

# **THE MAGIC OF LIFE**

**BY**

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## Chapter 1

It was September 13<sup>th</sup> and the wind felt cold and miserable as Suzanne struggled to hold her coat close to her body. The tears were still fresh on her face and her body felt like it had been torn apart by the emotion of the past few days. Her toes were still numb from the long trek she had travelled the previous day and the memory of the chill seemed to linger in her bones as the wind started to blow through her clothing once again. Suzanne's fixed purpose was to provide for her children but her efforts of the previous day had proven to be fruitless, her regular source of food was not available and there was nothing to feed her family. Today she headed off along the same track but this time she would visit all the local fishing spots to see if she could find some relief.

Suzanne's fear was so intense that it almost took over her body and she was struggling to take each step. Her decision yesterday to leave the children at home had torn her apart and here she was doing it again. The children were too young to have to take care of themselves but somehow she knew it had to be done. It was a significant time in their lives, as their father Joe had died the previous year and as a family, they knew they were in for some hard times. Suzanne had battled along and the children lived in fear of what would happen to them all. Suzanne felt so alone and each day seemed to get longer as the tasks became harder and she struggled to survive against the increasing panic that ravaged her body. Suzanne had forgotten about all her friends and those who could help her and was almost to the point where her brain and her body were ready to give up.

The wind blew and the drizzling rain began to play tricks with Suzanne's eyes. The clouds were low and the mist of the morning hung like a mystic curtain always out of reach and just in front of Suzanne's vision no matter which way she turned it was the same. Although her mind was ravaged with fear there was a hidden sense that detected something different in the countryside and the strange cloud that appeared in front of her suddenly shook her into awareness

and exploded her senses into a scream that was so intense its sound disappeared before it left her mouth. Suzanne froze and the panic suddenly turned into a clarity that she had never felt before, her sense of survival was at its maximum and her focus and intensity were beyond belief. Suzanne scanned the path ahead never taking her eyes off the strange vision in front of her, the rain seemed to stop just up ahead but the cloud was slowly moving towards her, she could feel her skin start to tingle. It was like something had started that was completely out of her control and in place of her fear a feeling of determination had come over her. She considered stepping back but nothing seemed to happen it was as if she was being drawn forward and as she took that next step she went into the cloud and almost passed out from the rush of adrenalin that followed. In that moment Suzanne forgot the outside world and disappeared into the ecstasy and beauty of the wonderful world of magic she had stepped into. The hardship she had experienced moments before had gone and she marvelled at the joy of standing tall in the face of everything that was happening.

Suzanne could feel her confidence growing as she calmed herself and allowed the haze of her experience to subside. She focused on the faint image in front of her and watched patiently as it formed into the shimmering outline of a person. She had never experienced anything like this before but somehow she felt comfortable just standing motionless and letting everything unfold. The longer she stood and watched, the clearer the image became, until there standing before her was a great friend she had known through many ages. He introduced himself as Simmion.

Suzanne felt elated she had never experienced such a sensation and she certainly had never seen anybody appear from a cloud before. Strangely though, she felt incredibly comforted by the whole event, it was as if she had stepped into another world where all of the circumstances around her were totally different. She felt beautiful once again and her dry skin and matted hair were suddenly transformed. Her clothes looked better and she really felt like she was starting to glow.

Simmion's voice was gentle and welcoming, he understood that she had never experienced such a thing before and he was extremely conscious of the fragile nature of her situation.

*"You seem lost my beautiful one"* He began. Suzanne relaxed as he spoke, she felt drawn towards his energy and almost unconscious of the content of his words.

Simmion continued, *"We have been watching you and we understand your struggle. You have been through a lot and now I would like to help you."*

Suzanne stood motionless. He turned slowly and continued, *"Follow me and we will get food for your children. I want to show you how to move on to a different life."*

The small island on which Suzanne lived was a place of beauty, with its harsh and rocky landscape and its wind blown shores in contrast with the gentleness of the tree-lined hills in the distance it was something beyond imagination. The life that Suzanne knew was simple but limited to this place where she was born so, when Simmion said, *"move to another life,"* she had no concept of what he was saying. There were no boats that could take her away from the island apart from the ship that came in once a month for supplies. It took one or two visitors backwards and forwards and occasionally one of the technicians who ran the power station, and apart from that there was no other way to move to other life. As her mind struggled with this lack of understanding she felt a little disoriented and soon let go her struggle to watch the vision of Simmion's magic develop in front of her. A vision appeared in front of her, she could see her children running around enjoying themselves, laughing and playing looking bright and healthy with no trace of fear or hardship. Suzanne blinked and looked around but she could only see the vision in front of her. She watched intently and then, as quickly as it appeared, it disappeared. The picture had vanished but it had been imprinted in Suzanne's heart as something more important than reality itself.

Suzanne willingly followed Simmion, totally unconcerned about her wellbeing and acknowledging that she felt unusually fit and

happy. As she walked along she felt a spring come back into her step and her fairy-like nature returned. They reached the waterfront where the fisherman normally gathered but to her surprise there was nobody around. They walked down to the small deserted jetty and looked out to where the fishing boats were moored. Everything seemed peaceful and calm and Simmion turned with a serious look on his face and waved his hand slowly over the jetty. The air seemed to shimmer like a mirage then suddenly several baskets of fish fillets and shellfish appeared before her.

It was like a banquet laid out ready to eat, “Oh, if only I could carry all of this and take it back to my children.” Just as the thought appeared, the banquet lifted off the ground and slowly moved forward disappearing into the surrounding mist that Suzanne had not noticed since she first stepped into it.

She immediately turned to Simmion, “What happened?”

*“Your wish has been granted. The fish will be taken back to your children,”* he said.

“There is too much for our family,” replied Suzanne.

Simmion smiled and quietly said, *“Let’s walk back to your house and feed the children”*.

As they walked along the path Simmion seemed to become real and Suzanne felt that she needed to reach out and touch him. She could hardly believe the love that existed between them. Her senses became sharp and her whole body tingled with excitement. Simmion had been with her for ten minutes but it seemed like a lifetime. Simmion’s love was something she could never explain and all of the strange things that had happened around her seemed so natural

In the distance Suzanne could see the little cottage coming into view around the edge of the cliff. Her feelings were high and the sight of the cottage triggered her emotions. She turned around quickly, wrapped her arms around Simmion and gave him a hug. She could not believe this feeling inside her. It was as if he had melted straight into her being and they both stood there in the magical essence as one. As her focus returned she pulled back but was

unable to speak. She wanted to say so much to express her thanks to him but was unable to utter a word.

Simmion smiled and said, *“Yes, I’m real, and everything is okay. Now let’s go and feed the children.”*

They walked into the house and suddenly all of the fish appeared on the kitchen table. The children jumped with joy and Suzanne could see the life coming back into their little bodies. The heavy atmosphere that had been in the house for months suddenly lifted and laughter and happiness came back into the family.

Suzanne quickly set about preparing and cooking a beautiful meal and she thought of Joe and his continuous struggle to provide the abundance she was experiencing at the moment. He had always provided for his family but he knew that their destiny had to change. When his boat capsized and he was lost to the darkness of the sea, Suzanne remembered very clearly the promise that he always made. “If ever I am taken by the sea, you and the family will be looked after. I have been told by God and there is no doubt.” And now, if he could look down on what was happening, he would be overjoyed by the vision. Suzanne had no idea why but she had this wonderful feeling of complete trust and happiness and a feeling that she was experiencing being “looked after” as Joe had promised.

Once the children had eaten, Simmion suggested they invite others in to eat. It was then that Suzanne realised she had been staying away from all of her friends. With all of the hardship, she had reached a point where she couldn’t face anyone and to go out now to offer them food seemed so difficult. She was frightened but Simmion simply looked at her and smiled and the courage she needed came back to her immediately.

Suzanne’s life had become so distorted by fear and tragedy that she forgot how close her neighbours were. Only a few minutes down the road and she could see her long-lost friends. These were the people she had lived with all of her life but had pulled away from because of her circumstances.

Suzanne put on her coat and headed off to see her friends. She hoped that the food would stay warm but quickly forgot as she met each of her friends. They were excited and happy for her and were happy to follow her back to the house and enjoy a huge feast.

Within the space of four hours Suzanne's life was back to normal. Happiness was bubbling through her body and the magic of the world was once again obvious to her. She looked around the crowd for Simmion.

"Do I have to move?" she asked as she turned to face him.

*"You have moved Suzanne. It all may look the same, but it doesn't feel the same. You have actually moved a long, long way from where there was hardship to where there is joy and happiness and the world has allowed you to do that without any objection at all,"* answered Simmion.

Suzanne wondered at the simplicity of what had happened and how it had been possible for the magic that had just played out in front of her. She wondered about the major difference in herself and her children and friends. It was all because of the intervention of one person and the provision of one meal. Everybody's life had changed in that very short period of time. Suzanne wondered if Simmion would be around all of her life.

"How long are you staying?" she asked him.

*"I have always been with you and always will be. There will come a time when I return to earth and you will know me again, but on this occasion I am here for a short time to help you see the simplicity of what is needed to make your life full".*

Suzanne's face glowed and the people around her were excited. They listened intently but had no idea that Simmion had moved heaven and earth to come and stand before Suzanne so that she might know she could change and move on. Suzanne could not describe what Simmion had done but the essence of her whole being clearly reflected the amazing results.

Suzanne and her friends enjoyed a beautiful time together but it was soon time to sleep. It wasn't long after everyone had gone home and the children were in bed that Suzanne fell into a peaceful dream

filled sleep. The dreams were clear and as exciting and almost as amazing as the day she had just left behind. She saw so many things and received so many instructions that it seemed like the night would never end. Not once did she wonder where Simmion had gone. He was there when she went to sleep he was there in her dreams and she was sure that when she awoke in the morning he would be there again.

## Chapter 2

Suzanne opened her eyes slowly and felt the listless shadow of sleep creep in and take her into that special space where she felt perfect peace, her eyes closed and she drifted off into the silence of oblivion that she had treasured all her life. she looked around and for a moment her energy dropped.

Within an instant she heard Simmion announce, *“I’m still here.”*

Suzanne burst into tears of joy at the happiness she had just been shown. Outside the wind had died down and the view from the front window of her house had transformed into something of absolute beauty. Suzanne wondered about the misery that she had seen out of her window the previous day, which had mysteriously changed in one short day to paradise. The colour of the water had changed; the sound of the waves was gentle and the sun was actually shining. It was as if her whole world had changed.

Suzanne moved away from the front window and her eyes scanned the small cottage. Much to her surprise there was food everywhere. Not just leftovers either, but food that her friends had brought over. Cakes and breads and treats, there was sufficient to feed them all for a month. There was good wholesome food and it was everywhere. She wondered where it all came from and how she would store it all.

Just then young Jamie came racing into the room saying “Mummy, Mummy, look what I’ve got,” and there in her hand was a beautiful handmade doll. It was something that captured Suzanne’s heart straight away. It was soft and fluffy and it had character in its face. It was also so sweet and cuddly.

“Isn’t it beautiful,” she said to Jamie, as she crouched down and placed her arms around her?

Jamie’s eyes were so bright and alive. She was excited and she immediately pulled at Suzanne, “Come on Mummy; let’s see the rest of our presents.”

She grabbed Suzanne by the hand and took her out into the kitchen and there on the table was a small Christmas tree with a

handwritten note in beautiful writing that said “*There is more to magic than just tricks – enjoy the rest of your life, lots of love, Simmion.*”

Tears came to Suzanne’s eyes as soon as she started to read and Jamie, Samuel and Martha all cried with her. Each of them had their own little toy and each of them was so happy. It seemed like Jamie was taking Suzanne on a tour as she grabbed her mother’s hand again.

“Come on Mummy, come on,” demanded Jamie as she dragged Suzanne into the bedroom where the three children slept and there on their little beds were new cotton covers to keep them warm. Each one contained such beautiful colours to brighten up their day.

“Look at this,” said Jamie and Samuel excitedly as they jumped up and down on their beds and squealed.

Martha cried and hugged her Mother while she patted the bed. It was such a beautiful moment.

It was at that point when Suzanne began to miss the presence of Simmion. She could feel Joe still watching over them, but she missed Simmion, and Joe knew the reason why. Simmion and Suzanne had been so close over many, many years and Joe felt proud to be able to assist in the short number of years he had been together with Suzanne.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door and it felt like they had all snapped out of a trance. They each ran out to open it, one behind the other, and as the door swung open they saw a young fisherman standing there.

The fisherman greeted Suzanne, “I knew you needed something to eat and I’ve been fishing for days. I’ve caught you some fish. I also heard that you had a party last night and that everybody came along, but I couldn’t get here. I was busy cleaning all of the fish and had to put them into cold storage.”

“Oh Bill,” said Suzanne, “I’m so glad you’re here, I’ve got so many things to tell you. Please come in.”

Bill was still talking as he walked through the door, "...and while I was putting the fish into cold storage, this amazing thing happened to me..."

".....and while I was walking down to the jetty yesterday, this amazing thing happened to me," said Suzanne at the same time.

They both stopped and looked at one another and smiled then Bill, being a gentleman, said "Well you tell me what amazing thing happened to you."

"No you tell me first," said Suzanne.

Bill's eyes lit up as he explained, "I'd just finished cleaning the fish and I was thinking about you - I always think about you, but I'd never thought of you before as anyone more than a great friend, someone I've grown up with and I was so sad for you when Joe died. I've done the best I can to look after you and I've felt like I've been failing, even though it had nothing to do with me, I still felt a sense of failure. But then, out of nowhere this voice said "*Bill, Suzanne needs you,*" but I just shook my head and kept working. Then it said again, "*Bill, Suzanne needs you!*"

Suzanne sat and listened attentively to Bill's story.

Bill continued, "I stopped and looked up and saw a figure standing in front of me. A beautiful man who was sort of standing a fraction above the ground and he was glowing. I asked him "Did you speak?" and he replied, "*I did.*"

"I waited but he never said another word," said Bill.

"I asked him, 'did you say Suzanne needs me?' and he said, "*I did.*"

"So I asked, "Now?" and he answered, "*No, forever!*"

"So I sat down but didn't know what to do next. I looked away and I looked back and he was still there. I was just about to speak to him again, but he'd gone. So, I've been sitting on the edge of the water for the last hour wondering what I should do and then the voice came again – "*Suzanne needs you.*" So here I am."

Suzanne jumped up and wrapped her arms around him, "Oh Bill, that's so beautiful and I do need you. I can tell you all about the person who spoke to you. Come and have a look around the house."

Bill had no idea what was going on for he was feeling quite peculiar. Somehow he had known deep inside that he loved this lady. She would walk past him every day and say hello with a great big smile, even though she was in trouble. Suzanne was someone he had gone to school with; he'd played with; he'd fished with and had fun with but never had he felt the way he was feeling at that moment. Never had he felt that way about anybody and to be in such close proximity to the girl who he'd wrestled with many times, was totally unbelievable. His feelings were such that he was almost jumping out of his skin. His ability to focus on anything was almost zero, so when Suzanne told him "Come and have a look around the house," he had trouble focussing and understanding what she was saying. He simply looked around the house, a house that looked like any other.

Suzanne turned to him with joy and said, "Have a look at all of this food. Have a look at all of the gifts. Come and have a look in the children's room."

It struck him then and he asked, "Where did all of this come from?"

"I'm not sure but I know it had something to do with the same person who appeared to you. I know a lot of the food came from our friends, but friends who didn't have any food before. Friends who were as bad off as we were and suddenly out of nowhere here's this Christmas tree and note and these coverings for the beds. Feel them, they're real," said Suzanne as she showed everything to Bill.

Bill leant over and felt the cotton bed covers. He was so amazed at how soft they were and how warm they felt.

He immediately turned to Suzanne and said, "They feel like magic."

"They are magic, and you're magic and everything here around me is magic," she said as she smiled gently.

Bill almost exploded inside with joy and happiness. He gently put his arm around Suzanne and said, "You know Suzanne, I think I love you."

Suzanne responded and they embraced and held each other with such relief and joy in their hearts. It seemed like there was no one else in the house. Everything was so quiet and peaceful.

When they finished their embrace they looked around at the three beautiful children standing there just looking with their eyes wide open and big grins on their faces. When Suzanne looked at them and smiled they started to giggle. They giggled and giggled until they began laughing and then ran off to play with their beautiful new toys.

Bill had no idea where to go to from there. He just stood there watching all of this, knowing that it was all going to be part of his life, yet having no idea how to approach it or to plan it or even to mention it.

That was until Suzanne turned around and said “Come and sit down Bill, I want to talk to you.”

Suzanne and Bill sat down at the table, the table that she could never get clean but somehow it now looked like it was sparkling.

“I’m going to make you a cup of tea and I want to talk to you seriously about the picture that just came to me. I also want to talk to you about Simmion, the person who appeared to you and who appeared to me,” said Suzanne.

Bill responded immediately. He sat and waited with anticipation.

Suzanne walked over to the stove that had been burning since early morning and put the kettle on before coming back and sitting down.

Suzanne explained, “Bill, the picture that came to me was extensive, and it may sound a little strange when I put it to you, but there is something driving me at the moment that I don’t understand. I’m sure that it’s the same thing that is driving you.”

Bill was fascinated but did not say anything; he sat and listened intently to what Suzanne had to say.

She continued, “All of my life I have known that there is somebody here on earth that I would settle down with properly and I’ve always known there was somewhere outside of here where I would feel totally calm and happy. I’m now starting to see the picture. You see Simmion appeared to me on the track that leads

down to the jetty. He actually walked with me and spoke with me, he's real. I actually put my arms around him and gave him a kiss and I could feel his beauty. I felt a connection between the two of us, it was absolutely amazing and I've just felt that same connection when you and I were together. So somehow what Simmion has passed on to me when I kissed him is passed on to me each time I am close to you."

"It's funny, said Bill, "I couldn't believe the feelings I had when I stood next to you and I'm still having those feelings. It's something that I've never experienced before. It's out of this world."

Suzanne couldn't believe her ears. This was the exact picture she had seen many years ago. It was like *deja vu*, only better. This was actually happening. The other must have been a dream. No it couldn't have been, she thought. It was the same, so it had to be real.

"Bill, when Simmion took me down to the jetty all of this food appeared," she said. "It was the best fish catch that I've ever seen on this island and all of it was brought back to this house. How he did it I don't know. It was just like it lifted off the ground and disappeared into the cloud that surrounded us and when we got back to the house, there it was again, along with the tree and the note."

"What note?" asked Bill.

"I've got to show you this note," said Suzanne, but as she handed it to Bill, it disappeared and a tear came to her eye.

"The note's obviously for me. I feel sad that I've lost it," she said.

Just then a voice spoke to her very clearly. It said, "*Many things that are given to you are given to you so that you can grow and so that you can add your essence to the world. That gift is passed on and even though you're excited about it, you may lose it. So describe what has been given to you, don't pass it on. Describe it by showing its effect on you.*"

There were such a lot of words for Suzanne to catch but the feelings were clear and she smiled. She allowed herself to glow and shimmer the way Simmion had shown her and she watched the response in Bill's eyes. She was certainly glowing and so was he.

“Well, that was a big one,” said Suzanne. “So as you can see, much of what has been given to me is magic and you can see that some really special things have taken place. I feel wonderful and I wish to stay feeling this good and for that to happen, I would like us to stay together.”

Once again Bill could hardly contain himself. He almost burst with joy and the tears came to his eyes as he said, “I have no idea what to say. I don’t know what to do or what we’ve got to do, but yes I’d love for us to be together.”

Just then at that moment, the three children ran in and sat down at the table.

Bill smiled and said “Yes and you and you and you. We will all be together.”

They all cheered and laughed and had a wonderful time. Suzanne knew that she didn’t have to pass on the picture, it had already occurred.

## Chapter 3

That night Bill and Suzanne started to plan a marvellous future. One that Suzanne had seen many years before. It was in keeping with what Simmion had passed on and he had told her that she must move on. Bill and Suzanne made plans to move on from the island and take up a life that they had never seen before. They had never been off the island and now at twenty-three they were about to do it on their own. In fact there were few people on the island who had ventured elsewhere, so there was very little advice.

Suzanne and Bill now knew that their destiny was not on the island and their destiny would lead them far, far away from the island. They got out an old school map that they poured over for hours trying to find out where they were going, but in the end they sat there feeling disappointed at not knowing where they were headed. Suddenly out of nowhere the word “Australia” came into both of their minds at exactly the same time. They had no idea how they could get to Australia, yet when they looked on the map they saw that they weren’t that far away. They had looked at all different parts of New Zealand but their focus was very small. They had also looked at other small islands and particular towns but they had never looked at the big picture. But now they thought, “Wow, how do you get to Australia?”

Their excitement soon started to grow again.

“We’ve got a lot to learn,” said Bill. “We’ve got a lot of things to find out. I don’t know how long this will take but at least we know what we are doing.”

From then on their strength expanded and started to settle into the challenges of moving into other parts of the world. They could feel their grip on the new and exciting reality that they had discovered. They felt they could travel easily; that they were being looked after and they’d never have the hardship that they had experienced over the past twelve months. The one thing that hadn’t occurred to either of them was money. How they lived on the island had never ever involved money. It involved food and friendship and people working together to survive, and often people didn’t survive if they didn’t

have the help from others. There was a commercial section on the island but it didn't seem to effect the outlying population. Bill and Suzanne were soon to find out what else existed in the world.

## Chapter 4

Bill rose early the next morning, around 4.30am and headed down to the cool rooms to check his previous day's catch. With the cooling systems being a little outdated it was necessary to make sure he didn't lose his fish overnight and check that the refrigeration was working to a level that would keep his catch in storage.

When Bill arrived he was not at all surprised to see the whole refrigeration unit had shut down, though the ice he had placed in there as a safety barrier was still doing its job. He knew he had to go out fishing again and that he had to maintain and store his catch. The catch was valuable and he could use it to trade, although he was not sure what he could trade it for. He had no concept of money. His trading abilities were based on those of his father who had maintained the family by catching fish and trading it for vegetables and the like so the family could eat. With Bill's catch there was no possibility of him trading for vegetables that only he could eat, so he was in a bit of a quandary as to why he would catch so many and feel that it was so important for him to maintain the supply and build on it.

It seemed a little bit strange and it was pushing a few buttons that Bill had never pressed before. He questioned things like, what am I going to do with all this stuff? It's so important to me but what am I going to do with it? And without it, how can I support Suzanne? He was starting thinking like a husband would, although there had been no mention of marriage. He felt so attached to Suzanne after the previous night and felt totally responsible for everybody. He knew that he had sufficient fish to trade for their food and the children's schooling for many months but he felt he needed more.

Once Bill had checked out the storage, reported the problems and loaded a bit more ice, he headed out to fish. His boat had been in bad repair up until twelve months before and he had spent most of his time since then bringing his boat and equipment up to scratch. It had put quite a fright into him when his best friend Joe capsized in bad seas simply because his boat was out of order. He just couldn't

see himself going the same way and he almost stopped fishing altogether. He pulled his boat from the water and spent nine months putting it all back in order. Once he returned to fishing, his first major catch was quite a reward. He worked extremely hard to offset the many things that he had traded and many of the things that he had owed people and now he found himself in a position where he was in high standing in their little society.

He felt very proud stepping on board his boat so early in the morning and head off out to sea. He was off to visit those special places that in his heart belonged to him personally. The special fishing spots that were close to where his father used to go were actually his fishing spots now. He had ventured past the limits of his father using his own knowledge of the seas and his own intuition to find these new spots and was finally reaping the rewards of his efforts.

It wasn't long before he had arrived at his first fishing site. With the small nets down and the fishing lines out he was working at what he loved best. His mind was blank but his body worked hard. The sweat poured from his shirt and yet the sun had only just risen. By 6am he was well into his day's work and he enjoyed the flexing of his muscles and enjoyed the exercise and the open rawness of the fishing life. He loved to understand and conquer the sea and yet had a great respect for it at the same time. The rewards that came from fishing were indescribable. This was his total love and now he could feel that was changing.

Bill had another love in his life now and the job that he loved doing more than anything was going to support that. He thought deeply about what would happen if he moved, knowing that at some point in the future they would have to move.

Bill could feel the presence of Suzanne and Simmion and the more he felt it, the more fish he caught until by 8.30am he could not carry anymore.

Bill found himself talking to both Suzanne and Simmion the entire time he was fishing. The discussions were so extensive and the information that he received was so helpful. He was told of how

he would now have to trade for money. He was told of how he could trade for the things that he needed to enable him to travel off the island. He was told the schooling required by the children could be prepared before they left and how he should teach the children about where they are going and why.

It amazed and excited him that all of this information was given to a man who was just a simple fisherman. The more he worked the more his love for Suzanne grew as well as his love for the children. He felt excited about what he could take to the children next time he visited the house. He knew that he had to trade for things that suited the family now. He thought his little shack where he lived down near the beach could become a storage area for whatever he needed for his future plans.

As his boat rounded the small heads on its way back to the main jetty, he could feel Suzanne's presence and he knew she was waiting for him. Although he had not told her what time he would be back, he knew she was there waiting for him. As his small boat drew up alongside the jetty he could see her running down the jetty with such joy and excitement and he could see the children waiting at the head of the jetty. They knew that they could not walk out onto the jetty because of the large gaps between the timbers. He had never imagined such a picture and before he had thrown out the first lashing to hold the boat, Suzanne was there jumping over the gap and onto the boat. Bill let go of everything and caught her as she landed. It was utterly reckless but so beautiful as they hugged and kissed one another and then laughed and waved to the children. Suzanne and Bill laughed and chatted as they tied up the boat. They were both so excited about the catch.

Suzanne could not stop talking about all of the messages she had been receiving. Bill just stood there with his mouth open because the messages that Suzanne had been receiving, were the same as his. They were excited at knowing they were each being given information about things they had never heard of before and they were receiving it while they were apart.

Suzanne and Bill held one another even while they were carrying the baskets of fish. Bill found it so exciting to have someone help with unloading the boat and being involved in the lonely part of a fisherman's life. That lonely part suddenly became exciting and loving and then to top it all off, as soon as they reached the area beyond the open timbers, the three children came running up to give him a big hug. The little two year old seemed to have legs that were not quite long enough to catch up with the others but she still ran in that very loose, uncontrolled manner. She ran headlong towards Bill knowing that she'd be caught and knowing that she would be safe. Suzanne looked on with pride and joy at the family she saw before her.

For the first time they stopped and looked at each other and asked, "What are we going to do about this?"

Their words came out at the same time. One echoing the other and they laughed. It was such a coincidence. They put their arms around one another, held the children and walked off, heading back to the cool room area where they could sit down on the boxes to chat and play with the children. There were many other fishermen starting to come in at this time but to Suzanne and Bill it was like they didn't exist.

Suzanne, Bill, Jamie, Samuel and Martha, were all there as a family unit. Laughing, planning, talking and giggling about life, a life that they had found only 24 hours beforehand.

## Chapter 5

It was later in the day and Bill had a lot to do after the fish were cleaned, although he so much wanted to get back to see Suzanne. They had decided that they would be married and he wanted to spend as much time with her as possible. It was not acceptable to either of them to move in and live together until after they were married but they dearly wanted to be together. They wanted to be able to stay with each other until the wee hours of the morning so they could enjoy one another's company to the maximum.

Bill had so many things to find out. He needed to know how he could trade, what he could trade for, what it would do, what they needed; he was torn in two directions. Both directions were coming from his heart but the practical had to come first because he was a man. So he headed off and weaved his way around town, asking questions, making inquiries and finding out how businesses operated. He wanted to know how money works and how do you get food with money? How can you work with money and how does money work on the mainland? There were many people who had no idea but there was one person who understood Bill's questions. He was an old former school teacher who ran his own little pottery shop and he was known as Willam.

The school teacher was happy to answer questions but first he needed to know why Bill picked him to ask for such answers.

Bill's explanation was simple and it formed easily into another question. "I suppose your name is a bit like mine but I'm sure you don't come from this island," said Bill. "You must know a little bit more about the world than we do?"

Willam smiled and answered, "Young Bill, I have no idea how you all survive on this island. Without my contacts from overseas I'd feel lost."

Willam went on to explain, "I come from the other side of the world. I was born in Germany, lived in England, Australia and New Zealand and now I live on this special little island – the Island of Isles. I love this place and I love everything about it, but I am very

disappointed about the level of education. I'm also disappointed about the people who are holding everybody back from what is out there in the world, from the magnificence of everything. I have retired here because I enjoy it. I know that it's okay for me to be here. I have already seen the rest of the world and have already found out what the joy is in life and how it all works. I am totally comfortable with everything I do."

Bill listened intently, taking in everything Willam was saying.

Willam continued, "So young Bill, I suggest that if you are interested, we should get out a few books and make a time to actually experience a few things outside of what you are used to. Experience some small aspects of other parts of the world and how people live and what they do. Learn how money works and learn how the honour and friendship on this island only exists here and in small pockets in other parts of the world. It doesn't exist like this everywhere and if you are interested in going out into the world, I would be interested in talking to you about it."

Bill's excitement burst to life. He jumped up and shook Willam's hand and asked "How can I repay you Willam?"

"You already have. You will fulfil a dream of mine and that dream is to show at least one person how to get off this island. So I look forward to seeing you again tomorrow and by the way, talk to Suzanne and we might get together with your family and have a picnic so that we can talk," replied Willam.

Bill's excitement level was rising so rapidly that he was almost jumping out of his skin. He didn't know what else to say, "Thank you, thank you, thank you, I've got to go."

Bill was shaking Willam's hand and jumping all around. His eyes were aglow as he said "Thank you Willam I will see you tomorrow," before he turned and walked out the door.

Bill ran and ran until he realised he had forgotten something. He said to himself, "What am I doing? I'm running towards Suzanne's place but I haven't even closed up the freezer rooms." So he headed back to the freezer rooms, only to find Suzanne standing outside. He raced up and gave her a hug; he was so excited he could barely talk.

“How did you know to come here?” he asked.

“Simmion told me,” she answered quietly and they both stood in awe at what had just taken place.

## Chapter 6

The night seemed to go quickly by the time Bill was ready to go home but it had actually been a long but beautiful night. A night of fun and laughter, of putting the children to bed, bathing them, playing their games, reading stories. Bill hadn't read since he was about 15 so it was quite difficult for him to grasp a lot of the words. After all, he was a fisherman and didn't need to read. All he needed to know were the names of the fish and what they weighed, so reading was not a skill that he had bothered about. The children laughed when he couldn't read some of the words, so 4 year old Jamie came up and sat on his knee and helped him with a lot of the words.

Jamie was very bright and knew exactly what was in every book they had in the house. It was easy for her to teach Bill the words and in that action, with the young teaching the old they became the greatest of friends. There was a spot in Jamie's heart that held Bill very close and Bill knew that was the case. His affection for Jamie showed very clearly on that night. The other two children were looked after and loved and were special but Jamie had made a mark.

So from that night on there was another job for Bill. To learn to read, at least to the standard that Jamie expected, and he laughed with Suzanne after the three children had gone to bed.

He laughed about the fact that Jamie knew more about the world than he did and was amazed when Suzanne said "Yes and she knows more about the world than I do as well. I believe she is going to lead us through a lot of new things. Things that we've never seen before, I believe Jamie has seen, and Martha, well she just knows and then poor old Samuel, he just wants to have fun. I think you'll find he'll be a good mate for you Bill."

They laughed again. It was a wonderful night and Suzanne looked so radiant. Bill found himself totally absorbed in her energies. Together they made a decision on that first night, that they would thank Simmion on a daily basis for everything he does and give thanks for the day that all of the messages came through. They

would also thank him for guiding Suzanne to meet Bill on those two occasions.

Finally, Bill realised he had forgotten to tell Suzanne about Willam. His life had become so exciting that the events with Willam had almost slipped into the background.

Just before leaving he said, “Oh by the way, I went and saw everybody I could in town to find out how to trade; what to do with my fish and how we can use it to leave the island and head for Australia and I came across a man named Willam.”

“Oh I know Willam,” said Suzanne, “he used to teach me in fourth grade.”

“Wow,” said Bill, “I didn’t remember him. He looks so different now.”

“Yes he had to leave school after he suffered a stroke. I believe that he is quite a different person now. Many people say that he is quite unusual. He sees things and knows things that other people don’t know,” said Suzanne.

“Well anyway,” continued Bill, “Willam is going to show us how to trade and is going to show us a lot about the world where he comes from.”

“When?” asked Suzanne.

“I’m not sure,” said Bill. “We made arrangements but I’m not sure when they’re for. Would you like to go and see him today? He suggested that we go and have a picnic but I forgot to ask him when. I was too excited.”

Suzanne could feel her love for Bill growing so intently and so deeply. She loved him for the simple childlike way he handled everything and for the excitement he felt in his life. Even for forgetting the important things like when a meeting was to take place, but that just made her love him all the more. As she looked at him she wondered just how she ever survived without his presence.

“Okay, I’ll see him tomorrow,” said Suzanne, “and I will see you too.”

“I’m not sure what time I’ll arrive back,” said Bill.

“That’s fine,” replied Suzanne, “I’ll know when you’re coming back. I’ll be told. I will know where you are and what you are doing and I will be focussed on you the whole time.”

Bill felt his heart open and knew the love of his life was totally focussed on his presence right there and then and would be for the rest of his life. His heart opened further to include the three children. Strangely enough, he knew there would be another child, a child who would be theirs to complete the family.

He gently kissed Suzanne and gave her an affectionate hug.

“Goodnight, sweet dreams,” he said as he quietly shut the door and left.

Suzanne’s head was spinning. The energy from Bill’s presence was so exciting. Her sensual nature and entire body had come to life and yet, there she was saying goodnight and letting him go. She felt like running outside and grabbing him to ask him to stay. But they had agreed to wait, so she withdrew to the bedroom, got changed, checked the children and went back to bed.

In the short moments before Suzanne fell asleep she could feel Simmion standing in front of her. His words were clear and they echoed through her dreams until the early hours of the morning.

Simmion was saying, “*Congratulations, you’ve done well. Keep it up, keep your vision up. Keep looking ahead and the events of today, allow them to pass like you allowed the events of yesterday to pass.*”

## Chapter 7

Simon Guthridge had lived in the village on the Island of Isles for many years and had watched the Simpson family develop through their lives over many generations. Simon was quite an old man at this stage. No one was sure of his exact age, though he had to be well past 80, but was as fit as any 50 year old. Simon knew everybody and somehow he knew a lot more than anybody else in the town, not just about the town, but about life itself.

Suzanne Simpson and her brother Adrian had grown up in a small cottage out of town and as such, they were very much protected from everyday life. Their family were well known fishermen who seemed to be very happy and they survived well. Yet, like the rest of the generation, they passed on quickly. They worked extremely hard but had a limited life. Simon always knew that amongst them was a special person and that special person was Suzanne Simpson.

Suzanne's brother Adrian had died at the age of thirteen. He was taken by one of the illnesses that had spread through the village, which had claimed some 30 people's lives. Young Adrian was a very fit young man, a very exciting character with a great love for animals and a great love for people. He had also loved to fish. He was quite bright with his schooling and used to make sure everything was going along okay for old Simon whenever he got a chance.

Simon missed Adrian but he knew Suzanne was somebody with very special talents, talents that had not yet been revealed in her existence up to date. She had married Joe Montgomery not long after leaving school according to Simon. Suzanne thought that people who left school early, (thinking that she left school around 13) then married at 18 had waited a long time. But to Simon, they were still children and then to go on and have more children before they'd even moved off the island or even ventured into the town, seemed to be a bit of a shame.

Suzanne and Joe were always happy though and they had always looked after Simon. Even when Joe died, Suzanne did her best to support Simon, although it got to a point where Simon had to say

“Lovey, just look after yourself, I will be okay.” It came from his heart when he said with all conviction and all his inner strength, that this young girl had needed help.

He knew the moment when that help had arrived. He could see the change in Suzanne and he could see how Bill was immediately attracted to support her. He saw how the children laughed and giggled and had fun now that they had another father. That might be jumping the gun a little thought Simon, but he knew that the moment he saw Suzanne walking up the road. It had only been two days since Bill had started seeing Suzanne but her eyes were sparkling and her voice was bubbly.

The three beautiful children, who bounced along beside her, even the two year old, seemed to know that there was something special in the air for them.

As Suzanne walked in the door Simon greeted her, “You’re in love again, I know that look.”

Suzanne blushed and went all coy and red in the face.

“You know everything don’t you Simon!” she replied as she giggled to herself.

“Not everything my dear but I’m so pleased that what I know now is correct,” said Simon.

Suzanne immediately bounced up the stairs and gave Simon the same big hug that she normally gave but this time her whole body was buzzing. The essence of God was now in this young lady.

Simon knew about these things, he had felt it. He himself had visitors and he knew that Suzanne had been visited, for he could feel the life coming back into his body while Suzanne had her arms around him.

“Tell me who visited you,” he said quietly in her ear.

Suzanne took a step back, her eyes went all bright and wide and she asked, “What do you mean Simon?”

“I know that feeling. I know that special feeling,” answered Simon.

Suzanne immediately sat down and started to tell Simon the story. The love that poured from her essence as she spoke about

Simmion lifted Simon's heart and made him feel young again. They talked about the feelings that came to her, they talked about many things that Suzanne had missed but was now able to share with Simon as she related her interaction with Simmion. The beautiful feelings; the words that were left unspoken; the fact that she too was off the ground when they were walking, things that she had not realised at the time but when she looked from where she was now sitting around the wooden table in the little hut where Simon lived, she could see exactly what had happened and she could see into another dimension. She could actually look through that cloud and see something else. She wasn't sure what it was but there was something there.

The conversation went on and on and the beauty of their interaction was indescribable. Simon had waited for many years for this to happen. Not only to Suzanne but to himself. He'd always been told that this would happen and it was at this point he realised that Suzanne had to leave the island.

He had been told during his visitation some 35 years before that there would come a time when he would have to assist somebody to leave the island and so he had spent many years learning how to do this. Learning how to get around those vicious authorities who had controlled everybody on the island. Although it looked like everyone was free and the island was beautiful, Simon knew of those who maintained a tight reign on everything that occurred and on everybody who came and went from the island. They made sure the island was never depleted for that was their income and they needed people.

The island became quite miserable because of this but no one could find a way to leave in those early days. People had gradually been bred to the point where they knew this island as their only home.

So when Simon suddenly turned to Suzanne and asked "Do you know you have to leave the island?"

Suzanne was a little taken by surprise, "Yes we were told, but how do you know?"

“I was also told, so come with me and I’ll show you the results of 30 years of collecting what will eventually help you off the island. It took me 5 years to find out how and ever since I’ve been collecting what will be necessary,” said Simon.

Suzanne stood up while Simon struggled for his old cane. For Simon to move from one room to another he put on his hat which was an old brown, well worn flannel hat that had at some point in time been very elegant. It seemed to be Simon’s greatest companion. Once the hat was on, his pants were straightened and with stick in place, off they went down the narrow hall.

The hall had seemed to be endless to Suzanne when she was young but now it only took ten paces to reach the end where they turned left and went into Simon’s bedroom. Simon leant down and lifted a board out of the floor. He put his hand down below the floorboards and pulled out a small wooden box. It seemed quite heavy but it was big enough to hold in two hands, he could not lift it with one. He placed it on the floor, had a slight rest, then bent down again and lifted it onto the bed. The box was quite well made and looked to be from another country. When Simon opened it there were lots of beautiful brown, golden objects that Suzanne had never seen before.

“Simon they’re beautiful, there are so many. What are they?” asked Suzanne.

“These are gold coins. They’re the result of many years of fishing and many years of trading. They will take you afar if you know how to use them,” he answered.

By this time all of the children had caught up and were running down the hall making a lot of noise. They were yelling and squealing and feeling the excitement of what was going on. Suzanne was a little bit lost but still excited and had no idea of the value of what had been placed in front of her.

“I know what you’re saying but I have no comprehension of what it all means,” she said.

Simon reassured her, “That’s not a problem. I just wanted to show you where it is, explain what it is and tell you it’s all yours. So

when you have learnt all you can learn from Willam, you will then come back with the knowledge of the value of what has been given to you. You will use this gold coin to make a difference to yourselves and to many other people in the world.”

Simon knew Willam’s expertise, he had used it himself. It was Willam who had led him many, many years ago into the trading fields of the little town of Norwick.

Norwick was virtually out of bounds to everybody except those who ran the island and those who traded with the overseas visitors. Suzanne had never known anyone who had been to Norwick. It was totally out of bounds to her family and she had no desire to go into that “nasty” area that she’d been told about for many years. Simon knew that Willam would explain the workings of Norwick and would explain that it was the link to the outside world.

With much effort Simon closed and locked the box. He placed it back in its hidey hole in the floor, put the timber flooring back and gave it a bit of a jiggle so nobody could see it had been moved.

Suzanne and the children were such a vision to Simon that day that he was almost overwhelmed. When Suzanne brought out all the food, enough for Simon to eat for a week, the tears came to his eyes. For he had also been told that just before he passed he would be given a feast that came from a source that he would never believe possible. Now he knew immediately that his time was close.

Simon held Suzanne’s hand gently and said, “My dear you have no idea what this has done for me. I now know my destiny and I know now that you must take the box and put it in a safe place. You must tell no one until you know exactly what to do with it.”

“But Simon, that’s your box and I can’t take that away from you now. Not until I understand what it is.”

“You must take the box now. When I first showed it to you I felt the same as you but now I know that I won’t be here very long and it’s time for you to take the box,” insisted Simon.

“Oh don’t talk like that Simon,” said Suzanne. “Of course you’ll be here for a long time yet.”

Simon put his hand up in a stop motion to stop Suzanne's speech and then he went on.

"It has been my life's work to come to this point for the purpose of seeing a special being who will go from this island into the outside world to deliver what is required; to see the world through this next stage of transformation."

Suzanne opened her mouth and Simon's hand went up again. "This is my time to speak and whether you understand or not has no bearing at all. You will remember what I say at the necessary time, so please let me speak," he said.

Suzanne blushed and dropped her head a little. She apologised but the hand went up again.

Simon needed to speak and so he went on to explain, "Many years ago this island was a place of beauty where families gathered together almost daily to make joy and to give thanks for everything that was given to them. This island was abundant with fish, food, growth and wildlife and people could go from the island and come back any time they wanted. It had been established for many, many generations and it was an island of paradise with many beaches and beautiful spots for us to enjoy interaction with the dolphins and then out of nowhere our beaches were taken over."

He continued... "Some people claimed they had purchased the island and the 50,000 people who lived on there had nothing to say because they had no knowledge of any ownership or any ownership rights. Nor did they know what that meant. It was at that time that I remember very clearly standing at the top of Joseph's Hill and looking out into the haze. I can remember seeing this bright star shining through the haze. There shouldn't have been a star there at that time, but I guess with the haze it was similar to night so you could see the stars. This star grew bigger and bigger with a glow you could hardly believe until it became so bright that I had to shut my eyes. As soon as my eyes were closed it was like a big puff of cloud and a lightening flash. When I opened my eyes, a man stood there before me. I couldn't see anything else but this man standing just above the ground."

“Oh that was Simmion!” said Suzanne and again the hand went up to stop her.

“I never asked his name and he never said it, but he told me very clearly what was going to happen over the next 35 years. He told me that it was up to me to pave the way for a special person who was to come through this island. The person would then move out into the world to transform it away from the type of lowlifes that they were seeing filtering onto our island. While he stood there I remember my heart just about lifting out of my body. It was pounding and tingling and all of the stiffness I had in my body from rowing from the mainland, I could feel it draining out bit by bit. It was such a memorable feeling. The more I stood there the better I felt. It was hard to focus with such a bright light and I said, “I can hardly see you, you’re so bright.”

“To my amazement he said “*Oh I’m sorry*” and changed his brilliance. I almost fell off the top of the mountain. How can somebody do that? It was just then that he looked like me. He came and sat down beside me and as he sat down alongside me my body felt such excitement. It was almost like the peak of sex, I could not believe how good I felt. I could hardly speak. It was so difficult to focus on anything but this man.”

Suzanne sat patiently and listened as Simon was still far from finished his story.

He continued, “He discussed in detail how I was to fish and how I was to find out the workings of the people who had come onto the island so I could use what they had brought to enable me to provide for the future. I had no understanding of what he was saying except there was something inside me, a drive that was saying yes to everything. There was an understanding that I could not deny and as he passed on the details to me I can remember not even being concerned about whether I’d remember it all. Detail that was so complicated that my brain just had no idea. Of course I had never seen before all of the things he was talking about. Just like you with the coins, I had never seen them before and to venture in amongst the people it almost turned my stomach and made me physically sick.

They had actions and odours that I hadn't experienced on a dog. They were such lowlifes. They ate food that was too dirty for our pigs, yet I was to go in amongst them and use their methods to acquire the gold coin that you see there now."

"This man said to me "*I will be with you always*", and he has always been with me. That's how I recognised the feeling when you hugged me earlier. There is a special feeling about a visitor that stays with somebody for the rest of their life and now I know why I always knew that you were special...I had no idea what it was all about. Now I can pass on a few things to you. The man who has been brought into your life will support you totally for the rest of his life and he will live just as long as you. When I was told all of this information I did not know who they were talking about and it is so amazing that half an hour ago I could not have told you this story and made it make sense. You will live together without being married for the next two years and then after that time you will be married. You will then move from the island."

Suzanne began to cry. Simon realised that she really wanted to be married now.

"It's alright. You will live together as if you are married but if you are married too early, you will not be able to achieve the plan as it's laid out," he said.

Suzanne wasn't sure about this and knew that living with somebody without being married was not a good thing on this island. So she broke into Simon's conversation and said "Simon I can't see that I can do what you are saying."

He put his hand up once again and said "Suzanne I'm passing on what was told to me....how it works I don't know but I'm sure that your friend Simmion will guide you all the way."

Suzanne was confused. She felt like her bubble had been burst a little, even though there was much more inside her that she knew to be coming to the surface.

Then suddenly Simon turned and moved so quickly that he could have been a twenty year old.

He picked up Samuel and said immediately, “Samuel will guide you.”

Suzanne had no idea what that was about and replied “But Samuel is only 3 years old.”

Simon responded, “He will guide you. He knows what has to happen.”

Then Simon went back to the way he was before. He reached for his stick and his hat and straightened his trousers before heading back to his chair on the front porch.

Suzanne and the children followed after four laps of the hallway that they had remembered so dearly. It was the only hallway they had ever known that you could slide on.

When Simon was settled out the front, Suzanne came out and said “Thank you so much Simon.”

“You’ve done a lot for me Suzanne and there is one last thing I would like to tell you – that everything I’ve said to you will look different in a week’s time,” replied Simon.

“I wish I knew a little more about what you are talking about Simon but I don’t understand it yet, so I shall head off now and go and see my friends. Then I will go back down to Bill’s place and see what he was talking about regarding the storage,” said Suzanne.

“Don’t forget the box. You will find a place to store it at Bill’s,” said Simon.

Suzanne shook her head a little and then raced in and picked up the box. It was quite heavy and she knew that by the time she got back to Bill’s it would be very heavy. She had a little cart with her that always helped her with the children and it was immediately loaded up and away they went down the road, laughing, singing and waving to their friend Simon.

Simon sat for a while and watched them walk down the road. He gave thanks for the beautiful feeling in his heart and he also gave thanks for life before settling into a deep sleep.

## Chapter 8

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon by the time Suzanne received the signal telling her that Bill was on his way home. She could not understand why she hadn't received the message earlier so she could be at the wharf to meet him. She had made sure there was a little note left at his house just in case he had gone the wrong way when she left at midday. She had gone back home now to where she knew Bill would eventually return. So when the signal came, she wasn't sure where to go or what to do. She wanted to go and meet him.

The signal simply said "*Bill is on his way home.*" So she gathered the children and sat out the front. She was no sooner out there when around the corner came a little buggy driven by Willam with Bill sitting up beside him.

Suzanne had forgotten about Willam. She was supposed to go and see him but had completely forgotten all about it. Bill must have known because here they were now coming up the path in the old jalopy that Willam had owned since....oh, Suzanne thought back.....it must have been the 1900's, early 1900's that he got this car. Suzanne did not know anything about car models and she had never seen a later model car. Willam was the only person who ever drove a car out into the country. So they all stood back and let the car pull up outside the little cottage.

Suzanne held the three little hands very firmly to make sure the children didn't run in front of the buggy. As soon as the car pulled up she let go and they all raced over and jumped up on the car. One went to Bill, one to Willam and the other one stood back waving her arms. Martha was a little bit too slow for Jamie and Samuel so she missed out on climbing up onto the running board. The running board was a little bit too high for her anyway so the exercise worked out well. Of course Jamie ran to Bill first and Samuel to Willam. Samuel and Willam seemed to know each other very well, even though they had never met. The family all gathered there looking out over the cliffs together. There was a special feeling of completeness in the air as they all walked into the house.

Willam seemed to be quite a fit man for his age and there were no signs of the stroke. Suzanne was a little surprised when she spoke to him. He was such a beautiful person, nothing like she remembered as a teacher. Suzanne invited everybody in to sit around the table and dragged up the box she used to sew on so she could make up the extra chair. Willam had a black cloth bag hanging over his shoulder. It seemed to be full of books and he immediately placed it on the table and started pulling out the contents. One item was a map, followed by an atlas, followed by a writing pad and then followed an old battered book of calculations and tables. Yes, calculations and tables. They didn't seem to go together as far as Suzanne was concerned but that was the name on the book.

When he had finished placing everything on the table he put his hands on top of everything, looked up at everyone, looked around at the children and said, "We are now about to start."

The excitement bubbled away in Suzanne once again. Bill was proud of what he had achieved. He was proud of who he had found and brought into the house and could not wait to hear the first words from Willam. He'd spoken continuously about his expectations the last time he was with Suzanne and he had difficulty expressing what he knew was about to happen. Now the time had come.

"Let us begin. Let us all be seated." Willam told them. "We're about to enter another world. Your children will enjoy everything that I'm about to say so sit there and listen to the story."

For three young children to sit down so quickly was quite amazing. They sat there as if they were in school. Willam definitely still held the art of a school teacher. He had everybody seated and had their full attention. The excitement was such that everybody was finding it difficult to sit still.

"First we are all going to look at the other parts of the world. We're going to look at this part of the world," he said as he pointed to a place on the map. "An area that you have not seen properly. We're going to look at how people move from one part of the world to the other and we're going to look at how they survive; what their currency is and by currency I mean, how they trade and what is the

common trade. We are going to make you so familiar through my stories that you will think you are travelling.”

Everyone sat there paying close attention to what Willam was sharing with them.

“So we will start a long distance from this place, we’ll go straight to Germany. First of all, to get to Germany we have to find out where it is,” said Willam as he continued, “None of you have used a map, apart from the small maps we used at school. You’ve seen the atlas that I used in class but you have never looked at it. So let’s see how to use the atlas.”

It was obvious that the atlas was well used. The beautiful painting on the front cover had almost worn away with the many hands that had held the book so often over the years. It was also worn from where it had been scraped across the desk and carried in Willam’s bag, which must have been as old as him. They all leant forward on the table and craned their necks to look at the atlas as Willam opened to the first page. On the first page was a small picture of the world, it was one they’d seen before and was beautifully coloured.

“Of course you know what the world looks like when it’s flat but you don’t know what it looks like from out in the stars,” announced Willam. “It is actually round. You’ve seen the pictures in books and you’ve been told that it’s round but I want you to actually go out and look back on the world and see it the way it is in this book.”

Everybody looked very attentively at Willam and he turned directly to the smallest member of the group and asked “Martha can you see the world?”

Martha nodded but said nothing.

Everyone looked puzzled as they glanced around at each other. They could not understand what Willam was getting at.

He turned to Samuel and asked “Samuel, can you see the world?”

Samuel strained but had no answer.

“Samuel, look at Martha and together can you see the world?” asked Willam.

Samuel looked for a few moments and then slowly, like an old man, nodded his head.

“Good now make it brighter and make it bigger. Can you see that when you look from one side of the world it’s the same as the painting in the book?” asked William.

Both Martha and Samuel nodded and they started to become excited. They could see very, very clearly.

Then Jamie jumped up and said, “I can see the other side of the world and it doesn’t look like that.”

William turned the page and Jamie immediately pointed her finger to it and said “That’s it! That’s the other side!”

The game had just begun. Bill had no idea what was going on. He couldn’t understand how the children could possibly know what was in this book that had suddenly been opened on the table.

William turned to Suzanne and Bill. He said, “Now you can see that somewhere in the back of your mind you already know. The children already know, so all we have to do is clear the cobwebs and you will understand too. The only reason the children know is that they don’t have any limitations. They have never been told that things don’t exist and there’s the proof, Jamie recognised the other side of the world before we’d even shown her the picture.”

Suzanne could feel the buzz in her body. She could feel the excitement and when she touched Bill’s hand she could feel the buzz from his hand. She knew they were on their way. The amazing talent of William to open up the children first and then bring Suzanne and Bill into the fold was something they could not explain.

Page after page William explained how the book worked, how to look up various areas in the index and how each page joined together. He also showed how it fitted into the earth. They kept looking at pictures and finding interesting places, they were all involved. The children were recognising names and talking about people they knew from different places. The excitement grew and to William, or Bill as he was known, the world had just taken a major turn, he was seeing this beautiful family interact with one of the most

brilliant men he had ever come across and to his surprise, he was joining in.

William Sommers was not one to question such things. He had always known the sea and its many mysteries. Although everyone knew him as Bill, the name of William Sommers was known throughout the area. Bill was the third of his generation to be called William Sommers. They called him Bill to distinguish him from his uncle Willie and his grandfather William, who was still alive and who still ran the fishing village.

The small fishing village on the other side of the island was called Summers after Bill's grandfather and although it was spelt differently, it did not matter much because everybody knew it was William Sommer's village. The fishing village was called Summers whereas William Sommers was spelt with an "o". The fishing village was established out of almost nothing nearly 60 years before. So at the age of 80 or 83, (no one knew his exact age because William would not reveal it) he was still active in the running of the village. Unfortunately Bill had very little to do with his grandfather because of a family upset many years ago. However, the name of Sommers was still well known and well respected throughout the island. Their uncanny ability to read the sea and to know the future had carried on through the generations and was very evident in young Bill today.

It was Bill's special knowledge of the future that made him go and pick up Willam that day because he knew something special was to happen and he knew that Willam was involved. He also knew that Suzanne had forgotten so in taking that all into account; he knew what he had to do. So he brought Willam to the house and there they were starting on a new adventure without having to move from the house.

It was dark by the time Willam had gotten to the area in the atlas that described Germany. Though when he got there it was like they had actually reached a destination and Willam began to talk.

"Here is where I was born and here is where I learnt the major things in my life," said Willam. "Where I learnt how to walk, how to talk, how to laugh and how to love. All the rest was not important

and I want you to know that this Island of Isles is where you learnt to walk and to talk and learnt to laugh and learnt to love. Don't ever forget that as you venture out into other parts of the world because you will learn nothing more important than what you've learnt here."

At that point a tear came to Willam's eye. "Now, we must leave this for today. It has been such a beautiful experience to have you all with me on my journey through the atlas and back to home. It's a journey that I know you will all enjoy many times again before we get through the story of the world outside this island. I must be off but this time we'll make an appointment in two day's time when we can do the same again. I understand that Bill has a lot of work to do and although he would like to leave it to carry on with what we are doing, I must call a halt to it now and allow you to get back into the life that you have to lead. We will take a break again in two days time."

Three hours had passed from the time they first sat down at the table. Although they had previously sat there for long periods, they had never been so absorbed in everything around them. Even the nature of the worn timber and the chairs fitted the whole scene. It was so earthly and so fitting and the children were so good. They learnt more about how people worked on that day than they will probably learn throughout the rest of their lives. As a family, they all became one. Willam seemed to be a part of that family too.

Willam arose from the table and said, "Thank you everybody and children you can now go and play." He spoke just like he had when he finished a class at school and in the same way, the children ran off. They started running around, screaming and playing and began enjoying themselves in a different mode.

Suzanne laughed and Bill shook his head as they walked Willam to the door. They both thanked him for everything he had done.

"Would you be so kind as to keep the books in a safe place?" asked Willam. "If I leave the books here it will ensure that I come back."

And with a smile he continued, “These books hold the experience of my life and I would like to relive these experiences in the house of Bill and Suzanne.”

Bill immediately corrected Willam, “No, this is Suzanne’s house.”

“Suzanne and Bill’s house I’m sorry,” repeated Willam.

They all smiled. Willam knew what the future held as well as Bill. Suzanne at that moment also knew the future. They all gave one another a hug and Willam reluctantly stepped away from the door and moved towards his dearly loved jalopy. The magic that had taken place in those three hours was extremely hard to explain but a whole new life had opened up, just as it had done each day from the time Simmion had appeared, each day brought a new opening and a new beginning. A new and exciting adventure had started and left itself in a mysterious but exciting form at the end of each day.

## Chapter 9

Simon Guthridge was feeling the excitement of young Suzanne at the same time and knew that they had begun their new adventure. He also knew that Suzanne had forgotten to tell Bill about the gold coins that she had hidden in his little hut. He smiled to himself and mentioned this fact to Simmion, who had spoken to him regularly each day.

*“Simon, that’s not a problem. I will attend to it in the morning,”* said Simmion.

Although Simon had never mentioned Simmion by name, he knew that Simmion was the same one who had visited Suzanne. Simon had never known Simmion’s name until Suzanne had mentioned it. Now it was a great joy for him to speak his name and to ask about the many things that had been revealed to him over the years. Simon was speaking to Simmion on a regular basis but now he had him alongside him every moment. They chatted away as if they were sitting on a chair beside one another.

Simon had decided that he was nearing the end of his life and it was getting close to his time to go. He thought he’d better open up and be the person that he was going to be as soon as he passed over. He felt it was quite okay to talk to Simmion all of the time now and it was okay to talk to his friends who had already passed over. It was quite exciting to take on his future, even though from the world of the earthly existence his future looked like it was doomed.

To Simon new doors were opening and as he sat in his chair and observed his body start to deteriorate, he felt himself growing inside. The enjoyment of meeting all of his old friends again was unbelievable. He had so many friends that he had forgotten about. He’d had all of those bitter times where he thought he’d lost many friends at sea. He had survived the wreckage of four ships in the past and he had survived a major shipwreck that had crushed almost everybody on board against the rocks. How he survived to this day he has no knowledge, but his thoughts were not on that now. His

thoughts were on the future and in that future were the people who he had thought he'd lost.

His dear wife of some forty years, who he used to call Sally (which was short for Salamander) was there to greet him and was so keen to tell him all about where he was going to. Sally was always a vibrant being. She was always active in everything they did and she'd had no trouble in handling the town of Norwich. She walked in there bold and brazen and shook everybody up. It was thanks to her efforts that Simon started the trading that brought the small fortune into the world that he had passed on to Suzanne. Sally was so keen she worked daily to support Simon's task because she understood exactly what had happened to Simon after he saw his friend on Joseph's Hill.

Her focus at the moment was on Simon himself and the message at that time was *"Simon you are not finished – you must stay and see this through. The words that you heard before saying your life was finished only meant the life of gathering was finished - not your life there on earth. You must stay there for us and you must stay in contact with us all. This has happened so you can make a breakthrough. This has happened to remove the veil between us. So stay in touch but do not join us. Do not withdraw your life-force."*

Simon heard this over and over until he suddenly felt the pressure and felt the excitement of all of his friends. When he started to awaken again he felt his body start to come alive. With a great shudder his body came back to active life and began to shiver. He was cold, as he had been sitting in the chair in the open wind for many hours. He was conscious but he was shutting down.

Simon suddenly jumped up; he forgot his cane and his hat and rushed inside. He put on the biggest coat he could find and started the fire. It was some 10 minutes before he realised he was without his cane and didn't have his hat and he had no feelings of being old. It was quite a shock to Simon. He looked at himself as he was standing straight and he felt good.

He immediately asked, "Sally what's happened?"

She replied, *“You’ve removed the veil. You can now stand tall and you can talk to all of us all. But just be aware that too much involvement in the everyday world will make you feel like you’re worn out again. So stay in touch with us, stay in touch with Simmion and you’ll feel fine. You have another five years to go and in those five years we will be with you every moment.”*

Simon felt like jumping out of his skin. He could even feel his body starting to warm from the inside. It was much different feeling to waiting for the fire and as he warmed up he found he had to take off his big coat, his whole being started to glow. The only mirror Simon had was a little shaving mirror that he had hung over the sink in what he called his laundry, which was outside. This was where he had an old tub and a wood fired copper. Simon hurried outside to look in the mirror and sure enough he hardly recognised himself. He looked almost fresh and clean shaven, although he hadn’t had a shave that day. The glow was such that he did not see any evidence of age or the rough growth that was on his face. He smiled and his eyes glittered. His eyes had always been very clear but now they were brilliant.

Simon went back inside and stood once again and marvelled at what had happened. He began speaking to everybody around him and he enjoyed every moment.

That was until Simmion interrupted to remind him, *“Simon, you are still over 80 years of age and it’s time to sleep.”*

Simon immediately obeyed and went into his small bedroom where he climbed into bed and closed his eyes to find the beauty of sleep.

## Chapter 10

A cold sensation came over Suzanne as she tucked young Samuel into bed. Jamie was still running around, Martha was sound asleep and Samuel was almost asleep. The cold sensation felt strange to Suzanne. It was as if the energy that had been in the house for the last few hours had dwindled away and drifted out the door.

Bill was still pouring over the maps and details that they'd dug out when looking to find the same sort of maps that Willam had presented to them earlier. It was like Bill belonged to this place now but the energy had drifted away. Suzanne was very conscious of this and she pulled out an extra blanket to put over the children and then called Jamie and told her it was time for bed. Jamie was quite difficult at times particularly when it was time to go to bed but on this occasion she came straight in, jumped up into bed and said "I love you Mummy," before diving straight down onto the pillow ready to go to sleep.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" asked Suzanne.

Jamie jumped up and gave her mother a hug and a kiss, then laid back down again ready to go to sleep.

Suzanne wondered what had happened. There was obviously something that Jamie needed to look at in her sleep. She was very ready to leave Suzanne and the others and go into a deep sleep. Suzanne gave her another kiss and hug, before putting the blanket over her. Jamie did not move after this.

Suzanne walked out and turned off the light, only to be greeted by the brilliant smile and bright eyes of Bill. She could feel the warmth come back into her body once again. She had found herself actually separating from her whole new existence. It was like after each sense of excitement she could not hold it anymore; she dropped everything and fell back into her old world. But there was Bill, with a big smile, a kind heart and his bright eyes. Looking at him she couldn't do anything other than swing back into the world of magic that she had just slipped out of. It was so wonderful to have somebody still in the house after the children had gone to bed and so

wonderful to have the feelings that she was experiencing at this time. It was like the world opened up again instead of the world closing down and her heart came to life as she sat alongside Bill at the table.

The excitement began to grow again and they knew there was something special at their fingertips. They both looked at one another and wondered what was to come and with their arms around each other, they were optimistic that everything they felt was actually coming true.

The night was long but the time seemed short for Bill and Suzanne. Neither of them wanted to leave each other but they had made an agreement and that agreement seemed to hold tight for some reason. It felt as if they were tearing their hearts out as they left one another at the door. Bill headed off into the cold of the night.

## Chapter 11

The next morning was to be a big morning for Bill. He had plenty to arrange, he had more fishing to do and it was getting colder. He had more storage to provide for his fish and that meant cleaning the old buildings out and fixing the derelict sheds that had been left by his father. Twelve months out of the water had seen a lot of deterioration in all of his equipment so there was much to do, even though he had to get out early in the morning and fish. He knew he also had to visit Willam in town once again. He had to find out more about this town called Norwick and on the way he knew that he had to find out more about the story that Suzanne had told him about concerning Mr Simon Guthridge. The old man who had sat on his veranda for so many years that people believed that was where he lived.

Bill could not understand how Simon could just give them such gifts as the gold coins. The same ones Willam had described during his visit, but Willam had not explained the extent of the work that had to go into collecting those coins nor their relative value. He had explained that if the flow does not continue the value will disappear. Bill knew he had to find out more about Norwick and he had to find that out from Simon Guthridge. He also had to find out how Simon's beautiful wife Sally had controlled the markets in town to the extent that money flowed into Simon's hands even after she had passed away.

Even though the night was cold, Bill's excitement kept him warm and the activity of the next day was still fresh in his mind as his head hit the pillow.

## Chapter 12

Joseph's Hill was one of the greatest vantage spots on the hills above Norwick and it also looked back on the villages in the outer country areas that were inhabited by Bill, Suzanne, Simon and many others. From that point Henry Olsen could look down on his world of fortune as well as his world of distress. He had known what his father had done in the past over many years and how he had created this separation and how he had kept the people on the island for his own purposes. How he had made Norwick a part of the island that did not exist for the islanders. He had virtually sold the greatest part of the island to the tourist industry and to the degenerates who wanted to inhabit that part of the island.

Henry often climbed Joseph's Hill to get a way from the hectic life that existed in Norwick. Now that his father had passed away he virtually owned the whole island. He had purchased almost every part of the island even though people had no idea that he owned it. By keeping everyone who lived there ignorant to the fact that you could buy and sell property on the island, he was able to do this. The fact that they had lived there for many hundreds of years had nothing to do with the sale of the property. Admittedly he could not move anybody out, but he still owned it.

His brilliant plan had been something that he had thought of since he was a child. Now that he had achieved it all and his father had died, he was standing there alone and lonely and without direction.

His father Edward Olsen III had originated from South Africa and moved through England, Australia, and New Zealand and did a lot of travelling around the islands and around Indonesia. He was well versed in the ways of the world. He was from a background of royalty, but royalty in the English sense. Edward, although born in South Africa, was of English heritage. As such he had the ability to travel almost anywhere in the Commonwealth at that stage and held a position that was very influential but rather false. When he discovered that it was possible to use tourism to cover up the sale of illicit goods and to cover up the import and export of drugs, he made

his home in the small village of this unique island called Island of Isles. He moved mountains to bring equipment from overseas without paying and installing it in various areas in this little town. The original name of Norwick had been given to it by the fishermen and Edward had taken over the name and put it in big lights on the little jetty that enabled them to load and unload their goods.

Originally Edward was well versed in the political scene and his ability to cover anything up, be it good, bad or indifferent, was only limited by the stories he could tell. So the creation of a marvellous future on an island that had never been heard of before was easy to present. In fact Edward knew that he could create anything providing nobody interfered, so he created the island before it had actually existed. He also created the little town of Norwick with all its splendour and all of its tourism resorts before he even had an idea that it was possible.

Edward was quite advanced in his ways and he had the ability to move forward at a pace that nobody could understand. He was a special being but he had a slight slant towards breaking the rules and going against the law. He had very little concern for people. He knew how to use them and he knew how to please them. So, Edward's story weighed heavily on Henry as he stood on top of the hill.

The Hill had been named after Joseph the old shepherd and there was a small monument in stone with the name Joseph inscribed on one stone that had been carved many years before. Joseph's Hill was a very friendly spot to many people. But the weight of the knowledge of Edward's past as well as his own past had changed Henry. He thought back on what he had done in his past; his plan to own the whole island and how it had all come together. But now that his father had gone his whole vision had changed. As he stood there with the mist almost around his feet he could imagine being in another world.

Henry had very few connections outside of Norwick and he was looking forward to meeting one of the country people, as they used to call them. They worked so hard to keep them out of the town and

they had worked so hard to establish in the people's minds that the town was totally out of bounds. Now that it was working and working perfectly, Henry was starting to miss the interaction with the special people that he had known when he was a child. He knew some of these people because the same teacher taught them. The teacher used to bring them together in secret and let them play. He couldn't quite remember the name of the teacher but he knew he was still in town. He had no idea where, but every now and then he would appear out of nowhere in one of Henry's restaurants, or he would appear in a gaming room. Henry never knew what this school teacher was doing in these areas. Each time he would try to say hello all he would get in return was a smile but never any conversation. At the time he thought that was reasonable because that is what they encouraged amongst those who did not live in town. Henry knew this man needed to talk to him and Henry knew that he had to talk to the man. He used to call him the Teacher. So every time he discussed him with anybody and each time he discussed him with his father he referred to him as the Teacher.

Edward Olsen knew exactly who Henry was talking about because he had come up against the man on many occasions. He was the only man in town who could reveal the operations of Edward Olsen and after the death of his great ally Sally, Edward kept very clear of this man they called Teacher. Sally and Edward had worked extremely hard to maintain the cash flow in this area and they worked extremely hard to make sure that nobody knew where the money was coming from.

Sally was a special person and she would only allow some of the activities if there was a portion going to a special cause. When the cash flow was high, Sally's costs were high but she had the power to shut the whole town down if she required it. The only reason she would allow any drugs into the area at all was to maintain those who needed them. If ever she found of one person taking up the habit she would threaten to shut down the whole town. Edward knew that was the case and he knew that his trading levels in drugs had to cease. Henry had never known that side of Edward, he never knew of the

transactions and he certainly never knew there were drugs involved in his beloved mansion. The mansion that he now owned, that he grew up in and that he retired to each day.

Now Henry was alone he felt it was time to open the doors of history and to open the doors to the country people. So with that resolution and with a renewed joy in his heart he picked up his backpack and his water bottle and cane and slowly walked down the hill for the 10km walk back to Norwick.

## Chapter 13

It was almost 9am by the time Bill had finished his chores and headed off towards his favourite spot to think and look at what he was going to do for the rest of the day. Although it wasn't all the way to Josphe's Hill, it was well on the way and fairly high on the mountain. It was his own special spot and he could just see the town of Norwich, but at the same time he was still below the clouds and still within the comfortable familiarity of his country home. The reason for visiting this special spot was because that was where his grandfather would go and where his father had gone, so that's where he went too. It did take him away from the world of fishermen and put him in amongst the trees where he often felt that he could see the elves and the fairies that looked after the area. It was a wondrous spot and he enjoyed every moment he could spend there. Strangely enough, whenever he went there his mind was filled with beauty and visions of the future. The sort of things he could never ever dream of at any other place.

He had just rounded the corner to where the bush track led up through the trees towards Joseph's Hill and there in front of him stood a man. A man who was very tall and very serene who had stopped right in the middle of the path as if to say "Well are you going to turn back or am I going to walk through you?" The power of this man was unbelievable to Bill. He had never struck such a powerful being and someone who simply looked like a bushwalker. Bill immediately stopped to give way and the opposition that he felt suddenly disappeared.

"Hello there, I'm Henry Olsen, I believe I've seen you somewhere before," said the man as he quietly greeted Bill.

"No we've never met before," replied Bill.

"I believe we may have met when we were children. Do you remember playing in the backyard of the Teacher's house when we were younger?" asked Henry.

"I remember playing there but I don't remember you," said Bill

“I was the little fellow with glasses who really didn’t know how to play,” said Henry.

Bill looked at him closely. “Oh I remember you. I liked you too but I can’t remember your name,” said Bill.

“And I can’t remember yours. I’m sorry about that because I usually remember names but I just can’t remember yours,” apologised Henry.

“Oh that’s fine,” said Bill as he walked up and shook Henry’s hand and introduced himself.

Henry was filled with joy. The very thing that he had decided to do only a moment before was coming to life. It had felt like only moments ago, although it was a good 20 minute walk from the top of the hill.

The excitement started to grow inside Henry and he said, “Bill I know that we’ve met before, although we haven’t seen each other since we were children and you might wonder why.”

“No, I do know that you live in Norwick but I’ve never been there. I knew then that’s where you lived but I had never expected to go there to visit. I would love to go to Norwick at some stage. Maybe you could show me,” said Bill.

“I’d love to but first I must meet someone in the country area. Perhaps you could help me,” said Henry.

“Fine, anything!” agreed Bill.

“The Teacher, the teacher that used to allow us to play together, do you know him still?” asked Henry.

“Oh you mean Willam? Yeah I know him. He’s quite different now. As a matter of fact I’m going to see him this afternoon,” replied Bill.

Henry couldn’t believe his ears. “His name is Willam? Do you know his second name?”

“No, I’ve never heard his second name. Maybe I’ll ask him, but really his second name is not important. Everyone just knows him as Willam and that’s who he is,” said Bill.

Henry laughed, “That’s fine, that’s fine. So, it’s Willam. Can you tell me how to get in touch with him?”

“I know where he lives and where he works. He works in our little township in the pottery shop but he turns up there when he feels like it. He has a little jalopy that he moves around town with....our town, not yours,” said Bill.

“What’s the name of your town?” asked Henry.

“Oh just “Town” I believe,” answered Bill. “I haven’t heard it called anything else.”

Henry chuckled again. “You really are simple people aren’t you?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about but if that’s what you say we are then we probably are,” said Bill.

Henry smiled a gentle smile and said, “I like you Bill. I want you to be my friend.”

“So I can visit you in Norwick?” asked Bill.

“You certainly can and we will make arrangements. I will contact you,” said Henry.

“Tell me Henry, how will you get in touch with me?” asked Bill.

“Oh that’s right....you don’t have telephones and you don’t have mail do you? I will be here next Thursday at the same time. If you come by we will go and visit Norwick and let you have a look around,” answered Henry.

Bill’s heart jumped with excitement. “Next Thursday, that’s a week...that’s a long time to wait but that will be good. I’ve got a lot of things to do. Do you want me to talk to Willam for you?”

“That would be excellent,” said Henry, “and in fact, if you can talk Willam into coming along with us that would please me no end. I need to speak to Willam. There are many things that he can still teach me.”

“Me too”, said Bill. “I’ve got to learn all about how to trade.”

Henry looked at him with inquisitive eyes and asked “And why is that Bill?”

“I can’t tell you much about it at this stage because I don’t know myself, but Willam knows. So can we talk on Thursday?” he asked.

“That will be fine Bill,” said Henry as he moved away slightly into the bush and waved Bill past.

It was a great turnaround from the first encounter where Bill had the feeling that he might get the stick around his ear if he didn't move off the track. "I would hate to cross that man," Bill thought to himself but he seemed to be a great man to have as a friend.

Bill smiled, put his hand out and shook Henry's hand as he walked past and said, "See you on Thursday."

Henry couldn't believe how quickly everything had happened. He knew that his father had disclosed this mystery to him many times but he had never tried it for himself. He had never actually attempted to create anything of this nature. So it was a great lift to his heart when he noticed that Bill had disappeared, not off the track to Joseph's Hill but to some other little track that Henry could not find again. Bill just seemed to disappear into nowhere. Henry was so distracted by everything that had happened around him that he started to whistle and walk back down the track, back to his home in Norwick.

## Chapter 14

Bill on the other hand had gone to his special place where he could think and give thanks for everything that was happening. It was no surprise to Bill that moments after he settled down on his favourite rock, he could feel the presence of Suzanne. Her presence was so strong that he felt that she was right there with him. In fact, he felt like she had crept inside him in some way and the special feeling of her presence was quite pronounced on this occasion. He knew that Suzanne was trying to contact him but he had no idea what the message was. The message must have been urgent because the feelings were so strong. He sat for a moment longer while the feelings grew and the feelings of love grew, but behind that feeling of love was a sense of urgency. It was an urgency that he had never felt before and as he concentrated, he started to feel more than Suzanne's presence. He felt the presence of all of the beings. The same beings the he had often wondered about as to whether they actually did exist in his special place. Those wonderful beings who look after the trees and those special beings who sit in the rays of the sun as well as his great friend, who he now knew as Simmion, seemed to speak to him more clearly than ever.

*“Move yourself now and get back to the house,”* said Simmion in a serious tone.

Bill immediately jumped to his feet as the feelings overwhelmed him and a sense of panic rushed through his being.

*“But don't panic. Everything is fine and you will get there on time,”* said Simmion reassuringly.

Simmion started to speak again but Bill's focus had gone and that very important message slipped off the edge of his consciousness. As he moved through the bush his pace quickened and he leapt down the hill, into a gallop and ran at such a fast pace that it surprised him.

He then heard Simmion's voice saying, *“Simply fly!”*

Bill immediately felt a surge of energy that almost lifted his feet off the ground and he ran so swiftly that he had no notion of the surface that he was running over. He ran over rocks and over harsh

land across the countryside. He skipped all of the regular routes and as he looked down from the top of the cliff he could see Suzanne's cottage in the distance. He knew that if he went the long way it would take him a lot longer. He quickly recognised the spot where he could go over the edge and he leapt over without even looking with the unknown ahead of him but with a confidence that he would land in a place where he could carry on. He leapt out into nowhere and landed on a path below. He had no idea how far he had leapt but he had no trouble getting his footing and carrying on. He had just saved himself another 5 minutes. At his current running pace he was soon standing in front of the little cottage.

As he slowed down he heard Simmion say, *“Slow! Stop! Breathe! Bring your body back to normal otherwise you will frighten everybody in the house.”*

Then suddenly Bill realised that something special had happened to him. He was going so fast and his whole mindset and metabolism was rushing, so to stop was quite an effort. When he did stop he almost passed out. The surge of energy was amazing but he recovered quickly and was soon back to normal. The 2 kilometre run had seemed like 100 yards.

He was now walking at a normal pace 15 yards from the front door when the door opened and there stood Suzanne.

“Oh Bill, thank God you're here. Jamie has just run off the veranda and landed on the big rock just out the front and she has made quite a mess of herself,” said Suzanne, relieved to see Bill approaching.

Bill knew there was a problem with doctors on this island and he also knew that the only chance of helping anybody who was seriously injured was to get them off the island. He rushed inside to find Jamie was quite delirious with a major gash above her eye and damage to her face. Injuries you would think could never be repaired.

He was shocked when he saw her and as he stepped closer to her she whimpered, “Bill.”

He knelt down and hugged her. There was blood still streaming from the bandage on her head and Suzanne, although in a rush to make everything alright, was quite calm now that Bill had arrived. She could feel her body starting to vibrate. She knew she could not let herself go into any other state but perfection, for her own sake, for the sake of Samuel and Martha and for the sake of Jamie. She knew Bill had something special within him that could make a difference and somewhere deep inside her she knew that Bill would make a difference.

She pleaded with Bill, “You have to help her!”

Bill had no idea what Suzanne was talking about.

She stopped and stood directly in front of him and repeated, “Bill please, you have to help Jamie.”

“Yes, whatever you say,” answered Bill.

“Bill you have to help Jamie now,” pleaded Suzanne.

Bill’s mind went crazy searching for answers, rushing around everywhere trying to find a way to help Jamie now.

“Look at me! We need the help of those hands again,” said Suzanne as she stopped him from rushing about.

Bill still had no idea what she was talking about.

“Bill, I was shown - Simmion showed me how you can use your hands to heal people and he said all you have to do is remember,” said Suzanne.

Bill as a fisherman had no idea what Suzanne was talking about. He put his hands up and asked, “What can I do with these?”

“Simmion told me that you can put your hands on somebody and put their body back to normal,” she answered.

“But what are you talking about? Even the best doctor wouldn’t be able to help Jamie straight away. I’m afraid it’s going to take a lot of work and a lot of recovery,” replied Bill.

“Stop!” said Suzanne. “Don’t speak another word, just do what Simmion said!”

“Okay,” said Bill. “What do I do?”

“Just sit down beside her. Here’s a chair, now place your hands gently over the gashes on her face and let’s see what happens,” answered Suzanne.

Bill suddenly felt a surge of energy that he had not experienced before. He then realised there was assistance all around him. The same as what it was like at his special place in the bush on that little hill on the way to Joseph’s Hill. He started to tingle but felt calm and felt totally different. The panic soon disappeared and Bill felt his face change. He felt a confidence come over himself and as he moved his hands towards Jamie, that confidence grew into a knowing. By the time he had put his hands on Jamie, the healing had begun and he could feel everything moving underneath his hands.

Jamie relaxed and stopped whimpering and sighed with relief. It was like time stood still and Bill could feel everything happening like it was in slow motion. He could feel everything going back to normal yet he had no recollection of anything around him apart from his connection with Jamie.

Out of nowhere he said to Jamie, “Jamie you tell me when everything feels good.”

Jamie quietly replied, “Okay,” in a light-hearted manner as if nothing had happened. Within a couple of seconds she said, “It’s better now.”

Bill slowly but surely withdrew his energy without moving his hands and then moved his hands away from Jamie’s face in such a professional manner that it was obvious that Bill was not just a simple fisherman. Then just as soon as he could focus, it was as if his whole nature changed and he came back to reality. The reality he knew and he was himself once again. Then he saw Jamie’s face was all back to normal with only a few traces of blood, some red lines and her eye was blinking. It looked quite normal, whereas just moments before she could not even open the eye. The gash that had been so deep in her forehead and went up into her hair was no longer in sight.

Suzanne clenched her fists and jumped up and down with joy, she could only manage to put out a squeal. The joy and the tears were

overwhelming and Bill cried and Samuel and Martha cried and Jamie laughed. Jamie knew all about this type of thing and she knew what Bill could do.

She just took it in her stride, got up and said “Thanks Bill, thanks Mum,” and went on playing.

Suzanne’s emotions welled up inside and when she spoke she made no sense at all. All she could do was keep putting her arms around Bill while gazing at his face and hands.

