

# MAORI CREATION

(written in part by Ruth Lemon)

In the beginning, there was Te Kore, The Nothing. From Te Kore came Te Pō, The Night. There were many nights. The last Night joined with Space and there came into being two thoughts.

These thoughts were called Rangī, the Sky Father, and Papa, the Earth Mother. They were so much in love that they held each other tightly and refused to let go of each other.

Thus the sky and the earth were joined solidly together. There was no light on the earth as Rangī and Papa's tight embrace prevented it. There was not even enough room for Time to slip between them.

Papa and Rangī gave birth to over 100 children; some of the children were Tangaroa, god of the sea, Tāne, god of the forests, Tūmātauenga, god of war, Whiro, god of darkness and Tawhirimātea, god of the winds.

They were all trapped between their parents and could hardly move. The children talked about what they should do.

Tāne suggested that he would separate their parents. Whiro, was angry with Tāne, because he was the eldest, and he should be the one to do this. Tawhiri wanted their parents to be left alone. Tūmātauenga thought they should just kill the parents. But in the end, most of the children agreed that Tāne should push them apart.

Tāne, god of the forests, carried four poles with him. He placed one of the poles by his parents' legs and one by their heads. He then pushed his parents apart. He pushed for years and years and years.

Rangī the Sky and Papa the Earth were separated and became the sky above and earth below as we know them today. The blood from Rangī became the red of the sunset. The blood from Papa became the red clay earth.

Light came into the world at last. The children moved to the four corners. But Tawhiri was very angry at what had been done. The anger grew in him until he couldn't bear it any more.

Tawhiri ripped out his eyes and threw them into the heavens, where they turned into the first two stars. He then turned his blind fury on all of his brothers. He blew hurricanes, tornadoes, cyclones. He made tsunamis and huge storms. His anger had no end.

Papa and Rangī were unhappy. They missed each other so much that they cried and cried and cried. Rangī's tears became rivers and oceans and dew on the grass. The mists that rise from the ground are from Papa, sighing with loneliness.

