

Witness Name: Ngatokorima Allan Mauauri

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ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ABUSE IN CARE

WITNESS STATEMENT OF NGATOKORIMA ALLAN MAUAURI

I, Ngatokorima Allan Mauauri, will say as follows: -

INTRODUCTION

1. My birth name is Ngatokorima Allan Mauauri but I am also known as Allan Mana. I was born in 1979 in Auckland.
2. I have been with my partner for 28 years and we have one son together who is twelve years old.
3. I am a child of parents that lived the gang lifestyle. I was born and raised in Mangere, South Auckland.
4. I have spent periods of time in many State care placements including Whakapakiri, Dingwall Trust, Foster Care and Weymouth Boys' Home. I have experienced physical, sexual and emotional abuse in care.

5. I came to the Royal Commission to be heard and to heal, to acknowledge the past but also to encourage others who have been abused in care and that are afraid, that it's okay to come forward and speak up.

FAMILY BACKGROUND AND EARLY LIFE

Biological parents

6. My mother is from the Cook Islands. She gave birth to me when she was only fourteen years old and so her parents took me from her. I was raised by my Cook Islands grandparents in Mangere.
7. My mother fell in love with gangsters when she was around ten years old and that is how she met my biological father.
8. My mother was an alcoholic during my childhood and later in life I found out that she was using heavy drugs when she was pregnant with me.
9. My mother is a hard lady and has been my whole life. She would talk to six foot five giants, young men, like they were boys. She raised me with a take-no-shit attitude and would often tell me things like, "Son, speak your mind and do not let anybody talk down to you."
10. Our relationship has gone through many highs and lows. We are okay now, but she is more of a sister figure to me than a mum. She is an awesome grandmother to my son.
11. To this day, my beautiful mother is a certified drainlayer. She's nearly 60 years old. I hate touching her hands. Her hands are like sandpaper.
12. My biological father is Maori but I never knew him. To this day, he doesn't want to know me or my son. Even though I didn't know my biological father I was still connected to my paternal whanau during my childhood.
13. My Māori whanau are from Huntly, Waikato. My paternal grandmother, Tiwai Matapuni was a very wise and intelligent woman. While I was a child she was a

kaitiaki for the Māori Queen and helped to raise the Queen and prepare her for her role.

14. During my school holidays I would go down to Ngaruawahia to be with my paternal grandmother. She would take me to pokai and teach me the ways of our people.
15. Being in the country side in Ngaruawahia, I also learnt how to use a rifle, how to kill animals, how to clean them, how to use bows, how to survive in the bush, how to hike and other things that you learn from country life.

My Father

16. When I was around six or seven years old, my mother met my stepfather. I refer to him as my father because he was the father figure I had growing up.
17. My father is one of the original members of the [GRO-B-1 Gang] [GRO-B]. He is a very well-built man and played an 'enforcer' role for the gang.
18. I have many memories from my childhood of my father severely beating up my mother. But I love my father with all my heart. He is still a part of the gang today and he also runs his own construction company.

Early Life - maternal grandparents

19. My maternal grandparents were from the Cook Islands. My grandad was a [GRO-B]. He is from Mangaia, in a village called [GRO-B]. My grandmother is from Penryn and Atiu and she is a [GRO-B] from a royal line. They migrated to New Zealand in 1973.
20. My Cook Islands grandparents raised me in a loving environment. I was a Nana's boy. They gave me all the freedom in the world to do whatever I chose. They would spoil me and I never had to do anything to get what I wanted from them.
21. My grandparents didn't speak much English so I was the translator at home. Because I was fluent in the language I would translate their letters, bank statements and other things for them.

22. I was always the black sheep in that side of the family, because I was half Maori and half Cook Islands. I am fluent in both languages. My role was to break stereotypes, I never had to dance or perform like my cousins, but I would korero Maori at functions because I was tangata whenua. I had to make sure my Cook Islands family understood that side. The same thing happened when I went to my Maori side.
23. My grandmother was a kitchen hand at Middlemore Hospital. She would start work at 4:30am, then she would come home and get dressed to go to the PIC Church in Mangere.
24. My grandfather was an ex-Westfield freezing worker at the meatworks. He was a chronic alcoholic and he loved to drink home brew alcohol. At the age of five or six I remember when someone in the neighbourhood came to our house and told me that my grandfather was drunk and asleep outside the pub. I had to go and get him and bring him home.
25. My grandfather taught me how to be generous. He taught me to be kind. He taught me not to worry about what you have, just give. Give it and help people.
26. My grandparents' home was a 'party house'. There were all sorts of people coming and going from there all the time. When I was in their care I was sexually abused by a man who had come to the house for one of my grandparents' parties. At the time, I didn't know what was happening to me because I was so young. I have repressed most of my memory of this incident.