She held up his hands and said, “Oh my God,” before bouncing around to such an extent that all of the children starting bouncing around and making the same kinds of sounds, squeaking and saying “Oh my God.”

They all laughed and skipped around the house. They danced and sang with joy at what had happened but there was never a thought of why or how. It was just accepted with gratitude and acceptance. Jamie accepted it as if it was meant to be.

When they had quietened down they found themselves exhausted and totally drained. Finally Bill sat down and realised what he had done and realised how quickly he had come from his site on the hill.

He started to tell Suzanne about it all and asked her, “How long was it from when Jamie hurt herself to when I arrived?”

“I only had time to put a bandage around her to try to stop the bleeding and I had time to talk to Simmion and of course I was talking to you all of the time. I knew you were close,” she answered.

“But I was at the hill, 2 ½ km away,” said Bill.

“You couldn’t have been. You were only a few minutes. About the time it takes to run flat out from your place,” replied Suzanne.

“No I was there, that’s where I was and Simmion told me to get going real quick. I almost missed his most important message and that was to fly. I think I did fly. I actually leapt over the cliff to pick up the path on the second stage down. How far down is that?” asked Bill.

“You can’t jump down there, that’s too far. It’s higher than a house,” said Suzanne.

“But I did, that’s how I got here,” explained Bill.

On they went describing to each other what was happening and how they felt. They discussed their excitement, their terror and their fear of permanent scarring on Jamie's face. They talked about their fear of not being able to get a doctor and of not being able to get assistance. Then it came to the most amazing thing of all - their realisation that Bill had actually healed Jamie and it was no mean feat at all. Jamie had suffered a major wound to her head and the damage to her eye and cheek was almost sickening and yet there she was now running around.

Suzanne kept saying to Bill, "You did it...you did it!"

"Yeah, but how?" asked Bill.

They spoke for hours about the possibilities of what this meant, how it worked and the fact remained that Bill had no idea or any sense that he could possibly do it again.

Suzanne kept telling him what Simmion had said and kept telling him, "You're a very special person Bill. You're here for more important reasons than simply doing the job of a fisherman. You've just proven it to me so you'd better get used to it because I'm never going to let you forget it."

Bill started to blush and feel uncomfortable with the realisation that had just been thrust upon him. Suzanne's total confidence in their future and complete confidence in the fact that he could heal again was almost beyond his belief. To somebody who had considered himself as totally unskilful with the exception of being at sea, this was a major revelation. Bill's plans for the day had been completely lost in amongst all of the excitement and he realised that he'd missed his appointment with Willam.

## Chapter 15

Although Willam knew what was happening, he did not know the exact details, but he understood that Bill would not be able to meet him that day. He also knew that there was something else that Bill had to tell him and he was quite excited about the fact that he was to see Bill that afternoon. But now he knew that Bill wouldn't make it, so he contemplated hopping in his car and driving out to the Suzanne's little home, which was now the home of Suzanne and Bill.

Suddenly there was a very strong signal that came to him. It said, *"Not today but tomorrow will be fine."* Willam took notice of the signal, finished his last pottery job, packed up his things and proceeded to close the shop. The shop was on the pathway between Joseph's Hill and Norwick. It was their little town as they called it and it was a little off the beaten track. The main township was almost a half a block away from where Willam had his shop, but only a stone's throw from the beautiful track that was situated alongside the hill from Joseph's Hill through to the Norwick area.

As Willam closed the door he looked out and could see the upright figure of Henry Olsen, a man who was so familiar to him over the past 20 years. This time Henry looked both tall and confident but troubled at the same time. Willam genuinely felt for Henry concerning the troubles he knew Henry was feeling. At the same time though he knew there would come a time when he would be able to help Henry to go beyond his turmoil to where he was the being Willam knew to be present in Henry's body.

Time had played some sort of strange trick on Henry as he looked at the town clock that appeared before him as he entered the town. Somehow he seemed to have lost half a day. The shops were closing but he couldn't remember where the time had gone since he'd spoken to young Bill. Somewhere between Joseph's Hill and the little country town that he could see in the distance as he walked along the path to Norwick, somewhere in that time zone something had fallen away and taken up his time to the extent that he was feeling quite lost. He also felt quite strange when he walked into the town to find

all of the shops were closing. Henry had never felt such a sensation and he wondered if it had something to do with his meeting with Bill. Somehow he knew that it was more than that. He knew that during that time he had felt different. Something had changed and now he somehow had a sense of direction, which was quite the opposite of what he had felt when he went for his visit to Joseph's Hill. He knew he had no explanation at the time he spoke to Bill and he knew that Bill offered no solution other than to offer to see him next Thursday and for Henry to accept his desire to look at the town. So the mystery started and finished somewhere between his meeting with Bill and his walk past the little town that supported the country people.

Norwick was quite hidden from the countryside, even though it was the main town on the island. It seated itself in amongst the cliffs and the mountains and was a relatively flat area that stretched from the beach right up to the mountain face, where there were almost vertical cliffs and it seemed like there was no other world. There was no obvious way in or out of Norwick besides the sea and only the locals and those who had ventured outside Norwick itself knew that there were other ways in and out of the area.

Henry always used the tunnel access, which had belonged solely to him and his family. To the outside world it merely looked like the entrance to somebody's house. The entrance had an iron gate from which a small track ran behind a public park and turned very sharply into a natural cavern. This led out through the mountains into an open gorge and onto the beautiful tree-lined walkway that took you to the town and to the road that led to Joseph's Hill. Henry always found it a special walk and it was something that he felt was outside the life that he led in Norwick. It was not only a relief, it was a different world, but never before had he felt the sensation of losing time. In some ways it worried him but in other ways he felt comforted by the fact that somewhere inside himself he felt a sense of direction, even though he had no way of writing it down or even verbalising it. The beach area was long and beautiful and the area

behind the beach, which rose slowly to the edge of the mountains, was covered in very modern buildings and houses.

As Henry looked at his town and everything in it, he could recognise parts of capital cities from all around the world. He could recognise parts of small towns that he had visited in various parts of the world and he observed that it was so modern and progressive and its contrast to the rest of the island was impossible to imagine. The people were so busy they did not realise the rest of the island existed and very few of them ventured out into the water, except to go back to the mainland. Joe, who had been one of Henry's associates on the island, had passed on the year before with the capsizing of his vessel and Henry was almost lost in a world that divided him too.

Joe Montgomery had married and had children and pulled away from Henry because he lived in the other world. He lived on the island, but in the country area, and his association with Henry became strained over the years because of Henry's drive to own everything. Joe was a simple man but very educated. His understanding of life was much deeper than Henry's. Every time Henry had something happen to him he could feel Joe's presence, even though he knew Joe had gone to the other side and was never to be found again. Henry's beliefs wavered many times, particularly when he knew Joe was present in the room with him on the day of his death. He was particularly aware that he had promised Joe the money and the goods to repair his boat, but had never come through because he had needed to manipulate Joe's life. So in many ways he felt responsible for the capsizing of Joe's boat and at this point in time he was feeling vulnerable and a little bit disconnected after his walk in the beautiful forest around Joseph's Hill. Funnily enough though, when Joe came into his mind everything changed.

## Chapter 16

Now that he was back home, the sounds of Norwick, the noise of cars, the sound of horns and the telephone ringing threw Henry straight back into reality, the reality that he had walked away from that morning.

Henry picked up the phone quickly, shook his head and answered, “Henry Olsen speaking.”

The voice on the other end of the phone demanded, “Where the hell have you been? We’ve had 400 people arrive on the last ship with nowhere to put them, no accommodation, and no arrangements – what the hell is going on?”

Henry immediately leapt to his own defence and with a sophisticated voice said very calmly, “Do you have a problem handling that Simon?”

“Of course I have problems handling it!” replied Simon quickly.

“So maybe we need somebody else to handle it Simon,” answered Henry and silence followed.

Henry had the art of holding the upper hand and he used it often. Simon was the manager of all of the hotels and his attitude was quite abrupt whenever he was placed in a corner. He sighed after he felt Henry’s power.

“Calm down,” he told Henry, “Really Henry you’ve got to let me know what’s happening otherwise I can’t manage.”

“I’m afraid that’s the job Simon,” said Henry.

Simon calmed himself a little. “Okay Henry can I meet with you?” he asked.

“Fine! After I have a shower I’ll meet you at six,” said Henry.

Simon agreed and put down the phone.

The hotel chain, which was now directed and owned by Henry, was something that Edward Olsen had created over the years. It was such a big chain of hotels that it extended way past their small island and to many places that Henry had not even heard of.

Simon Phillips had been Edward Olsen’s assistant for many years and he knew exactly where every hotel was located and how it

operated, how many people it held, what its cost were, where the money went etc. So he was in a much better position to handle the hotels than Henry could ever be, but Henry would never give Simon the satisfaction of feeling his own importance. It was one of Henry's negative points. Henry never let anybody get above the lowest point that he could hold them and now he was feeling quite uncomfortable after his conversation with Simon. The conversation actually felt more like a confrontation and Henry had no desire to be involved in such a confrontation. It was as if he had changed in one day and his meeting at 6 o'clock was something that he would have preferred not to attend.

Henry picked up the folder that had been handed to him by Simon the previous day and there before him were all of the details that Simon had been seeking his approval on. He knew Simon was correct. Yesterday he'd had no desire to answer any of Simon's questions but today he knew that he had to answer and if he didn't, he would stifle the feelings that were floating around inside him. His direction would not be clear unless these things were clear. So on his way to the shower Henry flicked through the pages and familiarised himself with the content. He was always good at picturing what was on a page and then allowing it to sit with him. Often it took four men to do something he could handle. In some ways Henry had a photographic memory, so to flick through the pages of a very detailed presentation was nothing unusual. There were a few pages that were very complex and Henry knew that he'd have to return to these after his shower. In general though, he picked up all of the information and placed the folder on the end of the bed as he walked through and into the shower.

His feelings were unusual however the sensation of the shower on his body was magnificent. He seemed to drift off every now and then into some space that he had never been before. It was an unusual space of quiet and comfort. A space where he did not have to think – he just knew.

When he finally finished his shower it was 10 minutes to 6pm. Once again he had lost a couple of hours. Henry hurriedly dressed

and pulled himself back into the space where he could face Simon Phillips, the manager of his hotel group the Olsen Plaza. The Olsen Plaza was to be the subject and he knew that he would have to pass on the responsibility of this Plaza otherwise it would absorb his whole life.

The loud doorbell sounded and echoed down the corridor. Henry moved forward briskly and felt himself growing in stature as he moved towards the door.

He opened the door and greeted Simon. “Good evening Simon,” he said as he shook his hand.

Simon was amazed. Henry had always ignored him, even to the extent of not shaking his hand and he wondered why the difference now. There was something special in Henry’s handshake.

Simon, feeling a little shocked and surprised, toned down his aggression and greeted Henry, “Good evening Henry.” He felt much more comfortable as he stepped through the door.

They walked together down the timber corridor. The dark stain on the floor was brilliant and shining as the sun faded through the glass at the end of the corridor. Henry swung open the large double doors to his spacious office. The doorway was wider than required for two people to enter but Henry pushed both doors open regardless and invited Simon into his massive library where there was a desk and a large window that allowed you to look out onto the sea.

Henry normally took his place behind the desk and looked down on people who sat on the lower chairs. The dark maroon colour pulled them further into oblivion as they would sit and look up at Henry. But on this occasion Henry swivelled one of the lower lounge-type chairs around and sat facing the chair that he expected Simon to sit on. Simon moved over and sat down without invitation. It was such a friendly gesture he thought, one that Henry had never done before. Simon had two folders under his arm. One was similar to the presentation he had sent to Henry the previous day and another one looked a lot more serious, much thicker and a lot more professional.

Henry opened the conversation quickly, “Simon I know roughly why you’re here. I’ve looked at your presentation, I disagree with a few things but I’m going to let you go with all of it providing you can prove to me that you can run the business and become the Director for the Olsen Plaza network.”

Simon was immediately taken aback as this was not at all what he had been expecting. This is what he had always wanted and he had known that it would happen within the next few years if Edward Olsen had stayed alive but he had thought his future had gone with the passing of Edward, as Henry did not like Simon at that stage. Now Henry was showing another side, but Simon knew how astute Henry was and he knew he would have to have the right answers there and then as he immediately bounced into action. He opened the second folder and started to flick through all of the Plaza details in every country of the world. It revealed where everything was and revealed information that Edward had never even shown Henry. Simon proceeded to demonstrate his ability by flicking pages and quoting numbers off the top of his head, quoting financial returns, quoting recovery rates and quoting future plans.

Henry patiently listened and watched each page as it turned over, never missing one detail. When they reached the end of the folder Henry looked up at Simon and said “Very impressive. Very impressive! Now I want you to change it all.”

Simon almost fell out of the chair, he was shocked. Years and years of work and devoted time; years of travelling with Edward Olsen and now Henry says he wants it all changed.

Simon’s face turned red as he looked at Henry and gasped, “What do you mean?”

“I need everything changed to the Olsen-Phillips Network of Plazas,” announced Henry.

Simon had no idea where this had come from and neither did Henry. Out of nowhere Henry had stated that Simon Phillips was to have his name on the Plaza.

Simon could not believe his ears and with hesitation he asked, “Henry are you saying that I’m to have part ownership in the whole Plaza network?”

Henry got straight to the point without any hesitation at all, “That’s right Simon, and you’ll have part-ownership. We won’t be partners as such. You will own half of it but you will run it all. That will be part of the deal. So I’m giving you 50% and you’ll run it all and you make sure that I do well. It’s not a partnership in the sense of a regular partnership, if you want to walk out with half of it, you can’t. You own half, you can do what you like with half as long as you also do the same with my half.”

“That’s fine, that’s fine!” said Simon. “I can’t believe I have even a fraction of the interest and do I take 50% of the profit?”

“You most certainly do,” said Henry.

Henry’s confidence was growing with every second and he knew that he’d made the right move. Where it came from he had no idea but his confidence was growing.

“And Simon,” he continued, “as you move along and as you develop more things, I will not hold you to anything except making sure that my half goes well. If you want to develop things using 50% as collateral, I have no objection at all. Nor will I get in your way when we start to lay this out for the legal people. You will have ownership, the only condition will be that you run my half and you make the same suggestions to my half as you make to yours. But if I disagree with any development for my half, it doesn’t mean that yours cannot go ahead and if yours is successful and you wish to do the same with my share, you will have the right to do so. I know it sounds a little strange but for some reason today has changed a lot of things.”

Henry continued, “Simon I know you can do what I’m asking and I know there will be other people who can do other things in the same way you can. I hope that by having my support and my financial backing you will develop both sides and you will make us both very wealthy people and very happy people I suppose.”

Simon had never laughed in front of Henry before but he just could not hold it back, he simply began laughing.

Henry almost exploded with joy. He had no idea he could make anyone laugh and now here he was handing over one hundred million dollars worth of equity to a man who he has fought with all of his life. He had no idea where the inkling came from, but he was very pleased it came.

The meeting finished quickly with Henry jumping to his feet, “Okay Simon, go ahead and organise everything. Bring the papers to me and I’ll sign them. If you can get it done tomorrow, then I’ll do it tomorrow.”

“This could take two years,” said Simon as he got to his feet.

“Tomorrow will be fine,” answered Henry.

“You’ll never change Henry,” said Simon before correcting himself, “Oh I’m sorry, you have changed! Well somehow I know I will have it completed tomorrow.”

Simon firmly shook Henry’s hand and then gave him a big hug. This was no mean feat as Henry was a tall man and Simon was quite small.

The feelings between them grew in that moment and Henry wrapped his arms around Simon saying, “Thank you my friend.”

With warmth and affection the two shook hands once again before Simon turned and walked towards the front door. Henry stood there watching and it was almost as if Simon was walking with his feet just above the ground. His lightness of heart was obvious and just as the door closed; Henry caught a glimpse of Simon leaping into the air and heard him screech with joy before the door slammed.

## Chapter 17

Henry's telephone rang again but this time it was Mary calling. Mary had been waiting all day for Henry's phone call. She was feeling a little sad at first, sad that Henry had once again forgotten to call, however the moment Henry answered the phone his voice immediately softened Mary's heart.

"Oh Mary, I'm so pleased you called. I've had such an unusual day and I'd love to talk to you about it," he said.

Mary had been at Henry's side for the last two years and although she dearly loved him, she had so much conflict with the way he operated. She now sensed that something had changed within Henry. He sounded different, he felt different and he actually wanting to talk to her. Mary had always arranged things for Henry and had always placed herself alongside him. He was happy with that yet he had never even asked her to go out. Mary always organised things herself and Henry would agree to go along. She always had the feeling that at some stage Henry may change and soften to her affections. He loved to take her out and he enjoyed taking her to bed, but his affections were too harsh and she could only be with Henry for the short times he was available. Now he wanted to talk to her.

"Can I be at your place in half an hour?" asked Mary.

"No, No. I'll meet you at your place in ten minutes if that's alright," answered Henry.

Once again Mary's heart skipped a beat. Henry had never asked her if anything was alright.

"Most certainly, do you know where I live?" she asked.

"Actually no, I've never been there," replied Henry, "but I'll find it."

Mary laughed, "No you haven't been here have you. We've always met somewhere else or met at your place; it would be nice for you to visit my place. I'll tell you how to get here."

Mary went on to describe how to get from Henry's house to hers. Henry smiled when he found out where it was. Mary was living in

the house that he was born in. It was quite a nice house but not as up-market as the one he lived in now.

So without mentioning that fact he said, “Fine, I’ll find the place,” and put down the phone. He rushed into his room to change his clothes and then headed out to his garage.

Henry had bought a new BMW sports car that he drove only on rare occasions. It was not too far to travel to get around the island so most people rode pushbikes. He rushed down to get into the car and then changed his mind; he decided not to drive the car but to take one of the spare pushbikes that he never rode and ride to Mary’s house instead. He thought it would only take him five minutes and it would probably be quicker than driving the car anyway because many of the small streets wouldn’t allow his car through the restricted parts. Some areas had stalls, some had garbage bins and some had variations in the housing that prevented his large car moving through freely. Although the decision was not based on that reason, he felt it was a good decision to take one of the bikes. He was feeling light-hearted.

Henry turned around and walked over to the bike racks that were on the garage wall and lifted down, not just one of the bikes but his new lightweight Silver Star pushbike that he had totally forgotten about because of the death of his father. He strapped himself into the pedals and proceeded on his way to see Mary.

Mary Smithers had come to the island from Greece. She had an English background but had been born in Greece. She had beautiful skin and a lovely graceful way about her. Each time Henry saw her he was always impressed to see the way she moved and the way she looked and sounded. To Henry, these things were all perfect, but Henry’s background did not allow the gentle side of his nature to show.

Henry’s parents had never hugged, they had always shaken hands. They had followed strict rules and they had very strict rules about how they presented to other people, although within those strict rules there was much deviation. Within their own ranks however, they never stuck to the rules. They cheated and lied and

twisted whatever they could to get whatever they needed. To the Olsens this seemed to be the rules of the game. Right at this point in time though, all thoughts of that type of thing sickened Henry's stomach. He found it hard to understand how he could ever have been like that even though it was only the previous day that he had told a very dear friend that he would support him then turned around and organised for somebody else to take over his role.

Henry thought long and hard about this and decided when he arrived at Mary's house he would arrange for Mary to resolve the situation and organise to send some money to support his friend.

Henry felt good as he rounded the corner and headed into the small alleyway that led to his place of birth. The house still looked the same but it had been repainted of course and it had a different fence, but it still had the same feel. Henry thought it was nice but it was limited.

As Mary opened the door and Henry entered his heart felt joyful to see her again. He had not felt that way before and it came as a bit of a shock to him to feel that way. He felt vulnerable for the first time in his life.

Mary came out as usual and wrapped her arms around him. "How's Henry?" she asked.

With mixed feelings he wrapped his arms around Mary and softened. His energy mingled with Mary's energy and he could feel her immediately melt in his arms.

"Oh Mary, it's so good to feel you," he said.

As she cuddled into him she drifted off into a dream, a dream that she had thought would never come true. She felt her love for Henry blossom into something that was real. She knew immediately that Henry had always truly loved her.

They stood there on the doorstep for a while before Henry pulled back a little and said, "This is beautiful Mary. This is absolutely beautiful. Please show me around the place."

As they stepped inside he could see the obvious touch of a gentle person and her skills of placing items and colours where they were supposed to be was evident immediately. Mary's eyes lit up as she

gazed at Henry and saw his appreciation. She led him around the house and showed him all of the little things she had done to the place since she had moved in.

Henry was so happy. He never even gave a thought to the fact that he had come to tell Mary what had happened to him since the previous day. He had already changed and did not have to explain anything to anyone. No thought of the previous day came into his mind and Mary did not ask him anything, they just enjoyed one another's company. It was easy to see that they were well matched and all of the events of the last two years seemed to come together into a smooth and comfortable existence with love, affection and excitement.

After a while, Henry knew that he would have to leave because of his business commitments.

He turned to Mary, "Mary I'll have to leave soon and there are a couple of things I'd like you to do, so if you'd like to come with me we can stay together for the rest of the day."

"I'll go with you for more than the rest of the day, whatever you want Henry," said Mary as she quickly turned to him.

Henry smiled, "Well, we'll have a think about that. Go and grab yourself some nice clothes and we'll get underway. Oh I nearly forgot – you'll have to ride on the bike with me. I didn't bring my car."

"I'll ride with you on a pushbike, but will it take both our weight?" asked Mary as she jumped with joy.

"Well if it doesn't, I'll just get another one. So, go and grab your gear and let's go," replied Henry.

Mary Smithers had never thought this day would come and as she ran around quickly and threw some things into a small bag, she gathered her small backpack, the same one she took with her regularly when she visited Henry, and remembered her dreams. She remembered the things that she had discussed and shared with her friends. She remembered how these pictures came to her mind, but never had they been as clear as they were now.

Suddenly she shook her head and realised that she had been off dreaming and quickly gathered herself and ran outside to where Henry was waiting for her on the bike. It was a little difficult to get organised on the bar of the pushbike, she was quite light but positioning herself with all of her bags and keeping her balance without getting in Henry's way was a little difficult. If Henry had been much shorter she would not have fitted, but off they went. Within a few yards they were synchronised and balanced. They were riding as if they were one.

Mary enjoyed the trip back to Henry's place. Henry seemed to be so young and so vigorous and so much different to yesterday. She knew that the night would be long and that many things would happen. She looked forward to the time when they would be together.

## Chapter 18

Martha cried and Samuel's lip quivered as Bill left that night. They felt so close to Bill and they knew what he had done to help their sister Jamie. Even though they were such tiny people, they had so much knowing. Suzanne looked on and cuddled them as Bill left. He had so much to do, but the promise they had made to one another that they would wait until they were told they could be together, was stretching the innermost feelings in Suzanne and Bill. As Bill walked out the door the sensation of Simmion's presence became obvious to him again and his feelings of loss quickly changed and the more he could feel Simmion's presence, the more his excitement grew.

Suzanne on the other hand was feeling elated beyond anything she had ever known. She was looking at Jamie lying there on the bed with only a few marks to indicate what had happened. Some red lines marked her features with some loss of pigment that Suzanne was sure would return. She was so elated that tears rolled from her eyes and dripped onto the blanket that covered Jamie's small body.

Samuel and Martha quietened down immediately and as they looked at their mother with tears in her eyes, and with so much happiness, they smiled and snuggled into their little beds ready for sleep.

Jamie had fallen asleep before Bill had left. She quietly drifted away without any attempt to struggle. This was most unusual for Jamie, but then the ordeal had taken its toll and she drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

Bill knew that Suzanne had a job to do with the children and he knew that he had a job to do also. He had to prepare himself for the days ahead by catching as many fish as possible and trading his normal trade for fruit and vegetables in their little town, so that not just himself but the family had enough food to eat throughout the next week while he got on with all the projects that he knew he had to do.

The feeling of Simmion's presence continued as Bill walked toward his house and as he approached the little garden on the east side of his hut, he felt a breeze that almost brought him to a standstill. Just then he heard the voice. The same voice that he'd heard earlier that day.

*"Well done Bill,"* it said.

Bill waited for more words as the feeling overwhelmed him but nothing more was said. Bill walked inside the house, still aware of Simmion's presence but knowing there would be no more conversation that night.

Bill had slept well. The next morning he swung himself out of bed much earlier than he normally would. He was up well before the sun had risen and all of his equipment that was lying scattered around his hut, seemed to beckon him to get up and get moving out into the cold breeze and out into the fishing fields that he loved so dearly.

There was a sense of conflict within Bill that morning and he had no idea where it came from. It was as if he was being drawn away from his dearly loved fishing and the security of the life that he had known since he was a boy. It seemed like he was being dragged into another area of life that was unpredictable and unknown yet exciting. What had happened to him yesterday still gnawed at his mind. The inability to understand what had happened and the inability to forget such beautiful feelings were actually offsetting themselves against the harshness of the world that he loved. There was no doubt that the beauty of what had happened yesterday far outweighed what he was doing today, but the prospects of the future led Bill into patterns of thought that he had never experienced before.

The catch was good, the time was short, but the sensations were different and Bill knew that he was gradually withdrawing from the fishing fields that he had worked in all his life. Although he was still working, his heart was not the same. He was aware of the new responsibility but a beautiful family, a beautiful lady and the feeling of many new things ahead took up his heart. Even though he felt totally excited by this, he was also disappointed that he did not

understand his feeling of disappointment or even what he was disappointed about. He thought about if for a long time before he understood that as soon as he would think of Suzanne, the disappointment would disappear, and he knew then that his focus for the rest of his life would be on their relationship, even when he was busy fishing.

His heart filled with joy as soon as he realised he needed to focus on Suzanne and was soon back in the swing of his work. He was sitting and enjoying everything that he was doing right there and then because he realised that he was doing this for him and Suzanne. There was no disappointment in that and if he had to move away from fishing then so be it.

As he started the engines to return home there was a flutter in the engine. A strange feeling came over Bill as he knew there was nothing wrong with the engine and he knew it was going to stop. He rushed up and quickly dropped the anchor as the engine petered to a halt.

Bill could radio for help but it would be another three hours before anybody was down on the water, anybody who had a vessel big enough to tow him. He knew his fuel was fine and he knew that the motor and all of the equipment was in good condition. If he had not dropped his anchor in time, the large swell that was coming through would have pushed him well off course in a very short time and would have placed him in a very dangerous area. This was where Joe had perished the previous year.

In the instant he had the thought about Joe; he knew why the engine had stopped. He realised that Joe wanted to talk to him. He felt happy about that and although this sort of thing had never happened to him before, he understood exactly what was occurring. He sat quietly without even checking the engine or any of the axillaries. He did not even lift the floorboards to go down into the engine space. He just sat quietly near the winch and listened. He could hear the whisper of the wind suddenly turn into the voice of Joe Montgomery.

*“I’ve been waiting for a long time for you to move in and take on your responsibilities,” said Joe. “I want to offer you my support and I want to warn you about your venture into Norwick. Be extremely careful about the promises of Henry Olsen but know that I will be there behind you, pushing Henry into a position where he can assist. So keep well clear of Henry’s influence. Keep well clear of Henry’s life and when he shows you that he can turn the world upside down, keep clear! Henry’s world is different to your world, although his world can help your world. Work with him but stay clear of Henry’s world.”*

Bill was so surprised; he had no idea that Joe knew anything about Henry. In the years that Joe had been away from the island, he must have met Henry, thought Bill, but he never mentioned it to Bill and Suzanne had never mentioned anything when he told her he had met Henry Olsen.

Bill sat and listened, as the wind seemed to whistle back to its normal form.

*Joe’s voice again broke the silence as he said, “Remember our times together Bill and remember that if your engine falters then you could end up in the same grave. So stay clear of where you’re fishing now and keep yourself to the areas where you are safe. Your long-term safety is of much importance. Make this your last time in this field, in this fishing spot because there is a force that will shut your engine down and that’s exactly what happened to me. I didn’t have the presence of mind to drop anchor as quickly as you. So keep clear Bill and you will learn about these energies at a later date. You’ll find that as long as you stay exactly where you are, you won’t start your engine. So slip your anchor until you go another 100 yards and you’ll find you’ll be able to start your engine again.”*

The wind took over again and Bill sat there amazed. It was okay to hear Joe’s voice and to hear him talking about other people, but giving him such information and direct instructions of what to do, that was unusual.

Bill thought he would test Joe's advice, so he jumped up and tried to start the motor but nothing happened. He pulled up the floorboards and went downstairs and checked all over the engine but there was nothing wrong. He checked the sparkplugs, he checked everything. He soon came to the conclusion that something unusual was happening. He put the engine back together, checked the pumps and went back upstairs. The engine still would not operate. It was time to do what Joe had advised him to do - he slipped the anchor and carefully let it go as close as he could to 100 yards then he dropped it again and walked straight up to the control panel and started the engine. Bill was amazed as he backed up the boat to lift the anchor.

As he did he heard once again, *"Drag your anchor Bill until you're out of this area. Keep going forward."*

This time Bill took notice and as he winched on the anchor, he pulled backwards and forwards a little, he felt the anchor start to drag and move forward and the engine continued to work successfully as he pulled anchor and moved on towards home.

With all of the activity, Bill's focus had gone straight into his seamanship and his connection with Joe Montgomery disappeared with the wind, but in his heart Bill knew that it did not matter what he did, both Joe and Simmion would be by his side forever.

Bill arrived early at the fishermen's wharf to find Suzanne and the three children standing there in the same place. Bill's heart sang once again at the realisation that Suzanne knew exactly what he was doing. As he pulled into the wharf Suzanne leapt on board and straight into his waiting arms. Not caring about whether he could hold her or not, she had total confidence that Bill could catch her, steer the boat and deliver the line around the bollard on the wharf without hesitation and all at the same time.

Suzanne held Bill closely as the boat came to rest and was thrilled at the feeling of Bill's muscles as he strained to keep the boat in tow. Bill was only small but he was very solid and his strength extended past his body and Suzanne, who was quite light, felt like a fairy in his arms. It was the first time Bill had noticed how light she was. He

had not been conscious of her lightness before because he had not had to take her full weight. He found it easy though and found it delightful to hold such a beautiful woman as Suzanne in the joyful and wondrous world that they had developed. The wharf strained and heaved heavily as the boat came to a standstill then rocked gently. Bill quickly tied off the rope to make everything safe, leaving Suzanne standing where he had placed her so he could rush to the other end of the boat.

The children were waving and there was a lot of excitement as Bill came back to where Suzanne stood.

Bill and Suzanne both spoke at the same time, saying exactly the same thing...

“You wouldn’t believe.....,” said Bill.

“You wouldn’t believe.....,” said Suzanne.

They both stopped and laughed. Once again, they had exactly the same thoughts and statements at the exact same time.

Bill stood back, put his hand out and being a gentleman said, “After you.”

Suzanne said once again, “After you.”

Bill spoke excitedly, “You wouldn’t believe what happened. My engine stopped right where Joe had the accident and I could hear Joe telling me what to do. He told me that the engine wouldn’t start unless I laid out the anchor rope for 100 yards and it worked. He kept talking to me the whole time telling me what to do. So now I know what happened to Joe. It wasn’t his equipment that failed, there’s something out there in that particular spot that will stop your engine and you can’t start it again. He warned me not to fish there again as it would be only a matter of time before the same thing would happen as it had happened to him. It looks like that fishing spot is out.”

Suzanne stood there with her mouth open, she was so surprised. “Bill, Joe spoke to you?” she asked.

“Oh yes, clearly and he told me exactly what to do,” answered Bill.

“Well how is Joe?” asked Suzanne, still amazed at what Bill was saying.

“He’s fine, he’s going well. He’s really happy for us,” said Bill.

“But Joe has never spoken to me since he passed,” said Suzanne.

“No, he’s a bit of a fisherman that Joe. I think he sort of keeps quiet until it’s necessary and today was necessary. Without Joe I would not have got out of there. I would have still been sitting there. I would have been safe but still out there getting pounded by the sea.”

“So, you’re alright then?” asked Suzanne, showing her concern.

“Yes I’m fine,” said Bill. “Business is fine and I’m happy. I’ve got a good catch. So what amazing thing happened to you?”

Suzanne’s face lit up again, “Oh, I saw Willam and it was only out of the corner of my eye as I was coming here. He waved me over and said *“I know that you’ve had a slight accident and I know that you were held up yesterday, but you and Bill can come along and see me today.”* “How did Willam know that?” asked Suzanne.

“Willam’s a strange character. He seems to know everything,” said Bill. “Did you tell him what happened?”

“He didn’t ask too much so I told him what had happened. He wasn’t at all surprised but he seemed to be pleased, very pleased. He said that he has a little present for Jamie when we turn up at 2 o’clock.”

“So we’re going to meet him at the shop?” asked Bill.

“Yes,” said Suzanne. “We’re going to the shop and we’ve all got to go.”

“So I wonder where Willam lives. I’ve only ever met him at the shop,” said Bill.

“We’ll ask him today,” said Suzanne.

“Okay,” said Bill. “Let’s get all of this fish out of here and we’ll get moving.”

The unloading process began and the toil of a fisherman, his wife-to-be and their family started in earnest and allowed them all to enjoy one another’s company. The children ran around as they usually did. It was like a tradition but it had only started days

before. Suzanne and Bill enjoyed these times together and when they had finished their work, they sat down together on the same box to watch the children play and have a bite to eat.

## Chapter 19

The morning had gone quite quickly and it was approaching 1.30pm when Bill, Suzanne and the children left and headed off along the road to where Willam worked. They had plenty of time as it was only a 15 minute walk, but with the children they allowed themselves more time. When they reached Willam's pottery shop they found he had a table laid out with all of the maps and his little book of calculations, in the same format as they'd had at their table. When they walked in Willam greeted them and asked them sit down.

He pointed to the chairs saying, "Have a seat and we'll begin again. Everything that we did last time we will do again today and we'll move a little further along."

"Oh," said Bill, "can't we just keep on going?"

"The most important part of what we are doing is to lay a foundation and if we don't go over and over the foundations, you won't be able to handle tomorrow," explained Willam.

"What's on tomorrow?" asked Bill.

"Tomorrow is when we head towards Norwick isn't it Bill?" asked Willam.

Suddenly Bill remembered that he had asked Henry Olsen if he could go to Norwick and Henry had asked him if he could introduce him to Willam.

Bill was surprised. "How did you know that? I forgot to tell you that," asked Bill.

"It's alright Bill," said Willam. "I know a lot of these things. Although sometimes I do doubt myself so it would be better if you told me."

"I'm sorry Willam, but is it alright?" asked Bill.

"It certainly is!" said Willam.

The afternoon went slowly but it was exciting and the whole family enjoyed their time with Willam. They still forgot to ask Willam where he lived as he did not seem to belong at the shop. Each time they met Willam they knew there was something special about him. Such that they felt they should not ask questions.

Towards the end of their adventures through the atlas Willam introduced his book of tables and explained, “You have to learn to do more than you’re doing now with numbers. You have to know how it works and you have to understand the value of the gold coins that you have in your possession. Not so that you can use them, but so that you have the ability to trade with them and trade because you own them, not trade and lose them. They were given to you so that you could do this, but if you follow the general rule you will lose those coins in a very short time then have no way to recover what they can do for you. So it’s extremely important that you know what advantage you have by holding those coins.”

Suzanne and Bill looked at one another in amazement and wondered what was going to come next.

Willam looked at each of them and announced, “That’s enough teaching for today. Next time we get together we’ll be walking, well Bill and I at least, we’ll be walking to Norwick and we’ll be discussing a lot of things along the way. Most of the things we’ll discuss are not for you and the children to worry about Suzanne. They’re things that will keep Bill busy but shall keep you happy.”

That was fine with Suzanne. She smiled and with a twinkle in her eye she showed that suited her perfectly. Her job of looking after Bill and the children was all she needed and the excitement of what was to come in the future was making her heart feel warm and comforted and that was all she required in life, besides Bill and the children of course.

It was almost time to go when Jamie jumped up and as bold as you like stood in front of Willam and asked, “Where’s my present?”

Willam smiled, “My dear I would never forget a present for such a beautiful young lady,” he said slowly.

Jamie did a little skip and quickly shook her hands. “Where is it? Where is it?” she asked.

Willam walked across the room to a cupboard and came back with a tiny little doll. It was not potted, but hand-carved. It was quite sturdy and looked like it was made from marble with a slight tinge of brown.

“Here’s a special little angel for you to keep beside you. This little angel worked through Bill to make you better yesterday and will always look after you, and will stay with you for the rest of your life,” said Willam as he handed the doll to Jamie.

Jamie went quiet as she held out her hands. She held the angel so gently and so carefully and she did not move. Her mouth was slightly open and her eyes wide with wonder as she looked at her gift. She said quietly, “My angel.”

Tears came to Willam’s eyes just as they did to Suzanne’s. They were tears of joy.

Suzanne could not hold her feelings in any longer and she reached over and put her arms around Willam and said, “Thank you so much. You don’t know what you’ve done for Jamie.”

“That’s fine. I think I do know what I’ve done but I’m sure you don’t know what you’ve done for all of us and by the way, Carmel Roberts has asked me to pass on her regards,” said Willam.

Suzanne looked straight up into Willam’s eyes, “Carmel Roberts! Where did you see her?”

“Carmel made the angel for me and she made it in the image of who she could see in our Jamie,” answered Willam.

“Wow,” said Suzanne. “I haven’t seen Carmel for ages. She is such a marvellous psychic.”

Suzanne remembered years before when she had first met Carmel and Carmel had told her about her future. She had actually told Suzanne that Joe would pass away early in their marriage but Suzanne did not believe it. Suzanne had not been back to see Carmel since. Suddenly she felt awful about having pulled away from someone simply because of her own beliefs.

Carmel had lived on the island her whole life and did not know anything else but doing psychic readings. She even had trouble at school because she always knew what was coming. She always knew what questions were in the exams, although she never passed them very well, but still she always knew what was coming. She spent all of her time telling everybody what would happen next, to the point where everyone in the school would line up to see Carmel.

The teachers eventually had to put a stop to it all so everyone would meet up in the lane after school. Carmel would sit on an old log and tell people their fortunes.

It was not until later in her school years that she started to barter with her readings and people could take food, vegetables, clothing along, whatever they liked, and Carmel would be happy to give them a reading. The amazing thing was that Carmel very rarely used what she was given; she used to hand it on to other people.

Carmel lived a very sheltered life with her mother. Her father had left a long time ago. He was one of the early people to disappear to the mainland without a trace. He left Carmel and her mother alone without an income, without anything but their little house. It was a beautiful house in amongst the trees, overlooking the beach. You could not quite see Norwick but it was located in a beautiful spot.

Suzanne thought back and remembered Carmel Roberts. She felt bad that she had failed to go back and thank Carmel for helping her through the difficult time of losing Joe. She knew that without Carmel's early intervention the shock would have been too much for her. It was a great shock and loss, yet in some ways she was prepared just in case Carmel Roberts was correct.

As she stood there in front of Willam with her arms still around him, Suzanne's mind flashed back through her entire history with Carmel Roberts. She then looked down to Jamie who was standing there with her little angel, still looking with her eyes wide open and her mouth slightly ajar in amazement at what she had received. She knew that Carmel would have actually seen the angel before she had made it. Suzanne did not realise that Carmel had possessed such skills but she knew this was true.

She stepped back from Willam and said, "I'll have to go and see Carmel. Can you tell me how to find her?"

"No problems. I'll write it down for you, I'll draw you a picture of how to get there," answered Willam.

He walked across to the table and drew a picture for Suzanne. Suzanne knew the area fairly well but she had never been to that part

of the island. She made plans to visit Carmel while the men were visiting Norwick the following day.

Bill and Suzanne were keen to get home so they thanked Willam and gathered up the children and headed off.

With the two of them carrying children, it became quite a long walk. They all were happy and Bill, being strong, carried Jamie and Samuel while Suzanne carried Martha, just like you would a small baby. Suzanne cuddled her into her bosom as she walked along.

## Chapter 20

It was almost dark by the time they arrived home and all of the children were nearly asleep. Once inside they decided to put the children straight to bed and have a quiet night just to themselves. With no objections from the children they did not even feel like they needed anything to eat as it had been such a tremendous day for them. With all of the little treats that Willam handed out during the course of the afternoon, there was no need for any of them to have anything more to eat. Suzanne and Bill put the children to bed and they were soon fast asleep, leaving Suzanne and Bill by themselves in the early part of the evening for the first time.

Suzanne and Bill sat quietly together. They were so engrossed in each other that they almost lifted off and drifted out of the small room they were sitting in. They were afloat in the joy of one another and neither of them needed anything more than what they had.

In that moment they felt the familiar presence of Simmion. They looked at one another and marvelled at the sensations they were both experiencing. As they felt the sensations grow, their eyes scanned the room waiting to see if Simmion would appear, but he never did.

He simply said, *“It’s now time for you both to decide to stay together.”*

They were both confused by this and said, “Simmion, you said that our decision to live apart was necessary.”

*“No, it’s not the right time for you to be married, but it is the right time for you to stay together,”* he answered.

“But that won’t be acceptable,” said Bill.

*“It has to be acceptable,”* replied Simmion. *“You can make plans but you cannot be married until the time is right.”*

“When will that be?” asked Suzanne.

*“Not until you have gained passage for each of you separately off the island. There is a law that stops married couples from moving off the island, but there is no law stopping you from having your own private marriage vows that are unknown to others, and to plan a ceremony off the island,”* said Simmion.

Suzanne was a little confused but Bill could see immediately that it would work. Bill had tried to get passage off the island once before and was anxious to tell Simmion.

“I’ve tried to do this before Simmion and I was stopped, but I think I know how to do it now,” said Bill.

*“You will be shown how to do it and you’ll be shown how it works. You will also be shown how you can come back and how you can maintain your rightful passage whenever you wish,”* said Simmion.

Suzanne was so thrilled to be talking to Simmion that she wanted to ask question after question and Simmion did not object. She asked about what would happen if she and Bill lived together and other people objected.

Simmion answered, *“What will happen is they will object but what else can they do? They may look at you strangely and they may look strangely at your children. They may feel that you are going about it all the wrong way, but they will understand. They will understand that without the bond that you have your family would almost certainly perish and without that bond, Bill would certainly not progress to his full potential in life. Many of the young people who fished at his age perished because of their daring and because they worked too hard. So now I would suggest that you prepare to move in together and that you tell people before you do it. You should tell people of your plans to be married and tell them that you have to be together in order to survive. Start doing that tomorrow and continue to do that for the next two weeks so that people will accept the inevitable.”*

Suzanne and Bill had not even discussed this with each other. They knew it would happen, but they had never talked about marriage, even though it was something they both wanted. Yet here they were both communicating with the same voice and they both received answers. They looked at one another with great joy but still had no need to discuss it.

They both said, “Thank you Simmion, we know what to do,” and before they had finished their statement they felt Simmion’s energy

change and move out of the room. They felt such joy and such privilege in life to have such a beautiful friend. There was never a question of whether this was right or wrong...it happened!

Suzanne and Bill had never been close to the people who might object to their plans and the simple people of the town were so excited about everything that happened, no matter how unusual it was, it always became the talk of the town.

Suzanne knew that her task for tomorrow would be to tell people what was happening. She would tell them what had happened with Jamie and how Bill had healed her. She would tell them how Simmion had intervened and describe how Simmion had appeared again afterwards. Then she would tell the story of how Joe had spoken to Bill when he was out fishing and his engine had failed and of how Joe had described to him the circumstances surrounding his own death. Never had there been such a bunch of tales to be told. Suzanne suddenly felt proud that she would be able to discuss all of these things with her friends in town.

But first of all she had an order to follow. She would visit her local neighbours; her best friends; her school friends who all lived locally, all of the people who had turned up and gave her food when she needed it and all of the people who turned up to eat the fish that Simmion had provided for them. Her head immediately filled with numerous plans for the following day.

Bill sat there quietly doing exactly the same thing. Seeing the adventures of tomorrow; seeing the tall man who had stood before him - Henry Olsen, meeting with Willam and taking him into the town of Norwick.

They both looked at one another and decided there and then that two weeks was too long away. They fell into each other's arms and stayed there until the early hours of the morning when Bill had to rise and head off to his job as a fisherman.

## Chapter 21

It was a special day for Henry Olsen. His infatuation for Mary had grown quite rapidly over the last two days and it was most unusual for Henry to feel anything but stability and normality. So when Mary actually kept her distance slightly, Henry could not help follow her with his eyes and feel something special for her. He felt a little uncomfortable, but full of joy at the same time.

Henry had an appointment...a special appointment that sat deep in his heart. It was an appointment to see Bill Sommers but the main thing sitting in his heart was the possible connection with the Teacher. The man who for so long had been in the background and who now seemed to be a big focus in Henry Olsen's life.

Henry knew that he had to leave and he was a little sorry when he told Mary but he was very thankful of her response. Mary was quite happy for him to go and very willing to wait for him on his return.

Henry was feeling a little unusual and he could not understand what it was. He was used to being in the limelight; people followed Henry; they looked to him and liked him. Yet some totally disliked him, but they still watched him and they still held him high. All of a sudden he felt himself taken down off the pedestal and swept into the arms of a beautiful woman. A woman who had been around him for so long, and yet he had never seen her in the same light that he did at this moment.

This unusual feeling together with the excitement of heading off to the mountains, presented a mix of emotions that Henry had never experienced before. This mix of emotions produced such a brilliant glow on Henry's face that Mary stood back and admired him on his way out the door.

"Henry, you look brilliant today. It must be a special day," she said.

Henry felt proud because nobody had ever said that to him and he walked over and gently kissed Mary. "Thank you my love," he replied.

Mary appreciated Henry's gesture and detected a difference in his tone. She had always felt a shiver go up her spine each time he called her "my love" because she felt demeaned by it, but this time he was not just saying it – this time he said it with feeling and it was something that was addressed to only her, not every female.

Henry and Mary parted with great feeling between them. Henry's joy as he walked down the road made him look even taller. It made his stature even more pronounced than usual. Henry quickly rounded the corner and headed to the little park where he knew the entrance to the outside world was hidden. As he walked behind the monument that hid the iron gates, he looked back to make sure that his entrance remained private. As he slipped around the corner, he pulled open the squeaky iron gate and felt the coolness of the gorge and of the trees. The stone walls of the gorge were vertical to almost 50 feet where they turned into a coverage of trees and vines that filtered the sunlight. It was such a beautiful place but he had never noticed this beauty before.

Henry's step quickened as he felt the fresh breeze come through the canyon as he walked the 50 yards through the coverage and out into the beautiful sunlight of the island. Usually they did not see the sunlight until midday in Norwick and yet here it was only 7.30am and the sun was brilliant already. The far off cliffs were only just visible through the trees and the coverage of the trees made the entire walk rather serene and comforting. For the first time in days Henry focussed once again on the sound of the birds and the sound of the wind and on the rustling of the trees and the crisp crunch of his walk as he paced along steadily. The character of the cane that he carried became part of his walk.

Henry always walked with a backpack fully supported with water, food and a medical kit. He had never used any of it on any of his trips, but it was the best he could buy and he felt comfortable and relaxed walking along with his backpack. Those sort of things interested Henry. His clothes were the most suitable for walking, his shoes were the most suitable walking shoes and his hat, that made

him look like he came from Sweden, was very characteristic of his style of dress.

Henry paced along for 45 minutes and then had a sudden feeling that he should slow down. He reduced his pace and wondered why it felt quite comfortable doing so. As he moved along he felt once again that he should slow down a lot more, almost to a stop. He moved steadily and quietly and as he did he saw a small reindeer through the thicket. It was a beautiful, young and slender reindeer. Henry remembered that reindeer had been brought to the island many years before. It had been spoken about but never seen and now there it was right in front of him, this slender, delicate creature, just looking at him. Henry stopped and felt a special connection with the animal. He knew that it was a very shy animal and he had no chance of getting closer so he just stood still and watched and felt the beauty of his surroundings and the vision of what was in front of him.

It seemed like many moments before there was any movement at all and then suddenly the tiny reindeer looked at him and started to walk towards him. Henry could not believe his eyes. He thought maybe it had not seen him so he kept extremely still. He could hear his heart beating and his breath sounded too loud for the wind. As the tiny reindeer got closer it looked up into his eyes and those big brown eyes glistened. Henry knew that this was no normal meeting. He knew there was some special message there and he waited while the reindeer stared and sent him some sort of communication that Henry had no feel for. He felt the buzz and the excitement and vibration of the connection and then the buzz stopped. The little reindeer blinked and flicked its head to one side and bounced off as though it had had a fright.

Henry felt totally depleted in that moment. It was as if something had been unplugged from him and his energy rapidly dropped. Suddenly it rose again and he felt conscious but when he searched back in his mind he could remember very little, except seeing the reindeer. The signal soon came back to him telling him to move on. He was reluctant to move and in some ways stubborn because he

wanted to understand what had just taken place and he strained as he took his first step.

Henry always had everything clear in his mind. Even when beings had appeared to him before they had always spoken clearly. This was most unusual and as he lifted his head he suddenly experienced what felt like an explosion in his heart and he almost buckled at the knees. It took his breath away and was so overwhelming and yet so beautiful. His eyes blurred for a moment before becoming clear again. All he could say was, "Oh my God, that is a beautiful message." He needed no explanation as he recognised the special message and he knew that he would never have to convert it to words.

Henry's day had started so well and he was now walking at least a foot above the ground. He bounced along and started to sing. He felt so free, a lot freer than he had ever felt. He thanked the reindeer and thanked all of the spirits that he knew to be around at the time. Henry was very sensitive to the spirit world, particularly to the nature spirits. He knew there were so many around and he played and laughed with them. He actually lost track of time and his location, but he had no concern at all until he came to the turn-off to Joseph's Hill where he stopped and reloaded the vision of the old Henry Olsen. He put away the child who had come out with his heart totally open after meeting the reindeer. The contrast was quite a shock, even to Henry. He had not realised how disconnected he really was and he attempted to bring back some of the joy he had experienced moments before. His body rattled a little as he attempted to shift it to a halfway point, something that would be acceptable to both sides.

Henry had no idea whether he had achieved his purpose when a rustling noise came from the trees some hundreds of yards away. He quickly put aside his thoughts and became the Henry of old. He realised this must be Bill on his way or somebody else walking the track. It sounded like there was more than one person so Henry moved to one side and found himself a nice place to sit and watch and wait for whoever it was to come along the road.

## Chapter 22

Bill's morning had been rather exciting, particularly waking up in Suzanne's home and feeling totally at home there before heading off to do his job. He did not have to pick anything up and had no need to go via his little hut, so he was able to go straight to the jetty where he hopped on board his boat and headed straight out to sea. He was working once again on his intuition, knowing that the old fishing spot was never to be used again.

He headed a long way out to sea and then found that he was starting to feel uncomfortable, so he changed direction and headed south to keep well out of sight of Norwick. Then without even knowing why, he turned back in towards the shore, only to find that if he had headed away a little bit more from Norwick to begin with, he would have come across the spot that he was being led to. Bill stopped some 2km from the shoreline, which was most unusual in an area that really had no attraction to other fishermen. There had never been very many fish caught there but somehow Bill had a feeling that this spot would be at least reasonable. He dropped his anchor and allowed it drag for a while before he suddenly found a reef that he had previously not known existed. He fished on that reef for some 2 hours with great success and then lifted his anchor and drifted with a net and had even more success.

It was quite early when he found he had filled his catch for the day and was able to head back to where the unloading process started again. He knew this time that Suzanne would not be there with the children. He knew they were travelling around visiting all of their friends, telling their story and generating excitement. Bill could feel that excitement even from where he was.

After unloading his catch Bill headed back to his hut where he cleaned himself up and decided that it was a good time to go and see Willam before they met with Henry Olsen. He thought he would see if Willam would like to come along and meet at his special spot on the way to Joseph's Hill. Bill had no idea if Willam would be at his

shop but he decided to go there to look for him, as he did not know where Willam lived.

When Bill arrived at Willam's shop he was not at all surprised to find there was no one there. The shop was closed but Bill stood there for a while and knocked on the door. To his great surprise the door opened and there stood Willam.

"Oh Willam, I didn't know whether you'd be here," said Bill.

"This is the door to both my shop and my house," said Willam quite calmly.

"But you don't live in your shop do you?" asked Bill who was a little surprised.

"No, but my house is at the end of the corridor," answered Willam, "and besides, I knew that you were coming."

Bill was a little taken aback. He could not remember whether he had mentioned anything or whether Suzanne had spoken to Willam. He had been so excited about everything that he had lost track of how it was all happening.

"Oh, so you know all about Henry Olsen wanting to see you?" he asked Willam.

"No, I had no idea about Henry Olsen, I just have a feeling. I knew that you were turning up though Bill," replied Willam. "So tell me, what is this all about?"

"Well I'm on my way to meet with Henry Olsen. I met him on the way to Joseph's Hill the other day and he mentioned "the Teacher" and wanted to know if I could locate you and arrange a meeting," answered Bill.

Willam knew this would happen one day and realised this time had come.

"I'd be pleased to meet Henry whenever it suits him," he said to Bill.

"Well, I'm about to go and see him at Joseph's Hill so you can come with me if you like or I can bring him back here to meet you," said Bill. "I've asked Henry if he'll show me Norwick and he promised to do that if I introduced you."

Willam now understood how the story had come together. He now understood that Henry Olsen was the pawn in the middle and how he could actually make or break the project that Willam had in mind for Bill and Suzanne. As Willam thought deeply about the whole process, he realised that it was not his plan and really had nothing to do with him. He was simply the person who was arranging for the information.

Bill wondered how Willam had known so much, but Willam had spent many years writing; writing what had come to him and having it confirmed in various visitations. He had known many masters over the years, but there was always the same one who came to him very clearly and who spoke about what was necessary for the people on the island. He had never known his name until Suzanne began to speak to him, then he understood it was actually Simmion who he was writing about and who he was talking to. He realised the name was irrelevant because the personality was incredibly unique. He knew that Simmion was connected to the island as a project and that he overlooked many things and made sure that people survived in a manner that was reasonable, even though there was suppression all around.

Willam quickly replied, "That's no problem Bill I have nothing at all to do today, so I can come along with you."

"What about your shop?" asked Bill as he stood there with his eyes opened wide.

"The shop has no set hours. It opens and closes when I decide to open or close the doors. If I have nothing to do then I open the shop. But I have something to do today and what I have to do is very important. I know that it's important to you too. So hold on there Bill, I'll be back in a moment with everything I need for the trip to Norwick," said Willam.

"Are we going to Norwick today?" asked Bill.

"We most certainly are," replied Willam.

"But what about Suzanne?" asked Bill.

"Suzanne knows that you won't be back until late, that's why she planned a holiday for herself and the children. So don't be surprised

when you get back and she understands more than you realise,” explained Willam.

Bill smiled and wondered how Willam could be so wise. Bill had been with Suzanne for only a short time but had known her all her life and he knew that Suzanne would be extremely happy about what was happening today.

Bill stood there waiting for Willam and slipped into a daydream as he looked around at the trail in the distance, the one that they would walk along to get to Joseph’s Hill. He wondered how far it was to the trail that led to Norwick, just as he had wondered all his life. As a child he had sneaked up to the top of the cliffs a few times and found that he was so frightened that he had to leave quickly because of the threat of what may happen to him if he looked down on Norwick.

Now here he was, all grown up with a wife-to-be and was about to break the rules that had controlled him for all those years. He realised that his mind was totally occupied with all the restrictions, and all the possibilities of what could happen on his way to Norwick. He realised that he had to have his wits about him. He had to stop disappearing into these thought patterns. He had spent a lot of time at sea and he knew what it was like to disappear into your thought patterns. That sudden loss of concentration could be the death of you and although it was much safer walking, he knew that he still had to be sharp.

Bill tried to pull himself out of the daydream. He shook his head and looked up and found he could see a lot more than he had seen when he was looking out before. He could see the dog from next door actually looking over the edge of the fence; he saw various animals and birds that were sitting in the distance looking at him and he smiled and said to himself, “That’s better. I don’t want to leave anything out; I need to know exactly where I am and what I’m doing.”

Willam appeared as the door slammed heavily from the other end of the hall. Willam mumbled to himself “I’ll fix that door one day,” then turned around and faced Bill at the other end of the small

corridor. Bill smiled. Willam returned the smile and walked on slowly towards the front door that Bill was holding open. As they walked outside Willam locked the door behind them before turning around to gaze up and breathe in the fresh air.

“Well Bill it’s a beautiful day. I guess we’d better get going,” he said as he looked at Bill.

## Chapter 23

Willam and Bill headed off on their way along the beautiful path that led along the edge of the hills, just off the border of the little township. The sun had risen above the trees sufficiently so that it lit their way and lit the path. It delivered such warmth that it made them feel totally comfortable as they walked along.

Willam commented on how much he enjoyed the walk and Bill enjoyed Willam's conversation and his company.

The ten minutes that it took to walk up the road and approach the turn off to Joseph's Hill seemed to disappear very quickly and before long they could see the turnoff in the distance. They were laughing and joking and enjoying their walk when all of a sudden they noticed someone sitting on a large rock, just off the path, almost behind the trees. It startled them both, but when they focussed properly in the darkness of the shadows of the trees, they could see that it was Henry Olsen sitting patiently waiting for them.

Bill had not expected to see Henry so early and he thought the meeting place was to be at the top of the Hill. He then thought that it did not matter where the meeting took place as they were just about to meet up with Henry.

Bill waved to Henry and Henry waved back. The last 20 yards seemed to stretch out forever. Bill felt a little uncomfortable because he did not know what to say. The time that it took from his initial wave until his voice actually reached Henry was a little too long for him. By the time he got closer to Henry, he had almost forgotten what to say.

"Hi Henry, ah, this is umm, I'm sorry, yes, this is Willam. Willam is the teacher you spoke about," spluttered Bill.

Henry jumped up off the rock realising he was being a little rude by just sitting there. If that had been Bill on his own he would not have worried, but when he realised Willam was with Bill he moved quickly.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t realise that you were the teacher,” said Henry when he greeted Willam. Henry was feeling a little embarrassed.

“I’m aware of that,” replied Willam, “and now we’d like to go with you into Norwick so that Bill can have a bit of a look around. We can talk on the way.”

Henry snapped to attention and fell into line directly behind Willam, leaving Bill to walk behind him. This did not concern Bill as he was always good at following behind, but it certainly did not show Henry’s manners in any way at all.

As they rounded the next bend Willam turned to Henry, “Henry, let Bill take the lead and we can just wander along behind him and have a yarn. I’m sure Bill will find the way.”

Bill was a little surprised but he did exactly what Willam suggested. He scurried around Henry, up past Willam and took the lead.

Then to Henry’s surprise, Willam took him by the arm and pulled him close to his side, “Here, walk alongside me....the path is not that narrow and we can hear one another better,” said Willam.

Henry was a little uncomfortable. He knew that he had ignored this man many times in the past and now here he was standing alongside him, shoulder to shoulder, feeling like Willam was about to place his arm around him.

Willam was like that. He had dealt with children and people all of his life and he knew how to get close and he enjoyed it. He also knew how to melt away people’s discomfort.

They had walked only a few paces down the road before Henry relaxed and started to feel a little bit of the child come out again and he felt a lightness similar to the way he had felt as he walked away from the reindeer.

Suddenly out of nowhere Willam said, “I can see that you must have been surprised when the reindeer stood in front of you.”

Henry immediately stopped and looked surprised at Willam. Willam grabbed him by the arm and coaxed him along further, “You see I know about the reindeer and I know how people feel after

they've seen him. In fact it's a she, a little lady, a very special little lady at that. I only come across people about once a year who like you have seen the reindeer. About once in every five years I see people who feel like you, so you must have been in fair contact because I can still feel that special vibration."

Henry was amazed. He had no idea that the Teacher was so sensitive.

"Do you know about the reindeer?" asked Henry.

"I know of the reindeer and I've been told that it's female. I've spoken to many people whose lives have changed after they have stared into her eyes," the teacher replied.

Henry smiled, as he knew exactly what Willam was talking about and felt himself warm to the man. He knew that he had suddenly found a great friend.

Bill was enjoying the walk, particularly taking the position of leader; he did not get that opportunity very often. He led the way with a clear sense of leadership. This was something that he knew had resided within him all of his life. He also knew that he had never had the opportunity to work with people as he was a fisherman and had worked alone. He walked and talked with people but not very often and on this occasion to have three people walking together was almost like being in a crowd for him, so to be able to lead was something that meant a lot to him. As he walked along he felt the warmth of the sun and the beauty of the trees. He noticed the moisture droplets glistening in the sunlight as they sat delicately on some of the leaves of the plants.

Bill had no idea of what was happening when he suddenly felt the cold feeling that came over him. He looked up but there were no clouds, the sun was still there and yet he felt cold. He slowly turned to Willam and Henry to see if they were feeling it too but it was obvious that they were not. He could not see what was happening. He knew that Willam and Henry were deep in conversation and had no idea of what he was feeling. A slight sense of panic arose in his body and he shook himself a little until he felt the warmth again.

Just as quickly though he felt the cold again, so he shook himself and the same thing happened.

Bill suddenly remembered there was a special spirit around him who he had forgotten about. This used to happen to him when he was really young. The spirit was a friend of his who let him know he was around by dropping the temperature.

As soon as Bill realised who it was, he said quietly in his mind, “Hi Pete, it’s nice to have you along; it’s been a while since you’ve walked alongside me. It must be a special day.”

Bill got an immediate response, there was a buzzing sensation right through his body and he knew Pete was happy. Pete spoke sometimes but most of the time he just made Bill feel good and made him feel his excitement as he spoke to him.

“So are we going to have a good day Pete?” asked Bill once again in his mind.

This time though Pete replied which was most unusual. *“This is a very special day Billy. You will enjoy every moment of it and I’m going to stay right here beside you so you don’t get yourself in trouble. This is a big adventure.”* he said.

Wow, thought Bill, this must be something special. Pete had never spoken that much before and to call him Billy felt very familiar. Only Bill’s mother had called him Billy, but then during those times when Pete had spoken to him in the past, he usually did call him by that name. So Billy it was and Bill was happy with that.

Bill attempted to make more conversation but as soon as he opened his mind to Pete, Pete let him see the brilliance of his presence and Bill’s words just drifted off into oblivion. The wonder and lightness of Pete as he flittered around in front of Bill was unbelievable and incredibly joyful. Bill always thought that Pete would look better if he had wings. Bill could never figure out why Pete did not have wings because the way in which he flittered around as if he had wings and sent off all of those sparkles like the fairies did, Bill wondered why he did not have any. He knew that Pete was quite special and that he only turned up on very special occasions, so,

Bill's heart was light. He was also very comfortable with what was happening to him at that time.

As they rounded the bend towards the main gorge, Bill knew that he was getting close to the critical part of his journey. It was a sensation that always came over him and it was something that he was unable to describe but he had a knowing. It was a little bit like being out in the ocean and knowing there was a storm brewing and the atmosphere would seem to change a little. It was quite subtle but not enough for anybody to comment on, but Bill knew.

He turned back to his two companions and announced, "Not far now."

Henry looked up and wondered how Bill could possibly know this. "Have you been here before Bill?" he asked.

"Never," answered Bill, "I just know that we're almost there."

"You're right," said Henry. "There's only another couple of hundred yards to go through to the small part of the gorge on your left."

Bill immediately spotted a deep crevasse in the rock just behind the trees and a path that had not been used very often leading off the main path and into a thicket of trees. He turned to walk along the path and there in front of him was the brilliant light of the sun shining down through the enormous rocky gorge. Suddenly it felt different and there was a feeling of coolness, even though the sun was shining and he started to step lightly as he noticed how quiet everything was. As he approached the end of the gorge he stopped because a feeling filled his stomach that he could not explain, it almost felt like fear. His two companions nearly walked into the back of him and came to a halt. Neither of them commented, they simply took notice of Bill as he cautiously stepped forward to have a look at what was ahead.

The light diminished quickly in front of Bill as he moved ahead. He was getting close to the cliff face and he was uncertain of what was making him feel so strange. As he strained to look, through the distance he saw the glow of two yellow eyes and he stopped and stood very still. He knew immediately that it was a wild cat. He had

seen the result of an attack of a wild cat and he was not really interested in moving forward any further. He simply stood still and looked into those eyes until he felt a person brush past him. He almost yelled out stop. He felt the form of Henry Olsen move straight past him and into the path of the wild cat, but nothing happened. The cat did not move; it did not attack; it just stood there waiting and as Henry approached, it looked up and walked slowly towards him. Henry leant down and patted the cat. It was very large but did not act like a wild cat at all. It was big, strong and robust. Bill was sure that if he had moved forward the cat would have attacked.

Henry quickly turned around and said, “You two stay where you are, I’ll just take Alice back to her home in the bush. I won’t be long.”

“Alice,” thought Bill. It looked more like a male to him and looked rather vicious, but to Henry, she was a friend. Henry and the cat trotted off into the bush side by side and headed into what looked like a cave in the cliff. Both Bill and Willam stood there watching with their mouths wide open. They watched as Henry settled the cat with its young ones before moving away slowly and gently placing bushes in front of the opening.

Willam’s amazement was not that Henry was good with cats, but that the cat actually knew Henry. Bill could not believe how versatile Henry was in being able to handle a wild cat like that. So when Henry returned, both Willam and Bill wanted to question him, but Henry held his hand up in the form of a stop to indicate there was to be no conversation and then motioned forward for Bill and Willam to proceed along the path ahead of him.

Bill took his place in the lead once again and walked off down the path. They had walked only 20 to 30 yards when they arrived at a gate. The gate was at an entrance that seemed to lead into open spaces, but it appeared to be out of place. Bill stopped, followed by Willam and then Henry moved forward to open the gate for them. As they all walked through, it was like walking into another dimension. It was fine and sunny and the atmosphere they had

experienced a few minutes before completely disappeared. They had walked from a deep forest and gorge out into the open sunlight and into a totally different atmosphere. Completely different to anything Bill had experienced on the island.

“So this is your private entrance?” asked Willam. “I could have saved myself walking a lot of miles over the years if I’d known this were here.”

Henry smiled, “I think you’re probably the only two, besides me, who know about this entrance. I suppose that’s the beginning of opening the entrance to other people, unless of course you wish to keep it a secret.”

“It means nothing to me that you have a private entrance, but it would be nice to use it to save my legs,” said Willam.

Henry understood what Willam was saying. “That’s fine. So I don’t have to worry about anybody else wandering through my entrance?” he asked.

“Not unless you’d prefer to tell people yourself,” said Willam.

Bill was listening but not focussed. Although they were behind some rocky outcrop that had been carved into several statues he could see past the end of the carvings, he could see many houses. They were so close together that he wondered how they lived. He wondered how people handled living so close to each other and how they could grow their vegetables and how they could keep their animals. It was so different to what he was used to and he was keen to move on to see more.

Henry immediately sensed that Bill was not focussed on what they were saying. He walked up alongside Bill, placed his hand on his shoulder and said, “Welcome to Norwick. I think what we’ll do is give you a very quick tour but we’ll do it from the top floor level of my house. So if you’d like to follow me, we have to go through this park and turn the corner to reach my main entrance. Well I should say the main entrance to my dwelling.”

Henry had a slight smirk on his face as he looked at Willam. He was remembering the number of times he had been chastised by Willam for his incorrect grammar in the past.

Willam's expression did not change, certainly not like it did many years ago when he would comment on Henry's bad grammar. The games of childhood were still being played and both Henry and Willam had enjoyed the interaction.

Bill on the other hand had started to walk on and paid no attention to what was going on between Henry and Willam. He had walked out into the open area and was looking around at his surroundings. Bill looked back at the monument and wondered what it was for. It looked like some sort of carving of something unusual and he had never seen anything like it. As he stood looking at the shape of the houses and the streets and all of those fences, he shook his head and looked back again. He looked up at the mountains and the cliffs that cut the whole area off from the island and realised Norwick was rather large. It was totally cut off from the main island and it was a totally different place. Bill could see glimpses of the beach, which seemed to run for miles with beautiful white sand. The cliffs that normally ran right along the waterfront were back some kilometres from the shore. It looked as though the sea had moved back away from the island and allowed the place of Norwick to be created.

Although it was strange to Bill, he could understand its beauty and its attraction and he felt rather comfortable but had no idea how people could sustain themselves in such a place. There seemed to be no space for any crops and no room for anything else. He wondered to himself, "Where would you walk? What could you do?" He then turned around quickly as Henry and Willam approached him and found himself starting to talk and ask questions, one after another.

"How did all of this happen? Where did it all come from? Where does everybody live? What does everybody do? How can you feed everybody?" asked Bill.

Henry laughed and put his hand up and said. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, slow down Bill. You've got a long time, we've got the rest of the day to look around and then you've got the rest of your life to answer all of those questions."

Bill was so excited that he did not hear Henry's words and so he kept asking questions until Willam interjected and said, "Bill, just follow me," in a very firm but gentle manner.

Bill stopped immediately and followed Willam's lead but his excitement remained. He soon calmed inside and walked alongside Willam and Henry as they walked across the beautiful, clean and totally flat park area.

Willam was impressed by the cleanliness of this area. He had been instrumental in complaining many times about the rubbish that all of these people left around and about the mess that floated up in their fishing areas. He also complained about the degradation that it promoted. So what Willam was seeing at the moment seemed to be quite a contrast to what he had seen ten years before when he was active and actively working alongside Sally Guthridge to clean up the effect that Norwick was having on the island. He was sorry that Sally was gone because as soon as she died, Willam lost interest in the future of Norwick and had moved away to settle in the country area.

Sally was a dynamic character and she seemed to have amazing control over what happened everywhere. It was quite a mystery to Willam and it was still a mystery to that day how she could command such power in an area where people seemed to take no notice of anybody else. When Sally died Willam felt lost and unwanted in a world of what he thought was total corruption, but now he could see quite a difference and what he could see and feel was a very pleasant and well kept town with beautiful buildings and very well maintained fences and streets. As they walked out of the park he noticed that they were a little higher than the rest of the Norwick itself. They walked out of the high country and found themselves looking directly down on Norwick.

As they rounded the corner where the park met the road they could see almost the entire town and a major portion of the beach. They continued along this little street with beautiful stone fences for about 50 yards and then Henry turned into a driveway of beautiful white pebbles and tree-lined walkways. It was like a dream to

Bill and it almost took Willam's breath. Such beauty all compacted into one small area.

## Chapter 24

“Welcome to my home. It’s just down a path there to the front door and we’ll go and have a look around,” said Henry joyfully.

Bill moved slowly along the path. He could not believe all of the different kinds of plants and beautiful flowers and trees that he had never seen before on the island. He was walking slower and slower as he moved along until Willam said very abruptly, “Bill get a move on!”

Bill snapped out of it and kept moving. It was as if Bill was still a 10 year old child. He responded the same way and Willam spoke to him in exactly the same manner as when he had been a 10 year old.

It seemed like Willam was there with two young boys that he used to teach and things had not changed. That picture quickly flicked through Bill’s consciousness and he smiled as he moved on.

When they approached the entrance to the house, the large carved doors stood out in front of the three of them and Bill’s mouth gaped open once again. Henry walked straight up and instead of just flicking open the door, he pulled something from his pocket and he seemed to be fiddling with the knob. The door opened and Bill looked quickly at what Henry had in his hand but he could not understand what it was.

“What are you doing?” Bill asked Henry.

Henry laughed as he replied, “I never thought – you’ve never seen a door lock have you?”

Bill frowned, “Yes I’ve seen a door lock before. I’ve got a lock on my own door.”

Henry laughed again, “No, I mean a lock that’s inside the handle.”

Bill’s interest changed immediately. Henry was right, he had never seen a lock that was inside a handle, so he walked up closer and had a good look. The door was open at this time and he kept his focus on the door and the handle and looked inside and out. He thought to himself “that’s quite good; I’ll have to get one of those.”

He then looked up and saw the immense hallway, something he could never have imagined would be part of a household and he quickly looked around at Henry as if to say “Wow where did that come from?” He looked back at the hall and entered slowly.

Henry stood there smiling and understood what was happening to Bill. He smiled at the fact that Bill acted just like a little child as he did not need an invitation, he just walked straight in and with those big eyes glowing, looked around at everything. Henry remembered it was just like how they were when they were children.

When he turned back to Willam, Bill had no idea that Willam had already seen these types of buildings. “Have you ever seen anything like it?” Bill asked.

Willam almost blushed as he turned and looked at Henry then looked back at Bill and answered, “Yes, I actually built this place.”

Then everybody’s eyes opened wide. Henry and Bill were unaware of this and Willam was quite embarrassed because he’d had no intention of ever telling anyone that he had actually been a designer and construction manager in such a town. Willam was a school teacher but he had talents that nobody had ever known about and he had worked with Sally many times to build some beautiful buildings. When he worked for Sally though his name had not been Willam, it was Heindrik. He could not even spell Heindrik when he first decided to use his second name to cover all the paperwork associated with Norwick. Fancy a man like Willam saying he could not spell Heindrik. He knew how to spell it in his German language but not how to spell it in the English language and so he simply spelt it the way it sounded.

As soon as Henry heard the name it registered with him because he had seen it many times on the building certificates and the ownership documents of many of the places that he had actually purchased.

He wanted to jump straight in and ask Willam, “Why are you living where you are when you own so much property?” but he said nothing. He wondered how could such a man with such a talent live

two totally different lives and then walk away from a fortune to live in the country.

Henry knew that there were many buildings that he had tried to purchase. He virtually owned everything around them and owned everything to do with those buildings but the final handover of buildings was not possible without this man called Heindrik. Henry had assumed ownership of many things because he thought Heindrik had disappeared and therefore he, or the Olsen family, may as well own it as they owned everything else.

This new turn of events in Henry's life caused quite a disturbance in his mind, yet it did not seem to bother Willam at all, it actually embarrassed him. It took a while for Willam's colour to come back to normal and neither Bill nor Henry broached the subject again.

The view was all too attractive, too engrossing, and too beautiful to even consider what was happening in the outside world. The three men were engrossed in the pleasure of one another's vision and although Henry had looked out the window every day, he had never felt as grand as he did now, sharing this view with his two dear friends. Friends that he knew he had been associated with for many, many ages and associated with in times that he had not yet discovered.

Henry had been left much in his father's Will and up until this point he had never considered the possibility that some of the ownership may still be lost in the mystery surrounding the name Heindrik. However at this point, as he looked out over the heads of his two dear friends and described all of the different buildings and how everything worked, he felt a sense that maybe his empire did not really belong to him. For the man called the Teacher for so many years was actually the man named Heindrik who held the mystery to much of his father's fortune. So without mentioning his thoughts he registered that at some stage he would take up the matter with Willam and get it all sorted and cleared up once and for all. At this point in time though it was not suitable and he was feeling a great pull towards Mary.

Henry wanted to introduce Mary to people from another part of the island and he was sure that Mary knew nothing about these people. He was certain that she had no idea that the island was split and that there were people living in an almost foreign world just around the corner from where they lived.

Somehow everything was opening up inside Henry and he was so excited about revealing something new to his dearest and most devoted friend Mary. He even surprised himself when he said to Bill, “Bill, you’ll have to come and meet Mary, my fiancée. You’ll really like her, and Willam I’m sure you already know Mary. Even if it’s not from here, you will know her. She is so much like you.”

Henry smiled as he listened to himself and started to laugh when Willam replied, “I’d be extremely honoured to meet your fiancée just as I’m sure Mary will be pretty honoured to find out she is your fiancée.”

Willam’s familiarity surprised Henry but he laughed and just like Willam, he blushed when he thought of the awkward position that he had placed himself in. So when he asked Willam and Bill to not say a word about the “fiancée” bit, because he hadn’t really asked Mary at this stage, they both understood.

So off they all went back down the hallway towards the door, chatting and joking about their visit to Mary.

They had just passed the entrance to Henry’s office and were not too far from the door when the phone rang. To Bill it just sounded like some alarm going off, something totally out of this world. It was something he had never heard before and he immediately stopped in his tracks.

Henry excused himself and said, “I’ll just answer the phone,” before he walked into his office.

Bill turned to Willam and asked, “What’s he talking about? What’s a phone?”

“I’ll leave that to Henry to explain,” replied Willam.

Bill stood there once again with his eyes wide open, wondering what he was about to hear. In the quietness he could hear Henry speaking. To Bill it sounded like Henry was speaking to nobody and

answering as well. Bill looked with a strained look at Willam but Willam simply smiled and put his hand up as if to say “just wait Bill.” So Bill stood there once again mildly chastised by the teacher of many years ago.

Henry finished his conversation and quickly joined his two friends before ushering them out the door. Bill was almost tripping over his feet because he just had to open his mouth and he could not do anything but ask. His excitement about asking almost prevented him from walking and he almost tripped and fell while going out the door. Henry grabbed him by the shoulder and asked, “What’s wrong Bill?”

They all stopped and Bill finally asked, “What’s a phone Henry?”

Henry looked at Willam and said, “So, you didn’t tell him?”

Bill’s eyes flicked backwards and forwards between Henry and Willam wondering what they were keeping from him.

“No, it’s up to you Henry” answered Willam.

Henry stopped and explained, “It’s like this Bill, there’s a small device called a telephone and it’s linked to other telephones by wires.”

Bill was puzzled and asked, “Wires? What are wires?”

“They’re just like the ropes and the cables that you have on your boat. No, I must have said it wrong...you know the cables that go to the lights on your boat?” asked Henry.

“Yes, yes of course,” said Bill.

“Well they run those, although their a bit smaller than what you’ve got on your boat, they run them for miles and they hook a telephone on each end and people can talk to one another,” explained Henry.

“Like the radio?” asked Bill.

Henry and Willam looked at one another and Bill said, “Yeah, I’ve got a radio. I’ve got two when we work on the boat.”

“Well, you can have the same thing on land. You can put two radios on land and talk to one another” said Henry.

Bill thought for a while and said, “Yeah, I suppose that’s possible, I never thought of it.”

“Bill, if you took Adam’s boat and you took your boat and you put one at one end of the island and the other at the other end of the island and hooked them to a jetty, you can talk to each other can’t you?” asked Willam.

“Yes that’s right,” agreed Bill.

“Well, it’s the same thing with the telephone, only they’re not mounted on a boat, they are kept in a house,” said Willam.

“Where are the batteries?” asked Bill.

“We have a building for the batteries and we run wires to it. So, that’s how it all works. I’ll show you sometime Bill,” said Henry.

“Oh fine, I sort of know what you’re talking about now. I know what a radio is but I’d never heard of a telephone before,” said Bill.

Willam thought for a while, he hadn’t realised that his conversation and teachings in the country area had been limited to exactly what was available and because nobody had ever bothered about telephones, he had never spoken about them. Bill always used radio and most of the islanders had grown up with radio but they’d never ever had a telephone. Many of the big fishermen had base radios in their homes. So, it was pretty easy to transfer Bill’s thoughts from radio to telephone but Willam hadn’t realised how limited education becomes if you’re not exposed to everything that is available. At the same time Willam considered the ease with which things drift out of your reality if they’re not needed. It was an interesting concept that Willam had never really considered before and in that fraction of a second his thoughts covered many possibilities that enhanced the wisdom that he was well known for.

## Chapter 25

On the way out of the house Henry decided that he should take Bill in the car to Mary's house as he was sure Bill would have never seen a car before.

Henry stopped suddenly and said, "Let's go through this door here and I'll show you how we get around the island." He then locked and closed the door to his main entrance before leading Bill and Willam through another door and into his massive garage. The huge garage was no surprise to either Bill or Willam.

"Very modern cars, which one are we taking?" asked Bill.

Henry almost fell over but Willam just smiled. Willam had not forgotten to teach Bill all about cars and he had remembered to show him how his old car worked. He had also taught Bill how the new ones worked and had shown him many photos.

"Well, we'll take the BMW" said Henry as he slouched a little.

Bill walked straight over to the BMW and asked, "Which seat will I sit in?"

Henry showed Bill to the passenger seat and allowed Willam to climb in behind, then off they went on a tour of the island. In fact it was only a tour of Norwick because people from Norwick considered that *was* the island. The tour took around 15 minutes because the roads that led all around the island, as they called it (but it was actually all around Norwick), were quite limited because of the width of the roads. Henry was one of the few with a fast car and the roads that could handle those types of cars were rather limited. Many of the other roads were paved and only designed for pushbikes and for walking. In fact they missed a lot of the views and a lot of the unique areas around Norwick, but they saw the general way out and they got to experience the beaches and the beautiful buildings and the motels.

Bill still could not understand how so many buildings could be placed on such a small area and how there were so many people. There seemed to be one hundred times more people in Norwick than there was on the rest of the island.

When they arrived at Mary's house Bill was quite lost in trying to work out all of these questions about how people lived. When Henry slammed on the brakes and blew the horn, Bill almost jumped out of his skin.

Willam laughed and tapped him on the shoulder, "Come on Bill, you'll be alright. It will only take a couple of minutes and you'll be used to it all. And besides, Mary's a great character. Let's go and say hello."

Henry looked around at Willam straight away as if to say, "How do you know so much about Mary?" But once again Willam did not let on the extent of his contact with Mary.

