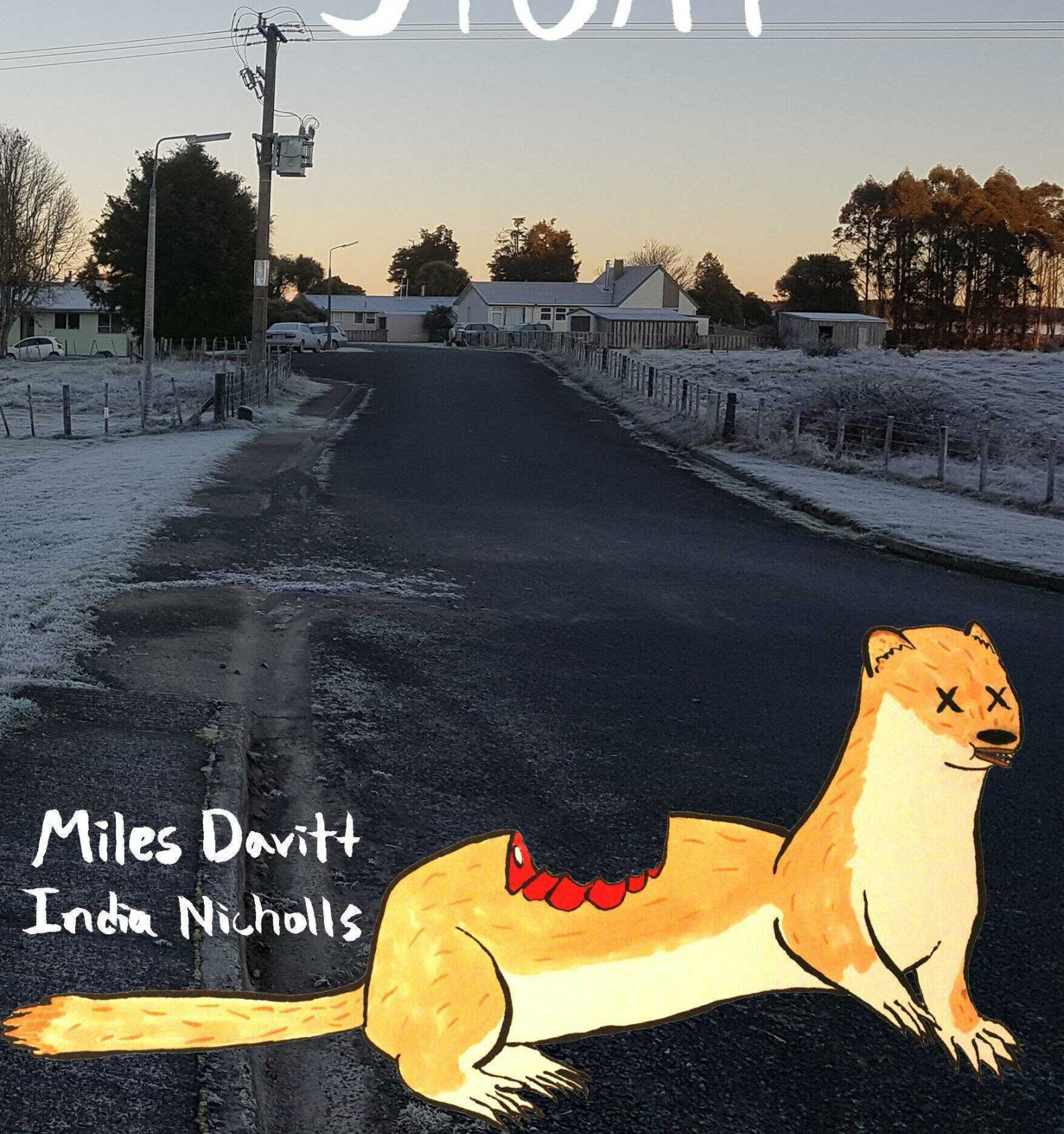


TOASTED STOAT



Miles Davitt
India Nicholls

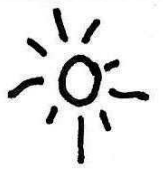


TOASTED STOAT



Miles Davitt
India Nicholls

♡ ∞ Credits ∞



Editors - India Nicholls & Miles Davitt

Front Cover - Miles Davitt

Inside Covers - Luke Easton

Kererū print - Gabby Keating

Poem - India Nicholls & Miles Davitt

Aotearoa New Zealand Map - Miles Davitt

Waikato Map - Miles Davitt

Village Map - India Nicholls

Timeline - Miles Davitt

Dog Profiles - Miles Davitt (Rocket, Tia,
Murphy, Ra's Dogs).

Leigh Roderick (Tala, Blue).

Sarah Tunnicliffe (Lulu).

Sabino Tills (Frida).

Chickens - Miles Davitt

Photos - India Nicholls

'The Tragic Love Story of Boris & Aurora'
- Harriet Kemp

☀ Horse Photos - Miles Davitt



Kaka screech
in the early morning.

