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Just Outside the Town of Capland, New Zealand. May 2012 \*\*\*\*\* And so it began, days of writing. A theme in itself. Memories of a past life: a boyhood in the 1930s and 40s. A return to a place of birth. The stories of a former childhood and life in a small country town. A town that was only twenty five miles from his birthplace. His childhood. His family. His friends. An orphanage that his parents couldn't afford to send him to. He grew up with a sister, a brother, two boys that were siblings and another girl that he grew up with. He was placed in a large institution that was set in the middle of the country. He was the only boy in a place of girls, mostly nuns and priests. He was a street child and could have ended up on the streets. But his mother made sure of it. She sent him to a school in the town, where she was paid a stipend to help with his education. She paid someone to take care of him and bring him home when she was finished with work. He became friends with another boy, a boy that was never without his mother. They played on the fields, together, the mother telling him the stories of the town. His mother took

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him to church every Sunday, but he hated the mass. He felt like a nobody. He was forced to join the class the nuns had put him in, but he didn't want to sit on the left hand side of the class. There were two boys in the class, boys that were better behaved than he was. They read and copied the homework that was given, and then wrote their thoughts in a journal. He didn't have a journal. He was afraid to write. His mother took him to a special class. One that was filled with children that were almost elderly. They could barely hear the nuns in the classroom. They made loud sounds as they talked. They never stopped talking, ever. He became friends with another boy and they played together for hours, but he never wanted to play with the other boys, the boys with their loud voices and loud games. The nuns were great at their studies, but they never told the boys or the girls how they got their studies. They read the same books over and over. There were fifteen books that were read to them every year. They never changed the books. There were three classes that 82157476af

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