

Halt. Who goes there?

Hi _____

Freestyle Area - Let your parent know why you sent this story & what's happening that's new in your life.

Kia ora - For most of my childhood I couldn't read, write or talk. When I was 10 years old a couple of major changes occurred in my life & one of the outcomes was that I found the ability to read. Suddenly I could escape from my world which was full of upheaval and abuse into a world of my choosing by simply opening a book.

I didn't do well at school & so when I was in prison, I started to do re-do my school work. I've only recently finished my NCEA Level 2 English. Before doing NCEA I had no idea how to write properly or where to put all the grammar stuff.

Anyway - I guess what I'm trying to say is that I'm a long way off being a good writer & so I'm asking for your patience when I don't tell a story 'quite right.' Also, never think I'm judging in my stories especially like when I talk about gang stuff etc.

Finding ourselves & **then** being able to live the life we want to, can be a hard & long road. During my years I've seen so many of my whanau stuck in the 'same old same old' & of course I came across so many gifted & talented youth in prison. For this reason, one theme that does run through a lot of my stories is 'finding yourself.'

The other thing I want to add in here is that when I was a kid & then a young adult, I had no idea how many awesome & exciting things there are to do in this world - I mean how could I? I'd been a foster kid from 8 weeks old & all I knew was a whole lot of pain - but trust me on this. Take the time now, while you're in prison to explore your mind & make some plans & goals. This is definitely a journey you can share over the on-coming years with your kids.

Arohanui to you from Darcy

Halt. Who goes there? Part 2-2

He landed flat on his back but as he'd fallen, he'd screamed out loudly;

“Stand to your arms, men!”

What the heck was going on? Had I wandered onto a movie set?

A bullet split the air above my head and others thumped into the dirt around me. No! This was for real.

Position purple. Position purple. Calm down and breath, I've got to get into position purple.

The guy that'd got shot was lying about four metres away from me. He was sobbing softly to himself and I'm sure that I'd heard him call out for his mother amongst his other unintelligible mumblings.

Only hesitating for a second, I launched myself commando style just the like I've seen American GIs do in movies. Grabbing the wounded copper by his uninjured arm, I struggled to heave and pull him into the cover of the thick bracken ferns. He was so much bigger than me.

I'd just got him covered when what looked to be about 60 Maori guys together with a solitary Pakeha guy erupted from their hiding places down in the valley below. They were all running towards this big earthen wall that had a deep ditch dug in front of it.

The Maori guys were wearing a crazy mishmash of clothing. Some of the men had bare chests while also sporting a military jacket and others had on skirts that rippled like long quills as they ran.

The Pakeha guy that ran with the Maori had a dark feral look about him.

From my hiding place the warriors all looked terrifyingly impressive as they ran past. Their eyes were brighter than I'd ever seen anyone's eyes look before. I also reckoned that they were totally intoxicated with some type of devilry. The warriors must've rubbed oil into their skin to make it shine because even in the darkness their muscles rippled blue as hot snakes.

The Maori warriors in that moment looked like characters dreamt up by an artist with a vibrant imagination, hugely magnified and immortal. But it wasn't the actual look of them that made me cringe down further into the bracken in a better attempt to hide myself. No. It was the terrifying noises they were making.

It sounded as if the doors to Hell had been opened wide to allow this desperate dawn to be torn apart by the unearthly sounds of pitiless shouting, curses and wild laughter.

Frantic shots were being fired back at the warriors from behind what I could now see was a small fort. Surprisingly, each time a shot was fired at the Maoris the Pakeha soldiers' bodies were briefly exposed above the protection of the wall.

Bam! This Pakeha guy took a bullet in the head. Aw far man, it was disgusting, my stomach violently convulsed splattering the guy I'd rescued with spew.

The night sky was now brightly lit. The attacking Maoris had torched all the small buildings and any tents that'd been close to the walls of the fort as part of their tactics.

Worried that the guy I'd rescued could be seen in the bright light, I dragged him much further back into the bracken ferns and covered him over with leaves and branches before scrambling back into my safe position to watch.

There was so much happening that I was finding it hard to keep a track of everything. The noises were building into an ear-splitting crescendo, the Maori guys were jeeringly taunting the Pakeha soldiers and inviting them to come out and fight.

Over the roar of the muskets the Pakeha soldiers were yelling back at them "Come on then, come on." What happened next was indelibly etched into my mind.

This fearsome-looking Maori warrior was pulling this Pakeha soldier along by his foot. It looked like the soldier was already dead as his head was kind of busted. And then...and then, oh man the Maori guy got out an axe and raised it high in the air.

He screamed out something, that I couldn't quite make out and then he repeatedly sank the axe deep into the body of the soldier. Crouching over the body, the Maori warrior then repositioned himself so that he could use his full strength to tear apart the busted ribs.

As if that wasn't shocking enough, he then plunged both his hands elbow deep into the chest cavity and yanked out the soldier's heart with a mighty wrench.

That was enough for me. I was getting out of this crazy fucked up-place.

Sprinting around the side of the fort where no one appeared to be fighting yet, I saw these three Pakeha guys scrambling over the wall of the fort. In our joint haste to escape, we almost collided together.

Just like me, these three guys were running away from the battle. The orange fire-lit sky eerily reflected off their glazed eyes. But it was the shape of their mouths held frozen in this weird rictus that'd caught my attention. Pure fear had caused the lips of each man to peel into a grimace that you'd usually only associate with a corpse.

One of the guys was wearing a stained white linen nightshirt and the other two were in old fashioned long johns. We ran bouncing off each other for a bit as we ducked and dived while trying to avoid the storm of bullets and musket balls that ploughed into the dirt and trees around us.

Far man, I was shit-scared.

Perhaps I'd caught my foot on a root or something and had got knocked out. I'm not too sure what'd happened, but something was different. It was now much darker, the orange glow caused by the many burning fires was gone and there weren't any bullets zinging around.

To the left of me I heard a dog start frantically barking and so I veered that way.

Through the trees I could make out some red and blue flashing lights. I was praying that it would be some normal cops and not any more of the crazy ones that I'd run from.

Sprinting as fast as I could towards the barking dogs and flashing lights I was yelling out “Position purple, position purple” at the top of my voice.

One of the cop cars had all its doors wide open so fighting my way through the surprised wall of coppers I hid trembling in the back seat.

“Get me out of this place, get me out of here!” I screamed at them. Didn’t they know that we were all in danger?

The rest of the night is a blank. I just can’t remember anything after hiding in the back of the cop car.

Next thing I do recall is waking up to the smell of stale piss and cigarettes. Graphic graffiti-covered walls greeted my warily opened eyes.

I was in the cop cells. I breathed a huge sigh of relief. I was safe.

At some point there was a big copper talking to me. His mouth was opening and shutting rapidly but I couldn’t make out what he was saying. The big copper started pulling at me then other coppers came in and started pulling at me to.

But as I said, I wasn’t ever leaving here. This place was safe.

The coppers had put me into a weird padded jacket and somehow, they’d even got me into a room with padding. Good. I reckoned I’d be even safer in here.

Position purple. Remember position purple, I whispered to myself.

From my cell I watched the big boss copper as he moved about his day. Out of boredom I kept up an observation on him and right now I could see that he was on the phone.

He must’ve been talking about me to someone because he kept on glancing at me as he spoke.

“Kia ora Koro. It’s me again. Yes. From the police station.

We brought in another one from Turuturu Mokai last night.

You’ll come and get him? Hmm...

Yes, Koro I agree with you, it’ll never end will it?

Kia ora Koro. See you soon.”

The End.