

IGCSE Short Stories "Journey" by Patricia Grace (1980)

A About the Author – Patricia Grace (1937)

Patricia Grace was born in Wellington in 1937. She graduated with a Diploma in Teaching at Victoria University. Patricia began writing by entering her work in competitions with local newspapers before joining a Penwoman's Club in Auckland. Her first collection of short stories, *Waiariki*, was published in 1975 and won the PEN/Hubert Church Award for Best First Book of Fiction. Her first novel *Mutuwhenua* (1978) was the first novel ever published by a Maori woman writer and was short listed for the fiction section of the New Zealand Book Awards. Grace's novels are well known throughout New Zealand and have also been published in the United States, United Kingdom, Holland, Spain, Italy and Germany.



In 1985, Patricia was awarded the Victoria University of Wellington writing fellowship. She used this time to complete her second novel, *Potiki* (1986). This book won the fiction section of the New Zealand Book Awards in 1987 and has been much applauded since. She was awarded the Literaturpreis from Frankfurt, Germany for *Potiki* in 1994.

Patricia has written numerous short stories throughout her career. Collections such as *The Dream Sleepers and Other Stories* (1980), *Electric City and Other Stories*, (1987), *Selected Stories* (1991) and *The Sky People* (1994) allowed her to investigate often challenging Maori experiences through a diverse range of protagonists. Patricia was awarded the Queen's Service Order in 1988 and an Honorary Doctorate of Literature from Victoria University in 1989. Her third novel, *Cousins* (1992), again placed her on the shortlist for the fiction section of the 1992 New Zealand Book Awards. Her fourth novel, *Baby No-eyes* (1998), was short listed for the Tasmania/Pacific Prize for Literature.

Dogside Story was published in 2001. With this novel Patricia won the Kiriama Pacific Rim Fiction Book Prize in 2001; was long listed for the Booker Prize in 2002; was short listed for the fiction prize of the Montana Book Awards 2002 and the Tasmania/Pacific Prize for Literature. Her next novel, *Tu* (2004), won the Deutz Medal for Fiction or Poetry at the Montana New Zealand Book Awards 2005. Prime Minister Helen Clark bestowed Patricia with the NZ\$60,000 Prime Minister's Award for Literary Achievement in 2006. This Award recognises writers who have made a significant contribution to New Zealand Literature. Patricia was acknowledged in 2007 in the Queen's birthday honours list, becoming a Distinguished Companion of the New Zealand Order of Merit (CNZM) for her services to literature. In the same year she was selected as the 2008 Laureate of the Neustadt International Prize for Literature, announced at a ceremony at the University of Oklahoma. An international jury representing 10 countries selected her as the winner of the US\$50,000 prize administered by the University of Oklahoma and its international magazine, *World Literature Today*.

Patricia Grace continues to be active within the New Zealand literary community, presenting her work at events and taking part in the NZ Book Council's Writers in Schools programme. Patricia lives in Plimmerton on her ancestral land of Ngati Toa, near her home Marae at Hongoeka Bay.

B Historical Context – The Maori (*Tangata Whenua: the local people*)

The Maori arrived in New Zealand in the 10th century AD. They called the new land Aotearoa, which means Land of the Long White Cloud. The Maori brought dogs and rats. They also brought yams and kumara or sweet potatoes and gourds. The Maori also ate fern roots. There was also an abundance of seafood in New Zealand. The Maori hunted dolphins, whales and seals and they ate fish and shellfish. They also hunted large, flightless birds called moa - until they became extinct.

Maori society was tribal. Each person belonged to a family or whanau, a subtribe or hapu and the full tribe or iwi. Warfare was common in New Zealand. The Maori built fortified settlements called pa. They fought with long wooden clubs called taiaha and short wooden clubs called patu. They also fought with short jade clubs called mere. People captured in war became slaves.

The Maori are famous for their wood carvings. They also make pendants or tikis from whalebone. The Maori are also famous for their tattoos or moko, which were made with a bone chisel, a mallet and blue pigment.

The first European to see New Zealand was a Dutchman called Abel Tasman who arrived in 1642. Ominously Europeans fought with the Maori and the Europeans were not keen to return. However, the new land was named New Zealand after a Dutch province.

Europeans left New Zealand alone until 1769 when Captain James Cook arrived in his ship The Endeavour. The first encounters with the Maori were violent so Cook called the place Poverty Bay and sailed away. However later, at Mercury Bay, Cook managed to befriend the local Maori. He went on to circumnavigate New Zealand and to accurately map it. Cook made two more voyages to New Zealand in 1773 and 1777. Furthermore, other European explorers came, French and Spanish.