Mary soon appeared at the front door with a big smile and a happy face. Henry's heart jumped as he rushed around and gave her a big hug. "Come and meet my friends Bill and Willam," he said excitedly.

Mary's face was aglow. "I'm pleased to meet you Bill, I've heard a lot about you already. Even though Henry's only known you a short while, he always talks about you," she said as she greeted her visitors.

Bill felt so proud that somebody knew him and actually spoke about him when he was not there.

Henry then turned to Willam and said, "Mary I'd like you to meet Willam."

Mary's heart felt such joy when she looked at Willam and she hesitated for a moment.

"It's time!" said Willam as he looked to Mary.

Henry and Bill did not understand what he meant but Mary obviously did as she rushed straight up to Willam, wrapped her arms around him and with joy in her heart said, "Oh Dad, I've been waiting for so long to hear that."

Henry could not believe his ears but somehow Bill felt that was right. Mary and Willam were alike and it was okay and he felt good about father and daughter getting together.

Mary and Willam stood there with their arms interlocked as they turned to Henry and Bill and announced, “Well we suppose it’s time we told you.....”

Mary looked so lovingly at Willam as Willam took up the conversation and said, “Yes, it’s about time...in fact my name in Norwick is actually Heindrik Smithers.”

The whole picture came together in that moment for Henry and then he understood why the picture became clear. It was because Mary did not want Henry to know who she was. Willam was Heindrik’s original name and he had taken that name on and went back to where he came from, back to the outer part of the island so that Mary could still be who she was in the eyes of Henry.

Then without hesitation Willam stood directly in front of Henry and said, “Henry it’s time *you* came clean.”

Henry did not know what Willam was talking about.

Willam pressed further and said, “Henry remember what you said to Bill and me earlier?”

Henry started to blush and Willam said, “I’ll say it to you again Henry, it’s time!”

Henry knew immediately what Willam was talking about and walked straight over to Mary and asked, “Mary, will you marry me?”

Bill’s heart jumped and he thought to himself, “This is amazing, what a beautiful thing to happen.”

Mary started to cry as she wrapped her arms around Henry.

“Oh most certainly Henry,” she answered. “I’ve waited for so long but what has changed you?”

“There are a lot of things that have changed me and I think Bill started it all. Bill introduced me once again to the joys of life. Bill also introduced me to a great friend who has always looked after me and he allowed me to feel the presence of the island again,” replied Henry.

Bill did not know what Henry was talking about as he thought that he had never done anything for Henry.

Henry turned to Bill and explained, “Bill it’s just your innocence. It’s your total belief; it’s your stories and your connection with Simmion. The same connection that I’ve always had.”

Everybody looked at one another when they heard the name Simmion, as it was familiar to them all. Their joy and great feelings transposed into an unbelievable companionship that took over the moment and made Henry’s proposal to Mary something that Mary would never ever forget. Not that she would have forgotten anyway, but that special feeling had been planted in her heart. It was something that she knew would stay there forever.

It was not long before the excitement turned to conversation and the four of them spoke very quickly to one another about all sorts of things. They talked about all sorts of plans and about the possibilities for the future. Mary was very interested in Bill and how this was his first visit to Norwick. They spoke about Suzanne and the children and what was happening in Bill and Suzanne’s life and then the focus suddenly swept around to Suzanne and the children and Bill wondered what Suzanne was up to at that time.

It almost placed his excitement on hold as he focussed in his normal manner back to Suzanne and the children. He could feel that they were having a wonderful time and he knew that Suzanne and all of her friends were excited about the prospects of maybe one day meeting with Simmion in the flesh.

Bill knew that this day was coming to an end but he knew that he would have to visit Norwick again.

He turned to everybody and said, “It is time for me to start heading back. I feel that it won’t be long before Suzanne actually heads for home and I’d like to be there to meet her when she gets there.”

Willam nodded his head and Henry said, “That’s fine Bill.”

“Dad, are you staying?” asked Mary.

“Yes, Bill can find his way back,” answered Willam. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow Bill.”

“Fine,” said Bill. “Thank you so much for a wonderful day.”

Bill shook everybody's hands and gave Mary a big hug before heading off along the track that he could see would lead back to the park where he could enter back into his own world.

## Chapter 26

Suzanne's day had gone much as she had planned but it also had so much more to it than what she could ever have imagined. The first friend that she had met with lived only a matter of ten minutes away from her home but the two hours that it took for her to get from there to the next place filled her life with joy and excitement. Her friend Julie had decided to walk along with her. Julie could not stand to miss the discussions of the day after she had heard Suzanne's story. She was so captured that she packed all of her work away and decided to walk with Suzanne to the next house.

Before they reached the next house down the road they met three or four other locals and Julie, being quite a chatterbox, started to tell Suzanne's story there on the side of the road. She did this on three separate occasions and as she did, Julie and Suzanne, along with Jamie, Samuel and Martha, skipped along with joy and excitement.

Helen somehow knew that Julie was about to arrive. The grapevine seemed to work so quickly in such a small place and as Suzanne walked up the road with Julie and the children, Helen rushed out to say hello. She gave each of them a big hug in the flamboyant way she always did. Helen somehow knew there was another big story brewing. It was not often that she got visitors, particularly Suzanne.

When all of the formalities and the greetings were over Helen could not help herself, she just shook her arms and said impatiently, "Tell me, tell me, what's happening! What is it? You all look so happy. Tell me the story!"

Helen rushed them all inside the house to sit down to pot of tea that she had already prepared. She was still asking about the details of the story even while Suzanne had started to tell her about Simmion.

Suzanne told of how Simmion had appeared to her and about how the greatest catch of fish she had ever seen just lifted up by itself and disappeared into the cloud that followed Simmion. She then told of how they were all fed and how the kids thrived. She spoke of how

Bill had arrived and how close they had become and then went on to describe what had happened to Bill at sea. She told how Joe had appeared in voice only. She told of how Joe had saved Bill from the same catastrophe that he had experienced and how Joe had explained what happened. Suzanne spoke of how Joe had died and how he warned Bill never to fish there again.

Everyone sat quietly taking in every detail of Suzanne's amazing story.

Suzanne continued sharing her story. She shared with her friends how connected Bill and herself had become and explained how she knew where he was and what he was doing and if she did not know, Simmion would tell her. She spoke of how Bill had known that there was something wrong when Jamie hurt herself. She told how Simmion had made Bill almost fly to get there and how Simmion had told Suzanne about the hidden powers that Bill had in his hands. Then finally, she spoke about how she had to convince Bill to put his hands on Jamie and how Jamie had healed immediately.

The story was so emotional and by this time so well spoken and well prepared that Helen gasped and had no voice to reply. They all just sat there quietly even the children did not move.

When Suzanne reached the end of the story, Julie was so amazed. "Well, how's that Helen? Does that top all stories? Does that top all of the stories that we've ever heard on the island?" asked Julie.

Helen started to laugh and answered, "Julie, I must say you really brighten up everyone's life. Yes it's a wonderful story and I want to be there when everyone finds out. We can walk into town together; it's only another ten minutes from here. We'll see everybody then we can come back and have something to eat before we go home. Is that alright with you Suzanne?"

Suzanne was overwhelmed by the feelings of her two dearest friends. "I'd love to do that. I'd also really love to find someone who I've heard about that I really should have seen years ago... her name's Carmel Roberts and she's a psychic," said Suzanne.

"Oh yes," replied Julie. "She'll be in town today and we can call in and see her. She does readings in town."

“Well if that’s the case then let’s get going,” said Suzanne as her eyes lit up with excitement.

They each gathered up their things and gathered the children together before heading off into town. The weather was beautiful and the sun was shining its rays through the mild cloud and it made a beautiful picture; a picture that could never be painted. Suzanne found herself almost disappearing into the picture as she walked along, not even hearing the words of Julie and Helen as they chatted away. Then as she almost disappeared she could see Bill in her mind’s eye. She could see Bill standing and looking aghast at something and she almost laughed. He looked so much like a little child who had just seen something for the very first time. Her connection with Bill was amazing. It was such a marvellous feeling to maintain that connection with him and to actually feel his presence as she walked along and to be able to see him so clearly in her mind’s eye was so amazing and so comforting. When Helen tapped Suzanne on the shoulder she was quite shocked at how quickly she had actually drifted off as she was walked along.

“Oh excuse me Suzanne, you were somewhere else,” apologised Helen.

“Yes, I was off with Bill actually. He’s in Norwick at the moment,” said Suzanne.

Julie and Helen looked at Suzanne as if to say, “How could you let him go there?”

Suzanne quickly reassured them. “It’s alright he was directed to go there and he’s with Willam, the teacher, so he’ll be fine. It’s something that Simmion said he’d have to do. It just happened that it was arranged for him,” she explained. “Bill met a man who comes from Norwick. He met him at Joseph’s Hill actually and he’s a very special person. Bill has a lot of faith in him and the three of them went back to Norwick today just to have a look around. I can see Bill is so surprised at what he’s seeing. I expect to have a good story from Bill when he gets home as well.”

The women started to chatter again with excitement and their look of horror disappeared with the excitement of another story. It

seemed like this new combination of Suzanne and Bill was producing a mass of stories that would excite the town for a long, long time.

Martha and Samuel were neatly stashed in what looked like an ancient stroller that had been modified slightly to fit the two of them and they actually sat up as if they had been fitted for the purpose. They looked quite strange as they bounced along the track with Jamie walking alongside, happily skipping and laughing as she played with her brother and sister. Suddenly Martha screamed which was a most unusual thing for Martha as she was usually very quiet. Suzanne stopped immediately and crouched down to see what was wrong with her, only to discover a large ant had crawled high up on her leg. It seemed quite harmless but it was very large and quite frightening to the little girl. Suzanne flicked the ant off and picked Martha up out of the stroller. She caressed and hugged her and spoke a special language to her that only Suzanne and Martha knew.

Suzanne patted her until she finally calmed down. She asked Martha, “Did it frighten you?”

“Yes,” said Martha quietly.

She did not say any more than that – she just answered yes and sobbed a little. She soon jumped with excitement as Jamie ran around in front of her and pulled a funny face. Jamie could do that to Martha but nobody else could. Her mood changed immediately and she wanted to chase Jamie. Suzanne put her down and lifted Samuel out as well and they started to chase one another around right there on the track. It seemed like the whole world had stopped and focussed on these three lively little children running around enjoying themselves.

Helen looked at Suzanne and the three children and marvelled at how far they had come in the last couple of weeks. The last time she had seen Suzanne, Helen thought she had looked sick. Her clothes were terrible and she was cold and the children were sniffily and miserable and they were frightened. And now here they were and it was like the sun was shining from all of them. She could never have believed such a change to be possible and so she made a mental note

to sit down and talk in detail to Suzanne about how it felt and how it had all happened so quickly.

Suzanne and her children, along with her friends arrived in town just before lunch and decided to head directly to where Suzanne could talk to Carmel. They had figured it all out that Suzanne could talk to Carmel and receive a reading while her two friends looked after the children. But by the time they had found Carmel, half of the town had gathered around and were listening to the stories that Julie was quite willing to pass on.

Before long the small numbers grew to fifteen and then to twenty and almost everything stopped in the small town. The excitement became such that you would think there was a fair on. The whole town was focussed on this beautiful story and the visitors to the town had left everything, even their shopping, and were all listening and talking to their friends. The reading that Suzanne had thought she might receive was actually given to her by Carmel once again in the middle of the crowd at the top of her voice, so that Suzanne could actually hear.

Carmel told Suzanne, “You will leave the island within two months and you will return within one month. You will make such a difference to everybody here and such a difference to your family that at this stage it is beyond comprehension.”

Suzanne shook her head and really wanted to talk more to Carmel, as this was the same sort of statement that Carmel had made about losing Joe. The message was so certain and so clear. Suzanne could not speak and immediately wrapped her arms around Carmel and gave her a big hug. Carmel knew then that all was forgiven and that their lives together would be much better from here on in.

Suzanne and the children had had such an exciting day that when Bill’s signal came to Suzanne, she had trouble focussing. Although her heart went out to Bill straight away, the noise of the children and the noise of the people around her pulled her back and made it difficult to stay in contact with Bill. She knew that Bill had picked up her signal that she was ready to leave and she knew that he expected nothing other than to feel her excitement, which she was

sure he could feel. So in the midst of flicking backwards and forwards between Bill and the children and the excitement of just having been told her future, Suzanne allowed herself to melt a little and go to each place. Her eyes glazed for a second and she knew that everything was perfect.

Suzanne made her apologies and told everyone there that it was time for her to leave. It was difficult to walk away from everyone, but they all knew that Jamie was getting tired and Samuel and Martha were both asleep by now so it was time for them to go. Suzanne gathered the children, slipped Jamie up onto her back and headed off home amongst many excited waves and cheerio's. The instant she stepped onto the path she started to feel the calm and beauty of the land around her. She had not realised until that point that she had been away from people for so long and that even though at times she had been totally devastated by the loneliness, at this point she really appreciated the loneliness and no longer classed it as that. It was peace, the type of peace that she had not experienced for a very long time. Not since she was a child in fact.

Instead of getting tired as she bounced along, she seemed to gain more and more energy. Her surroundings and the beauty stood out to such an extent that it almost took her breath away. The birds and animals came around and watched her as she cheerfully headed off on her way back home to rendezvous with Bill.

## Chapter 27

Bill's pace on the way home was much the same as Suzanne's. His excitement also grew as did his appreciation of his surroundings. He knew somehow that Suzanne had a special message for him, just like he had lots to tell her. He knew that the days to come would be filled with the results of this day.

The sun was quite low in the sky as Bill made his way through the last patch of trees from where he knew he could look down and see the little cottage where he and Suzanne had decided to live together. The cottage had belonged to Suzanne and Joe, but it was so familiar to Bill now. As he reached the point where he could see the house in the distance, he saw the small figures of Suzanne and the children approaching the house and knew that he had timed it perfectly. He was not quite within earshot but he knew that if he yelled they would hear him. So he yelled and yahoed at the top of his voice and he saw Suzanne stop and turn. She was almost too far away to see her face but he knew that she had turned and he saw her wave. She had both arms in the air waving backwards and forwards and jumping up and down with excitement. Bill knew that it would be another five minutes before he got home by the time he zigzagged down the hill but his heart was pumping and the time disappeared so quickly.

When he finally reached the outskirts of the little property he could not help wondering whether Suzanne knew that he was there. As that thought passed through his mind the door flung open and there was Suzanne standing alone, still dressed in her best clothes, waiting with her arms open to catch Bill in full flight as he started to run towards the house.

It was an unbelievable feeling for Bill to hold Suzanne and Suzanne could not believe the sensations that went through her body. Neither of them wanted to move as they held one another and the excitement rushed between them.

Finally, Bill pulled back and said, "What a marvellous day, I've got so much to tell you and I'm sure you also had a marvellous day."

They walked inside the little cottage hand in hand and as they walked through the door Bill asked, "How are the children?"

"They're asleep. They had such a big day and they were so well behaved but they've finally fallen asleep. I doubt if they'll wake again tonight, I doubt we'll see any of them before morning," answered Suzanne.

A sparkle came into Bill's eyes and Suzanne started to giggle. They both sat down at the table and started to relate all of the special events of the day. It was almost 9 o'clock in the evening by the time they had finished sharing their news of the day. Neither of them could believe that they had not yet eaten. It then became an enjoyable task to prepare a meal and get settled so they could sit and get comfortable and read to one another. Jamie had taught Bill that it was a great thing to read and to listen. So he would read, Suzanne would listen and then she would read the same thing in her very special way so that Bill knew exactly the standard that he was to meet.

Night had come quickly and Bill knew that there was a change in the air and half way through the preparation of their meal, he turned to Suzanne and said, "I won't be at sea tomorrow. I think we're in for a big one tonight."

"How do you know that?" asked Suzanne.

"Feel it! Can you feel the change?" he asked.

Suzanne stood for a while and said, "No I can't but I can feel the change in you."

"That's it. That's the change I'm talking about," he said.

"So how come the change is in you and not in the air?" she asked.

"Well it's something that I've always had," explained Bill. "When there's going to be a storm, things change in my body and other people can tell what's happening to me just as I can feel it myself. So if you want to know what's happening with the weather, just take notice of what happens to me."

"So are we going to get rain then?" Suzanne asked through her laughter.

“A lot more than rain,” answered Bill. “We’re going to get a major storm. So before we do, I’d better head off to my little shack and make sure it’s secure.”

“But it’s the middle of the night Bill,” protested Suzanne.

“If I don’t do it, we’ll have nothing left,” replied Bill.

“Well, how long will you be?” she asked.

“It will take me a good half hour plus five or ten minutes each way at the most, so less than an hour and I’ll be back,” said Bill reassuringly.

Suzanne kissed Bill and quickly reached for an all-weather coat that she had kept behind the door and handed it to Bill.

“Here take this Bill, you might need it,” she said lovingly.

He smiled and slipped on the coat before disappearing out the door.

Suzanne looked at the sky and had no idea that there was any possibility of a change in the weather, but she trusted Bill and quickly went around the house gathering all the things that might blow around. She protected her plants and moved them to a sheltered spot, she made sure all of the shutters were down and then closed the little shed door out the back to make sure all of the chickens were safe. Then as she walked back into the house, she remembered that the last time the chickens went quiet there was a storm brewing and sure enough, there was not a sound from the chickens now. Suzanne smiled and went back into the house to wait for Bill.

It seemed like no time at all when a sudden burst of wind hit the house and made that familiar sound of rattling timbers and roof trusses and Suzanne knew that it was more than a big blow. It had hit so hard and fast, she could barely believe it. There had been no wind and then suddenly there was a monstrous wind and she realised that Bill had not yet returned. Suzanne became quite concerned and before she realised it, she had created pictures in her mind of what had happened to Bill. She started to shake and looked to the heavens and pleaded, “Please God, make everything safe for Bill.”

*Within seconds a voice came back to her. It said, "Bill is on his way and he is fine. He is used to winds and he is used to this type of weather. He shall be here shortly."*

"Is that you Simmion?" Suzanne asked but there was no answer. "Please Simmion, tell me is that you?"

For a moment there was still no reply. Suzanne could feel the response and she could feel the hairs start to rise up on her arms and then the gentle voice of Simmion said, *"Yes, I'm here and I'm also with Bill. There is no need to worry."*

Suzanne quickly spoke so that Simmion would not leave, "Simmion please tell me, the reading I had today, is it true?"

Simmion answered, *"Yes it's true but remember that's not all of what's to come."*

"Could you tell me more?" Suzanne asked.

Simmion answered, *"It will be fed to you in small batches in such a way that you can handle the information, but remember, what you've received today is not all that's going to happen. Don't plan your life on that one event. Remember there's much more."*

All of a sudden Suzanne felt a beautiful wave of love come over her body and she knew not to ask any more questions and to simply say thank you. That special energy stayed with her for the whole ten minutes that she had waited for Bill to return.

Bill's return was a mad rush of wind through the front door as he flicked the door open and jumped quickly inside. He slammed the door again and stood there with water dripping off him everywhere. Suzanne was not at all worried about the water; she walked straight up to him and threw her arms around him. The water from his coat was dripping all over her but she did not care.

"Oh Bill, I'm so glad you're here," she said, relieved that he was back.

"And so am I. It's a bit rough out there," said Bill as he shook the water off himself.

Suzanne stepped back and said, "I'm trying to be really nice to you and you're all practical about all of this."

“Yeah, sorry about that, I’m just a little bit wet under the ears I suppose,” Bill said as he chuckled to himself.

Suzanne laughed too and helped Bill take off his coat. She picked up a towel from the neat pile that she had on the sofa and helped him wipe his face. She wiped him down and then bent down and helped him take off his shoes. Bill marvelled at her assistance and at the love and at how easy it was to be with Suzanne. The late hour of the night meant nothing to Bill because he was with his special love and nothing else mattered.

## Chapter 28

The sudden crash woke Willam with a start as it had sounded like glass shattering everywhere. He quickly switched on the light and looked around but could not see anything. He could feel the house moving with the gusts of wind and he knew immediately that they had been hit with a monster storm. He had been in this house before and knew it was solid so he knew the movement was totally abnormal. He jumped up swiftly and put on his coat and then rushed downstairs only to see the small window in the hallway had broken. The wind had pushed over a rather large standard lamp and there was water pouring in through the broken window.

Mary arrived a couple of seconds after Willam and she was quite panicky. Willam had to hold her to reassure her and said, “Stay where you are, I’ll go and have a closer look.”

Mary had the sense to grab a blanket and she handed it to Willam. “Here take this with you and cover everything before you go over closer,” she said.

Willam threw it over the broken glass and walked over to have a look at what had happened. He noticed that across the opening to the window was the branch of a large tree. He could not see much because it was very dark outside but he knew that a tree must have fallen against the house. He had no idea what other damage had been done.

His first priority was to stop the water pouring in and make sure there was no way further damage could occur inside the house. It was pitch black outside and the light in the hallway lit the area sufficiently, but it was still difficult to find any place to stop such a wind coming through. There was nowhere to secure anything and he had no tools or timber, so he was a little bit lost as to what to do. Everything he held up blew away and they could not see any way of protecting the house except by going outside.

Mary knew there was some timber in the shed but where the window was located was rather difficult to get to. With that wind

blowing she did not like her father going outside but she knew there was no other alternative.

Willam found the old coat that he used to wear many years ago hanging in the garage, as well as his old boots and hat. He laced himself up tightly with an old piece of rope and ventured out into the storm. He knew that he had to go to the shed and he knew that it would be difficult to hold those doors. He took several pieces of rope to make sure that he could lash things tightly. Willam gradually let the doors open and out he went into the storm. It was almost impossible to stand up and he thought that if the wind had been blowing in only one direction he could have leant against it, but it was lashing around all over the place, coming from directions that he could not determine and it was throwing him about as he walked. As he crouched low he managed to get close to the shed and almost fell over as the effect of the wind changed as it blew around the side of the shed. He was about to open the door when a message came to him immediately.

*“Do not open the door under any circumstances,”* it said.

He immediately recognised the source of the message and he knew to trust that message no matter what. Willam stopped and wondered what to do next.

The answer soon came, *“Go back inside the house and move some furniture, but don’t venture out into the storm any further.”*

Willam could not see a way to solve his problem inside the house without going outside and around the other side of the house to at least see what had happened.

He started to partially ignore the advice that had been given to him. He did not open the shed door but he started to venture around to the other side of the house and as he did, another crack of lightning hit and it seemed like the wind multiplied to at least double its strength in an instant. Willam was thrown backwards and landed on his back on the concrete. As he landed, another tree came crashing down right where Willam had previously been standing.

It was not a very big tree but it was big enough to do a lot of damage if he had stayed there. He realised that the message he had

received was a very serious one. He quickly clambered to his feet and felt the back of his head. It felt different and it felt wet and he knew that he must have done some damage, but his battling with the wind and the rain completely took his focus as he scrambled back along the path and into the house. He found it was so difficult to get the door open and he thought to himself, “Where have all of the big handles gone that we used to have for these sorts of winds? They’ve got these new-fangled knobs now and you can’t hold onto them.”

Willam bashed on the door and with the assistance of Mary on the other side, they managed to open it and he was able to rush inside and close the door behind him.

“What happened Dad? You’re bleeding,” asked Mary, who panicked when she saw the state he was in.

Willam realised what the different feeling was at the back of his head and he answered, “Don’t worry about it, right now we’ve got to move some furniture and get this window sealed up. What furniture do we have to block off the window?”

Mary thought for a second but she could only think of the kitchen sideboard, but it was full of crockery and she did not want to take all of that out. She had nowhere to put it and then she realised if she did take it out, it would be too light and would not effectively hold the wind.

Willam thought for a moment as he walked into the library. “I’ve got it! We can unload the bookshelves,” he said. “We can carry the bookshelves easily and then we can slide the desk out and push it up close to the window.”

Mary agreed and they set about unloading the library and within moments they had the bookshelves ready to move. They had no idea of the amount of water that had actually made its way into the house while they had been preparing to fix the problem. When they came out of the library, the hallway was afloat and they sloshed up and down as they carried the bookshelf and placed it where it could cover the window. They realised immediately that they had to do more than that because the rain was pouring in on that side.

Mary found more blankets and pillows and packed them behind the new barricade made up of the bookshelf. They pulled the heavy desk out into the hallway and then pushed it up against the bookshelf. The storm inside the house stopped almost immediately but they could feel the house moving and wondered what was going to happen next.

Mary was concerned and said to Willam, “If I open any doors, this water is going to go straight into the house.”

“It’s not a problem, we can open the bathroom. It’s slightly downstairs, but it’s only one step for us to push the water down and it’ll go out through the drain,” said Willam.

Mary and Willam got to work persuading all that water to move to where they wanted it to go, down the drain in the bathroom. As they thought they had finished the job, there was another crash and the flimsy bathroom window smashed open again. It had done that once before but they did not think this type of wind would ever come back again. This time Willam knew what to do. He cleared everything out and locked the door because he knew it was well sealed. They did have another toilet but the damage that had been done already was significant.

Mary and Willam were tired and were a little bit frightened as they sat on the step outside the bathroom and held one another in relief. It was a special moment where they had come back together as a family and all of their differences and all of their pursuits in life had gone out the window. There was nothing that meant more to them than that moment and there was nothing that was more important than one another.

Willam had had so much revealed to him in the last twenty-four hours and he contemplated all of the events that had come to a peak as a result of accepting Bill’s invitation to meet Henry Olsen. He reflected on how his meeting with Mary had cleared years of discomfort in a single moment and how the change in Henry Olsen had given Henry a vision of the future that he had never seen before. Willam marvelled at this special moment, where Mary and Willam became one, just as they always had been before all of the upsets.

Willam knew that beyond doubt there was another force at play. There was assistance from another realm and there were many plans that had played out that had never been revealed to Willam. So his appreciation and his connection with Simmion filled his heart and added very much to the moment.

Mary could not believe her own feelings and she actually had her father back again. Someone who she thought had disappeared and gone into another world and someone she had kept clear of wherever possible and he had changed and come back a better man. Her thoughts turned to her love, her Henry, who turned out to be an unbelievable person. A person of great compassion and love that actually fitted Mary's vision and she had not done anything to cause it. Once again, like her father she knew the intervention that had taken place was more than anything she could have imagined.

Neither Willam nor Mary could understand the intensity of the storm that was raging outside. They had never felt the house move like this and it was at that moment they wondered how everybody else on the island was surviving. Willam knew that the people who lived on the island itself would not have a problem because they knew how to build houses. They knew exactly what could happen with the weather, as they were very open to the winds that often stripped the land of trees and grass. Their houses were built to handle the worst of weather conditions.

It had taken many years for the inhabitants of the island to determine how they should live. Those who lived in Norwick had their standards based on many other things. They were based on experience from other from countries and based on experiences that were taught to them, but they had never actually experienced the winds that had shaped the Island of Isles.

Mary was not so familiar and even though she had lived on the island for many years, she was not familiar with anything like the winds that they were currently experiencing.

She turned to her father and asked, "Dad what's happening?"

"We haven't quite got to a cyclone level at this point, but don't be surprised if it turns into one," answered Willam.

“You mean it’s going to get worse?” asked Mary.

“I’m afraid so,” said Willam. “Everything that’s happened to us here tonight will be happening to many other people. Luckily though, all of the major buildings should be okay.”

“What about Henry? How’s Henry? I’d better ring him,” said Mary who was quite concerned.

“Don’t both Mary, he’ll be busy,” said Willam. “You’re better off waiting until he rings you, that is if it’s possible and if the lines aren’t down.”

Even though most of the lines were underground, there were sections that depended on overhead lines, particularly back to the power station. Willam was thankful that the power was still available. He suddenly thought about his training in England where the first thing you were taught is to look for candles.

He turned to Mary and asked, “Do you have any candles?”

“I have lots of candles. I burn them all the time Dad,” said Mary.

“Well you’d better get them out because we might need them. Now make sure that all of your food is stacked in areas where we can get at it if anything should happen to the house. We look like we’re in for a big one, so let’s get prepared,” said Willam.

Mary shivered for a moment but then that special essence within her started to grow and she felt warm and comfortable. She wondered why and then suddenly she knew; she realised the challenge that may stand before her and she knew that she was ready for the task. It was something she had always known she had and it was a quality that Willam always admired. Mary knew exactly what to do about everything and she got up from the step, took no notice of her father and headed off to prepare everything they would need for an emergency.

She had never done this before but somehow she knew exactly what to do. Willam looked on in surprise as Mary set about preparing breakfast and putting it to one side. She started preparing meals that could be taken with them and she found several backpacks and filled them with emergency supplies. She then put candles in

every room of the house and made sure there were plenty of blankets available. Mary soon found all of the things that had been stored away that might now help and they were brought out and placed on the dining table in the lounge room. She then cleared a space under the stairs which was the safest place in the house. She knew that if anything should happen to the house they could move in under the stairs and be safe.

Before the hour was out, Mary and Willam felt they were extremely well organised and safe and then sat down in the big lounge chairs to listen to the storm. They turned out all of the lights except for one main light so they could watch the lightening. In the semi-dark they both felt their own true essence and there was no outside influence, apart from nature. All of the problems of the world had disappeared except for the potential for a problem, which sat in front of them. They sat ready, just like an athlete ready for a race but as the night wore on they both fell asleep. Both comfortable and quite elated in their feelings and they slept peacefully without disturbance.

## Chapter 29

Henry had no idea what was happening when Simon had called earlier and pulled him away from his beloved Mary. He thought this had probably been set up so Mary and Willam could be together. But Henry felt a little put out because he really had wanted to be with both of them. They had all enjoyed such a beautiful afternoon and had gotten along so well.

Simon was in a bit of a flap and that did not fit well with Henry's "special" feelings at that time. Henry was very careful when he felt his mood start to change and became angry at the disturbance. He quickly saw what was happening and stepped back to take a deep breath and spoke to Simon slowly and clearly.

"Simon, do you really need me at this time? I want you to think about it and I want you to calm down and tell me - is it me you need or do you only need to tell me you've got problems?" asked Henry.

Simon stopped and thought for a while but the silence over the phone helped him see everything with clarity as Henry waited.

Simon answered very slowly, "Henry I'll be honest. I don't know how to handle what's just happened. There are two ships that have been forced to take shelter on our island. There seems to be bad weather coming and we have 600 people to look after. I know we can house them but I don't know who to get to organise them. Our staff could handle about 200 but with 600 we're in a bit of trouble. So I don't need another set of hands, I need 400 sets of hands."

Henry laughed and said, "Simon, that's why you're a manager. Even though I own the place I at least used to work there, so yes I can help you. I'll be there shortly."

As he entered the Plaza, Henry remembered very clearly that he had done so well. It was the first time he could remember not being upset with Simon and with having to leave Mary and he was more than pleased with himself about the way he handled everything. When he discovered the extent of the problem, he knew that he was the only one who could deal with it. Henry slipped into a

comfortable mode where his capabilities shone from his face. Mary had noticed that before he left and she made comment on it.

She had said, “Henry, you’d be lost without this place. It needs you but you also need it. It makes you glow.”

Henry felt good after hearing Mary’s comment and he noticed that when he had given her a hug, everything felt like it had changed. He realised he loved Mary deeply with every part of his being. Mary obviously felt this and responded. She actually walked with Henry every step on his travels back to the main Plaza.

As Henry walked through the foyer and saw the people streaming in through all of the doors, he knew that what Mary had said was correct. He could feel that special feeling rise inside him and he knew with every step he became taller. As he walked in amongst the people and headed towards the reception desk of the main Plaza, all eyes turned to Henry. The eyes of the staff lit up and smiles came to their faces. People standing there who had never met Henry before knew that he was there to provide a solution to their problem. They had all experienced a harrowing trip through seas that were not at all friendly and with people who were not very courteous. When people had turned up to the hotels with so many other people, they did not think it was going to be possible to get any sleep that night.

Henry knew exactly what to do. He did not go behind the counter, instead he walked around and spoke quietly to the people and asked them what their needs were. He provided quick and easy solutions to everything they requested and he ushered people over to the desk, one after the other, stating the type of room they required and where it should be; what facilities were needed and what notes should be placed on their book.

Henry ordered his staff to, “Please put a note on the book for me so I can attend to these people’s needs as soon as I’m finished allocating the rooms. Make sure I know of the whereabouts of their entire luggage and make an appointment for me to see these people at a convenient time.” This also applied to those who did not have their belongings there with them.

Henry knew every corridor of the hotels and of the Plaza and he knew every back alley to get from one place to another. He knew who to place where, based on their needs and he knew what time to tell each person to turn up for meals and where to go. Even without the use of a computer, Henry knew that he would not overload any of the facilities in any part of the Plaza. He set times for people straight off the top of his head, times to shower; time to eat; time to go to bed; time to shop. His suggestions to each person were different and he knew that they would follow his suggestions and he knew that he had total control over what happened in the hotel. He also noticed that the winds were getting stronger and as he worked away, he would slip outside to feel what was happening with the weather.

After a while he knew that if people opened the doors on the western end of Hotel Two, they were likely to lift off the roof. He could feel the building strain and the people could feel it too. He reassured them that it had been designed to withstand anything that nature could deliver. He said these things with such confidence that people felt comfortable, but Henry knew that he had to be careful. He knew that nature was much more powerful than any building and he knew that precautions were extremely important. So when he gave instructions for the security system to shut the doors that may cause them problems, he said it in a way so that nobody would suspect a thing. He then quietly directed a porter to find the maintenance man and bar the door so that it could not be opened under any circumstance. Henry also organised many of the windows on the other floors to be locked. He did all of this whilst in the middle of handling the deployment of 600 odd people.

It was with ease that Henry handled these things, but at the same time he dearly missed the contact with Mary and so as soon as he got a chance, he picked up the phone to ring her. Henry found no answer, but in many ways he was not at all surprised. He knew that there would be some parts of the communication system that may suffer under these types of stormy and lightening conditions. He had been told about the possibilities of these failures, but he had taken no notice because he thought it was just as easy to walk the few

kilometres that it took to go from one end of Norwick to the other. The communication to the power station was also in question because there were various parts that needed renewing and Henry had thought it was unnecessary.

When the communication system did fail, Henry was not certain that there was no other way to contact Mary. He made more phone calls to various areas and found that outside the Plaza, all communications had ceased. He wondered whether anything should be done, but as the storm grew he knew its intensity was not yet at its maximum. He decided that he must do something about the communications and with a sudden determination; he said to himself, "The communications must be fixed now." He had no understanding of the size of the task, but he had determined that it should be done.

Henry picked up the telephone there and then called his dear friend Andrew. Andrew Kelly was a technician who had originated from Ireland. He was a very wiry man who thought the world of Henry and he was a man with strength and a determination that could only be handled by Henry. So when Andrew picked up the phone and heard Henry's voice on the other end, he felt proud of the fact that Henry needed to call him.

"Andrew we have a problem," said Henry immediately.

"So, what would you like me to do?" asked Andrew.

"The communications system has failed," explained Henry.

"What do you mean Henry?" asked Andrew as he nearly jumped through the phone. It felt it was an insult to tell him that his system had failed.

"I'm having trouble contacting people outside the Plaza," answered Henry.

"But the communication system is working. I'm talking to you on the phone now," said Andrew.

Henry quickly cut Andrew off and said, "I need to talk to Mary. I need to talk to the power station and I need to talk to people outside the Plaza. We have a major storm heading our way which could easily turn into a cyclone and without that communication we're going to have huge problems."

“I told you about these things...” said Andrew.

Henry stopped him there immediately and said, “I know I’m totally wrong, but right now I need communication and I’m relying on you.”

Andrew’s chest puffed out because Henry never relied on anybody. Andrew took the opportunity and said reassuringly, “Henry you can count on me.”

Everything went quiet and Henry waited but the silence continued until suddenly he asked, “Andrew are you still there?”

“Sorry Henry. Just weighing up the situation. How do a couple of hours sound to you?” asked Andrew.

“That might be too long,” said Henry.

“I thought that might be the case,” said Andrew. “All our systems have 100% back up and I don’t understand how we could be totally down in all areas. It may be cabling but to get new or temporary cabling across to where I think may be the problem could take a couple of hours.”

“Take whoever you need...it must be done!” said Henry.

“So is two hours too long?” asked Andrew.

“Yes it is,” answered Henry.

“Okay leave it with me. I’ll get back to you,” said Andrew and hung up immediately.

Henry was not expecting the phone to go dead straight away and the sudden silence and the clunk of the phone surprised him. He moved away from the phone and for a fraction of a second he wondered where he was. He then took hold of the situation again and looked up and saw the people becoming agitated once more. Because Henry had moved his focus away and the storm was brewing outside, people could feel it.

Henry moved away from the phone and walked into the centre of the foyer where he raised his hands. It was like magic as everyone looked around and without a word Henry commanded a silence. The silence was such that he could hear his own breath. Everybody went quiet and Henry began his spiel about the Plaza and its policies; about how it was built by his father and the tradition that had been

carried on over many years; and how everybody will be looked after better than they would be in any other circumstance. He talked about how everything would be provided to meet the people's needs and of how there was nothing to be done by them regarding gathering their belongings. That was all being taken care of by the Plaza and that if anybody had any problems at all, he would be willing to talk to them personally to resolve those problems. If there was anything that they needed that could not be provided over the next couple of hours, they would have it provided by the hotel free of charge.

As Henry came to the end of his spiel, he said with confidence, "If there is anybody here right now who needs to talk to me to clarify anything I've said or to clarify their own position, please step forward now."

People started to look around at one another and a slight murmur went through the crowd before stopping. Nobody came forward but one or two people started to move away and head towards their rooms. Then a few more followed; and a few more until everybody started to move away towards their rooms. Within a few minutes a mere 10 people occupied the foyer, which had been full of people. Henry walked straight over to those people and asked if there was anything at all he could do and was there anything he could provide for them or was there any confusion that he could sort out for them? Many of them said there were no problems; they were just having a chat while others commended Henry on his performance and on his attention.

It was not long before the foyer was empty. Henry stood and looked across toward the reception desk where all the staff were standing. In amongst the staff stood the figure of Simon Phillips who with a slight smile on his face, was looking directly at Henry. He was shaking his head from side to side, as if to say I can't believe it. Henry felt the admiration that was coming from Simon as he walked towards the counter. When Henry was within two steps of the counter, all of the staff started to clap and cheer. Simon stepped forward with a hearty handshake and a big pat on the back for Henry. There was laughter and joy. The sort that Henry was used to and the

kind of elation that he lived for and within a few seconds, everybody was happy and back to normal.

Henry announced, “Alright, let’s get to it. We’ve got a few things to do and make sure all of those notes you’ve taken for each and every person are carried out. I don’t care if none of us get any sleep tonight...we’ve got a big job to do.”

The response from the staff was unbelievable. Simon had tried so hard to get everyone on side and yet here was Henry, who had walked in from nowhere, getting them all to do as he had requested without objection. They all loved him.

Simon knew his place and he knew his position as manager. He knew Henry’s position with people also and just shook his head and walked back to his office.

Henry was not finished by a long shot. He had much to do and he busied himself in the task that he had stored in his head. In fact, as he went about his tasks, he realised that he knew what he had said. He did not have to store the information, it sort of stored itself. He did not have to remember as it was just like walking along while ticking things off. He was quite amazed at how he managed to do that and how they had taught him to remember.

When he spoke to Andrew again Andrew became quite serious. Henry was not at all surprised.

“Henry, there is only one way we can do this. We’ll have to radio link to the power station and feed everything back from there,” said Andrew. “The beach has disappeared and where we laid our cables to hide the overhead lines, they’ve all been dragged into the sea. So we’ve lost about 15 kilometres of cable. The rest of the link is fine but the power station is able to talk to everyone. This part of the town is out though and the only reason the Plaza is working is because it has its own exchange.”

“That’s great,” said Henry. “So how do we radio link it?”

“It’s a little difficult. The radios we need are the radios they use on the fishing boats and most of the fishing boats are around the other side of the island. It’s going to be almost impossible to get to

them by sea and to go over the top the way we normally do, would be little bit hairy,” said Andrew.

“Andrew where are you now?” asked Henry.

“I’m in the basement in my little workshop,” answered Andrew.

“The one that you won’t even let me visit?” asked Henry.

“That’s right, but today you’ve got the key. I’d better see you straight away,” said Andrew.

Henry laughed and said, “Andrew, I’ve always had the key. I’ve just respected the fact that you didn’t want me down there.”

Andrew laughed too and added, “Well I didn’t think I’d be able to put one over you but it felt good anyway. I guess I’ll see you here soon then.”

With that Henry walked to the elevator and headed down to the basement. Andrew’s little room, as he called it, was monstrous. It was almost the size of the basement car park and it was so full of equipment, Henry wondered how it had all been brought into the place. When he shook hands with Andrew he felt good. They were a good team and they liked to work together.

“Okay Andrew, I can get you to the other side of the island but how do we get hold of the radios?” asked Henry while getting down to business.

“I have to go because I know exactly what I need and I know there are two base stations that I’ve lent to Willie and John in exchange for special deliveries whenever we ask for it,” explained Andrew.

“Do you think they’ll be okay about handing the equipment back?” asked Henry.

“There’s no doubt we can have that equipment whenever we need it. That was one of the conditions and if I could contact them they would deliver it here right now. They won’t give it to anyone else though. They’ve promised me that, so that’s why I have to go, but I don’t know that I can get there over the top. Is there another way Henry? It sounds like you know some other way,” asked Andrew.

Henry laughed and said, “Of course I do. How do you think I get to my special place at Joseph’s Hill? Do you think I walk around the

top? No way! It's a bit rough out there Andrew but I can take you there. Are you willing to take it on?"

Andrew thought for a moment then answered, "Would I ever object? I love a challenge and I'd love to have you along with me Henry."

They shook hands before Henry said, "Let's go. We'll need some fairly substantial clothing, wet weather gear, reasonable boots and the most important item of all, a backpack. I have a special backpack," said Henry, "but I can't afford the time to go looking for it."

Andrew put his hand up to stop Henry and said, "Come with me."

Andrew led the way out the door and down the corridor of the basement and into another room where the Plaza's spare linen was stored. Also stored in there, in a large wardrobe at one end of the room, was as much wet weather gear as you could imagine, with backpacks, boots, everything.

Henry shook his head in amazement and said to Andrew, "I knew you were well set up but this is really, really set up."

"No questions Henry just get the gear you want and we'll be under way," said Andrew.

So Henry donned his clothes and even found a pair of boots exactly the same as his favourite pair and a backpack almost the same as well. It was filled with nearly the same equipment and he looked at Andrew as he checked out the backpack and said, "How come it's almost the same as mine?"

"Everything around here is almost the same as yours Henry. That's how we know what to do," answered Andrew.

Henry laughed and he felt good about everything that was happening at the moment. He threw his arm around Andrew's shoulder and said, "Okay, let's go."

Henry and Andrew headed off and took the elevator up to the ground floor.

Henry knew that it was important that he stay in contact with everyone and he knew there was a lot of work to be done. He also knew they would be away for at least two hours, so he said to

Andrew, “Andrew we can’t be away for 2 hours, we have to be faster than that. If we wander along the normal way it will take that amount of time. We’ve got to halve that.”

“How far have we got to go?” asked Andrew.

“I think around about 10 kilometres each way,” said Henry.

“No way, we can’t do it!” replied Andrew while shaking his head.

Henry stood for a while and bit his lip. “I’m not sure of the distance but I know we can do it. Come on, let’s go.”

As they passed the reception desk everyone turned and looked at them. They were all wondering what Henry and Andrew were up to but no one said a word. No one ever questioned Henry and most certainly, no one ever questioned Andrew. They all looked at each other but said nothing.

Henry turned quickly as he passed the counter and reassured them, “We’re off to get some radios. We’ll be out of contact for at least an hour or maybe a little longer. We’ll be back as soon as we can and we’ll get our communication system working again. See you soon.”

The main attendant behind the desk saluted Henry just as he always did. In return, Henry gave him the thumbs up before heading out into the darkness and the swirling winds. The winds were cleaning up the streets and tearing things apart throughout the town.

Andrew walked briskly with the wind slashing around his face and tearing at his clothes while Henry moved slowly into his long stride. He looked rather comfortable in the harsh conditions. The contrast was amazing – Andrew struggling and working hard, and Henry just moving with the elements and allowing his body to sway as he was buffeted by the winds. He was enjoying every moment of the walk.

Andrew turned suddenly to Henry and shouted over the wind, “Okay Henry, which way do we go?”

“Just keep going towards the little park by my place. The entrance is at the rear of the park,” shouted Henry.

“Entrance? Entrance to what?” yelled Andrew.

“I suppose you could call it an entrance to another world,” replied Henry. “Just keep going and save your breath, we’ll be there shortly.”

Henry did not want to talk much; he loved the wind and loved to walk along the outer parts of the island. He was looking forward to going back to where he had felt the change the previous day. He also very much needed to concentrate on his connection with Mary and he wondered how she was going. He knew that the winds and the rain would affect her house as it did every time back when he was a child. He knew that it was not a good place to be outside during the heavy winds. He thought about Mary and then decided he would stay connected to her and get back out of the thought patterns and away from the problems of everybody’s lives to just enjoy this task that he had taken on. He decided to enjoy it as an outing and not as a task.

Henry knew that Andrew was very intense and that he would be working hard all of the time and that it was a challenge for him. Everything was a challenge to Andrew. His Irish background showed through as his face became redder and his hair, which had a tinge of ginger, not even red, started to glow. Andrew’s face again turned a darker shade of red. Henry took no notice because he knew exactly what was happening with Andrew and he knew that Andrew would fire himself up to a point where nothing would stop him. That was really what Henry had wanted at that moment because he did not need the stress of Andrew, but he did need Andrew’s assistance. Without Henry, Andrew would not have been able to carry on with the task that he had been given and that was to make all of the communications normal in case the cyclone came through.

As they approached the park, Henry motioned Andrew towards the rear of the park and Andrew kept looking up at Henry, then looking back and wondering where they were going. As they reached the carving at the back of the park it became obvious to Andrew where they were headed. He immediately turned left and walked straight toward the iron gate but when he reached it he found that he could not open it. Henry walked past him and stuck his hand through the gate and undid a hidden latch. The gate opened

immediately with a large creak and the squeaking sound echoed like it was in a chamber. Andrew shivered a little as he moved through the gate and felt Henry close it behind him. It was dark and the area felt closed in. Andrew was not sure whether he was in a cave, but it was cold and the winds whistled straight through his clothes as if they were not even there. Henry knew the area very well and recognised the comfort of the cavern that they were now walking through. He knew that he only had to walk another few yards and they would be out of the strong winds. Henry led the way with Andrew close on his heels and when he reached the point where he knew everything was comfortable, he slowed down and let Andrew catch up. It was actually quite warm now as they stood in the centre of the cavern and the sounds of the winds had almost disappeared.

Henry put his arm around Andrew and said, “Just stand here and take this in for a moment. You’ll feel yourself recover very quickly if you just stand here quietly and listen.”

Andrew had no idea what Henry was talking about and he wanted to continue stomping on, but he knew that Henry was in no mood for playing so he took notice. To Andrew’s surprise, within moments his entire body started to settle down and became comfortable again. It was probably more comfortable now than it had been in the air-conditioning of the hotel.

He thought about it for a while and said, “No, the hotel is actually the most comfortable.” Andrew could not understand why this sudden comfort seemed to come out of nowhere. It seemed to come out of the dark in the middle of a large cavern, although he had thought it was a cave.

As he settled down Henry explained, “This is the spot where most of the animals come to in big storms, so when you move on from here Andrew, please be quiet and calm and don’t be surprised by what may appear in front of you. Just keep walking along as calmly and quietly as you possibly can.”

The hairs stood up on Andrew’s arms and he felt a shiver run down his spine. He knew then why Henry was being so serious. He

took notice immediately and sharpened the focus in his eyes and feelings.

Henry placed his hand on Andrew's head and gave his hair a bit of a ruffle.

"Come on Andrew, just relax, everything's fine," said Henry. "I didn't want to throw a scare into you but the animals don't want to be scared either. They're not going to hurt anybody but we also don't want to harm them. So just settle down and we'll walk a little slower for a while."

Andrew nodded in agreement but did not move. Henry grinned to himself and decided it would be best for him to take the lead. Henry strolled off at his normal pace, which Andrew thought was a little more than a stroll. Henry's long legs and his tall stature seemed to be visible in the darkness and Andrew had no difficulty following the back of Henry's field and he could feel that he was following closely behind Henry without even being able to see him.

The darkness was amazing. They had brought torches with them but Henry did not use his, so Andrew did not even venture towards taking his torch out of his pack. They moved on for about 15 minutes and the calm of the cavern gradually started to disappear and the winds started to lash around their heads again and whip through the trees with a sound and a force that would attract anybody's attention. As they travelled along the weather became more harsh and the rain became heavier and heavier. Andrew understood that they must have been moving out of the thick area of trees and moving into the open country. He was trying to fathom where they were physically but could not get his bearings. He recognised the look of the island from the sea and from the view of the power station but he did not recognise any part of the area they were walking through at this time. He was totally dependent on Henry's directions and he had no idea of how far they had to walk.

On the other hand, Henry knew exactly where he was. He knew that he was not far from the turnoff to Joseph's Hill and he knew that at that turnoff he had to be extremely careful. It was here that the water rushing down the track from Joseph's Hill almost turned into a

river and at times it was difficult to move along the sloped area without sliding down into the ravine which led straight out to the ocean. As he moved along he kept his ear to the ground and listened to the sounds of the ground rather than the sounds of the wind. He heard the trees crack and he heard the animals move from their hiding places as they walked along. He could hear the water running and he traced every river let in his mind until he knew that he was within probably 100 yards of the turnoff and he stopped.

“We need to tie the ropes on,” he said as he turned to Andrew.

Andrew quickly gathered his senses. He knew exactly what Henry was talking about as he was very experienced in rope work. He was also very experienced in climbing and as soon as Henry said we need the ropes, Andrew’s response was immediate and off came the rope from his pack along with the clips and he was clipped on to Henry within seconds.

“What distance Henry?” asked Andrew.

“Thirty metres,” answered Henry.

Andrew measured out the distance and hooked himself that distance. He then held the rope in a coil as Henry moved off and pulled the rope from the coil. When it came close to the end Andrew gave it a quick tug so that Henry knew that he was close to the end. They took up the tension and walked on.

Henry moved slowly as he came to the waterway. He could hear the rush of the water and he knew that it was well past the stage of a track. It had turned into a raging river. The river was more like a waterfall once it cut its way around the rocks. It was getting extremely hard to see, although as he got closer the water became more visible. He knew that he would have to go upstream slightly to make an attempt to get across.

As the water lapped over his boots, Henry started clambering up the hill heading towards his beloved spot on Joseph’s Hill. The spot where he loved to sit and spend time with his special friend Simmion.

It was at that point that his focus on Simmion made the difference. He realised then that Simmion was beside him and that

he was being led further up the track than he would have expected. That special feeling he always experienced when Simmion was around was enough to lead him on as he followed up the path, further and further than he expected to go until suddenly he had the feeling to stop. Henry stopped and looked around but he had no idea why he had stopped at that point. He waited until he could get a real sense of what Simmion was trying to pass on to him. Suddenly there was a lightening flash and there standing right in front of Henry, was a very large tree right across the path. His heart filled with joy to think that he had been led to such a perfect crossing. It would not be easy with all of this wind but it was a perfect crossing. He immediately turned and gave the rope two sharp pulls and Andrew returned the pulls. Henry then started to reel in the rope and Andrew followed slowly until they both met at the crossing.

“Good one Henry, well done. You haven’t lost your knack have you?” said Andrew as he began reeling in the rope.

Henry grinned and patted Andrew on the back. “Right, let’s go mate, we’re on our way,” he said.

The two of them held hands to steady themselves and slowly walked across the large fallen tree. It seemed like all of the branches had been broken away to give them an easy passage and when they reached the other side, it was like the steps had been made for them to get down off the tree. The tree had fallen between two very large rocks and Henry and Andrew were able to step onto the rocks and then to another smaller rock before stepping down onto the ground. They both sat on the small rock and had a rest. The rain was dripping off their hats and running down their faces and it was cold and windy, but inside they felt good. They felt that they had almost reached their destination.

“We’re not too far away now are we Henry?” asked Andrew.

Henry replied, “No, this is the downhill run. We’re on our way to the little township now and we’re not too far away. In this weather it maybe another 20 minutes.”

“Wow, I doubt if we’ll be back in an hour then,” said Andrew.

Henry understood what Andrew was saying but somewhere inside of him he knew that he would meet the deadline, whatever that would be. The problem was though, if you added up all of the time that they had spent so far, they were going to be away a lot longer than they had originally thought. Henry knowing how the island worked at times knew that if he needed to get back at a certain time though then it could possibly happen. He held that in his mind and his heart told him he was correct.

He turned to Andrew and said, “We’ll be there on time Andrew. Just don’t worry too much about it.”

“Okay,” said Andrew, and stood up quickly to lead the way.

Henry followed for a few steps and then said to Andrew, “I think I’d better lead.”

“Fine, but it’s a bit funny walking behind you when I’ve always walked ahead of you,” said Andrew.

“That’s good. It’s about time you took your place,” laughed Henry.

Andrew snarled and gave a bit of a chuckle and then they both laughed and enjoyed the humour of the moment. As they moved forward the winds increased and the sounds of the sea came back to their ears. Henry knew they were in for a rougher time yet. As they moved from the trees he pulled Andrew alongside him and pointed, “There’s the town down there Andrew. Where do Willie and John live?”

Andrew felt good as he was now back in the lead again. He recognised the town, although he had never been this far back into the bush, but he knew exactly where to go. He took off immediately and allowed enough rope for Henry to feel as though he was following and that Andrew was pulling him along.

Henry laughed at Andrew’s need to be leader and his need to feel Henry behind him. So he went along with Andrew’s little ploy and allowed himself to stay clipped to the rope until they got close to the town, where he flicked off the clip and left Andrew walking along without him.

Andrew took about three steps before he stopped and turned and saw Henry standing still. He did not know what to do. He wondered what Henry was up to.

He walked back to Henry and asked “What is it Henry? Why did you unclip?”

Henry looked him straight in the eye and answered, “Andrew, I don’t follow anyone.”

Andrew could see how serious Henry was and at that moment he withdrew slightly into himself before coming back and said, “My apologies Henry.”

“That’s fine. Let’s go,” said Henry.

It was important for Henry to hold his position because he knew that the remainder of the day would demand his authority and he knew that Andrew would run from authority if it were not maintained. And so on they went until they found the little hut that Willie and John occupied.

## Chapter 30

Willie's hut was small but the boatshed alongside it was monstrous and very modern. Henry realised then that Willie and John were the well known masters of the underground; the black market. They were the people who managed to supply what they needed when nobody else could. The people who stayed in the background and never revealed themselves. They had always managed to supply whatever Henry needed providing he asked no questions.

Andrew knocked on the door but it was not an ordinary knock; it was like a demanding bash on the door. It was enough to wake the dead. Henry flinched; he would never have done the same thing himself. As he flinched he looked away from the door and saw the large sign on the front of the boatshed which read "WILLIE & JOHN BROLTICH". He had never heard of them before but they were obviously well known in this little area of the island and obviously had great influence in the financial market.

As the door was unlatched, Henry's attention came back to where Andrew was standing. The bright light within the hut flooded out and lit up Andrew as he stood there. It almost blinded Henry as he looked into it but in a few seconds he could see the smiling face of the gentle character who stood in the doorway.

"Hi Willie, we're here for the radios," explained Andrew.

"Come in gentlemen, come in out of the rain," said the round-faced man with the nice smile. He spoke very gently as he ushered Henry and Andrew inside his small hut.

Willie was such a contrast to what Henry had visualised, but his warmth instantly attracted Henry.

Henry stepped forward to shake Willie's hand and introduced himself. "I'm Henry Olsen," he said. "So you're Willie Broltich. Is that right?"

"Yeah that's right," answered Willie. "Can I make you a cup of tea or coffee or maybe a little bit of rum to warm you up?"

"I'll go for all of the above thanks," said Henry.

“Coffee and tea?” asked Willie, a little puzzled.

“No, no sorry. I’ll have coffee and rum thanks,” said Henry.

“And I’ll have the same,” said Andrew.

Willie turned around and cleared two chairs near the table and asked them both to take a seat. He then moved to one side to where the stove was already burning. It was a timber stove and it warmed the hut nicely.

The water was almost to the boil before Willie turned around and asked, “So, you need the radios Andrew?”

Andrew said, “Yes, we’ve got a problem Willie. We’ve lost communication with the power station and half of the town. All our cables have been washed out and we need to hook the Plaza system back into the power station system. The only thing that can do it immediately for us are the two radios that I lent you.”

“That’s not a problem, but I only have one here. The other is on the other side of the island,” said Willie.

Andrew looked at Henry with a look of disappointment. He had not realised that Willie did not keep both radios together. “How stupid,” thought Andrew. His whole energy dropped and Henry felt it immediately.

Henry jumped in to prevent any ill feeling developing. “It’s alright Andrew, just hear Willie out,” said Henry quickly.

“It’s on the other side of the island,” said Willie, “but it’s not far from the power station.”

“But how are we going to get over there?” asked Andrew.

“Well you don’t have to,” answered Willie.

Henry began to laugh. Andrew was a great technician but he had very little imagination. Willie had determined immediately that he could turn his radio on here and talk to the people at the other end and have the radio delivered to the power station. But Andrew being a technician had not even thought of that at this stage.

Henry walked up to Andrew, who had already taken his seat and said “Andrew, you’re a bit slow. Willie knows exactly what to do. He’ll have the other radio delivered for us.”

Willie laughed, he was quite a jovial man and very gentle. Henry wondered who his partner was and where he was. Being the person that he was, Henry did not hesitate to speak his mind.

“Willie, you’ve got a partner, John. Is he part of the operation here?” asked Henry.

Willie laughed again and said. “No, John left a long time ago but I’m still called “Willie & John”. Actually John operates from the other side of the island and that’s where the other radio is. We still have two boats that we own together and we still do a lot of business together, but I haven’t seen John for a long time. Last time I saw him was when he came to collect the radio.”

“But I thought you were partners?” inquired Andrew.

“Yeah we’re partners, but that ended a long time ago. I still enjoy the fishing and John does all of the other stuff,” replied Willie.

Henry understood immediately that John was the black market expert and Willie was the fisherman. They had started the business together, but had obviously fallen out with each other. There was still a market however, and there was still an income, so they kept their names together.

Henry felt more comfortable about being in Willie’s presence, knowing that the black market side of their business was not really part of Willie’s nature. And so when the coffee was ready and the rum poured, they all sat down and warmed themselves in front of the fire.

Andrew became aware of the fact that they were losing time and so did Henry who acted on it immediately.

Henry stood up and announced, “Willie, I’m afraid we have to get underway so can you make that call and arrange for the radio to be in the power station within the next half hour?”

Willie raised his eyebrows and said, “Hmm, I think it’ll take more than half an hour to get this one back though.”

“You leave that to us,” said Henry.

Willie shook his head and agreed. “Fine,” he said as he got straight on the radio and called John.

Somehow John already knew there was a communication problem. Willie asked him how he knew all about it and John had answered that he had already been down to the power station to see if he could communicate with anyone. He said that he had stayed on line just in case there was another call.

The people at the power station had left a small radio with John so he could contact them if anything came through.

Henry's eyes lit up and asked, "Can I talk to John?"

"Fine," said Willie, and he handed the microphone to Henry.

Henry felt at home straight away. He had used many radios and he loved the sense of being able to talk and then say "Over" or "Over and out". It was a childhood thing that had made him sparkle each time he used the radio. It did not take him long to organise John to relay messages directly to the power station and then back to himself. He had quite a conversation with John; he organised everything for the next two hours and he organised emergency procedures in case they did not get back in time. He also arranged for the base radio to be moved and connected at the power station within the next half an hour.

Willie sat back and listened as this tall stranger gave instructions to people on the island that Willie had never heard of before.

Henry finished his conversation and then in almost a boyish type voice and with a smile on his face said, "Over and out," before he clicked off the radio.

Willie stood up and said, "Well it sounds like you've got everything organised. Now all you've got to do is get back to the Plaza."

"Yeah that's right," said Henry. "Come on Andrew, we'd better get going. Pack that thing up, make sure it's dry and we'll get under way. Don't leave any pieces behind."

Andrew laughed and said, "Have you every known me to leave any pieces behind for a radio?"

"No," said Henry, "but there's always a first time."

Andrew stuck his thumb in the air and said, “You look after your bit and I’ll look after mine Henry.” He then set about unplugging the radio.

Willie Broltich was keen to help and he said to Henry, “You know, if I could just get a slight break in the weather I could get you around there in a very short time, but I don’t think this weather’s going to break.”

Henry stood for a moment and asked, “How could you get us around there in this weather?”

“I have a special little boat that we use for running on bad nights. It’ll take almost any sea. I’ve had it roll over many times and it’s fine. It’s a totally closed small cabin launch. It’ll take four people comfortably and I’d take it out in this but I don’t know if you two would actually survive,” said Willie.

“So you think you could get us back there?” asked Henry. “How would we get off the jetty? In this bad weather you couldn’t get a boat in anywhere.”

Willie smiled knowingly and said, “I can. I can get a boat in and out.”

Andrew looked across to Henry and said, “We wouldn’t get as far as the turnoff. We wouldn’t get as far as Joseph’s Hill in half an hour.”

Henry looked at Willie and asked, “Is it possible?”

“I’ll get you there in 20 minutes,” said Willie, “but I hope none of you get sick in a boat. If you’re willing to give it a go, then I can get you there. I just don’t think there’ll be a break in the weather and it’ll be rather difficult.”

“You’re on,” said Henry, “we’ll do it. We have to get back.”

The feeling that washed over Henry was amazing. He felt such a buzz; such excitement and such approval from Simmion that he could not wait to get moving.

“Come on Willie, show us this contraption. We may as well go for it and if we both wake up dead, well, we’ve made a wrong decision,” said Henry.

All three of them laughed and headed out to the boatshed. Henry had seen a lot of boatsheds but he had never seen one fitted out the way Willie and John Broltich had fitted theirs out. It was not just a boatshed; it was a workshop and had cranes everywhere and contained the most modern and up to date equipment and tools. Willie led them around the walkway, high above the main docking area and around to the other side of the monstrous boatshed. They went down the inclined walkway and onto a flat platform that stood around 15 to 20 metres above the water.

When they reached the platform Willie stopped and said, “We’re going into an area now that nobody else has been in.” What had looked like a simple little workshop, suddenly opened up and Willie revealed a major shaft that went all the way down to the water. And there hanging in front of them on a large winch, was a most unusual looking boat.

Henry had known about research and submarines and that sort of thing from his time in England but he had never seen anything like this one. It was a cross between a fishing boat and a submarine. On the bottom it looked like a boat, but on the top it looked like a submarine with two large propellers shining in the light out the back of the boat. On the front it looked like it had two eyes, they were obviously lights and were fully protected and inserted into the hull. The top looked like a submarine; it also had large curved windows on the sides and front. In some ways the whole thing looked like a small whale. It was almost the colour of a whale.

“Ask no questions and you’ll be told no lies,” said Willie. “I don’t want to hear a word from either of you and once we get there, I want you to forget everything you’ve seen. I know I can trust you both and I know that what you’ve seen here will go no further.”

Willie’s face changed as he spoke those words and Henry could see his strength behind his smiley face. Andrew shook a little as he felt the intensity of the little round man who stood beside him. There was a strength that came from Willie that Andrew knew he could never go up against.

Henry stuck out his hand and said to Willie, “Here, you have my hand on that.”

Willie shook his hand with a strength that Henry understood and then out of nowhere, the door made a whirring sound before lifting open. It was like something out of a movie. Henry and Andrew looked at one another before Willie said, “In you go.”

Henry and Andrew took off their packs, threw them through the door and then hopped in. It looked rather small inside, but once they moved into the right places, there was plenty of room and the seating was quite comfortable. Willie hopped in behind them before the door suddenly closed again.

Andrew, being a technician, wanted to ask Willie how all of this worked but he knew that he should not open his mouth or say a word about anything, he should just observe. They could hear the whir of the hoist and the sudden jerk as the boat let go from its specially designed mooring. They felt themselves start to lower, down and down, until they felt the boat enter the water and then there was another whirring sound before the boat began to sink.

It was an unusual feeling and Henry was quick to ask, “What’s happening?”

Willie answered “We’re just going a few feet under the water so we can get out of here safely and we’ll stay under the water until we get into the open sea. We can’t go far underwater because there’s not a great deal of air, so just stay calm while we get out of here.”

Willie was quite serious. Henry and Andrew knew they had to keep quiet and keep calm. Willie was obviously very busy with what he was doing and as the boat sank below the surface, there was a sudden roar of the engine starting as Willie pressed the start button. The boat propelled forward very quickly and stayed below the surface. As they moved forward, the lights came on but the glare was enough to blind them. Willie was used to this but for Henry and Andrew, it was some time before they could see again properly.

Henry looked with great interest at what he could see in the water. Andrew looked around intently at all of the gauges and lights

and at everything inside. This special boat seemed to be like a mystery submarine.

They had been moving for no more than 2 to 3 minutes when the whirring sound began again and the boat started to lift back to the surface. As it broke the surface there was a pounding crash as a wave came crashing down on top of the boat and shook them all around.

Willie yelled, “Hang on; we’re in for a good one!” He laid forward the throttles and tremendous power came from the engine to propel them forward into the massive seas. The boat was thrown around by the waves and the engine continued to push against the massive seas. Instead of going over waves though, it actually headed straight into them. They spent half of the time beneath the water and the other half on top. As soon as they were away from the breakers, Willie pulled back on the throttle and allowed the boat to sit on top of the water and to move along in a normal manner. Well, normal for a big sea and almost cyclonic winds. It was a little beyond what either Henry or Andrew thought was normal.

Willie eased back, relaxed and said, “We’re fine now. Another 15 minutes and we’ll be back into the rough again though.”

Andrew was amazed. He had no idea how Willie could possibly steer or see where he was going or even know how to get to where they were going. He desperately wanted to ask Willie how he managed all of this. He read all of the gauges and heard all of the sounds but he could not figure out how Willie navigated this small vessel through the pitch-black waters, half under the water and half on the top, and without having any references. Henry was just as curious but they both felt the intense pressure from Willie to say nothing.

So they sat there, Andrew totally frustrated and Henry thoroughly interested. For Henry it was a magical trip, like a roller coaster and when the boat flipped over, Henry just laughed but not Andrew, he yelled.

Willie had sat calmly and said, “Just wait fellas, it will right itself.”

Sure enough, within a few seconds the boat rolled back to normal and carried on as if nothing had happened. Andrew was amazed at the fact that nothing had moved in the boat and they had remained strapped into their seats and hardly felt a movement. The boat turned over completely and they came back up again. It was as simple as that. There was not one thing out of place and it was as if that was what the boat was meant to do. Then suddenly a light started to flash on the dashboard and the control panel lit up.

Willie called out, “Hang on, we’re about to approach the land again and this run won’t be as easy as the other one. We’ve got the sea behind us this time and it’s not real easy to handle. This is the one where you ask for assistance and it’s after this you wake up and find out whether you’re alive or not.”

Willie had a big smile on his face as he spoke to Andrew and Henry, knowing that to them it was hairy, but to Willie, this was the best part of the trip.

Willie was an artist in his own way and this special vehicle that he had designed himself under the name of Broltich, was built by him alone. His cousin John could never master the special vehicle. They called it the “Broltich Special” and never told another soul about its existence.

Willie enjoyed the trip at least once a day. For the last six months, Willie had had this vehicle purring and performing exactly the way he wanted this trip was one of those trips that he would never have attempted unless there was a good reason. He was so excited about finally having the opportunity and excited about showing off his skills. When the boat almost turned on its nose, Willie accelerated straight down almost to the bottom and held the boat steady while a massive wave moved over the top of them. He then brought the boat back up again to follow the wave without any vision at all. Henry’s heart was in his mouth and Andrew thought he was going to be sick, but for Willie, the thrill and the feeling of total skill met his needs of the day. As soon as that one was over, he settled in for the many thrills on the way into shore.

The final part of the trip seemed like it took much longer than the early part and even if they had have travelled directly out to sea, the trip back was much longer than either Henry or Andrew had anticipated.

It seemed like their half hour had gone many times when Willie told them, “Hang on, we’re going down.”

The whirl of the pumps started in earnest and as the boat moved down under the surface, Willie hit the accelerator and pushed the levers forward and once again they felt the massive power of the engines in this little boat. The lights went on and they could see the narrow cavern ahead.

Willie was going as fast as he possibly could towards this hole in the rocks. Henry thought Willie was trying to give him a bit of a thrill so he was watching and waiting for the point when Willie would pull back on the throttle and gently move through the rocks. That point never came and the rocks came closer and closer. It seemed like Willie was having a great deal of difficulty lining up with the small opening. Both Henry and Andrew looked across at Willie to see what was happening but Willie was calm and settled and he was not struggling at all. The boat seemed to be moving all over the place but Willie had total confidence.

As the rocks loomed up, both Henry and Andrew were certain they were about to perish, however at the last minute Willie turned hard and dropped the levers back. It was like the boat almost stopped within a matter of less than one metre. The sudden turn lined them up with an entrance that neither Henry nor Andrew could see. The entrance was very wide and easily negotiated.

Willie’s confidence was totally justified but Henry still felt strange. He had had a close call as far as he was concerned and Andrew did not hold back, he swore in his Irish language and he did not stop. He let loose with a string of obscenities that could not be repeated. Willie laughed with a belly laugh that almost shook the boat.

Andrew’s face went red as Willie tried to reassure him, “It’s alright Andrew. If I hadn’t gone in there at that speed, I wouldn’t

have been able to keep the boat down and we'd have run out of air. It's as simple as that."

Andrew slowly settled and his face returned to its normal colour.

"Well you sure fooled us Willie. Well done," said Henry.

"Thank you, thank you very much gentlemen. We'll now start to prepare to get this boat back to shore. We've still got a long way to go yet," said Willie.

Henry then shifted his focus back to the outside of the vessel and could see that they were travelling along a long channel between the rocks. He had no idea whether they could surface straight away or not. It seemed like they had been down for a long time and he wondered about there being enough air.

Willie then threw the engines into reverse and the boat came to a standstill. The pump started to whirl and the boat came to the surface as it splashed out through the surface and into a cavern. It was like a cave where you could see the light coming from one corner but you could not see any opening. As soon as they got to the surface the door mysteriously opened again with that familiar whirring sound.

Once it was open Willie said, "I'll hold it steady but one of you have got to get out into the water and pull us up against the side."

Henry looked at Andrew and said, "I'm not going out there."

"Well, I'm not going out," Andrew protested.

Willie smiled and said, "It's okay. I was just having you on."

They all laughed and enjoyed the joke together as Willie edged the boat forward. He turned a hard left so that the lights gradually lit up the jetty, which was built deeply into the side of the cave. As the boat moved in Henry marvelled at the engineering. The boat simply moved into a set of slides and as Willie increased the power in the engine, the boat lifted slightly in the water and settled on the cradle.

Willie cut the engine and they could hear the sound of a winch as the boat began to lift again similarly to the other end. Up they went, though not quite as far this time and the "clunk" of the brakes brought them quickly to a stop.

All this time the door had been open and plenty of air came rushing into the boat. Willie shut everything down and quickly hopped out.

“Wait until I get the lights,” he said and with a flick of a switch the lights came on.

They were very yellow lights with low brilliance and Willie warned, “Be careful gentlemen. We don’t want to lose you now.”

As Henry and Andrew unloaded their packs and got out of the vessel, Willie said, “I’ve got to ask you once more to forget where you are. I’m going to take you via a back route so that you don’t get back to where we are now, but I do know you’re intelligent beings and you will trace it if you need to. I would just ask you not to.”

Once again, Henry put out his hand and took Willie’s hand. He said, “Today Willie, you may have saved many thousands of lives. We appreciate your effort and I assure you, we will not pass this on to anyone.”

Willie smiled and he knew Henry meant exactly what he said. He turned to Andrew and said, “Andrew I know you’d love to understand all of this and if it stays a secret, there will come a day where I’ll tell you all about it.”

Andrew smiled and knew that he would keep Willie’s boat a secret because he needed to know how all of this worked and how Willie managed to do it. He realised that one day he would work with Willie and that Willie could use his expertise.

Henry could feel what was happening between the two men and said, “I’m glad you two have a mutual interest, but can we now get on with what we’re here for? Make sure you’ve got that radio Andrew; we need to get it on line very quickly. Come on, let’s go!”

Andrew turned to Henry with a slight scowl on his face and was ready to attack but when he saw Henry’s face with a big smile, he settled once again and said in a very Irish tone, “Henry you’re nothing but a low down Leprechaun.”

Henry laughed.

The Kelly language was unique. It was Irish and it was rough but very endearing. Henry knew that the statement Andrew had made was as good as saying, “You’re my greatest friend.”

So off they went down a long corridor and into a dark space that Willie knew like the back of his hand. It was almost totally black but the feeling of stone around them and the cold indicated to Henry and Andrew that they were heading through a tunnel system in the same mountain that Henry’s access door went through. Then suddenly Henry realised that his tunnel and the other tunnels, as well as the one they were now walking through, were part of the old mining area. People who had long passed had dug into those mountains to find gemstones and many had been killed when the mountain moved and Norwick came into being. He soon realised that he was in the area almost behind his own house when he saw the light coming down from a shaft from the surface.

As they turned away from the light, Henry knew that he was about to come out through one of his own buildings. Sure enough, they came to a door and walked straight through. The door was unprotected and there was no lock on it; it was just a swinging door. They walked through and found themselves in the kitchen of the oldest hotel on the island. Henry could not believe where he was now standing. It was like he had just walked out of the freezer or storage room and here he was.

Willie said quickly, “Don’t look back. Just keep walking.”

They walked through the kitchen and out into the dining room before making a sudden turn along the servery area and then out into the street.

“Is that it?” asked Henry.

Willie simply said, “Look, I’ll see you later,” before disappearing back through the same door they had just emerged from.

Henry and Andrew soon realised they were standing there in the middle of the street with all of their equipment and immediately regathered themselves and set on their way to the Plaza, which was only two blocks from where they were standing. It was like they had been dumped in the street from another dimension and almost like

they had appeared out of nowhere. Only a few minutes before they had been under the sea and now, here they were, heading towards the Plaza and sure enough, well within the time they thought would be critical.

The rain had increased its velocity and the wind was blowing almost horizontally along the street. The windows of the surrounding buildings rattled as they walked towards the Plaza. Henry knew that this was the beginning of a critical time. He looked along the main street as he rounded the Plaza and could see there were several trees down; they were lying across the street.

Andrew had the radio in his hands as they entered the Plaza foyer and he walked straight to the elevator without even looking at Henry, almost as if Henry did not exist. Henry felt this sudden disconnection so he headed towards the change rooms, which were located behind the reception desk, so he could tidy himself up and make himself look presentable.

As he walked towards the foyer, the attendants behind the desk looked relieved and Henry had a little difficulty convincing them that he should clean up first. In the 10 steps that it took to pass the reception desk, Henry solved at least 50 problems. The whole place started to relax again as Henry headed towards the showers to clean up and change into his spare set of clothes. He always kept a change of clothing in his locker room just in case.

As soon as Henry walked into the locker room, Mary appeared in his mind. He knew that she was anxious to contact him so before he showered, he sat quietly and allowed himself to be present with these feelings. He knew that Mary could feel his presence and that she had felt his return, so he enjoyed sitting there for 5 minutes feeling Mary's presence. While he was sitting there, his communication was clear and he was sure that he was speaking with Mary and speaking with Simmion, all at the same time.

Just then the clang of the locker door brought Henry back to the present. He looked around to see Andrew standing before him. Andrew had slammed the door on the way past. He was not in a good mood.

He quickly said to Henry, “Henry that pair has changed the frequencies on the radios. I can’t talk to them the same as I used to. I’m having difficulty hooking it into our system. What am I going to do?”

Just then as if a voice came out of nowhere, Henry heard the answer and repeated it to Andrew. “John Broltich will be able to answer your question as soon as you talk to the other radio. There’s nothing wrong with the intercommunications, just talk to the other end and find out what they’ve done. I think you’ll find it’s something very simple.”

“But I can’t get hold of the other end,” said Andrew.

“But we spoke to him. We spoke to John. I spoke to the power station. You must be able to get through,” said Henry.

Andrew stopped for a moment and said, “You’re right, so what’s going on? I just can’t get them at the moment.”

“Come on, we’d better both go down and have a look,” said Henry.

So without getting changed, Henry followed Andrew out of the locker room, down in the elevator and into Andrew’s workshop. As he walked in the door he saw a small module lying on the floor. He bent down to pick it up and as he caught up with Andrew, Henry said, “This little thing was on the floor. You may have dropped. It might be off some piece of equipment.”

Andrew looked at it and quickly said, “That’s the frequency module. I’m an idiot. The frequency module has dropped out when I’ve opened the cover. No wonder I couldn’t talk to them. Thanks so much Henry,” and off he went back into his own world. Back to the radios, opening covers, pulling bits apart, unplugging things and as he snapped the module in he said “Ah, that’s it.” He then picked up the microphone and said, “This is your baby Henry, start talking while I arrange for the connection through to our telephone system.”

Henry felt the little boy inside himself again as he picked up the microphone. “Power station, power station, this is Plaza. Henry speaking. Over.”

A crackling sound followed and then it cleared and the power station came through, "Power station talking, over."

Henry felt proud of his effort and said, "I'll hand you over to Andrew now. Andrew Kelly's his name and he'll tell you how to hook everything up so that we're all in communication through the telephone. Over and out from me."

Henry let go of the microphone and put it on the table and said, "It's over to you Andrew. I'll see you later."

Andrew stuck his head up from behind the exchange and replied, "Roger Henry, I'll talk to you later." He then went back to his work.

Henry turned and began walking away, but before he left he spun around and called out, "Andrew, you'd better talk to the power station and tell them where to start otherwise, you'll be finished and they won't even have started."

Andrew looked up and said, "Right. I didn't think of that." He immediately rushed out and picked up the microphone.

Before he had said one word though, Henry had disappeared and was on his way back up to the foyer. He knew that by the time he had a shower and got dressed, the communications system would be back on line and everything would be back to normal. Just as the lift was about to open he felt the presence of Simmion again. He stopped all thought and focussed on the feeling.

Just as the door opened Simmion said, "*Stay for a moment.*"

So Henry let the door close again and the elevator sat there.

*"Henry, you must leave all this and go back to your home and then go and find Mary. By the time you reach your home, your telephone will be working once again,"* said Simmion.

Suddenly the feeling was gone and Henry felt strange. It was liked he had popped back into the world all of a sudden and there he was standing in an empty elevator. His focus changed and he pressed the button to open the door before moving out into the corridor and headed straight up to the reception counter

Henry said, "You people will have to look after this...I'm off. I've got to go back home and then go and find Mary."

Communications will be back in order soon so you'll be able to reach me either at home or at Mary's."

The attendant stood behind the desk and saluted Henry once again and in the same fashion as earlier, Henry stuck his thumb in the air and said, "Roger, I'll see you later," before heading out into the storm.

## Chapter 31

There was no question in Henry's mind as to which way he had to go. The message from Simmion was so clear that it filled his mind and whole body with the desire to get to his house and an even greater desire to get to Mary.

When Henry rounded the corner to his home, it was no surprise to see there were people waiting out the front. It was also no surprise that when he approached them, they all told him they had problems with their homes.

Henry raised his hands as he had done in the foyer at the Plaza and said, "Please let me open the door and then you can all come in."

He opened the door and the 12 people who had been standing in the rain waiting for Henry, walked into the foyer of Henry's home and followed him halfway down the hallway. They wet everything in sight but Henry was not concerned, although he did notice and wondered how these people could have gotten into such a state.

When Henry turned around they all went quiet.

He then addressed them, "I can understand that you all have problems and I'll do my best to work through them with you, but I also have problems and so do the rest of the town. Please remember I may own a lot of the town but I'm not the town council, I don't have the funds to repair your houses, I don't run the insurance companies and I don't run the legal system. So please keep that in mind when you're talking to me. If I can help you in any way then I will, but I can't do anything that belongs to the council and I can't do anything that concerns the insurance or the law."

A slight mumble started amongst the people and they looked at one another. Henry stood quietly and pointed to one person and asked, "Do you have a specific problem or are you here representing everyone else?"

The gentleman in front stepped forward and said, "I believe I'm representing everyone even though they all have separate problems. We have no communications, we have no power, we have water

running through our homes and nobody will help us. We're here to ask you Henry to pull some strings for us."

Henry said, "Fine, I'll need your details. The communications should be back on very shortly. We've just made a temporary change but the council knows nothing about it. We will have communications back in the town very soon."

There was a sigh of relief. "And what about the power Henry?" someone asked.

"I didn't know there was a problem with the power, but I'm sure I can do something about that as soon as the communication system comes back on line." Henry answered.

The phone rang just as Henry spoke those words. Henry excused himself and picked up the phone. "Henry Olsen here," he answered.

Andrew Kelly came on the other end of the line.

"Thank God for that. So, it's all working Andrew?" asked Henry.

