



# He Huarahi Tamariki

SCHOOL FOR TEENAGE PARENTS - TERM 1 2023

## Picture Perfect

On February 7th, a beautiful sunny day, myself and fellow classmates went on excursion to Heart for Art in Strathmore. A lot of people were very sceptical about going and didn't think it would be much fun. There were bound to be thoughts along those lines because many of us had not painted before.

When we first walked in it was very welcoming and comfy. We got to pick a funky cute top or apron to put over our clothing. We walked into the studio and everything was already set up, there were even little faces on something that looked like a coaster with celeb faces on them. That was a neat little touch, something to make your friends laugh.

Our canvas had an outline of what we were to paint. Silke (our tutor) had an awesome approach to taking us through the process and supporting us in something many of us

had not done before. The words displayed on the canvas were "faith", "hope" and "love", I thought those were just beautiful and the perfect words to paint! We could pick our own colours if we wanted but many of us stuck with the colours Silke was using: pink, blue, purple, orange, white and yellow. We learnt how to use a paint brush properly, how to blend colours, how to create colours with the colours we had, and much more. I think patience was a big one haha!

Personally, I had a great time. I had never experienced painting before and for my first time it was great and went so much better than I had expected at the beginning. Overall, it was a creative, fun and inspiring day filled with lots of love and laughter. Most importantly we learned new skills we can use in the future if we wish to!

Bailey Taylor-Edwards

Far left: Bailey;

Left: Tiara & Brandon



## Student Contribution – Chapter 1 Classy

Statement of intention: The intended genre for my novel is Young Adult Fiction. I wanted to show the reader that the narrator is clearly anxious, troubled, desired to be invisible and lacking in self-esteem. Under all of this she also has a troubled and slightly strange homelife. My intention at the end of Chapter One is that the narrator and the reader are left with a feeling of confusion about what is going on, why are there lights and sirens at her house? And for the reader to wonder about how the narrator will react.

It's classy because it's gin in a wine glass. That's what I'm going to keep telling myself as I'm sitting in the Girls' Science Bathroom at my school. Every scull burns my throat but that's okay, I only need to drink enough to make school and that ghostly house a little more bearable. Two more swigs, some spray of cheap perfume and a stick of gum should be enough to cover the strikingly pungent smell and return back to my class.

I pack everything in my bag carefully, making sure to wrap the glass in my P.E. shirt. I strap my backpack onto my shoulders, put my hoodie up and leave the bathroom with my hands shoved into my pockets and my eyes locked onto the floor. The carpet pattern blurs underneath my feet but I still manage to walk. Further down the hallway I can see the doorway to the science classroom and I clench my fist to prepare myself to enter. I go to grab the handle but my coordination fails me. I don't dare to make any eye contact with the students or teacher but out of the corner of my eye I see that

none of them have even taken any notice of me. Typical! But I'm not complaining. They could have been laughing at me. I stay with my head down as I walk to my seat at the back of the classroom by myself. I stick another piece of gum in my mouth, find my seat and then sit down with my eyes glued to the science book. Time goes by quickly and the gin is really hitting hard

now. My pen is scribbling all over the science book that's supposed to be for work but is apparently my new doodling book.

Abrupt noises interrupt my daydreams as everyone starts packing their bags. Guess it's time for lunch. Everything gets shoved into my bag and I'm the last to get ready to leave the class. The teacher looks up at me and I stumble nervously, almost losing grip of my bag. Why is she looking at me? No one ever looks at me. Oh god. What if she can tell I'm drunk. She gives me a quizzical look and my heart feels like it's going to explode. She definitely knows, she has to. Oh my god I'm so screwed. First she will tell the dean and then the dean will tell my ghost mother. Who even knows what will happen then? I can feel her eyes follow me across the room. My palms start to sweat and I keep my head down while heading to the door. She clears her throat and as I stop to look at her, the panic inside me increases and not even the alcohol is subduing this feeling. I just want to curl up in a ball and die, no one ever speaks to me so why now? Her words finally left her mouth "See you next time..." .

Is that it? See you next time? All the tension and anxiety leaves my body. The relief makes me want to jump up and down in excitement and the alcohol just makes me want to fall asleep. I attempt a "goodbye" but instead it comes out as more of a mumble and I hurry out of the class while swinging my backpack over my shoulder. I think that I deserve another drink in the bathroom.

