

## Te Pōtiki

**Approach:** Station**Level:** Year 4 and year 8**Focus:** Telling a story to go with pictures.**Resources:** 4 booklet pages, including pictures; stapler.**Questions/instructions:**

Here are 4 pictures about a baby called Te Pōtiki.



- Put the pictures into an **order** that tells a story.
- Put a **page number** on each picture to show the order.
- Write a **story** in the spaces beside the pictures.
- When you have finished, put the pages in order. **Staple** them together.

**Plot/logical flow:**

	% responses	
	y4	y8
all pictures logically linked in sequence by the text	64	86
one picture not logically linked	20	10
two pictures not logically linked	10	3
little or no linking	6	1

**Story detail:**

rich in detail	14	28
moderate detail	49	55
minimal detail	37	17

**Overall effectiveness in telling a story:***(coherence, satisfactory completion, entertainment, not simply picture captioning.)*

	% responses	
	y4	y8
high	6	17
quite high	22	33
moderate	39	37
weak	33	13

**Total score:**

8	5	14
6-7	21	35
4-5	39	38
2-3	25	11
0-1	10	2

*[Exemplars on the following two pages]***Commentary:**

About one quarter of year 4 students and half of year 8 students scored strongly (total of 6 or more) on this task.

## Te Pōtiki: continued

### YEAR 4 – HIGH RANGE:



Once There was a baby named Te Pōtiki her mother threw her baby into the sea she didn't want to do it but it was for the baby's good she did it when the baby was asleep



There was a strong warrior who was walking up a cliff he was just going for a walk he was camping with other warriors Then he saw The baby came home he was very puffed



Then he told The others everyone was surprised [surprised] When They heard They told him to go back bring her here and don't forget to see if she is still breathing



So he went back he dragged her out of the water her checked if she was still breathing she was he woke her up and carried her to where they were staying.



There was once a baby who's father wanted to kill him. So the mother threw the baby into the sea for she knew it was his only chance for survival



A few weeks later a man who longed to have a baby found one on the beach. "You will be my son," the man said



When the boy grew older his father trained him to be strong like him.



Finally he grew into a strong man and he too when he was older longed for a baby.



Once there lived a very healthy lady She gave birth to baby and it was a boy. Every baby boy had to be killed so she let the baby boy go out to sea.



It washed up onto a island and a Chief found him and made him his son and named him Te Pōtiki.



Te Pōtiki grew up to be a very strong boy and was the strongest boy on the island he knew his father was going to die.



Te Pōtiki's dad died and he became a very strong chief. THE END

### YEAR 4 – MID RANGE:



The man is singing and dancing while another man is watching.



Meanwhile in the water a baby comes in.



The man finds the baby and keeps her



Now he has got a baby and he is king of Te Pōtiki



Te potiki was in the sea. She was asleep in there. She didn't even know that she was in the sea. The birds were flying up high and the birds said who's that?



The man was angry because someone put Te Potiki in the sea. The man went and save Te Potiki. He was happy now. He was standing on a rock.



The man was looking at the boy and said did you put Te potiki in the sea? The boy said NO. The man said where is she then? The boy said I don't know.



The man found Te Potiki on the rock sleeping. Te potiki didn't even wake up not even once. The man found Te potiki and the man was very happy.



One day a mother sent her child away in her hair



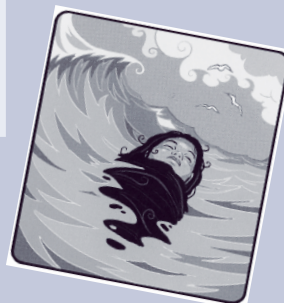
The baby was washed up on shore and found the baby and took it back to his camp and named him Te Pōtiki.



One day Te Pōtiki was doing the haka and then he done some exercise.



In summer he become real powerful and left the village.



## YEAR 8 – HIGH RANGE:



The Maori chief stood on a rock that overlooked the sea. He held a sack, a baby, sleeping inside. He just couldn't look after it. Its mother had died. "Goodbye, Te Pōtiki" With that, he tossed the baby into the sea.



The baby, Te Pōtiki floated through the ocean. Sloshing about. And all the while, it slept. Birds flew overhead to investigate on the baby sibling. Even the screeching didn't awaken Te Pōtiki.



The Maori chief of Whangarei was pacing around the beach. What would he do to his kapa haka team. As he was nervously thinking, he saw a pepe, sleeping in a moist blanket. "And who would have done such a thing!?" He carried Te Pōtiki back to the village.



While his tribe was practicing the haka, the chief carried a bundle. "Whats that!?" Asked one of the boys. "A new member to our whanau. His name is Te Pōtiki. This piece of flax says so." So there it was. A new baby for chief Maui to look after.



Everybody bowed as the chief made his way up the pride rock. He was a perfect man who everyone idled because of his strength and loyalty.



A murmur went through the crowd as a little boy ran to the chief. "Sir, there's a baby drowning in the great blue ocean!" "Let me see!" roared the Chief.



In the middle of the shore over everybodies heads was a baby getting thrown around by the waves. "I must save him!" said the Chief.



The chief dived into the water and rescued the baby boy and brought him onto land. "I will name him future chief!" exclaimed the chief.



Te Pōtiki was wrapped up in a cloth by his mother who could not keep him. He fell fast asleep and floated off into the distance not knowing where his was going to land.



A tall brown man found Te Pōtiki washed up on the shore. 'He's still alive' he thought watching the cloth go up and down. Questions floated around in his head about who this baby is and where it came from.



'I will guard this baby with my life and care for him like a real father would' Te Pōtiki's founder thought holding the little baby boy over his shoulder.



Te Pōtiki grew into a handsome young man and learnt the ways of a true maori. His mother and father still unkown.

## YEAR 8 – MID RANGE:



Once a pon a time there was a little baby called Te Pōtiki. He once got lost in a storm and was floating in the deep blue sea.



One day a man was walking along the beach when he saw Te Pōtiki. So he decided to make him his child. And he took him home.



The man was so proud he found him self a child he decided to stand on a really high rock and stood and stared at the sky.



As years went by Te Pōtiki grew up to be young fine looking boy. "He is old enough to learn to fight" his father said in a big voice.



On a cloudy morning, at the beach, a little baby was floating in the ocean. The little baby was wrapped in some hair. He had been abandoned by his mother.



A Maori chief who happened to be at the beach that morning saw the little baby and was quite surprised to see it floating in the ocean wrapped in hair. So, he rescued the little baby.



Years went by and the little baby grew into a teenager. He stayed and lived in the tribe. One day, the boy said to the chief. "I want to go and find a home for myself."



So the chief let him and the boy set off. After many years, the boy - who was no longer a boy, but a man - had become a cheif himself. The end.



A strange lady gave birth to a blessed child but she could not live on any longer so she cut her hair and wrapped it around the baby and sent to sea.



The baby was on shore, still sleeping. A man came and found him. "From now on, this baby should be called 'Te Pōtiki!'".



A decade grew on and the young Te Pōtiki was yearning to be young and brave and a warrior like the man who looked after him.



Another decade grew and Te Pōtiki's desire came true "young and brave like the warrior who looked after me!".

