



*Image courtesy of Janine Fiebig (2017)*

# MEMOIR WRITING

An anthology of work from secondary school students  
of the Cook Islands 2017

# THE COOK ISLANDS' SECONDARY SCHOOLS' WRITING COMPETITION 2017

**Memoir:** *Where a person uses memories to write about important and interesting moments or events that took place in their life.*

---

Kia orana

In 2017 the Cook Islands' Secondary Schools' Writing Competition focused on writing memoirs in English and/or Maori. All school students in years 7-13 were eligible to enter. Almost 120 entries were received from schools throughout Rarotonga and the Pa Enea.

Winners in the 2017 Cook Islands' Secondary Schools' Writing Competition were announced on Friday 8<sup>th</sup> September 2017, in conjunction with the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of International Literacy Week. Prizes were kindly donated by Bounty Books, Tricia Thompson of Aroakainga Bungalows, and Ina and John Herrmann.

Judges of the Maori sections were Ngavaevae Papatua and Tutere Moetaua. The English sections were judged by Miria Kietonga and Rachel Smith. Winning entries were published in the Cook Island News. Stories published here include the prize winners and a selection of other memoirs the judges also thought worthy of publication. They appear in no particular order. Memoirs are followed by the 2017 prize list.

Congratulations, and meitaki maata to all those who entered, and to the teachers and parents of participating students for their encouragement and support.

Competition facilitator  
Jessica Le Bas



COOK ISLANDS  
Ministry of Education  
Maraurau o te Pae Api'i

## **JUDGES' REPORTS**

Kia Orana tatou katoatoa

The stories written in English in this years' memoir competition covered a wide range of themes including death of a loved one, relationships with family and friends, moving countries/islands, important events such as a holiday or first day of school, and memorable days.

The best stories made us laugh and cry. They had a great start to grab our attention, enabled us to relate to the main character, and had a strong ending. They were difficult to forget and left us feeling that there was a deeper meaning to the story.

We thank the writers for sharing their memories with us and commend them for their openness and bravery.

**Rachel Smith**

**Miria Kietonga**

---

Te oronga atu nei maua i te reo akameitaki ki te au tamariki apii katoatoa tei tomo ki roto i te tarere tata tua ta te Maraurau o te Pae Apii i akatupu. Kua mataora tikai maua i te tataui i te au tua tuketuke tei tataia. Meitaki maata ki te au tamariki no tei akakitekite mai kotou i tetai au angaanga mataora, maromaroa, poitirere e te umereia tei tupu ki roto i to kotou oraanga. Te akaroa. Te irinaki nei maua e kua riro ta kotou i rave i te akamaroiroi i te au tamariki i roto i ta kotou au apii kia tata ki roto i to tatou reo tupuna. Ki te au tamariki kare i manuia ki roto i teia tarereanga auraka e oki te manako ki muri, akamaroiroi atu ra kia vai ngarepurepu ua te reo Maori ki roto i to kotou au ngakau.

Kia manuia.

**Ngavaevae Papatua**

**Tutere Moetaua**

---

## **THE ENVELOPE**

The afternoon winds blew, the afternoon sun still in the sky, nice and high. I made my way to the field with the breeze on my face and the road beneath my rubber tires. With the traffic racing by me, I continued cycling with food stuffed in mouth. Yum. Chicken and chips taste delicious.

I arrived at the Titikaveka rugby field to see that the boys were training very hard. Sweat dripping like water from a tape.

“Hey Ioane!” they called to me.

“Yo, wat’s up?” I replied with actions. Slipping my rugby boots on, and moving like Flash to where the lads were.

My coach called me over and gave me an envelope. He said to give it to my parents and to make sure that they read it, and then delivered it to the Cook Islands’ Football Association.

As training went on the sun’s rays beat down on me and the lads with our legs shaking. Aha, a sign of weakness. Eus, eeus, the sound as the lads hit the shoulder pads.

‘O ghee, what’s the time?’ I ask.

‘6.20pm, my cuz,’ my friend replies.

‘Gotta go. See yous boys tomorrow.’

I hopped on my bike and journeyed home through the dark. I was dying to tell Dad. I gave him the envelope and watched his face light up.

‘Good luck son.’ He smiled.

**Ioane Moore**

**Titikaveka College**

**FIRST PRIZE**

**Year 9-10 English category**

---

## **AUE NGAKAU**

“Kare e tamariki e noo ki te kainga i teia ra, ka aere te katoatoa ki te apii”.

“Aue te roi” i naku ei.

“E apa teia no te ora ono, te aere nei ki te ora itu”.

“Tu ki runga, pā’ī, akamana, kai ti. Kua papa ta korua kai ei kai i te apii. Ko koe e Ed, ka aru koe ia Mami. Ko koe e Grace ka kave ua au i a koe. Me oki mai au no te tama i te aua puaka kua papa korua”.

“Ka akapeea ka moe ua!”.

Itirere ake au, e moemoea ua rai. Kua ta’eta’e toku vaimata, kua aue ngakau e kua maara au i toku metua tane. Kua kite atu au i toku metua vaine e noo ra ki runga i te nooanga, te ngai tikai e noo ana toku metua tane, e te maani ra i ta maua kai ko toku tungane no te apii.

E monite teia ra, e ra apii. Kua tu marie mai au ki runga e kua aere atu i te pā’ī. Kare e ngaroanga teia reo no toku metua tane i roto i toku manako. Kua pā’ī au, kua akamana, kua kai ti e kua papa no te aere atu ki te apii. Kua matau oki au e na toku metua tane e apai ana i aku ki te apii i te au ra na runga i te patikara matini, inara i teia ra na toku metua vaine e apai iaku. Kia tere te apii ka aereaere ua au ki te kainga.

Kia oki mai toku metua vaine no te anngaanga mai kua akakite au ki a ia i taku moe. Kua akamarama mai a ia e ko te inangaro oki teia o toku metua tane, ko ia oki kia aere matou ki te apii e kia rauka te kite ei meitaki e ei tauturu ia matou tana anau katoatoa.

Kua kore ua ake rai toku aue ngakau i toku metua tane.

**Tataia e Grace Matenga**

**Apii Tua Rua Titikaveka**

**RE TAI**

**Mataiti 9-10 Tuanga Maori**

---

## **BEAUTIFUL TEARS**

I was on the plane to Mangaia, my home. I was only four years old and didn't know what was going on. My mother was weeping. I didn't know why because I did not know what 'passed away' meant.

It all started when we were in New Zealand. The phone rang. My mother picked up the phone.

'Kia orana... aue... taku Papa?' she questioned.

As she broke the news to the family more weeping echoed through the house.

I still didn't know what the heck was going on, until I tracked my mother down. She was alone talking to herself, sitting next to a long box with Dad lying in it. So peaceful, so sleepy, so cold.