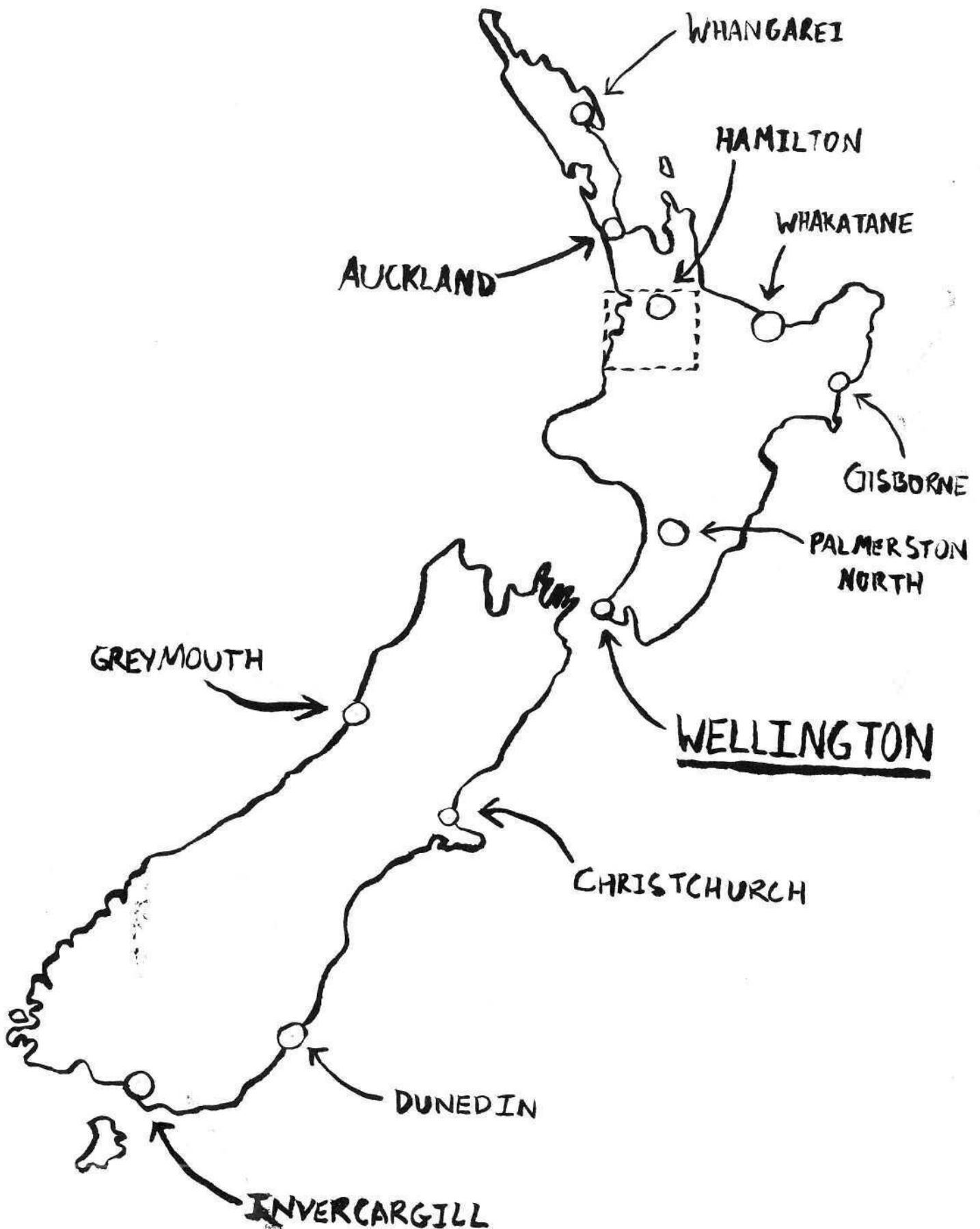
The last ruru calls out
to the dawn.

Engines rumble through the fog,
startling rabbits
and lambs.

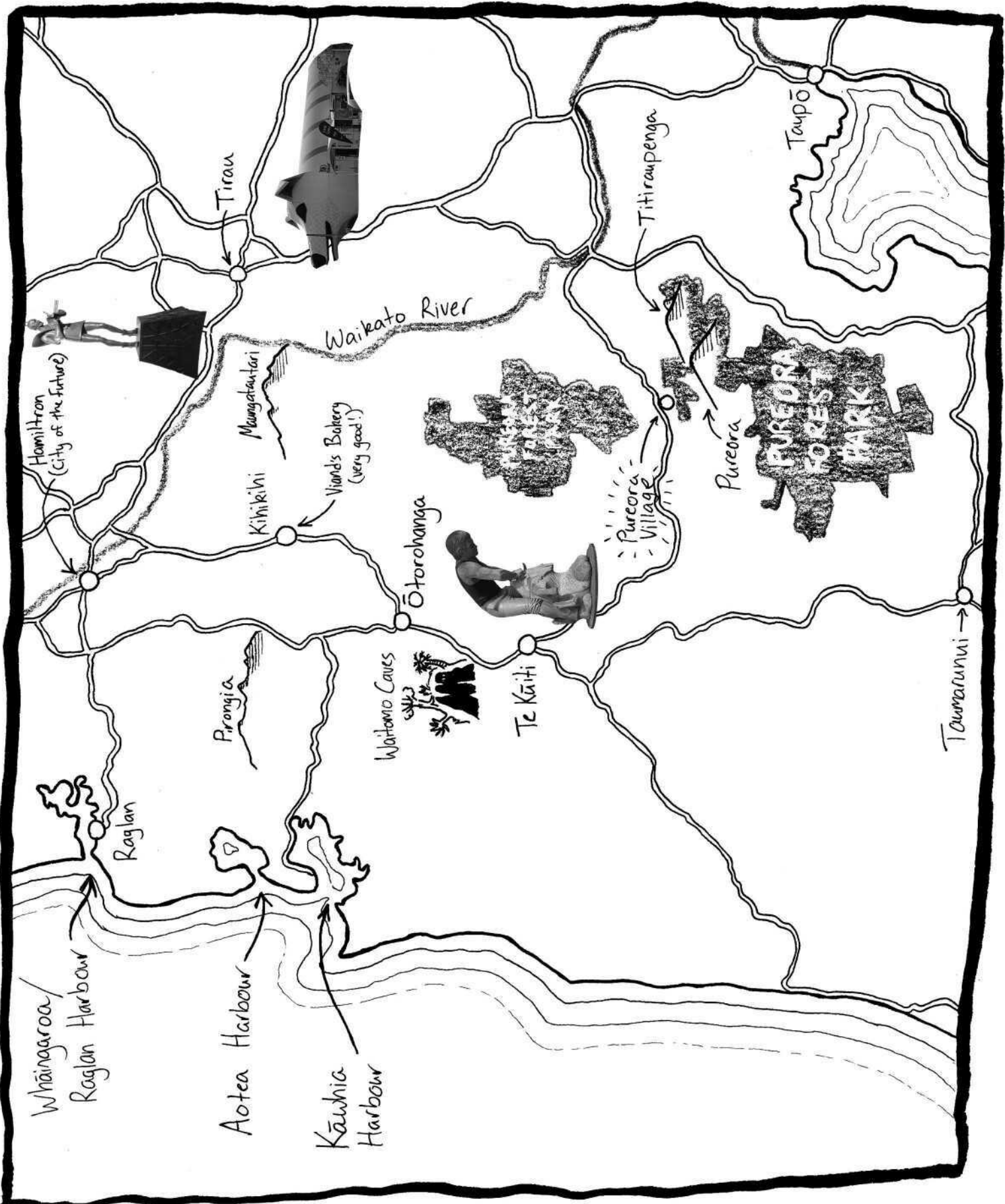
There are fewer rabbits than there used to be
- fewer people.

Six houses on the village road
are the cosy remnants
of the town that was
Pureora.

