**Thour Zone Writing**

Many people will remember, the time in 1974 when the pine plantation was being cleared and the kiwi was found. This caused much excitement. It was found by a pupil called Mandy who we believe was about 10 years old. It was sent to the Rotorua Kiwi House where it was found to be a female, not a male as first thought. We used this as the inspiration for our re-crafting writing in the Thour Zone. 43 years later, this story is still causing a stir at SJHS.

**St Johns Kiwi**

Unaware of what was outside, the shy kiwi bird cautiously crawled out of the cold damp cave. Her feathers as brown as wood, slowly part to reveal a long, straight, pearly pink beak. She hears the familiar sound of rotten leaves crunching. She knew she’d made a mistake coming out of the safety of her cave.

Then it happened. She felt warm all over. She knew she’d found her destiny. Even though her eyes were too drowsy to open, even though her den was far away, she knew she’d found safety.

By Emily Hagan

**The Breaking News, a Kiwi Has Been Found!**

Secretly the rare Kiwi hides in the protective bush. The Kiwi is dark hazelnut and his long thin whiskers shimmer in the gleaming sun. He has an extremely long bright yellow beak like the moon gleaming down at us. There are footsteps to be heard all around like a giant coming to town. The Kiwi is safe in the arms of the protective girl. The Kiwi is safe and sound in the bush again in a snuggly pile of shredded leaves, fast asleep.

By Rebecca Boden-Cave.

**The Kiwi Discovery**

Silently the soft and plump kiwi cautiously hides in the mythical bushes. It is hazelnut brown with a long faded yellow beak. Deep heavy footsteps are heard then a little brown kiwi creeps out of the bushes. A warm and gentle hand reached into grab the kiwi. It heard a quiet voice speaking “Are you ok?’’.

The voice carried on.

“I'll take you back to your new home” she said with a smile.

By Eva Devane

**The Little Kiwi**

Cautiously a plump kiwi bird is snuggled up in the dense bush. Its slim beak taps on the ground to feel vibrations.

She hears something big… very very big.

A warm hand touches her. She looked up to see a girl!

She picked her up and slowly rocked her. The kiwi closed her eyes

She started to feel safe.

By Sophie Banks

**Found**

Invisible, the curious kiwi cautiously appeared in the dense bush. Its colour as hazel as the undergrowth surrounding it. Its long beak peeking out of the bush, its whiskers shining through the tinge of light escaping from the foliage above.

Suddenly large vibrations are felt under claw as a large dark figure approaches. A silent voice ushers around the plump kiwi “it will be alright…” says the voice. The kiwi suddenly gets lifted into the air by large warmth emitting hands, and gets carried to its new home.

By Samu Hermann

**Something to Remember**

Swiftly, under the cover of darkness goes the kiwi bird. Everywhere he goes he’s pelted by the curling leaves. His invisibility cloak is the same colour as the ground which hides his prey.

He tries to hold on to the damp soil as the earth quakes around him. A two legged creature lifts him up and murmurs a twisted language one he has never heard before. He is scared but deep down he knows he is safe.

Sienna T-M

**Breaking news, Kiwi Found In S.J.H.S**

Secretly the shy kiwi hid cautiously in the dark prickly bush. Its feathers were spiky like thorns. Its long dark glistening yellow beak shone like a sliver of the moon. Children’s footsteps stomped all around like dinosaurs from the past. Kiwi slept as the dawn arrived silently after a long night. While the kiwi slept, a schoolgirl carefully picked up the soundless bird.

By Kyna Chandra

**The S.J.H.S Kiwi**

Slyly and silently the shy flightless soft chubby kiwi hides cautiously in the deep dark dense bush. It's soft and cuddly fur is the colour of an old tree's bark. His feet are sharp like twigs of a pine tree. His pointy long beak is sharp like a pencil. Suddenly footsteps are heard and some warm hands wrap around him and pick him up. Now that the kiwi is safe in his new home the kiwi will be happy.

By Zak Papworth

**Special SJHS Kiwi**

Silently the kiwi cautiously hides in the prickly bush. His beak is long and strong like a piece of wood off a tree. Its feathers shine in the sun like a diamond in the light.

He curls up in a ball and tries to go to sleep as it hears Mandy's footsteps on the ground.

The soft brown bird is finally safe in Bushy Park to do what it pleases

By Lochie Taylor-Pope

**Unknown In The Undergrowth**

Silently the kiwi quivered with fright underneath the unknown damp and mysterious undergrowth. Violent noises

went on outside. With a chestnut coat and a long whiskery beak as yellow as a buttercup but as dark as the bark of a Rata.

Suddenly the noises became less violent and a friendly face peered through the fronds and plucked the sleepy kiwi to safety.

           By Aurora Chernoff

**The Big Kiwi**

The sleeping kiwi was trying to hide from the two legs of a human.

His body looked like a piece of chocolate cake and his beak was like a sharp pin that could be used to kill bugs. Then a big human could see the kiwi and she caught him with her own hands. She didn't hurt him instead she picked him up gently.

By Damien Musso

**The Kiwi Found At St John's Hill School.**

Secretively, the sleepy soft kiwi cautiously hides in the deep, dark, misty bush. The kiwi is a lovely chocolate brown. It’s long peach beak pecks at the moist brown dirt looking for a worm. The kiwi feels sudden vibrations. The kiwi hears a soft voice, “ You are safe now little kiwi” and then warm hands. The kiwi is then carried out of the bush.

By Jordyn McInnes.