIV** (*very confused*). I assumed they'd just –

**TOBY'S DAD** (*standing*). I have a question, too. How did you get here today, Liv? Solar-powered jet pack? (*He looks dramatically at MAYOR SMILES-REDDY.*) Or maybe you caught a lift with your **uncle**!

**ARI** and **TOBY** (*together*). Uncle?

**STEVIE SUMMER**. Whoa! An interesting turn of events here, folks!

**LIV** (*crossly to MAYOR SMILES-REDDY*). I told you it wasn't fair. You should never have agreed to be the judge.

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** (*breezily*). Nonsense. I can't help we're related. Besides, I've made my decision. Liv from Bay Intermediate wins! Yay! Here's your cheque for five thousand dollars. You can thank me later.

*He holds out a cheque to LIV, who doesn't respond.*

**ARI** and **TOBY** look outraged.





**STEVIE SUMMER.** Will she take it, folks?

**LIV.** I will, actually.

**ARI'S MUM.** Boo!

**TOBY'S DAD.** Hiss!

**MAYOR SMILES-REDDY.** Good girl.

**LIV** (taking the cheque and smiling).

From now on, I'm boycotting  
this award.

**ARI.** You can count me out, too.

**TOBY.** And me.

**LIV.** Great – because I'm going to use this money to set up a young ecoleaders festival. All the schools in Harbourtown can come together to share ideas and help each other. (She looks at **ARI** and **TOBY**.) Are you guys in?

**ARI.** Of course.

**TOBY** (glaring at **MAYOR SMILES-REDDY**). Obviously.

**STEVIE SUMMER.** Marvellous. What an eventful night. That wraps up the last-ever Young Ecoleaders Award! See you next year – at the Young Ecoleaders Festival.

**ALL cheer.** **MAYOR SMILES-REDDY** quietly slips off the stage.



illustrations by  
Giselle Clarkson



# KORO'S SONG

BY ANDRÉ NGĀPŌ







“Look. We’re here!” says Mana, pointing to a sign: Uenuku Ecovillage. He’s so excited. We’ve been travelling all day, and he hasn’t stopped talking.

*I feel sick. Sick of this place already.*

Mum drives slowly down a gravel road that ends in a rough clearing. I guess you could call it a car park. We can see a covered stage and a hall and a kitchen – all painted rainbow colours – but mostly, there’s just bush.

“Wow,” says Mum. “This place really lives up to its name.”

Uenuku means rainbow. Mum loves bringing this up. We’re spending the entire holidays here without her, so she wants us to think everything’s going to be great.

“Look,” says Mana. “There’s Nan and Ivan.”

Nan’s face is one big smile, and Ivan’s standing right beside her. He’s holding Nan’s hand, just like Koro used to.

“Follow us to the whare,” Nan calls. She waves the car towards a bright yellow shack I recognise from photos. It looks smaller in real life.

Inside, the whare doesn’t feel any bigger. “Good trip?” Nan asks, pulling Mana into a hug. She stretches her other arm out to me.

“Fine,” I say, leaning in to Nan’s shoulder. I can never resist her hugs.

“Great to have you here, boys,” Ivan says. He shakes my hand, then Mana’s. It’s only the second time we’ve met, but he acts like he’s known us for ages. “We’ve got lots of fun things planned,” he says.

*Two weeks in the bush with no friends and no electricity. Two weeks of Ivan. Doesn’t sound like fun to me.*

When Mum leaves, I go outside to wave goodbye. I don’t stop till the car’s disappeared round the bend.

Nan introduces us to all the people at Uenuku. Everyone seems nice, I guess, and there're quite a few kids our age: Carlos, Shiloh, Te Aroha, Toko, and Sage. They ask if we want to go swimming at the ford.

“There’s a waterfall and a rope swing,” says Te Aroha. “And eels.”

“Cool,” says Mana.

“Might as well,” I say. *There’s nothing else to do.*

Before the swim, we get a tour. We visit the pizza oven and the hāngī pit. Toko points out the wind turbine and the solar panels and the nursery, which is filled with native seedlings. I can’t believe they want more bush! Beside the nursery, there are beehives shaped like little houses. Ivan’s the head beekeeper. The kids seem to really like him.

They save the best till last. We cross a grassy clearing to a massive tree hut, high in a macrocarpa. The hut’s painted the same bright colours as the other buildings here. We somehow miss the swim. Instead, we hang out in the tree till it’s nearly dark. Carlos tells jokes – he’s funny as – and Sage tells us about the talent show. *This place isn’t too bad, I guess.*



We wake in the morning to the smell of pancakes and the sound of a ukulele.

For a moment, I think it's Koro playing – but it's only Ivan.

“You're good,” says Mana. “Can I have a turn?”

I think about our ukuleles back home. They're smaller than Ivan's. Koro gave them to us when we were little. I haven't played since he died.

Nan calls out from the kitchen like she's reading my mind. “I forgot to tell you boys to pack your ukes.”

“It's all right,” says Ivan. “There are a few extras floating around the village. And you can play mine anytime.”

“Thanks,” says Mana. “Where's Koro's uke?”

“In Tūrangi with your Uncle Nik,” says Nan.

Mana strums a few chords after breakfast. Ivan's uke sounds nice, but not as nice as Koro's.

Nan has a doctor's appointment, so Ivan takes us to the market to sell candles and honey. We set up a folding table and wait for the people to come. It doesn't take long. The honey's popular – or maybe it's Ivan. He seems to know everyone and spends a lot of time talking.

One man asks Ivan if we're his grandsons. Ivan looks so pleased I think he's going to say yes. The thought makes me really mad, and I speak without thinking.

“No way,” I say. “I have my own koro.”

“Dom!” says Mana. He's shocked. “Don't be mean!”

Ivan looks a bit upset, and I feel my face go red.

“Sorry, Ivan.”

Ivan nods. “That's OK,” he says. “I understand. Your koro was one of a kind. No one can ever replace him.”

I don't say anything.

“I miss him heaps,” says Mana.

*Me too.*





The Uenuku kids are amped about the talent show. It's obviously a big deal. Te Aroha and Carlos are doing magic tricks. Shiloh's made puppets. Toko and Sage are going to sing.

"Do you guys want to do something?" Sage asks.

"Us?" I say. "Like what?"

Mana knows what. "We could play Koro's song," he says. "Do you remember the words, Dom?"

Of course I do, but I shake my head. "We haven't played in ages," I remind him.

"You've got six whole days," says Shiloh. "You can borrow our ukes."

"Please, Dom," Mana begs.

"Maybe," I say. *Maybe.*

We take the ukuleles back to the whare. Mana wants help with the chords. I'm worried Ivan's still upset after yesterday, but he smiles.

"I can definitely help, though I'm no expert," he warns.





While the others swim, Mana and I practise. Despite what Ivan said, he's a pretty good player – and he has a way of explaining things that always makes sense.

When the next market day comes round, Ivan says to take our ukes. He insists on setting up alone. Once he's laid out the candles and arranged the jars of honey in a pyramid, he sits on a stool and listens to us play.

