

MYTHOS

OF THE

MAORI

By Christopher Johnstone





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MYTHOPOETIC
G A M E S

Chapter One

INTRODUCTION

This is a game with a little personal history lingering behind it and as such, it requires some explanation. The bulk of the following text was initially written as a stand-alone book on the mythology and folkloric beliefs of the pre-European Maori, the roleplaying rules came later. The folkloric part of the book was written during some extensive reading into original records of oral stories held in the rare documents collection in the Auckland Library, as well as investigation into a few other sundry sources from here and there. Not long after completing the work I decided that it was not, in all truth, ever likely to attract the interest of a publisher. My interest in Maori mythology is that of an amateur only and although I spent much of my childhood and early adulthood in New Zealand, I am not myself Maori... a book on Maori culture written by a non-expert, non-Maori and a non-scholar will likely be perceived as naïve at best, most likely patronizing, and colonialist at worst.

Also, problematically, my opinion on many aspects of Maori myth and folklore rapidly diverged from the norm the deeper I went into the old manuscripts. I do not, for example, believe that Tu is a god of war, as he is typically deemed. The old myths make it quite clear (to me) that Tu is a god of human beings, and that when the early Maori said to missionaries and whalers that Tu was a god of 'war' they were being metaphorical: only humans wage war and war is the great tool of the great chiefs of people. Likewise, I don't believe that 'sacred' is an appropriate translation for 'tapu' as it was viewed by pre-European Maori. There is, I feel, no truly apropos word in the English language, but 'otherworldly' comes close. A better translation might be to say that 'tapu' means 'special to spirits' and 'noa' means 'special to people'.

There are more examples of places where using this book as a reference for a school project will lose you marks. I believe that Maui, for example, did not fish up Aotearoa-New Zealand (hereafter called Mythic Aotearoa, the Land of the Long White Cloud) as he is commonly said to have done—he can't have fished up Aotearoa because Kupe discovered the country centuries after Maui's mythic era was over and done with. Again, this is quite clear in the oral records that lie dusty on library shelves. Early tellers of the stories understood this and state that Maui fished up Hawaiki, the ancestral homeland of the Maori. He never set foot in Aotearoa. The first record I can locate in which Maui fished up New Zealand is in a book written by an Englishwoman around the turn of 1900. She evidently thought that invoking Hawaiki was too confusing and put *all* of the Hawaiki stories in New Zealand. Other people appear to have copied this erroneous text and during a period when the oral story telling tradition faded away and books became the source of knowledge, this misinterpreted version appears to have taken hold. The

idea that the North Island is a fish and the South a canoe is also recent in origin and appears nowhere prior to about 1950. It's a pretty addition, but a modern addition nonetheless. Unfortunately, just as English fairies suffered under the attentions of Victorians, and grew butterfly wings and antenna, the myths and folklore of other cultures suffered too.

But, to be honest, we can keep this between you and me.

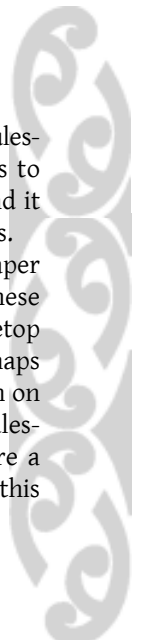
So, leaving my rambling aside, it became clear to me that I'd written an interesting but unpublishable book. It sat on my hard drive for some years, gathering dusty electrons and quietly doing very little. Eventually, though, my mind came back to it, and I decided that it was a pity to simply leave the work to vanish into the vacuum of self-inflicted obscurity, so I put my mind to what could be done with the book and hence, this PDF.


I hope that you will enjoy this work. I hope that some of the magic and mystery and wonder that I found myself enmeshed in while reading the old folk stories of the Maori will creep through these grey and shadowy letters and reach you. I hope that if you yourself are of the Land of the Long White Cloud that you will look a little closer at this remarkable riot of stories that have been trivialized, juvenilized, prettified and ignored like so many folkloric traditions around the world. And also I hope that you don't think me presumptuous, pompous or guilty of colonial appropriation for taking these stories and trying to put them in a form that others will enjoy and learn from. Oh, what the heck. I am presumptuous, pompous and guilty of all sorts of things – it takes a person of rare and remarkable arrogance to try and summarize an entire culture in a book. But... still... and yet... I hope that a few of you will follow me down the green and shadowed path, under the treeferns and over the red ochre clay, past the foaming streams, beneath the snowy mountains and into the Mythos of the Maori.

The Game

The game-system presented here is intended to be rules-light and interpretation-heavy. The system hopes to replicate a mythic landscape and mythic people and it does so with some hand-waving and blurring of rules.

Mythos of the Maori is a traditional pencil and paper tabletop roleplaying game. It will be assumed in these rules that you are familiar with the concept of tabletop roleplaying, and if you aren't then you should perhaps peruse some of the excellent sources of information on the hobby that are available online. As this game is rules-light and aimed at experienced gamers, if you are a complete beginner to the world of roleplaying games this is likely not the best place to start.





Mythos of the Maori revolves around the standard RPG structure and assumes that one player will be the Gamesmaster and the remaining players will act out the roles of characters in the narrative. Each Player will need to generate a Character and will use a Character Sheet to record details of their Character's life, abilities, achievements and powers. The Gamesmaster is responsible for controlling the elements of nature, the antagonists, bystanders, allies, friends and rivals of the tale. The system uses a dice pool of d10s, and each player should seldom need no more than five or six dice each, never more than eight. Other materials needed are a pencil, paper and eraser.

How to Use This Book

The game-system presented in this book is interwoven with mythology, stories and factual discussions about Maori folklore. Certain chapters are dedicated entirely to the game-system - in particular the Action Resolution and Character Generation are presented in detail. Other chapters contain rules of the game only as sidebars or breakout boxes adjoined the main text. This results in a somewhat erratic presentation, and to get a feel for the game and rules a reader will have to work through the whole book, read the stories and uncover the rules. This is, naturally enough, a ludicrous approach to presenting a roleplaying game. You should - as an honest, hard-working roleplayer - at this point throw your arms in the air and wonder what kind of mad, idiotic game designer makes an effort to actually *bury* the rules between pages of stories and mythology. I suppose that this might be viewed as an experimental way to present a game, or perhaps it's just laziness on my part, or perhaps just plain mischievousness frothing to the surface. A sneaking part of me likes the idea that a reader will need to explore the mythology and stories contained herein in order to hunt down the roleplaying game. Happy hunting.

Another Epic Fantasy RPG?

Yes. And to some extent I was reluctant to go ahead and turn a perfectly serviceable non-fiction work into yet another fantasy RPG, in particular one about a mythic prehistory of an ancient people. The resemblance to *Wayfarer's Song* is too damning to be ignored, and yet, and yet... I do feel that there is something new and vibrant here in this world and this setting. A quick survey of the terms 'RPG' and 'Maori' online reveals nothing in particular, not even in the way of supplements for those great lumbering generic systems that seem to have supplements for every possible contingency. So, on balance, I've decided that this little book is worth scribbling together into an RPG, or something resembling an RPG. My hope is that one or two people agree.

Chapter Two

CORE RULES

Mythos of the Maori employs a rules-light but conventional system. A **Gamesmaster** plans out and describes the setting and actions of non-player characters during the game. Several **Players** take on the role of Maori heroes in the story and take turns declaring **Actions**. Resolution of Actions that might be in dispute, such as when Characters are involved in battles or when other dangers are involved, are resolved using a dice system.

What Do Characters Do?

This is a key question that needs to be answered by any modern roleplaying game. Do the characters kill monsters and take their treasures? Do the characters wander from place to place looking for adventures? Do they engage in social intrigue and power-building? To a certain extent, you can do any of these things with *Mythos of the Maori*, but primarily the idea of the game is that each Character will have ties to a Tribe and family that are both mundane and spiritual, and most of the story will revolve around engagement with these two spheres of the world: the world of people and the world of spirits. Encounters with the world of spirits are likely to be dangerous, weird and frightening. The gods and monsters of Mythic Aotearoa are ancient and terrible. They are not to be trifled with lightly, though they often decide to trifle in the affairs of people. The world of people is more mundane but equally dangerous: wars, petty rivalries, illicit love, tribal one-upmanship, revenge, betrayals and requirements to pay - sometimes complex or dangerous - homage to ancestors will make up the bulk of the stories that occur in the lands of people.

Action and Reaction

Mythos of the Maori is designed around the standard RPG paradigm. The Gamesmaster describes a scene, a danger or a problem, and the Players declare actions that are intended to overcome threats and advance the interests of a given Character. The narrative then develops from the interaction of the Gamesmaster's ongoing descriptions of the world and the Players descriptions of their own Character actions.

Order of Actions

Sometimes during the game you will need to determine an order of Actions. Especially in combat, but also in other dangerous or difficult situations this becomes necessary to avoid a situation in which all the Players are trying to declare actions all at once. To determine order of Action roll a d10 for each Character. Start at 10 and count down to 9... 8... 7 and so on. Each Character is allowed a single Action when the countdown reaches their score.

If two Characters have the same score perform a second roll of the dice.

Aptitudes

Mythos of the Maori uses eight Aptitudes to measure a Character's talents and proficiencies. Aptitudes are rated on a scale from Rank 1 (Poor) to Rank 6 (Mythic). Some superhuman characters and monsters might have Aptitudes that exceed Rank 6, but for humans 6 is the standard limit. The Aptitudes used are:

Crafts: Skill with handcrafts and livelihoods.

Dexterity: Eye-hand co-ordination and agility.

Fortitude: All physical power, brute force and endurance.

Lore: Breadth and depth of knowledge.

Oration: Skill with words, public speaking, addressing a tribal meeting.

Presence: Willpower, force of personality and sheer power of mind.

Prowess: Fearsomeness in battle, fighting skills and courage.

Wit: Mental agility, general awareness and cunning.

Action Resolution

Each time an action needs to be resolved the Gamesmaster nominates the relevant Aptitude and decides on a level of difficulty, set from 1 (easy) to 10 (difficult). A level of difficulty above 10 can be set, but difficulties of 11, 12 and so on can only be overcome if a Character is very lucky or has powerful magic or skills to help them. The Player then rolls a number of d10s equal to their ranking in the relevant Aptitude and takes the highest number rolled. If the highest number is a multiple roll (for example the player rolls a 3, 5, 6, 6 and 6) then for each additional multiple die past the first the player gets to add a bonus +1. In the previous example the Player would score a total of 8 (6, +1, +1).

Traits

All Characters have Traits. These are descriptive features of the Character and make up the bulk of a Character's details. A Character might have Traits like *Great Chief*, or *Fisherman*, or *Master of the Taiaha*. Whenever a Test of Skill is called for the Player is allowed to suggest any number of Traits that he or she has that might be beneficial to the undertaking. If you are trying to intimidate your way out of a conflict with some enemy warriors then Traits like *Fearsome Reputation*, *Battle Scars*, *Hulking Frame*, *Tapu Headdress* might all be useful. If the Gamesmaster disputes any of the suggestions then it is preferable for the Player

to accept the Gamesmaster's decision, however, the Gamesmaster may allow a vote among the players if there is serious disagreement. For each beneficial Trait that you nominate you gain a bonus +1 to your overall score. Using the above example in which a Character is attempting intimidation and has three beneficial Traits, a total bonus of +4 is awarded. In this case if you were to roll a 3 the score would increase to 6.

Opposed Tests

Opposed Tests are likely to be used primarily during combat, but can be called for whenever conflict occurs between two Characters in the story. In this case no Difficulty needs to be set, and instead both players involved roll their relevant pool of d10s based on the appropriate Attribute, add their Trait bonuses and determine the victor on the basis of the total scores. When both Characters roll the same number this is deemed a draw and a new Opposed Test is rolled.

Situational Modifiers

The Gamesmaster may decide to apply penalties to a Test of Attribute if there are environmental or situational difficulties. For example, if you are fighting a giant octopus after being dragged out of your waka at sea, then the Gamesmaster might impose a -3 penalty to your physical actions because you are being forced to fight out of your element. Situational modifiers can be negated if you can suggest an appropriate Trait. Each counter-trait provides a +1 bonus versus a situational modifier. In the above Example a set of Traits like *Expert Swimmer*, *Big Lungs* and *Spear-Diver*, would provide you with a total of +3 and negate the -3 imposed due to the watery battleground.

Effort

Characters have a pool of Effort which can be used in one of two ways. A Point of Effort can be spent at any point to automatically add a +5 bonus to a single Attribute Test. Effort can also be spent in order to uncover your opponent's Traits (see, Exploiting Weakness, below). Effort recovers during sleep or rest. During restful inactivity Effort recovers at a rate of one point per hour. Sleep restores two points per hour.

Exploiting Weakness

At any point a Player can spend one point of Effort in order to reveal the Traits of a single non-player character, be this character a monster or enemy chief or opponent in a tribal oratory contest. The player can then review the list and look for weaknesses. Players can nominate up to three of their opponent's Traits that they wish to exploit and gain a bonus from. A Player needs to be able to provide a convincing explanation how the Trait in question will be exploited, and for each Trait that is exploited only a single +1 bonus is granted, so that a total of +3 can be gained in this way. For example, if you were running away

from one of the giant flesh-eating lizards of Mythic Aotearoa, an Ngarara, then you might nominate *Monstrous Size* as a trait you want to exploit by trying to escape through the gaps on a densely wooded slope or into a rocky crevice where the Ngarara cannot follow.

Non-player characters cannot exploit your Traits. This rule is intended to increase the heroic and mythic nature of the player characters in the game.

Prolonged Tests

Sometimes a dramatic situation will call for more than a single, quick roll of the dice. When arguments need to be won, games of riddling words played out, or when characters are fleeing something malignant from the darker forest are all examples of times when Prolonged Tests are useful. When undertaking a Prolonged Test each opposing character nominates a goal, such as 'escape the taniwha', or 'win the argument with Rangī', and the Gamesmaster sets a number of opposed victories that are needed to attain the named goal. Opposed tests are then rolled between the interacting characters, the contest is narrated by the Gamesmaster and a score is kept of victory points. The Character who reaches their requisite number of victories first wins the contest.

Injury and Death

All Characters have a number of Health Ranks, which vary from 3 (child) to 8 (legendary warrior). Monstrous things and spirits can have more than 8 ranks of Health, but mortal people do only very rarely. Each time you are injured you suffer a Wound and one rank is temporarily removed from your health. All human weapons deal two Wounds when used to inflict injury. Some very severe injuries, such as that sustained by falling off a cliff or by being attacked by a great white shark might deliver two, three or more Wounds in a single blow, but this is at the discretion of the Gamesmaster and no hard and fast rules are provided. If a Character reaches zero Health then death occurs within a few minutes.

Whenever a Character is injured an **immediate knock-down or kill roll** is made: the player rolls a number of d10s equal to the Character's Fortitude minus the number of Wounds already suffered to a lower limit of 1 dice. If the Player rolls entirely 1s or 2s, then the Character is knocked unconscious or otherwise incapacitated. If the Player rolls entirely 1s, then the Character is killed immediately. *For example: You have a Fortitude of Six, have already suffered three wounds and take a fourth wound. You roll 3d6 (6 minus the 3 wounds) to determine whether you are incapacitated (1s and 2s) or die instantly (all 1s) from the fourth wound. If you had already suffered seven wounds and only have a Fortitude of 6 then you get to roll 1d10, as the injury test never drops below a final one dice.*

Exhaustion

Characters have Stamina as well as Health, also ranked from 3 to 8 for most humans. Stamina and Health do not

necessarily need to match, a person might have 5 Health and 8 Stamina. Extreme physical exhaustion and exertion cause Fatigue and temporarily take away points of Stamina. Normally only one point of Stamina is lost at a time, similar to how Wounds are inflicted, although sometimes more than one point of Stamina may be lost if exhaustion is deemed extreme by the Gamesmaster. Also, in battle, a Character can decide to inflict a point of injury against Stamina instead of Health, and in this way exhaust rather than kill an opponent. When a Character's Stamina reaches zero, then he or she collapses unable to move until recovered.

Healing and Recovery

Wounds heal at a rate of one Wound per two days of quiet bed rest. If there is no opportunity to rest properly then a Wound will heal every four days of light activity. Heavy labour or exertion increases this to a healing of one Wound every eight days. Points of Stamina are recovered at a rate of one point of Stamina per ten minutes of quiet inactivity. If engaged in light activity Stamina recovers at a rate of one point every half an hour.

Combat

Battle is resolved much like any other drawn-out set of Opposed Tests of Aptitude except that whenever a Character loses a Test of Aptitude during battle a Wound is inflicted. Usually combat is resolved using the Prowess Aptitude, but characters who prefer to fight or dodge with a more agile style of fighting might use Dexterity instead. Most combat in Mythic Aotearoa is hand-to-hand and bows are unknown. Spears and cunningly carved throwing clubs do exist, and these ranged weapons can be used from a distance to attempt to injure an enemy. When making a ranged attack a Contest of Dexterity is always involved, and the Gamesmaster imposes a situational penalty on the attacker based on distance, whether the target is moving and so forth (gauged subjectively). This modifier is highly flexible and is ultimately at the Gamesmaster's discretion.

When combat closes to hand-to-hand fighting, there will usually be a need to divide the battle up into Rounds, which are arbitrary allotments of time during which each Character involved in the battle is allowed one Action. The Action might be to attack an opponent or dodge out of the battlefront or sing a karakia. Note, however, that imitating an attack is not a safe thing to do. If you attack an opponent, engage in a Contest of Fortitude and lose, then you will suffer a Wound as a result. A 'miss' only occurs when both the attacker and defender roll the same number and draw.

Unlike hand-to-hand combat, when a ranged attack is made, only the attacker can inflict injury. If the attacker loses the Contest of Dexterity the victor merely dodges the ranged attack.

All **normal weapons** deal 2 Wounds to health on a successful attack.

A **tipua (enchanted) weapon** deals 3 Wounds to

Health.

An **unarmed attack** deals 1 Wound to Health.

Armour

Armour as worn by humans is unknown of in Mythic Aotearoa. Some very large and fearsomely built monsters do have thick skins or scale and these creatures are allowed a '**soak**' roll whenever attacked by a normal and mundane human weapon. This 'soak' roll is made at the same time as testing for an immediate knock-down or kill. In this case the results will be: **Entirely 1s**: Instant Death; **Entirely 1s and 2s**: Instant incapacitation; **Entirely 8s, 9s and 10s**: Successful soak, no Wound is inflicted. Armoured creatures are designated as such in their description.



Capture Three

THE SETTING

Some Notes and Miscellanea

The traditions of the Maori can be more or less divided into three classes. The first are those relating to distant gods, ancient god-like men and the origin of earth, element and animal. The second are those traditions handed down from the homeland of Hawaiki and relate to the exploits of heroes who lived well before the discovery of Aotearoa. The third are those tales and stories that presumably sprung to life in New Zealand and are involve local landmarks and historical figures. The first class fall into what are termed myths. These are typically fables invented to explain why and how people and other things exist. The long ago homeland tales are better called legends as they deal with heroes and monsters rather than gods and creation. There may be some grain of truth hidden amongst the woven stories as well. Who is to say that there was once not a man named Kupe whose deeds were so great that he has been spoken of around the hearth fire down the centuries? The third class we shall call folktales and these were stories told about the 'hill just over yonder' or 'my father's brother'. These are stories that would have been all the more real to the Maori because of their immediate nature. Intertwined with the folklore were many traditions and superstitions concerning the wild forests, spirits of the dead and magic.

A Note on Language

The Polynesian languages appear to share a recent common ancestry and may have been kept homogenous through trade between distant islands. Apparent differences in language are often due more to variation in the lettering system that has been adopted rather than actual difference in pronunciation. For instance consider that one of the Hawaiian words for a native Hawaiian is 'Maori'.

In instances where Maori words have no easy or literal translation the word is explained in the text.

The Maori alphabet is made up of combined consonant and soft vowel sounds. The vowel sounds are similar but not identical to those in Latin and Japanese. Except for a few rare instances, the Maori language is pronounced phonetically.

- A** AH Pronounced like ar in cAR
- E** AE Pronounced like ae in AEroplane
- I** EE Pronounced like E in Event
- O** OR Pronounced like the word OAR
- U** U Pronounced as a U in pUt.
OO Pronounced as an O in mOve

Letters are divided into groups based on a combination of consonant and vowel. For instance there are five 'T' based letters in Maori.

- TA** TAH
- TE** TAE
- TI** TEE
- TO** TOR
- TU** TU or TOO

Although people often mumble vowel sounds together it is more correct to pronounce every letter clearly and distinctively. Some common words are as follows.

- Maori** MAH – OR – REE (Maori)
- Te** THE (The)
- Mana** MAH – NAH (Power/honour)
- Tapu** TAH – PU (Sacred)
- Noa** NOR – AH (Earthly)

Some quirks of the lettering system means that certain consonant sounds need explanation.

- WH is pronounced as an F.
- Whare FAH – RAE (house)
- W by itself is a W with a slight touch of WH.
- Waka WHAH – KAH (canoe)

AI is sometimes pronounced like 'eye' in English especially when near the beginning of a word. This may be a very ancient holdover from ancestral languages as Wai (water) is a word element found throughout the Polynesian Language group including Native Thai.

- Wai WHAI or WHY. (Water)
- Tainui TAI – NU – AE (Tribal Name: Ngati-Tainui)

A beginner can consider the G in NG silent. In actual fact the 'ng' consonant is forced towards the back and top of the throat and is a distinct sound not found in English.

- Ngarara NAH – RAH – RAH (reptile/insect)

A final quirk is that in modern spoken Maori an O on the end of the word is usually pronounced as a short hard OE as in English Toe.

- The lake Taupo is pronounced
TAH – UW – POE
Not: TAH – UW – POR
- And more typically, muddling the vowels...
TAOU – POE

Now try these place names...

- Waikato** WHAI – KAH – TOE
- Ruapuke** RU – AH – PUE – KEE
- Otorohanga** OAR – TOAR – ROAR – HAH – NAH
- Whakapapa** FAH – KAH – PAH – PAH
- Ngaruawahia** NAH – RU – AH – WAH – HEE – AH

The Laws of Life and Being

Before writing of the world of primeval magic that the Maori dwelled within it is important to explain the rules by which that world existed. The Maori culture has concepts of magical and common physical states, life principles and a tangible form of honour that have no literal translations in English.

Tapu and Noa

Understanding the concepts of 'Tapu' and 'Noa' is central to a deeper understanding of many of the folktales and traditions related in this book. The word tapu is known throughout Polynesia and probably comes from 'ta', to mark and 'pu' an adverb that makes a meaning more intense. A literal translation would be 'thoroughly marked'. The word tapu is sometimes translated to mean sacred but this carries the incorrect implication that tapu is inherently divine or good. Certainly many religious items were tapu, as were sites in which religious ceremonies were performed. But all things tapu were not associated with the gods. A woman's womb is tapu and so was a hair comb. Tapu sites could also be dark places. A sudden and violent death would leave a place tapu as would contact with certain baneful spirits.

All things not tapu were considered noa. The word is often translated as 'common' and this is right in-as-much that most of the mortal world was noa. The most important mea tapu (law of tapu) was that things tapu and noa should not be allowed to intermix. Tapu itself was transferred by touch and presence. Thus the hair comb of a great chief was tapu because it had touched his head which was tapu. If a spirit walked over a patch of ground then the earth became tapu and the plants that grew in the soil became tapu. Breaking any of the Laws of Tapu was punished by spirits by raining sickness or outright death of the offender.

Certain rituals and ceremonies could be used to lift tapu from a person, place or object. Also unlike many other qualities such as mauri and mana, tapu could not be sensed even by matakite-seers. Thus fear of accidentally trespassing into a tapu place was so great that when new land was explored rituals were performed to remove tapu just in case the land had at some point acquired it.

Food and Tapu

A common theme in Maori folklore and fable is that food and tapu should never be intermixed or even brought near one another. For the ancient Maori to eat a portion of a slain enemy was a way to level the final and worst of possible insults. Tapu was transferred by touch and food which was brought too near a tapu place would become tapu itself. To eat tapu food is equivalent to eating a part of the spirit or essence from which the tapu had sprung. It was therefore a terrible insult and injury to a spirit. Spirits were averse to cooked food and typically only dwelt in tapu places when visiting the mortal earth. The aversion was so great that a small portion of cooked food or even a burnt brand from a cooking fire can be carried as a talisman against malignant spirits when travelling at night.

Mana

Mana is a personal quality that can be thought of as power through prestige. Mana was very tangible and could be gained or lost through one's actions. Thus it went hand in hand that a person of great mana was also a person of authority, honour and influence. It was an inherited quality as well. When a great chief died his mana passed on to one or more of his children and grandchildren. Mana was also an essence of magic. It took a man of great mana to invoke the spell-songs called karakia. The chants were naught but hollow words if they were not empowered by the singer's own mana. Objects too could be imbued with mana. Adzes, weapons and boundary stones were sometimes given mana so that they would acquire a little magic of their own. In a ritual practised by certain tribes the placenta of a newborn was placed in a carved hollow in a stone. The hole was then plugged up and the stone was used in certain ceremonies that required an object possessing of mana.

A note on 'Karakia'


In modern Maori the word 'karakia' is used to denote a traditional welcome consisting of wailing songs and formal dance. The modern karakia is performed when visitors arrive for the first time at a Marae (Meeting House) and is an important part of formal intertribal tradition. The word however goes back to a far older meaning and one that is more obscure. In old Maori karakia was a class of magical incantation. The Maori had a very refined concept of what is very neatly termed 'magic'. An entire chapter is dedicated to the magic of the Maori later in this book and for the time being a simplified explanation will have to do.

The ancient Maori knew that certain songs and chants had power in them. If sung by a person of mana then powerful 'spells' could be cast. Many, many of these ancient charms and their magical effects were recorded. They vary from the subtle (e.g. charming away a toothache) to the blatantly magical (calling fire from the sky or summoning storms). Karakia was a class or category of charm that were benevolent or healing in nature. To avoid confusion however the word had been used to refer to all spell-songs, healing, injurious or otherwise.

Out of interest it is worth noting that 'haka' a word now used specifically for a war dance might have been best translated as 'performance' when used in old Maori. This term appears to have been used for all non-magical songs and dances performed for entertainment or to frighten enemies.

Mauri

The term mauri is roughly equivalent with a sort of 'breath of life'. It is an energy that embodies the life force or fertility of a single person, whole tribe, field of crops or even an entire forest. Sometimes the word is used to simply mean living things as opposed to inert objects or spirit beings. The personal mauri of a person ceases to



exist when they die and so spirits and ghosts possess no mauri. Another point of importance is that especially the mauri of a village or forest can reside within a talisman that must be protected from thieves who would steal the mauri.

The spirits who punished transgression of tapu had little interest in affairs outside their own immediate tribe. Thus when people were captured in war and made a slave the spirits of his old tribe no longer protected or punished them. The spirits of the tribe that held a slave saw the chiefs as responsible for upholding tapu. Thus a slave was independent of the law of tapu and a male slave could be given a variety of menial tasks associated with cooking that he would otherwise not have been allowed to do.

The Land and its Gods

The mythic land that the Maori dwelled within was an amazing, beautiful and breath-taking place. It was also at times brutal savage and dangerous. If one travels about the land today the echoes of the past can be seen in the rugged landscape. White crested mountains tower over plains of mist and tussock. Deep grey rivers sluggishly wind through tangled, primeval forest and cascade over rocks slick with moss. There are deep ravines and high plateaus. There are icy lands of fjords and cliffs inaccessible to all but the most foolhardy explorer and there are wide sandy beaches upon which the summer sun may glisten like fire.

But the Maori did not live alone in their land of magic and myth. The land and sky themselves were living gods and the ocean tides were the breath of a great monster. In this land there once dwelled spirits and demons both. Strange creatures lurked in the half-light of the forest and wild magical folk danced on the seashore.

In those days the Maori themselves were not made of the dull clay of today's mortal world. For living in land of magic they had learnt a little magic of their own. They were possessed of charms both powerful and petty and both good and evil.

But then into this land of mythos came a new people from far across the sea. In great ships they sail and bore with them a new god, cold iron and a colder science. From that day the magic waned from the land and the creatures of myth fled into the deepest of the forests and lakes. Now the land has only a little of that magic left to it. That small charm that can at once make a person wonder at the land's beauty and feel like an intruder out of place in an ancient legend.

The Atua

There is a tradition that there were once powerful beings called Atua who existed in times past but have since retreated from the world. The Atua were children of sky and earth and were magical and immortal by their nature. From several different sources there is a suggestion that there were seventy of these Atua, each of varying power

and with specific interests and concerns. These beings are today sometimes referred to as gods but the term is misleading. No amount of prayer to any of these ancient beings would have brought divine intervention. They had either grown disinterested in the affairs of men over long aeons or never had an interest from the very beginning, for the Maori were not the only spiritual beings who dwelled in the world. Most of the old atua were patrons of the birds and beasts, the winds and waves. Each of the seventy brother Atua has his own sphere of influence and interest. Is not the song of the tui bird a prayer to the atua who is called Tane-mahuta? Do not the silver fish of the ocean chase the vision of the atua who is called Tangaroa? What is the howl of the winds but a cry to their atua, Tawhiri-matea?

In the Beginning

It is said that in the beginning there was nothing and then there was Te Po whom is also called the darkness or the night. There then followed a long litany of generations, each remembered in the chants of the Maori lore keepers. After three generations of light and five generations of nothingness there was born Maku whose name means wetness. Maku made a wife of Maharoa-nui-atea who is called The Straight-The Vast-The Clear and she gave birth to Rangi who is the Sky-father and Papatuanuku the Earth-mother. From the joining of Rangi and Papatua sprang many offspring and these were the Atua who were the beings some now call the gods.

The Rending of Earth and Sky

When the Atua were still young their parents Rangi and Papatuanuku still claved close together in a lovers embrace. The Atua who were trapped between their parents spent much time wondering amongst themselves what it would be like to feel the warmth of light and feel the cool and sharp open air. In time their restlessness became too great and one among them the fierce Tu-mata-uenga suggested that they slay their parents and force them apart. The other Atua trembled at his suggestion but it was Tane-Mahuta who said "Come let us not slaughter our parents but merely push them so far apart that they might not reach out and clasp one another again."

The other Atua agreed to this second plan except for the youngest Tawhiri-ma-tea for he loved his father more dearly than did the others. One by one the Atua set about trying to separate their parents while Tawhiri-ma-tea taunted them for their lack of strength. Each and every one of the Atua however tried in vain until it was the turn of Tane-Mahuta. As with the others he first tried to rend the sky-father and Earth-mother apart using only his arms. Failing at this he set his shoulders against his mother Papatuanuku and his feet he set against his father Rangi. With the destructive force that a tree may cause over many long years Tane pushed and then with all the strength in his arms and legs he forced his mother and father apart.

Once the sky-father and earth-mother were rended asunder all of the Atua stayed with Papatua except for

Tawhiri-ma-tea who went instead to his father Rangi to plot with him how to set about reeking revenge.

*Lift, lift up the south land.
Upward, upward lift the south sky.
Put each in its own position
There to rest for ever.
Lift, lift up Rangi,
And with offering made to thee, O Rangi
We lift thee up!*

*Stand apart the skin,
Be divided the skin,
As the nettle to the skin,
As the tataramoa to the skin.
Do not grieve for your partner,
Do not cry for your husband.
Let the ocean be broken,

Let the ocean be far apart;
Be you united to the sea,
Yes, to the sea, O Earth;
Broken asunder are you two.
Do not grieve,
Do not continue your love,
Do not grieve for your partner*

- Maori Creation Chant

The Atua of the forest and wild and every bird and insect within was called Tane-Mahuta. He was a powerful and important being for the Maori hunted and ate by his good grace. In some traditions it was from the union of Tane and Paia that sprang forth the race of Te Tangata-humans. As 'Tane' in Maori also means simply 'male' this may, however, be a latter-day confusion of two different beings.

