

The big book of small stories

**Iti te kupu,
nui te kōrero**

Edited by Michelle Elvy
& Kiri Piahana-Wong

Nā Michelle Elvy &
Kiri Piahana-Wong i takatā

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nui te kōrero**

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MASSEY UNIVERSITY PRESS

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& Kiri Piahana-Wong**

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Introduction

One hundred writers, 100 stories. A river of tales with eddies and overfalls, with trickling tributaries and tugging currents.

The idea of this collection began simply: a dual-language book with dual goals, a selection of fine small stories in Aotearoa today, written in both English and te reo Māori and translated into te reo Māori and English that could also serve as a language-learning tool. This clear focus guided us as we read new submissions and cast the net wide for possible inclusions. We were encouraged by the enthusiastic response to the call for submissions — short-form storytelling in Aotearoa is alive and well.

We were also pleasantly overwhelmed by the selection process. We read submissions from both well-known writers and newcomers, and they were all worth including. With a neat 100 bound between the covers, there will always be something left out; this is any anthology editor's constant regret. But it's also the happy outcome of being surrounded by the literary richness of our country.

Once the selections were made, we set to work with translators. A team of ten worked over several months to bring stories written in English into te reo Māori. This book shines with the creative efforts and refinements of all of them. A smaller number of authors took up the challenge of writing stories in te reo Māori, which were then translated into English. Our two advisors, Hinemoana Baker and Robert Sullivan, were there to offer counsel and a new view. Hone Morris worked tirelessly to ensure te reo Māori was nuanced, consistent and finely tuned.

Reading small stories is like Bill Manhire's walk around the river bend in his 'Lyrical ballad': 'You couldn't see around the corner and then after

He kupu whakataki

Rau kaituhi, 100 kōrero. He awa e rere ana me ōna kōrero, he kororipo, he tāheke, he mangawai e māturuturu ana me ōna au e kukume nei.

Nō te rangi pea te whakaaro mō tēnei kohinga: he pukapuka reorua, whāinga rua, he kohinga kōrero iti, kōrero paki o Aotearoa o āiane, e tuhia ana ki te reo Ingarihi me te reo Māori me tōna whakapākehātanga me tōna whakamāoritanga hei ara ako reo. Nā tēnei aronga tiraki mātou i arataki nō mātou e pānui haere ana i ngā tuhinga hou me te tuku whānui anō te kupenga mei kore ake e mau kupu atu anō. I whakatītinahia mātou nā te kaha ō mai i te reo karanga — e ora pai ana te kōrero paki ki Aotearoa nei.

Ā, harikoa pūrau ana me te tukanga whiriwhiri. I pānuitia ngā kupu nā te kaituhi rongonui me te waetapu, ka mutu, katoa ka whakaurua mai. Kotahi rau i waenga i ngā uhi he mahue ētahi; he pōuri noa tēnei nō te kaitakatā o te paenga kōrero. Engari he hua pai hoki, kia karapotia ki ngā mātākōrero puiaki i tō tātou whenua nei.

Ka oti te kōwhiri, ka huri atu ki te mahi tahi me ngā kaiwhakamāori. Tekau ngā kaiwhakamāori i mahi i ngā marama kia whakamāoritia ngā tuhinga Ingarihi. Tīrama mai ana tēnei pukapuka ki ngā mahi auaha me te whakamahine ā rātou. Tokoiti ngā kaituhi i kawea ake te mānuka kia tuhia ā rātou kupu ki te reo Māori, kātahi ka whakapākehātia. Ko tā mātou kaitohutohu tokorua ko Hinemoana Baker rāua ko Robert Sullivan i noho mai hei tohutohu, hei tuku whakaaro hou hoki. Nā Hone Morris i whakapau kaha kia Māori noa te reo Māori, kia tika, kia rere pai.

