



Pinnacle Book
Achievement
Award

For a FEE of
2 Shillings

FAYE WHITTAKER

Author

FAYE WHITTAKER



Faye Whittaker was born and raised under the shadow of Mount Taranaki, in a province of (Aotearoa) New Zealand renowned for dairy farming.

This story, Faye's first novel, is taken from her life experience of the small, seemingly close-knit, service communities that have sprung up around the apron of farms that extend from the base of the mountain out to the coast.

The setting she has chosen for this historical tale is a fictitious coastal township, where the mainstays are the church, the adjacent marae (Māori village) and the pub.

Other Titles by the Author:

Books for Health

Intrigious: Inspiring—Nutritious—Delicious

The Rheumatoid Triangle: The Complaint—The Cause—The Cure

Rheumatoid Remedies: Natural Therapies to Heal

For more information about the author—publications and articles

Please visit—Author's website:

www.dancinglion.co.nz

For a FEE of
2 Shillings

FAYE WHITTAKER

FIRST PUBLISHED by: THE DANCING LION PRESS (NZ) 2011
www.dancinglion.co.nz

COVER DESIGN by: CREATURE
www.creature.co.nz

EDITING & INTERIOR DESIGN by: CREATESPACE
www.createSpace.com

Copyright © Faye Whittaker 2011
The right of Faye Whittaker to be identified as the author of this
work, in terms of section 96 of the Copyright Act 1994, is hereby
asserted.

ISBN: 1456578391

For Yanchiji

Without whose faith in me
This story may easily have remained consigned to a bottom drawer

Wide Open
These love-shot eyes
Dream away the time
That comes between
 Seeing my love
And where I've been
 And every move
In this suspended space
 Is made with you
Toward that meeting place
 Where lovers touch
 And hearts embrace

Prologue

So finally it was here—Friday, the day and date he'd dreaded, 12 August 1960.

John Peters sat down behind the large oak desk for the last time. They'd all gone—the staff, that is, as well as the invited guests. He breathed out, directing the air of his relief to one side of his top lip. Finally he could allow the remnants of pretense at cheerfulness he'd displayed all week to flow from his lungs.

He'd made the humorous speech expected of him—thanked them profusely for the farewell gift, a stunning new golf bag full of every club he could possibly need. And he'd promised laughingly he wouldn't spare a thought for any of them while swinging his way around the course midweek. They—the team of workers, had responded with the expected moan of envy, along with the compulsory titter to acknowledge his attempted joke. Then a few drinks, a few pastries, sandwiches, and hearty handshakes later, here he was—alone, staring out his window of inspiration.

His gaze drifted across the street and came to rest on the cast white stag held firmly against the chance of suicide-toppling from the roof of the White Hart Hotel to the pavement two floors below. A life-sized deer restrained by two steel rods—one attached to his neck and the other to his rump, screwed there by gentlemen in the 1880s. Those same gentlemen had started the rumor that the white hart's purpose was to wink at virgins as they walked by. They knew, as gentlemen, it was also their duty to ensure the stag was never given the opportunity to wink. They took upon themselves the enviable sport of unfrocking and deflowering as many maiden *wink* contenders as they dared—while of course also retaining the demand for virgins for brides of their own.

The bride-to-be maidens had played their part in the orchestrated sham by reassuring any potential groom with a how-could-you-even-think-otherwise look, accompanied by an over-firmly stated, "*Of course I am.*" A groom, always wanting to believe in the declared innocence, stood with his hands folded in gullible expectancy as she, the chosen one, tripped, relieved and lightly, up the aisle to utter the whispered white-laced, altar-ized, and virginal peach-blushed, "*I will*" and "*I do.*"

Of the gentlemen raising their glasses to toast a virgin bride and her groom, at least one of those hand-owners knew the truth. That gentleman would, not too discreetly, air the satisfaction of having secretly sampled the firm, virginal fruit a season or so before.