"Just as we said Henry and right on the knocker," answered Andrew.

"No problems?" asked Henry.

"No, only the power," said Andrew.

"So, can you fix that for us Andrew?" asked Henry.

"It's not in my court," replied Andrew.

Henry said quickly, "Nor mine, but I have a lot of people standing here who think it is. Can we do anything about it?"

He could hear Andrew sigh over the phone.

"You're pushing me a bit here Henry," said Andrew.

"I realise that, so it looks like I'm going to owe you another favour," said Henry.

Andrew loved to have Henry on the back foot, even if it was for a favour.

"Well, besides a favour, what about a night out on the town at your expense?" asked Andrew.

"I'm doing this for friends, not for my pocket," answered Henry.

"Oh well, I probably can't help you then," said Andrew.

"Okay," said Henry. "A night out on the town it is."

“Gotcha again. The power will be on in 10 minutes,” said Andrew.

Henry laughed and replied, “You do catch me out a lot, but I’ll get you.”

Andrew joked, “Only if you’re quick enough.”

With that they both had a bit of a chuckle before Henry put the phone down and turned slowly to everybody and announced, “Power in about, well Andrew said about 10 minutes, but let’s make it an hour at the most. If you haven’t got power in an hour then come back and see me again. Are there any other problems?”

“What about the water running through our homes?” someone shouted.

“Is it from the rain?” asked Henry.

“I think it’s from the rain,” said the people’s representative.

Others said they thought it was from the drainage systems. “I don’t think the drains are coping with anything and I think we’ve got broken water mains. Some of the taps don’t work. Some people’s water is contaminated,” said someone.

Henry heard this and put his hands up to immediately stop everyone and said, “Number one, remember the cyclone rules, boil all of your water; get your lights set up and your candles; make sure your house can handle cyclonic conditions. I think there’s one on the way so don’t come out in the weather again. Now all of you – get back to where you were and do the best that you can. If there’s water running through your house then dig a trench around it. Do whatever you can, but don’t leave your houses until we call you. If you don’t have a phone make sure you can contact the person next door on a regular basis, either through the window or at the window with a sign. Just don’t leave your houses if a cyclone comes through. I have a feeling it’s about 4 hours away. We haven’t had any communication but most of the people who have been through a cyclone before feel there’s one on the way.”

There was quiet amongst the group. One little lady stepped forward and said, “Thank you Henry, thank you so much. Is there any man here who could help cover my broken windows?”

Henry turned to two of the younger men and said, “Please go with Carmel here and fix her windows. Get them covered, even if it’s just with timbers. Make her safe and if it’s not safe, then take her to another house.”

Suddenly, there was a team of twelve men standing in front of Henry, ready to do as he had asked.

The leader turned and said, “Come on, let’s go.” They all followed him and walked straight out Henry’s front door and disappeared into the wind and the rain.

Henry had done it again. He felt good and knew that his destiny was to assist people in whatever way possible, but not to do it for them. He was to open the way for them and to help them see the possibilities. So while he was in the middle of giving himself a pat on the back, the phone rang again. He snapped out of his daydream and self-congratulations and picked up the phone.

“Henry Olsen speaking,” he answered.

On the other end of the phone came a cry of relief. “Oh Henry, I’m so glad you’re there. It’s Mary. I’ve missed you so much.”

Henry immediately melted. He could feel Mary’s heart beating over the phone and he knew that he had to see her as soon as he could.

“Mary hold everything. Don’t tell me a thing, I’ll be over as soon as I can get there,” he said.

“It’s okay Henry; all I needed was to hear your voice. We’ll be here so whenever you can get over here we’ll be waiting,” said Mary.

Henry had forgotten about Willam until Mary had said “we”. “I’d forgotten Willam was there, how is he? How are the two of you getting along?” asked Henry.

“Well I’m fine but Dad seems to have passed out. He received a nasty hit on the head and I hope he’s going to recover. He has passed out on the floor and he’s still breathing but he’s been asleep for a long time now,” said Mary.

Henry’s alarm bells went off and he said to Mary, “Just check his eyes for me....go and have a look now. Make sure they both look the same.”

“But he’s asleep,” replied Mary.

“Pull his eyes open. If he wakes up just tell him it’s okay and that he can go back to sleep but lift his eyelids and have a look for me. If his eyes are rolled back, just give him a shake until they come down.”

Mary went away to do as Henry had asked and then returned to the phone. “His eyes look okay. One’s a little bit glassy and a little bigger than the other one though.”

Henry said, “Fine. He’s must have had a good hit on the head. He’s probably got a mild concussion, just keep your eye on him and make sure he’s comfortable. Keep him warm and I’ll be there shortly.”

“Okay,” said Mary in her light-hearted way. “I’ll see you soon Henry.”

“Bye Mary,” said Henry before putting down the phone.

It was not long before Henry went back out into the terrible weather and back out into battling the elements. It was quite strange he thought, when you think about how the elements “battle”. Henry gave it some thought as he started to walk down the road and thought about all of the battles. Really it was not the battle of the elements, it was people’s battle *against* the elements and he wondered why this happened and wondered why everyone considered it a battle. The more he relaxed, the more he found that it was not a battle, that there was quite a dance to the whole thing. It seemed harsh if a tree fell down, but the winds and rains were just doing their thing. He thought to himself, “If we go along with this and just ride it out, everything will be fine.” He had another thought, and looked again. “Why do people say everything will be *fine*? Everything’s fine now.” His mind started going through the various statements that people make. Even the word fine did not fit. Everything was perfect, even when the trees were blowing down.

At that moment Henry could see all of that. He had heard people talk about those sorts of things but he had never ever felt it himself. As he walked along, he felt himself getting lighter because he could see that all that he had been concerned about over the years meant

nothing. As soon as he had changed his outlook, the world had changed around him. As soon as he felt that he could help people, people changed and as soon as he had decided to make sure that everything was in order in case the cyclone came through, it all started to happen. So the closer he got to Mary's home, the more relaxed he felt, even though he could feel the winds building up and at times had difficulty maintaining his footing.

The water swept backwards and forwards across the road, depending on which way the wind decided to blow. It was obvious the turbulence was getting closer but Henry felt okay. As he turned into Mary's driveway, a driveway that would only just fit the width of his car, he remembered how that driveway had seemed so wide when he was a child and how the horse and cart had fitted easily. He remembered the elegance of those times and all of the people who had worked in his father's house. It was as if he had gone into another world.

When he reached halfway down the driveway, the door flung open and Mary came out running into his arms, with no coat on and no concern at all about the rain.

Henry opened his coat and put it around Mary, "Mary, you'll get terribly wet."

Mary just lifted her head and without saying anything, kissed him gently. "I don't care," she said as she gazed up at him.

Henry's heart fluttered again and they walked arm in arm up to the front door.

## Chapter 32

Bill had been standing looking out the window for some time when he felt Suzanne's presence behind him. As he brought his consciousness back into the room, he felt Suzanne's arms slide around his waist and felt the warmth of her body press against his back. It was such a beautiful feeling. Bill could not think of anything better. He held Suzanne's hands and continued to look out the window.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Suzanne.

"I think you'd give more than a penny," Bill slowly replied. "I think I've been around the world several times while I've been standing here looking out the window."

Bill went on to explain, "I've got this feeling of travel. I know what travel is like around the island and in the boat, but I've never been to another place and yet I can see all of the other places. I remember seeing many things in books that I've actually recognised, so I've been out there travelling. I've been on a ship; I've been in a train. Do you remember the photos of the train that Willam showed us?"

"Yes, I do," answered Suzanne.

"Well, I actually travelled in it and I've seen lots of people," Bill continued. "All different types of people like the ones Willam showed us in his magazines and they were real. It's amazing what you can do if you just allow it to happen, but because we haven't had to do anything here, except for listening to the cyclone and making sure we don't get any windows smashed or stale water, everything's been closed off for us so that we've got the time to do what we want to do."

Suzanne kept her arms around Bill's waist as she listened.

Bill went on hardly pausing to catch his breath. "I've really enjoyed being here with you all the time Suzanne. I really don't want to go out fishing, even though I can't anyway at the moment, but I know I will have to eventually and it's been going through my mind about getting off the island. I know the law is very strict - well,

not strict at this end of the island but I know that you can't get past the gates at Norwick to even line up for a ticket if you don't have the money first and then you can't get off the island if you're married – one of you can go, but the other one can't. It's a bit sad that a whole family can't travel together off the island."

Suzanne held Bill a little closer as he continued, "I've been wondering about what Simmion said too. I've been wondering about what the psychic Carmel Roberts said and I've been trying to put it all together with the visit I had to Norwick. I feel that besides it having something to do with Willam and Henry Olsen, I somehow feel it's got a lot to do with Mary as well. You'd like Mary Suzanne, you really would. I think she's closer to Henry than he thinks, although he's softened a lot. He softened a lot while we were there and I told you about Henry deciding that Mary would be his fiancée didn't I?" he asked.

"Yes," said Suzanne. "Quite a funny way for things to happen."

"Yeah, quite a funny way." Bill knew there was a lot more to the story and he added, "As well as all of that, you know that Simon Guthridge has got more up his sleeve and old Sally seems to have been a bit of a wag. You know I think they're all tied together in some way or another. I think there are a lot of stories hidden in the background that we don't know about and I think the fact that we've never been to Norwick was for some reason other than it was a bad place to be. I've seen Norwick and it's different to here but it's difficult for me to see how they live. Their houses are magnificent and yet somehow they manage to live without having to rely on the land. I don't know how they do that. I told you too about the telephone didn't I?"

Suzanne smiled and nodded.

"It's like a radio but everybody's got one and they can talk to one another whenever they want," said Bill.

"Oh, wouldn't that be marvellous," said Suzanne. "Can we have one of those?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "I don't know how it works but it's really good. I don't know what you've got to do to get all of these

things. Instead of just fishing, I'm now fishing around for how to do all these new things. I want to know how to travel and how to look after everybody. I want to make sure life's good for you, Jamie, Samuel and Martha. So I suppose you could say my thoughts are worth more than a penny. But really, if I don't come up with something that I can hand to you, they're not worth more than a penny."

Suzanne squeezed gently around Bill's waist and said, "Oh, don't be silly Bill. Those thoughts are worth a fortune and you don't have to do anything. You just have to give me those dreams. They're such beautiful dreams and you're thinking about such beautiful things. I was actually thinking about getting some new clothes for the children. When I was in town they had some beautiful clothes that the ladies had made and some beautiful new material. I wondered how we could trade to get some of those things. I suppose we'll just have to wait because there's only a certain amount you can pass on each day to feed people. After that, they don't need to trade anymore."

"Yes that's right," said Bill. "Willam was trying to tell us something about that. Maybe we can ask him. Maybe we can have another lesson very soon. As soon as this weather clears we'll do that and we'll try and find out how we can do more. We'll find out what everybody means by us leaving the island and then coming back and what's behind it all. What are we going to do if we leave the island?"

Suzanne laughed and said, "That's right Bill. They're the same questions that float around in my head. Even Samuel asked me "Mummy what do they do off the island?" and you know what, Jamie answered him. Do you know what she said?"

"No, what?" said Bill.

"Jamie simply told him, they have fun Samuel," said Suzanne.

"I hope she's right," said Bill. "That would be great. Some of the things we do here aren't much fun."

"You're right there," said Suzanne. "Until you and Simmion came along life was no fun at all."

Bill turned around in her arms and gave her a warm hug. “Yeah but its fun now isn’t it?” he asked.

She smiled and as she cuddled into his chest answered, “It sure is.”

The sun was starting to go down and the battering of the wind against the house had become a monotonous noise. Bill and Suzanne had sat closely by the children during their meal to keep them warm and to make sure they were not afraid of all of the noise.

Martha was always concerned with any little noise and this continuous noise frightened her a little. Samuel thought it was fun as he tended to love a bit of noise and Jamie just took it in her stride and took no notice. Together, the three children made a different mixture and yet they all needed one another as well as their Mum and Bill. It was like the outside elements had brought everybody together and it was like nature had said “It’s time to be close.” Although Bill was concerned about everybody’s feelings, he was happy that it was happening this way.

As they finished their meal, Bill calmly said, “We might all sleep in the same room tonight.”

Jamie jumped up squealing, “Yeah, yeah.”

Samuel and Martha soon followed and Suzanne asked, “Are you sure Bill?”

“Yes, yes, let’s all sleep in the same room together,” answered Bill.

So the task began as they started pulling pillows, blankets and mattresses from one room to another until they had placed them all around Suzanne’s bed in her bedroom. They had all of their mattresses and pillows and all the spare blankets they could get hold of. Bill closed the door to Suzanne’s room and sealed off all the cracks so they would remain warm. Jamie and Bill then started to read stories. Bill had almost caught up to Jamie’s standard but she was still very smart and she was able to understand more complicated books than Bill and she was able to decipher them quickly. Suzanne was very proud of Jamie’s efforts.

Samuel and Martha picked up their own little books and made out like they were reading too. Martha repeated almost all of the words that Jamie was saying and Samuel read his book upside down without knowing that he had it wrong. He did not really care too much because if he turned it upside down he still knew what it was, so he was not at all concerned.

Everyone was there together and they had a wonderful time reading and talking. They even joked and laughed about the wind. They discussed how it all worked and about how the wind was clearing all of the old tree branches and cleaning up the grass; and how it was taking the debris from the top of the water holes. They also commented on how it kept families together and the animals together; how it made them all snuggle up close and appreciate one another.

The response from the children was such a joy and the excitement of being together in Suzanne's room with their mother and Bill was wonderful. That excitement grew and it grew within Suzanne and within Bill and it made them feel the beauty of life to such an extent that they felt nothing could ever stand in their way. They felt elated as they wrapped their arms around each other and the children and hugged one another with such delight as they spoke about the future. They spoke to the children about what it was like to be an adult and how great it was to have children. They spoke about how beautiful it was to have friends and how beautiful it was to be looked after in the way that Jamie was looked after and to be looked after in the way that the whole family was being looked after when Simmion appeared.

By this time, the children knew more about Simmion than Suzanne herself did. They seemed to have no trouble working with the concept of having a mysterious friend. They instantly went along with that and they actually said that they knew Simmion and that Simmion knew their friends. The conversation grew to where it felt like there were fifty people in the room. Bill and Suzanne were talking to all of Jamie's friends; Samuel's friends and even Martha's friends who seemed to appear out of nowhere. It was a beautiful

time for the family with totally open conversation between them about everybody's feelings and what they saw and knew about the mysterious world of the unknown.

Bill had almost been to the stage where he was convinced that the unknown did not exist. This family that he had gathered under his wing knew more about the unknown than he had ever heard from any other place. They were all so at ease with everything and at ease with the things that he himself had kept secret for most of his life, because his family were not really sure about those things that could not be seen. They were not sure about hearing about things that did not exist and were not at all sure about following messages from someone you could not even see.

Suzanne and Bill found themselves actively talking to Simmion. They felt him sitting in the room there with them and they listened intently to everything he said. As Simmion spoke about all of the things in their future, they wondered if they were imagining it all, but when Jamie began repeating everything that Simmion was saying, they were convinced that they were not alone.

Simmion opened the conversation with, *“Good evening, this is your friend Simmion. Since we met on the path there are many things that have happened and since the time that Bill used his healing abilities with Jamie, there have been many more things happen.”*

He continued, *“What you're about to do in the very near future will far outstretch what you've done already. It's time for you Bill to change direction and it's time for you Suzanne to support Bill in his new venture. Your family will learn along with Bill, what's required for the future.”*

Simmion talked on, *“Bill you will do two more fishing trips and then you'll put your boat up for sale. The sale will be for money. You'll learn about money from your friend Willam and from Simon Guthridge. The sale will be organised through Henry Olsen, but we don't want you to go to Henry Olsen to learn the basics. You must learn those from Willam and Simon Guthridge. To learn about your future and what you'll do in the future, you must listen to me. If you*

*find there is any doubt, you must talk to Suzanne and Jamie. They carry with them information about you that you have not yet realised yourself. It's important that you listen to other people and that you do know and understand what I say is correct, but it is more important that you discover this for yourself. You must be aware that everything you do is in line with what suits you. So as we move into the next few days, when you finish your fishing you will begin your lessons. Firstly with Simon Guthridge, because Willam will be busy for the next few days. Then you will venture around different parts of the island to feel the difference in each area. You will begin to look at what takes place in Norwick and learn how Henry Olsen operates. The further you go, the further you will be supported."*

Bill could not believe what he was hearing. There was no way was he going to sell the boat. He had only just finished fixing it and it was the only thing that was holding them in a good position in life. Without the trading income of the fish from the boat, Suzanne and himself would have nothing and the children, what about them?

No this Simmion character had gone too far he thought. Bill did not hear anything else apart from "sell the boat." He did not hear the other advice and did not hear Simmion tell him to find out for himself. Bill almost went into a closed down mode, in opposition to what Simmion had said.

Suzanne felt the response immediately.

She wrapped her arms around Bill and said gently, "It's alright Bill. Everything will turn out the way it's supposed to. Simmion's just trying to let us know ahead of time so that we will be okay. Remember, we're all with you now Bill, no matter what happens."

Bill settled a little after this but he kept shaking his head about the boat. It made him quite determined to make the boat and his work significant in his life. Before he finally drifted off to sleep, he was determined to rise in the morning and head straight back to work and it did not matter about the weather. He had done it before and he would do it again. Deep in his mind he knew that at one time, or at some time in the future, the sea would turn on him and he would either have difficulty surviving or he would perish like many of his

friends before him. That was the nature of the sea and he knew that if he went out in the bad conditions he was reducing his chances of a return. His stubbornness had really kicked in though and he was determined to go fishing and bring back the biggest haul ever in the early hours of the next morning.

In that feeling of determination, Bill's energy started to rise again and he could feel himself starting to steer his own life. Even though he was rejecting Simmion's advice, he felt good and he took Suzanne in his arms, cuddled in closely and went off to sleep.

It was around two in the morning when the cyclone finally hit and the whole ground shook underneath the pressure of the winds. It hit with such a force that it seemed like the heavy winds the night before were just a breeze. With a frightening sound and an unbelievable roar, the winds were trying to tear apart the small house that Bill, Suzanne and the children were asleep in. They all woke suddenly. The children cried and Suzanne wondered whether they would all make it through the night.

Bill forgot immediately about his determination to go fishing and gathered his new family together into the one bed and held them close. He knew the house was safe, he had checked it out previously and if anything did fall apart, he was safer staying right where he was with the family.

So when he heard the sudden bang against the side of the house, he knew not to move. He knew that whatever it was that had hit the house would either stay there or blow away and if it did damage anything, it was better that it was on the side of the house and not out the front.

Suzanne felt differently. She wanted to know what had happened. Bill kept reassuring her that it was alright and that they had to stay where they were and stay calm.

Suzanne almost panicked. She felt she just had to go and have a look.

Bill held her firmly and said; "Don't move away from the children, not for one moment. If we stay here, even if the house blows away from around us, we'll be all okay if we just stay

together. If you go out there and something happens to the house, then we've lost you."

Suzanne's face went white. She knew what Bill was saying was right but the possibility of the house blowing away from around her frightened her.

She turned to Bill and asked, "Do you think the house will blow away?"

Bill started to laugh and answered, "I really have to watch what I say don't I? No, the house won't blow away, but just in case, let's all stay together."

"Yes Mummy, stay with us," pleaded Jamie.

Samuel and Martha looked into Suzanne's eyes but never said a word. Suzanne melted immediately and she soon settled down and snuggled up close to the children.

It was a long night and the children began to shiver with the fear of the sounds coming from outside and the movement of the house. Bill knew that he would have to do something immediately so he started to sing at the top of his voice over the sound. He sang the most ridiculous words he could come up with. He had no idea of what he was saying; he was just trying to make a noise and tried to make it sound good for the children.

Suzanne soon joined in followed by the children. The sound of the storm soon disappeared into the background and as their joy increased the storm seemed to fade into the background as they all enjoyed each other's company once again.

It was Jamie who broke off their singing when she suddenly jumped up and said, "Look!"

She was pointing to the other side of the room.

Everyone looked but they could not see anything.

"What is it Jamie?" asked Suzanne.

"Look, it's a fairy," said Jamie.

Bill started to laugh and Jamie immediately chastised him. "No! No! It is a fairy. It's a real fairy. You can see it Mummy can't you? Look!"

Suzanne looked but she could not see anything and Samuel looked then looked back at Jamie.

“Look Samuel, it’s the same one that was out the back,” said Jamie.

Samuel looked but he still could not see it.

Martha leapt up on the bed and said excitedly, “I can see. I see. I see. I see.”

Suzanne knew that Martha had better vision than Samuel so she started to ask Jamie about the fairy.

“Tell us all about the fairy Jamie. What does it look like? What’s it doing?” asked Suzanne.

“You can see Mummy, just look past what you can see,” said Jamie.

Suzanne realised that Jamie knew that she had closed herself down and was not seeing anything apart from the physical dimension. When Jamie told her to look past what she can see, Suzanne knew exactly how to bring the fairy into vision. She looked past her normal vision and there standing in the corner, was a beautiful fairy. One that Suzanne had seen before though she was not certain whether the fairy was elf-like. It was quite different and it looked so light but also strong, so flighty but also stable. She wondered about what it was thinking.

Jamie spoke up and said, “The fairy said we have to get up and eat and we have to do the things that we were going to do, even if the storm doesn’t go away.”

“How do you know that Jamie?” asked Suzanne.

“She talks Mummy, the fairy talks,” said Jamie.

“Tell me exactly what the fairy’s saying,” said Bill.

Jamie shrugged her shoulders and sighed, “Oh Bill, I just told you what she said.”

Bill changed his approach, “I’m sorry Jamie, just tell us more.”

“Well, the fairy wants to dance and Samuel and I danced with the fairy yesterday, but the fairy says she won’t dance until the storm’s finished,” said Jamie.

“So when will the storm be finished?” asked Bill.

“The storm will be finished when it’s finished,” answered Jamie simply.

Suzanne started to smile. She knew the meaning behind the fairy’s appearance. The children needed to know that they were safe and that there was no need to wait until the storm was over to do anything else but dance.

All the other things were fine now that the children could look forward to dancing when the storm was finished. As quickly as Jamie’s focus had turned to the fairy on the other side of the room it swung back to the bed. She hopped up and started to bounce up and down.

“What about the fairy Jamie?” asked Suzanne.

“Oh, the fairy’s gone,” said Jamie casually.

Everything then went back to normal except that Jamie was jumping up and down on the bed and stirring everybody up. She started to laugh and then Samuel started to laugh; quickly followed by Martha, Suzanne, and then finally Bill.

It was not long before they were a happy, joyful family once again, romping around on the bed and ready to get up and get stuck into the day.

Suzanne was the first one to move away from the bed. “Okay, everybody up. It looks dark out there but it’s daytime, we’ve had enough sleep,” ordered Suzanne.

The three children bounced out of bed but Bill got up slowly and went over to the window to have a look out. He could see nothing as the sound of the wind buffeting the side of the house became more intense.

Suzanne walked up behind him and said, “Come on Bill; don’t focus on what’s out there. Think of the fairy.”

Bill lightened up a little and turned to Suzanne and agreed. “Okay,” he said.

They walked out of the room together, ready to get on with their day.

## Chapter 33

On the other side of the island things were quite different. The cyclone had started to tear the place apart. All of the services that were normally provided under cyclonic conditions were fully activated. Emergency services; emergency power; the small hospital was full of people and the local shelters were also full of people. The Olsen Plaza, the main Plaza, was completely full. Henry's friend Andrew had done a marvellous job restoring the communications system so it was easy for Henry to stay at home and control everything from there.

Henry's home at that time was with Mary, in Mary's house. Henry had always called this place home. He could not imagine being anywhere but with Mary at this time, which was quite different to what he had felt a week or so before.

Willam had recovered nicely from his bump on the head. He explained it as, "Well, I just went into repair mode I suppose."

Mary's concern and worry about her father was put to one side.

Henry laughed when Willam finally awoke and immediately asked him, "Well, have you fixed the window?"

Not hello or how are you? Or I'm well, or where's Mary? Or nothing like that. Willam had just looked straight at Henry and asked, "Have you fixed the window?"

Henry was amused and said, "Willam, there's nothing wrong with you. We'll get you something to eat, just stay where you are."

When he walked out and told Mary, Mary could not believe it. Willam had caused them so much worry the night before and now that he had recovered, all he was concerned about was the window. Mary thought to herself, "Well, that's Dad, that's just how he is, that's how he's always been," and she went in and gave Willam a big hug and asked him if he was ready to have something to eat.

"Do you want to stay in bed or do you want to get up?" she asked.

Willam's immediate reply was "I'm not staying in bed. I've got to check to see that everything's okay."

This did not surprise Mary either. She said, “Okay I’ll leave you to get up and get dressed and I’ll see you out in the kitchen.”

The noise in the small house, that was so close to the beach, was almost deafening. Mary’s voice did not carry very well so when she entered the kitchen and started talking to Henry, he could not hear her and did not respond. She had to walk right up to him and touch him on the shoulder to get any response. As Henry turned, Mary got a surprise; Henry’s face had changed. It was like he was ten years younger and seemed taller. He looked so beautiful.

“Henry, what’s happened?” asked Mary as she looked at him.

“I think something has changed,” replied Henry quietly.

To Mary’s surprise, even though there was so much loud noise, she could hear Henry quite clearly. There was something strange happening here and it seemed like Henry was entirely different. All the harshness had left him and his strength was so different. She knew that something really special had happened to Henry; only it must have happened in the few seconds that she had spent with Willam. Well, what seemed like only a few seconds, but it must have been a lot longer than that.

“Henry sit down; tell me what’s going on,” said Mary.

Henry just looked at her with a radiant smile and said, “Everything’s fine Mary. It’s just that something has changed around me and it feels good. It’s like a huge weight has lifted off my shoulders.”

Mary had no idea what it was but she was so impressed with the new Henry who now stood before her. She could feel an energy coming from him that was warm and comfortable and she walked up closer to him and placed her arms around him.

Henry’s response was amazing. Mary’s entire body lit up and as Henry’s arms went around her, she could feel the beautiful energy coming out of his body. It almost took her into another dimension and the sound around her disappeared as she melted into Henry’s arms.

“Oh Henry, this is so beautiful,” she said softly.

Henry did not say a word. He just maintained the energy flow and the love flowed from his body and filled Mary to a point where she felt she would disappear.

Suddenly Willam's voice came from the background. "Right you two, let's get something to eat," he called out.

Henry and Mary turned to Willam and looked at him. Willam stopped immediately and said, "Wow, you two look like you've had something special happen. It's like you're both glowing. Everything's so clear in this room; it's like a sound trap. I can hear very clearly. You've shut down the storm."

"Yeah we have a little bit. We didn't need that noise in here at the moment," said Henry.

Willam felt a familiar tinge of recognition in Henry's voice. He recognised that special voice and that special person. He also knew that the Henry who had affected him during childhood was back. Willam remembered so much in that moment. There was so much that he had forgotten and much of what he had forgotten was what Henry had taught him and now he could not believe that special being was back again. Willam had recognised this whole quality in Henry when he was a child and it had seemed that Henry's special quality only appeared when he was in Willam's class. Now here it was again.

"Henry, you're back," said Willam.

Henry nodded and replied, "Yes I am Willam. I'm back to stay. The old me has gone and the weight of my father has gone. The weight of our history has gone and the blinkers have been taken away, I can see again."

Willam walked over to Henry and wrapped his arms around him. "Great to see you again," he said.

Henry glowed a little more and somehow seemed to grow taller again.

Mary was unaware of this connection between Henry and Willam and stood back with a puzzled look on her face and asked, "You two know each other very well don't you?"

Henry answered, “The old Henry didn’t know Willam that well at all, but this Henry knows Willam very well. We’ve worked together *many* times.”

A shiver ran through Mary and she asked, “What do you mean?”

“And you’ve worked with us as well Mary. Another time, another place,” said Henry.

All of a sudden Mary understood and walked over to both Henry and Willam. The three of them hugged one another during this sudden recognition of another life and another time.

The change in Henry was so profound that when Andrew rang to find ask how everything was going on his side of the island, he hardly recognised who Henry was. Henry’s response to his smart remarks was so clear; Andrew could not get Henry on the back foot about anything. Henry was so calm.

“What’s up with you Henry? You seem to have everything under control, but why is there no noise on your end of the phone. What’s happening?” asked Henry.

“Well Andrew I just decided that we didn’t need the noise, so we haven’t got it. You should try it,” answered Henry.

The force that came through the phone almost pushed Andrew backwards. “Henry, what’s happened? You’ve changed,” he asked.

Henry answered, “That’s right Andrew. I’ve dropped all of that heavy stuff and we’ve decided to have things feeling a little bit nicer around here. You may want to try it as well.”

Andrew started to laugh but then he felt the pressure of what Henry had said. He felt a responsibility to actually make things better. Those few words that Henry had spoken to Andrew had such force and such detail but he could not figure out from the simple words what messages they actually passed on. He could not figure out the possibility of that happening. There was too much information yet Henry had only spoken a few words.

Andrew knew that there was something special happening and he said to Henry, “Henry, I can feel lots of things happening, lots of things being transmitted to me. There’s something changing around here, it’s a bit strange. You better fill me in.”

Henry replied, “There’s nothing to fill you in about Andrew. You know exactly what’s happening. It’s time once again for us to all pull together and not only get through the cyclone, but get through the rubbish that’s been holding us all in a mini-cyclone in this place we call Norwick. It’s time for change Andrew and I think this cyclone has brought that about.”

Andrew understood exactly what Henry was talking about but he dreaded this time because he enjoyed the harshness of his life. He enjoyed being Irish; he enjoyed drinking and getting out of line. He enjoyed the occasional punch-up at the local hotel and he knew that this would now be all over.

“Oh Henry, surely it’s not time yet?” asked Andrew.

“It’s time Andrew, time to straighten yourself out,” said Henry.

“Okay, I’ll talk to you later Henry,” said Andrew reluctantly as he hung up the phone.

Mary could not believe what was happening. She had been so impressed with Henry before this time but now she just stood there with her mouth open.

Willam turned to Mary and said, “You can close your mouth now Mary, it’s all real. Come on let’s eat.” Willam then led the way into the kitchen.

Everything came to order just as it always did when Willam spoke. The three of them headed off to prepare something to eat as if they all knew exactly what job to do, without having to discuss it with one another. Before long a beautiful meal was on the table. In the darkness of the house, even though it was daylight outside, Mary lit candles and placed them on the table to make it look like a celebration. As they sat and ate their meal by candlelight, the cyclone did not really affect them in the room; it was all rather surreal and mystical.

The three of them remembered quite clearly the times they had done this before and they basked in the beautiful energies that they each transmitted.

Everything seemed to disappear, even their past histories - Mary living on the other side of the island with her mother; Willam

existing as Heindrik Smithers, the person who was isolated and in direct competition to the Olsen family and Henry and his ownership of the island and his past with his father. All of that disappeared as they sat in a new world.

It was Mary who broke the silence. “Come on you two, let’s eat this beautiful meal,” she said.

They smiled at each other and proceeded to eat their meal. It was a beautiful moment.

## Chapter 34

It was almost ten in the morning when the phone rang again. They had finished their meal and had cleared up and were walking around the house as if they were in another world. They enjoyed having light conversation and were enjoying each other's company. The phone pulled them out of that space and the noise of the storm immediately came in.

It was such a shock to them all and as Henry leant down to pick up the phone, he put his hand up to the others and said, "Just settle down and hold the space. We don't want to lose this now just because of a phone call."

As Henry answered he heard the panicky voice on the other end of the phone. Mary and Willam felt the contrast of the panic to the calmness transmitted from Henry. They chose to go with the calmness and allowed themselves to settle into the quiet again. The panicked voice on the other end of the phone belonged to Elizabeth Willis.

Elizabeth and her husband Michael were virtually the Town Council and with Michael being the local judge, they virtually ran Norwick. Elizabeth and Michael were quite strong characters but under these conditions, they knew that something more was needed than they were able to provide. Elizabeth knew the only person who could help her in this situation was Henry.

Feeling great panic Elizabeth said, "Henry, the centre of town has almost washed away. We now have a gully that you could drive a truck through from the mountain right through to the beach. All our services have gone and the sewerage is broken. Beach Road has almost disappeared and all of the services have been washed out to sea and the foundations of Plaza Two are actually showing. We can't service all of the people. Their houses have been washed away. What are we going to do Henry?"

Henry had never heard such panic in Elizabeth's voice. He knew Elizabeth very well and he knew her as a woman of strength. She could almost hold the soil together but on this occasion, everything

had gotten away from her and everything was disappearing. She had no control and was in total panic.

Henry knew there was nothing he could do, but he knew it was important that the leaders maintained the stability for the rest of the town.

Speaking very calmly he answered her, “Elizabeth, pull yourself together. You can’t panic while riding out a storm or you’ll drown and so will everybody else. Where’s Michael?”

“I have no idea where Michael is. He’s on the other side of the gully somewhere,” she said.

“You know our communications are still holding?” he said.

“No I only rang you just in case. I knew that somehow you would make the communications work. When I got to the Plaza they directed me straight to where you are now. How they did that, I don’t know,” replied Elizabeth.

“All communications are in order. Make a few calls to your friends and find Michael. Get yourself settled and then call me back,” ordered Henry.

“But Henry, what are we going to do?” asked Elizabeth.

“Without Michael,” said Henry, “you’ll do nothing. Stay where you are and do nothing. You need to stop panicking. Are you at home Elizabeth or in the chambers?”

“I’ve been in the chambers for two days Henry. I haven’t had a break,” she said.

“Have you had any sleep?” asked Henry.

“I don’t remember,” answered Elizabeth.

“Just sit there for a moment and focus on my voice. I want you to relax and in your mind I want you to go to another place. I want you to go back home, wherever that is,” said Henry.

“Henry what are you going on about?” she asked.

“Just listen Elizabeth and do as I say. Everything will be alright,” said Henry reassuringly.

Elizabeth quietened down and Henry repeated, “I want you to relax and I want you to go to a special place a place you feel at home, a place where you can relax. It could be a beautiful scene or it could

be home where you belong, but most of all make sure it's where you feel totally comfortable and relaxed.”

Henry could hear the sigh as Elizabeth found that place and he knew that she had found a beautiful, serene beach in the sun. He could feel her energy start to relax.

Henry went along with his vision and continued, “Now see the trees and see the sun shining on the water. Hear the gentle roll of the waves and feel yourself melting into the scene.”

As Henry continued to talk, Mary's mouth fell open again. She had never heard such things from Henry. His voice was so calm and peaceful and the things he was saying were so beautiful.

Willam found himself fixed on Henry also. He recognised the beautiful feelings that came from listening to Henry's voice and he knew that Elizabeth would be totally relaxed by now.

Henry went on and through guiding her, lifted Elizabeth from where she was in the chambers and put her in that special place where she was totally relaxed and comfortable. He lifted her spirit and told her to stay there and not to return until she had Michael at her side and even if Michael was unable to get there, to make sure that he was at her side.

Elizabeth's voice came back on the line. “Thank you so much Henry. Michael's by my side, I can feel him. I'm okay now. I'll call you back in a couple of hours,” she said.

“Bye Elizabeth,” said Henry as he put down the phone.

As he turned to Mary, his face was aglow. To Mary's surprise he looked different again though she could not pick what it was; she just knew that he had changed again. She could not believe the beauty in his face and all she wanted to do was hug Henry close but she knew that she could not touch him at that point because it might disturb his whole being.

So they all sat and looked at one another and allowed themselves to drift off into the distance and allow the storm to continue on.

Willam's focus was clear but in the background he could feel the influence of Michael Willis. Michael had been a close friend for many years but he had pulled away from Willam at a time when the

law was created to stop people leaving the island. The law was made so that a whole family could not leave the island together. Once people were married, they could not travel together on holidays and their passage on the ships would be cancelled immediately by order of Michael Willis.

Henry had never been involved in the preparation of this law. His father Edward was the one who knew the way to control people and the how to maintain his island. Edward knew that the way to keep his income was based on keeping people separated and by maintaining the people on the other side of the island. His aim was to keep the country people in fear of his holiday resort and his beautiful “vision” of Norwick. While ever the people of the island maintained the supplies and kept everything living and kept free of income, then Edward Olsen could do as he pleased. He could build his paradise in such a way that he had income and ownership and control all at the one time.

Heindrik Smithers, the character that Willam played many years ago, actually knew Michael Willis as a close friend. It was Michael’s job to place restrictions on the people when the law was brought in and he soon became tied to the money and to the apron strings of Edward Olsen. It was Michael who judged against Heindrik on the ownership of the land. Heindrik actually owned the entire Norwick area. He owned it by claim. He was the one to discover it and it was he who actually made it possible to live in the area. The dock was located near the rocks at the edge of Norwick but it was only possible to come in there under light seas. Nobody lived in the Norwick area because it was basically sand dunes and uninhabited dry and barren country.

Heindrik had seen this type of country before and he could see the potential of the beach. It was a beach that had been untouched and a beach that with a little bit of attention could turn into a paradise. Heindrik laid claim to that area and built the first buildings and cleared a major portion of the land, but when Edward Olsen decided that he wanted the entire area, he had Michael create new laws. He had the Town Council take over responsibility and he

started to control the people of the island. As a result, when Michael ruled against Heindrik as owner, Norwick became an open town in the hands of Edward Olsen.

It was a very smart move at the time and in the long term it proved to be a very successful move, but it started the demise of Heindrik Smithers. In conjunction with Sally, or Salamander Guthridge, Heindrik fought for many years to maintain order in the town. The influence of Edward Olsen, although major, became at least controllable. Sally was smart enough to make sure she had enough control by gaining background information on Edward Olsen, information that gave her sufficient power to get alongside him and act as his friend. She was then able to threaten him when she needed to, to maintain some form of order in the growth of such an initially degraded area, into what it was today.

When Heindrik disappeared and became Willam once again it made little difference to the town, but it did relieve a lot of pressure. When Sally died everything seemed to become normal again. This was the opposite of what Willam expected.

Now here he was sitting with two dear friends, his daughter and his young student, feeling that he was as young as they were and having no grudge at all against Michael Willis. He even found himself feeling for Elizabeth Willis and feeling for the mammoth task that she had taken on at that time.

Willam knew that he was changing and he knew that something had happened. He was in the middle of a cyclone and everything was being stirred up but he felt calm. The past seemed to be disappearing and rolling out the door to be washed away by the rains.

The more he focussed on Michael, the more the past seemed to disappear and more peace came into his life. He actually saw a picture of Michael standing in front of him. In his own way he let his feelings go out to Michael and there was forgiveness.

Right at that point the phone rang again. This time Willam jumped up to get it. He knew it was Michael. He picked up the phone and said, "Willam speaking."

Michael sounded surprised and said, “Willam, this is Michael Willis. I didn’t know you were there but I knew that it was time to talk to you. I was actually calling Henry to tell him that I’m okay and to thank him for talking to Elizabeth. She told me all about it and what happened to her was amazing. She’s so in control now and so clear about what’s got to be done, so I just wanted to thank Henry, but while I’ve got you there, I want to say I’m sorry about the past Heindrik, I mean Willam.”

Willam laughed, “That’s alright Michael, I’m pretty sure that’s your name, although mine changes a bit. It’s not an apology that I was after. All I wanted was to hear your voice and to know that everything’s okay,” said Willam.

Michael was quick to reply, “Everything’s okay. That’s really what I wanted to say Willam. Everything’s okay.”

“Thanks Michael and from my end, everything’s okay as well. It’s great to hear about Elizabeth too. I’ll put Henry on,” said Willam.

Without even saying goodbye and without a word to Henry, Willam handed the phone over to Henry.

“Henry speaking,” said Henry as he took the phone.

“Henry, it’s Michael Willis here. I can’t thank you enough,” said Michael. “What you’ve done for Elizabeth is remarkable.”

“That’s fine Michael, where are you?” said Henry.

“I’m in the downtown chambers. I was visiting a couple of people up the road and I got caught when the cyclone hit, so I’ve just made my way to the chambers. In fact I was out on Simon Street when a tree blew over, so I huddled against the wall there for a couple of hours until the wind changed direction, then I moved on. I suppose that was what Elizabeth was feeling; it was a bit of a heavy time actually. I believe that part of Simon Street has been washed away; it’s not there anymore. I guess I moved out at the right time,” said Michael.

Henry quickly interrupted, “Michael I want you to get back to that spot and tell me what’s happening. I want to know if that wall is

breaking. If it's breaking then we'll have to move people really quickly," said Henry.

"Yeah, I can do that. So it's that important Henry?" asked Michael.

"You've got no idea how important it is Michael," replied Henry.

Willam understood exactly what Henry was talking about. Willam had built that wall in the early days to allow the sand to accumulate and that was where the main water flow came through before it was redirected around past the Plaza. If that wall let go they could lose the foundations for at least sixty homes.

Michael did not know this and said to Henry, "If it's that serious Henry, what do I have to look for?"

"I'll put Willam back on...he knows all about it," said Henry.

Henry put Willam back on the phone and Willam explained, "Michael if there's any crack at all in the ground around the top of the park, you'll know that it's all moving and that will probably happen before the wall lets go. The water flow will tend to go underground and through the sand. So get back to us as soon as you can Michael and be careful. You had better take a torch with you just in case and keep safe. Get back to us as soon as you can okay."

"Shall do Willam. I'll talk to you later and once again, tell Henry I said thanks. Bye," said Michael.

Michael put down the phone and stood there taking in a deep breath. He did not want to go back out into that wind but he knew that he would have to. He was getting a bit old now and his bones got cold very quickly. He looked around and the only thing there to keep him warm was his much valued judge's robe. He had no option but to put it on under his coat, followed by his hat and then he tied the belt around himself tightly before heading off into the wind.

The rain was so fierce that it stung his face and it did not matter how far down he pulled his hat, it still stung his face. So with his hat pulled down and his head down as far as he could manage, he pushed off toward Simon Street.

It took him almost twenty minutes to get there, which amazed him because it was usually only a five minute walk, or so he thought.

But with his battle against the wind and having to stop regularly to hold himself still to maintain his condition, it took twenty minutes.

When he finally arrived he saw the exact picture that Willam had described. At the edge of the park there was a crack wide enough to put your fist through. The park seemed to be sinking, however only a small amount, but it seemed to have a hollow in it. Michael leant over with his stick and pushed at the edge of the crack and it started to fold down into a hole in the ground as if there was nothing underneath it. He quickly pulled back taking notice of what Willam had said that if he stood in that area and it was undermined he would go straight down. He stepped away quickly, turned around and headed back to the chambers. He was surprised that his trip back was much quicker as it took less than ten minutes to return and he was not at all puffed. The excitement of having to get back to report to Henry had driven him and he had not even given thought to his ailing legs or his weary body.

When he reached the chamber doors he was amazed at how easily he was able to open them. It was normally a difficult task but something was happening to him and it was in the excitement of everything around him that he seemed to be gaining his use.

The phone rang and Henry quickly jumped to his feet. He snapped up the phone and answered, "Yes Michael?"

"You must have been waiting for my call," said Michael.

"Don't fool around," scolded Henry.

"I know how serious this is," said Michael.

"You are about to confirm that the park is starting to wash away," said Henry quickly.

"That's right," said Michael, "and somehow Henry, this whole thing has done something to me."

Henry smiled and said, "Michael, when I worked with Elizabeth, I also worked with you. Over the next twenty-four hours you'll find that the pair of you will recover substantially and that you'll have a drive within you that allows you to move forward at a rate that you've never moved before. We have much to do and both you and Elizabeth will be key people in what we have to do in the future."

“Henry, you’re talking above my head. You’ll have to slow down,” said Michael.

Henry answered, “Michael, there’s no time to slow down. What we want you to do is to find the old fire truck and get it over to the edge of the park. We’ll meet you there in around fifteen minutes. We’re going to have to prop that area up.”

“Fine, consider it done,” said Michael. “I’ll see you there as soon as I can get there. Talk to you later Henry.”

Henry replied, “Bye Michael and be extremely careful in every move you make and make sure that there’s no panic within anybody. Bye for now.”

As soon as Henry put down the phone Willam and Mary began talking at the same time. They almost spoke the same words.

“Henry, how are you going to fix it?” asked Mary.

At the same time as Willam asked, “Henry, how are we going to fix this?”

Henry put his hands in the air like a stop sign and answered, “Hey, just hold on a moment. I need a little time to work it out myself.”

“So you don’t know either?” asked Willam.

“Leave him alone Dad. He’ll tell us soon,” said Mary.

Henry sat and went quiet. The panic of the last few minutes had disappeared from his face and that beautiful calmness returned and then suddenly, there was a feeling of magic in the room and they all knew then that their answer was coming.

Henry knew how to contact Simmion in an instant, but he was surprised when Simmion said, “*Henry, you’re call!*” and went silent.

Henry sat for a moment longer and the answer came. He very slowly looked up at Mary and Willam and said, “We have quite a task ahead of us.”

Mary’s eyes opened wide and Willam’s forehead turned into a frown.

Henry’s focus went across to Willam and he said, “Willam, we’re about to do the job that you told Dad needed doing fifteen years ago.”

Willam's frown deepened. He didn't know what Henry was talking about.

Henry continued, "You remember the time when you said - "if you put foundations into the soft sand you will have to put false foundations all the way back to the retaining wall, otherwise you won't pin the sand under bad conditions and the whole place will move" - and Dad had Michael rule against you so that you wouldn't force him to spend the money?"

Willam remembered alright, he remembered that the information had come to him out of nowhere. He had no qualifications to support it but at the time he felt so strongly about it, that he had gone all the way and had approached Edward Olsen directly at his home and passed on the information. It was a massive job but Edward was not one for spending money that he did not get a return on, so it was never done.

Willam thought for a moment and asked, "Henry, how can we do that in this weather?"

"If we don't do it in this weather we'll all end up out at sea, because it has already started to undermine and it will lift this whole place into the sea," answered Henry.

Willam remembered clearly at that time the picture that had been given to him by Simmion all those years ago. It was the same picture that Henry was describing right now showing the whole town disappearing into the sea.

He knew that Henry was correct and he looked at Mary and said, "Mary pack some lunches, we've got some work to do."

Mary went off to do her chores and as soon as she had left the room Willam turned to Henry with fear in his eyes and asked, "Do you realise to hold all of that you'll have to put down at least one hundred foundations? How are we going to do that?"

The fear in Willam was intense. Henry walked over to him and placed a hand on each of Willam's shoulders and tried to reassure him. "Calm down Willam, calm down. I've done this before with the old fire truck and the winch. We can take all of the telegraph poles and drive them into the ground then as we drive those in we'll move

across from one side of the slide to the other and that will hold while we move further into town and drive them in at critical places. The picture is clear in my mind and it shouldn't take long."

Willam looked at Henry but his frown deepened. He said, "It won't take long? It could take weeks."

Henry replied, "No the base is soft enough so they'll almost fall into the ground and as each one hits the base, all the sand will consolidate around it. Just wait and see."

"Well, I'll have to take your word for it. How many people do we need?" asked Willam.

"We can't use any more than four people," said Henry. "Any more than that will be too much load."

Willam shook his head, "Well, there are two of us and there's old Michael. But who else?" he asked.

"It'll have to be Mary," said Henry. "Mary can drive the engine and I can get Andrew on his way to relieve because I think Michael will need a rest."

Willam sucked in a deep breath and sighed. "Okay Henry, you're the boss. How long have we got before we leave?" he asked.

"Five minutes," answered Henry. "All our gear is at the door, we don't need anything else. Well, perhaps a few sandwiches and we'll get on our way. While you're doing that I'll call Andrew and get him moving. There are a couple of things I want Andrew to bring along."

Willam turned and walked out to tell Mary the news while Henry picked up the phone and dialed Andrew Kelly.

"Kelly speaking," was the reply on the phone.

"Andrew we need your help," said Henry.

"Well, that's normal," answered Andrew. "What can I do for you Henry?"

Henry told Andrew the story and said, "Andrew, you're the rope man and we need a lot of rope. We need to lash most of these telegraph poles as they go down so that we can hook them all together. We'll need standard ropes and we'll need some wire rope. We can't do it with a lot of people either, so you'll have to get the

old truck, fill it up and get yourself down to the Simon Street Park. Just be careful when you approach it because it's starting to slip away."

"Roger!" said Andrew. "See you there soon Henry."

Andrew in his most efficient manner plonked down the phone and cut it off in Henry's ear once again. He knew that it got to Henry and shook him up each time he did it. He always took great pleasure in hanging up on Henry just to get his response the next time they spoke on the phone, only this time Henry didn't flinch. Everything was normal for Henry and he stayed calm and cool. He still maintained the glow that Mary saw in him earlier that day.

When Mary came out with her father all packed ready to go, she felt her heart go out to Henry. The amazement that she had felt earlier when she looked at him returned. She knew that he was no longer the same Henry who she had struggled with only weeks before. The old Henry who had been so difficult and arrogant had gone. The new Henry was somebody who she absolutely admired.

The winds were harsh and the weather seemed to be getting worse. As they walked along arm in arm, Henry, Mary and Willam disturbed the elements more than the elements disturbed them. The strength between the three of them was insurmountable and they walked as if the cyclone did not exist.

Just as they were about to round the corner toward Simon Street, they saw the old fire engine with its jerry rig and its drill that they used to use for everything. It was just pulling up at the edge of the park and to their surprise, Michael Willis jumped out of the driver's seat like he was a twenty year old. He had no stick or cane and he bounced around to the back of the engine and quickly put down the stays. He had somehow known what Henry was talking about and he already had two telegraph poles sitting there ready to go into the ground. By the time the threesome arrived to join Michael, he had already rigged one pole and was starting to lift it off the ground.

To watch Michael in action was unbelievable. He was a man who normally had trouble getting from his chair to the table; a man who took several minutes to walk from the door of the chambers to

his judge's seat and who creaked and groaned as he sat down. He was now moving around as if there was nothing at all wrong with him. He was throwing equipment around as if it was weightless and was working in cyclonic winds as if there was no wind at all.

Henry greeted Michael with such emotion and such care that even Mary was impressed. There was a communication between Michael and Henry that they had never seen before. It was like a knowing.

Michael and Henry began to work together, not even aware that there was anyone else around. Before long they had their first pole in place and with a rush they dropped it into the sand and watched it move down a whole twenty feet in one go. When they brought the rig down on top of it, it easily went in the full distance. Within seconds you could see the sand start to solidify around the pole. It was like the pole had sucked all of the water out, but in fact it was the sand moving up against the pole and squeezing the water out. Almost instantly there was a circle of dryness for about one metre around the pole.

Michael rushed around and jumped into the driver's seat again and started to back the old engine up. He backed it right up next to the pole that they had just dropped into the ground. While he was doing that Henry had rigged the second telegraph pole and he was pulling that up while Michael moved out of the seat and came around to help him.

As they watched, Mary and Willam felt the change within them. They could see the natural communication between Michael and Henry and they felt it start to happen between themselves.

Mary and Willam moved with almost simultaneous motion and headed towards the old truck. Mary jumped up into the seat and neither Henry nor Michael looked around as they finished the second pole, they drove it deep into the ground. The second pole went down a little easier than the first and for a split second Henry's concern was that it may disappear. Sure enough though when it reached the base, it settled in very quickly and it bridged the sand between the two poles. As the dryness came into the sand once again around the

second pole, Michael jumped back and gave Willam a wave, who then relayed the message to Mary.

Henry unhitched the rig only moments before Mary drove off with Willam jumping up on the side to go along for a ride. Mary headed straight for the telegraph pole dumping area, which was not far up the road. While she was moving, Willam gathered his senses and looked around the old fire truck to see how they could get more than two poles along the side of it because every trip back to the dump would cost them time.

By the time they reached the dumping area Mary knew exactly where to park. Willam had the first pole hitched and ready to pull up within moments of them stopping. As he winched the first pole up, he could see that there was a spot where they could get a second pole on the same side, once the first was hooked in. So instead of having to carry one on each side lashed to the running boards, they managed to get two on each side. Within a matter of minutes they had the truck loaded and were on their way back to where the other poles had been driven into Simon Street.

As they arrived they could see Henry and Michael huddled behind the stone fence trying to get out of the wind. Before they had turned the truck around, Michael and Henry were already on the controls and were ready to handle the next pole.

Willam jumped out of the truck and stood in a position where Mary could see him while he directed Mary back into the most suitable position, which was right alongside the second pole. He also made sure the wheels never came in touch with the soft sand for even though the surface was still solid, he could see that it was moving as the sand drifted away.

Within the next five minutes another four poles were planted. This small team operated without any instructions and without the need for any organising. They each knew exactly what to do and the noise and fury of the winds and the rain made no difference. In a matter of fifteen minutes they had stabilised one of the most destructive areas of the water flow. After observing the complete success of how this worked, they moved on and placed another four,

then another four and so on. Just before the final four were to go in, a whole section of the wall slipped into the ground and pushed up a huge amount of sand, which then started heading towards the houses.

Henry stood back and waited. Fortunately the truck had moved away from the work area and they watched all of their work start to move slowly. All of the poles moved and the sand moved and they thought they were about to lose the lot. Suddenly out of the ground came a burst of water just in front of the poles and the pressure was relieved. The water sprayed a good fifty feet into the air with a rush that would have thrown a person a good one hundred yards. Within a moment everything went quiet and the work they had prepared had held all of the sand, although part of the wall was missing and the water was blowing over the top instead of underneath.

Henry quickly directed Mary to bring the truck in as close as possible and he watched the wheels as they almost disappeared in several places. Henry kept her moving and he got the truck to where the last pole had been inserted. He knew that the four poles he had left would get him to the other side but he had to be quick and they had to be spread a little further so they could go back and get more poles to support them.

Within moments the first one was inserted into the ground. It went all the way to the bottom without hesitation and then stopped with a mere foot sticking out above the ground. Once again the sand packed in behind the pole and dried itself immediately. By the time they got the last four posts in the ground, the four large telegraph poles had disappeared like they were toothpicks into the sand. Everything became steady and there was no need to rush anymore. They knew that they had beaten the elements but they knew they still had a day's work behind them and a day's work ahead of them. They felt good though and they moved smoothly back and forth from the telegraph pole storage area to the disaster zone. Before long they had driven in so many poles that there was no chance of any movement for the rest of the town.

Henry and Michael understood one another so well that it was uncanny. There was no way that that could have happened without

intervention and of course Mary and Willam being father and daughter, worked like a team who knew exactly what one another were doing. The two little teams managed to do the impossible over a six hour period.

When they returned to Mary's house Michael immediately picked up the phone and called Elizabeth. Even Elizabeth was surprised at Michael's response.

Michael had always been a tired man and he had been very difficult for Elizabeth to work with. He was a husband, a client, an associate and a judge but never a friend. When they spoke on the phone, Michael sounded quite different. He was being more than a friend to Elizabeth; he was more than a husband. He was a very special associate. All of the work that Elizabeth had put in over the last 20 years seemed to come to fruition in one phone call. Michael was back again and his youth and his exuberance shone through, even over the phone. Elizabeth knew that Henry had a lot to do with this and once she had had finished speaking to Michael for ten minutes; she asked to speak to Henry.

Henry picked up the phone and Elizabeth said, "Thank you so much Henry. I know what you've done for Michael and I know what you've done for me and you've even done it over the phone....I don't know how and I don't care, but thanks. I'll see you when this is all over."

Henry smiled and said quietly to Elizabeth, "That's great Elizabeth. I look forward to seeing you too."

The day had been an eventful one but not once had they realised that Andrew Kelly had failed to turn up. That was until Henry remembered the phone call.

He turned around and asked, "Did anybody see Andrew?"

They all looked at one another and said, "No."

Henry picked up the phone and rang the Plaza immediately. He asked if Andrew had been seen. The voice on the other end of the line said that Andrew had gone out six hours ago and he hadn't been in contact since.

"Can you get him on the radio?" asked Henry.

“No,” came the reply from the Plaza. “He took the old truck loaded up with everything. He had us all working and loading the truck before he went but there’s no radio in that old truck.”

The alarm bells went off straight away in Henry’s mind. He knew that Andrew was quite capable but he also knew that Andrew would not set out for a meeting at an arranged destination and then not turn up. Not unless there was a major problem.

Henry put the phone down and stood for a moment. The concerned look came back to his face and Mary turned to him and said, “Henry, remember who you are. Remember how you’ve changed. Don’t go back into where you struggle again.”

In an instant Henry snapped out of it and the glow came back to his face. He smiled and said, “Thanks Mary. I needed that.”

Henry continued, “I’m not sure what to do about Andrew though. I’ll just sit with it for a moment and see what happens.”

“I’ll make a cup of tea,” said Mary and she left Henry with his thoughts as she disappeared into the kitchen.

Henry sat and contacted that voice again to find out everything he could about what was happening at the moment and what was happening to Andrew. As he settled a picture came into his mind. A picture of Andrew with his truck bogged up to the axels, sitting on the bonnet with the rain pelting all around him, while trying to light a cigarette. As soon as Henry saw the picture he laughed and he laughed out loud. Everybody came rushing in to see Henry almost splitting his sides with laughter.

Mary and Michael were standing beside one another and they both looked into one another’s eyes and thought – “is this man really with it?”

Willam went straight up to Henry and held him. He shook him and Henry put his hand up and said, “It’s okay, I just had a vision of Andrew,” and he started laughing again.

“Well tell us,” demanded Mary, curious as to what could be so funny.

Through the middle of Henry's laugh he explained, "Kelly has bogged the truck and he's trying to light a cigarette in the middle of this rain." He burst into laughter again.

They all saw the picture and they all saw the humour of the red-headed Andrew Kelly, the Irishman, steaming while sitting on the bonnet of his truck. He was so angry with himself that he was attempting to light a cigarette just in defiance. He had given up smoking some time ago but he was going to have one now in spite of the cyclone.

When Henry stopped laughing he said to the others, "I'd better go and help Andrew."

"I'll come with you," offered Michael.

"It's time for you to stop now Michael. You're not as young as you feel," said Willam.

"I'm going," insisted Michael as he turned around.

"Come on then, let's go," said Henry.

They donned their wet-weather gear once again and headed out into the wild winds of the cyclone. Henry noticed that he was not affected nearly as much as the first time he walked out. Either the cyclone was easing or he was used to it by now. In any case, he felt reasonably comfortable and with Michael alongside him, he felt even more comfortable.

It was about a ten minute walk to the spot where Henry had seen Andrew had become stuck. Sure enough, almost in the exact spot that he had seen him, there was the fully-laden truck with everything you could think of sitting buried up to its axels in the middle of a normal street. The entire paving had disappeared into the ground and left the belly of the truck sitting right on the edge of the paving. There was no way it could be lifted out without a crane.

Andrew had been sitting there for some time after working extremely hard using every bit of intuition that he had to try and get the truck out. There were bits of fence, old pipes, everything he could think of that he could gather from anywhere to attempt to lever the truck up and he had worked all day. He was now so frustrated

that he could not even move. When Henry finally did arrive Andrew did not even look up.

He was still steaming until Michael walked up and with a firm voice said, “Andrew get out of there.”

Andrew brought himself out of his mood and jumped down off the truck.

“I’m so sorry,” he said. “I know I’ve let you all down and I know that the whole project is ruined because I couldn’t get this truck out.”

“No, we managed to do it. We even forgot you were supposed to be there,” said Henry.

Andrew’s sense of humour soon came back. “You forgot me? You didn’t even miss me? And I worked all day trying to get this rotten truck out of the ground and you didn’t even miss me?” he asked.

“Sorry Andrew,” said Michael. “We were all engrossed in what we were doing. We hardly even knew each other were there but we managed to save the town.”

Andrew was feeling a bit down and asked Henry, “Do you mind if I come along with you? This has really worn me out.”

Henry said, “Fine, let’s go back to the house and we’ll have a nice cup of tea.”

During their conversation the wind had dropped and the sound of the wind had died down. That seemed to happen around Henry, but this time, the cyclone seemed to be easing. As they walked back towards the house, the walking was quite easy. Instead of leaning at 45 degrees against the wind, it was a mere 30 degrees. Instead of there being gusts that almost blew you over at every step, it was steady.

By the time they arrived at the house, Henry turned to Willam and asked, “What do you think Willam? Do you think it’s going?”

“It’s too steady. I think we’re moving into the eye,” replied Willam.

Willam remembered the time when a cyclone had come through while in Germany and how the eye of the cyclone was totally still.

Michael said, “Yes that’s right, if we get the eye of the cyclone through here, it’ll go still and then it will change direction and come back and give us the same treatment again from the other direction, which means the other half of the island will be ruined.”

Henry stood for a while and said nothing. Suddenly he moved on and ushered everybody back into the house. It seemed like he was preoccupied but he was not telling anybody what was going on inside him.

By the time everybody had moved inside, their interest had risen to the point where they were almost bursting and they wanted to know what Henry was seeing. They wanted to know more about what he was focussed on.

Henry waved them to one side and ushered them into the kitchen. “Mary, I’ve brought a couple of friends for a cup of tea,” he said.

“Okay, won’t be long,” said Mary.

Henry then disappeared. There was something going on that Henry was not telling anyone. When he disappeared, there was an air of disappointment and the conversation and questions started. Everyone wanted to know where Henry had gone, what he was up to.

“It’s okay, he’ll let you know shortly,” said Mary.

It was as if Mary knew exactly what was happening to Henry but he needed to step aside and listen. Within a few minutes he came back into the room and asked, “Is the cup of tea ready?”

Everyone looked directly at him. His face was glowing again and he was back to normal. (Well, the new normal). The beautiful feelings that came from him enveloped everyone and their questions disappeared.

Mary brought Henry a cup of tea.

He looked up and said, “The eye of the cyclone is not coming through here. It’s actually just turned and is going back the same way and as it goes back the same way, we’ll be protected by the southern hills. So it’s almost over.”

Willam jumped in very quickly and asked, “How do you know that Henry?”

“It’s okay Willam, I just know,” said Henry. “I can assure you that everything’s okay. With it turning around the way it is, most of the sand will be put back on the beach and when the cyclone has gone, it will look like nothing has happened, except for the damage to the houses and the loss of services.”

“But how can you know that?” asked Willam.

Henry stopped for a moment and said very slowly, “During the cyclone a lot happened to me. There was a part of me that disappeared - you all noticed that, but there was a part of me that was activated. It allows me to see things and feel things and know things that I never knew before. I can assure you that it is very clear and that I *know*. It’s not what I’m thinking; it’s what I *know*. I can see things that are beyond our normal vision, just like a child can. All I had to do was get away for a moment so that I could look past all of your activities and just simply see what was happening. Sure enough the cyclone is moving back on itself and we’ll be okay.”

Once again, Henry had caused them all to look at one another and question each other’s eyes.

He smiled and said, “It’s okay, we’ve all been here before and we all know what’s happening. I think it will take you all a while to get used to it and as for me, I’m so glad to be here.”

Mary wrapped her arms around Henry while he sat in the chair and she said, “Yes and I’m so glad you’re here as well.”

Henry’s smile filled the room. Once again they all felt they were in another land. A land of beauty and mystery that was so familiar to them that they did not want to move.

It was not long before Henry’s predictions were met and the winds eased and the rains became vertical instead of horizontal. The problem of additional water flow started to concern Michael. Even though the winds and the cyclone had gone, the rain was falling down in buckets.

Michael got up and rang Elizabeth. “Elizabeth, what’s happening to the gully through the middle of town?” he asked.

With relief she answered, “You wouldn’t believe it Michael. The water’s flowing but it seems to be lifting the sand and letting it come

back to fill the hole. It's like it's running backwards. It's just like the cyclone is pushing everything back to where it came from and this monstrous big gully, although with this rain you'd think would get bigger, but it's actually filling in. I don't know where the sand is coming from because the whole place is awash, but it seems to be filling up."

Michael smiled when he realised that what Henry had seen was real.

He said to Elizabeth, "That's great my dear. Can you please ring me when you think I could get across and I'll come back home?"

Elizabeth's heart lifted. Michael was never concerned about getting back home. Just that small statement indicated to her that everything had turned around in their life. She wanted to continue to talk and not let Michael go and to her surprise, he felt the same.

That was until Mary tapped Michael on the shoulder and said, "Michael, you should free up the phone in case Henry is needed."

That caused Michael to straighten up and say to Elizabeth, "I must go now Elizabeth. It's not good to tie up the phone in this state of emergency. I'll talk to you again as soon as it's clear."

To Elizabeth's surprise, Michael finished the conversation with "I love you."

Elizabeth burst into tears and replied, "I love you too Michael. I'll talk to you later." Then hung up the phone.

As the cyclone dissipated, colour started to come back into the landscape and although it was now late in the afternoon, you could still tell that it was daytime. For the past 24 hours it had been black but even though you had visibility when you were outside, inside it had seemed like night. Now though, it seemed like daytime and the brightness started to flow back into the people. There seemed to be a lot more activity now as people started venturing outside, even though it was still raining. They were inspecting the damage and looking at the light. The whole feeling of Norwick started to come alive again.

Henry stood at the window and gazed out at the sea. The turmoil of the sea was still a highlight. The tide was high and it was high up

on the beach. Many of the buildings that had previously existed in the resort locations on the beach were floating around in the water, all broken and damaged. There were several upturned boats lying in the sand. Rather large boats as well.

None of that impressed Henry. He simply looked out and saw more than what was in front of him. He saw the beauty of the universe. He watched as the sun went down and felt the calm that existed after the cyclone had cleaned the area. He knew that Norwick was no longer the same town. He knew that his life was no longer the same and that the lives of many were no longer the same. He also knew that many things had opened to the excitement of the future.

Henry's insight was unbelievable, even to him. His ability to look past what was in front of him was so interesting to him; he was totally engrossed in looking around and feeling the difference. As night came he was happy to continue looking out the window, as were the rest of the people in the household.

When the phone rang just before sundown Henry didn't even bother to pick it up. He pointed to Michael and Michael picked it up.

Elizabeth was on the other end and she said, "I'll be at Mary's house in a few minutes. I'll pick you up."

Michael simply said, "Thank you."

He knew that Elizabeth had decided to use the 4-wheel drive although she had never driven it before; she thought that was Michael's toy. She felt there was no need for it, except to drive up to the power station but she had never been to the power station and yet now here she was ready to get into a car that she'd never had any interest in, just to go and pick up Michael.

Michael's heart jumped as he realised the love he had for Elizabeth. When he put down the phone he found everybody grinning and looking at him.

He quickly asked, "What are you all looking at?"

They all laughed to themselves but said nothing. Michael sat and waited for his beloved Elizabeth to arrive. The whole household went quiet and waited for the sun to set and for night to arrive.

## Chapter 35

The day had been an adventurous one in Bill and Suzanne's household. They had all woken up early and launched into the day with the delight of having all slept in the same room. Jamie and Samuel ran wild around the kitchen and Martha attempted to follow.

Suzanne and Bill worked feverishly at making life interesting for the children. There had been many scares through the night and the day was looking like it would be the same. All of the faithful songs and games that they had gone through in the early hours had brightened everybody up. At least to the stage where the day ahead, even with its gloominess, became exciting.

Suzanne and Bill had pulled out all of the information that Willam had given them and they had sat and gone through the maps over and over again. They discussed the meaning of money and played games with Jamie, games that opened their vision to her special abilities. Samuel and Martha may still have the same abilities, but Jamie was at the age where she loved to demonstrate her abilities. When Bill got involved in the maps of the world, he found that Jamie remembered everything that Willam had shown them. She could point to every place that Willam had told them about and so they spent the day playing great games and testing Jamie's abilities. They were also testing their own memories.

But behind all of that, Bill still felt a little shaken by Simmion's statements. He felt that Simmion had overstepped the mark in telling him what to do.

Suzanne picked up on this and said, "Bill you've been steaming all day about what Simmion said, but you've forgotten about all of the good things he said. You've forgotten about the fact that he said, "you need to find out for yourself." If he had told you that you would *probably* sell your boat, you would have accepted that okay and you would have heard the rest of what he'd said. Or if he had said *you will sell* your boat.... But because he said, "sell" your boat, you react. So how about forgetting about all of that for now and just get on with all of the exciting things he mentioned. You could start

with arranging to see Simon to find out about how money works. You could find out all about what is on the island and find out how all of these predictions are going to come to pass.”

Bill said, “That’s alright for you, but I know I’ve got to hold things relatively steady and I know that without the support of the fishing, we’ve got nothing.”

“That’s right,” agreed Suzanne. “So carry on with that but keep your eyes open for what Simmion said and don’t react against it. He also said to watch Jamie and listen to her to see what she has to say and there you go that’s just what we’ve been doing all day. We’ve got a lot out of it.”

“Bill answered, “He also said to watch and listen to you and I seem to be getting a lot out of that as well.”

Suzanne laughed. Bill’s physical frame seemed to actually change in that moment. He released all of the pressure that he had placed on himself and loosened up. He felt good and Suzanne also felt good. The three children laughed; it was as if they were all connected. Everyone had felt Bill’s tension and when he relaxed, they all relaxed and he marvelled at the connection.

As the sun went down he knew that the cyclone would be gone by midday the following day and that everything would be back to normal. He knew they would all have to start again.

Somehow, Suzanne knew the same thing but the children didn’t care. They just simply played and enjoyed themselves along with Suzanne and Bill.

When it came time to go to bed, Suzanne took little Martha and prepared her for bed.

She turned and said to Bill, “Time to move the beds back.”

Jamie’s response was unhealthy. She responded poorly to the suggestion. Bill almost agreed with her, but when Suzanne explained, “We need our room and you need your room. We can’t all sleep together.” Bill agreed with Suzanne.

“That’s right, your mother’s right. Come on Jamie, let’s move the beds,” he said.

Jamie shrugged her shoulders and looked sulky. Samuel ran past her to help Bill and that made Jamie change, because Samuel was not going to be the one to help Bill, she was. She brightened up immediately and rushed to the room before Samuel could get there and started lifting the bedding. As Samuel caught up, he ran straight into a pillow and tumbled onto one of the beds. Jamie jumped on top of him and they laughed and giggled. Bill picked them both up and put one under each arm before dumping both of them in the middle of the big bed.

“Come on you two, let’s get all of this stuff out of here,” he said.

They jumped down off the bed and started gathering pillows and taking them to their room. The joy in their hearts and the joy in Suzanne’s heart was totally beyond anything that they had ever imagined. It was like in an instant the whole world had changed around them and they were all so happy. They thought they had known happiness before but in this moment everything had changed so quickly. Their laughter filled the house. Bill knew that he too had changed in those few moments before. It had affected everyone.

Suzanne sensed the big change but had no idea what it was. At the same time though she was totally accepting and totally joyful about the Bill who stood before her. The new Bill, who had no worries and felt totally at home in her house.

The darkness came quickly as the children were settled into bed. Bill decided it was time to gather some firewood. Much of what he had chopped before the cyclone had already been used. There was some wood stacked up behind the shed and now that the winds had seemed to drop, he was ready to go out and do some of his manly chores.

Before the light had completely gone, Bill stepped away and put on his wet-weather gear and his big shoes then quickly snuck out the door. The wind rattled through the house as soon as the door was opened and the slam of the door afterwards was much louder than he had expected. He was outside amongst the elements and he shivered a little when the cold winds first hit him. He had not expected it to

be so severe. He knew that the cyclone was almost over but it was still stirring up a fury when he walked out.

To get to the shed he had to go around the house because he had walked out of the front door. As he walked around the side he was shocked to see the amount of the rubble piled up against the house. The cyclone had picked up their whole chicken shed and slammed it into the side of the house. There was no sign of the chickens and Bill wondered where they had all gone. The mess was enormous and the shed was almost completely ruined. As Bill scrounged around for the timber he had stacked around the side, he noticed that there was a major crack that had developed in the sidewall of the house. The water was starting to seep into the building. He knew that it would be okay for another few days but the amount of work that it would take to repair it was more than he would have liked at this stage.

Bill decided to have another search around the rear of the house to collect any wood that had been laying around or blown off anything. He walked around the yard and searched behind the trees and found a few more pieces of timber. Suddenly in amongst the trees at the rear of the yard, where the path led off into the mountains, he found a small bird lying on the ground shivering. He slowly approached the bird and allowed it to feel his presence before he gently reached down and picked it up. It was still alive but was badly shaken and was very wet. Bill placed the bird under his coat, picked up and carried as much wood as he could in one hand and cradled the bird with the other, before walking back around the house to place the wood on the veranda. He then walked up to the door and knocked. Suzanne came out and quickly opened the door.

Slightly puzzled, she asked, "Why did you knock?"

Bill handed her the bird and said, "Here, look after this. I'll get some more wood."

Suzanne took the bird inside and wrapped it in a small cloth and started to warm the bird with her hands. It was a beautiful looking bird with lots of colours and it seemed to be a rare type for this area. It loved to be cradled in Suzanne's hands and it seemed like it started to get better as soon as she touched it.

Bill managed to gather enough wood to last them for the next 24 hours. He stacked it on the front veranda and brought in as much as he could store inside at the time. As he went in and out of the door, the wind blew and the rain came in the front door. It did a really good job of wetting the entire floor and each time the door open and closed, the bird shivered. Suzanne and the bird were pleased when Bill had finished his job, closed the door and settled down in front of the fire.

Bill and Suzanne had no idea of the significance of this little bird but they felt there was something special about it. They felt that there was something that led Bill to the spot where he had found the bird. They discussed it and figured that there must have been a good reason for the bird to be here. They took turns at cradling the bird and helping it recover. By the time they were ready to go to bed, the bird was completely comfortable in their presence and it snuggled into the towelling cloth that Suzanne had prepared for it.

Bill was happy to go to sleep that night. Many things had changed within him and he was feeling a difference in his body. Something he had never felt before. It made him tired and as soon as his head hit the pillow, he fell sound asleep.

Suzanne lay there and watched Bill for a while. She knew something special was happening to the pair of them. After they had talked to Simmion so many things felt like they had changed. Yet they had not been anywhere, they were stuck in the house and there was a cyclone raging outside. She thought about the damage to the house that Bill had told her about and was quite concerned but Bill had assured her that he could remove the mud bricks and rebuild them. He had been shown how by his father but it still gave Suzanne some concern. She was always concerned about anything that may affect the children and although it was unfounded, she was still worried.

As she watched Bill sleeping beside her, a sudden thought came into her mind. A thought that not only Bill had experienced a change in this cyclone, but many other people had experienced a change also. She lay with that thought and wondered who the other people

were and what the effect of that change would be on the island. Many other thoughts floated in and out of her mind but the main thought was the thought of the future and the prediction that had told her she would leave the island and then return again. She was not sure of the exact timing, although she had been told, it did not sink in. She considered that was not important, but she knew that having Bill beside her made all the difference in her life. She wanted to make sure that it always remained that way and she decided to seriously talk to Bill about marriage the following day. She knew that he wanted to be married as much as she did and they had been told that it would not happen straight away and that was unsatisfactory as far as she was concerned. She decided to talk to Bill about it. As soon as she had made up her mind, she relaxed and fell into a deep sleep beside her loved one.

The morning came quickly and Bill swiftly jumped out of bed as Jamie landed beside him ready to give Suzanne a big hug. Bill got straight up, not knowing where he was before realising that he was in the house with the family he loved so much. He sat back down on the bed and gave Jamie a pat on the head and leant over and gave Suzanne a kiss.

As he did, Jamie wrapped her arms around him and said, “Good morning Bill.”

“Good morning Jamie. How are you this morning?” he answered.

“Good thanks. My fairy is here again and he’s almost ready to play. He said we can play this afternoon,” she said.

“Does that mean the rain will stop this afternoon?” asked Bill.

“The cyclone will be gone this afternoon,” said Jamie.

Suddenly Bill remembered the small bird. He reached over to Suzanne and said, “Oh, I forgot the bird.”

“Don’t worry, the bird’s fine,” said Suzanne reassuringly.

“But we left it on the table,” said Bill.

“I got up early this morning when I heard the bird fluttering around and I opened the door to let it out, but it wouldn’t go. So, it’s

back sitting where we originally put it. It doesn't seem to want to go anywhere," replied Suzanne.

"Can I see the birdie?" asked Jamie.

"Yes," said Bill. "Come on we'll go and have a look."

As they walked out into the kitchen the bird popped its head up from inside the towelling wrap and chirped as it looked around. Jamie moved over to get closer to the bird and put her face up very near to it. The bird felt very comfortable with Jamie and did not move.

"Can I touch the bird Bill?" asked Jamie.

"Be very gentle," said Bill. "Just with one or two fingers."

Jamie gently put two fingers on top of the bird and stroked it down its back. The bird again did not move. It was as if it knew to be totally still and Jamie stroked it again before pulling her hand away quickly in the excitement. She turned to Bill with a big grin on her face and shook slightly with delight.

"Can we call it Mandy?" she asked.

"Yeah fine, that sounds good to me but who's Mandy?" asked Bill.

"Mandy's the bird," said Jamie.

"Yes I know that, but do you know any other Mandys?" asked Bill.

"Yes, Mandy's my friend. Mandy visits me sometimes," said Jamie.

"Oh I see. Is Mandy a little girlfriend is she?" asked Bill a little surprised.

"Yes and she's just like the bird. She's my friend," said Jamie.

Bill smiled and felt totally at ease with everything that was happening. He loved the interaction with Jamie. For some reason they both got along so well. Jamie raced off to tell her mother all about Mandy.

In amongst the exciting chatter Bill could feel there was something he had missed with Suzanne so he wandered back into the bedroom and sat down beside Suzanne.

"Is everything alright love?" asked Bill.

Suzanne looked up and answered, "Oh yes, everything's just beautiful. I'm missing you so much."

"But I'm here," said Bill.

"But I'm still missing you so much," answered Suzanne.

In that instant he understood. He understood that they had compromised their relationship by not making arrangements to be married. They were so connected; they almost knew each other's thoughts.

"So are you talking about being married?" asked Bill.

Suzanne nodded.

Jamie asked Bill, "Are you and Mummy getting married?"

"Yes we are," answered Bill.

Suzanne smiled and asked, "Do you mean that?"

"Yes, we'll make arrangements. I'm not sure how it will work but we'll make arrangements," said Bill.

Suzanne leapt up and wrapped her arms around Bill and said, "I love you so much Bill. You've got no idea what you have just done for me."

"And you've got no idea what you've just done for me," answered Bill lovingly.

The excitement of the moment took everything out of Bill's mind and allowed him to feel the love that was deep within him and the love that was coming to him from Suzanne.

Bill stood quickly and said, "Okay, if the cyclone is going to be finished this afternoon, I've got a lot of work to do. I've got to get out there and get some bricks made."

"But what about the rain?" asked Suzanne.

"Best time for it. If I get these bricks made and get them ready, then when it dries out we can put the chicken shed back together. Well, what's left of it and hopefully we'll have some of the chickens come back. So, I'll get out there and start forming the bricks and by the time they've dried in the sun, we'll have everything ready. That should work in well with what I've got to do about the boat. I need to do some fishing over the next couple of days. We'll see what happens from there," said Bill.

“So you are thinking that you may do something about the boat?” asked Suzanne.

“I’m not saying a word,” said Bill. “At this point I’m not selling anything but I do have some sort of feeling that I don’t need to fish for very much longer and besides, it’s only a matter of time before something goes wrong out there and I don’t want that to happen with you and the family here, particularly now that we’re going to get married.

Suzanne smiled. She knew that Bill was starting to take notice of what Simmion had said. She knew also that a seed had been planted and Bill was starting to see more than he had seen the night before.

As they ate their breakfast, Bill and Suzanne chatted a lot about their plans for a wedding. In the back of both of their minds they wondered how that all fitted in with the prediction of leaving the island. They both knew that any prediction was not to be driven by them. They would see what would happen if they continued in the direction that they wanted to go. They did not need to make anything happen to make a prediction come true. Though it still made them wonder, particularly with the plans they were making, it did not seem like it was possible for them to leave the island. Not just now but ever. Yet they both had a yearning, a yearning to see all of the places that Willam had shown them, a yearning to see the world and to see all the people in the world.

As Bill got up from the table to prepare himself to go and make bricks, a thought came to his mind that he had forgotten to include a visit to Simon Guthridge.

“I’ve forgotten about Simon Guthridge. If I finish the bricks on time, maybe we can get over there after the rain stops,” suggested Bill.

“I’d like that. I think it would be good for us to make sure Simon is okay. His house is a bit old and I don’t know that he is able to do much work around the yard at all,” said Suzanne.

“Well, you never know with a man like him. It seems that he has resources that we’ve never thought of. They come out of nowhere.

One minute he's dying and the next minute he's waltzing around like a 2 year old. So you can't tell," said Bill.

Suzanne agreed and Bill gave her a kiss on the cheek and a hug and said, "I'll see you soon," before heading out the door.

Time went quickly for Bill. His activities in the yard always made the time disappear. It was a little bit like when he was fishing. Life was always so peaceful when he was busy and he found that he could think about anything yet it did not affect his work. The rain started to ease off just before it was time to go in for lunch. The covers that Bill had put over his mud bricks started to look like they might dry off. The water was draining off more quickly than the rain was coming down. It just looked like the occasional spot on top of his covers. Bill was very proud of what he had done and the timing was perfect. The drying time for bricks had to be fairly long in the first stages, so that little bit of rain would be quite an advantage. Even if the sun were to come out straight away, the bricks would form up nice and solid.