Towards the end of the 18th century sealers began to sail to New Zealand. The first group arrived on South Island in 1792. Then, at the beginning of the 19th century whalers came to New Zealand. Sailors began to cut wood from New Zealand for masts and spars and a small group of Europeans settled there. In the early 19th century some Europeans began buying land from the Maori.

Moreover, there were isolated conflicts between the Maori and Europeans but generally relations were peaceful. The Maoris traded food and flax for European goods - including muskets. Imported muskets made Maori warfare much bloodier. The so-called musket wars were fought between 1819 and 1825. Furthermore, Europeans brought diseases to New Zealand to which the Maoris had no resistance. On the other hand, they did bring potatoes and pigs.



Maori warriors perform a Haka, a dance of welcome. The ceremony is an ancient Maori tradition used to determine if visitors came in peace or with hostile intent.

Meanwhile, missionaries went to New Zealand. The first was Samuel Marsden who arrived in 1814. At first the missionaries had little success. The first Roman Catholic missionaries arrived in 1838. Then in 1817 the laws of New South Wales were extended to New Zealand. However, there was little law and order among the European settlers and some of them appealed to the British government for help. So, in 1833 the government sent a man named James Busby as 'official British Resident'. The British government were concerned about the way people were buying land from the Maori and they wanted it to be properly regulated. Busby's job was to unite the Maori tribes into a federation that the British could deal with. In 1838 Busby was replaced with a man named William Hobson.

At first the British government was reluctant to make New Zealand a colony. They changed their minds when they feared the French were about to do so. In 1840 William Hobson persuaded the Maori to accept annexation by the treaty of Waitangi. The Maori accepted the sovereignty of the British crown. In return the Maoris became British subjects and they were guaranteed possession of their land. However, despite the treaty the British and the Maori soon quarrelled. Also, in 1840 Hobson made Auckland the capital of New Zealand. Meanwhile the Maori grew disenchanted with the treaty of Waitangi and in 1844 a chief named Hone Heke cut down the British flag (symbol of British authority in New Zealand) several times. He sacked the town of Kororareka and he fought a 2-year war with the British. However, he was eventually defeated.

The white population of New Zealand grew at a tremendous rate. By 1861 it was almost 100,000. By 1881 it was nearly 500,000. However, the Maori were increasingly discontented. Some Maoris in North Island appointed a king in 1858. In 1860 simmering Maori resentment broke out into war. The fighting dragged on until 1872. As a result of the war large amounts of land was confiscated from rebel tribes.

The Maori also suffered from diseases introduced to New Zealand by Europeans and their numbers declined drastically. In 1769, when Cook arrived, there were about 100,000 Maori. By 1896 their numbers had fallen to 42,000. By 1956 the white population of New Zealand reached about 2 million. The Maori population was about 135,000. In 1975 the Treaty of Waitangi Act was passed. It formed a tribunal to examine Maori land claims.

However, many Maori continue to suffer deprivation.

3rd person focalised narration + interior monologue
access to his thoughts
suggests difficulty & distance
progress vs physical
different meanings of the word

C "Journey" by Patricia Grace (1980)

no name given
traditional/spiritual/adventurous

desire for self-sufficiency.

him vs them
anonymous
others take care of him

He was an old man going on a journey. But not really so old, only they made him old buttoning up his coat for him and giving him money. Seventy — one that's all. Not a journey, not what you would

really call a journey — he had to go in and see those people about his land. Again. But he like the

word Journey even though you didn't quite say it. It wasn't a word for saying only for saving up

in your head, and that way you could enjoy it. Even an old man like him, but not what you would

call properly old. The coat was good and warm. It was second — hand from the jumble and it was

good and warm. Could have ghosts in it but who cares, when that's the main thing. If some old

pakeha¹ died in it that's too bad because he wasn't scared of the pakeha² kehuas² anyway. The pakeha

10 anything, it was only like having a sheet over your head and going woo — woo at someone in the

lavatory ...

He better go to the lavatory because he didn't trust town lavatories, people spewed there and wrote

15 — Taxi. rude words. Last time he got something stuck on his shoe. Funny people those town people.

— It's coming Uncle. Taxi Uncle. They think he's deaf. And old. Putting more money in his pocket and wishing his

coat needed buttoning, telling him it's windy and cold. Never mind, he was off. Off on his journey,

he could get round town good on his own, good as gold.

