

The first and second nights nothing happened; the third night Terapuhi said: "There's something very bad". I said "What is it?" He replied - "Taupo". This word is from the verb "tae", to arrive, and, connected with "po", means any fearsome thing that arrives at night.

I said - "Ask Taupo to come in". Terapuhi a big, powerful, athletic man began to shake; he was very frightened. "May I come to your side and sleep with you?" he asked. There were two logs on each side of the Maori whare with a fire in the middle. Terapuhi came over to my side; he was shaking with fear. He said "He is coming in".

I asked; "What is he like?" He replied - "He's like a pig. He is putting his head through bundles of raupo; now his shoulders are in; now all of him is in. Now his head is turning into a man's head; now his fore-legs are like a man's arms; now he is quite like a little man; now he is sitting down on the log by the fire".

I asked - "Can you see his face?" He replied "No, if we see his face, we shall die, but he has his back to us".

By this time Terapuhi was in a state of most terrific funk. By and by he said; "He is going" and described how it gradually shrunk from a man to a pig and disappeared.

I thank you for listening to my little narrative; it is not always that I get such an attentive audience.