Bill thought about many things while he worked. He thought about his meeting with Simon Guthridge, one that Simon was unaware of at this stage. Bill became more excited each time he thought about it. He thought about his time in Norwick and how he had become great friends with Mary, Henry and Willam in that one-day trip. He wondered how all of this fitted together.

At lunch he said to Suzanne, "I've got a little bit more to do, but I think we might head off after lunch. I'm sure the rain will be finished by the time we get to Simon's place."

Suzanne said, "That's fine. It won't hurt the children to get a bit wet and it's not so cold now. The wind has dropped and I think we need to get out of the house. I'm almost certain that if we put the bird out in the laundry, it will be ready to go by the time we come back."

They agreed, just like they agreed about everything. So once lunch was over and the children were ready, they soon found themselves on the road, all ruggged up and prepared for the walk ahead. There was an excitement in the air and quite an excitement

amongst the children. They were so pleased to get out of the house and pleased to be on their way to see “old Simon” as they called him. They always enjoyed visiting Simon’s place and the long hallway that they were able to run down all the time.

Bill’s mind was elsewhere. A cloud that had an unusual shape had been distracted him and he was sure that he saw movement. Movement that made it look quite unusual. He had the feeling of a presence and he had known about these things happening around the times of rain and overcast days. It was like there was a lot of activity from another realm. Today was very clear and he knew there was somebody or something there in the cloud. It took his complete attention.

When Suzanne spoke to him he did not even hear her. She looked at his eyes and could see that he was focussed somewhere else. She just watched him, as he seemed to get more and more in touch with the unusual cloud. When they nearly walked off the edge of the path Suzanne grabbed him and pulled him back.

She looked in his eyes and asked, “What is it Love?”

“I’m not sure. It’s just like I’m being attracted to that cloud. There’s something there that I don’t understand but it really feels good.”

Jamie looked up and said quite innocently, “Oh, that’s my friends.”

Samuel looked up and said, “They’re my friends.”

Suzanne looked at the two children and asked, “What do you mean they’re you’re friends?”

“The little boy talks to me,” answered Samuel.

“And the man talks to me,” said Jamie.

Bill then understood he was hearing a conversation of some sort but he didn’t know what it was. It was sort of in the background and he had not focussed on it, but once the children spoke he could hear. It was like a family conversation but it didn’t include him or the children, but they were just talking.

He stopped and stood still and asked, “Can you hear that?”

Suzanne answered, “No.”

Jamie said, "Yes they always talk like that. They talk funny."

"Do you know what they're saying?" asked Bill.

"No," said Jamie. "When they talk to us they stop and change so we can understand them."

"No they always talk funny to me," said Samuel.

"Do you know what they're saying Samuel?" asked Bill.

"Yes," said Samuel.

"Can you tell us?" asked Bill.

"No," replied Samuel.

"But you know what they're saying?" asked Bill.

"Yes," said Samuel.

Samuel was a child of few words. Yes and no were very definite. If he said no, then he never changed that. You could never convince Samuel to change his mind about anything. He was so sure of himself and he was so clear and he never got upset about anything. When Bill asked if he understood and he answered yes, then you knew that he understood.

Bill quickly snapped out of it and knew that it was another game that he had stepped into. Another game that the children play.

Jamie sensed this straight away and she stopped and held onto Bill's leg and said, "Bill they are real. It's okay, they're real and they're my friends."

Bill relaxed again and knew that Jamie had read his mind. He said, "It's okay Jamie. I'll accept that." He really meant what he had said. He changed his whole outlook and decided that he would be more attentive in the future.

## Chapter 36

Simon Guthridge's house was awash and to get to the front steps it looked like they would have to take their shoes off. Bill had his big all-weather shoes on and he tested the water and found that it only came up to the top of his shoes. It did not even get in to wet his socks, so one by one he put them all on his back. First of all Suzanne, he carried her across to the steps. Suzanne had Martha in her arms, then Bill went back and picked up Jamie and Samuel and brought them over before going back to pick up the stroller and brought it across. By the time he had done his third trip, there was Simon standing on the front porch with a big smile on his face. Somehow it was as if he knew they were coming. He had just accepted the fact that they had turned up and he was so happy.

Simon said, "Come in. Come in, I've been expecting you."

"How did you know that we were coming?" asked Suzanne.

"I don't know. I seemed to be told but if you hadn't turned up then I would have thought I was imagining it. When you did turn up, it just confirmed to me that I knew. I felt like I knew," answered Simon.

"You call that intuition," said Suzanne.

"A little bit more than that actually," said Simon. "It's just like somebody tells you but you weren't listening."

"Ah, Simmion again," said Suzanne.

"Possibly, but this time I think it was Sally," said Simon.

Suzanne felt the presence of Sally immediately. She nodded her head and agreed with Simon. "Yes, it's Sally. I agree with you Simon, it's got to be Sally."

He wrapped his arm around Suzanne as they walked through the door.

"You've always known these things and I'm sure Sally would be pleased that you're aware of her presence," he said.

"I didn't realise you knew when someone was around Suzanne," said Bill.

Simon turned to Bill and asked, “How long have you known this lady? She is more psychic than any person I know.”

“But why do you go to psychics?” asked Bill.

Suzanne blushed a little.

Simon said, “This little lady here can tell you anything about anything. She just doesn’t like to say. When she was little she used to tell us everything well before it happened. I think you’ll find that Jamie’s very similar.”

Bill smiled and agreed, “I’m sure Jamie’s like that; it’s just that I didn’t know Suzanne was. You’ve been holding back on me Suzanne.”

Suzanne, who was still blushing said, “Simon, you know that I don’t like to tell anybody.”

Simon said at the top of his voice, “Yes but this man is going to be your husband, so what are you talking about?”

Suzanne looked at Bill and Bill said, “No. I didn’t tell him.”

Suzanne said, “Don’t you talk about me Simon. You seemed to know everything before we got here. We came here to tell you things and now we don’t have to. You already know.”

“Oh yes you have to,” said Simon. “I want to hear all about it. I want to know what you two are up to.”

Bill and Suzanne laughed and Jamie ran down the hall in excitement. Samuel followed and Martha got up off the floor and waddled off after them.

Martha was a little bit slow at walking, but now at the age of 2, when she ran she almost took off. She went from a waddle to a run. Halfway down the hall she started to run and could not stop at the other end and she slammed straight into the wall. Everybody looked but no one said anything. Suzanne held her breath waiting for Martha’s reaction, but Martha rolled over on the floor, got up, squealed and immediately ran in the opposite direction with Jamie after her. Samuel was still trying to figure out which way they had gone.

Bill laughed and Suzanne sighed with relief. The last thing she needed right now was an upset child.

Simon commented, “Children are amazing. If they’re having fun then nothing hurts. If they’re not having fun, then everything hurts. I suppose it’s a little bit like us and it seems like I must be having fun at the moment because nothing hurts.”

Suzanne laughed. She knew Simon was having a bit of a joke.

“I’ve just made tea so I hope you’re both ready for it,” said Simon. “I even have some cookies for the children.”

“How did you make cookies?” asked Suzanne.

“Oh you’d be surprised,” said Simon. “I have my contacts, or should I say, I have my cooks.”

Suzanne’s eyebrows lifted and she said, “Ah an unknown admirer!”

“You wish,” laughed Simon.

“Come on Simon, tell us all about it,” Suzanne demanded playfully.

Simon grinned sheepishly and said, “I do have some friends you know.”

“Come on Simon. Who brought over the cookies?” asked Suzanne again.

“Oh it was just Gert from up the road,” answered Simon.

“Oh, Gert from up the road hey?” teased Suzanne. “How long has she been visiting you?”

“Hmm not very long,” answered Simon.

“How long is that?” asked Suzanne, pressing Simon for answers.

“Well, I’m not sure whether it’s 10 or 20 years,” said Simon.

Bill burst into laughter. He could see that Suzanne had been sucked into another joke. Simon was in fine form today.

Suzanne soon caught on and said, “Oh Simon, you’ve done it to me again.”

“Well, you will be inquisitive,” he continued, “but Gert was an old friend of mine at school. While Sally was around Gert wouldn’t come near the place but she used to visit Sally if I wasn’t here. Funny bird. Now that Sally has gone, she’ll visit me and does so quite often. She’s great company and I suppose if I was a bit younger, then I might do something more about it.”

“Here we go again. What are you leading me into this time Simon?” asked Suzanne.

Simon laughed and said, “Oh well. I suppose I’d better lay off. Come and have your cup of tea.”

When they got to the table everything was prepared.

“You did know that we were coming or have you got some more visitors?” asked Suzanne.

Bill jumped straight in and said, “Suzanne don’t go there or you’ll get caught again.”

“Let her go, let her go. I don’t have any more visitors, I just knew that you were coming,” answered Simon.

“Alright, we’ll call it quits,” said Suzanne.

“Fine, now have your tea before it gets cold,” said Simon.

They sat down to a lovely cup of tea and some biscuits and the conversation filled them with delight. Simon was so joyful and light-hearted about his whole life and about everything, it seemed like he’d had a complete turn around as only weeks before he was having difficulty staying around. When he had given them the money he had almost decided he was ready to go. At that stage they had not known what money was and now they were back and ready to learn.

“Okay, what is it you want to know?” asked Simon.

“Everything Simon,” said Bill.

Simon answered, “Well, you’d better give me some background.”

Bill started. He told Simon about the first meeting with Simmion and the first time he had been told that they could not be married straight away. He told Simon how they had decided they would be married. He also told about Simmion telling him to sell the boat and how he had decided he could not possibly sell the boat and that Simmion was being a little bit pushy.

Simon laughed and said to Bill, “You know Bill; you can’t do much about it. Simmion’s only telling you what’s happening. He’s not telling you what to do.”

“Well, we’ll see about that,” said Bill.

Simon cut in very quickly and said, “Bill don’t oppose anything. Just go with it and see what happens.”

Bill backed off and realised that he had gone into his old mode. He said, "I'm sorry Simon. I did that this morning as well."

Suzanne was relieved that Bill was able to see his reactions so quickly.

"Okay, we'll re-cap on everything and we'll start with the bits you left out. What you missed was that Simmion wants you to actually learn. He wants you to experience. He wants you to find out for yourself," said Simon.

Suzanne's mouth fell open.

Simon repeated the words of Simmion clearly to Suzanne and Bill.

Bill was embarrassed that he had obviously missed all of the things that were said.

Simon continued. He told them, "You must know by now that there's a connection between all of us and that Simmion makes sure that each party is aware of everything they need to be aware of. It's like when you're fishing Bill; Suzanne knows when you've returned. She knows how you are going while you are fishing and while you're away, the pair of you know if there's anything amiss. When you connect normally there's an assistance that makes sure that your communication is maintained. So when you're told to speak to me, I'm told at the same time what to tell you about."

Bill and Suzanne were all ears. Their eyes were set on Simon's eyes. They seemed to glow as he spoke. There was a slight glint in his eyes each time he came up with a special message. Both Suzanne and Bill longed for the time when they could be as clear as Simon.

"So the first thing Bill," said Simon, "is that you understand money. What you got from me were gold coins and they're gold because that's the standard that money is based on. How people use money is the same way you use fish. They trade with money. The big advantage with money is that you don't have to have a need to be able to use it. You see you trade fish for vegetables but if you've got too many fish you can end up with too many vegetables and so you have to make sure that you end up with nothing on every trade. But if you have money you can convert all of your fish to money and then

you can trade for anything. So you can trade for vegetables, you can trade for clothes anytime you want because you don't have to keep money fresh."

"But what happens to all of the fish?" asked Bill. "They'll go off."

"One step at a time," said Simon.

"But I can't see the value in money. It's no different to fish," said Bill.

Simon stopped for a moment and allowed the information to flow to him.

He said, "Look at it this way Bill, if you catch a lot of fish, you need something to store them in and if the person who has just grown the vegetables doesn't need any fish, you can't get their vegetables. You have to trade with somebody else to get whatever the vegetable grower needs. The vegetable grower may not need anything that you can get on this island. Or they may need a boat and they will try to trade vegetables for your boat. But they won't have enough vegetables to cover the trade of your boat, let alone the fact that you won't trade your boat unless you trade it for something that will get you another boat. So trading becomes very complex. Once you get into areas of boats, there is nothing you can trade for the boat unless somebody trades their house."

"Yes I can see that but I didn't have to trade for my boat. I built it," said Bill.

"Yes that's right but you traded for every component of that boat," explained Simon.

"Yes," agreed Bill.

"And then when the boat is together, if you want another boat you have to do the same and you're stuck with that boat. You can't pass it on and then get a new one."

"No," said Bill. "A boat will outlast me and it will probably be good for my children."

Simon stopped. He knew that he had to go in another direction. He knew that Bill had been brought up in the world of trading that actually worked for him. So he took another tack.

He asked, “Bill how do you think you could get a ticket on a boat to go to England?”

Bill answered, “I have no idea. What can I trade?”

“You need money,” said Simon.

“Now I see what you’re talking about,” said Bill. “So they don’t accept fish?”

“That’s correct,” said Simon. “They need money to trade for fuel. They need money to pay the people who work on the boat.”

“You’ve got me again,” said Bill. “What do you mean by pay?”

“Ah, I’d better go back again,” said Simon.

“On the boat, everything is traded in money, even your food. So if you’ve got money in your pocket, you can buy food. If you work you don’t get food, you get money.”

“Seems a bit useless,” said Bill. “You work to eat. You don’t work for money.”

Simon sighed and said, “That’s fine Bill. But when you get out into the big world, there are rules that change the way you trade and the rule is that there is a common trading method so everything is traded for money. In that way everybody has access to everything.”

Bill thought for a minute and said, “I suppose it would work if you had a lot of people.”

Simon felt the relief. He said, “I’ll go a little bit further Bill. If we had one hundred people visiting this island, all of a sudden they would want food, they would want to sleep somewhere, there wouldn’t be enough room to accommodate them. There wouldn’t be enough food to feed them because we didn’t know ahead of time. But if you knew there were lots of people visiting all of the time, you can make provision and you can sell your goods for money. You can accumulate money just like I did and you can keep it as long as you like if you turn it into gold because gold is the main standard. Just like the fish is your standard.”

Bill started to catch on but it was still a little difficult for him.

Jamie walked up and asked, “Bill can I buy a cookie?”

Bill turned around with a grin on his face and said, “Yes Jamie, how much money do you have?”

“Lots!” said Jamie.

Bill said, “Show me on your fingers.”

Jamie showed him four fingers and said, “Four.”

Bill said, “That’s fine, that’s how old you are.”

She said, “Yes I’m four and Samuel is three and Martha is two and I want to buy a cookie.”

“Okay,” said Bill.

He turned to Simon and asked, “Now what do we do Simon?”

Simon answered, “You say to Jamie that she can have the cookie for 10 cents.”

Jamie protested, “But I don’t have 10 cents.”

Bill looked up at Simon and Simon said, “But I can lend you 10 cents. Then you can buy a cookie.”

Simon said, “Okay, here’s 10 cents and you can buy a cookie and then the next time you have 10 cents you can give it back to me.”

“I see. So where is the 10 cents?” asked Bill.

Simon put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of coins.

“Wow, is that money?” asked Bill.

“Yes that’s money,” answered Simon. “Now here’s the 10 cents, see what it looks like? I’ll give that to Jamie and Jamie can give it to you and then you will give Jamie the cookie. When you pass it over you say thanks very much. Jamie gives you the money first and then you give Jamie the cookie.”

“This is fun,” said Bill.

Suzanne looked on and knew that Jamie was assisting. In her own simple way she had moved in and made money clear in Bill’s mind. Bill was starting to get excited about the whole thing and he wanted to see all of the coins that Simon had in his hand. They had gotten past the first step and Bill was so enthusiastic about the new money system that he took in everything that Simon could give him.

It was well after dark when Simon and Bill finally got to a break in their conversation. Suzanne gave Simon a small wave.

He looked up and said, “Bill, it’s time to go. I’ve just had the wave.”

Suzanne blushed a little and said, “Stop it Simon.”

Simon laughed but Bill did not know what was going on. Suzanne and Simon had their little interaction where everything she tried to keep secret, Simon revealed. Although it did not mean much to Bill, it was a great little game between Simon and Suzanne.

“Time to go?” asked Bill.

“I’m afraid so,” said Simon. “You’ve got a lot to do and remember I’m available at any time.”

“Fine, I’ll be back. Probably tomorrow if that’s okay?” asked Bill.

“That’s fine,” answered Simon. “I’ll see you all later.”

Simon stood and gave everybody a hug. He gave the children another cookie each and kissed Suzanne.

Suzanne quietly said in Simon’s ear, “It’s good to see you’re feeling so well Simon.”

“It’s great to be alive Suzanne,” answered Simon. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Off they all went, back through the puddle, the same way they entered the house. The sun had almost disappeared but the track was almost dry. Bill knew that his bricks would be in really good condition by the time he got home.

As they walked along the track Bill went over most of the information that Simon had given him. He kept telling Samuel, Martha and Jamie all about money. It was as if he was teaching himself by telling the children. He was selling cookies to Jamie and toys to Samuel; he sold teddy bears to Martha and books to Suzanne. By the time they had arrived home, Bill was very clear about how money worked and was very happy to settle down and finish off the jobs around the house.

Suzanne had taken great pleasure in watching Bill throughout the day. She could feel something growing inside her that was very hard to explain. She’d had no time with her friends to talk about her feelings and so the more she watched Bill, the more she wanted to be alongside him and wanted to talk to him. She could see Bill was becoming so engrossed in what he was doing that he had little time to

take notice of her feelings. She was not worried about it but she knew that it would cause her difficulty if she continued to pull herself apart as Bill grew. She knew that she could see a long way ahead and she knew that if she hadn't had that ability she would probably already be fighting for Bill's attention.

It was a little bit different when she was with Bill. While he was out fishing, she knew that he was totally engrossed in what he was doing and she had no sense of being left out, but in this growth that they were going through at the moment, she knew that it would not be long before she did feel left out and she had nobody to talk to about it.

Suzanne immediately focussed on Simmion and looked deeply into the eyes that she saw only a short time ago, before Bill came into her life. As she looked deeply into Simmion's eyes, her vision became real and there stood Simmion before her once again. She quickly blinked her eyes to see if Simmion would disappear, to see whether it was her imagination or not but when she opened them again he was still there. She turned away from him but then turned to face him again and he was still there.

Suzanne said immediately that she had known of his presence. "Thanks so much for being here Simmion. I seem to be heading off in the wrong direction somewhere. I seem to be concerned about something that I can see and about the direction that I'm heading in. I just need someone to talk to."

Simmion smiled and said, "*Yes, I need someone to talk to also Suzanne.*"

Suzanne was surprised. "You mean you need someone to talk to?"

Simmion said, "*Yes. I enjoy interactions but for you to bring me into reality takes quite an effort on your part. That gives me quite a thrill. So to stand here in front of you now is all your work. It's a magic that only you have. Many other people hear me but not many see me.*"

The feelings within Suzanne grew to a point where she felt that she would almost burst.

“Simmion, why is it that I feel left out? Why is it that Bill is going ahead so quickly and the children seem to be following him but I’m just standing still?” she asked.

Simmion smiled again and answered, “*Suzanne, this is all your creation. Do you call that standing still?*”

“Oh yes but that’s different,” replied Suzanne.

Simmion slowly answered, “*Nothing’s different Suzanne. In a very short period of time you have created a man in your life, happy children, a beautiful family and abundance that you didn’t have before. And now you’re taking this whole family into a new adventure, one that will take you off the island and one that will transform Bill into somebody that he never knew he could be. This is all your doing.*”

Suzanne was a little confused. “But I don’t know what’s going on,” she said.

“*That’s true,*” said Simmion. “*But you’re happy about what’s going on?*”

“Yes but I’m not happy about the way that I seem to be reacting,” answered Suzanne.

“*Ah, very good use of words,*” said Simmion. “*Seem to be, hey.*”

Suzanne stopped for a moment. “Well you know what I mean. How I will act if I keep going this way.”

“*That’s right. If you keep going this way,*” said Simmion.

“Are you playing games with me?” asked Suzanne.

“*Yes I am. The same way you are playing games with me,*” replied Simmion.

“But I don’t understand,” said Suzanne.

“*Well you have no intention of going in the direction that you saw,*” said Simmion.

Suzanne looked at him with a sparkle in her eye and answered “Well that’s right.”

“*And I have no intention of letting you go that way,*” said Simmion.

Suzanne again looked at Simmion with a smile on her face and said, “Yeah that’s right.”

“So, we’re playing a game,” said Simmion.

Suzanne giggled a little and said, “I suppose you’re right.”

“In fact, there is nothing wrong,” said Simmion.

Suzanne said “But...”

Simmion immediately stopped her and said, *“But nothing. There is nothing wrong. There never was and there never will be. You have a vision of what could go wrong if you keep going in one direction and you immediately change it. If you dwell on it, if you talk to anybody about it, you’ll make it real. Allow yourself to see things and allow yourself to cancel them. Allow yourself to sample what could happen and also allow yourself to reject it. Allow yourself to keep checking so that you know that you have the best of everything. So, when you think you are heading in a certain direction, look at it and look into the future and see where it takes you. Be quite willing to reverse everything immediately and take it in the direction where everything is perfect.”*

Suzanne smiled and said, “You’re amazing.”

“But so are you,” said Simmion. And as he said that, his figure started to disappear.

“Don’t go yet Simmion,” pleaded Suzanne.

“It’s time,” said Simmion. “Another appointment you know.”

“You will come back?” asked Suzanne.

“If you invite me,” answered Simmion. “Bye for now Suzanne,” and with that Simmion immediately disappeared.

Suzanne stood there wondering how he did that. She then suddenly came into focus again and wondered what was happening to the children. There she was standing in the laundry. She seemed to have disappeared for a while and that was when Simmion had appeared and she had forgotten about the children and where they were and where Bill was. A sense of panic came over her.

The voice came back very quickly, *“Sample it and if it’s not perfect, leave it alone,”* said Simmion.

Suzanne immediately understood and dropped the feeling of panic and walked slowly out of the laundry wondering where she was but with a smile on her face and a very special feeling in her

heart. There just outside the laundry was Martha playing with her little toys and Samuel was out in the yard with Bill checking out the bricks but she could not see Jamie, but she knew that she was okay. Suzanne picked up Martha and walked over to where Samuel was sitting and suddenly, out of the corner of her eye she saw a movement and looked around. There was Jamie, she was dancing around like a little fairy and that beautiful bird that they had forgotten about was fluttering just above her head and just out of her reach. It was almost like it was standing still and playing with her. As Jamie danced around it would come in and land on her hand or head before fluttering off again. The two of them were playing and it seemed like they knew one another. The bird seemed extremely happy and Jamie most certainly was. Suzanne knew that she was dancing with a fairy. Jamie had decided to go and play with the fairy. Suzanne knew that the fairy was there but she could not see it, she just knew it was there. She quietly walked over, touched Bill on the shoulder and pointed to Jamie. She put her finger to her lips to tell Bill to keep quiet.

Bill turned around and they both stood there watching the joyful play of Jamie, the fairy and the bird. Everything was quiet except for the tweet of the beautiful bird. It was an unusual species that they had never seen before with beautiful colours and such a light movement. It seemed to sparkle in the sunlight and as the sun was going down the rays seemed to come through its wings and cast a shadow over Jamie.

Suddenly Samuel leapt up and ran over to Jamie. He started to play and Martha wriggled in Suzanne's arms and grizzled a bit. Bill said, "Let her go," then off she went in her normal waddle and suddenly burst into a run across the grass. Just before she arrived at Jamie, she hit the ground with a thud and rolled over. She sat up laughing and Jamie reached down as she was dancing and picked Martha up with one hand. It was as if Martha had no weight at all. They all danced and laughed and Suzanne knew that they were in a magical place with some magical children and she was beside her magical husband-to-be.

Suzanne must have been speaking to Simmion for some time because as she looked around, all the debris from the chicken shed had been removed from the side of the house. She could see the massive crack and how it had started to wash away.

Suzanne said to Bill, "It's quite a big job isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a bit bigger than I thought. I may have to make some more bricks and I'll certainly make some bricks to hold up what's left of the chicken shed. I think we can do it a different way but I don't know whether I'll be able to get around to the whole lot in one go. I need to go fishing," said Bill.

"Yes, I think you do need to go fishing Bill. There's something in the back of my mind about tomorrow's fishing and I know that sometime tonight we'll get a little more insight into what it is. You definitely need to go though. I suggest that you don't do too much on the house at this stage," said Suzanne.

"Well I'll just pull a few of the bricks out," said Bill.

Suddenly an urgent message came into Suzanne's consciousness. She repeated it with such force that Bill looked up quickly to find out what was wrong.

Suzanne suddenly said, "*No don't touch the house.*"

"What's wrong?" asked Bill.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry, that wasn't me. It seemed to come from somewhere else. It came out of my mouth but it wasn't from me."

"It sounded pretty serious," said Bill, now a little concerned.

"It did, didn't it?" said Suzanne. "I suppose we'd better not touch the house at this stage."

"Okay. So maybe we'll gather the children and go for a bit of a wander around the bush and have an early night," suggested Bill.

"We've had a big walk today Bill; it's been a big day. Let's just have an early night," said Suzanne.

"That's fine," said Bill. "We'll do that."

"Come on Jamie, Samuel, and Martha. Let's go inside," called Bill.

There was an immediate response from Jamie. She turned around, her face was glowing and she said, "The fairy said two more minutes Bill."

Bill looked at Suzanne and she nodded as he replied to Jamie, "Okay we'll just sit on the step and watch you."

"Okay," said Jamie and around they went in circles again, Jamie, Samuel and Martha and the new little bird, who they had named Mandy. Bill wondered if Mandy herself was in there with the group playing with the fairy.

It was as if Suzanne knew what Bill was thinking and she said, "Yes Mandy's there. Both Mandys."

"Can you see her?" asked Bill.

"No, I just know," answered Suzanne.

"You'll have to teach me more about this Suzanne," said Bill.

"I will," said Suzanne. "Just stay with us for a while and you'll find out."

Bill laughed. He loved to sit beside Suzanne. He knew that special feeling that she had thought about earlier and spoken to Simmion about, he knew that feeling was there with them.

He cuddled up alongside Suzanne and said to her, "You know I love to just sit and talk to you. There will be times when I can't but every time I'm with you, that's what I want to do."

Suzanne turned and smiled at him, "You're very intuitive Bill aren't you?"

"Yes, whatever that means," answered Bill.

"It means a lot," Suzanne replied.

Bill's heart opened up as he held Suzanne close and caressed her. He made everything right for Suzanne again.

The children suddenly stopped playing and it seemed like in that instant the light disappeared and there was a strange feeling. By the time Jamie, Samuel and Martha had got back to where Suzanne and Bill were sitting. It seemed like it was night time.

"It's time to eat and go to bed," said Jamie.

Suzanne laughed and said, "Okay, inside all of you." And off they went, in through the door and straight into their favourite places.

They all seemed to have their own little places to play in the kitchen and dining area. It all seemed to be one area but they knew the difference. Each one of them had their little toys and books and they busied themselves very quickly. Jamie loved to read and she had a spot where the candle could be easily lit. The main light that lit the kitchen filled the rest of her pages so that she could see very clearly. She read many of the books that Bill had brought in. Bill had gathered books for many years because he had always loved books but he was not able to read properly. When he had gone back to his small hut he would open a special carry case that he kept his books in to make sure they stayed in good condition. He would then bring back a book, about once a week, to show everybody how good he was. In fact he brought them back so Jamie could teach him and together they had managed to read quite a few books.

Samuel had a little wooden truck. They were not sure where that had come from but it seemed to be very special to him. Martha had her teddy bears and dolls and the hand-me-downs from Jamie. Jamie still loved her doll and would always sit with it.

Bill busied himself helping Suzanne prepare their meal.

Bill said quite casually, "I think I'll get up fairly early in the morning and head down to the boat to make sure it's in good order. It would have taken a bit of a lashing. It has managed to survive cyclones before, but you never know. There may be some work to be done."

"We'll all come down with you in the morning Bill, just to see you on your way and make sure everything's okay," said Suzanne.

"That would be nice," said Bill. "You know I've been thinking about selling the boat but I don't know how I could possibly sell it or who would buy it. If I did sell it, I'm not really sure what else I'd do. Have you got any ideas?"

"I've never thought about it Bill. Maybe we should kick that around and ask Simmion what his opinion is," advised Suzanne.

"Okay," said Bill. "We'll do that."

The night seemed to go very fast. They all ate together then went to bed and slept.

## Chapter 37

The morning arrived with a rush for both Suzanne and Bill. The woke suddenly and had no idea why but it seemed like from the time they last spoke the previous night, to the moment they awoke, it felt like only moments.

They looked at one another with a sense of disbelief and Bill asked, “Do you feel like the night has just disappeared?”

“Yes I do. What time is it?” she answered.

“It’s 4.30am,” said Bill.

“Wow, that’s about the normal time you get up isn’t it?” asked Suzanne.

“Yes it is, but it seems like it was only moments ago that we were talking in the kitchen,” said Bill.

“That’s the same for me,” agreed Suzanne.

“Wow, anyway let’s get up and get into it then,” said Bill as he rose from the bed.

The both rolled over and got out of bed to get ready to face the day. They were ready for the new adventure.

Bill felt good when he jumped straight of bed. He had no concerns about what had happened the previous day. He was just ready to get on with the day.

Suzanne felt very fresh. Normally she would lay for a while and play with the children and wait for Bill to go, but today she was up and feeling extremely fresh, with not a thought in her mind. Except for how well she felt and how good it was to actually have nothing weighing on her mind.

The children jumped out of bed in the same frame of mind. They were all happy and joyful and it was not long before they were heading off on their way to where Bill moored his boat. He had actually made sure it was well away from the jetty on a mooring that his grandfather had put down many years ago.

As he approached the jetty he could see the damage to the buildings and where the water had come up to on the freezer room. Fortunately his small storage area and freezer room were in good

condition. There were a few planks missing off the jetty but apart from that, everything was good for Bill.

When he opened up the small store room which led into the boatshed, he was not at all surprised to find lots of little creatures hiding in there away from the winds. There was a bit of a scramble when he opened the door and out ran all sorts of vermin that he didn't really want in his shed. He knew that would be the case though. Within a moment everything was clear and he walked through into where his small dinghy was stored so that he could go out to the boat. He opened the doors and lowered the dinghy and prepared to row out to his boat.

Just as he was about to get into the dinghy Suzanne called out, "Bill, be careful out there today. I have a vision that you may have a bit of a close shave. It might be either with another boat or a whale or something like that. Just keep your mind at ease and keep your eyes open and everything will be okay."

Bill looked up and raised his eyebrows, "Wow, that's a new one."

"Yes I don't know any more than that, but the message is to keep your eyes open," warned Suzanne.

"Okay, see you soon. I'll be back in with the boat in a few minutes," said Bill.

He rowed out to the mooring and sure enough the boat was in good condition. The mooring had taken a little bit of a hiding and the ropes would have to be replaced but Bill was happy with the way everything had turned out. He climbed on board and lashed his little dinghy to the back of the boat. It was so easy to start his boat since it had been overhauled. Just one turn of the key and it came to life and that wonderful feeling that Bill had each time he went out in the boat came back to him. He said to the boat "There's no way I'm selling you baby."

Shortly afterwards there was a feeling of conflict that stirred within him. He wondered what that was all about and immediately changed his thoughts. He thought "well, I might sell you," and he felt better again. Then he thought to himself that it was funny that he

had never had those sorts of feelings. He immediately put it all to one side and concentrated on bringing the boat into the jetty.

Suzanne quickly came around to the back of the boat and untied the dinghy. She pulled it out of the way and waved Bill off. He was amazed at how Suzanne fitted in so well and how she had just saved him at least 15 minutes. He knew that she could handle the boat, so without tying off his boat, he put it into reverse and slipped it out quietly into the calm waters where he could turn and head out to sea.

Bill knew that something special was about to happen in his day. He marvelled at the beautiful feelings he felt as the engine accelerated and started to propel the boat forward in such a graceful and clean manner. He loved that feeling so much.

Bill's feelings quickly came to the surface and he knew that he had to let go of all of his past practices, so he decided to head straight out to sea and give himself some time to work on the rigging and to rig his lines. He thought he might even rig the nets. He set his manual autopilot into action; something he had rigged on the boat some time ago but had not used that often. It enabled him to sit at the back of the boat and work on his nets and work on his rigging while the boat headed in the direction that he set. He figured that he could head straight out for about half an hour before turning north and see how he felt about the fishing spots. There had been a fair amount of activity in the area with the larger boats but not much with the smaller boats. Bill was not that familiar with the area but it felt right and he needed the time to check out his rigging and make sure everything was still in order after the major cyclone.

As he set his direction and pulled the small lever that he had set down at the rear of the boat, he felt the response of the steering and knew that his rudder change had been quite successful. He had never tried it on a heavy turn but it seemed to respond very well. As he got into setting his rigs, he marvelled at how well all the equipment that had been stored for so long fitted back together. He disappeared into another world while he was working and it wasn't long before he had finished rigging everything to be able to do whatever sort of fishing he felt like. When he looked up he realised that he had a little more

time to himself and he would have to wait for a while, so he leaned back and started to take in his surroundings. He knew that this was a good time to actually let himself enjoy that part of his trip. He listened to the engines and marvelled at how well his last tuning job was going and all of the little changes that he'd made to the boat started to show themselves in every wave that it went over.

The boat responded well and did everything he had planned for it to do. As he moved around all of these things, he thought it was about time to try the steering, just to see how well the new rudder could perform. So he casually got up and moved forward to the control area, took a hold of the steering wheel and put his head down for a few seconds while he disconnected the autopilot. As he looked up something appeared almost directly in front of his boat. It leapt out of the water. He wasn't sure whether it was a whale or some debris but in the back of his mind, he had the feeling that it was a boat.

There wasn't enough time to see what was happening. He leant over on the wheel as hard as he could and heard the boat creak and grind as it turned almost instantly in the water and sent up a wave almost as big as itself. Bill knew that his rudder was working at its maximum and that its performance was much better than he had expected. He needed it to be because as the boat came around he felt the slight clunk as he came up against the object that had flown out of the water. He shut his eyes for a second waiting for another hit but it did not happen. Suddenly he saw this boat rolling over in the surf. Rolling over as an effect of the wave that his boat had created. It flipped over and bounced then shot off in the opposite direction. Bill could not believe his eyes. The boat had spun around on almost nothing and came straight back at his boat. He straightened up and instantly pulled back on the throttles while this strange looking vessel came up alongside. When the spray had settled Bill could see that it was a boat but it was a very unusual boat and it was fully covered in, yet it had flipped right over but was still working.

As it came up alongside, Bill stuck his head out of the window of his cabin and heard an unusual whir sound. A sound he had never

heard before on a boat. Suddenly he saw the top of the boat lifting to one side, like some strange door and as it came up a head popped out and a voice yelled at the top of its capacity, "Are you alright?"

Stunned, Bill replied, "Yes, are you alright?"

Willie Broltich pulled himself up and out of his cabin to reveal his shoulders and face and answered, "I'm fine. That was a close call."

"I've never seen anything like it," said Bill, looking over the vessel. "How did you do that?"

Willie put his hand in the air and called out, "Bring me alongside. I'll throw you a rope."

Bill set his boat nice and steady into the wind and left the controls to move around to the side. As soon as he got there a rope appeared over the side of the boat. He grabbed it and tied it off then threw his homemade rope ladder over the side, straight into the opening of the cabin on this strange looking boat. Within seconds Willie Broltich, with his little round agile body, had leapt onto the rope ladder and was nimbly climbing up over the side of Bill's boat.

Willie's agility surprised Bill. It didn't suit the shape of the man and his round face with his big smile.

As soon as he found his feet, Willie stuck out his hand to Bill and introduced himself, "Willie Broltich."

"Bill Sommers. How are you?" replied Bill.

Willie said, "Not bad now. Bit of a fright there a minute ago though."

Bill looked at the little round man and looked down at his boat and asked, "What is that thing?"

"Bit of an experiment," answered Willie. "Still trying to tune the thing. It didn't like the wave from your boat. Sort of flipped it around a bit."

"It turned upside down and rolled over and took off like a scalded cat," said Bill.

Willie laughed and said, "Yeah I suppose you could call it like that but I'll get it right eventually."

Then Willie lifted his eyebrows and said, “Sommers hey? Are you really *the* William Sommers?”

Bill laughed and said, “No, that’s my uncle. I’m Bill and yeah, my grandfather was William as well but I’m just a fisherman. Nothing fancy like the rest of the family.”

“Yeah, I’m a bit like that myself. I suppose you know about me?” asked Willie.

“No I don’t. Tell me,” said Bill.

“Broltich! Broltich! Don’t you know of Willie and John Broltich? Boatshed?” asked Willie; quite surprised that Bill had not heard of him.

Very steadily and with hesitation, Bill replied, “No, I can’t say that I recall that name.”

Willie was surprised because everybody knew of the “Broltich Boatshed”.

He said to Bill, “We’ve got the biggest boatshed on the island. You must know.”

Bill said, “Oh you’re the....,” and stopped himself immediately.

Willie laughed and said, “Yeah, yeah. Now you know us. We’re the ones but what everyone says about us is not quite right.”

“You’re the smugglers!” said Bill.

“No, no, no. We don’t smuggle,” said Willie. “We just play around a bit with the black market and we sell things for money.”

Bill couldn’t believe his ears. “You sell things for money?” he asked.

“Yeah,” said Willie, “and everybody thinks that’s bad but it’s not so bad. We’re pretty straight. We do a few things on the quiet because somebody makes rules that you’re supposed to follow, but we’re okay.”

“Can I make you a cup of coffee Willie?” asked Bill.

“That would be fine,” answered Willie and off they went into Bill’s cabin. Bill went over to the controls and shut down the engine and then went over to boil the water.

“Not a bad vessel you’ve got here Bill,” said Willie while having a looking around.

“Yes, I’ve just finished doing it up,” answered Bill. “It’s not too bad at all. I only take it out for day trips but it will take a fishing trip for a week. It’s got all of the refrigeration and all the supplies. It’s got good engines and a good standby. The radio’s pretty good but there are a few spots around here that sort of black it out for some reason.”

“That’s strange,” said Willie. “That happens to us also. I’ve never been able to pinpoint exactly what causes it and it’s never in the same place. The radio just stops.”

“Yes, well I had an experience the other day where the whole engine system stopped. I couldn’t start anything,” said Bill.

“How did you handle that?” asked Willie.

“Well it took me a while and I’d still be there if an old friend of mine didn’t come in and tell me what to do,” answered Bill.

“Oh, so you had someone with you?” asked Willie.

“No,” said Bill. “It was just a voice. Yeah, Joe died out here a year or two ago but he still floats around. He comes and gives me a hand when I need it.”

Willie’s eyes lit up and he asked, “You mean you hear people talk?”

“Don’t you?” asked Bill. “Don’t your friends talk to you occasionally? Those who have gone on and those who are looking after you?”

“I often argue with myself,” replied Willie.

“No, no, that’s not you. You’re arguing with somebody else,” explained Bill.

“That’s just amazing. I’d like to know more about it Bill,” said Willie who was still quite taken aback.

“Yes, I would too and I’d also like to know about how you sell things for money,” said Bill.

Willie laughed, “You don’t really want to know do you?”

“Yes for some reason I’m getting pushed in that direction so I would like to know,” came Bill’s reply.

Willie sipped the last drops of his tea and said, “Not bad tea Bill, considering you said you were going to make coffee, but not bad all the same.”

Bill blushed a little, “Oh that happens to me sometimes. I make whatever is there in front of me.”

“Well, I must be away,” said Willie.

“Fine, though I’d like to know more about your vessel Willie,” said Bill.

“You would?” asked Willie.

“Yes I would,” replied Bill.

“I’ll tell you something Bill. The main reason I pulled up and came back was to tell you that I don’t want you to tell anybody about my new vehicle,” said Willie.

“Vehicle?” said Bill.

“Yeah, it’s not a boat; it’s a bit of everything. I’ll show you later but I don’t want you to tell anybody about it. Not until you know all about me and about how I work and how this all works and about the fact that I’ve been building this for a lot of years. I don’t want anybody to know anything about it until I’m finished,” explained Willie.

“That’s fine,” said Bill. “I don’t like telling people things either.”

“So, I suppose we need some sort of deal so that it’s okay for you to keep that secret,” said Willie.

“Well give me a ride on your boat sometime and we’ll talk more,” suggested Bill.

“That’s fine,” agreed Willie. “How about I meet you here tomorrow. Same place, same time.”

Bill looked at Willie and asked, “Out here?”

“Yeah, you can find the place again can’t you?” asked Willie.

“Yes, yes I can,” answered Bill.

“Okay then. I’ll meet you here tomorrow at the same time,” said Willie.

“Fine,” said Bill.

Willie jumped up and stuck his hand out again and shook Bill’s hand with vigour. He said, “It’s great to meet you Bill.”

Willie had never had a friend that he could talk to the way he could talk to Bill and Bill felt that amazing connection. He had only met the man a few moments ago but there he was thinking that he had just met his best friend. He was sure Willie was feeling the same way.

When Willie disappeared into the boat he too was thinking about the meeting. So much so that he almost forgot to untie the rope.

He started to close the door with that familiar whir and heard Bill shout, “Hey Willie! The line!”

Willie stopped the door closing immediately and stuck his head out to see what the problem was. He disconnected the line that held the ladder and Bill dropped Willie’s line back into the cockpit. They both laughed and Willie stuck his thumb up in the air and Bill knew exactly what that meant, that everything was okay.

The whir sound started again as the door shut and Willie thought that he might give Bill a bit of a thrill. He opened the deep-sea pump and pumped water in to the bilge tanks and down went his boat below the surface.

Bill almost panicked as he saw the boat go down. He was about to throw the life raft over when he heard the roar of the engines. He looked over the side and saw the stir of water behind the boat that he thought had just sunk. He saw it take off under the water and then leap out of the water just like he had seen when it came out in front of him. A thrill came into Bill’s body as he saw this rather large boat leap out of the water and skip along the top, just like it had done when he had almost ran into it. It did the same high-speed turn and then leapt over a wave. Then there was a sudden slowing of the boat as it sat down in the water and moved along steadily.

Bill shook his head and thought “that’s unbelievable power that he’s got in that boat.” He knew that he would have to come back there at the same time, same place tomorrow to find out more about Willie Broltich and his amazing underwater boat.

It was hard for Bill to focus on what had just happened. It was just like his life had turned into a sudden whirlwind and in came Willie Broltich and his boat. Lots of new information, a whole

different world and a whole different pace that almost blew his life out of the water. He could not focus on fishing for some time and the relaxed state that he was in before the incident had soon disappeared.

Bill gathered his old being together. He paced up and down the boat a few times and then stopped and thought, “Wow, what’s happened to me? A whole new life has flashed before my eyes and I really don’t want to do what I’m doing now.”

Bill really struggled with himself for a moment. He then recalled the words of Simmion where Simmion had told him he would sell his boat or his boat would go up for sale in a couple of days. Bill now thought that that was a definite possibility. His mind then flashed back to his old standards where he needed to fish and he needed to gather resources to get him through the next few months. The new standards and the old standards seemed to be totally different and so far apart, yet they existed within Bill all at one time.

Just then the radio call came, the one that checked where everybody was that morning. Bill snapped out of it very quickly and rushed in to listen to how everybody was going with their fishing. It was like he was suddenly back into his old world and he suddenly felt quite comfortable.

As soon as he heard the first report he knew that the fish were on. He didn’t wait around very long before he started to drop his rigs over the side and move his boat forward and set his lines for what he felt would be a big catch. He didn’t have to wait long before the fish started to roll in.

Bill was back into his old life again and he felt the muscles in his back strain as he started to pull in his load of fish. He loved that feeling and he knew his strength. He loved the feeling of bringing up the big ones and he started to get into his working pace and soon all other things disappeared, except the sense of Suzanne’s presence. It grew more and more as the morning went on, to a point where he could almost talk to her. He could hear Suzanne talking to him. He smiled as he attempted to talk back. To his surprise, he thought that

she had actually heard him. So he relayed much of what had happened that morning as he worked at his normal tasks.

As the winch pulled in the last long line he couldn't wait to return to see if Suzanne was actually waiting for him. He had told her roughly what time he would be in and that he would be coming in from the other direction. He wanted to see if she had actually picked up on him as he rounded the north rocks.

Once again Bill's life took a turn. It turned so strongly towards Suzanne and the future that he slipped out of his fishing mode and went back to being a family man. By the time he arrived back at the jetty he was ready to unload and go through the regular procedure of cleaning the fish, storing them and getting everything ready so that he could go home with the children. He wondered if they would all be there so that they could play while he worked and he knew that it had saved a lot of time whenever Suzanne helped him. He loved to receive that assistance and loved to be with the family.

As he rounded the north rocks he knew that Suzanne was looking in his direction. He knew that their conversation had taken place and he felt proud of everything that he had achieved and proud of everything that was starting to show in his nature. He remembered back to the time when he had healed Jamie. He remembered the comment about Simon and Simon's comment about Suzanne's psychic abilities. He wondered what direction they were all taking. It seemed like they were all starting to show special gifts and that possibility took Bill further into a new and unknown world of mystery once again.

As Bill shifted the boat into reverse he swung the wheel and marvelled once again at the performance of his new rudder. The boat moved nice and smoothly into the jetty and came to a standstill a moment before it touched. He thought to himself "old Willam couldn't park his car as good as that." He laughed to himself and then looked up to see Suzanne flying through the air towards him once again as he got out of the cabin. He caught her in her arms and in that same movement, threw the line over the big bollard on the jetty with such ease and accuracy that he hardly needed to look. As

he tied the boat, Suzanne clung to him like she was never going to let go. They laughed together and quickly hopped onto the jetty to catch the children before they ran into danger.

Before Bill could get halfway down the jetty, Jamie arrived and just as her mother had done, jumped straight into Bill's arms. Samuel followed and little Martha wrapped herself around his legs. Suzanne smiled and thought what a happy family. She could not believe how well they all got on and how excited they all were about life. When she thought back only a few months ago, she could not believe the change. If what she was hearing from Bill was correct, she also would not be able to believe what was to happen in their near future.

Bill's catch was enormous and it took them a little longer than they had expected to clean and freeze all of the fish. They were all delighted with the result however, even though they had an appointment with Simon Guthridge, they knew that the time spent in preparing everything for storage was much more important than being on time for Simon. Besides, Simon had not set a time; they had set the time. So it was only their schedule that they were a little late for, not Simon's.

## Chapter 38

Their trip to Simon's place was happy and light-hearted. When they arrived they found Simon was waiting in his usual spot on the porch. The water had subsided and the path to his front steps had been cleaned up and was dry, although the grass was quite muddy.

Simon quickly stood up as they arrived and walked halfway down the steps to meet them.

He put up his hand and said, "Stop! There's an entrance fee. You cannot cross the path until you pay 35 cents each."

Bill and Suzanne laughed and put their hands down to stop the children moving forward. Bill was the first to speak. He knew that Simon was intent on showing them something, though he wasn't sure what it all meant.

"Simon, what's the game?" he asked.

"You can't come along the path until you pay 35 cents each," repeated Simon.

"But we don't have 35 cents, and besides, I don't think I've ever seen 35 cents," said Bill.

"Well, I'm sorry, then you can't come in," replied Simon.

Bill shrugged his shoulders, "But I don't have it."

"That's your problem, but until you have 35 cents, you can't come in," said Simon once again.

Suzanne put her hand up to Bill and explained, "It's alright Bill. It's just like you can't go into the sale unless you take a cake along."

Bill settled down and tried to figure it all out. "Okay and if you don't have a cake you can't get in. That's right, so what do you do? Do you borrow a cake from somebody else?"

"If you can," answered Suzanne.

"Yes but how are we going to borrow 35 cents?" he asked. "Nobody has got 35 cents."

He looked around at Suzanne and looked back at Simon. A lot of frustration started to build within him. He did not want to play this game.

Jamie ran forward, right across the path and up to Simon. “Simon, can you lend me 35 cents?” she asked.

“Sure I can Jamie. I can lend you 35 cents,” answered Simon as he reached into his pocket and gave Jamie the money.

Jamie ran straight back over to Bill and gave him the money. “There you are Bill, you can go in now.”

Bill looked around and everyone was smiling. He leant down to Jamie and said, “Thanks Jamie.” He took the 35 cents and walked up to Simon.

Simon held out his hand and said, “Thank you, you can now pass.”

Bill shook his head. He didn’t quite understand what was happening.

Then Jamie ran back again and asked, “Simon, can you lend me 35 cents?”

Simon answered, “Sure Jamie” as he lent Jamie the 35 cents. “Jamie, now you owe me 70 cents.”

Jamie shrugged her shoulders, ran back to Suzanne and gave the 35 cents to her mother.

“No, give it to Martha,” said Suzanne.

So Jamie gave the money to Martha and pushed Martha forward towards Simon.

Simon waved his arms and held them open and Martha toddled forward slowly but surely with the 35 cents tightly gripped in her hand. When she got to Simon she stopped about an arm’s length from him, looked at the money, then looked back at Simon and looked back at the money before she quickly stuck her hand down in her pocket.

Simon laughed and said, “Well Martha, you can’t come in unless you give me the money.”

Martha kept her hand in her pocket and turned around to Suzanne with a big grin on her face. She said nothing before taking her hand out of her pocket to look at the money again.

She looked back at Suzanne and her mother nodded and said, “Yes Martha, give the money to Simon.”

Martha turned around and giggled. She ran up to Simon and gave him the money. Simon patted her on the head and said, "Thank you Martha, now you can come in."

Samuel jumped up and down and said, "It's my turn, it's my turn."

The same process occurred - Jamie got the money from Simon and instead of 70 cents that she owed, it was now \$1.05 and then on they went until Jamie owed Simon all of the money but everybody managed to get past Simon.

"Now everybody remember who owes who money and how much you owe. We'll sit down and find out how much we made out of 35 cents," said Simon.

Bill and Suzanne looked at each other and wondered what Simon was going on about, but it must be some sort of game they thought. The children thought it was great fun so and maybe it was fun.

Bill had a deep frown on his face. Simon walked up to him and touched his forehead.

He said, "Bill, it's just a game. Let it go."

Bill shrugged a little, put his hands in his pockets and Simon said once again, "Let it go Bill. It's alright. You'll see what we're talking about very soon."

Bill was quite reluctant to let all of this anguish go. He really didn't want to play, and in particular, he didn't want to be controlled.

Simon patted him on the shoulder as Suzanne came up beside him. Gradually he melted and was soon back to the old Bill again.

Simon knew that he had put everybody through an exercise that they would not forget, but he wanted to show them exactly what would happen. He wanted to show them how the consciousness of money grows very quickly if you use it and how Jamie managed to accumulate a massive debt and how each other person held the same debt but only 5 people passed Simon. He was about to explain to them how the numbers did not seem to add up and how one person can accumulate a massive debt and yet achieve no more than anybody else. Also, he would explain how it is necessary sometimes for a person to do that, so that everybody else can move forward.

Bill who on the other hand had been so excited how things had happened earlier in the day, really just wanted to tell Simon all about his adventures. He was not that interested in playing games.

When Simon said, "Everybody in. Sit down at the table. Suzanne, you can make the cups of tea," he turned to Bill and said "Bill come here, I want to talk to you."

Bill did not know what was going on. Simon put his arm around Bill and half wobbled with him down the hall and towards Simon's bedroom.

When they got almost halfway, Simon turned to Bill and said, "It's alright Bill. I know you've had an exciting day. I know we need to talk, but right now I need to change your direction promptly so that you understand everything that's happening in this moment. It's more important than you realise because by tomorrow you will need to use what I'm showing you."

Bill looked at Simon with a strange look on his face.

"It's okay. I know that we have to get through this lesson. Just trust me Bill and come along with us," explained Simon.

"That's fine Simon," as Bill put his arm around Simon's back and gave him a bit of a squeeze.

"Good on you Bill," said Simon.

After that, Simon and Bill joined everybody at the table. As Suzanne served the tea and the drinks for the children Simon got out his matchbox and started to deal out matches. He put 3 ½ matches in front of each person as they were drinking their tea and eating the cakes and biscuits (that came from nowhere once again).

Simon explained, "Now I have lent you all 3 ½ matches. Let's call them cents, 35 cents."

Martha quickly grabbed the matches and went to put them in her mouth.

Suzanne grabbed her hand and said, "No, leave them on the table."

Martha put her hand back on the table but did not want to let the matches go.

“That’s fine Suzanne, they’re her matches,” said Simon. “But remember, I lent them to her. Now if you count up how many matches I’ve lent, I’ve lent 17 ½ matches.”

They all counted them up and sure enough, he’d lent 17 ½ matches.

Simon explained, “Now you see that to be able to do that I had to have the matches first. But when I lined you all up at the door and said you owe 35 cents for entry, nobody had any money, but with my small investment of 35 cents, which is 3 ½ matches, you all ended up owing me 17 ½ matches. So we’ve created a little bit of magic. Out of nothing, you owed me 17 ½ matches.”

“Yes but that was payment to get in,” said Suzanne.

“Ah yes,” said Simon. “But see the simplicity of how we made money by putting a little bit of money up front. Out of my investment plan, which was 35 cents to get in, I would end up with \$1.75, but the plan was impossible if I didn’t put in the 35 cents.”

Suzanne shook her head and Bill just looked puzzled and asked, “What do you mean?”

“Well Bill, you’d have still been standing out there if I hadn’t said to Jamie that I would lend her the 35 cents. You would also have been standing out there frustrated and wanting to fight me if Jamie hadn’t run up and asked me to lend her the 35 cents,” replied Simon.

Bill started to grin.

Simon continued, “So you can see there are some natural leaders, even little children lead the way to make things possible. So my willingness to invest 35 cents made our transaction real and Jamie’s willingness to ask made it more than real because she took on the initial debt and now you owe her. You probably feel okay about that though.”

By this time Bill was starting to grasp what he was being shown. He didn’t mind owing Jamie 35 cents but he sure as hell didn’t want to owe Simon 35 cents. As he had no debt to Simon he was happy about that and neither did anybody else. Jamie had a debt to Simon and she was not at all worried about that. She knew that everybody

else would pay her so that all she owed Simon was 35 cents. So, out of the whole exercise, everybody had worked together to make the transaction real.

Simon went on, "Now what we'll do is we'll take a piece of paper and we'll find out who owes who what money and where it all goes to in the end and the advantage of having it the way it is now."

He handed out a little slip of paper to everyone, even one to Martha. She immediately placed her wet fingers on it and covered it with biscuit.

Everybody had a bit of a laugh but Simon said, "No, this is real. Now if we have a look at Martha's debt, she has a debt to Jamie of 35 cents, so we'll write that down. It's the same with all of you; you all have a debt to Jamie for 35 cents. So, who has the most money owing to them?"

Everyone looked at Jamie. Simon continued, "So who can say that they have the greatest ability to get money?"

Jamie answered, "Me."

"So you can see that Jamie has money owed to her and as such, if we just look at that, she has done very well out of the exercise."

"Yes but she owes that money to you," said Bill.

"That's right," said Simon. "Now if it doesn't have to be paid to me straight away, Jamie has access to more money than anybody. Jamie's happy about all of her family owing her money because she knows that her family has got some gold and they can actually pay, but nobody else can do much with the money, except gain entry into my house. Their debt is clear and they have entry, but nothing else, whereas Jamie can actually do a deal with me to wait for a little while before she pays me and she has access to more money that she can do other things with. Money that she can invest the way I did to have more people owe her money and in fact the money hasn't gone anywhere. If we distribute all the money back again, if you hand me back all the 3 ½ matches, or you pay Jamie your 3 ½ and she pays me, there are no matches left on the table. But if you pay Jamie your 3 ½ matches and I say that I don't need the matches right now, Jamie has all the matches. She can do what she likes with those matches,

provided she has made sure that whenever I need some matches, she has some available. She can even take on loans for other people and be able to pay with the money that's flowing through her hands."

"So hand the matches over to Jamie, come on everyone," said Simon. "Now Jamie what do you want to do with your matches? Do you want to pay me back or do you wish to play another game?"

Jamie jumped up and said, "Let's play another game."

"So you see Bill, even a child knows what to do. Even a child knows that if they give me back all of the money then it's all over. So the game is to find another game or another way to do what we did on the way in and then you'll see that money is useful," said Simon.

Bill marvelled at the exercise that they had just been through. He asked Simon, "Can we do more?"

"Not right now Bill, that's enough for now," said Simon. "We'll keep our pieces of paper and we'll remember who has what then we'll play another game later. So let's pack it all up and we'll have another cup of tea while we listen to your adventures."

Bill was so excited about what he had just seen and learnt and he wanted to know more. Although he hadn't known Simon as well as Suzanne had over the years, he had known that Simon was a man of his word and that if he said no, he meant no, and if he said yes, then he meant yes.

It came time to pack everything up and do exactly what Simon suggested. Bill had almost forgotten about the early part of the day, he had been so engrossed in the money exercise. When he got to the point where everything was put to one side and the table was cleared, he was a little surprised when Simon looked at him and said, "Okay, your turn Bill. Tell us all about today."

Bill reeled a little with the shock of having to change so dramatically. It was like changing from one world to another. He stood still for a moment and let his thoughts catch up before he blinked a few times.

"Wow, it's pretty difficult to change so quickly from one thing to another," he said.

“That’s something you’ll have to get used to Bill. You’ll be living in many different types of worlds and to change from one to the other in an instant is quite a skill. So get used to it and when it happens just take a deep breath and allow the sensation to go right through your body and you’ll change immediately from one scene to another and from one mode of operation to another. You’re body might even shiver a little as this occurs but make sure you don’t lose any time over it and do it nice and fast,” said Simon.

Bill understood what Simon was talking about because that was exactly what had just happened to him. Bill smiled and marvelled at the knowledge of this old gentleman before settling in to tell his story. Everyone settled to hear Bill’s story.

“Right then, you’ve never seen anything like the boat I saw today. I actually headed north towards the fishing area for the large boats and I hadn’t gone very far when suddenly right in front of me this thing leapt out of the water,” he said excitedly.

“It actually looked like a small whale but it was that close that if I hadn’t changed my rudder last week, I think I would have hit it. Or if I hadn’t been at the wheel at the time, I certainly would have hit it. As it was we just touched. The sudden wake of my boat flipped it over and over in the water. It just rolled and spun like something silly in the water then it took off and did a really fast turn before coming straight back beside my boat. Then to my surprise, this funny door lifted up and made a strange whirring sound and out popped a little round faced gentleman who introduced himself as Willie Broltich,” said Bill as he looked around at each of them.

Everybody’s face was bright and focussed on Bill. As he looked around he wondered why there was no response. They were all sitting there waiting for more, including Suzanne who he had already told some of this before. It looked like he was the storyteller now so he continued. He told about his conversation with Willie and how Willie was really interested in everything that Bill was doing and how they had got along so well. He told of how he had promised to meet Willie again tomorrow at the same place, at the same time and how he had promised to show Bill his boat.

Bill then went on to describe his own personal excitement of something he could feel but didn't know how to explain. He knew that something special was happening and that somehow he would be involved with Willie Broltich in some way or another. He expressed the fact that even at the time, he thought for some reason the statement that Simmion had made about putting his boat up for sale had made some sense. He did not know what it was all about.

When he said that he didn't know what it was all about, Simon jumped up quickly from his chair and said, "That's it Bill, I've got the picture now. I think I can fill you in on what's happening."

Everyone's eyes then turned to Simon and he explained, "I've been told that I have to show you how money works. I've been told to show you how money comes out of nowhere and how it can be manipulated in such a way that you will have access to the use of money, rather than the ownership and how you can use the things that belong to you to turn them into not just money as a conversion, but turn them into something that gives you access to money. I think we've got to use your boat like I used the 35 cents."

Bill's eyes widened. He could not see how that could be done but he knew it was correct.

He said, "Keep talking Simon, I think you're on track."

"I'm sure I'm on track," agreed Simon. "I was told but I didn't understand what I was being told, so now I know what I've got to show you and I know that after you speak to Willie Broltich, you'll be ready to actually do a deal with him. Just make sure that when you speak to him you tell him you're interested in everything he's interested in and then you come back to me so that we can talk it over. We'll be able to figure out a way to make it work best for you. If he wants a decision straight away, tell him you've made your decision but you've got to clarify a few things before you settle it."

"Yes, I can do that," said Bill. "It's roughly the same as I do with booking up a load of fish. I say I've got a load for you, but it all depends on the catch."

"Yeah, a little bit like that," said Simon, "but I know you'll handle it okay. The big thing is that we all stick together and we all

know what's happening. Just like we did with the 35 cents. You can't do it alone because if you do it alone it's either you have something or you don't have something. You must have people involved."

Bill could see that and he knew the value of the earlier exercise.

"This is an amazing exercise Simon. How could it possibly be anything but something from above? No human could put all of this together," said Bill.

The smile on Simon's face just grew and grew and he started to glow and look younger and younger as Bill spoke. He nodded at Bill. He was so pleased at what he was hearing.

Bill turned to Suzanne and asked, "Did you know any of this was happening Suzanne?"

"I have a feeling but I don't know much about it, but I do know when it fits the big picture. That thing that's deep inside me," answered Suzanne.

"Well," said Bill.

Suzanne laughed and turned to Jamie, "What do you think Jamie?"

"I want to go on the boat!" replied Jamie.

Suzanne looked up at Bill and said, "There's your answer."

Bill knew the simplicity of that. He knew that if it weren't supposed to be, then at least one of the family would have said no.

"What do you think Samuel?" asked Bill.

"Boat!" said Samuel.

Martha's answer was the same, "Boat!"

"I'll go along with that," said Simon. "Boat for me too!"

"Okay, let's have a look at what we're doing and we'll take it on as a family," said Bill.

The joy around the table was such that it felt like an electric current passing between them all and it grew into excitement, then into laughter. Martha started it all by giggling and then Samuel leaned over to tickle her; then Jamie jumped around laughing. Suzanne soon followed, then Simon and then Bill felt the seriousness dissolve in his body and he joined in as well.

It was one of the best feelings Bill had ever felt. It seemed like everything rolled up into one and his love for everyone simply blossomed within him. He could feel the energy rising in his body. It was a special energy that he had never experienced before. He could feel his hands beginning to tingle and burn slightly. It continued yet he felt so good. Soon everyone started to look at him and he had no idea why but he was feeling better and better every minute. The energy he could feel fascinated him because he had never felt anything like it.

He looked over at Suzanne and her face had changed. It looked so mellow and loving. He looked around at Simon and Simon was looking back at him with his mouth open. Jamie came up alongside Bill and put her arm around him. He could feel everything within Jamie and he felt the brilliance of her energy as it mingled with his. It was as if they were both alight. Suzanne's mouth opened in amazement and Bill knew that there was something very special occurring. He looked down at Jamie and he could see a slight glow around her. He wondered if it was the same for him. He immediately felt the energy around him and he knew it was the same. He felt so normal and so at home. He allowed the energy to increase and he became more and more comfortable with the whole world.

Suddenly he realised that he could see more things in the room, more than just the people sitting around the table. He wondered what that was all about but he wasn't surprised. He could see outlines of people and they seemed to be coming into focus the more his energy rose. Then, there across the room, as clear as any other person was Jamie's fairy. He looked down at Jamie and she looked over at the fairy and then back to Bill.

She said, "See Bill, my fairy does exist."

"She most certainly does Jamie," replied Bill.

Jamie let go of Bill and skipped over to the corner to play with her fairy. As she did so, Bill's energy began to fade a little and his vision started to return to normal. Within a few moments, he was standing there with all sensations gone but feeling totally comfortable.

“Bill do you know what just happened?” asked Suzanne very gently and quietly.

Bill did not feel like answering or responding to anything. He was in such a mellow space. He really did not want to return.

“Just leave him for a while Suzanne,” advised Simon. “We’ll just all sit quietly for a spell. We mustn’t disturb him too quickly.”

Suzanne and Simon sat there for what seemed like hours while Bill gradually returned to his normal consciousness.

Suddenly Bill spoke, “Wow, what was that?”

He was so bright and wide-eyed. He looked backwards and forwards at everyone and said, “That was an amazing feeling. You two looked a bit funny. What did you see?”

Suzanne walked over to Bill and wrapped her arms around him, “Bill, you’ve got no idea who you are do you?”

“What do you mean?” asked Bill.

“The person we saw here a while ago definitely didn’t come from here,” she answered. “The person that we saw in you was such a majestic being, somebody who we have never seen before on this island. Somebody very, very special.”

Puzzled, Bill quickly turned to Simon and asked, “Do you know what she’s talking about Simon?”

“I most certainly do,” answered Simon. “We all saw it and now we know why you had the ability to heal Jamie and why Jamie and you work so well together. When Jamie came alongside you she started to glow just like you did. Together you made quite a pretty sight.”

Bill was very surprised but he felt good about it. He looked across the room at Jamie and saw the freedom in her movements. He looked down at Samuel, his smile was so gentle and loving and then over to Martha, who had her vision fixed on Bill.

He looked at Suzanne and said, “Wow, everything’s different!”

“It most certainly is different. It’s different for us as well,” said Simon. “I think the whole world has changed for us all in the last few minutes. I’ll be looking forward to seeing what happens tomorrow.”

Bill had no idea of what Simon was talking about because he had actually forgotten everything. He was too involved in the moment. When Simon repeated, “Bill we’ll just have to see what happens tomorrow,” Bill realised that he must be missing something.

He said, “I’m sorry Simon, what was that again?”

“I’m sorry to bring you back Bill but I have to tell you that right now you’ve got to know that there is something special happening tomorrow,” replied Simon.

Bill found himself in an unusual place where it was necessary to flit from one world to another and he immediately recalled Simon’s earlier statement. He stood quickly, took a deep breath and allowed the change to happen. His consciousness was filled with the full story that had taken place earlier that day. He saw the picture of the meeting with Willie Broltich and he shook his head, “Wow, that’s better than a stiff drink Simon. That really shakes you up.”

Simon laughed and said, “Well done Bill. So now we’re back into this part of the world and know that the rest hasn’t gone. You can do that at any time. We will talk again about the special being that you are but right now you have to know that your actions tomorrow are something that we can’t rehearse. It’s something that will happen naturally. Make sure that you go along with your feelings, not with your mind and make sure that you have no reaction to anything because this is the key point in setting you up to do all of the things that Simmion said you would do.”

“That’s fine Simon, I feel like I can do anything at the moment and I’m sure that I’ll feel the same way tomorrow,” said Bill. “I don’t seem to have any doubts about anything and somehow I think I can have everything all at the same time. I don’t think I need to throw away the things I love. I don’t think I have to sacrifice anything.”

“You’re a fast learner Bill,” said Simon. “Many of us have spent a full lifetime here and still have not figured that out. Somehow you have an immediate knowledge of it all so stick with it and come over here and give me a big hug.”

Bill was not sure what Simon was on about. He thought to himself men shake hands, they don't hug each other. Simon was talking to him like he would talk to Jamie. Bill looked a little strangely at Simon.

Simon said, "Bill come over here I want to show you that a hug is not just for a child and it's not just for male and female. It's for everyone. I want to break that rule that's been placed on you over the years. Now come here!"

Bill reluctantly walked over to Simon and as Simon wrapped his arms around him, he knew exactly what Simon was talking about. He felt like he melted in the arms of the old man. They stayed there for so long that Bill did not want to leave.

When Simon eventually pulled back from Bill he looked him in the eye and said, "Bill one day you'll know what special energies you have around you. I just cannot believe what I've just experienced."

"My experience was the same," replied Bill.

"I can assure you that it wasn't the same and you'll understand that one day," said Simon.

Simon turned to Suzanne and said, "You look after this man Suzanne!"

"I understand Simon," came Suzanne's reply.

Then as quickly as they had arrived, Simon had them out the door. It was like suddenly he had said, "that's it, away you go."

They packed up everything and Simon shuffled them out the door. They were all standing outside waving before they had time to realise that they had been thrown out.

"Gee, Simon just about threw us out of there," said Suzanne, slightly taken aback.

"Yeah, I noticed that," agreed Bill.

"Why do you think that was?" asked Suzanne, still not understanding what had just happened.

Suzanne had never asked a question like that of Bill before. He was a little stunned by the question, as he had never thought about

those sorts of things. He just lived from day to day getting on with his life. He never thought about why.

When Bill focussed on the question he found that he was suddenly standing inside Simon Guthridge's room wondering why he was there. Then a sudden flash came to him and he could see Simon sitting in the chair holding his chest.

Bill looked at Suzanne and said, "Simon's not well. We've got to help him!"

Suzanne rushed straight back up the stairs and into the room and sure enough, Simon was in pain. His heart was giving him another work out.

She quickly knelt down beside Simon and asked, "Simon is there anything we can do?"

"Don't fuss, just don't fuss," said Simon while clutching his chest.

Suzanne could see that he was going white and he was suffering terribly. Bill soon arrived at the door with all of the children.

Suzanne rushed over and said, "I'll look after the children. You go and fix Simon. Don't just help him, fix him!"

Bill took the four or five steps forward towards Simon and in those five steps, Bill felt himself grow taller and stronger and more determined with every step. By the time he was alongside Simon that same feeling where his hands were tingling and his energy was rising came over in such a way that he almost passed out. When he placed his hands on Simon's back Simon's entire body convulsed and jerked up into an upright position. Simon's eyes rolled back and then returned to normal in one deep breath, a deep breath that seemed like he was sucking life back into his body. His body suddenly relaxed and he looked up at Bill.

"Thanks Bill, I thought I was gone then," said Simon in an almost breathless voice.

Bill leant over and placed another hand on the front of Simon's chest and he somehow knew he was repairing the damage that had occurred to Simon's heart. He could feel the pulse that controlled his heart. He knew that he had to get the pulse in order and as he

focussed in on that pulse, he could feel it change. He could feel it get sharper and cleaner.

When he was totally happy that the pulse was normal, he released his hands and said to Simon, "I'd like you to rest. You'll be okay now. Come and I'll help you into your bed but take it slowly. You'll be alright but you must take it slowly. We don't want to muck up what we've done."

Bill helped Simon into his room and settled him comfortably into bed. He then placed his hand on Simon's forehead and in a manner of seconds Simon was asleep. Bill stepped back and suddenly felt himself changing back to normal. With a shudder once again he almost passed out. He looked around and standing at the end of the hall were the children with Suzanne, all looking very serious. Another shudder went through Bill's body and he soon felt like he was back to normal.

"It's okay, Simon's asleep now. He'll be fine," said Bill reassuringly.

"Do we have to stay with him?" asked Suzanne, who was quite concerned for Simon.

"No, he's fine," answered Bill. "He's sleeping. Come on, we'd better get going."

"Are you sure?" asked Suzanne, who was reluctant to leave Simon alone.

"Come on Mum, it's okay" said Jamie.

Suzanne's worry melted away with Bill's total confidence and with Jamie's encouragement.

So once again off they went, down the steps and started on their way home.

Things seemed to be happening so quickly for Bill and as a result, for Suzanne and the family also. It seemed like it didn't matter what Bill did, everything seemed to be unfolding.

Suzanne could understand exactly what Simmion had said, though she wasn't sure whether it was a day or two before, but she clearly remembered his words and what he had said. He had told her to look ahead and see the direction that everybody was heading in

and see that it was either right or not right, then to move away from whatever was not right. She could see that it didn't matter what she thought, everything was going ahead the right way anyway. She knew that it was better not to think about it. It was better to catch up with everything that was happening each day, although it took a lot more time than trying to catch up with the future. In every day there was a new future. It was so exciting; the picture that she thought she'd had was actually disappearing into insignificance. The big picture, or what she had thought was the big picture, had become almost nothing. Things were growing way out of proportion and it was growing so fast that the excitement captured every moment of her day.

When they arrived home it was such a joy for her to slip back into the role of looking after her family. It was such a joy to make Bill feel comfortable in who he was. She really loved the feeling it gave her, the way Bill responded when she told him how special he was. It was something that shaped her life to a degree that she had never imagined before. She knew that each time something special happened she was able to gain much more by being part of it and by supporting what was happening than she could have possibly had by it all happening to her. It was a little like the lesson they'd had on money. Many people had needed to be involved. It was no use being on your own. It was no use having a special experience just for you alone. It has to involve everybody so that it has depth and possibilities and it can go rapidly and can feel safe.

As Suzanne thought these things, her hands moved swiftly and easily to prepare the vegetables. Her eyes swept the room with ease to check on the children. At the same time she noticed that she was guiding the children to make sure they didn't get themselves into trouble.

All of this was happening while she was standing preparing the vegetables. The occasional special feeling that swept between her and Bill kept the place vibrant and warm, cosy and totally comfortable.

Suzanne had forgotten about her promise to visit Carmel Roberts. It was to take place the next day and suddenly out of nowhere Carmel's face appeared before her. She stopped what she was doing and quickly stepped back with a start, "Oh!" she said.

Bill looked up and asked, "What's up?"

Suzanne didn't reply straight away.

"Are you alright?" asked Bill.

"Yes, I'm alright, I'm alright! Just hang on!" Suzanne stood still for a moment and then said "Wow!"

She turned to Bill, "Do you know that Carmel Roberts just visited me. It was like she stuck her face right in front of mine. She reminded me that she was supposed to see me tomorrow. Is that right?"

Bill thought for a moment, "I think you did say something about that but wow, so many things are happening...I have no idea."

"I'm sure that's right. I checked with her and she said yes and nodded her head that it was tomorrow. I think it's fairly early as well," said Suzanne. "Well, I'll just go along with it."

"That's good," said Bill. "You should go along with it. Carmel is a nice person. She has always supported you fairly well, that is when she didn't have the horrors about things."

Suzanne laughed, "What do you mean "the horrors" Bill?"

"Well, she gets the horrors about things. That's why she didn't see you for a long time," explained Bill.

"What do you mean she didn't see me for a long time?" asked Suzanne.

"Well she didn't see you for a really long time," answered Bill.

Suzanne corrected Bill, "No, I didn't see her!"

"No, it's the other way around. Carmel's in control of all of that," said Bill.

Suzanne thought for a moment and asked, "How do you know that?"

He shrugged his shoulders, "I don't know."

"This is a very interesting conversation you know," said Suzanne. "You've never spoken to me like this before."

“No, I don’t suppose I have. I wonder what’s going on” replied Bill.

“Yes, I wonder,” said Suzanne. You could almost see the question mark over the top of her head.

Bill smiled, “You’re on a mission. You’re about to find something out aren’t you?”

“Yes I am and I will go and see Carmel and I will find out more than what she knows,” said Suzanne.

“You’re starting to sound dangerous,” said Bill.

“No not dangerous. Determined - I’m determined to see a little further into everything. I need to know,” explained Suzanne.

“Well over to you. I won’t get in your way at all. Particularly with that look on your face,” said Bill.

Suzanne laughed and went over and wrapped her arms around Bill. “It’s alright Bill, I do this sometimes.”

“Yes, remind me to not get in front of you,” laughed Bill.

Suzanne also laughed. It was good that they good be so light with one another and so open about all sorts of things. There was still something inside Suzanne that made her protect a little of herself and in that protection, there was a bit of mystery. Bill knew that you do not go into that area.

As Suzanne felt that feeling, she became determined to find out more and to open that whole area up within herself so that it never, ever came between her and Bill. It was a light-hearted feeling. It was light-hearted because somewhere she knew there was an opening that would allow her to clear all of her past and to clear all of the strange reactions that she had whenever anybody confronted her or advised her of her own capabilities. She knew that she had to clear everything when she thought back to Bill’s actions and she remembered what he had looked like and remembered how easy it was for him to work with Simon’s illness and how he had never even thought to mention it since.

Suzanne’s determination grew and stayed with her all night. It was still there when she awoke early the next morning to see Bill off on his new adventure. Before he left though, he turned and gave her

a special gift. It was something that came from his heart and it penetrated her whole being and lifted her to such an extent that she wondered who she had become involved with. It came so quickly it was like a flash from his eye. A twinkle where she saw past the surface of the man she loved and felt the power of his special energy right through her body. The love that this instilled was something that Suzanne had never imagined possible and it was so quick and so perfect that she just stood and looked at Bill and slowly shook her head.

Bill smiled and said, "Enjoy your day," then he left.

## Chapter 39

As Bill stepped out into the fresh air he felt a sense of relief. He did not understand this unusual sense of relief. He loved Suzanne dearly but as he stepped away from her presence, he felt the intrigue and the mystery disappear and be replaced by nature, nature that he was so familiar with.

He had known Suzanne for many years and he had seen her at times when he knew he should have kept away. On this occasion he felt that he was approaching that same time. The love between them was deep but there was something else there that made him feel a little uncomfortable. It was not the sort of world that Bill was used to. The interaction with people and interaction with nature was so simple and enjoyable for Bill that he had never experienced a feeling of determination like he had just felt from Suzanne. Determination to find out something, to delve deeper and Bill had no idea what she was delving into. For Bill, to walk out amongst nature relieved his system totally and allowed him to change his focus very quickly to the job at hand.

He knew his time was short and he wanted to drop into his old house, which was now just a little storage hut, as he wanted to collect some tools to do some more maintenance on his boat before he left the jetty. When he checked he knew that he would be cutting things a little fine and he was about to bypass his small hut when he got a very strong feeling that he should still go and collect the items that he needed. When he entered the hut there was another sense that made him open the little box that Simon Guthridge had given them and to take out one coin and place it in his pocket. He had no idea why but he did it and as he leant down to pick up his tools he was suddenly jolted upright. It felt like someone had actually pulled him straight up. He looked around but there was nobody there. He had a feeling of urgency, so he left his tools, shut the door and headed off to the boat.

When he got there everything seemed to be in perfect order. His normal duties that he performed before he set off for the sea were

done so quickly that he could not understand how he had got around it so fast. It was just like everything had gone into slow motion. He was getting everything done but time wasn't moving on.

As he started the engine the boat came to life. He felt an enthusiasm that he hadn't felt before. When the boat turned so neatly for him and took off in the direction that he had wanted it to go, he knew there was more at play than just him and his boat. The boat seemed to accelerate and move forward at a rate that it had not done previously. It was like he had the wind and the tide behind him, but in fact his instruments had told him just the opposite and he knew there was something special happening. He had never felt the boat move so fast and he knew that it was going beyond its normal capability.

He felt so proud of the way the boat was performing, he patted the dash in front of him and said "good on you fella, you're doing real well." He was sure that he got a response as he often did when they handled a difficult sea together. But now he was heading towards a destiny that seemed to be a little distant from him.

He decided to handle it by not being any different to how he was yesterday as he put his boat on autopilot. The little gadget he had created seemed to be such an advantage at these times because when he set the small levers in place, he felt proud and thrilled at what that little device was doing for him. He proceeded down to the back of the boat to prepare all of his fishing gear. Just the same as yesterday but when he looked up he expected to be well short of his mark because things had come together so quickly. He decided to just wander forward and to watch in case his mark came up a little early.

As he entered the small cabin he was surprised to see ahead of him, exactly the same as yesterday, but some hundred yards further on, that same little boat that looked like a whale. It jumped out of the water and again skipped across the top of the water and spun around in circles before settling onto the water like a normal boat. It turned gradually and headed towards him.

He had a little bit further to go to get to the mark so he wondered what had happened. As he eased back on the engine, he realised that

if he had gone to the mark, he would have been out of the lee of the main island where the winds were rather severe. He knew that he was dealing with someone who understood the water and who understood that he himself would have pulled back short of the mark and waited before signalling this new boat to come towards him rather than him heading into the bad waters. He wanted to get on that whale-like boat to see what it could do. He was not going to do that in bad water.

Bill looked down as the familiar whirl of Willie Broltich's boat started again. He wasn't sure whether he was about to see the boat go down or the door open.

Sure enough the door opened and out came the smiling face of Willie Broltich and Bill's heart jumped and his whole being settled. He liked this man and he was looking forward to spending time in his company.

The boat gently pulled alongside and up over the side came the same lines as yesterday. Bill tied off the line and dropped his ladder. Within minutes that smiling face was showing over the side of Bill's boat. With a quick jump, Willie landed on the deck and immediately stuck his hand out to shake Bill's hand.

Bill was so pleased that Willie had a strong handshake. He kind of judged people by the way they shook hands. This man, although he was rather a soft sort of a person, had a very strong handshake. Bill knew that behind that was a character of meaning and of certainty.

"How are you Bill?" asked Willie.

"Excellent! I'm really feeling great today thanks Willie," answered Bill. "It's good to see you again."

"And you too Bill," replied Willie. "You certainly got my mind ticking over last night. I've been thinking about all sorts of things since we met here yesterday."

Bill smiled, "I think I've probably been going through the same thing as you Willie. We seem to have a lot in common and I think we've got a lot to talk about."

“That’s right,” said Willie, “and let’s get on with it then. Let’s get down there and we’ll make a cuppa.”

“Hold on,” said Bill. “Before we do that I want to have a look inside your boat.”