Ko te pānui paki ka pērā i tā Bill Manhire hīkoi i te pikonga awa i tana ‘Waiata paki kupu’: ‘Tē kite i tua o te huringa o te piko, kātahi koe ka paku hōkai atu, ā, kitea ana.’ E rawe ki a mātou te rongohanga o te ohorere ka mau i ngā kohinga pēnei. Ā, he nuku, he hā hoki ina

a few steps you could.’ We love the sense of surprise a collection like this can hold. There is also movement and breath when we think of the flow of water. These stories are alive with inhalations and exhalations. Moata McNamara’s ‘Ngā wai’ flows with voice, silence, history; it opens and closes with deep breaths.

Short Poto offers a unique and necessary collection of powerful small-form writing in Aotearoa New Zealand and a wonderfully varied approach to creative writing, from the smallest piece — Temaari Ngawati’s sixty-word ‘Womb’ — to stories up to 300 words. Discerning readers will find much to explore, and we also made sure that the stories are suitable for most ages as we hope they can be enjoyed in schools and by a general audience.

In these pages, the reader will sometimes encounter a direct voice, as in the opening story: ‘There is a woman in this story, and you’re her’ (Airini Beautrais). Sometimes there is a kind of mining: ‘the hopes I had were prised from the mitochondria of my cells’ (Arihia Latham). There is humour in conversation (Ben Brown and Vaughan Rapatahana), and a sense of belonging: ‘This is your tūrangawaewae’ (Cassie Hart).

The many perspectives include a view of a harbour (Cilla McQueen), a view of the moon (Isla Huia), a view of kindness (Helen Rickerby). There are explorations of history (Kay McKenzie Cooke and Mereana Latimer), breakages (Khadro Mohamed) and healings (Nod Ghosh). There are stories of waiting (Michelle Rahurahu) and questioning (Miriam Gemmell). There are surprising moments of family, of darkness, of land and light. There are small and formidable voices (Robert Sullivan’s ‘Pupurangi Shelley’) and songs expanding in ‘Dark, dark, dark green’ (Ruby Solly’s ‘Pounamu kei roto i te awa’). There are deep hauntings: ‘To burn like a meteor and leave no dust’ (Alison Glenny).

Some works are emblematic of short-form fictions while others represent the questions, concerns and celebrations of today. We applaud

whakaaro tātou ki tētahi rerenga wai. E ora pai ana ēnei paki me ōna whakangā, ōna whakahā. E rere ana tā Moata McNamara ‘Ngā wai’ ā-reo nei, ā-ngū nei, ā-kōrero nehe nei; ka huaki ake, ā, ka kapi iho me ōna pūmanawa.

Kua koha mai a *Short Poto* he kohinga motuhake mīharo, he kohinga e tika ana hoki o ngā kōrero paki nui te mana i Aotearoa nei, ā, he ara matatini ki te tuhituhi auaha, mai i te tuhinga paku rawa — tā Temaari Ngawati ono tekau-kupu ‘Whare tangata’ — haere atu ki ngā paki 300 ngā kupu. He kai mā ngā hinengaro hihiri hei torotoro, ā, te katoa o ngā paki e pai ana mā te tangata ahakoa te pakeke he tūmanako nō mātou kia pānuitia i ngā kura me te marea.

I ēnei whārangi ka tūpono atu te kaipānui ki te reo horipū, arā, i te paki tuatahi: ‘He wahine i tēnei pakiwaitara, ko koe tērā’ (Airini Beautrais). I ētahi wā he huke: ‘Engari ko ngā tūmanako ōku i tuakina mai i te pata pūngao o aku pūtau’ (Arihia Latham). He wairua katakata tō te kōrerorero (Ben Brown rāua ko Vaughan Rapatahana), he rongo hoki ki te matemate-ā-one: ‘Koinei tō tūrangawaewae’ (Cassie Hart).

