

Chapter 1.

At a young age and trying to find my passion of youth, I was acclimatized to work hard and open the way to the gifts that I have received from universe. As a child I remember as a youth of 18 or 17 I remembered the long runs I would go for and training other friends and Associates in my community in the Arts of Korea and Japanese karate. From books I had read in the practical Theory of how it all was put together relating to angles straight lines and circles. How it related to the body in blocks and punches kicks and stand as putting it together with the classes of watchmaking. the World Around was Unfolding unfortunately subjected to outside forces which wanted me to socialise in the social world on illicit drugs such as drinking and smoking which header desert effect on my life to such an extent that the diagnosis of doctors and specialists were.

As I feel somewhat harden and I was bound on the road of prescription drugs where nowadays people are given only a few months and he gets off slowly. In the early days of 1975, life was more experimental and they did not understand the full extent of the human condition. Being a non-violent person I tended not to resist it was subjected too high doses of legal drugs where the thought process was that of a cabbage not being able to communicate being able to see and taking some things. other things being escaped to my understanding in depth only with the relief of having learnt music and being able to create I tediously worked out the basis of my comprehension to write music to heal myself has that time took many years of long work but before the time of being drugged down I was also writing music. Of course being drugged out it was a lot harder but I overcame the hardship and have a catalogue of much music and much words. To this day I am only one other people subjected and sentence of the society of those who have other interests and healing the people in the world around. like everything in this world and the philosophy of the Chinese to some extent there is a yin and yang in life and negative Flaws a positive paws to this a plus and minus. Perhaps even to the extent the path of life, we are all learning here on the earth and we were becoming more enlightened. One must live within their means if they can or join a group and share the bonds and fruits of all labours life is like a building you need good solid ground solid foundations and then you can build. I had my strong foundations and solid ground before I was depressed and addicted to corporate chemicals of which disability was to follow in being subjected to. I found myself sleeping for days on end or not being able to do my daily chores and activity of being. Subjected to trials and tests the time what it was only what can move on to my life and journey having been at a minimum aspirin of dosage.

I am not the only one who is suffering in this world and I take it with a Grain of salt love life to know people to enjoy the company of others is a big thing I must enjoy ensure we all go through something. We stand up dust that sells off and continue the journey of life. One can only say so much without finding a reason and effect of how things coming to play we are only lost in the bewilderment of it all not to understand the many concepts and many ideals. of life as I said life is a journey be happy and stay alive try and live in harmony with the things around you and be at peace in your world try and give in depth and good advice and do not be corrupted by the ways of some.

The freedom of thinking and pondering the circular thoughts weighing the conclusion which way in is and can be right in processing of which we learn at a young age. How many

expressing our words and putting them into play can be such a big thing that we learn. Through the schools of learning my most important thing that I learnt and growing up what's this to say, thank you, please, sir and madam. Elementary words in the annals of time depending on how you express yourself in the reflection of that question comes and leads to the next step along the way to an open mind. I am not saying that the professors in the allotment of life are not crowded with thought at some stage of life. For we are all humans working it out in our time.

In the waters of time as it being, an ocean of learning and just watching flowers bud Bloom and grow nature itself can be a beautiful thing and mostly is. The Peaceful garden and its order of native and other plants growing being groomed. Two bees a picture in harmony with his surrounding environment I have only to talk to the trees but who are they for they will not listen to me. The trees talk to the trees the elephants talk to the elephants the Lions talk to the Lions the birds talk to the birds and when you have. Nature own communication and talk to each other. Other species as other levels do not understand to know the soul grows has a tree in a garden through the concepts of understanding merits can arrive here. My small space of the city I was born in there is a river that flows not too big not too small. By other concepts of the imagination of other cities, still a gross. There is no Harbour that I see next to the trees and the Wildlife although there is a bay Port Phillip Bay stretches for a mile or two-boat carrying. Boats go people travel here and there by aeroplanes by jet. Planes maybe even rockets to the moon at one stage will be. Once they lived by travelling many miles on horseback before then I do not know. After that I can only remember as a child there was much horse manure in the street people will shovel it and put it on the garden recycling with such as no such was the plastic bags only paper bags. Always produce wood burns as sacrifices to nature and they have literally been of the environment the air was clean life with simpler somewhat people had complex lives some people had good lives other people suffered set it is in the ocean of time. Some fish are bigger some fish are smaller some food online some summer swimming to find where they were before they started. I do not prescribe to the flat Earth concept having been told to reality of the universe how everything is that heavenly body within the solar system going around the sun finding that explain themselves futile in their thoughts you must obtain knowledge and move forward.

