

deck.

Duro was already there, sleeping by the rail. She lay down by his side, trying not to wake him. He was breathing easily, but after a moment he gave a cry like a tree cat and woke with a start.

What? Xantee said.

You here? What's wrong?

It was too hot to sleep. Did you have a dream?

Bloody nightmare. I had a gool around my throat. They scare me, Xantee.

Me too. I just want to curl up. I want to be safe.

They held hands.

I'd get out of this if I could, Duro said.

So would I. But we can't.

No, we can't.

So . . . tomorrow.

Yes, tomorrow.

After a while they slept, but movements woke them before long. Sal and Mond came on deck. Each wore a pack, Sal's slung over her left shoulder, Mond's over her right.

We're leaving, Mond said.

Where? said Duro.

If we can't go hunting this gool with you we'll go by ourselves.

In the city?

Wherever we find it. It touched us, not you, so it's ours to kill.

It touched my father. It's killing him, Xantee said.

Hari saved us, Sal said, so when we find the gool we'll save him.

Have you heard the story of the two stars?

We don't need stories, Sal said.

We'll take a canoe and leave it at the river, Mond said.

How will you find your way after that?

We'll find it.

The jungle will kill you, Duro said.

If it does it does.

Xantee watched them lower a canoe over the side. They were quick and agile. Already they had learned ways of moving and compensating. In the dark she could not see their faces, but saw their eyes shine. Two girls, wiry, supple, smaller than northern people, quicker too, and braver and more ready to die. If only they weren't locked together they might stand a chance in the jungle. She wondered if, in the end, their joined hands would grow together and learn skills impossible for one.

Introduction

the narrow isthmus separates the
Harbours
confines this restricted site the city sprawls
deeply embayed coastlines fringed fine sandy
beaches the island-studded waters
tempestuous
The land surface rises to the ramparts
volcanic hills, many
are scattered
city nurtured in a nest
earthy stratum
And all this is heritage géologic history.
Seas and streams long ago
sculptured
Heavings of the earth
flooded by the seas.
fiery hearths molten basaltic rock
showers of scoria ashes,
recall the past;
vast changes,
so slow life,
can, achieve transformations.
altered it has
the aeons of time

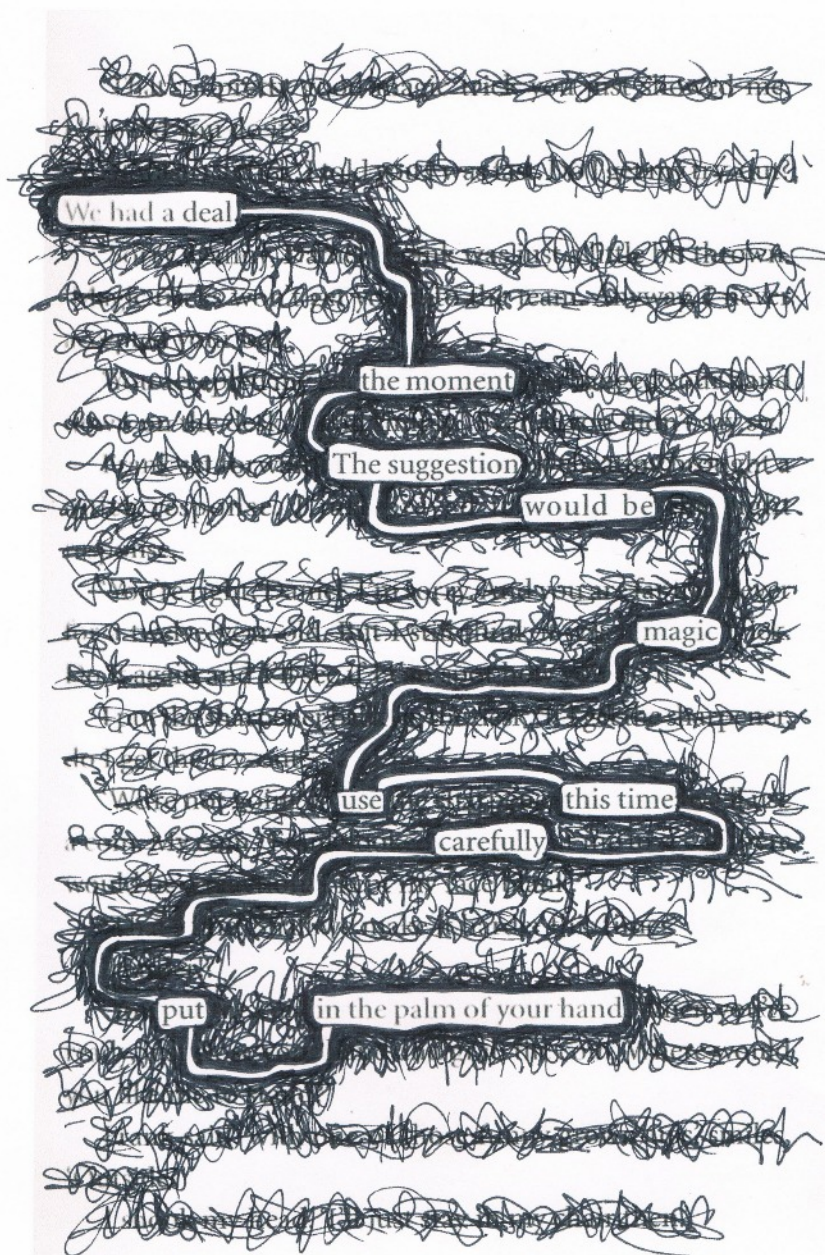
I pushed harder, stumbling over the uneven ground. A partial, concealed root sent me sprawling, face to dirt. I pulled myself up. Leaning against a tree, I breathed deeply. There was, after all, no one pressing on, running through the trees, the thin branches scraping at my face and the wet leaves slippery beneath my feet.