E hia kē nei ngā tirohanga tae atu ki tētahi tirohanga ki tētahi whanga (Cilla McQueen), he tirohanga ki a Hine (Isla Huia), he atawhai (Helen Rickerby). He tūhura o te kōrero nehe (Kay McKenzie Cooke rāua ko Mereana Latimer), he pakaru (Khadro Mohamed), ā, he whakaora (Nod Ghosh). He paki mō te tatari (Michelle Rahurahu) me te patapatai (Miriam Gemmell). He mea whakamīharo mō te whānau, te pōuriuri, te whenua me te aho. He reo paku, he reo whakaharahara hoki (tā Robert Sullivan ‘Pūpū rangi Shelley’) me ngā waiata e whakaroha ana ‘Kārikiuri, kawakawa, kārikiuri’ (tā Ruby Solly ‘Pounamu kei roto i te awa’). He wairua poke: ‘Kia ngiha pērā i te kōtiritiri, ā, kia puehu kore noa’ (Alison Glenny).

Ko ētahi o ngā paki e tohu ana i te pakiwaitara, ko ētahi atu he pātai, he āwangawanga, he whakanui o te wā nei. Ko tā mātou he mihi nunui ki te pūrehurehu o te raina i waenga i te paki tere, te ruri me te auaha pono.

the blurring of lines between flash fiction, prose poetry and creative non-fiction.

We invite readers to swim with this river of words, to walk the path as stories flow from page to page, to sense the rushing and slowing, the turns that are sometimes unexpected. Each overfall, each eddy, is something to step close to, perhaps cautiously wade into.

We offer this first volume of small stories in English and te reo Māori to readers, to Aotearoa New Zealand and to the world.

Michelle Elvy and Kiri Piahana-Wong
January 2025

He reo karanga tēnei ki ngā kaipānui kia kauria tēnei awa ā-kupu nei, kia hīkoia te huanui e rere nei ngā paki whārangi ki te whārangi kia rongohia te hīrere me te pōrohe, ngā huringa e puta noa ana. Ko ia takere, ko ia kororipo he mea he whakatata atu, he kautū rānei pea.

He koha nā mātou tēnei huinga kōrero paki i te reo Ingarihi me te reo Māori ki ngā kaipānui, ki Aotearoa otiia ki te ao.

Nā Michelle Elvy rāua tahi ko Kiri Piahana-Wong

Hānuere 2025

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Airini Beautrais
Self-loathing woman with snow

It is snowing in this story. The sun has gone down, and the sky is getting dingy. There is a woman in this story, and you're her.

You are walking home through the snow with bags of stuff you have bought for your family. You are thinking you were just the available option: not the first choice, never, no, not you. Compared to Betty, your eyes are the flesh-enfolded eyes of a pig. Compared to Suzanne, your thighs are, well, droopy. If Gillian's mind is angels dancing exquisitely on a pin, yours is some old people line dancing. And Geoffrey would rather have married any of them than you.

You are walking from the bus stop to your house because you don't drive and you didn't want to pay for a taxi. You also thought the walk would be beneficial, but now it is snowing and you are questioning all your decisions, every untethered thought, every neural impulse — when you trip on an uneven paver and go down into a drift in a kneeling position. Oh, fuck it, Sandra, you think, what is the point of this, your red skirt spread out on the snow, like a panty stain. Aren't you the one who's bringing home the shopping to your family through the weather? Get over it, Sandra, and get up.

But you sit there, staring forward at darkness, wet leaves and the corpses of snowflakes. Your stockings wet, you look over your shoulder and see just what it is rushing up behind you.

Nā Airini Beutrais Wahine wetiweti ki rō hukarere

01

Kai te heke te hukarere i tēnei pakiwaitara. Kua tō te rā, ā, kai te pōuri haere te rangi. He wahine i tēnei pakiwaitara, ko koe tērā.

