

# Hāvalivaliga ma Toku Papa



**Hatesa Kirifi**

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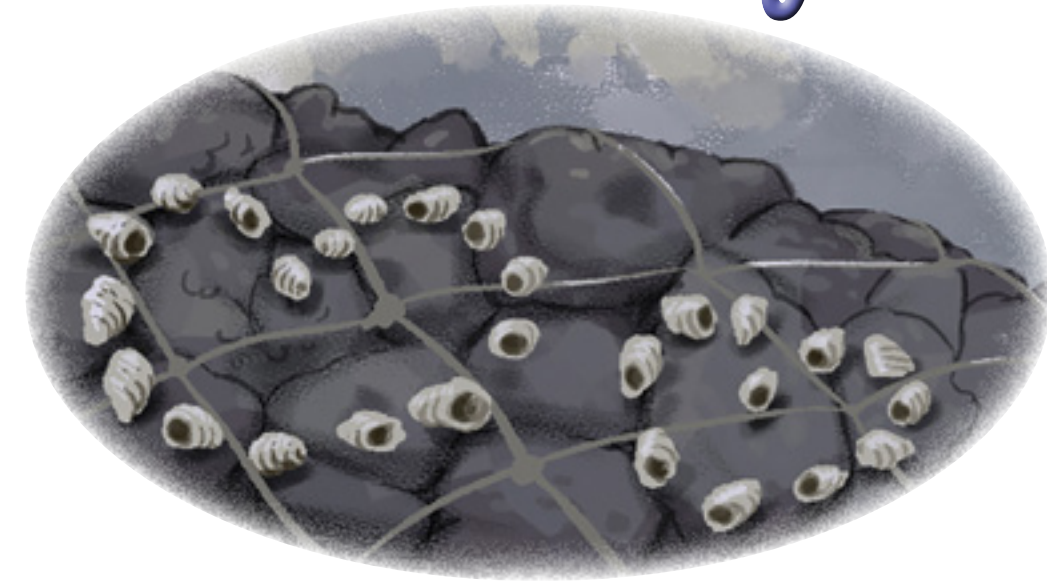
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# Hāvalivaliga ma Toku Papa



*na tūhia* e Hatesa Kirifi

*na tūhia nā ata* e Samuel Sakaria



**K**o Falani e nofo i Niu Hila.  
Ko tona kāiga na olo tafafao  
ki te lātou kāiga tokalahi i Atafu.

Pa ki te tahi aho,  
kae lea ki ei ia Papa  
pe fia fano ia oi hāvalivali.



E hāvalivali atu i loto o te kakai,  
ka ko Falani kua talanoa ki tona Papa  
ki ana uō i Niu Hila.  
Nae manatu ki ei.





Teki lava, kae tū ia Falani.  
“Papa, he ā kō te piha?”

“Kikila ake ki luga,”  
ko Papa kua lea.  
“E kē kitea atu?  
Ko ni manu e fānanau ma nonofo –  
i luga o nā lākau ienā,”  
kua fakamatala ki ei ē Papa.

“Ko he punuā manu tē?”  
kua fehili ia Falani,  
ma fakahino ē ia ki ā Papa te mea  
nae taufatitio ake i te vā  
o nā laulākau.







Kua teka mai ma te kakai,  
kae toe tū ia Falani.  
“Papa, he ā kō te manogi kino mai?”  
ko Falani kua fehili.

“Ko te pā puā,” ma te kata o Papa,  
kae tago fakamahiki ia Falani ki luga  
ke kitea e Falani te tahi itū o te pā.



Kua teka te pā puā kae afe  
ki te itū taumatau  
ki he tamā auala.

“Ni ā ko iē?” kua fehili ia Falani.

“Ko ni laupapa tioata mo te lā –  
mō te tātou paoa,”  
kua fakamatala ki ei ē Papa.

Kua faitau nei e Falani nā atu laina.  
“Tahi, lua, tolu, fā, lima.”





Ko te auala na gata i te fenuatanu.