From the flawed fruit of the crops of the preceding generations, the society of the nineteen forties and fifties spat out the pips of the begat and begotten undesirable children—the ones left to rot, unkempt and uncared for, at the bottom of the bowl. They landed on John's desk, stacked neatly and obediently. They were dressed somberly and similarly in brown ma-

nila folders, and when their individual fates had been punch-holed and metal-clasped, John passed them on to a clerk who placed them at rest, or at least hid them, alphabetically, from view, in a growing number of stained wooden filing cabinets.

The stag had, of course, never even blinked. His years of vestal sentry duty had been entirely uneventful, leaving his wide white eyes to forever and unwaveringly peer toward some obscure point of the compass between west-nor'-west and nor'-nor'-west—a gap that indicated a place of nothingness to nowhere-ness—a place John quietly feared.

Ceremoniously he'd handed the front-door key to his successor during his speech, hopefully giving the impression he was going on to greater things. Only now did he allow himself to face the truth of how he would actually feel on Monday morning. What the hell would he be doing at the time the new man would be arriving for his first official day as district superintendent, Child Welfare Division, of the Social Welfare Department? What would take the place of that feeling he always experienced as he opened the door after the building had been shut up over the weekend?

The phantom cleaner would've predictably stolen in unseen and smeared yet another layer of lavender floor wax over the river of mottled green linoleum that flowed from the hallway under each and every door, into each and every office. The mundane monotony of it fascinated him.

The evidence of the stealthy gremlin hit him regularly every Monday morning. Even before he could retrieve his key, he could feel the heavily laden scent leaning on the front-door, waiting to escape. Sniffing in the air to accustom his nostrils to that familiar flowery smell of his grandmother, he'd enter the washroom, where a whole different world of tangy, sterile cleanliness assaulted his sinuses. The perfume wafting from

the smears of pink Chemico cleanser gluing the hand-basin taps to the sink, along with the accompanying wooden-handled, hog-bristled toilet brush that lay dog-boned caught between the jaws of the toilet seat and the bleach-cleansed bowl, patiently waiting to be returned to its holder.

These rising panicky thoughts were intermingled with the awareness of the shadowy umbrella-d figures below scuttling back and forth across the street corner. The dark clouds that had been gathering all afternoon were just beginning to unload.

Sighing in acquiescence, for there didn't seem any point in resisting the inevitable, he forced his attention back to his desk. He'd reckoned at this being the hardest part—the reluctant cleaning out of his desk drawers and the stacking of his few personal belongings into the shabby briefcase sitting on the floor.

The soft calfskin had been habitually stretched to bursting point over the last fifteen years to accommodate the child files concealing the all-knowing adult reports he'd carted home to pore over, approve, and generally use to fill his days off. Now it, the briefcase, sat empty—a fat lady who had seemingly succeeded on a crash diet. It sat staring at him, sagged, ugly, and lifeless.

John had allowed the authority of the job to take on meaning outside of itself. He'd been able to pretend his life had been not just full, not just mildly important, but had actually been of some real worth. Now reality was eyeballing him—challenging him. There just didn't seem to be any escape, nowhere to hide from a future nothingness. That place the stag had been stalwartly and constantly indicating was inevitably to be his path from this point on. Even so he attempted to dodge the final arrow of realism, his mind darting artfully and defensively, trying to grab at any shaft of

imaginary light. The truth, however, was not so easily fooled. It lunged at his exhaustion as it sucked the remains of the charade from his tired frame.

Is that what life is really about? He conceded a minute's cynical contemplation in recognition of defeat—*a clean toilet on a Monday morning, a re-glossed floor, and a re-glossed self, hiding the truth beneath a veneer of lacquered good manners and tolerance in a world that, in truth, was made up of every kind of ongoing sadness and abuse.*

He attempted to shake the dullness of his revelations from his mind, and as always forced himself to concentrate on the task at hand—the last task.