Primary school

27. My primary school education was at Koru Primary, Mangere. From a very young age I loved to read and spend time in the library. In this way, I was a lot different to the other children I knew. We never had a television, but I had access to the Encyclopedia Britannica. I was also athletic and was talented at sports.

Living with my mother and her new partner

28. When I was seven years old I left my maternal grandparents' house and I went to live with my mother again. My mother would have been about 21 years old.

By this time, she was with her new partner, my father. He was already well established in the [GRO-B Gang] and studying to become a carpenter.

29. My mother would go to work early in the morning and would say to my father, "You better make sure that boy goes to school", but I wouldn't get taken to school. Instead, I would go to the [GRO-B Gang] pad or roam around the neighbourhood. I loved to go to new places and see new things, so I enjoyed the freedom.
30. I started spending more time at the [GRO-B Gang] pad and I began to be around the gang's culture and their drinking culture. I had been around alcohol for most of my life, through my maternal grandfather at home and on the Marae. In these environments drinking was different because everything was all good.
31. At the [GRO-B Gang] pad, I witnessed members doing 'the block'. This is when a woman is gang raped or has sex with several of the gang members one after the other. I knew what rape was when I was younger because I had read about it. So, when the block incidents started, I knew what I saw was rape. I was ten years old when this was happening.
32. For some of the women, the block was what they went through to be a part of the 'in crowd', to be able to mingle and party with the members that were higher ranking and to get the VIP treatment from them. A woman had to go through 'the block' to become a [GRO-B]. For some women it was like a form of initiation into the [GRO-B Gang]. As a child I would clean up the place when the women were gone, and I would get paid for it.
33. This was when I began to be exposed to large sums of money. I would be taken along with younger members to help them on their jobs or their 'earns'. They would say things to me like, "Come with me for a ride, I need you to jump into my house".
34. For a young boy, I was quite well spoken. I had a fair complexion and hazel eyes and so the members would take me along to distract Pākehā people. They would say things like, "Knock on that door and just talk to that person and ask for this place". What I didn't know was that I was helping them to do burglaries by distracting people or climbing in windows and unlocking houses for them.

35. I remember having my eighth birthday party at the GRO-B Gang pad. Eight years of age is memorable to me because this was when I planned and executed my first robbery. This is also the age when I believe the 'happy-go lucky' kid stopped existing in me.
36. The robbery I did is still talked about by gang members I know today because I stole thousands of dollars at such a young age. I stole the money from a popular family business in Mangere. They were a business that was helping the community, but I didn't realise it. Their business had to close because of what they lost in the robbery and I still feel guilty today for what I did.
37. Following the robbery, I gave away all the money to people in Mangere. I gave it to people in need and people that I knew in the neighbourhood. For me the robbery was never about the money, it was about the adrenaline that I got from being able to organise something on my own, from seeing and thinking it, and to following it through to the end.
38. Because I am a very observant person and I was always good with patterns and numbers, planning and carrying out crimes came easily to me. I'd be able to go into a store, see and creep into the office first thing in the morning and clean the safe out while they're having their morning meeting. I observed and remembered things like Christmas time was when the money stacked up, and that it would be banked on a Friday or Monday.
39. I would share this sort of knowledge with my friends and cousins. I didn't realise it at the time, but I was sowing seeds of crime in them and we would go on to cause havoc. I believe that the crimes we went on to commit were partly responsible for surveillance cameras and doorbells being introduced in some stores.
40. At age 10 I was expelled from Koru Primary School (Koru) for stealing money from a fundraiser at the school. I ended up donating half of the money to a telethon event that was happening, and I gave the rest away to my maternal grandmother and brother.

41. I hated the Principal there and I hated certain teachers because they were racist. One teacher would refer to me as a mongrel or a mutt. I was proud of my mixed heritage, so they couldn't call me a 'boonga' or a 'hori', so I was called 'mongrel, mutt, fruit salad.' Another would say 'Mana! Come here. Go and fetch the kumara's.' I didn't learn in the same way as other children and I was outspoken, so I was often looked at as an arrogant cheeky little kid.