The Gifts of Tane-Mahuta

At having rent his parents apart Tane felt shame when he saw their lonely sorrow. As his brothers went about

creating their own children Tane decided to help his parents and ease their sadness.

First Tane went to his mother Papatua and he cast mighty magic and brought into existence great forests of green to be her mantle. He then filled the forests with many other living things, birds of many colour to sing for her and insects to chirp. He then made the most beautiful of birds, the Huia with its feathers of jet and ivory to be her pride and jewels. Papatua was pleased at this and so Tane-mahuta went to his father and to him he said.

"Oh great father I have rent you and Papatua apart and there can be no bringing you back together. But if you still love your wife rain down on her tears so that she may ever wear her cloak of green."

At this Rangi the sky-father agreed.

*Great Turangi, long Rangi, Dark Rangi, night dark Rangi,
Rangi Black as the plumage of the tieke
Kotapu-ihi, ko tapu-mana
- A charm to call rain*

Then Tane saw that his father too was naked and he thought this was wrong. So he made two cloaks, one of blue and one of black and gave these to his father. His father donned them and was pleased with the treasures. But Tane-mahuta still thought that his father was too plain for his mother had the Huia and his father wore no such treasures.

So Tane said to his father.

"I have heard of a being who crafts treasures that are more beautiful to look upon than any other thing in the worlds of light or dark. I shall go to this being and ask of him some of these treasures to decorate your fine cloak.

Thus Tane returned to earth and sought out the cave in which the tipua-spirit dwelt. There he said to the spirit "I am Tane-Mahuta son of Rangi and Papatua. I have heard that you are a crafter of beautiful treasures and I wish to ask that I might have some of these."


"O ho" said the spirit "Why should I give you my wonderful treasures for they burn with bright light and bring joy to my heart."

"I wish to set them in the cloak of my father Rangi. All beings in the World of Light will look upon your treasures and wonder at your skill."

The spirit considered this and at last said "Yes you may take some of my treasures for this purpose. But you must travel far for I have hidden my treasures well. Journey far and far way to the north. There you will find a range of mighty mountains called the Cracks-of-the-Night. Go beyond these and you will come to mountains called the Chinks-of-the-Day that are so tall that some day Rangi might touch them. Go beyond these and you will find my treasures.

So Tane did as the spirit instructed and followed the path north. He crossed the mountain peaks and in due course found the glittering, shining treasures scattered about. Tane-mahuta selected as many of the largest and most beautiful of these treasures that he could carry and returned with them to Rangi.

At first Tane-mahuta decorated the sky-fathers blue



cloak with the glittering treasure but they did not look good there and were made faint by the light of day. Then Tane took the jewels and decorated his fathers black cloak. There the treasures glittered and sparkled with wondrous beauty and both Rangi and Tane were pleased with them. To this day the treasures remain studded on Rangi's black cloak and they are what today people call stars.

Some say that the sun and moon are themselves Atua. In other traditions the sun is the left eye of Rangi and the moon is his right eye.

The Atua of War and People

As with all the other creatures that walked in the World of Light the Maori people were the children of one of the ancient Atua. The father of human kind was the Atua called Tu-matauenga who is also called Tu. In many parts of the North Island the ancient progenitor of human kind was called instead Tiki-ahua. Whether or not Tiki-ahua is the same being as Tu is less than certain. Tiki-ahua is however the reason that the phrase 'Aitanga-Tiki' (offspring of Tiki) is sometimes applied to persons of noble birth or deeds.

It is sometimes said that Tu is simply an *Atua* of war. It is possible that this is the result of modern confusion over metaphor, which is so common in the poetic Maori tongue. Tu in the old tales was the father and protector of people and it was only people who made war. Thus to say Tu was an *Atua* of War was imply he was the *Atua* of human kind. This however is merely the author's own theory to explain what appears to be a modern fallacy.

HE KARAKIA MO TE HAU KIA NUI

*Hau nui, hau roa,
Hau titiparerarera
Keria te tupairangi.
Moi, moi.*

CHARM TO RAISE THE WIND

*Great wind, lasting wind,
Wind exceeding violent,
Dig up rocks of the deep.
Come, come.*

A tradition is held that in the age following the rending apart of the sky and earth the Atua of the winds Tawhiri-ma-tea took it upon himself to wreak vengeance upon his brothers for wronging their parents. After long brooding upon the matter Tawhiri-ma-tea used his magic to conjure up his children, the winds and storms. Then with his children at his side he leapt from the sky to attack his brothers.

First Tawhiri-ma-tea went to the forests of Tane and raged through it casting trees about like reeds. The birds and insects and Hakaturi wood spirits fled before him and even Tane quaked and hid from the fury of the storms.

Then Tawhiri-ma-tea led his children to attack his gentle

brothers Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tikitiki. But though his brothers fled in fear before him Papatua hid their children the kumera and fern root in her bosom to protect them.

Seeing that he could not destroy all the kumera and fern root Tawhiri-ma-tea went to the oceans and set his children upon them. The waters were lashed to great waves and darkness descended upon the seas. Tangaroa hid in fear and his children either fled to the deep oceans themselves or to the shelter of the already ravaged forests.

Then Tawhiri-ma-tea gloated over having defeated all his most powerful brothers bar one. Thus he decided to slay all of human kind who were the children of his most fierce brother Tu-mata-uenga.

When Tawhiri-mat-ea descended upon the fortified pa of men with his war-band of storms the people wailed and cried in fear. But instead of fleeing Tu-mata-uenga came to them and stood before Tawhirir-ma-tea. The *Atua* of winds and all his fearsome children could not shake Tu for he was braver than any of his brothers. He stood firm and defended his children the men and women of the pa. Tu slew many of the winds and storms and Tawhiri-ma-tea had to eventually admit defeat and led his remaining children back to the sky to lick their wounds.

The Justice of Tu

Upon the retreat of Tawhiri-ma-atea the Atua Tu brooded upon the cowardice that his brothers had shown. He grew angry that they had fled and deserted him when together they might have slain Tawhiri-ma-tea and made the World of Light safe from him. He also grew prideful of his children the Tangata-people for although they were afraid they had not fled before the winds and storms. Soon Tu decided to both punish his brothers and make his own children the most powerful of all those who live upon Papanua.

First Tu went to the forests and made clever snares to catch the birds that were children of Tane. Tu then went to the oceans and cast a great net to haul up the fish who were children of Tangaroa. After piling together fish and birds he sought out the children of Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tikitiki and found them by their leaves. He uprooted the kumera and fern root and carried all his catches back to the pa of the Tangata-people. Tu then had his children cook the birds and fish, the kumera and fern root set out a great feast. Once Tu and his children had devoured the children of the other *Atua* those children were made common. The Tangata-people were then able to tame, catch and cook the all the things Tu had brought to them.

Although Tu had slain many children of Tawhiri-na-tea he found he could not eat the insubstantial wind and storms. Thus the children of this last-born *Atua* were left to be forever the enemy of humankind.

Chapter Four

CHARACTER CREATION

Each Player other than the Gamesmaster needs to create a Character before starting play. Characters are defined according to their Aptitudes, Traits and Possessions, as well as by a number of special concepts: Mana, Tapu-Noa and Mauri.

Steps in Character Creation

There are five steps in Character creation. These are:

Step One: Concept

Step Two: Aptitudes

Step Three: Traits

Step Four: Mana, Tapu-Noa and Mauri

Step Five: Health and Stamina

Step Six: Possessions

Step One: Concept

What sort of Character do you wish to play? Do you want to be a tricky youngest brother of a family full of brawny elders? Do you want to play the role of a respected chief? Or perhaps a resolute and restless daughter? Perhaps you would rather be one of the Tohunga, the spirit-speakers and shamans of the people? Or would you like to play a Makite, one of the death-speakers who can commune with the shades of the ancestors? Do you want to play a brawny character, or a clever one, someone who is ugly or beautiful, a hero, a coward, a warrior striving for power, or a peace-maker who works to bring tribes together for *hungi* and feast so that war can be avoided?

Step Two: Aptitudes

Aptitudes provide a measure of your Character's ability and skill in some broadly defined spheres. The Aptitudes used in *Mythos of the Maori* are:

Crafts: Skill with handcrafts and livelihoods.

Dexterity: Eye-hand co-ordination and agility.

Fortitude: All physical power, brute force and endurance.

Lore: Breadth and depth of knowledge.

Oration: Skill with words, public speaking, addressing a tribal meeting.

Presence: Willpower, force of personality and sheer power of mind.

Prowess: Fearsomeness in battle, fighting skills and courage.

Wit: Mental agility, general awareness and cunning.

Aptitudes are ranked on a scale from 1 to 6. Before doing anything else you need to add one point to all your Aptitudes, as no human can drop to zero in any of these areas. Next, spread 32 points over your Attitudes in a way that you think fits best with your Character concept. Keep in mind though, that each Aptitude can only be increased

to a limit of 6 ranks per Aptitude.

Step Three: Traits

The next step in Character generation is to pick six Traits. As your Character progresses through the game you will gain more Traits, usually as a consequence of actions in the game. Traits can be either good or bad, but are more often a mixture of the two. The Trait *Hulking Frame* might be useful in a pitched battle, but it could be used against you by someone who is quicker and more nimble during a chase. The Trait *Great Chief* might seem a generally beneficial Trait to have, but with great power comes responsibility, a need to maintain honour and often also a degree of pride. If an old woman who lives in the hills decides to try and shame you into undertaking to kill a Ngarara that is terrorizing her village, she might well be able to use *Great Chief* against you when confronting you in public.

Mythos of the Maori provides a list of suggestions for Traits, but these should be considered a basic framework of ideas only. If you can invent new and interesting Traits – and if your Gamesmaster agrees – then any human advantage, flaw, hope, need, reputation, skill or lack thereof can be a valid Trait. As traits do not have ranks, they exist merely as a note on your Character Sheet, there is no need to do more than simply write down six Traits that help to define your Character.

List of Traits

Allies and Friends: You have a number of powerful friends.

Ancestral Lore: You know secrets and knowledge that is privy to your tribe.

Aware to Lies: You are particularly good at picking up when you are being lied to.

Battle Scars: You are clearly a veteran of terrible wars.

Beautiful: You are unusually attractive and beautiful.

Beloved by the Patu-paiarehe: You are loved and protected by the Patu-paiarehe, dangerous and enchanted fairy creatures of the misty mountains.

Bird-Snarer: You are skilled at snaring and catching small birds such as the native pigeon for food.

Blood of Old Magic: A long tradition of magic runs in your blood. Your ancestors were powerful Tohunga and the talent runs in you.

Brawler: You enjoy a good fist-to-fist fight.

Cautious and Wary: You are unusually careful and aware of danger.

Cunning Words: You're clever and deceptive.

Dancer: You are a skilled dancer. For poi-dancing, see *Poi-dancer*, below.

Enemy of the Atua: You have offended the Atua ancestral spirits, and ill luck follows you.

Eye for Detail: You've a craftsman's eye for the detailed and the minute.

Famed Tattoo-Artist: You are famous for your remarkable skill with tattooing

Fearsome Reputation: Your reputation precedes you and all who hear of you know fear.

Fiery of Temper: You are boisterous, loud and easy to anger.

Fine Games Player: You are very good at sporting games and wrestling.

Fisherman: You have lived life as a fisherman and know all the necessary arts and skills.

Friend of Taniwha: You have been befriended by a Taniwha, who on occasion will offer help and protection.

Great Chief: You are of a powerful chieftain line.

Heir of Great Mana: An ancestor had great Mana and it is expected that you will share in the same.

Hulking Frame: You are massively built, a giant of a person.

Keeper of Deep Secrets: You know ancient stories and old lore.

Knack for the Wilds: You can find your way through pathless forests and high mountains.

Knot-Weaver: You are skilled in the art of weaving memory-knots, a form of writing that uses patterned knots on a string in place of letters on paper.

Kumera Digger: You've lived as a farmer, and know the crafts and skills needed to keep a good farm of kumera or fern-root.

Lesser Chief: You are of a chiefly line, but from one of the less powerful tribes or families.

Lithe Frame: You are agile and quick.

Magic of the Moon: Your powers and talents are more potent under the light of the moon.

Magic of the Sun: Your powers and talents are more potent under the light of the sun.

Makite: You are trained as a Makite (seer).

Makutu: You are trained in the magical art called 'knowledge of evil' and are a dark and dangerous witch

Master of Patu: You are skill with the patu weapon (bone or stone club).

Master of Taiaha: You are skilled with the taiaha weapon (wooden, close-combat spear).

Master of (Weapon): Insert weapon of choice.

Moa Hunter: You are skilled at hunting and killing the great flightless moa birds.

Musician: You are skilled with an instrument such as the bone nose-flute.

Navigator: You know how to navigate by the stars and the patterns made by waves as they wash around unseen islands.

Nerves of Stone: You are courageous to the point of inhuman calm.

Nimble: You can jump and leap with remarkable skill.

Orator of Charm and Skill: Your words are cunning and persuasive.

Patron Atua: An Atua ancestor spirit has taken a particular liking to you, and provides protection and

advice.

Poi-Dancer: The poi is used traditionally as a way to train warriors how to use a weapon tethered to a string in both hands. The dance has since come into it's own as an art, and is practised by woman as well as men.

Possessed of Karakia: You have been taught Karakia songs that have a power and magic to them

Powerful Moko: The Moko or facial tattoo conveys information about you, different patterns are reserved for different stations in life, ancestry and achievements. You have a particularly fine and powerful Moko, telling much of your ancestry and deeds. People know by simply looking at you that you are to be reckoned with.

Princess: You born of a royal and chiefly line.

Quick Mind: You are alert and perceptive.

Quiet as Shadows: You can sneak and hide with remarkable skill.

Renowned Bone Carver: You can carve bone with skill.

Renowned Stone Carver: You can carve stone with skill.

Renowned Wood Carver: You can carve wood with skill.

Rich: Your family has a great treasure of huia feathers, greenstone and whalebone among other rare things.

Singing: You have a fine and wondrous singing voice.

Slave: You were once or are still a slave.

Slayer of Great Eagles: You have skill and experience will killing the huge eagles that haunt the skies of Mythic Aotearoa.

Spear-Diver: You are skilled at hunting for fish with a spear.

Strong Voice: You're a powerful and deep voice that draws attention.

Tapu Headdress: You own a sacred headdress of huia feathers, a sign of wealth and honour.

Teller of Fine Stories: You have a skill for telling a good tale.

Thieving Ways: You've lived by thievery and stealing, and have a knack for these skills.

Tipua Pet: You have a tipua (enchanted) pet such as a talking tui bird.

Tipua Relic: You have a tipua (enchanted) relic, such as a club made from the jawbone of a magical ancestor.

Tohunga: You are trained as a Tohunga (sorcerer-priest)

Vicious Fighter: You are a particularly brutal and bloody fighter.

Warrior: You are a famed fighter of wars.

Weaver of Great Skill: You can weave flax with remarkable art

Wise of Mind: You have a clear mind and deep thoughts.

Step Four: Mana, Tapu-Noa and Mauri

You now need to define your Mana, Tapu-Noa and Mauri. These concepts may require some time to familiarize yourself with, and it is suggested that new players read

the following carefully.

Mana

The term **Mana** has no literal synonym in English, but can be translated roughly into a set of words: Honour, ancestry, power, respect and magic. Mana is both inherited and earned during life. You can inherit great Mana from a direct ancestor, but you can just as easily degrade your Mana away to nothing by callous acts, cowardly behaviour, lies and disrespect to ancestors, elders or atua. Thus, Mana may fluctuate during gameplay, but when it increases or decreases is subjective and is at the final discretion of the Gamesmaster. You may suggest that an act you have just performed should increase your Mana, but it is for the Gamesmaster to decide if a change is warranted.

How Mana Works

Mana is loosely perceived in a social context, people will not know that one person has a Mana of Five and another has a Mana of Six, but generally speaking most people will sense whether your Mana is grand or poor within a few minutes of speaking to you. Mana relates to magic, too, and it helps to define how powerful your magic is. When two karakia are sung, and the magic comes into conflict, it is the Character with the highest Mana whose magic will win. If both Characters have the same level of Mana then a single d10 is rolled and whoever rolls highest wins. Mana is not, however, taken away by singing a karakia or crafting an item of fine power – this is anathema to the very concept of Mana. You Mana helps you work great magic, it supports you and provides you with the power you need. To think that Mana is reduced or destroyed by working a charmed karakia would be akin to thinking that crafting a spear must reduce or destroy some of your fingers.

Levels of Mana

Pick from the following list a level of Mana that best suits your Character. Note that slaves lose all of their Mana, however, it is otherwise possible to drop to zero Mana.

Slave: 0

Dishonoured: 1

Mistrusted: 2

Most Adults: 3

Well Respected: 4

Glorious Honour: 5

Legendary Honour: 6

Tapu-Noa

Another concept that is difficult to translate into English. It is best to consider the state of being Noa as 'special to the world of people' and Tapu as 'special to the world of spirits'. Actions that you undertake that are mundane - digging a kumera field, cooking, weaving,

having sex, eating common food - all make you more Noa. Actions that are special to the world of spirits - singing karakia, speaking with the dead, fighting in a battle, eating a part of a dead and honoured enemy - all make you more Tapu. Certain parts of your body tend to be more tapu than others, your hair and head will always be more tapu than the rest of you, and a great chief may have such a tapu head that it is dangerous to touch it.

How Tapu-Noa Works

Tapu-Noa is ranked on a scale of nine boxes with Noa at one end and Tapu at the other. Whenever you perform an action that is highly mundane you move a rank towards Noa, whenever you perform a spiritual act you move a rank towards Tapu. Usually only one rank is moved per action, but this can vary, and is at the discretion of your Gamesmaster. Reaching Absolute Noa is dangerous because this state is offensive to spirits and the spirit world. You lose you ability to work magic or call on spirits when in a State of Absolute Noa (Rank 1 on the scale). When you reach a rank of Absolute Tapu, however, you are in both spiritual and mortal danger. To eat anything that is Tapu is an offence to the atua and spirits, and if you do this you will be cursed and hounded by offended atua. But, when in a state of Absolute Tapu everything you touch with your hands becomes mildly Tapu, including food. You can only be feed by other people, because if you pick the food up yourself it is immediately inedible. Undertaking any mundane and earthy activity at all while Tapu is dangerous, and may offend the atua, so once a Character has reached Absolute Tapu, there is no easy way to step back from the spirit world. All Tohunga, however, know rites that can be performed to reduce a person's Tapu and bring back a state of Noa. The rites are complex and cannot be performed on oneself, but this is the only way to step down from Absolute Tapu once the state is reached.

Tapu-Noa Ranks

Pick a rank between 1 (Absolute Noa) and 9 (Absolute Tapu) that you feel suits your Character concept. Most Characters are likely to begin around the point of 4, 5 or 6, and if you have a special reason to be more extremely Noa or Tapu, then you should first confirm that this is acceptable with your Gamesmaster before pick the more extreme rank.

Mauri

Mauri is a form of life-force, a 'breath of life' that exists at the level of an individual, a tribe and a landscape. It is ranked on a scale from 1-10, where 1 represents barrenness and 10 represents fertility. Your personal Mauri can differ from the Mauri of your tribal lands by a few points, but generally both will remain in a similar range. Your Mauri may be affected personally by curses, diseases or unfriendly spirits, and at a tribal level by the destruction of your lands, burning of crops and forests, over-fishing,

over-harvesting and misuse of the earth. You might be miles from home and feel your Mauri drop, a cold and painful sensation, and know from this that something terrible has happened to your tribal lands. If your Mauri reaches Rank 3 or less you will no longer be able to produce children while in this state. If your Mauri reaches 1 you become permanently infertile.

Step Five: Health, Stamina and Effort

Health and Stamina are ranked on a scale of points starting at one, but usually between three and eight for humans. Pick a rank from the following list that you think best matches your character. Note that your Health and Stamina do not need to be identical.

Child	Rank 3
Youth	Rank 4
Most Adults	Rank 5
Warrior	Rank 6
Veteran Warrior	Rank 7
Legendary Warrior	Rank 8

All Characters start with Four points of Effort. Resting can restore spent Effort, but cannot increase Effort above four points. Note that non-player characters do not possess Effort.

Effort	Four
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Step Six: Possessions

Pick twelve possessions from the following list keeping in mind your social status and rank.

Kite (flax-bag), stock of kumera (sweet potatoes), Stock of edible fern-root, birds preserved in fat, shellfish, preserved eel, preserved seafood, gourds for water or food, farming or digging tools, maripi (ceremonial knife), carving tools, fire-making tools, weaving tools, musical instrument (such as a nose-flute), Pounamu weapon (eg patu) ('pounamu' is the Maori word for jade or greenstone), basalt weapon (eg patu), wooden weapon (eg taiaha), bone weapon (eg whalebone taiaha), cache of edible fern-root, kahukiwi (kiwi-feather cloak) bird-snaring tools, huia feathers (treasured and rare, used for headdresses), raw pounamu (unworked piece of jade), dogfur or feather tunic/skirt/kilt, pounamu pendant, whalebone pendant, pet (such as a tui, dog or kiore (Polynesian rat)), flax matt, fishing tools, small waka (canoe), large waka, great war-waka, farmer's house with some land, secret cave/refuge, grand house, pa (fortified village).

Weapons

The weapons of the Maori are quite different to the familiar classes of weaponry used by various peoples in Eurasian, African and American. A great deal of time, effort and artistry went into both making and using weapons.

Hoe: [Ho-ee] A short-to-mid range weapon that doubled

as a paddle for a war canoe. Probably a pragmatic development so that warriors on a raiding attack by sea or river did not have to be encumbered by both a paddle and a weapon.

Kotiate: [koh-tee-ah-teh] Similar to a mere, the kotiate is a short, flat blade-edged club usually made of wood, sometimes from bone. The Kotiate has two notches on either side of the 'blade', which allow for the catching of an opponent's weapon, which can then be disarmed with a twist. Similar in principal to a 'sword-breaker'.

Maripi: [Mah-ree-pee] Sometimes described as a club, sometimes as a sort of dagger, the Maripi is usually constructed of wood and has a set of tooth-like blades set into one side. It would probably be useful for close-fighting, but would also be used either as a utilitarian or ceremonial knife.

Mere: [meh-rey] (also called, Patu) A short hand-to-hand weapon for rapid thrust and cut close-fighting. Short, flat and blade-edged in shape. Typically made of bone, wood or stone, pounamu (jade) mere are highly prized, as the crafting of one can take months of careful work.

Pou Whenua: [Po-Uu Peh-nuu-ah] A curved club-like stave made from whale bone rib. Largely ceremonial, as the whale bone is usually too fragile to stand up to much force.

Spear: The basic, unadorned and pragmatic spear also exists in ranges of 6 foot to 18 foot in length. The longer lengths of spear are used for attacking pa (hillforts). Shorter spears are sometimes thrown, and are occasionally projected using a spear-thrower.

Taiaha: [Tai-ah-ha] A mid-to-long range close fighting weapon that tappers at one end to a decorated spear-head, usually adorned with feathers, and at the opposite end to a flattened blade. The Taiaha is used in combat in a way very similar to a quarter-staff, except that one end is used primarily for thrusting and stabbing attacks and the other is used for clefting, sweeping and crushing attacks.

Tewhatewha: [The-phar-the-phar] A longer weapon for mid-to-close fighting. The Tewhatewha is usually made of wood and is about the length of a short spear. One end bulges into a sharpened 'club' that is usually adorned with feathers and very occasionally with live birds. The feathers are used to distract and disorientate an opponent. The opposite end of the Tewhatewha tappers into a spear-like point, though one that is typically not adorned.

Toki Pou Tangata: [Toh-kee Po-Uu Tah-ngah-tah] Largely ceremonial, rather than practical, the Toki Pou Tangata is an adze with a short wood handle and blade of stone. Ceremonial versions of this weapon were richly carved and usually had a pounamu (jade) blade.

Wahaika: [Wah-ha-e-kah] Another class of short club, this weapon has a somewhat scimitar-like appearance, with a curved and hooked end that can be used to catch an opponent's weapon in a way similar to the Kotiate.

Step Seven: Magic

This step is relevant only if you have chosen *Tohunga*, *Makite*, *Makutu* or *Possessed of Karakia* as a Trait (see Chapter Four: Magic, Tapu and Noa for more detail concerning magic). All of these Traits grant you some knowledge of the charmed arts. Additionally *Tohunga* allows you to summon and commune with specific Atua through prolonged ritual. Similarly, *Makite* can summon and commune with the spirits of the dead. A person who is merely *Possessed of Karakia* is a dabbler in the magic arts only, and will know some spell-songs but nothing more.

Tohunga: Gain a +1 bonus rank for the Hirihiri class of magic

Makite: Gain a +1 bonus rank for the Wairua class of magic

Makutu: Gain a +1 bonus rank for the Makutu class of magic

Possessed of Karakia: Gain +2 Magic Points (see below)

Bonus Points

All characters who have taken either *Tohunga* or *Makite* seer (or both) are allowed 3 Bonus Points to for picking magical skills and talents. Taking *Possessed of Karakia* adds +2. *Makutu* grants no bonus points.

Tohunga and/or *Makite*: +3 pts.

Possessed of Karakia: +2 pts.

Magical Attributes

Mythos of the Maori uses three magical Attributes. These are used in the same way that mundane attributes such as *Prowess* or *Wit* are used. Traits can be used to augment your attempt to use an Attribute in the same way, and a Magical Attribute can be used in defence or attack during battle.

Spread your *Presence Attribute* + *Bonus Points* across the three magical attributes as you see fit. No Magical Attribute can exceed Rank 6.

Chanting: Magical charms worked through singing of *Karakia*.

Ritual: Magic worked through extensive ritual.

Sacred Ties: Magic worked through the use of ritual objects.

For Example: A Character with Presence 5 and both 'Tohunga' and 'Makite' (but not 'Possessed of Karakia' or 'Makutu') would have 8 points (5+3). These could be spread. Chanting: 5, Ritual: 0, Sacred Ties 3.

Classes of Magic

Broadly speaking, magic falls into classes of effect, for example injurious, healing or protective areas of magic or magic that deals with ghosts or magic that helps people run faster. Classes of magic have three levels of proficiency.

Rank 1: (Low) Low magic allows a Character to work spells that are showy but have no real effect on the story

or the game.

In-Game Cost: Spend one Mana to gain a new class of magic as Low magic.

Rank 2: (Middling) Allows for minor effects on the course of the plot. Middling magic can kill a single enemy, heal a friend, counteract some spells, and invoke a degree of protection.

In-Game Cost: Spend two Mana to increase a class of magic from Low to Middling.

Rank 3: (High) Allows for significant and major changes to the plot. Frightening or destroying a whole band of enemy warriors, enthraling the princess of an enemy tribe into running away with you, putting a taniwha to sleep are some examples of High Magic.

In-Game Cost: Spent three Mana to increase a class of magic from Middling to High.

Eleven magical classes may be learnt by Characters. Some classes are restricted to a particular Magical Attribute. For example *Makutu* is restricted to either *Ritual* or *Sacred Ties*, and cannot be worked using *Chanting*.

When creating a new character use your Magic Pool again, this is the same number you used to spend points on Magical Attributes. Spend your points as follows: **1pt.** Gain a Class of Magic as Low Magic (Rank 1). **2pts** Gain a Class of Magic as Middling Magic (Rank 2). **4 pts** Gain a Class of Magic as High Magic (Rank 3).

For example, using the same example as above we have 8 points to work with. The Player chooses to buy *Hirihiri* at Rnk 1 (1 pt), *Matapou* at Rank 3 (4 pts), *Tupuwae* at Rank 2 (2 pts) and *Whai* at Rank 1 (1 pt). Also, because the Character has *Tohunga* and *Makite* as Traits, there is also a +1 bonus to *Hirihiri* (from *Tohunga*) and a +1 bonus to *Wairua* (from *Makite*). So, the final list is: *Hirihiri* at Rank 2 (1 pt, +1), *Matapou* at Rank 3 (4 pts), *Tupuwae* at Rank 2 (2 pts) *Wairua* at Rank 1 (0, +1) and *Whai* at Rank 1 (1 pt).

Hirihiri **Insight**

Chanting, Ritual, Sacred Ties

Hoa **Spells of Battle**

Chanting, Sacred Ties

Makutu **Knowledge of Evil**

Ritual, Sacred Ties

Matapou **Transformations**

Chanting

Oho Rangi **Weather-Mastery**

Chanting

Tumatawarea **Magic of Stealth**

Chanting

Tupuwae **Shortening of Distances**

Chanting

Umu **Flames of the Flesh**

Chanting

Wairua **Traffic with Ghosts**

Ritual, Sacred Ties

Whai **Healing Magics**

Chanting

Whakautu-Utu **Counterspell**

Chanting, Ritual, Sacred Ties

Hirihiri (Insight): (*Chanting, Ritual, Sacred Ties*) Spells



used to gain secret knowledge from the spirit world. Often used to find out the activities or location of enemies, or to find out what tapu was accidentally transgressed when a tapu-curse has clearly fallen on a person.

Low: Discover the whereabouts of a distant friend or enemy

Middling: Find out when enemy warriors are planning to attack

High: Discover the cause of a tapu-curse

Hoa (Spells of Battle): (*Chanting, Sacred Ties*) Magic used in battle to either make weapons more effective, attack enemies with destructive magic, weaken enemies or inflict fear.

Low: Make a single enemy uncertain and afraid

Middling: Cause many enemies to be afraid, slow down or be hindered

High: Kill many enemies

Makutu (Knowledge of Evil): (*Ritual, Sacred Ties*) Cursing magic that inflicts injury and places the victim at the mercy of displeased Atua. Can be used to inflict injury, fear, wounds, sterility, lethargy or disease from a distance. A disliked and hated form of magic.

Low: Inflict a minor discomfit

Middling: Inflict a serious, life-threatening curse on a single person

High: Inflict a serious, life-threatening curse on a whole village

Matapou (Transformations): (*Chanting*) Transformative magic. Can be used to turn a person or canoe into stone or turn a person into a lizard or bird.

Low: Turn yourself into a tui to fly somewhere faster

Middling: Turn a single person into a lizard

High: Turn an approaching war-canoe into stone

Oho Rangi (Weather-Mastery): A magic spell to summon and control winds, raise storms and to cause thunder.

Low: Summon a roll of thunder

Middling: Call down a terrible wind that knocks over a wall or house

High: Call down a storm onto a fleet of war canoes

Tumatawarea (Magic of Stealth): (*Chanting*) A class of spells that can make a person stealthy or hidden, and at its most powerful can make the target invisible.

Low: Make yourself silent and stealthy

Middling: Make yourself invisible to a war-party that is looking for you

High: Make a whole village invisible

Tupuwae (Shortening of Distances): (*Chanting*) A charm to hasten a man's run, shorten distances, or move people faster from one point to another.

Low: Make yourself sprint fast all day without exhaustion

Middling: Make a group of people sprint all day without exhaustion

High: Shorten the distance between two points, so that you step across in a blink

Umu (Fire of the Flesh): (*Chanting*) A class of spells that make people work harder and more skilfully, be they warriors dragging a canoe, farmers in a field or bone-carvers making great art.

Low: Allow a single person to work for hours without exhaustion

Middling: Allow a dozen people to work for hours without exhaustion

High: Allow dozens and dozens of people to work all day without exhaustion

Wairua (Traffic with Ghosts): (*Ritual, Sacred Ties*) Magic associated with summoning, banishing and destroying ghosts and spirits of the dead.