20 — Out early today old man. Business young fulla.

— Early bird catches the early worm. It'll be a sorry worm young fulla, a sorry worm. Like that is it?

— Like that. — fantasy of dominance, control over the planet.

You could sit back and enjoy the old taxi smells of split upholstery and cigarette, and of

something else that could have been the young fulla's hair oil or his b.o. It was good. Good. Same old

taxi same old stinks. Same old shop over there, but he wouldn't be calling in today, no. And tomorrow

they'd want to know why. No, today he was going on a journey, which was a good word. Today he

was going further afield, and there was a word no one knew he had. A good wind today but he had a

warm coat and didn't need anyone fussing. Same old butcher and same old fruit shop, doing all right these days not like before. Same old Post

Office where you went to get your pension money, but he always sent Minnie down to get his

because he couldn't stand these old — age people. These old — age people got on his nerves. — Yes, same old place, same old shops and roads, and everything cracking up a bit. Same old

taxi. Same old young fulla.

— How's the wife? — Still growling old man.

— What about the kids? — Costing me money.

40 — Send them out to work that's the story.

— I think you're right you might have something there old man. Well here we are, early.

¹ pakeha: Caucasians (in New Zealand's native language). ²

² kehuas: ghost (in New Zealand's native language).

— Still another half hour to wait for the train.

— Best to be early. Business. Guess you're right.

— What's the sting? cost. *sense of self-importance*

45 — Ninety — five it is. *losing control, authority.* *JX attempts of power with weakness later on.*

— Pull out a fistful and give the young fulla full eyes. Get himself out on to the footpath and shove the door, give it a good hard slam. Pick me up later young fulla, ten past five. Might as well make a day of it, look round town and buy a few things. — Don't forget ten past five. Right you are old man five ten.

lexical field of power, hints at aggression later in passage.

modern world makes it safer but old man feels present as malevolent deteriorated and corrupt. Man is left behind in process of modernisations.

50 People had been peeing in the subway the dirty dogs. In the old days all you needed to do to get on to the station was to step over the train tracks, there weren't any piss holes like this to go through, it wasn't safe. Coming up the steps on to the platform he could feel the quick huffs of his breathing and that annoyed him, he wanted to swipe at the huffs with his hand. Steam engines went out years ago.

stream of consciousness unfiltered rambling thoughts

aging. sense of violence. in control us man's world is slowly dying. powerless

deterioration reflects him link man's breathing to steam engines

55 Good sight though seeing the big engines come bellowing through the cutting and pull in squealing, everything was covered in soot for miles those days.

JX same old symbol of the modern world

New man in the ticket office, looked as though he still had his pyjamas on under his outfit. Miserable looking fulla and not all impressed by the ten-dollar note handed through to him. A man feels like a screwball yelling through that little hole in the glass and then trying

barrier between him & modern world.

lit. grumpy old man.

60 to pick up the change that sourpuss has scattered all over the place. Feels like giving sourpuss the fingers, yes. Yes he knows all about those things, he's not deaf and blind yet, not by a long shot.

wound up by trivial things

most films/literature presents the elderly as sweet.

Ah warmth. A cold wait on the platform but the carriages had the heaters on, they were warm even though they stank. And he had the front half of the first carriage all to himself. Good

65 idea getting away early. And right up front where you could see everything. Good idea coming on his own, he didn't want anyone fussing round looking after his ticket, seeing if he's warm and saying things twice. Doing his talking for him, made him sick. Made him sick them trying to walk slow so they could keep up with him. Yes he could see everything. Not many fishing boats gone out this morning and the sea's turning over rough and heavy — Tamatea that's omniscience...

wants to do it himself. stubborn about his age.

70 why. That's something they don't know all these young people, not even those fishermen walking about on their decks over there. Tamatea a Ngana, Tamatea Aio, Tamatea Whakapau — when you get the winds — but who'd believe you these days. They'd rather stare at their weather on television and talk about a this and a that coming over because there's nothing else to believe in.

traditional Maori moan patterns.

Now this strip here, it's not really land at all, it's where we used to get our pipis, any time or tide.

violence foreshadow the passive, blindly accepting → wistful loss of Maori land.

But they pushed a hill down over it and shot the railway line across to make more room for cars. The train driver knows it's not really land and he is speeding up over this strip. So fast you wait for the nose dive over the edge into the sea, especially when you're up front like this looking.

displacement of land & theme JX

forceful community

Well too bad. Not to worry, he's nearly old anyway and just about done his dash, so

almost accepting death.

separation they are different.