When done, he leaned back in his chair and swiveled himself aimlessly around as if that action, or maybe the view, would alleviate the goddamned heaviness that seemed to be insistently restricting his regular breathing pattern. He'd heard of blokes retiring and dropping dead. *But God, they'd at least got out from behind their desks for a bit. Hadn't they?*

And then it began—pelting rain like he couldn't recall ever having witnessed before.

Within minutes he could no longer see beyond the windowpane. The rivulets running down the glass were as voluminous as the cooling water streaming down the window of the Hi Fri fish shop where he ate every Friday evening. His reflection in the darkened window revealed he was now the gutted one, the one with the stunned, defeated, gawky stare.

He could see the ironic humor in it. This time the joke was on him. It was his turn to be hung out to dry. He recognized that moment of surprise, the fish-hooked look as one's lifeblood is stolen in an instant of inattention—a look resulting from an enforced submission to something or someone more powerful and demanding than one's self. He sniggered

at himself, confessing he may as well be the one lying on a fish bed of ice—an ill-fated, or in his case age-fated, played-out, pre-filleted, pre-fried snapper readied for some newly appointed younger public servant to consume on a Friday.

Although not Catholic, he'd taken advantage of their cleansing ritual of eating fish on that day of the week. It wasn't that he cared about the offending of the Pope, or even God himself, if one ate meat on that day. It was just a known fact that the fish shops always had fresh fish on Fridays, and as far as John knew, practically the whole nation took advantage of that wee piece of the fifteenth century political Spanish Inquisition nonsense. You didn't have to be Catholic to see the sense in indulging in a fish meal at the end of the working week.

He hollow-sighed, calling himself back to the moment, moving his meditation beyond his reflection. The street scene beyond the pane had been the altar of his workaday rumination—a mind-site where he'd regularly placed his offerings of concentration in the personal hope of being granted his own salvation. A sanctuary of quietness he regularly visited when requiring assistance to make the right, even if not always blessed, decisions for his young clients.

And had he not just received the golden-clubbed handshake for a job well done?

It had been just so damned hard to accept his time was up—to let go and move over honorably. Even harder had been the unswerving pretense required of looking forward to the do-what-I-want-when-I-want retirement apparently offered.

“Bollocks,” he muttered miserably and honestly to himself as he re-swiveled away from the window in a desolate response to the feeling he was no longer alone.

Chapter One

Thomas Gregory leaned heavily on the doorjamb as he concentrated on removing his sodden woolen gloves.

"There was no one about in the outer office," he justified himself politely and cheerfully between short puffs of breath as he seal-waved in the direction of the barren outer office with his half-gloved hand. Refocusing on the matted, knitted fingers, he was quite oblivious to the mood of gloom oozing from John's smudged aura, or any slight hesitancy in the responses of life-practiced normal social graces, as they passed between them.

"The staff went home early today," John answered affably and automatically enough. "On account of my retirement, you see," he added with a forced smile of assuredness.

"Ah! That explains it...and confirms you're the man I'm looking for."

John, despite the heaviness persisting in his chest, was intrigued. He had seen this elderly gentleman at the courthouse and of course had been privy to the quaint, gossipy story known

FOR A FEE OF TWO SHILLINGS

by all who had even the slightest business within legal circles. You could set your clock by the performance of it *they* said.

John couldn't help but grin at this Thomas character of a man, who, according to the grapevine, arrived on cue by way of the back door, through the law library, each morning at precisely ten minutes to ten. Of course he'd make sure he wasn't spotted by anyone who may attempt to waylay him as he nonchalantly, though directly and with obvious intent, ambled along the corridor. He certainly needed to skirt around the registrar's office, for there was a definite detainment in waiting. That maneuver required a little soft-shoe tiptoeing performance, which preceded his definitely meant-to-be-heard-but-not-to-be-seen scuffling and slight *hmm-hmm* coughing outside of the semi-closed staff room door.