"I can't believe how much you've improved," he says. "It's only been a week."

"Five days, actually," Mana says.

"Your koro must've been a great teacher. Either that – or you're both naturals."

"Maybe a bit of both," says Mana. "You're a good teacher, too."

I nod in agreement. *It's true.*

The day of the talent show is hot. When the sun finally starts to go down, it's time. Shiloh's brother arrives at the hall with a box drum. Someone else turns up dressed as a clown. It even looks like a dog's going to perform.

We're scheduled after Shiloh's puppet show. We wait by the side of the stage while Nan tries to keep Mana calm. Ivan's there, too. "How are you feeling, boys?" he asks.

"Pretty nervous," says Mana.

Ivan nods. "I've been there. You'll get through it. What about you, Dom?"

"I feel good," I say. And it's true – I do. Then I surprise us both. I lean into Ivan. He wraps an arm round me, and it's big and warm and strong. Just like Koro's.

The audience is clapping, and Shiloh leaves the stage. I walk up the steps with Mana and feel a smile light up my face.

**illustrations by Kieran Rynhart**



## ACROSTIC POEM

**A**n acrostic poem is a fence around a wildlife park –  
**c**an you hear it as you write, the confined animals,  
**r**estless, pacing? They are looking for a way under,  
**o**ver, through. Each line is a wire,  
**s**trong and tight. But any gaps in the fence –  
**t**he animals will find them. They won't be kept  
**i**n. Through the gaps, the wild creatures  
**c**ome. They are escaping from your

**p**oem. Listen! The lions have broken  
**o**ut.

They are  
so hungry. What will they

**e**at?

They have been dying to

**m**eat

you.

*Tim Upperton*





# JOURNEY ON THE SEA



**BY CLARE KNIGHTON**

Aotearoa is an island nation with more than 15,000 kilometres of coastline (only nine other countries have more). It's no wonder so many of us love the water. But activities like swimming, surfing, fishing, and sailing all involve risk. On average, more than a hundred New Zealanders drown each year.

When Jeff Chapman, a parent at Titahi Bay Intermediate, heard his school owned some small sailing boats that weren't being used, he saw a great opportunity. He would teach the students to sail – and to stay safe while doing it. Although the school is just across the road from Te Awarua-o-Porirua (Porirua Harbour), many students had never been out on its waters. Along with fellow sailor Jenni Bedford, Jeff set up an organisation they named Te Ara Moana. The name means “journey (or pathway) on the sea”.







**JACKSON**

**JACK**

**MISCHA**



## FIRST STEPS

Te Ara Moana offered its first course in 2015. Since then, dozens of students have learnt how to sail the school's Optimists. Jeff and Jenni know all about New Zealand's grim statistics when it comes to the water. They place a big emphasis on safety, but they also want students to have fun. "We teach our kids how to kayak and snorkel," says Jenni, "and how to catch and cook a fish. They love learning new things."

A sailor needs to be confident in the water, but most of Te Ara Moana's students can't swim. Some don't like wading in past their knees. To build confidence, the students spend their first session making rafts and fighting "gladiator style" on paddleboards. Once they can cope with falling in the water – and being underwater – they're ready to try out the Optimists.

### The Statistics

**MORE  
THAN 100**

The average number  
of people who drown  
each year

**15-24  
YEARS**

The age group  
most at risk of  
drowning

**80%  
MALE**

People who drown

**200  
METRES**

The distance people  
should be able to  
swim



**1 IN 5**

The number of  
ten-year-olds who can  
swim 200 metres



**1 IN 2**

The number of adults  
who CAN'T swim  
25 metres



## A LOT TO LEARN

An Optimist is a small dinghy with a rudder and sail, specially designed for young sailors. Jackson was in year 8 at Titahi Bay Intermediate when he first tried sailing. He was the perfect age for an Optimist, but this didn't stop him from feeling nervous. No one in Jackson's family sailed ("We play rugby and ride motorbikes"), and while Optimists are small, Jackson thought they looked complicated. "The boats had poles and ropes and pulleys – it was really daunting," he remembers.

In fact, there *is* a lot to learn when it comes to sailing. An Optimist moves by catching the wind in its sail, which means a sailor needs to know about wind direction and how to adjust the sail. Getting used to the swinging boom

is another challenge, although Jeff says all sailors quickly learn to duck. Then there's the risk of capsizing, something first-time sailor Mischa was worried about. A turning boat usually tilts, and a sailor needs to master the knack of repositioning their weight to avoid falling in. "Sometimes this means leaning right out," Mischa says.

To make life easier, Jeff and Jenni always buddy up their sailors. Jeff's son, Jack, first sailed in year 7. He agrees that working with a buddy really helps when you're learning to sail. "It means you have the space to focus on different skills," he says. "One person can steer while the other person handles the sail. Then you can switch."

## SAILING ON LAND

Before going out on the water, students practise basic sailing skills on land. They start with steering, which means learning to use the rudder. This doesn't work the way most people expect. "To turn the boat left, you push the rudder to the right – and vice versa," Mischa explains. "It's a system that takes a lot of getting used to."

Learning to set the sail comes next. A sail's position changes depending on whether the boat is sailing away from or into the wind. Sailing downwind,

away from the wind, is called running. Jackson says that running is pretty simple. "You just set the sail out to the side and that's it."

Heading into the wind requires a different approach or the sail will just flap around. To avoid this, sailors take a zigzag path, first heading slightly to one side of the wind before turning (or tacking) across it. "Sailing in a zigzag means that the wind will always blow across your boat," says Jackson.





