



**E AI KI NGĀ KŌRERO MAI I
TAUMUTU**

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MIHI

KO TE WEHI KI TE ATUA, te tīmatataka o te Kupu
Whakamaua te Rokopai, kia ū ki te whenua.
Aroha nui ki te takata

E noho ana ahau i te roro o tōku whare,
O Te Awhitū, i Taumutu.
Ka titiro atu ahau ki te kahu tai pōuri
O Waihora moana:
Whakakōhaka o te tuna heke,
Whāriki o te pīharau,
Ripohaka o te īnaka,
Papamoeka o te mohoa,
Te oraka o ōku tīpuna.

E mākirihia nei he tauwiwi kūare, kore tikaka.

Ka whakaaroha atu ki tua o te ākau,
Ki te taki haruru a Takaroa
E miti mai ra i te pīkao,
Ki ōna roimata rehutai
O tōku tai moana,
Anō he tātai matapopore.

Kia mau ki kā taoka a kā tīpuna!

Kia huri ōku kanohi ki te pari
O te kūmore o Tairaroa ki Ōtepoti,
Hai keko atu ki taku toroa tīriori.

Ki kawea atu taku taki!

Tihe i mauri ora!
Ki te whai ao, ki te ao mārama!

E kā waka, e kā mana, e kā reo,
E kā huihui tākata!
Ko Aoraki te mauka,
Ko Te Wai Pounamu te whenua,
Ko kā wai rere huka te moana,
Tahupōtiki te takata.

Ko Kāi Tahu te iwi e mihi atu nei
Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa.

FEAR God, the beginning of the Word.
Put on the Gospel, that it may be fixed to the land.
Love humankind with all your strength.

I am sitting on the porch o my house Te Awhitu
At Taumutu.
I gaze out to the dark sea surface
of Lake Waihora:
Birthplace of the migrating eels,
Floormat of the lamprey,
Eddying pool of the whitebait,
Sleeping ground of the black flounder
The sustenance of my ancestors.

We are mocked as worthless strangers, without rights.

I send my love beyond the shore,
To the sounding cry of Takaroa
Lapping at the pingao,
To his sea mist tears on my sea coast,
Like a prized adornment.

Hold to the treasures of the ancestors!

Let my eyes turn to the cliff
On Taiaroa's headland Otepoti,
To glance at my chiefly albatross.

Let my song be carried forth!

Tihe i mauri ora!
To the clear day, to the world of light!

O canoes! O powers! O voices!
O gatherings of people!
Aoraki is the mountain,
Te Wai pounamu the land,
The snow flowing rivers the sea,
Tahupotiki the man!

Kai Tahu are the people who greet you,
Greetings, greetings, greetings to you all!

This mihi to the people of Aotearoa was broadcast some years ago by the late Riki Te Mairaki Ellison-Taiaroa to mark the beginning of Māori Language Week. Te Awhitu House, referred to here, burned to the ground on Saturday 13 April 2003. The site is in the care of the Taiaroa family Trust.

RELATING MĀORI MYTHS AND LEGENDS

Storytellers need to understand a few basic things about Māori myths and legends.

Firstly we need to acknowledge them as the gift that they are and treat them with the utmost respect. This should not put us off sharing these treasures, however, for they are New Zealand's literary basis and no educated New Zealander should be ignorant of them.

We can all read stories, but telling them is more challenging. When we do read versions of the myths we should acknowledge that this is just one interpretation and know that all our lives we will be adding to our understanding of why the story has been handed down and what it is trying to teach. We have a better chance of getting the real messages in the story across to our listeners if we relate the story to images and situations they readily connect with. We just have to make sure that the essential parts of the story are faithfully portrayed. Knowing what the essential parts are is important.

Our ancestors from whom we have inherited the stories had many reasons for these. Some were to explain natural phenomena, others tried to make sense of their relationship with the world around them. Some very importantly set down a social order of behaviour and values e.g. Kae and the Whale sets down, that for every bad deed, there will be a reciprocal action or payment / utu. Other stories teach rituals e.g. what to do before cutting down a tree, as in Rata and the Birds. Some taught practical knowledge e.g. Māui making fire. If the part is left out about rubbing the hard wood on the soft wood the whole point of the story is lost. History and whakapapa and the importance of finding your parents and learning who you are make up another important ingredient of some stories. Painting an oral picture and giving an oral map is a very important function of some myths, eg. stories that tell where the important stones are to be found and the creation stories. There are some stories told as a great big 'leg pull' to see how gullible some tourists can be. These are NOT our literary heritage.

It is a sign of great success if at the end of your story telling the children can work out some reasons why they think the story has been handed down.

Don't worry that there are different versions of many names. Point out that with an oral tradition. People in different areas developed different dialects and the first people to record the names heard them slightly differently or recorded them in a different way. Likewise there are different versions of the stories and it is worthwhile collecting them all.

Finally, we want everyone to enjoy the stories. They are wonderful to dramatize. Have fun *with* the stories but don't make fun *of* them. They contain much truth and wisdom and are part of the tradition of each iwi, deserving the greatest of respect.

Mō tātou, ā, mō kā uri a muri ake nei.
For us and our children after us.

THE CREATION OF TE WAI POUNAMU

These are the bones of this story. Notes have been added with background knowledge, which may help as you flesh out your own version, and adapt it to your audience. Some details given we would not bother children with but adults will find interesting. Your story telling ability is the essential ingredient here.

**In earlier times Southern Māori referred to a narrow strip around Queenstown as: Te Wai Pounamu but now it is used for the whole island. Its meaning is helped by knowing that Wai is an abbreviated form of Wahi, meaning place. The greenstone place is a good general name for the South Island.*

**It is also useful to know that the Southern dialect is used in this story and that Raki used here is the same mythical being as Rangi who figures as the Sky Father in the Ranginui and Papatuanuku creation story. Because we use 'k' instead of 'ng' in many words, Rangi becomes Raki, Aorangi = Aoraki, Waitangi = Waitaki, Tangaroa = Takaroa etc.*

TE WAKA O AORAKI (a very early name for Te Wai Pounamu)

This story has been handed down by the Waitaha people who were some of the earliest people to inhabit the South Island.