We also know to find Harmony to live simple lives or if accumulating wealth to put that too good affect for nature and the World Around. to a higher degree the cosmos and all those stands for we citizens of the world care for the small things in the big things if not personally then through committees or associations with committees agenda of keeping abreast of our time it has always been and always will be you have a community and the community is part of your uplifting to a better life and a better meaning of that. As such so much without laughter compassion and feeling what good would run. Thought being if no one could hear it not even the soul to understand the light division in judgement to bring on the rain how to bring on the sunshine I will let the clouds just roll. The heavenly way I am for discussion but only up to certain points for there must be of freedom to think. I, freedom to obsess had to find better meaning not everything should be revealed as it is a statement I am growing but the plans in the garden are happy in their way. Is not all animals relate to each other but only the bees talk to the bees in this Garden of time.

The thing that bind us together are bonds of trust and through time or the feeling within the guides is in each has its merits and understandings. Defining the path which leads is further on the state of Babel in which is only a concept to some degree. We are not listening to the truth of the matter to finding Common Ground or the deep inside into the matter of it all? One

cannot turn their heads on all the time finding hope if one does not listen. For the core of the matter, the heartbeats the mind thinks and you are of life itself.

It is interesting how things turn to be their way. Things come in waves like something crashing to the shore. Solid ground and only the dust and bits of sand get washed out to sea, still we understand the main concept and it is to live in peaceful times. With friends, family around, and those, you love to help you guide the way some decisions are made. Leave yourself to have some decisions you know you must discuss to be environmentally friendly. It is a concept no doubt many a travel like keeping your garden clean. This way then there is no water in your house floors to slip or for that, matter thyme to taste what I am dictates.

Still we can only do so much in one day. Something's are chance even though change it is approximation to do within the boundaries or within the limits of everything. There is an answer as in which door or two to walk through of which path to or be taken. The old song that they sang in Scotland many years ago I will take the high road and I will take the low Road I will meet at the end of the journey. Seeing plains and the sight to take in For I will just in places of which to rest your weary head on your journey of life. Still in everyday has its sunrise and sunset microwave oven and mobile telephone to hear the weather reports.

Doors it be the wind rain or snow eventually the sun still shines through the teardrops of time. We are all learning many things, one cannot be alone even if it is just to talk on Skype or pen a pal keep in contact. .even the dull and ignorant have their flight of happiness too it is achieved and could be obtained by going with the flow. This is my opinion every book has different insight and different knowledge, the knowledge is deep within us written the sands of time. We are here now we were here before we were here on a time line. we're just now either way we're moving like a dove in flight like a cloud Rolling On by like a river the runs both day and night flowing into the sea we be here we are and be.

Two together dictates as we are as we are and growing all the time as a fish swimming in a pond try to find others. Waters or just in the merit swimming on sandy grounds of old. Sands of which one knows repeatedly we move as time puts its shoulder on us to find more knowledge. Wink and say what it is right or wrong from the experience of having been through it. Whether it is in text or an insight from the person themselves one and their conclusion. The garden grows within the heart find contentment in the small things of life. There are many pallets there are many visionaries there are many things have many understanding but we have limitations in air intake.

Chapter 2.

Saturation does not necessarily come to the right understanding we have Experts in most things or everything whatever the case may be. One can only apply to their point of view from where they are coming from to the vision that they seek. Weather in harmony and understanding or simply a power put wrong. Wrongness arrives we can advise to find the correct way we are all travelling down. this path within we are so loved one a lawyer our doctor having psychologist even our teacher everyone has a different point of view. Or maybe just the same right or wrong there is a strength in believing we are a society heading for better plains and understandings time is what it is and it moves forward having different heartbeats. Finding Common Ground in the words, thinking, and reflection, we are who we are in the midst of time.

Sometimes in life, you need to take a break for the Monday and chores. Everyday drizzle and sorting out what to do whether it is washing ironing or gardening leaving the cleaning. The sinks are there and there comes a time for partying on this site as other weekends fall in to place. As I take my car and drive to pleasure zones in this an allotment of city that lives in Deakin folk music scene in the foresight to watch a sick friend used to playing the folk music.

There are many folk clubs around my area, which gives me inspiration. Then as I decide to go for the small scene in the town that is live. People come and go sometimes there are many in the crowd some crowds there are few times when I do not know anyone sometimes I am the only person in the room. Whichever the case I have to go out where I feel it is a not. Not that I have been doing twining this since I was about 15 years old every Saturday night.

On a Saturday night with only the time, left to go out where I can catch the train to the city of course nowadays it is not a one horse town anymore so I can venture out earlier around the local area within 2 Miles or 3 miles around of me. Not so far at all turning my key to the dashboard putting the music on and just driving. around the city the southeastern suburbs where I live I walk knowing most of the people going to the same veggies steak mushroom house all the time with my vegetarian salad sandwich oh boy what a joy. With a thick shake or even a glass of water chilled of course not stirred to some degree life in this a bubble. Life can be beautiful this is not what is too far away and is a pleasant prefilled area.