80 why to worry if they nose dive over the edge into the sea. Funny people putting their trains across the sea. Funny people making land and putting pictures and stories about it in the papers as though it's something spectacular, it's a word you can use if you get it just right and he could surprise quite a few people if he wanted to. Yet other times they go on as though land is just a nothing. Trouble is he let them do his talking for him. If he'd gone in on his own last

Maori had different activities depending on the moon. Traditional superstitions belief in weather patterns. Depending on moon there were days for harvesting, fishing etc. → sadness of passing traditions.

85 time and left those fusspots at home he'd have got somewhere. Wouldn't need to be going in there today to tell them all what's what.

assertive, believes in his power to get things done.

Lost the sea now and coming into a cold crowd. This is where you get swamped, but he didn't mind, it was good to see them all get in out of the wind glad to be warm. Some of his whanaungas² lived here but he couldn't see any of them today. Good job too, he didn't want them hanging round wondering where he was off to on his own. Nosing into his business. Some of the old railway houses still there but apart from that everything new, houses, buildings, roads. You'd never know now where the old roads had been, and they'd filled a piece of the harbour up too to make more ground. A short row of sooty houses that got new paint once in a while, a railway shelter, and a lunatic asylum and that was all. Only you didn't call it that these days, he'd think of the right words in a minute.

There now the train was full and he had a couple of kids sitting by him wearing plastic clothes, they were gog-eyed stretching their necks to see. One of them had a snotty nose and a wheeze.

On further it's the same — houses, houses — but people have to have houses. Two or three 100 farms once, on the cold hills, and a rough road going through. By car along the old road you'd always see a pair of them at the end of the drive waving with their hats jammed over their ears. Fat one and a skinny one. Psychiatric hospital, those were the words to use these days, yes don't sound so bad. People had to have houses and the two or three farmers were dead now probably. Maybe didn't live to see it all. Maybe died rich.

foreshadowing what happens to him.

105 The two kids stood swaying as they entered the first tunnel, their eyes stood out watching for the tunnel's mouth, waiting to pass out through the great mouth of the tunnel. And probably the whole of life was like that, sitting in the dark watching and waiting. Sometimes it happened and you came out into the light, but mostly it only happened in tunnels. Like now.

110 And between the tunnels they were slicing the hills away with big machines. Great looking hills too and not an easy job cutting them away, it took pakeha determination to do that. Funny people these pakehas, had to chop up everything. Couldn't talk to a hill or a tree these people, couldn't give the tree or the hills a name and make them special and leave them. Couldn't go round, only through. Couldn't give life, only death. But people had to have houses, and ways of getting from one place to another. And anyway who was right up there helping the pakeha to get rid of things — the Maori of course, riding those big machines. Swooping round and back, up and down all over the place. Great tools the Maori man had for his carving these day, tools for his new whakairo³, but there you are, a man had to eat. People had to have houses, had to eat, had to get from here to there — anyone knew that.

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120 He wished the two kids would stop crackling, their mothers dressed them in rubbish clothes that's why they had colds.

Then the rain'll come and the cuts will bleed for miles and the valleys will drown in blood, but the pakeha will find a way of mopping it all up no trouble. Could find a few bones amongst that lot too. That's what you get when you dig up the ground, bones.

link to end of story

The old man represents the past, and his world is fading

² whanaungas: peers (in New Zealand's native language).

³ whakairo: A Maori traditional art of carving in wood, stone or bone. Wood was formed into houses, fencepoles, containers, and tool handles.

125 Now the next tunnel, dark again. Had to make sure the windows were all lit up in the old days or you got a face full of soot.

here, surprisingly, the man appreciates modernity.

change of tone

And then coming out of the second tunnel that's when you really had to hold your breath, that's when you really had to hand it to the pakeha, because there was a sight. Buildings miles high, streets and steel and concrete and asphalt settled all round the great-looking curve that was the harbour. Water with hip on it, and roadways threading up and round the hills to layer on layer of houses, even in the highest and steepest places. He was filled with admiration. Filled with admiration, which was another word he enjoyed even though it wasn't really a word for saying, but yes he was filled right to the top — it made him tired taking it all in. The kids too, they'd stopped crackling and were quite still, their eyes full to exploding. in awe!

respect. admiration for modern ingenuity

family and community orientated

fond of. — old man's relative.

so much to see, total childish wonder that the old man shares.