A new day dawned. Everyone was rushing everywhere having a shower, wearing nice clothes. My mother put me into a nice rainbow dress. We went on the pickup to a place with cliffs. A man in a long black dress was saying funny words out of his mouth. They put that long box in the ground and covered it with dirt.

Why are they dirtying Dad's new bed and hiding it, I wondered?

Back home again my mother pulled me close.

'Darling that was not a bed, it was a coffin. Passed away,' she said, 'means he's dead.'

As she pulled me closer, I shed my tears.

**Baila Moana Tua**

**Titikaveka College**

**FIRST PRIZE**

**Year 7-8 Category**

---

## **THE PLACENTA**

I heard my father and mother on the phone talking to my brother in the early hours of the morning of 16<sup>th</sup> January 2012 because the first male grandchild had just been born into the family in the hospital in Rarotonga.

My parents were very excited because they will name the child and wanted the placenta of the baby to be buried in Atiu. They asked my brother to send the placenta on the next available flight. I just don't understand what is the fuss about as I thought to myself, just bury it in Rarotonga, but who am I to say it, so I kept my mouth shut like a good girl.

We received the package on the plane the following day and we buried it in the front of the house next to the very first coconut tree my parents planted on our section of the land. As we covered the hole of where the placenta was, she spoke about the importance of this little ceremony

1. The placement of the placenta connects the child to his ancestor's land
2. The burial of the placenta in a chosen place is a mark to the spirits of the land for acceptance and no harm to come upon the child.
3. Burying the placenta in the right place will give the child the confidence and strength to conquer anything in life

Well, now I know and the question is, should we continue the tradition when it is our time, or make our own tradition?

**Ligiahi K Talagi-Tairi**  
**Enuamanu School, Atiu**  
**HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIZE**  
**Year 11-13 Category**

---

### **ONE TWO THREE**

One, two, three.

She counts down the hours.

Only four hours before they had been in celebration, then came the call and the mood dropped like a hot rock plunging into icy water.

Tic, tic, tic. The hand spins around the clock's hollow face.

One thought spins through the room; when, when will they find them?

Beep, beep. A watch pings on the hour, everyone's chest sags lower.

'Why is it always a drama with him?' She had joked in the car but the joke now seems pointless among the worried faces.

3:30 the hall clock reads, as people bring food for the troubled mob, trying in vain to make them eat.

Sirens blare, coming closer and closer as parents hurry forward, tear stained faces searching for their children.

'I'm sorry ma'am, but we have no news.' The sirens shriek to life as the car roars out of the drive.

And the clock continues to tick.

Dread fills the room, spilling over the discoloured furniture, pouring down the corridor and filling empty baths.

The sun begins its descent.

The bruised sky a warning and the murky shadows a threat as darkness looms in the back of everyone's mind.

Time passes.

Memories flood into their minds. The ticking continues to ring in their ears.

As the night air begins to stretch its way across the valley, the sound of sirens is once again heard, but this time they rejoice. As the ambulance pulls into the drive way, people surge forward in anticipation. Staring at the grubby features inside, tears of relief flow freely.

Blue and red light flickers through the darkness as family members reunite. Exhausted after their long day, people retire to their homes as sleep engulfs them, their minds empty. And still the clock ticks...

**Ceinwyn Miles**

**Tereora College**

**HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIZE**

**Year 9-10 Category**

---



## **TOKU RA ANAUANGA**

Kia ara mai au mei te moe, kua akarongo au i toku nga metua e tirituri ra ki roto i te ngai tunu kai. Kare au i kite e, eaa teia e tupu nei. Kua tu mai au ki runga e kua aere atu au ki roto i te ngai tunu kai i te akara e, eaa teia e tupu nei. Kua poitirere au i te kiteanga e kua tamaia te are e te akateateamamaoia nei no tetai akakoroanga. “Kia mataora koe e taku tamaine akaperepere i toou ra anauanga.” i na toku nga metua ai. Kua poitirere tikai au no te mea kua ngaropoina i aku e, e ra anauanga teia noku.

Kua aere atu au i te tieni i toku kakau ma te mataora e te rekareka. Kia waitata te tuatau o te akakoroanga kua akamata toku au taeake i te tae mai ki to matou kainga. Ia matou ko toku au taeake e pukapuka mataora nei te akapapa ra toku nga metua i te kai e te vai inu. Kua ki te kaingakai i te au kai tuketuke. Kua akapapa katoa raua i tetai kaingakai no te tukuanga i te au apinga aroa ta toku au taeake i apai mai.

Kua akamata toku metua vaine i te akakoroanga na roto i te pure. Kua pupui au i te kanara i runga i toku keke tiokereti e oti kua kaikai matou katoatoa. Kia tae ki te taima ka eeu au i taku au apinga aroa tei orongaia mai e toku au taeake kua mataora tikai au. E maata tikai te au apinga aroa ta toku au taeake i oronga mai naku.

Kia waitata te akakoronga i te openga kua tu mai toku metua tane e kua taki atu i aku ki ko i toku piamoe. Kua eeu a ia i te ngutupa. I roto i toku piamoe e patikara matini to reira. Noku te ingoa i tapiriia ki runga.

E tamaine au. E rima oku mataiti i te reira tuatau e kua oko toku metua tane i tetai patikara matini noku. Kare e ngaropoina iaku teia ra anauanga noku.

**Tataia e Mary Ngamata**

**Apiti Titikaveka**

**Mataiti 10**

---

## **RED CLIFFS**

I don't remember eating my lunch. I only remember running. I was the first to the gate. I don't remember who was with me, if they were friends, or if I knew them.

I just remember running out the gate, then someone called.

'Where are you going?'

I didn't know. Home, I suppose... somewhere safe.

I ran back inside the school gate with the others, the front lawn was now full of students which settled us.

The dust cleared and above us the cliffs, were red, raw. Right on top was a house, two storied, white, old house. I hadn't noticed it before, but now it was falling... the front, right side of the house first. It was all in slow motion. No one spoke, and, as the whole house fell, I remember thinking, 'I wonder if anyone is in there?'

We were hustled further away from the collapsing cliff. I don't remember finding my friends, but I do remember us all crying, and, Minnie. She was saying, 'Everything will be okay.'

It's weird, I don't remember thinking where my brother or mum were? And were they safe? I only remember wanting to go to the toilet.

Three of us were taken by my favourite teacher... What, was, her name? ... over to the other front gate, the one Kohl and I always walked in, by the trees and playground.

Sierra and I did a quick squat. Sarah was slower. An aftershock hit, she fell, I laughed.

I don't remember going to Sarah's. I only remember, seeing her wardrobe fallen over and their TV about to fall off the edge.

