



MAUI GOES FISHING

Thousands upon thousands of years ago Maui woke up very early one morning, long before the sun had risen. He crept from his sleeping mat and grabbed his special fishhook. It was a very special and magical hook - Muri-rangi-whenua (which means end of heaven and earth). He crept out of the whare (house) and walked down to the wet sand and got into his brothers waka (canoe) where he found a space to beneath the seats, pulled a blanket over him and stowed away.

At dawn his brothers came down to the waka (boat) and put their hooks and lines in it and pushed it into the water. They climbed in and while paddling out to sea began to laugh saying that they had left their young brother, Maui, asleep and well behind. When Maui heard this he said in a deep voice, "Maui is not sleeping". The brothers looked around in astonishment because it sounded like their brother but it couldn't have been because they thought he was still at home. For a while there was no sound and then they heard laughing, and there beneath them, hidden under the blankets, was Maui.

They weren't happy at all, saying that he would surely ruin their fishing. They were going to turn back to land to take Maui, but Maui stated that it was too late in the day and that there was no land to be seen, it was a long way back. He showed them that he'd brought his the magic fishhook made from his grandfather's jawbone so they may as well let him fish, too.

They paddled further out to sea and Maui called to them to stop and throw their hooks in to catch some fish. It wasn't very long at all and the brothers had caught many fish and they pulled them in, feeling very happy, and decided that they would turn the boat around and go home, but Maui had not fished, yet. He asked for some bait but the brothers would give him none, they were afraid of what he would do next.

Maui quietly cut a gash in his arm and when it bled he smeared blood over the bone hook, then he lowered it into the water until they could no longer see it. The hook and line had caught something. There was a world under the sea and Maui's magical hook caught in the doorway of the house of Tangaroa; the sea-god's son, Tonganui.

Maui took the strain of the line and bracing himself, began to pull. The sea began to churn and bubble but Maui wasn't scared, he kept on pulling, singing as he did so. The house of Tonganui came up from the seabed



and with it came a piece of land. He sang and sang and his singing lightened the burden. The house and land came closer to the surface...the water grew rougher. Maui's brothers were scared but he kept on pulling and singing. Finally, out of the sea arose a great and beautiful fish with it's tail stretching to the horizon...it was Maui's fish!

Tangaroa was angry because Maui had stolen his son's house. Maui, who had been brought up by Tangaroa, said that he would go and make peace with the sea god and that when he returned they would share his fish...but as soon as Maui had gone the brothers began to fight over the beautiful smooth fish.

"I'll take this piece," said one. "No you won't, it's mine!" said another. They fought, running up and down the fish and slashing with weapons, the fish awoke and it tossed in the water. The beautiful smooth surface became broken into mountains and valleys because of Maui's brothers and their greed.

If you were to look upon Aotearoa from space you would be able to see Maui's fish and it's heart, Taupo...and while you were looking at it from space you would also see Maui's waka, the South Island and its small anchor, Stewart Island. This is the land called Aoteraroa - New Zealand.