"*Tea, Mr. Gregory?*"

"*Don't mind if I do. Thank you very much,*" he'd say as he eased his way around the door and took his usual chair. The initial repartee, always formal, always the same, in an old-world English tone, intentionally denoted as much appreciation as if the invitation had been an unexpected surprise, as well as a first. Then there was silence. He sat quietly, without any demand, and waited for his tea to be poured, milked with two sugars, and served along with his designated cream doughnut, which he then in turn wordlessly tapped, chomped, and converted to crumbs and white sugar dust in less than a minute. Then, and only then, when the cup was drained and the plate was empty was there time to chat.

Nobody knew just how long this play-ritual had been taking place, but everyone accepted Thomas's regular tearoom presence as being as much of a tradition of court procedure as the black gowns and bleached horsehair wigs. It was as much of an expectation to find Thomas Gregory sitting stolidly at the

tea table as it was to open the door on the row of law-crow garments hanging in the lockers of the library cloakroom, where they dangled patiently without expression—lifeless corpses, waiting for the summons and the chance to play their customary part in the show.

Thomas's stuffing of a few coins in the battered, ancient tea caddy, sitting waiting on the end of the sink bench for his weekly donation, ensured the daily performance would unquestionably run on as if it were a celebrated, sold-out Broadway production.

John could see how easy it would be to take this Paddington Bear into one's heart. There was a childlike openness about him, like he'd ingeniously risen up and stepped out of that character's book that normally lived amongst the jumbled basket of toys his own staff kept in the welfare office waiting area. That particular storybook was the latest and most popular addition to a collection of distractions to amuse small children whilst they innocently awaited their future destinies.

Thomas's face beamed with a Paddington frankness that was by no means hidden by his attempts now to perform a proper self-introduction as he simultaneously groped in his waistcoat pocket for his card.

"May I sit down for a moment? Those stairs..." Thomas spluttered, his body almost bursting through the buttoned waistcoat of his three-piece suit. He stumbled captivatingly, completely in character, toward one of the chairs placed ready for interviews.

"Of course...!" It was John's turn to apologize as he lunged forward, grabbing at the back of the chair to turn it invitingly. He'd been firmly sitting on the far side of his desk, evaluating the eccentric nature of his visitor, not realizing how long he'd kept him awkwardly flapping about in the doorway.

Thomas appeared completely unperturbed by the fact he'd caught John off guard. When he'd regained his own equilibrium, he chuckled. "I could do with a stairway like yours. It might get this"—he patted his rotund stomach as fondly as one would a pet pooch—"into better shape." He thankfully grasped the glass of water John offered him, and then, after he had drained it, his manner and facial expression gradually became a little sterner. He glanced momentarily at John before filling the silent space with a rush of words that took John completely by surprise. "I need your advice...no, perhaps your help and understanding." The words crisp from the mouth as they slipped over his saliva-starved tongue.

Thomas instantly recognized the annoying hangover trait from the stiff-upper-lip English heritage of his formative years—an old habit with a life of its own, which always seemed to pour forth when he found himself in an awkward moment. "It really is a long story and would, or could, prevail on a great deal of your time and patience..." he added, deliberately engaging a more relaxed tone.

John observed Thomas's *thing* about the English language—the impression of pride on correct and seemingly accustomed articulation of each and every word as he enunciated them with care. "I think that's maybe what I'll have as of right now... time!" he responded before Thomas had a chance to elaborate further. The last word expelled on an outward rush of air as he added, "You do realize, don't you, I'm actually finished here in my official capacity?" The query was aimed hesitantly through squinting eyes. John needed to place Paddington back in his literary bear-dwelling basket so he could concentrate on the actual presence of the man before him.

"Yes...No. Well, actually, it is partly because of your retirement I felt perhaps you would be able to give me the time to

help with this case. But as I say, it is a long story, and I should need quite some time to tell it and even more time for us to work on it." He hadn't intended to mislead John Peters, just whet his appetite enough for him to be keen to hear more.

John's curiosity was certainly aroused. Thomas, even when the overlay of a child's cuddly toy was peeled back, had a boyish charm not easy to resist.