Low: See invisible ghosts

Middling: Summon or repel ghosts

High: Utterly destroy a ghost or ghosts

Whai (Healing Magics): (*Chanting*) A general term for karakia to heal burns, broken bones wounds et cetera.

Low: Heal a minor burn or scrape (works on people who have at least five Health left)

Middling: Mend a broken bone, severe burn, battle injuries (works on people who have at least three Health left)

High: Save a person who is on the very verge of death (works on people who have only one Health left)

Whakautu-Utu (Counterspell): (*Chanting, Ritual, Sacred Ties*) A counterspell. A class of magic that can be used to protect from destructive magic, reverse curses, lift unclean magic and punish practitioners of black magic from a distance.

Low: Dispel any Low Magic spell

Middling: Dispel any Middling Magic spell

High: Dispel any High Magic spell

Chapter Five

MAGIC, TAPU AND NOA

Magic is deeply linked with spirits, the spirit-world and the concepts of Tapu, Noa and Mana. The whole of the natural world is full of spirits, they inhabit the forests, cause disease, live in the waves and are the very winds of the storms. Some magic deals with spirits or works to control them, other forms of magic work outside of the world of spirits and invokes the raw power of a person's own Mana.

Tapu and Noa

These are key concepts that all characters in Mythic Aotearoa will have to pay heed to, though those who work magic may in particular need to heed these spiritual tides. Tapu represents the world of spirits and Noa is a manifestation of the world of mortals.

Tapu is sometimes translated as 'sacred', but it is probably better translated as 'special to spirits', and Noa as 'special to humans.' Doing earthy things like eating, digging a kumera field, having sex, all make a person more Noa. Doing sacred things like praying, chanting magic karakia, fighting a battle or speaking to spirits all make a person more Tapu.

Reaching Absolute Noa is dangerous because a person becomes inherently offensive to spirits and atua. Being Absolute Tapu is dangerous because everything a person touches with his or her hands become mildly tapu, and if you eat something that is tapu or destroy something tapu the spirits (atua is the term I should be using here, not spirits, but I don't want to confuse people too much) will become offended and curse you with diseases and so forth.

Tapu Acts

The following acts will increase your Tapu by one point:

- Killing an enemy in battle (+1 Tapu)
- Casting a magic spell (+1 Tapu)
- Using or touching a tapu object (+1 Tapu)
- Spending time a tapu place (+2 Tapu)
- Speaking to a spirit (+2 Tapu)
- Visiting a burial ground (+2 Tapu)

Noa Acts

The following acts will increase your Noa:

- Eating a modest-sized meal (+1 Noa)
- Eating a banquet adds (+2 Noa)
- Labouring and farming (+1 Noa)
- Sex (+1 Noa)
- Clensing ritual performed by Tohunga (+3 Noa)

Mana

Your Mana is a measure of your honour, social status and raw power in the world of spirits and men. Usually, it

increases or decreases only slowly. Increases are associated with great personal victories, demonstrations of honour or a privileged demonstration of your influence in the world of spirits and Atua. Decreases follow dishonour, public embarrassment and any insult given to the Atua or spirits. Usually only a point of Mana will be gained or lost at a time, though tremendous personal victories or astounding public embarrassments may cause a more significant change in status.

Eating the Dead

The victors of a battle will often cook and eat some of their dead enemies. The eating of the dead is reserved only for the most important and powerful of the slain and has complicated cultural roots. In game terms eating some of flesh of a dead enemy will give you two benefits. The first is that the enemy cannot harm you in the form of a ghost or ancestor spirit, you effectively gain protection from his or her angry wraith. Secondly, there is a small chance (1/10 on a d10) that you will gain some knowledge from the dead flesh. One roll is allowed per dead enemy and the roll only applies if that person has a Mana of 5 or greater (i.e. you cannot gain knowledge from those with Mana of 4 or less). If you score a 1 on a d10, then you are allowed to pick one of the dead enemy's *Traits* and take it for your own. Eating the dead is a highly Tapu act, unlike eating common food, and imbues four Tapu to your pool regardless of how many or how much of your enemies you devour.

Preserved Heads

There is a tradition among the tribes of severing, smoking and preserving the heads of either valued friends or respected enemies. The severing of a head or 'mokomokai' and preservation is a tapu act, and adds three ranks to your tapu. Touching a mokomokai imbues one rank of Tapu. Usually mokomokai are kept for spirit-communing and grieving purposes. In game terms, any person whose head has been preserved as a mokomokai can return to the mortal world as an ancestral Atua spirit without difficulty and at any time. Otherwise a person must die with at least five ranks of Mana to be able to return to the mortal world so easily in spirit form. Mokomokai are made from both woman and men, but strictly only those of high standing. A slave, a farmer, or even an unproved warrior is unlikely to have his or her head turned into a mokomakai on death.

The heads of enemies, in particular chiefs are sometimes taken as mokomakai, partly out of respect for the dead chief, partly as a bargaining chip to help resolve the conflict. The relatives of a slain person are much more likely to agree to peace if the mokomakai of the dead man or woman

will be returned to as a part of the bargain.

Terminology and Karakia

The following is a compilation of names of karakia and rituals and some details relating to magic in general. The information is included so that you can add more detail to your magic as desired. The magic system that is presented is a fairly rules light and freeform one, and this won't suit all player groups – some people simply don't like freeform systems, others find convoluted abuse of freeform systems too tempting. The information here, however, should allow you to generate a magic system that is more suited to your particular group or to add detail and new Classes of magic to the suggested Classes as it pleases you.

Ahi Tahoka: Spells launched at a person over a distance. Tihoka, hoka, and oka all mean 'to pierce'.

Ahi Tirehurehu: A rite performed in war. A heart of a slain enemy was roasted over a fire in order to strike those enemies still alive with fear.

Ahi whakaene: (1) A general term for ritual magic.

Ahi whakaene: (2) A rite to destroy a wairua (ghost).

Atahu: A love charm.

Hara: A transgression of tapu or a sinful act.

Haruru: A spell that attracts wairua (ghosts).

Hauhauaitu: A state of despair that occurs when one realizes that the atua have withdrawn their protection because of a transgression of tapu.

He aria i te makutu: A ceremony to ward off makutu (black magic). Such a ceremony included immersing oneself in a stream and throwing handfuls of sand from the stream north, south east and west.

Hiki: A spell to make the target nervous and irresolute.

Hirihiri: A charm used by to determine what transgression of tapu has caused a person to fall ill.

Hoa Rakau: Recited over weapons to make them effective.

Hono: A healing karakia specifically for broken bones.

Kairamu: The act of eating food intended for the first born member of a noble tribe. Such an act would anger atua and they would exact revenge by causing illness.

Kanohi Whetete: Prominent eyes. A sign of a person predisposed to magic.

Karakia: Recitations by persons of mana. Effectively incantations given power through the force of mana.

Karakia Hoa: A noxious or destructive spell. Often such spells, although capable of killing a person outright, were instead used to inconvenience, ridicule or weaken an enemy. To become nervous, apprehensive or lose courage was sometimes thought to be the effect of a Karakia Hoa. Capable of working from a great distance.

Karakia Matapou: A charm to bewitch an area against trespass. Sometimes the charm was said over a small hole in a path. Any person walking over the path would be slain outright or turned to stone.

Karakia Wehe: A charm repeated over the dead to speed the spirit on its path to the next world.

Kete Pure: In combination with the Haruru spell a rite can be performed to trap a wairua (ghost) in a woven

basket. Such a basket becomes a 'kete pure'. Often kete pure were used to lure and trap the souls of enemies, which were then destroyed with tapu fire. Note that often tapu fire was a term for a spell in which the actions of making fire were used and no real fire need have been lit. (Kite = woven basket).

Kete Tuatea: Knowledge of evil. (Makutu) also kete uru-uru tawhito or kete uru-uru tau.

Koangaunu: See Umu Parapara.

Kopani harua: A spell to destroy a living person's wairua (ghost). Presumably such a spell not only killed the target but also cast him or her into oblivion.

However, the exact effect of this magic on living flesh is unknown and may well have resulted in a living and soulless 'zombie'.

Kotipu: To see a lizard on the path one walks. A very ill omen.

Makite: Seer

Manunui: A sorcerer who used a spell to contract or shorten the forests of the Huiarau Ranges so that searching for his dead son would be easier. Shortening and lengthening distances through magic occurs commonly in Maori myths.

Manea: (1) Meaning 'footprints'. Soil from a footprint could be used in certain magic spells, especially those against trespassers. In one example the dirt is placed in a small canoe that is then set adrift over a waterfall.

Manea: (2) The term manea is sometimes used to denote a sacred, tapu or tipua place.

Matakite: see Makite.

Mata Rakau: See Hoa Rakau.

Matatuhi: see Makite.

Matakia: A noxious spell when cast upon a person who is eating. The spell was thought to be devoured along with the food, thus making it particularly effective.

Matapou: A spell with a paralysing and sometimes petrifying effect. Matapou were used to hold canoes away from shore or turn people into stone or lizards.

Matapuru: Any spell to avert Makutu (black magic).

Miri Aroha: A rite to wipe away emotion or feelings, especially those of loss.

Monono: See Matapuru.

Oho Rangi: A charm to cause thunder.

Ohonga: A bait object used in some spells. A cord or piece of fabric that the target of a spell once handled or wore.

Paeroa: A wind raised in a magical battle by the tohunga Te Hahae.

Piki Whenua: In this apparently silent ritual a woman stood over afterbirth from a recent birth to increase the likelihood of her own pregnancy.

Pokohoi: A charm that caused stubbornness in a person. In particular useful for making warriors disobey commands on the battle field.

Pou Rahui: An object, often a post having karakia cast over it to protect an eel weir, flax or berry grove or hunting ground. Rahui prevented harvesting of the protected resource. Often a Rahui was placed on a site when the resource became scarce and was lifted when it became more plentiful. A rahui spell would slay

poachers.

Poutama: (also kete Poutama) A weakening spell used before battle that included a ritual to kindle tapu fire.

Punga: A charm to weaken an enemy's running power.

Rewharewha: A class of destructive karakia that works through disease.

Rotu: (1) See Tupe.

Rotu: (2) Calming spells in general. For instance one Rotu could be cast on a person to make them go to sleep while another might be used to calm the winds.

Rotu Moana: A spell used to calm the sea.

Rua Haeroa: A variation on Rua torino or Rua iti, where shells are used to sweep the spirits into the pit.

Rua Iti: A ritual in which a hole was dug and a person's spirit was induced by means of an Ohonga (see Ohonga) into falling into the hole. A destructive spell such as Kopani Harua was used to injure or destroy the trapped spirit.

Rua Ngana: See Rua iti.

Rua Torino: A hole in the ground containing a clay or earthen figure to lure and trap a doomed spirit.

Rua Tupa: see Rua iti.

Tahu: A blasting or withering spell that could be used to kill tree, bird or man. A spell in the Tuata class.

Taiki: A woman wishing to abort a child would perform this ritual. She would either carry food into a tapu place or eat a leaf of a plant growing in a tapu place. The atua thus angered would kill the foetus as punishment.

Taitai Whetu: A short nonsense poem. Taitai whetu were usually spoken by children as a game, the object of which was to speak the entire poem without taking a breath. In some rituals such as one to prevent frosts a Taitai whetu was performed. 'Pepe', 'taki' and 'manawa' are also used as words for Taitai whetu.

Takapau: See Taupa (2).

Tamoe: (also, umu tamoe) A spell to not only weaken an opponent prior to a fight but also to prevent the enemy taking satisfaction should they win.

Tangi Tawhiti: A lament for loved dead which was sung to invoke revenge against their killers.

Tapu Fire: Sacral fire. No actual fire needs to be kindled when a spell calls for 'tapu fire'. The actions of making a fire are undertaken only, and the fire kindled is invisible and spiritual.

Taumata: (also, ah ta whakataumata) A weakening spell launched at enemies before battle.

Taupa: (1) A spell recited over a woman to prevent pregnancy.

Taupa: (2) A spell recited to nullify the magic of a charmed dart.

Tika Ora: See Tira ora.

Tika Tipua: A magic dart. Used in war and in a form of divination. Karakia could be cast over darts to enchant them before battle.

Tira Ora: A ceremony to break a makutu (black magic) spell. Two rods or darts (called Tira or Tika) were placed near a river bank. One represented to aggressing sorcerer, the other the victim. The spirit of the sorcerer was charmed into his rod and then the rod was cast into the stream or destroyed.

Tiratu: A ritual to summon the spirit of a sorcerer or thief who has committed makutu or some other crime. The spirit might appear as a solid seeming apparition or as a reflection in a stream or pool.

Tohunga Ruanuku: name used to denote a powerful sorcerer. In one tale the apprentice Mahu was set the task of destroying with magic the first tree, then person then stone that he saw upon leaving the village before he would attain all his powers and become Tohunga Ruanuku.

Tokotoko: A spell to banish winds.

Tuaimu: see Hoa Rakau.

Tuata: A class of destructive spell. See also, Tahu.

Tumatawarea: A chant to make a person invisible.

Tumatapongia: see Tumatawarea.

Tupe: A spell to weaken an opponent.

Tupuwae: A charm to hasten a man's run.

Tui Tipua: Magic tui-birds were sometimes used as messengers to convey a knotted string message.

Ue: A fear spell. One that causes a person to flee unseen terrors.

Ueue: See Ue.

Umu: A spell that literally cooks the enemy. Umu means earth oven in Maori.

Umu Hiki: See Hiki.

Umu Kaha: The words umu kaha mean a fierce fire kindled in an earth oven. The name was used to denote a spell used to fill carvers or artisans with the energy and purpose they need to finish a task. Similar charms were used to encourage men when felling a tree or carrying a war canoe overland.

Umu Puru Rangi: A karakia to 'stopper' the calabashes that winds came out of and thus calm the weather.

Umu Parapara: A spell cast in revenge over the cloaks and weapons of routed foes. Such a spell might blunt the weapons the fleeing enemies still carried (umu = food oven).

Umu Pongipongi: See Rua iti.

Umi whaihanga: A rite pertaining to artisans and carvers but the details of which are lost. Very likely similar to Umu Kaha (above).

Urukaraerae: A wind raised up by a spell to destroy fishing boats and houses.

Uru-uru Whenua: A protective karakia.

Wahanga: A test of magical power. If the test failed it might backfire and cause harm to the wielder. Sort of a graduation test. Break a stone by repeating a hoa over it or causing a dog (or even a relative) to die by magic. Also whakanga-whatanga.

Waitokorau: See Tiratu.

Waro rahui: A spirit pit invoked in a Pou Rahui ritual. It was the sharpened teeth of the waro rahui that were a danger to poachers.

Wero Ngerengere: A malignant spell used to afflict a person with a leprosy-like disease.

Whai: A general term for karakia to heal burns, wounds et cetera.

Whaka-ara Hau: A charm to raise wind.

Whaka umu: See Rua iti.

Whakao: See Tupe.



Whakapa: See Taupa.

Whakau: A protective talisman carried when travelling in a dangerous place. Often lent but not sold or gifted by tohunga. Also a term for protective karakia.

Whakamania: A curse. An unlucky utterance that may not necessarily be a formulistic spell.

Whakamatiti: A spell to punish thieves that caused their limbs to wither and hang useless.

Whakanehengehe: See Tupe.

Whakautu-utu: Sometimes used a general term for a spell that averts impending danger.

Whakautu-utu: A ritual to strike at a practitioner of makutu who had sent a lizard to curse and disease a tribe. The lizard had to be caught and dismembered and burnt in a tapu fire (see Tapu Fire) while a hirihiri was performed. Each person present would then remove a hair from their head and cast it into the fire. The ritual would cause the makutu to recoil back on the sorcerer who originally cast it.

Whatu: Tapu stones that were presented to sorcerers in some northern tribes upon passing their initial magic rites.

Wheawheu: A spell to weaken enemies before battle. Cast by standing at the front of the advancing warriors and waving a branchlet while chanting. The spell was intended to make the enemy warriors lose courage.

People and Things of Magic

Aside from the art of the seer who could summon spirits there were many other ways and vessels of magic in the days of the ancients. Tohunga was a name given to persons who studied the secrets of the world and through an understanding of the universe acquired magic powers. Tohunga learnt magical songs called Karakia as well as the art of banishing and commanding various spirits. Tohunga-sorcerers sometimes learnt their incantations of power from ancestor spirits or magical folk such as the ponaturi. In other tales the powers are innate, an inborn gift for magic that others do not share.

Mauri

Mauri is a word used to denote an essence that was possessed by all living things. In a spiritual sense the mauri was a sort of sacred life principle. However the collective life force of a forest, stream or village was often embodied in one or more talismans. For instance it was commonly held that the life essence of a field of kumara or eel weir, or forest was embodied in a single powerful stone that was found within it. Such centres of life essence were themselves called mauri. The fertility of a field or the bounty of a hunting ground relied on not losing these important stones. In most folk tales that mention mauri-stones it is said that the power of these objects could be felt radiating out. Given that such a powerful talisman would be both easy to find and steal sensible chiefs hid these relics.

To add to the power of a mauri the stone of power were

often carved to resemble an *atua* who acted as a protector of the forest, stream or plantation.

There is a tale that once long ago the forests of Pukekohe held such a powerful mauri that it teemed with birds and eels. The fame of the Pukekoe forest spread and many heard that it was a hunting ground that could never be exhausted. Now it happened that a young chief (whose name has been forgotten) of the far away Tuhoe tribe heard of this powerful mauri and took it upon himself to find it and bring it back for his own people. So he went to the tribe that ruled the lands about the forest of Pukekoe.

Once among them he courted a young woman and ingratiated himself with the ariki-chief. After some time the trusting chief took the young man to his forest to show him the bounty of birds and eels. The Tuhoe warrior though pretended not to believe in mauri and demanded more and more proof of its existence. He was not satisfied with a weir swarming with eels or fat kereru-pigeons that would land on one's outstretched hand. At last in frustration the chief led him deep into the forest and showed him the mauri itself which was hidden in the hollow of a sacred rata tree. The young man could feel the power of the mauri even from a distance and smiling to himself he agreed that the forest was indeed blessed and went back to the tribe with the chief.

The young man then waited some long weeks before he acted on his plan. While everyone else was out hunting birds he pretended to go fishing for eels. Instead he went to the hiding place of the mauri and carried it away in his eel bag. At once the forest fell silent and the birds seemed to vanish into shadows. In wonder and panic the chief ran into the forest and found the mauri gone. Knowing at once who had taken it he dispatched war bands to hunt him down. The young man had a head start but the stone weighed him down terribly. Once the war bands found his trail they began to gain on him. Exhausted the young man fled as far as lake Rotorua where he hoped to find refuge with a tribe that were traditional enemies of the Pukekoe people. As he reached the shore however the war party came crashing through the underscrub and fern. They were about to fall upon him when he decided that if he could not have the mauri then no one else could. With one last bound he jumped over a cliff and into the waters of Rotorua taking the stone with him. Angrily the pukekohe warriors could do naught but return to their own song silent forests. But ever since that day the forests and waters of lake Rotorua have become known as bountifully rich in game and eels.

A Most Powerful Taumata Atua

Taumata Atua or Whakapakoko Atua were objects in which spirits or Atua would sometimes dwell at the bidding of priests and sorcerers. The Taumata itself was not considered magical but was tapu simply because it had been in contact with a supernatural being. Taumata were often carved from stone or wood and were kept to provide a place for an Atua to reside if it so decided. A Tohunga's whare-house might have had a dozen graven

Taumata hanging from the rafters, each for a different tutelary spirit. A Taumata Atua for Rongo-ma-Tane was sometimes kept near fields of kumera. A Taumata for a benevolent ancestor spirit who was famed for his seamanship might have been kept aboard waka-canoe. The line between a taumata atua which embodies a spirit and a mauri which embodies a land's fertility has been somewhat confused in certain books. The most obvious difference to note is that a mauri is innately magical, a natural phenomenon in which the life force of a land was tied to an earthly artefact. A Taumata Atua however had no internal magic at all save that it was time to time the abode of a god or spirit. The following tale concerns a Taumata Atua that was the home of a spirit of very great power. The name of the Atua itself has been forgotten though this may be just as well for the story tells us that it was an evil and dark god.

Once a very long time ago there was a powerfully built fort atop a sacred hill where no man dwells today. This fort was not ruled by a chieftain but rather by two tohunga named Purata and Tautohito who were very skilled in all the magics. It was not however their knowledge of charms and karakia that allowed these two sorcerers to rule a vast chieftom. Rather their power resided in the possession of a single Taumata Atua. This Taumata Atua was carved into a shape like a human head and within it resided a Atua of singular power and evil.

Now the reign of these two sorcerers was not a pleasant one and they became greedy and corrupt in their power. Many nearby chiefs were afraid of Purata and Tautohito as the power of their Atua was such that it could slaughter any mortal man in the whole of Aotearoa. Some chiefs resolved at one time or another to end the threat of the two sorcerers and gathered great war bands together to march on the sacred mount. However each and every one of these armies perished miserably when they reached the foot of the mount through the power of the dark Atua.

So for a great long time men and woman lived in fear of Purata and Tautohito. As time went on the fear spread until it reached a far away land in which dwelt another sorcerer named Hakawau. Now this Tohunga was actually a great deal more skilled in karakia-songs than either of the two sorcerer-chiefs of the sacred mount. He may indeed have been the greatest Tohunga of his age and possibly the greatest of all Tohunga save for Kiki of the Waikato whose shadow was death.

Now Hakawau was a wise man if perhaps not one who is very easily moved by pleas for help. Many chiefs heard of his skill and beseeched him to move against the Tohunga of the Sacred Mount.

"Please," they wailed "We beg of you!" they cried. "None of us, not our wives nor our children are safe while Purata and Tautohito rule the Sacred Mount."

But Hakawau was unmoved and for a great long time he did nothing and refused to take any part in the affair. We know not what or who it was that eventually convinced Hakawau to take action but suffice to say in time he too became angered and a little afraid of the evil power of the Atua of the Carven Head. One night he entered a trance

much like a matakite-seer and communed with the kind Atua and ancestor spirits of his tribe. From this council of spirits he learnt that the power of the Atua of the Carven Head lay in its command over an army of evil and twisted Atua. Hearing this convinced Hakawau that something did indeed have to be done as such an army could overwhelm the worlds of the living and the dead.


At once following the council of spirits Hakawau prepared for a long journey. Soon afterwards he set off with only a single servant for a companion on the long journey. The two men travelled first to Maraitai where there was a great and powerful pa, the ruins of which can still be seen today. The chief of that pa was a generous man and was most pleased to have the famous Hakawau as a guest. However Hakawau felt a need for urgency in his task and so stayed only briefly before leaving again with only his one servant. They travelled together past Rukuwai, and Waitara and on to Te Weta. Now it was at Te Weta that they began to come to the edge of the aura of the Atua of the Carven head. Hakawau's friend felt the power bear down on him and he became afraid, horribly, horribly afraid. He quaked and cried and pleaded with Hakawau to give up on the quest.

Hakawau however stood firm and said, "That is the way men die, they are dead of the terrors before a fight begins."

These were sage words and passed into proverb because of their wisdom. Hearing the wisdom in Hakawau's voice his servant steeled his nerve and together they pushed on. The next trial was however all the more gruelling. For now they came to the foot of the Sacred mount and found a field of corpses. The air became thick the stench of the carcasses of those warriors who had passed stormed the sacred hill and died at its foot. Now though Hakawau's servant was afraid Hakawau himself saw with his Matakite vision something far worse. From the top of the hill billowed out a cloud of twisted and tortured demon spirits. An army of evil atua flew down the hill at the command of the Atua of the Carven Mask.

Hakawau had however expected this and prepared himself already. As he walked he chanted a karakia and a powerful one at that. To him he summoned every good Atua, every ancestor spirit and every taniwha of the land. They came in an invisible army behind him, an airy horde of gods and spirits. All the good Atua were as keen to see the Atua of the Carven Mask defeated as Hakawau so thus they descended on the evil Atua with frenzy and abandon. As Hakawau and his servant struggled through the field of corpses the most powerful of spirits raged and battled all around them. Even all they fought valiantly though the good Atua were pushed back and back from the hill. Swarms of dark Atua roiled out of the Sacred Mount and the Atua of the Carven Head seemed to have no end to its armies.

Hakawau saw the battle was going poorly so commanded his Atua and Taniwha to fall back to the scrub near the base of the hill. Seeing the invading Atua retreat the demons of the sacred hill rushed forward to make the final slaughter. But it was all a ruse. Many more good Atua were hidden in the low hills and scrub. When the demonic spirits foolishly flew into the scrub the



hidden Atua burst forth and soon surrounded and slew every last demon.

Now this left Hakawau and his servant quite free to walk up the side of the mount. As they did so the two sorcerer-chiefs Purata and Tautohito saw them coming from the palisade of their fort. They did not recognise Hakawau but felt wonder and fear that these two men could merely stroll up the path to the sacred mount. At once they went to the whare-house where the Atua of the Carven Head dwelt. Each Tohunga ordered the Atua to slay the two trespassers. But the Atua of the Carven head had already summoned every dark spirit in its control. It called out and bellowed but not one of its warrior demons returned for they were all dead and slain and probably being eaten by Hakawau's taniwha.

The Atua of the Carven Head therefore knew what the two sorcerers did not. It knew that Hakawau was a powerful Tohunga and that its own powers were spent and lost. Instead of obeying the two Tohunga's orders it simply moaned in a low, desperate and sorrowful whisper. Purata and Tautohito were by now very afraid. They knew not why the Atua of the Carven Head whispered and moaned rather than slay the trespassers. Seeing no other option the two Tohunga left the whare and quickly organised their kinsmen to prepare to formal greeting for the strange visitors. Now while Hakawau's servant went to the gate of the pa to meet the people of the Sacred Hill Hakawau himself did no such thing. Instead he grossly insulted the people of the pa by entering the fortress by climbing over their palisade like an invader. Then when Purata and Tautohito went to him to offer a feast in his honour he ignored them both. Instead he wandered about the pa and searched out all the tapu places intruding on them and committing sacrilege. This he probably did to reduce what power the two Sorcerer-Chiefs had left and insult them further. Once he again snubbed an offer of a feast and this angered Purata and Tautohito immensely. They following Hakawau closely and demanded to know who he was that dishonoured their insulted them and trespassed on their places of tapu. Again Hakawau simply ignored them and made his way to the gate where his servant was by now nervously waiting. Once Hakawau was out of the hill-fort he clapped his hands once and through this simple act cast a spell that slew every last man, woman and child inside the pa. As for the Atua of the Carven Head, well it was left there, whispering in low moans powerless and forgotten. So next time you visit a museum and see a carved wood head in a display case perhaps you might want to take a second look. Lean in close and listen for just a moment. Maybe, just maybe you might hear a low and sad whisper.

The Colour of Ochre

Red is a sacred colour among the Maori. Human bones were sometimes painted red before internment in a catacomb cave and the red flowers of the rata tree were used to decorate special waka-canoes or whare-houses. Red ochre was a sure defence against the patu-paiarehe and other magical folk. However the use of 'museum red' paint to uniformly cover old carvings is probably partly

to blame for a modern perception that this was the predominant colour that Maori used. The oldest recorded descriptions of carved gates and meeting houses suggest that the woodwork was colourfully painted in white, yellow green and blue as well as with familiar red.

Treating Illness

Sickness and disease as mentioned earlier was always the result of transgressing sacred tapu and angering ancestral spirits or atua. When a man or woman fell ill but did not know in what way they had transgressed the ancient law then a close member of the family, preferably the father would go and visit the matakite-seer. The matakite-seer then consulted the atua spirits beseeching them to have mercy and reveal to him why they are angry at the sickened person. Once the reason was revealed the matakite would go forth and tell the family. There the matakite's duties ended.

The family would now need the help of a tohunga who was somewhat of both a priest and sorcerer. A tohunga was well versed in the ancient laws and ordinances concerning tapu called ritenga and would also have known one or more magical charms. Each pa or village would have had several tohunga although perhaps only the one matakite. The Tohunga once learning why it is that the atua-spirits are angry would then proceed to the shore of a nearby river or lake. Bending over it he would immerse his head in the cold water until a vision came to him in which he might see the path by which the malignant spirit had travelled up from the world of the dead. The most common way that a spirit entered the world of the living from below was to travel up the inner hollow of a flax leaf or stem of the toetoe grass. Once the tohunga located the plant that had been used as a path by the spirit he pulls up a given leaf or stem and takes it to the hut of the ill. The plant stem or blade is then hung over the sick man and the tohunga recites a charm to entice the spirit out of the sick man's body. Seeing a path home close by and feeling the power of the chant the sickness causing spirit most often relents and leaves the body. The sick man would then immediately begin to recover.

Consulting a tohunga-priest was the most common way to find the path of dead spirits. It was however also commonly known that a knot tied in a flax leaf was a sure sign that the stem had recently been used by a spirit as a road up from the dark underworld. When such a plant is pulled up by the roots it is said to issue a peculiar cry.

Makutu and Black Magic

There was a form of black magic called Makutu that was once practised by certain Maori. At its root Makutu worked by either tricking a person into breaking tapu or carry out a ritual using a piece of a person's clothing, food or spittle that transgresses tapu. Once the tapu was broken the atua and ancestor spirits would become enraged and fall upon the victim with a vengeance.

Those who most commonly used this secret and mysterious art were persons who believed themselves to

be wronged but were too weak to retaliate by war or influence. As such it was often that elder men or woman came under suspicion of committing Makutu when an enemy of theirs became ill. In addition certain tribes had more or less of a reputation for being skilled in Makutu. It was whispered rightly or wrongly that the peoples of the forested and mountainous Urewera in the North Island were particularly skilled in the dark art.

Fear of Makutu meant that the most cautious persons would not even spit in the company of strangers. Nor do guests leave behind any part of a meal that had been set before them. Rather if they could not eat it they would carry it away with them.

Io

In some traditions Io was said to be a form of powerful atua or god. Early missionaries appear to have grasped at the term to provide evidence that the Maori believed in a single supreme being. Such an interpretation however appears to be dubious at best. More commonly Io was name given to a particular sort of omen that took the form of a twitching of the body. An Io felt in the middle of an arm or leg was a bad omen and meant evil was to befall a company. If felt in the fingers or toes a storm would soon arrive. When felt in the left armpit or ear then it heralded death.

A twitching on the right side of the body is far more favourable than on the left. A twitching in the right arm portents good luck. Nini was a chief who sided with the British Empire during the New Zealand Wars. A twitching in the right nostril of his nostril woke him from sleep one night while waiting with troohis warriors near an enemy pa. He immediately woke his fellow chiefs and they all agreed that it was such a good omen that they immediately attacked the outer defences of the enemy pa without even bothering to tell the nearby allied colonial regiment. The faith of Nini and his fellow chiefs Mohi and Tawai was apparently warranted for they took the outer defences of the pa without encountering any resistance at all. The tacticians of the colonials thought the pa was defended well enough that they had planed to attack those same earthworks next day using cannons and a whole regiment of troops.

Tiki

These carved pendants are prized heirlooms and sacred objects. Taking a common form and almost always carved from the most prized stone, ponamunamu the tiki has a special significance for its owner. The most important thing to know about tiki is that to steal one brings cursed luck upon the thief. Given the shape of the tiki and the special powers attributed to the spirits of dead children it is plausible that tiki represented a stillborn baby or foetus. Also interesting to note however that tiki are sometimes called heitiki and in some other Polynesian cultures hei or hea is a god of wisdom.

Many sorcerers leant the art of shape shifting and would turn into birds or fish to escape danger or sneak up on

enemies.

The swamp bird called ngako that live on the shore of the lake Rotorua were presented to the ancestor Atua as offerings when consulting divine wisdom.