Every aftershock we hid under the dining table. It was kind of fun.

Next thing I remember, we are driving out of Christchurch and Mum says, 'We can't take everything.'

**April Horton**

**Tereora College**

**SECOND PRIZE**

**Year 11-13 Category**

---

## **TAKEN**

I was fifteen at the time. I loved life and had so many hobbies and interests. I loved my family so much and hanging out with my cousins. Life was good. School was great. And then one day, this life of mine shattered to pieces.

It was like any other day. After school, Mom and I were at home tackling chores and minding the children. I hurriedly prepared a pot of taro on the oven, hung our clothes and asked Mom to watch over it. Away I went to hang out with the cousins, listening to some music, sharing jokes, when the phone rang.

At the sound of my father's voice, I knew something was terribly wrong. I quickly drove back home feeling terrified of the worst.

As I reached home, everything became a blur. My heart contracted and almost stopped beating when I learnt that my Mom had passed away. My tears flowed like a river, I felt faint. I could not breathe.

MOM! Why? Why God? The days that followed were streams of faint faces and activities.

The only thing I remember was that numbing pain so vivid that it consumed every bit of joy left in my body. I just felt pain. I was devastated. My mom was taken from me. A little while later, I learnt that she had kidney failure. Mom hid her illness from us because she didn't want to disturb our sense of peace. I felt so robbed. If I had known that she was sick, I would have done anything to make her feel better. I would have told her everyday how much I love and appreciate her. She was the best woman I know. And she was my mother.

**Donna Atariki**

**Apii Mangaia**

**HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIZE**

**Year 11-13 Category**

---

## **MEMOIR**

My sister and I loved singing. But we used to bicker about who was better all the time. My sister was two years older than me. When I was ten I knew I was nothing compared to her.

We lived in the house my mother grew up in and live still to this day. My father would sit on his deck. But one day when I woke up he was nowhere to be seen. I later found him in the kitchen talking to my mother.

They came out of the kitchen and my father was smiling. My sister and I were sitting on the bed in the living room. My father came to her and said he was proud of her voice. He told me mine needed to be more developed. Ever since that day it gave my sister confidence to know that she was always better, no matter if I did something greater she could always have that against me.

Because of that I stopped singing in 2015. I had no reason to try and I lost my love for singing. But one day my sister was playing the ukulele. Seeing how easy it was to play caught my attention and I decided to give it a try.

My sister left for schooling in New Zealand early 2017. I started playing with the guitar and because she wasn't there I had the freedom to. My sister came back for school holidays and I was terrified. But for the first time in my life she asked me to play. It filled my heart with joy to know that my sister changed. For so long I dedicated my time towards hating her. But now I can finally smile.

**Skyla Kaiaruna**

**Apiti Nikao**

**HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIZE**

**Year 7-8 Category**

---

## **MEMOIR FROM PUKAPUKA**

When I was seven years old, I lived in a beautiful house in Pukapuka at Angatonu. One day I decided to go fishing with my big cousin in the lagoon at Pukapuka. The weather was fine and wonderful.

My cousin and I hopped onto the fishing boat with our fishing gear – rods, hooks and bait. We sailed to a spot in the lagoon where there were normally lots of fish. When we arrived there, we started to get ready to fish. We baited our hooks with small crabs and dropped our lines into the lovely blue sea. We waited and waited and waited. Nothing happened for ages. We were almost ready to give up and return to Wale.

Luckily, a fish began to nibble the bait that was on my hook. It was tough going when I pulled the line in. I tried so hard to pull it in, but the fish was fighting hard and was really strong.

I said to my cousin, 'Come and help me.' But he was jealous because I had caught a fish. I was almost ready to give up, but kept pulling and pulling and suddenly, at last, the fish came up through the sparkling water.

It was the most enormous trevally I had ever caught. The sun reflected off its scales and it wriggled as it tried to get away. I was so happy and proud. I could tell that my cousin wasn't too pleased that his young cousin could catch such a big fish, when he had caught nothing. Maybe he will be lucky next time.

**Kenny Tukia**

**Apii Niua, Pukapuka**

**SECOND PRIZE**

**Year 9-10 Category**

---

## **MEMOIR**

I was an imaginative eight-year-old, who thought each day was an adventure. My family and I moved to Rarotonga about four years ago. My mum had given birth to a new member of our family and now I lived with my parents and two younger brothers, in a house near Avatea School.

Every day after school, my imagination gave me brilliant ideas for new games. Relying on my imagination made me a creative person, and I enjoyed it. One day after school, I decided to become a shopkeeper. I had found interesting objects, and one of them was a pointy stick. My game was magnificent, and my brothers enjoyed it as well. However, I never allowed my youngest brother, Gideon, to take the stick.

I returned from a drink, finding my shop deliberately sabotaged! I was furious, and I knew that it was Gideon.

Behind our mango tree, I caught a glimpse of a wicked smile. It was Gideon, and he had my stick!

I chased after him. Gideon was still ahead of me, with the stick in his hand. Suddenly, Gideon tripped over a thick root, the sharp stick poking hard under Gideon's left eye. I was terribly numb.

Mum gently carried Gideon into our house. When Dad arrived, I thought I'd get the hiding of my life! Even my neighbour and other brother Leti were excited, because they wanted me to get a hiding. Instead I received a few scoldings from my parents. Gideon's eye was examined, and my dad said everything was fine.

After that incident, Gideon and I learned to never play with dangerous objects. However, I still used my imagination for games that were safe. As for the stick, it was thrown away by our neighbour Toretto, and we never saw it again.

**Tivaknoa Solomone**

**Apii Nikao**

**THIRD PRIZE**

**Year 7-8 Category**

---

## **VARAVARA TE ARU**

Tei roto au i te pairere e rere nei ki Viti. I roto i toku manako te matakū nei au i te au apinga kino e tupu ana ki te reira enua. Te aere nei au ki reira no te taemoemo poti ta kie a te pa enua Patipika. I tetai tua, kua kiia au e te mataora no te mea e tarekareka ou teia e pera te aere nei au ki tetai enua mamao e te tuke.

E ra manea teia i Viti nei e te akamata nei te taemoemo poti ta kie. Kua papa au no te reira e te ru katoa nei au.

Tei roto au i toku poti. Toku mata tei runga i te tangata mou reva. Te tiaki nei au kia tairi a ia i te reva no te akamata i te taemoemoanga Te akamata nei!

Kua tuku toku poti e te akatere viviki nei au i te reira na runga i te tua ngaru. E pakari tikai te matangi e te maana i te tai. Kua taangaanga au i toku kite karape i te akanoo i toku poti. Kua akatika e kua akaipa i te pa'a o te poti kia aru i te aangianga o te matangi.

