


GREETINGS FROM
THE OUTER SPACE





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by

*they call me **ninu***

Day 1: A place called Waikato. I'm in a new place again. It is exciting and scary at the same time, as new missions always are. Everywhere I look is green and my first impression of this place is that it radiates peace. I like quiet places; back at home I have to travel great distances to find this kind of quietude.



Day 1.1: Findings. I always find interesting objects that end up coming in handy in every mission. Right after my landing I spotted a curious bright pink object by my feet. I picked the object up and I somehow knew I was supposed to wear it on my eyes; I felt relieved as soon as I did. This place is very bright and the curious pink object instantly helped my eyes to deal with the overload of light. It's funny how it's always my eyes that struggle first to adjust to the new setting. I need to take care of them and let them take things in slowly and little by little.



Day 1.2: Survival. The first rule for survival in our space-travel guide is to always keep moving. I'm tired and stopping is tempting but I know I must keep moving. The second rule for survival says that we must be well equipped. I am safe; I carry everything I need in my suitcase. It is safe to go ahead.



Day 3: My arrival at Pukeatua. I have been walking for three days now and I finally found what seems to be a village. At the entrance of the village there is a sign that says "Pukeatua;" it must be the name of this place. There's only the main road and a side road that leads to The Bush. On the main road there's a church, tennis courts, a guesthouse, some houses, a school, and a hall. The church looks lonely, the school has a pool, and there's a restaurant at the guesthouse. The quietness of this place is enticing.



Day 3.1: Getting a room. Dusk was starting to fall and I went into the guesthouse to get myself a room. I always get a sense of relief, uncertainty, and hope when I unpack my stuff. Being on the move is exciting but it's tiring too. Unpacking doesn't mean stopping though; there is a lot to do. I am not quite sure where to start but I have a thousand ideas and a plan. You always have to have a plan.



Day 13: Thinking about home. People here have been asking me if I miss home. I have been thinking about it today and asking myself: Is home the place where I come from or the place where I want to be? I don't miss home, the place where I'm from, because I know I can always go back there. I'm missing a different kind of home, the place where I want to be, but I know it's not far from here.



Day 23: Meeting new creatures. Around here I see these funny creatures they call sheep, cows, and chickens more than I see humans. It is such a delight to watch them in the paddocks. They seem to live a very placid life.



Day 29: A kind man. I met a local man who has been teaching me to play a game they call tennis. He's very gentle and kind-hearted. The game makes me feel very much alive. I run, I laugh, I shout, and for a little while there's no search. Time stops and everything is absolute joy.



Day 31: Getting some work. I got a job at the guesthouse's restaurant because I'm running out of resources. It's a whole other world in there. People come and people go; it's hectic. I like it when I set up the tables because it's quiet and everything is in perfect order for a bit. I also like the smell of the food, the stories I hear, and the music they play.



Day 67: Remember your mission. I must not forget about my mission; I must create because it is only through creating that I'll find home. It's been several days without me making any progress on my work. It's easy to get distracted in this new world. I must stay focused; I must not get distracted because if I do I will get lost.



Day 79: In search of home. I have been spending quite some time in "The Bush" lately. Every time I'm there my chest feels open and my breathing becomes deep. A few days ago I finally figured out why that is: home is somewhere in there. Tomorrow I will pack up my stuff and go to The Bush. I shall never return.



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