AOTEAROA/NEW ZEALAND



THE WAIKATO



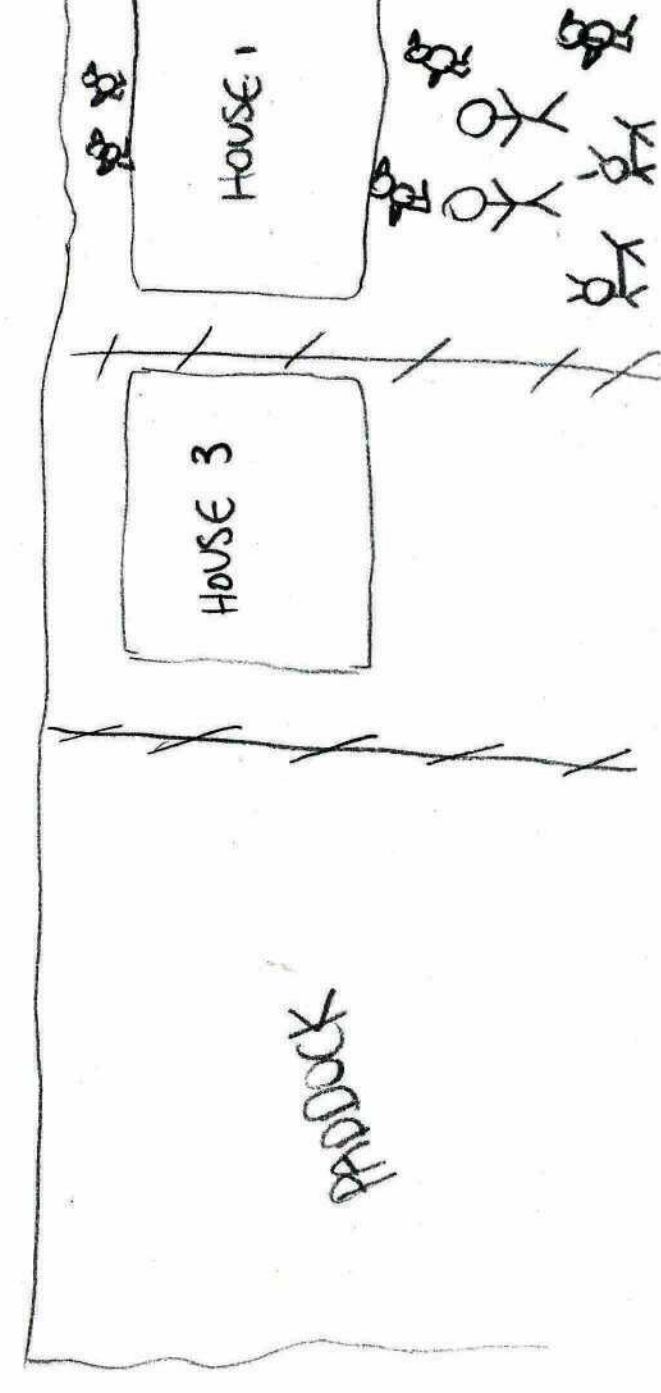
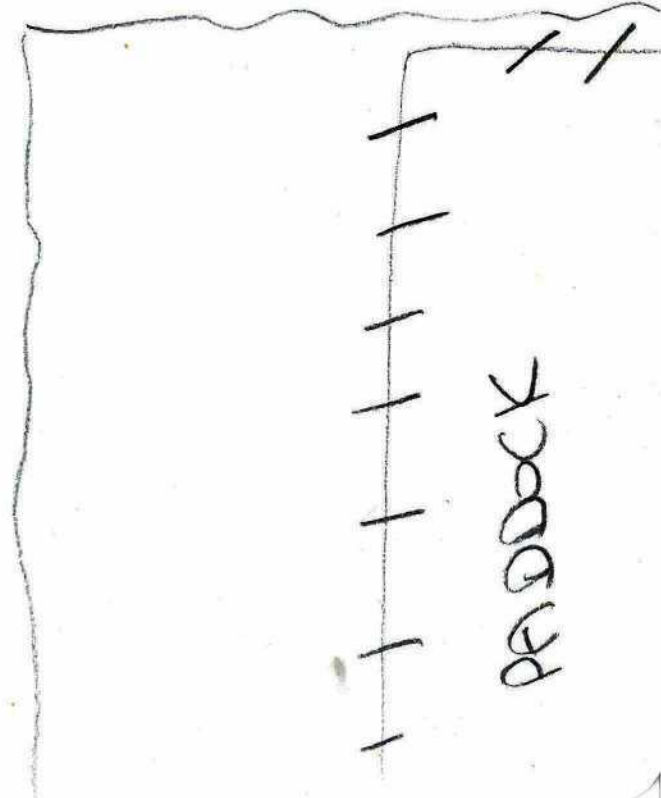
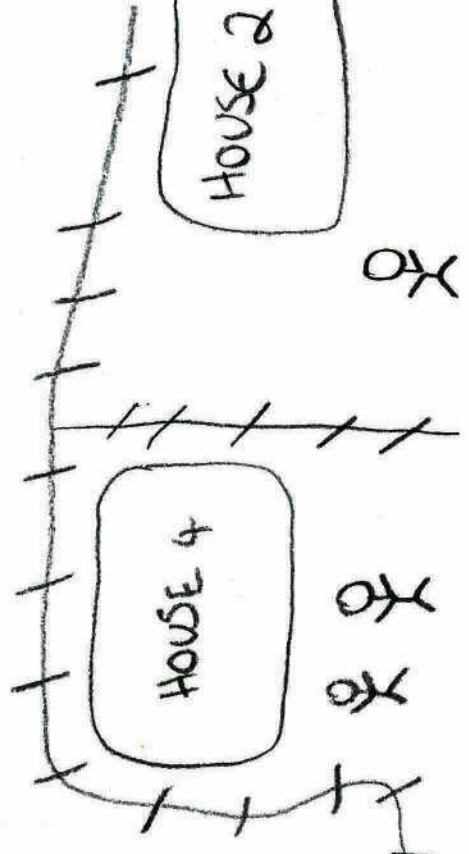
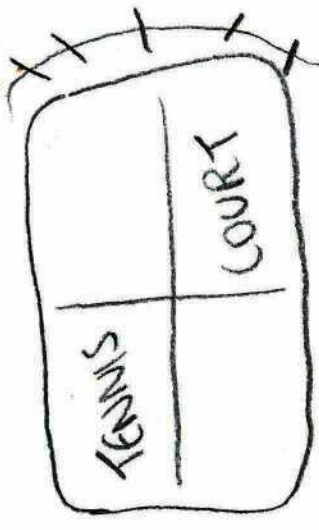
FIRE STATION

