## Wandering Soul

## WANDERING SOUL

BY SUSIE JI

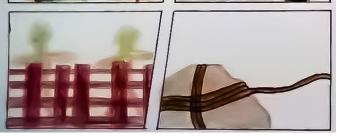


I am Tūmatahina, the chief of Muriwhenua Tribe.

We were held under siege and running out of food.



We made dummy warriors out of bulrushes and placed them around the palisades of the pā.



Then we made a long flax rope, which was fixed to a rock on the mainland.



I sent people one at a time, hand-over-hand, along the rope.

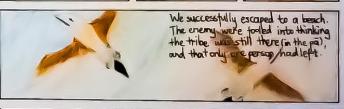


I followed at the rear.



We successfully escaped.

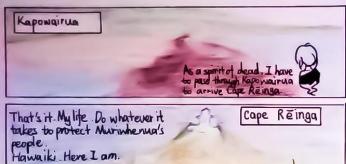
I used my especially large feet to conceal all the other footprints.



The enemy were fooled into thinking only one person had left.

Years Passed

With us, and godwits.



No one can escape death. I was aged. As a spirit of death, I was out of my body. I arrived at Cape Rēinga where spirits congregate before leaping into the water.



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When I open my eyes again, the sea is still endless in front of me.

I jumped into the water,



Before proceeding to their spiritual home in Hawaiki, spirits usually sing a last lament for the loved ones they have left behind in Manawatāwhi where spirits surface after crossing the ocean.



But it seems that my spirit is now hosted on a godwit.



My people, though I cannot always be with you, but every spring, I come back to see you.

It danger is imminent, I will shout from the sky Ruia raia, tahia, tahia, Ruia, raia, tahia, tahia, Ruia, raia, tahia, tahia,

I tried speaking like a person.

But I can only make bird calls, 'ruia' sounds and 'tahia' sounds.

This doesn't seem too bad.

When danger is imminent, I would shout from the sky, 'RUIA, RUIA, TAHIA, TAHIARUIA, RUIA, TAHIA, TAHIARUIA, RUIA, TAHIA, TAHIA-'

Kia hemo te kākoakoa, Kia herea mai i te kawau korokī. Kia tātaki mai i roto i te pūkorokoro, whaikoro, Te kūaka, he kūaka mārangaranga, Tahi manu i tau ki te tāhuna, tau atu, tau atu!