There was once a tribe that had a tui bird that was trained to recite the prayers that must be said before planting kumera. It was a great time and labour saver for the tribe and so was much prized. Another neighbouring tribe became jealous and during one dark and moonless night stole the bird. This led to a great war in which the prize for the victor was this one small bird.

Spellsongs and Charms

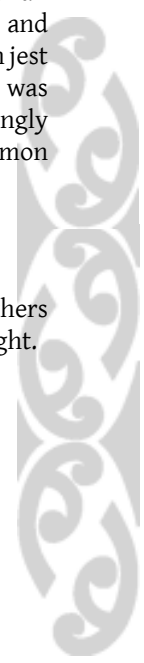
In former times in every tribe there were several people who knew charms of magic. Not only Tohunga or Sorcerers used charms but indeed any person might know one or two charms of greater or lesser power. In the distant and long ago days the spells had more power to them. Most of this magic however waned with the coming of Pakeha-Europeans and eventually it dwindled until none was left. It has been told that in the days before the coming of the Pakeha there were charms that could make a warrior brave or make him cowardly, that could calm a wind or summon up a tempest, that could throw down pa walls or sink a great war canoe. Indeed there were charms that would harness the spirits and have them work at almost any deed imaginable. One common tale is that when a team of warriors was dragging a war canoe over land it would often need to be lifted over fallen trees or jutting rocks. The great war waka were of course too heavy for even a hundred men to lift. So a tohunga would climb into the canoe and recite a charm to make it lighter. Then even though the extra weight of the sorcerer had been added the warriors found that the war vessel could be lifted and carried with the greatest ease.

Flutes and fishhooks were often made from the leg bones of enemies. Fish hooks carved from the leg bone of an enemy were thought to have a charm about them and would catch great basket loads of fish. A well-known jest said when a fish is caught on a leg bone fish hook was 'How the old man buried there bites!' Not surprisingly the stealing of a leg bone from a grave was a common cause of war between tribes.

A Full Moon Chant

When the moon is full this chant was sung by mothers to charm their babies teeth to grow strong and straight.

*Growing kernel, grow
Grow, that thou mayest arrive,
To see the moon now full
Come then, kernel
Let the tooth of man
Be given to the rat*



*And the rat's tooth
To the man*

A Charm for a Toothache

The toothache is an ailment caused not by a spirit but rather a small worm that takes the form of an eel. Within the tooth the little eel-worm eats out a hole in the tooth. The best method to cure a person of toothache is to find a tohunga-sorcerer whom knows the appropriate chant to charm the worm out.

HE KARAKIA MO TE NIHO-TUNA

*He tuna, he tara,
Pu-ano-ano, pu-are-are.
Mau e kai I te upoko
O taua tara-tu.*

*An eel, a spiny back,
True indeed, indeed: true in sooth, in sooth.
You must eat the head
Of said spiny back*

A Charm for a Burn

*I wera it te aha?
I wera I te ahi.
Ahi a wai?
Ahi a Mahu-ika.
Tikina mai, wakaorahia
Hei mahi-kai ma taua.
Wera iti, wera rahi,
Wera kia raupapa.
Maku e whakaihi,
Maku e whakamana*

*What caused the burn?
Fire caused the burn.
Fire kindled by whom?
Fire kindled by Mahu-ika*
Come and fetch some (fire), spread it out,
To be a slave to dress food for both of us.
Small burn, large burn,
Burn be crusted over with skin.
I will make it sacred,
I will make it effective.*

*Mahu-ika was a goddess of fire.

A Tale of Two Sorcerers

Once, long ago in the lands about the Waikato there were two tohunga-sorcerers of fearsome power. Such were the miracles and spells brought about by each Tohunga their fame and renown travelled far across the land. But the magic and charms of these two men was indeed so great that men argued amongst themselves as to whom was the most powerful. It happened that in time the sorcerers heard word of one another and this is the tale of how it was settled who between them was the more versed in magic.

Now the first of these two sorcerers was named Kiki

and he dwelt in a fortified pa on the shores of the Waikato River. Kiki was such a powerful tohunga that if his shadow fell on any living thing it would wither and die before him. A proud saying among his descendants was that 'the offspring of Kiki wither shrubs'. By this it was meant that his descendants had inherited some of his power. Kiki lived within a whare-house on the topmost hill of his fortified village. Kiki had cast charms and spells so that he had netted death within his hut. If a band of warriors approached his pa all Kiki had to do was fling open the shutters and flax curtains of his windows. Death would fly out of the hut and descend on the warriors leaving them lifeless in its passing.

Now Kiki was much feared and respected but far away in the coastal peninsula of Kawhia there living another powerful Tohunga named Tamure. He was better known for his protective and healing charms than his command of death and was equally respected for this. In time tales of Kiki reached the ears of Tamure. Hearing men proclaim that master of death to be the greatest of Tohunga angered Tamure. When eventually he had heard one too many tales about Kiki's great powers Tamure took it upon himself to settle the matter of who was the more powerful sorcerer.

Tamure left Kawhia and took with him two men and his young daughter. He travelled over the steep hills of forest and mist that run along the west of the Waikato and then descended into the wide valley basin. He and his companions came at length to the Waipa River and there obtained a small canoe.

Using charms to speed the waka-canoe on its way Tamure travelled along the Waipa as it grew from a angry stream to a wide fat river. At Ngaruawahia the Waipa joins the mighty grey Waikato. Tamure commanded that his canoe be turned south and paddled upstream along the winding river. As they approached the last length of water before the Kiki's village Tamure began chanting a karikia to hide his coming. If he had not done so then Kiki would have sensed his approach and swiftly slain him by letting loose his pet death.

Even as the small canoe came up on the muddy beach below the village Tamure continued his chants. He did not even cease his songs when people came down from the village to meet him and his companions.

At once seeing he was a great tohunga the people of Kiki's village invited him into the pa to be formally greeted. As Tamure climbed the hill to the pa word travelled afore him and by the time he reached the gates of the pa Kiki was awaiting him.

Kiki had his slaves prepare a feast and invited the visitors to join him. Never during this time did Tamure cease chanting protective songs under his breath for they were his only guard against his rival Tohunga.

Kiki who had heard of Tamure's reputation knew at once why he had come and so treated Tamure's portion of the feast with Makutu. Thus if Tamure ate it he would break tapu and vengeful atua would surely slay him. But when the food was put before Tamure he saw the murder in Kiki's eyes and politely declined saying he had just soon eaten. Instead he offered the food to his daughter.

Now his daughter was also versed in karikia spells and she ate a little of the food while reciting charms to dispell the tapu. Most of the food however she secreted away in the fold of her cloak. Now seeing that this girl survived eating his food Kiki felt fear and made an excuse to leave the formal feast and return to his whare-house. Tamure knew that once Kiki entered his house then he would be beyond even Tamure's most powerful spells. Thus he used a spell to put a curse on Kiki's threshold. As Kiki passed into his house the spell fell upon him and he began to sicken.

With little time to spare Tamure took his leave from the village and he and his companions paddled their canoe further up the Waikato. They soon came to a great pa where they once again put ashore. Now the chief of this pa had heard of Tamure and had deep respect for him so welcomed him gladly into the village. While in the village Tamure performed several miracles of healing and the chief and his people were much pleased. When a few days passed and Tamure judged that Kiki was now near death he went and spoke with the chief.

The chief was pleased to hear that Kiki would soon be dead for the sorcerer had been a curse to him having slain many of his warriors. So when Tamure asked of the chief a favour he readily agreed.

"A canoe of warriors from Kiki's pa may come this way searching for us." Said Tamure "If they do you should great them as you would normally. If they ask them if you saw myself and my companions then say yes. If they ask how long ago then say many days." Then Tamure took to his canoe and with the two men of his village and his daughter paddled upstream away from the pa.

It soon happened that Kiki died and his grief stricken relatives remembered the visit from the foreign tohunga. Some among Kiki's tribe were tohunga of lesser power themselves and they soon determined that it was Tamure who had slain Kiki with magic. Just as Tamure had predicted they angrily readied a war canoe and set off in pursuit of him. When they came to the pa where Tamur had stayed the villagers and chief came out to great them.

"You there." Said one among Kiki's tribe "Have you seen a small canoe pass this way with one girl and three men in it?"

Now the people of the village huddled and conferred amongst themselves as if they had to struggle to remeber such a trivial thing.

At last the chief said.

"Yes some of us have. Others did not. What of it?"

"How long ago did they pass?" said the warriors from the canoe.

Again the villages first spoke among themselves before the chief said "Many, many days ago and they travelled very swiftly not even tarrying to pick up food from us." Now hearing this the people of Kiki's pa were disheartened. Because of the well spoken lie they decided that Tamure was well and truly gone and so turned about and went back to their own hill fort.

Thus Tamure slew Kiki and proved himself to be the greater of sorcerers. For many years afterwards if any man

or woman from Kawhai showed an unusual talent for tohunga arts then it was said that they must have inherited some of Tamure's magic.





Chapter Six

CHARACTER ADVANCEMENT

Character Advancement in *Mythos of the Maori* is handled by a system of **Tasks** and **Reputes**. Reputes are areas of social achievement and renown. There are eight reputes, Artist, Chief (or Princess), Cragman, Hero, Navigator, Slayer, Trickster and Warrior. All Reputes have three levels, Great, Legendary and Mythic. Characters do not have any Reputes at the beginning of play, but can immediately begin completing **Tasks** in order to gain a new level of Repute. Each time a level of repute is gained a Character is allowed to nominate 2 new Traits and increase 2 Attributes by one rank. This applies whether you gain a new Repute at 'Great' or whether you increase a level, from 'Great' to 'Legendary' for example. So, if you were to complete the three Tasks needed to become a Great Artist, you would then be allowed to nominate 2 new Traits and increase 2 Attributes by one rank. When you complete the Tasks to become a Legendary Artist, you gain the same +2 Traits, +1 to two Attributes bonus.

You can gather as many Reputes as you like, but it is recommended that each player be working towards only a single Repute at a given time, otherwise keeping track of Tasks may become difficult and complex. This means that if you complete a Task that might contribute towards becoming a Great Hero while you are attempting to become a Great Warrior, the Hero-Task is not counted. After you have achieved Great Warrior you can then nominate Great Hero as your next Repute and begin work on the Tasks that need completion.

Artist: A carver, weaver or worker of arts.

Chief: A leader of the people, orator and law-speaker.

Cragman: A hunter of the high hills and mountains.

Hero: A champion and protector of the weak.

Navigator: An expert sailoer and canoist.

Slayer: A hunter of monstrous things.

Trickster: A person who lives by guile and trickery.

Warrior: A fighter in the fields of war.

Gaining a New Repute

- +2 Traits
- +1 to two Attributes

Great Artist

- Pick a craft, such as weaver, tattooist, bone-carver, stone-carver or wood-carver
- Provide work following requests from three respected chiefs
- Obtain three items of reasonable worth, such as a feather cloak or taiha in exchange for your work

Legendary Artist

- Provide work following requests from six additional respected chiefs
- Produce an item of beauty, trade this item for a relic

of supernatural magic

- Produce three works of great beauty for your tribe for free

Mythic Artist

- Provide work following requests from nine additional respected chiefs
- Produce work for five different tribes
- Produce work for three different supernatural creatures

Great Chief

- Speak at a tribal meeting
- Give three gifts of reasonable value to relatives
- Give a gift of extraordinary value to a chief from another tribe

Legendary Chief

- Pay for a great feast and invite your whole tribe
- Speak at the marae (meeting place) of three other tribes
- Pay for the construction of a grand marae for your tribe

Mythic Chief

- Pay for three great feasts for your tribe
- Pay for a tremendous feast and invite all your allied or friendly tribes
- Pay for the construction of a great pa (fortified hillfort) for your tribe

Great Cragman

- Livew off the land for a week in a remote wilderness
- Snare three valuable birds, such as huia
- Climb to a mountaintop

Legendary Cragman

- Explore three little-explored or uninhabited forests
- Make six profitable hunting trips
- Pursue and capture a poacher who has stolen from tribal lands

Mythic Cragman

- Visit three villages of creatures such as patu-paiarehe that live away from the lands of mortal humans
- Overcome, outwit or otherwise defeat six dangerous creatures or monsters of the deep forests and wilds
- Hunt and bring down six giant moa on your own without aid from others

Great Hero

- Answer a plea for help
- Defend a person against unjust attack, robbery or

assault

- Defeat a tyrant who is unjustly ruling a tribe or village

Legendary Hero

- Answer three pleas for help
- Defeat three tyrants who are unjustly ruling a tribe or village
- Free three people who have been abducted by supernatural creatures, such as the patu-paiarehe

Mythic Hero

- Answer six pleas for help that have come directly from honoured chiefs
- Defend three villages against attack by supernatural monsters or raiders
- Rescue a person of royal lineage from abducted by a supernatural creature

Great Navigator

- Visit three offshore islands
- Navigate the length of a great river, such as the Waikato
- Commission and pay for the carving of a great waka (canoe) that can carry at least thirty warriors

Legendary Navigator

- Wrestle against and overcome a monster of the sea, such as a shark or giant octopus
- Make a trip to the homeland Hawaiki and return
- Make three profitable trading trips by sea, coast, lake or river

Mythic Navigator

- Make three trading trips to the homeland Hawaiki
- Visit five magical or tipua offshore islands that are inhabited by inhuman creatures
- Commission and pay for the construction of a fleet of five great waka (canoes) that can carry at least thirty warriors each

Great Slayer

- Pick a 'monster' such as Ngarara, Maero or Pouakai. You will seek renown as a slayer of this monster. The example, 'Pouakai-Slayer', will be used hereafter.
- Help kill three Pouakai and craft a token (necklet, cloak) from the bodies.
- Travel at least three days to reach the lair of a Pouakai.

Legendary Slayer

- Personally deal the death blow to six additional Pouakai
- Lay a careful trap or ambush that ensnares a Pouakai
- Answer three pleas for help to deal with a Pouakai three times

Mythic Slayer

- Without help, kill nine additional Pouakai
- Answer a plea for help from a chief to deal with a Pouakai

- Obtain a tattoo that represents your power as a Pouakai-Slayer

Great Trickster

- Outwit and get the better of a person three times
- Use trickery to get five good meals
- Steal or obtain by deception three items of reasonably worth, such as a feather cloak or taiha

Legendary Trickster

- Outwit and get the better of a chief three times
- Use trickery to get hold of five precious treasures
- Use trickery to revenge yourself against a slight, insult or injury

Mythic Trickster

- Outwit and get the better of a tohunga three times
- Use trickery to get hold of a supernatural treasure of unsurpassed value
- Use trickery to overcome a supernatural monster or creature three times

Great Warrior

- Defeat three opponents in fair fights
- Take part in a raid on an enemy tribe
- Take part in an ambush on a band of enemy warriors

Legendary Warrior

- In single combat defeat an additional six opponents in fair fights
- In single combat kill three opponents that are monstrous, giant or unfairly powerful in some way
- Lead a warband into battle three times

Mythic Warrior

- In single combat defeat an additional nine opponents in fair fights
- Defeat three opponents at once
- Lead an attack that overruns and razes an enemy fortified hillfort



Chapter Seven

SO ARE SPUN THE TALES...

*Oh hand of mine,
Twas not of me, but from the ancients,
Came the myth, I but repeat it now
And tell it to the world*

- From an old Maori chant

The Land Before

It is said that the Maori sailed to Aotearoa from a far off and distant land called Hawaiki. The name Aotearoa itself means 'the land of the long white cloud' for the first explorers to come to the land saw it first as a bank of white cloud on the horizon.

Certain of the tales and lores of the Maori are said to have been handed down from a time before the discovery of Aotearoa. It has been related that in early days there was a saying for any practise or tradition brought from the land across the waters:

"E hara I te mea poka hou mai: no hawaiki mai ano"

"It is not a modern invention: but a practice brought from Hawiki"

Many of these ancient tales were convulted and involved a cast of hundreds all loving, warring and trading with one another. If there is a grain of truth in the tales then Hawaiki and the many other named islands must have been crowded if colour lands.

All for a Dog

There is a popular tale about a dog that reputed has been handed down from the days of Hawaiki. In this tale there was once a man named Haumai-Tawhiti who had a pet dog which was both valued and dearly loved. Now it happened that one day the dog whose name was Potaka-Tawhiti broke tapu by licking the sweat from a great man from another tribe named Uenuku. Some time later the dog wandered particularly far from home and by chance crossed the path of a man from Uenuku's people named Toi-te-Hauatahi. Now whether out of spite or meanness or thinking to settle the tapu Toi slew the dog. But not satisfied with having killed the dog he decided to cook and eat it.

It was not long after that Haumai began to miss his four-footed companion and went in search of him. Finding no trace of the dog he called on his two brothers to help in search. Now all three of these brothers were very great men and there are many other stories concerning each of them. The other brothers were named Tama te Kapua and

Whakaturia. Together the brothers searched the island but found no trace of the dog. At long last they met Toi who was resting in the shade of a poporo tree. When Haumai asked Toi if he had seen the pet dog he replied calmly that he had not. But loyal Potaka heard his master's voice and even from within Toi's stomach he barked out. Toi was embarrassed and clenched his teeth to try and stop the sound of the barking dog. Haumai and his brothers were enraged and it must be a testament to their good temper that they did not immediately murder Toi and bring war on their people.

Instead they showered insults on him and walked away in anger jeering as they went. Later that night the brothers had calmed somewhat and discussed among themselves what they might do to have revenge. Tama suggested a plan to steal kumera from the village of Toi using stilts so that no one could follow their footsteps. It seem just to steal food for the crime of eating what should not have been eaten so the brothers agreed.

The first night the plan worked well. The second, and third and forth. However eventually the people of the village became suspicious that their kumera supply was dwindling so rapidly. Thus it was that one night some of the men stayed awake and watched the kumera fields. When the three brothers came walking in the dead of the night on their stilts the men saw what had been happening. With cry and hue they raised the village and angry men with torches and spears soon set upon the brothers. Haumai was the quickest of the brothers and escaped easily but Tama and Whakaturia were tangled in the throng. Tama managed to break free and strode away out of the village and down to the beach. But although he moved faster with his stilts on the hard ground the sandy beach mired him and soon he was surrounded again. Men with adzes attached his stilts and cried out

"Cut them so he lands on the beach and his neck is broken."

Hearing this Tama replied.

"So long as I have a quick death and not a slow one by drowning I am happy."

The men with adzes heard this and so cruelly hacked at his stilts so that he would tumbled instead into the nearby ocean and not towards the shore. Tama of course knew how to swim and his words were a trick for men who he knew were cruel.

As soon as he hit the water Tama loosed his stilts and swam away taunting the men of Toi's tribe.

Whakaturia however was not so lucky and be was overwhelmed and tied up while still in the village. After much deliberation the people of Toi's tribe decided upon a unique torture. They took Whakaturia and tied up hanging from the rafters of their great meeting house. Up in the rafters he was sooted and chocked by smoke and

made miserable by the sight of those below him feasting and laughing.

Now there must not have been a very great love between the brothers for neither Tama nor Haumai went to rescue him and Whakaturia was left to languish kept barely alive with mouthfuls of water. Eventually the mother of all three sons went to Tama and bitterly admonished him for leaving his brother to suffer. Realising his neglect Tama went that night to the village where Whakaturia was held hostage. In stealth and secret Tama crept up to the meeting hall and from a window he called out to his brother. While everyone else slept the two brother's plotted together.

The next night the people of Toi's tribe were lazily watching some dancers when Whakaturia laughed out. The people below were both angered and puzzled and one of them cried out "Why to you laugh so?"

"Because" said Whakaturia "your dancers are so clumsy. I would be far better at entertaining you."

At first the people dismissed Whakaturia but after he continued taunting and laughing the chiefs of the tribe grew angry and also curious about whether Whakaturia was really so great a dancer. Amongst themselves they agreed there was little chance of his escape so they untied the prisoner and told him to dance.

Whakaturia refused and said that he could not properly dance without clean skin, a good cloak and a warrior's taiha. There was some disagreement over these demands but eventually the chiefs agreed to let Whakaturia wash and borrow the cloak and taiha. Once all was prepared Whakaturia took the center stage and began his dance. Now luckily Whakaturia as no idle bragger for he was truly one of the best skilled dancer's of Hawaiki. The people of Toi's tribe had never seen so fine a show and they cheered and laughed and pointed. No one noticed though how he edged closer and closer to the door with each step. Then as sudden as lightning Whakaturia made a break for the door and out into the night. There was an angry cry and every man with a weapon got up to give chase. But as they reached the door it shut fast from the outside and there was a dull thud as a log was set against it. All the window's too had been shut one by one and barred from the outside. Tama who had done the work of locking up the meeting house while Whakaturia drew everyone's attention with his dance rejoined his brother and together they returned to their village. Whakaturia kept the cloak and taiha and no doubt considered them just payment for the time he spent hanging in the rafters.

The Sinking of Kauwhanga

Once there was an island called Kauwhanga far away in the north near Hawaiki. Kauwhanga was a rich and prosperous island but for a reason that is not remembered the people of that island were overcome with a strange madness. For reasons unknown the people of Kauwhanga began murdering their own children and as time went on the madness became worse and more and more children were slain. The gentle god Rongomai heard of the murders and flew across the oceans to see what was the cause of them. Seeing no reason that the children should be killed

Rongomai went to his youngest brother Mata-aho who still dwelt on the breast of the Earth Mother. Rongomai entreated Mata-aho to stir and cause an earthquake to show the people of Kauwhanga that the atua were displeased. This Mata-aho did and such a violent quake resulted that the people of Kauwhanga became indeed fearful and stopped the slaughter. But in time the fear waned and again they went back to their murders. Now Both Rongomai and Mata-aho were incensed and so Mata-aho shook more violently again. So terrible was the quake that the island of Kauwhanga sunk into the sea and vanished forever beneath the waves.

Maui

Maui was a legendary and near god-like man who is resplendent in the stories of nearly every Polynesian culture. In the cycle of Maori mythos his great deeds were performed prior to the coming of men and women to Aotearoa. It is the author's contention that well known tale of Maui fishing up the north island of Aotearoa is most likely the offspring of modern confusion. As the Maori believed their ancestors to have come from distant lands and as Maui was clearly a very distant ancestor the original storytellers probably believed that Maui had fished up some other land. Most likely Hawaiki or even Tahiti, which in Maori is a word meaning 'far away place'. The evidence cited by some authors that the name given to the Bay of Plenty in Maori means Maui's Fishhook is most simply explained because of its resemblance to a bone fish hook and the poetical inclinations of the Maori language. The names given to the north island (Fish of Maui), south island (Canoe of Maui) and Stewart Island (Anchor Stone of Maui) appear relatively to be modern inventions.

Despite Maui being an ancient ancestor there remain certain folk tales about the mythic figure that seem wholly Maori. In one of these Maui imprisoned all the winds in a cave except for the west wind as it was too swift and elusive for him to catch. That is why the wind almost always blows from the west in Aotearoa.

Maui	
Crafts	Rank 5
Dexterity	Rank 8
Fortitude	Rank 6
Lore	Rank 6
Oration	Rank 8
Presence	Rank 8
Prowess	Rank 5
Wit	Rank 10

Traits: Cunning Words, Eloquent, Funny, Lithe of Body, Nimble, Quick of Mind, Socially Apt, Superb Speaker, Supernatural Luck.

Health: 20, **Stamina:** 20

Wounds per Attack: 2

Soak Roll: No



The Coming of the Maori

It is said that long ago in Hawaiki there was a chief named Tama-tekapua who longed for a woman named Whakaoti. She was however the wife of another man and thus he could not have her. Now Tama-tekapua having heard tales about the wonders of Aotearoa saw an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone. Desiring better lands for his people the chief declared he would lead his people to the new-found land of white clouds. However when the canoes were ready and laden he sent the husband of Whakaoti back to his hut on an errand to fetch a forgotten adze. When the husband returned he found the fleet of waka-canoes had set sail without him, which had been Tama-tekapua's plan all along.

People of Wind and Voyaging

It is held by each tribe that their ancestors came to Aotearoa in one of several great sea-going waka-canoes. The canoes are said to have arrived at varying times and interestingly were not always thought to have departed from Hawaiki. In some traditions it was another island or group of islands that the ancestors hailed from.

In the tale of the voyage of the Arawa canoe it is said that upon reaching Aotearoa the crew of that canoe found the Rata tree to be in full bloom. This suggests the Arawa canoe made landfall in mid to late summer.

The Laden Canoe

In all of the tales of ancestral voyages particular importance is given to the foodstuffs and supplies carried in each canoe. In most tales foods consisted of kumera or sweet potato, gourds, roots of convolvulus and mawhai. In some tales birds were also brought though many of those mentioned such as the kereru or wood pigeon and black shag are natives to the New Zealand forest. The taro was also brought from Hawaiki though it did not grow well except for in the warmer north of the country. In some tales it was a wife of Hotoroa named Marama who carefully stored some of the taro roots on his canoe and planted them when they made landfall. It is also remembered in the tale of the Te Ati-awa tribal group of Taranaki that dogs were brought from Hawaiki. In this tale the Tokomaru canoe that carried the ancestors of the Te Ati-awa would have passed by Aotearoa in the night except that a dog on board smelt the carcass of a beached whale and barked out loud. The breed of dog that was brought with the Maori suffered badly from diseases carried by the dogs of later European settlers and is now extinct.

The Voyage of the Tainui

Each tribe has its own oral tradition concerning the coming of their ancestors to Aotearoa. The following is the tale told by the Tainui tribe of the North Island. The Tainui consider the legendary hero Rata to be an ancestor of theirs who led their tribe from the homeland to Aotearoa.

The first canoes to set sail for Aotearoa were Te Arawa, Kurawhaupo and Mata-atua. Now when these canoes had set off a chief in the homeland named Rata decided to himself that he should take his own people to this newly discovered land that was said to be full of bird song and green forests. Now Rata was a master canoe carver so he took the task of felling a tree and hollowing it out upon himself. At this part in the tale the story digresses into the well known story concerning Rata and some angered wood spirits that made the task of actually cutting the tree down and keeping it cut down difficult. The tale of Rata and the uncooperative tree spirits is told later in this book. Suffice say for those readers who have not heard it already in the end Rata does cut down the tree with the help of a little of his sister's magic.

Once the tree was felled Rata went about the task of hollowing it out with fire and adze. In the process he needed help and had an opportunity to punish a boy of the tribe whom he did not at all like. The boy was named Kowhitinui and while the workmen were carving out the canoe the boy slyly ate up all the best tidbits of the food that was left for the men. Rata, deciding upon revenge invited the boy to help with the canoe while the other workers were away doing other tasks. The boy agreed and Rata set him to work pulling a rope used for tilting the half finished canoe.

The boy was strong and proud and pulled at the rope as if he had been born to do so.

Rata then called to him.

"Hold the rope over your head."

As he did so Rata secretly tied a loop in the end of the rope. When the rope was about the boy's neck Rata pulled it tight and quickly strangled the boy to death. He then buried the body beneath the pile of wood chips from the canoe.

When finally the canoe was finished it had to be dragged to the ocean's edge and floated. Now all the people of the tribe were there including the boy's father who was feared as he was a powerful sorcerer who practised dark magic or makutu. This was why Rata had not told anyone he had slain the boy and in fact all the tribe believed the boy to be merely lost or wandering off on his own.

It was agreed that when the waka-canoes were floated the men and women would immediately begin the task of loading it with food and supplies so that the voyage could be undertaken as soon as possible.

The waka-canoes had yet to be dragged from the forest so Rata and his warriors bent their backs to the task. As they did this Rata sang a chant to make the canoes lighter and the work easier.

From the words of this chant Rakataua who was father of the slain boy learnt through his knowledge of magic that his son had been slain although he was not yet sure that Rata was the murderer. Thus when Rakataua went in search of his son's body the others of the tribe gathered around and debated what to do. Raka was much feared because of his skill in makutu, charms and incantations. One among the tribe exclaimed, "Let us be off and leave the man behind!" Everyone else joined in the call and hurriedly they prepared to leave.

For the Maori the keeping of tales was as much a matter of remembering past ancestors as it was a means of entertainment. Thus there is a long list of names and stations of people who boarded the canoe. Among the most important were Hoturoa the high chief and next in rank Taiketū. In the nose of the boat was a priest or tohunga whose name is not remembered. With him sat Rata and his sister Hine, a name that is short for Hine-tu-a-hoanga; woman-standing-in-place-of-whetstone.

When Rakataua returned to the shore bearing his sons body he saw that the canoe had left without him and his heart turned black with anger and wrath.

“Bring back the canoe for me!” he yelled in desperation but no one aboard heeded him and they paddled onwards. The waka-canoe had not however sailed out of the river mouth from which it was launched so Raka put down the body of his son and sung a charm.

No sooner had he finished than the mouth of the river closed over and all aboard the canoe wailed in fear for they saw that they were trapped. The priest who sat with Rata and Hine then stood to his feet and sung his own chant. The river mouth opened again and the canoe sailed out into the ocean before Raka could sing it back to him.

The waka of the Tainui then sailed all the more swiftly through charms sung by the Tohunga-Sorcerer across the ocean until it came to the promised land of Aotearoa. The first point of land they came to was Wanga-paraoa where for a time the canoe became stuck fast on the rock oysters. Once it was dragged free using ropes and magic it was sailed around the coast until they came to a place on the other side of Otahuhu. Where the canoe landed was ever after called Te-Apunga-o-Tainui (The-Landing-Place-of-the-Tainui). But as soon as the prow of the waka-canoe cut through the sand harbour there was a stirring in the forest. The sorcerer Rakataua emerged from the foliage for he had summoned a Sea Taniwha-Monster to carry him on its back from Hawaiiki. There was probably an altercation at this point but it has been forgotten in the story for apparently the crew of the Tainui canoe overcame Rakataua and dragged their canoe further inland. Scouting the new land they found that only a thin isthmus of land separated the western and eastern oceans. The canoe was therefore dragged to the bay of Manuka and there put back to sea. The Tainui then passed out of that harbour and set forth southward along the coast. They came at length to the wide grey mouth of the mighty Waikato River. Seeing this the priest tossed his paddle in the air and said in jest ‘Waikato, Waikato-Kau!’ which means ‘flowing water, nothing but flowing water.’ The canoe was then brought further south and passed Te Akau at which the priest exclaimed ‘Ko te Akau kau!’ meaning ‘It is nothing but Beach!’ Finally the Tainui sailed to a head of land and the ocean around this peninsula teemed with small silver fish called Kawhia. When the priest saw this he yelled out “Kawhia kau!” which meant ‘Nothing but Kawhia!’ The abundance of fish and the pleasant headland must have convinced the Tainui to end their journey for it was here they put ashore. Ever since that day the Waikato River, Te Akau Beech and Kawhia Township have been called by the names they were given by a

Tohunga-Sorcerer of the Tainui whose own name has been forgotten.

Waters and Forests Wild

The earth itself is infused with life and thus is possessing a living spirit. The voices of spirits can be heard in the singing of a stream, the sound of wind in the trees and the wash of waves of a shore. In lonely forest dells and during the hours of the night the spirits are bolder and their voices are more clearly heard. The Maori had many names for the quiet murmur of earth’s spirits: puwawau, punawaru, irewaru, arawaru and orowaru were but some of these.

The forests, mountains and sandy wastes were also the dwellings of strange and various beings. Some were magical, others monstrous and still others were enigmatic and elusive. Although spirits existed everywhere places that were tapu-sacred or which had never been trod by the feet of mortals were more likely to be inhabited by small gods and strange monsters.

