

“First we sailed to England, on a great big Italian ship. Every night Grandad (who wasn’t your grandad then of course!) sat on the top deck and played music on his guitar. The passengers sang with us, and we danced in the moonlight.”



Kahu thought about the people dancing and singing on a big ship in the middle of the ocean. His fingers made a shape on the strings, the same way his mum’s did.

He pressed down. He strummed. It sounded okay – like the beginning of a song.

“Tell me some more,” he said.



So, over the next few weeks, Nana told Kahu about Grandad and his guitar, and Mum showed him how to play it.