135 The snotty one reminded him of George, he had pop eyes and he sat quiet not talking. The door would open slowly and the eyes would come round and he would say I ran away again Uncle. That's all. That's all for a whole week or more until his mother came to get him and take him back. Never spoke, never wanted anything. Today if he had time he would look out for George.

returning to the habitual

140 Railway station much the same as ever, same old platforms and not much cleaner than the soot days. Same old stalls and looked like the same people in them. Under ground part is new. Same cafeteria, same food most likely, and the spot where they found the murdered man looked no different from any other spot. Always crowded in the old days especially during the hard times. People came there in the hard times to do their starving. They didn't want to drop ~~the~~ dead while they were on their own most probably. Rather all starve together.

his boasting vision.

starving & mass poverty in the past TX the present.

Same old statue of Kupe with his woman and his priest, and they've got the name of the canoe spelt wrong his old eyes aren't as blind as all that. Same old floor made of little coloured pieces and blocked into patterns with metal strips, he used to like it but now he can just walk on it. Big pillars round the doorway holding everything in place, no doubt about it you had ~~the~~ to hand it to the pakeha.

man keeps his Maori identity strong.

disrespectful fundamental failure to understand admiration of western world TX dislike. changing times

stream of consciousness, link to 2 paras before.

paternal figures provide for family

land has ancestral importance to him.

Their family hadn't starved, their old man had seen to that. Their old man had put all the land down in garden, all of it, and in the weekends they took what they didn't use round by horse and cart. Sometimes got paid, sometimes swapped for something, mostly got nothing but why to worry. Yes great looking veggies they had those days, turnips as big as pumpkins,

160 cabbages you could hardly carry, big tomatoes, lettuces, potatoes, everything. Even now the ground gave you good things. They had to stay home from school for the planting and picking, usually for the weeding and hoeing as well. Never went to school much those days but why to worry.

authority, respect

great sense of stress in the present.

Early, but he could take his time, knows his way round this place as good as gold. Yes he's

165 walked all over these places that used to be under the sea and he's ridden all up and down them in trams too. This bit of sea has been land for a long time now. And he's been in all the pubs and been drunk in all of them, he might go to the pub later and spend some of his money. Or he could go to

⁴ soot: Soot is mostly made of carbon, and it forms when matter burns incompletely. Engines, burning coal, and house fires are all sources of soot, and soot is a major contributor to air pollution around the world. It's dangerous for people to breathe too much soot into their lungs.

⁵ Kupe: According to tribal narratives, Kupe was the first Polynesian to discover the islands of New Zealand. His journey there was triggered by difficulties with fishing in Hawaiki, his homeland.

very confident.

the continuous pictures but he didn't think they had them any more. Still, he might celebrate a little on his own later, he knew his way round this place

170 without anyone interfering. Didn't need anyone doing his talking, and messing things up with all their letters and what not. Pigeons, he didn't like pigeons, they'd learned to behave like people, eat your feet off if you give them half a chance.

And up there past the cenotaph that's where they'd bulldozed all the bones and put in the new motorway. Resited, he still remembered the newspaper word, all in together. Your leg

175 bone, my arm bone, someone else's bunch of teeth and fingers, someone else's head, funny people. Glad he didn't have any of his whanaungas underground in that place. And they had put all the headstones in a heap somewhere promising to set them all up again tastefully — he remembered — didn't matter who was underneath. Bet there weren't any Maoris driving those bulldozers, well why to worry it's not his concern, none of his whanaungas up there anyway.

180 Good those old trams but he didn't trust these crazy buses, he'd rather walk. Besides he's nice and early and there's nothing wrong with his legs. Yes, he knows this place like his own big toe, and by Jove he's got a few things to say to those people and he wasn't forgetting. He'd tell them, yes.

The railway station was a place for waiting. People waited there in the old days when times

185 were hard, had a free wash and did their starving there. He waited because it was too early to go home, — his right foot was sore. And he could watch out for George, the others had often seen George here waiting about. He and George might go and have a cup of tea and some kai.

He agreed. Of course he agreed. People had to have houses. Not only that, people had to have other things — work, and ways of getting from place to place, and comforts. People needed

190 more now than they did in his young days, he understood completely Sir. Kept calling him Sir, and the way he said it didn't sound so well, but it was difficult to be sure at first. After a while you knew, you couldn't help knowing. He didn't want any kai, he felt sick. His foot hurt.