NURSERY RD

OFFICE (HOUSE 5)

PUREORA VILLAGE

PADDOCK



A short history of Pureora

1.9 Mya - Formation of Titiraupenga volcano

1.6 Mya - Formation of Pureora volcano

c. AD 232 - Taupō volcano erupts, incinerating forests within 80 km and covering the Pureora area in a thick layer of pumice-rich ignimbrite

c. AD 1300 - Polynesian explorers first settle New Zealand. Descendants of the voyagers on the Tainui and Te Arawa waka later colonise the Pureora area

c. 1830-1860 - Europeans begin to explore the Pureora area
1890 - First timber mill in the King Country by Ellis & Burnand Company

1945 - Logging begins at Pureora. Construction of Pureora Village begins

18 Jan 1978 - Native Forests Action Council activists protest continued logging of native forest at Pureora from platforms in the tops of tōtara

7 Aug 1978 - Moratorium declared on native logging at Pureora

15 Dec 1978 - Last mill in the area, at Barryville north of Pureora closes

1978 - Pureora Forest Park established by NZ Forest Service

Sept 1986 - Village store closes

1 Apr 1987 - Department of Conservation established

8 May 1987 - Pureora Forest School closes

Nov 1987 - Post office closes

1987-2019 - All but six houses are removed from the village. Pureora Village continues to be inhabited by DOC workers, including the creators of this zine

Information sourced from:
King, CM, Gankrader, DJ & Ritchie, N 2015, *The Drama of Conservation: A history of Pureora Forest, New Zealand*, Berlin, Springer
Hamilton, Department of Conservation

Pureora dogs

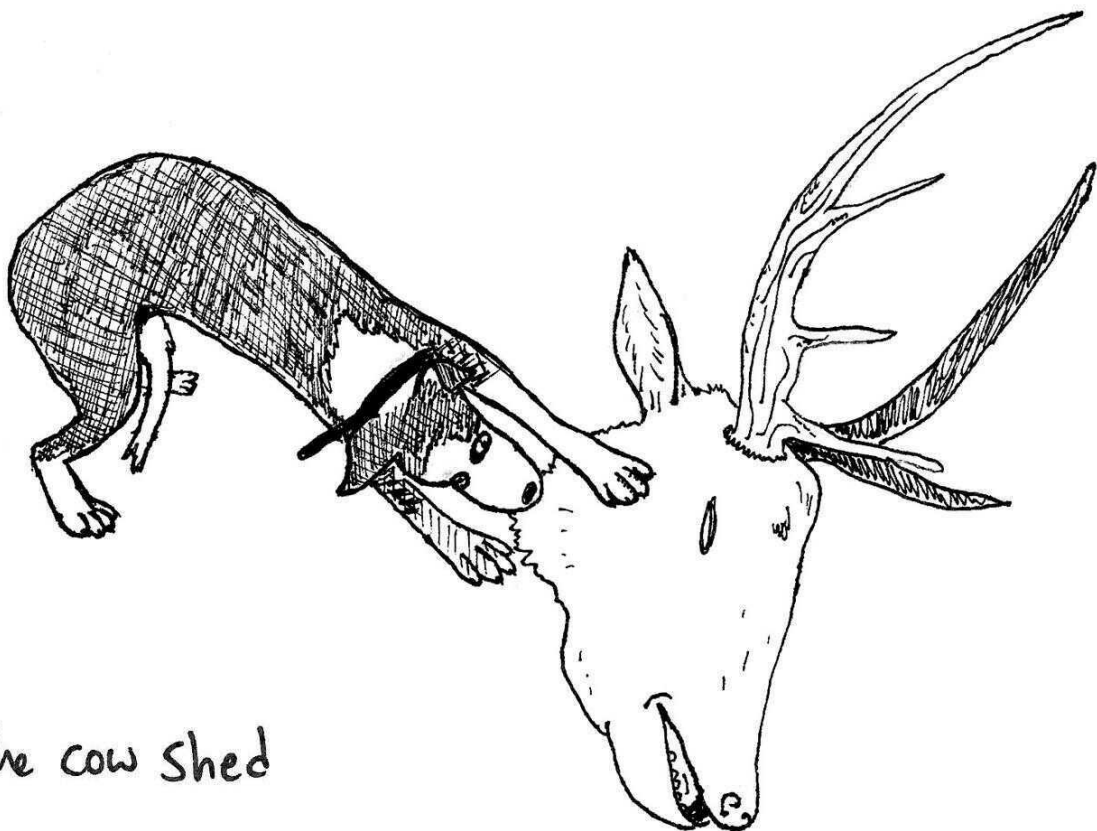


Rocket

- * Fun Police!!
- * Major mum vibes
- * SO GOOD! Sweet darling
- * Smelly girl
- * Gives many kisses
- * Chills out an inch from your face all the time
- * Allergic to grass
- * We ♥ Rocket

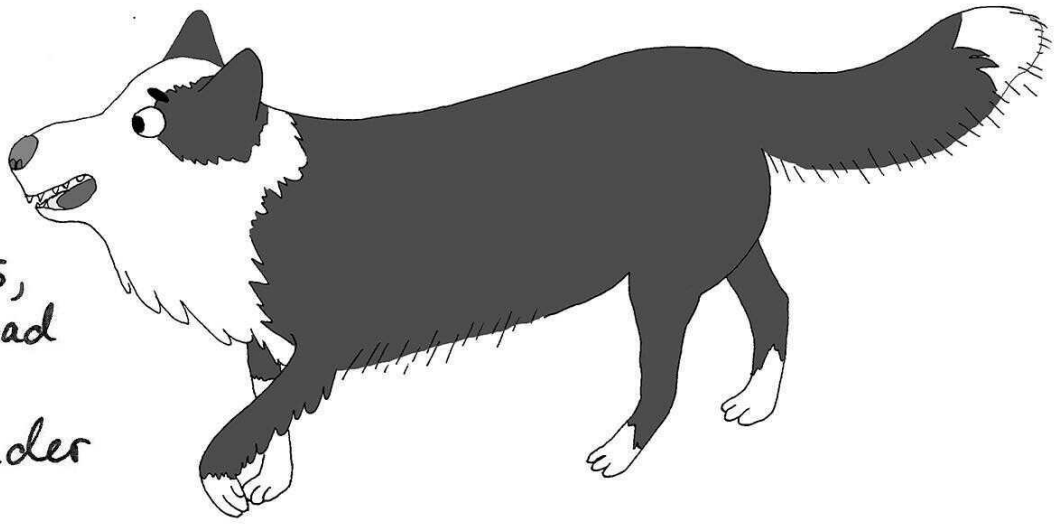
Tia

- * Annoying
- * Noisy
- * Expensive
- * Runs away a lot
- * Bouncy
- * Loves fetch
- * Loves milk from the cow shed
- * Keen hunter