## WATER SAFETY

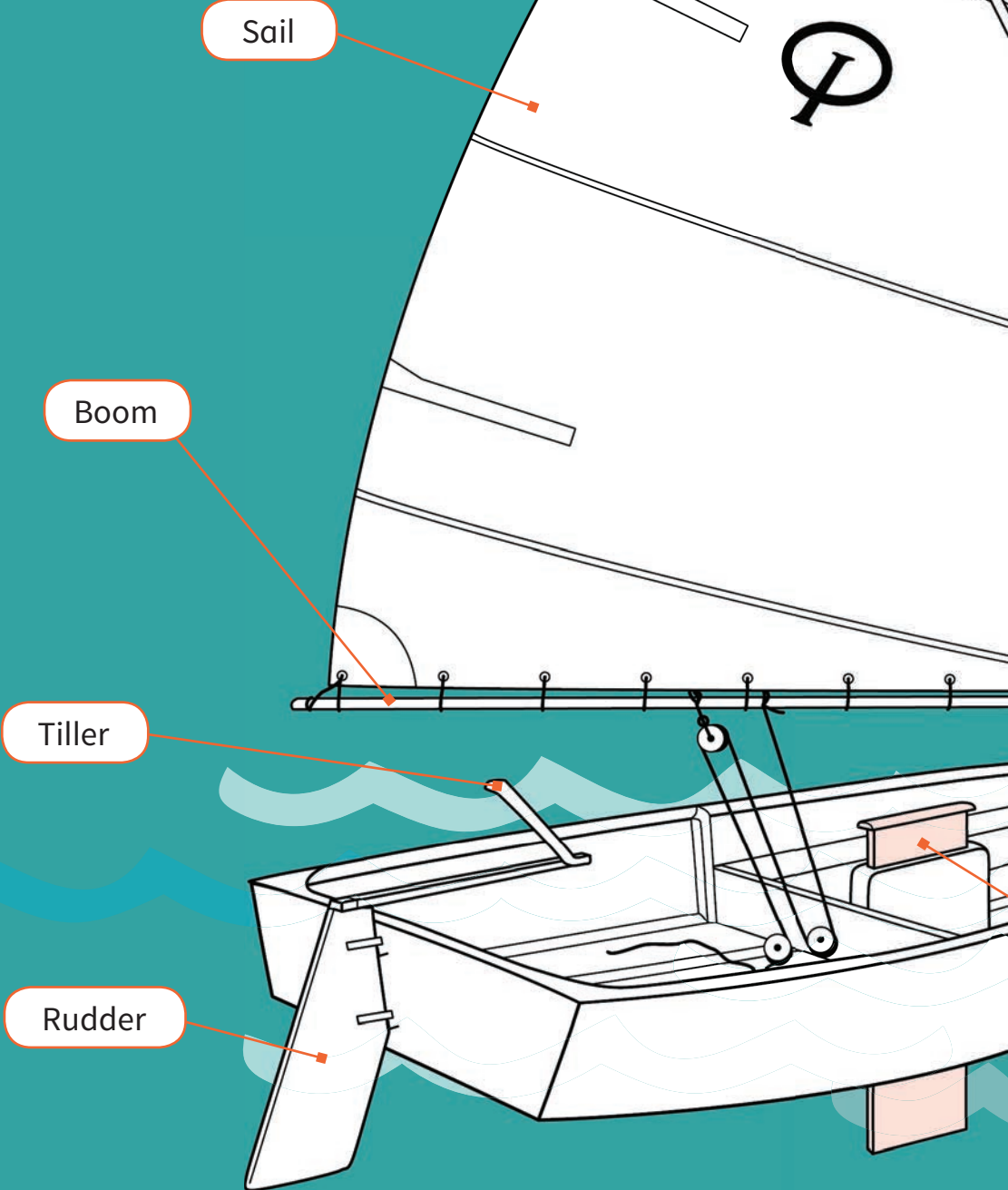
Basic skills, according to Jeff and Jenni, always include water safety. Students are taught to recognise the signs of hypothermia, and they learn to tell if someone's in trouble on the water. Everyone who's done the course knows it's a no-brainer to wear a life jacket, and they're all familiar with the three "stays" if they fall overboard: Stay calm. Stay with your boat. Stay with your mate.

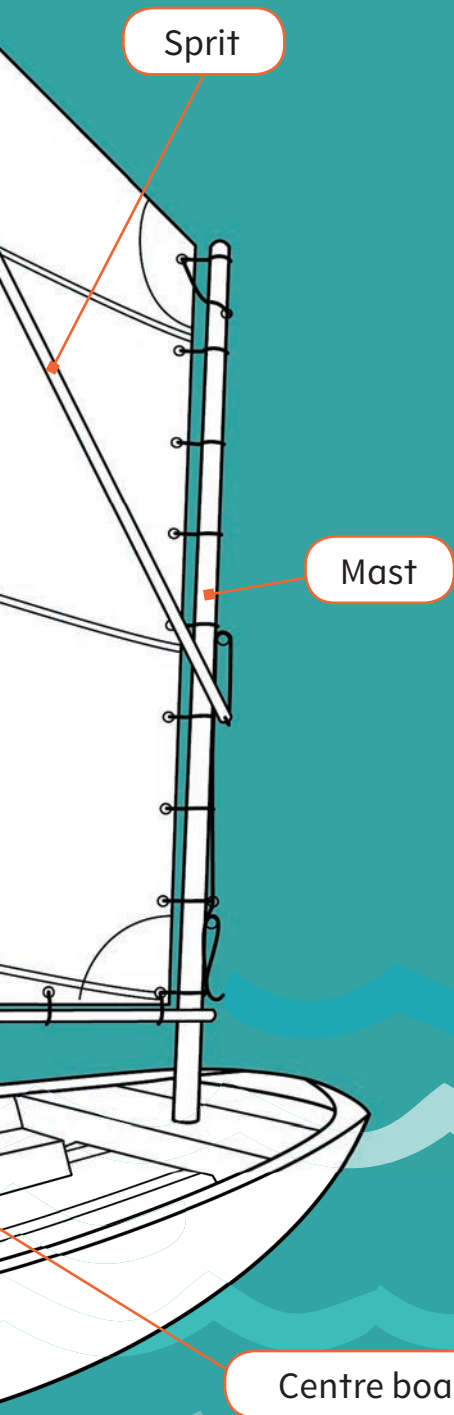
Jackson now feels more confident when he swims at the beach. He's learnt how to handle a rip. "Staying calm is the most important thing to remember," he says. "Don't try to swim against the rip. Swim across it. Or float and put your hand up."

This advice was used by Jack when he fell out of his father's boat on Porirua Harbour. He ended up in a deep channel, being pulled out to sea. "I was worried Dad wouldn't be able to find me, and I started to panic," he remembers. At first, Jack tried to swim against the current, but then he remembered what they'd been taught. "I stayed calm and didn't fight the water. By the time Dad picked me up, I was feeling OK."



# Anatomy of an Optimist





## Sailing Terms

**beating:** taking a zigzag path so that a boat moves back and forth across the wind

**hiking:** leaning off the high side of a tilting boat for balance

**jibing:** turning a boat when it's sailing away from the wind (the opposite of tacking)

**luffing:** when the sails flap because a boat is facing into the wind

**running:** sailing with the wind directly behind you

**tacking:** turning a boat when it's sailing into the wind (the opposite of jibing)

**trimming:** adjusting the sail to make the best use of the wind





## THE REAL DEAL

After three sessions, the students are keen to try the real deal: sailing on the harbour. Jackson's first time out on the water was a huge success – he even managed the tiller and sail on his own while his buddy took a break. “It was only for a short time, but it felt really good, controlling the boat by myself,” he remembers.

Mischa was also thrilled by her first experience on the harbour. She was able to overcome two fears: falling out and being hit on the head by the boom! She liked that Jenni and Jeff were always right there, in the support boat, giving advice the whole time. “I knew everything would be OK if I listened to them,” she says.



## SAILING GRADUATES

At the end of the course, everyone celebrates with a day on Wellington Harbour in Jenni's launch, *Patricia J*. The students explore the harbour's small islands and enjoy snorkelling, swimming, and fishing. If they're lucky, they'll cook what they catch. It's an experience no one will ever forget.

Jack now loves sailing. He's a new member of Yachting New Zealand and tries to get out in a boat as much as possible. It helps that his father's an equally keen sailor. Jackson really likes being on the water, too, though he isn't ready to trade in his motorbike

just yet. Mischa isn't sure what her sailing future holds.