I've arrived in the Graphics hallway bathrooms. I figure this would be the safest place to drink as nobody really likes these toilets. Most of the time they leak and the walls are covered in graffiti. I'll lock myself inside a stall just to be (continued on back)



Hannah Cuttle is the 2022 recipient of the Clifton Buck Memorial cup for Excellence in Writing

## Tēnā koutou katoa

*Ehara taku toa i te toa takatahi, engari he toa takatini.  
My success is not mine alone, it is the success of the collective*

We started off this year with a bang! Straight into living our value of whanaungatanga with two amazing days of activities. Getting to know our new students and reconnecting with returning students was fabulous. Having a mix of Rock and Water activities, beach trips to Titahi Bay and an amazing Art experience at Heart for Art all helped us to feel creative and eager for the coming year.

He Huarahi Tamariki is such a special place, one that thrives on the collective community that has been built over the years. It is the epitome of success of many people working together and creating something that is bigger than the sum of its parts. And at the start of each year it is always an exciting time to reflect on what has happened, and what plans we can make for this year.

I am looking forward to what 2023 will bring!

*If you want to go fast, go alone.  
If you want to go far, go together  
African Proverb*

*Ngā mihi nui,  
Paula Hay – Kaiārahi*

## Welcome to our New Babies!



Kameiha, a girl – Amānea  
Myah, a boy – Taimana  
Denia, a boy – Phoenix  
Lu, a boy – Matthew  
Ngamaru, a boy – Whaiora



## Graduate News

Last year we heard from Lesley Molia (previously known as Fofo Maene) who was at HHT in 2003 and 2004. After leaving HHT she became involved in Youth work through her Church, Hope City, which led to working on projects alongside the Porirua City Council, our local Police, Housing New Zealand (now Kainga Ora) and other local agencies and churches. This then led to her being poached by Pacific Health Services Porirua to work as their Youth Worker.

In 2009, she won a Young Community Leader of the year award for her work with young people. That same year she was a Wellingtonian Young Person of the year finalist.

In Auckland, Lesley completed a Social Work Degree and went on to develop and manage the Rangatahi Services arm of Prisoner's Aid and Rehabilitation Services, specialising in supporting vulnerable whānau affected by the justice pipeline.

Now that her children are grown and have finished High School, she is following her dream of becoming a lawyer and ultimately a judge. This year she enrolled and began her Law Degree at the University of Auckland.

## Tuawahine 2018-2022

COVID-19 has meant so many delays and cancellations over the past years, and whilst we are still aware that it is causing disruptions, it is so nice to feel like we are moving into another phase where plans are likely to go ahead.

One project we are very pleased to be back working on is the publication of the next edition of Tuawahine, our book showcasing student work. We are looking forward to its publication early in Term 2 and are very excited to be able to share it with our community.

**Tuawahine**

A Journal of Student Work

2018-2022



## Aporo's Legacy

At this time of year we are pleased to be reminded of all the support Aporo Joyce provided to this school. The grapes that he planted and nurtured are thriving and we are looking forward to harvesting them.

We are also honoured to celebrate his memory each year at Prize Giving with the Aporo Joyce Award that was established two years ago and was represented last year for the first time with the mere pictured to the right. This award, Te Puāwaitanga ki te Ao Māori, recognises students who are developing within Te Ao Māori or supporting the school to do the same.



Lesley at her graduation with her husband Fred and daughter Angel

# Baby Rock and Rhyme!

Here at He Huarahi Tamariki, we love reconnecting with Graduates and hearing about what they are up to now. We love it even more when their work brings them back to He Huarahi Tamariki to support us and our current students.

Petra Haliciopoulos attended school here from 2007 to 2010 and is now part of the team at Wellington City Libraries. Her and her colleagues, Stephen and Tessa are working with us this year to bring Baby Rock and Rhyme sessions to our students and their children here on site as these sessions are not always accessible for our students. They are also running literacy workshops with our students focusing on the benefits of different activities you can do with your children.

We kicked all of this off with a very enjoyable Baby Rock and Rhyme session this term. Tables and chairs were packed away and replaced with mats and cushions for the floor. The children all came through from Kids Count, the Librarians arrived, and the fun began! There was singing, music making, dancing and stories about rabbits and dinosaurs to name just a few. But we think the photos give you a better idea of what was happening!