Station getting crowded and a voice announcing platforms. After all these years he still didn't know where the voice came from but it was the same voice, and anyway the trains could go

195 without him it was too soon. People. Queueing for tickets and hurrying towards the platforms, or coming this way and disappearing out through the double door, or into the subway or the lavatory or the cafeteria. He was too tired to go to the lavatory and anyway he didn't like... Some in no hurry at all. Waiting. You'd think it was starvation times. Couldn't see anyone he knew.

200 — I know I know. People have to have houses, I understand and it's what I want. Well it's not so simple Sir.

— It's simple. I can explain. There's only the old place on the land and it needs bringing down now. My brother and sister and I talked about it years back. We wrote letters ... — Yes yes but it's not as simple as you think.

205 — But now they're both dead and it's all shared — there are my brother's children, my sister's children, and me. It doesn't matter about me because I'm on the way out, but before I go I want it all done.

— As I say it's no easy matter, all considered. Subdivision. It's what we want.

— There'll be no more subdivision Sir, in the area.

⁶ kai: traditional Maori food. Kai Maori is made up of kaiwhenua — food from the land, and kaimoana — food from the sea.

210 — Subdivision. My brother has four sons and two daughters, my sister has five sons. Eleven sections so they can build their houses. I want it all seen to before...

— You must understand Sir that it's no easy matter, the area has become what we call a development area, and I've ^{patronising} explained all this before, there'll be no more subdivision.

— Development means houses, and it means other things too, I understand that. But houses, ~~that's~~ it's what we have in mind.

— And even supposing Sir that subdivision were possible, which it isn't, I wonder if you fully comprehend what would be involved in such an undertaking. — I fully comprehend ...

— Surveying, kerbing and channelling and formation of adequate access, adequate right of ~~ways~~ ways. The initial outlay ...

— I've got money, my brother and sister left it for the purpose. And my own, my niece won't use any of my money, it's all there. We've got the money.

— However that's another matter, I was merely pointing out that it's not always all plain sailing.

225 — All we want is to get it divided up so they can have a small piece each to build on ... — As I say, the area, the whole area, has been set aside for development. All in the future of course but we must look ahead, it is necessary to be far-sighted in these concerns.

— Houses, each on a small section of land, it's what my niece was trying to explain...

— You see there's more to development than housing. We have to plan for roading and

230 commerce, we have to set aside areas for educational and recreational facilities. We've got to think of industry, transportation ... ^{JX}

— But still people need houses. My nieces and nephews have waited for years. They'd be given equivalent land or monetary compensation of course.

But where was the sense in that, there was no equal land. If it's your it' stamping ground and ~~that's~~ you have your ties there, then there's no land equal, surely that wasn't hard to understand. More and more people coming in to wait and plastic kids had arrived. They pulled away from their mother and went for a small run crackling. He wished he knew their names and hoped they would come and sit down by him, but ~~his~~ ^{no} their mother was striding, turning them toward a platform because they were getting a train home. Nothing to say for a week or more.

240 and never wanted anything except sitting squeezed beside him in the armchair after tea until he fell asleep. Carry him to bed, get in beside him later then one day his mother would come. It was too early for him to go home even though he needed a pee.

— There's no sense in it don't you see? That's their stamping ground and when you've got your ties there's no equal land. It's what my niece and nephew were trying to explain the last ~~time~~ time, and in the letters ...

— Well Sir I shouldn't really do this, but if it will help clarify the position I could show you what has been drawn up. Of course it's all in the future and not really your worry ... — Yes yes I'll be dead but that's not ... I'll get the plans.

And it's true he'll be dead, it's true he's getting old, but not true if anyone thinks his eyes have

250 had it because he can see good enough. His eyes are still good enough to look all over the paper and see his land there, and to see that his land has been shaded in and had 'Off Street Parking' printed on it.

convincing himself of a physically robust age but also he acknowledges his age.
land being treated with no respect. crude, basic, cheap use of land.
Maori home and house as "Off Street Parking" parking is less important

official is anonymous face of bureaucracy - nobody to sympathise with.

official is dismissive not listening.

ignored - time contrast quick rejection vs years.

fake, modernity, pollution, cheap

he is lonely - heightened importance of family.

George - love for his relative.

mind drifting, focus changes.

repetition - exasperation, unable to communicate point across.

clash of infrastructure and family
narrator doesn't look to future

He can see good close up and he can see good far off, and that's George over the other side standing with some mates. He can tell George anywhere no matter what sort of get — up he's ~~to~~ wearing. George would turn and see him soon.

But you can't, that's only a piece of paper and it can be changed, you can change it. People have to live and to have things. People need houses and shops but that's only paper, it can be changed.