Raki was the son of Mākū and Mahoranui-a-Tea and was sometimes referred to as the Sky Father. He married Pokoharua-te-Pō. Aoraki was the mātāmua (firstborn) of this marriage. He had brothers called Rakiroa, Rakirua and Rarakiroa. You will notice that Raki is part of all the children's names. We learn that Pokoharua-te-Pō was heartbroken when Raki then fell in love with Papatūānuku who is sometimes called the Earth Mother.

**Papatūānuku was previously partnered with Takaroa in some traditions.*

Before Raki descended from the heavens to come together with his second wife, Papatūānuku, his children, who were naturally troubled that he was going to take another wife, decided to go and have a closer look at her.

They travelled on their journey in Te Waka o Aoraki. This waka came down from the sky. Aoraki and his brothers sailed around Papatūānuku who was in the area, called by our old people, Hawaiiiki. They were sad for their own Mother and not very enthusiastic when they viewed Papatūānuku. They were however obviously enthusiastic about exploring the ocean and looking for more land. Wherever they went they only saw more sea.

They sailed to the South West and their magnificent waka, Te Waka o Aoraki, managed the journey until a great storm arose - maybe it was sent by Raki the Sky Father to tell them to get along home. In any case, they had a special way of lifting the supernatural waka off the sea and returning home. Aoraki, the firstborn and therefore the leader, would be the one with the knowledge of how to say the correct karakia.

**In this case karakia means an incantation. Karakia meaning a prayer, is a modern meaning.*

Aoraki had to say the words that would calm the storm and allow them to lift the waka off the sea and float through the sky back to the Sky Father, Raki.

Alas, a mistake was made!

It is thought that in the fury of the storm Aoraki and his brothers panicked and this is why they did not perform the karakia correctly.

**This is a very important part of the story for Maori as it lays down the value where hurrying through or incorrectly performing ritual can lead to disaster.*

They performed the ritual chant incorrectly and disaster overtook them! Instead of the waka lifting off, it began to sink. Some stories say it stranded on a reef and stuck fast. The stranded waka tipped over with the Western side much higher than the Eastern side. The carvings on the ihu (prow) of the waka dropped off to form the Marlborough Sounds. The taurapa (sternpost) stood up in the wreckage as Motupohue or Bluff Hill.

Aoraki and his terrified brothers scrambled to the highest side and clung on to the wreckage. There they sat in a row. Clinging on and huddled together, their hair turned white and they began to freeze. Eventually the waka and its famous crew all turned to stone and formed what we now call the Southern Alps. Aoraki became our tallest mountain and his brothers became the high mountains nearby. These mountains are often called Kā Tīpuna Atua o Te Waka o Aoraki. Other mountains were various crew members who had clung on beside them.

**Aoraki/Mt Cook, Rakiroa/Mt Dampier, Rakirua/Mt Teichelmann, and Rārakiroa/Silberhorn, identifies some of them.*

That was the beginning of the creation of the South Island and is the reason that some people call it Te Waka o Aoraki. This is the most ancient name known for it.

The story doesn't finish here. A search was mounted to find Aoraki and his brothers. Those who came on this search are credited with improving the wreckage to make it a good place for people to live.



This second part of the story is called “The Search of Tū Te Raki Haunoa.”

**Note once more we have Raki as part of his name. It is said that he was the son of Aoraki. He is also referred to as the mokopuna (grandson) of Raki. He is credited with mythical powers but there is a very fine line between this story and richly embellished history. There are various spellings of his name but they all refer to the same person or to the taniwha which he left to look after some of his work. He is sometimes called a Demi-god by people who also refer to Aoraki and Raki as Gods. This can be confusing to children who mix it up with the European idea of God. Māori use the term Atua, if used, it needs to be carefully explained.*

**Children in general know that a story has elements of magic and exaggeration and are interested that this is an oral traditional story handed down for hundreds of years without being written down.*

**It is likely that Aoraki and his brothers actually went on an expedition in a South-Westerly direction looking for land and were never seen again and that a subsequent search by his son and others was successful in making landfall here giving rise to these stories on their safe return to their island home. This part of the story gives a wonderful geographical description to hand on to future explorers.*

TŪ TE RAKI HAUNOA or TŪ TE RAKI WHANOA or TŪ TE RAKI WHANAU

**All these names appear in written down versions of this story. I will use Tū Te Raki for short.*

Tū Te Raki came looking for his father and uncles with some other family members probably brothers and cousins. We know that he had on board one Kahukura who had great powers with plant and animal life. Another of his companions was Marokura who had the power to work with things related to the sea.

Tū Te Raki in his waka came upon the wreck of Te Waka o Aoraki. They sailed down the west side from where they saw the mountains and worked out what had happened. Tū Te Raki and his companions then began the task of making this terrible wreck into a beautiful island where people could live. They left the prow as it lay, forming the Marlborough Sounds. Down the West Coast Tū Te Raki pushed aside some mountains and made the Grey River Valley as we know it today. By sitting down and with his magnificent thighs he cleared a way for the water trapped inside the upturned waka to flow out as Mawheranui, or what we call today, the Grey River.

Proceeding south down the side of the canoe they saw the wonderful towering mountains and recognised the tallest one as Aoraki and other significant ones nearby as his brothers. They would have mourned greatly as they looked at their tīpuna (ancestors). Their great taki/tangi on this part of the coast would make huge waterways to the sea.

Proceeding around the part we call Fiordland today, Tū Te Raki used his adze named Te Hamo. He hacked off islands and chopped away, making hills and valleys, which were very cleanly cut. His greatest work is what we call now Milford Sound. Its Māori name is Piopiotahi. Where he put his feet when doing some of this work is Ka Tū Waewae o Tū, known now as Secretary Island at the entrance to Doubtful Sound.

Proceeding further south around the area where the taurapa was sitting up in an awkward way, Tū Te Raki saw that water had come in around the stern of the waka making Bluff Hill and Bluff Harbour. There was also water seeping into the waka here, making the swampland in the Awarua area. Here would be a place that Kahukura and Marokura would do some work with plants, birds and seafoods.

It was here that Tū Te Raki made his great rake from a side plank of the canoe called Rauawa o Aoraki.