“Ko kinei te iei ai tō papa?”  
ko Falani kua fehili.

E heki vave he tali ma Papa na fai.  
Na matea tona fanoanoa i tana mānava.  
“Heāloa! Kua hē matea tona tūgamau,”  
kua lea ki ā Falani.  
“Na tāfea kehe i ni galu lalahi  
tē tahi vāega o te fenuatanu.  
Ko tē na fau ai te taligalu tēnā.”

Kua hāvalivali atu āgai ki te taligalu.

“Papa, e ova mai nā galu  
ki luga o te taligalu?”  
ko Falani kua fehili.  
Kae kikila agai ki te mea  
e fafati ai nā galu i na pū faiava.

“E hēai, kua malupuipua nei,”  
ko Papa kua lea.

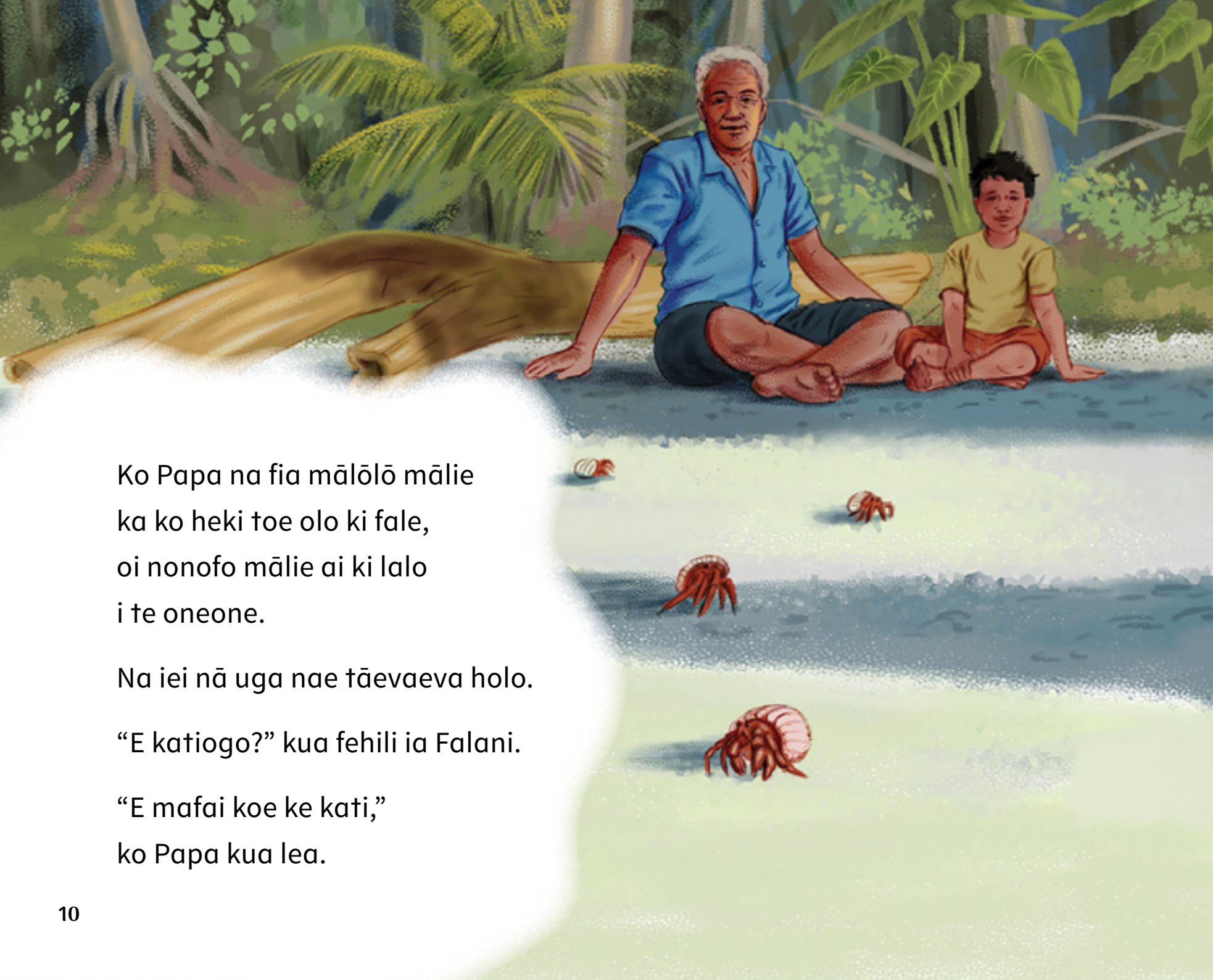
Toe māfaufau ai ia Falani ki te tala  
ā Papa na fātoa fai ake.

