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Darana

I look in my mirror. I can't stand the way I look. I can't stand the way I talk. I can't stand the way I walk. It isn't me.

My clothes. My hair. My speech. My structure. It's all wrong! I'm too skinny. I don't eat enough! I'm trapped in a 4 wall room with a tiny bed, a crappy toilet, a filthy sink and a mirror for no reason! I've been in here for months and nothing's happened it's fucking bullshit.

It isn't me.

I should've listened to mum she told me those white boys were trouble. Hanging out with a wanted kid wasn't the best idea. He didn't even tell me what he did but as soon as we saw the blue and red lights he said run and I did but soon enough we were cornered in an alley with only a fence to jump which Wyatt had already done and left me behind. I did what I thought was logical drop to my knees and put my hands behind my head and let myself be hand cuffed.

That was three months ago.

Each night before I go to bed I remember nights with mum and my sister and wonder if they miss me and if I'll ever get a visit. Probably not. They didn't care before so why would they care now? Mum never cared before at least I don't think so. If abandoning your kids for a few poker games and alcohol with the only money we have is caring you need to get your priorities straight and straighten yourself the fuck out.

I fight with the other inmates a lot. Majority of them are white and call me things like "you're a black dog" or "nigger". You see I'd never ever been talked to like that or heard of black people being called things like that and in my opinion it's moronic. You're putting someone down for the colour of their skin. No. it's not fair and it will never be. I'm a person just like you. You have no power above me. We are evens.

As I took about the 60th lap around my room in the past 2 hours I heard a knock at my door and took a seat on my bed. When I replied "come in" a strong large young looking black man walked in he was handsome but he wasn't a pretty boy. But he was big and could beat my ass if he wanted to. As he was walking in he had a guard bring in a chair. with a sour look the guard set down the chair and said "we aren't maids. You want something you do it yourself". The black man replied with "whatever mate leave us be now." And with that the guard left but not without glancing at me and smiling a wicked grin. "Hi Darrana I'm Kirra". I

couldn't help it but laugh not just the fact that he's got a women's name but at the fact of how high his voice is.

"What?" asked Kirra.

"Well you see they haven't let me talk to anyone for a couple of months and they send in a guy with a women's name who has a very high pitched voice sorry but I just find it funny." Replied Darrana.

"Alright well let's talk about why you're in here" .said Kirra.

" I don't know what I'm in here for I got arrested for running from the cops with a friend who was wanted but they put hand cuffs on me instead and I've been in here for ages."

"So you haven't had a hearing?" asked Kirra

"No I haven't" replied Darana

"For fuck sakes" cursed Kirra under his breath

"What?" asked Darana

Kirra got up from his chair I followed .we walked down the corridor which had guards on each side of my room and three others. As we neared the blue double doors at the end of the corridor an overweight guard in a blue uniform with hand cuffs a gun and a Taser strapped to his waist stopped us and asked "Identification please".

Kirra pulled a card with his photo on it out of his black skinny tight jeans that made his legs look a lot musclier than they are. As the officer read Kirra's card he held it up to a light." Its real mate. You haven't got to be an asshole."

"Is that right?" asked the officer with a smug smile across his face beaming trouble. The uniformed officer proceeded to read the numbers "1-3-7-5-3-A-G-8-9" Into a walkie talkie that was on his belt alongside his gun. The reply came thirty seconds later as a sweet silky honey thick female voice replied "Kirra former. Youth officer. He's clear." With that Kirra shot the guard a cheeky grin as the uniformed guard's mouth dropped open. Kirra and I started towards the door as the guard muttered "asshole" under his breath witch only made Kirra laugh loudly. "Right back at ya hot shot" Kirra replied at the guard's poor attempt to insult him. "I don't understand why they give you black's rights."

That got Kirra going.

"You listen hear you white bastard. I have rights because I am a person like you like anyone no different. You're a racist bigot who doesn't deserve this job. I have a culture that I cherish and you should respect. It isn't about colour it's about judgment and yours is fucking

clouded." Kirra turned around with a wicked grin spread across his face. I took one look and the guard and read shock all over it. Together we started to walk towards the doors again.

As we reached the outside of the hall it isn't what I expected. It didn't look like a prison any more it looked like a place for teenagers to hang out. Despite all of the inmates wearing orange jumpsuits I felt more. I started to realise little things like a few of the inmates were cleaning while others were lounging around on a couch. Two other inmates were playing Ping-Pong.

All of a sudden an argument broke out as a Ping-Pong paddle struck the inmate closest to us in the face. Blood was oozing out of his eyebrow while he remained completely calm and just stood there. My mind drifted off as I started wondering what in-human reason was this guy in here for was he like me? Was it because he was black like me? Or was it because he had done something stupid in a doubt of judgment? For whatever reason it was this young man was human and no animal.

Suddenly three guards started running towards the two boys while other guards were coming from all around there was yelling and screaming and profanities. The guards started detaining the young man who threw the ping pong paddle. They grabbed his arms at his wrists and pushed his head down while kicking in the back of his knees. He fell to the ground. Kirra started moving faster now he grabbed Darranas arm in a caring way as if saying we need to move.

They walked across the room to another hall. Were more guards were standing. They walked into a room with a blue door that had two other guards waiting on the sides. Kirra opened the door with a key. As we walked in I noticed a bad a table with a computer on it a television and a sink. "Kirra what is this" asked darrana as Kirra handed him the key that only just noticed was green. "You're new room".

"You should get some sleep it's getting late" Kirra said as he closed my door and walked out I placed the key on the table with the computer on it. I hoped onto my bed and realised there was a large duvet over it. As I laid down and shut my eyes I felt a shift in the air; suddenly I felt too hot. I didn't feel like I was in a room any more I felt like I was out side. I realised I wasn't on my bed any more. I was on a hard rocky surface I sat up and looked around in front of me there was a mirror behind me was a large red rock that resembled Uluru.

The cast of the moon light above me caught on something in the corner of my eye as I turned quickly I noticed a large bowl of red ochre next to I a lap lap. I undressed out of my orange jumpsuit and slipped on the lap lap. I covered myself in ochre and looked in the mirror.

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I looked at myself and I liked it. I liked how I felt. I was happy. I didn't feel trapped in a white man's society anymore I was away from that. I was by myself. Even though it's just a dream I liked it.