Kia akara au tei mua au i te katoatoa. Kua rekareka tikai toku ngakau no te mea kua irinaki au e kare au e rokoia mai e kare a te arumaki.

Varavara te aru.

I te tuatau orongaanga re, kua mataora tikai au i te mea e kua peke ki aku te metera auro e te kapu no teia taemoemo poti ta kie.

Kia oki mai matou ki Rarotonga nei, e maata tikai te tangata i te ngai akatoanga pairere i te ariki mai ia matou. Kua ki au i te au ei tiare kakara ta toku kopu tangata i apai mai. Kua ngakau parau tikai au no te mea ko au te numero tai o teia taemoemoanga.

Varavara te aru.

**Tataia e Makua Nikoia**

**Pupu 10**

**Apīi Tuarua Titikaveka**

---

## MY MEMOIR

'Pack your bag, we are going to Hamilton to meet your grandfather,' Dad said. Then in a saddened tone he said, 'Bear in mind he is very unwell.' I was so excited. I had never met him before.

We arrived. I held the only photo of my granddad in my hand and carried high hopes in my head. I approached the room, rushed to his side and hugged him. In a quiet but loving voice he said, 'My granddaughter.' I stayed by his side and he told me legends of where I came from, then he asked me, 'What is your name?'

I replied 'Manea Stevie Ave.'

'No, your name is Manea Stevie Ave-ave-te-puera-o-te-inano.' My dad said we should leave. Granddad started talking in Maori. The only word I remember hearing was the word 'mate' but I didn't know what it meant.

'Manea say goodnight to Granddad. He might not make it to morning.' said Dad. I insisted that we stay. The nurse came with Granddad's food but he refused. When I started eating my chips from my happy-meal he looked at me eating. In a cheeky voice, 'What's that?' and he ate my happy-meal!

In the morning, the nurse said the medicine worked and I whispered to Granddad, 'No it was my magic happy-meal.' He giggled. When we left I said to him, 'I will learn my culture, I will dance it, sing it and speak it. I promise.'

He passed away the following year and we brought him home to rest. A part of me became determined to learn my culture. If it wasn't for those days together, I would have probably refused my culture as if it wasn't a part of me. But now it is the part of me I love the most.

**Manea Ave**  
**Nukutere College**  
**SECOND PRIZE**  
**Year 7-8 Category**

---



## **THE LONELY WHEEL**

‘If you could turn back the clock, and erase this moment from existence, would you truly be happy?’

This is a normal day’s train of thought for me. Somedays I believed I could push through, that time travel was not an option. On other days I believed that I couldn’t, that forcing the hands on the clock to spin faster would make me feel better.

On this day, I wished that I could end the events forever.

As I walked along the uneven cracked pavement, I noticed that unlike the blue skies imitating a piece by Vincent Van Gogh, the pavement is lifeless and holds no character. Its purpose is significant however; it goes unnoticed, reflecting my own feelings.

The air, filled with the scent of earth rained upon, fills my nostrils. The melody of Sir Elton John encapsulates me, time made wonderful because I am in it. Every key stroke, every lyric, sentiments I long to hear in my moments of consciousness.

The accolades from the crowd sings in my ears as he takes a bow and the curtains close. The unforgiving reality of loneliness returns – I am alone.

I curse that lifeless character, exclaiming, ‘Why must it be this way?’

But as much as I despise this lifeless pavement, believing that a party of three could walk carefree was short sighted.

While I curse my friends for excluding me and making me feel unwelcomed, I cannot blame them entirely for the incompatibility of their friendship and affection. This third wheel has learnt that strength in character and values can overcome all.

This is the story of the third wheel. This is the story of me.

**Poe Tiare Ruhe–Tararo**

**Tereora College**

**FIRST PRIZE**

**Year 11-13 Category**

---

## **THE PAIN THAT WON'T GO AWAY**

Saturday night. Rain is falling. My friend, Nicole, and I run to the school for shelter. We sit on long wooden bench chairs outside a classroom. A few minutes pass and Nicole breaks the silence.

'Why don't you live with your dad?' I bite my lip and start to rub my neck while staring blankly at the wet grass. What she asks me is unexpected, but it's also personal. Too personal, I think. Family stuff I don't want to talk about.

'I would, but my mum wants me to stay at her dad's house with Jay, my brother,' I say, hoping she is satisfied with my answer, even though I know it isn't true. She looks at me and knows.

'That's not the true reason,' she says.

Silence. More silence. I know I have to say something. The silence is unbearable. I decide to tell her the truth. Why not? She's my best friend at school.

'I don't stay with my dad because I betrayed his trust.'

She looks at me, 'What did you do?' Silence. 'What did you do?' she asks again.

'I told him a bunch of lies about something,' I say tensely. She looks at me. 'I don't want to talk about it,' I say. Silence. More silence. The rain seems to get louder. I start to feel cold.

'Okay,' she half whispers. Suddenly it's quiet. The rain stops.

'Do you wanna go now?' she asks.

'Yeah,' I reply. We stand up and start walking back to my grandparents' home. But as I'm walking, there's a pain in my heart that won't go away. I love my dad.

**Taina Marsters**

**Papaaroa Adventist School**

**THIRD PRIZE**

**Year 9-10 Category**

---

## **THE NIGHT OF FEAR**

One night my parents had gone to work. I was so scared by myself in bed, but lucky I wasn't alone. I had my step dad's family upstairs. I tried to go upstairs but I was so shy that I never knew them so I stayed in bed and waited for my parents to arrive back home.

It was raining hard outside, like lightning striking to the ground. I could hear the trees swaying from side to side as the wind blew hard. I could hear frogs all night rabbiting, and they wouldn't even stop. I could feel the air coming through my window as I started to have goosebumps all over me. I was freaking out at the same time. I was wanting to close my window but I was afraid that something outside would pop up and scare me to death. So I tried to go to sleep, but I was freaking out. I kept on thinking about something outside will come inside my bedroom like a snake. As soon as I thought of a snake coming through my window I popped out of bed and ran to my door. My door opened with a squeaky sound. I looked around me, checking if I was okay. Then I looked forward and my whole house was dark but I could hear my step dad's brother playing XBOX upstairs. I was about to go upstairs but I couldn't see the steps of my stairs for it was so dark. I went back in bed, covered myself and stared at the window as if something is coming inside.

Then my parents arrived home. I was hoping and crying if they would check on me, but they did not. They just went to bed.

**Ngatupuna Kae**  
**Nukutere College**  
**HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIZE**  
**Year 7-8 Category**

---

## KARE I TE ANGAANGA MAMA

I tetai popongi kua akaara mai toku metua tane i aku ma te akakite mai e ka aere maua ka tautai. Kua taputu mai au ki runga i te akapapa i aku e tetai manga ei kai na maua ki runga i te poti. I te mea oki e ko toku taime mua teia ki runga i te poti kua mataora tikai au.