Thank you so much Stephen, Petra and Tessa. We are all looking forward to your next visit so much and appreciate your support in bringing all of this to us here at school.



Above Left: Tamara (Kids Count Staff) with Reo  
Above Right: Shanaia with her son Amani



Left to Right: Amaia; Manny & Beau; Zorani; James; Petra, Tessa & Stephen



## Prize Giving 2022 Graduate Guest Speaker – Pray Meh Nga

Graduate Pray Meh Nga was our Guest Speaker at Prize Giving last year. Her speech, titled ‘You Can Do it if You Set Your Mind to it and Have a Purpose. My Life Changing Journey Continued’, was inspirational and we thought we’d share it with you all here.

Mingalaba and greetings to you all, my name is Pray Meh. It's an honour for me as a previous He Huarahi Tamariki graduate to be back here today at HHT. It feels as if I have never left. This place has become my forever home ever since the first day I arrived here.

At the age of 16 I fell pregnant with my son Wai Yan who is now 7 years of age. I had him when I was 17 back in 2015, only a day before prize giving. Therefore, I missed my first ever prize giving at HHT.

At that time after having my son I had no idea what I was going to do with my life. Especially being a single mum at such a young age. I am grateful to have found this place I call home where I have been accepted with no judgement and have been given continuous support that I needed especially during the difficult times up until now.

I have always wanted to become a nurse. However, while studying at HHT I was also inspired by a previous HHT graduate to pursue my dream of becoming a nurse, when they came and gave a speech to us, just like I am doing now and I hope to inspire you too. I graduated from HHT in 2017 and I went on to study at Whitireia Polytechnic where I completed the Certificate in Health and Science Foundation that has helped me massively get into nursing.

I have recently graduated from Whitireia with the Bachelor of Nursing Pacific Degree last year in 2021. Now I am currently working as a registered nurse in the medical ward at Hutt Valley Hospital. In addition to that I have also just completed my NETP postgrad studies as well and just received my certificate yesterday.

Throughout my studies my son was the main purpose and motivation that has helped me to be able to complete my degree and get through all the tough times that I experienced.

The truth is, my journey of becoming a nurse has not always been easy. It has been challenging mostly and there have been moments where I felt like giving up as it can get quite overwhelming while studying and being a parent at the same time. Plus I was working almost three jobs to be able to provide for my son and pay for my studies and essentials, but then I would always remind myself of my purpose which is my son and I would push myself because I know that I can do it and it will all be worth it in the end.

Looking back at myself 5 years ago sitting right where you guys are sitting, I would be pleased and proud to know that I did it even though it was a long journey. Yes, “It was all worth it in the end” with the determination and motivation that HHT nurtured, and brought the best out of me. I hope this will also inspire you too and remember you're doing this for your purpose and that could be anything that is the most important to you. My example is my son Wai Yan.

It will be challenging at times but as long as you believe in yourself and remember your purpose you can achieve whatever you set your mind to.



He Huarahi Tamariki Graduate  
Pray Meh Nga

## Chapter 1 Classy (continued)

on the safe side anyway. Might as well just leave after this, none of the teachers or the students will notice me going out of the school grounds. Nobody does. In the meantime I will finish the rest of the gin but from the bottle this time. There's no point in trying to even convince myself I'm classy while drinking in these bathrooms. I begin sculling once again, trying to block out the thoughts of knowing what will happen after school. God I hate it at *her* house, it's like she's always there but then she isn't. Jennifer. That's what I like to call her, not "mum". Always too busy for me. Her priorities are more for making sure she is nice, tidy and clean. Black straight hair tied up neatly in a tight bun and covered in hairspray. Why *have a child when you can't even attend to one?* makes me wonder how I survived the baby years. Sometimes I wonder if she even remembers I live there. Jennifer is always at work. Guess her stupid spy job at NZSIS is much more important than me.

I continue sculling as fast as I can to get the best effect. The alcohol burns my throat but it's only temporary. Soon it will be a nice, warm, fuzzy feeling inside of me. I've already decided that I should ditch that and take the long way home. Afterall, if she's the *ghost mum* then I might as well be the *ghost child*. I sit there with a smirk on my face, "*ghost child*". If I was a literal ghost I wouldn't have to be here, I wouldn't have to be anywhere, not at home, school, anywhere. I could just float and drink whenever and however I like with nothing in my way. The ghost life would be perfect for me.