Murphy

- * Purebred (and he knows it!)
- * Loves fetch (balls, sticks, flowers, road gravel).
- * Loves to play under the hose



Tala

- * Stick nut
- * Impressive ears
- * Four-year old puppy
- * Softly at heart
- * Big voice



Lulu

- * Small
- * Good legs (future Olympic sprinter?)
- * Bouncy
- * Really bouncy
- * Copies Tia 90% of the time



Lulu
2019



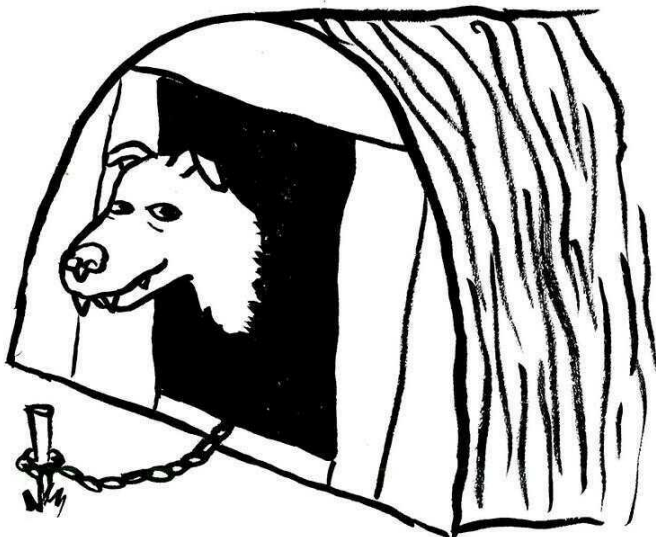
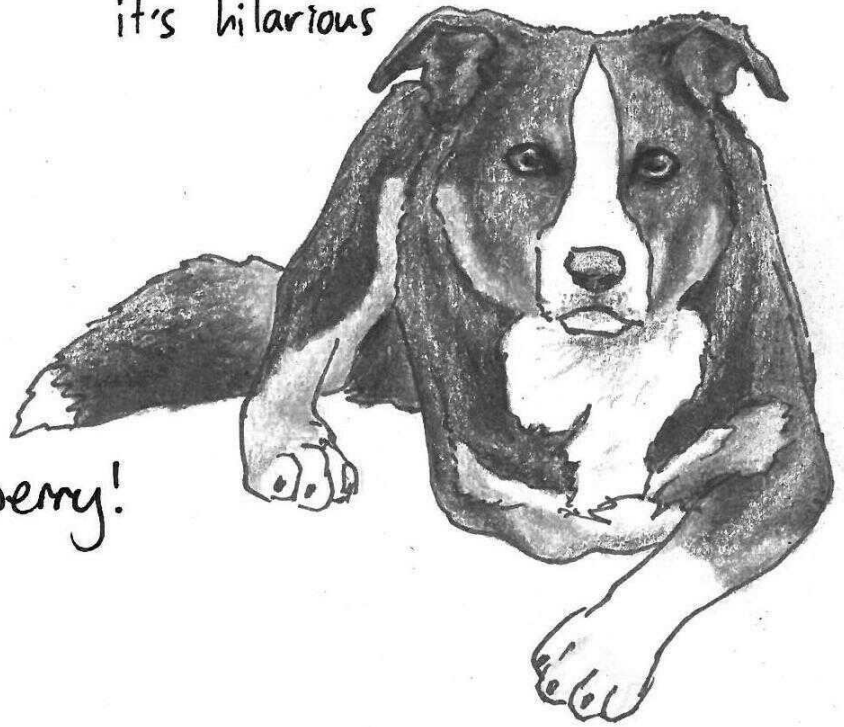
- * Loves Sabino
- * Little yelp when she can't keep up

Frida

- * Pig dog
- * The goodest naughty girl
- * Very strong stare (pretty golden eyes)
- * Thicc
- * Loves Rocket
- * Loves shoes
- * Good at fetch
- * Cannot be trusted around sheep
- * Super into biting the fuck ^(yet!) out of Rocket's collar
- * You have to see her swim, it's hilarious

Blue

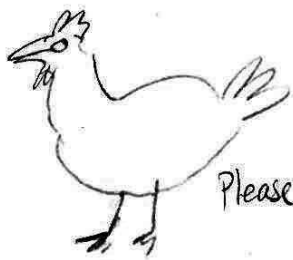
- * Absolute **UNIT**
- * Gentle
- * We don't know his thoughts on the nickname 'blueberry'!



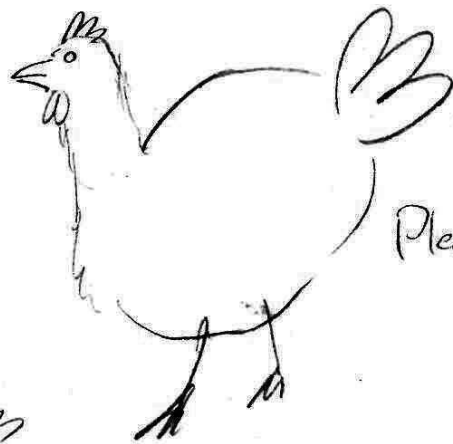
Ra's dogs

- * Angry
- * Lonely?