I te taeanga maua ki Avana, kua karanga mai toku metua tane, “e aere koe e uuti mai i te poti ki te pae ia taua”

Kua tatara au i te taura tapeka poti e kua uuti mai i te poti kia vaitata mai i te ngai ta maua ko toku metua tane e tu ra. No te teimaa i te poti kua kapiki viviki atu au ki toku metua tane kia tauturu i aku i te uti mai i to maua poti. Kia vaitata mai te poti ki te pae ia maua kua kake au ki roto e kua akapapa i ta maua matira, te maunu e pera ta maua manga. Kia papa maua, kua akatere marie atu toku metua tane i to maua poti na roto i te ava maata.

Kia tae maua ki tua kua akamata au i te matakau no te mamata i te ngaru i te moana. Kua ui atu au ki toku metua tane, “eaa te mamao i ta taua ngai ka aere i te moana?”

Teia tana i tuatua mai, “ka aere taua ka aru rau manu, i tetai taime ka ngaro te enua, eaa kua matakau koe?”

Kua pau atu au ki a ia, “kite koe, e aka matakau tikai toku, kare au e inangaro i te aere, me ka tika e akaoki koe i aku ki uta. E taniuniu koe i toou taeake, ko korua ka aere ei”. Kua akara mai toku metua tane ma te kata, “kare, te aere nei taua, kare e roa”

Kua tuku ta maua matau, kare i roa kua kai mai te ika ki runga i te takiri. Kua tauturu au i toku metua tane i te taviri i te takiri e tae ua mai te ika ki te pae i to maua poti. Kia akatau ake au e aai te ika. “Kua rava ua teia ka oki taua”

**Tataia e Davida Brothers**

**Pupu 10**

**Apii Tuarua Titikaveka**

---

## **BEWARE THE ENGLISH TEACHER**

Ok let's get one thing straight. English teachers are always up to mischief, especially my English teacher. She always has a plan, a plan that will torture our brains for life.

'Wait where is my homework,' I mumble as my heart beats rapidly. If I don't do it or even find it, I will get obliterated. Wait a sec, maybe this talking chipmunk could help me.

'Hey, hey, Tutai can I have your book?' No reply. 'Aniva, did you do your homework?' Still no reply. They are too busy watching the teacher going on and on and on about who knows what, because I am too occupied wondering where is that stupid homework of mine.

As Mrs Kirkham slowly passes me and lurks around looking for her next prey. I hold my breath, tuck in my head, put my cheek against the cold wooden desk and hide myself, hoping that I won't get chosen to meet the hulk that is hidden inside of her. She may look spectacular, but all teachers have a dark side, especially my English teacher.

I can hear her voice roaring at those monkeys that sit behind me and my friends. I can sense her staring at our books, making sure that we have done what she has told us to do. But I make sure that she won't even get a glimpse of what I have on my book. Then it is our turn. Goosebumps go up and down my spine, sirens are ringing in my head. I knew from that moment I was going to see the dark side of Mrs Kirkham.

**Genesis Ngatikao**

**Nukutere College**

**HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIZE**

**Year 9-10 Category**

---

## **LEHI**

It has been three years since the boy I loved left us to go rest in peace. My little brother, Lehi.

It was a beautiful hot summery day, and my little brother and I were playing kicks in the pool, while we waited for our food to come. Anyways we played kicks with the ball. After a while me and my little brother took a break from swimming.

I was pouring me and my little brother a glass of coke when all of a sudden SPLAASSHH!!

At first I thought oh, maybe it was just my little brother throwing the balls inside the pool. Then all of a sudden everything went quiet. Not a sound at all until SPLLISSHH! SPLLOOSSHH! SPLLAASSH!

I quickly turned around and saw my brother floundering in the pool. I raced with horror and jumped in the pool. I was terrified not knowing what to do. My head was spinning. My heart was pounding like a billion bullets being shot. Time seemed to have stood still as I was dragging him with fear to the top of the water. The ambulance came. I could feel my blood pressure rising. I could hear the cries of my family. I was lost to my imagination, thinking of good thoughts.

Dom dom dom! I could hear the footsteps of the doctor walking in the room. My head was spinning. It was difficult to breathe. I could feel my whole life starting to fall apart. For hours I prayed to the Lord that he would help my brother. I couldn't wait any longer.

I stormed through the room in time to see Lehi before he passed.

His last words to me were, I love you, Nana.

REST IN PEACE LEHI

**Vaiana-Marie Rima**  
**Nukutere College**  
**HIGHLY COMMENDED PRIZE**  
**Year 9-10 Category**

---

## **SUPERMAN**

We were escorted to our seats, buckled up tight and were ready to go. Goosebumps rushed up and down my spine as we slowly went through a dark tunnel. Deafening sirens rang in my ears, lights flashed everywhere, like an explosion of light bulbs. Bombs exploded carelessly, police cars were smashed to bits. I heard voices yelling for help. Everyone was terrified.

Suddenly the ride came to a halt.

‘It’s a bird, it’s a plane, it’s Superman.’

Not sure what was going on, everyone was on the edge of their seats eager to know what was happening.

Superman yelled at us saying, ‘The whole place is about to blow up, so I will have to get you all out of here, and fast. Hold on tight everyone, because it’s going to be a bumpy ride.’

‘Ahh,’ I screamed. I listened to the countdown. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1..

All was still for a few seconds.

Until... BAM we were hurled a thousand feet into the air. We were flying upside down and thrown side to side like tennis balls. My hair was flying everywhere, whipping me across the face. My eyes were watery and my face was distorted. I was terrified and thought I was going to die.

‘It can’t get any worse.’

Then we approached an enormous steep hill. We came crashing down a thousand miles per minute, and I felt as if my stomach was left behind. At that point I really thought I was going to die.

Then the ride finally came to an end. My hair was messy, my eyes were exhausted and sitting at the back of my skull. We all looked like we had just been electrocuted.

‘I’m alive,’ I screamed with a sign of relief. ‘Let’s do it again!’

**Aniva Pierre-Hallin**

**Year 9**

**Nukutere College**

---

## **TOKU TERE NA RUNGA I TE MOANA**

I toku meangitianga kua akaruke au ma toku ngutuare tangata i to matou enua ko Rarotonga no te te tere atu ki Tongareva na runga i te pahi.

Kia akaruke te pahi i te uapu kua akamanako au e ka akapeea au? Eaa taku ka rave? I tera taime kua rauka mai toku manako. Ka akariro au iaku e ko au te tangata maata o te pahi. Naku e akatere i te au mataro e pera I te akakite ia ratou eaa te au angaanga ta ratou ka rave ia matou e tere nei ki Tongareva.