— It's all been very carefully mapped out. By experts. Areas have been selected according to suitability and convenience. And the aesthetic aspects have been carefully considered ... — Everything grows, turnips the size of pumpkins, cabbages you can hardly carry, potatoes, tomatoes ... Back here where you've got your houses, it's all rock, land going to waste there.

You would all receive equivalent sites. Resited ...

— As I say on equivalent land ... There's no land equal ...

265 — Listen Sir, it's difficult but we've got to have some understanding of things. Don't we? — Yes yes I want you to understand, that's why I came. This here, it's only paper and you can change it. There's room for all the things you've got on your paper, and room for what we want too, we want only what we've got already, it's what we've been trying to say. — Sir we can't always have exactly what we want ...

270 — All round here where you've marked residential it's all rock, what's wrong with that for shops and cars. And there'll be people and houses. Some of the people can be us, and some of the houses can be ours.

— Sure, sure. But not exactly where you want them. And anyway Sir there's no advantage do you think in you people all living in the same area?

275 — It's what we want, we want nothing more than what is ours already. It does things to your land value.

He was an old man but he wanted very much to lean over the desk and swing a heavy punch.

— No sense being scattered everywhere when what we want ...

— It immediately brings down the value of your land ...

280 — ...is to stay put on what is left of what has been ours since before we were born. Have a small piece each, a small garden, my brother and sister and I discussed it years ago. — Straight away the value of your land goes right down.

Wanted to swing a heavy punch but he's too old for it. He kicked the desk instead. Hard. And the veneer cracked and splintered. Funny how quiet it had become.

285 — You ought to be run in old man, do you hear.

— Cripes! Look what the old blighter's gone and done. Look at Paul's desk. He must be whacky. He can't do that Paul, get the boss along to sort him out. Get him run in.

— Get out old man, do you hear.

— Yes he could hear, he wasn't deaf, not by a long shot. A bit of trouble getting his foot back ~~out~~ out of the hole, but there, he was going, and not limping either, he'd see about this lot later. Going, not limping, and not going to die either. It looked as though their six eyes might all fall out and roll on the floor.

remains powerful.

remains power through it.

There's no sense, no sense in anything, but what use telling that to George when George already knew sitting beside him wordless. What use telling George you go empty handed

295 and leave nothing behind, when George had always been empty handed, had never wanted anything except to have nothing.

guilty - was trying to do something for family but failed.

family
— How are you son?

— All right Uncle. Nothing else to say. Only sitting until it was late enough to go. Going, not limping, and not going to die either. — convince his strength

300 — There you are old man, get your feet in under that heater. Got her all warmed up for you. — Yes taxi driver
young fulla that's the story. The weather's not so good.

— Not the best.

— How was your day all told? All right. — defiant, put best foot forward.

— It's all those hard footpaths, and all the walking that gives people sore feet, that's what makes your legs tired.

— There's a lot of walking about in that place. You didn't use the buses?

— Never use the buses.

— But you got your business done? All done. — Nothing left to do

— That's good then isn't it?

310 — How's your day been young fulla? A proper circus.

— Must be this weather. — deflecting conversation.

— It's the weather, always the same in this weather. This is your last trip for the day is it? — A couple of trains to meet after tea and then I finish. Home to have a look at the telly. For a while, but there's an early job in the morning ... — selfless & self-sufficient.

315 — Drop me off at the bottom young fulla. I'm in no hurry. Get off home to your wife and kids. — family-importance of

No, no, there's a bad wind out there, we'll get you to your door. Right to your door, you've done your walking for the day. Besides I always enjoy the sight of your garden, you must have green fingers old man. — could be patronising but also respectful.

— It keeps me bent over but it gives us plenty. When you come for Minnie on Tuesday I'll have a couple of cabbages and a few swedes for you. — generous, community-minded, friendly

— Great, really great, I'm no gardener myself. Almost too dark to see.

— Never mind I had a good look this morning, you've got it all laid out neat as a pin.

— Neat as a pin old man.

— And here we are.

325 — One step away from your front door. You can get off home for tea.

— You're all right old man?

— Right as rain young fulla, couldn't be better. I'll get along then.

Tuesday. Now he could get in and close the door behind him and walk without limping to the lavatory because he badly needs a pee. And when he came out of the bathroom they

330 were watching him, they were stoking up the fire and putting things on the table. They were looking at his face.

Seated at the table they were trying not to look at his face, they were trying to talk about unimportant things, there was a bad wind today and it's going to be a rough night. Tamatea? Whakapau.

