

THE REUNION

The eco of the hot engine rumbling as we enter through the butter knife fog at 6.00 am in the morning, half dead trying to keep my eyes open. As I'm entering my marae I smell something peculiar its porridge, "Breakfast is on its way". My relatives and I enter, walking into the wharenuui expecting sorrow and despair. I walk into the invisible wall of discomfort of a heartbroken death. There's still joy and laughter from the cute little toddlers occupying the uncles, aunties, and cousins with their charm and charisma.

My cousins and I join in a little group outside of the whare kai. Having a quick talk about random stuff. We finally walk inside into the whare kai and smell a distinct smell of porridge and toast. We get our hearty meal and find a spot to sit, we have a quick korero about how's it going, how you been, what are doing lately that sort of stuff. We finish our breakfast and go to the wharenuui and help out with the beds. We only do it because when they are put away we jump on them cause its like a city of beds. We jump on them for a while until one of the adults tells us off, "but it's all good we had fun".

Several hours past, in between those hours we had the dramatic service, and a Tearful burial. After all that my cousins and I are all tired, we are chilling under a cool shade because the blistering heat is getting to us, We cant move we are to weak the sun is an energy drainer. I'm personally waiting for the hangi, cause I haven't had anything to eat since 7.00am. My tongue is bone dry waiting for a delicious big chunky piece of meat.

By: Treo Tyzel Lord.