I te topaanga o te ra kua pueraera mai te au etu e to ratou tu sumaringa tikai. Kua takoto au ki raro i mua i te pahii te akarakara i te au etu.

I toku moeanga ra kua ara puai mai au no te mea kua akamata te ua.

Kua oro puai atu au ki roto i te pia moe o te pahi. Kia tae au ki reira kua aru atu au i toku soa i te akara e me meitaki uara to maua kopu tangata e moe ra ki runga i te ati o te pahi.

Ia matou e noo ra ki runga i te ati, kua akamata te ngaru i te patupatu i to matou pahi. Mataku loa au. Kua akamata au i te manako e ka singa to matou pahi e ka hano mai te au mango papela i te kai ia matou. Noatu ra te mamaata o te ngaru kare to matou pahi i sopu ana ki raro i te moana.

Kua mataora tikai au i to matou taeanga ki Tongareva e kua oronga atu au i toku aroha i te au mataro pai no to ratou meitaki ia matou.

**Tataia e Heimata Kietonga**

**Pupu 10**

**Apii Tuarua Titikaveka**

---



## **THE DAY I LEARNED SOMETHING NEW**

Rrrum, rrum the horrifying sound of the motorbike went, rrum rrum rrum. I watched my older brother and sisters taking turns riding the bike on the big field behind our house. I could hardly wait for my turn to come. I watched my sister riding around the field happy, and of course, taking her time!

I waited patiently until my turn finally came. I stood up and ran to the bike without even saying a thing. I was so excited I could not concentrate.

At first I was worried that I might fall down and get injured but my older sister said, 'If you can't ride then don't ride at all.'

'I can just watch,' I replied.

I wanted to cry but, if I did then I wouldn't even get a chance at all. I just hopped on the bike and then slowly started driving. I fell a few times but I didn't give up. Every time I fell I got up and tried again, because that is the kind of person I am.

There was absolutely no way I was going to give up. It took me a while to get the hang of it, but when I did I started speeding a bit until I was confident. Then I started to speed up. Learning to ride a bike was a challenge for me, but in the end I improved.

When I knew that I was enjoying myself I didn't even think about any of my other siblings, just myself. I was really enjoying myself, until my brother shouted to me, 'Dad is coming back home soon.'

I quickly stopped the bike and I nearly fell off. It was the scariest time of my life, but also the best experience ever.

**Tabeta Mote**

**Year 7**

**Nukutere College**

---

## **HE FELL**

My family froze on the 4th June as we stood in the middle of the lounge in our house. My mother received a phone call at 11:15pm from an unknown girl who spoke in clear English.

‘I am so sorry, your son has had an accident and broke his neck. He is alive at Middlemore Hospital and in surgery.’

We all looked at each other, I looked at my twin sister and we both felt the same intense sadness that crawled into the pit of our stomach. My father, shocked to the core, sat on the chair with his eyes wide open and asked in a very loud voice

‘What happened?’

My mother’s shoulders heaved up and down with her eyes wide open. She became another person. No emotions showed on her face, just a blank look, and questions after questions to the unknown girl on the phone while I felt clogged up in my chest.

My mother was on the computer contacting both sides of the family for help to go and see my brother at the hospital. I look back now to that night. She never made contact with any adults except our under 14-year-old nieces who are Facebook users. They saved the night. We finally slept from tiredness and sadness in the early hours of the morning.

My father flew to NZ the same week to be with my brother, and Mum flew a week later. Why? They needed to think logically and not rush according to them, even in times of intense sadness. We flew to NZ two months later and I saw the truth of the accident. It left a scar in all our hearts, for every turn of his wheel chair it left a track of sadness.

**Tutemariki O Ngatokoa Maara Tairi**

**Enuamanu School, Atiu**

**THIRD PRIZE**

**Year 11-13 Category**

---

## **MEMOIR**

Toku ingoa ko Tepaki Baxter. E 49 oku mataiti e kua anauia au i te ra 14 no Tepetema, mataiti 1967. Kua anauia au ki Autireria. Te pepe ra rai au i oki mai ei matou ki Aitutaki. E rima matou i te katoatoa i roto i toku kopu tangata. E au tamaroa pouroa matou e ko au te toru o te tama i roto ia matou.

Taku apii mua i aere ei au ko te Araura Primary e pera te Araura College. Kia akaruke au i te apii kua rare au na toku papa ko John Baxter Senior. E pikao penitini no te pairere ko te Cook Islands Air Ways. Kua rare katoa au na te Air Rarotonga ki roto i te tuanga tari turoto na runga i te poti. I te mataiti 1988 kua aere mai au ki Rarotonga nei i te rare na te Tipatimani o te Akava. Kua noo au ki Takuvaine.

I te mataiti 1990, kua rare au na te pai Te Kukupa e kua aere ana au ki Autireria e Niu Tireni apii ei no te rare ki runga i te Kukupa. I teia ra ko au te rangatira ki runga i teia pai.

Ko toku tokorua ko Engia Pate. E mami meitaki a ia no taku nga tamariki ko Kent raua ko Maggie. E taeake piri mou katoa teia noku.

Kia manuia

**Kent Baxter**

**Apīi Avarua**

**RE TAI**

**Mataiti 7-8 Tuanga Maori**

---

## **THE RUSH AND THE CRUSH**

Standing tall and firm, I whispered to myself, 'One, two, three...'  
My heart sank and my body flew as I leaped off the truck. Fear and panic jammed my eyes shut. I felt like I was never going to open them again, curled up in the air, then landing firm on my feet. As I slowly opened my eyes, I saw the ground, and my feelings went through the roof.

'I can do anything,' I shouted at the top of my lungs.  
I was jumping around like a dog waiting to play. Now it was my brother's turn.

'I can do a double back flip you know. I can do it just as good as those stunt boys on their bikes!' he announced bravely.

'Yeah right, you can't even do a normal jump as cool as them,' I replied, daring him.

He stood on the edge of the truck. I could feel his fear from where I stood, watching him. He turned his back to the ground wanting to prove to me he could do it.

'One... two... three...' I said out loud as he leaped off the truck. One flip wasn't enough. No, he wanted to do the second flip thinking he had something to prove. He was so close to the ground however. He didn't complete the second flip. He landed on his stomach. Little did I know his arm broke his fall. Then, Crack!  
It was silent. Then he screeched.

My mum came running out of the house with concern all over her face.

'What happened? Tell me what happened right now!'

It all happened so fast I didn't answer.

Winton whispered, 'I think I broke my arm Mum. It hurts so bad.'

