

There's No Place Like Home

Cian Parker reflects on growing up in 1990's Hamilton – where *Sorry For Your Loss* is set.

The Tron: What's Hot

The People

Growing up, we didn't have much, but neither did our community, Melville. You weren't the minority, we all were, together. No matter who you are, we shared everything with everyone. We lived in a cul-de-sac, and all the kids would roam around the neighbourhood jumping to different houses. You would get a mean sandwich at No. 23, get to play on the Playstation at No. 50, and No. 18 had the Internet. Sure, from an outside perspective, it looked like we grew up rough. But we were looked after by a community. The other parents at school became Aunty and Uncle. Family.

Creativity There's a real bubbling pot of artists coming out of the Waikato that's really exciting to see. We're seeing a surge of original work and the hunger to develop and share stories that's really inspiring.

The Meteor Theatre It's a base not only for artists but it also brings audiences that don't usually feel like they belong in a theatre. They are the ones who gave me my first shot to put a show on for the first time.

Hamilton Gardens I'll sound like Hamilton Tourism, but the garden was free, your whole family could go, you could bring your own lunch and stay there for the day. And if you were me and read lots of books, you could walk around the gardens pretending to be in different worlds in your brain without worrying the rest of your family.

Tommos Bakery Go there after a night out, and you're sorted. Can't go wrong with a sausage roll and a cream donut. Oh, and my Mum works there...so yeah, I'm probably biased.

House Parties It was awesome when my family would have house parties. The adults would be out in the garage singing and laughing having a great time. And all the kids would have mattresses covering the floor in the lounge. Movie night with all the junk food. Those were some of the best nights - just having fun with everyone.

The Tron: What's Not

Feeling like there's a lack of options Growing up, my idea of what was possible was small limited. My idea of what was possible in life was built around what I saw within my community. And mainstream media fed into that narrative. It was expected for me to probably become a young mum, live on the benefit, work in an entry-level job. None of which are bad, but the scope in which you could achieve in life was hard to expand beyond this. I was lucky because I was good at school. It gave me something to drive me and set higher goals.

Traffic and Roundabouts Um, why so many roundabouts? I mean, don't get me wrong, I prefer a good roundabout to traffic lights. But so many? Also, it can take me 40-50 minutes to get across the river because of traffic. My god, this answer has aged me *laughs*.

Cowbells I understand the passion some have for rugby. I respect that. I don't particularly share that passion, but I get it. What I don't get are the cowbells. Especially when they're being rung by drunk rugby fans. It's just a bit over the top, aye?