

Stolen Generation Essay

You sit and remember the time.

You are woken up early one morning to the sound of your family screaming. Your mother comes running up to you and starts smearing mud all over your body, you try to ask her what's going on, but she doesn't reply. You see your sister, she is also covered in mud and you ask her what's happening; she says "the white people are coming to take us away, like how they took Mindy from next door away". You start to panic and run to your mother and hug her. All of a sudden you hear a loud bang on the door "open up" a man yells, your father goes and answers the door. A big heavy man enters the house, wearing a blue uniform, black leather boots, a hat and had three medals on his left breast pocket. You take a step back, when you see that he has a gun attached to his belt. You take your mother and sister's hands as you slowly start to move towards the back door, but the man stops you, he walks over to you and wipes his nose then sniffs, he takes your arm then lets it go when he sees that you are of darker colour, but then sees that the mud has smeared and has come off revealing your natural colour. "You two are coming with me" he says in a deep harsh voice, he pulls you and your sister away from your mother and pushes you in front of him yelling at you to go to the van, your sister tries to run to your father but he grabs hold of her shirt so she can't get away. You both are screaming out for your parents to do something, but they just stand there weeping. The man puts you and your sister into a van and you drive away. That was the last time you saw your parents.

You spent eleven years with a foster family and your sister was sent to live with another family. You had to learn how to act and speak as the white people did. You were forced to do hard and embarrassing labour. Every night you would cry yourself to sleep wishing you were with your sister and parents. At eighteen years old you were released and were allowed to return home, but when you arrived home, your family was gone, nothing was left there. You sat for hours crying, trying to remember your family and your home but you couldn't.

Everything had been pushed out of your mind by the past eleven years. All you remember was the horrible day that you were taken away, you remember the fear in your sister's eyes, the soft soothing touch of your mother's hands as she let you go, the sorrow look on your father's face as he watched you being taken away. You only wish you knew where they were, and what had happened to them.

You sit there and remember.

This is dedicated to all the children who were taken away from their families during the stolen generation.

By Stephanie Faiman