TRANSITIONAL HOME

42. In 1990, I can't remember the exact date, I was at my maternal grandparents' house while my mother was at a party. I went to that party, and I saw someone beating my mother up. I stabbed that person. I wanted to protect my mother.
43. Police arrived and a social worker came too. I was taken to Mangere Police station and from there to a transition home at Te Atatu. I can't remember what it was called.

Transition home: Te Atatu

44. The house had about four or five rooms in it. There were other kids there as well. The home was run by a Pakeha couple and their son who was a little older than us. I was at the transition home for about three weeks.
45. While we were there, we were never told why we were there or how long we would be there. I was told by staff that my family hadn't contacted them since I got there. There were girls there too, but we weren't allowed to mingle with them.
46. The staff would say things to us like, "You have to be educated, you don't want to be like those other dumb Maori's that are on the dole".
47. They staff would hit me with a wooden spoon for eating my food with my hands. I didn't know how to use a knife and fork to eat certain foods.
48. When I would pray in my Cook Island or Maori language I was told that I wasn't allowed to pray in my languages.
49. The staff would take us every Sunday to St Joseph's Church in Grey Lynn and we would pick up some other youth along the way.

50. There was also a male that worked there as a caretaker. He was showing the boys sexualised magazines and would try to invite boys into his room. He stayed in a caravan on site. I could feel that he was trying to give me lollies because he wanted something sexual out of me.
51. I remember one boy who was at the house that came in from Point Chev. One day he was really upset and was lying on the ground in the foetal position, saying, "I need to run away, I need to get out of here". I got the feeling that he was being abused in some way and decided to make a plan for everyone to run away from the home.
52. On one of the trips to Church, I decided that was our opportunity to run away. There were about nine of us that took off. I hid at Western Springs and made my way to the city. I stayed in Myers Park in the city for some time and I was found by a Traffic Police Officer. I was taken to Avondale Police station, where we waited for a Social Worker to arrive.
53. When the Social Worker arrived, he told me that he was going to take me home. He had the names of my mother, father and maternal grandmother so I went with him, and he took me back to my mother's house.

Back with my mother and father

54. I was only away from home for a few weeks. When I was taken back home, my mother and father didn't care that I had been gone for the last few weeks. All that my mother talked about was that I was going to get a hiding for the stabbing that happened when we were last together.
55. After I saw how little my parents cared for me, it made me want to be out of the house as much as possible. I was hurt that my parents weren't affected by me being missing and that they didn't come looking for me.
56. After the Social Worker had gone, I left home and stayed with friends and on the streets.

57. At this time, I also began spending more time at the [GRO-B Gang] headquarters. It was a good place to hide away. Because of my father they would always let me in, and it was a place where I felt safe because they all knew me.

TE KURA O WAIPUNA (TE WAIPUNA)

58. Because of the money I stole from the school fundraiser my mum was humiliated. My grandmother was humiliated. I'm a local and they were ashamed that I stole money. I didn't lie about it, I told them, "Yes I took it, Yes. I'm sorry".
59. My mum didn't want me and that explained why no one had come to see me at the transitional home. My mother told me, "I just spent all this money for your uniforms and your school". I was legally required to be at school because the school year hadn't finished.
60. So when I returned home, I was sent to an activity centre in Otahuhu - Te Kura o Waipuna (Te Waipuna). It was an alternative education type of school.
61. I met a lot of like-minded people at Te Waipuna; fatherless, lost identities and lost causes is what we were being called there. Te Waipuna is where I changed and became hateful and resentful. The other children there were going through similar feelings and so we fed off each other.
62. Te Waipuna wasn't a residential facility so we would be taken to another site in Panmure where we would stay outside of school hours.
63. There were only four of us that had orders to reside there whereas the other children would get to go home. One of the other children was my cousin, [GRO-B-1]. [GRO-B-1] father would hang around the [GRO-B Gang] pad and so I already knew [GRO-B-1] because of this.
64. My father has three rules of life that he lives by which he taught me and which I remember to this day:
- i. The first rule is that there are no rules in life; there are laws but there are no rules. So you can do whatever you want to because there isn't anything to stop you;