“No deal,” said Willie. “We’ll talk first.”

“Well, we’ll have a cuppa, then we’ll go in your boat, and then we can talk,” stated Bill.

“You drive a hard bargain,” said Willie.

“No, I just don’t want to miss out,” answered Bill.

Willie laughed and patted Bill on the shoulder before he wrapped his arm around his shoulder and said “Come on, let’s go get that cuppa,” and off they went.

While they were walking down the short section of the deck, Willie said, “I can assure you Bill, you’ll miss out on nothing so we don’t have to be tough with each other. We’ve got a full day and we’ll make sure we’ll get through everything.”

Bill’s eyes lit up when he heard “a full day”. Willie obviously had something in mind, something that Bill hadn’t thought of. Coming out, meeting Willie, having a chat and going for a run in the boat were the only things Bill had on his mind. He had never stretched his thoughts past that but he knew that Simon Guthridge had looked past that, for just at that moment, Simon’s face suddenly appeared before Bill’s eyes, right there and then, when Bill felt that Willie had more on his mind than just go for a run.

As the kettle began boiling, Willie said to Bill, “Bill I think we should do a business deal. To do that though I think you should know a bit about me and what I do. I’m willing to take you back to my boatshed and show you everything and to open all my doors to you so that we’re able to talk. I know a fair bit about your family but I don’t know much about you, but from the look of this boat, this has been your life and you seem to be the kind of man who I want alongside me.”

Bill switched off the kettle, as it started to whistle, “Sounds good to me, I don’t know much about what you’re talking about but I’m quite happy to look at everything.”

“And I want you to know that the smuggling bit is not quite right. I’ll fill you in on that as well,” said Willie.

“I’m not worried about that,” said Bill. “I just need to experience that boat and go for a run and get to know more about you.”

“You’re a good man Bill,” replied Willie. “I’m sure we’ll get on well.”

Bill made the coffee and put it on the table. With a big smile he said, “I got it right this time Willie. We do have coffee.”

Willie laughed and pulled his chair up to the table and took a sip. Bill was about to say “that’s just been boiled” but it was too late. Willie had taken a sip and to Bill’s surprise, he never said a word.

Willie took another sip and Bill asked, “Isn’t that too hot for you?”

“It probably is but that’s the way I drink it. I don’t have too much feeling left in that area,” said Willie.

“What, in your mouth?” asked Bill.

“No, in anything that hurts,” answered Willie. “It doesn’t really matter much. I don’t have much time for it. Too many things to do.”

“That’s a good way to look at things,” said Bill.

Bill had met people who were almost numbed to life. He had also met people who were numbed to pain but he didn’t think that Willie had reached that stage. He was quite surprised by Willie’s reaction.

Willie saw that look of surprise on Bill’s face and said, “It’s alright Bill. I’ve been drinking hot tea for a long time now and I suppose that I’m just used to it. Hot coffee is the same.” With a big smile on his face Willie was trying to reassure Bill.

Bill felt quite comfortable though, “Well Willie, where do we go from here? I have got no idea what you have in mind but I really would like to go for a ride in your boat.”

“Okay Bill, what we can do is jump in the Broltich Special,” said Willie.

Bill smiled, he could hardly wait.

“Yeah that’s what I call it, the Broltich Special. We can jump in and head back to the boatshed and have a bit of a look around and

you can see what I do. Then we can come for a run back out to your boat or we can do a bit of fishing now and worry about the other later,” suggested Willie.

“Well the fish are on now, there won’t be any later,” said Bill, “but I’m not really concerned about that. I don’t need to fish today. I just had it in mind that I would.”

“Well what do you say?” asked Willie. “Will we get into the Special?”

Bill’s eyes lit up immediately, “Yeah, let’s do that!”

“Okay then, stay the boat and get the other anchor down,” said Willie. “I don’t think there’ll be any wind today but you never know it could change direction. If you pick up the wind that’s coming across the coast it might throw the boat around a bit, so stow everything properly and we’ll get underway.”

Bill jumped out of his chair straight away and took Willie’s coffee mug from him, gave it a quick wash and stowed it in the cupboard. He closed the cover for the cooking area and stowed everything just as he would if he was heading into a storm. He moved up to the back of the boat and dropped the spare anchor with a loose rope. He wanted the boat to move around but he needed a safety anchor just in case.

It seemed like only a few minutes to Bill before Willie was at his side saying, “Okay, are you finished? Let’s go!” and over the side they went and down into the Broltich Special.

Bill had never seen anything like it. It was a lot smaller inside than outside but there was still plenty of room. He thought to himself “I suppose things look a bit smaller when they’re closed in,” but when he put his arms out to check the measurements, he found it was actually larger than it looked. There was plenty of room for four people to move around easily and even to sleep. The amazing thing to Bill was there were seats that were so modern he had never seen them before and they had belts to hold you in. There were four seats and plenty of room for storage and all the seats were carrying nets and stowage that he had never seen before, there were also flat belts instead of ropes.

As Bill took up a seat Willie said, “Not that one! Move forward with me and sit right beside me to balance the boat.”

Bill knew exactly what to do when Willie spoke but he had no idea what to do with the belt. Willie showed him how to hook it up and how to settle himself before Willie flicked a switch and that familiar whir started up again. Down came the cover, or door or whatever it was. Bill had no idea what to call anything; it was all so new to him. It was so new that he didn't really want to ask too many questions. He simply looked around at everything and tried to take it all in.

He watched Willie reach over to the control panel and flick a switch and then heard the engines burst to life. Bill knew they were quite large and he knew that the engines were much too big for the boat that he had. He was not surprised that it took off and skipped across the water. Bill had no idea how Willie controlled it but he soon felt the power as the boat took off and almost leapt out of the water. He felt a sensation that he hadn't experienced previously, it was so exhilarating that he felt a sudden sense of excitement, a feeling he would never have imagined could occur in a boat. It was almost like the excitement he felt when he skied down the grassy slopes on the side of the island and reached speeds that he couldn't often control. It felt the same in this boat and he wondered how you could control such a thing.

When Willie pulled hard on the steering wheel and pulled the boat into an extremely tight turn, Bill didn't know what was happening. Suddenly it was like the boat let go and it flipped over and over and rolled along the surface of the water. Bill felt an unexpected sense of fear but when the boat righted itself, he felt a thrill that was totally surprising.

He looked at Willie and he swore, “You idiot Willie!”

Willie laughed with a belly laugh that filled the boat with noise and that could be heard well over the noise of the engines.

Bill thought to himself that this Willie bloke was totally crazy and although he seemed to love life he was as game as you can be.

Bill wondered if he would ever have such nerve to do the things that Willie did.

As soon as the boat had righted itself Willie was pressing down on the throttle again. They took off at high speed in the protected waters behind the island heading straight towards the rocky face. Bill would usually make sure he kept well clear of this area when he was fishing. When they were about one hundred yards from the rocks Willie pulled back on the throttle and leant over and flicked another switch. Bill could hear the whirring sound of pumps that he was familiar with, but he could not see where it came from. It sounded just like his bilge pump but much, much bigger. He looked around and couldn't see anything. Before he knew it the boat began to sink.

Bill opened his mouth and looked at Willie but Willie didn't answer. The excitement within Bill couldn't be held back any longer.

He asked, "Willie, how did you do that? What are you doing?"

Willie simply smiled and said nothing. He looked back at Bill and then looked back ahead of him to the controls. The boat had just gone below the surface as Willie flicked another switch and on came the brilliant underwater lights.

Bill moved forward in his seat and pressed up tight against the belt but he still needed to look to see ahead of him and see everything that was showing underwater. Bill had done a lot of underwater work but he had never seen anything like this with the bright lights. As the engines took up the pressure of the water, Willie pressed the lever forward and the boat took off underwater like a fish.

There was great excitement for Bill. He had never imagined that you could do such a thing and as they headed towards the rocks, he wondered where they were going. He knew there were many caverns in these rocks because he had fished there before and he had dived in that area, but he didn't know exactly where they were. Then when he felt it was time to play close attention to the rocks, he

peered deeply into the dark caverns and tried to figure out where they were about to go.

Willie manipulated the boat very smoothly into an opening in the rocks that was not much bigger than the boat and he accelerated as they went into the cavern. He straightened the boat and then eased back again to nearly idle. They moved along smoothly and quietly in the water.

Suddenly the lights showed up a large opening. There was plenty to see when they broke through into the large cavern. It was like the lights became brighter but in fact there must have been a lot of reflection from above the water.

Bill looked around but could not see much except the reflection of the water and as they came to a halt, he could just make out the timber framework of a jetty above them. Bill was so interested in everything that he was like a little child looking around everywhere, taking in everything, watching every movement of Willie. He watched the angle of the boat and was figuring out what direction they were facing and feeling the performance of the engines. With a slight reverse thrust from the engine, Bill knew that they had reached their destination. He was not at all surprised when the whir of the pumps started again, only this time they were working much harder. They were pumping water out and as they did, up came the boat. There was a sudden rush of air where they had obviously sucked out the water and it had to fill with air.

Bill was conscious of all of these things and wondered how they had ever developed such a thing. When the boat broke through the surface of the water, it sat steadily on the surface. Willie flicked off the switches that shut down the lights and the pumps then flicked the switches to open the door. That familiar whir of the door opening began and filled Bill's ears once again. As soon as the door was open Willie flicked off the engines of the Broltich Special and in almost one movement, unlashed his and Bill's belts.

He swung around in his seat and asked Bill, "What did you think of that?"

Bill was so amazed by everything – he was lost for words. He really didn't know what Willie meant by the question because he was looking around in the area where they had just docked and he could not believe what he was seeing there either. There was so much equipment, so many facilities; it was like a miniature dock. So he didn't know whether Willie was asking about the ride or about the cabin. He flicked his eyes backwards and forwards from one to the other and then decided he would answer to both.

“Willie I'm totally amazed by the boat and I'm totally amazed by all of the equipment you have here. I've got a rough idea where we are but I had no idea these caves were here,” answered Bill.

“No, we didn't know either,” explained Willie. “We just happened on them when we were digging out the foundations for our boatshed. We didn't tell anybody so we've used them ever since. It makes it easy to get in and out without anybody knowing.”

Bill smiled and put up his index finger, “Ah, the smugglers hey!”

Willie went on to explain, “That's right, that's what we were at one stage. We smuggled anything and everything but it was not against any law. We just smuggled it in so nobody knew. We would bring things in and out and we dealt with people from other countries because nobody thought you could. We didn't want to cause a big reaction; we just worked away in the background but ended up getting some sort of name for ourselves that caused us a few problems. Though we still thought it was better just to keep everything quiet. We made a lot of money but it was a bit difficult because we lived in a place where money was not much use to us. It still isn't but I believe we can still do some more work off the island and we can do something with money. I've got a fair bit stashed away and every now and then I do a deal with those blokes in Norwick. Yeah, I've got a couple of friends there. Old Olsen was not too bad to deal with and his son's not too bad either. Though the old fellow's gone now.”

Bill could not believe his ears. How could the world be so small? How could it be that he just met somebody who popped up out of the sea who knew Henry Olsen?

“I know Henry!” said Bill.

“Wow, how the hell did you do that?” asked a surprised Willie.

“I met him in the bush actually, up amongst the trees in the Joseph’s Hill area,” answered Bill.

“Yeah I’ve heard about that area, though I don’t know it too well. I don’t go inland too much, I prefer the sea and I’m pretty busy here. There used to be 8 of us but it’s down to just me now,” said Willie.

“Eight of you?” asked Bill, a little surprised.

“Yeah, we had to take some of them back to the mainland. We couldn’t leave them around here; they’d wreck everything for us. But they didn’t know much about the island though. We brought them in and they worked for us, they didn’t go anywhere and we just took them back home. When John decided that I was too much of a ratbag and he really wanted to make a lot more money, he said he’d go and do it on the other side of the island. So, that’s what he does. He gives me a job every now and then but basically this place doesn’t do much now,” said Willie.

“What do you think you’re going to do with it?” asked Bill.

“Well I’ve been thinking about it for a long time and I’ve been having a bit of fun. I was pretty busy building this thing, so it’s about time I started to do something and started to look forward a bit. Yesterday I was determined I would find a way to do something and when I popped up out of the water and you rolled me over, it was a pretty good signal to me. I seem to get answers pretty quickly when I want them, though I didn’t expect that one. You frightened the hell out of me actually,” said Willie.

Bill laughed again only this time it was a much deeper laugh. He could see the humour and he could see the deep humour in leaping up out of the water and finding you’ve just run in front of another boat.

In the middle of his laughter he said to Willie, “You know you could have killed yourself Willie. If I hadn’t been up there at the wheel and if I hadn’t changed the rudder the other day, there is no way in the world I could have missed you,” said Bill.

“Well there you go. A man’s got to be lucky sometimes and I think I’ve been pretty lucky. I’m pretty sure that we’ve come together so that both of us can figure out what to do. I’ve got some feeling about you. You’re not the same fellow who simply drives a boat, I think you’ve got a lot of other things to do in the world and maybe I can help,” said Willie.

Bill started to get a sense of something growing, something coming together, something starting to form but he couldn’t put his finger on it. He didn’t know what to say to Willie.

He looked at Willie and said, “You never know Willie. I have no idea at this moment. I’m still a little bit lost.”

“Yeah I suppose that’s possible too,” said Willie. “It would be nice to be lost but anyway, let’s get on with what we’re doing. We’ll have a look around here and then we’ll get up there to the boatshed.”

Willie stood up and stuck his body through the space where the door opened. There was a small rope hanging above and he pulled the rope and you could hear the whir of another machine. Bill looked around but couldn’t see what it was. The next thing he saw was a crane lowering down around the boat and as it became obvious what it was, these special arms flopped down and clicked into place in what seemed to be some special attachment on either side of the boat, front and back. Willie let the rope go and sat down once again and leant over the control panel and pressed another button.

Bill felt the strain come upon the boat and he knew that they were being winched. As the strain came up on the winch it slowed and gently lifted the boat out of the water and as soon as it was out of the water it started to accelerate. It was something he had not experienced before and he was suddenly lifted out of the water. He felt like he was flying. It had happened that quickly, he almost lost his breath. As quickly as it had happened, the boat started to slow down again and the whir of the winch changed tone until it came to a sudden stop with a “clunk”.

As soon as the clunk occurred, Willie jumped up and said, “Righto out we go.”

He leapt up onto gunwale of the boat and stepped off onto the platform. Bill followed but he couldn't see much as the lights were fairly dim and had a reddish tinge about them.

As soon as they got off the boat, the whirl and the door closing started again. Bill looked back as the door closed and wondered how Willie had done that. Suddenly, the whole area was full of light. He had not seen Willie switch anything on but somehow all of the lights came on.

"How did all of that happen?" Bill asked in amazement.

"Automation! Have you heard of that word?" asked Willie.

"No I haven't," said Bill.

"Well, it's just automatic, and everything is done one thing after the other," explained Willie. "As we move along, other things will happen. I started the sequence when we got out of the boat and then as we move along, everything works for us."

Then off Willie went into a slow walk. "Follow me!" he said.

Sure enough as they walked along a door opened without Willie touching anything and through they went and the door closed behind them. It was as if they had stepped into another world. They were on a timber ramp that was sort of halfway up the wall of the boatshed, a monstrous boatshed with two very large vessels sitting in dock.

Bill looked to Willie and asked, "Wow! Is this your boatshed?"

"Sure enough, this is our boatshed. John's and mine. We haven't decided what to do as yet. We don't know who owns what but it doesn't matter because we could never get rid of it anyway. John's got another boat around the other side that's bigger than these," said Willie.

Bill looked down at the large fishing vessels. They were too large for local fishing and they weren't anything he had seen on the coast.

He was about to ask Willie all about it but Willie got in first and said, "Later! I'll talk to you later about all of this stuff. Let's go into the hut and we'll warm ourselves up with a cuppa and have a talk."

Off they went along the platform and then around to the end of the boatshed and out the door to reveal the small hut or cottage. Willie called it home. When Bill saw Willie's home he felt good. Everything was back to normal and it was to the level that Bill understood. As he walked in through the door and followed Willie, he felt the warmth and the comfort of this nice little home that Willie referred to many times during their talks.

As they walked in the door and hung up their coats, Willie turned to Bill and said, "Welcome to my home Bill. This is the place where I live. This is where everything happens. All out there is where everything used to happen, so I suppose you'll go for another cup of coffee and a bite to eat?"

"You've got me! I'd love a cup of coffee and I could eat a horse," replied Bill.

"No we don't eat horses around here; in fact I don't even think we've got a horse. But yeah, we've got plenty to eat," answered Willie.

Bill laughed and Willie joined in to laugh along with him. They had become great friends in only a matter of a few hours and they both recognised the value of their friendship.

Bill was starting to loosen up a little. He had forgotten all about the small warning that Simon Guthridge had given him and he had forgotten about the fact that the pending deal had to be checked with Simon to make sure that Bill knew what he was talking about. In fact Bill was starting to feel quite independent. He knew that Willie was a special person and although he didn't know too much about him at this stage, he knew that he had no intention of causing Bill any difficulty.

The thing that he did not know was that Willie had already got to a point where he had lost sight of how everything can work. He had everything at his fingertips but he couldn't do anything with it. He had two large vessels and the Brolich Special but he didn't know what to do with it. Bill was quite oblivious to this problem. Somehow Willie knew that Bill could solve his problems. He didn't

know what it was that he could feel but he knew that an association with Bill was all that was required.

Willie soon had lunch prepared and they both sat down and quietly and enthusiastically devoured the entire meal. They both finished around the same time and as they sat back and started to sip on their coffee, they both felt extremely comfortable in each other's presence.

Bill's confidence had risen enormously and so when he leant back after he had sipped the coffee, he asked, "Well Willie, what do you have in mind?"

"I'm not sure Bill but I know that it's time to get things moving again, but this time in a different direction and somehow I know you're input can make a difference," said Willie.

Bill listened intently and nodded his head as Willie finished his sentence.

Willie continued, "I have all of this equipment, lots of know-how, a lot at my fingertips and I know how to make money, but I don't know what to do with it. I really don't have the drive to do what I did before. I don't want to go running backwards and forwards in the middle of the night taking contraband to different places. I don't want to have to fight with people to get what I need. I already have everything that I need and all of this stuff that's sitting here is of no use to John or me. John's boat is sufficient for him and he doesn't need these. There's no market for these boats in this area. I could probably sell them somewhere else, but then all I'd end up with is a little bit more cash and I don't really know what to do with it. Somehow, when I saw your boat and saw how you cared for it and how well you handled it and how comfortable you were with your life, I knew that I had to have some of that. What I want to do is some sort of deal with you Bill so we can work together. I know that you've got something behind you that will inject what's needed into my business and I know that I have all of the resources you need to produce what you want for your life. Please don't ask me to explain all of that, it's just something that I know."

Bill nodded slowly as he took it all in, “I kind of have the feeling Willie that I sort of know what you’re talking about but I’m not sure what direction I’m going in, so I’m not really sure how all of this can come about. There are a few things though that I’d actually like to talk to you about. What say I just sort of babble on and see what happens?”

“That’s fine,” said Willie, “that’s just what I need.”

Bill sat back and looked into that familiar space out in nowhere where he always found that special connection where things seem to come to him without any effort.

As he looked into that space he went on, “Willie, my main aim at the moment is to make sure that my family is well looked after, even though I’m not married at this stage, I have a family and I’ll be married soon. Anything we do must take that into account. I also want to do something for the people of this island. I’m not sure what I can do but I know that it’s not a matter of winning them anything; it’s a matter of leading them out of the dark. Somehow I don’t feel it’s dark, but I know that there’s light at the end of the tunnel and I seem to be the one who is leading our small part of the island towards something, though I don’t know what it is. I could tell you a lot of little stories about what’s been happening to me but basically, what’s happening is both Suzanne and I are being lead on a daily basis by Simmion. Simmion is the spirit or entity or whatever who appears from time to time. He’s a very special character who looks after the island.”

Willie kept nodding as Bill continued.

“Simmion seems to be very interested in what we’re doing and he is showing us many, many things. He’s showing us that we have abilities that we didn’t know we had and he’s also supporting us and making sure that we do manage to eat. He’s making sure that Suzanne and I are in total contact with each other at all times and he’s also the one who makes the arrangements for me to meet with Henry Olsen. He pulled Willam in alongside to teach us more about the world and he arranged for Carmel Roberts to pass on information

to Suzanne. All the time he seems to be controlling what's happening and I'm sure he controlled our meeting," explained Bill.

Willie was so eager to get a word in so he waved his hands in front of Bill to get his attention and Bill's focus came back as he looked into Willie's eyes and said, "I'm sorry Willie, I was a little away from here then."

"That's great, I do want you to go back there," said Willie, "but I just wanted to tell you that's the same character who talks to me. It's got to be. How did you know his name was Simmion?"

"Suzanne was told," answered Bill.

"Wow, I've never known his name. He talks very clearly doesn't he?" said Willie.

Bill grinned, "He sure does."

"That's all I had to say," said Willie. "Keep going Bill."

Bill sat back once again and looked back into that space and sure enough, he knew Simmion was there so he continued, "Willie, it's not long now before I have to leave the island, though I will be back, I have to go. I don't know why that is but to be able to leave the island, I have to know a lot more about how money works and somehow I know that what I've got in my pocket is really important to you. Right now I'm being told to actually show you."

Bill put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the gold coin. Willie's eyes opened wide and they began to sparkle. He was about to say something but Bill put his hand up to stop him.

Bill continued, "Willie, I know you have some sort of history where this means something special to you and I know that somehow it's going to mean a lot more after what I have to say. Simmion has arranged for this to come to us through Simon Guthridge and this is just one of many. But one of the conditions of us having this is that we understand how it works and that we know what we're doing before we do anything with the coins. Simmion now tells me that we'll never lose the coins but they will be our security. I don't know what that means but I feel that you know Willie. Simmion's now telling me that we should talk more about what we think we might be

able to do so that he can guide us into knowing the reality of our connection.”

Bill was starting to feel extremely comfortable in passing on Simmion’s words.

He relaxed a little more and said, “Willie, Simmion feels that you’ve been holding up a bit of a barrier between him and yourself for a while now. He’d like to let you know that he’s still around and that what happened to you and to John was meant to happen and that what has happened to the Brolich fortune was also meant to happen. It had to disappear so that it could come back in another form.”

Willie’s face looked very serious when he heard that.

Bill continued, “How it’s going to come back is not really clear at this point and we’re not able to all get together and figure anything out but Simmion tells me that it will come and it will come fast. Also, the fortune won’t be stored, it will be useful and it won’t be harsh like it was before, it will be enjoyable and thrilling. He says that many people will gain, not just the few who were digging in and withdrawing whatever they could before.”

Willie’s frown began to disappear because he’d worked so hard over the past years. He didn’t want to do the same again. He didn’t want to go into rebuilding what they called the Brolich fortune, he didn’t need it.

Bill could feel what was happening and said; “I’ll ask Simmion if he’s got any more information for us.”

“That’s fine,” agreed Willie.

Bill sent the message out to Simmion through his mind and received an immediate answer.

Simmion’s reply came, *“Just continue day by day, step by step and we’ll make sure you know what’s happening each moment. Don’t look too far ahead and don’t be concerned about planning. If we tell you what’s to happen in the future, it’s not so that you can do anything about it, it’s so that you have a rough idea at this stage what will happen in the future. It’s only done to make you comfortable but also remember that if we tell you something now, you’ll see it differently at the time it happens. So be comfortable and*

*work together and make sure that you include the resources that I've put there for you."*

Simmion addressed Bill, *"Bill remember Simon Guthridge and Willam are there to direct you in how everything will work."*

Bill had almost forgotten where he was sitting. He had almost forgotten that Willie was in front of him. He was feeling connected to that marvellous awareness that came whenever Simmion was close and when Simmion started to withdraw, Bill felt a little bit of sorrow.

When he looked at Willie and found that Willie was feeling the same, he leant over and patted Willie on the shoulder, "Looks like we're being looked after Willie."

Willie's eyes were moist. He couldn't speak. He waited in silence for a moment before looking over to Bill.

"Wow! That's all I needed Bill. I think we're okay now. How about we have another cuppa and then we'll talk some more."

Bill nodded quietly and they both got up and walked over to make the coffee together. It wasn't long before the ideas began rushing into their heads. They had hardly started to drink their coffee when the ideas started leaping out in front of them.

They began talking about how they could use their boats, how they could work, how they could get fish, how they could store things, how they could actually arrange new contracts overseas and how they could modify the large vessels to travel to the mainland and how the local fishermen could start to sell their fish through Broltich. They talked about how Bill could go out and look in other countries for what was needed and how the lessons on the use of money that Simon had given them yesterday could be put into practise in a big way.

Bill could not believe what was coming out of his mouth and Willie was so excited.

"I've never heard anything like all of this and it seems to be coming to me as well. This is really something!" said Willie.

The excitement grew to a point where they both jumped up from the table agreed, "Right! Let's do it!"

"Have we got a deal?" asked Willie putting out his hand.

“You’re on!” answered Bill as he took Willie’s hand in his.

They shook hands and looked at one another and threw everything to the wind. They gave each other a big hug. Two friends became one in that moment. Bill and Willie made a force that was greater than anything either of them had ever imagined.

After what seemed like quite a long time, Willie stepped back from Bill and said, “Righto mate, let’s go and have a look at the shed. We’ve always called it the shed but we may have to change that. Anyway, let’s have a look at it, we won’t do the boats yet, we’ll just have a quick look at the shed, then we’ll jump in the Special and head back to your boat. If everything looks alright, I’ll give you a bit of a hand with the fishing so that you don’t go home empty-handed.”

Bill’s eyes lit up at the prospects of another run in the Broltich Special. He also felt the delight of someone offering to help him fish.

So with their arms around one another, off they went out into the boatshed again for Bill’s second tour. This time a little more detailed but still quite quick.

It wasn’t long before the whirl of the winches started and Bill and Willie disappeared into the water to head off back out to Bill’s boat.

As the engines of the Broltich Special roared to life, Willie sat back and took control of the path out through the caves, through the gorge and into the open waters. Bill watched intently and he knew that it would not be long before he was doing the same.

Willie was very comfortable with what he had done and being the builder of the boat, and everything in it, he knew exactly what the boat’s capability was. So his precise movements of the throttle, the steering wheel, the small rudder and all the other special controls that Bill was not familiar with, seemed to be so smooth to Bill and so easy. He had a feeling that he would be able to do the same, but when the boat leapt out of the water and rolled over on its side, and there was no vision and no sense of what direction you were going in, he had second thoughts.

Willie even seemed to struggle a little and then the boat righted itself and settled into the water. As the wash came over the boat, Bill

knew they were in rough weather. It was something he hadn't even considered, he had no sense of the weather but obviously the wind had changed and the rough seas had come in close. He felt very happy that he had dropped the spare anchor.

Willie turned to Bill and said, "We'll have to be careful on this one son. We won't have an easy transfer onto your boat. I think we can forget the fishing for today, I think this little baby won't handle sitting alone without the engines running. It doesn't like the anchor too much, so we might have to leave the fishing to another day."

Bill understood immediately, "That's fine. Do you have enough gear on board so that we can throw a grapnel hook over the gunwale?"

Willie replied, "No. It will all have to be hands on stuff. If you fall in the water then I'll just have to pull you out and you'll have to do it again."

Bill looked at Willie, "I'm not going in the water!"

"That's fine," said Willie. "Don't worry, we'll make it son. Just remember, when we get up close alongside you'll have to go on the outside and I'll have to close the door on you. When we come up alongside I'll throw it into reverse and lift the nose right up and almost catapult you over the side. If we bump the side then don't worry about it."

Bill looked at him and asked, "Can you do that?"

Willie smiled and answered, "Watch me! But remember, if you go in the drink don't worry about it, I'll pick you up."

Bill felt a little bit tight around the chest as he breathed in and said, "Right, let's do it!"

Willie immediately pushed forward the throttle and the engines roared as the boat leapt high in the water and started bouncing across the waves on the way out to Bill's boat.

As the boat came into sight, Willie indicated to Bill that he had better get ready. He eased back on the throttle to where the boat was sitting nicely but travelling forward in the water. The whir of the door opening signalled to Bill that he had better get on deck. As the door came to the open position, Bill was straight out and onto the

deck. It was quite a sloping deck and he had very little to hang on to. As soon as he was out, the whirl started up again and the door shut behind him. He was out there without any line, no handrails and just a small bollard to hang on to. He looked back through the windscreen and Willie was pointing him towards the nose of the boat. He wanted him right up on the bow. Bill edged his way along the main curve of the boat, still with nothing to hang onto and took a great lunge forward to grab the front bollard. He again looked back at Willie and Willie gave him the thumbs up. Bill sat there hanging tightly onto the bollard, trying to get his legs around so that he had his feet wedged in underneath his backside. He held on as tightly as he could as Willie brought the boat up alongside.

Without any indication of what was happening, Bill could only wait. Suddenly he felt the boat accelerate and the nose leapt way into the air. As it rose, Bill knew that he had to let go of the bollard and as he leapt, he was expecting to catch onto the gunwale but the force was such that it threw him right over the gunwale and he landed flat on his back in the middle of the deck on his boat. He bounced and skidded and hit up against the ropes. He felt a sharp prod in his side as he came to a halt. He looked around and there was the edge of the winch right up against his side. He wondered what would have happened if he had gone a little bit further. He was feeling a little sore but he was okay.

He got to his feet and gave Willie the thumbs up over the side and then raced in and started his engines. They started first go and everything seemed completely normal to Bill. He then moved down to the back and hauled in the spare anchor.

The boat was tossing around a lot but it was fine. As Bill winched up the main anchor, he moved forward and the boat finally became controllable. When he eventually got underway, he moved in towards the rocks to protect Willie's boat as it went back in through the bad seas. Just that little bit of protection from Bill's boat made all the difference.

Willie found that he could drive his boat normally and he was very comfortable sitting on the leeward side of Bill's boat.

Bill knew instinctively what to do when it came to the sea. He knew that the advantage he had in the large vessel could be passed onto the small vessel very easily just by sitting alongside it. He then realised that was exactly what Willie was doing with his company. He was going to put it alongside Bill and allow him to do what he needed to do and it wouldn't affect him at all.

It was at that point Bill saw Simon Guthridge's face again and he realised that he had learnt the lesson that Simon was starting to pass to him. The lesson was to look at everything, see everything and then bring it back to where Simon and himself could talk.

As they reached the calmer waters Bill backed off the throttles and allowed Willie to move on. Willie hadn't gone far before he began to disappear under the water. Bill laughed to himself and thought "That Willie bloke is a bit of a show-off. There he goes under the water again." He knew that Willie would have to come up again before he got too far because he would run out of air by the time he got right down into the mooring area.

Sure enough, it wasn't too long before he saw the Broltich Special come up and show itself. Just long enough to suck in a bit more air like a whale and down it went before it disappeared into the caves under the rocks.

Bill immediately turned his boat and headed towards home. He was feeling good and the day had gone extremely fast. He hadn't had time to check anything and didn't even know what the time was, but he knew he had sufficient time to get back and moor his boat safely and go along the track to see Simon before he got home. He knew that Suzanne would be away all day and probably into the night because the trip from home and then out to see Carmel in her home would be a little longer than normal.

There was no reason for him to think this, but he knew and he was totally confident in the fact that he had plenty of time to visit Simon. The trip back to the jetty was uneventful and the boat handled beautifully. As he pulled in he knew that Suzanne would not be there and it felt a little lonely not to have her and the children rushing up to meet him. He thought to himself the job would still be

easy because he didn't have any fish to unload, nothing major to pack up and all he had to do was shut down the boat, stow everything, cover everything and do a little running maintenance before leaving. It wasn't long before he had finished his chores and headed off along the road to see Simon Guthridge.

## Chapter 40

Willie was finding it difficult to contain his excitement and it was at this time that he knew beyond any doubt that he could never continue working alone. He had arrived back at the deserted boatshed but had nobody at all to tell about the wonderful things that he could see in his mind, the exciting things that had happened to him while he was with young Bill. He had never thought about Bill Sommers being exciting, but wow, what had happened to him during those few hours with Bill was something that he could not contain.

He rushed back into the house and went to pick up the radio so that he could transmit to John but found that he had no radio. He had forgotten all about what had happened earlier. He had even forgotten about the cyclone and the damage that it had caused. It had all gone and the work that he had put into replacing half of the moorings and repairing the shed doors had gone. He had forgotten.

He then realised that he missed the interaction with John, his partner of so long. He realised how stubborn he had been and how fixed in his visions. He also realised how little he had listened to John when John had told him that they needed to change direction. He had thought that John was talking about doing more contraband work but now he could see that John had had a vision and now he was starting to see and he wanted so dearly to get in touch with John again. The only way he could do that was to actually travel to the other side of the island, or to call into Norwick and contact him from there.

Without hesitation and without any regard for the time of day or how long it would take, Willie had determined in his mind that he had to repair things with John. He knew that the Broltich Special would not make it to the other side of the island and back and he was not sure there was anywhere he could moor it, so it was a case of taking out one of the large vessels, which was quite a big job for one person. Either that or he could walk back through the bush and up over the top of the mountain and head down into Norwick within a few hours, but when he weighed it all up, he knew that he needed the

support of a large vessel. He knew that he needed to be able to moor off the island if necessary and to stay there for as long as he needed until he sorted things out with John. This whole establishment had to get back on line again. He had no idea of the depth of what he was talking about but he knew that he had to do it. He knew that it would take him several hours to fuel up and check through the vessel to make sure everything was seaworthy and get everything working again.

Just as he was about to do that, he realised that he could actually go onto the vessels and use the radios there. He wasn't sure what was happening to him but his brain was in a little turmoil.

He thought to himself "How stupid! I can just walk into the shed, take out one of the radios, hook it into our antenna system and I can talk directly to John", but that's not really the answer to what had just come to him. He was excited about being able to talk to John but more than that; he really needed to see him. He could picture the look on John's face, he could see his face in front of him and he could see the smile that would come over him when he contacted him on the radio and said, "I'm on The Jeremy and I'm on my way to see you."

"The Jeremy" was Willie and John's most precious possession and it had actually disappeared into the background when they had had their disagreement and neither of them had gone near the boat since that time. The Jeremy was a result of their joint efforts. It was where they put their whole investment from the older fishing boats. The Jeremy was around about the same size as The Michael but had larger engines, better facilities, bigger pumps, larger winches and the most exclusive accommodation. Willie and John had planned to use The Jeremy to go to the mainland and to do exclusive business there. Even though The Jeremy looked like a fishing boat, it was actually a pleasure cruiser, though a lot bigger than a normal pleasure cruiser.

When Willie and John had their disagreement, the life seemed to go out of The Jeremy and it no longer got used and never performed the same way again. It never had the same feeling again. So,

occasionally they used The Michael, but they never used The Jeremy.

The Michael was their original fishing cruiser. It was a large boat also. It looked very similar in lines but it was a workboat and it took heavy loads and handled heavy seas. It took on cargo that you would not put on The Jeremy. It was a rough and tough fishing boat but well looked after. Whenever John wanted to do some heavy work from the other side of the island, he used to come and get The Michael, but The Jeremy had sat there for some time.

Willie was not even sure that the regular maintenance had been carried out on the essential services, so he knew there would be a few hours in getting everything underway. Even the winches and the mooring equipment had sat there for some time. Willie was confident though about everything that was in the shed. It was well greased and well looked after and well preserved. He knew that the boat would go down the slides without any problems at all. All he had to do was check around the sea valves and check around the rudder and the seals and to make sure everything was okay on the outside of the boat. He also needed to check the same from the inside and make sure there was fresh water on board and that nothing was contaminated. He needed to make sure the oil and fuel were in good condition as well.

Willie had all of the facilities he needed in the shed and if necessary, he could pump the stored fuel overboard into a recycle area that they had established for themselves so they could use dirty fuel. All the test equipment that they had needed was also available. Willie knew that he could do everything and get underway by himself but he would have to test for the first time his own remote controls because to move a large vessel like that with one person was almost impossible. He knew though, that the remote controls he had set up should do the job.

The excitement grew within Willie as he put on his wet-weather gear and ventured out into the boatshed to get on with the job.

To launch a large boat without having the engines running and ready to move away from the launch area was rather difficult. It was

essential to have cooling water available for the vessel so that the engines could run and that was not possible unless the boat was in the water. So Willie had set up some flexible piping with special snap lock fittings that would disconnect as the boat moved into the water and wind themselves back up into the shed as he moved away. He had also arranged a remote control for the winch and for the disconnection process that let The Jeremy move into the water. It was quite complex yet simple in the way he had set it up. So when Willie had checked everything out and it was all in order, and he had replaced the drinking water, he was ready to go.

As the large doors opened and the boatshed opened up, Willie pressed the button to start the winch, lowering him and the boat into the water. As the boat rolled down the rails he felt the sensation that he had felt many times before. A satisfaction and a joy in feeling the results of his many hours labour. As the boat touched the water Willie heard the clang and he knew that the pipes had disconnected and the engines were running cool and everything had worked the way he had expected it to. As the boat sank deeply into the water, he felt it lift off the cradle and he quickly engaged it in reverse and kept the motion going out into the ocean.

It was not possible with the size of the boat for Willie to run around and look and see where everything was. He had to stay at the controls and judge exactly where the vessel was positioned. It was not a difficult task but it was an art and he moved with ease as he controlled the large boat and took it out away from the boatshed.

Once he was safe and in relatively deep water, he tested his radio control on the boatshed doors. He had figured that if the doors didn't shut he would have to moor the boat and take his high-speed rubber dinghy back in to close them. He almost cheered when he saws the door start to move. The radio system that he had used was from an old broken radio out of his small fishing vessels that had long since gone to the bottom. It tested okay in the shop but he had not been sure that it would work okay from outside. Sure enough, everything worked perfectly. Willie checked his controls and settled back in the skipper's chair and allowed The Jeremy to take over and navigate its

way out into deeper waters and set a course for the other side of the island.

Many people would have considered it dangerous to run a vessel of such a size with only one person and Willie laughed to himself when he thought about that. He thought about how awkward he had felt the first time he had done just that because of what everybody had said. But with the automatic controls that he had onboard, it was like having 15 people there, even though there was only one person. He could set anything he wanted, to do whatever he wanted and he could even steer the boat with his small remote control. He could actually moor the vessel alongside by walking down along the gunwale while steering the boat. He also had another small control for the throttles though he had a little bit of a problem with the two controls – he could only use one at a time. He thought he was a little bit behind the times as he felt the whole lot could not be in one unit, but he couldn't get anyone to do what they had wanted, so they had two separate controls, one for throttle and one for steering. The only problem was, if you placed them close together they interfered with one another, so it took a while to get used to the fact that if you were going to change the throttles, you had to quickly switch off the steering to operate the throttle.

Willie had become quite an expert at it but John had a lot of problems with the two. When they were together, they would have one each but by himself, Willie was an expert. He knew that during every stage of his trip ahead, he could handle every operation. It was around a four hour trip to get to the other side of the island and rather difficult to get around some of the coral reefs but he had done it many times before and most of it was programmed into the automatic pilot and the onboard navigation system. Much of the navigation system that was onboard The Jeremy had not been seen in that part of the world. It was the type of thing that you would see only on a very expensive pleasure cruiser or on a naval type vessel. The Jeremy had been built to actually out run naval vessels anyway.

So although there had been a little bit of unethical principle behind the Jeremy initially, it had become their special project.

Every moment they had they focussed on what else they could do for the Jeremy.

And now that Willie was back out in the water he knew beyond doubt that he had to go and make things right with John. He knew that he had to start up the Willie and John Broltich team once again so that the boatshed, which displayed the title “Willie and John Broltich”, would also show the “Broltich Special” and it would also involve young Bill Sommers in some way or another. The whole business would become open and honest and would expand internationally. Willie had no idea where all this came from but somehow it had been tied to his connection with Bill and he had excitement and determination in his heart that he had not felt for a long time.

The weather had turned into something of a picture as Willie looked out to the horizon. He enjoyed every moment of the trip. When it came time to eat, Willie picked up his small transmitters and headed off down to the galley, it was an amazing set up. They actually had cameras that fed back to two separate screens in the galley and mess area so that they could look out and see what was going on outside, the same as you would if you were on deck. Even those had a remote control each to allow you to pan around and look at the sky and the sea and to look forward and aft. Willie used to love to sit at the table with all of these gadgets around him. While he was eating, he would flick backwards and forwards and have a look at where they were going, and then flick down to the map, see that the autopilot was active, check the radar, all automatically. It was like a game and there was Willie, in the midst of eating, with the kettle boiling and all of his gadgets running.

## Chapter 41

Suddenly the radio burst to life. The radio in the mess was the only fixed appliance and was connected to the bridge radio. Willie quickly leapt up and went over to answer the call. It was a mayday call and somehow he recognised the voice coming across the radio but he did not know who it was. They sounded a little distressed.

“Mayday! Mayday!” they called before it faded out.

Willie picked up the handset and called, “Returning the mayday, this is the The Jeremy, returning the mayday!”

The radio went quiet and there was no further response and no more crackling sounds. It was as if everything had gone dead. Willie was a bit lost as he thought that maybe the connection between the galley and the bridge had failed, so he gathered up all of his remote controls and rushed to the bridge.

Just as he entered the bridge the radio burst to life once again, “Mayday! Mayday! This is Olsen Plaza, come in!”

Willie wondered what Olsen Plaza could be wanting with a mayday. He picked up the handset and responded, “Returning the mayday, this is The Jeremy returning the mayday!”

A voice came immediately through the radio, “This is Olsen Plaza Jeremy, we have lost a vessel and we’ve lost contact with a vessel that left here just after the cyclone. We believe she’s been damaged and we haven’t had contact from here or the mainland. Can you assist? Over!”

Willie stopped for a moment before replying, “This is the The Jeremy. I’ll assist wherever I can but I’m only one man. All I can do is help search.”

“This is Olsen Plaza, any assistance would help! What is your position The Jeremy?”

Willie did not realise that he had all the facilities available that an able vessel would have. It was at that point when he was asked for his location that he remembered and quickly pressed a button. The satellite system flashed onto the screen and he was able to read his exact position directly back to Olsen Plaza.

Olsen Plaza replied, "Thank you The Jeremy, we have an able base on the other line. We'll record your location and await instructions. Please standby."

As soon as Willie heard this he replied, "Any assistance we can give Plaza, please call. Over and out!"

As soon as Willie had said, "over and out", he realised that there was another message he wanted to pass on so he called back, "Olsen Plaza, Olsen Plaza, this is The Jeremy. Do you read?"

There was a scratchy sound before Olsen Plaza came back, "This is Olsen Plaza."

"This is Willie Broltich here, do you read?" said Willie.

Almost as soon as Willie had said those words the reply came, "Willie, this is Andrew Kelly. How are you? What are you doing out on The Jeremy?"

"Andrew I need to get in touch with John. Can you do that for me?" asked Willie.

"He's on the other line," said Andrew. "I'll call him now."

"Patch him through," said Willie.

"Sure can," answered Andrew.

"Can you do a direct patch?" asked Willie.

"Give me a couple of minutes, I'll call John and get him to standby and then I'll call you back," said Andrew.

"Thanks Andrew," said Willie.

"Standing by," said Andrew.

There was a click and then everything went quiet again. The excitement within Willie was unbelievable. He had not felt this way for a long time. The last time he felt this way was when he and John discovered their special friendship when they had met as cousins. That was when they were about 12 years old and would often play together, ride horses and swim. They would dream about having fishing boats and having their own business.

In the middle of this thought the radio screeched a little and then made a clicking sound followed by silence before the very clear voice of John Broltich came through.

"Are you there Willie? This is John," he said.

Willie hesitated for a moment and swallowed. “John, how are you? I’m out on The Jeremy. They’ve asked me to standby for a mayday, but what I wanted to talk to you about is much more important than any mayday. I need to see you.”

There was quiet for a moment.

John came over the radio again, “Sure Willie. You can see me anytime. Are you coming around?”

“As soon as I’m finished with this mayday I’ll pull The Jeremy around. I’ve got about an hour to go,” replied Willie.

There was a little hesitation in John’s voice, “How’s The Jeremy going?”

“Like a dream,” replied Willie. “Like our dream John. It’s marvellous, it’s back again and I want to fix it all up.”

John being the careful character that he was asked, “What do you mean you want to fix it all up Willie?”

“I’ve got a lot to discuss with you John. I want us to do something about this whole business. I can see a way around everything and I’m willing to do things exactly your way with everything because I know it’s on line,” explained Willie.

“You’re joking? What happened to you? Have you been drinking the vinegar or something?” asked John.

Willie laughed, “I’ve been drinking lots of things but not vinegar. Right now though I haven’t been on the turps at all, I’m just feeling really good.”

Willie continued, “You know all of those gadgets that we played with and thought we might make work for remote control on the launching? Well they all work. Every single one of them.”

John became excited and he started to talk to Willie like he used to, “That’s great Willie. What are we going to do next?”

“Oh, I’ve got lots of ideas John, what about you?” asked Willie.

“I’ve got lots of ideas too,” replied John.

“So we’ve got heaps to do you know and I also met this bloke,” said Willie, “I think you might know his old man – Bill Sommers.”

“Not old Bill?” asked John.

“No, no, his young fellow, he’s really something. I nearly ran into him the other day in the Special,” said Willie.

“What? You had the Special out?” asked John in amazement.

“Yeah, it works fine now. I haven’t told you much John but it works fine,” said Willie. “I actually tipped the side of Bill’s boat and rolled the Special over three times before it skipped off across the water. It righted itself though and nothing went wrong. No hiccoughs, the motors kept running and everything ran perfectly.”

“Oh that’s great,” said John. “Oops sorry, I’ve just had a bleep. Olsen Plaza wants you so I’ll talk to you later Willie. Great to hear from you. I look forward to seeing you soon.”

“Okay, bye John,” replied Willie. “I’ll see you later.”

A sudden crack came through the speakers, “Andrew Kelly here, are you there The Jeremy?”

“This is The Jeremy,” answered Willie.

“Ah Willie! We’ve just had a message that you’re on track for the last known location of the missing ship, it’s called the “Sandra D”. She’s carrying quite a few passengers; many of them got stranded here through the cyclone. We’re not sure whether we’ve simply lost radar contact with them or what. We knew the radios were a bit dodgy. She took on a lot of water and there were a lot of repairs done. Our blokes worked on the radios but they seemed to have dropped out. The Navy aren’t sure whether they’ve got radio contact with them or not. What sort of gear have you got on The Jeremy?” asked Andrew.

Willie paused for a moment then smiled and thought to himself “Why not!”

“Andrew, have you ever been on board any of the naval vessels?” asked Willie.

“Of course,” replied Andrew. “I cut my teeth on them.”

“So you’re familiar with all of the radar systems and all the satellite systems then?” asked Willie.

“Yes I am,” said Andrew.

“Well,” said Willie, “The Jeremy is a lot more modern than any of those vessels. It’s got everything the naval vessels have plus

more. We can track whatever you want; if you give me a signature then I can track it. You get me a signature from the Navy and I'll find it for you."

"Wow, but isn't that illegal?" asked Andrew.

"Used to be but it isn't anymore. We have approval. When we first applied we didn't have but we've got approval now. The only thing is – the Navy doesn't know that we use it so we'll need a little bit of tact. Make sure you tell them that there is approval in their system. We just haven't had the opportunity to use it. Not legally anyway," said Willie.

Andrew laughed his usual belly laugh. He loved dealing with Willie.

"Okay Willie, now we'll have to be a little more formal about all of this. We'll go on the record, we're back online. This is Olsen Plaza back to The Jeremy. We'll contact you soon regarding the Navy's advice."

Willie responded, "The Jeremy, over and out. Standing by for your next message."

In the excitement Willie had forgotten about his meal sitting on the table in the mess and he suddenly felt hungry. All of the excitement had stirred inside him and he thought about his meal and decided to go down to finish it off. He knew that no matter what message came, he could pick it up from the remote transmitters.

Willie gathered up all of his remote controls and headed down to the mess. His meal had gone cold but was still appealing to him. He soon decided it would not sustain him, so he reheated the left-overs and cooked himself a couple of eggs.

Willie was almost finished when the alarm went off and the radar repeater started to flash. Willie had remembered that John had said that the radar would do this when it was in certain areas but he had never experienced it himself. He knew that the special areas were areas where other radars would not work. This was the one modification that they had made because of their area. There were certain areas, particularly around the island and for around 20km past the island, where there was total radar blank. They found that with

particular offset frequencies they could pick up the normal radar signals again. After a lot of experimenting, John had found a way to do this but Willie had no idea what to do under these circumstances.

He quickly jumped up, pressed the cancel button and got straight on the radio back to the Olsen Plaza.

“Olsen Plaza, Olsen Plaza, this is The Jeremy, do you read? Over!” called Willie.

There was that familiar crackling sound on the radio before the reply, “The Jeremy this is Olsen Plaza, we copy.”

Willie was a little panicky because he knew that he was in a critical area. His voice was a little shaky and he spoke quite fast. Andrew who was on the other end, recognised what was happening and as soon as Willie asked, “Andrew can you patch me through to John? This is urgent,” Andrew responded, “Being done right now. What’s your problem?”

“It’s okay,” said Willie. “It’s just something on the vessel that only John knows about, but everything’s okay.”

“You frightened me there Willie,” said Andrew.

“Sorry Andrew,” replied Willie, forgetting all of the protocol of radio talk. “I just got a bit excited. When these things happen on the boat it’s a bit strange because John’s the only one who understands. I’ve got a message up on the radar that I need to ask him about.”

“Okay, give me two seconds,” said Andrew before the radio again went silent.

The silence was a little eerie thought Willie, and then all of a sudden the crackle started again.

“Willie this is John. What’s your problem?”

“John – I have the radar alarm on screen. It says “no transmission - area 43”. What do I do?” asked Willie not knowing what to do.

“No wonder they can’t find the ship,” said John. “Area 43 is a blank. It’s going to be really difficult for you to pick up on it as well. Don’t be surprised if the Navy can’t find you either.”

“Yeah, I asked the Navy for a signature,” said Willie.

John was shocked and immediately interrupted, “You what?”

“I asked them for a signature so I could trace the vessel,” explained Willie innocently.

“Make sure you don’t use that word with them again or you’ll have the whole Navy in turmoil. They’ll be calling each other all over the place for the next week over that,” said John.

Then with some urgency John added, “If they come back to you and ask what you meant just say you don’t know. Tell them it’s just a word you use to find out how to find a particular ship, whether it’s big, small or otherwise.”

“Ah, it’s a bit touchy is it?” asked Willie.

“Touchy! You’ve got no idea,” said John.

John proceeded to give Willie advice on the situation, “What’ll happen now is they’ll try to contact you, probably by radio because they won’t see you on the radar. What you need to do is steam north for another 15 minutes and then come about and look back. It’s one of those things where you have to be in a line to read anything. The only part of the radar that will really work is along the line of the ship. It’s just like a search light. You’ve got to punch in the number 4726 through that small panel that I’ve installed. If you do that, the alarm will come on again and will blink twice before it goes out again and then you’re on line. The whole screen will go blank when you get out of the area and all you need to do is press the reset button, so you’re on your own there. It looks like you’ll probably be able to find the ship.”

“Okay, and if I find it, what do I do then?” asked Willie.

“Well, you may have to come and get me. We’ll probably need a few hands if we’ve got to do anything,” said John, “but with the radio out we need to be able to get up alongside and talk to them.”

“Okay,” said Willie. “Looks like we’ve got a job on our hands. I’ll talk to you later John.”

“It’s good to talk to you again Willie,” said John.

“Thanks John, over and out!” replied Willie.

“The Jeremy to Olsen Plaza thanks Andrew. All clear. Over and out!” said Willie.

Willie waited for a reply but there was none. Just that familiar double click that Andrew used to acknowledge Willie's message.

Willie put down the radio handset and went over to the patch panel that John had installed. He did exactly as he had been told and punched in 4726. Sure enough, the screen came to life, gave the error signal and then settled down and began operating. Willie was amazed. He then remembered that he had to navigate around and look back to where he came from. Just as he went to look up at the navigation panel, he saw a flicker on the radar screen. It was just off the edge. Remembering what John had said, that he had to be in line for everything to work properly, Willie grabbed his remote control and brought the ship around so that the image appeared directly in front of him and there on screen, as clear as a bell, was a ship about 20km directly ahead.

He could tell it was a large vessel, much bigger than his and assumed that it would be the Sandra D. He had no idea what speed it was doing and in what direction it was going. He knew that it was just a little too far for him to see over the horizon.

Willie immediately decided that if he could outrun a Navy vessel, he could surely catch this one. The excitement began to rise within him. He had not pushed The Jeremy for some time and doing it alone was pretty dangerous. Not safety wise but he could stress a few things and if you were not down in the engine room, you wouldn't know.

He decided to go to three quarter speed and see what happened. He knew he had plenty of time to go down and check the engines to see how everything was running. He had clear vision so there was no problem. Before he got underway, he walked back up to the bridge and did a visual check with the binoculars in all directions to make sure there was nothing that would get in his way. He could feel the speed building and the boat started to lift in the water. It was a sensation that Willie had always enjoyed but instead of sitting back to enjoy it, he knew that he had to go down and check out the engine room.

Willie locked in the autopilot and went down to the engine room. The controls were duplicated down there but his remote control did not work too well down in this part of the ship. He left his remote controls in the bridge before heading down. There was a slight smell of hot oil that didn't please him. As he moved around he realised one of the vent fans had stopped so he restarted it and looked for the reason why. He found that one of his filters was blocked. Apart from that though, everything else was going well and the engines sounded good.

By the time Willie got back on deck, he was feeling a lot more comfortable and allowed himself to enjoy the ride. He had only been on the bridge for a few minutes when the radar started to beep again. This time it was another vessel appearing on the screen and it was not too far from the one he had first picked up. This one seemed to be heading towards the ship and it was a little smaller and a tad faster. Willie knew he only had a few more minutes before the ship would appear on the horizon and he was engrossed in what was happening. It seemed like somebody else had discovered the ship also.

Willie had not bothered to contact Olsen Plaza or talk to John about what he was doing. He figured that if he could get a visual sighting, he would know a little bit more, but with another vessel appearing, he wondered if he should contact them. He dismissed that thought several times before it became so strong that he had to get up and contact them.

As he moved forward in his chair and picked up the radio handset, he watched the two vessels on the screen coming closer and closer and wondered what he was going to do if they turned out to be vessels other than the Sandra D.

“Olsen Plaza, Olsen Plaza, this is The Jeremy, do you read? Over!”

The familiar sound of his own voice calling Olsen Plaza seemed to echo in his head. He wondered what this was all about, but as he started to think about the consequences of him being out in the ocean looking for another vessel in an area that was blanked from normal

radar, the response bellowed out and disturbed his whole being. Willie jumped a little as the radio came to life.

“Olsen Plaza responding. Are you there The Jeremy?”

Willie quickly gathered himself, “Is that you Andrew?”

Andrew responded, “It is, so what can I do for you Willie?”

“Andrew I think I’ve located the Sandra D but there seems to be another vessel heading towards it. I’m in a blank area and the radar is not that clear, but another 10 minutes and I should be able to see them on the horizon,” said Willie.

“Well done,” said Andrew. “So there’s another vessel around?”

“That’s right,” said Willie. “I can’t pick it up, it’s a bit smaller than the other one but there’s nothing to say that I’ve found the Sandra D yet. It just looks about that size.”

“That’ll be her,” said Andrew. “I’m not sure about the vessel with it, but I don’t like the sound of it. Maybe we should talk to John.”

“That’s a good idea,” said Willie. “Can you get him on line with the two of us?”

“No problem,” said Andrew. “Just hold on.”

The radio clicked and then the disturbing silence came back on the line. It was completely clear and another click followed before the conversation started.

“John, I’ve got Willie on the line, we’re all talking together,” said Andrew.

“Good, what’s going on?” asked John.

“I think I’ve found her,” said Willie jumping in, “but there’s another vessel there as well.”

“Good on you,” said John. “Did you do as I said?”

“I sure did,” said Willie, “but I found them very quickly. I didn’t have to go very far. I didn’t have to turn back on my own path.”

“Well done,” said John. “So what can I do about all of this?”

“I have a funny feeling,” said Willie. “There’s another vessel there and I’m not sure what it’s all about.”

There was silence for a moment before Andrew spoke, “So what do you think John?”

John hesitated a moment before responding, “I don’t like the sound of it. I’ve just picked up your location Willie. That’s one of our old spots.”

Willie knew exactly what John was talking about. That was one of the spots where the radio and radar went dead and where a lot of the contraband transactions took place. It was also where there was always a vessel on guard making sure that nobody entered the area.

“So do you think they’re up to no good John?” asked Willie.

“I most certainly do. I would suggest that you get out of there quickly,” advised John.

“But what about the Sandra D?” asked Andrew.

“We’ve found her so let the Navy take over,” replied Willie.

Andrew pressed his key twice as he normally does when he responds. Both Willie and John knew that he had withdrawn from the conversation.

“I feel a bit responsible John,” said Willie. “How about I pick you up and we can go out and have a look?”

“Okay,” said John, “but before you do, just send up a location marker so that the Navy knows where you are.”

“What, a satellite one?” asked Willie.

“That’s right,” said John.

Andrew came back on line at that point and asked, “Can I advise the Navy that you have a visual sighting from that point?”

“You can,” said Willie. “I can just see them on the horizon now.”

John quickly broke in, “If you can see them, then they can see you. Quickly change direction Willie. Put yourself on autopilot and head back around to my jetty. It will only take you another 35 minutes. I’ll come on board and bring a couple of the boys with me. We’ll go out and see what we can find.”

“That’s fine,” agreed Willie before he immediately pressed the emergency button to send up a marker. He then flicked the switch onto autopilot to return to his original destination. Within a few seconds the screen came back with a new map and a new direction marked with a guide to show exactly where the autopilot would take The Jeremy to get Willie back to where John lived.

Willie had never visited John since he moved to the other side of the island. He had not imagined the place that he actually observed as he rounded the rocky heads. There was nothing there, just a beach with a couple of small huts. He had not known about this beach. It was very small and quite protected and John's fishing vessel was moored in the middle of the protected area. It was not a large one but it was the one that he loved to use. The jetty came out into the deeper water and seemed to be rather makeshift and rickety. It definitely would not take a large boat alongside.

Willie was rather shocked because he had believed that John had re-established himself and was quite well set up, but in fact John was living in a beach hut with a couple of temporary sheds alongside it. He had radio ariels everywhere.

Willie's thoughts were interrupted by the large crackle of the radio. It was John calling direct. Willie had not imagined that John had a radio system to be able to talk directly to him, but with all of those radio ariels, he must have had something. He came through so clearly.

"Willie, pull that thing back out of here, it's not deep enough," said John urgently.

Willie quickly pulled back on the throttles and slipped The Jeremy straight into reverse. The boat pulled up very quickly and he watched the depth sounder as it moved into lower waters. From a depth that was inconceivable, suddenly the bottom appeared quickly to around 16 metres.

Willie got straight on the radio and called, "John, what do I do now? Sixteen metres is enough to hold her, but is there a better spot?"

John quickly replied and without any radio protocol, "Yeah, just take her over to the south side Willie. There's a good flat area there but if you keep coming in that way, it'll go straight up to about 5 metres and that's not enough for her."

"Roger, John," said Willie as he moved The Jeremy back into the deeper water before heading south.

He had only been gone a couple of minutes before John was back on the radio, "That'll do Willie. Bring her in from there."

Willie turned hard on the rudder and felt The Jeremy respond perfectly, then came around and headed for the shore.

He had gone about four or five hundred yards when the voice came back over the radio, "That'll do her Willie. Drop the anchor there; she's got about 400 yards to swing around in any direction then."

"Roger, John," said Willie as he pulled back on the throttle again and slipped her into reverse before he brought The Jeremy to a halt. He then pressed the button for the winch and the main anchor went down. The anchor hit the bottom in only a few minutes as The Jeremy had moved with the tide to take up the load on the anchor chain. Willie had been so engrossed in safely securing The Jeremy that he hadn't noticed there was a dinghy on its way from the shore. When the loudhailer from the dinghy alerted Willie, he looked up to see John waving and waiting for a rope.

Willie threw the rope down and John pulled himself in alongside before scuttling up the fixed ladder to the main deck. John looked so bright-eyed and so fresh that Willie was amazed and he let his mouth drop open for a couple of seconds. John picked up on it and felt the old friendship between himself and Willie come back immediately.

As he jumped on board, John rushed straight over to Willie and wrapped his arms around him, "Great to see you!"

Willie's heart was moved in a manner that almost choked him. He looked at John and said, "Everything's okay mate. We'll make everything okay."

"I know we will," said John reassuringly.

They hugged each other then shook hands and laughed. They could not contain their excitement as they jumped up and down on deck while yelling out a couple of "Whoopee's".

"Okay Willie, how many people do you think we'll need?" asked John as they settled themselves down.

"I have no idea," answered Willie, "but if we've got to bring others on board or if we get some opposition, we'll need at least

three. We'll need someone in the engine room to keep us informed of what's happening down there, we'll need someone on deck and we'll need a spare hand to help people on board. Is that okay?"

"Yeah, sounds good to me," said John. "Come on, we'll jump in the dinghy and go and find some help."

Willie was a little puzzled. He looked around and asked, "Well, where are we going to find anyone here?"

"I know where, just leave it to me," said John.

"But there's nobody there," said Willie wondering what John was talking about.

"Ah yes there is. This is just our little hang-out by the water. It looks a bit like we're beach bums doesn't it?" said John.

Willie grinned and looked at John. He thought there would have to be more to it.

"Okay, you lead the way John," said Willie as he was about to board the dinghy.

"Aren't you going to close everything down?" asked John.

"Of course, I forgot," said Willie, before he raced back, shut down the engines and locked off all of the electronic systems. He closed the hatches and secured everything before joining John in his little dinghy.

As they headed towards shore, John said, "I've been speaking to Olsen Plaza and Andrew tells me the Navy has tracked your position but they couldn't find anything else. So what I thought was I'd tell them there's a blank area out there that we can navigate but I didn't want to tell them that we have radar that works in there."

"Is that a problem?" asked Willie.

"We'll end up being hung for having that sort of stuff on board," explained John.

"But I thought it was all approved," said Willie.

"Approved alright, but they don't know about all of the extras I've got on it," said John.

"Oh okay," said Willie. "I'd better keep my mouth shut then."

Just as he said that the dinghy ran straight up onto the sand and almost threw Willie forward onto the bottom of the boat.

He looked up at John and said, “You’ll wreck this boat one day.”

John laughed, “I’ve been doing it for ten years and it’s still going strong.”

Willie shook his head and stepped out of the boat. It wasn’t long before the two of them were riding a three wheeler bike, roaring up the sand dunes and heading off toward some place. A place that was totally unfamiliar to Willie, where there were other people who John could call on.

They turned from the beach and headed down the other side of the sand dune and disappeared into dense forest. About two hundred yards past the entrance to the forest it opened up into a small village with beautiful houses and lots of facilities.

Willie turned to John and asked, “Is this it?”

John just shook his head as he could not hear over the top of the noise of the bike. Willie kept quiet and hung on until they reached the end of the village streets. Right in front of Willie stood a house that he knew would be John’s. He had seen it in the sketches that John used to draw while they were out working on the boats. It was most unusual in its structure but it was one of those energy efficient houses that never really struck Willie as being important. Willie was more interested in the Broltich Special than in some house. John’s house, that he had built himself, was really something.

As they pulled up, John quickly leapt off the bike and raced over to open the gate. He came back and drove them straight down under the house. The house was built high on stilts and underneath was a workshop and several garages for small vehicles. One of them being the small bike they were riding. As John pulled up he waited for Willie to get off first before he got off.

John spread his arms out wide before him and said, “Here it is, this is it Willie. This was my dream and now I’ve done it. We have everything you could think of. There has been 15 other people join me. There are the eight men who used to work for us and another seven, including their family and friends. So you should know just about everybody here. We have a mighty team and I know that it’s taken a while, but I’ve never forgotten our friendship and I never

forgot what we have sitting back there at the boatshed. Neither did anyone here. We've managed to live off the sea and off our savings and we're all doing pretty well but we're going to run out soon and I know there's a lot ahead of us. We've got a heap to talk about Willie."

Willie shook his head in amazement, "There's no doubt about it John. You're really something!"

John smiled, "Okay, we'll get these people together and we'll get on our way."

John had already organised the three standby skippers who had worked with the Broltich family for many years. Harry, Fred and Roger were key men in the Broltich operation. They had stuck with Willie and John for many years. When they had to leave, they were the ones who had organised with John to return. So before Willie had arrived, John raced around and organised his three good friends to get all of their gear ready and be ready for when Willie arrived.

When John opened the kitchen door, Willie was completely surprised to see his three good friends sitting around the table waiting. He looked around at John and asked, "How did you know it was three, and particularly these three?"

Harry simply laughed.

Fred jumped up and said, "You old codger Willie" and greeted him with a strong handshake.

Roger asked, "Who else would you expect?" and laughed out loud before giving Willie a friendly slap on the back.

The joy of old friends meeting up together filled the room. The old team was back together again. The team who had taken on almost every feasible problem that could be taken on at sea. The team who had taken contraband into areas you would never visit in daylight, and the team who had pulled through together to launch a positive life without the negativity of smuggling.

Roger walked over to the table and picked up his pack, "Come on you lot!" the same way as he did every night before they went out to sea. He was always the leader.

On mass they said together, “Oh Roger, come on! Give us a rest!”

In his old familiar way, Roger replied, “No rest for the wicked. Come on, let’s go.”

They each picked up their gear and headed down under the house again to get on the three bikes that had been parked there and headed down to the beach.

On the way, Willie had the thought that they seemed like a bunch of smugglers, but he looked at them all and reassessed that. No, maybe they just looked like old hippies, all totally mad. He felt good and felt free and he had not felt that way for many years.

Willie enjoyed the ride as they rode over the sand dunes. Just as he did when he was a small child.

When they arrived at the dinghy John said, “I’ll go out first Willie. You stay here and look after everyone. Come on Roger, let’s get this operation underway.”

Willie stood back, just like he always did and held the fort while John, Roger and Harry headed off in the dinghy out to The Jeremy. Harry was a good hand with the dinghy, he always took that role. When he returned for Fred and Willie, they were ready to jump in as he nosed up to the sand. He had the boat in reverse before Fred had even got his foot in the boat. As it started going backwards, Fred had to leap to get in there. Harry and Willie laughed because Harry had managed to do that to Fred most times. There were even occasions when Fred missed and fell in the water, but Fred did not have the skill that Harry had with a small boat. He was a large vessel skipper. Very steady and not quite as flamboyant as Harry. Each time Harry came up with a new way of disturbing him, Fred would simply shake his head and grin.

They had a great relationship Harry and Fred and they always stuck by one another. The practical jokes would flow backwards and forwards on a regular basis.

As they reached The Jeremy, Willie and Fred boarded quickly while Harry stayed in the dinghy waiting for the winch to come over

the side. John was not far behind with the winch and soon the dinghy and all were on board, with Harry still sitting in the dinghy.

John was very efficient with The Jeremy and he knew how to set everything up. He was the technical hand behind all the fancy things. Where Willie would have to take his time while operating separate controls and getting everything ready one by one, John had everything working at once. It was like The Jeremy knew John was at the helm and it responded quickly and brilliantly. It spun around and took off out to sea.

They had been travelling less than 5 minutes when the radar alarm came on. John put his thumb in the air and said, “We’re on! We’ve got them.”

“Got who?” asked Willie.

“We’ve got the Sandra D,” answered John.

Willie wondered how John knew this. “How do you know it’s the Sandra D?” he asked.

“I programmed it in,” said John. “We’ve got them. We’ll be there in an hour.”

Willie could not believe how efficiently John could handle all of this equipment with such ease. He was so pleased to be working alongside him. There had been times when Willie had struggled with many things but John had always pulled him through. On this occasion, John was so far ahead of Willie, that Willie simply could not fathom how he could do it.

While Willie was thinking about all of this and looking directly at John, John said, “Look at the radar.”

Willie turned to look and sure enough, another vessel appeared.

John immediately recognised the vessel, “I know who that is.”

“Who it is?” asked Willie.

“Yeah, that’s the mongrel that kept following us every time we tried to take off with a load,” said John. “He’s a poacher and we’ve always had to outrun him, but here he is ahead of us now. I’d say he might be holding up the Sandra D.”

“Wow,” said Willie feeling a little excited, “What are we going to do about that?”

“It’s not a problem,” said John. “We’ll look like a Navy Cutter coming in at our speed. He won’t know what to do. We’ll head directly for him instead of the Sandra D.”

“You’re game,” said Willie.

“No,” said John. “I’ve done it many times. All you have to do is look different each time.”

“How do you do that?” asked Willie.

“Ah, you just change a few things, twiddle a couple of knobs. We always look different, particularly on radar,” answered John.

“Can he see us in this?” asked Willie.

“He most certainly can,” answered John. “He would have picked us up by now.”

“So how come we’re not on course towards him?” asked Willie.

“We don’t have to bother about that yet,” explained John. “If we were Navy we’d make it look like we didn’t see him until we got within half an hour and then we’d pick him up by other means. Let’s just watch him and we’ll head to the Sandra D, and then we’ll head straight for him.”

This was so exciting to Willie. “Okay, this will be fun.”

“Sure will be,” said John. “Just like old times hey mate.”

He had no sooner finished his conversation when the Roger’s voice came over the intercom, “Roger here John. Everything looks good down below. Maintenance is good. It looks like Old Willie has done a good job.”

Willie shot back with, “That’s a compliment Roger.”

“Sorry, I thought I was talking to John. I wouldn’t have said it otherwise,” said Roger laughingly.

“Thanks Roger,” said Willie.

John replied, “Thanks Roger. Good news, we’ve found the Sandra D.”

“Yeah, I thought you might,” said Roger, “how long away?”

“About an hour,” replied John.

Fred’s voice came over, “I suppose you’d better come down and eat Willie.”

Then Harry called out from somewhere else on the boat, "I'm on my way."

Willie was amazed at how well the team fitted back together and how beautifully The Jeremy performed with all on board. He sat back in his chair on the bridge and thought to himself that somehow his prayers had been answered. It had all happened since he talked to Bill Sommers. He wondered what it was all about.

The meal Fred had prepared was exquisite. Fred was a great cook and he put a lot of effort into making sure that everybody ate well and enjoyed what he had prepared. It was something he had taken on without invitation several years ago and it seemed to be the first task he performed each time they came on board. He was also the top man for ensuring the vessels were equipped with everything you would need for a long journey. The food and its storage seemed to be his forte.

As the men ate, Fred turned to Willie and said, "Your reserve stocks are down a little, but they're not too bad for a first effort. Some of the stuff is a little bit old, but it'll still be okay. The fresh stores look good but will need to be updated down the track."

"Do I pass?" asked Willie.

"Yeah, you pass," laughed Fred.

The conversation was light and flippant and carried on for half an hour or so until the radar alarm came up again. Everyone looked at John, but John merely smiled and said, "Just watch."

He had set everything up automatically so that when they were half an hour from the Sandra D, The Jeremy would change course and head straight for the mystery vessel that was standing some 2km off the Sandra D. He had set the alarm to come up so they could all watch. Somehow he had set up the throttle system so that The Jeremy went to two thirds throttle. They could feel the boat lift in the water.

Willie let out with a big cry, "Wow! Feel that!" he shouted.

"This is really somethin' this Jeremy," said Harry.

Within 2 minutes the mystery vessel began moving away from its original location. A cheer went up in the mess and John yelled,

“We’ve done it! We’ve frightened the hell out of them. Look at them go.”

The further they went, the closer they got and they knew they could actually catch the mystery vessel if they wanted to. They travelled for just on 15 minutes before they turned back toward the Sandra D. They maintained surveillance on the mystery vessel while it kept heading away from the Sandra D.

As they arrived alongside they could see people hanging over the side waving to them. They were surprised that there was nobody with a loudhailer to talk to them. They were not sure whether they would board or not until suddenly down low, on the hull of the Sandra D, a door opened and a launching pad came out from the side. A high speed dinghy popped out through the hole and sped out towards The Jeremy.

Roger had already sighted the dinghy and had the occupants’ right in the middle of his binoculars. He could see that it was a senior officer on board so he signalled to John that all was clear. John pulled back on the throttles and turned The Jeremy so the dinghy was on the leeward side. As the dinghy came alongside, he used the loudhailer to ask who he was speaking to and what their problem was.

To his surprise the reply was, “We don’t have a problem and we don’t need you on board, but we’d like to come and talk to you.”

John signalled for the rope ladder to go over the side and he allowed the two Officers from the Sandra D to come on board. The Officers seemed a little shaky and Willie detected a large amount of caution on their part, so he immediately took over the conversation.

“I’m Willie Broltich. Tell me, what we can do for you?” he asked.

The Officers looked at each other but did not reply.

Willie continued, “We’ve been called on by the Olsen Plaza to find you. There’s no radio contact and it’s rather strange for a liner not to even have a loudhailer over the side when we turn up. What’s the problem?” asked Willie.

The First Officer spoke, “There’s no problem, we told you that. We just don’t need you on board.”

“Well, keep talking!” said Willie.

“Well we believe we have the answer to the problem we had but we don’t have one now. We’re feeding everyone and everything’s alright. We don’t need anyone to panic,” replied the Officer.

“Okay then, we’ll just get on the radio to Customs right now,” said Willie in a serious tone of voice.

Both Officers turned white. Willie knew what was happening. He knew they were doing a large deal on contraband. He had been involved so many times himself before and he could tell that something had gone wrong. He knew they were being held pending some transaction.

Willie addressed the Officers, “Either you talk to us or you talk to Customs. I think we can be of more help than Customs.”

The Second Officer wanted to talk but the First Officer silenced him.

John picked up the radio and called, “Olsen Plaza, Olsen Plaza, this is The Jeremy.”

The crackling sound came back over the radio followed by, “This is Olsen Plaza, Andrew speaking. Over!”

“Andrew, this is John. We need a Customs vessel out here pronto.”

As soon as he had finished the statement, the Second Officer rushed over and pleaded, “No, No, please don’t! They have our family.”

John called back to Andrew, “Hold on Andrew. We have a situation we need to sort out. Put a hold on the Customs.”

“Roger,” said Andrew. “Standing by.”

“The Jeremy over and out for now. Be back soon,” said John.

Willie and John had struck this type of situation before and they knew exactly what to do.

They spoke to the two Officers and said, “They may have your family but in fact they actually have 300 hostages sitting on your

boat. I know we can get your family back but you must start to move the ship.”

“No we can’t do that. We can’t risk it,” said the First Officer.

“Risk it or lose the lot,” said John bluntly. “Listen to us, we’ll tell you what to do.”

The Officers took notice of what John had to say.

“If you were to up-anchor and turn the Sandra D back towards Norwick, the boat containing your family will have to follow you. They’ll have to try to stop you. They can’t afford to lose what you’ve got on board,” explained John.

“But what about our family?” asked the Second Officer.

“The boat will have to follow you, the family is going nowhere, they’re on the boat,” said John.

“But we can’t do anything,” said the Officer.

“That’s right,” said Willie, “but we can. This vessel will outrun anything and we can board any vessel. We have the means to do it.”

“But they’ve got guns,” said the First Officer.

“That’s right, and so do we,” said Fred, “and let us tell you, they will listen to us!”

The First Officer caught on to what they were talking about. “You mean honour amongst thieves?”

Roger added, “You might call it that but we’re ex-thieves and we’re not having any of those muggers in our area. Nobody’s going through what we’ve gone through.”

The Second Officer stood tall and said, “Let’s do it! But how do we do it? What do we do?”

Harry said, “I’ll go with you. I’ll drive the dinghy. I’ll be onboard and if need be, I’ll go out when this mystery vessel catches us. Once we’ve got him stopped you’ll have your family back.”

“Tell me more,” said the First Officer.

John explained, “Well, it goes like this. You have to up-anchor and head back, but you head back slowly. If they contact you then you say that you have sick people on board. You’re radio will be monitored so break radio silence as much as you can and do the opposite to what they tell you. When they contact you on the radio,

invite them to follow you. Tell them that you're not doing anything stupid and invite them to follow you. They'll come so far and then they'll tell you that they want to see, so you have to stop and let Harry come out. When Harry gets onboard, the very second he gets onboard, we'll attack from the other side."

"But they'll see you," said the Officer.

"No they won't," said John. "We'll have a radar block and we'll be sitting right behind the Sandra D."

"What if they shoot my family?" asked the Officer.

"I can assure you they won't shoot your family with Harry onboard. Once Harry is onboard, they'll know who they're dealing with," guaranteed John. "The only other alternative is Customs. If we let them go ahead and take the contraband off this ship, they'll most certainly take your family with them. Believe me we know. It has been done before and you won't get to see your family for another six months. I can assure you that it's not a good way to go," said John.

"I don't care what the shipping line thinks, I don't care what anybody thinks, I'm going along with you – Willie wasn't it?" replied the Second Officer.

"Yes, I'm Willie and this is John, that's Harry and Fred and over there is Roger," said Willie as he introduced the crew. "Okay you're on – let's go."

The First Officer hesitated until the Second Officer grabbed his collar and pulled him towards the gunwale where they had to go down to the high speed dinghy.

"Hold on!" said Harry. "I'm going down first, I'm driving," and over he went with the two Officers following.

True to his word, Harry had them onboard in no time. It was only a matter of a few minutes before they got underway.

John knew that he had frightened the mystery vessel away and that they would not be back. He knew that he would have to be quick to get behind the Sandra D as it moved through the water so that it could look like he was heading back to shore when viewed from the mystery vessel's position. As soon as the Sandra D got

underway, John started up The Jeremy and took off so fast that she almost leapt out of the water. He headed around the rear of the Sandra D and headed off at full speed towards the mystery vessel. He knew that he had to have Harry onboard the Sandra D to settle everyone down and to keep things going as planned. He knew that Harry would stick to that plan.

It was only a few minutes before John had the mystery vessel in sight. He was bearing down so quickly they did not have a chance to move away. Within 15 minutes it was all over with John, Willie, Fred and Roger standing on the deck of one of their old vessels called "The Ridge Hunter". John had sold the Ridge Hunter some five years before and twice now they have had to overhaul the Ridge Hunter and threaten to run it down.

The owner of the Ridge Hunter – Jerry Sarple, was quite a nasty piece of work. He had always hung around the pubs in England at a time when Willie was learning his trade. He had fooled Willie at the time of the sale of the vessel but he never fooled John for a moment. When John had threatened to put the bow of The Jeremy straight through the Ridge Hunter, Sarple immediately backed off and allowed them onboard.

John walked straight up to Jerry Sarple and grabbed him by the shirt. He pushed him up against the wheel house and was about to swing a punch when Willie quickly spoke up.

"No John, not anymore!"

John stopped, "Okay Willie. Jerry, take those people onboard for me."

"Okay," said Jerry. He then gave instructions for two families to be brought on deck.

Fred checked that the families were okay and took them onboard The Jeremy. Willie walked over and removed the keys from the Ridge Hunter and leant down under the dash and pulled out all of the control wires.

Jerry Sarple went white and shook with rage.

Willie casually asked, "Want a lift Jerry?"

“You’re not going to leave us out here are you” asked Jerry, almost panicking.

“Sure,” said Willie. “Unless you want a lift. We’ll tow you’re heap of junk back as well if you want us to but it’ll cost you. Or you can just leave it here and we’ll come out later and collect the lot and charge you the demurrage.”

Jerry knew that Willie was capable of this and he also knew that if he played along, he might get out of this without any scratches at all. So he nodded and waved all his crew on board The Jeremy.

He was about to settle and look after the tow when Roger shook a hand at him and waved him onboard The Jeremy. Roger felt that it was his job to handle the tow behind such an important vessel as The Jeremy. Besides, left on his own, this Jerry bloke may cause damage.

It was not too long before they were underway and the entire Ridge Hunter personnel were locked in the storage hull with the threat that if they misbehaved they would have the refrigeration turned on. Fred cooked a special meal for the visitors while Willie and John spoke to the Sandra D and to Olsen Plaza.

John, Willie, Harry, Roger and Fred returned to Norwick as heroes. Heroes in the eyes of the Sandra D; heroes in the eyes of the Olsen Plaza; heroes in the eyes of the Navy and definitely heroes in their own eyes.

Willie and John had changed so much however, that they felt sorry for their old rival Jerry Sarple.

They called their three friends together and said, “You know it’s not that long ago that we were the same as Jerry and his crew but someone gave us a second chance.”

John turned to Willie, “You know Willie that we’ve been looked after ever since we went our separate ways.”

Willie nodded his head in agreement, “I realise that.”

“I think we’re both communicating with the same person,” said John.

“I think so too,” agreed Willie, “and young Bill Sommers knows more about this person than we’ll ever know. I think it was Bill who gave us another chance this time around.”

Harry quickly added, “Well I’m glad that’s the case because it’s good to be back together.”

Fred smiled and Roger said, “I’ll second that!”

“Hang on; forget about us, I want to talk about Jerry and his boys. We need to give them another chance but how are we going to do that?” asked John.

