

As for the old car — we made Dad take it to the dump. We never wanted to see it again. We all cheered when he took it away, except for Mum. Mum stayed inside where she couldn't watch, but we all stood outside and cheered.

We all changed, as though we were really somebody, but there was one thing I noticed. Mum didn't change at all, and neither did Dad. Mum had a new car all right, and a couple of new dresses, and a new pair of galoshes to put over her slippers. And Dad had a new modern milking shed and a tractor, and some other gadgets for the farm. But Mum and Dad didn't change. They were the same as always.

Mum still went shopping every Wednesday. But instead of having to do all the shopping herself, she was able to take all her friends and relations with her. She had to start out earlier so she'd have time to pick everyone up on the way. How angry we used to be when Mum went past with her same old sunhat and her heap of friends and relations, and them all waving and calling out to us.

Mum sometimes forgot that the new car had brakes, especially when she was approaching the old bridge and we were coming the opposite way in the school bus. She would start tooting and the bus would have to pull over and let her through. That's when all our aunts and uncles and friends would start waving and calling out. But some of them couldn't wave because they were too squashed by people and shopping, they'd just yell. How shaming.

There were always ropes everywhere over Mum's new car holding bags of things and shovel handles to the roof and sides. The boot was always hanging open because it was too full to close — things used to drop out on to the road all the time. And the new car — it used to be green once, because if you look closely you can still see some patches of green paint here and there.

Journey

He was an old man going on a journey. But not really so old, only they made him old buttoning up his coat for him and giving him money. Seventy-one, that's all. Not a journey, not what you would really call a journey — he had to go in and see those people about his land. Again. But he liked the word 'journey', even though you didn't quite say it. It wasn't a word for saying only for saving up in your head, and that way you could enjoy it. Even an old man like him, but not what you would call properly old.

The coat was good and warm. It was second-hand from the jumble and it was good and warm. Could have ghosts in it, but who cares; warm, that's the main thing. If some old Pakeha died in it that's too bad, because he wasn't scared of the Pakeha kehuas anyway. The Pakeha kehuas, they couldn't do anything, it was only like having a sheet over your head and going woo-oo at someone in the lavatory . . .

He better go to the lavatory because he didn't trust town lavatories, people spewed there and wrote rude words. Last time he got something stuck on his shoe. Funny people those town people.

Taxi.

It's coming, Uncle.

Taxi, Uncle. They think he's deaf. And old. Putting more money in his pocket and wishing his coat needed buttoning, telling him it's windy and cold. Never mind, he was off. Off on his journey, he could get round town good on his own, good as gold.

Out early today, old man.

Business, young fulla.

Early bird catches the early worm.

PATRICIA GRACE

It'll be a sorry worm, young fulla, a sorry worm.

Like that is it?

Like that.

You could sit back and enjoy the old taxi smells of split upholstery and cigarette, and of something else that could have been the young fulla's hair oil or his BO. It was good. Good. Same old taxi, same old stinks. Same old shop over there, but he wouldn't be calling in today, no. And tomorrow they'd want to know why. No, today he was going on a journey, which was a good word. Today he was going further afield, and there was a word no one knew he had. A good wind today but he had a warm coat and didn't need anyone fussing.

Same old butcher and same old fruit shop, doing all right these days not like before. Same old post office where you went to get your pension money, but he always sent Minnie down to get his because he couldn't stand these old-age people. These old-age people got on his nerves. Yes, same old place, same old shops and roads, and everything cracking up a bit. Same old taxi. Same old young fulla.

How's the wife?

Still growing, old man.

What about the kids?

Costing me money.

Send them out to work, that's the story.

I think you're right; you might have something there, old man. Well here we are, early. Still another half-hour to wait

for the train.

Best to be early. Business.

Guess you're right.

What's the sting?

Ninety-five it is.

Pull out a fistful and give the young fulla full eyes. Get himself out on to the footpath and shove the door, give it a good hard slam. Pick me up later, young fulla, ten past five. Might as well make a day of it, look round town and buy a few things.