Kai te hīkoi koe ki te kāenga i waenga hukarere me ngā pēke rawa kua hokona e koe mā tō whānau. Kai te whakaaro koe, ko koe te kōwhiringa e wātea ana: ehara i te kōwhiringa tuatahi, ehara, kore rawa, ehara i a koe. Ki te whakatauritehia ki a Betty, ko ō mata ko ngā mata whakakopa o te poaka. Ki te whakatauritehia ki a Suzanne, ko ō kūhā, me kī, e kūreherehe ana. Me ko te rite o ngā whakaaro o Gillian he anahera taunga ana ki te kanikani ki runga pine, ko ōhou he kaumātua e kanikani matatira ana. Waihoki, kua pīrangi kē a Geoffrey ki tētahi o rātau, hāunga anō koe.

Kai te hīkoi koe i te tūnga pahi ki tō whare, i te mea kāre koe e taraiwa, otirā, tē hiahia hoki kia utua e koe tētahi tekehī. I whakaaro hoki koe, ka whaihua te hīkoi, erangi ināianei kai te heke te hukarere, ā, kai te patapatai koe i ōu ake whakatau katoa, i ia whakaaro noa, i ia whakaaro ohia — kātahi ka tapape koe i tētahi pereki raima pāhiwihīwi, ā, ka tere te hinga ki raro, tūturi ai. Aiii, pokokōhua, Sandra, tō whakaaro ake, he aha hoki tēnei, kua mahora tō panekoti whero ki runga i te hukarere, ānō he pūriko tarau roto. Ko koe tonu tērā e kawē ana i ngā hokonga ki te kāenga, ki tō whānau i te huarere nei? Hei aha, Sandra, e tū.

Erangi, ka noho noa koe, ka tiro māikutu ki te pōuri, ki ngā rau mākū me ngā tarahī huka. E mākū ana ō tōkena, ka tiro whakamuri koe i ō pokohiwi, kia kite he aha hoki tērā e teretere mai ana i muri i a koe.

We were the crew, a united nations of poverty, Māori-Pākehā-Pasifika, just old enough to enter a world of rules and codes of conduct. Wearing our Dymo-ed name badges on our loud acrylic uniforms, we watched training videos on every aspect of the business called The System. Surrounded by framed statements telling us our core values, our induction reminded us how lucky we were. Chosen ones need no union. Not in the military, but forbidden to fraternise, we went into battle three hundred and sixty-three days a year, seven days a week, dawn till midnight. We were the crew and we fought for any work station except the lobby, where no counter protected us from customers. We had goals and dreams. We fought for shifts and overtime and training, scarred with cuts and grill burns, uniforms sparking static, our pores invaded with the indelible stench of reconstituted onion. We fought favouritism over last-minute roster changes, double shifts and promotions. We were labelled as disloyal troublemakers for wanting time off to attend exams and weddings and funerals. We stole Be My Guest cards entitling the bearer to food they'd never usually eat. We slipped them to friends and family, atonement for our moodiness, lateness, cancellations . . . our exhaustion. We fought managers with Roman hands and Russian fingers at booze-fuelled, drug-drenched parties. We got promoted. We were the managers, recruiting and inducting the crew, allocating them acrylic uniforms and Dymo-ing their names onto badges, the plastic still sticky from the names of crew who'd gone before them.