Jeff and Jenni have been working with Titahi Bay Intermediate for three years. Their next goal is for all local students to attend a sailing course. "Local kids in local water" is Te Ara Moana's new motto. And whether any future students take to sailing or not, Jeff and Jenni hope they'll all learn to make good choices around the water. "Know your limits and never take unnecessary risks," Jeff says. "It's best to avoid trouble in the first place."



# FANGS THE SEQUEL

by Hera Lindsay Bird



Madeline and Lydia were at the kitchen table, sorting through a box of stuff. There was nothing valuable, just a few amulets and newspaper clippings, but Lydia wanted to be an archaeologist, and everything from Madeline's basement was at least two centuries old. They were examining a curious music box – bought by Madeline at auction during the French Revolution – when Zac came downstairs. He was clutching a piece of paper. A flyer.

“There's a fair on Saturday,” Zac announced to his father. “It has a mirror maze, shooting gallery, Ferris wheel, haunted castle ... I have to go!”

Mr Sanderson was at the kitchen bench, slicing zucchini for dinner. He didn't bother to look up. “The girls might take you. I'm on call at work Saturday,” he said.

Zac scowled. “I don't want to go with the *mosquito*,” he muttered.

This time, Mr Sanderson did look up. “Apologise, please,” he said.

“Honestly, it doesn't matter,” Madeline mumbled – not that Zac was about to apologise. He threw the flyer on the ground and stalked off.





Madeline was a vampire. Not the bloodsucking type – she was vegetarian – but the locals were still afraid of her. She tried taking this in her stride. She was a member of the undead; being scary was an occupational hazard. But if Madeline was honest, people’s attitudes hurt her feelings – Zac’s especially. She came to his house. He *knew* her. Madeline had tried winning Zac over, making spooky jokes and goofing around. One time, she even gave him an arrowhead, but somehow, it had made him even more wary.

Lydia shut the music box and carefully put it back. “Don’t mind my little brother,” she said. “He’s a wimp. He sleeps with a night light! And if you’re a mosquito, he’s a dung beetle.”

Madeline laughed. She hoped it sounded convincing.

“Come to the fair with us,” Lydia said. “It’ll be fun. Promise.”

“But *everyone* hates me, not just Zac.”

Lydia sighed. “They just need to get used to you. Give them time.” It was no use arguing. Besides, time was something Madeline had plenty of.

On the night of the fair, Zac threw a tantrum. Eventually, he came downstairs with a big yellow scarf round his neck. Madeline pretended not to notice, but Mr Sanderson was amused. “Will you girls be warm enough?” he asked. “You might catch cold!”

“Don’t worry about me,” Madeline said. “Vampires have excellent immune systems.”

Zac stuck close to Lydia as they walked to the fair. When they got there, he wanted to do everything. They started off at the mirror maze, followed by the Ferris wheel and the shooting gallery. The mirror maze was boring – Madeline didn’t have a reflection – but the Ferris wheel was excellent, and because she’d learnt to use a pistol in the Wild West, the shooting gallery was a piece of cake. Madeline hit every target, bang in the middle, winning a giant stuffed octopus – but when she turned to show the octopus to Lydia, Zac was gone.

They retraced every step. They checked the toilets and the candyfloss stand. There was no sign of a boy in a big yellow scarf.

“I’m going to *kill* him,” Lydia wailed.

“He’ll be fine,” Madeline said. “I got lost at a street party on VE Day!” But a tight knot of anxiety was forming in her stomach. A boy was missing. She was meant to take care of him. It would be bad enough if she wasn’t a vampire, but she was – and everyone knew it. What if the little brat didn’t turn up? People would assume the worst. She had sucked him dry like a human juice box, and now she was digesting his blood at the fair!

For a brief moment, panic set in, and Madeline considered running away. She’d done it before, lots of times – but one look at her friend’s face brought Madeline back to her senses. She squeezed Lydia’s hand. “Let’s split up. We’ll cover more ground that way.”

Lydia decided to double-check the Ferris wheel. Madeline stood very still, considering her options. She breathed deeply to help her think. Of course. The haunted castle! You had to be twelve to get in, but Zac would’ve found a way to sneak past.







FAIRGROUND

Haunted Castle

WHEEL

SHOOTING GALLERY

»get lost and like it«  
**MAZE of MIRRORS**

WAY IN  
←

ELLA'S ONE TELLING

CANDYFLOSS POPCORN

HUMPHREYS





The haunted castle stood on the edge of the fair. Tombstones dotted the front lawn, and a red light glowed from the upstairs windows. Inside was even worse. The cobwebs were clearly fake, and the green mist rising from the piano was too random for words. Madeline told herself this was no time to be critical – she had to find Zac. So she ignored the old woman bent over a cauldron, and she ignored the tinny wailing coming through the speakers. Instead, she began to climb the stairs.

An enormous window flooded the stairwell with moonlight, and that's when she saw them: a man in a black velvet cape and Zac. The man was slowly advancing, fangs gleaming. Zac huddled away from him in terror.

"Dad!" Madeline shouted. She took the stairs two at a time.

When she reached the landing, she saw it wasn't her father – it was another vampire. He was wearing a red bow tie, and his eyebrows were heavily pencilled. Ridiculous! Madeline snatched a broomstick, which had been leaning spookily against the wall, and began to wallop the vampire around the legs. She was mad but still careful to use the soft end.

"Eating. Children. Isn't. *Nice.*"

"Hey! Stop!" the vampire yelled. "I wasn't trying to eat anyone, I swear. I'm just an actor."

"That's exactly the kind of thing a vampire would say," Madeline replied. She had experience in this department.





“My name’s Dan. I’m a philosophy student. This is just a summer job. I can prove it – look.” Dan spat his fangs out onto the floorboards. They lay there, fake and harmless in their small puddle of drool.

Zac had recovered from the attack. He reached for the fangs and examined them with great interest while Madeline helped the student up.

“I should have known,” she said. “Those eyebrows! And nobody wears bow ties like that anymore.”

Dan went to make himself a cup of tea, and Madeline turned to Zac. He had pocketed the fangs. Now he was examining her. His face showed curiosity instead of fear. This was new.

“I need to find Lydia,” Madeline said. “She’ll be freaking.” Zac nodded, and to Madeline’s surprise, he put the broom back and followed her.

Lydia wasn’t freaking. She was furious.

“How dare you run away like that,” she yelled. “I’ll never take you anywhere again.” Zac was untouched by his sister’s fury. Instead, he looked like he’d just had the best evening of his life, which only irritated Lydia further. “Where *were* you?” she demanded.

“Watching Madeline beat up a philosophy student with a broom. It was *awesome*.” Madeline had never seen him so animated. “And look what I got,” he added, pulling the plastic fangs from his pocket. Before Madeline or Lydia could stop him, Zac put the fangs in his mouth and smiled.

“Gross!” said Lydia. “There’ll be loads of germs on those. You’re beyond disgusting.”