**Ana-Marie Herman**

**Year 9**

**Nukutere College**

---

## **BE GENEROUS**

Two years ago my family and I were invited to a birthday party. I was excited to go to where my parents were born. My father couldn't stay with us on Pukapuka, but he did come for the trip. My family and I were going on the Lady Naomi to Pukapuka. It was a three-day trip, and it was the worst trip of my life. Finally, we sighted Pukapuka. When we got closer a whale was spotted. That was when I realised that sometimes when boats sail on the ocean, your eyes can fill with the wonder of sea creatures. It was an amazing sight. When we got there, we were kissed and hugged by our relatives. When they talked to me in our language, I was embarrassed. I couldn't understand. My dad introduced me to his family. They were generous and became my best friends. I spent about fifteen minutes with them. Next I went to meet my mum's family. I went exploring the island with my sister, starting from Ngake to Loto, then Yato. We were treated well by our relatives. That's when I realized that people in Pukapuka cared, and shared with each other. A few months passed, and living on Pukapuka felt like freedom. I learned my language and my culture. I was beyond happy. It was November when things started to change. People were working extra hard. My family were practicing for a birthday party. It was a performance. When the day came for the birthday party, it was for Ariki Vaine. Her great grandchildren, me, my sisters and brothers performed in front of her and all the people of Pukapuka. It was the best birthday ever, because everyone on Pukapuka was invited.

**Tuine Ngatokorua**

**Year 7**

**Apii Nikao**

---

## **COMING TO RAROTONGA**

At the age of eight I had to leave my home country. I was excited, confused and most of all, scared. Knowing my sister and grandma were there with me, gave me comfort. It had been eight years since my parents had left my sister and I in the care of my grandmother. I had never really met them, but we did constantly Skype each other. My parents had left my sister and I to go overseas, to work for our benefit, to have a good education. It was my first time on the plane. My parents had arrived about one month ago, and we spent time going to many places in Manila, the capital of the Philippines. It was always busy. Everywhere we went there was always the scent of food. I knew that I would miss this place dearly.

As I boarded the plane, I remembered all the happy memories that we made as a family. During the take-off I held on to my grandmother's hand, nervously.

It was a 24-hour flight. Our first stop was Malaysia. I was astonished. The airport was gigantic. It was really shiny. The place was crowded with people from different countries, and it was really scary.

We stayed in Malaysia for what seemed like forever, and in those hours we walked around eating spicy noodles and buying souvenirs.

When it was time to board the plane again, I was not able to keep still. I changed my seating position every five minutes. After a few hours we finally landed in Rarotonga.

As I stepped out of the plane, I realized that I had nothing to worry about. Taking the risk of going somewhere new wasn't so bad.

**Vannes Sendito**

**Year 8**

**Apii Nikao**

---

## **THE SHAKING**

It was a beautiful warm summer's day, just like any other. Suddenly the ground started to tremble. It grew bigger and bigger like a huge battleship charging through the ground beneath me. Everything was crumbling to the ground.

Suddenly I was knocked to the ground. As I glanced up I could see kids of all ages screaming and teachers yelling 'Get to the field!'

So I rushed with the mob. I could see huge boulders behind my school tumbling down the cliff at full speed, like a rocket plummeting to the earth.

The shaking came to a standstill.

I realised it was an earthquake that had just happened. I could see a house dangling from the top of the cliff. Another house was on fire in the distance. I could not see my school or whatever was left of it because of the blanket of dust it was wrapped in.

I remained with my teacher and friends, but in the distance I could see parents running towards us. Among them was my mum. When she got to me I knew I was safe and everything would change.

**Kohl Horton**

**Year 9**

**Titikaveka College**

---

## AUE NGAKAU

“Kare e tamariki e noo ki te kainga i teia ra, ka aere te katoatoa ki te apii”.

“Aue te roi” i naku ei.

“E apa teia no te ora ono, te aere nei ki te ora itu”.

“Tu ki runga, pā’ī, akamanaea, kai ti. Kua papa ta korua kai ei kai i te apii. Ko koe e Ed, ka aru koe ia Mami. Ko koe e Grace ka kave ua au i a koe. Me oki mai au no te tama i te aua puaka kua papa korua”.

“Ka akapeea ka moe ua!”.

Itirere ake au, e moemoea ua rai. Kua ta’eta’e toku vaimata, kua aue ngakau e kua maara au i toku metua tane. Kua kite atu au i toku metua vaine e noo ra ki runga i te nooanga, te ngai tikai e noo ana toku metua tane, e te maani ra i ta maua kai ko toku tungane no te apii.

E monite teia ra, e ra apii. Kua tu marie mai au ki runga e kua aere atu i te pā’ī. Kare e ngaroanga teia reo no toku metua tane i roto i toku manako. Kua pā’ī au, kua akamanaea, kua kai ti e kua papa no te aere atu ki te apii. Kua matau oki au e na toku metua tane e apai ana i aku ki te apii i te au ra na runga i te patikara matini, inara teia ra na toku metua vaine e apai iaku. Kia tere te apii ka aereaere ua au ki te kainga.

Kia oki mai toku metua vaine no te anngaanga mai kua akakite au ki a ia i taku moe. Kua akamarama mai a ia e ko te inangaro oki teia o toku metua tane, ko ia oki kia aere matou ki te apii e kia rauka te kite ei meitaki e ei tauturu ia matou tana anau katoatoa. Kua kore ua ake rai toku aue ngakau i toku metua tane.

**Tataia e Grace Matenga**

**Apīi Tua Rua Titikaveka**

**RE TAI**

**Mataiti 9-10 Tuanga Maori**

---



## **SHOOTING BATS**

The scenery was spectacular. I gazed through the bins and looked up to the sky. My eyes watered. Tears fell down like rain spilling on me. That's when my journey started.

I was in the forest with my dad, searching for bats, like scavengers searching for treasure. That's when I loved holding guns, looking for bats, fishing for prawns.

I held a gun, pointing it towards a bat.

Dad shouted, 'Stand your ground!' but I did not hear.

I pulled the trigger and the gun flew on me.

I flinched.

I was frightened.

The bullet had hit the bat but it had stayed on the tree. It wouldn't fall. I cast a rock... and missed. Then we sat and the vampire fell, spiraling down. Dad sprinted towards it, grabbed its wing and hurled it towards me. I was frightened.

It was still beating! I grabbed a rock and launched it towards its head. I held my prize up by its sharp claws.

Two down, lots more to go.

Damn. No more bullets left.

We hopped back on the bike and left.

It was fun. I wished I could do shooting a bit longer. We went back with two bats and the gun. I offered my prize to Mum. She said she did not want it. It was a waste of time.

**Nooroa Uini**

**Year 10**

**Titkaveka College**

---

## **MY ISLAND SELF**

About two years ago I moved back to Mangaia from the big smoke country of Australia. After five years I was very sad to leave. I would miss my clean but unhealthy lifestyle - unhealthy because all I remember doing was eat, sleep, shower and play video games.