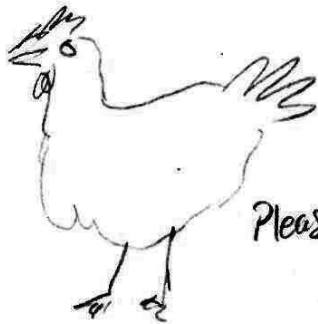
Sabino's chooks



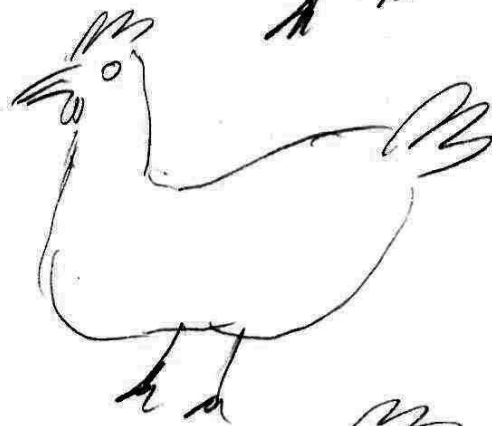
Please love me!



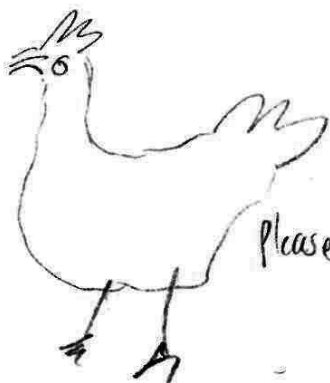
Please love me!



Please love me!

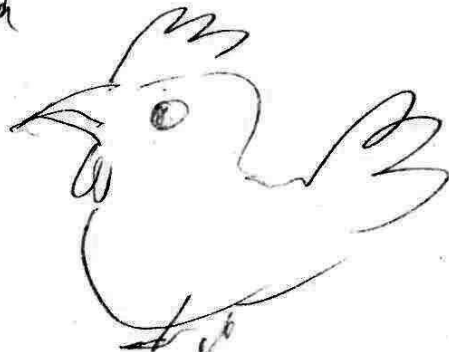


Don't fuck'n
touch me!



Please love me!

Ghost
chook







THE TRAGIC LOVE STORY OF *Boris and Aurora*

THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE DIFFERENT. AURORA WAS BORN IN A WELL-TO-DO FAMILY WITH A NICE WARREN ON THE HILL. BORIS WAS A BAD BOY WHO WAS RAISED ON THE STREETS, IN A ROUGH AREA KNOWN AS THE WASH-OUT. BUT THEY HAD ONE THING IN COMMON, THAT SET THEM ASIDE FROM ALL OTHER BUNNY RABBITS: **JET BLACK FUR...**

ONE NIGHT, AURORA'S FRIENDS
PERSUADED HER TO SNEAK
OUT FOR A PARTY. IT WAS
AT THE WASHOUT; A PLACE
HER MOTHER TOLD HER NOT
TO GO. THERE WERE MANY
DANGEROUS THINGS THERE;
DOGS, TRAPS, AND THE WORST
OF ALL: HUMANS.



AURORA'S HEART THUMPED WITH FEAR AS THEY ARRIVED. SHE SCANNED THE CROWD OF ROUGH AND READY PUNTERS, AND HER EYES WERE IMMEDIATELY DRAWN TO THE SOLE BLACK RABBIT. HE LEANED NONCHALANTLY AGAINST THE BRIGHT ORANGE 'WASHOUT' SIGN, WEARING A DENIM JACKET AND SMOKING A SPLIFF. FOR A MOMENT HIS EYES MET HERS, AND AURORA FELT WEAK AT THE KNEES. HE WAS SO BOLD. SO FEARLESS.



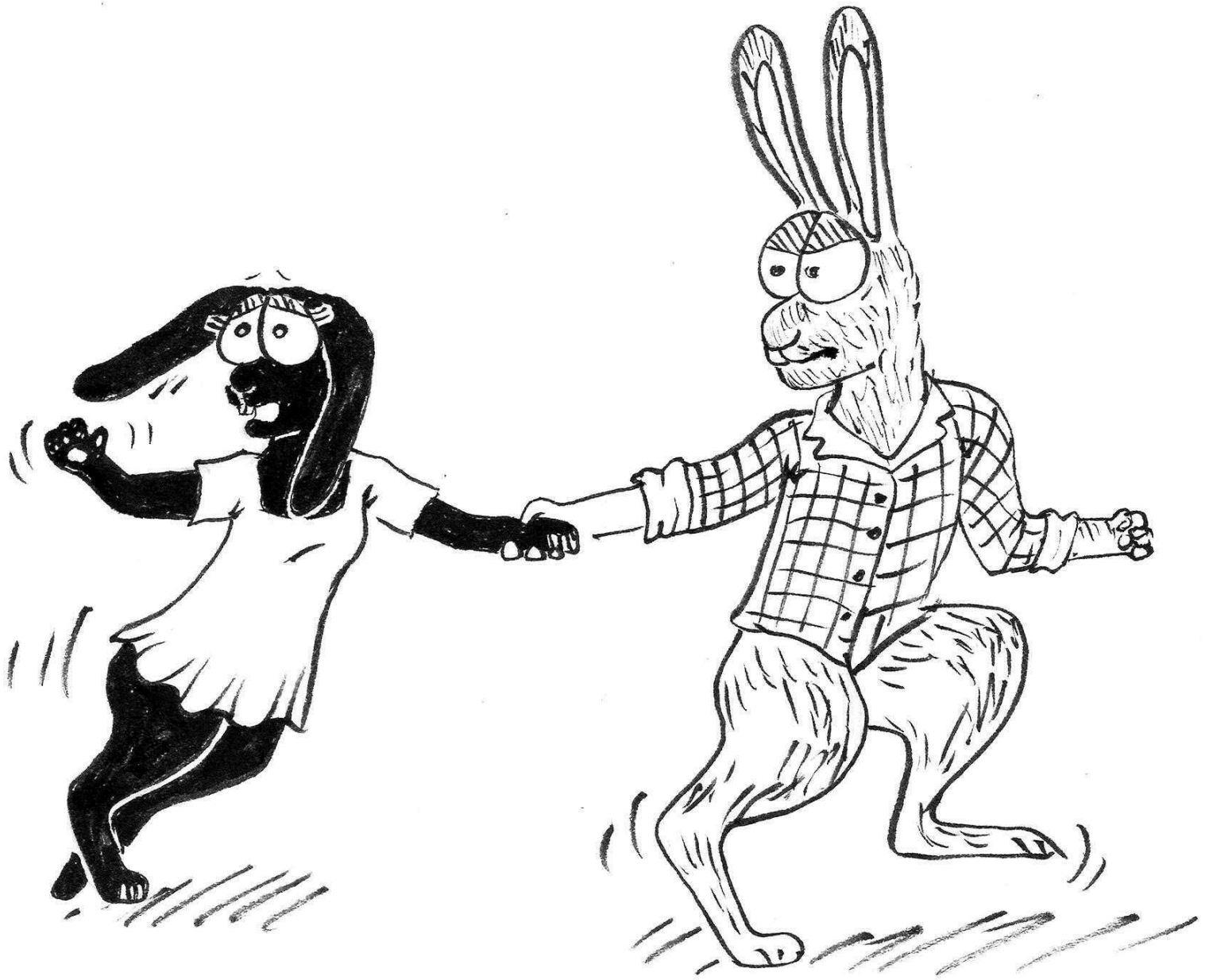
GROWING UP AS THE ONLY
BLACK RABBIT IN HER PADDOCK,
AURORA NEVER FELT LIKE
SHE FIT IN. HER MOTHER
TOLD HER TO BE CAREFUL,
FOR THE HUMANS WOULD
FIND HER SKIN A NOVELTY.
BUT THIS HANDSOME, JET
BLACK RABBIT HOPPED OVER
TO HER WITH SUCH SWAGGER
THAT SHE FELT EMBOLDENED.
HE CLEARLY DID NOT FEAR
THE HUMANS, LET ALONE WHAT
THE OTHER RABBITS THOUGHT.
THEIR SEXUAL CHEMISTRY
CRACKLED IN THE AIR. SHE
LEANED IN AND WHISPERED
"TAKE ME TO YOUR BURROW."