“Don’t worry,” said Zac, giving Madeline a cheeky grin. “Us vampires have excellent immune systems.”

illustrations by Fraser Williamson









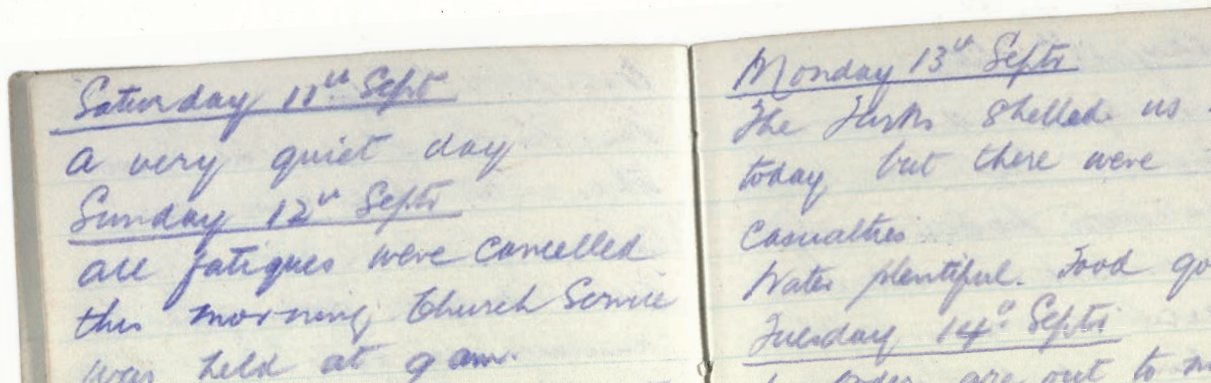
# FINDING GEORGE

by Henrietta Bollinger

*My great-great-uncle George kept a diary. It wasn't an ordinary diary, filled with details about everyday life. It was a diary about being a soldier in the First World War.*

George Wallace Bollinger was an ANZAC soldier at Gallipoli. Over a hundred thousand men died there in 1915, including almost 2,800 New Zealanders. My sister and I learnt about George when we researched a history project for school. It turned out that his diary was kept at the Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington. So we went there to take a look.

Along with the diary, we found George's letters and photos and will – all the usual things you might expect. But we also found something else: a letter from a private detective. He had been paid by the army to spy on George. It seemed that although my uncle thought of himself as an ordinary New Zealander, the same as his mates, not everyone saw it that way.





## George the New Zealander

George's father, Maximilian (Max) Bollinger, moved here from Germany in the 1870s. Max worked as a policeman and then as a farmer. He married Margaret Sproule, an Irish woman, whose first husband drowned at sea and left her with a baby daughter. Eventually, Max became a New Zealand citizen. This meant he had the same rights as people born here. If Max had children, they would be New Zealanders, too.

George was one of eight, including his half-sister, Fanny. The family lived in Ōmatā, in Taranaki. Naturally, they called themselves New Zealanders, but they still kept in touch with relatives in Germany, and a few of George's siblings even spent time there. One of his sisters worked in Germany as a governess, and a brother lived there with an aunt and uncle while he studied to be an engineer. Having strong connections with family in Germany seemed harmless at the time, but it would have terrible consequences.



The Bollinger family in Ōmatā around 1895 (George on horseback on the far right, sitting behind his younger brother, Herman)





George in Egypt on his way to Gallipoli

## George the ANZAC

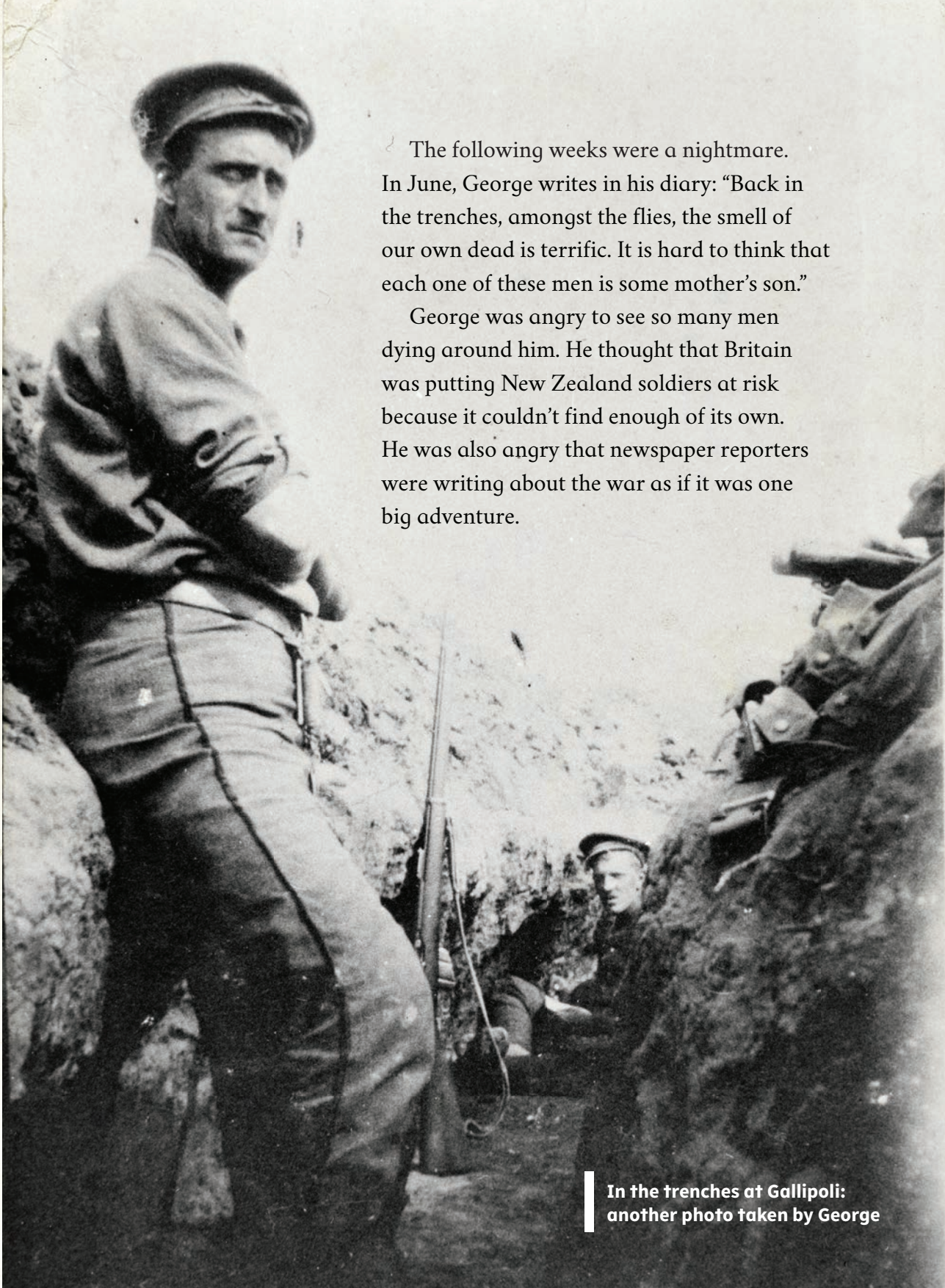
George was working in a bank when war was declared on 4 August 1914. He signed up nine days later. He had mixed feelings about leaving. In his diary, he writes about the wharf “crowded with thousands of sad faces” as people said goodbye. He also wrote: “How hard it is to realise that we are at last about to leave the shores of ‘God’s own Country’”

George landed at Gallipoli on 26 April 1915. By ten that morning, he was “On shore in the thick of it”. He writes about the din and roar of the missiles, of climbing up to the firing line and seeing “awful sights”. The next day, George takes part in intense fighting. “On we rushed against a rain of bullets, and our men began to drop over before they fired a shot.”