**It is interesting to know that Māori could make rakes and that it was all with natural materials. A rake for detecting shellfish in sand is in the Canterbury Museum.*

From the jarring of the waka as it grounded, much of the cargo would have been displaced and be tumbling down towards the East. Tū Te Raki and the others began to make this side suitable for human use. While Tū Te Raki raked and formed the rivers, his companions helped fashion the Ōtākou Peninsula with its lovely harbour. They clad it with forest and put birds there and special seafoods in all the little bays. This peninsula and the peninsula further up this eastern side (Horomaka/Bank's Peninsula) of the waka were made as breakwaters to give protection from the South winds.

**Tū Te Raki and his companions would have never seen braided rivers as we have them on the east coast of the South Island hence the vivid imagery of how they were formed.*

Where the prongs of the rake of Tū Te Raki dug into the ground, various springs bubbled up. His name is the first name associated with Te Waihora/Lake Ellesmere. We are told that it was Tū Te Raki who scooped out this lake.

Tū Te Raki raked along the coast and some of his rake marks can be seen also as reefs down near Mata Kaea (Shag Point), which is down below the Waitaki River mouth. His raking was extensive, from the east, the north, and the south. The result was a huge pile which he then fashioned into Horomaka (Bank's Peninsula).

It is significant that the highest peak on Horomaka is Te Ahu Pātiki (Mt Herbert). The Māori name means, *Heaped Up Flounders*, and probably comes from the idea that the mountain was part of what Tū Te Raki scooped out of the lake. The shape of it also resembles a huge heap of flounders, if one uses one's imagination.

Now it was the turn of Kahukura to cover Horomaka with native grasses, native trees, flax and raupō. Many of the trees had flowers and berries. In the hollows in Horomaka he made little lakes and swamps. It soon rained and these filled up making little streams and rivers flowing down the valleys to the sea. Kahukura is held responsible for filling the bush with beautiful birds and the swamps with ducks, eels, and inaka.

**The name Kahukura has many significant meanings and is used extensively in the Maori names of Horomaka. Castle Rock is Te Tihi o Kahukura, and Sugar Loaf Peak is Te Heru o Kahukura (the headcomb of Kahukura), to mention two of them. In some stories Kahukura is described as the Rainbow God. This is a simplification and deserves deeper study. The literal meaning is a cloak of red as seen in the sky and which was studied as an omen in times of war. Some Kai Tahu hapū were known to have a small, carved wooden figure of Kahukura, which was kept in a tapu place and referred to by the tohuka to consult with in times of need.*

Tū Te Raki called upon his companion, Marokura (sometimes Marukura or even Kahumarū) to do the work related to the sea. Marokura has the sea from Horomaka to Raukawakawa (Cook's Strait), named for him, Te Tai o Marokura. Marokura is the clever companion who scooped out inlets, bays, and estuaries. He then put all kinds of kaimoana in places that are still well known for these sea-foods.

**These next notes come from the late Bill Gillies of Rapaki, using the generic Māori dialect of "ng".*

In Waihora/Lake Ellesmere he put the mohoao/black flounder;

In Wairewa/Lake Forsyth he put the tuna/eel;

In Akaroa he put the kōura/crayfish;

In Wainui he put the kuku/mussel;

In Whangakuru he put karengo/seaweed;

In Waikerikikari he put kina/sea eggs and tio/oysters;

In Koukourarata/Port Levy he put tuangi/cockles and wheke/octopus;

When he got to Whangaraupō/Lyttelton he extended himself and put a whole lot of different sea life in its waters - Pāua/Abalone; Ngaio/Sea Plum; Whitiko/Mudsnail; Pioke/Mudshark; Kōiro/Conger Eel; Toretore/Small Black Mussel; Pāpaka/Crab etc

Tū Te Raki Haunua left behind him a taniwha who is called by the same name and who resides in Te Waihora as our Atua Tiaki (Supreme Guardian.) He rests at Whakamātakiuru (Fisherman's Point) but also has responsibilities up and down the East Coast and up the Rākaia River.

**Tū te Raki travelled homewards and subsequent explorers from the Te Moana Nui ā Kiwa (Pacific) had the benefit of this extraordinary story which is really a vivid map or geography lesson describing the wonders of Te Wai Pounamu.*

**Rewi Koruarua of Taumutu circa 1900 recalled Tū Te Raki Haunoa as the Atua that guards Te Waihora. The resting holes of this Atua were Te Kurae- o-Whakamātakiuru on the west side of Waihora, another was Te Pa-o-Ateikamutu in Taumutu and at Lake Papatahōra. In the old days, certain domestic duties were not undertaken in the waters of Te Waihora as this could offend the Atua and cause him to lie on top of the water. If this happened, the people could not drink the water and it could also cause tuna (eel), inaka (whitebait) and pātiki (flounder) to die. When excavating the lake opening, all the inhabitants and resources of the pā were blessed to ensure the opening would be pushed through. If anyone behaved thoughtlessly at this time, Tū Te Raki Haunoa would lie across the cut-out channel and prevent the lake from opening. If this happened the tohuka would perform rituals to placate the Atua. Then they would dig again until the lake water escaped.*

(Notes on Atua tiaki abridged from Te Waihora Joint Management draft Plan, 2004)

**The people of Kāti Irakehu have another story of a taniwha left by Tū Te Raki, Kahukura and Marukura. His name was Kōiro Nui o te Whenua. He could go on land or sea and his job was to keep the balance of plant and animal life. This story is more relevant to the people of Whakaraupō (Lyttelton Harbour.)*

**Riki Te Mairaki Taiaroa Ellison who resided at Te Awhitu House, Taumutu for many years before his death in 1984, wrote an account of the taniwha, Tu Te Raki Haunoa in the Te Karaka Journal for the Canterbury Maori Studies Group. This is his account.*

Tū Te Rakihauoa is always recognized as the guardian of Lake Waihora. It is believed that he lived in a cave at the southernmost point of the lake and he cared for all the living things on the lake. It is well known that any breach of respect made by the occupying tribes against his wishes was fatal. The law of the lake was well understood, which of course would mean a long list of accepted rules, and that the tribes knew instinctively what was expected. In all, Tū Te Rakihauoa was a good Taniwha, a Goddess and Deity as a protector and a preserver of all things in his domain.