“Kua galo lā te tūgamau o toku tupuna,”  
ko Falani kua lea.

Kae tugaki ia Papa. “Io.”







Ko Papa na fia mālōlō mālie  
ka ko heki toe olo ki fale,  
oi nonofo mālie ai ki lalo  
i te oneone.

Na iei nā uga nae tāevaeva holo.

“E katiogo?” kua fehili ia Falani.

“E mafai koe ke kati,”  
ko Papa kua lea.

Fano ai ia Falani oi ao fīgota.  
Kae e hēki tago ki he uga.





“Papa,” ko Falani kua lea,  
“E iei toku manatu.  
He ā e hē tuku vēnei ai  
nā tahi fīgota i te fenuatanu?”

Na māfaufau mālie ia Papa  
ki te manatu o Falani.  
Kae lea, “E fehoahoani atu au.”

Toe ao ai e Falani ma Papa nā tahi fīgota.  
Olo ai oi tuku ki luga o te taligalu  
ma fai te lā tatalo.

“Falani, te aulelei mai,  
ma te mānaia o tō manatu.”





“Kua fiafia koe, Papa?”  
kua fehili ia Falani.

“Io, ko au kua fiafia,”  
ko Papa kua lea.

“E kō iloa e fiafia toku papa ki nā fīgota.  
E fiafia lele foki.  
Moinei koulua na fetauī.”



Na toe hāvalivali agai ia  
Falani ma Papa ki te kakai.  
Na pāhi i nā laupapa tioata mo te lā.  
Na hāvavali ma pāhi i te pā puā.





Na hāvavali i nā lalo lākau  
ma lalo o nā manulele,  
oi tālo ai ia Falani  
ki te punuā manu.

Na pā atu lava ki te fale o Papa,  
kae tago ia Nena oi foki na vai inu mālūlū  
a Falani ma Papa.





# A Walk with Papa



**Hatesa Kirifi**



This picture book is for sharing with young children.

Early childhood kaiako and audio support for this text is available online at [www.tewhariki.tki.org.nz/PELP](http://www.tewhariki.tki.org.nz/PELP)