Don't forget, ten past five.

JOURNEY

Right you are, old man, five ten.

People had been peeing in the subway, the dirty dogs. In the old days all you needed to do to get on to the station was to step over the train tracks, there weren't any piss holes like this to go through, it wasn't safe. Coming up the steps onto the platform, he could feel the quick huffs of his breathing and that annoyed him, he wanted to swipe at the huffs with his hand. Steam engines went out years ago.

Good sight though seeing the big engines come bellowing through the cutting and pull in squealing; everything was covered in soot for miles those days.

New man in the ticket office, looked as though he still had his pyjamas on under his outfit. Miserable-looking fulla and not at all impressed by the ten-dollar note handed through to him. A man feels like a screwball yelling through that little hole in the glass and then trying to pick up the change that sourpuss has scattered all over the place. Feels like giving sourpuss the fingers, yes. Yes he knows all about those things, he's not deaf and blind yet, not by a long shot.

Ah warmth. A cold wait on the platform but the carriages had the heaters on, they were warm even though they stank. And he had the front half of the first carriage all to himself. Good idea getting away early. And right up front where you could see everything. Good idea coming on his own, he didn't want anyone fussing round looking after his ticket, seeing if he's warm and saying things twice. Doing his talking for him, made him sick. Made him sick them trying to walk slow so they could keep up with him. Yes he could see everything. Not many fishing boats gone out this morning and the sea's turning over rough and heavy — Tamatea, that's why. That's something they don't know all these young people, not even those fishermen walking about on their decks over there. Tamatea a Ngana, Tamatea Aio, Tamatea Whakapau — when you get the winds — but who'd believe you these days. They'd rather stare at their weather on television and talk about a this and a that coming over, because there's nothing else to believe in.

Now this strip here, it's not really land at all, it's where

we used to get our pupils, any time or tide. But they pushed a hill down over it and shot the railway line across to make more room for cars. The train driver knows it's not really land and he is speeding up over this strip. So fast you wait for the nose dive over the edge into the sea, especially when you're up front like this looking. Well too bad. Not to worry, he's nearly old anyway and just about done his dash, so why to worry if they nose dive over the edge into the sea. Funny people putting their trains across the sea. Funny people making land and putting pictures and stories about it in the papers as though it's something spectacular — that's a word you can use if you get it just right and he could surprise quite a few people if he wanted to. Yet other times they go on as though land is just a nothing. Trouble is, he let them do his talking for him. If he'd gone in on his own last time and left those fustspots at home he'd have got somewhere. Wouldn't need to be going in there today to tell them all what's what.

Lost the sea now and coming into a cold crowd. This is where you get swamped, but he didn't mind, it was good to see them all get in out of the wind glad to be warm. Some of his whanaungas lived here but he couldn't see any of them today. Good job too, he didn't want them hanging round wondering where he was off to on his own. Nosing into his business. Some of the old railway houses still there but apart from that, everything new, houses, buildings, roads. You'd never know now where the old roads had been, and they'd filled a piece of the harbour up too to make more ground. A short row of sooty houses that got new paint once in a while, a railway shelter, and a lunatic asylum and that was all. Only you didn't call it that these days, he'd think of the right words in a minute.

There, now the train was full and he had a couple of kids sitting by him wearing plastic clothes, they were gog-eyed stretching their necks to see. One of them had a snotty nose and a wheeze.

On further it's the same — houses, houses — but people have to have houses. Two or three farms once, on the cold hills, and a rough road going through. By car along the old

road you'd always see a pair of them at the end of the drive waving with their hats jammed over their ears. Fat one and a skinny one. Psychiatric hospital, those were the words to use these days; yes, don't sound so bad. People had to have houses, and the two or three farmers were dead now probably. Maybe didn't live to see it all. Maybe died rich.