Ko mātou te kāhui, he tōputanga o te pōhara, Māori-Pākehā-Pasifika, kātahi anō ka eke ki tētahi pakeke e uru ai ki tētahi ao o te ture me te tikanga whanonga. Ka mau mātau i ā mātau tohu ingoa Dymo i ō mātau kahukapa kiriaku whanokē, ka mātaki mātau i ngā āhutatanga katoa o te pakihi e kīia nei ko The System. E karapotia ana ki ngā tauākī kua āta tāparetia e whakamārama mai ana i ō mātau uara matua, i whakamahara mai tō mātau whakatakinga ki a mātau i tō mātau waimarie. Ko te hunga āta tohu kāre e mate ki te whai uniana. Ahakoa ehara mātau i te ope tauā, ā, kāre hoki i whakaae kia whakawhanaunga atu, i whakatika atu mātau ki te pakanga e toru rau, e ono tekau-mā-toru rā i te tau, e whitu rā i te wiki, mai i te hāparatanga o te rā, ki te weheruatanga o te pō. Ko mātau te kāhui, ā, i whaiwhai mātau mō tētahi wāhi-mahi hāunga ia te roro, te wāhi kāre e whakahaumarutia mai mātau e tētahi pae kotahi i te kiritaki. He whāinga, he moemoeā ō mātau. I pakanga mātau mō ngā wā mahi, mō ngā haora tuwhene me te whakangungutanga, i tīwhaia mātau ki te motu me te wera, pateko ana ngā kahukapa, ko ō mātau putakiri i whakaekea e te hāunga ukiuki o te aniana waihou. I pakanga mātau ki te mariutanga mō ngā panoni ohotata ki te wātaka mahi, ngā wā mahi tāpara me ngā pikinga tūranga. I tapaina mātau hai nauhea piripono kore nā tō mātau hiahia ki te tonono rā wātea e haere ai mātau ki ngā whakamātautau, ki ngā mārena me ngā tangihanga. I tāhae mātau i ngā kāri Be My Guest e wātea ai ngā kai kāre e kainga auautia e te kaimau. Ka tukuna atu ki ō mātau whānau me ō mātau hoa, hei whakapāha mō ō mātau haumaruru, mō te tōmuritanga, te whakakorenga kaupapa . . . tō mātau ruha. I pakanga mātau ki ngā kaiwhakahaere me ō rātau ringa Rōmana, ō rātau matimati Rūhia i ngā pāti patu waipiro, patu tarukino. I whakapikia mātau. Ko mātau te kāhui kaiwhakahaere, kāhui kimi kaimahi, kāhui whakataki hoki, e tuku atu ana i ngā kahukapa kiriaku me te tā i ō rātau ingoa ki ō rātau pine, ko te kirihou e ngingita tonu ana nō ngā ingoa o te kāhui nō mua mai i a rātau.

Weight for weight feathers were more valuable than gold. But the era of peak abundance was ending. Soon they would be forced to scavenge among the leaf-litter for the remains of forgotten lyrics. Moments that could be repurposed, sewn onto a backdrop of velvet or dark paper.

The belief that objects revealed their meaning as they vanished gave rise to a trade in the most overt signs of grief; sighs and handkerchiefs dampened with tears. But what use were tears or sighs when the musicians could no longer walk from one room to another, and the softest notes were inaudible?

Hats grew in size to accommodate new forms of calculation. Parlours and pool halls stiffened with ivory. A delicate rustling and the musical click of spheres foretold the invisible routes of commerce. Ships crossed oceans carrying mountains of teeth to adorn civilisation. The residues of vanishing worlds furnished apartments. In cloud forests filled with butterflies staircases ascended into the canopy, and the ghosts of songbirds flitted between the rooms.

To burn like a meteor and leave no dust. Clouds turning and tumbling like whales, the sky a vast feather-bed. Stepping carefully from shade to shade. Smoke from a thousand chimneys and a white bone crumbling into ashes in their hands.

Taumaha ki te taumaha te wāriu ake te huruhuru tēnā i te kōura. Engari ko te makuru o te tau, e mutu haere ana. Ākuanei ka ākina rātau kia hamuhamu haere i ngā parapara rau mō ngā toenga kupu kua wareware. Ngā wā me taea te tārua, e tuituia ana ki te papa o tētahi pepa mōnehu, o tētahi pepa pōuri rānei.