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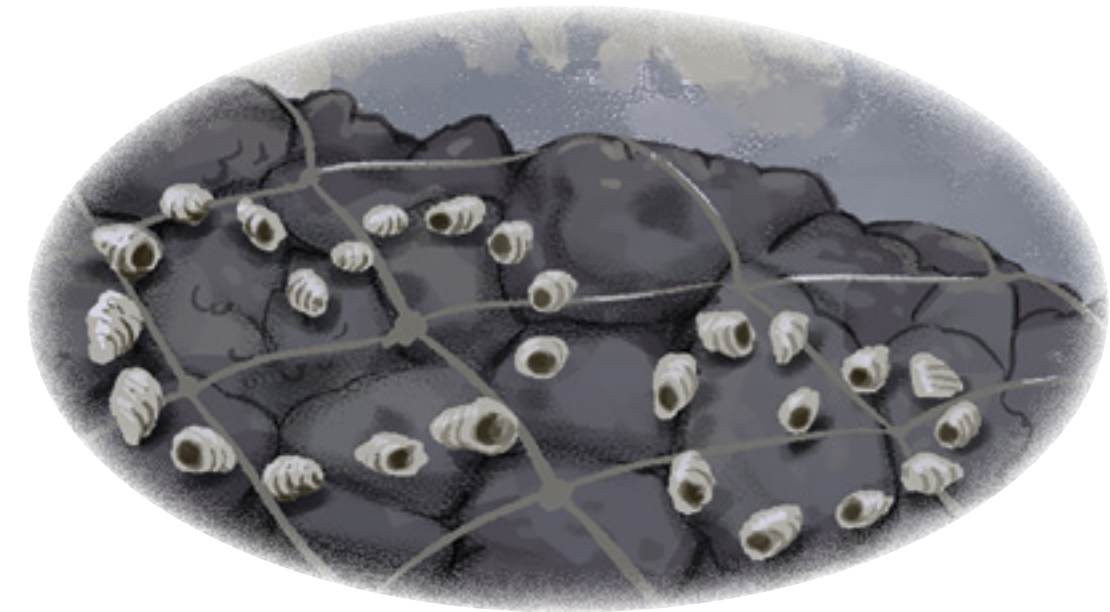
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# A Walk with Papa



by Hatesa Kirifi

*illustrations by Samuel Sakaria*

Ministry of Education



Falani lives in New Zealand.  
His family was visiting  
their kāiga tokalahi in Atafu.

One day, his Papa asked  
if he'd like to go for a walk.



As they walked through the village,  
Falani told Papa  
about his friends in New Zealand.  
He missed them.





Suddenly, Falani stopped.

“Papa, what’s that noise?”

“Look up,” said Papa.

“Can you see?”

That’s where the seabirds roost –  
up there in the trees,”

Papa explained.

“Is that a chick?” asked Falani,  
and he showed Papa where it was  
peeking through the leaves.

