

the fern trees' laughed Hinemoa. 'Not arms, not arms. All other trees have arms saving the rata, with his tongues of flame, but the fern trees have beautiful green hair. See, Hinemoa, it is hair, and, know you not, should a warrior venture through the bush in the night, they seize him and wrap him round in their hair and in the morning he is dead. They are cruel even as I might wish to be to thee, little Hinemoa.' She looked at Hinemoa with half-shut eyes, her upper lip drawn back, showing her teeth, but Hinemoa caught her hand. 'Don't be the same'<sup>1</sup> she pleaded.

'Now we dive' said Marina, rising and walking to the edge of the rock. The water was here in shadow, deep green, slumbering. 'Remember' she said, turning to Hinemoa, 'it is with the eyes open that you must fall – otherwise it is useless. Fall into the water and look right down, down. Those who have never dived do not know the sea. It is not ripples and foam you see. Try and sink as deeply as [you] can . . . with the eyes open, and then you will learn.' Marina stood for a moment, poised like a beautiful statue, then she sprang down into the water. To Hinemoa it seemed a long time<sup>1</sup> of waiting, but at last Marina came up, and shook her head many times and cried out exultantly 'Come. Come.' A flood of excitement bounded to Hinemoa's brain. She quivered suddenly, laughed again, and then descended. When she came up she caught Marina's hands. 'I am mad, mad' she said. 'Race me back, quickly, I shall drown myself.'

She started swimming. Marina said 'little foolish one' but Hinemoa swam on, her eyes wide with terror, her lips parted. She reached the shore, wrung out her braid, and ran back into the house, never pausing to see if Marina would follow. She shut and locked the door, ran over to the mirror and looked at her reflection. 'What a fright you had, dear' she whispered, and bent and kissed the pale wet face. She dressed slowly and gravely in a straight white gown, just like a child wears,<sup>1</sup> then she drew on her stockings and shoes. Her hair was still wet. She went to dry it on the verandah. Marina had dressed and prepared breakfast. She was standing in the sunshine, combing her hair and catching hold of a long straight piece and watching the light shining through it.

'See how beautiful I am' she cried as Hinemoa came up to her. 'Come and eat, little one.' 'O I am hungry' said Hinemoa going up to table. 'Eggs and bread and honey and peaches, and what is in this dish, Marina?' 'Baked koumaras' . . . Hinemoa sat down and peeled a peach and ate it with the juice running through her fingers. 'Is it good?' said Marina. 'Very.' 'And you are not afraid any more?' 'No.' 'What was it like?' 'It was like . . . like . . . ' 'Yes?' Hinemoa bent her head. 'I have seen the look on your face' Marina laughed. 'Hinemoa, eat a koumara.' 'No, I don't like them. They're blue,<sup>8</sup> they're too unnatural. Give me some bread.' Marina handed her a piece, and then helped