



THURSDAYS ARE FOR:

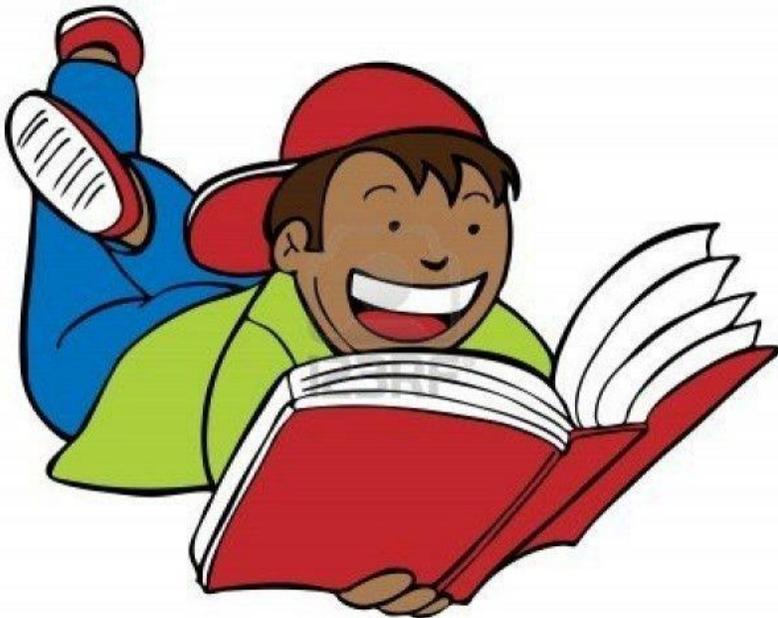
MUSIC

ART

STORIES

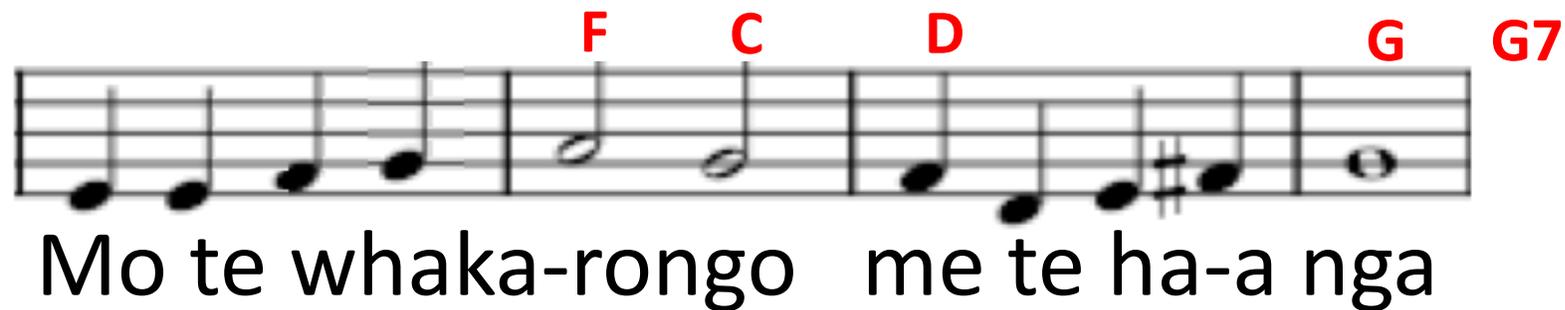
DRAMA

POETRY





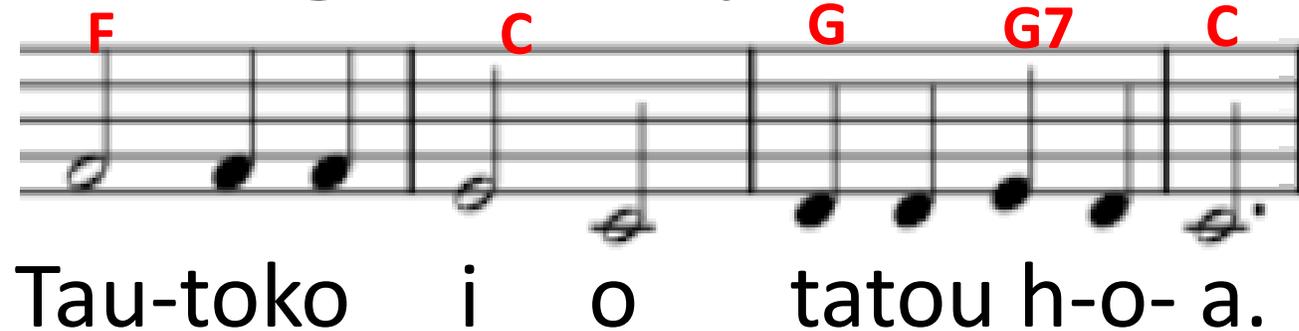
I tenei ra mo te waiata me te toi



Mo te whaka-rongo me te ha-a nga



Ki - a ngahau. Ka pai te ma-hi



Tau-toko i o tatou h-o- a.