"If you've no engagement this evening...?" Thomas cocked his head to one side expectantly. He was making every effort to conceal his anxiousness, adding an even broader smile as an additional sales pitch.

"None whatsoever!" Not waiting for Thomas to enlarge further, John exclaimed more quickly than he would have had he known the venue Thomas was about to suggest.

"Good!" The older man twinkled with delight. "What say you to a bachelor dinner at the club?" He laughed infectiously.

Strangely, despite himself, John unexpectedly felt lighter. The heaviness and seriousness of his predicament, that had been rapidly creeping in on him only moments before, were swept away. He instantly felt renewed, even to the point of looking forward to leaving the office behind him. Still, he did slightly regret agreeing to Thomas's proposition quite so heartily. *The club!* He'd avoided even walking in the same street whenever possible.

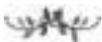
He had from long ago chastised himself for what, in his better moments, he considered to be ridiculously juvenile behavior. However, he also consoled himself in the knowledge neither was there any need to foster his envy. Mostly he had learned to control his feelings, but he was unable to completely forget, or accept, the fact he could never be a member of that exclusive place.

Thomas, sensing the momentary reluctance, also detected the slight tension etching a white rim around John's lips. Thinking

it may be the proviso of formal dress being required; he began to offer an alternative, but was once again interrupted mid-sentence.

“No...No, truly it’ll be fine. Honest, I look forward to it.” John over-emphasized. He would have been embarrassed to have to admit to his feelings connected to the RSA Club.

“Six o’clock then...I don’t drive myself now, so I’ll pick you up by taxi.”



The clock in the lounge was still striking as the cab pulled up outside his residence. John was ready. He’d spent only a few more minutes gathering together the last remaining objects from the office. Snapping the worn and deflated briefcase shut and placing a last moment’s benedictory hand on the manila-d children waiting silently and hopefully for some grown-up’s attention to their plight signified the final closing of his career. He’d done all he could do. The in-tray was empty for the first time ever. Now it was all to be for someone else!

Switching off the light, he’d left without turning back, as if the day had been of no particular or special significance at all.

Once bathed and changed into his seldom worn tuxedo—taking great pains over the wretched bow tie, now sitting miraculously under control at just the desired angle, John had examined his mirrored reflection with a covert measure of pride. Thank God the gauntness he’d encountered earlier in his office windowpane had vanished. Staring smilingly back at him was an assured man—a six-feet-tall man with a slim, athletic figure, sporting only slightly receding gray-less fair hair—a groomed actor man, ready for his curtain call on a new act in a different play.

inevitable tirade of misery, and if Miri had any doubt, the return of the cannonball weighing heavily in her stomach served as confirmation of her fears.

Nothing had really changed, except Hemi had now seen a side of his father he liked. He began to hero-worship Joe, constantly following him about—a shadow, boyishly attempting to emulate the way his father walked and talked. Miri knew soon Joe would, in some way or other, slap Hemi back into line, but she dared not interfere! And she so wished she would not be right.

To deter the little fellow, Joe had started giving Hemi more and more chores to complete until the boy could hardly stay awake long enough to eat his dinner. Hemi sat at the table, head in hand, trying to keep his eyes from closing. If he could just have rested them for a minute...His head slipped forward onto his plate.

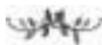
Infuriated, Joe—half standing, belted his clenched fist onto the table with such force the crockery and cutlery bounced and clattered in all directions; the crescendo of the percussion of his wild overture smashing and crashing like giant cymbals as they collided with the wooden floor. Thankfully he hadn't hit out. Instead he turned to a wide-eyed Emma, instructing her to pack her things.

Emma had not waited to be told twice. Holding her hands over her ears, she ran from the room. Would this yelling never stop? Even leaning on the door as she slammed it shut behind her couldn't block Joe's voice booming through the wall, into her head.