The Wild Life captions my soul to ride and I feel like writing the shopping list to whatever it be. Life is not maintained over thinking I find pleasure in the small things. Happiness can be from within and should be within that you feel and cope with the day. It comes as the day that ends a hold of a journey through that day. Only at the end of the day to meet the nighttime quietly, this the life of a writer is somewhat pleasing to zone in. The Hustle bustle of everyone pulling you away or just to leave and not knowing where you are is where you are going, can we travel within itself. The best is to have Direction wherever it leads you like Calm Waters in a Lake. You have the sail of the boat to take you further along the windows of wind. For maybe, the winds may be gentle for there is a song in the air this much I know. I know knowing this massage of nature to share life that is what life dictates to a high degree in us breathing in and prove it out again, in the process we live and let live.

The story goes about the concept of the world taking it by feet. To some extent the halls of learning and the containment in knowledge to share to some degree holds the key to it all. For we are all learning to know and give you a light to the darkness of the Soul. You whatever degree it is like the sun that shines endlessly with knowledge as is an abundance that we can tap into. Understanding and basics change but the principle is the same to understand and grow forward this time.

If it does not beat and just loads without cause as it cools it's sole to reflect the abundance of life is a good thing as knowledge for all. To share this planet together has to be a part of this universe that unfolds the sun comes to mind I am you are we are all one together. United as a family sharing the simple things of communication and laughing as we heal and step forward this conglomerate of time. For the passage of time is more than a moment to perpetuate and never stagnates moving forward as we grow in education to build on our foundations. To

build a cleaner environment wondering harmonious harmony to feel to touch to be as we all are. May life always be for times of blessings? As it should.

As all are, we stand on the threshold of history moving forward with every breath and every step each person has in place as we all have our job or allow allotment of education to share. On the other hand, to educate in our way in the limitations there is abundance. Was it Cassius Clay who said that life is a journey was a Genghis Khan who said give me a horse was it Napoleon who said my hands are cold that's why I put my hands in my coat even though none of these is true it's good to laugh. Sometimes just, sit down and relax take the weight off your soles of your feet look at the abundance of blue sky as the clouds roll in it is another glorious day in my hometown for here in the city of four seasons of the day. Three times one is still the same.

My late uncle and my late mother we are children during the Second World War and managed to survive the whole ordeal. They did not feel any different to anyone else in the town that they were born that city called Warsaw in Poland, although at the age of 12 my mother and her brother at the age of nine were subjected to bombs falling on the town for the fascist Nazi regime from Germany trying to conquest and keep. Land of which they had no right to start a war, the Nazi came into pressing the town. Handing out rations and bread for those who stood in line giving out there propaganda the people with all different and extermination for no reason. In their final solution which was no solution at all craziness on the edge of history trying to corrupt the masses with the propaganda of hate and chaos.

Therefore, my young uncle and mother stood in line for many hours for two loaves of bread. Of which later though sharing with their family. Grandmother herself was a widow. Earlier my mum's older sister was married to a footballer and living their life with a small children. Then my mother was taken out of school to help with my auntie's family business to look after their children. Generally, my grandmother cared for an op shop making a few pennies to feed her family and those around. Ironically when they were lining up my mother's community for being different. From trying to send them to the ghetto one kind soul who was, once a customer and my grandmother gave an Open Door to the family escaping eventually to Siberia. The journey to Siberia took 3 months on a barge and boat working hard as a family and team. They survive the harsh environment some time later the Polish government in Exile in England lovingly asked the Russians for the release of the citizens of Poland in Siberia to be released. So grandmother's family travel to Tashkent and then that eventually to the displacement camps in Austria after the war. Another long journey then travelling to Australia by a boat as refugees. Basically they came off the ship found work immediately in the factories. Still young eventually both got married my uncle married Sydney girl that he met and fell in love. As my father and mother also married quickly from the ashes of the war. In life, the world was mainly young and they took their environment and their world together sweeping off The Dust living for the moment.

My father was well educated in repairing watches, as was his family were watchmakers at one stage also learnt people. I myself was born in the city of Four Winds four seasons in a day cool Melbourne was a one horse town one million then in 1954 now over 4 million this town has grown as is it. On the map of the Universe of Earth the people travel near and far to see the wonders and the people it itself the food The Metropolitan life of Melbourne is such people tend to feel at home and fit in as was says something like New York to a degree or Tel Aviv to another degree. People live and let live and enjoy the multicultural life here. For we

are all growing as children in the garden as sands of grain and time flowing we are who we are all citizens of this world.

