

## Toitoti 27 Bonus Activity: Compare and Contrast



### READ

[Leaves](#) - page 44

Words by Isla Atkins, age 12

Pictures by Coco-Inez Penn, age 11  
and

[Drowning](#) - page 86

Words by Elliot Ruck, age 13

Pictures by Tahere Taylor, age 12



### LEARN

Compare and contrast Isla's story with Elliot's poem. What are the differences and similarities between them in terms of content and style? You also might want to study other writing and art from Toitoti about the seasons.



### CREATE

Write a poem or story inspired by one of the four seasons. Compare your writing with a friend's and discuss the different choices you have made.



### ILLUSTRATE

Compare the pictures for both pieces of writing. Consider colour, composition and the mediums used. Create a picture to go with your writing inspired by Toitoti artists.



### SHARE

Submit your own writing, artwork or both for publication in Toitoti and begin a conversation with other young New Zealanders through the arts.



## Leaves

It's coming, I can hear it, our enemy — the wind. I grip onto the branch, hanging on for dear life. I am one of the last ones left. I have seen everyone around me fall. If I look below, I can see the remains of my friends.

*Whoosh.* The wind pulls me. I feel my grip slipping. One final gust is all it takes. I am swept away, away from my home, away from everything I have ever known.

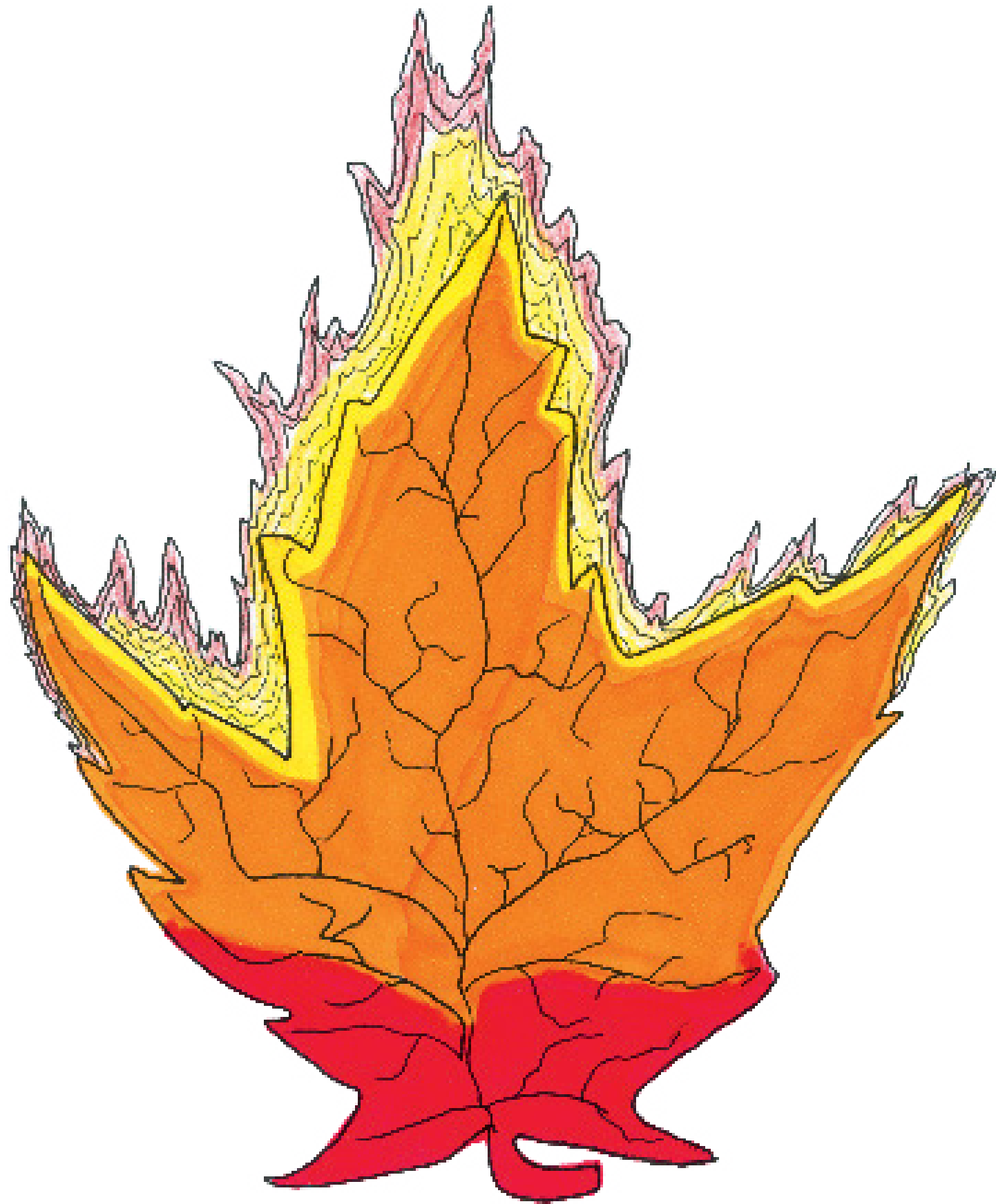
*Oof.* I slam into something. I have no idea what it is. Thick, stubby fingers reach out and trap me, crushing part of my frail skin. But I know my journey is not over yet.