Miri's expression didn't alter. Neither had she moved from her chair. The little boy she loved so dearly was fast asleep, his head resting on a pillow of mashed potato—away from it all.

Joe's voice cracked as he became aware there was no longer an audience. He walked around the table, and with his face a fraction of an inch from Miri's, he hissed venomously through clenched teeth, "I'll not spend another night under the same roof with you lazy, good-for-nothing Maoris."

Miri remained totally motionless even though the smell of his stale sweat made her nauseous. Not until Joe had retreated to find Emma did she woozily pull herself slowly to her feet. The sick feeling made her sway dizzily as she instinctively, with eyes closed, reached out to the sink. She was ill. Leaving the spew of her nervous concern splattered around the bowl, she leaned her full weight against the bench, rinsing her face with cold water until she'd regained enough strength to carry her son to bed.



Emma, stuttering in fear of her father, hesitantly asked if her mother and Hemi had been naughty again. But immediately the words had left her lips, she regretted having spoken. It was always better when there was just the two of them. Her father never got angry when there was just them and nobody else.

He swung round on her—that innocent face. Joe's hand froze mid-flight, and with a grunt he fell backward onto the bed exhausted.

Emma cuddled in close beside her father, and when she felt his chest heaving evenly, and the vibration of his breath begin to rattle deep, she knew he'd fallen asleep. They wouldn't be going anywhere. Not that night.

In the wee hours of the morning, way before dawn, when the air still held tenaciously to the dark of night, Emma felt

her father's strong arms around her. As he lifted her from the coziness of the bed, he whispered it was time to go. She clung to him. This was the father she loved. That man who'd shouted last night—he was someone different. Someone she would forget.

By the time Miri woke, Joe and Emma had gone. She didn't have to check the bedroom to know they were no longer there. The oppression that dogged her when Joe was residing at the cottage had gone with them, and she felt a beautiful sense of peace.

It was late when Hemi tottered into the kitchen, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Miri helped him dress, gave him a piece of hot buttered toast, and then, thrusting his packaged lunch, into his hands, she lovingly pushed him out of the door. If he didn't dawdle too much, he would get to school before the bell. She watched as he disappeared down the road, his feet leaving little puffs of dust as he ran. When he got as far as the bottom of the hill, he turned to wave.



Miri had hoped Maui's visits could now resume, as Joe returned to the cottage only intermittently, and even then it was to collect odds and ends for his camp or to leave her some money. He never handed it directly to her, but placed it, while she wasn't looking, under the kerosene lamp on the mantelpiece, together with a short list of essential basics she was permitted to send Hemi to the shop to buy. But instead of Maui coming to her after school, Hemi started walking home around the long way—passed the marae. What could she offer that would be as tempting as all that open space where they could romp

free from discipline? Remembering her own childhood, she didn't discourage Hemi. He had just as much right to spend some time learning the Maori way as Maui.

Hemi would arrive home, full of the stories his grandfather told him, chattering incessantly through mouthfuls of food. His life was so full of new and exciting experiences he was to be forgiven for being oblivious to his mother's loneliness.

Miri would have so welcomed the company of her sons, but knew she had long ago lost Maui, and now it was time for her to let the younger one go free. Still, regardless of knowing the fruitlessness of it, she optimistically suggested to Hemi he might like to invite his brother home with him as he had during those first months at school. But even as she mouthed the words, she could tell her second son was into far wider adventures than simply sharing cookies and milk in the kitchen with his mother. How could he know how much it would have meant to her to recapture some of those times that had helped restore her to health!