The mind boggles to come to terms as how to express myself to pass. someone I know and communication to for to write an album within itself, that is a musical album of 14 songs... like anything if you procrastinate too much on one subject and not move forward you stab yourself and the foundations and come to the conclusion that it's too hard but in fact it's not hard. First of all you must think of a concept of the album so whatever that concept might is the formal title. Another day come to the formation of writing your 14th songs. First of all by sing, down ideas on the iPhone singing whole songs and ran random going back to them the notes at a later stage. Then what I usually do is have a lonely Sunday may take hours where I sit in my bed singing my 14 songs into the telephone for memory.

After that, the next day I come across the know notating of one song at a time. This is what we call a rough draught next a too few days later working on the 14th songs that I have rough notes written down in words and formation. I will let you know I will do the second Draught and if that is not right I will do the third fourth draught on the time allotted that I have. I wish by that time the song is formatted to a high degree. Then with my experience, I will see the tune and making up words, I will go into a recording studio for an hour or two and put down my tracks live in front of a microphone and those listening to appreciate it at the time. Every song the guitar is tuned and the sound levels a formatted to the final product if I am not releasing that track as a solo I will hire session musicians to back me up being paid full above award rates for the accomplishment. Of what they do as myself, do not think to ponder over the situation too long as an ox at the essence of live creativity. This is my pigeon hole making my nest of sound. Some people I know sweat years over one song to get that formula. Once I have done that in the past to my education has gone through. That is all that I am now a capitalising to write what I will so. I turn on the creativity not lost and a foregone conclusion bewildered by the sun and the moon the essence of the song coming in to play comes from the soul in the heart and exists pressed on that time of recording. Once the recording is done which I will only pass if it is satisfied with the product pending on my judgement that time. I come back write the words down to register for the copyright after. Filing away on my computers and memorize the songs to the best of my ability. Nevertheless, as I have so many songs and a high number of catalogue songs that I do I tend to do what other artists do too.

Chapter 3.

If we do not know the song or Tune, exactly we ad-lib even two words and music such as the creative field. Learning and advancement of a musician as they say have a few bars behind them it will be all right. The years that I did and smoking environments in pubs and in social holes has its toll on me and my health. I am allergic to drugs smoke and cigarettes as many my age. Nowadays environments are more smoke free and friendly but we are in the stage of Hard Knocks and working long hours. Moreover, working it out straight to the phone working every night after our work driving to the venue playing in time. One stage I was doing this on stage 5 or 6 nights a week learning the ropes of my trade. I was only just over 19 years old to enjoy the company of the crowds socially mixing well with other people passing through the here of hearing the sounds. Of the now, there was much knowledge. Knowledge comes from mixing with other musicians and other writers have any environment you need to find common grounds. Common Ground comes around is easy if to find for. Seek and you shall find as I find these few words to tell you.

If I remember correctly at the age of 5 or 6, my father took me for the watchmakers' picnic. There my father and I ran a three legged race had large meal with the other watch-making families and was privileged to see Santa Claus arrived on a fire truck. I do remember the presents of Santa Claus he gave me some type of jet plane where the wheels on the ground as it sparked and made a noise. This gave me too know pleasure, going home to show my older brother on top of the milk bar where we lived. Of course, we were young so wanted to know how things worked so we took apart the aeroplane and could not get it back together because of the lost missing screws or parts of such. They were lost in the process children being what they are, never cry just throw it away or hide it for another day.

Whatever the case we all were young ones and on our Adventure Island trying to come to terms with our environment around us. Life was good to a high degree I had a pet garden animal four legs always happy to see me that I talk to but eventually ram away after he lost his tail. Nevertheless, that is the Tower within itself to fine new friends, still coming to Harmony with a long hot summer. Both my brother and myself would swim at the Melbourne Olympic pools with our few pennies. We were willing to spend most of the day cooler in the water. The streets felt extreme rather than it was nowadays in the sun. Many days Everest weather to hot summer weather in a day reaching 100 Fahrenheit as the weather as was most different to it is now.

We did not have the experience growing up here and young to appreciate as the old saying goes if you do not like the weather in Melbourne your weather is coming up very soon. My father on Sunday with my mother would go up to the Bayswater Reserve I think it was called crystals place where they would sit down and talk to each other. People of similar background and similar years coming together meeting, as my brother and I would swim in the manhole a Muddy water patch or Creek Dam, which was very deep. The water in it was muddy. Then it was the country life now it is just part of the city. So the extent of the city has widened and moved further out and the boundaries are far as I once knew. Even then I love going to the botanical gardens and seeing the Black and White Swans Parade in the peaceful Lakes that was there. Being fed by everyone carrying bread at that time it was not illegal to feed the wildlife. Things change even having those inhabitants of her own being part of nature through and through. Although the fishes swim in the ponds something like goldfish but much, much bigger. The Seas were once full of fish, the air was cleaner, environmentally friendlier although there was pollution but we could not see that. Somehow, they had people operating in the streets to clean the streets cleaning all night and all day. It would take months to dig up a road and rebuild it. In Melbourne, workers will the block the traffic until the road completed within a day setting out of the pavement and roadside. Cars roll quick drying tar on the formatted road to the Destiny without the troubles of the old days.