Everything went quiet for a while before Willie smiled and looked up.

“That’s not a problem. I think we can give them a job. I think we’ll be big enough to use them and many more. All we’ve got to do is find out what they’re after in life, just like us. All we wanted to do was go forward and the only reason we got off track was because the system kept stopping us. But now we know how to get around the system we’re okay and there’s a lot yet to happen. Don’t ask me what, but I know there’s a lot that’s going to happen and very quickly. I think we’re going to need a lot of people alongside us.”

John leant over and patted Willie’s back. “There’s no doubt about you Willie. You’ve got so many ideas haven’t you? Where did you get all this from?”

“I don’t know,” answered Willie. “Somewhere inside me I guess. It seems to have been planted there in the couple of hours that I spoke to young Bill Sommers. I’ve got to tell you more about him but first I’ve got to get back and see him otherwise we’ll miss out on our future enterprise with him. So how about we all just get down there, pull Jeremy and his friends out of the clink and take them on the boat back around to John’s place. Do you have enough room around there John?”

“Sure, sure Willie,” said John, “we’ve got enough room around there for you too.”

“No thanks John, I’m a boatshed man,” said Willie. “I’ve got my home there and anyway, I’m sure there won’t be a problem with us both occupying either side of the island.”

John nodded in agreement and smiled at his old friend.

“John, you can come and go whenever you want,” said Willie.

“No, I’ve got my home also thanks Willie,” said John, “but I really want to work alongside you again.”

“Okay, let’s do it!” said Willie.

The five of them stood up together, in the same manner and stepped off the same foot together. They looked at each other and laughed at the synchronicity. They were having fun and life was good. Nothing really had changed except it had all come together under the banner of a mystery that surrounded Willie’s discussion with young Bill Sommers.

As they stepped onto the jetty, they each knew what they had to do.

Harry said, “I’ll go with you John. Willie, you go and do what you’ve got to do!”

Willie knew that he had to go and see the Town Clerk. Fred and Roger sidled off together without saying a word and headed towards the Ridge Hunter.

At the last moment, Roger turned around and said, “I’ll have her ship-shape shortly and Fred will have something to eat for everybody when they get there. Should only take you an hour or so.”

Harry gave a wave and John and Willie smiled. As they approached the end of the jetty, Willie turned to John and said, “This might cost us something...are you okay with that?”

“That’s fine,” said John. “Whatever.”

With that, Willie headed off to see the Town Clerk.

## Chapter 42

The Town Clerk was the man who handled all the graft and corruption in Norwick. He was a surly old gentleman but Willie knew he had a soft spot for those who broke the rules for him. Although Willie and John were now going straight, the Town Clerk, who answered to the name of Harvey, still had a leaning towards assisting his old friends. Nobody knew Harvey's full name and not once did anybody think that Harvey was not his correct name, but that was what they knew him as and that was what he signed everything as.

Harvey would not open his mouth until you put one hundred dollars in his pocket, in gold mind you. To Willie at this stage, one hundred in gold was impossible. What he would have to do was arrange a special favour. He had no idea what he was about to offer but he knew that he would get Jerry and his boys out of jail so that he could take them with him.

As he walked in to talk to Harvey, Harvey looked up and to Willie's surprise, was grateful for the company of an old friend.

He smiled and greeted Willie, "Ah, I can see that you can't keep away from the old days."

Willie's round jolly face broke into a big smile and turned a little red because he knew that Harvey was right. He had certainly enjoyed himself.

"Ah well Harvey, you know how it is. A bit hard to change the old leopard spots, but still, I'm fairly straight."

"Ah yeah, I believe you but many wouldn't. So what can I do for you Willie?" asked Harvey.

"I need to take Jerry and his boys away to teach them a lesson," explained Willie.

Harvey looked a little surly for a while and replied, "Yeah, I think that will be a good idea though not good for what happened."

"What I'd like to do is give them a taste of going straight for a while," said Willie.

Harvey laughed when he heard this and turned red in the face. Once he managed to control his laughter he said, "Willie that would be worse than jail to take Jerry and his boys and make them go straight. Wow, I'll do this favour for you for nothing just to see the look on their faces. You have to bring them back to me – no better still, you come and pick me up and take me to where they are. Let me see the misery on their faces."

Willie also laughed, "I never thought of it that way Harvey. I'd like to see their faces too. Do you want to come along with me when I tell them?"

"No," said Harvey, "If I come along now I wouldn't be able to control myself. I wouldn't be able to stop laughing. Leave it for a month and then come and get me. We can then consider the favour settled."

Willie stepped forward and put out his hand to shake Harvey's hand, but Harvey withdrew and said, "Not so fast Willie, you don't get out of this so easily."

"Oh Harvey," whined Willie. "What have I got to do now?"

"These characters are going to be signed over to you," explained Harvey. "If anything goes wrong, then they're straight back to the clink. So they'll be under your custody, all legal like."

"Okay," agreed Willie. "So what's that going to cost me?"

"If you're not careful it'll cost you heaps," said Harvey, "but for now sign these forms and get over to the jail and collect those characters. I don't want any money from you, I just want some satisfaction. It's about time Jerry Sarples got his backside kicked."

Willie smiled, "I'll sign anything Harvey. You know me."

"Yeah, and use your correct hand this time, I don't want any left-handed signature," said Harvey. He knew what Willie had been like in the past.

Willie laughed, "Would I do that?"

"You certainly would," said Harvey.

Harvey placed the papers on the desk in front of Willie and Willie noticed they had already been prepared. He looked up at Harvey and asked, "You knew all about this before I got here?"

“Funny thing,” said Harvey. “I do know some things and I didn’t really want to be filling out all of this paperwork when you got here. Just sign on the bottom.”

“So I didn’t have to ask you after all?” asked Willie.

“No,” said Harvey. “Just sign on the bottom and get out of here.”

Willie signed and threw Harvey a big kiss. Harvey reacted as if he had been kissed because he quickly turned his head away and said in disgust, “Ah cut it out! Get off with you!”

Willie smiled and walked out the door with six pieces of paper, all stamped with the courts seal, signed and all very official. He thought to himself that it was amazing what a Town Clerk can do. It was at that point that Willie realised that Harvey would be a good ally for him in the future. He now knew a little more about the strength of the man and a little more about the fact that he really did want to do some good.

When Willie arrived at the jail, John and Harry were already there to take the prisoners into their custody.

“I think we’ll just let them come along with us,” said Willie. “We’ve got enough paperwork here to make sure they do as they’re told. We’ll show it to them first and then we’ll let ‘em go. If they get out of line, then they’ll know that they’ll be off to jail for the rest of their life. Harvey will make sure of it.”

“So what did it cost you?” John asked Willie.

“A trip back here in a month’s time to take Harvey to see what we’ve done with these characters,” answered Willie. “I told him we were going to give them a taste of going straight.”

“How did he take that?” asked John.

“He laughed himself silly,” said Willie, “and all we have to do is make sure they go straight. Harvey reckons that it’ll be worse than jail for them.”

“Wow, pretty good stuff,” said John.

“I knew you could do it Willie,” said Harry. “You’re the greatest conman I’ve ever met.”

With a smirk on his face Willie replied, “What me Harry? I’d never do anything like that.”

Both John and Harry laughed but Willie did not change his facial expression one bit.

It wasn't long before Jerry Sarple and his crew were walking down the street alongside John and Willie. All were chatting away and totally amazed at how everything had suddenly changed in their lives. They were a little surprised at what had happened but they were more surprised at how good they felt about it all. They actually felt quite good. Jerry Sarple was in fact smiling. Harry had played a bit of a joke on him and he actually laughed. That was unheard of for Jerry as he was quite a nasty sort of a character. He had taken many punches in the nose over the years. Willie and John were light hearted and Harry was playing jokes in his normal way as they headed back to the old Ridge Hunter.

As they arrived Roger gave the thumbs up sign to John and Fred waved from the top porthole to give the signal that the food was on.

John turned to the entourage and said, "It looks like we've got a working vessel and grub's on. Time to eat. The whole lot of us down in the mess."

With that the crew of the Ridge Hunter headed straight up the gangplank and straight down into the mess with such a ruckus and commotion that you would swear there was a party on.

As they all were seated, Fred stood in front of the mess and held both hands in the air, "Righto you lot....sit down, I'm serving and you'll all behave yourselves from here on in."

Roger arrived down the stairs, "And if anybody gets out of line, they're going over the side."

Willie started to laugh, "It's okay Roger. They're all clear, they're in our custody now and our job is to make them go straight."

When he heard this, Roger began to laugh with such gusto that everyone soon joined in. Before long the whole mess was full of laughter. Fred gave up and started serving the meal. It took almost an hour for them to eat their meal and to quieten down. At the end of that time they had become a closely bonded crew of men, ready to move out into the world and do something positive with their lives. Many of them had forgotten what it was like to have a family and

during their meal they had remembered all the things that they had missed out on in life. So there were a lot of new determinations and aims as well as new dreams, all generated over Fred's first class meal.

## Chapter 43

On the other side of the island Bill had almost forgotten all of his adventures. He was filled with the presence of Suzanne. He had also forgotten much of what Simon Guthridge had told him and all the lessons that he had experienced. He had almost forgotten how much skill he now had in the use of money because he was totally engrossed in his family and in his love for Suzanne. He watched her face and looked into her eyes and he felt her excitement as she told him of her visit to Carmel Roberts. Suzanne's visit had actually extended to longer than one day and it had put Bill into some turmoil because he did not know where Suzanne was. It caused Bill to dig into the depths of his whole spiritual being to make contact with Suzanne and have confidence in the fact that they did communicate.

Suzanne had gone off to meet Carmel Roberts. On her way there she had visited a few friends and on several occasions had stopped to let the children rest. When she finally arrived at Carmel's house the day had almost come to an end. She knew that Bill had decided to talk to Simon that very day, so when Carmel suggested to Suzanne that she must stay over that night for the sake of herself and the children, Suzanne understood and agreed.

Suzanne sat with Carmel as they connected with Bill and had quite a long conversation with him. She knew that Bill was aware but unsure of what was going on and she worked with Carmel to pull Simmion into the scene. Carmel asked Simmion to give Bill a physical sign to show that Suzanne and the children were okay and to let him know that they were staying with Carmel for the night. The trouble was Bill doubted most things when it came to Suzanne as he needed to see her in the flesh. So when she stayed away he was worried, even though he felt there was nothing wrong.

As Bill gazed into Suzanne's eyes while she was telling him of her experiences, he also felt some remorse for the fact that for some hours he had not listened to Simmion. He had not listened to Simmion's voice until Simmion had actually tipped a glass of water over him. There was no one in the room who could have tipped the

water off the table; there was nobody else in the house and for some reason, Bill had spilt something on the floor and had bent down to clean it up. He was not near the table or anywhere that he could bump it, but suddenly the glass of water toppled down on top of him. When he got up from the floor he looked around and could feel Simmion's presence.

It was at that point that he allowed himself to open up and allowed himself to go deeply into the areas that he normally kept away from. He saw Suzanne and the children sitting on the lounge chairs in Carmel Roberts' cosy little house. The vision was so clear that as he listened to Suzanne, he could actually see where she was sitting. Now that he was actually looking at Suzanne in the flesh and hearing her words, he could see that there was very little difference and that his communication abilities were much more than he had ever expected.

Suzanne's joy was so infectious that Bill could hardly follow her words. He actually paid very little attention at first to her words; he was more fascinated in the being before him.

Jamie had taken on many of Suzanne's traits and repeated almost every word in her own special way. Samuel was more like Bill, he sat there with his mouth open looking at the two females chatting away, completely absorbed. Martha just played with her doll and took very little notice at all. It was as if Martha already knew all about it and to her that was just the way it was meant to be. The fact that many, many miracles had happened to them on the trip to see Carmel and also while they were with her was perfectly normal for Martha.

Jamie was excited but Suzanne was ecstatic. Suzanne had left on her trip to Carmel's shortly after Bill had left for the boat. As she had left the house, the wheel on the small stroller that she always relied on had broken and fallen over at a strange angle. She needed the stroller to support Samuel and Martha and without it, there was not much chance of her getting to see Carmel. Suzanne looked down at the wheel when it happened and her heart dropped. It had totally broken off and there was nothing that she could imagine could be

done about it. She had almost resolved that she would have to turn around and go home when an old gentleman came along. He was someone she had known before but could not remember his name.

He had noticed what had happened and said, "That's no problem lassie."

He quickly turned the stroller over, did something with the axel, pushed the wheel back on and took a bobby pin out of Jamie's hair and somehow stuck it through a hole. He twisted it up and righted the stroller before saying, "There you go," and before Suzanne could thank him, he seemed to disappear. It was like he had walked into thin air.

Suzanne looked around but could not find him. She asked Jamie, "Where did the man go?"

"He went there," said Jamie pointing to the spot where he had been standing.

"Where?" asked Suzanne looking all around.

"There," repeated Jamie, pointing to the same spot.

"What's there Jamie? I can't see anything," said Suzanne.

"He walked through there," answered Jamie.

Suzanne was right. The man had disappeared into nowhere. Samuel laughed because to him it was like playing hide-and-seek.

Suzanne turned to Jamie and asked, "Where did the man come from?"

Jamie pointed to another place just up ahead of them.

"Have you seen that man before?" Suzanne asked Jamie.

"Yes Mummy," answered Jamie. "He's my friend."

"Does he live here?" asked Suzanne.

"No," answered Jamie.

"So who is he then Jamie?" asked Suzanne, trying to make some sense of this.

"He's just my friend," replied Jamie.

Suzanne shook her head and wondered what was happening around her. Here were her children calling people from nowhere to fix the stroller.

As Suzanne relayed the story to Bill, he could clearly see everything that was happening. It was like a real story and to look into Suzanne's eyes as she told the story was like looking into her eyes as it actually happened.

He enjoyed Suzanne's enthusiasm and quickly took up his role. He said, "Tell me more Suzanne. Tell me more about little Jamie here," and patted little Jamie on the head.

Suzanne went on, "That's not the end of it by far. We headed off down the road and who should we run into but Julie and Helen. They were just wandering along the track. Of course they had no idea why they were there, just like me. I knew I was heading to see Carmel Roberts but for some unknown reason, I had turned off onto the road to the village. When I asked Julie and Helen what they were doing here, they answered that they didn't know. They said they were heading off to see me. I told them that was strange because I was on my way to see Carmel and I wasn't sure where she lived, so somehow I'd headed off onto this road but I didn't even consciously think about it."

Bill was still listening, watching Suzanne and taking it all in.

Suzanne continued, "Julie said that she knew exactly where Carmel lived and said she wouldn't mind going there herself. She said she wasn't too far from her own house and Helen lived in the opposite direction. Julie said she had wanted to contact Helen, so they thought they might just head into town and sit around and have a cup of tea and have a yarn before heading off home. So it looks like we're all off to have a cup of tea."

Suzanne's skill at telling a story impressed Bill. Even the mundane thing of meeting a couple of friends on the road turned into a major event. Every word that was said between the three was duly repeated in fine detail. Bill's interest in the detail of the conversation was almost zero but his interest in Suzanne and her excitement grew with every word.

As they worked their way through the conversation, Suzanne became more and more excited. Bill could tell there was something coming.

Suzanne continued once again with her story, “And here we are, sitting having a cup of tea, talking, when Jamie walked up to Julie and said, *“Your father wants you.”* “And Julie said, *“Yes I know love.”* Then Jamie said, *“No, your father wants you.”* And Julie said again, *“Thank you Jamie.”* So Jamie turned around to me and said, *“Mummy, will you tell Julie that her father wants her, he doesn’t feel real good.”* Anyway, Julie went white and said to me, *“How does Jamie know these things? Do you think she’s right?”* And I said, *“I’m not sure.”* Then Jamie said, *“Mummy, you look, you’ll see.”* and immediately I could see the same vision as Jamie. I could see the old man struggling to get from one chair to another. I told Julie that I could see him and that Jamie was right. I told her she had better get home. I asked her how far it was to her father’s house and Julie said it was only up to the corner. I told her to get underway and we’d follow her,” said Suzanne.

The serious look on Suzanne’s face grew as Bill looked at her, “It’s alright Suzanne, you’re only telling me a story.”

“Oh but it’s just how it is Bill,” said Suzanne.

Bill sat back and allowed the story to continue. The story Suzanne was telling was in such detail that Bill thought it would take the whole day, but he was quite happy to listen.

The story continued, “As Julie was about to head out the door, I asked Jamie if she would help put Samuel in the stroller. Jamie said *“No Mummy, you go, you can help.”* Helen said, *“I’ll stay here with the children while you go Suzanne.”*

“I looked at Jamie and asked her, *“Are you sure?”* and she said, *“You help Mummy.”* So I left and caught up with Julie. As we entered Julie’s father’s house, the exact image that had come to me was right there before me. Old Martin was still struggling between chairs and was moving them one at a time and struggling from one to the other to get to the door. When he saw Julie standing there he collapsed in one of the chairs and said, *“Thank God you’re here or should I say thank Simmion you’re here.”*

“Julie asked her father, *“What do you mean by thank Simmion?”*

*“This man called Simmion just appeared in front of me and said “I will arrange for Julie to come,” and now here you are. I thought it would take at least a day,”* said Martin.”

“I looked at Martin and could see that he was having major breathing difficulties and he looked slightly blue. It was obvious that something was not working with either his heart or lungs. I took a deep breath and heard Jamie’s voice, “you can help Mummy.” As soon as I heard the voice I felt the energy rise within my body and once again felt that beautiful presence of Simmion. Without hesitating, I walked straight over to Martin and placed my hand on his forehead. He immediately relaxed and within seconds, the colour came back into his face. His breathing became normal and his smile came back to his face. The obvious relief surprised Julie but I wasn’t at all surprised. I knew that would happen. Within 30 seconds, Martin was speaking normally and feeling fine. I stood back and felt that beautiful feeling fade away. I knew that Simmion had moved away.”

“Julie turned to her father and asked, *“Are you okay Dad?”*”

*“Thanks to this young lady I feel great,”* answered Martin.”

Suzanne’s eyes almost popped out as she told Bill, “Do you believe it Bill? Do you believe it? I actually made him well. It was so easy it was amazing.”

Bill jumped up and gave Suzanne a big hug, “This is so brilliant. This is you; this is what you do for everyone.

Suzanne was so excited that she jumped up and down and wiggled her hands backwards and forwards, “Isn’t it great Bill.”

“Yes it is,” agreed Bill.

“But that’s not all,” said Suzanne excitedly. “More happened after that. When I went back to get the children, Helen came up and gave me a big hug. She said *“Jamie just told me what you did.”* Do you believe that Bill? Helen said Jamie described everything to her while it was happening.”

“Yes I think we’ve got someone special in our midst here,” said Bill.

“But she’s only four,” said Suzanne.

“Yeah, four going on four hundred,” replied Bill.

“I think you might be right,” said Suzanne. “So after I’d spoken with Helen for a while, we both turned to Jamie and said, *“Tell us more about what’s happening Jamie.”* Jamie said, *“I just want to play,”* and she just walked away from us. It was like nothing had happened.”

Bill laughed, “Yeah, that’s how simple it is for children.”

Suzanne got up from the chair where she had been talking to Bill and walked over and got a glass of water. She walked around each of the children and gave them a sip and then had a sip herself.

She sat down and said, “By the time all of this had happened Bill, we weren’t even on our way to see Carmel. Julie was the only one who knew where to go and here we were, her father had been ill, Helen lived in the other direction and I wasn’t sure that Julie should leave her father’s side. So when I went back to the house I said to Julie *“Well, I suppose I’d better go home now,”* and Julie said, *“No you have to go and see Carmel. Carmel has to know what you can do. It is really important and while you’ve been away, I’ve spoken to Dad and he feels fine. He thinks it’s very important that you go and see Carmel.”*

Suzanne’s eyes began glowing again and Bill knew there was more to come but he had no idea what it would be. Suzanne was most certainly not going to tell him until the event came. Suzanne’s detailed conversations from there on once again filled Bill’s ears but his heart went out to Suzanne in each and every moment.

Suzanne described everything. Even how they had put the children in the stroller, when they took them out, when they went to the toilet, what they ate. Every step along the way, she missed nothing. By the time Julie and Suzanne and the children had arrived at Carmel Roberts’ gate, Bill felt like he was part of the whole scene.

Suzanne’s description was so vivid that Bill decided to just relax and enjoy the story. He smiled at Suzanne as she animated every sentence she spoke. He could even see her opening the gate and struggling with the stroller. He could see Jamie wandering along aimlessly, almost ready to fall asleep.

He saw Carmel was waiting at the door and she welcomed Suzanne, the children and Julie and invited them all inside. Julie excused herself and mentioned that she could stay for a short time but not too long. She was well behind schedule and people would be wondering where she was.

So Carmel invited her in for a cup of tea and a bite to eat, but Julie only accepted the cup of tea and a small cake. All the time she was bursting to tell Carmel what had happened to her father and how Jamie knew all about it, but before Julie could do anything; Jamie had curled up on the lounge and fallen asleep.

Suzanne knew that Jamie was tired and she did not bother moving her. She simply threw a small blanket over her and sat beside her.

Julie sighed and said, *“Carmel I’ve just got to tell you all about what happened in the village today and how young Jamie here told us all about Dad being sick. She actually said that my father needed me and I had no idea. I hadn’t seen Dad for quite a few days. When we got there he was really ill.”*

Julie paused for a moment and said *“I’ve got so much to tell you about Suzanne and how easily she healed Dad.”*

Carmel smiled and nodded.

Julie continued, *“Do you know what I’m talking about?”*

*“I know exactly what you’re talking about,”* said Carmel. *“I can see it now.”*

*“So I don’t have to tell you much,”* said Julie.

*“You have to tell me everything Julie,”* said Carmel. *“I need to know whether what I see is correct.”*

So Julie smiled and settled back and related the full story in as much detail as Suzanne could relate at the time.

Bill realised that Suzanne’s description, although extensive, was probably a little bit short of what Julie had said but he was still amazed at the detail.

Suzanne looked into Bill’s eyes and asked, “Are you still interested Bill? Do you want to know more?”

Bill slowly nodded and said, "Please continue. You can't stop in the middle of a good story."

Suzanne smiled and leant over and gave him a kiss on the forehead. She had only withdrawn a fraction of a second and her voice started again.

She spoke of how excited Julie had been and how Carmel had confirmed everything she saw and spoke of the many things she had seen that added to the excitement of what had happened. Carmel had seen the interaction between Suzanne and Simmion. She had also seen the interaction between Jamie and Suzanne. When Julie heard this detail, it made her trip to Carmel's very worthwhile.

"Would you believe Bill," said Suzanne with the motion of her hands, "Julie came straight out and said to Carmel – *“so what are you going to do with these two Carmel? They're both part of your crew. Tell me what you're going to do.”*

Suzanne then stopped and waited and Bill said, "Go on."

"Carmel didn't know what to say," said Suzanne, "so I answered....it was just like I had to. I said – *“I've come here to talk to Carmel about what we're going to do in the future. I've come here to tell Carmel that many things have happened between us over the years that we've both reacted to and now I know that we've both got to work together. I know that it's much bigger than telling people how they'll feel tomorrow or whether they'll win some money or whatever, although Carmel telling people they would win money was not much use in our area. You have to go to Norwick to play with money. What people need to know is what's going to happen in their life. What's going to happen to their family? Are they going to be comfortable? All of those sorts of things, and Carmel can do that and I know Jamie and I can connect with many different aspects of the unknown and work with Carmel to open up a lot of things. I've also come to find out a bit more about Bill and I know that Carmel can do that for me.”*

Suzanne started to smile and said, "You know Bill, when I said that, I didn't realise that Julie's mouth just fell open. It was a good feeling. When we said goodbye to Julie she was quite different. I

think we made a difference to her life today. Woops, not today, it was yesterday wasn't it."

Bill nodded and Suzanne went on, "Anyway, yesterday. The whole timing thing seems to be a bit scrambled at the moment but that doesn't matter. Let's just get on with it."

Bill noticed how Suzanne was starting to talk to herself and how she was justifying things to herself. He sat back quite relaxed and waited for her to finish her own personal little argument. By the time she had got to a point where it was too complicated, she stopped, "Oh well, it doesn't matter anyway." Then, on she went with the story.

"Anyway Bill, the visit to Carmel was great. We couldn't leave because Jamie was asleep. Samuel and Martha had been asleep for a while and Carmel wouldn't let us come back home because it would have been dark very shortly. So we sat together and contacted you."

"Yes," said Bill. "I understand that. I was a little hard to get hold of, I've never been that deep into communication unless I knew somebody wanted to be contacted."

Suzanne giggled like a little girl and said "Wasn't it great!"

"Yes, it was," said Bill.

Suzanne went on, "And Carmel you know, she was surprised as well. She hasn't tried anything like that with anybody before. She works with people as a psychic. She tells them things but she doesn't really work alongside them and use joint abilities. It was really good."

"Tell me more," said Bill. "I need to know what has happened is really powerful and I need to know."

"Okay, okay Bill, just be patient," laughed Suzanne.

Bill sat back again to listen. Each time Suzanne came to a point, her excitement caused Bill to move forward in his chair and he had not realised that he was doing that. So each time he had to settle back in again to await the next part of the story.

"When I said to Carmel that I would have to get in touch with Bill," said Suzanne, "she asked if I knew how to do that. I told her yes, that I could do that and that I do it all the time. I told her that

you'd probably be busy or you might even be with Simon Guthridge at this stage but I knew that I could contact Simon and I knew that I could contact you. I just didn't know whether you'd take much notice. I thought it might have been a little difficult to get a clear message."

Suzanne continued, "...and Carmel immediately said, *"Well, let's stir them up a bit. We'll both try to contact them. How about we get Jamie to do the same?"*

"I said, *"well Jamie's asleep"* and Carmel simply said, *"Well that's alright. All we have to do is to ask her to help, but we don't need to wake her up."*

*"I know what you mean,"* said Suzanne, *"it's that part that I get in contact with to see if she's okay."* Carmel said *"That's it."* *"I know she's okay at the moment,"* said Suzanne. *"Right on,"* said Carmel. *"Let's sit in a comfortable position on the chair and we'll get into a place where he can see us all. So we can imagine that he's coming through the door."* Suzanne said *"Do you think that will work? He doesn't really see images as such, he just has a knowing."* Carmel said *"I'll change that. You wait until you get back and talk to him, I bet he sees us."*

Suzanne broke into the story and said to Bill, "So you did see us didn't you Bill?"

"Yeah, I sure did," said Bill as he leaned forward in his chair. "I haven't had a chance to say much to you but I can describe to you the colour of the lounge and even the fact that there was a little coffee table there. I could see the stroller was beside the lounge and was leaning at a funny angle."

"Wow," said Suzanne in amazement "was it that clear?"

"Yes it was," said Bill. "That's why I want to know what you did?"

"In a minute, in a minute, I'm getting to it," said Suzanne.

Bill once again sat back in the chair and waited for the punch line.

"What Carmel did," explained Suzanne, "was, she explained to me that if we all get together in the way we know about and we stand

on the other side of the room and look back at ourselves, you'll do the same. You'll look at us sitting there. So Carmel just said, *"Relax, get in contact with Bill and then feel Jamie, and feel herself, and then feel us all on the other side of the room."* I did that and it was really easy. Then when Carmel said, *"Look back and see yourself and make sure you all look back and see yourselves, don't lose the vision and don't lose the connection to Bill at the same time."* I did that and it was really strange. I could actually feel you looking at me Bill."

"Go on," said Bill full on anticipation.

"Well, that's just about it," said Suzanne. "After that it was easy. We just stayed like that and talked to you and told you what was going on. The big difference was that I didn't think the person that I was looking at was actually communicating with you. Did you feel that Bill?"

"Yeah," said Bill. "It was like I was looking at you and Carmel and the children, and you were talking to me but the person I was looking at wasn't talking to me."

"Yeah," said Suzanne, "that's how it feels."

"Wow, this is good stuff," said Bill.

"It sure is," agreed Suzanne.

"But what happened after that?" asked Bill. "Because I lost you all."

"Oh," said Suzanne. "I wondered what happened. I got really excited when I saw how Carmel, Jamie and I were going to be working together in the future and I thought I might have lost contact with you. I knew I'd passed on the messages that I needed to pass on and I knew that I didn't really need to do much more, but I would have liked you to see the whole lot."

"I knew there was something going on," said Bill, "but I really couldn't feel it. It rattled me a little bit. It sort of made it so it was hard to concentrate on anything."

"I'm sorry about that," said Suzanne.

"No, that's not a problem," said Bill. "I just wondered what it was."

Suzanne's excitement rose again, 'What it was all about was – as I was talking to you, I could see all of us doing exactly the same thing for other people and allowing them to actually see how clearly you can look at whatever you want. You can look at things that are real or you can look at things that are not real.'

Bill shook his head, 'I'm really not too clear about what you're saying Suzanne.'

'Oh, it's alright,' said Suzanne reassuringly. 'I'll get there; it's just a little hard to pass a lot of these things on. It's all so exciting.'

'I can see that,' laughed Bill.

Suzanne's excitement was making her move so quickly; her hands were darting around all over the place. Bill could see that she was flicking between her experience and her presence there in front of him.

'Did you know Bill that we can make a whole lot of difference to the world? We can actually show people that they don't have to fix all of their problems. We can demonstrate it. We can show people that there's a lot more out there than just the island and there's a lot more than just working to live. There's more than just digging up the soil. We can show people everything that Jamie does and how she plays with her friends, how she plays with the fairies and how the birds come and play with her. We can show people that's what exists and that it's real. We can let them look through our eyes at what we can see,' explained Suzanne, full of excitement.

Bill was a little confused but he knew that Suzanne was onto something very powerful. 'I'm not catching it yet but keep talking,' he said.

'Well, it's like this,' said Suzanne. 'You were busy playing with money with Simon and we showed you how to see what we were doing at a place that was four hours away. You were playing with money that wasn't real but it was real to you there and we let you look at us and it wasn't real to you at that time but it was definitely real.'

'Ah, you're confusing me,' said Bill.

Suzanne put her hands up, “No, no, I must keep going. If I could show you that what you were trying to learn was not necessary, would you still wish to learn it?”

“Ah, probably,” answered Bill.

“But what if it was hard work and you didn’t have to do it?” asked Suzanne.

“Well, I don’t mind hard work,” said Bill.

“No, I’m talking about if it was difficult,” replied Suzanne. “If it was worrying and I showed you that in fact if you looked through another set of eyes, it doesn’t look the same.”

“Yeah, I sort of understand what you’re saying but it’s a little bit strange for me at the moment,” said Bill.

Suzanne could see that she had attempted to explain the unexplainable. She immediately withdrew and said, “It’s alright Bill. I’ll show you some other time.”

Bill relaxed in his chair, “I think that would be better Suzanne.”

“Okay then, well I’ll get on with the story,” said Suzanne.

Bill sat back once again ready to listen. He smiled and thought that maybe one day they would get to the end of this.

Suzanne immediately became aware of his thoughts. She smiled and said, “Don’t be impatient Bill, I’m getting there.”

Suzanne once again went on with her story, “Carmel had all of these psychic things that she’d used over the years. She had a ouija board - you’ve probably never heard of one of those.”

Bill shook his head but Suzanne did not give him a chance to open his mouth, she simply continued.....

“She told me that you don’t need to use those things anymore. She had all of these crystals - you’ve probably never them before either.”

Once again Bill shook his head as Suzanne kept talking.....

“She had all of these cards and all sorts of things. She placed them all in front of me and asked, “*What do you think?*” I looked at them and had no idea. By this time it was almost time for bed. The children were still asleep and Carmel said, “*Suzanne, stop hiding everything and just tell me what you think!*” I said, “*I don’t know,*”

and Carmel said “*Suzanne tell me!*” And you know Bill I just said, “*Oh well, I suppose if I put them in the right order I can tell you what’s happening in the future.*” Carmel said “*Well do it!*” And I just shuffled all of these things around and I said to Carmel, “*Carmel you’re leaving this house. You’re going further into the mountains. You won’t stay there long and then you’ll travel*” and I just went on and told her all about stuff but I don’t know where it came from. When I’d finished Carmel asked “*Do you know, that you’ve just relayed all of the plans that I have and you’ve given me more information about what I’ll do in the future and you’ve clarified many of the questions that I’ve been struggling with for the last 12 months.*”

Suzanne’s eyes were bright but also were a little bit glazed. Her conversation was taking both her and Bill in and out of the present, so the story was almost reality repeated. When she described her ability to tell Carmel her future, he was not surprised to see her in this unusual state. It was exciting for Bill and he could not wait to hear what came next.

Suzanne said calmly, “Did you know that Carmel was so surprised at the depth of what came out of my mouth, she couldn’t stop talking? She wanted to experiment further to find out more about me. Of course, the thought of going to bed didn’t even enter our minds.”

Suzanne’s face was alight and was brilliant. It was obvious to Bill that what she was doing with Carmel was exactly what was required for holding her spirits high and allowing her to reveal the special person she was. The person who Bill had always known had existed inside that small frame.

“You know I even told Carmel about her family and I haven’t even met her family. I told her about all sorts of things and it was like I was there Bill. It was as real as that. I know that Jamie was working with me the whole time, even though she was asleep, because without Jamie around I don’t have the vision. So you see Bill, we’re all a team and when we come close together it all starts to work. None of this worked until I entered Carmel’s house and it’s

not as if Carmel was doing it....she was surprised as well but she also knew that it was going to happen. She's known for almost a year. We talked about all sorts of things but most of all, and one of the most interesting things, we talked about you Bill."

Bill lifted his eyebrows and sharpened his attention as Suzanne went on.

"Bill I wanted to know more about you. I wanted to know what it was that allowed you to heal Jamie. I wanted to know how Joe could talk to you and how you didn't question that there was anything unusual about that. You were excited but you were also quite natural about it. I don't think you've ever said anything about fixing Jamie. You know that was a phenomenal thing to happen, but now I know how it feels. When I fixed Julie's father, Martin, it felt like a normal thing to do, so I know how you felt. I also watched you and I saw another person. I wanted to know more about that person. I spoke to Carmel about it and between us we found all sorts of things. We looked back in history and we looked forward, we looked into many places outside this world and we found you everywhere. The same gentle person, the same Bill. Always supportive and always magnificent."

Bill started to blush a little and Suzanne added, "It's alright Bill, we all know about it. We all know that we're much more than what we show ourselves as here and this is the first time that I've been able to talk to anybody about it."

Bill began to relax again, "You know, I haven't even been able to think about it let alone talk to anyone about it Suzanne."

She reached over and gave him a hug and so did Jamie. Bill had not realised how active Jamie had been in the conversation and how quiet the children had been. They were all listening and they were all interested yet somehow they understood everything that was happening.

"Did you know Bill that I can see you in all kinds of realms? I can see you in past lives, I can find out all the things that you do, but I'm not interested. All I'm interested in is you now - the person who's here in front of me and this is what people forget, even though

we have access to everything, the only thing we need is what's here in front of us now. We've got access to what makes things work and access to how things grow, but we only want to see what's in front of us. It's like a garden where we only want to see the nice flowers. It's nice to do the work to get it to that stage, but the joy is in what we've got in front of us."

Bill felt his heart expand and he felt Suzanne's heart mingle with his and with the children. He felt blessed in many ways.

Suzanne leapt up and said, "The most exciting thing Bill is that we're getting married."

"Oh," said Bill, "When?"

"In one and a half months," answered Suzanne.

"How are we going to do that?" asked Bill.

"I'll tell you later," said Suzanne.

"No, I want to know now," said Bill impatiently.

"Well, it's a long story," said Suzanne.

"Make it a short one and tell me now," said Bill.

Suzanne shyly grinned and said, "Well... I suppose... if I have to I can tell you the short version."

Bill stood firm and said, "Tell me the short story Suzanne."

Even Jamie giggled. She knew that Suzanne was playing with Bill.

Suzanne said, "Right I'll tell you! We're going away from the island just like Simmion said we would. We're getting married off the island and we're coming back as husband and wife."

"In a month and a half?" inquired Bill.

"A month and a half," repeated Suzanne.

"But that's longer than what Simmion said," replied Bill.

"No it's not," said Suzanne. "It's actually exactly right."

"But I can't figure that out," said Bill.

"We were going away in about a month," said Suzanne. "He didn't say for how long and we'd be back in a couple of months, so in fact that's three months that we were looking at. So we're actually going away in a couple of weeks and we're getting married while

we're away and then we're returning. The sums are not exactly right but it's pretty well right."

"I really don't care about the sums," said Bill. "I'm just wondering how we're going to do it."

"It's alright Bill," said Suzanne. "It's all organised."

"Organised how?" asked Bill.

"You've got it organised," answered Suzanne.

"What do you mean?" asked Bill.

"You've got it all planned," said Suzanne. "I was told it had all been worked out."

"Somebody had better tell me then," said Bill.

"You're already working on it," said Suzanne. "That's what all your work is about."

"But I haven't even thought about getting off the island," said Bill.

"You haven't thought about anything else," said Suzanne.

"Well, in the back of my mind, probably," answered Bill.

"That is your mind, that is you," said Suzanne. "All of the stuff at the front is just playing around. You have not let that vision go and it's happening."

"Well I'd like to know how it's happening," said Bill.

"Okay, just go into your heart now and tell it you don't know," explained Suzanne.

Bill hesitated said, "But I wasn't talking about my heart."

"I was," replied Suzanne.

Bill smiled, "I know what you're talking about now. Okay, I'll go along with that...yeah, that's what's in my heart."

"Well, it's all organised and you don't have to do a thing. It will just guide you. You'll seem like you're doing a lot of things and it will seem like you're learning a lot of things. It will seem like you're preparing a lot of things but it has already been done, and I'm going to have to start getting organised, arrange some clothes for the children and get packing," said Suzanne.

"Whoa, whoa," said Bill. "Are you that certain?"

“Oh yes,” said Suzanne. “I’m positive. There is no doubt – it’s all organised. I can see it. I know what I’ll be wearing and what you’ll be wearing and I even know where we’re going to stay and I know what the cabin looks like on the boat we’re going on.”

“Wow,” said Bill. “Well I suppose we’d better get organised.”

Suzanne laughed as she leant down and tickled Jamie. Jamie ran off with a little bit of a scream before coming back again.

Bill wrapped his arm around her as she came back and asked her, “Are you going on a trip too Jamie?”

Jamie nodded her head and said, “Yes, we’re going on a holiday Bill and you’re going to be my Daddy.”

Bill smiled and felt the warmth of Jamie’s contact. He felt the interaction between Jamie and himself was so genuine and he did not know what else to say.

Suzanne felt what was happening and wrapped her arms around both of them and said, “And, Samuel and Martha’s daddy as well.”

Jamie repeated, “and Samuel and Martha’s daddy as well.”

Suzanne got up and said, “There’s more Bill. We stayed up most of the night before finally going to bed. When I was in bed Simmion came to me again and told me many things, but the key thing was that I was to start working with you. I was to start working with whatever you have just discovered. It has something to do with boats and money, but it also has a lot to do with people. It also has a lot to do with showing people what a simple interaction from someone like Simmion can do to their lives and we’ve got to show people how our lives totally changed from the time when Simmion appeared in front of me at that terrible, terrible time in my life when I thought I’d reached the end. There are many people who think that everything has come to an end and don’t know what’s happening next. We’ve got to show them, not advise them, but show them what’s happening to us. So, I have to work with you.”

“Wow, that’s great Suzanne,” said Bill. “I’d love that.”

“But more than that, we’ve all got to work together,” said Suzanne.

“Who’s *all*?” asked Bill.

“Not just us as a family, but there are a lot more people and they’re all involved and somehow we’ve got to pull them all together and we have to provide the way for them,” said Suzanne. “It’s not hard but it’s totally different to what anybody could imagine and it works because of us.”

“Wow,” said Bill. “It seems like there’s a lot ahead of us. I think you’re going to have to talk to me about this stuff many times before I get it.”

“Oh it’s alright,” said Suzanne. “We’ll be talking about it every day and we’ll be talking to Simmion every day.”

Bill sat up in his chair and said, “This is an amazing transformation in just two days Suzanne. Suddenly you’ve *got* everything. Suddenly you have capabilities that I’ve never seen before and you’ve got it altogether.”

Suzanne, who was already smiling and glowing, lit up and said, “Isn’t it great!”

“It sure is Suzanne,” said Bill in absolute amazement.

Neither of them knew what to do next. They both felt like dancing around the floor but they already seemed to be doing that with their interaction. It was all so exciting and continuously so. They both knew beyond doubt that they had reached the point where the track was clear ahead.

Suzanne’s story was not complete and she knew that she had so much more to tell Bill but she also knew that Bill would not be able to take in anymore at this point in time. He had almost reached his capacity now.

As Suzanne leant over, she gently kissed him and said, “I think that’s enough for now. We’ll talk each day until everything that was made known to me is revealed and I know that each day more things will come. So I’ll go and fix something to eat and if you finish off the summaries that you had to do for Simon, we’ll arrange to see him again tomorrow.”

Bill’s mouth fell open. He had not even told Suzanne what had happened with Simon yet here she was talking about the homework that Simon Guthridge had given him. It was amazing. Bill shook his

head and watched Suzanne walk off into the kitchen without even a flutter. It was as if Suzanne had been there during Bill's discussion with Simon. It seemed like she knew everything about it.

Bill headed off into the bedroom and picked up all of his paperwork and came out to the table to get started by sorting through all of the little exercises that Simon had given him.

The meal Suzanne had prepared was exquisite and Bill had never seen many of the herbs and spices that were now on the table. Suzanne held an air of mystery as she presented the meal. Bill knew to go along with the experience and say nothing.

At the end of the meal Bill had only one comment to make, "That meal was something not of this world. It was totally magic."

Suzanne simply stood there with a very serene look, "you're totally right Bill, it's not of this world, it' magic!"

Suzanne had learned so much in her two day visit to Carmel and yet she had not mentioned anything about these newly found gifts in cooking and presenting meals as well as the newly discovered herbs and spices and ways of presenting. It seemed like Suzanne was another person. A person who Bill liked and a person he loved and yet who was much more capable than the person he had known for so many years.

Throughout the meal the children had been extremely quiet and well behaved. Bill certainly noticed this and mentioned it to Suzanne.

"It's okay Bill, they're just really comfortable. All I have to do is make everything comfortable and they sit quietly and when I make it exciting, I excite them and they run around and enjoy themselves, but right now it's calm and that's how they respond," explained Suzanne.

Suzanne's quality of knowing exactly what to do and her confidence was remarkable. Bill was looking at someone so very special who was beginning to show many attributes that he had never seen before.

While he was contemplating this fact, Suzanne reached over to Jamie and touched her on the shoulder and said, "Show Bill what Carmel taught you while we were away."

Jamie jumped up out of the chair and ran around and stood beside Bill. His papers were still beside his plate. She placed her small hand over the top of the papers; about 2 inches above the page and suddenly the page lifted and attached itself to her hand. She rolled her hand over and opened the page. She then placed her hand over the second page and it did the same, it lifted up and opened. The third page followed and she giggled and said, “Look Daddy, I can turn the pages without touching them.”

First of all, it was the first time Jamie had called him Daddy and secondly, this little four year old was flipping over the pages of his notes without actually touching the pages.

It was almost too much for Bill, all of these new things at once, but he stayed calm and said to Jamie, “That’s wonderful Jamie. That’s really wonderful. How do you do it?”

“Like this,” said Jamie. “Put your hand up here Daddy.”

Bill was tempted to say – “no, I’m not you’re Daddy yet,” but a message came to him immediately telling him never to say that and to just accept exactly what Jamie had taken on.

As she held Bill’s hand above the page, he felt an energy flow through his hand. It was like a very gentle buzz, then suddenly up came the page and attached itself to his hand.

“Wow,” said Bill, but as soon as he had said that, the page fell back down.

“No not like that,” said Jamie. “You have to let it come to you and don’t be amazed.”

Bill was a little shocked with Jamie’s use of the word “amazed”. He had never heard young Jamie use that word and the way in which she used it was as if she was much older than four years. It seemed like his whole family was being transformed into something he had not seen before. When Jamie touched his hand again, up came the page.

“That’s you doing it Jamie,” said Bill.

“No,” said Jamie as she shook her head, “It’s you doing it Daddy because you know I can.”

Bill struggled with that for a moment and then looked at Jamie, but Jamie just kept shaking her head until he relaxed, then she stopped shaking her head. She let go and the page stayed. Bill flipped the page over and did the same with the next page and the next.

“See Daddy it’s easy,” said Jamie before running straight back to her chair.

Bill did not understand what was happening but he accepted it. He knew that the family around him would bring out many things that he had never known existed, even within himself. Then just as quickly as the magic scene had formed, it totally dissolved.

Suzanne suddenly changed and said, “Right everyone, that’s it. Dinner’s over.”

Just then, the children burst to life. Suzanne lifted Martha down while Samuel and Jamie started chasing one another. They were yelling and screaming and were all fully back to the way Bill knew them before.

He shook his head as he felt the sensations lift from him and he suddenly felt what he thought was back to normal. He put his hand over the page to see if he could lift it again, totally expecting it not to happen, but it did. The lifting of a spell was not the answer, something else had happened.

Suzanne laughed at him, “You don’t ever lose anything Bill. You just change how you handle it, so come on and lighten up. We’ll go out and have a walk.”

Bill rose from the table and followed Suzanne out the back door with the children following. It was starting to get late and they had spent almost the entire day getting in touch with what had happened during the previous days.

Bill’s life had changed and he knew it. In so many ways it had changed. The simple fisherman was no longer a simple fisherman and the single man was most certainly no longer a single man. The legality of marriage had almost been neglected. Even the children were accepting him as their father. It had seemed like marriage was inevitable and an exciting life and a perfect life were also inevitable.

The beauty of nature surrounding their small house seemed to engulf the whole family and relax them. It also made them feel at home. Their little bird, the one they had almost forgotten about, appeared out of nowhere.

Jamie pointed and yelled, “Mandy,” as she ran down the backyard.

The little bird flew straight up into the air and circled before coming down and landing on Jamie’s outstretched hand. It was beautiful to watch and then when Samuel caught up, Mandy jumped across to Samuel’s head and they sat down and played, not taking any notice as to whether the bird was there or not. It joined in and leapt from one to the other as they played their silent games.

By the time darkness was upon them the little family, which was soon to be known as the Sommers’ family, once again retired to the house and the warmth of the small fire that kept the house cosy. After they had finished their tradition of wishing each other a goodnight, each one of the children said a prayer and said hello and goodnight to Simmion. They then settled down and slept peacefully so they would be ready in the morning to welcome a new day.

## Chapter 44

Bill awoke early. The sun had not yet risen but as he jumped up, he was completely alert and his eyes were wide open. His sudden movement disturbed and frightened Suzanne a little.

“What is it Bill?” she asked.

“I’ve got it! I know what Simon did to me yesterday. He made me sell my boat,” said Bill. “He arranged a loan, I put up the boat as collateral and then before the day was out, he bought the loan security off me. I was looking good for cash but I’ve just realised that I’ve got plenty of cash, no boat and no way to pay it back. I thought I was doing well.”

Suzanne laughed and said, “Go back to sleep Bill. Simon doesn’t want your boat.”

“No this is very serious,” said Bill. “If I don’t play it by the rules, I won’t know what comes next. I’ve got to get up there and I’ve got to have a piece of paper to say that I don’t agree with the last transaction. I’ve got by sunrise to do it.”

“Oh don’t be silly,” said Suzanne.

“No, I’ve got to do this Suzanne,” continued Bill. “It sounds crazy but if I don’t play it out, I won’t know what to do if the same situation comes up again. You’ve got no idea what happens if you try to cancel everything.”

Suzanne looked at Bill seriously and said, “I suppose you’re right Bill. You know, I think it’s time you brought Willam in on the scene.”

“Yes, I haven’t seen him around for a while,” said Bill. “But I think you’re right. First of all I’ve got to get over there and drop this piece of paper in to Simon. I’ll just slip it under his door and then I’ll get back and go out in the boat. I’ve got to do that, that’s my life and I realise that now.”

“Okay Bill,” said Suzanne, “whatever you’ve got to do, but remember we’re working together.”

Bill smiled, “That’s great. I’ll show you how to fish one day.”

“No I’m serious,” said Suzanne. “We’re working together. We’ll make things work. You wait and see. When you get back I’ll tell you more about what happened with Carmel.”

Bill felt a bit strange, “I’m sorry Suzanne, I almost forgot. I’m so caught up in my own stuff.”

“But you’ve got to be Bill,” said Suzanne. “That’s what you do and you can’t change what you do, but together, we’ll make a difference.”

Bill smiled and gave her a kiss, “We’re already making a difference.”

He jumped out of bed and quickly got ready to deliver his piece of paper that rejected the offer that had been accepted the previous night.

Suzanne was bright and felt quite clear. She could see exactly what was happening with Bill and she understood that he had to go through the procedure to feel exactly where he was but her clarity had grown so much over the last few days and she had no problems looking past what was normally a veil in front of her. She could see so far and it was like even around the house, the walls did not exist. She knew that she could lie in bed a few more moments because the children were still asleep. In the past she would have had to jump up and go and check on them but right at this moment, all she wanted to do was savour the moment and feel the clarity. It seemed to be expanding her life into areas that she could not even imagine.

Suzanne felt so positive about the day and so positive about everything that had to be done. She still had time to see more into what else could be done. She could see further into where the family would end up, where they would live, what adventures they would have. She also could see a totally different house around her. She did not wonder where the house was or whether it belonged to her, she just knew that it was her home. She did not look outside to see whether it was on the island but she was happy with what she felt and what she observed. She could see the children playing in a beautiful area, an area just the same as where they currently played. This time though she could see the fairies that Jamie had played with

and she saw other people around. She saw Simmion standing high in the background looking down. It was all so clear. It was not simply a picture in her imagination, it was a clear vision and it was here now and she enjoyed it in the moment.

As she started to venture around, she realised that she had actually moved from her small bedroom out into the backyard. She found herself walking around in amongst the scene that had appeared to her. As soon as she realised this, there was a sudden movement and she felt herself jolt upwards in bed and there was Jamie standing at the foot of the bed looking at her.

“Oh Jamie,” she said. “Mummy was having a dream.”

“You were playing with my fairies Mummy,” said Jamie.

Suzanne smiled and pulled herself out of bed. She picked up Jamie and gave her a big cuddle and then carried her through the house and into Jamie’s bedroom. They had just sat down on the bed when the other two children woke and sat upright.

Suzanne thought to herself it was amazing how quickly Martha had grown in the last few days. She seemed to be more like a four year old and was coming along in leaps and bounds. Samuel still seemed to be younger than Jamie, but Martha had suddenly overtaken him. She did not seem quite as mature as Jamie but almost. Martha’s eyes sparkled, there was something special about her and Suzanne knew it. Although it had not yet come to light at this stage as it had with Jamie.

As Suzanne gazed at her three special children, she suddenly saw them about five years older. They were all sitting on a lounge very well dressed. A lounge that was quite different to Suzanne’s, she had never seen this one before. Through the windows behind them she could see the ocean but it did not look to be the same ocean she could see out of her window. She wondered where she had been taken. As soon as that intensity grew within her, that inquisitive nature of hers, the picture disappeared only to be replaced by an image of Bill climbing on board his fishing boat whilst thinking of Suzanne.

Suzanne smiled and connected with Bill. She said out loud, “Hello Bill. I can see you climbing on board. Have a good day, the children send their love.”

She saw Bill look around and smiled to herself. She knew exactly how he was feeling. It was like a voice coming from nowhere.

Jamie waved and said, “Bye Daddy.”

Martha quickly responded also, “Bye Daddy.”

Samuel did not understand as he looked around with eyes wide opened searching for Bill.

Suzanne loved this game and she loved having this advantage. She thought to herself that she could get used to this, it was brilliant and a great game.

She swiftly stood up and said, “Come on children, we’re all going to get cleaned up and have some breakfast.”

They all jumped out of bed and headed out to the kitchen.

## Chapter 45

The news of the Sandra D and the capture of those who were holding the Sandra D and some of its passengers to ransom soon spread through Norwick. Elizabeth Willis sighed with relief. She knew that the aftermath of the cyclone had put a lot of strain on people in Norwick and that businesses were suffering badly. She knew that stocks were low and that her position on the Town Council was under much strain. She had relied heavily on her husband Michael and even more heavily on Henry Olsen. Surprisingly though, she'd had the greatest help from her old friend Willam. She had kept Willam's secret for a long time, as she had always known Willam's true identity was Heindrik Smithers. She had kept the secret and the records away from the Olsen's for many years.

So when Willam had walked in with the news about the Sandra D, Elizabeth experienced two different feelings, one of relief and one of friendship. The feeling of friendship was so deep that she had no idea how to express it. With the relief of everybody being safe, her emotions let go and she wept so profusely that Willam did not know what to do. He thought she was having a breakdown.

Elizabeth walked over to Willam and with tears rolling down her cheeks, she put her arms around him and said, "Thank you so much for being such a wonderful friend."

Willam felt deep emotions begin to stir within his own being. He had not realised how closely he was connected with Elizabeth. The many battles he had fought with Michael had kept them apart.

After several minutes Elizabeth pulled back from Willam and said, "I'm so sorry Willam for what happened. I'm so appreciative for who you are and how you have remained who you are and I'm going to do something about all of the things that Michael and I have done. I'm going to clear that name and clear the way for the return of your ownership and I know that now that old Edward had gone, Henry will help me."

Willam's eyes lit up. He had thought he'd lost everything and was prepared to lose everything, but here was an opportunity for him

to have access to property and funds that he knew he could help people with.

“Do you think this is possible Elizabeth?” he asked.

Elizabeth stopped crying and looked Willam straight in the eye. “It’s not only possible; it will happen and will happen today!”

“Today?” asked Willam.

“Yes,” said Elizabeth. “Today! It will happen today and it must happen today. For some reason we must put everything right today otherwise nothing will feel right.”

“It’s strange that you should say that,” said Willam. “I said nearly the same thing to Mary this morning. I told her that everything has to be put right but I didn’t know that it would be today. I got up this morning and knew things had to be changed.”

“And I knew that too,” said Elizabeth. “I think there’s a big change happening Willam. I don’t know whether it was the cyclone or whether the change was already happening and the cyclone just helped it along, but the change has occurred in me and has happened to Michael. You have a look at him. He’s running around doing all sorts of things. He’s actually getting ready to go fishing today.”

“Well, well,” said Willam. “I can’t remember the last time Michael climbed into a fishing boat.”

“You probably wouldn’t remember the last time Michael climbed anywhere, he’s virtually been stuck in that chair for the last ten years,” said Elizabeth. “I haven’t seen him sit down since the cyclone, so something amazing is happening. I know I feel really, really good and now that I’ve had that big cry, I feel a whole lot better. I tell you what Willam; today will be a day to remember. So, get on with you and let me get on with my work.”

Willam laughed and gave Elizabeth a pat on the back, “Well, you’re a beautiful person but you’re also tough.”

Elizabeth laughed and gave him a bit of a push, “Go on, off with you!”

“I’m on my way,” said Willam. “I’ll talk to you this evening.”

“You’ll probably see me before that,” said Elizabeth. “I’ve got a lot to do and a lot of people to see so get on your way and go and see everybody because I think you’ll be going back home very soon.”

“Yes, I have a feeling that I’m needed elsewhere at the moment,” said Willam. “I think we’ve got all of the problems out of the way and I think the place is back on its feet. The town still feels like it has a little reluctance to move but I suppose you’ll fix that today Elizabeth.”

“I certainly will,” said Elizabeth, “now get on with you.”

Willam laughed and quickly turned and walked out the door.

Elizabeth walked back to her desk where she picked up the phone and rang Michael.

Michael answered after only a couple of rings and sounded a little breathless.

“Michael, this is Elizabeth. I’ve just been talking to Willam and I’ve told him I’ll fix everything up concerning all that we’ve done in the past regarding Heindrik Smithers.”

There was silence on the other end.

“So before you go fishing,” she continued, “I want you to prepare another ruling stating that you will allow submission of evidence that was withheld at the previous hearing. By the time you come home this afternoon, I want you to look at all the details and sign them off as true and real so that all of Willam’s property and all of his funds can be released today.”

The other end of the line remained silent.

Elizabeth asked, “Are you there Michael?”

“Yes I’m here,” replied Michael, “you caught me off guard.”

“This is important Michael,” said Elizabeth.

“I understand it is,” said Michael. “It’s just that I’ve never thought about it but now that you’ve said it, well, why didn’t we do it before?”

“Because neither of us wanted to admit that we had done the dirty work of Edward Olsen and you realise as soon as we do this, we’ll have to withdraw from the Olsen coffers and Henry will have to do that,” said Elizabeth.

“Yeah I understand that,” said Michael. “If it didn’t belong to him then it’s not a problem and besides, Mary would totally agree with what we’re doing.”

“That’s good,” said Elizabeth.

Michael responded, “You know what Elizabeth? I’m just finding out a few things and one of the most important things I’ve just discovered is that I really love you and you’re really not a bad old stick after all.”

This shocked Elizabeth because everything had been very formal between her and Michael. She smiled to herself before replying, “Enough of this old stick business or I’ll give you some stick when you get home.”

Michael laughed, “Good to hear the old Elizabeth’s back again. I’ll fix that paperwork up and you can collect it from the Chambers. I’ll probably only be away for a couple of hours so I’ll see you this afternoon. I love you Elizabeth.”

Elizabeth choked a little and struggled with her words before replying, “Yes and I love you too Michael.”

She could hear Michael in the background just before he hung up yelling “Yippee”. She knew then that she really loved the man on the other end of the phone.

## Chapter 46

Mary had decided to move in and live with Henry. They were about to be married and she had missed him so much while he was away working during the cyclone. Henry was happy with that decision but he was still very busy. He had left Mary with the job of packing and had sent his dear friend Andrew over to help her.

Willam had decided to get out of their way and thought he would take the news personally to Elizabeth and was pleased that he had. When he left the Council building he glanced up and down the street and wondered how they would repair the damage from the cyclone. Just then the solution came to mind. He knew the entire crew who had gone out on The Jeremy were able to do this sort of work and he knew that somehow they would be able to gather sufficient people to help with this recovery work. They did not have the expertise on the island, but all of those men who had travelled everywhere and who lived in the night moving contraband around, those who knew the law backwards, those who knew finance and those who were simple hard workers, all resided somewhere in the hidden areas of the island. He knew that he could fish them out through Willie and John.

Elizabeth would not have had time to look at how that could be done, so Willam thought he would delve a little deeper and see what he could do. He headed back to the house that had once been Henry's home and which up until now had belonged to Mary. It was now to become his home. Mary had given it back to him that very morning and they had made a start with all the packing.

He knew Andrew Kelly had had a lot to do with Willie and John Broltich. Somewhere in the back of this mind he thought there may be some connection there that he could use so he headed back home.

He enjoyed feeling the sun and the gentle breeze as he walked along. It was a beautiful day. Willam had often wondered how these bits of information came to him. The thoughts about the Broltich's and about the men on The Jeremy had seemed to come out of nowhere. He then realised that this information must have been given to him because he had no other knowledge of it. He didn't

know who was on The Jeremy, but he knew there must have been a lot of men to pull off what they had done. In any case, Andrew was in the middle of it all, so he should be able to reveal a little more than what Willam could gather from “nowhere”.

Andrew was walking down the driveway as Willam arrived at Mary’s. He waved to Willam, “Hi Willam. Happy to have you back again.”

“Do you have a moment Andrew?” asked Willam.

“For you Willam, I have more than a moment. What can I do for you?” he Andrew.

“It’s not what you can do for me Andrew, it’s what you can tell me,” replied Willam.

“Ah well,” said Andrew. “I can tell you anything and everything. So what would you like to know?”

“The episode with the Sandra D and your discussions with the men on board The Jeremy....that involved Willie and John didn’t it?”

“That’s right,” answered Andrew.

“They’re the pair who always managed to get things for us when we needed things?” asked Willam.

“That’s right,” said Andrew.

“I was just thinking....do you think they could gather together enough men to start doing some repair work around here?” asked Willam.

Andrew laughed, “Well I think Harvey might be able to tell you a little more about that. Actually I think he can tell you a lot about that.”

Willam smiled, “Well, well, I haven’t spoken to Harvey in years. He’s a hard character.”

“I wouldn’t say hard but he’s very influential with a tough exterior,” said Andrew.

Willam shook his head, “I’m not sure that’s the direction I should go in Andrew.”

“Well, how about you go and call in on either Willie or John, or we can get them on the radio if you need,” suggested Andrew.

“No face to face is what I need thanks,” said Willam. “How do I find them?”

“Well, you know the boatshed?” asked Andrew. “You’ll find Willie there most of the time, although I’m not sure where he is at the moment. I think they’re heading back on The Jeremy. They’ve headed around the island to where John hangs out. I’ve never been around there myself. It seems to be just a bit of a beach shack I think. John doesn’t seem to be doing much around there. Probably the best thing to do is call in to the boatshed.”

Willam looked up, “Okay thanks Andrew, but you say John is around the other side and we can get him on radio?”

“That’s right,” said Andrew.

“Will you be back at your post at the Plaza later on today?” asked Willam.

“I will,” answered Andrew. “I’ll be there and if you’d like to call in we can give John a call up on the radio.”

“Fine, just after lunch,” said Willam. “I’ll be there then.”

“Okay,” said Andrew. “All the best to you Willam. I’ll be back later to collect the other things for Mary.”

As he reached the end of the driveway Willam noticed the old vehicle parked around the side of the house. He wondered where it had come from. He looked to see if there was anybody around but he could not see anyone. He decided to go inside and as he walked through the door, there sitting having a cup of tea with Mary was old Harvey. Willam’s mouth dropped open, he couldn’t believe it. He was sure that it was Harvey but he had not seen him for so long. He could not figure out why Harvey would be at his house.

He walked closer and as he did Harvey looked up and greeted him, “Ah, there you are Willam, about time you got here. I’ve been sitting here waiting and you’re lovely daughter here has looked after me and treated me like a gentleman, or should I say a king. I’ve had the best of everything while you’ve been off gallivanting around the town.”

“Harvey, I haven’t seen you for so long, I didn’t even know whether it was you or not,” said Willam still taken aback.

“Well, I’m a little the worse for wear I suppose but still holding in there, still managing to do what I’ve got to do,” replied Harvey. “I thought I’d drop around and see you about something. I need a bit of a spell and the only person I know who could handle what I do is you.”

Willam looked at Harvey and frowned. He asked, “What do you mean?”

“Well you always did it in the past,” said Harvey. “I just hung around and filled out the pieces of paper and really, everything I do now is what you prepared. You and Sally of course.”

The mention of Sally’s name brought joy to Willam’s heart.

“Yes, they were good time Harvey. Good times. So what do you want to do?” he asked.

“Well Willam,” said Harvey, “I just had a look through our town and there’s really nobody who knows what to do to fix it up. I thought I might take a break from what I’m doing as Clerk and get back into the building and construction game. I don’t know where I’m going to get any people from to work for me, but I thought I might get back into it. Besides, with the town needing it, I think I can pick up an extra dollar or two.”

Willam shook his head and said, “Well, you’re certainly a character. You’ve got good in your heart but you also need a quid don’t you?”

“Well, that’s what it’s all about,” said Harvey. “You can have a good life but you’ve got to eat.”

“Yeah, that’s good,” said Willam. “I’m just not too sure of my movements at the moment. I’ve got to go and chase up a few people but I will be back. It’s funny, I had a feeling that the men associated with the rescue by The Jeremy have got some of the talents that we need to get this place back in order.”

“Well, I just released them all,” said Harvey. “They’re all on their way to straightening out their lives. I’ve released them into the custody of Willie.”

“Is that right?” asked Willam. “It’s a small world. I think I can do a deal with Willie to get them back here.”

“I’m sure you can,” said Harvey. “Particularly if you’re carrying the authority of the Town Clerk.”

“Not so quick,” said Willam. “How about I get back to you in a couple of days.”

“It has got to be today,” said Harvey. “Everything has to be straightened out today.”

“Not you too,” said Willam. “Elizabeth Willis just said the same thing to me and Mary said the same thing to me this morning. You’re all a bit pushy!”

“Well it’s just timing,” answered Harvey. “That’s just the way it is. If you can’t do it, then I’ll have to get someone else. I’m sure that at this point in time it would be to your advantage to hold the position. I think there are a few things happening that may put you back where you feel more comfortable with the town.”

“Why do you say that?” asked Willam.

“It’s just a feeling,” replied Harvey. “I don’t feel any opposition to you at all now. That probably all went with Old Olsen, but beside that, the town has always needed you and it has always needed Sally, but Sally has gone and you’re still around and it feels right. So what’s your decision?”

“Well maybe this afternoon,” said Willam.

“I won’t be around this afternoon,” said Harvey and repeated, “What’s your decision?”

Willie squinted as he looked at Harvey, “You’ve always had this talent haven’t you?”

“Sure,” said Harvey. “But come on, what’s your decision?”

Willam looked at Mary and she winked at him. He laughed and said, “You two are in this together aren’t you? I know where you got your information from.”

“Well, all’s fair you know,” said Harvey and again asked, “What’s your decision?”

“I don’t have much of a say do I?” asked Willam.

“You have one say,” said Harvey. “So say it!”

“Okay, you’re on!” said Willam.

Harvey immediately picked up his briefcase, opened it and pulled out pre-prepared paperwork, all ready for signature. “Just sign here Willam and the job’s yours!”

“You’re amazing,” said Willam. “How many other pieces of paper do you have in there ready for signature?”

“Quite a few,” answered Harvey. “I’ll leave the briefcase here with you. I know you won’t do much for a couple of days so I’ll stand in for you until you’re ready to start.”

“I need at least two days,” said Willam. “I have to go to the other side of the island and I have to give some very critical advice to some people and I’d also like to organise Willie to help us in our recovery project.”

“Okay the job’s yours!” said Harvey. “I’m the relief and I’m relieved. I’ll hold the office and begin planning what needs to happen around the town. I’ll talk to Elizabeth and Henry and we’ll see what plan we can come up with.”

“I look forward to working with you,” said Willam. “I’m really looking forward to it.”

Willam’s heart started to lighten up a little more. It had been heavy over the years as he had to hold in so much without saying anything but now he was starting to feel the freedom.

## Chapter 47

Henry was experiencing problems with the major suppliers for the Plaza. Simon Phillips was doing a marvellous job of managing the movement of supplies throughout the organisation. Somehow he was managing to bring in those items that seemed to disappear quickly without too much problem but when the Sandra D returned with its four hundred or so passengers, Henry had to start pulling in a few favours.

Simon Phillips had to pull out a few miracles. Although it had seemed impossible to feed all these people and keep the town active and not deplete them of normal supplies, the combination of Henry and Simon seemed to be managing. In the middle of this critical time, Simon lost contact with his best supplier. He had been told that this supplier had gone out of the business. The supplier, who lived on the island, advised Simon that his source had dried up but it didn't take Simon long to figure out that his source must have been via the Ridge Hunter. The boat that was taken into custody with the Sandra D.

When Henry found out, all he had to say was, "You can't keep dealing through crooked dealers. We have to open our own supply source and we have to do it today."

Simon Phillips agreed, "I have no idea how to do it but I'll make some calls and check around to see what can be done."

Henry said, "That's fine; we'll meet again this afternoon and see what we can do."

Henry knew that they had exceeded all supply restrictions. They had exceeded the Customs levies and the requirements of the mainland. They had built accommodation without approval and they had managed to service everything themselves. Henry also had a fear of those who would like to shut them down. He thought to have a legal source of supply would be quite difficult, particularly to have it set up within a very short period of time.

Henry sat with it until his mind went into turmoil. He soon realised that if he kept thinking that way it would only delay getting

everything he needed, so he got up and went to the cupboard and took out his backpack and his favourite shoes and hat.

Without another thought, Henry picked up the phone and said, “If anybody needs me they’ll have to wait. I’m going for a walk. I’ll be back in two or three hours. If there are any queries, direct them to Simon and let him know I’ll be back after my walk.”

The familiar voice from the desk replied, “Roger Mr Olsen.”

Henry smiled as he knew that he had made the right decision. He put down the phone and walked around the room looking for his cane. He remembered that he had left it downstairs in the foyer. He picked up his few emergency rations and his water and placed them in the backpack. He donned the bag, hat and shoes and checked himself in the mirror and decided that he looked the part before he headed to the downstairs counter to collect his stick. He told the staff he would see them in a few hours.

They all waved and smiled as he walked off. They recognised that this was a special time for Henry and that if he needed to go for a walk, then obviously there was something very important to be sorted out.

Henry headed off back towards his home, into the little park and out through the gate. As he walked through the gate and felt the change in atmosphere, he knew the day would be good for him. The cool breeze caressed him and the sunlight felt warm as it took away the pain of the last few days. He realised that he had been working for so long during and after the cyclone. He had cleared the passengers on the Sandra D and then had to take them back again. He supported all of those who needed support in the town and while he had enjoyed it, it had made him tired. As he walked through the cavern with the sunlight shining down on him, he could feel himself being replenished.

He had only walked a few yards when he heard the familiar sound of the big cat. He slowed and waited until it came to him. The cat had such wild green eyes and Henry knew there was nothing better than bridging the gap between the wildest of nature and humanity. As he waited, the big cat came up close and there beside

it were two young ones. Henry knew that he would not be welcome to touch the young ones, so he stood still while his old friend approached him and leant against his leg. He put his hand down slowly and gently and let the energy from his hand meet the energy of the cat. Without touching the cat he felt the connection and felt the vibration of the most unusual purr that he had felt from any animal. As the energy flowed through his hand, he could feel the warmth coming from the cat. He also could feel the natural aggression start to disappear and a feeling of calmness came over them all.

Before long, two little kittens were beside Henry's other leg, copying their mother. This was such a beautiful moment for Henry but he knew that he had to have his eyes peeled because the father was not quite as comfortable with Henry and whenever it turned up; its aggression was quite severe. So he dare not touch the kittens. Not because of the mother but just in case the father arrived. He soon sensed the presence of the father and as he looked up he saw another set of wild green eyes looking out from the bushes, only a metre away. Henry's expectation of a hiss and a roar did not occur. The eyes stayed where they were and did not move. The mother cat wrapped herself further around Henry's legs, drawing him towards the kittens. Henry took a deep breath and swallowed, then slowly crouched down, at all times being very conscious of the father being only a metre away. As he crouched down a movement came from the bushes. Henry was about to jump up but to his surprise, the father cat simply ambled out of the bushes, as calm as the kittens were and stood and looked Henry right in the eye. Henry knew that he had been welcomed into the family and slowly brought his hand over the top of the small kittens to allow them to feel his energy. As soon as he did this they both lifted their heads and licked his hand. There was an excitement in Henry and the cats and even though they were all very cautious, the little kittens broke all the rules. They began playing with Henry while the mother sat and the father stood nearby and watched.

Suddenly the mother walked up and nosed the two kittens away and Henry knew that was enough for today. He slowly stood up and stood still while the two big cats ushered the small kittens back into the bush.

Henry felt so elated, he could have gone back into the town and started work immediately but he knew that this was just the beginning. He straightened himself up and then pushed maybe another half inch to stand very tall. He began whistling before stepping off on his left foot, almost at a march.

The contrast between Henry's normal everyday life and the life that he experienced when he walked out to this part of the island was amazing. As he moved further into the bushland he realised he was actually in another world. Time disappeared and the beauty of the interaction between Henry, the trees and the wind and his feelings in general took over every part of him. As he walked along he was familiar with the world he was in and he loved it. Not at any stage did he consider the desire for one world over another. He just loved it where he was and what he was doing.

He walked on for almost 30 minutes without really taking much notice of anything else except his surroundings. All of a sudden he came across some familiar paths and realised he was heading towards Joseph's Hill. He had no intention of going to Joseph's Hill, he had only wanted to take a walk, but as soon as he recognised where he was, he decided he would have to pay a visit to his favourite spot. It would take longer but that was okay.

He quickened his pace and moved along briskly with the total aim of arriving at his special place so that he could spend some time in what he thought might be meditation, but in fact he now knew to be another dimension.

The thought of Joseph's Hill really opened Henry's being a lot more than it was already and he started to feel the interaction with the other worlds. He had no idea how to explain it however he always enjoyed it. He could never understand how it would drift out of his life only to come back in with such reality that it seemed like it

had never been missing in the first place. Once again he felt like he was walking above the ground.

It had only seemed like a short time had gone by when he arrived at that familiar turn off to Joseph's Hill. Incredibly it was like replaying an old movie because right there in front of him and walking towards him was young Bill Sommers. Bill had obviously decided to head in the same direction but he wasn't looking in Henry's direction when Henry spotted him. Henry quickly stepped off to the side to give Bill a surprise and just as Bill turned to head up to Joseph's Hill, Henry stepped out beside him.

To Henry's surprise, Bill just said, "Hi Henry. Going my way?"

"I thought I had you bluffed," said Henry. "I was sure you didn't see me. You didn't even look up."

"I didn't have to Henry, I could feel you a mile off," said Bill. "I knew you were here."

"What do you mean you could feel me a mile off?" asked Henry.

"You're totally buzzing," said Bill. "You're really out there and there's something really exciting happening around you at the moment."

"Yeah, I do feel great," said Henry.

"I can assure you that you'll feel more than great," said Bill. "Let's keep walking."

Bill and Henry walked side by side in silence to where Henry needed to be, his special place.

Bill stayed for a few minutes before turning to Henry, "I think you need to be alone here Henry. I'll head off to my little spot but I'm sure we'll catch up on the way. For now though, it's important for each of us to go to where we're supposed to be."

For some unknown reason Henry could not think of anything to say so he simply nodded. He knew that it was necessary to talk to Bill but he did not know what it was about or why. He had no idea where Bill was heading off to and did not say a word as Bill disappeared into the bush.

Bill was on his way to his special place, the place that he and his father had always visited.

Henry sat for a moment and then out of nowhere he felt a sudden breeze. It came out of the trees but the trees did not move. He felt a shudder go through his body as the breeze came to a standstill before him. He could see something but he could not make out what it was. Whatever it was caused a shimmer but was transparent. He looked away and could see that everything was clear but when he looked back, he could still see the shimmer. It was just like when you look out over a desert. With a slight buzz, the temperature changed to a comfortable degree of warmth. Henry knew there was contact being made between himself and another being. Henry had a very open mind and never assumed anything.

He asked out loud, "To whom am I speaking?"

There was a delay before the answer came back, "*This is Simmion.*"

"And who else Simmion?" asked Henry.

*"There are many Angels here at the moment Henry, many Angels,"* answered Simmion. *"You're about to embark on a whole new direction in your life. There will be many changes made today. There will be many things that you will feel and there will be many things that you will see."*

Henry gasped a little. He had had this feeling all day and he knew there were so many critical things that had to happen.

"Can you tell me more Simmion?" he asked.

Simmion replied very calmly, *"Henry you will lose some possessions but you will open up the lives of many people and you will formulate the life that you have always wondered about for your future. This will all happen today."*

Henry's brain could not piece all of this together. He started to try to reason and that same confusing pressure came over him once again. His body suddenly shuddered and he shook his head.

"I'm sorry Simmion," he said. "This head of mine get's in the way occasionally."

*"That will never happen again Henry,"* explained Simmion. *"There is no reason for you to try to figure anything out. There is no reason to try to figure out what actually is. The only thing that is*

*needed is for you to experience it. You've experienced your friends the cats and you didn't ask why, now experience all of your other friends and don't ask why."*

Henry felt his body relax and his vision changed. He felt a new kind of freedom and he knew that he had to ask no more. As soon as he realised this he felt the comfort of the Angels closing in around him and felt himself being lifted way above the trees to where he could look down and see the overall picture of the island.

A voice said, *"You'll make this One and you will make these people one and you will start it all today!"*

Henry knew beyond doubt that the vision was clear and it was nothing that his mind could have made up because he had never ever seen the whole picture of the island before. He knew that he could paint that picture if he needed to and as he looked down, he could see that sections of the island were highlighted. Areas he had never been to and areas that he was familiar with all seemed to glow. As his attention moved from one to the other, a picture came to each one. A picture that had no real form but held a lot of knowledge. Somehow each place had planted details within Henry that he did not have to question. Then just as quickly as he had been raised above the trees, he was returned.

The moment he returned, Simmion said, *"All instructions are within you. Allow them to happen and enjoy them and know that we are with you always. Not just here but everywhere."*

The voice of Simmion faded with the last words and Henry felt himself snap back into reality – or out of reality, depending on how you see it. He felt himself physically back in the world and he could feel the coldness of the rock beneath him that he was sitting on.

He quickly asked, "Simmion, what will I do about the supplies for Norwick?"

The answer did not come back in words but the immediate response in his mind was to find Bill Sommers.

Henry got up quickly and was about to follow in Bill's footsteps when he felt the pressure of the Angels against him, so he sat back down and enjoyed their presence. His concern for the supplies for

the island soon disappeared in amongst the beautiful sensations of the Angelic presence.

Bill's special place was only a matter of one hundred yards down the hill from Henry's spot on Joseph's Hill. It was a place that he was sure no one had ever discovered before. When he got there he was assured that it was his special place. The presence of his father was so clear as he walked into the small clearing and the welcome that he felt was unmistakable. He made a note to himself that this little spot, which had not been discovered by others, felt quite crowded and yet exciting and very uplifting.

As Bill sat down he performed his usual exercise. It was an exercise that had been taught to him by his father. It involved giving up everything and letting everything go to the trees and to let everything go to his Creator. He would allow himself to empty his mind of all concerns and responsibility before declaring that whatever concern, responsibility or plans stay with him when he leaves the clearing he will honour while all others will stay and disappear into the earth. This exercise always worked for Bill and within moments the load of the world disappeared from his shoulders. As soon as he had completed this the pictures began to flow. He had only received pictures once before and that was the time just after he had met Suzanne. This time though the pictures were clear and extensive. He saw how so many people were to work for him and so many people would enjoy working with him. He saw how Suzanne and the family were alongside him all the time and how he would fish and travel and how he spoke to people and organised so many things. Things that he had no understanding of. The pictures that came to him were of a whole new world. A world he had never seen before and yet they also included the world he knew at the moment. They never left anything of his present world out. It was like his capacity for life had multiplied by ten and his activities increased by ten.

As these pictures flowed in and Bill took on the feelings, he remembered the words of his father, "Whatever stays with you when you leave here will work and will be totally supported, so see what

you see and enjoy what you see. Feel what you feel and enjoy the feeling. Hear what you hear and enjoy the words you hear. Hold on to nothing because what has to stay with you will stay with you and will reappear each time it's needed."

So Bill enjoyed the pictures. It was like many different stories all rolled up into one with Suzanne and himself as the characters in every scene. The final scene was in great detail and showed Bill talking to Henry and arranging a whole new business right there on the hill. It also showed how the financial side would work and who had to be involved. Bill found it difficult to let those final scenes drift from his mind. The detail was so clear and was so current that he tended to hang on. When the pictures finished, Bill sat and totally cleared his mind. He felt the beautiful feelings of the trees and all of those present and he knew that Simmion was involved because there was nothing else and nobody else who could provide such detail.

When Bill felt it was time to leave, his head cleared and he stood up; he felt incredibly fulfilled. As he took his first step, he felt himself growing taller and with his second step he knew that he was much more of a man than he was when he had walked into the clearing.

As he moved along the narrow passage through the dense trees, his head and his heart, which were both now cleared, started to fill with the presence of Henry Olsen. When Bill emerged from the trees he turned directly to where he had come from and knew that he had to find Henry. As soon as he arrived at the clearing, the place where he had left Henry, he stopped because he could see the image of Henry with a glow around it, a glow that was coming from something else, not from Henry. It was like he was engulfed and there was a very soft white mist all around him. As he watched, the mist opened on one side to reveal Henry very clearly to Bill.

Henry turned and said, "Please join me Bill."

Bill walked over and sat down and immediately felt that he had been invited in to a special circle, a circle that seemed to be closed off to the rest of the world.

Henry and Bill sat for a moment and then Bill began to talk. All of a sudden it seemed like the roles had changed and Henry became the listener and Bill found himself sitting tall and passing on information about all of the pictures that had been shown to him earlier.

Henry the great businessman was now being taught by Bill how to bring everything together to make the people of the island create the future for themselves. A future that would interest everyone and that would include everybody's dreams. To Henry's amazement, everything that Bill spoke of, although new, seemed to be familiar in some way. Even though Henry listened, he did not retain the words in his mind yet he nodded over and over as Bill spoke the words.

At the end of their conversation everything went quiet. Even the birds became quiet and then the circle that had engulfed them, gradually disappeared and they could feel the coolness of the breeze once again. They felt the slight harshness of the weather and both looked at one another and shook their heads a little to take away the haze.

"Bill, that was simply amazing," said Henry. "You sure are more than what you seem. It looks like you will make a very important difference in a lot of people's lives. One of the things you spoke about was an open supply line to your part of the island. Where did that idea come from?"

Bill shook his head and answered, "I don't know but it fits and I'm sure that it suits Willie and I'm sure all of the other things suit John. There are other people I can see who are associated with Willie and John who will need the knowledge that is passed through to us."

