

More Tangaroa's Caviar

1. An Introduction to Tangaroa
2. Uncle Hen's Duffle Bag

1. An Introduction to Tangaroa

The early Māori settlers lived close to the sea and relied on it for food and other resources. They believed that there is a special spiritual energy and life that comes from the sea. This energy is called Tangaroa "The God of The Sea".

There are many traditional Māori stories told about Tangaroa. The story you have just read is just one of many that show Tangaroa as the "Guardian of The Sea" and all that it contains.

Today Tangaroa needs all the help to preserve the treasures he rules over.

Rebecca and I hope you have enjoyed our story, and like Tangaroa, you will also become Guardians of our seas and rivers and enjoy the treasures they offer.

2. Uncle Hen and the 'Duffle Bag'

Uncle hated going shopping because it wasted good fishing time. This Friday however he needed to have his fishing reel repaired and he was the only person in the world who knew how it worked, so he had no option.

As a man of action of and very few words, Uncle Hen was first to finish his shopping. We had agreed to meet back at the car outside the Supermarket. Uncle Hen was waiting in the car when he saw that the Army Surplus Store had a Special on duffle bags. He used his special negotiating skills and soon became the proud owner of an unused Arm Surplus duffle bag.

On Saturday while going fishing I noticed that Uncle Hen had his new duffle bag with him. We were having a very successful fishing time, probably because Uncle Hen hadn't caught all the fish the night before. We were running low on bait.

"I'll go and get us some big juicy tuatua for bait" Uncle Hen volunteered. I couldn't believe it. The fish were still biting and here he was offering to stop. He collected his 'new' duffle bag and headed off up the beach.

Just as I was wondering why it was taking him so long the Fishery's Inspector drove past in his vehicle. Half an hour later Uncle Hen returns **without** his Duffle bag and his pockets full of tuatua bait. We continue fishing.

Uncle Hen keeps looking up the beach to where the Inspector had gone. Eventually the Inspector's vehicle comes back into sight. As he passes, he shouts out. "I'll catch you next time Uncle Hen," he calls out as he drives past. After he's gone Uncle Hen says, "I must have left my duffle bag up where the large juicy 'tuatuas are".

Uncle Hen headed back up the beach to where the Inspector had come from. I had used up all the bait, including the tuatuas before Uncle Hen reappeared looking very angry. "What's the problem?" I asked. "Nothing" he said, before mumbling something under his breath that sounded like. "You could have at least left my duffle bag behind you B.....". I pretended I didn't hear this and decided not to say anything at all on the way home. I just thought about very large juicy tuatua and wondered when the next season for toheroa's might be.