

When will I see my Koro again?



By Lisa Eden
Illustrated by Deni Nugroho
co-author Melody Boumelhem

A glossary of Māori words translated into English is located at the back of the book

Original Story by: Lisa Eden

Co-Author: Melody Boumelhem

Illustrated by: Deni Nugroho

Certified Māori Translator 15 (2)(c): Hone Waengarangi Morris

Designed and Edited by: M Boumelhem

A Bilingual edition published by iwibooks.com

iwibooks.com

P.O Box 6090

Baulkham Hills.

NSW, Australia. 2153

Copyright © iwibooks.com 2018

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

ISBN: 978-0-6483714-1-0

For my Koro Denna,

Love your Moko.





When **Koro** passed away, Tama cried many tears.

He was very sad.



He went to his Mother and asked,
“**Māmā**, when will I see my **Koro** again?”

“**Koro** is in a deep sleep, **e tama!**

We will see him one day.”

“I want to see him now!” shouted Tama.

Tama ran outside with tears streaming down his face.

I will go and see my friends, the farm animals,
he thought. They will help me.

Tama ran to the sheep pen.



“Mr **Hipi**, Mr **Hipi**,” called Tama,

“When will I see my **Koro** again?”

“Baaa, Baaa, Baaa,” said the Sheep, “Come and feel the wool on my back. It will remind you of the jumper your **Koro** used to wear.”



Tama went into the sheep pen and touched Mr **Hipi's** back.

“My **Koro** loved his woollen jumper,” he sighed,

“It feels like **Koro**, but it's not **Koro**.” Tama shook his head.

“Go and see the hens,” said Mr **Hipi**, “maybe they can help you.”

Tama went to the chicken coop.
“Mrs **Heihei**, Mrs **Heihei**, when will
I see my **Koro** again?”
asked Tama.



“Cluck, cluck, cluck,” said Mrs **Heihei**.
“Come nestle in my nest with the **pīpī**, and you
will feel **Koro’s** favourite comfy chair.”

Tama went into the chicken coop and sat next to the *pīpī*.



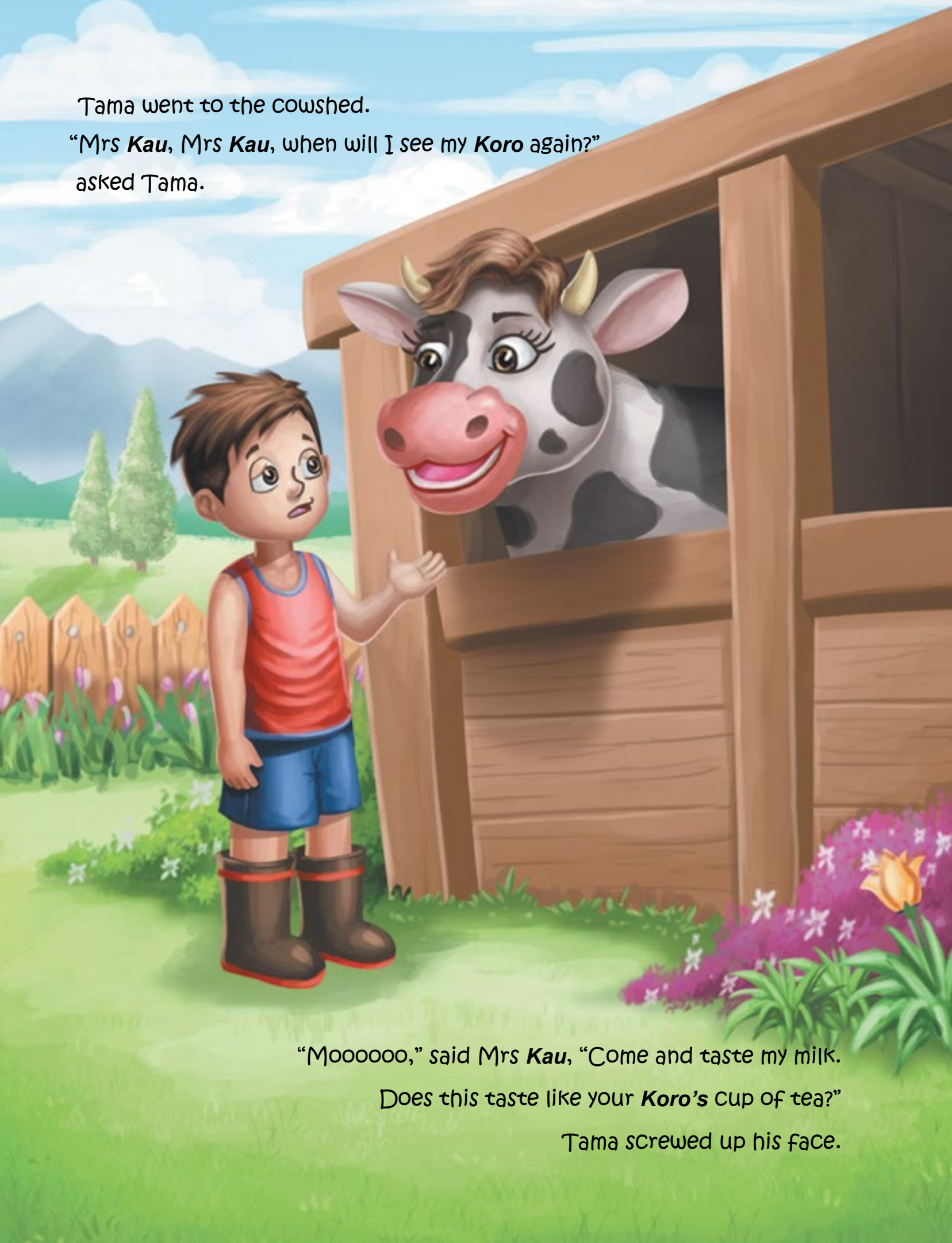
“*He tika tāu*, Mrs *Heihei*. It does feel like *Koro*’s favourite chair!

It’s soft, warm, and lumpy, but this is not my *Koro*,” said Tama.

“Go and talk to the cows, maybe they can help,” said Mrs *Heihei*.

Tama went to the cowshed.

“Mrs *Kau*, Mrs *Kau*, when will I see my *Koro* again?”
asked Tama.



“Mooooooo,” said Mrs *Kau*, “Come and taste my milk.

Does this taste like your *Koro*’s cup of tea?”

Tama screwed up his face.