The two kids stood swaying as they entered the first tunnel, their eyes stood out watching for the tunnel's mouth, waiting to pass out through the great mouth of the tunnel. And probably the whole of life was like that, sitting in the dark watching and waiting. Sometimes it happened and you came out into the light, but mostly it only happened in tunnels. Like now.

And between the tunnels they were slicing the hills away with big machines. Great-looking hills too, and not an easy job cutting them away, it took Pakeha determination to do that. Funny people these Pakehas, had to chop up everything. Couldn't talk to a hill or a tree, these people, couldn't give life, only death. But people had to have houses, and ways of getting from one place to another. And anyway who was right up there helping the Pakeha to get rid of things — the Maori of course, riding those big machines. Swooping round and back, up and down all over the place. Great tools the Maori man had for his carving these days, tools for his new whakairo, but there you are, a man had to eat. People had to have houses, had to eat, had to get from here to there — anyone knew that. He wished the two kids would stop crackling, their mothers dressed them in rubbish clothes that's why they had colds.

Then the rain'll come and the cuts will bleed for miles and the valleys will drown in blood, but the Pakeha will find a way of mopping it all up no trouble. Could find a few bones amongst that lot too. That's what you get when you dig up the ground, bones.

Now the next tunnel, dark again. Had to make sure the windows were all shut up in the old days or you got a face full of soot.

And then coming out of the second tunnel that's when

you really had to hold your breath, that's when you really had to hand it to the Pakeha, because *there* was a sight. Buildings miles high, streets and steel and concrete and asphalt settled all round the great-looking curve that was the harbour. Water with ships on it, and roadways threading up and round the hills to layer on layer of houses, even in the highest and steepest places. He was filled with admiration. Filled with admiration, which was another word he enjoyed even though it wasn't really a word for saying, but yes, he was filled right to the top — it made him tired taking it all in. The kids too, they'd stopped cracking and were quite still, their eyes full to exploding.

The snotty one reminded him of George, he had pop eyes and he sat quiet not talking. The door would open slowly and the eyes would come round and he would say, I ran away again, Uncle. That's all. That's all for a whole week or more until his mother came to get him and take him back. Never spoke, never wanted anything. Today if he had time he would look out for George.

Railway station much the same as ever; same old platforms and not much cleaner than the soot days. Same old stalls, and looked like the same people in them. Underground part is new. Same cafeteria, same food most likely, and the spot where they found the murdered man looked no different from any other spot. Always crowded in the old days, especially during the hard times. People came there in the hard times to do their starving. They didn't want to drop dead while they were on their own most probably. Rather all starve together.

Same old statue of Kupe with his woman and his priest, and they've got the name of the canoe spelt wrong, his old eyes aren't as blind as all that. Same old floor made of little coloured pieces and blocked into patterns with metal strips; he used to like it but now he can just walk on it. Big pillars round the doorway holding everything in place; no doubt about it, you had to hand it to the Pakeha.

Their family hadn't starved, their old man had seen to that. Their old man had put all the land down in garden, all

of it, and in the weekends they took what they didn't use round by horse and cart. Sometimes got paid, sometimes swapped for something, mostly got nothing, but why to worry. Yes, great-looking veges they had those days, turnips as big as pumpkins, cabbages you could hardly carry, big tomatoes, lettuces, potatoes, everything. Even now the ground gave you good things. They had to stay home from school for the planting and picking, usually for the weeding and hoeing as well. Never went to school much those days, but why to worry.

Early, but he could take his time, knows his way round this place as good as gold. Yes, he's walked all over these places that used to be under the sea and he's ridden all up and down them in trams too. This bit of sea has been land for a long time now. And he's been in all the pubs and been drunk in all of them, he might go to the pub later and spend some of his money. Or he could go to the continuous pictures, but he didn't think they had them any more. Still, he might celebrate a little on his own later, he knew his way round this place without anyone interfering. Didn't need anyone doing his talking, and messing things up with all their letters and what not. Pigeons, he didn't like pigeons, they'd learned to behave like people, eat your feet off if you give them half a chance.