Hunters of the Forest

The largest eagle known to have existed once hunted the forests of Aotearoa. We know of these birds of prey from their cave-dried bones and sub-fossils found throughout Aotearoa. We know also of legends told by the Maori of the South Island concerning large and powerful birds of prey that hunted two-legged man and two legged moa bird alike.

These hunting birds were called pouakai and there are many tales about how one or the other was slain by luck or by warriors using clever traps.

The pouakai were such a scourge to the Maori that there were once men who travelled from tribe to tribe working only as bird slayers. One of the most renowned of these was Ruru. In one of his better known exploits Ruru was employed to slay a particularly fierce pouakai that lived atop mount Tawera in the South Island. It was said that this great bird of prey would swoop down and snatch up men from the lowlands to carry away and eat in its mountain nest. There are several variations on the method that Ruru used to catch and slay the monster. In one colourful version Ruru took fifty strong warriors to help him and bade them cut long poles from the manuka tree. He then led them to a quiet pond and had them lash the poles together with flax and make a kind of lattice or net. The warriors then hid beneath the trap while Ruru lured to Pouaki down. When the Pouaki dived at Ruru he dodged it and its talons became entangled in the wooden snare. The men then caught hold of it from beneath and dragged the monstrous bird down to its slaughter.

In one tale a pouakai attacked a red-haired man whose name has been forgotten. The pouakai got its talons entangled in the man’s rough woven flax cloak and then was set upon by the rest of his tribe and slain. To this day a taunt for a red haired man is to call him a ‘decoy of pouakai!’

Pouakai

Giant moa-hunting eagles.

Crafts	Rank 0
Dexterity	Rank 8
Fortitude	Rank 6
Lore	Rank 0
Oration	Rank 0
Presence	Rank 0
Prowess	Rank 8
Wit	Rank 6

Traits: Alert and Wary, Eagle's Sight, Powerfully Strong, Ravenous Hunter, Sharp beak, Swift in Flight, Terrifying Appearance, Vicious Claws.

Health: 12, **Stamina:** 15

Wounds per Attack: 3

Soak Roll: No

Moa

Among many other strange flightless birds that inhabit Aotearoa, the Moa is the most impressive and powerful. There are numerous species of moa, and these range in size from about the size of a turkey to a beast that is larger and heavier than an ostrich, reaching 3.6m (12ft) and weighing 250kg (550lb). Moa hunting is a common practise, and the meat from a single bird can feed a tribe for a week. Moa are likely to flee when attacked, but if cornered can prove a vicious and dangerous prey. A kick from a moa can disembowel or crush bones with ease.

Giant Moa

Huge flightless birds (related to emus and cassowaries).

Crafts	Rank 0
Dexterity	Rank 6
Fortitude	Rank 12
Lore	Rank 0
Oration	Rank 0
Presence	Rank 0
Prowess	Rank 3
Wit	Rank 3

Traits: Alert and Wary, Powerfully Strong, Powerful kick, Runs like the Wind, Vicious Claws.

Health: 20, **Stamina:** 20

Wounds per Attack: 5

Tipua

Tipua was a word meaning magical, enchanted, weird or uncanny. It was used to denote strange goblins, ogres and monsters that were not obvious members of any of the common tribes of supernatural beings. In the south island two headed dogs wandered and hunted the remote forests. Monsters called Kahui-a-Tipua also dwelled in the south island. These were dog-headed ogres creatures that had the power to take the form of any bird or rock or tree if they so desired. Certain tribes knew that there were tipua birds hidden amongst the common ones. These birds were often stark white or red in colour and were the ariki

or chiefs of their flock.

Tipua Dogs

Two-headed dogs that haunt the lonely forests.

Crafts	Rank 0
Dexterity	Rank 5
Fortitude	Rank 6
Lore	Rank 0
Oration	Rank 0
Presence	Rank 0
Prowess	Rank 5
Wit	Rank 4

Traits: Alert and Wary, Enchanted, Fearsome Appearance, Two Heads, Vicious Fighter.

Powers: Tipua Dogs are allowed two attacks per Action Round.

Health: 8, **Stamina:** 8

Wounds per Attack: 2

Soak Roll: No

Kahui-a-Tipua

Dog headed ogres of the South Island.

Crafts	Rank 4
Dexterity	Rank 4
Fortitude	Rank 7
Lore	Rank 2
Oration	Rank 2
Presence	Rank 3
Prowess	Rank 6
Wit	Rank 2

Traits: Enchanted, Fearsome Appearance, Monstrous Size, Vicious Fighter.

Powers: Kahui-a-Tipua can take the form of any bird or rock they wish. When in the form of a rock a Kahui-a-Tipua cannot be hurt, even by magic.

Health: 15, **Stamina:** 12

Wounds per Attack: 3

Soak Roll: Yes

The Whaka of the Tipua

The name of Lake Wakatipu in the South Island is more correctly written Whaka-tipua – the Hollow of the tipua. This is that tale of why it is so called. Long ago there was a beautiful girl named Manata who was married to a warrior, Matakauri. One dark night a monstrous tipua named Matua snuck up on the home of Manata's father where she was staying. Stiffling her cries the tipua carried her away into the hills to have her beauty for his own.

At hearing this Matakauri went at once into the Tipua's realm and searched until he found Manata sitting by a stream. She was both overcome with joy and sorrow to see him for she was tied to Matua by a long cord made from the skin of a two-headed dog. Such a rope could never be cut and was stronger than braided flax or even the nets woven by magical ponaturi. As Matakauri hacked at the dog-skin rope Manata bent over it and shed tears. When the tears touched the rope it dissolved away. Quickly and with great joy Matakauri took his wife in his arms and together they fled from the tipua. When at last Manata was safely within the fortified walls of a pa Matakauri

decided that he would slay Matua the Ogre in retribution for having stole his bride. Thus Matakauri went back to the highland of tussock and rocks that Matua ruled. Finding the tipua asleep on the bracken heath Matakauri stuck a flame on the dry bracken and spread it in a circle around Matua. Feeling the heat of the fire Matua curled up his legs but did not wake. Soon the smoke and ashes smothered him and his body caught fire. Running fat fuelled the fire and the unnatural blaze burnt a deep hole in the ground. The tipua's body burnt to grey ashes except for his heart that lived on in the hollowed earth. When rains came the hole filled with water and became lake Whakatipua. To this day the shape of the sleeping tipua can be seen in the shape of the lake shore and the waters of the lake mysteriously rise and fall in time to his still beating heart.

Weird and Varied Tipua

Although the word tipua or tupua may also mean any strange sort of goblin or ogre it is also applied to a weird, uncanny or supernatural tree, log, stone or animal. In certain other Polynesian cultures the word is used to denote a sorcerer. In Maori a Sorcerer could be called tipua on account of their magical and fearsome nature but the word was not used specifically for witches and wizards. In the sense that it applies to magical stones, trees and superficially normal animals then a loose translation might be 'enchanted'. How or why a tipua becomes a tipua has never been clearly recorded. Often it seemed that perhaps an omen or weird phenomenon merely attached itself to the object. One explanation given is that if a body is carried for burial and it is briefly laid down on the journey then an object nearby may become tipua. This seems to be tied to the belief that a ghost or spirit may haunt the ancestral cave or tree that bones are hidden in. In one case a stream became tipua after a corpse was washed in it.

A tipua may be possessing of strange and magical powers but is not necessarily the home of a spirit. More often however it seems that some sort of spirit attended such objects. Makite-seers claimed to be able to see strange beings hovering above a tipua object and it seems that effort was made to avoid angering these spirits. Many tipua had powers to extract revenge for insults. Often these were associated with the elements, storms, rains and floods were commonly within the power of a tipua. Some tipua rocks, trees and logs were also capable of moving about on their own. Logs were particularly active in this respect and it was said that some floated all the way down rivers and out to sea and back on mysterious errands of their own. One famous tipua log named Tutaua dwelled in Lake Waikare-moana and was known to sing quaint songs as it drifted to and fro across the waters.

When visiting the site of a tipua object for the first time it was essential that a person perform a ritual of appeasement called a whangai tipua. This usually involved leaving an offering of green leaves on the ground near the tipua object. The leafy branches of Karamu or kawakawa were preferred for this ritual but any green foliage would do. Although it was not necessary to repeat the charm

again those who erred on the side of caution did so. The result of this was that groves surrounding tipua objects that were passed often were denuded of foliage. If nothing else a barren glade would add a sense of otherworldliness to the tipua itself. This was not the only custom associated with whangai tipua however. In the case of the tipua stream a stone was thrown into the water during the ceremony instead. Also it was considered a gross offence to carry cooked food near a tipua place or creature. It appears therefore that tipua were objects were also considered tapu. Interestingly in some traditions an offence against a tipua was not revenged by the tipua itself but by an Atua-god who acted on the tipua's behalf.

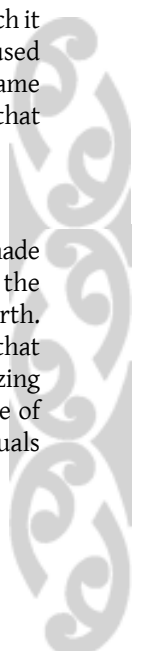
Although some tipua were considered deadly and vengeful most were not. If a tipua were not appeased then the offender would expect bad luck but not disaster or sickness. The tipua might bring about a heavy rainfall or violent wind but seldom would they have the power to cause a person to sicken and die. The only gross offence against a tipua was to bring cooked food near it for they were also tapu. In this case it would be the atua-gods that would become angry and punishment would likely be swift and deadly.

Tipua Stones

Large boulders, unusually shaped stones or spurs of rocks were often considered tipua. Such stones often had names and special ceremonies associated with them. One mass of tipua rock set dead in the center of the Whakatane River is named Araiaw. Thus it was a joke among the Awa people that when someone blocked their way they would say 'Ko Araiawa Koe?' which means 'Are you Ariawa?' Similarly a rock in the Mokau River is also considered tipua. In this case if a person touches it a storm wind raises up from even the calmest air. Apparently the tipua of the stone had resented being touched by mortal men. A stubborn tipua stone named Te Puku-o-kirihika can be found at Pukareao. If a person were to move this stone it would wait until they had left and then move back to its original resting place of its own accord. A much more vindictive tipua was that named Hine-Waiapu at the mouth of the Waiapu River. This stone was only visible occasionally because of the flow of sand and tide in the river mouth. To see the stone was an ill omen. To touch it meant certain death. A tipua rock at Ohaeawai was used as a place of ceremony and it was of such power and fame that the whole region became known by the name of that tipua - Taiamai.

Tipua Fire

The term tipua fire was used to denote not the fire made by hand of man from wood and twigs but rather to the magic fire of the Atua, the underworld and the earth. Volcanic fire and lava were tipua and so was fire that descended from the sky in the form of lightning or blazing meteorites. Possibly because of the transient nature of fire there appear to be no significant names or rituals associated with the enchanted flames.



Tipua Animals

Animals were also sometimes tipua though they were more wild and capricious things than the stationary tipua rocks and trees. There was said to be a tipua dog that dwelled in a small lake called Roto-nui-o-Ha. If the dog, who was called Kuri o Mahu, was heard barking from beneath the waters it was taken as an omen that death would soon visit the local tribe. Near Ruatoki are two tipua ruru-owls. Both birds were dead white and were seen occasionally flitting through the forest. They were named Kau and Kahu and were long lived as they dwelled in the forest for several hundred years at least. The local tohunga knew of a ritual that would allow them to predict the bounty of the next years hunt. They would set a bird snare and watch it carefully if the white owls Kau and Kahu flew down and fluttered around it then a good hunt would follow. If some other bird came then it would be a poor year.

Hine-Ruarangi was a tipua bird that took the form of a kawau-shag. It was said that long ago Ruarangi was a young maid and daughter of a chief. For reasons unknown she was murdered by a taniwha and since then her spirit had entered in the form of a black kawau bird. If her screeches were heard over a pa of the Ngati-Whare tribe then it was a sure omen that misfortune and death were to follow.

Patu-paiarehe

*Oh titi, bird of the sea,
Bird of the hill-top cave,
Come back to O-te-patatu,
To the lofty dwelling,
Where sweet sounds are heard,
The sound of patu-paiarehe flute,
The music of the mountains,
That thrilled me through and through.*

- Song sung by Patu-paiarehe

It is said that the Patu-paiarehe lived atop the hill O-te-patatu and hunted the titi-mutonbirds until none were left.

The patu-paiarehe were a magical folk who lurked in the darkness of forests and up the lonely mountains. These mysterious forest folk were given many names by different tribes, among the variants of patu-paiarehe were patu-parehe, paiarehe and parehe. Turehu was also commonly used and is preferred by some storytellers. Tahurangi and Heketoro were names that were less often used but are common enough to warrant a mention. Korakorako was a word sometimes used to mean patu-paiarehe and is linked to korako, which in Maori means albino.

The patu-paiarehe are said to be taller than men with pale, untattooed skin and hair the red of a rata tree flower or the pale cast of moonlight. They dressed in strange clothing or wore no cloths at all and carried their babies in their arms and not on their backs as normal Maori do. From the tales we know that patu-paiarehe were masters of music, singing and especially the bone flute. Although usually harmless and peaceful they were sometime

dangerous, especially when acting as protectors of tapu places and the male patu-paiarehe had a reputation for seduction. Any fair skinned baby probably had some patu-paiarehe blood and an albino baby was a sure sign of a love affair with one of these otherworldly folk. Although seldom violent the patu-paiarehe were still considered dangerous and were best avoided. The songs they played on koauau and putorino flutes had a charm all of their own and mortals would stand transfixed by their song. If patu-paiarehe did, however, cross paths with mortals, then cooked food and the red ochre could be employed as talismans against them.

Patu-Paiarehe

Enchanted, white-skinned, red-haired and tattooless fairylike creatures of the mountains.

Crafts	Rank 8
Dexterity	Rank 8
Fortitude	Rank 4
Lore	Rank 6
Oration	Rank 4
Presence	Rank 6
Prowess	Rank 5
Wit	Rank 8

Traits: Afraid of Cooked Food, Afraid of Ochre, Illusory Powers, Supernatural Speed, Supernatural Strength, Weird and Frightening.

Powers: Patu-Paiarehe can conjure illusions and enchantments to beguile and mislead mortals.

Health: 6, **Stamina:** 8

Wounds per Attack: 1

Soak Roll: No

Whanawhana was a chief of the magical patu-paiarehe who dwelt atop the mountain Pirongia in a ghostly hill fort. Once, he descended from his fort on a wet and misty night to abduct a young woman named Tawhaitu. He cast spells on her and after taking her into his bed for a night returned her the next morning. Her husband, Ruarangi, upon hearing this was outraged. The next evening Ruarangi consulted a tohunga and then set food to cook in his house and painted red ochre over its threshold. When night fell Whanawhana returned with other patu-paiarehe to take away Tawhiatu once again. With the help of the talismans and the chants of the Tohunga the patu-paiarehe were repelled and never returned.

Urukehu was a name given to any unusually pale skinned Maori. Urukehu were the offspring of an ancient intermarriage of mortal men and Patu-paiarehe and they still had pale-skin blood in their veins. In one tale we are told of a tribe of Urukehu who dwelt in a pa made of kareao (supplejack) vines and only ventured far from their homes on mist-shrouded days. Even stranger still was that the Urukehu never tattooed their faces with moko patterns.

Once, long ago, a man named Takaka was stolen away by the patu-paiarehe. When after many long years he

returned to his people the Ngati-Hau he had lost the memory of human speech. He had also almost completely withered away because the only food he had was his own blood, which he sucked from a wound on his arm. If he had eaten the food offered to him by the forest folk then he certainly would never have escaped at all.

Te Riro, Takaka and Taunapiki were names of chiefs of the patu-pairehe that lived on the sacred slopes of Mount Tongariro. These chiefs and their spirit subjects guarded the tapu mountain forests against hunters. It was considered a particularly dangerous transgression to hunt and kill a tipua bird in their realm. Often patu-pairehe were guardians of tipua birds. The birds themselves, be they kaka or wood pigeon, were usually recognised as tipua by the bone white or rata red of their feathers. Sometimes, however, a tipua bird seemed normal until it was killed and then it would change colour. If a person were foolish enough to cook and then eat a tipua bird then he would be carried off in the night by the patu-pairehe to be tormented by the weird forest people ever after.

Ihenga and the Patu-pairehe

From the Rotorua region in the North Island comes the most popular of the old stories in which mortals crossed paths with the Patupairehe. In one particular tale the explorer and chief Ihenga after much wandering discovered the lake that is called today Rotorua but was named by him Rotorua-a-Ihenga; the second lake of Ihenga. He wandered about the shore of Rotorua and passed many streams until he came to a place where the land rose up in great forested mountains. Over the crest of one of the mountain peaks he spied a plume of white that looked like smoke. Now as Ihenga thought himself to be the first man to ever tread the shore of that lake he wondered to himself what the plume could be. Thus as it was in his nature to be both foolhardy and curious he began climbing up the mountainside.

Now as Ihenga climbed ever upward he began to hear faint sounds. At first he thought they might be the distorted songs of forest birds but as he went further into the forest the sounds became more distinct and he recognised them as tunes played on certain type of flutes called putorino and koauau. It was a haunting unearthly melody that now rang through the trees and Ihenga wondered if he was hearing music sung by the very atua-gods themselves.

Paying no heed to the music Ihenga pushed further onwards and soon he felt the touch of watchful eyes on him. Ihenga was a keen hunter and a alert warrior and soon he knew that he was being followed. From out of the corner of his eye he would spy a quick movement, a flash of skin and strand of hair.

Finally pushing the last of the bracken and wet ferns away Ihenga crept out onto the highest ridge of the mountain and found that the smoke had in fact been a drift of mist. As it cleared he saw a strangely built pa atop the hill. The walls were woven together from supplejack vines and other stranger plants. Next to the pa there also stood a tree that was all ablaze with fire but why it had

been set alight he could not tell. As Ihenga stood and stared many strange people emerged from the pa and forest around him. They were tall and thin and their skin was white like the web of a spider and their hair was red like fire. They moved gracefully and held themselves with an inhuman poise. Suddenly frightened of the strange spirit-like men Ihenga went to the burning tree and snatched a branch from it. The strange white skinned people seemed afraid of the fire and he used the brand to cut a circle around him and set bracken alight. Then under cover of flame and smoke he retreated down the mountain.

It is said that many years later Ihenga encountered the patu-pairehe a second time. On this occasion however he had consulted a Tohunga-Sorcerer and knew what the patu-pairehe were and of their weaknesses. It happened that Ihenga had brought men and woman to settle on the shores of the Waieti stream that is nearby Rotorua. Remembering the patu-pairehe he wondered if it might be possible to establish trade with the magical and strange folk. Retracing his steps he returned to the pa atop the nearby mountain. When he arrived he found the patu-pairehe in a state of revelry. Swirling together like strands of windblown flax their arms and legs twisted as they leapt and danced. Their hair of red fire swung and swept as they ducked and bobbed and swayed their heads.

Approaching carefully Ihenga drew little attention and was able to walk right in amongst the strange white dancers. Even at this close distance they must have thought him to be one of them for one of their own for a beautiful woman patu-pairehe handed Ihenga a calabash of water to drink from. Now Ihenga knew that if he drunk of patu-pairehe water or ate their food they would have power over him. Not seeing any other way he smashed the calabash on the ground. Ihenga later named the mountain after this incident, which is why it is now called Ngongo, which means 'to drink' or signifies the mouthpiece of a calabash. When he broke the calabash however the other patu-pairehe approached him but not in anger. They began asking him strange questions and pawing him with their hands. Again frightened Ihenga decided to flee and never again return to this place. He pushed through the patu-pairehe and ran into the forest. In a press and throng they chased after him but Ihenga was fleet of foot and soon he had left them all behind save one, the beautiful woman who had offered him water. She had thrown off her cloak so as not to be hindered by the branches and tangle of trees and was gaining on him. Ihenga however knew of the weakness of the patu-pairehe and had brought a flask of cooked shark oil mixed with red ochre as a precaution. Quickly he pulled out the flask and rubbed the red stained oil over his body. The smell of cooked food and the magic of the red ochre forced his pursuer back. As Ihenga looked over his shoulder he saw the patu-pairehe maiden standing still and silent reaching out for him as he fled.





Song of the Patu-paiarehe

*E muri ahiahi
Ka hara mai te aroha
Ka ngau i ahau
Ki taku Urunga tapu
Ka mahue i ahau
I Ngongo' maunga
Ka tu kau noa ra.*

*Te Ahi-a-Mahuika
Nana i tahu mai-i
Ka haere ai au ki Moehau
Ki Pirongia ra e,
I te Urunga tapue.
E ye Rotokohu e!
Kia ata akiaki kia mihi ake au
Ki taku tuahu ka mahue iho nei
He ra kotahi hoki e,
E Noho i au;
Ka haere atu ai e,
Kaore e hoki mai,
Na-a-i!*

*Night's shadow fall;
Keen sorrow eat's my heart,
Grief for the land I'm leaving
For my sacred sleeping-place,
The home-pillow I'm leaving
On Ngongo's lofty peak,
So lone my mountain stands
Swept by the flames of Mahuika,
I am going far away,
To the Heights of Meohau, to Pirongia,
To seek another home.
O Rotokohu, leave me yet awhile,
Let me farewell my forest shrine,
The tuahu I'm leaving
Give me but one more day;
Just one more day and then I'll go,
And I'll return no more.*

It is said that the patu-paiarehe of Ngongo fled that mountain when it was burnt and cleared by the newly arrived Maori.

Patu-paiarehe were a peaceful folk but went to war as mortals did from time to time. In one tale a woman named Rua Tane of Te Aroha was stolen away by a patu-paiarehe chief. He ancestral spirits went at once and beseeched the Pae-whenua fairy-people to help. The war between the different tribes of patu-paiarehe consisted more of tricks and magic spells that outright battle but in the end the patu-paiarehe of Pae-whenua took back Rua Tane and returned her to her people.

It is rumoured that an oddly uniform row of limestone rocks in the Waitomo district is in fact the warband of a patu-paiarehe chief. They can be seen to this day where the fairy army crouched in the bracken to wait in ambush but were instead turned to stone during a magical battle.

To this day those rocks are called 'Te Ope-a-Tarapikau' or 'the Warband of Tarapikau'.

Sometimes when deep in the forest fern root diggers claim to have heard voices speaking from the shadows. Often a single voice will clearly say "You rejoice today but my turn will come tomorrow." Whenever the voice is heard the fern root diggers laid aside the first three roots they dug up as an offering to the mysterious owner of the voice.

The Adventure of Te Kawa

The patu-paiarehe were not always dangerous and troublesome for mortals. In the tale of Te Kawa we find an eerie and disturbing encounter with the patu-paiarehe but one which Te Kawa escaped with no injuries and an interesting tale to tell.

Te Kawa was a man who lived near Mount Tirangi where he often hunted the forest with his dogs in search of kiwi birds. One night he was out hunting and he wandered further a field than usual. Realising he had come to a place of old trees and thick mist he began to wonder if he ought return the way he had come. Suddenly his dogs who always have more sense than men snarled and then whimpered and then ran with their hackles up vanished downhill. Te Kawa was left wondering what had frightened them when suddenly the clearing was filled with a dozen tall pale people who had thin limbs and no tattoos. He knew at once that these were the forest folk, the patu-paiarehe.

Now Te Kawa was very afraid but kept his senses about him. He was under a huge puku-more tree so he sat down the patu-paiarehe formed a circle around him. One of the patu-paiarehe titled its head and said cryptically "Here do you come climbing over Mount Tirangi to visit the handsome chief of Nga-puhi whom we have done with?"

Te Kawa did not know what they meant by this so he shook his head which the patu-paiarehe seemed happy with and they sat in a circle around him. Now wondering how he might get away Te Kawa thought he might distract the patu-paiarehe long enough for him to sneak away. Thus he took a small stick and jammed it into the ground. One the stick he hung the tiki from his neck, a tear drop earring of greenstone and a shark tooth ear ring. The patu-paiarehe were intrigued by the objects and they picked them up to look at. But rather than take the talisman and jewellery they passed them around the circle and made copies of them using wood and mud. Apparently satisfied with this the patu-paiarehe got up and vanished into the dark forest. Te Kawa collected his treasures and ran as fast as he could down the slope. He found his dogs waiting for him at his village and told everyone of his adventure. We can guess that never again did Te Kawa wander too far up Mount Tirangi and he probably paid more attention when he dogs growled at shadows.

The Ririo

The Ririo is a little known being that haunted the forests of the Kaimanuwa ranges. It was elusive and apparently

shy for we know not what it even looked like. It was however also much feared as it had taken on the duty of punishing any who transgressed tapu.

One poor unfortunate man named Haukopeke was carried off by The Ririo and the people of the Ngati-Awa knew not whether he was alive or dead. Haukopeke must have been a well-liked man for the local Tohunga gathered and held a vigil during which they prayed to the Atua for his return. For seven days and nights the tohunga-sorcerers chanted and took no food. On the evening of the seventh night Haukopeke was thrown out of the tallest branches of some trees near his home. The Ririo had apparently worked some torture or magic on Haukopeke for from that day forth the man was crippled on one side of his body.

The Ririo

An elusive spirit monster, powerful and strange.

Crafts	Rank 1
Dexterity	Rank 8
Fortitude	Rank 8
Lore	Rank 2
Oration	Rank 1
Presence	Rank 2
Prowess	Rank 8
Wit	Rank 2

Traits: Alert and Wary, Always Hidden, Hates Mortals, Hates Transgression of Tapu, Stealthy, Powerfully Strong, Vengeful.

Powers: The Ririo is impossible to see at night time. During the day it appears only as a vague and shadowy shape. The Ririo can only be harmed by tipua weapons or charmed spells.

Health: 15, **Stamina:** 15

Wounds per Attack: 4

Soak Roll: Yes

Hakuturi

Hakuturi were spirits of the forest that were as transient, dark and brooding as the forest itself. They could apparently wear the shape of each and every creature of the deep forest, be it a bird or a weta or a bat. Hakuturi is in fact an abbreviation of Te-Tini-o-te-Hakuturi which means 'Multitudes of Hakuturi'. There is a suggestion in some tales that Hakuturi was a forest Atua, not as powerful as Tane Mahuta but possibly more ancient. The forest spirits are sometimes also called the 'Multitudes of Mahoihoi' which is an even more mysterious name. In some tales the Hakuturi dwelled in the forests of Aotearoa whereas the Mahoihoi lived in the homeland of Hawaiki.

It is said that an ancient hero named Rua was taught how to make the beautiful spiral shapes used in Maori carving by Hakuturi that wore the form of spiders. Presumably the spiders based their teaching on the shape of their own webs.

Hakuturi

Enchanted forest spirits.

Crafts	Rank 8
Dexterity	Rank 8
Fortitude	Rank 2
Lore	Rank 8
Oration	Rank 7
Presence	Rank 6
Prowess	Rank 2
Wit	Rank 7

Traits: Artful Speaker, Cunning Crafters, Illusory Powers, Supernatural Speed, Weird and Frightening.

Powers: Hakuturi can take the form of any creature that lives in the forest. Hakuturi can only be harmed by tipua weapons or magic charms.

Health: 5, **Stamina:** 8

Wounds per Attack: 1

Soak Roll: No

The Two Brothers

As with all birds and beasts the ngarara-lizards and the mango-sharks are descended from ancient and powerful beings who were the direct children of Atua. The father of lizards and the father of sharks were once brothers and both were sons of Tangaroa, the Atua of the oceans. In the elder days these two beings swam together in the dark, primeval seas and were good friends to one another. But this was before the rage of the wind Atua, Tawhiri-ma-tea. When Tawhirir-ma-tea descended upon the oceans and lashed the waves into mountains of water both brothers became afraid. The father of sharks said 'come brother let us dive deep and hide from the wrath of the atua down in the dark ocean'. "No" replied the father of lizards "let us climb onto the land and hide in the deep forests; for Tawhirir-ma-tea has already raged there and will not go again." The brothers could not agree on where to flee for safety and so with little time they went their separate ways. As they went the lizard cursed his brother the shark and said unto him "Remain in the open sea, to be served up on a meal of cooked food for humans to eat!" To that the father of sharks replied, "As for you go to dry land and be smoked out of your hole with burning fern leaves.

Until this very day dried shark flesh is still sometimes served on top of a dish of kumera to add flavour. The shark's curse has however faded as lizards and tuatara are no longer hunted by lighting a fire at the entrance of their burrows to flush them out.

Ponaturi

The ponaturi are spirit folk that live in the deep ocean and only come ashore at night. ponaturi are truly beings of the ocean dark for if one were touched by sunlight it would dissolve into nothing. They are slender, graceful creatures with skin of silver and yellow hair. Some say they are the children of the sea god Tangaroa, others that the ponaturi are spirits formed from living sea foam.

In some descriptions the ponaturi were ugly twisted creatures with pallid green skin that glowed like the moon, hair like kelp and long clawed fingers. In others, such as the tale that follows the ponaturi were an alien and frightening but also beautiful folk.

A Tale about a Net

There were apparently several different versions of a tale in which the first fishing net is obtained from the Ponaturi by an ancestor through wit, or luck or force of strength. An intriguingly common thread is that the tale almost always takes place in the far north of the north island – a place of ‘sandy wastes and sapless grass wityh naught to eat’. In one of these tales the hero is Kahukura and he was a proud chief who lived once long ago. It happened that one evening Kahukura was walking along the sandy beach at Rangiawhia though why we do not know. As he walked along he discovered many footprints, which were not quite like those of a person. Puzzled he followed the footprints and discovered many strange small people on the beach dragging a catch of fish in a flax-woven device that was unknown to him. Now as Kahukura was an unusually short man himself with fair skin he thought he might sneak among the strange folk and see what they were doing. He crept up and recognised the folk as the magical sea folk from hearth-side tales. In the original tale the sea folk are called Turehu and this is a name more commonly used for the forest dwelling patu-paiarehe. There may have been some confusion here over what exactly the strange magical people were but as most other net-tales involve ponaturi that is what we shall call them. Now Kahukura must have known that the ponaturi were killed by the sun’s light so he struck upon a plan. As none of the strange folk recognised him as a mortal man he went to the lines on the beach where caught fish were strung up. Immediately he took fish and began threading them on the line. But very cleverly he tied slipknots into each fish so that it soon fell off. As the dawn began to creep over the horizon the ponaturi saw that their work was in shambles and left to net to help Kahukura. But he was all the more tricksome and for each fish they strung he let another slip free. When the sun finally crept above the horizon the ponaturi were forced to flee into the waters or forest depending on which tale you believe. This left Kahukura in possession of the first net and as an unexpected bonus a great catch of fish as well.

Ponaturi

Spirits of the ocean deep with bodies of sea-foam.

Crafts Rank 10

Dexterity Rank 8

Fortitude Rank 5

Lore Rank 7

Oration Rank 5

Presence Rank 5

Prowess Rank 5

Wit Rank 7

Traits: Artistic, Cunning Crafters, Illusory Powers, Supernatural Speed, Swift Swimmers, Weird and Frightening.

Powers: Capable of crafting works of amazing power and charm. Killed by direct sunlight.

Health: 4, **Stamina:** 8

Wounds per Attack: 2

Soak Roll: No

Porotai

The Porotai are possibly a variation on the ponaturi. Although they are a sea people they are however weirdly different from the ponaturi described above. The porotai are said to be half of flesh and half of stone. Each of them has two faces and in the oldest legends say that this folk were potent and beautiful singers.

Voices in the Waves

The Arawaru were a race of magical sea folk who were apparently more similar to patu-paiarehe than ponaturi. They were beautiful, capricious and music-loving but little else is known of them. Some tribes say that Irewaru are spirit voice heard at night near the ocean edge and that punawaru or puwawau are the voices heard in a babbling stream.