Then it took a few days if not weeks for the road tar to dry before anyone could drive on it as I said nowadays everything is instantaneous and it comes to the formulation of them not knowing what he or she're doing. We have gone a long way for in this world turns night and day advancements are more than I thought. Knowledge just passed down from one generation to the next. Still some things are lost in the history of people do not pass the knowledge down. some things never explained some things are just a mystery whatever it is the sweep of the dust under the carpet .of the foundations of the roadside I move on to what they know it is better to have loved than never loved at all so sad Shakespeare how many philosophers throughout the Ages said. For which way is right without water and bread three meals for the day good laughter and something to say sharing what is on the mind. Building a future

together time moves having anything. You have your plans some come to tuition sugar fingers like Sands in time blowing through the mist and fog itself. Time is what it is and moves on. Net foundations for a better world in some way education holds the key whether it is passed down I learnt the hard way we will not get stalked by being taught and learnt. By being taught the marriage in the things, they know they just do a poem in the Wilderness not just another thought and time

People sometimes they meet me and think that because I am a writer and a singer that I must have loads of money. In fact, I am cash poor with the amount I have and the amount of sales but this does not bother me because I try not to spend more than I have and try not to go into credit. Too much credit I can remember to the fact that when people borrow from the wrong people they are in debt for the rest of their lives. There is a classic case of someone who needed \$20 to marry his daughter in India even though he had little money he borrowed the money it was an in depth of labour for 20 years paying off the \$20 with long hours working for someone. For slave labour so is it better to be financially independent if you can to some degree or just To Be Humble. With what you have and enjoy the role of life by doing what you are canvas.

Society and those around trying to make yourself a better person and some ways of the soul or enlightened the shadow burden of life with those around. I myself find my calling is singing and writing perhaps that is because the family to some degree did not. before I was born my father gave away being a poet as it didn't pay although he was inspired to have speeches where he performed in front of his peers and community. Also social working and collecting for charities in some degree also during the war in the woods he published a magazine of one or two pages with his viewpoint and political aims. Enlightenment to share with other people he was fortunate enough to have a radio to listen to the BBC and the Russian radio itself. As a young teenager, I edited a teenage magazine and a social club thereby distributing gossip and news as well as enlightenment and just sharing my thoughts to degree. as my father life in the woods in Belorussia bad times as pennies do not fall from heaven armadillo subsidy so fill my time with a hobby and works that I do being self-employed.

I have the luxury to pick and choose and limited what I can do I share my heart and my house with a few bits of equipment a piano a keyboard A few guitars nylon stringed as they are with pickups to plug into an amp or two with microphones. Of course, I have a good record as a driver with a licence. I am sometimes go up to the countryside just to take in Nature's Beauty. Being a customer to this town as having lived most of my life here most things are familiar in Subway the ocean the mountains Rivers the clouds rolling by. All have their merits as aeroplanes fly by high looking down upon the ground, which I live living my life. And life is abundant which should be in harmony with good health and happiness as we what we are citizens of this planet

When was fine the way define Common Ground? Every moment for themselves and sharing will be a family or community or the community of humankind live is what it is. One dictated in the olden times when I was growing up. Most people have their point of view, which was similar to everyone and their viewpoint in olden days. As if something is broadcast, it was only a few channels to tune in and everyone found the same comments through the papers and networks.

The distributed through the citizens of this country although there were many publications or with rainbow thoughts of time we understood to understand. That we did not understand at all in some ways the world was more advanced in some ways less advanced in the ways of communication. That fact is a stretch wood cleaned and no one carrying a gun. At that it was there to the fact if there was a murder in a country it took front page of the news until it was solved. I suppose in fact the less people on the planet than there is now so those whom slipped through the cracks of society were with relevance inducements of drugs died off. At a faster rate people suffered. While this I will never understand it as people toad the line.

Chapter 4.