THE TANIWHA OF THE RĀKAIA RIVER

This story goes under several names. It has been recorded as “ the Legend of the Rākaia Gorge”, “The Story of Fighting Hill”, and “Tū Te Rakiwhānoa and the Rākaia”.

**It is thought to be a taniwha put in place by Tū Te Raki (Whānoa , Whānau.or Haunoa). It is named after him. The late Cath Brown from Taumutu wrote a version of this story for the children to illustrate and called it Tūterakiwhānoa and the Rākaia. More often we hear the taniwha called Tū Te Raki Haunoa. It is of no consequence as it has been named after Tū Te Raki who raked the plains with his special rake and who with his companions, Kahukura and Marokura established the plant life, the bird life, and the fish life. Tū Te Raki gets called Tū te Raki Whanau, Tū te Raki Whanoa and Tū te Raki Haunoa. It is all the same person - the son of Aoraki.*

TŪ TE RAKIWHĀNOA AND THE RĀKAIA RIVER

This is as written by Cath Brown for the children of Taumutu.

Tū Te Rakiwhānoa was a kaitiaki taniwha who lived in Te Waihora and the Rākaia River. He used to move from place to place through the underground streams that connect the river and the lake. He used to keep both Te Waihora and the Rākaia clean, so they were good places for ngā ika (fish), ngā manu (birds) and ngā tāngata (people). He especially loved his gardens of tī kouka (cabbage trees), harakeke (flax) and toetoe that looked beautiful swaying in the wind.

But, he began to be very angry with Te Maru, the North West wind that raged through the mountains and blew rubbish into his river. He asked Te Maru to stop but Te Maru laughed and blew even harder.

After a while Tū Te Rakiwhānoa decided he would build a dam to stop the rubbish going down the Rākaia. He worked and worked to block up the path of the river while Te Maru was away. While he was working he got very hot and when he wiped the sweat from his brow it landed on the rocks - you can still find it there today. Because he was tired and sore after his hard work he moved off into the mountains to bathe in the hot pools.

While he was resting after his hard work, along came Te Maru. He was furious when he saw the dam. So he blew up a huge northwest gale that tore out the tī kouka, the harakeke and the toetoe and made a hole in the rocks of the dam. The place where he made the gap is now called the Rākaia Gorge. The rock walls are steep and rugged and the water rushes through the gap Te Maru made.

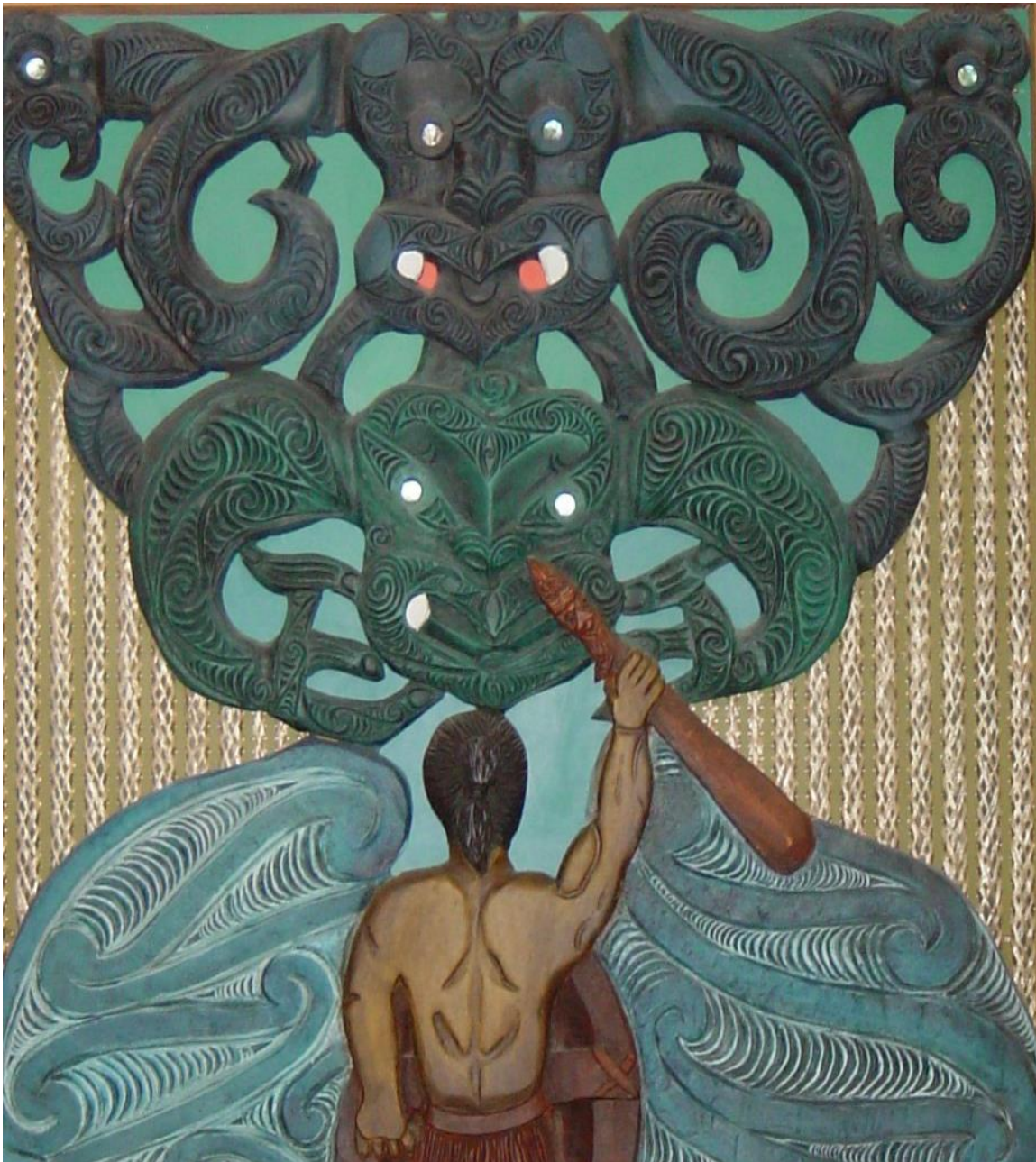
**When researching for the group who created a mural for Burnham primary school, the name of the Northwest wind used was Mauru. Some rocks where we can see the evidence of the sweat of taniwha sweat are the pink rocks and white rocks, which have flecks of mica in them. We sometimes pick them up at Taumutu when they have come down the river in a flood and along the coast to be flicked up on our beach.*

