LAUREN KEENAN
Rimu:
THE Tree of Time
AN AMORANGI AND MILLIE ADVENTURE

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This book is for
Amotai and Lily-Raema
for inspiring it all.

CHAPTER ONE

Rāwinia
1860

Rāwinia was hiding under the rimu when she saw the strange children. Who were they? She had no idea. In her entire life, she'd never seen such an unusual pair – Rāwinia didn't know where they were from or where they were going.

Before the children appeared, Rāwinia had been crouching in the dirt, her long skirts covering her bare feet. No one could see her peeking out from the thick ferns. The fresh scent of undergrowth filled her nostrils. *Ahh*. This was such a nice place to hide. The only other person who knew about this secret spot

was her big brother, Eru. But it didn't matter that Eru knew where to find her. He wouldn't tell. This place was their secret.

Hiding was fun. Unlike what Māmā was doing – cleaning her dust-covered feet in the nearby stream. When Rāwinia emerged from the bushes she would join Māmā and wash her hair in water so freezing it made Rāwinia's head throb. The stream flowed from Mount Taranaki, and Rāwinia could feel the water's icy origins, even on sunny days. *Ugh*. Washing her hair in the sea was so much nicer – there Rāwinia could dive under the waves and look for fish, so it didn't feel like a chore at all.

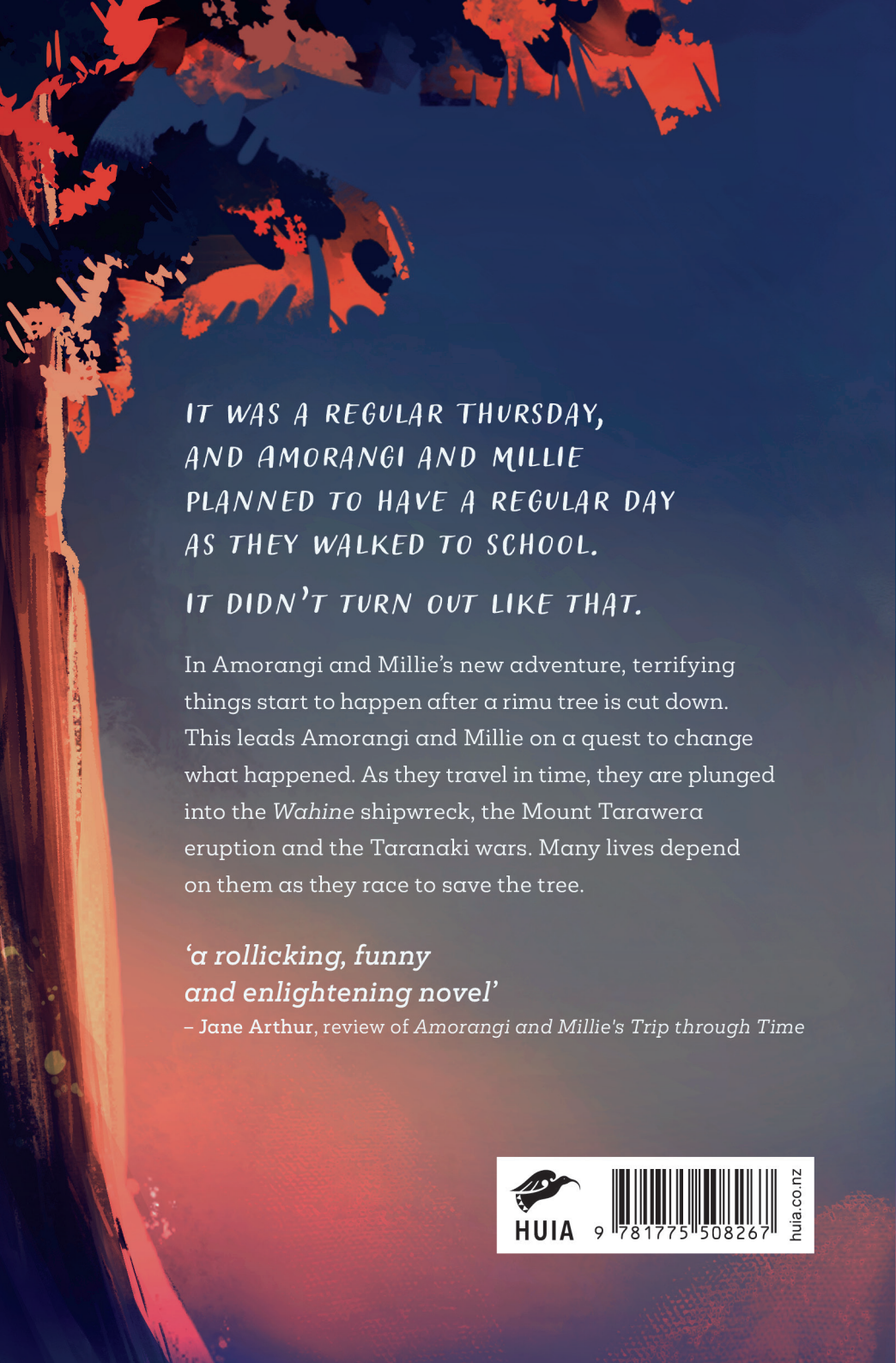
'We're in the bush,' Rāwinia had said to Māmā, right before she'd slipped into the trees. 'There's wood everywhere. We should chop down more trees so we can light more fires. Then we can heat the water for washing so it won't feel like ice.'

'No,' Māmā had said. 'We can't be like that man who has moved up yonder, Te Pōrangi. I've seen him and his men chop down trees that aren't his. Te Pōrangi has no respect for the forest.'

Rāwinia sighed. Māmā had a point. But, still.

A pair of tūī sang from a branch above. Rāwinia smiled. Just look at them up there. What a lovely sound they made! She stroked the tree; the bark felt rough under her fingertips. Just think of how many generations this rimu had stood through, in this very spot. Māmā was right. Tāne-nui-a-Rangi, the God of the Forest, deserved respect. Rāwinia and Māmā shouldn't take anything they didn't need to use. Not like that man with the white beard and bright red face, Mr Fox. The people of the papa kāinga often saw him stalking around the town and shouting things at the sky. That's why they called him Te Pōrangi – *The Crazy One*.

Rāwinia peeked around the rimu's thick trunk. She could see Māmā soaking her feet in the stream. Beside Māmā sat a flax kete, bulging with berries they'd collected to trade. It had been a useful journey into the forest – those sweet berries would fetch a good price with the settlers. Not far from Māmā stood Eru, throwing stones into the river: *plop, plop, plop*. Eru's hair was wet – he'd washed it already, so he was allowed to play. It was time to accept the inevitable and wash in the icy mountain water. She couldn't put it



IT WAS A REGULAR THURSDAY,
AND AMORANGI AND MILLIE
PLANNED TO HAVE A REGULAR DAY
AS THEY WALKED TO SCHOOL.

IT DIDN'T TURN OUT LIKE THAT.

In Amorangi and Millie's new adventure, terrifying things start to happen after a rimu tree is cut down. This leads Amorangi and Millie on a quest to change what happened. As they travel in time, they are plunged into the *Wahine* shipwreck, the Mount Tarawera eruption and the Taranaki wars. Many lives depend on them as they race to save the tree.

'a rollicking, funny and enlightening novel'
– **Jane Arthur**, review of *Amorangi and Millie's Trip through Time*

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