Ko te whakaponu ka huraina e te taonga tōna anō tikanga i te memeha haeretanga i whanake ai he hokohoko mamae matanui; ko ngā tangi hotu, ko ngā aikiha e mākūkūtia ana e te roimata. Engari he aha te hua o te roimata, o te tangi hotu, i te korenga o ngā kaiwaiata e hīkoi ana i tētahi rūma ki tētahi kē atu, ā, tē rongu i ngā oro māriri?

Ka whānui haere te rahinga o ngā pōtae e ō ai ngā momo tātaihangā hou. Whakamakikihia ana ngā pāra, me ngā hōro piriota ki te rei. He kikihi marore, he ngete pūoru nō ngā kōpoi ka matakite i ngā ara riwha o te tauhokohoko. Whakawhitihia ana ngā moana e ngā poti, e kawea ana ngā maunga niho hai whakarākei i te nohanga tangata. Ko te toenga o ngā ao e memeha haere ana e whakarawea ana ngā whare noho. Kai ngā wao kapua, poha noa i ngā pūrerehua, ko ngā kaupae e piki haere ana ki te kāuru, ā, ka tītakataka haere ngā wairua o ngā manu waiata ki waenga i ngā rūma.

Kia ngiha pērā i te kōtiritiri, ā, kia puehu kore noa. E takahuri haere ana, e pītakataka haere ana ngā kapua me he pakake, ko te ātea o te rangi anō he moenga-huru whakahara. E āta hīkoi haere ana i tētahi maru ki maru kē atu. He auahi nā ngā tumere manomano, arā anō ko tētahi kōiwi mā e tāorohia ana hai puehu i ō rātau ringa.

The puzzle in the foyer has been completed.

Three men ferry items along the grey carpeted corridor, into the stainless-steel lift, through the sliding doors and then raise each chair, each picture, each box into their blue truck. The puzzle has 1000 pieces. There's a domed tower, a view across an ocean, terraced houses stepping up a hillside and verdant gardens. The sun sets behind an island and the beach is pristine. On the lid: *Benvenuti in paradiso*.

I vacuum the carpet, paying attention to the dust where the dresser stood, around the skirting boards, behind the long hanging curtains. I wipe inside the kitchen cabinets, remembering homemade shortbread biscuits and small boxes of milk. 'With a straw, Granny! With a straw!' A lamp waits by the door, unplugged. The couch, smothered in bubble wrap, is unrecognisable. I look away as they take the kitchen table.

Something is bugging me about the puzzle, with its too perfect orange sunset and light-licked water. I scan the balconies of the houses, the tiny tables positioned under grapevines, the steps in the gardens, the little taverna by the beach. My chest aches, it has been aching for days. I know what it is, or what is missing. The people. The people.

He tangata, he tangata, he tangata.

Kua tutuki te panga i te tomokanga.

Tokotoru ngā tāne e kawē haere ana i ngā taputapu i te kauhanga whāriki kiwikiwi, ki roto ki te ararewa maitai waikura-kore, mā ngā tatau tōtō, kātahi ka utaina ia tūru, ia pikitia, ia pouaka ki tō rātou taraka purū. Kotahi mano ngā piriri o te panga. He pourewa kōpuku, he tirohanga whānui o tētahi moana, he whare tūāpapa e piki haere ana i te taha o te puke, ā, he māra hoki e matomato ana te tipu. Ko te rā e tō ana ki muri i tētahi motu, ā, ko te moana e pīataata ana. I te taupoki ko: *Benvenuti in paradiso.*

Ka kaipuehutia e ahau te whāriki, e āta whakaarohia ana te puehu i te wāhi i tū ai te hautōtō, huri haere i ngā pōitoito, ki muri i ngā ārai tautau roa. Ka mukua e ahau ngā wāhi o roto i ngā kāpata kīhini, ka maharatia ērā i kīia ai he pihikete parāoa poto me ngā pouaka miraka iti. ‘Me te pūngote, e Kui! Me te pūngote!’ He rama e tatari ana i te tatau, tē purua. Ko te hāneanea, kua takaia ki te tākai mirumiru, tē mōhiotia. Ka huri atu ahau i a rātau e hari ana i te tēpū kīhini.