**The legend of Fighting Hill has been recorded from early Pākehā settlers who recalled hearing from Māori that Fighting Hill in the Rākaia Gorge above Windwhistle was so named because the northwest wind was often broken in its velocity and halted in its further destructive progress as it came into conflict with a wind blowing towards the west across the Canterbury Plains. This story also describes a taniwha who was an industrious gardener and who went on a cold day to find a hot spring to warm himself. While he was away the northwest wind came down the Rākaia from the Main Divide and destroyed all his cultivated plants of flax, cabbage tree and toe-toe. The taniwha re-established his gardens and then journeyed up the mountains and brought down huge boulders to make a dam to stop the wind and even trap it! He made the course of the Rākaia so narrow that it flowed between two high rocky walls and he put a keystone in the middle. This stone still remains as a rock island, which is part of the Rākaia Gorge bridge today. The North West wind, in his frantic attempts to clear his big pathway to the plains became so hot that the heat from his body melted the snow on the mountains and it roared down the river. The sweat of the taniwha became rock crystal in the bed of the river.*

**Both these versions of the story are a big geography lesson and a cautionary tale as well. Today we all know that the Nor-wester roars down the Rākaia and funnels through the Gorge. We also know it is dangerous to cross the river when we have Nor-West conditions. Wise Māori travellers consulted with the taniwha before crossing. Wise travellers of any ethnicity consult with the weather experts nowadays.*

**The word Rākaia means the same as Rāngaia in the northern dialects. In this case it means to stand in ranks and that would make sense as a method for crossing the river holding a branch or holding together in a line.*

**There are some really old stories about the Rākaia River. One is from the Hawea people about Tū Te Waimate who travelled at great speed with giant-like strides from Kaikōura to a cave on the banks of the Rākaia to take a feed of hāpuku to his brother called Moko. He is said to have jumped over the Waimakariri in one stride. His swiftness caused a great hot wind: Te Māuru, the northwester.*



RĀKAIHAUTŪ

Rākaihautū and his son Rokohuia who landed on the boulder bank at Whakatū (Nelson) came to Te Wai Pounamu in their waka Uruao.

Rākaihautū is known to be important in the whakapapa of Tai Tokerau and Rarotonga.

Approximately eleven generations from Rākaihautū, we have the ancestor Waitaha from whom the early Waitaha tribe here in the South Island are descended.

Rākaihautū made the huge traverse of this island with some of his people where he discovered most of the inland lakes of significance.

Tradition has it that he stuck his kō (digging stick) called (Whakaroria) in the ground at various places and lakes formed as a result.

Starting with Lakes Rotoiti and Rotorua he made the traverse right down to the end of the island and claimed and named the lakes as he progressed, as well as naming many rivers and streams.

His son progressed down the east coast and met up with his father in the vicinity of Waihao. The Kaitorete Spit, which divides Te Waihora from the sea, is also called Kā Poupou ā Rakaihouia (The Eel Weirs of Rakaihouia). The son told Rākaihautū of the lakes near Horomaka (Banks Peninsula) and directed him to go there because of the wonderful food available.

Both Te Waihora and Wairewa were the previous work of Tū Te Rakiwhānoa and carvings of Rākaihautū with his digging stick at these places are not pointing out his creation of the Lakes but his claiming of them. The lake we now call Te Waihora was called Te Kete Ika ā Rakaihautū (The fish basket of Rakaihautū) because he claimed it as a food source. Likewise the hills of what is now called Banks Peninsula were called Te Pātaka o Rākaihautū (The Food Storehouse of Rākaihautū) because of the abundant bird life there.

In our carvings Rākaihautū is depicted as a large hairy man. He would need this strong physique to accomplish the huge journey he undertook. He is reputed to have gone to the Akaroa area and his digging stick is said to be on top of Mt Bossu (Tuhiraki) behind Wainui. It is also thought by some that his bones are buried on Kaitōrete Spit.

The Canterbury Plains are named after his people – 'Kā Pākihi Whakatekateka o Waitaha'. An explanation is that our Waitaha ancestors imported the memory of Rākaihautū when they came here and held his memory by naming places and weaving traditions about him into the new landscape. It seems that his descendant who was called 'Waitaha' some eleven generations later was the actual founding ancestor here. There are however whakapapa in existence that go right back to Rākaihautū.

Notes provided to Christchurch Polytech by Bill Gillies, Hepetema 1998



TE AITANGA A HINE MATEROA

The Enchanted Trees of Banks Peninsula

Sometimes these trees existed alone or in groves. One kind of tree was fierce and dangerous; another was kind and loving but dangerous because they would smother the unwary with their branches; another kind was attractive with its flowers and berries but when approached would trip you with its branches; another kind made sweet humming tunes that led the unwary off safe tracks.

The trees, although different species, all had something in common – they were trained Kaitiaki (guards) of the Kāti Māmoe of the Irakehu.

Although they had different names they were known collectively as Te Aitanga a Hine Materoa.

Hine Materoa is a Kāti Māmoe tipuna. She practiced witchcraft and was the Kaitiaki of the Aitanga Rākau. It was said she set the trees strategically to guard the approaches to the various Irakehu settlements.

A further story by Bill Gillies of Rāpaki

Long ago, the Ngāi Tahu came to conquer the Banks Peninsula people. Among the Ngāi Tahu, was a young warrior called Mahi Ao Tea. He heard the chiefs talking about claiming land and decided to claim some for himself.

He gathered together some of his close friends. They left the main war party in the canoes. They climbed the cliffs and started off into the forest. Mahi Ao Tea noticed the trees seemed to grow taller and darker. Their branches drooped down blocking out the light.

Then Mahi Ao Tea realised the trees were closing around his band. The branches began whipping them. The branches creaked and groaned. Mahi Ao Tea knew now the trees were Te Aitanga a Hine Materoa - The Wild Black Pines.

He ordered his men to slash the branches of the surrounding trees. They fought hard until they were clear.

Rushing out of the thick forest, they came to a large clear space. There were clumps of cabbage trees offering tempting shade. Mahi Ao Tea and his band decided to rest after their hard fight. They lay down and were soon asleep.