- ii. The second rule is that life is like chess. You are the king of your chess game; you play your pieces right and you find a queen in this world who will die for her king; and
 - iii. The third rule is never bow down or idolise another man. If you do you are giving another man your mana and letting him be greater than you. A King never bows to another King.
65. I began to teach these three rules to the other children that were in Te Waipuna with me. I didn't like it there as it was run in a military style. We were ordered to do things and threatened with having our meals taken away if we disobeyed the staff. While I was there, I got the feeling that the staff wanted to have power over children that no one could handle, and they thought that the way to do this was to threaten us with violence.
66. Te Waipuna wasn't working well for me. After being there for six weeks, at my next Youth Court hearing in Otahuhu, everyone was talking about where I would be moved to next. I remember my mother talking to my lawyer and saying that she wanted me to be given the harshest penalty possible. She told the lawyer that I had it too good growing up and that my lawyer should just introduce me, but not bother representing me.
67. At the end of the hearing the Youth Court Judge ordered that I go to Dingwall Trust in Papatoetoe and from there, I was put in a placement with a Pākehā couple in Hunua.

FOSTER FAMILY: HUNUA

68. The couple lived on a farm in Hunua. While I was there, they tried to 're-program' me. They were a very Christian family and tried to teach me about Jesus Christ and farm life. They would sing Church songs and songs about Jesus a lot. They also liked to pray more than usual and would try to get you to join in with their prayers.

69. When I was on their farm I just wanted to kill, slaughter, shoot, because that's all I knew on a farm. I was never the one to go to church with my maternal grandmother, so being in a very Christian household was uncomfortable for me.
70. In their home they had pictures of Jesus Christ everywhere. They said that the crosses that were there, stay there and that they were blessed by Jesus Christ. I accepted this and didn't disrespect their beliefs. We often held hands together and prayed so it felt like I was being brainwashed. They were nice and polite people, but they wanted me to let go of my identity and adopt theirs. I remember wanting to hang up my pareu (lavalava) in my room because it had an image of my Island in the Cook Islands on it, and they wouldn't let me.
71. I only stayed here for a few days until someone from Dingwall Trust came and picked me up.

DINGWALL TRUST

72. I went into the Dingwall Trust in around 1990. The Dingwall trust residences were in Papatoetoe just down the road from Te Waipuna. They had several houses on a property close to the Grange Golf club that they used to house children. At the time, this part of Papatoetoe and the property that Dingwall Trust owned was mostly farmland.
73. While I was at Dingwall I was labelled as a 'smart-ass' and a 'know it all'. The family who ran the trust might have been Dutch/kiwi or something else European. We had to refer to everyone as 'brother' or 'uncle', but that was foreign to me because I could not associate strangers with using those family terms.
74. The husband and the leading farmhand, I think he was a family member, they did things like tying me to a tractor in the shed. There were other times when my hands were tied with a rope that was attached to the back of a four-wheel drive and I would be made to walk behind it as they drove through the paddocks on the property. I was being made an example of and the husband said to me, 'That's what happens when you are a smartass.'

75. While I was there, a police officer would come by most nights to check on me. The family had a farm car, a Mazda 323 hatchback, with no ignition which you could start with a screwdriver. I began playing with the locks on the car, disassembling them and putting them back together. In a few weeks I had learnt how they worked and how to open car doors without the keys.
76. I started the farm car with a fork and took it for a drive. It had a manual transmission which I didn't know how to drive at the time. While driving on Hunua Road I almost had a head on collision with another vehicle but I evaded it and crashed into a bank. Someone had already called the Police before the crash because they saw the way that I was driving and the Police arrived soon after the crash.
77. A Police car with two officers in it showed up and one of them gave me a hiding at the scene with something like a phonebook. This officer was nicknamed GRO-B-2 he had ginger hair, a ginger beard and freckles.
78. They then put me in the Police car and took me back to the Police Station. On the drive there GRO-B-2 threatened me, by saying that I would be put in the adult cells with the other men that were there. I told him that I couldn't be put in the same cell as adults and that the Police needed to notify my mother or another person of my choosing, that I was in the cells. I also told him that I had a .22 rifle and that I could shoot him in his sleep from 200 metres away.
79. When we got to the station, I was put into a cell by myself and while I was in there I came across GRO-B-2 again and I asked him for his name, to which he replied, "No, I don't have to give you nothing, boy."
80. The police put me in contact with someone from Manurewa Marae. He helped me to get out of Dingwall Trust and helped me to get home to my parents. He taught me what my rights were on arrest and what the Police, social workers and people at placements needed to do when I was in care. I spent a total of about four months living at the Dingwall Trust property.