And up there past the cenotaph, that's where they'd bulldozed all the bones and put in the new motorway. Resited, he still remembered the newspaper word, all in together. Your leg bone, my arm bone, someone else's bunch of teeth and fingers, someone else's head, funny people. Glad he didn't have any of his whanaungas underground in that place. And they had put all the headstones in a heap somewhere, promising to set them all up again *tastefully* — he remembered — didn't matter who was underneath. Bet there weren't any Maoris driving those bulldozers; well why to worry, it's not his concern, none of his whanaungas up there anyway.

Good those old trams but he didn't trust these crazy buses, he'd rather walk. Besides, he's nice and early and

there's nothing wrong with his legs. Yes, he knows this place like his own big toe; and by Jove, he's got a few things to say to those people and he wasn't forgetting. He'd tell them, yes.

The railway station was a place for waiting. People waited there in the old days when times were hard, had a free wash and did their starving there. He waited because it was too early to go home, his right foot was sore. And he could watch out for George, the others had often seen George here waiting about. He and George might go and have a cup of tea and some kai.

He agreed. Of course he agreed. People had to have houses. Not only that, people had to have other things — work, and ways of getting from place to place, and comforts. People needed more now than they did in his young days, he understood completely. Sir. Kept calling him sir, and the way he said it didn't sound so well, but it was difficult to be sure at first. After a while you knew, you couldn't help knowing. He didn't want any kai, he felt sick. His foot hurt.

Station getting crowded and a voice announcing platforms. After all these years he still didn't know where the voice came from but it sounded like the same voice, and anyway the trains could go without him. It was too soon for him to go. People.

Queuing for tickets and hurrying towards the platforms, or coming this way and disappearing out through the double doors, or into the subway or the lavatory or the cafeteria. He was too tired to go to the lavatory and anyway he didn't like . . . Some in no hurry at all. Waiting. You'd think it was starvation times. Couldn't see anyone he knew.

I know I know. People have to have houses, I understand and it's what I want.

Well it's not so simple, sir.

It's simple. I can explain. There's only the old place on the land and it needs bringing down now. My brother and sister and I talked about it years back. We wrote letters . . . Yes yes, but it's not as simple as you think.

But now they're both dead and it's all shared — there are

my brother's children, my sister's children, and me. It doesn't matter about me because I'm on the way out, but before I go I want it all done.

As I say, it's no easy matter, all considered.

Subdivision. It's what we want.

There'll be no more subdivision, sir, in the area.

Subdivision. My brother has four sons and two daughters, my sister has five sons. Eleven sections so they can build their houses. I want it all seen to before . . .

You must understand, sir, that it's no easy matter. The area has become what we call a development area, and I've explained all this before, there'll be no more subdivision.

Development means houses, and it means other things too, I understand that. But houses, it's what we have in mind.

And even supposing, sir, that subdivisions were possible, which it isn't, I wonder if you fully comprehend what would be involved in such an undertaking.

I fully comprehend . . .

Surveying, kerbing and channelling and formations of adequate access, adequate right of ways. The initial outlay . . .

I've got money, my brother and sister left it for the purpose. And my own, my niece won't use any of my money, it's all there. We've got the money.

However, that's another matter, I was merely pointing out that it's not always all plain sailing.

All we need is to get it divided up so they can have a small piece each to build on . . .

As I say, the area, the whole area, has been set aside for development. All in the future of course, but we must look ahead, it is necessary to be far-sighted in these concerns.

Houses, each on a small section of land, it's what my niece was trying to explain . . .

You see, there's more to development than housing. We have to plan for roading and commerce, we have to set aside areas for educational and recreational facilities. We've got to think of industry, transportation . . .

PATRICIA GRACE

But still people need houses. My nieces and nephews have waited for years.

They'd be given equivalent land or monetary compensation of course.