The cage that is holding me opens and I float to the ground. Yet again, I am at the mercy of the wind. The next gust hurls me towards a street where cars rush past at tremendous speed. I know this is very likely the end.

I flutter onto the street and cars come flying over the top of me, one missing me by millimetres. Another gust of wind blows me into the relative safety of someone's front lawn.

The fence on my left blocks most of the wind. Every couple of minutes, I am blown back and forth across the same small patch of grass. Finally, after what seems like days but is really only about an hour, I settle under an unused garden seat. I love it there, no one bothers me, and the shade of the seat protects me from the sun.

I spend days in peace, decomposing under my special seat. Eventually, like everything else, I come to an end, absorbed back into the ground.



## Drowning

The fibre flames fall around me  
As I stroll through the woods  
A fluttering inferno  
I am drowning in dead leaves

Words by Elliot Ruck, age 13  
Pictures by Tahere Taylor, age 12



# LEAVES DANCE

Leaves dance in the morning air, carelessly drifting side to side.

66 Words by Emily Cox, age 13 Pictures by Maia Bitran, age 7



Access these seasonal stories and poems at [toitoei.nz/explore](http://toitoei.nz/explore)



# Spring

Pom-pom-covered lambs bounce across the field  
They take their first steps, becoming experts in no time  
Their tails are paper chains of wool waving at each other

Radiant daffodils open to become even brighter  
All I can see is canary yellow  
In time I will see more

Murky branches fill with pink clouds as plum trees bloom  
Snowflake-shaped petals look like snow in my hair  
They smell like gooey honey and fuzzy fruit

Chattering sparrows whiz across the sky  
Seeing who will come in first place  
The tūi start their own race

The other spring flowers  
Try to look better than the daffodils and blossoms  
They don't have much success

But their mission is not over  
As new bulbs awaken underground  
They rise out of the grubby dirt, prettier than ever

The last rainfall washes off  
The remains of the dark undergrowth  
This is my vision of spring

Words by Elsie Earle, age 10  
Pictures by Bailey MacKay, age 12



# WIND

Roaring, howling, tugging  
I run, tripping as I go  
She flies, whistling as she zooms after me  
She makes the trees bow and take off their clothes  
Red, green and yellow lie on the ground, chatting  
when forced to run  
The wind tracks me down  
like a fox

Words by Milly Hood, age 7 Pictures by Mila Krzanich, age 7



# Frosty Morning Walk

I grab the leash from its hook and swing it over my shoulder.  
I listen as my socks pad through the rooms of our house and  
into the hall by the door. I pull on my boots and tighten a  
scarf around my neck.

I call our dog, Buddy, and fasten his harness. Buddy wags  
his tail, whipping it in the air. I fumble with his leash clip and  
hook it onto the harness. My fingers unlatch the door and  
Buddy's nose nudges it open.

We step out of the cosy warmth and into the frosty  
morning. I see my hot breath blowing in a puffy cloud. Buddy  
drags me toward his favourite track. We veer off the main  
path and through the crunchy, dead leaves from the forgotten  
summer. I spot a worthy prize for Buddy. I almost let go of the  
leash as I lunge for the stick before Buddy can grab it.

Looking at my watch, I realise it is time to head home.  
I throw the small, knobby stick back the way we came. Buddy  
scurries along with me in tow as we re-enter the main street.

"Look, Buddy! It's Mum!" I exclaim as Mum pokes her head  
through the front window. Sure enough, Buddy lunges towards  
our house. Happily, we step back into the warmth.

Words by Lucy Daughtrey, age 11  
Pictures by Kahlan Allen, age 10





## LEARN

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	DROWNING	LEAVES
GENRE		
POINT OF VIEW		
LANGUAGE FEATURES		
OTHER		



## CREATE

Write a poem or story inspired by one of the four seasons.  
Compare your writing with a friend's and discuss the different choices you have made.

## PLAN YOUR WRITING HERE

[illegible]





## ILLUSTRATE

Compare the pictures for both pieces of writing. Consider colour, composition and the mediums used. Create a picture to go with your writing inspired by Toitoti artists.

USE THIS SPACE TO PLAN YOUR ART