Lots of beer was downed other people other expressions to understand. In those times there was a higher trust in the medical profession. It was a time of higher trust in many degrees of knowledge. At all perhaps or just not to comprehend reflects and take what is deep in the heart. People have good days, people have bad days. Depending on the time, they need everything to be perfect. Everything could be sweet but to understand people there is a mistake in the knowledge that they really do not understand or do not know and cannot comprehend. The viewpoint that is a patient or client comes from the basis of value is not money orientated. Systems do not know better capitalism to a small degree but a sense of state and jersey and the cows coming home. The Citizen someone said even the dull and ignorant have this story this is a true thanks present to some degree. Degrees of triangles the shelter Revenge storm love does have an answer if we do not take it in black and white. All sheds have now nothing left behind like a book of pages like words under screened. The Rock Garden it's just a sculpture if we find a little extreme all I have is little but the way to comprehend is that I have much see with my own eyes catches me what passes by.

Between the sides of Reason in understanding every moment finding a common thought and thread to act on the impulses. Just to take in and analyse the situation as it stands at that moment we can only say so much. We cannot comprehend the whole sea that surrounds to a degree as we live in. Waters finding the bond that cleanses our body and soul breathing in the air that we breathe we only move forward such as a concept, which is more than a concept. It is the only way to express the tongue that can be.

I did study the concept of time from a young age maybe a little bit disillusioned to the fact as metric measurements in time not everything is explainable yet. You understand basics and you take grasp of the knowledge that you know and just move forward as it is subject to understand as your growth of learning as such. You grow to understand perhaps it was a fact then my father told me that if you were working for yourself you must come to the comprehension the job must be done and done right. Building a foundation as if in any of work there is only so much you can do. The plan or a vision and such a child of thought no doubt has his comprehension to understand the reason but to travel easy. Growing Pains of a child are not to comprehend not to understand the meaning of it all on sexually of thorns rose's grindery garden big things of. Beauty but not to touch with the thorns being part of a Nature's gift to us all. Here I sit by my window looking at the birds feeding their young some things are ingrained some things we Express.

Some things we never know and why should we to understand everything. Trying to stand anything at all in marriage there is much wisdom toddlers. Forward is a sailing ship on cardboard only to wait for a breeze to blow it back on its Destiny. 25 the port of Growing Pains as such Harmony of the seasons a shelter from the storm we give or take just to

comprehend and understand that we should not be too deep hearing a child cries out in the night. As we get older with the age of 10 to keep it within our soul history has its Pages for we have a growing old like a book. With me not reading, everything including the figures in facts and life is just a journey so one should try to strive to get it right.

Once being so young and restless in my thoughts was what to do to keep my tongue. I would walk down to the beach line of St Kilda way. Near the pier which took a few hours to walk that distance. On the pier, I would talk to the various fisherman sailors and people who generally walk there for exercise. There I was sick by the side of the warning crashing waves against The Rocks and ponders on the Ripples of waves gently crashing. On the rocks at low point, the seagulls would fly happy in their ways singing their songs a one note high pitch squawks as such. People may have come around with their old stale bread throwing on the bed to the seagulls and other various forms of life.

There was not an abundance of fish in the ocean. Some people who would search for mussel shells near the pier as the ships would sail at five. Across the horizon, the sailing ships coming to our port to deliver the goods to our markets. In the people looking searching and fining the portion of peace of the deadly blue. This being the city of winds and seasons. Everyone carried an umbrella from one extreme so hot and cold running also character jumpers. My theories on how are the weather developed from the atomic bombs and testing after the end of the Second World War. Still the sunshine through most days it is not 4 hours for at least 10 minutes. Day by day in a one-horse town, we had something to do and say. I missed Sunday's people who would come together and argue or protest to be heard.

There was always something to do here in Melbourne. Like in Hyde Park in England and the right of the Magna Carta carried and the right of democracy the right of free speech to express oneself because everything is up to a degree as people are interested. sad there's never done moment my mother loved to talk to the people in the market speaking of various languages and was Streetwise to know what to say buy my brother and me clothes to wear.

Through the turmoil of growing up and having to work in the family business of which was mainly repairs of timepieces and jewellery. The repair shop mainly did repairs that no one else would do in the town or for that matter the country. At one stage, I would go to the supply houses of parts and look up some areas of catalogues and specifications of parts. As wheels only match, the part needed for the repair. First, we had to know the model number of the timepiece, which was hidden in one spot or another on the actual watch. Knowing this we will clarify the number of the timepiece by actually taking a large magnifying glass and reproducing to the best of our knowledge on paper. What we saw with our eyes for example some watches had a certain type of Crescent with the number depending on the house a manufacturing company that made the watch. so on the Crescent then maybe another like ST which meant to type of standard supply house the number 69 or 98 or 96 + appoint such as 21 which would tell me the catalogue number which I would then have to identify through books thereby.

