

by using the answers highlighted in green in the story below

The school holidays began in winter, with frosty mornings and steaming breath. In Pegasus, the air was cold but fresh, and the **tamariki** were ready to explore.

Mia, Kauri, and Anika zipped up their jackets, put on gloves, and hopped onto their **paihikara**. Their tyres crunched across the frozen **ara** that led past the wetlands and out towards the forest trails.

Their **kuri**, Tahi, ran ahead as usual, tail wagging and nose twitching. He barked excitedly at a **manu** flapping its wings as it flew between the shrubs and other **tipu** then stopped to sniff the base of a tree.

"Let's stop at the swing!" Anika said, already racing ahead.

The old **tarere** hung from a strong **rakau** near the edge of the forest. Its ropes were damp with dew, but that didn't stop them. They took turns swinging back and forth, boots flying through the chilly air.

A few bright **putiputi** still bloomed nearby, growing low and close to the ground, their colourful petals stood out in the morning sun. "Survivors," Mia smiled, brushing frost from one.

Just past the trees, hidden along the track, were the Pegasus Fairy Forest doors. The children knew exactly where to look. They found one painted like a rainbow, another shaped like a little castle. Someone had even left tiny shells outside one, and next to it a fresh sprout pushing through the soil.

"Do you think that grew from a **kākano**?" Kauri asked. "Like, maybe the fairies planted it?"

"Maybe it's magic," Anika whispered. "A patupaiarehe garden."

The cold breeze carried the smell of salt from nearby. The kids followed the path down toward the **takutai**, and over the sand dunes. The sand was damp and full of patterns from the tide. As it was far too cold to dive in for a **kauhoe**, they raced each other across the low tide and splashed through the puddles left behind by the retreating waves.

Later in the day, they headed back towards Pegasus Town and they passed the new skate elements the Council had been working hard to install. An older boy was cruising smoothly on his skateboard, carving wide, swooping turns across the concrete.

"Next time I'm bringing mine," said Mia. "Even if I can't reti any good."

They ended their afternoon on the grass near the playground by the lake.

"Let's have a bit of takaro before we head home," said Kauri.

So, they played tag, rolled down a slope and built stick huts amongst the bushes.

Their faces were red, their hands muddy, and their pockets full of treasures. And even though their fingers were cold, they agreed it was the perfect way to start the school holidays in Waimakariri.