The Mist-Folk

A very unsettling race of magical folk are said to dwell on the beaches of the north island. If one is walking along a beach and sees a far away person who vanishes when you get closer then you have most definitely seen a Tutumaiao. Sometimes Tutumaiao are said to be man like from afar, sometimes they are weird and grotesque even when seen from a distance. The one certain thing about this elusive folk is that their bodies are made entirely of mist. The Ngati-Porou tribe recall many tales in which they encounter mist folk although they call them the tuturi-whekoi. These mist folk are said to be seen from time to time far out to sea on the wide ocean. The tuturi-whekoi only come out in fair weather so to see one means that the winds will remain calm. But the Ngati-Porou still considered seeing such an apparition to be unlucky.

Pale-Skinned Singers

Pakepakeha, also called Pakehakeha, were said to be a type of small and pale creature that floated on logs in streams and sang songs as they drifted by. The Pakepakeha were common during floods but why they should ride drift-wood down rivers and how they returned to their mountains is unknown. The word appears to share a root with the term pakeha used to denote Europeans. Both words are thought to have derived from ‘keha’ meaning pale. Interestingly, the name of another mythic sea people, the Waraki was used by early Maori to denote the first Europeans. Sadly we know nothing else of these wairaki save that they too were probably pale skinned.

Waitokere

The Waitokere is a mysterious and elusive otter-like creature that supposedly inhabits the streams and rivulets of Southland. While most of the other creatures of Maori lore have walked the dark road of the lost and forgotten the Waitokere stubbornly refuse to disappear. There have

been so many recent sightings of Waitokere that it has been suggested that it may be that an animal unknown to science still lurks in the Southland streams.

Governor of New Zealand
May 2, 1846

Maraki-Hau

The maraki-hau were creatures of the sea and the most favoured children of Tangaroa the Atua of the oceans. The maraki-hau are found most commonly in folktales from the east coast of the North Island. In the Bay of Plenty region caves and cliffs were adorned with engraven images of these strange sea people. The maraki-hau were supposed to be of prodigious size and from the waist up were like a man but from the waist down more formed like a fish. It was also said that they had great long and hollow tongues that they would use to snare canoes to drag down into the watery depths. There is a tale about a kohunga-sorcerer who was so favoured by the atua Tohunga that upon his death the kohunga was turned into a maraki-hau. In an interesting note a sea-monster called a moehau with a fish like tail and only a single eye appears once in Arawa folklore. It may very well be a none to distant cousin of the Maraki-Hau.

Maraki-Hau

Monstrous ogres of the sea, favoured people of the sea-god Tangaroa.

Crafts	Rank 5
Dexterity	Rank 6
Fortitude	Rank 10
Lore	Rank 3
Oration	Rank 3
Presence	Rank 5
Prowess	Rank 10
Wit	Rank 6

Traits: Alert and Wary, Monstrous Size, Supernatural Speed, Supernatural Strength, Swift Swimmers, Vicious Fighters, Weird and Frightening.

Powers: Maraki-Hau have a long, hollow tongue that can be used to attack from a long distance, potentially putting them out of range of hand-to-hand combat. The tongue is swift and whip-like, and gives the Maraki-Hau two attacks per Action Round.

Health: 15, **Stamina:** 15

Wounds per Attack: 3

Soak Roll: Yes

Maero

From a letter to English Zoologist J.E. Grey

...another new animal which they call a "macro;" [sic] they say it is like a man covered with hair, but smaller and with long claws; it inhabits trees and lives on birds; they represent it as being strong and active, and state they are afraid of them. I hope in a few weeks to be able to visit the country (mountains covered with forests) in which the animals live in, and as I am not afraid of them, I hope I shall send you one before long.

- Sir George Grey

The maero were also called maeroero or mohoao. Sometimes the word nanakia was also used but as this means 'troublesome' it has also been applied to other magical beings. They were a race of monstrous creatures confined in most folktales to the South Island and in particular the mountainous west coast. maero were said to be small hairy, human like creatures that climbed in the trees and caught birds and fish with their long fingernails. They were afraid of fire and would not touch cooked food which is a trait shared with the patu-paiarehe. The maero were much feared by those people who lived near their wild lands for they were known to be savage and notoriously difficult to kill. In one tale a warrior named Tukoio encountered a mahoao in the forest that was spearing birds with its claws as it came towards him. He fought a long and bitter battle with the mahoao but at last manage to cut its head off. Taking the ugly head as a trophy he began to walk back to his pa. But as he walked the severed head cried out "My children, I am being carried off!" At this Tukoio dropped the head and ran. The next day he gathered a band a warriors and returned to find no trace of the monster he had hewn limb from limb.

One interesting suggestion is that the Maero have sprung from memories of the last remnant of the extinct tribe Ngati-Mamoe who were defeated in war and driven into the inaccessible wilderness of cliffs and mist that is Fjordland.

One odd sub-tribe of the Maero are the Maeroero-Repuwai who are said to be tall and lithe. The woman of the Maeroero-Repuwai are also said to have a beauty beyond that of any mortal.

The Hills of the Wild Maero

At the southern end of lake Wakatipu is a range of hills called Nga Puke-Maeroero which literally means... Hills of the Maero.

Long ago there was a boy named Paitu of the Takerehaka Kainga. Now he had a favorite sport of weka hunting and often wandered far from his home in search of these fine fat birds. Never a completely sensible lad though Paiatu one day wandered near the foothills called Nga Puke-Maeroero. He had heard tales that this rolling wilderness of scrub and mist was haunted by the strange and savage but he had also heard there were many fat weka to be found there. So foolhardy as he was he took his weka hunting dog and crossed a stream which he had been told by elders never to cross. Soon he was deep in the wilderness where strange howls echoed and weird eyes peered out from under ferns. Soon though he found a fat weka stalking around a clearing in the scrub. Taking his spear in hand he made a quick call and sent hi dog in to catch the weka. Now he dog leapt and bounded and snatched up the weka but all of a sudden it yelped and dropped the stunned bird. Having more sense than Paitu the dog fled shivering with its tail between its legs. Paitu

stood his ground long enough to hear a voice come from the bushes. "Ah," it said "my fat weka!" Hearing this was too much for Paitu and he was sprinting after his dog.

The Maero of the River Gorge

In days of old the Whanganui River was lined with forest and gulleys that were literally crawling with dangerous maero. It was said that the black, hairy maero swam through the river like eels and climbed the cliffs like scuttling spiders. Men who took canoes up and down the Whanganui took their lives in their hands and many waka vanished completely never to be seen again. Now it happened that one particular maero that dwelt in the Mang-nui-a-te-Ao Gorge was unusually evil. It was a monster and a giant even for its own savage race and had slaughtered dozens of men and woman. Eventually a hero named Karanui took it upon himself to slay this particular maero and make the river gorge at least somewhat safer. Alone he took a waka down the river and landed at Mang-nui-a-te-Ao. As soon as he put his feet on the pebbly beach he saw the shaggy monster creep out of its cave in the cliff. It was naked and its hair was so long it dragged on the ground. Each hand ended in five claw like finger nails as black and sharp as obsidian. The maero charged and Karanui readied himself. There was a quick flurry of blows and Karanui struck the monster right through the chest with a spear. maero however have no hearts and so it did naught but snarl and redouble its attack. Discarding the spear Karanui took out an adze that had been enchanted by his tribe's tohunga. But as the maero attacked again it unfurled itself to its full height and Karanui saw that it had not two arms but four! The battle was long and bitter but not bloody for maero have no blood in them either. One by one Karanui hacked off the maero's arms and then finally its head. Triumphant he took the head and returned with it to his pa where he stuck it on a sharpened stake.

Maero

Primitive and strange wildmen.

Crafts	Rank 1
Dexterity	Rank 8
Fortitude	Rank 6
Lore	Rank 1
Oration	Rank 1
Presence	Rank 2
Prowess	Rank 6
Wit	Rank 5

Traits: Apt Climbers, Afraid of Fire, Expert Fish and Bird Catchers, Sharp Teeth, Supernatural Speed, Supernatural Strength, Vicious Claws, Weird and Frightening.

Powers: Maero that have four arms are allowed two attacks a round. Most Maero are said to have a regenerative power which allows these creatures to automatically heal 1 Health per two rounds.

Health: 8, Stamina: 8

Wounds per Attack: 2

Soak Roll: No

Parata

Any learned men knew that the tides were in fact the ebb and flow of breath from the gills of Parata, a huge monster who dwelt in the depths of the ocean. Vast amounts of the ocean was swallowed up by each breath of Parata and this could cause whirlpools that would suck down even the greatest war waka-canoes. From this came the saying 'to fall into the throat of Parata' which was said of a person when they meet with sudden and unexpected danger.

Change quickly the path of Ngaroto.

A path leading to the night:

The vast night, the long night,

The night of Death.

The path of whom?

The path of the sunken teeth of 'Te Parata'

- From a charm used by Ngatoroirangi to save the

Arawa

Taniwha

One day a taniwha,

Went swimming in the Moana.

He whispered in my Taringa,

Won't you come with me?

There's such a lot to see,

Underneath the deep blue sea.

But I said no, no, no!

I have to go, go, go!

Although I know we could be friends.

My Mother's waiting for me,

Underneath the kowhai tree,

So Haerera my taniwha.

- Children's song

The words taniwha (monster), tuatara (spine-backed), ngarara (reptile) and moko-roa (giant lizard) have been used in legend and tale to denote several species of real reptile as well as at least two distinct species of the less than real variety. Tuatara we shall use only for the living fossil reptile that is commonly called by the name today. In the old tales this leaves at least two families of mythic reptile, both of prodigious size but distinctively different. Following in the footsteps of past authors the first of these shall be called ngarara and the second taniwha.

The most common name given to supernatural monsters of the wild is also not surprising the most confused. Taniwha it seems either took many forms or the word was one that had a general meaning much like the English word 'monster'. Most common Taniwha were described as being monstrous lizard like creatures and sometimes the word was used instead of tuatara to denote these small splay legged reptiles.

Often but not always the larger and more magical

kindred of taniwha lived in rivers or lakes or caves deep beneath the sea. It is said of the mighty Waikato that 'it is a river with a chief or taniwha at every bend'.

Once long ago there lived a Taniwha in the region of lake Tikitapu in the North Island named Kataore. This particular taniwha liked to bath and sun himself on the shore of this clear and blue water lake. When tired though he would crawl back to his den to sleep. The den was in a cave only a short way from lake Tikitapu and can still be visited today.

Taniwha

Monstrous reptilian demi-spirits of the earth and sea.

Crafts	Rank 8
Dexterity	Rank 7
Fortitude	Rank 15
Lore	Rank 10
Oration	Rank 8
Presence	Rank 8
Prowess	Rank 15
Wit	Rank 8

Traits: Artistic, Cunning Crafters, Great and Charming Speaker, Monstrous Size, Powerful Orator, Respected and Honoured, Sharp Teeth, Supernatural Speed, Supernatural Strength, Swift Swimmers, Vicious Claws.

Powers: Capable of crafting works of amazing power and charm. Learned of great lore. Able to transform into an incorporeal spirit-form at will. Able to take the form of a giant reptilian tuatara or whale at will. Can only be harmed by tipua weapons and charmed spells.

Health: 20, **Stamina:** 20

Wounds per Attack: 4

Soak Roll: Yes

The Man-Eating Ngarara

There is a tradition that when first the Maori came to Aotearoa there dwelled in the swamps and caves of the land a race of large and fearsome lizard like monsters. These lizards were said to be similar in appearance to the Tuatara but of enormous size and prone to devouring people rather than small birds.

There are many tales in which these great ngarara-lizards were slain by brave warriors or caught in rope-traps after they had slaughtered many people. Unlike the great eagle of the forest however no bones or fossils have ever been found to suggest some large sharp-toothed reptile once stalked the woods and waters of New Zealand. Nonetheless a wise man once said that 'the absence of evidence is not evidence of absence.' The cautious reader might wish to look twice at a stream before crossing it in future.

There is a tale amongst Waikato tribes that a great lizard once haunted the foothills about the mountain Pirongia. The great ngarara-lizard hunted and ate a great many tribesmen before it was slain. It is told that a warrior, whose name is not remembered, made himself an armour from reeds and vines and then fought and slew the massive

beast in a bloody battle.

Ngarara

Giant and dangerous lizards.

Crafts	Rank 0
Dexterity	Rank 7
Fortitude	Rank 12
Lore	Rank 0
Oration	Rank 0
Presence	Rank 2
Prowess	Rank 12
Wit	Rank 2

Traits: Greatly Feared, Monstrous Size, Sharp Teeth, Supernatural Strength, Swift Swimmers, Vicious Claws.

Powers: None

Health: 20, **Stamina:** 20

Wounds per Attack: 3

Soak Roll: Yes


Two Tales of Ngarara

In the original of each of the following tales the monsters were called Taniwha but by their actions and habits they were most certainly the monster more commonly called a Ngarara.

Of Eels and Children

There was once a Ngarara named Takere-piripiri who lived in a cave near a hill fort at Otautahanga. The pa-fort can still be visited today although it is overgrown with ferns and bracken. Now although for most peoples having a Ngarara living nearby would have been cause for fear the people of Otautahanga were instead fortunate. For the chief of that tribe had struck a bargain with this Ngarara. The Ngarara would lie lazily in its cave waiting to be called forth if warriors from another tribe approached the pa. It would then rush forth and defend the pa laying about the warriors with its vicious claws and biting off their heads. In exchange the people of the pa feed the Ngarara baskets of smoked eel, which is called tuna in Maori. As eel was a favourite food of the monster and the people were able to live without fear of attack the deal was a good one for everyone.

Now it happened one day that the chief of the pa sent his two young grandchildren to carry a basket of food to the Ngarara. The elder was a boy and the younger a girl but their names are not remembered. The children had however not yet eaten their evening meal and as they carried the heavy basket of eels the smell became too much for them to bear. At first they put the basket down and convinced themselves that there would be no harm in eating one of the smoked eels. Together they choose a large fat eel and divided it up chewing every last bit of flesh off it save the head. Now children are always hungry and have sometimes little restraint. The taste of the fat and well-smoked eel lingered on their tongues and they soon fell upon the other eels hungrily eating them all until they were gorged and their stomachs bulged. Quickly though they realised that there would be trouble if it were



found out what they had done so they devised a trick. They searched about and pulled up tangles of fern, which they placed in the basket. On top of this the children laid the eel heads so that it looked as if the basket were still full and untouched. Then as swiftly as they could the two children carried their burden to the cave of the Ngarara where they left it and hurried home.

Ngarara are much like children themselves in that they too are always hungry. So Takere lumbered out of his cave and tipped the basket over to eat the eels inside. He saw at once that he had been tricked and was roused to anger. In a blind fury he came out of his cave and chased after the children who had brought his basket of trick food. As Ngarara run much faster than children he quickly caught them both and carried them back to the cave where he ate them.

The story though ends unhappily for all concerned. Once Takere ate the children he stole away into the wilderness and eventually found a new lair at Maungakawa. Without baskets of smoked eel the Ngarara was forced to prey on people instead. In doing this he drew the attention of a famous Ngarara-slayer and was soon trapped and killed.

The people of Otautahanga soon discovered the absence of the chief's grandchildren and went to investigate. At the cave they found the upturned basket of eel heads and the two heads of the children, which Takere had spit out in disgust. The tribe quickly deduced what had happened and hurried to erect defences for their pa. Word soon reached other tribes that the guardian Ngarara had vanished and despite the makeshift defences the people of Otautahanga were overrun and slain by enemy warriors within days.

The Pet of Tangaroa-Mihi

Once a long time ago there was a Ngarara that lived in a cave in the Kataore region. The Ngarara was named Tikatapu and it was such a fearsome and famed monster that the native bush about the cave is still called the Tikatapu Bush. Now it happened that this Tikatapu was a mokai pet of a great chief named Tangaroa-Mihi. This may seem odd but if a common man should keep a common pet such as a dog should not a great and powerful man keep a great and powerful mokai.

Tangaroa-Mihi liked his pet ngarara very much but unfortunately all was not as it seemed. For ngarara are by nature bloodthirsty creatures but they are not without clever wits. Every time that Tangaroa-Mihi came to visit his pet the ngarara would be pleasant and playful and even fawn at him like a dog. Thus the chief believed that Tikatapu was not a danger to anyone but his enemies. But as soon as the chief left then Tikatapu would return to his primal ways and hunt the forest for birds and people to eat.

So it passed that one day while the chief was away a young and beautiful woman named Tuhi-Karaparapa was travelling near the cave of Tikatapu on some business of her own. She was an important person in her own tribe at Tarawera and was married to a young chief named Rereto. Now Tuhi-Karaparapa was a long time returning and no

news came of her whereabouts. After many weeks her tribe began to fear that she had been somehow slain or waylaid.

Rereto who cared for his wife very deeply waited anxiously for her return. When it became obvious that she was too late and overdue for her to have been simply delayed he set off in search of her. Following her trail he came eventually to the forest where the ngarara dwelled. Now here he lost her trail and heard tell of the fearsome monster that hunted and ate people for sport. Rereto soon became convinced that this monster had slain his wife. Knowing also that the owner of the ngarara would not believe that his pet would do such a thing Rereto sought help from another source.

Some distance away lived a famous warrior name Pitaka who was a well monster slayer. He had killed a taniwha named Te Ika o Hotupuku and a ngarara named Pekehaua who had lived in a spring at the source of the Arawa. Now Pitaka and his men had roasted and eaten the flesh of Pekehaua and found it to be sweet and delicious. So when Rereto approached them and asked for help to slay the monster Tikatapu the men of Pitaka's tribe thought of their hungry stomachs as well of the honour of the thing. Together they travelled in a great war band to the forest where Tikatapu dwelled.

When slaying Pekehau the warrior Pitaka had used a cage of manuka to protect himself while he used a spear to impale the monster. He thought that Tikatapu might have heard of this ploy so stuck upon another idea. He had his men build great snares like those used to trap tui birds. He then presented himself as bait to the monster. Tikatapu spied the apparently alone and vulnerable Pitaka and decided to make a meal of him. Rushing out of the forest he snarled and roared and his teeth shone like the blades of bone daggers. Pitaka at once ran. He was a fast sprinter and had a good head start on Tikatapu. As he drew closer to the clearing where the snares were set he yelled out "Takiritia tarorea!" which means, "make fast the snare!"

Tikatapu must not have heard his prey yelling so for he ran headlong into a large snare and was trapped as soon as the rope was pulled tight. Men then set upon him with mere and taiha and he was soon beaten and slashed to death. When the monster had shuddered his last the warriors drew closer to examine the beast. In between the teeth in his jaws were stuck mere-clubs of men who had tried to defend themselves against Tikatapu in the past. Then wondering what they might find inside they slit open his belly. Rereto must have wailed and cried for the head of his beloved wife Tuhi-Karaparapa was the first thing to roll out of the ngarara's swollen belly.

Taniwha of Oceans and Tribes

Although the word Taniwha was used to denote both tuatara and the large ferocious lizards that supposedly inhabited wetlands it was also applied to a more magical race of creature. These Taniwha dwelled in the ocean, or in deep caves or along the banks of rivers and lakes and were said to look somewhat but not entirely like a large whale. Indeed today the word has come to mean only

these magical and often powerful spirit creatures. The enchanted taniwha were said to be embodiments of spirits that were friendly to one tribe or another. An important chief or dignitary would be attended by a taniwha on important occasions. When a chief travelled by war canoe it was told that sometimes a guardian taniwha would be seen hovering above the carven bow of the waka. It was even the case that on occasion if a waka-canoe were about to be over turned or sunk the taniwha would swim under it. Lifting the weight of the war canoe on its back the taniwha would carry it safely to land.

The Ngatimaru, a people who lived in and about Hauraki had a tale concerning the murder of their tribe's taniwha by a Manukau taniwha. It was said that a long while ago there was a proud and kind taniwha named Ureia who was a patron of the Ngatimaru people. Now in Manukau there lived a second taniwha who was no less proud but also cruel and jealous. One day the Manakau taniwha whose name was Haumia came to visit Ureia.

"Ho there" said Ureia when he saw Haumia lumbering up to his cave "What brings you to my land?"

"I have come to invite you to visit my homeland in Manukau" replied Haumia.

"Well" Huffed Ureia "Indeed" gruffed Ureia. "Why should I come to visit your land? Do you have anything that is good to eat there?"

"Yes and yes twice" replied the other "There is a bounty of good foods and many other riches aside."

At this Ureia demanded to know what riches the other taniwha spoke of.

"Well" said Haumia "There are feathers of the huia bird and the kotuku heron. There are scented leaves of the raukawa, and perfume distilled from the taramea plant. There are more taro corms and kumera roots growing in the ground than you could ever eat and also manehu and tawiri trees.

Now it should be known that taniwhas very much like the leaves of manehu and tawiri trees. If ever you go on a river journey throw some of the leaves into the water first. Any taniwha that are about will eat the leaves and then be too full to dine on people.

So thinking of all these great treasures and delicacies Ureia clambered out of his cave and said "Lead me the way to your great country!"

"No, said Haumia" respectfully "You may go ahead and have the first glimpse of my noble country."

As soon as Ureia was out of his cave however Haumia slammed the door to it tight shut.

Ureia was alarmed and said "Haumia has turned adrift the taniwha!" A sentence that has since passed into proverb.

Despite the strange behavior of Haumia and Ureia's initial concern he was trusting and did not suspect any foul play. So they went down the ocean and swam off together.

The two taniwha swam all the way to Puponga without any incident. But here the men of Haumia's Manakau tribe had laid a trap of strong flax ropes. Ureia swam straight into the ropes and became entangled. Crying for help he

was dragged to shore and beaten to death as Haumia watched.

As with all taniwha tales this story was taken very seriously. A war that developed in recent history between the Ngatimaru tribe and the Manukau people was declared specifically to revenge the honour of the slain Ureia.

Hags and Witches

Many colourful tales centre on old magical hags and ogres who often had weird deformities or the worst parts and features of birds and fish melded onto their bodies. They were a loose collection of creatures sharing no real similarities other than their ugliness and savagery. Perhaps these tales are degenerate memories of old gods or maybe stories about sorcerers who dealt so much with magic they became blurred themselves turning into deformed monsters. Tales of old hags were more common than ogres and were always very popular. Such tales were told around hearth fires to scare children into behaving.

Ha-Tupatu and the Forest-Hag

In this tale is interesting to note that in some versions the hag Kura is described as beautiful and called a Tahurangi which is apparently synonymous with patu-paiarehe. When Ha-Tupatu asks her where her people are she replies... "They dwell ever upon the lofty hills so that they may obtain a fair view of the far spread lands of earth." An answer that seems to suggest that at least some storytellers considered her to be one of the magical forest folk.

Ha-Tupatu was a younger son of a powerful chief of the Arawa who lived long ago in the region of Rotorua. Now unlike many Maori heroes Ha-Tupatu relied a great deal more on wits and magic than force of arms. He was a mischief maker, a trickster and a sorcerer all in one.

Now it came to pass that Ha-tupatu found himself wandering deep in the forest lost and with little hope of help. Now how he came to be here is a long story in itself involving trickery on the part of Ha-Tupatu two very angry brothers and a magical spirit in the form of a fly that brings Ha-Tupatua back to life once his brothers are through with him. This however is quite another story entirely. Ha-Tupatu spent some time wandering about in the forest and had to rely on his own wits to snare birds and find berries and fern root to eat. Using a simple spear he became quite good at catching birds. Then one day he was creeping up on a fat weka-bird. Unknown to him on the other side of a clearing was another hunter. But this hunter was a Tohunga or sorceress and she did not use wooden darts but speared birds with her lips. It was just Ha-Tupatu's ill luck that as he hefted his spear the hag also lunged at the bird. Ha-Tupatu's spear pierced the hag's lips. In her anger the hag must have been a terrible site for this was Kura-ngaituku which means Kura-of-the-claws. She was a horrible hunched creature with wings like a kiwi under her arms and strange bird-like feet. Most fearsome of all though were the long obsidian-sharp claws that curled from each finger. These were of course

what gave her the epitaph 'of-the-claws'.

Now whether there was a struggle or a chase we do not know but suffice to say the angered and injured Kura-of-the-Claws caught hold of Ha-Tupatu and carried him back to her hut to be her servant. The hut of Kura-of-the-Claws was deep in the forest and carved with all manner of hideous images. Around it were piles of bones and discarded bodies of birds. But within the hut was a wondrous sight. Kura-of-the-Claws was obviously a thing of great magic and no simple and savage maero. Scattered through the hut were many precious, magical artefacts. There was a taiha of red, red wood as hard and sharp as lightning. In one corner hung a cloak made entirely from the red feathers of the Kaka parrot. By it was a cloak of dog skin, warm and luxurious and also a cloak of flax woven into such intricate patterns that it was fit for a chief. But these were not the end of the marvels. Apart from many other magical things was also a great many rats, birds and lizards that through Kura-of-the-Claws sorceries had learnt to speak the language of men.

So for many days and nights Ha-Tupatu did the bidding of Kura-of-the-Claws, collecting water and tending to the animals. But he did never collect firewood for Kura-of-the-Claws ate all her food raw and would not tolerate cooked food being brought near her. When she was out Ha-Tupatu would secretly cook his own food and luckily she never found him out or he might have been her next meal.

As many days passed Ha-Tupatu became desperate and wondered if he would ever have a chance at escape. Then one day when Kura-of-the-Claws returned complaining about how there were no birds left to hunt Ha-Tupatu had an idea. The next morning he purposely chanced by Kura-of-the-Claws as she prepared to leave for her daily hunt. Casually he remarked to her that he knew a good place to hunt birds.

"Where is this bird-rich grotto?" asked Kura-of-the-Claws with more than a little suspicion.

"Oh" said Ha-Tupatu "Can you see those mountains way over to the left?"

The hag nodded.

"Why there the wood pigeons are so common there is one in every tree. And can you see those mountains over there to the right?"

Again she nodded.

"Well there the wood pigeons are not only common but fat and lazy and easily snared.

Now Kura-of-the-Claws felt a pang of hunger and greed.

"And se ye not those far away tenth peaks that catch the first rays of the light?" Kura strained her eyes and nodded.

"In those mountains the birds are even more common and fat again.

Now Kura-of-the-Claws must have been ready to set off at once but H-Tupatu was still not sure that the mountains were far enough away.

"Beyond those mountains you may see the hundredth peaks on which lovingly rest the beams of the sun. Well in those mountains you would only have to hunt for a morning to fill a hundred and forty flaxen bags."

Now with greed and gusto Kura-of-the-Claws went into the forest in search of the promised bounty of fat and juicy bird flesh. As soon as she was gone though Ha-Tupatu set himself to the task of escaping. First he quickly slew all her magical pets. Then he collected the most powerful of the magical weapons and cloaks that he could carry. Next he set about burning down the hut and the setting flame to the tapu places Kura-of-the-Claws used in her rituals. This he did to lessen her magic and weaken her so that she would be less likely to chase after him. But though Ha-Tupatu had been thorough in his purge one small bird a miromiro escaped and flew to tell its master of Ha-Tupatu's betrayal.

"Oh Kurangaituku, Kurangaituku" the bird cried "Our pleasant home in the rocks is destroyed, your home is in ruins and the sacred places laid waste."

Hearing this Kura-of-the-Claws turned about and returned immediately. As she went she sung a charm to make Ha-Tupatu's path longer.

"Ha-Tupatu, draw out and lengthen, draw out and lengthen she sang." Thus through the magic of the chant Ha-Tupatu was slowed and the Hag began to close on him. When she drew closer she screamed out "Koreti! Koreti!" which is a curse and a very bad one at that.

Now in desperation Ha-Tupatu noticed a boulder lying in the forest and as he came up to it he sang out a charm "O stone -split and open!" whereupon the stone opened for him suggesting Ha-tupatu knew a little magic of his own. Once he crept inside the stone closed back around him.

When Kura-of-the-Claws came to the stone she tried at first to tear it apart and rent at it with her claws. The stone held stone so she streamed at it. Finally she too used a charm and the stone opened for her. In terror Ha-Tupatu scrambled out and ran. He ran, and ran and ran until he had been chased all the way to Rotorua where mud boils and the earth spews up steam and sulphur. Now Ha-Tupatu has visited Rotorua before so he knew to leap over hot pools and dodge boiled mud. But Kura-of-the-Claws had never before seen the thermal ponds so she tried to wade across the first pool she came to. It was as hot as a clay pot of cooking water and Kura-of-the-Claws was cooked alive. A fitting end for a monster that would never touch cooked food.

The rock that Ha-Tupatu hid in can still be visited today with its weird hollow and the deep ruts where Kura dragged her claws. The rock stands mere feet from State Highway One and although Kura-of-the-Claws long ago ceased being a danger to people the stone is today considered something of a menace for unwary divers.

The Spike-Bone Hag

This is a tale about a haggard old witch who utterly defies normal classification. In this apparently popular story the name of the hag was Ruruhi-Kerepo. She was an old, crooked woman who was blind but versed in the arts of magic.

One day five young woman met Kerepo whilst out walking and enjoying their day. They did not know who

she was and thought her to be a simple old woman. These young woman were over spirited as the young sometimes are and they made a game of taunting Kerepo.

“Here in an Rurihi” they jeered which means old woman and is not very respectful term.

Now Rurihi was at first calm about this and she said to them

“You must never call me that for I am not elderly. Call me Aunt instead for that I prefer.”

The young girls however would not desist and carried on calling her names and dancing around thinking it to be a great game. With a little time the girls did calm down and being bored again they were more than interested when Kerepo suggested a game.

“Who among you can climb the highest up this tree?” ask the hag.

Thinking it to be a fun challenge the girls all climbed up into the delicate branches. Now Kerepo waited until they well all clinging to precarious branches.

“Sit tight my nieces” she sniggered “For you art such lovely girls, so lovely that think I might devour you. Each would make a nice morsel and mouthful.”

In sudden terror the girls saw that the old woman’s hands were knotted and hairy like those of an ogre and ended in long claws. As they watched in horror Kerepo shook the tree until one of them fell to the ground. Quickly Kerepo snatched the screaming girl up and yawned wide. Her maw was like that of a taniwha, all filled with sharp teeth. With one bite she took off the girls head and then spate it out. Then in a crunch, a bite and a swallow the girl’s body was gone. The old blind hag then shook the tree again and one after another the girls fell and meet the same fate as the first.

Now as the girls did not return that night there was much worry in their village. At first light a band of warriors were mustered and they began searching and calling for the girls. It was with a sickening horror that the chief and his men found the five heads of the girls. Not knowing who or what had done this the men spread out into the underbrush to search. It was not long before a few of them came across the old blind hag huddled in a clearing. As she looked not in the least dangerous one warrior approached her and asked if she had seen or heard anything strange. As quick as striking heron her hairy arms snared him. In a heartbeat she bit off his head and gulped down the body as she had done to the girls.

Warriors came running at the sound of the yells of those who saw the murder. Soon the old hag was surrounded and she smelt this way and that snarling. Sensing no escape she dropped her cape. Each man took a shuddering step back. Her body bristled with the bones of the men and women she had eaten. These bones protected her like the spikes of a scorpion fish and there was hesitation as the warriors realised their short handled clubs and adzes would be useless. Luckily though some had brought long spears. These were used to thrust and stab the blind hag until she was dead and bristling with as many spears as bones.

Kura-of-the-Claws

A supernatural forest-hag.

Crafts Rank 6

Dexterity Rank 7

Fortitude Rank 10

Lore Rank 10

Oration Rank 6

Presence Rank 8

Prowess Rank 10

Wit Rank 6

Traits: Greatly Feared, Monstrous Size, Sharp Beak, Supernatural Speed, Supernatural Strength, Vicious Claws.