SUPPORTING MY MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS

81. When I returned home, I found out that my grandfather had suffered a heart attack and that my grandmother had almost lost the family home. I remember seeing a letter from the bank, stating that they would be foreclosing the mortgage. I had to do something to help out my grandparents, so I decided to commit an aggravated robbery.
82. Being raised in and around the GRO-B Gang club house meant that I heard about robberies, how they were planned and how to get away with it. Some other boys and I ended up robbing one of the stores across the road from the TAB in Mangere. I took my share of the money home to my grandparents but realised that it wasn't enough to help them. This was when I went on a spree of robberies.
83. I got charged with some of these robberies and was placed in Weymouth Boys Home.

WEYMOUTH BOYS HOME

84. I can't remember how long I spent there. My charges involved the use of a firearm and the staff at Weymouth saw and treated me like I was the worst of the worst. It was like they were punishing me because they thought I believed I was a 'tough guy'. I was the last to be served meals, sometimes I didn't get a full meal. I would be the last to get a shower and sometimes my clothes wouldn't be washed. I was treated like Cinderella, like a slave. The word that I was called by staff and that always comes to mind now was that I was treated like a 'peasant.'
85. While I was at Weymouth I was sexually abused by one of the staff members. I do not want to go into this in any detail. I can't remember his name. I do remember that he was sexually abusing other boys there as well.
86. One of the cleaners at Weymouth also gave us 'homebrew' alcohol. I couldn't remember what happened that night, but I woke up the next morning with blood in my mouth.
87. There were people from the Clendon community that would come into Weymouth to talk to us and run programmes with us. But I wasn't at Weymouth for very

long, because myself and a few others ended up escaping and running away to the city.

88. I ran away because of the sexual abuse and because I had heard the stories about Weymouth from other children before I went there. Back then it was easier to escape, there was no barbed wire on the fences, only big steel bars and the doors weren't locked.
89. When I got out of Weymouth, I went on a destructive path of committing crime.

ON MY OWN

90. One of the things that I loved to do was play arcade games. There were arcade places that were open 24 hours and at the start I went and stayed in one of them. I can't remember how long I was living in there, but I managed to survive by using my 'gift of the gab'. After living in the arcades, I began living under the Grafton Bridge and I started committing thefts to get money for food.
91. During this time, I made friends with some strangers and elderly people that helped street kids. While I was living on the streets, I would go to places like McDonalds on Queen Street to shower and I would go to Farmers to change my undies, socks and use their deodorant.
92. I began to develop a love for shoplifting clothes and shoes. I would put new shoes on in the shop and walk out with them on, leaving the box and my old shoes there. Sometimes for food I would go into the supermarket with a trolley and put whatever food I wanted into it. I would then walk around the store eating it and then leave. I didn't see this as theft, I labelled myself as 'product tester.'
93. I can't remember how long I was living on the streets. I got arrested and charged with offences such as theft and escaping custody. I was also put in a few family homes but by this point I had already switched off and would just run away. I didn't care about life anymore and had nothing but hate for my family for wanting and allowing me to be sent to these places.

94. I felt all the blame was on me, but in my mind, I believed it was my mother's fault. It was her job to protect me, but I knew my mother would blame me for causing trouble for her.
95. While I was living on the streets in the city, I heard about my paternal grandmother's death on the radio. I was so saddened to hear this news as she was one of the only good voices in my life. She saw all the skills that I had and wanted me to be something. I knew that I needed to go back to Mangere to get to her. I caught a bus there and when I arrived, my father and other GRO-B Gang GRO-B Gang members were at the bus stop.
96. They saw me as soon as I got off the bus, they beat me up and a shotgun was put in my mouth. I remember seeing the thrill on their faces when they did it. To them it was just a whole lot of fun. They put me in the boot of a car and I was taken back to my father's marae for my grandmother's funeral. This was a very traumatic experience for me. I was left with bruises on my body and I knew that my mother had arranged for this to happen or had given permission for them to treat me like that.
97. After the funeral, I was taken back to Auckland and it wasn't long before I ended up before the Youth Court. They sent me to Great Barrier Island to a residential wilderness programme, Whakapakiri, run by John De Silva. I was 11 years old. My cousin GRO-B-1, who I was with in Te Waipuna, was also there.