After I have dinner at five the model, I would have to identify the actual parts for example if it was the centre wheel or Canon pinions you look upset reference books or micro films define the corresponding. Partly needed parts are interchangeable to what had to know which featured in which as it was so many models verifying in the years that were made. As well Russian watches limit easier and simplified them to understand is that basically had two models one for women and one for men I wish. It was a simple form and but in the Western

world we had a copyright and every company they different theoretical timepieces which correspondence to keeping calm in some way or another coming to the dial there on a graph with hands moving forward the Japanese technology was a lot simpler secret one time river light of a revolutionized. so the fact they had made the design much simpler by taking out a lot of the moving parts and had selling their watches subsidize by Japan and selling itself being subsidize by the government to open up markets. So searched was a case it is Switzerland watchmakers almost went bankrupt not selling the timepieces. consequently the designer Swatch grab back a lot of the market what was built on plastic and in plastics with a pulse of which his own gaining back the market for Swiss and there economy. Watchmakers we would have lectures every month or less on the advancement of timepieces such as doctors and technicians had updated on the ways of their industry. We would learn the different designs of that time. Nothing was standardised. It was variations of everything and generally the Beating around the Bush doing the same things keeping a Hold on the Rains. So knowledge would not get outside the industry and everyone want to keep their jobs important. Maintenance I had delivers endless supplying parts to supply houses ever ending stream. Even the car mechanics had a similar structure the watchmaker in as himself was treated like a king to some extent having the knowledge of how to put things together and take it apart and repair. If by some chance I could not get parts of the repair by the supply houses then there were about four or five houses in Melbourne the actual supply houses at that time. Who were called Brew master's Roaches Rose Brothers Seiko citizen and Omega and Longlines as well as tag if parts were not found in Melbourne. If I couldn't be obtained parts I would have to ring up the Supply house in Sydney which was called Smith and Smith if they told me the parts would take 3 to 9 months to obtain I would go on the Internet and talk to my various supply houses in Switzerland England USA and Hong Kong of which they would supply within 2 weeks. Generally most of the repairs we have we repent successfully as we had password catalogue number. Other people do not have know how or the Internet.

A later stage my father's company change courses in the river and began preparing and repairing old timepieces grandfather clocks and clocks. In general, my job its technical assistance watchmaker to the company was getting everything in order and tuned up with parts coming on time. Catalogues and sent out to the various watchmakers. Pieces that we did oversize and technical information where workers so they are up to date and had relatively hassle-free relationships. With repairing like all businesses relationships between the customer and the company servicing is vital we also were the first to come up with the idea. we gave 12-month guarantee cards for the battery fitted into the watch just calling to market in business one must stay ahead of the game and be tuned into know. Due to the elements the time with a strong medical inducements for every 2 hours that I worked, I would have to lie down and rest for 20 minutes. Working for my father this was ok and not an issue as such even though the hours were long. Arriving at The Firm at seven in the morning and leaving at 11 at night days of the week. Tuning into the BBC and the ABC as work was rolling by having many friends and Associates visiting our premises there was never a dull moment.

Chapter 5.

I can remember as a little child going to school and the teacher Victorious discuss the very fact then when a dog gets sick it searches for the right herbs and grasses growing around. Only eat what it has to eat to get better to some extent in our world we have become addicted to sugars and fats fried foods at that. We can be addicted to cravings tastebuds changing the way we eat. Of course, once we get overweight it is harder to exercise. Likewise, when you become addicted to alcohol you tend not to see the whole picture.

Being isolated from around you are relating in your on. You are lead you to a stage of coming down. In youthoria, this state of not seeing outside at the total picture those on the road and creative pathway that can then erase. This can only see the target ahead the road beneath your feet we live from our experience as we learn what we learn it is not for the moment but the journey. Somewhere later down the track time is what it is educators. All too some degree who has to say what is right and wrong it comes from the individual the viewpoint. Their experience as such is not one point on a line but rather many shades of the rainbow. Everyone builds the temple to the sky and roughly different formats no two people are the same is everyone feels they know the answer for themselves.

The old phrase knocking on Heaven's Door is a little kind thing. Still then so much I find matters to understand. We are all part of the universe how many how far and in their perspective we are what we are born. On this planet maybe this too good this Earth and University at large has intelligence to a high degree. We have reflux and given you have Insight. To you to have portion and prospective of your life path some say you are born with a number which relates on the path you take. So mathematics of it all even to some degree linguistics is mathematics so has expressions needed. No thought of because you are a based on a thought and process deep within. Of reflection and processing the perspective of which all like a child learning to walk. Like a person going on stage for the first time one-foot forward and the next foot, forward.