I walked home when I arrived. The sea looked too rough for me. I passed a small patch of land full of overgrown weeds and I thought to myself, what a life. I felt like a weed.

Chores were a bore. One day my grandmother told me I had to get a pig from my uncle's place. His name is Daddy Mauriiti. I was sure it would be easy but as I tugged on the rope to pull the pig it was very hard. My strength and my ego plummeted very low after the third try. On that day I learnt a big lesson. I can't lead a pig; I have to make the pig follow the path I want it to follow.

From that day it made me think that I, like the pig, need to lead my boring life to an interesting and fun path. Nobody else can make me do that. Since then, I began to get serious with my chores. I was on a strict routine. Wake up early and feed the pigs. Go inland to plant taro. Every day I got better at my chores. I learnt so much in a short time.

Now I feel privileged and proud of myself.

I am a Mangaian boy, and I am so lucky to reconnect with my island self. If I had a choice, I would have moved back home sooner. This is where I belong!

**Ben Taurarea**

**Year 9**

**Apii Mangaia**

---

## **NEVER AGAIN**

Why? I mean seriously, being dragged alongside them is bad enough. Leaving some of my family for the unknown was daunting. My eyes focused on my island as it was slowly, silently, swallowed by the greyness that trailed us. The cook whipped up a quick dish for everyone to enjoy. I had my share. I sneaked away while everyone gobbled up as much as they could.

My back against the floor. Stone cold. Blue turned black. Stars scattered across the night sky. For a second it felt like everything was on hold. Nothing could describe what the sky looked like that night. My headphones on, my favourite song on repeat. The constant swaying from side to side made it quite simple to fall asleep.

**BANG! BANG!**

Not once but twice. I rushed downstairs and dashed through the hallway. Where was everyone? I could feel myself trembling. The pounding in my heart grew louder and the throbbing in my head grew stronger. What do I do? My feet were frozen to the ground, I couldn't walk. My mouth was sealed shut. I couldn't talk. The water had risen all the way up. I was gasping for air. Then **SLAP!**

Heat suddenly brushed my face. I rubbed my cheek to try and contain the pain and redness. The stars were fading. For a second or two I gazed at the horizon as the sun woke. Annoyed, I shadowed my cousins who had woken me up. It was all just a dream.

Everyone was there waiting for us. My Penhryn family were ready to embrace us. Breakfast was served and everyone ate with contentment. Everyone except me. That dream had scared the daylight out of me. I have hated travelling on boats since I was seven. I am now fourteen.

**Heimata Kietonga**

**Year 10**

**Titikaveka College**

---

## **GROWING UP**

My first sneak peek was at that tiny house on the right side of the tarmac. Welcome to Mangaia, said the sign. A quick scan of the figures standing around told me that only a few made it to the airport that morning. The plane came to a halt. The pilot flashed a smile. I felt myself, but I could not move. Was this to be home for a while? The air was chilly as I walked towards my dad. Yes, I was finally home to live, and love.

My first year at school was great. Everything was new. Everyone was nice. And sooner or later I won first placing on the English speech competition. On my first year at school I made a lot of friends. Immediately I knew I would enjoy my stay on my island.

The following year, things began to change. I fought harder to fit in. My friends' moods changed a lot. My life became harder. I was only part of the group, sometimes. And other times I got teased because of my Fijian heritage. As hard as I tried to fit in, and become like one of them, I still wondered, 'why bother doing something that won't make a change?' I decided to myself that I shouldn't care, that I should help, even though they gossip or ignore me. When I do these negative deeds back to them, I might turn out like these girls.

I love who I am and what I've achieved, and no one can change that about me.

Prize giving waits us at the hall.

The day is bright like a star.

**Kimiora Pokino**

**Year 8**

**Apii Mangaia**

---

## **THE DARK NIGHT**

I felt the breeze fly like a swarm of bees. Lying on the ground staring at the stars, I noticed a tall pine tree swaying in the breeze.

Where am I? Why am I here? What have I done?

I hadn't done a thing, and that was the problem. She's gone and I am here. Why did she go, why? There's a deep hole in my chest and there's nothing that can heal it.

The lights were yellow and the house was silent. I had been having a cup of tea and a pack of crackers. She walked in the kitchen and suddenly fell. I was shocked in fear. I had nudged my cup, and smash! My hands were shaking, my socks were wet. I ran towards her. My brother dashed in.

'What happened?'

Mum followed behind him. Tears started to pour.

We rushed to the hospital. One by one the traffic lights stormed past like a thousand missiles raging with the sounds of a herd of elephants. It didn't take long for the doctor to assess it.

She's gone and I've accepted that. Life's full of problems, and we all have lost someone. Accept the past and enjoy the future.

**Kyle Atuatika**

**Year 10**

**Titikaveka College**

---

# THE COOK ISLANDS' SECONDARY SCHOOLS' WRITING COMPETITION 2017 PRIZE WINNERS

---

## YEAR 7-8

### Maori Year 7-8:

**FIRST Kent Baxter**, from Apii Avarua

### English Year 7-8:

Highly commended

Ngatupuna Kae, from Nukutere College

Skyla Kaiaruna, from Apii Nikao

3<sup>rd</sup> Tivaknoa Solomone, from Apii Nikao

2<sup>nd</sup> Manea Ave, from Nukutere College

**FIRST Baila Moana Tua**, from Titikaveka College

## YEAR 9-10

### Maori Year 9-10:

Highly commended

Makua Nikoia, from Titikaveka College

David Brothers, from Titikaveka College

3<sup>rd</sup> Heimata Kietonga, from Titikaveka College

2<sup>nd</sup> Mary Ngamata, from Titikaveka College

**FIRST: Grace Matenga**, from Titikaveka College

### English Year 9-10:

Highly commended:

Vaina-Marie Rima, from Nukutere College

Ceinwyn Miles, from Tereora College

Genesis Ngatikao, from Nukutere College

3<sup>rd</sup> Taina Marsters, from Papaaroa SDC School

2<sup>nd</sup> Kenny Tukia, from Niua School, Pukapuka

**FIRST: Ioane Moore**, from Titikaveka College

**YEAR 11-13**

English Year 11-13:

Highly Commended

Ligiahi K Talagi-Tairi, from Apii Enuamanu, Atiu

Donna Atariki, from Apii Mangaia

3rd: Tutemariki O Ngatokoa Maara Tairi, from Apii Enuamanu,  
Atiu

2<sup>nd</sup>: April Horton, from Tereora College

**FIRST: Poe Tiare Ruhe-Tararo**, from Tereora College



COOK ISLANDS

Ministry of Education

Maraurau o te Pae Api'i