# Bred in South Auckland *by Glen Colquhoun*

I drive a car that is falling apart.

There is bog in the body.

There is rust in the doors.

Occasionally it does not have a warrant.

Sometimes I sleep in large rooms full of people.

I eat too much fried bread.

I am late to meetings.

I go to housie.

My nose is flat.

I say Raw – tore – loo – uh.

Some people think I am a bloody maori.

I have been to university.

I have a student loan.

I photocopy my tax returns.

Most mornings I read the newspaper.

I make lists of things I have to do and like to cross them off.

I cut apples into quarters before I eat them,

Then I cut the pips out.

I put my name on things.

I listen to talkback radio.

I use EFTPOS.

Some people think I am a typical pakeha.

Last week I drove through a red light,

I did not slow down at a compulsory stop,

I changed lanes on the motorway and did not use my indicator.

When I was a boy I went to see *Enter the Dragon,*

I took one lesson in kung fu.

My parents made me do my homework.

My brother gave me chinese burns.

I like beef and pork flavoured two minute noodles.

I light incense when the house smells.

Once I dug a garden.

Some people think I am a blasted asian.

When I was a boy I learnt to swear in Samoan,

I went to school in Mangere.

I played rugby in bare feet,

Sometimes I shop at the Otara markets.

My family come from overseas.

I used to work in a factory.

Once I helped to cook an umu.

When it is summer I wear a lavalava.

I drink pineapple juice.

I like to eat corned beef.

Some people must think I am a flaming coconut.

I think I am the luckiest mongrel I know. *from The Art of Walking Upright 1999*