Today is our day for Music and for Art

Let us all listen learn and create

We will have fun and try to do it well.

Supporting our friends all working as a team.

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# How the kiwi lost its wings

A very long time ago in a deep, dark forest Tānemahuta was walking along the cool damp floor of the forest. He looked up anxiously at the tallest trees that were proudly reaching for the sky. The trees were his children and he started to worry because horrible, hungry bugs were eating them and they were getting sick.

In despair Tānemahuta decided to talk to his brother Tānehokahoka. It was agreed that they would call a meeting with all of the birds that lived in the tree tops.

'Something is eating my children, the trees and I need one of you to come down from the tree tops to live on the forest floor. Then my children and your home will be saved. Who will come?' said Tānemahuta.

The forest went deathly quiet.



Anxiously Tānehokahoka turned to Tui.  
'Will you come down to the forest floor?'

Tui looked up at the soaring trees and saw the sun filtering through like flickering candles. Tui looked down at the forest floor and saw the cold, dark earth and quivered.

'No, it is too cold and I am afraid of the dark,' said Tui.

A blanket of silence fell over the forest.

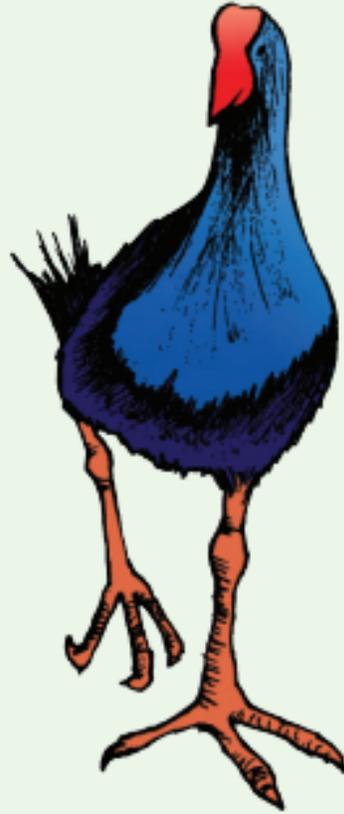
Tānehokahoka turned to Pūkeko.

'Will you come down to the forest floor?'

Pūkeko looked up at the soaring trees and saw the sun filtering through. Pūkeko looked down at the forest floor and saw the cold, dark earth and shuddered.

'No, Tānehokahoka it is too damp and I don't want to get my feet wet.'

The forest went as still as the calm before the storm.



Tānehokahoka turned to Pīpīwharauoa.

'Will you come down to the forest floor?'

Pīpīwharauoa looked up at the soaring trees and saw the light peering through the canopy. He looked around and saw his family.

'No, I am busy at the moment building my nest,' said Pīpīwharauoa.

There was a hush in the forest. Tānehokahoka felt sad because he knew that if one of his children did not come down to the forest floor all the birds would lose their homes.



Tānehokahoka desperately turned to Kiwi.

'Kiwi, will you come down to the forest floor?' said Tānehokahoka.

Kiwi took one last look at the treetops and the other birds with their beautiful coloured feathers and said goodbye. He turned to Tānehokahoka and said, 'I will.'



**That is how the Kiwi lost its wings and never flew again.**



Tānehokhoka turned to the other birds and said,

'Tui because you were too scared to come down from the forest roof, from now on you will wear two white feathers under your throat as the mark of a coward.

Pūkeko, because you didn't want to get your feet wet, you will live forever in the swamp.

Pīpīwharau, because you were too busy building your nest, from now on you will never build a nest again, but lay your eggs in other birds' nests.

However, you Kiwi, because of your great sacrifice, you will become the most well known and most loved bird of them all.'



# How Māui brought fire to the world

One evening, after eating a hearty meal, Māui lay beside his fire staring into the flames. He watched the flames flicker and dance and thought to himself, "I wonder where fire comes from."