WHAKAPAKIRI

98. Whakapakiri was run like a military boot camp. We had to wake up at 4am and were verbally abused from the moment we got up until the moment we went to sleep. This was where I got a taste of what slave labour felt like. We were constantly beaten up by the staff at Whakapakiri. I couldn't escape because I was on an Island.
99. This is also when I first realised that the placements and homes I was being put into had access to my criminal history and information about my past. Some of the staff at Whakapakiri were bringing up things that I had done in my past and were punishing me for it.

100. I stayed at Whakapakiri for six months until I escaped with [GRO-B-1]. He and I were working on the boats, so I would take note of who was on the boats and at what time. We hid in one of the boats and then when it was clear we set out for Auckland City, but when we arrived at the wharf the police were waiting for us and we were both arrested.
101. I told the police that we were being abused at Whakapakiri but they didn't believe me and told me that that was something I needed to tell my social worker. I told a social worker about the abuse, but I could tell that they didn't care or believe me, so I didn't take things any further.
102. You know, I later realised when I got a bit older and wiser that nobody wants to deal with a kid. They want the quiet ones. Social workers just wanted to give us our paperwork, clock in, clock out. It was that type of mentality. It was just a job for them.
103. I even started telling social workers, 'It's just a job to you, eh? You're just going to clock in, clock out. You don't give a fuck. You don't care'. When they would say, 'Yes, it's my job to', I would tell them, 'No. You can't even look me in the eyes when you korero to me about it. I can hear it in the tone of your voice, you don't care'.
104. I was then sent to Mokoia Island.

MOKOIA ISLAND

105. The Youth Court decided to send me to a Maori based programme on Mokoia Island, Rotorua. As my Maori whanau are Waikato-Tainui and those who ran the programme were not, I felt their disapproval of me as soon as I did my pepeha.
106. The programme was run 'old school' style and we were regularly abused. No nonsense, no mucking around or you would get it. For example, the rakau where you learn taiaha, it was very strict, if you looked or stepped in the wrong way you would get a reprimand or a dong. But I didn't understand their ways, I only knew the Tainui way of performing rakau. They told me that my way was wrong and their way was right and that I had to learn it their way. I hadn't been exposed to

these sorts of conflicts between Maori before. My experiences of Te Ao Maori had only been of good things with my paternal grandfather like going to pokai and things like that.

107. All my times in care, I took both my cultures equally. I valued them both. When they put me in a place that was Maori based, I couldn't stand it. The Cook Island in me came out. I was raised by my Nana where the kaupapa and the tikanga to the Maori was of love and respect. When I was put at that school, it was like I was in the Maori Wars.

108. You were ordered to do things. They would say, 'No lunch for you'. I would say or think "Oh well, I'll starve then. I'm not eating that meal if you're going to take it away and use it against me". That's where the rebellion gene came out in me and I realised that this is just too tribal. Tribal beef is the best way to describe it.

Running away

109. After some time, I escaped from the Island by stealing a kayak and sneaking onto a cattle truck. I got off the truck at around 3am in the morning in a town that I didn't know. The police found me shortly after this and I was taken back to Auckland. By this time, I had been called racist, rude, obnoxious, disruptive and other negative things so often, that I began to believe that I was these things and I began to accept that this was who I was going to be.

BACK IN WEYMOUTH

110. I was then sent back to Weymouth. It was different because things weren't as open as last time, and we were often locked up. I remember playing a lot of sports there like basketball and rugby league.

111. I didn't experience much abuse this time. I would ask staff for their names and would note down times and dates if an incident happened. The staff would constantly threaten us with violence. I was there for a while, can't remember for how long.

112. Early in 1992 I was released from Weymouth to my Cook Island grandparents' home in Mangere. By this time my grandfather was senile and wasn't the same as when I had last stayed there.

LIVING WITH MY GRANDPARENTS AGAIN

113. I remember telling my maternal grandmother, "I will be good. I've learnt my lesson. Give me a chance". At this time my mother told me that she wanted me to attend high school so I was enrolled in 1992. I was form two.

114. It was at this time that one of my older cousins returned from the USA. He was half Tongan and was a part of the TCG (Tongan Crip Gang). He brought back NWA (Niggaz Wit Attitudes) tapes, all the gangster rap stuff. It was the first time that I heard him play that stuff and he played it all to me. This style of gang was new at the time, and it was something that we could relate to more than the GRO-B Gang and GRO-B Gang 2.