THE NEXT MORNING, AURORA
TOLD HIM SHE DIDN'T WANT
TO LEAVE. "SO DON'T," HE
SAID. "STAY. BE MY GIRL."
SO STAY SHE DID.
NEITHER HAD EVER FELT
SUCH CONTENTMENT. BORIS
ADORED THIS BEAUTIFUL,
NÄIVE GIRL FROM THE UPPER
PADDOCKS. SHE SETTLED HIM;
GAVE THIS ARROGANT, HANDSOME
REBEL SOMETHING TO CARE
ABOUT. AND BORIS INSTILLED
IN HER A STREETWISE
CONFIDENCE SHE HAD NEVER
KNOWN, AND SUCH ADVENTURES!
THEY WERE SOULMATES.

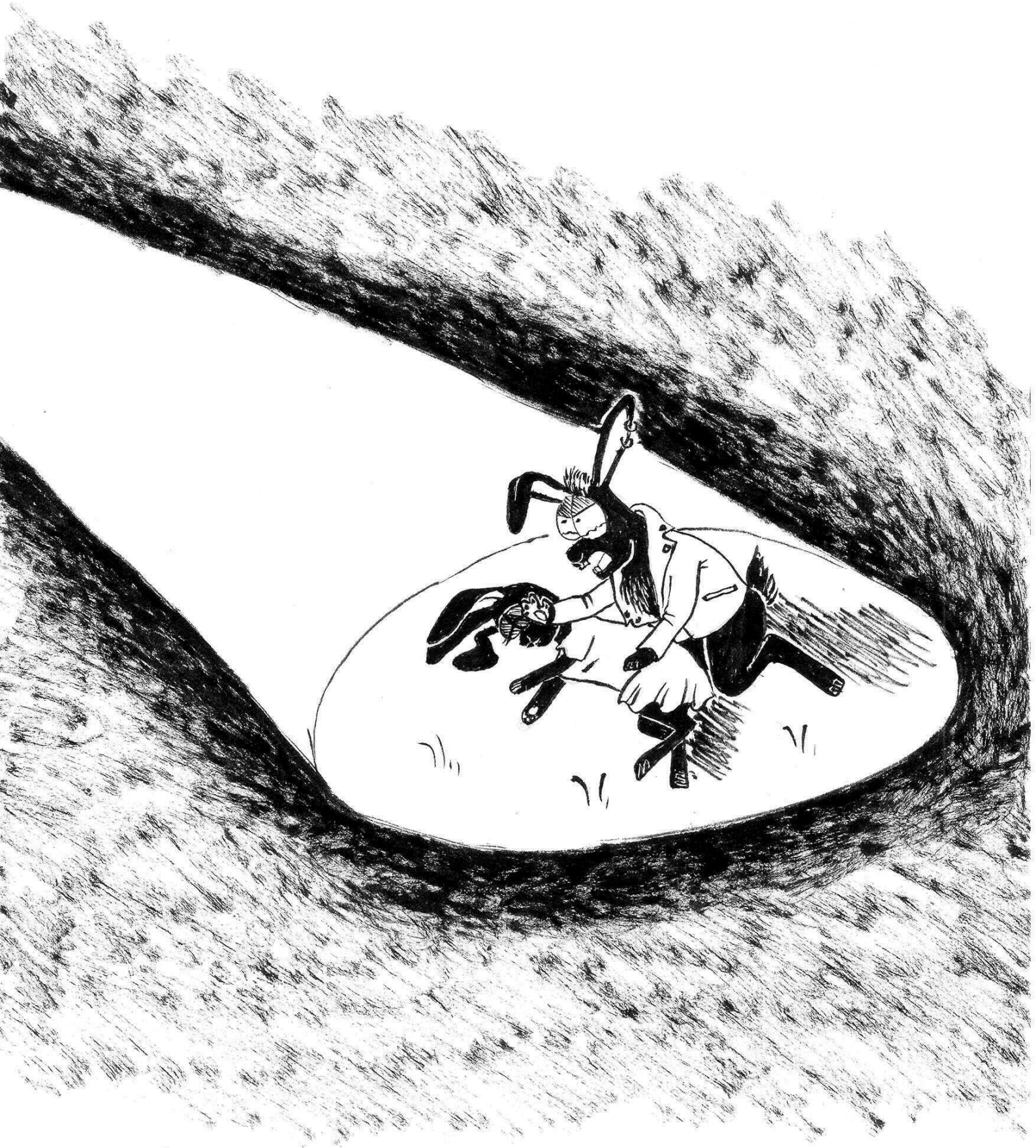


BUT NOT EVERYONE WAS SO HAPPY. AURORA'S PARENTS HATED THIS PUNK WHO HAD WHISKED AWAY THEIR DAUGHTER TO THE WRONG SIDE OF TOWN. THEY PLEADED WITH HER TO LEAVE AGAIN AND AGAIN. BUT SHE INSISTED SHE WAS HAPPY, AND THAT BORIS WAS A GOOD RABBIT. ONE NIGHT, HER FATHER SHOWED UP AT BORIS' BURROW. "WHERE IS MY DAUGHTER?" HE BELLOWED. BORIS HELD HER TIGHT AND TOLD HER FATHER TO LEAVE HER BE. "I LOVE HIM DADDY, CAN'T YOU SEE? WE EVEN HAVE A LITTER ON THE WAY."