Later Mahi Ao Tea woke and felt something stroking his body. He opened his eyes and saw the trees bending over his men. The leaves were gradually smothering them. At the same time the trees were making pleasant loving sounds.

These cabbage trees were the Tī a Tau Whete Ku. They smothered their loved ones to death. Mahi Ao Tea called out loudly to his men. They woke up quickly, struggled free and dashed away.

By this time, Mahi Ao Tea and his men were growing hungry. Soon they came to a grove of broadleaved trees. These trees had thick bunches of small tempting looking dark berries.

Before Mahi Ao Tea could say anything, his men rushed forward. They climbed the trees and began feasting on the tasty berries. But the cries of joy soon changed to cries of fear. The branches were closing around the men like the bars of a cage.

These trees were Te Papa Tū a Maheke. Mahi Ao Tea, who had not been caught, stared in horror. Then he noticed that the roots of the trees stuck out of the ground in places. He slashed at them with his axe and gradually his men were released by the weakening branches. At last Mahi Ao Tea and his band of men came in sight of the coast. Then they saw the war canoes. They were so glad to get back to their people; they didn't worry about their claims. Their chief Moki was pleased to see them too.

Another version of this story from an unknown source.

A long time ago when the Kāi Tahu people came to conquer the Banks Peninsula people a young warrior called Mahi Ao Tea wanted to claim some land for himself.

With some close friends Mahi Ao Tea left the main party in the canoes, climbed the cliffs and went into the forest. As they went further into the forest, the trees grew taller and darker. Creaking and groaning the branches closed in around his band. Mahi Ao Tea realised that these were Te Aitanga ā Hine Materoa – The Wild Black Pines. Mahi Ao Tea and his men had to fight hard to break free into a clear space in the forest.

Here there were clumps of cabbage trees offering shade so the men lay down and were soon asleep. Mahi Ao Tea awoke when something touched him. He saw the trees bending over his sleeping men, making soothing sounds and the leaves were gradually smothering them. These cabbage trees were the Tī ā Tau Whetē Kū that smothered their loved ones to death. Mahi Ao Tea called out to his men who woke and struggled free. Mahi Ao Tea and his men were hungry. They saw a grove of trees with bunches of tempting dark red berries, which they began to eat. Suddenly the branches of these trees began to close around the men like the bars of a cage. These trees were Te Papa Tū ā Mauheke. Mahi Ao Tea, who was not caught, began to chop at the exposed roots of the trees with his toki (adze), which weakened the trees releasing his men.

After these trials, Mahi Ao Tea and his men reached the coast where the canoes were waiting. They were so glad to see their people again that they did not attempt to claim the land.



STORIES OF THE CARVINGS IN TUTEAHUKA

Stories to be seen in the carvings done in the 1990 project to adorn the walls of Tuteahuka under the tutelage of Canterbury Resource Teachers of Māori Mike Davey, Denise Sheat and Art Teacher and Carver/Motivator Gavin Britt.

Local children completed all but the carving of Moki. This carving was done by the Year 7 and 8 children of Breens Intermediate and given to the marae.

East Wall - From left to right:

1. The Listening Rocks – South Island version of Rona and The Moon. *Note:* Riki Ellison's dog features in this.
2. Rākaihautū appealing to Tū Te Rakihaunoa to stop the northwest wind to enable his party to cross the treacherous Rākaia.

West Wall

3. The Pouakai featuring Haast's Eagle and Ruru with the red hair.
4. The Enchanted Trees of Banks Peninsula featuring some very pale Ngāi Tahu who obviously had hypothermia amongst their other woes.
5. Rona and The Moon showing that in the South Island version he was a man.
6. Moki looking at his daughter, Te Aotukia, with a bird who had provided red feathers for a famous cloak made for her at his request.

RONA AND THE MOON

**There are several versions of this story. They attempt to explain the shapes that can be seen on Te Marama, the moon. A person holding a calabash or gourd for pouring water (tahā) in one hand and clutching a piece of the Ngaio tree was imagined in the markings on the surface of the full moon by our ancestors who could never dream that man would land there by rocket one day. Here is one South Island version of the story. It is useful to show how stories change in the telling although their purpose is the same. North Island versions of the story sometimes portray Rona as a woman. No matter what the details are, all the stories show the power of Te Marama in the lives of our ancestors.*

**A useful study can be made of the influence of the moon in those times. Te Marama was considered to be male and no matter to whom a woman was married her real husband was Te Marama. The moon controlled her monthly cycle. When the new moon appeared people would call out "The husband of all women everywhere has appeared."*

**The Maori calendar was measured by the nights of the moon. Certain nights were right for fishing, e.g. eeling was not done when there was a lot of moonlight and the eels left out to dry on the whata (timber drying construction) were always covered at night because moonlight was bad for them. The tide and the moon also had a big bearing on the movements of the tuna (eels).*

**Infidelity had very serious consequences, except for arrangements for high-born visitors to introduce other good blood-lines.*



Rona was a fisherman not very happily married to a woman called Hine Aroaro te Pari (Girl Facing the Cliff) and they had at the time of this story three children.

Some stories say that Rona was a special person with magical powers. If that was so he did not have as much power as Te Marama, the Moon, but he certainly was a fairly tricky person. His wife appears to have been rather tricky also.

Each day when Rona went out fishing she would call out to an Aitu (demon) from the sky to come down and keep her and the children company. His name was Hoka.

**This shows this is a very old story, to have a demon in it.*

**These days the story is more likely to say she asked some other man around because she was lonely and to help her with the work. Her work would have been very hard. Apart from looking after the children, she would have been tending the gardens, weaving, collecting shellfish, and carrying all the firewood she could find. Bones of deceased Maori women which have been studied show that they mostly wore out!*

When she called to Hoka he would call back and say, "No, I can't come because your husband has special powers and might find out!"

Hine Aroaro te Pari would tell him that Rona was away out fishing and it would be safe for him to come. She told the children not to tell their father. She was a very tough mother.

If he was sure it was safe, Hoka would come down. He enjoyed his time with Hine and the children and was jealous of Rona. The stupid thing that Hoka did was to stay until the fishing boat was returning and then leave in a hurry. Just for spite he would kick over the flax fence (takitaki) around the garden. He hoped Rona would think the wind had done it.

