



I remember that awkward time she said “Without colonisation we would still be uncivilised.

I had just moved to the North Shore to live with my boyfriend. His mum was in Australia at the time. I was feeling lonely and missing my family so I invited them to our place to use the family pool. We had a great time. The neighbour came over to use the pool, but saw we were using it. My mum invited her to use the pool with us, but she said that she would rather use the pool alone. My boyfriend's mum called the next day and she was very upset and angry. It wasn't ok for us to use the pool, and the neighbour said that the pool was dirty and full of hair. Over the next few days the neighbour came to use the pool every day. She said the pool was much cleaner with the pool pump on... but the pump wasn't working, it was broken the whole time.

Two weeks later my boyfriend's little brother told me that when he told the neighbours I was going to England to see my brother that they accused me of benefit fraud. He told me that he said "No, Louisa's brother is paying for her to go" to which they replied "No, benefit fraud. She does nothing, how can she afford to go?".

One day I was heading home from uni and went to catch the bus home to the shore. I was the last in line. When I got onto the bus, the bus driver looked at me and said “Are you on the right bus?” I said “Is this the bus going to Torbay?” He nodded and replied “I was just making sure”. That was the first time I had ever been asked that question from a bus driver.

I brought my 5 year old nephew over to Torbay for the holidays to give my mum a break. He has a huge dog phobia, but I wasn't worried because I knew we could close the door from the lounge to the kitchen when we came down from the apartment to cook and eat dinner in the evening. One night the house/dog sitter got angry that my boyfriend told Alice (the dog) to go to the lounge while we ate. She wouldn't let us close the door because she said that it was Alice's house. I took my nephew upstairs to the apartment to eat. The next day I took him back to Papakura and stayed with him there for the rest of the week.

The collection of texts in this booklet is a part of a wider project titled *A Pool is not the Ocean*. The texts document my own experience of moving from a Pacific working class home in Papakura to Torbay, a middle class suburban neighbourhood on the North Shore. These encounters took place between December 2015 and August 2016.

Louisa Afoa

A pool is not
the Ocean