AUKORA'S FATHER WAS FURIOUS. HE GRABBED HER BY THE PAW AND LED HER OUT OF THE BURROW. "NO!" SHOUTED BORIS. "ITS TOO DANGEROUS! THE HUMANS ARE OUT TONIGHT!" BUT HIS DESPERATE CRIES WERE LOST IN THE NIGHT AS THE OLD RABBIT MARCHED HIS DAUGHTER HOME. SUDDENLY A BRIGHT LIGHT SWEEPED OVER THE PADDOCK AND STOPPED ON THEM. BORIS STARTED TOWARDS THEM AND ROARED "RUN!" BUT HE WAS DROWNED OUT BY THE SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE.

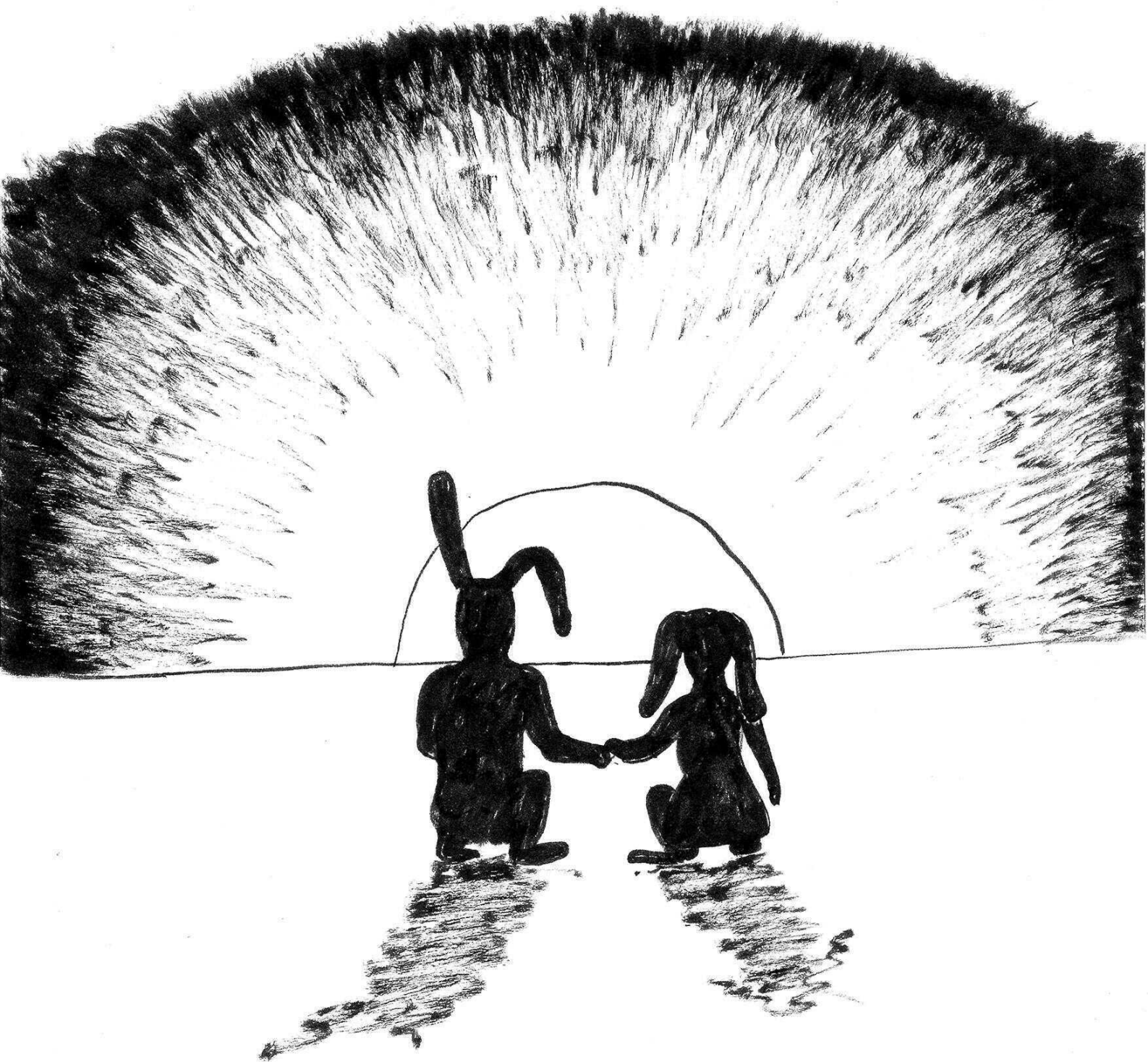


AURORA'S FATHER DROPPED TO THE GROUND, AND SHE LOOKED AROUND IN WILD CONFUSION. FOR A MOMENT BORIS MET HER TERRIFIED EYES, AND THEN - BANG - SHE FELL. BORIS LET OUT A CRY OF DESPAIR AND HOPPED TO HER. "PLEASE DON'T GO AURORA, I LOVE YOU," HE PLEADED AS HE CRADLED HER IN HIS PAWS. BUT SHE WAS GONE. HE LAID HER DOWN, AND TURNED TO THE LIGHT. "TAKE ME TOO, YOU BASTARDS!" HE HOPPED ANGRILY INTO THE BEAM. "I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER!"



THERE WAS A QUIET CLICK AS
THE BULLET WAS CHAMBERED,
AND JUST LIKE THAT, THE
REBEL BLACK RABBIT WAS
FELLED BESIDE HIS BELOVED,

BUT THE TRAGIC TALE OF THEIR
DOOMED LOVE LIVES ON. WHEN
THE NIGHTS ARE STORMY OR
THE HUMANS ROAM THE PADDOCKS,
THE YOUNG RABBITS OF PUREORA
ARE TUCKED UP IN THEIR NESTS
LISTENING, ENRAPTURED, TO
THE STORY OF AURORA AND
BORIS. TWO BLACK BUNNIES
WHO LIVED IN LOVE, WITHOUT
FEAR.






Belle (left) and Ben (right) in their winter coats



Mary hanging out at the old footy field





Printed December 2019
\$5
/50

davitt.miles@gmail.com
indianicholls@hotmail.com