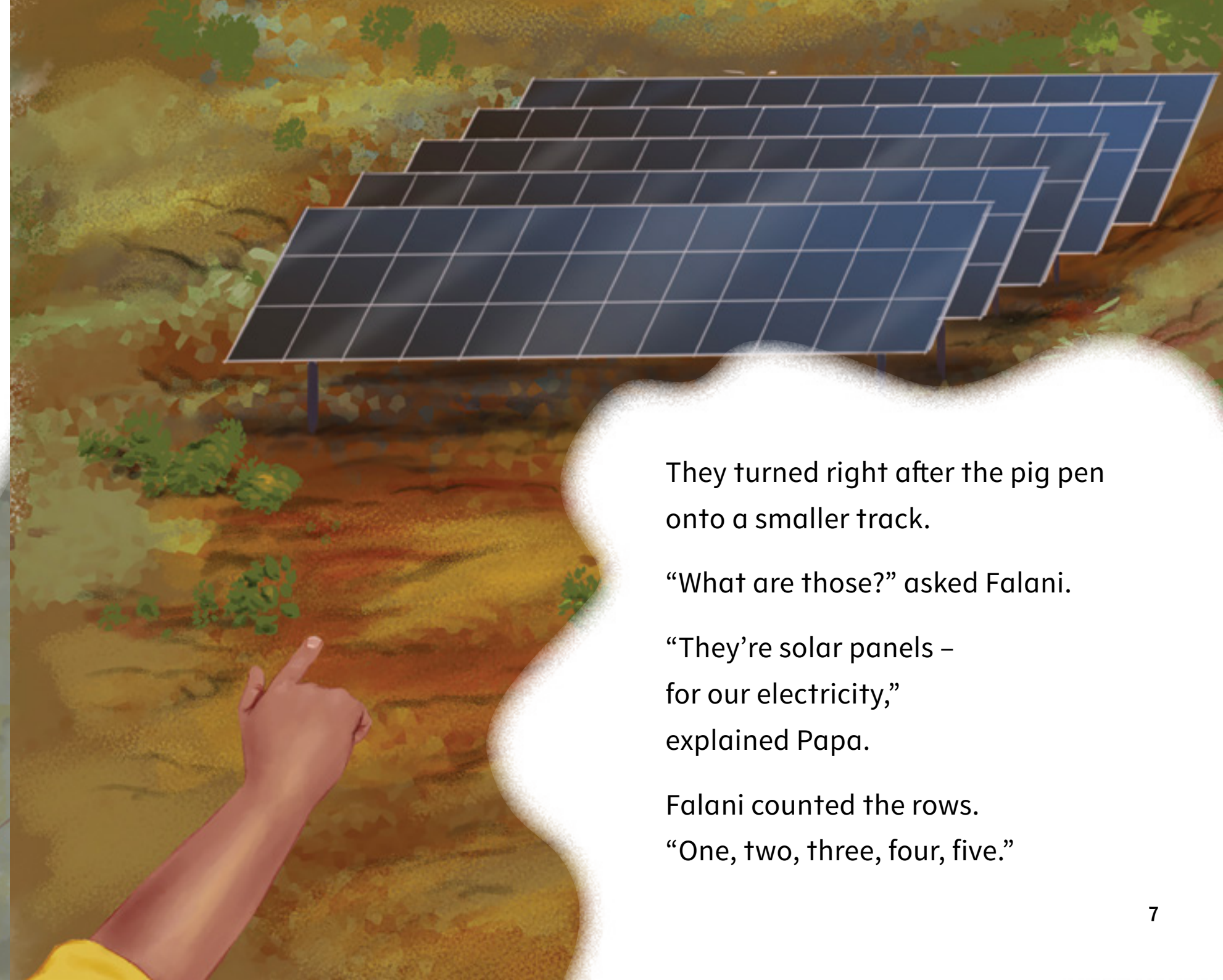






As they left the village,  
Falani stopped again.  
“Papa, what’s that funny smell?”  
asked Falani.

“It’s the pig pen,” laughed Papa,  