He tried this trick just once too often, and Rona became suspicious. When Hine told him the wind had blown the takitaki down once more, he said "How funny there was no wind out at sea." Finally he managed to get the children to tell him secretly what had really happened because they weren't very

good at telling lies. He made them tell him exactly how their Mother called to Hoka and he practiced quietly until he could do it sounding just like Hine.

The next suitable fishing day Rona sent his wife out to do the fishing and he stayed at home with the children. When he could see that she was away off shore he sent the children to get some water. Then he called out to Hoka with a voice just like that of his wife, "Come down Hoka. I am lonely."

Hoka replied, "No, Rona has magical powers."

Then Rona called again in a voice just like Hine, "Don't worry, he has gone fishing."

So Hoka came down and Rona killed him! Worse than that, he cut him up and cooked some of him!

Once more Rona sent the children with the tahā for more water.

Hine returned from fishing and she could smell the aroma of roast meat. Rona gave her some to eat. When she sat down to eat she wanted the children to have some also. Rona said he would fetch the children who had gone to get water.

When he was some distance away but still within earshot he called back and told Hine what she was eating. She was greatly upset and angry! She ran after Rona but he was well away and had caught up with his children. He explained to the children that they had to run for their lives because their mother was in pursuit and she was angry enough to kill them. Quickly he ran with them until they came to a valley between high rocky walls. He found a little crack in the rocks and hid one child and then he found another little cave and hid the other two. He would try to find a hiding place for himself next. He told the children he would come back for them and call out when it was safe. They were to keep very quiet until he called.

He was by now carrying the tahā (calabash/gourd) and the moon was lighting his path as he looked for a place big enough to conceal a man. Suddenly the moon went behind a cloud and Rona stumbled in the darkness and fell, breaking the tahā. He shouted out to Te Marama, "You cooked head!" This was the most dreadful curse he could think of. Without any warning he felt himself being drawn up by his topknot of hair towards Te Marama.

He grabbed at a Ngaio tree to save himself but it came away from the earth in his hand. Up, up he was drawn towards Te Marama, calling to his children but they couldn't hear him. With his tahā in one hand and the small Ngaio in the other, he can be visualized by imaginative people in the markings on the full moon to this very day.

What became of the children and their mother?

Their Mother's name gives us a clue. 'Girl Facing the Cliff' makes us think she is still looking for a sign of her children in the rocky walls, but the cracks have closed up and the caves are hidden by plants and fallen earth.

The children have remained hidden forever. People look in cracks and little caves in the rocky valley walls on Horomaka/Bank's Peninsula and many other places where there are rocky valleys and sometimes they think they hear the children calling to each other. Sometimes if you call out in these valleys you will hear an echo call back. Could it be those children?

**When we are tempted to curse someone we should say "Kia mahara ki te hē a Rona." "Remember Rona's mistake."*

**It is an interesting exercise to compare this version with others that have been written down. I have referred to notes published in conjunction with the Te Māori Exhibition which were sourced by the late Bill Gillies of Rāpaki from Hone Taare Tikao and retold in a simple format for young primary school children.*



TE POUĀKAI

During the time the Waitaha people lived in this island there existed a bird; it was a man-eating bird, which resembled the pigeon.

Some of the tribe decided to find out why their fellows kept dying all the time and men were sent off to find the creature, which was devouring the tribe.

So off they went and saw the bird flying towards them. It caught sight of some of them and fastening its beak and claws upon them, carried them off as food.

Some of them escaped to the village and told their kin 'The creature which is destroying the tribe is a bird, Pouākai.

Then Te Hau-o-Tāwera, chief of the Waitaha tribe, decided they should construct a house, a storehouse that is to catch the bird. And so they prepared timber to make the house and looked about for a place to put it. They built the house at Te Hāpua-o-Mōkihi (to the south of Rakahuri) on the southern side of Maungatere.

The people built the house, fashioned as a storehouse. The posts were made so that they were fixed, like the paepae on the front of the house. The front of the house was set facing mountain.

When that was finished the people prepared flax, plaiting the cords into ropes. Te Hau-o-Tāwera ordered, 'Let food be prepared; we will catch it with food'.

All the tribe gathered to prepare food; then they placed it in the front end of the house while the chief advised them of the plans for catching the man-eating bird. When they had finished, people stayed to pull the ropes tight, and that was done.

Then men went off behind the mountain to entice the bird out. The bird flew towards them. Great was their fear at the length of its wings, its legs and its talons! Then the men went running in the direction of the storehouse, where all was in readiness. The bird came in pursuit and approached the place where the men were running and the storehouse. The men kept on running straight through the front of the storehouse, with the bird following right behind.

It landed on the threshold, where all was in readiness. The bird catching party sat near its food. Then the bird lowered its head and stretched it forward through the front of the house towards the food (where the nooses for trapping its head had been made ready); it brought in its wing, and only then were the ropes pulled taut and the bird was held fast.

Then the people sitting in the storehouse took up sticks and clubs and attacked the bird and finished it off.

That bird was a male bird (toa). Not three days after the death of that bird the she-bird (uha) that is a female, appeared to look for her mate. She too saw the people running into the house. And she also landed on the threshold of the front of the house and was caught by the rope. After the death of these birds, the tribe set off to inspect the cave where they nested. They saw the young of the birds, which flew towards them to attack. The men overpowered the birds and carried them back to the settlement inhabited by the tribe as pets for them to gaze upon.

Taken from Te Karanga Volume 5, Number One, May 1989 Told by Taare Te Maiharoa

THE LEGEND OF THE POUĀKAI, OR THE GLUTTON

Pouākai was in the form of an enormous bird and like the others, he also loved the flesh of man. His flight was swift as the forked lightning that rends the skies in time of storm and the noise caused by the beating of his huge wings resembled the rushing of the northwest wind as it howls down the desolate mountain gorges and away out onto the plains, bending all before it.

Mt Torlesse is the highest peak on the range of mountains – the Torlesse range – some of them snow capped in the height of summer and some bare and rocky. Thick bush covered the lower slopes, and flowing out, spread in green waves at their feet lapping the edge of the great plain that lay between them and the distant sea. The plain was covered by with mānuka, matagouri, aruhe and scrubby growth of sorts. In places where the rivers flowed and swampy patches appeared flax and raupō grew and the plumey toetoe flourished its silvery banners.

