Basic Bush Skool 2: A tale of ‘venture and lernin’

Captin’ : Andrew Battley

Officers: Ellen Jose and Aidan Sarginson

Crew: Lucy Douglas, Alicia Craig, Devon O’Connor, John Blomfield, Holly Jameson

Now matey, let me tell ye a tale as old as time itself. Settle thyself in, for tis a long ‘un, but tis a good ‘un.

A club, we arr, at a place of lernin’. It beseeches unto we therefor, that we lern some people some things. When out in the bush, for instance, if ye cannae find yerself, yer in a spot of worrisome, and if ye get caught by a ragin’ torrent, then yer truly stuffed. But arrr, we be getting ahead of ourselves. Where to start this wild tale? At the start, mayhaps.

‘Twas a rainy winter day, as the Captin’ and his officers prepared the citylubbers for their venture out into the wilds. As a party of vagabonds naturally formed, the ‘xcitement was surging through their hearts. Alas! All across the lands, a plague and pestilence suddenly spread, waylaying the noble party, laying siege to their plans to gather and plot out their journey to the promised lands.

Of course, as ye well know by now, the lands were ‘ventually cleansed by the glorious saviour, Bloomin’ Ashley of the Fields. Thar battle ain’t won yet though, sonny, but we wer’ free enough! Alas, in the fray we lost a few of our crew, who sought fairer shores to make them thar wealth and joy. But the remainin’ few journeyed valiantly on!  
  
The citylubbers began their careers o’ pirating with a training evening, where the Captin’ and his officers went over all sorts of things that aspiring pirates need to know you see, such as navigating the treacherous seas by map and compass, what rags to wear and type of hardtack to eat to sustain their bodies for battle. Special focus was put on not gettin’ in a spot o’ bother with the water, as this thar be of import in these parts.

The day of reckoning arrived finally, the group arrived at Dickeys Flats after a long sail through the night, spotting off at the port of Paeroa for some hardy feeds, and pitched the tent in a swarm of small flying creatures, then retreated into the comfort of their new found home, going over the map to see what awaited them on their adventures the next day.

The next day the resourceful group of wanderers fueled up on partially reheated chips from the night before and set off up the Mangakino stream, testing the waters by following a meandering path into the wilds of the Karangahake gorge. But this taste of adventure was not enough for the toughened group of rapscallions who split from the safety of the path and waded into unknown waters where the stream would be their new commander. The citylubbers began to feel at home in the water as the captain and his officers showed them the ways of navigating treacherous waters passed down by generations of scallywags before them.

But this journey too grew tame for the fearsome bunch who knew it was time to venture away from the stream by the markings on their trusted maps, and so they began the long march up the side of the gorge to seek lands rumoured to be held in the belly of the wilderness. These were the flourishing guts of the wilds and the group faced many a foe along their quest, none quite as chilling as Captain Supplejack who sought to halt the adventurers in their paths. But lo and behold, a clearing appeared, belonging to a friendly pirate named Daly who served them delicacies beyond their wildest dreams and provided shelter to see them through the long cold night.

At the sight of this beacon of hope within the wilderness, the Captin’ panicked, and fled from the all too civilised abode, taking with him one of his officers. The two ventured back along their all-too-familiar route in search of dropped treasure, before returning dejected to discover that them thar treasure had not been lost in the first place! In their absence, the remaining officer had valiantly instructed the crew to get themselves lost on a well-formed trail, in order to train them in the ways of navigating the high seas and wilderness.

The now calloused crew felt a storm coming in their bones and knew their homes were calling to them once more to return. Donning their finest rain vests, the crew charted a journey back to civilization where they would part company and return to their boats left moored at the dock. The captain and his officers watched on, burying their bubbling up emotions (as any good pirate does) for they knew their crew were citylubbers no more and would one day go on to captain their own journeys back into the wilds. “Arr maties, I’ll be hope’n the tides ‘ill guide our ships back t’gether” said the Captin’ as he sailed off into the night.