and he held Falani up  
so that Falani could see over the wall.



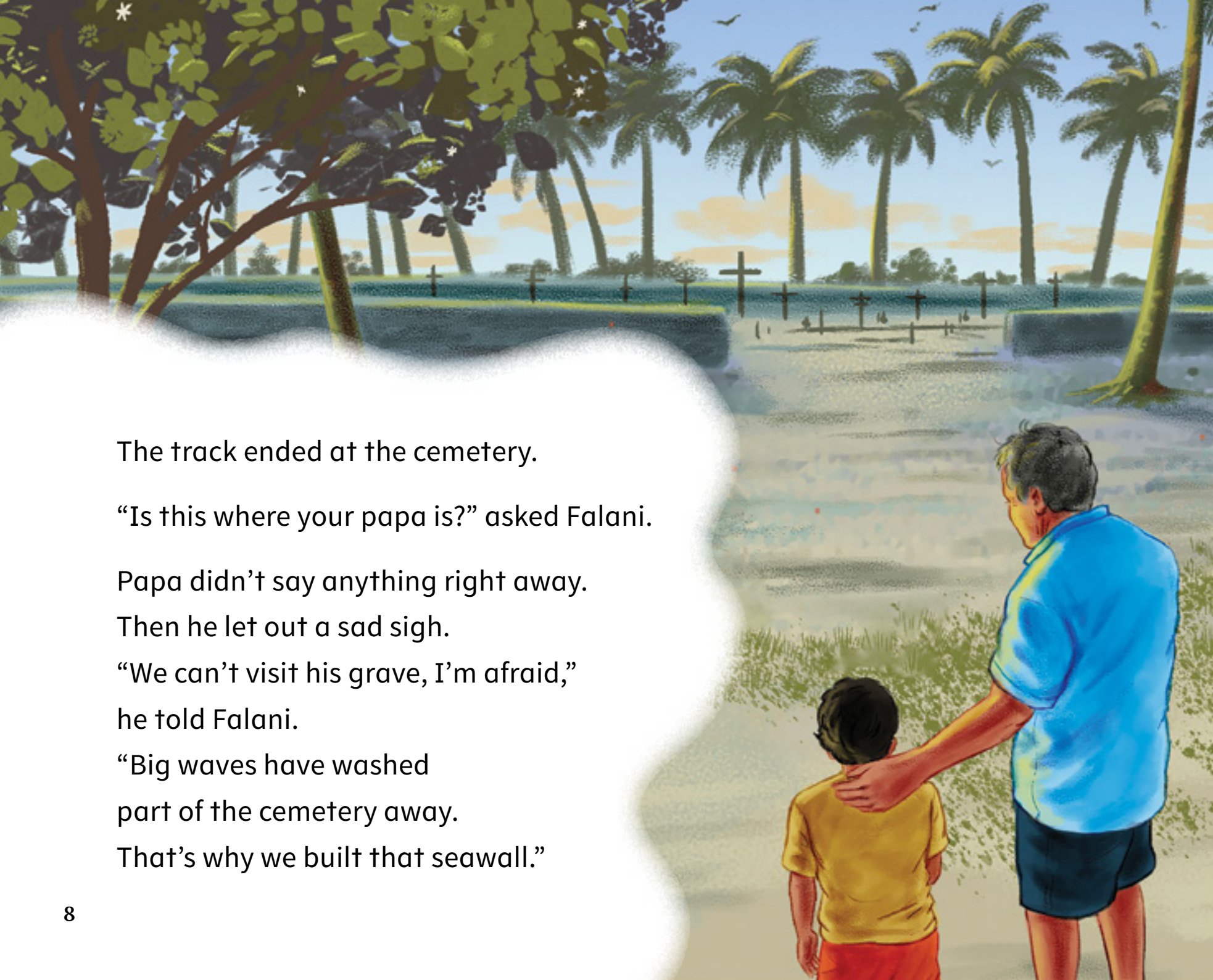
They turned right after the pig pen  
onto a smaller track.