Watching the bombardment: a photo taken by George on-board a boat the day before the Gallipoli landing





2 The following weeks were a nightmare. In June, George writes in his diary: “Back in the trenches, amongst the flies, the smell of our own dead is terrific. It is hard to think that each one of these men is some mother’s son.”

George was angry to see so many men dying around him. He thought that Britain was putting New Zealand soldiers at risk because it couldn’t find enough of its own. He was also angry that newspaper reporters were writing about the war as if it was one big adventure.

**In the trenches at Gallipoli:  
another photo taken by George**



George got sick in July and eventually spent a month in hospital on the island of Lemnos. By the time he returned to battle in early November, two men he admired had been killed. His diary entry about this was very short. George had little time to write – the fighting was too intense.

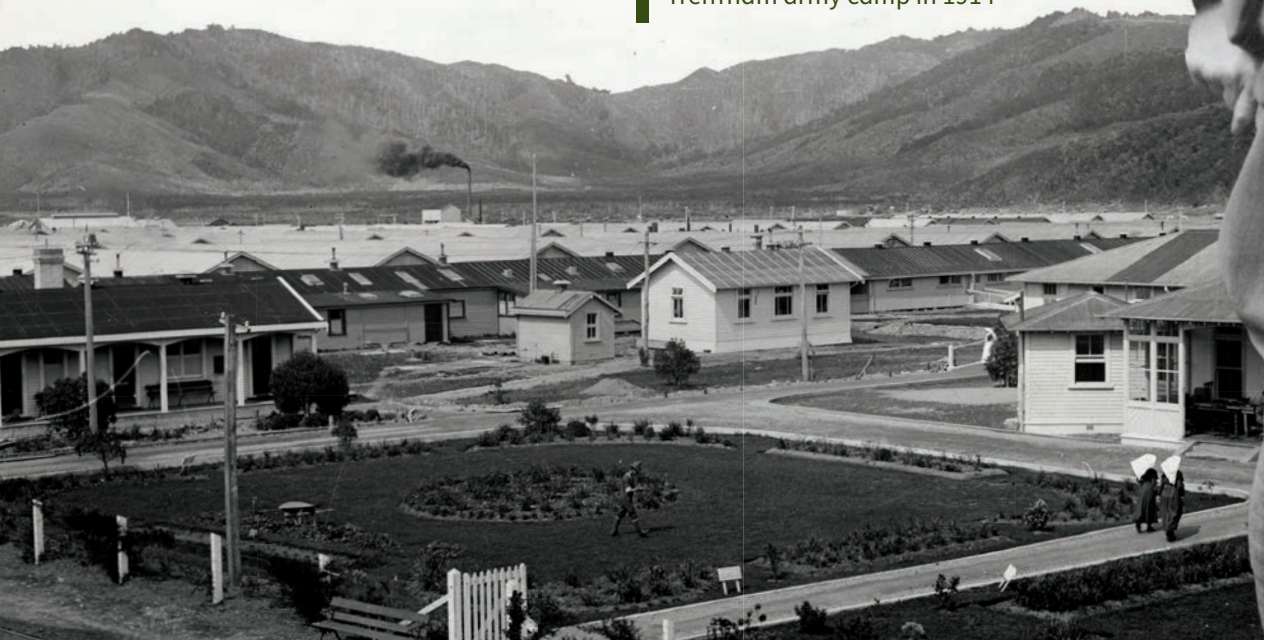
The ANZAC soldiers were finally evacuated in December. George left Gallipoli a very different man from the proud soldier who'd arrived five months earlier. He believed the deaths of many of his fellow soldiers were avoidable. "We will not be terribly proud of our Gallipoli bar," he wrote.

## George the Officer

George returned to New Zealand at the beginning of 1916. He was no longer an ordinary soldier; now he was an officer, one of only six New Zealanders who had served at Gallipoli to be promoted. In April, George was sent to Trentham army camp. His job was to train new soldiers.

It's hard to know how George felt about this work. He'd stopped writing in his diary by this time. But we do know home wasn't the safe haven he'd dreamt of. News of George's promotion spread, and some people were appalled. How could this happen? George wasn't a loyal New Zealand soldier – he was a German!

Trentham army camp in 1914







## George the German

Things like this were said by members of a group known as the Women's Anti-German League. These women took protecting their country very seriously, and they were deeply suspicious of a German surname. They worried that families like the Bollingers secretly supported Germany. In their opinion, this made those families the enemy, too.

At the time, there was a lot of prejudice and fear. Many German New Zealanders were imprisoned on Matiu/Somes Island in Wellington Harbour, and a well-known German professor was fired because his university didn't want trouble. The police even received reports about people carrying lanterns at night. Maybe they were using them to signal to the enemy!

In fact, the government had received a complaint about George just one month after he enlisted. The following year, it paid for that private detective's report. Although George was declared to be of "very good character", this didn't stop the suspicion. When George was made an officer, members of the League wrote to the Minister of Defence. "We mothers who have sons at the front feel that they should not be led by German officers bearing German names," one woman wrote.

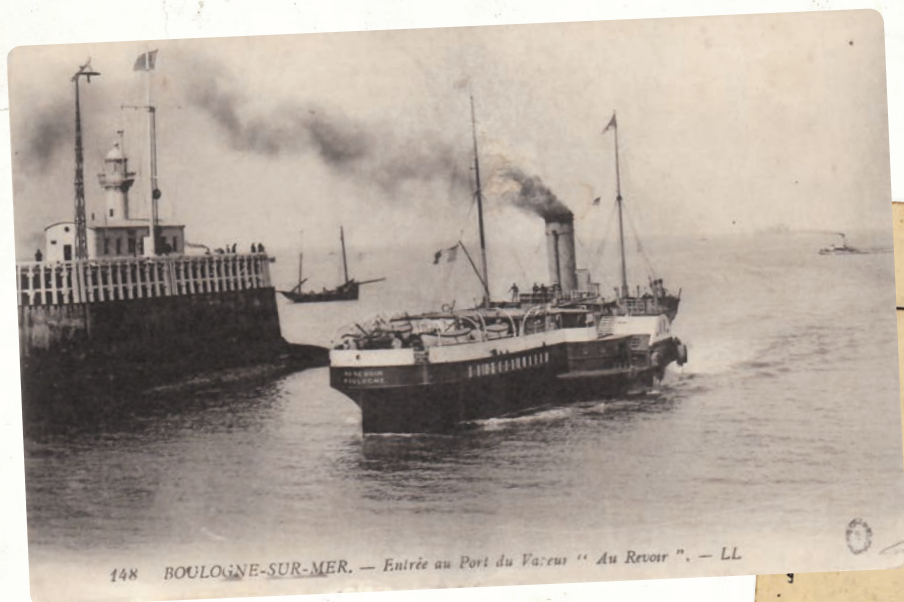
*We mothers who have sons at the front feel that they should not be led by German officers bearing German names ...*

## George the Brave

George was deeply affected by the things people were saying. Sometimes, they used more than words. The shops of some German businesspeople were vandalised and burnt down. In Taranaki, rocks were thrown at the Bollinger's home. George's parents moved to Wellington, and George volunteered to go back to the war.