Powers: Command over birds

Health: 20, **Stamina:** 20

Wounds per Attack: 2

Soak Roll: No

Spirits & Ancestors

In my night slumbers,

My hands were uplifted,

To the second dark world

The home where Miru dwells

Where the spirit ever stays

Far, far away from this world

- from an old Maori chant

Within each person resides an essence that is more real than the solid and clayey stuff of flesh. Each mortal has within them a divine spark that was manifested in several ways. Mana we have spoken of already but each person had also within themselves a “Breath of Life” and Mauri while they lived. At once separate and inter-woven with these powers was a person’s wairua or ata. Both of these words translate literally to mean ‘shadow’ or ‘reflection’. Wairua was the more commonly used and has been translated as spirit, soul and ghost. Indeed it encompassed all of these meanings but in a way that is not easy to capture with so few words.

A person’s wairua was in some sense separate from the person. When asleep it was said that the wairua leaves the body and wanders the night. If it senses danger or opportunity it returns to the slumberer and warns him or her in the form of dreams. Although not only people had wairua it seems that aside from atua-gods they were the only beings who consistently possessed such essences. It is of pointed interest that one particular Maori storyteller makes a point of inviting his guest to see the cave of dead taniwha-monster because ‘taniwha do not leave behind ghosts as men do’.



Wairua

Tortured and evil ghosts of the dead.

Crafts Rank 2

Dexterity Rank 5

Fortitude Rank 5

Lore Rank 1

Oration Rank 1

Presence Rank 1

Prowess Rank 5

Wit Rank 1

Traits: Greatly Feared, Shadowy Form, Stealthy and Quiet, Weird and Frightening.

Powers: Can only be harmed by tipua weapons or charmed spells. Cannot suffer exhaustion. Wairua are immune to the *immediate knock-down or kill* rules.

Health: 5, **Stamina:** NA

Wounds per Attack: 2

Soak Roll: NA

Death and Shadow

The wairua was a far more solid being than the word soul or ghost suggests. From the many old tales we learn that wairua in the underworld ate and lived much as the living did. They even tattooed themselves and in some tales a wairua may be slain by magical or divine powers.

It was said that at the point of death a person's wairua leaves their body. It may remain for some time haunting the place of death but at some point it will move northwards on its path to the underworld. A karakia-spell called *tuku wairua* was sometimes performed over a person as they lay gasping their last breaths. The power in this spell was to cause the wairua upon death to leave immediately for the underworld, as a haunting spirit was thought to have the power to harass the living.

The journey a wairua had to take to reach the land of the dead was long and winding so it was not surprising perhaps that a few shades of the dead needed encouragement in this matter. Upon death a wairua first flew northwards to a hill named *wai-ho-kima*. On this hill the wairua stripped off its vestments of *makuku* and *horopoto* leaves that bodies were wrapped in. Then it proceeded to a second hill, *wai-oti-oti*. On the crest of this hill the spirit would cry out an unearthly wail in mourning all that it had left behind in the living world. Finally the spirit would travel to the furthest north, a place called *Te Reinga*. At *Te Reinga* grows a sacred *pohutukawa* tree that can still be seen today. The roots of this tree reach down into the ocean and lead all the way to the underworld. From atop the cliff where the *pohutukawa* tree grows spirits would leap into the ocean and dive deep down into the underworld. For this reason the ocean waters was sometimes called 'The Path of the Dead'. Once in the underworld a wairua would have to cross a river and pass by the gates of silence and night to enter *Po* - the dwelling place of the dead.

The gateway to the land of dark where spirits dwelled was called 'The Door of Night and Silence'. There was once a warrior who journeyed through this door into the

underworld to bring back his dead wife. While there he was tattooed with swirling *moko* by the Tattooist of the Dead, *Uetonga*. Before this the only form of tattoo used by the Maori were straight lines running at angles on the face. When he returned from the World of Dark others were impressed by his swirling tattoo and so the curled *moko* became more common.

Wraiths and Apparitions

It was believed that a person's wairua may sometimes manifest itself as an apparition visible to not merely *matakite-seers* but any person. Such apparitions were called *kehua* or *whakakaekae* and in English we could call them either ghosts or fetches. Although a wairua may be good or evil or anywhere in between it was never a good omen when the phantom of an absent person was seen - be he alive or dead. When a phantom vision of a person appeared but the face was obscured and cloudy then it was a warning that the person although still alive would not be so for long. When the face could be clearly seen then it was a sure sign that the phantom person had already ceased to live.

Tribal Gods

Although a certain amount of respect was still reserved for the most important of the old gods, *Tu*, *Tane* and *Rongo*, many tribes held the spirits of their own ancestors in a higher place of worship. It was after all these ancestors who had a vested interest in the welfare of their tribe. *Tu*, the *Atua* who presided over war could not give his favour to every side in battle. Thus the spirits of powerful warriors and famed chiefs were often called on to bless and protect a war band.

Whereas the elder *Atua* were viewed as distant beings the spirits of the dead were believed to be constantly watching over their tribe. The ancestor spirits were seen to be such beings of power that in respect they were called *Atua*, rather than *wairua*, which was a term used for wandering ghosts. Although most spirits of the dead dwelt in an underworld called *Te Reinga* or *Po* some would at times emerge from the shadowy underworld to stand watch over their living relatives. It was the prerogative of the tribal *Atua* not only to bring blessing on a tribe but also to punish those who transgress the laws of *tapu* and *noa*. Thus they were much feared as well as respected. In war these ancestor spirits travelled with the tribes army and gave advice to *matakite-seers* who in turn advised the living chiefs. When battle came the *Atua* joined the fight as well, fighting invisible battles with the enemy and giving courage to the warriors of their tribe. Indeed fear was thought to be caused by the baneful influence of an enemy tribes spirit. Charms could be said to chase away the fear causing spirits but that is a matter for the chapter on magic.

The Voice of Atau

Ancestral *Atua* would sometimes communicate with the living through dreams or by sending omens that they

might then interpret. Sometimes they would communicate directly speaking to the living to give wisdom and advice. Their voice was however not like that of a mortal. The voice of the dead was always heard as a mysterious sound that was half that of a whistle and half that of a whisper.

Sometimes Atua would need a vessel to dwell within to allow them to commune with the living. They were apparently otherwise flitting and insubstantial things. Sometimes Atua would possess a green skink or spider or other small animal. Sometimes they would inhabit a specially carved idol of wood or stone. Atua were summoned to take part in tribal councils through the magical chants of certain gifted individuals. In the case of a lizard, weta or spider the animal would leap in front of the watching mortals and dance about while answering questions.

The idol and the lizard however were not themselves worshiped or even considered magical. They were however treated with deference, as anything an Atua touched became immediately tapu. Thus early missionaries mistakenly believed the Maori worshiped 'god-sticks' and wondered at why proud warriors were afraid to touch the tiny skinks that sun themselves on rocks.

The Spirit Tree

A tipua tree in the taranaki region was once considered the resting place of certain ancestral spirits of the Ngati-Maru tribe. As the spirits lingered amongst the long leaves and drooping branches they wailed and moaned and whistle-whispered as spirits do. Matakite-Seers of the Ngati-maru would gather beneath the limbs of the tree to ask questions and learn the secrets that only the dead knew. Persons not possessing the second-sight of a Matakite of course heard nothing but the whispering of wind in the tree.

A Visitation

The following is tale related by Edward Shorthand who lived and travelled amongst the Maori in the late nineteenth century. The retelling of the story is greatly summarised and readers are encouraged to seek out the story as told in Shorthand's own words. The tale remains unique and interesting in that it appears to be the only known instance in which an outsider and non-Maori was allowed to see the summoning of an Atua.

Although Mr Shorthand had spent some time amongst several tribes he had never been present during a ceremony in which an Atua was invoked. Early experiences with missionaries had probably left most Maori suspicious of a pale-face's motives when he declared he wished to speak with an Atua. Mr Shortland therefore tells us that some polite excuse was usually provided why an interested outsider had not been invited in time whenever an Atua was invoked by a local makite-seer or tohunga-sorcerer.

It therefore came as a surprise to Mr Shorthand that one morning a friend of his, one Tarapipipi came to him and suggested they go and visit a local matakite-seer and

convince her to summon an Atua for Mr Shortland to see and hear himself.

Mr Shortland readily agreed and together they set off in the direction of the seer. At some point along the way they met with a cousin of Tarapipipi who was named Tuakaraina. Now Tuakaraina was a far more fervent believer in the Atua and probably thought that Tarapipipi and his foreign friend were on a fool's errand. Tarapipipi however was a man of great mana and perhaps of respect for this Tuakaraina offered to join them.

The journey to the isolated hut of the old seer must have taken most of the day for the small company arrived there at night carrying burning torches for light. Once at the hut Tarapipipi hid near the door in case some other people might be lurking around while Mr Shorthand and Tuakaraina entered the hut.

Within they found an old woman wrapped in a blanket near her hearth fire and two female slaves weaving baskets. Upon seeing the visitors the old woman asked her slaves to move and gave up her own place near the fire so that the Mr Shorthand and Tuakaraina could sit there. The old seer then removed some objects she thought Mr Shorthand might find upsetting and engaged Tuakaraina in village gossip.

At length they came to the topic of Mr Shorthand's visit and Tuakaraina said "This stranger is an unbeliever, who declares our Atua Maori are a humbug; so I have brought him here that he may see and hear them."

"It is a dangerous experiment for your friend" said the seer "Who knows the thoughts of the Atua? They may be displeased and their anger will fall on the Pakeha."

"What matter if it does, mother; he is an unbeliever. What matter then if the Atua punish him. His own wish brought him here; and any evil that befalls him will come on him by his own act."

The old woman protested further until Tarapipipi entered the hut and convinced her to proceed.

The old woman agreed and then fell silent as did the two slaves who ceased their work. In the silence no sound came and slowly the fire died down to embers. After some time Tuakaraina suggested that the smoking pipes in the hut were keeping the Atua away as spirits did not like coming near cooked food. He collected and piled the pipes outside. Still no spirits came. Tuakaraina then threw himself on the ground and cried out "Why are you so long in coming? Are you at Waikato or where else at distance that you come not quickly?"

There then came quite suddenly a heavy thud on the roof of the hut and a rustling as if a rat were creeping along it. There then came an inhuman whistling voice that those in the hut recognised as belonging to Te Waharoa, Tarapipipi's father. The voice welcomed Mr Shorthand after the tradition of his tribe. Mr Shortland then respectfully requested that the spirit enter the hut so that he might be seen as well as heard. The spirit voice of Te Waharoa replied that he was a lizard on the roof but that he did not want to come closer lest he harm a friend of his son.

Tuakaraina meanwhile begged the spirit to jump and land on the unbeliever's back and exact punishment for

doubting the power of the Atua.

Te Waharoa however declined and left the hut saying he would send the spirit of Whitiki who might have less scruples about such things. Whitiki was a dead chieftain from another tribe who had been friends with Te Waharoa. There then followed a silence and then another thump as something heavy apparently fell on the roof. The rustling occurred again but this time travelled across the hut and down the wall before returning to the roof and stopping over the head of the old seer.

Mr Shortland then opened his palm and asked that Whitiki come and rest on his hand instead of the roof. Whitiki refused saying that he had come in the form of a spider and did not wish to frighten any of those present. When Tuakaraina begged the spirit to harm the pakeha Whitiki replied that if he were to harm the foreigner Tarapipipi might be blamed for it and so refused.

Now Mr Shortland played a game with the spirit and asked it to tell him on what ship he had sailed into the Bay of Islands. Whitiki answer correctly that it had been a three-master. But the spirit answered the second question incorrectly saying that Mr Shorthand had visited Hokianga harbour in a schooner or brig. Mr Shortland had in fact never been to that harbour at all. Mr Shortland was however polite enough not to mention this mistake and after a few moments the spirit of Whitiki also vanished.

Now without warning a third voice came, high and squeaking and shrill. This voice said a joke that Mr Shorthand did not understand but which made Tarapipipi laugh heartily.

This spirit was that of an infant, which are the most dangerous, mischievous and malignant sort.

Tuakaraina saw an opportunity here and claimed that Mr Shorthand had left the chief's comb in a cookhouse breaking tapu in such a way that would anger an Atua in action. The Atua of the infant child however appeared to see through the lie and after saying another funny but crude joke vanished in a fit of laughter.

With the infant spirit gone that was the end of that and the old woman appeared to come out of a trance and had to enquire if things had gone well. Mr Shortland and Tarapipipi thanked the old seer but Tuakaraina remained angry that the Atua had not manifested themselves to their full power.

During the experience Mr Shortland satisfied himself that the voices of the Atua came from the mouth of the old woman who had bent over nearly in two and breathed raggedly during the visitation. This was no surprise to his companions as they explained that the spirits must speak through the seer. The source of the rustling sounds on the ceiling and walls of the hut however remained a mystery.

The parangeki were a peculiar sort of spirit that was thought to be the source of murmuring, wailing or unearthly whistling heard at night. Most ghosts of the dead dwell in the underworld and unfortunately no explanation is given for why a parangeki would remain in the world of light to haunt their place of death or burial.

In days past the Arawa were warned by the screeching

of gulls when enemies approached their lake-island pa. It was believed that wairua-spirits of the Arawa people passed into the form of gulls upon death. Thus the gulls were not only useful watch guards but also tapu beings who could not be harmed or even interfered with lest harm come to the tribe.

The tira maka was a company of kehua or ghosts that was occasionally glimpsed by matikite-seers. To what purpose a group of ghosts of the dead would travel about the world of light was never recorded. Thus the significance and purpose of the tira maka shall very likely always remain a mystery.

Among some tribes it was tradition to deposit the bones of the dead in the hollows of trees. Even if the bones were removed the shade of the dead would remain bound to its tree. It was considered a terrible crime to harm a spirit-tree either intentionally or otherwise.

Waka Wairua

The waka wairua is a phantom ghost-canoe that is said to appear on lakes and rivers as a portent of death. Although there is little known about the waka wairua it is said that a strange apparition of a waka was seen on lake Tarawira in recent history. It was reported that the waka first appeared as a far off and misty image of a small canoe with but two people aboard. As it was seen to paddle across the lake it grew larger and larger until it became a mighty war canoe with a full crew of warriors and chiefs. Then as phantoms are prone to do it vanished without warning. Days later Mount Tarawhira erupted killed hundreds and destroying the pink and white terraces.

It was commonly held that a dead spirit of a powerful chief or priest would return from the underworld to protect their living tribe. Sometimes the dead spirits would manifest as an *aria*, a physical form that was often a natural phenomenon such as a rainbow, sunset or comet. Some said that when a great chief dies his left eye became a star that may be seen by only his people.

Who will thy death avenge

In this our world?

Thou who wert deride here!

All ye will him avenge

All ye in the dark world.

- Prayer to a dead chief

When a powerful warrior died it was common for his family to gather and each of them would beseech his spirit to right certain wrongs against them. Each person would come forth and state some injustice that they were too weak, or old or with too little tribal influence to right. If the spirit of the warrior were moved then he might intervene in matters of the living to right the wrong.

The spike-backed tuatara was sometimes smoked from its hole and cooked to make a fine dish. The small green

skink was however always treated with respect and never eaten as the spirits of dead ancestors would often inhabit skinks to commune with the living.

Hine-ruarangi was a woman of the Ngati-whare tribe who was slain by a taniwha. Her wairua returned to the world of light in the form of a kawau or shag. In this form she would warn the people of the Ngati-whare of impending danger or death by flying over their pa and howling mournfully.

Spirit Sent Illness

It was once widely held that the causes of disease and sickness in a person were to be traced to the influence of atua or spirits. The belief was that disease was closely linked to the breaking of a tapu, either intentionally, unintentionally or even through the actions of another person. Indeed it was more properly the duty of a sacred person such a chief to guard against a person leading him to break tapu. Many a slave suffered terrible punishment because they had transgressed tapu by absent mindedly carrying a masters hair comb too close to a kitchen or earth stove. For the master of the slave it was a dire matter for it was he that the spirits would be angry with.

When a ancestor spirit or atua was angered by the breaking of a tapu it would most often send another lesser spirit to punish those responsible. The most feared of these punishing spirits were those of children or stillborn babies. Such spirits were naturally mischievous and had not lived long enough in the world of light to develop a sense of love for their living relatives.

The most deadly diseases were inflicted by another kith of spirit – the kahukahu. As little was recorded concerning the nature of these spirits the word and its precise meaning the kahukahu will probably forever remain obscure.



Chapter 8

THE WAY OF THE WARRIOR

He that wars dies in battle

He that climbs crags dies on the mountain

He that farms dies in his bed

- Maori Proverb

For the Maori war was not merely a matter of skirmish and blood and battle. It was a refined art in which there were set rules and traditions. There was also a very spiritual aspect to war. When a tribe went to battle the Atua of their ancestors flew before them. When battle was entered so too did the Atua clash and fight. To succeed in war was as much a matter of performing the right rituals and appeasements, as it was good tactics and courage.

Sometimes wars were begun because of a petty insult or a breach in etiquette. Sometimes it was because of injustice or dishonour that needed righting. The most common cause of war however would most likely to have been the murder of a man or woman from one tribe by another.

The art of war was as much a spiritual matter as a practical one for the Maori. In many ways it was seen as a sacred undertaking and required the guiding and blessing of ancestor Atua. There were also many fixed rules that warriors followed when waging war. Many of these unwritten laws sprung both out of an obligation to a warrior's own mana and to the honour of the watchful spirits of long dead ancestors.

In an account written by the war chief Tarapipipi it is related that if a band of warriors were great enough they would advance to an enemy pa and then set up their own temporary encampment. On the morrow the warriors would go forth to the pa and taunt the warriors within. If the warriors came out then the attacking force would flee and draw them away from the fortification. In time the attackers would turn and fall back upon the enemies while bellowing out valiant war cries. If one side broke then it would flee away until they reached their camp or pa. There the elder chiefs and warriors would be waiting and they would kick and shove the young men back into the fight. In a long battle either side might be forced to flee more than once. Victory would come when most of the most valiant and brave of the warriors of one side lay dead the remaining warriors would flee so fearfully that even hard kicks from their elders would not make them return to battle.

Portents of War

To have at least one *tohunga* in a war band or *taua-toto* was considered important in securing victory over an

enemy. It was the *tohunga* whose duty it was to interpret omens and to commune with the ancestor spirits. If while a party of warriors were travelling the *tohunga* were to dream of many dead bodies he would awaken the warriors and address them thus:

Listen, O warriors, to the dream I have dreamt this night. As I was sound asleep, I beheld a dead body stretched on the ground. It will not be long ere we slay some one."

A dream such as this was a very good omen to have and the Warriors would rejoice at their coming success.

A second method of scrying out the fortune of a prospective battle has also been described. In this the *Tohunga*-sorcerer took two small wooden wands of reasonably similar length and weight. Holding a wand in each hand he would then say the following prayer called a *niu*.

*Moko-torotoro, moko torotoro,
Murare, Murare,
Kei hara mai koe,
Kei whakawrewre
I taku niu
Kia toa.*

Upon chanting the last line 'Kia toa' the priest would then spit on the sticks and let them fall to the ground. At the same time he would charm one stick to represent his own war band by saying 'this is for me' and then quickly after for the other wand 'this is for the foe'. If the wand representing his own warriors fell uppermost then the omen was a good one. If the enemy's stick was topmost then the omen was evil and the war band returned home without battle. If the two sticks fall apart then the *Tohunga* repeated the charm but this time adding an admonishment to the spirits telling them to be more careful. If the wands fell apart a second time then the omen was taken as evil and the warriors returned to their tribe.

Sacred Flesh and Slaughter

Few readers would be unaware that cannibalism was a common tradition amongst the Maori. Eating the flesh of a slain enemy was the final proof of conquering them and the act appeared to have had a deeply religious significance. Eating the flesh of the dead was associated with *tapu* and warriors who did so had to pass through a ceremony to become *noa*.

The first and second person's slain in a battle became sacred and it would improve a warrior's mana to slay the first of the foemen. In the first battle charge the valiants

would dash forward and cry out 'Kei ahua te mata-ati' which means 'To me belongs the first-slain'. When the Mata-ati or first-slain had fallen the warriors would change their cry to 'Kei ahua te tatao' – 'To me belongs the second-slain'.

When a battle was done and the defeated tribe all put to flight or slain some of the bodies were cooked and eaten. There is one old tale that to cook a slain warrior you must bury the body up to the neck in a hangi-earth oven and jam a kumera in their mouth. When the kumera has steam coming off it then the meat is done. In another telling all the bodies are thrown quickly into an earth oven so that there is no time for the warriors to fall to bickering over what should be done with a distant relative that happens to be amongst the slain.

It was a tradition amongst some tribes to recite charms or karakia whilst eating human flesh. It was also common to carefully hide any uneaten flesh in the forest. This was done because it was believed that if a woman were to inadvertently eat human flesh disaster would befall the tribe.

The flesh of the sacred first and second slain were never eaten by the common warriors. In some tribes the heart of the Mata-ati or first slain was cut out and placed atop a post though why this was done has apparently been forgotten. Some of the scalp and the ear were cut off and kept for a ceremony called the Whangaihou, which means Feed-wind. Among other tribes the heart and ear are kept for the chieftain and chieftainess to eat in ceremonies that would lift the war-band's tapu. Another common belief was that the flesh of the first and second slain should only be eaten by the tohunga-sorcerers of a tribe.

To Kill by Stealth and Night

If a war band was small it had to go in secret and in stealth lest they be set upon by a larger force. A small band of warriors who were skulking about the land were called a Konihi or Whakatoke. Their plan would have been to ambush an enemy under the cover of darkness at midnight or in the dusk of the early morning. If the men and woman of any tribe were to hear rumours that a Konihi were hunting the fear of this evil means to murder was so great that they would not sleep nor go out of their pa even to tend to their cultivations.

The Ancient War-Chiefs

It is said that in the ancient days the men and women of the Maori were of such strength and stature that today they would have been called giants. There are stories of chiefs who could wade across rivers that would now drown a strong swimmer. Tuhourangi was the name of a proud warrior who it is said stood six feet to his armpits and nine to the top of his head. Yet another oversized warrior called Te Puti of Ngapuhi. It is said that when Te Puti sneezed in Punakitere the sound could be heard ten kilometres distance in Kaikohe.

It is told that there was once a fearsome warrior named

Toangina who lived along the banks of the lower Waikato River. When a waka-canoe of enemy warriors would paddle up the river Toangina would take hold of a vine and launch himself from the river bank. As he swung past the waka-canoe he would either deal a single deadly blow or snatch up a warrior by their hair or cloak. If Toangina snatched away a warrior he would quickly slay them. As a warning to others Toangina would then dismember the body and display the limbs.

The Ruse at Ngaroto

Visitors to Lake Ngaroto in the Waikato would find today a wide expanse of peat-black water surrounded by green, farmed hills. Even with its circlet of green the lake can seem a grey and lonely place where the wind whips the waters into small jagged waves. Long ago this lake was set in a forest and scrub and must have been all the more lonely and strange. It was near these shores also that a clever stratagem was once used in war. Warriors from opposing tribes were marching towards the lake to do battle. The war band who was defending their land however arrived well before the invaders and the chiefs of that first tribe had some time to consider the coming battle. One of the chiefs suggested a ploy to trick the enemy and the chiefs gathered around to discuss the idea.

The day wore on and eventually the enemy warriors arrived over the crest of a hill. Down in a gully near Lake Ngaroto the chiefs of the first war party were still gathered around in a circle. The invading warriors spied the chiefs with their cloaks pulled tight and the white and black feathers of their head crests bowed in conversation.


Seizing the opportunity the invading warriors charged into the gully with their mere swinging. When the first blow was struck the invaders realised they had been tricked. Their mere and spears passed into the cloaks and became tangled. The cloaks and feathers had been used to decorate manuka trees cut to look like people! The tricky chiefs immediately leapt from their hiding places in the scrub and were easily able to surround and slaughter the invading warriors.

Ha-Tupatu and the Revenge of the Arawa

The ruse at Ngaroto may very well have been inspired by the clever tactics used by Ha-Tupatu in a battle which comes towards the end of his exploits. Soon after Ha-Tupatu escaped the forest-hag Kura-of-the-Claws he made his way to the pa of his tribe. He bore with him both a magical taiha of great power and three cloaks, one of rata feathers, another of dog fur, and a third of flax.

When Ha-Tupatu arrived at the pa however he was not greeted kindly. His three brothers were wroth and a little afraid to see him now as a tall strong man bearing magical treasures. Through past trickery on Ha-Tupatu's part the brothers had fallen out and actually killed Ha-Tupatu when he was a mischievous boy. A spirit sent by their father and mother however had resurrected Ha-Tupatu although the brothers did not know this until their youngest brother appeared at the gates quite alive and in good spirits.

To begin with there was much challenging and



threatening and angry jeers. But the father of the sons intervened and imposed an uneasy peace on the lads. Despite the peace however the older brothers, Hanui, Haroa and Karika still teased and taunted Ha-Tupatu. Secretly however both the mother and father of the brothers thought Ha-Tupatu to be the best of their boys and were unhappy to see how he was treated. Eventually the father grew utterly sick of it and bellowed angrily.

“Why do you waste your strength bickering and fighting amongst yourselves when the accursed chief Raumati who burnt our sacred Arawa still lives unavenged. Now hearing their fathers words the brothers felt at once shame and a prick of arrogance. Each one set their heart on slaying Raumati and earning the favour and honour of their father. Soon warriors from every corner of the chiefdom were called together and great war band was formed. The elder brothers however still wanted nothing to do with Ha-Tupatu and would not let him aboard their war canoes claiming that the waka were already over crowded.

Seeing how Ha-Tupatu was still unfairly treated his father took him aside and said “Every warrior will seek out Raumati and for his head will bring the most mana. But I alone know Raumati for I alone faced him when he came and burned our precious Arawa.” Then in detail the father described Raumati and carefully showed Ha-Tupatu the shape and form of his moko-tattoos. By this time the war waka had already launched and were being paddled fast for the pa of Raumati. This did not daunt Ha-Tupatu however for he used a magic charm to swim under the lake and it is said he even had time to stop and have lunch with a taniwha on his way.

When his brothers found Ha-Tupatu on the far side of the lake they were puzzled and asked him where his canoe was. Receiving a typically enigmatic reply they became disinterested and set about preparing to lay storm to the enemy pa. Now Ha-Tupatu who had already visited the pa had seen its defences knew that it was a formidable fortress. Fearing that his tribe’s warriors might be easily repelled Ha-Tupatu carefully thought over the problem and made plans.

Indeed Ha-Tupatu’s worse fears were realised. The first attack lasted not long at all before the warriors of the Arawa were repelled by a wall of manuka spears held fast by Raumati’s men. In panic the Arawa warriors fled and were chased by angry men of the pa. But when the skirmish spilled out into a wide valley men stopped and pointed at the top of a nearby hill. Atop it were rows and rows of warriors each dressed in fine cloaks. A proud chief with four topknots and wearing a flax cloak was walking up and down the line yelling and bellowing. The men below listened and heard that this chief had come to help the Arawa. There was a moment pause as the mystery chief vanished amongst his men and a second chief appeared. This one wore a cloak of dog skin and had three top knots. Again the chief strode up and down and counted out the number of warriors he had brought to help the Arawa. By now the warriors of Raumati were growing somewhat fearful. When this second chief went amongst his men a third chief came forward. This third chief had but two topknots and wore a cloak of the finest red kaka feathers

while in his hands he brandished a powerful taiha. He must have been the most proud and mana rich of the chiefs on the hill for he yelled that he had brought a hundred and forty men, which is a lucky number for the Maori. Seeing these terrible forces the men of Raumati shuddered and the Arawa’s rallied. Now it is well known that battles can be won through great deeds and bravery even when the numbers are uneven. Once the Arawa men were rallied they fought all the stronger and soon held their ground against the Raumati, slaying two of the enemy for every one of their own that fell.

It should not surprise anyone to learn that warriors on the hill did not join the battle for they were not warriors at all. It was all an elaborate trick of Ha-Tupatu to frighten the enemy and rally his tribe. Each warrior was a manuka bush dressed in a cloak and the three chiefs were Ha-Tupatu himself. Before the first speech he tied four topknots in his hair with artful knots. Each time he finished a speech he quickly donned a different one of the fine capes he stole from Kura-of-the-Claws and loosed a topknot. With a new weapon in hand no one could have known he was but one man and not three.

Despite the encouragement the battle still did not go well. The champion of Raumati waded amongst the Arawa men and laid waste to their ranks. This champion who was named Karika (like Ha-Tupatu’s own brother) was a giant of a man and was lethally light of foot.

Seeing no other way Ha-Tupatu took his enchanted taiha in hand and charged into the fray. He swung and struck and dodged and thrust. With each blow crimson blood sprayed or sloshed onto the ground. Finally in the thick of the battle Ha-Tupatu met Karika and there was a great and prolonged battle. So powerful were the flashing, blazing taiha and the two dancing warriors some cried out that warrior Atua had descended from heaven to take part in the battle. It was a long bloody fight but in the end Ha-Tupatu was victorious and struck Karika’s head from his shoulders. This was the turning point in the battle and soon the forces of the defending tribe were being pushed back and slain. The walls of the pa were then breached and everyone within was put to slaughter save those few kept for slaves. Now in the confusion of battle men ran this way and that searching for Raumati who was the chief whose act of vandalism had caused the war. Only Ha-Tupatu knew what Raumati looked like however and he carefully searched the faces of each dead body and cowering man for the right moko-tattoo. When he found Raumati Ha-Tupatu was possibly disheartened to find that the once terrible chief was an old man as ill fit for war as Ha-Tupatu’s own father. He made the man’s death quick and then cut loose his head which he quickly wrapped in a rag least others in his band spy it. There would have been much feasting and celebration after so great a victory and no doubt many men boasted that they had slain Raumati though none dared suggest that any other than Ha-Tupatu had killed the mighty champion Karika. With each boast Ha-Tupatu merely smiled and said “We shall ask my father when we return and then we shall know who has earned justice for our descendants.” In due course the warriors did return across the lake and

Ha-Tupatu this time rode in a canoe as most mortal men do. When they returned to the pa victorious there was again a great celebration and that night a feast was held. Around the fire each man recited their most heroic deeds in battle. Many of the warriors claimed also to have slain Raumati and described in detail this final battle. But whenever they held up the head of the supposed chief the father of Ha-Tupatu shook his head and wailed.

“That is not him. That is not his cursed face. Did none of you slay our greatest enemy? Has he slipped through your net?”

Ha-Tupatu had been holding back all this time and after every last warrior had their say he decided the time was now right.

“Father!” he cried out “I have but one head left. I do not know who this man was and I found him to be an easy victory. Perhaps you know him?”

“Show me the head.”

Ha-Tupatu unwrapped the head of Raumati and strode forth to hold it in the firelight for all to see.

“It is he, it is he! It is Raumati!” cried Ha-Tupatu’s father and there followed even greater celebration for know everyone was certain justice had been done.

In this way Ha-Tupatu earned great mana for himself and as he grew older and wiser and stronger still he became a powerful chief in his own right. For the rest of his life though he kept the mummified head of Raumati to decorate the wall of his pa.

On the banks of the Waikato there was once a pa called Miropiko. It was called thus because of a massive and ancient miro tree that grew outside the pa. This tree was famous for on it were hung the hundred heads of enemy warriors slain by the men of Miropiko in war.

TUKIWAKA: Song for a war canoe

Tena toia

Tena pehia

Ten Tukia

Tena tiaia

Tena kia mau

Tena kai u

Hoe, hoe atu

Runga, Runga atu

Waipa atu

Tena toia

Now pull

Now press.

Now give the time.

Now dip it in.

Now hold on.