Both Bill and Henry were still a little dazed. They sat for a while before Bill spoke again.

"I think it's time to go Henry. We both have things to do and I know this will all come together. We don't have to worry about what happens, but I think when we're told to move, we have to move."

“I understand,” said Henry. “Let’s go then. I have to be back soon anyway and I know that you’ll have things organised by the time the day is through. I also know that all of the details will come together very quickly.”

Bill jumped up and shook his head a little, “Wow, it’s all a bit much for me. I think I’ll get underway and just let it all happen.”

“Fine, I’ll see you later,” said Henry.

They both stood and headed off down the hill.

Nothing was said by either Henry or Bill until they reached the point where they would have to part company.

“Well you know I came here for a walk and had intended to go and see Willie, but I don’t feel like I have to do that now,” said Henry.

“Well I came here for a walk also and I had no thought of Willie but now I know I have to go and see him,” said Bill.

Henry laughed, wrapped his arm around Bill and said, “Thanks Bill. It’s great working with you. I’ll talk to you later. Bye for now.”

It sounded a little like a telephone conversation but Bill did the same.

As Bill knocked on the door to Willie’s home he saw the sign once again – “John and Willie Broltich” and all of the memories flooded back. After knocking for a while he found there was no answer so he walked over to the boatshed and found that it was closed. He knew that it was important to make contact with Willie, although he had no idea how to do it. He felt a little empty inside and felt he was letting himself down in some way by not contacting Willie. He looked around for a while and tried to get into the shed and then the house but the doors were locked.

Bill headed off home knowing that his day had not ended the way it was supposed to. On his way home he called in to see if Willam was back at the shop but he wasn’t there. He called in to see Simon Guthridge but Simon was asleep, so it seemed like Bill was being blocked as nobody was available.

He decided to go back to the thoughts and feelings of what had happened earlier and realised that he did not have to do anything. However, he did have to understand that he was the key to the whole operation and that was what was to be determined on that day.

When he arrived home, Suzanne was surprised because she knew that he was actually supposed to be somewhere else.

“Bill, I know you’re supposed to be in Norwick, what’s happened?”

“Norwick? I had no intention of going to Norwick,” said Bill.

“But didn’t you listen?” asked Suzanne.

“Listen to what?” asked Bill.

Suzanne stopped and he could see her focussing somewhere in the distance but he had no idea what she was seeing.

“There’s still time Bill,” she said. “You have to go and see Willam.”

“I tried to see Willam but he wasn’t home,” said Bill.

“That’s because he’s in Norwick,” explained Suzanne.

“That’s right,” sighed Bill. “How stupid of me but if I go to Norwick now, it may be very late by the time I get back.”

“You probably won’t get back before tomorrow,” said Suzanne. “There’s a lot to do Bill and everyone’s depending on you.”

When Bill looked at Suzanne he said, “I don’t know what’s happened Suzanne, but you’re so switched on, you know exactly what’s happening.”

Suzanne smiled and put her arms around his neck lovingly. “I might be switched on but there’s nothing so special about knowing that when you get a message to go and see someone and there not at their home, you should find out where they are. If you had a little bit of a think, you would have known that it was only a few days ago that you left Willam in Norwick. So it’s nothing special, just a little bit of female intuition and a little bit of knowledge. It’s as simple as that Bill.”

Bill smiled, “You might say it’s simple and you might cover up things a little, but I know when you’re looking out into the distance that you’re not just thinking.”

Suzanne gave him a kiss and said, “Be on your way Bill. I’ll see you when you get back.”

Bill gave Suzanne a gentle squeeze in return and said, “I’m looking forward to being back here with you but I know that I have to go. See you later.”

“See you,” replied Suzanne as she watched him walk out the door.

Bill headed off with his stride a little higher than he had expected. It seemed like he was being driven once again by some force that was outside of his control. He settled in and enjoyed the movement and enjoyed the additional speed in his stride.

## Chapter 48

Willam had a little trouble finding Andrew Kelly when he arrived at the Olsen Plaza. He remembered that he had a den somewhere downstairs but when he tried to gain access to Andrew through the front desk, they would not put him through. Normally Willam would have talked directly to Henry so he asked to speak to Henry. The staff told him that Henry was not there. He thought this was a bit strange because Willam had held first place in every area in town for so long. Some of his friends were away and yet nobody knew him. He stood for a while and wondered what he could do and then he remembered that Mary knew everybody at Olsen Plaza and everybody knew Mary.

Willam asked, "Can you place a call to Mary for me please?"

"Mary who?" came the reply.

"Mary Smithers," said Willam.

The two attendants looked at one another as Willam said, "Henry's Mary!"

Both of the attendants said, "Oh, you know Henry's Mary?"

"I'm Mary's father," said Willam. "Now just place the call!"

"I'm sorry Sir, we didn't know," said the staff as their faces turned red with embarrassment. "Who is it you wanted to see?"

"Andrew the technician," said Willam. "Andrew Kelly."

"Just one moment Sir," said the first attendant as he quickly made the call to Andrew.

You could hear Andrew's voice over the phone. He had a loud voice. "He probably won't be able to find me down here so I'll come up. I won't be a minute. Just send him down the corridor to the elevator."

The attendant took the message and politely said to Willam, "If you will come this way Sir, Mr Kelly will meet you at the lift."

Willam followed the attendant to the lift at the end of the corridor. The attendant stood almost to attention while they waited. When the doors opened, Andrew stood inside and was about to move

out when the attendant held the door and said, “Mr Kelly, this is Mr ah?”

Andrew immediately stepped forward and said, “Hi Willam. Get yourself in the lift.” He thanked the attendant and off they went.

On the way down there was a lot of conversation between Andrew and Willam. Willam once again passed on his ideas and Andrew tried to add as much as he could to the possibilities.

When they reached Andrew’s workshop, the radio was already operating. It was John calling Andrew.

Andrew turned to Willam and asked, “Did you tell him you were coming?”

Willam laughed.

Andrew picked up the receiver answering, “John receiving, this is Andrew.”

“Oh Andrew,” said John. “I have a few extra visitors here and we really need something to keep them active. I thought you might have some work around the Plaza or something that we can occupy them with. Something that can be repaid with food and supplies.”

Andrew laughed before replying, “John this is Andrew, I have Willam here with me. Do you remember Willam Smithers?”

“Yes I do,” said John. “How are you Willam?”

Willam took the receiver and replied, “John, it’s a funny thing but I had the thought that maybe you could supply some people to help us with the recovery of the roads and power and the stabilising of a few buildings. There’s probably about two months’ work for as many people as you can get. I’m sure that we can come to some arrangement with supplying food and lodgings and the rest of it.”

“Lodgings are no problem,” said John. “They’ll travel back here every day. We’ll bring them around by boat. How does six to eight people suit you?”

“Six to eight people would be fine,” said Willam. “I could take more if you can supply them, but they have to be good. They have to have a bit of ingenuity and they have to a bit of know how. You know, the type of people who would work for you. It’s not just a

labouring job either. It will be taking something on and seeing it through to the finish.”

“I’m sure they can do that,” answered John, “but they’ll need some leadership. Somehow I think that will come to you before long.”

Willam was a little mystified by that last statement and he replied, “John, I’d like to know why you feel that.”

“I’ll put Willie on,” said John.

Willie got on the radio and said, “Hi Willam, this is Willie. Do you remember me from Willie and John Broltich?”

“Yes I remember you,” said Willam. “How are you?”

“Well it’s a funny thing Willam, but I spent some time talking to young Bill Sommers the other day and he told me about his involvement with you and how you were teaching him things. That young fellow is still floating around in front of my face and as soon as John began talking, I saw a picture of him. I wouldn’t be surprised if he turns up out of nowhere and starts to run all of this. He’s capable you know.”

Willam smiled as he heard this and said, “It’s funny Willie, but I’m of the same opinion. I just wonder if Bill knows.”

“I think you’ll find he does,” answered Willie. “So don’t be surprised if he turns up out of nowhere.”

“I’ll be looking forward to it,” said Willam. “So can we count on your blokes getting underway within a day or so?”

“You can count on them,” said Willie. “I’ll be back home by this afternoon and I’m sure if I don’t see Bill, then you will. So for now, over and out.”

“Over and out,” repeated Willam.

Andrew looked at Willam and said, “There’s something going on Willam. Everybody seems to know there’s something happening.”

“There certainly is, there’s something in the air,” replied Willam. “I’ll keep you up to date but the big thing is we have got to get this place back in order and we have to get a few other things back in order.”

“That’s right. Henry and I need to get a few things in order as well,” said Andrew. “If we don’t do it today, we may not be able to supply people with the lodgings that they require.”

Willam tilted his head and said, “Andrew, I don’t know how many people have said that to me today. There is something in the air. Let’s see what it turns out to be by this evening.” He then turned and walked out the door; without assistance and without saying goodbye.

Andrew was not at all surprised because he knew how clear Willam was when he made a decision. When he left, Andrew felt quite okay.

As Willam left the Plaza, Henry appeared at the gate. Willam waved and Henry returned the wave, then Willam put his head down ready to walk off and Henry waved again. He held his hands up for Willam to stop. Willam wasn’t really in the mood to stop. He took another couple of steps and Henry waved his arms again. This time Willam stopped and waited. As Henry approached, Willam felt a sensation that he hadn’t felt for a long time. He recognised the sensation as an aftermath of Simmion’s presence.

He simply asked Henry, “What did he say?”

Henry was used to these pointed statements from Willam that assumed he was supposed to know all about everything.

Henry replied, “Do you mean Simmion?”

“Of course,” said Willam.

“He said many things and he posed many options,” said Henry, “and it looks like you and Bill Sommers are right in the middle of it all.”

William half grinned and half sighed, “I thought it was happening. So where’s Bill?”

“I left him heading back home,” said Henry.

“Are you sure?” asked Willam.

“Yes I’m sure,” said Henry.

“I can feel Bill heading this way,” said Willam.

“I had that same feeling myself but I did see him going in the other direction,” said Henry.

“Oh well, you never know. It certainly looks like Bill is the key to a lot of things that are going on today,” said Willam.

Henry nodded, “I think you’re right.”

## Chapter 49

Willie was almost ready to leave; The Jeremy had already pulled up anchor and was ready to get underway when Bill's face appeared in front of him again. This time it was so close that it made him take a step back. As he took up the strain against the tide he felt a change within himself and he knew that something critical was attached to the vision of Bill. He just didn't know what it was. Then as he pushed the throttle forward, Bill's face flashed in again. This time Willie could see him heading towards Norwick and he said to himself, "Wow, that hasn't happened to me before. I really need to see this Bill again. When I get closer to Norwick I'll check to see if he's coming in." He pushed harder on the throttle and a faint image of Bill stayed with him all the way. No matter what he did, the image kept flashing in his mind.

As The Jeremy rounded the headland, the radio burst to life. It was the Olsen Plaza and it was Andrew on the radio, trying to raise John. Willie knew that John would be busy and would not be in his hut, so he took the call.

"Olsen Plaza, Olsen Plaza this is The Jeremy, Willie speaking."

"Olsen Plaza this is Andrew. Just calling to tell John that we have a feeling Bill Sommers is on his way."

"That's great. I had the same feeling," said Willie. "Can you organise a berth for me? I'm heading towards Norwick and should be there within the hour."

"Roger," said Andrew. "Looking forward to seeing you. Same accommodation as usual Willie?"

"Same accommodation would be perfect thanks Andrew," answered Willie. "I'll stay the night. Just one night and that's all."

"Consider it done," said Andrew. "Olsen Plaza over and out."

"The Jeremy, over and out," replied Willie.

## Chapter 50

Bill's progress was swift to say the least. He had never felt himself move so swiftly and it seemed like time had no say in his trip to Norwick. He was amazed at the presence of Suzanne on the entire trip as she now spoke to him constantly. It was almost like she was beside him and the conversation was light and joyful. She told him all sorts of things about his future. She explained to him how the two of them would work together and how they would venture out into all sorts of areas, both in the world of Norwick and in the world they knew so well - the world of simplicity. Suzanne also described how they would change and how they would bring support to those who are living on the better part of the island but who are also under the most pressure. She talked of how the beauty of the island and the harshness would be separated and how the hardship would disappear out of people's lives. Suzanne told Bill how he would lead many things and that he would lead people in all sorts of ventures and in areas that he had never even dreamt of and that this would begin immediately.

The encouragement from Suzanne continued for the whole trip and by the time Bill arrived at the gate, which was the entrance to Norwick; he was feeling rather tall and incredibly capable. In fact he remembered the saying that he felt ten feet tall. He even ducked as he walked through the gate before having a laugh at himself, because in fact, he was not at all very tall in stature. As Bill walked through the park he remembered very clearly which way to go to get to Mary's house. He knew William should be there at this time.

Bill walked swiftly across the park and then something made him stop suddenly. He could feel something but he did not know what it was. He was about to turn left and head towards Mary's house but he had been stopped and he did not know why. He stood still for a moment to feel what was happening and was told to turn right instead of left. Bill hesitated because he did not know what was ahead of him if he turned right and didn't know where he would be going. It was getting close to dark but the force was too strong to

ignore and he had to go with every feeling that was coming to him at this time.

As he turned, the face of Willam appeared in front of him. In the distance he could see the figure of a man but he was not sure why he was focussed on that man as the face of Willam would not go away. Bill moved forward, though not quite as quickly as he would have if he was still heading towards Mary's house, or Willam's house as it was now. Bill did not know that it was now Willam's house, although he had a feeling that it was. Within a couple of minutes Bill had almost caught up with the figure in front of him and he soon recognised the walk and the stature of the man up ahead, it was Willam.

Bill increased his pace and before long he had caught up to Willam. He tapped him on the shoulder and Willam stopped and turned very around. The look of surprise on his face was indescribable. He had expected to see Bill at some stage but not have Bill come up and tap him on the shoulder. He wondered how Bill could have found him, after all he had decided to wander the streets for a while before he went back home. He had decided to let everything sink in with him; what was happening to him, where he had to go, what he was supposed to do and then out of nowhere came Bill.

The words that had been spoken earlier, that Bill might turn up out of nowhere, certainly came true.

Bill's eyes were bright and Willam could feel the energy coming from him. He could put it down to the fact that Bill had just walked quite a way and that he was totally energised, but he knew that it was more than that. Something had happened to Bill and he was so much more vibrant than Willam had ever seen him.

He placed his hand on Bill's shoulder in an act to calm him down and felt a buzz that he was feeling for the very first time.

"Wow Bill, you're really firing aren't you?" remarked Willam.

"Yes I think I am Willam," answered a smiling Bill. "I went to your shop but I'd forgotten that you were still here, so I went back home and Suzanne told me I had gone in the wrong direction. Sure

enough I think she was right, so here I am and I think it's pretty important that we talk if that's alright with you."

Willam put his arm around Bill, "Of course it's alright with me son. Anytime is alright with me. Come on and we'll go back to the house and get a bite to eat and have a bit of a talk about what's happening."

"That would be good," said Bill. "I really want to look at the finances and what's happening with that."

Willam raised his eyebrows. Bill didn't even know what money was a couple of weeks ago and now he was talking about finances. Something had really happened to Bill.

The walk back to the house was interesting. Willam carefully questioned Bill on everything he could and found that there was very little that he had to add to the knowledge that Bill had already gathered. Somehow the work of Simon Guthridge had taken Bill well past what Simon knew and Willam knew about that because he was very close to Simon and he knew Simon's limitations. But Bill had no limitation and his ability to think well past what Simon knew was amazing. As Willam thought this to himself, he realised that Bill could not be thinking it; he did not have that knowledge to think with. One of his last questions to Bill before they walked inside the house was, "Bill where did you get all of this information from?"

Bill's answer was very simple. He said, "I don't know."

Willam laughed and said, "Well, I thought that must have been the case because you're too good for me. You know more about this stuff than I do."

"Actually I don't know anything about anything," said Bill. "But as I speak it seems to come out."

Willam patted Bill on the shoulder and said, "Well done Bill and don't you ever change that and don't you try to learn anything. All you need to learn is the lingo. The stuff we use to describe what you know."

Bill knew that was true and answered, "Thank you very much Willam. Nobody has ever said anything like that to me before and I think it's very important that I at least have somebody who can

support the fact that all I need is what you call the “lingo”. The rest of it seems to come to me and if someone asks me to do something then all I have to do is get a bit of a description and I don’t have any problems with it. It all seems to come to me.”

Willam’s excitement was such that he could hardly open the door. By the time he got it open, Mary had arrived at the door. Once again this surprised Willam because he didn’t think she would still be there. Willam’s surprise was obvious when Mary opened the door at the same time that Willam pushed on it. The door flung open quickly and Willam almost fell through on top of Mary.

Mary began to laugh and pointed at Willam, “Look at you. You look like a little boy who has just been caught doing something wrong.”

Willam grinned and replied, “Funny thing is that’s what I feel like as well.”

Mary wrapped her arms around him and said, “You always surprise me Dad.”

She then extended one of her arms out to Bill and said, “Come here Bill. You do so much for Dad; he just looks so good when you’re around.”

She gave them both a big hug and they all felt so comfortable together. They stayed there together for quite a while before Willam broke the silence by saying, “This feels beautiful. We’ll have to do it more often.”

Everybody agreed and Willam continued, “Well Mary, it seems like you’re being kept here for a reason. I suppose it could be that you’re going to cook us something nice.”

“I’ll do that for you,” said Mary happily. “No problem at all Dad.”

Willam asked Mary, “So where’s your boyfriend? Where’s Mr Henry Olsen?”

“Well I think he’s still tied up at the office,” answered Mary.

“Too much work and not enough play! When are you going over to his house?” he asked.

“He’s going to come and get me Dad,” answered Mary.

“Hmmm,” said Willam. “Looks like something is being planned here. Looks like we’re all going to meet up for some reason. I wonder who else is involved.”

Bill stood there with his eyes wide open and his face aglow. He didn’t say a word.

Mary asked, “Bill do you know what this is all about?”

“I have no idea Mary,” he replied, “but it feels good. I think Willam has somehow picked up on what’s happening. We all seem to be coming together to talk about something.”

“Did you hear what happened to Dad?” she asked Bill.

“No,” answered Bill.

“Old Harvey the Town Clerk has asked Dad to stand in for him for a little while so Harvey can start the repairs on the town.”

“Wow, that would be interesting,” said Bill.

“I think it’s interesting,” said Willam, “but I think the most interesting thing is that you turned up here.”

Bill smiled and agreed, “Yeah that’s interesting as well isn’t it. Particularly when I’m just standing here not knowing what I’m doing but I feel really good.”

Then with a sudden rush, the door opened and in walked Henry. He looked in and said, “Oh you’re here Bill? Hi Willam. Mary, how are you my love?”

Mary rushed over to greet Henry but before she could get to the door, another person walked in behind Henry. It was Harvey, the Town Clerk who was quickly followed by Michael and Elizabeth Willis. The Judge and the Town Council itself.

The small foyer was soon filled in a matter of moments with people. Even Henry was surprised to see the unexpected arrival of all of these people. He didn’t know that they were right behind him.

Harvey in his usual gruff voice spoke first, “What the hell’s going on here? I just came over to say hello and came over to have a quick yarn to Willam and now we’ve got half the town here.”

He turned to Elizabeth and Michael, “Hi there Michael and Elizabeth, what gripe have you got here tonight?”

Michael took a quick, playful swing at Harvey as if he was about to fight him. Harvey stepped back before Michael said, “One day you’ll forget to step back Harvey and I’ll get you. We don’t have anything to whinge about. Hello everyone. Elizabeth and I are here to sort a few things out but it’s funny that you’re all here at the same time. We all need to hear what Elizabeth has to say, so I hope you don’t mind if we gatecrash whatever’s happening here.”

“I don’t think anybody’s gatecrashing,” said Willam, “but I don’t think anybody knows who organised this. Do any of you know?”

They all looked at each other but there was no reply.

“I thought so,” said Willam. “It’s one of those set ups again. We’d better just go with the flow and follow whatever happens.”

Willam gathered everyone and invited them all into the house. “Come on everyone, in you come. Mary do you think you have enough to feed everyone?”

Mary smiled as Elizabeth said, “You can’t leave all of this to Mary. Here hold all of this paperwork Michael. I’ll give Mary a hand in the kitchen.”

Elizabeth handed over a large bundle of papers to Michael before rushing away to the kitchen to help Mary prepare a meal for everyone.

The feeling of excitement in the air was high but there was also a slight sense of awkwardness. Nobody knew what to say or what to do. Bill just stood there with a huge smile on his face while Willam attempted to bring everything together but nothing would work.

Finally Henry spoke up, “The most unusual thing about this whole meeting is young Bill turning up and the fact that we all sort of knew that he would. So Bill, what do you think has to happen here?”

Without a thought, Bill replied, “What Elizabeth has to say is the most important thing. What Michael has to do follows and then what Harvey has in mind will follow that.”

His clarity surprised everyone.

Willam looked at Bill in amazement and asked, “Okay Bill, so what comes after that?”

Bill answered, “I don’t know Willam but I know that I came here to talk to you about finances and what that means, I don’t know at this point. I do know that it’s very important though.”

Then from the kitchen came the voice of Elizabeth, “Righto you lot. Get yourselves in here if you want something to eat. We’re serving it all now.”

All of a sudden it was like everybody had been snapped out of some trance or and they all came in at once, although they had looked around at each other before getting up to respond to Elizabeth’s request. There was no thought of what they had been talking about, but in the moment, they changed mode and found themselves in the regular world and were hungry. They each made their way to the kitchen, found themselves a chair and sat themselves down ready to eat.

Elizabeth served the meal while Mary continued preparing more food. It was as if they had timed it perfectly. The last meal was served as Mary returned to the table with a meal for herself and one for Elizabeth.

There was a wonderful feeling around the table and it was quite different to what they had experienced in the sitting room.

As Mary took her seat she said, “All I can say is welcome everyone, and I’ll be really interested in what’s going to happen later, but for now I would like you to all enjoy your meal and stay as light-hearted as you are at the moment.”

“Here, here!” replied Willam.

Everyone then began talking at the same time. From a distance and for a few minutes, it sounded like a crowd of fifty or so people, but it then quietened down as they each started to eat.

Bill stood up and announced, “I want to thank you all for playing out your role in whatever is happening here at the moment. I also wish to thank Simmion for pulling us all together.”

Everybody looked at Bill and one by one they smiled in recognition that what he was saying was correct. The occasional knowing nod came from each person.

Bill finished off by saying, “I know it’s a special time and I know this is a special meal, so a big thank you to Mary and Elizabeth. Thanks also Willam for having us all in your home.”

Willam quickly responded, as did Mary and Elizabeth before they all got on with their meal.

## Chapter 51

Willie arrived at his first class accommodation at the Plaza a little later than he had expected. When he arrived he was quite hungry so he decided to eat in the dining room. Before he did though, he thought he might contact his old friend Andrew and see what he was up to.

Andrew was fairly busy at the time but he agreed to meet Willie in the dining room in about half an hour.

Willie decided to relax for a while and see what was to take place in that half hour, but he couldn't sit still. He couldn't wait the half an hour as Andrew had suggested, so he went straight to the dining room to eat. He was just finishing off his meal when Andrew arrived.

"Sorry I'm a bit late," said Andrew. "I suppose you have already eaten. Do you simply want to talk?"

"I need to know something," answered Willie, "I can't just sit here and yes, I have eaten. I'm just about finished my last course. They're bringing it now, so if you would like anything to eat Andrew, you're welcome to join me."

"I could probably fit something in," said Andrew. "But I've been eating all afternoon. I might just order a small snack to go with yours and we can talk while we eat."

Willie nodded and he waved to get the waiter's attention. The waiter came immediately. Both Willie and Andrew were well known and were always looked after. It wasn't long before they were both sitting there eating and talking about the future.

"It looks like our old situation has changed Andrew," said Willie, "and we're about to move into a whole new area. John and I seemed to have resolved most of our problems and we're looking at supporting ourselves a little more, well how would you say? Legally!"

Andrew burst into uncontrollable laughter.

Willie reached across the table and tapped him on the head, "Come on Andrew! It's true!"

Andrew lifted his head and looked at Willie and saw that Willie meant what he said. Willie had a smile on his face, but he really meant what he said.

“You’re joking,” said Andrew.

“No not at all,” replied Willie. “I’m very, very serious.”

“But how are you going to do it?” asked Andrew who was a little surprised. “That’s all you know Willie.”

“Oh no Andrew,” said Willie. “We know a lot more than that. There are many, many things that Willie and John Brolich can do and of course that goes for the people associated with us too.”

“That’s right but you only know how to work illegally,” said Andrew. “Well, it’s not that you break the law I suppose, you just work around it.”

“Well this time we’re going to work like we’re working in front of it,” explained Willie. “We’re going to use all of our skills to make things happen and to make it look like it’s legal.”

Andrew had a strange grin on his face as he replied, “Ah, so there is a twist to it.”

“There has to be,” said Willie. “You can’t do it the way they say, but we won’t be running around in the dark, we’ll be doing it all out in the open.”

Andrew’s grin changed a little, “So tell me more.”

“I will just as soon as I can talk to young Bill Sommers,” said Willie. “Did he turn up?”

“I haven’t found out anything yet but I can check for you,” replied Andrew. “I have a feeling that he might be around somewhere. Everyone seems to have disappeared and I don’t know where they are.”

“So who would know?” asked Willie.

“Oh well, probably the best source would be Henry,” answered Andrew. “I’ll give him a call in a minute.”

“Yeah fine,” said Willie. “So what are we going to do in the meantime?”

“Just sit here and do nothing I think,” suggested Andrew. “I think it’s about time you had a nice quiet evening.”

Willie disagreed. He leapt up from the table saying, “No way! You get over there and make that phone call. I’ve got to find that Bill Sommers right now!”

Andrew leant back in his chair and said, “Okay, take it easy. Sit down.”

Willie hesitated but Andrew motioned for him to sit down in his seat.

When Willie had taken his seat once again Andrew said, “It’s alright Willie. Just sit there and I’ll get someone to find him for you.”

Willie calmed a little as Andrew spoke, “There are a few things I want to talk over with you too Willie. Please stay here and I’ll get someone to find Bill for you.”

“Okay,” agreed Willie as he calmed down.

Andrew waved to the waiter who promptly came over to them. He asked the waiter to call one of the young boys and ask them to go downstairs to organise finding Bill Sommers. Even if that meant the boy would have to go out and physically walk around the island to arrange to have Bill found. He told the waiter to have someone come back and let them know where they could contact Bill and explained that it was very urgent.

The waiter immediately responded, pulled out his book and made a note before heading away to do as he was asked.

“Will he do that alright Andrew?” asked Willie.

“Yes, he’d better,” replied Andrew.

“That’s not what I asked,” said Willie. “Will he be able to do it?”

“It’s okay Willie,” said Andrew as he smiled, “He’s a really good friend of mine and he’ll go and get his son to run around for us. It just sounds impressive the way we said it in the restaurant.”

“Okay,” said Willie as he sat back in his chair. “So what have you got to discuss?”

Andrew sat up squarely in his chair and said, “Willie, you said you wanted to go straight and we have an urgent situation here at the moment, we desperately need supplies. The whole black-market has dried up and I think you know why.”

Willie nodded as Andrew continued.

“Somehow there’s a feeling that you and John and whoever else you can get a hold of, including Bill Sommers, well, both Henry and I feel that you could organise something for us, to get supplies going without actually overstepping the rules.”

Willie interrupted, “What do you mean overstepping the rules?”

“It’s a bit hard to explain,” said Andrew, “but I suppose I had better try. There’s a limit on what you can build on this island and there’s a limit on what Customs will accept. There’s a limit on what we can bring in and out without them picking it up.”

Willie stopped Andrew there and said, “So, you’re not so straight yourself Andrew?”

Andrew looked a little shy and answered, “Well it’s not me...it’s this whole town of Norwick. It’s not supposed to be here, but if we play it fairly quietly, no one will say anything. Though if we start to look like we’re outdoing the mainland, which we are, well then they’re going to start shutting things down on us. At the moment we really need to feed all of these people. We thought we were doing okay until you brought them back, so we need food and supplies and the general rubbish that they want to buy. You know, general things that have to be replaced in the Plaza and hotels and malls...a lot of stuff.”

“So, how much trouble are you in?” asked Willie.

“Well we’re starting to re-direct things from the general store and just about from people’s cupboards,” said Andrew. “All of the rooms that aren’t being used have nothing left in them. You could say we’re starting to scavenge.”

“How big is the order?” asked Willie.

“It’s endless,” replied Andrew. “It has no bottom and has no specification. Whatever we can get we will offload.”

Willie wiped his brow and thought for a moment, “That’s big Andrew. How long do we have to set it up?”

“Well, it has to be set up today Willie,” answered Andrew.

Willie looked at his watch and said, “Today is nearly over, what do you mean it has to be today?”

“It has to be set up today and it has to be up and running by tomorrow,” said Andrew. “We need supplies within hours.”

“That’s almost impossible,” said Willie. “We don’t have contact with anybody anymore.”

“That’s right,” said Andrew, “but we’ve got to find a way.”

Willie sat back in his chair, deep in thought before replying, “I don’t know that I can do it Andrew.”

Andrew flatly replied, “I don’t care Willie, you have to do it. Without you we’re lost and there’s no way you would have turned up here if it hadn’t already been set up.”

Willie shook his head, “Wow, I knew I had to speak to Bill Sommers but I had no idea what it was about. Somehow though I think it’s all going to come together. Look, we don’t have much time. Where’s that young bloke?”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Andrew. “We’ll go down to the desk and we’ll find out what they’re up to.”

They finished their drink, stood up and signed for their meal before heading off out to the foyer.

## Chapter 52

During the meal Mary had struck up a conversation with Bill. She found that they spoke about things that interested her greatly. Bill was an unusual person and in Mary's eyes he was a very spiritual person, but he was also a very simple person who had little knowledge of everyday life but such depth in family matters and such depth in life itself that Mary couldn't help being attracted to him. She wanted to know more every time Bill spoke. She would want to know more about it but was surprised when Bill couldn't really add much more to it, he just knew so much, but without explanation. He didn't have any detail and it didn't seem like he needed any. When he spoke about Suzanne and the children, his eyes glowed and Mary loved that.

As Mary and Bill were discussing the special talents of Jamie and now Martha, the voice of Elizabeth interrupted their conversation and Mary felt a little put out by the harshness of Elizabeth's voice. Mary stopped and looked over at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth addressed the group, "The purpose of our gathering is basically to sort out the deeds of the past. Your father's deeds Henry, of which Michael and myself were involved, and involved very closely. What we would like to do is to bring a few things to light and set a few things straight that would never be known unless we reveal the records to you now."

There was a strange silence that fell over the group and a distinct uneasiness. Willam had some idea of what she was talking about but he had no idea of what was to come. Henry had spoken to his father Edward many times about his dealings in the town and he knew that there were many secrets that had never been brought to light.

Elizabeth continued, "You all know that Heindrik here, or Willam, is the owner of a lot of this town."

As Elizabeth finished that sentence there was a rumbling sound of conversation around the table. Many of them had no idea.

Henry blurted out, "Please be quiet and allow Elizabeth to continue. I need to hear this."

Once again, Elizabeth continued, “Willam himself doesn’t own anything but Heindrik, who is Willam, owns a lot. Henry has some idea of a few of the areas that are owned under Heindrik’s name and he realised that something has to be done about them, but he has no idea the extent of what we’re talking about. Michael has a copy of all of the records, the ones that were disallowed in the hearing against Heindrik many years ago. I will ask him to call them out so that I can verify the items that were disallowed in court because at the time I wasn’t allowed, or should I say, I wasn’t in a position to support Heindrik in any way. I was closely tied to Edward Olsen and to his control of the island and I knew all of the things that would happen if the stability were upset in any way. I can assure you that what we’re going to do now will make the place totally unstable if it’s taken in the wrong light. During the court case against Heindrik, he had ownership taken from him for much of the land areas that he had built on and in taking that title; Edward Olsen was able to put many of Heindrik’s projects into a deadlock. He then could take over finalisation of Heindrik’s projects and lay claim to the fact that it all belonged to him. It was a very smart move but what it means is that a portion of each of the Olsen Plaza’s, a large portion, actually belongs to Heindrik.”

The loud noise of everyone talking at the same time took over the table and once again Henry intervened. This time quite heavily.

“Quiet everyone! This is very serious stuff and it affects me and it affects all of you. I want to know what it’s all about!” demanded Henry.

Willam put his hand up and asked, “May I speak?”

“Not yet Willam,” said Elizabeth. “You can speak after the formalities have been completed.”

Elizabeth turned to Michael and asked, “Where’s the paperwork Michael?”

Michael pulled out a large bundle of papers; it would have been at least 2 inches thick.

“Please pull out the key papers for us,” said Elizabeth.

Michael took out three pages and said, “There’s the Summary, there’s the Details and this is the “Supporting Evidence.”

“Fine,” said Elizabeth. “Now you’re all witness to the fact that I state right now that I’ve read all of this paperwork and I’m aware of everything in it. I’m saying that every statement and I mean *every* statement that was made against Heindrik’s ownership is completely false. The Council history that’s required to allow me to say that has been attached to the back of each of the Summaries.”

The noise of conversation started again and Henry looked up quickly and it stopped immediately.

Elizabeth went on, “Now what I’m going to do is hand these sheets around to each one of you and on it, it shows my Statement, Michael’s Statement, the Council’s Statement and the Revised Judgement by Law. On the second page it shows the list of properties that have joint ownership and the ratios of ownership as calculated by the Standard Records of Ownership as covered by our laws. On the third page, there’s a Statutory Declaration that I’m now about to sign and want you all to initial. When we’ve finished that, we can all have a discussion.”

Elizabeth took the third page and signed it before handing the papers out around the table. Silence reigned while the paper moved from each person and while they read the consequences.

When it got back to Elizabeth she said, “Thank you very much, we’ve finished what we’ve had to say and now it’s over to Willam and Henry and we can all be witness to whatever they say.”

Henry replied, “Thank you Elizabeth.”

Once again Willam put his hand up and said, “I must speak first.”

“Willam I would like to speak first on this occasion,” interrupted Henry.

Willam stood up and insisted, “You must hear me!”

“Fine,” said Henry.

Willam remained standing and he addressed the whole gathering. “I understand what has happened here and I understand that I’ve been put back in time to a place that I don’t really want to be. I also understand that there were many other people involved and what I’d

like to tell you all is that I would like to have nothing to do with any of it. I want to hand it all over to Mary to do with it what she will. With Mary and Henry coming together, I should imagine that would put everything back to normal.”

Mary looked up at her father in surprise and said, “But Dad, this is what you have wanted for so long.”

“That’s right Mary,” replied Willam. “But now I don’t want anything changed. I simply want my family and I want everything to be out in the open. My life works the way it is and I know that you and Henry are the perfect people to administer this town and to make sure that nothing happens like this again.”

Everyone was sitting quietly and taking in everything Willam was saying.

Willam continued, “While everybody’s here, I want a record taken of what I’ve said and I’d like to sign it. I don’t want to hand it over to Henry though; I want to hand it over to Mary. The reason for that is very obvious. It means that Mary and Henry can enjoy joint ownership and joint responsibility because the two of them are needed, not just one and whether they are together or not together, they are still both needed.”

Mary jumped up and wrapped her arms around Willam, “Thank you so much Dad. You know I won’t let you down.”

Henry quietly intervened and said, “Well Willam, I don’t know what to say, but I’m damn proud to be your future son-in-law.”

Almost on instinct everybody cheered and the pressure that had been hanging over the table immediately lifted. There was joy and laughter and even Harvey, the sinister old Town Clerk laughed in such a way that nobody had heard before. He was so very happy and it had seemed like a load had been taken off everybody’s shoulders.

Then in the middle of all of the excitement, the phone rang. Mary leant over and picked up the receiver, “Hello this is Mary, can I help you?”

Andrew Kelly was on the other end of the line. He replied, “Hello Mary, can you tell me if Henry’s there?”

“Yes he’s here Andrew,” answered Mary.

“I’m trying to find out if Bill Sommers is in town,” said Andrew.

“Just hold on a moment,” replied Mary as she handed the phone over to Bill.

Bill had never spoken on a telephone and he looked at it curiously. Mary told him it was Andrew and to just speak into the receiver as if it was a radio.

“Bill here, over!” he said.

“Bloody hell, where did you come from?” asked a shocked Andrew on the other end.

“Who’s speaking? Over,” asked Bill.

“They haven’t taught you how to talk on the phone yet have they?” laughed Andrew. “You can talk while I’m talking you know. It’s like a normal conversation, just talk to me Bill. Where did you come from? This is Andrew Kelly.”

“Oh okay Andrew,” answered Bill. “These are good things. You can just talk at the same time?”

“Yes,” said Andrew. “You don’t have to flick switches on and off, you just talk!”

“Oh great,” said Bill as his eyes lit up. “Where are you Andrew?”

“I’m at the Plaza and I’ve got Willie here and we really need to talk to you,” explained Andrew.

“Yes but I need to talk to Willam first and we’ve got a lot of people here who really need to hear what’s going on,” said Bill.

“Henry’s there too?” asked Andrew.

“Yes he is,” answered Bill.

“Well put Henry on please Bill,” said Andrew.

Bill looked strangely at the phone and said, “Henry, Andrew wants to talk to you.”

Henry rose from the table and walked over to where the phone was and took the phone from Bill. “Yes Andrew, what can I do for you?”

“Henry, I’ve got Willie here and we’re really trying to sort out this supply problem. I’m sure Bill Sommers is tied up with it all.

Can you free him up or something because he wants to talk to Willam...?”

“Hold on,” interrupted Henry. “We’ve got two more chairs over here, you’d better get yourselves over here and we’ll finish this all off with everybody present.”

“Who’s everybody?” asked Andrew.

“Harvey, Mary, Myself, Elizabeth and Michael Willis, Willam and Bill Sommers,” answered Henry.

“Wow you’ve got a top crew there,” said Andrew. “If we can’t sort something out with that lot then there’s something wrong. I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

Andrew did his usual trick of “clunking” the phone down in Henry’s ear. Henry pulled his head back and shook it while thinking that Andrew had got him again. He had a grin on his face as he put the receiver down.

He turned to everyone and said, “Andrew and Willie will be over here shortly. They obviously have some input into what we’re all here for... whatever that may be.”

Out of nowhere came Harvey’s voice. He said very loudly, “Hey Willam, you haven’t changed your mind about being Town Clerk have you?”

Willam laughed as he replied, “No Harvey, I wouldn’t let you down like that. Nothing’s changed.”

“Sounds like it’s bloody changed to me,” said Harvey.

“No, no everything’s fine,” replied Willam. “Everything will come together okay.”

Willam turned to Bill and said, “Bill we have to talk about finances, but it’s not the finances that we’re talking about here. We’re talking about much bigger stuff. We’re talking about your ability to help us integrate with the outside world and integrate with your world. That special world that you live in on a daily basis.”

Bill looked a little lost and said, “I don’t quite understand Willam but I suppose I didn’t even know what money was until a few months ago. So where do we go from here?”

Henry quickly jumped in and said, “I don’t know where we go from here but we’ve got to really go somewhere. This island was built to a large extent on what Dad said so he hid many, many things and we’re not even supposed to have half of the buildings that we have here. We’re not even supposed to have half of these people. The Customs keep their eyes half-closed provided we don’t impose too much on the mainland. As long as we stick to their rules of import and export which means we can only bring enough food and equipment onto the island to keep the minimum amount of people here. Well, the minimum in our eyes but it’s the maximum in their eyes, which is about half the people that we’ve got here. The rest are supposed to be self-supporting but we don’t have that facility. Dad knew that the island couldn’t do that, so he managed to run everything outside the law because the law was completely restrictive. So, we’ve got to find ways around all of this but we’ve got to do it without going around in the dark areas. We’ve got to do it out in the open. We must obey the rules as well as find another way.”

Bill’s eyes lit up as he said, “That’s easy Henry. We can make the island do anything. You can’t make Norwick do anything but we can make the island do anything.”

Everybody looked at one another in amazement.

“What do you mean Bill?” asked Willam.

“The island doesn’t have any laws,” said Bill. “We don’t import and export anything. It’s only Norwick and that’s the town.”

“That’s right!” said Willam. “How did you know that Bill?”

“Well it’s obvious isn’t it?” said Bill. “We’re totally separate. We didn’t even know you existed. Norwick’s just a little place that we don’t visit because it’s out of bounds and we don’t go off the island because it’s too dangerous for us to leave. The seas are so harsh and unpredictable, you need quite a large vessel to travel to the mainland and the only vessel I know that could get there is parked in Willie and John’s boatshed.”

Bill continued, “But why do you need to get off the island? We don’t need anything else.”

“*You* don’t need anything else but the people that we invite here from the mainland need all the things that are available on the mainland,” answered Willam.

“But what do they need right now?” asked Bill.

“Food mainly,” answered Willam, “but good quality food and special things that you just can’t get around here. If we import it then it shows up on the import/export licence.”

“But is that import/export licence for the island, the Island of Isles or is it for Norwick?” asked Bill.

Henry looked around at everyone before answering, “I think we’re listed as Norwick, nothing else. I don’t even think they know the name of the island.”

“Well there you go,” said Bill. “So we shouldn’t have any problems striking up some sort of arrangement as representatives of the Island of Isles.”

“That’s right,” said Henry.

“Bill, what did you want to talk about as far as finances go?” asked Willam.

“I don’t know,” said Bill. “But there’s something still missing. I know it’s got something to do with how we work the finances so that we don’t disturb the lives of the people in the township and in the village who really don’t know what finances mean. How do we make it so that what you’ve built here in Norwick, can be assisted by input from the people from the rest of the island? It’s all to do with finances and I’ve got a feel for it and I know that it’s what we’ve got to talk about.”

Bill turned and addressed Willam, “Willam, because you’ve lived in both places, somehow you know what we can do.”

Willam turned and spoke directly to Harvey. “Harvey can you hear what’s happening here?”

“Yes I can,” answered Harvey.

“So is it going to hurt you if we change all of the trading agreements?” asked Willam.

“Well it might hurt my pocket a bit but it won’t hurt me as far as the town goes,” said Harvey.

Willam looked to Bill and said, "I think we can do this Bill, but you're the key. Without you we can't do anything. We're all registered as members of this town; we're all registered on the mainland. You're not registered anywhere and none of the other people who we know in the town understand anything about money, let alone finances and yet here you are asking about finances."

"How quickly do you think we can get underway?" asked Henry.

Bill held his hands up in the air and said "Whoa, whoa! What do you mean, "get underway? I'm just here acting on a feeling and I need to talk to Willam. I don't know anymore than that."

"It's okay Bill," said Willam. "You don't realise that you've got all of the answers. "Later on we'll spend a couple of hours running through it all but for now, let's just settle down a little and make sure that we're going to make something of this town and of this island and we're not going to disturb either party. We're going to put us all on the books for the mainland and we'll be a force to be reckoned with."

Michael Willis who had been relatively quiet all evening spoke straight after Willam. "Willam it will be great to work with you. We can set this up and I know what you're talking about. It can be done legally and if Bill's happy enough to be a representative for the rest of the island, we can have it done this evening."

Elizabeth addressed Bill, "Bill you've got to go along with this. This is what we've all been waiting for and somehow you seem to fit the bill. No pun intended."

Everyone had a laugh.

Bill was feeling quite vulnerable. He hadn't experienced these kinds of feelings before. He felt overwhelmed by the pressure from the other people. He had never worked amongst people who had needed so much from him. It all seemed to be intellectual and he felt like he was starting to become overloaded. He sat back in his chair and took a deep breath but before he had fully inhaled, his whole world changed in front of him. His vision blurred and he felt like he was going to pass out. Then suddenly right before his eyes he could see Suzanne and the children. He could not believe it. It was like

they had taken over his whole world and he was there with them but he couldn't touch them. In the background he could see Carmel Roberts in her house. She looked like she was floating in and out. It was quite a strange sensation. He shook his head and rubbed his eyes and nothing changed.

*Suzanne spoke, "Bill, this is Suzanne. I've picked up what's happening to you and I want to work with you. Simmion has been in contact with me and he knows exactly what to do. He wants you to wait until your visitors arrive. He doesn't want you to say another word and when they arrive, he wants you to check in with me with every step of the way. I've managed to tap into Simon Guthridge and Carmel has been extremely active in keeping in contact with Julie and Helen. We're all working with you and we all know what's happening. You are our representative Bill, so take on the task and you'll have our total support."*

As quickly as the vision had appeared, it completely disappeared and there was Bill, back sitting on the seat finishing his deep breath. It was like time had changed and Suzanne had slipped in between the seconds and opened up a space and it turned into what seemed like minutes, just to pass on a message to Bill.

As he breathed out, he said calmly, "I think I can do what you have asked but we need to wait a little while."

Before he could say anymore, Henry asked, "Wait for what?"

"Our visitors of course," said Bill very brightly.

"Oh yes, I forgot about Andrew and Willie," said Henry. "They'll be here any minute. I suppose that it's very important that they're involved."

"It's essential," added Bill.

"Oh well, it sounds like a good time for a break," said Mary. "Elizabeth will you give me a hand to make the tea?"

Elizabeth got the message and hopped up and followed Mary out into the kitchen.

As soon as she got through the door Mary told Elizabeth, "We've got to lighten this up Elizabeth. It's getting too serious. This is not

the way to live. We've got to find out what's going on and why everybody's so serious."

"Okay Mary, I'll do that," said Elizabeth as she spun around and walked back into the dining room where she stood at the head of the table. She placed her hands on her hips and said very abruptly, "Righto you lot....why does this have to be so serious? We've just had some beautiful things happen, we've had years of rubbish cleared up and here you are all trying to work out how to do something that you won't even tell us about. What's going on?"

The five men looked around at each other but no one knew how to answer or who should take the lead. Eventually Henry took on this role, as was usual for Henry.

"It's like this Elizabeth. My father broke a lot of rules and here tonight we've all gathered together to repair a lot of the damage. You lead the way with this and now I'm trying to repair the damage that can come from what happens here over the next couple of days with all of these people here. If we can't provide what's necessary, there's going to be complaints go back through all sorts of channels. They're all going to be interviewed as soon as they get back to the mainland about what happened with their episode out on the water and how they had to turn back to Norwick. I can tell you they're all going to speak about how they were looked after and there's going to be a lot of inquiry, so we've got to look squeaky clean and at the moment, we're looking good, but we're running out of provisions and as soon as the word goes out that we're running out of provisions, or that we've run out of anything, the mainland will know that there's something wrong. Then we won't have sufficient internal resources. And so the way in which Dad set this place up is going to be revealed and everything that we've worked for will come crashing down on our heads. The next thing you know they'll be pulling us all out of here. We'll suffer, the island will suffer and Norwick will suffer."

Elizabeth looked shocked as she glanced back towards Mary who was looking out from the kitchen.

She turned back and said, “Henry, you’ve handled worse than that. How about lightening up a bit. This it’s just another task, it’s not so serious. My goodness, we’ve just come through a cyclone and we’re all still here, so how about we cheer up and get on with it!”

Bill laughed and felt himself relax. Willam followed and strangely enough Henry couldn’t resist having a laugh. As expected, Harvey burst into his raucous laugh swung his hand around and slapped Michael on the back. Michael almost felt his teeth rattle.

“Come on Michael, lighten up,” said Harvey.

Michael, feeling as fit as he did, jumped up out of his seat and said, “Come on Harvey if you want to take me on....I’ll have a go at you!”

Michael started prancing around as if he was a boxer.

Harvey leapt out of his chair and took up Michael’s challenge and his boxing act. Before long, the whole house was full of laughter. Harvey and Michael put on a great show and by the time they had finished, they were both puffing and panting but they were laughing and had red faces. When they finally put their arms around each other, they were a sight for sore eyes. They hadn’t done this sort of thing for many years.

As Harvey took a deep breath, he was about to announce that he’d had enough but the doorbell rang and interrupted him.

Henry got to his feet and announced, “That will be the boys. Sit down everyone – it’s on again!”

The door opened and as it did, Bill felt himself disappearing into a mist. He could hear Elizabeth’s voice saying, “Lighten up Henry,” and he could hear the muffled sound of voices but the next thing he knew, there before him once again was Suzanne. This time she was alone and spoke very clearly.

*“Bill, this time I’ll be with you during the entire conversation. Make sure you listen as it’s very important.”*

The haze disappeared and Bill looked up to see the huge smile of Willie along with Andrew. Bill wasn’t sure whether he had met Andrew or not but he felt like he knew him from another time.

He certainly knew Willie though and he walked through the crowd to put his hand out to shake Willie's hand. Willie took Bill's hand and then threw his other arm around Bill's shoulder. It was obvious that they were great friends.

Willie turned to introduce Andrew, "Bill, I'd like you to meet Andrew Kelly. I think you'll find that even though you're both quite different, you have a lot of things in common. You'll both be working together at some stage."

Bill shook Andrew's hand before Willie and Andrew walked in to greet everyone else in the room. After all of the introductions and greetings were over, Henry took over once again.

"Alright you lot, this is important business and I'd like you all to be serious," he said.

"Henry, it's not serious but we will be if you'd like us to be," said Elizabeth.

Mary couldn't help but giggle. As she started giggling, so to did Elizabeth.

Henry sat back in his chair, threw his hands in the air and said, "Okay I give up! Where do we go from here?"

"It's alright Henry," said Willam. "You speak. I'll keep these two in check."

"Thanks very much Willam," said Henry. "What I wanted to say was this....I spoke to you all before about how serious our situation is and Andrew has worked hard to achieve what I've asked, but I'm not sure that he has done it as yet. Bill seems to have a handle on everything but we don't have anything clear at this stage. Willie seems to be playing a key role here somewhere and I'm sure that if we all talk this through, we'll be able to get to the bottom of it."

Everyone nodded in agreement as Henry continued, "I almost forgot, there's young Bill here who has turned up out of nowhere and for no reason and yet he seems to know more about all of this than we do. I don't know where to go to from here except to say that we need an end result and the end result has got to be that we need supplies, we need a permanent supplier, we need to be able to deal with the mainland openly and we need to do it all tonight."

There was silence and not a movement from everyone around the table. In that split second, Bill could see Simmion standing in the corner of the room. He wasn't sure whether to reveal Simmion's presence and then he heard Suzanne's words, "*Introduce him.*"

Bill quickly raised his hands signalling for everyone to remain quiet and then said, "It's alright, Simmion's here. I can see him standing in the corner."

Everyone looked over towards the corner in amazement and then looked back at Bill. It was obvious that nobody could see him except Bill.

"Just look back there again," said Bill. "You may not be able to see Simmion clearly but you'll see the haze."

They all looked back and then one by one they nodded.

Bill asked, "Is it alright if I relay Simmion's words?"

Everyone agreed but they did not take their eyes off the corner.

"Simmion can you add something to what has been discussed here today?" asked Bill.

He waited for a while and everyone looked back at Bill, waiting for some kind of response.

Bill smiled and announced to all those present, "Simmion tells me that I can lead you all to where to find the solution. It's not a difficult thing to do but when I asked him where that was; he said, "*Right where you are now, but you must work with your heart and not your mind. You must allow some input from those who assist you and those who can help. You must allow me to turn the impossible into the possible.*"

Bill stopped, looked at everyone and explained, "What Simmion's saying is forget about trying to work it out, just go to where you know you can do it. Simply go to your heart and say I'm going to do it."

Bill immediately felt the change in the room and the strong sense of determination amongst everyone grew. It was simply amazing.

Just then Bill heard Suzanne's voice again. "*Bill tell them about your contact with me, Carmel and Simmion and particularly with Joe.*"

Bill waited for more advice but there was no more. He transmitted back to Suzanne, “give me more to work with Suzanne.”

Suzanne immediately responded with exactly what she had said previously.

Bill smiled again and told the gathering, “Suzanne is telling me to give you a little more insight into what’s going on. She wants you to know that while I’m standing here, she’s talking to me and I’m also communicating with Simmion. I can see Carmel Roberts as well and Simon Guthridge is in contact with Suzanne. We don’t use telephones or radios. All of you people here can do the same because you’re all special people who are here to pull lots of things together to enable this island to operate at its full potential. I’m not talking about commercial potential either. That’s full potential to allow people to do whatever they need to do and what they want to do to demonstrate who they are.”

Bill couldn’t believe the words of wisdom that were coming from his mouth. He felt extremely comfortable with what was happening and then Simmion intervened.

*“Bill, tell them about how you will lead them and how you will have all of the support of Suzanne and the family and everybody else if they allow it,”* said Simmion.

Bill’s smile disappeared for a moment. The shock and the responsibility was too much for his being but suddenly he felt the beautiful feeling of comfort of Simmion’s energy and he quickly settled and felt very relaxed.

“I’ve just been told by Simmion to tell you that I will lead you all through this and that I will be responsible if you allow me to. I will take over representation of the island if you agree to it, and then everybody will gain,” explained Bill.

There was an immediate response from everyone. They were all behind Bill one hundred percent. As soon as that happened Simmion disappeared and the connection with Suzanne also disappeared. Bill felt himself standing there alone with everybody looking at him wondering what he was going to say next.

He almost felt abandoned when again he opened his mouth and said, “Well I’m not really sure what I have got to do but I know that I can do it.”

“I’m sure you can Bill,” said Henry. “What’s our first step?”

Bill turned to Willie, “Willie we have a bit of a plan between us that we haven’t spoken about and Willam, and we have a plan between us that we haven’t spoken about. I think if you all check between each one of you, you probably all have some sort of plan between each other that has never been spoken about.”

They all nodded in agreement.

“That’s right and that’s what we’ve got to work out,” said Henry.

“No, that’s not what you’ve got to work out, it’s what you’ve got to *know* exists,” said Bill.

Henry looked quite seriously at Bill for a moment and said, “Explain a bit more Bill.”

“You’ve just got to know that I can do it and I’ve got to know that you can do it. I’ve got to know that Willie will support us and I have to know that Willam will support me with the finances. I have to know that Mary will support Suzanne. All of these things I actually know but I’ve never spoken to any of you and yet I still know,” explained Bill.

The more Bill spoke, the more comfortable he felt with himself. He turned to Elizabeth and said, “Elizabeth I’ve seen you with Michael. You know you’ve got his support. You know that what you have done here today was totally supported and you didn’t have a doubt and it worked out and it’s still working beyond what you could possibly have imagined. So out of what you have started, we are now a team and we’re a team because we know. Not because of anything we organise.”

“That’s true but how are we going to get the food?” asked Henry.

Bill looked to Willie. “Do you think we can get some by tonight Willie?” he asked.

Willie’s eyes lit up. “Well Bill, you show me where to go and I’ll get it here.”

“There’s your first answer,” said Bill.

“But where does he have to go?” asked Henry.

“I don’t know but leave it with me. I know that I’ll find it,” said Bill.

Suzanne’s voice came back to Bill and once again he felt very comfortable.

*“Bill, you stored all of those fish. You have enough there for a year’s supply for the island. You’ve also been storing vegetables for most of the people in town and most of our arts and crafts are stored because we’ve all seen them before, yet we just keep making them. I’m sure there are many more places around the island that could supply whatever you want by the end of tomorrow.”*

Then Carmel’s voice came in, *“Bill, remember that I have access to so many things and I can talk through Suzanne and I can provide a whole lot more than what you’ve said now. I have friends all over the island and have friends on the mainland that I can talk to.”*

Bill’s face lit up and he replied, “Thanks Carmel and thanks Suzanne.” He didn’t realise that he was speaking out loud. He actually spoke the words rather than transmit them. He corrected himself then transmitted the message back in his normal manner and apologised to everyone there.

“Sorry about that. I was just talking to Carmel and Suzanne. We have no trouble providing whatever you need by the end of tomorrow and we’ll have no problem providing fish and vegetables tonight,” said Bill.

Henry’s mouth fell open, followed by Willam’s. Harvey’s mouth had been open for the last ten minutes.

“Good on you Bill,” said Andrew. “You had better get your finger out Willie.”

“It’s all go,” answered Willie, “but I won’t take The Jeremy back. I think we’ll head off on foot Bill. We can do it that way. We might need to make two trips though so you can bring The Jeremy back and I’ll come back in The Special.”

“Not a worry,” said Bill.

It was as if everybody else in the room disappeared.

Bill picked up his coat and hat, the hat that he usually wore when he was out in the sun, and he walked straight over to Willie. “Where’s your gear?” he asked.

“Back at the Plaza,” answered Willie.

Bill turned around and waved to everyone before saying, “You all know what to do. We’ve got things to do but we’ll get to see you sometime between now and tomorrow. Bye for now.”

Without any need for reply from anyone there Bill swung open the door and ushered Willie out.

The feeling of Simmion’s presence was still in the room and Willam was very conscious of the fact. He asked everybody to sit down and to just enjoy what they were feeling.

Mary knew exactly what Willam was talking about as she had experienced this before.

Henry was that fired up that it took him a while to actually understand that this was exactly the same feeling that he got while on Joseph’s Hill. The presence was here in the room.

Elizabeth and Michael sat quietly and enjoyed the beautiful and unique feeling that they were experiencing for the very first time.

Harvey on the other hand had experienced the hardship of his role as Town Clerk for so long, and of handling the underworld; he had a lot of difficulty settling down. It took him some time to even shut his mouth. Eventually though he settled and was able to experience that beautiful feeling. The whole place went quiet.

Time disappeared so quickly and when the old clock chimed 11pm, they all came to life and wondered where they had been. It was like they had been switched back into the normal world. They all felt calm and relaxed and very satisfied with their night’s work. They each decided to head off home and regather the next day to decide what was to happen next.

## Chapter 53

Bill and Willie headed off along the dark track towards Bill's home and towards the Broltich Boatshed.

The track was familiar but they had to keep their wits about them. The darkness played tricks and it was easy to get lost. Bill was confident and he led the way, he walked as if he knew the track backwards. He entertained Willie along the way by repeating the conversations he was having with Suzanne and the occasional intervention from Carmel Roberts. Of course Jamie popped up from time to time as well as Martha and he received beautiful feelings from Samuel. Willie couldn't understand a lot of it but he felt extremely comfortable and he knew that he was in the hands of a very special person.

Bill really wanted to see Suzanne but he knew that time may prevent it. His confidence that he would see Suzanne was sufficient and he planned nothing. He just kept stepping forward.

By the time they had reached the small village, Bill knew that Suzanne would be waiting for him down at the jetty. He didn't know whether the children would be with her but she had nobody to look after them, so how she was going to handle it, he had no idea.

Sure enough when they arrived, there was Suzanne, ready and willing to help him load whatever was necessary onto his boat. Bill had not yet thought about how he was going to get the goods to Willie's Boatshed. It was quite a way from where his jetty and cold storage was located. Suzanne had already worked that out and she had the boat ready for loading.

As soon as she saw Bill she threw her arms around him and said, "I love you Bill. It's totally beyond belief what you're doing but you're doing it. We had better get your boat loaded and make sure you attach the spare anchor because you'll have to drop two anchors. The weather is not real good out there and we don't want you to lose the boat."

"You're unbelievable Suzanne," said Bill. "I hadn't even thought about that. We can use the boat as the transport and then pick up

what we need, put it on the Broltich Special and take it through the rough seas and deliver it, then come back and do two or three trips if we need to.”

“That’s right,” said Suzanne.

Willie was standing there and thought he had better introduce himself.

“I’m pleased to meet you Willie,” said Suzanne. “I’ve heard a lot about you. Bill here probably thinks I already know you as we’ve spoken about you so much.”

Willie’s face went red with embarrassment; you could still notice it under the moonlight.

Willie melted when Suzanne walked over and gave him a hug. He could see that Suzanne was a special person and the feeling that he received from her hug was something that he hadn’t experienced before. He stood still and didn’t know what to do next until Bill slapped him on the shoulder.

“Come on Willie, we’ve got some loading to do,” said Bill.

Within an hour they had loaded enough food to feed an army onto Bill’s boat.

Suzanne rushed up to Bill as soon as they had finished and gave him a great big kiss, “Okay, on your way!”

“Where are the children Suzanne?” asked Bill.

“Simon’s looking after them,” replied Suzanne and she gave Bill a warm smile.

“Oh great,” said Bill. “So you’re able to communicate okay to Simon?”

“He’s online all the time,” answered Suzanne.

“Wow, I haven’t been able to tap into Simon yet,” said Bill.

“Don’t try. It’s quite a unique connection,” said Suzanne. “We’ve known one another for a long time.”

“Okay then, I’ll leave it to you. Come on Willie we’d better get going,” said Bill.

They both climbed aboard Bill’s boat, which had already been checked over and made ready to go by Suzanne.

Bill hadn't given a thought to Suzanne's ability with boats. He had forgotten, but then suddenly he could feel Joe's presence and he laughed.

"Of course, no one would know better than Joe how to prepare the boat," said Bill.

He turned to Suzanne who was now standing on the jetty and called out, "Say hello to Joe for me!"

She giggled and waved back.

Bill had no qualms about starting the boat and heading straight off. He knew that everything would be just right and it seemed like once again the boat had a new lease on life. It took off like it was brand new and performed perfectly.

When they had arrived at their destination Bill didn't even need to check the anchor chain. He simply hit the release button and down it went without a hitch. Once it reached the bottom, Bill let the boat settle and prepared the secondary anchor. Willie and Bill lowered this very slowly over the side. Once the boat was steady, they locked the second anchor off and lowered the small dinghy that would take them into the Broltich Boatshed.

They had anchored in the lee of the cliffs in deep water but close enough to row easily. Willie took the oars as soon as the boat hit the water and Bill climbed on board and they headed off.

It took several minutes to reach the shore but once they had arrived, everything fell into place. It seemed like everything that Willie and John had done in the past had been done so that they could reach this point. Every piece of equipment served a purpose. Every lifting device was used, every single apparatus was needed and everything worked perfectly. The cargo fitted perfectly into the storage area of the Broltich Special and the loading method worked flawlessly. Everything fell into place and as they entered the water, after loading their first legitimate cargo, Willie turned to Bill and said, "I'm amazed."

"So am I," replied Bill. "All of the effort that we thought we would have to put in turned out to be nothing and here we are on our way back and it's not even the end of the day. How did we do it?"

They both looked at one another and smiled.

“I don’t think we did it at all,” said Bill.

“Neither do I,” said Willie.

As Willie pushed the throttle forward, the Broltich Special burst to life and the thrill of the high speed run excited both Willie and Bill.

The night was long but the time passed quickly. After their third run they observed the first signs of daylight breaking through in the distance. Bill and Willie still felt as fresh as daisies. There were only two items that they could not supply at this stage and they were items that had to come from deep within the island. The items were not really required until lunchtime, so they were not worried at all about supplying them.

Suzanne had organised through Carmel to provide the special herbs. They weren’t even aware they existed on the island. Bill was confident the herbs would arrive via the power station before sunrise.

Andrew had been active through the night supporting Willie and Bill and he had managed to raise John who had organised the delivery. The network was beginning to form. The network that had always been there but nobody really knew about.

The morning came quickly and Willie, Bill and Andrew slept peacefully in the exotic quarters provided for Willie at the Olsen Plaza Hotel. They had finished everything that they had to do and managed to get back to the apartment just as the sun rose. It took only minutes before they were all sleeping peacefully and missing out on the dawning of a new day.

## Chapter 54

Willam woke suddenly and realised that he had not kept his promise to Bill to talk to him about the finances. Even though he was awake there was still the sensation of a dream that had been floating around in his head all night and Willam was not sure that he should recall the dream. All he could think of was that he had let Bill down.

Suddenly the dream came back to him and it was very real. He had dreamt about Bill going to the mainland. The details were not clear but he knew that the event was significant and it was this event that triggered his need to talk to Bill about the finances. It looked like Bill would be involved in some fairly substantial deals and here he was out at sea bringing food supplies to Norwick.

Willam could not piece all of this together. He could see Bill's importance in so many areas but he couldn't see how the dream could exist as well as all of the other areas that Bill seemed to be the key feature in.

As Willam sat up in bed, he felt himself slip into a mystical type dream again, one that brought back much of his past. He remembered all of the adventures of Heindrik Smithers but he still couldn't figure out whether he was Heindrik or whether he was Willam. At the time when he was Heindrik it was very real and what came out of the efforts in that time stood tall around him. Much of the development on the island wouldn't have happened if Heindrik hadn't been around, but Willam the school teacher, had difficulty with the character of Heindrik. The mystical dream took him back through the past, through the special times with Sally Guthridge, (Salamander), who had led the way for Heindrik to develop many things and to build Edward Olsen's vision. Even though Edward was gone, he seemed to be around Willam could feel his presence. It seemed like Edward was creating the misty dream that Willam was sitting in at the moment.

Willam reacted slightly and tried to pull himself out of it but found it was too powerful and so he relaxed and allowed the dream

to continue. It ran through quite quickly and it took him through most of his life, but it showed much more than that. It showed Edward Olsen sitting in the background preparing the way for Heindrik and supporting Heindrik. Making money come his way and fixing the sale of land sites so that Heindrik could get first preference and now showing Willam that the Heindrik of old was still the same person as Willam the teacher but with the influence of Edward Olsen removed. Willam existed before Edward Olsen and Willam existed after Edward Olsen.

Willam was now feeling a little lost and he knew why. He had relied on Edward and he had relied on Sally. Once he went back to being Willam he really went into hibernation and that happened with the death of Sally. The remorse that Willam was feeling ended quickly when he heard the voice of Edward and he heard him say what he had said many times before.

“Get off your backside and go and do what you’re supposed to do,” is what Edward had said.

Willam snapped out of his dream and leapt out of bed and stood there dazed, almost as if someone had hit him in the chest. When he finally gathered himself, he realised that he had closed himself off for a lot of years. He had closed himself off because something was taken away from him but then he realised that it hadn’t been taken away from him after all. Edward was still there, he could hear him and so it was feasible to possibly talk with Edward.

So standing beside the bed in a daze he called out, “Edward are you there?”

There was no reply but just as Willam started to let his shoulders drop, a faint whisper came to him. Willam couldn’t hear properly at first but he listened again. The whisper was repeated. Willam had no idea what the words were but he heard it again and then in the back of his mind he knew what the whisper meant. He stood tall and realised that there was a communication that was much different to words and much clearer. He stopped listening and he knew the words straight away. The conversation started in his head, the

conversation that he had missed so many times because of his education.

He said to himself, “wow, why didn’t this happen before?”

The voice that he knew belonged to Edward answered, “Because you’re too stubborn.”

Willam laughed and knew that those words could only come from Edward Olsen, a pig-headed old man but a great friend. Willam began smiling and the grin grew bigger and bigger as the conversation continued.

When Willam asked about Sally, Edward answered, “Of course Sally’s here. She’s been talking to you for many years.”

Willam thought to himself, “I thought that was the case, because without that guidance I would never have met all of these beautiful people and I would never have got back to Mary.”

Mary and Sally had been quite close and how Mary stayed stable after the death of Sally and the withdrawal of Willam, he couldn’t understand but she did and there she was. She was standing alongside Henry Olsen as Henry’s bride-to-be.

Willam found himself standing extremely tall and feeling wonderful.

The words of Edward came again, “Call yourself what you like but get off your backside and do what you’re supposed to do and do it now!”

Willam went cold for a moment and replied, “Fine Edward, but what is it that I have to do?”

“Do what you started doing. Build Norwick, build the island, build the people and make them happy,” commanded Edward.

A tingling sensation came over Willam’s body and then his smile broadened while the excitement started to grow. “Yes I can do that,” he said. “I can do that Edward. Leave it with me.”

As quickly as Edward’s voice had appeared, it disappeared just as quickly. Willam felt a little lost all of a sudden but he knew then for certain that he wasn’t making anything up. He quickly showered and dressed himself and headed towards the kitchen. He could hear Mary clanging the dishes as he entered.

“The top of the day to you Mary,” he said as he greeted Mary.

“Oh Dad, you frightened me,” replied Mary as she dropped what she was doing and came straight over to wrap her arms around him.

“It’s a beautiful day Dad,” she said.

“It sure is my child,” Willam replied. “It’s a beautiful day and we have much to do and much to fix up.”

“I know what you mean,” said Mary. “Last night was just the beginning wasn’t it?”

“That’s totally correct Mary,” he answered.

Willam was an influential man and he had contacts all around the island and overseas. As Heindrik, Willam was a very powerful man and now with both lives available to him, and the support that he had when he was Heindrik, he would be more powerful and more influential than he had ever been in his life. Willam knew the consequences of what he was about to do and he knew there was nobody else who could actually pull off what he had going on in the back of his mind. He also had all of those special beings here with him to fulfil the task ahead.

As he held Mary and looked out through the bay windows, he could see a whole new world opening, a world of joy, excitement and mystery for everyone.

Mary looked up into his eyes and commented, “Dad you look marvellous.”

“Thanks Mary,” replied Willam and he felt his heart jump and blossom into something new. “You know Mary; I don’t think I’ve ever felt this good.”

“I haven’t either Dad,” said Mary. “So what are we going to do next?” she asked.

“Eat of course,” he replied with a cheeky grin.

“I know that but really, what are we going to do next?” asked Mary.

“I’m not really sure but I have this whole feeling inside me that’s going to take us to the other side of the world. It’s something that’s really big. I can’t really explain it,” said Willam.

“I feel that too, but I’m not looking for an explanation, I just want to know what the next step is,” said Mary.

“Oh, well, I’m getting a little bit deep aren’t I?” said Willam.

“You are,” replied Mary.

“Okay, well the next step after we eat will be we’ll head down to the Plaza and catch up with Bill and Willie to see what their plans are for today. I need to talk to Bill and I think Willie has to be involved. I also know that you’ve got to be involved. If Henry has time, then he can join in as well,” said Willam.

Mary stood quietly and listened as Willam spoke.

Willam continue, “But what we’re going to do is go through a little of what I can see and in the meantime I’m actually going to make some overseas calls.”

“Wow,” said Mary. “Overseas calls? You’ll have to go to Olsen Plaza for that.”

Willam smiled, “Well of course I’ll have to be in Henry’s suite won’t I?”

Mary grinned and replied, “That’s right, but Henry won’t be there. He’s out there chasing up people to do some work on the town.”

“And so, I wonder who could possibly get me into the Olsen suite,” said Willam rather cheekily.

Mary looked shyly at him and grinned, “I wonder Dad.”

They both enjoyed a chuckle together and the silent plan grew without any specific words and their love for one another showed through deeply in their eyes.

Willam stepped back quickly and said, “Okay, now let’s eat.”

“Okay, let’s get into it,” replied Mary. “Then we can head off to the Plaza.”

The excitement within Mary was something that Willam hadn’t seen in her before. He saw her as she was when she was a little girl.

When he was previously Willam before he became Heindrik, at a time when he was close to Mary’s every move, he tutored her for school and for her life. Right now though, the excitement was all

that Willam could focus on. He ate too quickly and drank his tea down too quickly and had almost burnt himself.

He jumped up as soon as he had taken the last sip and raced off into his room to collect his pen, pencil and notes that he would need to run through all of the financial aspects with Bill. He also took the folder that contained all of the papers that had been signed the previous night. He wanted to explain what they all meant and he wanted to reveal the truth behind it all and how Edward had actually set most of the things up for him and how everything had come around full circle and was now back to where it belonged.

Once he had collected all of the things that he had needed, he placed it all in a small bag and quickly moved back out to the table. He placed his bag on the table, sat in the chair and announced to Mary, "Well I'm ready."

Mary laughed, "That's good Dad. I'll only be a couple of minutes. I know you'll probably have trouble cooling your heels here so how about going out and watering the garden for a little while.

Willam felt a little deflated, "No. I'm focussed on what I've got to be focussed on, so I'll just sit here."

"Please yourself," said Mary, "but I have to put my make-up on and get ready."

"Mary take it with you," said Willam. "We're going to the Plaza suite; you can do your make-up there."

"But Dad, they'll see me walking in there in this state. I've got to put it on now," said Mary insistently.

Willam grumbled a little, so Mary walked over and stroked his forehead. She could feel him melt instantly under her hands. "I won't be long Dad," she said.

"Okay Mary," he said and sat back quietly.

Willam was completely focussed on what he had to do for the day. He had not realised or expected that he would have any delays at all. This delay seemed to be an imposition but within a few seconds of him settling down, he felt that familiar feeling that he often missed so dearly, the feeling of Simmion's presence. He

allowed himself to relax and drift off into that wonderful feeling. As he did he listened intently in case Simmion or Edward, or even Sally, wanted to pass on a message. To his surprise it was Suzanne's voice that he heard.

She said, "*Willam, look after Bill. Show him how to do everything and show him how to do it quietly and steadily without rush and without anxiety.*"

Willam enjoyed the conversation. He had never spoken in that way to Suzanne before.

"Well young lady you've come a long way," he said. "Just like your husband-to-be. You're way ahead of all of us here on this planet."

He had not realised what he had said until a few seconds after he had said it. He would normally have said on this island but instead he had said on this planet. This intrigued him. It intrigued him also that the same familiar feeling with Simmion was now attached to Suzanne. He knew that Simmion had helped Suzanne and had done some marvellous things for her but he did not think Suzanne would carry the same vibration until he used the words "on this planet". Somehow the mystery was solved. There were some very, very special people on the island and Willam knew that he could not fathom many of the things that they were capable of doing. As soon as he had said anything about the planet, he knew that these people were visitors. He was delighted to have this discovery.

As he sat with this new discovery, he felt the presence of Mary and he wondered how all of that fitted together, but then once Mary spoke, he realised of course he could feel her presence, she was standing right beside him.

He leapt up and explained, "I'm sorry, I was in a daze."

"You were in more than a daze Dad, you weren't here," she said. "You were away at some other place. You weren't on this planet."

Willam smiled and agreed, "You know I think you may be right. I think that just maybe I went visiting somewhere else."

"Well you're back now, so let's go," said Mary.

Willam stood while Mary helped him put his coat on, a tradition that had been in the family for many years. One that Mary had taken over from her mother and one that Willam always enjoyed.

As he turned around, Mary straightened the front of his coat and he said, "Thank you very much my dear." He then gave her a kiss on the forehead.

Mary had a little giggle and then quickly turned and walked off ahead of Willam. This was something that she used to when she had been a little girl.

## Chapter 55

Norwick was a hive of activity as Willam and Mary made their way through the streets of the town. It was obvious that Henry, Harvey, Elizabeth and Michael had been on the go and they had people active in all sorts of areas. There were repairs going on, there were things being cleaned up and there were work teams all over the town.

In the distance Willam could recognise Henry directing a crew of young men to start the earth works where the cyclone had collapsed the sand embankments. There were very few people who had education in the knowledge of such things, so Willam decided not to disturb him.

Mary waved to Henry and he waved back but he didn't move from his job and she and Willam headed off towards the Plaza.

When they arrived at the Plaza and enquired about Andrew, Willie and Bill, they found that Andrew had left strict instructions that they were not to be disturbed.

Mary pulled on Willam's shirt a little and said, "It's alright, we'll go and visit some friends."

She dragged Willam away towards the elevators. Willam didn't know what was happening for a moment and then he realised that Mary knew exactly what had happened in the hotel. She was going to bypass any instruction that had been left at the desk. So, Willam allowed himself to be led to the elevator and Mary pressed the "down" button.

Willam was puzzled. He looked at her and asked, "Is that right Mary?"

"Quiet Dad, just go along with me," she said quietly.

Mary and Willam hopped into the elevator and went down to the car park level. They walked out of the elevator and across to Henry's private elevator. She took the special key out of her bag, unlocked the elevator and invited Willam to step inside.

Willam looked around the elevator and gasped at the sheer elegance and extravagance of the decorations. The door closed and

Mary pressed the only button that took you straight to the penthouse, the Olsen Suite.

Willam stood steady in the lift and experienced the sensation. It was a new sensation and as the lift started to decelerate, Willam held his stomach and gave a little squeal as the lift came to a halt.

Mary laughed so much that she had trouble opening the door. Willam was embarrassed and he didn't understand. He had never been in the lift before, well not a high-speed lift anyway.

Mary gathered herself and opened the door to allow Willam to walk out, but she started to laugh again.

“Stop it Mary,” demanded Willam.

“But Dad you should see yourself,” she replied, “you look like you've seen a ghost.”

“Well what was that?” asked Willam as he clutched his stomach.

“It's just a high-speed lift. It goes fast and stops fast,” she explained.

“I've never felt anything like it,” said Willam.

“It's great isn't it?” said Mary.

“What do you mean great?” asked Willam with a slight frown.

“Oh it's a beautiful sensation when you get used to it,” she said.

“I think you're a little bit odd,” said Willam.

“Oh no, it's a really good sensation. You wait and see, you'll love it,” she said. “It's the same as the feeling you get when you were a child on a swing. It's the same sensation.”

“I never did like swings,” said Willam gruffly. “Which way are we going?”

Mary laughed again before leading him down the corridor. The entire Suite was made up of various living quarters all connected by one hallway. Mary took Willam directly to the library where the huge bookshelves reached from the floor to the ceiling and the desk looked out to sea through a large window.

As Mary walked into the library she flung her arms out in the air, spun around and asked, “What do you think of this Dad?”

“It's a dream,” said Willam as he looked around taking it all in.

Mary replied, “This is all mine.”

“You mean it’s Henry’s,” said Willam correcting her.

“No, it’s mine,” replied Mary. “Henry gave it to me. This is my office, my library.”

“Wow,” said Willam. “So we’re not actually breaking any rules by being here?”

“We’re not breaking any rules Dad,” said Mary reassuringly. “Everything is up-front and open now. It’s only those little people on the desk who don’t know what’s going on as yet. They will by tomorrow though.”

“Oh, so what’s on tomorrow?” asked Willam.

“You’ll find out,” answered Mary. “You’ll find out.”

“Okay, well I’d like to get on with some business,” said Willam. “Do you have something to do?”

“Yes, I’m going to sit here and watch you,” replied Mary.

“No I’ve got to do these things alone and I’m not sure exactly what I’m doing yet,” said Willam.

“I’m not either, and I’m not going anywhere, so you’d better just get on with it,” said Mary.

Mary always enjoyed watching her father work but he always felt uncomfortable in the initial stages. He eventually enjoyed it also.

Willam cleared a spot on the desk and found a chair. Mary walked up and grabbed him by the shoulders and walked him around the desk to sit him in the big armchair.

“Sit here Dad,” she said.

Willam sat down and leant back in the chair. He felt the familiar joy of sitting in an executive chair. He looked up and smiled at Mary.

“Enjoy it Dad, you’ll be doing it for a long time,” said Mary.

Willam smiled and began delving into his paperwork. He pulled out an old address book, flicked through the pages and wrote down a few phone numbers. He proceeded to make some notes and was totally engrossed in what he was doing. Mary watched on with love and affection.

Before long the phone calls started. Willam’s professional manner impressed Mary no end.

“Smithers here, I’d like to talk to you about such and such,” was the general approach.

Over and over again went the telephone conversations and Mary had no idea what Willam was talking about. It was like he was speaking another language. He was arranging all sorts of things. He was arranging finance, contracts, places for people to stay, accommodation, transport, introductions and it went on and on and on. The complexity went way beyond anything Mary had ever seen and then came the final conversation.

“Willam Smithers here, I have a special favour that I want to call on. I have arranged for two separate passages for people to the mainland. I have arranged for accommodation and have arranged meetings. The whole thing will probably take a month. I need the Executive Suite to be reserved for myself and for Bill Sommers. I would like passage reserved on the next ship from Norwick to the mainland, berth 4 for Suzanne Simpson and her three children, Jamie, Samuel and Martha. I would like accommodation for that family also in the Executive Suite from the time they arrive to the end of that month. I will need confirmation of that by this afternoon.”

Mary’s eyes lit up. She knew that her father was up to something but she couldn’t work out what it was. She couldn’t wait to ask him once he got off the phone, but Willam continued making arrangements for what would take place during the month he would be on the mainland.

Somewhere in the middle of it all Mary felt that there were other things organised in the other phone calls that she couldn’t quite put together.

Then she heard Willam reply to the person on the other end of the phone, “Okay, I just need the confirmation and I’ll be happy.”

Silence followed then Willam spoke again, “So everything’s confirmed? Thanks very much. I owe you one. We’ll see you when we arrive. Bye.”

Mary’s excitement was such that she could barely talk. “What are you doing Dad? You’re arranging all this stuff, what’s going on?”

You haven't spoken to anybody, where's it all coming from?" she asked.

"Steady, steady Mary," he said. "Somehow I just know what to do but it's a little difficult to explain. I know I need to get everything organised for Bill to get to the mainland and I know that I have to do all of these other things. I need to explain the finances to him and I'm sure he'll pick things up immediately when he's shown them."

"What about Suzanne and the children?" asked Mary.

"Well I can't take Bill away for a month and they not be there," explained Willam. "Their whole life would fall apart."

"So what else are you planning Dad?" asked Mary.

Willam smiled and said, "You'll see!"

Mary knew straight away that Willam had figured out the plan for tomorrow but she said nothing and gave her father a big hug while she sat with him for a moment. She enjoyed the fact that he had returned. Her real Dad was there now and it did not matter what his name was, this was her Dad.

*THE END*

*Or  
To be continued?*