“What are those?” asked Falani.

“They’re solar panels –  
for our electricity,”  
explained Papa.

Falani counted the rows.  
“One, two, three, four, five.”



An illustration of a tropical cemetery. In the foreground, a man in a blue shirt and dark shorts stands with his back to the viewer, his hand on the shoulder of a young boy in a yellow shirt and orange shorts. They are looking towards a low concrete seawall that runs across the middle ground. Behind the seawall, several wooden crosses mark graves. The background is filled with tall palm trees under a clear blue sky with a few birds flying. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

The track ended at the cemetery.

“Is this where your papa is?” asked Falani.

Papa didn’t say anything right away.  
Then he let out a sad sigh.

“We can’t visit his grave, I’m afraid,”  
he told Falani.

“Big waves have washed  
part of the cemetery away.  
That’s why we built that seawall.”

They walked over to the seawall.

“Do the waves come over this seawall, Papa?”  
asked Falani. He looked out to where  
waves were breaking on the reef.

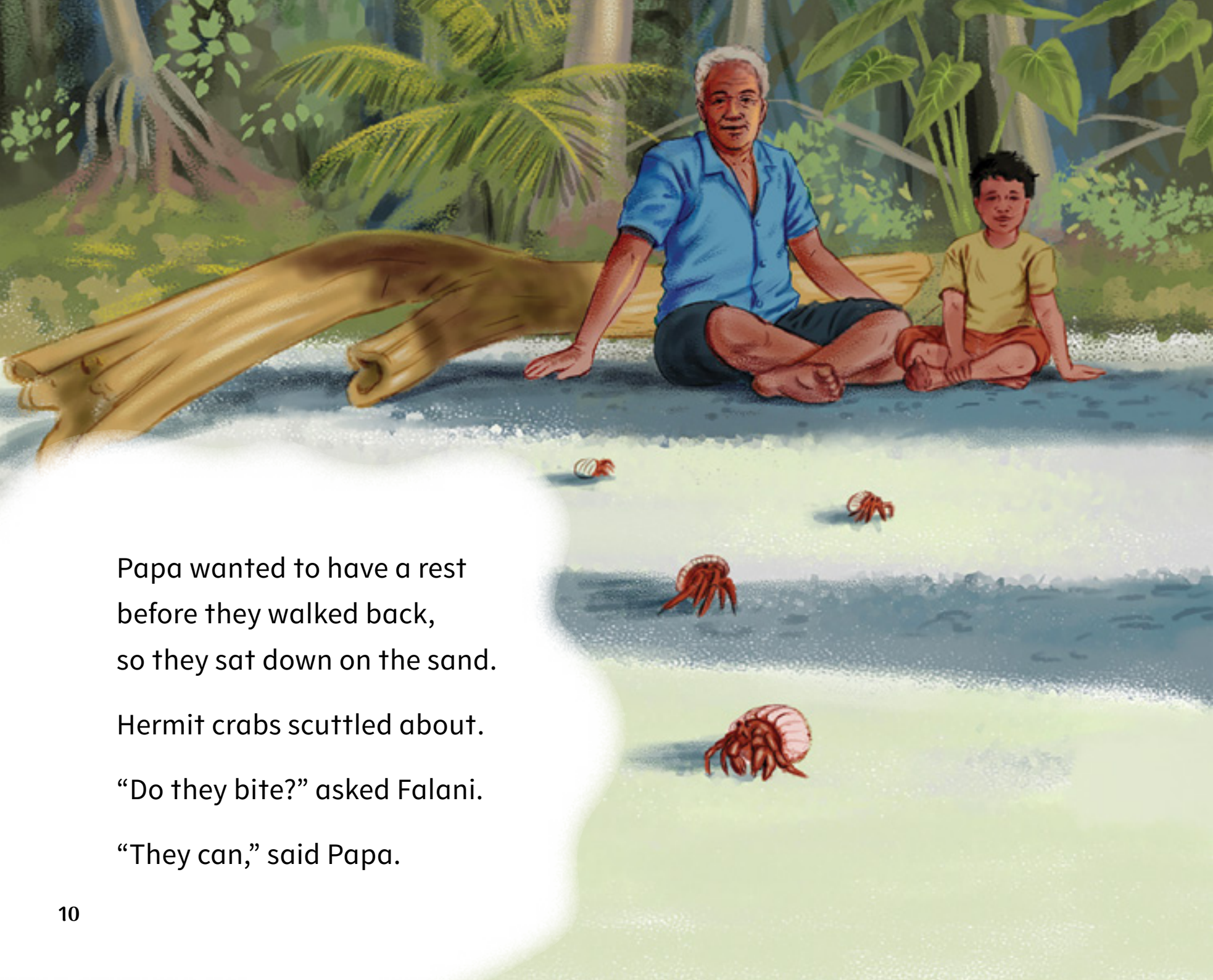
“No, it’s safe now,” said Papa.

Falani thought about what Papa  
had just told him.

“So great-grandpa’s grave is lost,”  
said Falani.

Papa nodded. “Io.”





Papa wanted to have a rest  
before they walked back,  
so they sat down on the sand.

Hermit crabs scuttled about.

“Do they bite?” asked Falani.

“They can,” said Papa.

So Falani collected some empty shells instead.  
He didn't touch the hermit crabs.





“Papa,” said Falani, “I have an idea.  
Why don’t we leave some of these shells  
at the cemetery?”

Papa thought about Falani’s idea.  
“I’ll help you,” he said.

Falani and Papa  
collected more shells.  
Then they put them on the seawall  
and said a prayer.

“They look beautiful, Falani.  
This was a good idea.”





“Do you feel happier now?”  
asked Falani.

“I do,” said Papa.

“I know my papa  
would have liked those shells.  
He would have loved  
to have got to know you, too.”



Then Falani and Papa  
walked back to the village.  
They walked past the solar panels.  
They walked past the pig pen.





They walked under the trees  
and the seabirds,  
and Falani waved to the chick.

And when they got back to Papa's house,  
Nena gave Falani and Papa  
a cool drink.