Māui, being the curious person that he was, decided that he needed to find out. In the middle of the night, while everyone was sleeping, Māui went from village to village and extinguished all the fires until not a single fire burned in the world. He then went back to his whare and waited.

The next morning there was an uproar in the village.

"How can we cook our breakfast, there's no fire!" called a worried mother.

"How will we keep warm at night?" cried another.

"We can't possibly live without fire!" the villagers said to one another.

The people of the village were very frightened. They asked Taranga, who was their rangatira, to help solve the problem.

"Someone will have to go and see the great goddess, Mahuika, and ask her for fire," said Taranga.

None of the villagers were eager to meet Mahuika, they had all heard of the scorching mountain where she lived. So Māui offered to set out in search of Mahuika, secretly glad that his plan had worked.



## Mahuika

By Lisa Reihana



"Be very careful," said Taranga. "Although you are a descendant of Mahuika she will not take kindly to you if you try and trick her."

"I'll find the great ancestress Mahuika and bring fire back to the world," Māui assured his mother.

Māui walked to the scorching mountain to the end of the earth following the instructions from his mother and found a huge mountain glowing red hot with heat. At the base of the mountain Māui saw a cave entrance. Before he entered, Māui whispered a special karakia to himself as protection from what lay beyond.

But nothing could prepare Māui for what he saw when he entered the sacred mountain of Mahuika.

Mahuika, the goddess, rose up before him, fire burning from every pore of her body, her hair a mass of flames, her arms outstretched, and with only black holes where her eyes once were. She sniffed the air.

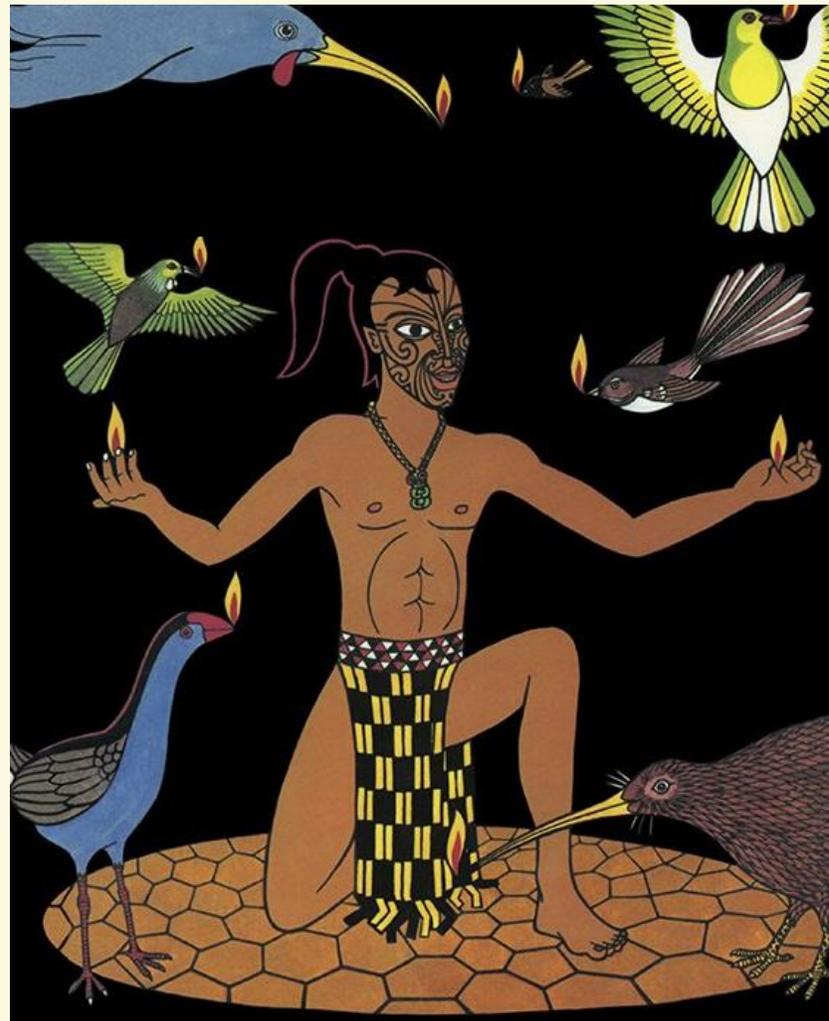
"Who is this mortal that dares to enter my dwelling?"

Māui gathered the courage to speak, "It is I, Māui, son of Taranga."