He mea kai te panga e whakapōrearea nei i ahau, i te paruhi rawa o tōna rā karaka e tō ana, me te wai kua karohitia e te mataaho. Ka mātaihia e ahau ngā parehua o ngā whare, ngā tēpu iti, kua whakatūria ki raro i ngā aka wāina, ngā arapiki i te māra me te wharekai iti i te taha moana. Kai te mamae taku poho, kua mamae i ngā rā tata nei. Kai te mōhio ahau he aha rā, he aha rānei e ngaro nei. He tangata. He tangata.

He tangata, he tangata, he tangata.

I sink down a bank with my daughter Cleo and reach carefully for the rich black bells, through branches, like pick-up sticks. I avoid the sharp hooks. 'Lid open, please,' I whisper. She waits on my hip. I deliver a number of blackberries into her bucket, some directly into her mouth, soft into soft, some into mine. While I am pinching canes by a leaf-tip and drawing them aside, Cleo fishes a few berries from our bucket.

There aren't many berries within reach left. Two short tracks are trammelled in the thicket, ending abruptly where the ground gives way. It's a steep slope. This will be the last haul of the season. ('Haul', and I'd count that as fifteen berries in the bucket. Plump ones, though.) We bless the plants and make our way back up the hill, me on the outside, Cleo on the inside, for this is a climb of blind corners. She stops us every so often. And then more often. She bends the lid off the bucket and has a moment with getting herself another blackberry or two. Her chin is soiled purple-grey, so's her jacket. One time, the vigour of peeling the lid off spills four berries onto the footpath. As she gasps, she squats to pick them up, and although she is a baby it's as though she's impersonating a baby, a reedy 'Oh!'

The hard concrete, a welt of ripe blackberry, her airy vowel of dismay, her fair action.

Ka heke i tētahi parenga me taku kōtiro me Cleo, ka āta toro atu ki ngā pere pōporo, mā ngā peka me he rākau tīpao-ake. Ka karo atu ngā matau kokoi. ‘Huakina koa te kōpani,’ taku kohimu. Ka tatari ia ki tōku hope. Ka tuku au i ētahi parakipere ki roto ki tana pākete, ko ētahi ka tōtika ki tōna waha, ngohe ki rō ngohe, ko ētahi ki tōku. I a au e kikini ana i ngā toi o ngā rau me te tō mai ki te taha, ka hī ake a Cleo i ētahi pere mai i tā māua pākete.

Ruarua noa ngā pere e toe ana e taea ana. E rua ngā ara poto kua takahia i te tairo, mutu kau ana i te wāhi e horo nei te papa. He tahataha. Koia nei te kohinga whakamutunga o te wā nei o te tau. (‘Kohinga’ ki taku tātai, tekau mā rima pere kei rō pākete. Engari, mōmona tonu.) Ka whakamoemititia e māua ngā tipu ka piki ake ai i te puke, ko ahau ki te taha o waho, ko Cleo ki te taha o roto, i te mea he pikinga piko kāpō. Auau ana te tū a Cleo. Ka nui atu tana tū. Ka numi ake ia i te kōpani i te pakete, ā, takitaro ana kia tīkina he parakipere kotahi, e rua rānei. Ko tōna kauwae kua paru i te poroporo-pūmā, pērā hoki tōna hāketete. I tētahi wā nā tōna kaha tīhore kōpani ka maringi e whā parakipere ki te ara hīkoi. I a ia e kūpā ana ka tūruru ia kia rarau ake, ā, ahakoa he pēpi ia ānō nei kei te tāwhai ia i tētahi pēpi, rite ki te taonga pūhau tana ‘Auē!’

He raima mārōrō, he kārawarawa parakipere maoa, ko tōna oropuare pōraruru hauangi, tana mahi tōkeke.