

trepreneurs. Ratana clergyman Terata Waho, who's helping set up the Shannon Kokiri, feels uncomfortable with such terms as profits. He's all for sharing the fruits of any business and came along because the Shannon people want to see their kokiri on a sound footing.

"Grants aren't enough for us to give to our young people what they really need. We want to share a business to

help alleviate the unemployment and crime in our area."

The clothing business the Shannon group is planning won't employ unskilled labour, but 15 local machinists. The kokiri is presently based in an old sewing factory but also has its eye on a place in the main street with a workroom above and a shop below to sell clothes, as well as other products its people make or grow. Any profit will

feed back into the kokiri, providing more training opportunities, facilities, or even land for its people.

The organisers say the 14 wananga can't be expected to churn out millionaires, but they can provide information about the realities of business. And, for the Ratana clergyman from Shannon, an added bonus: "What I liked was when Professor Love said business can only survive through honesty."

There is a season

na Hiria Rakete

Brother and sister walked along the familiar stretch of sand. Warm, familiar home feelings swamping their bodies, a bitter breeze biting into their sensitive young skin.

Their parents had been separated for about two months. Because, they were told, dad had to work away from home. So, they were at their karani's place for the school holidays. But they didn't mind, they loved it there with all their resident relations.

They walked a bit further up the beach, then plonked themselves in the sand. Simultaneously, without exchanging a look or a word. Never commenting.

So they sat. Each with their own thoughts. Missy absently making finger patterns in the sand. Picking up the odd pipi shell and tossing it aside.

She picked up a shell, brushed off the wet sand and stared at its naked beauty.

She tried to think how old it must be, but gave up. Its tough yet corroded structure had been mellowed by the tide. And although the natural elements had contributed to its fragility, killing a lot of its shine, a good rub with a rag would bring it back to life.

Toni threw his find in her lap. It was almost the same, this shell. But there was a groove around the bottom that made it look like these two gifts of Tangaroa were from the same jigsaw.

He stood up, brushing sand from the rump of his jeans, a silent indication that it was time to get back to the house.

They turned their backs on the crashing waves and shuffled their way through the sand. Missy's fingers caressing the shells in the warmth of her jacket pocket, Toni with his head and shoulders drooped.

Neither had even spoken about their parent's separation. They had never witnessed any arguments fights or disagreements between the two people they loved so much.

But dad was always a workaholic. Both knew the rules when dad was working; don't disturb. Not even mum. But then, that was just accepted. And

when dad was in work mode, no one dared defy the rules.

Mum told them in her matter of fact way, that dad wasn't going to be around anymore.

"He will take you out every second weekend", she said. "Everything else though will be the same. You'll both do what you normally do after school. But sometimes I might need to call on you both to help me out with my work. You'll have to put up with me because sometimes I'll get angry for no apparent reason. But that doesn't mean that I don't love you. It will just mean that I'll need to let off steam somewhere. OK?" And they both hugged their mother not really understanding any of what she had just told them.

Toni seemed to take his role seriously — bossing Missy around and making her do the hardest or boring jobs. She grumbled, but obeyed. There was really nothing else she could do about it.

She knew that Toni was only trying to help mum. Missy never told Toni about the times she'd cry for their father. She was scared Toni would laugh at her for being childish. And she didn't want him to think of her like that. She wasn't sure how Toni felt about dad. He was less boisterous about life since dad left. He wouldn't even play monopoly with her anymore. She worried about her brother when he was quiet. Sometimes she just wanted to throw her arms around him, but she knew she wouldn't. He'd tease her for being a 'girl'. So she just sat back and watched him grow from 10 years old, to 16 overnight.

Toni worried about his younger sister. Wondering what she thought of the situation. He hated being hard on her, but he thought it was for her own good. Life was going to be tough on all of them now without dad. He loved the two women in his life. The younger one because he was her idol. No, that

wasn't it at all. But they didn't speak much. About anything really. But his Missy knew nearly every marble trick, footy combination and league rule in the book. He was proud of her too. She wasn't dumb. She was only eight, but clever. And she was tough — with or without dad, he was certain his mother and sister would make it.

After cleaning up their dishes, Missy placed the shells gently on the wooden table. She took in the intricate patterns and unique shapes, then gingerly picked them up.

She imagined they were her parents. And with that thought in mind, tried to interlock them. But she wanted the patterns to match as if they were one and the groove at the bottom of Toni's shell to be the join. Frustrated and angry that the shell wouldn't comply to her wishes she didn't even hear the pieces grinding.

"What are you doing, moko?" The tone of her grandmother's voice was as swift as her shuffling slippers on the lino.

"Nothing karani. Just thinking." And she moved the pieces together again, not conscious of the glassy eyes on her own wistful face.

"Moko..." karani started off huskily, "you can't force things together if they don't fit."

She took one shell and held it between the tips of her own weathered fingers. She toyed with the shell as she did time. Aware of the young brown eyes focussed on the shell.

"This one strong and beautiful just by itself. Same with this one, see?" Silence.

"That's the way it is moko. Individually, their beauty is their own. Forcing them together will break one. It won't double their beauty. They just weren't made to fit perfectly together, moko."

When at least she glanced sideways, she saw the tears rolling down the smooth cheeks. But she knew that what she just said would've had to be said sometime.

"I wa ana ano, moko. I wa ana ano."