Now be firm.

Pull, pull away.

Upwards, upwards away.

To Waipa away

Now pull

Moon and Pa

Often the bloodiest and worst battles were fought when assaulting a heavily fortified village or pa. Pa were usually built on high promontories or hills and might have been positioned so that one side was protected by a river, a cliff or the ocean. Each pa was encircled with alternating trenches and earth walls surmounted by sharpened palisades of wood. Understandably an assault on such a structure could result in heavy casualties.

In the tradition of the Maori the moon was seen as a pa and any nearby stars or planets were viewed as aggressors trying to attack the moon. The relative position of any bright star about a moon on the night of an attack was therefore consulted by learned Tohunga-priests to try and divine secret knowledge concerning which side would be victorious. In particular the bright planet Venus was of importance in this matter. If Venus or a bright star were positioned next to or above the moon it was taken as a sure sign that the pa would fall. If the star or planet were positioned beneath the moon then it was believed that the defending tangata-whenua, people of the soil would triumph.

A CHARM SUNG WHEN A BATTLE IS LOST

Haerimai I hea te terenui no Tu?

I haerimai I uta. I haerimai I tai.

I haerimai I te kimihanga.

Tere, tere, tere-nui no Tu.

Whence came the great company of Tu?

It came from the land. It came from the sea.

It came from the place of searching.

The company, great company of Tu.

The mere was a sharp war club made from stone. The most precious was carved from greenstone and had a certain magic and mana all of their own. Many mere and occasionally other weapons were given names. The names were often colourful and celebrated a famous deed or owner of the weapon. A famous taiha, a hard-wood weapon something like a cross between a spear and a sword, was known as “Jeering Laughter of the Atua”. The war chief Te-heu-heu related how his father and some fellow warriors were buried in a landslide. It was a matter of great pride that he searched the mudslide and found not only his father’s body but also the powerful mere he had been carrying. The father’s bones were scraped and placed in a secret cave. The precious mere however remained with the tribe so that they might benefit from its magic.

The Saga of Rata

Certain chapters and events within the saga of Rata are likely to be familiar to some readers. The full saga of this hero is however seldom told. To understand the importance of this hero to the Maori people consider that the Rata tree with its flowers of sacred red was named in his honour.

There was once a boy named Rata who lived with his mother Kahue who is sometimes also called Kura. Even as a child he was proud and fiery and would often challenge older boys to games or contests of strength. His friends and family would watch him play at those games and as he beat the older boys everyone would whisper 'that boy Rata, he will one day be a great warrior'.

Now, with no father or brothers Rata had to take to manhood sooner than most. He learnt the ways of war, wood and stone carving, hunting and fishing and in all these he excelled. He became a leader amongst his fellows and many sought his aid to settle matters of honour for the family.

It happened that one day Rata was thinking of his missing father, as he was wont to do and made up his mind to go and ask his mother what had happened to him as he had done many times before. He went to his mother's whare-house and found her sitting by a hearth.

"Mother," he said "I ask you, why I have no father as other men do?"

He had asked this question many times before and each time his mother's eyes would grow sad. She looked at her son and answered as she had those many times.

"You father is gone. He may be far inland or far out to sea."

Now Rata's temper took a hold of him and he filled with wrath for he had heard this reply every time he had asked about his father.

"Why do you treat me so? I am no boy but now a man. I am a warrior and honoured by my tribe. Has my father been slain? I will go and take vengeance on his killers. Has he abandoned his family and lost his mana? I will weep for him and pray the ancestors guide him to restore his honour.

It was then that Kahue looked upon her son Rata. He was tall of stature with sinewy muscles and had on his face the proud moko-tattoo of a man.

At this she bowed her head and said to him. "Yes you are a man now and it is your right to know the truth. Some months before you were born you're father was out snaring Tui birds and was by ill fortune himself slain and not by a mortal warrior. A powerful sorcerer named Makutu-takotako challenged and murdered your father." "Where may I find this sorcerer?" said Rata "for even a sorcerer may be slain by the sharp cold stone of a mere-club."

"Makutu took your father's bones far across the eastern sea out to a lonely island of mist and magic."

"Then I shall gather a war-band and travel to the island to slay this Makutu."

"But how shall you walk the ocean deep my son for you

have no waka-canoe?"

Now Rata thought on this and at length said "I have heard that there is a spirit named Kahue who dwells in a place called Water-of-the-Clouds and guards a magical stone. The atua-gods use pieces of this stone to craft their powerful weapons and adzes. I shall go to that spirit and beseech him to make an adze for me. With that adze I shall hew the tallest tree in the forest and carve out the mightiest war waka that has ever been or ever will."

"Then go son." Said his mother "Go in haste and return safely."

Rata quickly gathered up the belongings he would need for a long journey and said farewell to his friends and fellows. Each and every warrior said, "To where do you go Rata? Should we not come with you?"

To this Rata replied "I go where only I may go to do what only I may do."

So Rata left his tribe and journeyed out into the dark forest. He followed the winding paths that messengers and war-bands take through the woods, across the rivers and up the mountains until there were no more paths to follow. Then he wandered deep into the ancient heart of the forests and wilds where spirits dwell. After many passings of the sun Rata came to a wide cold river that boiled with foam and crashed and roared over rapids. Along the river were strewn many great boulders of hard stone.

"I could carve these rocks into fine weapons and tools but they are not the stone I seek." said Rata.

So he went on and followed the river until he came to a place where the waters fell over a deep cascade into a pool the deep green of the forest. Rata climbed down the cliff and at its base he found a cave. Sitting at the mouth of the cave was the tipua-spirit. All about him were boulders of the charmed stone, deep and green and lustrous like feathers of a wood pigeon.

The tipua looked upon Rata with eyes as green and hard as the stone he guarded.

"Who comes before me?" said the spirit.

"It is I the warrior Rata."

"And why to you journey so far from your home warrior Rata?"

"I wish to avenge the murder of my father and slay his killer Makutu. I need to carve a mighty war-waka to carry my men and you guard the only stone powerful enough to carve as great a canoe as I need. I ask that I may have a piece of this magical stone?"

The spirit eyed Rata carefully and furrowed his brow sending creases through his stony skin.

"I have heard of this Makutu. He is an evil man and you would do the atua-gods a favour by slaying him. I shall make an adze head for you and thus you may make your war-waka."

Then the spirit broke off a piece of the stone and began working on it. As he worked Rata watched and carefully learnt his skills. Slowly the adze head took shape. When it was finished and polished it became a thing of beauty. Green swirls played across its surface and it reflected light with a deep translucent quality that spoke of its magic.

"Now" said the spirit "the adze is crafted but it is not

yet sharpened for that I can not do.”

Rata took the adze head in his hands and felt it's weight and smooth cold surface.

“It is the most powerful adze I have ever held. I shall sharpen it on the backbone of my ancestor who was her self a sorceress. Thus I shall add to its magic.”

At this the spirit nodded and smiled for he was proud of his work. Rata ran a hand along the edge of the adze.

“When mortal men see this adze they will wonder at its beauty. They will ask ‘what precious stone is that carved from?’ What name shall I tell them?”

The spirit narrowed his stone-green eyes.

“It is called Ponamunamu and it is the stone of the atua-gods.”

To this day Ponamunamu, which is also called greenstone or jade is carved to make the most powerful and beautiful of things.

With his adze head in hand Rata bid farewell to SPIRIT and made the long journey back to the lands of his people. When Rata came at last to the gates of his tribal pa his mother rushed out to meet him. There were many tears of joy at his return. Then came others of his tribe and all those who gathered around wondered at his tale and at his safe return. Then Rata held aloft the greenstone adze. As it caught the sun the green skin of the stone shimmered with the light of life and magic. There was much joy and celebration that night and many fine oratories were said to honour and praise Rata.

Upon the next morrow Rata rose early and set about carving a handle for his adze. He slowly shaped out a good and stout branch and then lashed the adze to it using the finest flax and reed fibres. Once the adze was completed Rata looked upon it with great pride. Then he took it in hand and went forth into the deep forest so that he might fell a proud tree and from it carve his war canoe.

Rata went deeper and deeper into the forest to find a tree of girth and stature large enough to make a waka-canoe that would hold all his tribe's warriors. Several times he came upon great kauri trees, the tallest and proudest of all the children of forest *Atua* Tane-mahuta. Each of these trees he appraised and ran his hand over the rough bark. With each he decided that he must find a larger and grander tree. The deeper in the forest he went the greater the trees grew until he was in the heart of the forest where the green ancients dwell.

It was here in the heart of the forest that Rata heard a sound ahead of him. Not knowing what it was he would find Rata crept through the fern fronds and over the fallen logs. Then all at once he came into a clearing. In the middle of the clearing was a creature of such beauty that Rata knew it must be a Kotare, the king of birds. It was as tall as a man and was the colour of sunlight on snow and of bravery and majesty. The proud bird was locked in deadly battle with a monstrous spike-backed Tuatara.

Now Rata who was not all cowardly shuddered at the sight of the Tuatara. All the Tuatara were children of Moko-moko the lizard god and they were strange and dark creatures. A lizard or tuatara could cast spells and curses and set sickness upon a man. Even though the Kotare cried out for help Rata trembled at the thought of angering the

children of Moko-moko. So as the two beasts fell upon one another with beak and claw and tooth Rata crept past them and further into the forest and soon the sound of battle faded behind him. It was then here that in the heart of the forest that Rata found himself beneath the branches of the most massive and girt kauri that he had even seen. It's bark was white and grey like the skin of a whale and it's branches stretched high and so heavy that Rata wondered at how the tree could support its own weight.

“This is the tree that shall make the waka-canoe that will carry my vengeance!” said Rata. Eagerly he took a firm grip on his adze and set to felling the tree. The skin of the Kauri tree was thick and strong but the greenstone adze bit deep. Soon enough Rata had cleft away a great chunk of the tree. The wood creaked, the wood groaned and the tree swayed in the wind. As Rata pressed harder and cut more from the tree the children of the forest came to see what was causing the noise and din. The Hakuturi who men sometimes called wood spirits fluttered through the forest and surrounded Rata. But the Hakuturi were like the forest about them so Rata did not see them and went on cutting.

“Who is this man?” said the Hakuturi and Rata thought he heard the wind blow through the leaves.

“He is Rata replied all the birds and trees and ferns.”

“Did he honour our father Tane-mahuta? Did he make offerings in exchange for taking one of his children?” said the Hakuturi and Rata thought he heard the rumbled of a distant waterfall.

“No.” said the birds and ferns and trees.

At this the Hakuturi became angry filled with wrath. But the wood spirits saw Rata's sharp greenstone adze and knew it would bite their flesh as it bit the Kauri tree. So in their anger the Hakuturi screamed and the rustle of wind grew louder. They cried out and the echo of forest birds drifted to Rata's ears. But the wood spirits stayed hidden in fear of Rata and so soon the tree creaked and fell.

Now Rata stood and looked upon his work and he felt great pride.

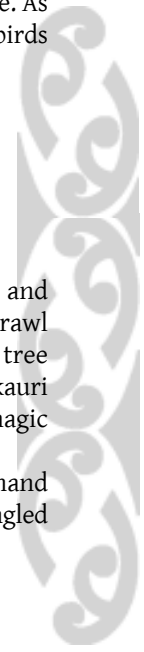
“This tree will make a fine waka-canoe but now I am tired and I must rest. On the morrow I will return and shape the canoe with fire and stone.”


So he left and made the journey back to his village. As soon as he was gone the Hakuturi sang out to all the birds and insects of the forest.

*“Fly together chips and Shavings,
Stick ye fast together,
Hold ye fast together,
Stand upright again O' Tane's tree”*

All at once the forest filled with swarms of wings and feathers. Every child of Tane that could fly, walk or crawl came to the clearing. All as one they rebuild the tree putting every wood chip back in place. The great kauri tree was then made whole and living again by the magic of the Hakuturi.

The next day Rata rose early and with his adze in hand went to the forest. Again as he walked through the tangled





undergrowth he heard the sounds of battle and came across the white heron Kotare and the giant Tuatara locked in mortal combat. The snow white plumage of the kotare were now streaked with blood and it was obviously losing the battle.

“Please,” it pleaded “Please brave warrior, help me slay my enemy.”

But Rata’s fear of the children of Moko-moko the lizard god made him balk and quickly he went on. As he left the heron called out to him.

“Hear me O Rata and heed me. For you will never finish you canoe without my help.”

Rata wondered at what the Kotare meant by this but when he came to the glade where he had cut down the Kauri he nearly dropped his adze in startlement. The tree he had cut down was again standing as if it had never been touched by the greenstone blade.

In rage Rata realised that some one had played a cruel trick on him. So with renewed strength he set straight to the tree and hacked at it so hard that wood chips flew like embers from a fire. Soon the tree was cut through and again it toppled and fell. Panting and sweating Rata looked at his handy work again with a certain pride. He was about to start shaping the wood when suddenly the air became thick with the flapping and buzzing and flitting of wings. More birds and insects than stars in the sky descended on the tree and began rebuilding it. In horror and anger Rata tried to stop them but they were too many and too small for him to strike with his adze.

Suddenly remembering the words of the kotare Rata ran back through the forest. As he burst through the wet ferns he saw that the giant Tuatara now had the neck of the feebly struggling Kotare in its jaws. With great need and purpose Rata Leapt forward and with one heft dug his adze deep into the skull of the Tuatara.

“Now I have saved you king of birds will you help me make my waka-canoe?”

The kotare agreed and though it was bloody and sore it followed Rata to the Kauri tree. When they arrived the children of the forest were already rebuilding the trunk and would soon lift it back into place.

“Please, cried Rata. “You are the king of birds, command them to stop.” The kotare looked at him and said sadly.

“How can I do that when it is against the will of the father of forests Tane? You did not offer him prayer or even thanks in exchange for taking one of his children.”

Rata was overwhelmed with the realisation that he had forgotten the proper prayers. In shame he begged the kotare to forgive him and went immediately to pray to Tane. Thus on the morning of the third and final day Rata was able to again cut down the tall kauri. On this day however the birds and insects gathered again but instead of hindering his work they helped him. Every one of them pecked and chewed until together they had carved the tree into a beautiful and powerful war canoe.

The tree fern saw Rata neglect to carry out the rites of Tane-Mahuta before felling on of his children. Ever since that day the fern tree has drooped at the thought of Rata’s shameful

forgetfulness.

There is a different version of the tale of Rata and his canoe told by the Tainui tribe who consider him an ancestor from Hawaiki. In this tale Rata set about cutting down a tree to make a canoe that would carry him and his followers to Aotearoa-New Zealand. He went to the forests and promptly felled the first tree of sizeable girth and height he found. When the tree fell two birds, a popokotea and a pihipihi appeared. The appearance of either of these birds was considered an ill omen but Rata not knowing this went home to lie down and sleep after a hard day of work.

When he returned the next day he found that the tree stood upright and whole just as it had before he had cut it with his adze. In wonder and fear he went back to his village and told his sister of what had happened.

“What was the manner by which you felled the tree?” enquired the sister after listening to his tale.

“I merely went into the forest and as soon as I found the tree I began to hack at its trunk.” “There is your problem.” Said the sister. You went the wrong way to work. Before you return rub the axe on my skin.”

By this the sister meant that Rata had not taken any precautions against the magic of the wood spirits. The sister was no doubt a chieftainess of the tribe so by touching the axe to her it would become sacred and break the enchantment of the wood spirits.

“Also,” continued the sister “Once the tree is felled through on its butt end some bows of the panoko fern.

By following his sister’s instructions Rata was able to fell and carve his canoe without any further interference from the wood spirits. The practise of rubbing panoko fern on an axe before felling a tree still prevailed up until the end of the nineteenth century and was said to have been preserved since the days of Rata.

So, thus it passed that Rata at last had his war canoe and a powerful waka it was. It must have taken a hundred men at least to carry the canoe to the ocean although in those days Tohunga-sorcerers knew magic songs to make such work easier. When at last the canoe was set in the waves there was much celebration. White feathers of sea birds and red rata-tree flowers were brought to decorate the prow of the war canoe. Then all the preparations were made and gourds of preserved food were stored fast aboard the canoe. Choosing the proudest and most fearless of the tribe’s warriors Rata set sail out into the ocean wide.

For many long days the crew of the waka saw naught but rolling green waves and cloud painted sky. As they pressed on the weather grew worse until they came to a vast ocean where storms gathered and played. In the distance they lay the image of a barren island and thinking this lay in the right direction and having seen no other land Rata commanded that his waka be steered towards it. As the waka drew nearer a hollow rattling sound drifted out from the rocky isle. Men aboard the waka shivered and wondered at what the chilling sound was but Rata stood tall and cried out with joy.

“Do you not hear it!” he shouted. “That is the sound of my father’s bones rattling a welcome. We have found the accursed isle and soon we shall find the accursed Makutu!”

So the canoe was brought to ground sometime near dusk and the warriors leapt out into the shallow foam and dragged the massive waka onto the beach. Then Rata took his most trusted friends and began to explore the island. Before long they came across a sight that was so unexpected some among them nearly went pale with fear. In a clearing amongst the rocks and twisted trees was a tribe of strange hunched creatures chanting and dancing and beating drums. Now Rata knew at once that these beings could only be the Ponaturi, the sea people. Now Rata had heard of the ponaturi and knew that they were strange and dangerous beings who only came out at night. Now at first Rata decided against going near the magical beings and simply sat and listened to their song. He learnt from the words that it was a charm called Titikura and that it had some power beyond his knowing. After listening to the song for some time he realised that the ponaturi were beating their drums with human bones. When he saw this he heard the bones rattle and know knew that these were his fathers. Incensed at this outrageous insult he leapt into the clearing and with his mere-club set upon the surprised ponaturi. Rata slew many of the magical folk before they fled and vanished into the darkness. He then collected up the bones and having said certain prayers returned them to the boat.

But having retrieved his father’s bones Rata was still not satisfied. He wanted revenge against the sorcerer Matuku-Tako-Tako and so took a few of his most trusted warriors to further explore the island. After searching for some time they came across another strange sight – but this time one some ordinary that it was out of place in this isle of black magic. For bent over her work in a clearing was an elderly woman doing the common chore of mending a feathered cloak.

Rata stepped forward and boldly addressed her by saying who he was and asking her name. At first the woman was deeply afraid but when Rata explained his purpose on the island she came to him crying joy sent tears.

“My own husband was killed by Makutu long ago and he keeps me here to do naught but his unclean chores and common work. If you seek to slay him though you will need as much wits and luck as strength. Through sorcery Makutu has made himself into a monstrous ogre and the magical sea people, the ponaturi also serve him.”

Thus he said to the old woman, “I have already driven away the Ponaturi. Where may I find this Makutu so that I may slay him as well?”

She shook her head as she spoke.

“During the day Makutu hides in dark caves beneath the island. At dusk he emerges not long after the Ponaturi come up out of the ocean. He will come out of his cave soon I think.”

“From where does he emerge?” asked Rata.

The old woman nodded and beckoned Rata and his friends. She led them across the island to a flat yard amongst the boulders. Beneath the sharp rocks stood a whare-house and many thraven trees grew around the edge of the clearing and there were two pools one of dark silver water the other a fountain-feed pool of cool clear water. In the centre of the clearing was a crevice. A deep dark cave from which belched cold air as rank as week-dead fish. The old woman pointed at the cave.

“That is the hole from which Makutu emerges bearing on his back a net full of human flesh. If you are to slay him you must sneak up on him from behind. He will first go to the dark pool which he uses as a mirror to admire himself. Then he will go to the crystal clear pool to wash his face. You must sneak up on him while he is washing his face otherwise he will spy you in the reflection of the dark pond.”

Hearing this Rata thought it was wise advice and so went and fetched his hundred and forty warriors. Soon they were all gathered around the clearing, hidden in the trees and behind rocks.

As the light waned and the sky turned to twilight grey to black there came a rumbling from the earth. Makutu in his lumbering shook the ground with each step. But Makutu who was still a sorcerer had smelt something amiss in the air above so he emerged from his cave only slowly. He saw no one about so he took another step out. Still wary he now saw his servant the old woman.

“Who is here with you?” said Makutu.

“Naught but me and the birds.” Replied the old woman.

Makutu snorted at this but took his servant at her word as he trusted in her fear of him and did not think she would lie.

Just as the woman had said Makutu went first to his silver pond and admired his reflection. Then he went to the pond of clear water and washed his face. As he did this Rata boldly crept out and silently with his mere in hand stalked up on Makutu. With a mighty blow that would have beheaded an ordinary man Rata struck Makutu. But Makutu was no ordinary man and although he was injured he turned about and snarled. Then the rest of Rata’s warriors poured out of their hiding places and set upon Makutu. There was a long and bitter battle. Many of Rata’s men were slain but Makutu fought on. Even longer the battle raged and still more of Rata’s men were slain. Eventually only sixty were left then thirty then ten then only Rata himself. Now Rata knew he could not slay Makutu by himself and in fear he circled the blood soaked sorcerer. In desperation he remembered the charm of the ponaturi and lauched into chanting it himself. Now perhaps Makutu knew what the charm did or perhaps he did not for he did not move quick enough to silence Rata before the spell was finished. Suddenly all of Rata’s slain men sprung to life and all one hundred and forty were well and whole for it was the power of the spell to resurrect the dead. Makutu who had fought long and hard was by now exhausted and could not defend himself against the full

force of Rata's Warriors once again. With a desperate cry he was overwhelmed and slain. Thus it passed that Rata slew his father's murderer and retrieved his father's bones which were carried back to his homeland to be mourned over and properly entombed.

As there always is in folktales there is a slightly different version of the tale which deserves mention. In this tale Rata traps Makutu in a snare and first cuts off his arms and then his head but still the giant does not die. Using powerful magic Makutu transformed himself into a bittern and in that way escaped Rata's revenge. Makutu however was ever afraid of Rata after that battle and so stayed in the form of a bittern for the rest of time. That is perhaps why bitterns are such shy and reclusive birds. It is also why in the Maori tongue bitterns are called Makutu.

And that, I hope is a fitting way to end a small attempt to fit the world and mythos of the Maori into a roleplaying game - by a simple reminder that all beginners can lead to different things, and all stories have more than one ending.

Appendix - Supernatural Beings

The following information is included so you can more easily expand *Mythos of the Maori* and add additional spirits, monsters or supernatural entities to your game.

ATUA (Spirit) General term applied to both gods and ancestor spirits. In the following list *Atua* is reserved for honoured gods and ancestors, whereas *spirit* is used for inhuman nature spirits, monsters and taniwha.

HAKUTURI (Spirit) Wood spirit or minor forest god. A child of Tane Mahuta. Te Tini-o-te-Hakuturi (multitudes of Hakuturi) is a name used to denote lesser wood spirits and is often abbreviated to simply Hakuturi.

HAUMIA-TIKI-TIKI (Atua) Father and patron of wild food in particular the fern root.

HINE-RURU (Spirit) Literally the 'Woman-Owl'. A guardian spirit who took the form of an owl. If Hine-Ruru flew straight past an observer it was a good omen. If she crossed your path then danger lay ahead.

HORO-MATANGI (Taupo) A fierce Taniwha of the Taupo region. Said to dwell near Motutaiko Island.

HOTOPUKU (Taniwha) Taniwha from the Kaingaroa Plains. This taniwha was slain by the sons of Tama-Ihu-Toroa who was the son of Ihenga.

HOUMEA (Atua) A destructive Atua who is said to devour fish and sons.

HUMUHUMA (Atua) A guardian taniwha who escorted the canoe Mahuhu on its voyage from Hawaiiki.

IOIO-WHENUA (Atua) An unusual Atua that was worshipped as a peacemaker. Ioio-Whenua was possibly a cult god worshiped by people from several tribes.

IRAWARU (Man) A man who was turned into the first dog by Maui.

KAHUKURA (Atua) Atua of the Waiapa East Coast. Kahukura was in particular worshiped by Pita Kapiti Tohunga.

KAWHARU (Man) A giant warrior of the Ngati Whatu People who stood over eight meters tall. Kawharu it seems could not be overcome by force of arms as his enemies eventually resorted to treachery to slay him.

KEHUA (Spirit) Kehua was a word used to mean ghost or apparition from the 1850s onwards.

KIHAROA (Man) A man of the Waikato who is described as a 'twice normal warrior' although if this relates to his strength or stature or mana or all three is unclear.

KIKOKIKO (Spirit) Evil spirits of disease.

KOROTANGI (Tupua) A strange and beautiful bird kept as a pet by a long ago chief. His wife it is said did not feed the bird or care for it properly and eventually let it out of its cage. In 1879 a stone sculpture of a bird was found in a tangle of roots. Local Maori who saw it recognized it as the Korotangi and began weeping and mourning its passing.

KUO (Atua) Personification of the night.

MAHUIKA (Atua) A female Atua who was the guardian of fire. Mahuika kept fire in her fingernails and had to break off a fingernail to give away this gift. This is the atua who Maui tricked into giving him all but one of her fingernails.

MAKAWE (Atua) Guardian Atua of the Arawa people.

Makawe was associated with rainbows.

MATAAHO (Atua) Atua or possibly a giant who is responsible for earthquakes along with Ruamoko.

MATA-AHO (Atua) See Ru-Wai-Moko-Roa.

MATAKAURI (Man) A famed warrior and giant slayer from the Wakatipu region of the South Island.

MATARIKI (Atua) the Pleiades or Seven Sister. Literally meaning 'Little Eyes'. In one story Matariki was originally one star and the most beautiful in the sky. Tane-Mahuta (qv) grew jealous of Matariki's beauty and with the help of two other stars chased and broke Matariki into many pieces.

MATAMATA (Taniwha) Taniwha of north Kaikoura. Said to have a long neck and scaly body. Matamata was set by the Ngati Mamoe as a guardian on limestone bluffs to thwart possible attacks by the Ngati Tahu. He was slain by Maru which presumably led to the death of the Ngati Mamoe as a tribe.

MATAOHO (Atua) Ancestor Atua associated with Tamaki volcanoes.

MATUATONGA (Atua) An Atua of fertility that dwelt on an island in Lake Rotorua. In particular associated with Kumera.

MIRU-TARANAKI (Spirit) A being that was said to dwell in darkness and send out illness.

MAHOEHOE (Spirit) A spirit representing bird life. Tini-o-te-Mahoehoe (multitudes of Mahoehoe) is a term sometimes applied to birds or lesser bird spirits.

MANGAPUERA (Taniwha) Taniwha of the Whanganui region. Said to be four metres long and two tall with a head like a featherless bird, shark teeth, bat wings, claws and webs. This vivid and unusually detailed taniwha was slain by Tarawhiti.

MAHUTONGA (Star) The four stars called The Southern Cross in English.

MARU (Atua) Atua of the Rotorua region who presided over war. He was fierce and always hungry and crying for food. Fish heads were left for him in reverence.

MOEAHU (Tupua) Also Moeaho. Dog-headed monsters said to live in the South Island of New Zealand. Some suggestions have been made that Moeahu owe their origin to seals.

MOKO (Man) Moko owned a monster called simply Moko'Great Dog. This beast roamed about the Waikaremoana region hunting and killing anything it meet.

MOKO-HIKU-WARU (Atua) Also called Moko-Hiku-Aru and Moko-Huku-Waru. A lizard god apparently similar to Tu-Tanga-Kino (qv) that guarded the house of Miru.

MOKO-IKA-HIKU-WARU (Atua) Literally eight tailed fish-reptile. Having eight or nine heads or tails appears to have been significant in Maori legend. Compare to the tradition in Polynesia supernatural beings are often denoted by an unusual number of fingers.

MOKOIA: (Taniwha) Also known as Mokohikuwaru. An eight tailed taniwha that once lived in the Panmure basin. There seems to be some forgotten significance in having eight tails as this is a property of a magical eel in

another tale.

MUTURANGI (Tupua) More properly Muturangi's Octopus. A monstrous octopus owned by a Tohunga Muturangi and brought from Rarotonga. It was slain by Kupe when it stole bait from his line.

NGA-TARA-TU (Taniwha) One of a family of taniwha called the Ngai-te-Heke-o-te-Rangi (qv).

NGAI-TE-HEKE-O-TE-RANGI (Taniwha) A family of fifteen taniwha that dwelled at an inlet of the Kawhia Harbour. One (Nga-Tara-Tu) was a man eater, the others were kind and peaceful.

NGAKE (Taniwha) One of a pair of taniwha whose efforts to escape a lake formed Wellington harbor. Ngake succeeded while the other, Whataitai did not.

OWEHEAO (Taniwha) A Taniwha of the ancient and extinct Ngati Hotu tribe.

PANE-IRAIRA (Taniwha) Taniwha guardian of the Tainui tribe.

PANI (Atua) In one story Pani gives birth to the first Kumera.

PAPA-KAURI (Tupua) A Tupua that took the form first of a tree and then a log that floated up and down streams. This tupua was associated with Hine-Repe, the green gecko.

PARAWERA-NUI (Spirit) the South wind whose name implies cold, frost, ice and snow. The south wind is said to have dwelled in Mahutonga making it unusual that these stars were seen as a place rather than beings.

PEKEHAU KATAORE (Taniwha) Taniwha slain by the sons of Tama-Ihu-Toroa who seem to have been active hunters and killers of Taniwha.

REHUA (Atua) Goddess of kindness that dwelt in the uppermost heaven. Also a goddess of fire.

RONGOMAI (Atua) See Rongo-ma-tane

RONGO-MA-TANE (Atua) Father and patron of cultivated food in particular the kumera. Some authorities consider Rongo-ma-Tane a composite of Rongomai and Tane Mahuta. It is possible that pragmatic tribes employed one taumata atua (idol) to serve as a resting place for both gods.

RU-WAI-MOKO-ROA (Atua) Youngest of the seventy brothers. Still suckling at breast of mother earth when Rangi and Papatua are separated. Papatua rolled over so that she would not have to look at her lost husband. When Ru-Wai-Moko-Roa stirs he causes earthquakes.

TAHU (Atua) God and patron of feasts. Tahu-kimi-kai is an incarnation that helps with food hunting. Tahu-mahi-kai is an incarnation that helps with food cultivation.

TAHU-KIMI-KAI (Atua) See Tahu.


TAHU-MAHI-KAI (Atua) See Tahu.

TAKAROA (Atua) See Tangaroa.

TANE-MAHUTA (Atua) Father and patron of the forest trees, birds insects and wild spirits. Ruler of the forests.

TANGAROA (Atua) Father and patron of lizards, fish and spirits of the ocean. Ruler of the oceans. Lizards originally lived in the sea, according to the old creation myths, and thus they still owe allegiance to Tangaroa





and not Tane-Mahuta, who is the atua of the forests.
TAWHIRI-MA-TEA (Atua) Father and patron of the winds. Storm god and enemy of the children of all the other Atua.

TE-ANU-MUTAO (Atua) Wife of Tangaroa.

TE-HOATU (Ancestor Atua) Ancestor of Ngatoro-i-Rangi of the Arawa. Along with Te Pupu this spirit took particular interest in fire.

TE-KANAPU-O-TE-RANGI (Atua) Spirit associated with lightning.

TE-PUPU (Ancestor Atua) Ancestor of Ngatoro-i-Rangi of the Arawa. Along with Te Hoatu this spirit took particular interest in fire.

TU-APIKO (Atua) Possibly an incarnation of Tu-mata-uenga? Represented at gates of some pa facing Tu-wha-tiri. Possibly a guardian figure.

TU-MATA-UENGA (Atua) Patron of human kind in general and in particular often deemed a god of war.

TU-WHA-TIRI (Atua) See Tu-Apiko.

WHATAITAI (Taniwha) One of a pair of taniwha whose efforts to escape a lake formed Wellington harbour. Whataitai failed while the other, Ngake successfully escaped.