But what was the sense in that, there was no equal land. If it's your stamping ground and you have your ties there, then there's no land equal, surely that wasn't hard to understand. More and more people coming in to wait and the plastic kids had arrived. They pulled away from their mother and went for a small run, cracking. He wished he knew their names, and hoped they would come and sit down by him, but no, their mother was striding, turning them towards a platform because they were getting a train home. Nothing to say for a week or more, and never wanted anything except sitting squeezed beside him in the armchair after tea until he fell asleep. Carry him to bed, get in beside him later, then one day his mother would come. It was too early for him to go home even though he needed a pee.

There's no sense in it, don't you see? That's their stamping ground and when you've got your ties there's no equal land. It's what my niece and nephew were trying to explain the last time, and in the letters . . .

Well, sir, I shouldn't really do this, but if it will help clarify the position I could show you what has been drawn up. Of course it's all in the future and not really your worry . . .

Yes yes, I'll be dead but that's not . . .
I'll get the plans.

And it's true he'll be dead, it's true he's getting old, but not true if anyone thinks his eyes have had it, because he can see good enough. His eyes are still good enough to look all over the paper and see his land there, and to see that his land has been shaded in and had 'Offstreet Parking' printed on it.

He can see good close up and he can see good far off, and that's George over the other side standing with some mates. He can tell George anywhere no matter what sort of get-up he's wearing. George would turn and see him soon.
But you can't, that's only a piece of paper and it can be changed, you can change it. People have to live and to have

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things. People need houses and shops but that's only paper, it can be changed.

It's all been very carefully mapped out. By experts. Areas have been selected according to suitability and convenience. And the aesthetic aspects have been carefully considered.

Everything grows, turnips the size of pumpkins, cabbages you can hardly carry, potatoes, tomatoes . . . Back here where you've got your houses, it's all rock, land going to waste there . . .

You would all receive equivalent sites . . .
Resited . . .
As I say, on equivalent land . . .
There's no land equal . . .

Listen, sir, it's difficult but we've got to have some understanding of things. Don't we?
Yes yes, I want you to understand, that's why I came. This here, it's only paper and you can change it. There's room for all the things you've got on your paper, and room for what we want too, we want only what we've got already, it's what we've been trying to say.

Sir, we can't always have exactly what we want . . .
All round here where you've marked residential it's all rock, what's wrong with that for shops and cars. And there'll be people and houses. Some of the people can be us, and some of the houses can be ours.

Sure, sure. But not exactly where you want them. And anyway, sir, there's no advantage do you think in you people all living in the same area?

It's what we want, we want nothing more than what is ours already.
It does things to your land value.

He was an old man but he wanted very much to lean over the desk and swing a heavy punch.
No sense being scattered everywhere when what we want . . .

It immediately brings down the value of your land . . .
. . . is to stay put on what is left of what has been ours since before we were born. Have a small piece each, a small

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garden, my brother and sister and I discussed it years ago. Straight away the value of your land goes right down. Wanted to swing a heavy punch but he's too old for it. He kicked the desk instead. Hard. And the veneer cracked and splintered. Funny how quiet it had become. You ought to be run in, old man, do you hear? Cripes look what the old blighter's gone and done. Look at Paul's desk.

He must be whacky.

He can't do that, Paul. Get the boss along to sort him out.

Get him run in.

Get out, old man, do you hear?

Yes, he could hear, he wasn't deaf, not by a long shot. A bit of trouble getting his foot back out of the hole, but there, he was going, and not limping either, he'd see about this lot later. Going, not limping, and not going to die either. It looked as though their six eyes might all fall out and roll on the floor.

There's no sense, no sense in anything, but what use telling that to George when George already knew, sitting beside him wordless. What use telling George you go empty-handed and leave nothing behind, when George had always been empty handed, had never wanted anything except to have nothing.

How are you, son?

All right, Uncle. Nothing else to say. Only sitting until it was late enough to go.

Going, not limping, and not going to die either.

There you are, old man, get your feet in under that heater. Got her all warmed up for you.

Yes, young fulla, that's the story.

The weather's not so good.

Not the best.