115. In South Auckland, gangs were changing. It became more common for youth to represent the neighbourhood they were raised in over their cultural or ancestral roots. If someone asked me, "Where are you from?" I would no longer say I was from the Cook Islands or Waikato. Instead, I would tell them I'm from 275, Mangere. I believe this allowed me to feel like I had my own path to follow, separate from my family and their allegiances.

HIGH SCHOOL

116. In 1993 I enrolled at Manurewa High School and was expelled on the first day. I arrived early before school started, to get an idea of what the high school was like. I saw that the office was open, so I went in to have a look and found some bags of money that were in a cupboard. I took them and buried them outside, one of the students saw me as I did this and reported me. I got expelled and was sent straight home that day.

117. Two weeks later I enrolled at Mangere College. I got suspended from there after about three months for trying to drown another student. I had given him \$5 so that I could wear his watch, he accepted the \$5 but then refused to give me the

watch. So later when we were having swimming lessons I jumped and stomped on him in the pool. They did CPR on him and he was ok. Luckily, he told everyone that we were playing, and that it was his fault.

118. The same year, there was also an incident where I stabbed another student at school and I was expelled for bringing a rifle to school. I brought a rifle to school and waited at the front gates for two Islander boys that had jumped me. I planned to shoot them both, but someone called the police when they saw me walking around with the rifle. I didn't get charged for this as my mum's brother said that the rifle was his and he pleaded guilty to the charge. This is when I learned about the power of intimidation. Everyone in Mangere knew what I had done. The talk went along the lines of, "Don't you fuck with that boy Allan, he will do rule number one. He knows that there are no rules out here."
119. Following this, my mother enrolled me at Tangaroa College, Otara, during the height of the conflict between Otara (274) and Mangere (275). My mother thought that this would break me, but it made me respected in Otara because I was the only Mangere boy at the school. I got expelled from Tangaroa College and was charged with assault with intent to cause grievous bodily harm on a teacher.
120. I was then enrolled at Nga Tapuwae in the Maori bilingual unit, for two days a week. This was like being on Mokoia Island, where I was exposed to staff who carried Maori inter-tribal conflicts with them and treated students differently depending on their whakapapa. I didn't last long here.
121. In 1994, I enrolled at Aorere College where I stayed for a school term and a few weeks. This was where I met my partner, [GRO-B]. I met her when I was 13 years old at a Cook Islands social, where we smiled at each other and danced together. She asked me my age and I lied and told her I was 15.
122. Once I'd left Aorere College I moved in with my partner. I had to have a meeting with her dad, who holds a chiefly title for my grandfather's village in the Cook Islands.

123. At 15 years old, I was charged with possession of a handgun, which has stopped me from travelling overseas. At this time in my life, I was trying to make a name for myself through violence, in the same way that my father had done. I was going out to other areas in Auckland like West-Auckland and fighting with other boys, some of whom I later came to know were my cousins and relatives.

LATER IN LIFE

124. In 1996 I got my first job working for the Manukau District Health Board helping young people to quit smoking. It felt good to do something that was helping the community rather than doing things that were harmful. I didn't smoke cigarettes and I didn't do any weed or smoke any drugs. There's even an article of me in the Manukau Courier dated Tuesday 10 December 1996 on page three. The title of the article is, "Smoke-free. Three Help Students Kick the Habit".

125. When I got this job, I knew that the things I was doing before in the community were negative. It felt good that I could do something positive. But I was stuck in this cycle. I still remained bad at school and I became worse and worse.

126. At age 18, I went to prison for the first time in Mt Eden and I was in and out of prison until 2007. I don't regret any of it because when you share these sorts of stories with some of these new young ones, they actually listen because I don't talk at them. I don't preach it.

127. Being in prison, especially closer to 2007, helped me to connect with my musical talent. While I was in Waikeria prison I wrote a poem called 'Sweet Dreams' which is about methamphetamine. I never used meth, only weed and alcohol. On my first day out of prison I turned it into a song and recorded it. I did this because I felt guilty because I saw what meth did and I was remorseful and regretful seeing my family become addicted and the impact of that. The poem is quite well known throughout the prison system in New Zealand. I won an award for it. I have since gone on to mix and record seven albums of music, these albums have all my stories and life experiences on them.

