TOASTED STOAT

PUREORA

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Credits

Editors - India Nicholls & Miles Davitt
Front Cover - Miles Davitt
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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 Bois & 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

- Auckland
- Whangarei
- Hamilton
- Whakatane
- Gisborne
- Palmerston North
- Greymouth
- Wellington
- Christchurch
- Dunedin
- Invercargill
THE WAIKATO

Waikato River

Hamilton (City of the future)

Kirkbride

Whangaroa Harbour

Raglan

Aotea Harbour

Kawhia Harbour

Te Kaha

Otahuhanga

Whakatane

Puana

Puionga (very good)

Waikato Forest Park

Tiharoaonga

Taneponga

Tempo

Toowooanui
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

Purcora 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 love 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
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 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 fuckin 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 washout. 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, naïve 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.”
Aurora's father was furious. He grabbed her by the paw and led her out of the burrow. "No!" shouted Boris. "It's 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 swept 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

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