How was your day, all told?

All right.

It's all those hard footpaths and all the walking that gives

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people sore feet, that's what makes your legs tired. There's a lot of walking about in that place.

You didn't use the buses?

Never use the buses.

But you got your business done?

All done. Nothing left to do.

That's good then isn't it?

How's your day been, young fulla?

A proper circus.

Must be this weather.

It's the weather, always the same in this weather.

This is your last trip for the day, is it?

A couple of trains to meet after tea and then I finish. Home to have a look at the telly.

For a while, but there's an early job in the morning.

Drop me off at the bottom, young fulla. I'm in no hurry.

Get off home to your wife and kids.

No, no, there's a bad wind out there, we'll get you to your door. Right to your door, you've done your walking for the day. Besides I always enjoy the sight of your garden; you must have green fingers, old man.

It keeps me bent over but it gives us plenty. When you come for Minnie on Tuesday I'll have a couple of cabbages and a few swedes for you.

Great, really great, I'm no gardener myself.

Almost too dark to see.

Never mind, I had a good look this morning, you've got it all laid out neat as a pin. Neat as a pin, old man.

And here we are.

One step away from your front door.

You can get off home for tea.

You're all right, old man?

Right as rain, young fulla, couldn't be better.

I'll get along then.

Tuesday.

Now he could get in and close the door behind him and walk without limping to the lavatory because he badly needs a pee. And when he came out of the bathroom they were

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watching him, they were stoking up the fire and putting things on the table. They were looking at his face. Seated at the table, they were trying not to look at his face, they were trying to talk about unimportant things, there was a bad wind today and it's going to be a rough night.

Tamatea Whakapau.

It must have been cold in town.

Heaters were on in the train.

And the train, was it on time?

Right on the minute.

What about the one coming home?

Had to wait a while for the one coming home.

At the railway station, you waited at the railway station?

And I saw George.

George, how's George?

George is all right, he's just the same.

Maisie said he's joined up with a gang and he doesn't wash. She said he's got a big war sign on his jacket and won't go to work.

George is no different, he's just the same.

They were quiet then wondering if he would say anything else, then after a while they knew he wouldn't.

But later that evening, as though to put an end to some silent discussion that they may have been having, he told them it wasn't safe and they weren't to put him in the ground. When I go you're not to put me in the ground, do you hear? He was an old man and his foot was giving him hell, and he was shouting at them while they sat hurting. Burn me up, I tell you, it's not safe in the ground, you'll know all about it if you put me in the ground. Do you hear?

Some other time, we'll talk about it.

Some other time is now and it's all said. When I go, burn me up, no one's going to mess about with me when I'm gone.

He turned into his bedroom and shut the door. He sat on the edge of his bed for a long time looking at the palms of his hands.

Kepa

Girls against boys today, and so there were the girls with their dresses tucked into their pants, waiting. The boys came out of their huddle and called, 'Ana.'

'We call Ana.'

'Ana Banana.'

Ana could run it straight or try trickery. Straight she decided, and committed now with a toe over the line. Away with hair rippling, eyes fixed on the far corner, that far far corner, the corner far . . .

Boys bearing down, slapping thighs and yodelling. And confident. If Denny Boy didn't get her, Macky would.

'Ana Banana.'

'Anabanana.'

'Banana Ana,' Denny Boy leaving the bunch in a fast sprint, slowing down and lingering for the show of it, then diving for the ankle slap. But not quite. Not quite. Ana was ready for him. She side-stepped and kicked him in the knee, then she was off again.

Infield. No hope of a straight run now, nearly all on top of her. Facing her. Spreading out and facing. Back at the line the girls all screamed, 'Run, Ana.'

'Run.'

'Ana, run.'

'Runana, run,' over the humps and cracks, plops and thistles. Not far to go, but they all knew someone would . . . Macky. She hit like a slammed door while the other girls all yelled at her to get up, Ana.

'Get up.'

'Up, Ana.'

'Come on, gee.'