"Huh!" Yelled Mahuika. "Māui, the son of Taranga?"

"Yes the last born, Māui-tikitiki-a-Taranga."

"Well then, Māui-tikitiki-a-Taranga, welcome, welcome to the essence of the flame, welcome my grandchild."



Mahuika stepped closer to Māui, taking a deep sniff of his scent. Māui stood completely still, even though the flames from Mahuika's skin were unbearably hot.

"So... why do you come, Māui-tikitiki-a-Taranga?" Mahuika finally asked.

Māui said, "The fires of the world have been extinguished, I have come to ask you for fire." Mahuika listened carefully to Māui, and then she laughed. She pulled a fingernail from one of her burning fingers and gave it to him.

"Take this fire as a gift to your people. Honour this fire as you honour me."

So Māui left the house of Mahuika taking with him the fingernail of fire.

As Māui walked along the side of the road he thought to himself, "What if Mahuika had no fire left, then where would she get her fire from?"

Māui couldn't contain his curiosity. He quickly threw the fingernail into a stream and headed back to Mahuika's cave.

"I tripped and fell," said Māui. "Could I please have another?"

Mahuika was in a good mood. She hadn't spoken to someone in quite some time and she liked Māui. She gladly gave Māui another of her fingernails.



But Māui soon extinguished this fingernail as well and returned to Mahuika with another excuse.

"A fish splashed my flame as I was crossing the river," Māui said.

Mahuika provided another of her fingernails, not suspecting that she was being tricked.

This continued for most of the day until Mahuika had used all her fingernails and had even given up her toenails. When Māui returned to ask for another, Mahuika was furious. She knew Māui had been tricking her and threw the burning toenail to the ground.

Instantly Māui was surrounded by fire and chased from the cave.

Māui changed himself into a hawk and escaped to the sky, but the flames burned so high that they singed the underside of his wings, turning them a glowing red.



Māui dived towards a river, hoping to avoid the flames in the coolness of the water, but the immense heat made the water boil.

Māui was desperate. He called on his ancestor Tāwhirimātea for help. "Tāwhirimātea atua o ngā hau e whā, āwhinatia mai!"

Then, a mass of clouds gathered and a torrent of rain fell to put out the many fires. Mahuika's mountain of fire no longer burned hot.

Mahuika had lost much of her power, but still she was not giving up. She took her very last toenail and threw it at Māui in anger. The toenail of fire missed Māui and flew into the trees, planting itself in the Mahoe tree, the Tōtara, the Patete, the Pukatea, and the Kaikōmako trees. These trees cherished and held onto the fire of Mahuika, considering it a great gift.

When Māui returned to his village he didn't bring back fire as the villagers had expected. Instead he brought back dry wood from the Kaikōmako tree and showed them how to rub the dry sticks together forming friction which would eventually start a fire. The villagers were very happy to be able to cook their food once more and to have the warmth of their fires at night to comfort them.

Māui satisfied his curiosity in finding the origin of fire, although he very nearly paid the ultimate price in doing so. To this day the Kahu, the native hawk of Aotearoa, still retains the red singed feathers on the underside of its wings, a reminder of how close Māui was to death.

This is the story of how Māui brought fire to the world.

(c) Wiremu Grace

Kahu

By Reina Cottier



Maori used mahoe wood for fire-making. By rubbing a pointed stick of kaikomako rapidly in a grooved piece of soft mahoe wood, they could heat the mahoe to ignition point. A fine fluff of dry moss, wood dust or beaten flax was placed in the groove and when that was alight, larger dry material such as raupo was placed over the flame.

Hika ake au i taku ahi.  
Te ahi na wai?  
Te ahi na Maui; Maui tikitiki a Taranga.  
Ko wai taku kaunoti?  
Ko Tu-te-hurutea, ko te kaunoti a Maui.  
Ko wai taku hika?  
Ko te Tuke-a-rangi.  
Ko wai taku hika?  
Ko Toroi-a-pawa i a Takutaku, i a Puhoumea  
Ka tau te ahi na Mahuika.  
I generate my fire  
The fire of whom?  
The fire of Maui. Maui-tikitiki of Taranga.  
What is (the name of) my *kaunoti*?  
It is Tu-te-hurutea, the *kaunoti* of Maui.  
What is my *hika* (rubbing stick)?  
It is the Tuke-a-rangi.  
What is my *hika*?  
It is smoke from wood dust made by rubbing.  
The fire of Mahuika appears.