I snap out of lala land and get up from the floor, messily grabbing my bag not even caring if I left anything behind in those scungy bathrooms. I am off on a mission and I am going to enjoy it, it's the journey not the destination that matters. I run for the Graphics bathroom door excited to be free from this place and just barge it open. I continue running with my backpack jumping around on my shoulders. Nothing can beat the feeling of pure happiness from alcohol. A few more steps and I reach the school entrance. Freedom. I reach the entrance and spin around to look back at the school I call jail. With a huge grin on my face I bring both hands up and pull the fingers at my jail. Everyone should be in class by now anyway so no one can see me. I pull my hoodie back over my head and continue on my journey. As I'm all out of alcohol I grab my packet of smokes and light one up. The headrush intensifies the intoxicating happiness that I hope continues when I reach my final destination. If I had my headphones it would make the trip ten times more enjoyable but I can cope with singing some tunes in my head.

I must have been walking for a while now, I've had three cigarettes and have gone through the field. Although there's no other place for me to go there isn't really a place at the *ghost house* for me either. I know I'm almost there so I'll soak up the sun and the fresh air while I can. I wonder if I will be

greeted as I enter the door this time. I usually just walk in there and the *ghost mother* is busy on her phone so I shut myself upstairs in my room. It's only three more streets and I will arrive. I drag my feet along the pavement to slow my walking down but in the back of my head I know I will have to be at that house soon, can't stop the inevitable. I remember that after school you can see the kids walking along with their parents. I've always been envious of the children laughing and holding hands as they walk home along these streets. I just want to stand here really, not have to continue walking down the street.

It's about ten metres until the last street. I don't want my journey to end. I could run away? But then I have nothing on me that I would need: clothes, money, food, alcohol, or ID. I mean I have family elsewhere that I could crash at for a bit. If that doesn't work I'm sure I would be able to think of something else. I don't think anyone would even notice if I pack up and leave. It would be a spontaneous trip and those trips are always fun, everything will just fall into place as I go. Yes, it's decided. I'll go home and pack and then take the next bus out of this city and go wherever it takes me. I'll leave at night just to be certain she doesn't see me leave. Nothing can stop me. I can do this, I can be free.

My legs seem to pick up on everything I'm feeling and I begin to start running home. For the first time in my life I am excited to get home as fast as I can. I'm running out of breath but that doesn't matter. It's the adrenaline that keeps me going now. I'm almost there, just around this corner and I'll see the *ghost house*. Three more steps left. I finally reach that corner and my body halts, all the racing thoughts freeze. New ones enter my brain slowly. I can see what's in front of the *ghost house* but my brain still can't comprehend anything. *What's going on? Why is this happening? Why are there cars everywhere?* All these questions enter my head but I can't seem to grasp an answer for any of them.

There's noise everywhere in the background and I hunch down to cover my ears. I close my eyes and try to imagine that I'm on a different planet, somewhere quiet and less chaotic, as an attempt to block the outside world. I must look crazy to the others around me, no one else is crouching down like me, instead they were all standing outside their houses, looking closely and curiously at the *ghost house*. I hear scuffing noises in front of me and I uncover my ears and open my eyes. They land upon a pair of big, black work boots a metre away from me. I can tell that they are looking at me as their shoes are directly facing me. My eyes continue the search upwards and I see a tidy outfit that anyone could instantly recognise. My heart beats loudly with panic and I wonder if he can hear it. All the racing thoughts leave my brain and now I have a new thought "Why?"

Hannah Cuttle

A very big thank you to all the public and private donors who have supported us recently. Your donations are very much appreciated.

Thank you to Gawith-Deans Family Trust, Wellington Methodist Charitable and Educational Endowment Trust, Zonta, Succeed Legal, David Daily Charitable Trust, Pat Lummis, Kiwi Community Assistance, Beanies for Babies, Pregnancy Help, Parish of Pauatahanui, Loved for Life and the many others who donate used equipment and clothing.

Donations towards the work of the school (03 0547 0671844 000) are always welcome and donations to the scholarship fund can be made to the HHT Trust (02 0548 0369188 000). Either of these are tax deductible and a receipt will be sent to you.

If you have changed address or would like the newsletter emailed to you, please contact us via [info@hht.school.nz](mailto:info@hht.school.nz)

Our host school is Wellington East Girls' College - Principal: Gael Ashworth



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**"Of course you can do it"**