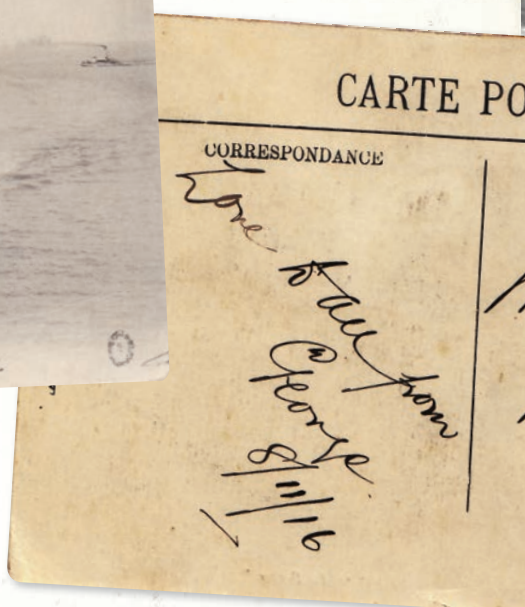
My family believes George did this to prove his loyalty. He didn't have to return to the fighting. Despite this, he left New Zealand in August 1916. This time, he was headed for France and the Western Front. George fought at Messines, where he was shot. He died a few days later, on 10 June 1917. I've seen the telegram his mother was sent. "George killed" – that's all it said.

George left everything he owned to his brother Herman, but he died, too, from wounds received in the same part of France the following year. In Germany, the Bollinger family was also suffering. Eight of George and Herman's cousins died on the Western Front, fighting for the other side.



148 BOULOGNE-SUR-MER. — Entrée au Port du Vapeur " Au Revoir ". — LL

George's last postcard, sent to his mother from Calais, France, on his way back to the Western Front after leave in England





## George the Ancestor

The First World War changed the lives of the family George and Herman left behind. Only one of George's sisters had children. Four of the others lived together for the rest of their lives. So many young men had died – who was there for my great-great-aunts to marry? George's oldest brother, Max, did get married. He had three children but died before his youngest son was born. That son was my grandfather Conrad. He grew up to become a pacifist. He didn't believe that war was a solution to the world's problems.

In Ōmatā, where George and Herman were born, there's a war memorial in front of the church. It says "Lest we forget". Underneath is a list of all the local men who died in the First World War. My great-great-uncles' names aren't on that list. No one in my family knows why, and I don't think we ever will. But we remember them.

Lest we forget.

In Memoriam

COLT. S. CROMPTON  
PVT. E. L. ALLEN  
PVT. F. WOOD  
SERJANT W. H. MILLMAN  
PVT. E. ANSTIS  
PVT. J. J. CROMPTON  
L. COL. L. A. WARREN  
PVT. N. WOOD  
PVT. D. MACK  
COL. R. KIDD  
PVT. H. A. PRUCEAN

ERECTED BY THE RESIDENTS IN HONOUR  
OF THE LADS OF THIS DISTRICT, WHO MADE  
THE GREATEST OF ALL SACRIFICES IN THE  
GREAT WAR, 1914 - 1918  
They died for their fellow men.





# ANCESTORS

BY SIMONE KAHO



It was our first night camping with Dad, and we'd just finished eating a big pile of pipi. Dad sat back, happy. He likes it when we eat things from the sea.

"I heard the ghosts once," he said. "In Tonga. It was a night a bit like this."

Harry and I looked at each other. What? Dad's comment seemed a bit random, but he didn't usually say a lot. We wanted to hear.

"What happened?" Harry asked.

"A young man in our village died," Dad said. "The women let their hair hang loose, and we wore our ta'ovala. There was a huge funeral with drums."

Dad tapped his fingers on the arm of his chair.

“Family came from far away to make the ‘umu, and after the funeral, we all feasted. But we could still hear drumming. It was coming from the bush. My uncle said there was probably a celebration in the next village – or maybe someone had died there too. The drumming went into the night.”

Dad’s nose glowed orange in the light of the fire. Behind him, the dark trees moved.

“The next day, we went to the village. The people said no one had died. There hadn’t been a funeral ... or a celebration.”

We waited for Dad to go on, but he stayed quiet.

“So who was drumming, Dad?” I asked.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Duh!”

Dad looked at me. “The ghosts,” he said. “Our ancestors were grieving.” He got up from his chair with a squeak. He was done. “Night,” he called, walking off to his tent.

“Is that it?” I said.

Harry laughed. “I guess that’s Dad’s idea of a ghost story.”

A weird noise made me jump. It sounded like a frog, but bigger ... or was it a branch snapping? Or maybe it was a really big frog, a branch-sized frog. An image of our ancestors crept into my mind. They had dark, round eyes and wide-open mouths like taniwha. Their faces retreated into hoods. Black capes whirled; skeletal fingers crept from sleeves. Now they were Dementors.

Harry poked the embers and dropped his stick. “I’m going to bed,” he said. He got up and walked away with the torch.

I leapt up, almost falling head first into the fire. “Wait for me,” I yelled. Harry spun around with a monster face. His nostrils were all red and veiny. His eyes were scrunched and evil. “Stop it!” I yelled. He laughed and bounced along like a disconnected head, still holding the torch under his chin. Then he flicked it off.

It was so dark I thought I’d been swallowed in a Dementor’s mouth. The fear was like a head rush from standing too quickly. I yelled and lurched forward, grabbing Harry’s arm. He laughed and switched the torch back on.

Our tent appeared in front of us, big and safe and orange. I scrambled with the zip and threw myself inside, burrowing deep into my sleeping bag. I covered my head and shut my eyes tight. Harry turned off the torch, and the red behind my eyes went black.

In the darkness and warmth of my bag, I realised I needed the loo. “Harry,” I whispered. My voice was high and needy. He wouldn’t like that. “Come to the toilets with me?”



“No way, José,” he said. Now my bladder felt like an over-filled water balloon.

I thought about grabbing the torch and sprinting to the loo, but going outside, alone, would be an open invitation to the ghosts. The trees behind our tent rustled. They were walking around! And in the distance, I was sure I could hear drumming.