128. Music has been something that has allowed me to show love for my hood and to give something positive back to my people. My group of my friends started a rap

group called 'Recommended Dosage'. We started a record label called 'One Mic Records.' We were all the sons of gangsters from different gangs but we all grew up together. We would throw open parties and events for people around Auckland, through a musical platform that we called 'The Eclipse.'

129. My role in the group was in the background, I can't sing or play a musical instrument, but I have an ear for music and can mix and master it. Through our group, we started running an event called, 'Passion to Profession'. This was a series of open workshops targeted at introducing youth to the music industry and every aspect of the industry, from business set up, to deejaying to audio engineering. The idea was that they could then turn their passion into their profession.
130. In 2009 my partner and I had our son. He changed me and gave me a new purpose in life. I wanted to do something good. It started with being a court advocate for my niece's case in 2009. I arranged for her to get into rehab, and I helped her show the judge that she was keen to change. My niece has kids and also a job now. She turned her life around.
131. Other people heard about what I did for my niece and I had people asking me to do the same for them. I have worked with churches and community groups to help people in the justice system.
132. I have started writing a book about my life and my experiences. I live in a digital era, so I've got a whole file of videos. I will wait until my son is a little older and understands, before I show him. One thing I don't want to do is allow my son to take away the negatives from my life and for him to try to be like I was. I tell him that if he makes negative choices, maybe he won't be able to travel, maybe he will never get his dream job. I tell him to be kind, be good. I tell him don't hate the police, they're just doing their jobs. I use my negatives as teaching tools. I'm his hero.

IMPACTS OF ABUSE

133. My abuse in care lead to me having a long history of PTSD and depression, especially as I started unlocking memories that I have suppressed. I drowned

those memories with weed and alcohol, I masked them. That was the only way I could get through it. I also suffered insomnia and I can't be around authority figures.

134. The drugs and the thug life was the beginning of the end for me, I lost my childhood, the innocence of it, but I never lost the child in me. That's why kids like to be with me these days. I am the one that schools praise as a parent helper. I always support my son's schooling. It saddens me that I had to lose my childhood. I am only learning now as I raise my son what it's like to be a child. I sit and play with the kids and try and understand them.
135. The abuse destroyed my relationships with my family. I came out of care so angry that they put me there, abandoned me, left me and forgot about me. They assumed that after the system did its thing that I would be fixed and that when I came out, I would be right. But every time I went into these places, it made things worse. I came out and I was so angry with my family. I have now lost people who I love who no longer speak to me because they think the anger was due to drugs, but it was not. It was due to the feeling of abandonment and what happened to me in care.
136. I had to grow up so fast, I saw things people should never see. I'm not proud of it but it made me the humble person I am. I've seen ugly, I've been ugly myself, I've seen the impact. I feel remorseful for hurting anybody in the process of me navigating my life, and now I want to help others and that's what I've always done. My home in Papatoetoe is 'the marae', I have opened it to others who need help, as a place they can call home.

IDEAS FOR TRANSFORMATIVE CHANGE

137. When I was 'getting into trouble' as a child and young person counsellors, social workers, teachers and the police, would say things to me like, "You keep doing this, Allan, you're going to go to jail".
138. For someone from my background that was the one thing you don't tell people like me. Because my father had been in prison for a long time and it was normal as a child to hear my uncles or family members saying, "We're going to the

prison, you want to come for a ride?". So, to me jail was a fun thing, we were going out, we got to go for a long ride, have ice cream on the way and see dad. If we couldn't become sports stars or All Blacks most of us were destined for jail. That was the mindset.

139. While I was in Weymouth, I remember connecting with one of the mentors that came in. I connected with him because he shared some of his life experiences about how he came to work with children and from these I believed that he was 'real' and genuine person. We also connected because he was of mixed ethnicity, he was half Pakeha and half African. It didn't matter that much that we didn't understand each other's cultures, I let him in because he knew what it's like to be between two cultures for your whole life.
140. If you're in a job where you are dealing with 'bad kids', you need to be relatable, not just qualified. That's the key. I've gone and talked to church groups, I've gone and sat with of the worst thugs that are out these days, and I've sat down and gone, "Takes one to know one". It takes one to know one.
141. A copy of my written consent to use my statement is **annexed** to this statement.

Statement of Truth

This statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and was made by me knowing that it may be used as evidence by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care.

Signed: GRO-C

Dated: 102.07.2021