335 — It must have been cold in town. Heaters were on in the train.

— And the train, was it on time?

— Right on the minute.

⁷ tamatea: tornado (in New Zealand's native language).

— What about the one coming home?

— Had to wait a while for the one coming home.

340 — At the railway station, you waited at the railway station? And I saw George.

— George, how's George?

— George is all right, he's just the same.

— Maisie said he's joined up with a gang and he doesn't wash. She said he's got a big war sign on his jacket and won't go to work. — poor, ominous image for future generations of Maori.

345 — They get themselves into trouble she said and they all go round dirty. George is no different, he's just the same. They were quiet then wondering if he would say anything else, then after a while they knew he wouldn't.

support of George

family's politeness

But later that evening as though to put an end to some silent discussion that they may have been having he told them it wasn't safe and they weren't to put him in the ground. When I go ~~on~~ you're not to put me in the ground, do you hear. He was an old man and his foot was giving him hell and he was shouting at them while they sat hurting. — v. extreme language.

miserable he has put himself into.

— Burn me up I tell you, it's not safe in the ground, you'll know all about it if you put me in the ground. Do you hear? — lost confidence in idea of burial

— Some other time, we'll talk about it. — lost faith in land. (in general.)

355 — Some other time is now and it's all said. When I go, burn me up, no one's going to mess about with me when I'm gone. — violent aggressive

He turned into his bedroom and shut the door. He sat on the edge of his bed for a long time looking at the palms of his hands.

active, imperative, family in pos. of authority.

lit. empty-handed
lost his temper
acknowledging age.
self-reflection
dejected

vacant, lost, blank

D Comprehension, Close Reading & Analysis

- 1) What is the purpose of the old man's journey?
- 2) To what extent did the officials listen to the old man? Find examples and quotes to support your point of view. What tone are the officials' remarks made in?
- 3) "And anyway Sir there's no advantage do you think in you people all living together in the same area." Why do you think the authorities think there is no benefit in the family living close together?
- 4) Why does the old man want to be created instead of buried?
- 5) How do the opening two paragraphs and the closing passage starting with "They were quiet wondering if he would say anything else" reflect the Uncle's changing mood?
- 6) Why do you think the story concludes with the Uncle "looking at the palm of his hands"?
- 7) Grace uses motifs and symbols of blindness and sight throughout the story, as evidenced by the following quotations from the story:
 - "Yes he knos all about those things, he's not deaf and blind yet, not only by a long shot."
 - "... they've got the name of the canoes spelt wrong, his old eyes aren't as blind as that."
 - "His eyes are still good enough to look all over the paper and see his land there, and to see his land has been shaded in and 'Off Street Parking' printed on it."

To what purpose and to what effect are these employed?

- 8) Why do you think Grace capitalises the 'a' in admiration in the following phrase: "... and roadways threading up and round the hills to layer on layer of houses, even in the highest and steepest palces. He was filled with admiration. Filled with Admiration ... but yes he was filled right to the top - it made him tired taking it all in."
- 9) How does the old man view the land and the way the *pakeha* have 'developed' it? Embed a short quote into each of your observations.
- 10) Leg and feet-related imagery forms a recurring motif in the short story; why do you think Grace has included them, and to what effect?
- 11) The narrative point of view shifts perspective in "Journey". At times the old man seems to watch himself in action, to observe himself objectively before returning to a subjective expression of his feelings and knowledge. First, identify the subjective and the objective parts in the passage below:

"He better go to the lavatory because he didn't trust town lavatories, people spewed there and wrote rude words. Last time he got something stuck on his shoe. Funny people those town people." How does the shifting narrative affect your view of the old man?

12) Comment on the way Grace has structured the 'journey' of the story. Consider the physical journey, the opening and ending taxi rides, as well as the reader's own journey through the story.

E Food for Thought and Essay Questions

Write a detailed response to one of the following questions:

1) You are the elderly man and write your thoughts as you sit on the edge of your "bed for a long time looking at the palms" of your hands. Be sure to write in an authentic style and to refer to directly and to allude to the short story "Journey".

2) Comment on Patricia Grace's characterisation of the narrator of the story; to what extent does the reader sympathise with the old man's attitudes towards the land?

3) How does the lack of a clear outcome in Patricia Grace's short story "Journey" make it an impactful and successful short story nonetheless? How does the lack of a clear outcome add to the story's overall message and significance?

F | Opening ideas

- 71-year-old Maori man.
- past/present/modern - Juxtaposition.
- INDIGNATION - how the old man is treated by others.