Away in the snowy tops countless little streams were born and hastening down the steep mountain sides through deep ravines and bush-clad gullies, now and again in noisy little water-falls they joined forces to form at last large rivers which spread like twisted silver ribbons across the land on their way to lose themselves in the sea.

In the streams and rivers were fish of many kinds: the little native trout, eels, īnanga and fresh-water koura; food in abundance for the gathering and in the land were many people to enjoy its bounty.

Evil days were now to come upon the people of this land, especially those who inhabited a large Pā some way out on the plains.

After Komakahua had placed the giant bird, Pouākai, safely, as he thought, on top of Mt Torlesse, things began to change. No longer could the people venture out to gather food at their leisure and in safety. They found that many of their best hunters failed to return to the Pā, and as time went on they were seriously troubled by the disappearance of so many people. At last they came to the conclusion that this huge bird was the fellow who was causing all the trouble and they came to live in fear and dread of this terrible threat to their hitherto carefree and happy lives.

Mt Torlesse was the highest peak on this particular range. From his home on the top of it, Pouākai could see for many miles away out over the plains. Craving as he did the sweet flesh of man, he was always on the watch for food. He could never get enough to satisfy his greedy appetite. It was his habit as soon as daylight came, to sit and look over the country far and near and if he espied any small parties of hunters or others, to swoop down suddenly and carry off one or more to his nest, there to be devoured at his leisure.

In times things became so serious that the people determined that this scourge must be destroyed. Only the best and bravest of their hunters dared to leave the pā, and then only at great risk. It became increasingly difficult to obtain food. Life for all was becoming unendurable and they were desperate.

One of the bravest and best of their hunters was a man named Ruru, who was as resourceful as he was brave; he was also noted for his swiftness in running. Ruru made up his mind to get rid of this dreaded destroyer. For a long time now he considered how it might be brought about, and at last he thought of a plan, though it may be risking his own life and the lives of some others as well. He consulted the people, who agreed to what he proposed. Accordingly he chose forty of the bravest and best of the men and during the night hours they went out from the pā to a place some distance from where there was a slight depression in the ground. Here they began to construct a large and very strong cage large enough to hold them all in comfortably and with room enough to allow them to move freely about in it. They built the walls and the roof very strongly indeed, leaving spaces between the

beams of the roof. They also made a stout door that could be quickly and securely closed. Though they could work only at night the cage was soon completed.

When everything was in readiness, Ruru and his forty companions went out during the hours of darkness and entered the cage. He instructed them to remain quietly inside while he himself would go out onto the plain a little way from it and attract the bird's attention as soon as daylight came. They must be in readiness to open the door when they saw him come running, and to close it on him just as quickly, for he would make for the shelter of the cage when the bird saw him.

Before it was dawn this hero went out some little distance from the cage where he could easily be seen by the ever-watchful Pouākai. With beating heart and high hopes for the success of his plan he awaited the break of day. Life was very sweet and he wondered if he should see another dawn, but he accounted his life well sacrificed if he could rid his tribe of this accursed pest.

Before long the eastern sky began to lighten, and as darkness fled before the break of full daylight Ruru saw Pouākai come swooping down from his mountaintop towards him. He ran swiftly for the shelter of his cage; he ran more swiftly than ever before. He ran for his life and for the lives of his people. He reached the safety of the cage and the door was instantly shut and securely barred at the very moment Pouākai alighted on the roof of the cage.

Furious at being balked of his prey the bird peered in through the spaces of the roof. His eyes gleamed like fire; he clawed at the beams and his great beak snapped viciously as he thrust his right foot through the bars. He grasped some of the men in his talons, and the rest immediately began to hack off his leg, but before they managed to sever it the bird killed some of them. Enraged he thrust in his other foot and succeeded in killing some more men before this leg was also hacked off. Maddened by being thus maimed Pouākai now thrust his right wing through the roof, and this time he killed more men in his wrath and violent struggles. Now there were about half the men either killed or disabled and when the bird – maddened and enraged beyond belief – thrust his left wing into the cage in despair at his failure to destroy his enemies, he killed yet more men before they cut off this wing also. Only about three-fourths, or less, of the men were left alive. Those who survived – Ruru was one of them – hastily unfastened the door and rushing out quickly clubbed the now helpless bird to death.

Having destroyed Pouākai the men decided they must locate his nest and destroy any young ones that might be in it. They made their ways to the foot of the mountain and began the hard climb through the thick bush. When they got a little more than halfway up they heard voices singing; it was Pouākai's little ones mourning for him. The hunters remained where they were and listened carefully until they had committed the song to memory. Having made sure of this they continued their climb until they reached the summit. Searching round they soon discovered the nest and in it were Pouākai's two little ones which they lost no time in destroying.

Thus through the wisdom of Ruru and the bravery of him and his companions, the tribe was rid forever of the cruel, rapacious enemy that had taken such a heavy toll of their numbers. Once more they were able to move up and down the land without fear and in freedom and leisure enjoying its bounty.



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The late Riki Te Mairaki Taiaroa Ellison and Catherine Brown envisaged Ngāti Moki as a place of learning and worked very hard to see that their knowledge was handed on. We acknowledge the inspiration we have drawn from their example to us.

The book would never have come to fruition without the time, energy and skills of Denise Sheat, Rose Nutira, Kaiwhakarite, Te Taumutu Rūnanga, and those of the Education portfolio who diligently edited it.

Some of the decorative carved panels were a 1990 project coordinated by the Rūnanga, assisted by Resource Teachers of Māori and expertly motivated and tutored by Gavin Britt who was, at that time, the Art Teacher at Breens Intermediate. As a close associate of Cath Brown, Gavin continued to use his ability with young people who produced two more beautiful panels. He also coordinated one panel with the other Teachers of Art from Intermediate Schools in an endeavour to develop their skills in this work. These three larger works have been gifted to the marae.

These panels, of course, tell the stories themselves.

We have acknowledged in the text the generosity of those who have shared their particular versions of some stories with us. Be assured that we treasure and hand them on as taonga to be handled with respect.

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