The summer holidays were long and lazy for the boys. They spent every daylight hour together. Miri dutifully prepared a daily buttered-crust picnic lunch, and the two of them left hurriedly to explore the length of the beach, bobbing in and out of the water to cool off, fishing off the rocks, or paddling about the river mouth, building dams to alter the flow of the water. They talked nonstop of the important issues—their grandfather's legends, the Tohunga's magic, the elders' power, or even the day they'd been given sixpence to buy ice cream. The shop lady had given them Eskimo Pies wrapped in chocolate, for

three pence each. They rolled on the hot sand, savoring the sweet memory of it. The only unmentionables were any subjects connected to their parents or their sister—leaving them totally absorbed in each other and in the sun, sand, and water of their playground. As birds, the two free spirits flew uninhibited during the sunlight hours—reluctantly returning to the security of their respective nests as the sun slid behind the horizon over the sea.

Miri waited patiently each day for the boys' return, hopeful of a few minutes with Maui before he scampered back to the marae, never showing her disappointment at being shut out of their lives and resisting the strong temptation to cling to them.

Except for the days when Joe was needed to work at the mill, he and Emma spent the summer at their camp. Sometimes he would leave Emma with her mother, but more often she would sit all day and watch the huge slabs of logs as they screamed through the massive circular saw. Occasionally she spotted her brothers, but only from a distance. They never noticed her, or more to the point, they avoided going too close to the mill if they thought there was the slightest chance of their father being there.

Emma was particularly polite to her mother, so much so Miri felt she was entertaining a small stranger. Joe had given them permission to spend some time on the beach, but the list of dos and don'ts brought with them a familiar sense of foreboding. Almost as soon as the sand had squeezed through Emma's toes, her mother would decide it was time to retreat to the safety of the cottage. And as Emma loved Miri's baking, just as the boys had when they were younger, it wasn't too difficult to bribe the little girl to leave the beach with the promise of her favorite—an Afghan biscuit, chocolate iced with a half walnut set on top.

Glossary of Maori Terms

Ae	To agree or give assent
Hangi	Traditional feast cooked in underground oven
Hariru	Warm greetings
Hatana	Satan
Hongi	Maori kiss – touching nose to nose, forehead to forehead
Hori	Derogatory term for Maori
Karanga	The calling onto Marae
Kumara	Purple skinned sweet potato
Makutu	Curse - spell
Mana	High esteem
Manuka	Shrub, native to Aotearoa (New Zealand)
Maori	New Zealand tribal descendants of ancient Polynesian migrants
Maoridom	Encompassing all things Maori
Maoritanga	Maori spiritual reference to body, mind and soul

FOR A FEE OF TWO SHILLINGS

Marae	A collection of buildings to form a village
Ngati Tairi	Name of a Maori Tribe
Pa	Fortified village
Pakeha	Common Maori term for people of European descent
Paua	Type of abalone shellfish native to Aotearoa (New Zealand)
Poi	Light ball attached to string, swung in various movements as an accompaniment to song
Powhiri	Welcoming ceremony
Puha	Perennial sow-thistle
Puhi	Of royal birth
Punga	Tree native to Aotearoa (New Zealand) – Tree Fern
Rata	Climbing plant native to Aotearoa (New Zealand)
Rimu	Tree native to Aotearoa (New Zealand) – Red Pine
Tangata whenua	People of the land
Tangi	Funeral
Tapu	Sacred – prohibited – forbidden – under protection
Tarata	Tree native to Aotearoa (New Zealand) - whitey-wood
Tena Koutou Katoa	Welcome to you all
Tohunga	High priest – medicine man
Wero	A challenge in dance form
Whanau	Extended family
Whare	House – sleeping quarters



Fate weaves its tricky threads amongst the garment of intrigue
and mystery shrouding Miri, a beautiful young Māori woman.
Her attempt to materialise her childhood obsession and fantasy
to be other than she is, only serves to create a mantle of despair
to hover over her life. Her choices, and her mistakes,
impact upon her children's lives as well as those
she unwittingly influences.

These adults are confronted by their own personal weaknesses,
and they are given cause to examine their religious
and spiritual beliefs, their family relationships, as well
as the cultural expectations, bigotry and prejudice,
accepted as the norm within pre and post World War II
New Zealand society.



Published by Dancing Lion Press, dancinglion.co.nz

ISBN 13:978-1456578398