I reached a fallen bough that blocked the path, and was about to climb over when I saw something near the ruin. It could be just another dark, forest shadow shape. Or it could be one of them. I crouched down, aiming to stay as low as I could, trying to breathe in deep into my lungs. Nothing moved ahead, and I couldn't hear anyone behind me. But that was not David. David liked to play it. That was the fun of the chase: to let me get away first.

From behind the bough, I paused to think. The river was too obvious. There were more of them and they were faster. I would almost certainly run into them. But if I headed back towards the road, they might not expect that.

My eye traced the outline of the ruin. No one ever went there. Most people in the village were wary of it, but the cottage had never bothered me. And not a single overgrown path led to the road.

Having a plan instead of running helter-skelter gave me confidence. I would do this. I would evade them. The



the
storm

woman

sat

whisky

drawing

time

in her cheeks

her eyes

kissing

black

In the stifling room

"Now listen to me,"

shouted the woman,

says

to her, I says, what do you think I'm

lynched for

and

over, I tells you you've broken

her hands

scratching

"Trouble with me is, she leans across the table"

. I do hope

ne. 'So far

ed to scan
nd hedge
k pointed

erries are
ed by the
rhanging
luxury of
s arteries
ch of his
arden. Mr
ied to his

nd all his
ver out of
a few late

ng at the
like dark
ter day in
ometimes
eel down

You Are Now Entering the Human Heart

before my heart, ceiling-high,
and its beating
had to be
roped off,
and match the heart's beating. I had
heart had already been punished for the day—the floor of
blood vessel—worn and dusty, the chamber with
rich marks, and the voice 'You Are Now Entering
Cell Through the Human Heart'—I wanted to
see more of the heart, but
Did I have time?

Arbor Day

believed I was a tree

Today

in

milky blue

farming

Cloud Grass

And

grow old

for
the undergrowth,

cast
turning

yellow leaves
sand into gold

bush

gold

high above
birds
say

uplifted I listen forest!' and listen

for a whole summer. It was

one

day

filled with golden syrup

wings

Mariana Isara (from *Bear From the North* by Yvonne du Fresne)

pigeons swooped into the tree where I was standing, and ere the report of my gun had ceased to reverberate through the gully, one of the most beautiful of God's creatures was reduced to a piece of draggled carrion. What need to dilate upon this aspect of the chase? Suffice it to say that after walking about three miles my bag was weighted with five brace of these splendid birds, splendid in every way. They are beautiful with a beauty which surpasses man's power of portrayal, and they are unsurpassed as table birds. The overworked housewife has no cause to grumble over the plucking of them, the feathers come off at the least touch, and the plump breast with the fat of the abdomen, when the miro is in season, are as toothsome a delicacy as the most particular bon vivant could desire. And then what a stimulant for the bushman to work is the savoury mess of the camp oven! When he returns home weary with his work, how his languor drops from him as he hears the homely spluttering beneath the embers. With what delight does he lift the lid and peep in upon the nicely-browned breasts and the potatoes sizzling in the liquid fat. What can compare with his feeling of content as he seats himself before his steaming portion? His mouth waters as his knife sinks into the yielding breast and joy fills his soul as his teeth meet in the tender morsel which melts upon his palate like manna before the sun. The flesh of the breast is of two colours and reminds the weary exile, both in appearance and taste, of the blackcock and capercaillie birds of a stern northern clime which have absorbed into their being the freshness of the moorlands and the aroma of the pine forests. Even so has the pigeon absorbed into its flesh all that is sweet and comely in our native bush.

The pigeon, the kukupa of the Maori, forms a striking example of the enormous trouble the Maoris used to take to obtain flesh food before the advent of the white man. The use of the bow being

[REDACTED] Late

[REDACTED] they
went to bed [REDACTED]
lay down and rested; [REDACTED] minds [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] thinking things [REDACTED] over,
[REDACTED] trying to remember

[REDACTED] her hands [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] her feet [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] her chin. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Josephine.
[REDACTED] a very extraordinary

[REDACTED] funeral [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] noticed [REDACTED] [REDACTED] only had

Rosey Duncan (from 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel' by Katherine Mansfield)