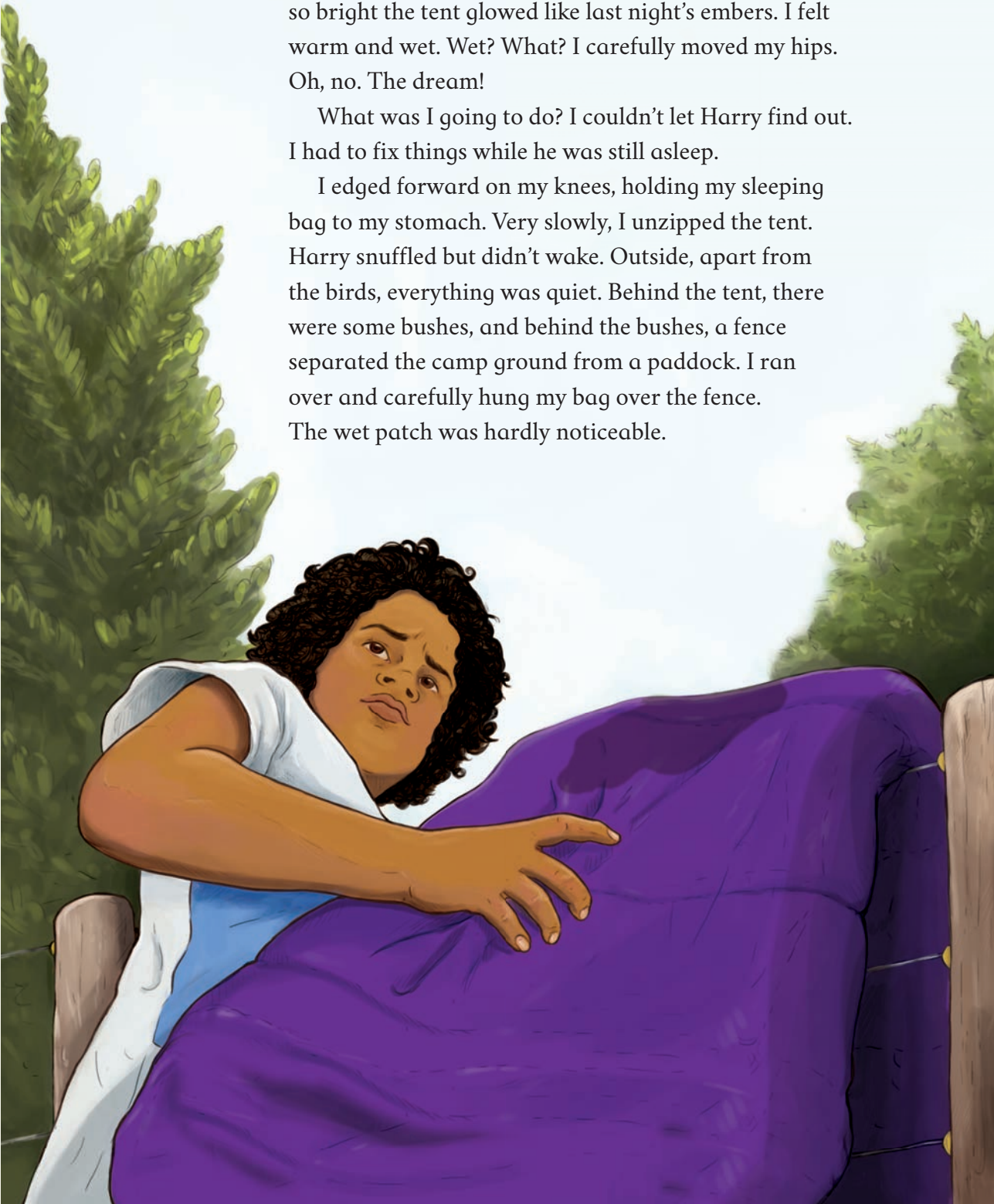
I stayed awake for a long time. Finally, I fell asleep and dreamt I went to the toilet after all. On my own. What a relief.



In the morning, I was woken by a tūi. The sun was so bright the tent glowed like last night's embers. I felt warm and wet. Wet? What? I carefully moved my hips. Oh, no. The dream!

What was I going to do? I couldn't let Harry find out. I had to fix things while he was still asleep.

I edged forward on my knees, holding my sleeping bag to my stomach. Very slowly, I unzipped the tent. Harry snuffled but didn't wake. Outside, apart from the birds, everything was quiet. Behind the tent, there were some bushes, and behind the bushes, a fence separated the camp ground from a paddock. I ran over and carefully hung my bag over the fence. The wet patch was hardly noticeable.



At breakfast, Dad watched as I ate my banana sandwich. Finally, he spoke. "You had a bit of trouble last night?" He nodded towards the fence in case I didn't get his meaning.

I swallowed my mouthful of bread and banana and changed the subject. "Dad, are the ancestors like Dementors?"

Dad looked surprised. "Of course not! Your ancestors are family – your grandparents' parents and their parents and way, way back." He smiled. "Even though you've never met, your ancestors love you and watch over you."

"I wish I'd thought of that last night," I said.

Harry flopped into the chair beside me. He grinned. "What's up with the sleeping bag, John?"

I said nothing.

"A scaredy-cat and a bed wetter!"

I stood up and threw my sandwich on the ground. He always had to be mean. "Yeah, well at least I can climb trees," I yelled, feeling mean myself. I took off towards the tallest tree in the camp. I ran so fast the ground blurred.

I reached the tree and leapt into the branches like a monkey. It's where I belong, hidden among the leaves. But not Harry. He's afraid of heights, though he won't admit it. He's determined to be better than me at everything. I was halfway up when I heard something below: Harry, pulling himself up through the branches. He was climbing hard but clumsily, stepping on my hand as he passed by.

I should have told him to be careful, but instead, I climbed higher and faster, too. The branches stuck out like spokes, each one leading easily to the next. A spiral staircase. We hauled ourselves up and up. We climbed so high the trunk became no thicker than my leg.

Way below, I could hear Dad calling out, but it was too late to listen now.







Suddenly a branch snapped – not one I was holding. Harry yelled and slid down the trunk towards me. It wasn't far, but it was enough to freak him out. His shoe was in front of my face, scrabbling for a foothold. I wrapped a hand round his leg to steady him and put his foot on a branch. Eventually, Harry's face appeared next to mine. He was panting like a dog. His breath smelt like banana.

So this is what Harry looks like when he's frightened. For some reason, I smiled. Harry looked shocked, but then he smiled, too. Slowly, without talking, we climbed down together.

At the bottom, Dad hugged me so tight I was almost winded. Then he hugged Harry.

"You boys could've been killed! I thought I was going to have to scrape you off the ground." He sounded more relieved than angry, which wasn't what I expected.

As we walked back, Harry caught my eye.

"Thanks, John," he said quietly.

I shrugged. "Don't thank me," I said.

"Thank our ancestors."





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