As we learn being a team member of a network or a company within itself within the name. Of what it might be, weather too is to repairs. I will bring products to the consumer. The most helpful and in a realistic and valued commodity. Is not leaky people realise there is such a thing as a good name. This is done by having the backup and guarantee or warranty to fulfil what that item might be. Books films even programs from a young age we are programmed in the ways. Of our ancestors how they survived to that became. Like they were for the knowledge that parents and our teachers' even nature around. We see what we see and live. It has started with a dream its reality. Reality is such we are always learning so enjoy the ride on so the strong on your journey find Common Ground. If you can touch the highest mountain swimming the saltiest sea see the Horizons as in it our trying to be free. Freedom to be independent free to do the things you truly feel to share it with yourself and those you love.

In meeting different people in life, people have different Breaking Points. Somehow, to handle these stresses some people cope by having an addictive glass of wine or spirits each day. Others handle the situation by taking med medics medicine from medical practices subscribed. Because they are illegal drugs otherwise. people stop eating meat stop eating sweets stop eating poultry some people exercise all day have nothing to say. Hell people want to stay busy so other people see their life deteriorated by watching TV all day. Having the mind to think and reflect and to analyse his second to every moment. I am not saying what is right or wrong I was married to a woman whose parents were both doctors. Know how to rest and play we go on holiday every week to their holiday farm. Which was state work very hard in the garden carving it up. When we came back home they had the cleaners and repairman who do all the alterations in the house. As well as the cleaning including, the swimming pool and they were all as they had the mundane job. Of which they were qualified running a practice of course.

There were people underneath them some could say bookkeeping and a timetables with networking and foundations to do the best. I can see for the world around them I felt sometimes you need to cut the mustard and find where you belong. Sometimes it might be one smile while after or one common thread fines the bones to a relationship. We are not born to worry too much rather we are born to do well in this world. Personal times of sharing talking laughing singing and being well is a foundation of health and life. It does itself stress bringing more stress as worry by thinking too much. Bringing more worry so sometimes you need just to put out the fire as soon as it starts burning and not to think twice. Once the fire is out be prepared. Moreover, in being, prepared timing is a keyboard of life. Life has its diving board knowing how to dive into the waters so deep. To float into the swim and then come out back to you surely is a skill. Learning is life this is a test to find harmonious Harmony.

In the complicity, the formation of lifetime can be a bit iffy. relevant to some degree 5 years can go by like that of 24 hours we're 2 minutes can go by they have 24 hours relevant to the time that passes on that time. Sausages in the loner barbecue books the people to write and write to understand a brief moment in history. Whether it is a changing of the times or clouds raining down too heavily. Either way to substance in thinking have enlaced to in extend within reason of circular thoughts can go by. Australia and in the end of a void understanding of not meaning anything but just simple babble. Within itself to be truly constructive, it is more like a game of golf with the ball being hit in the straight line only. To be fallen playing in the inner pocket far away. As I am some things, I cannot come to grips with or Fatima to even understand. Still in the merit of living everyday conclusions are formed to make your bed and sleep on it another day. On the other hand, in that nighttime it after heavy day one does in filing as we are dancing it comes a time of rest. Whichever yours to have to be done I am happy now days with the advent of dishwashers.

That being the case I do not spend my time cleaning dirty dishes and my fridge is full at night so I can have a nibble a thing or two. Which calls for a famous cup of tea in the late hours help the digestive system. Of which a full potential is who cares. I know I am not alone. Drifting person in the company of late night snacks and late night drinks only listening to the radio. A few peaceful sounds of the street at night for taxis with their full fares going to the destination to be somewhere on time. You could know one thing we put the pieces together finding some sense of it all. It is not so much it makes sense in some degree in the old days still does today. When I wrote a letter, I would search for stamps the put on the outside letter then drive down to the post box and mail a letter I did not receive an answer within a week or two. Now days at the speed of light with social media everything is even faster than the speed of sound to some degree. The weather tells me who does come tomorrow so I will have my shower late in to the morning. My late night drink of going to bed to read what I have written the daylight before. In which is this now and being which I am weighing up as to express my thought. Circular thoughts say one thing when I moved in karate of which there are or who were three types of karate. To learn head of the angle had to do the block some kicks at a certain angle. It was the circle theory how to best use the facilities of the circle to do the blocks and kicks. Moreover, it's dance in some ways and there was the case where are used to straight line for effective display. As pause coming in a very quickly to the chin nothing component and bringing back to the blow.

I am not a man of violence so I go into forms of martial arts as in the music. I have read having been taught like anything nothing comes with our practice and knowledge such as. The ways of education is the number one factor on building the components of a structure or mainframe as such. We read one page turn to the next page what we remember we remember.

whatever is lost in time we can never remember becomes the same conclusion as a writer in understanding the difference between the point a to point b. it's a journey and how to get there is how to get there that's so much leaving or arriving is more the case is a journey and being constructed and doing the best you.

Through the ponder of the hullabaloo retirement self-moving forward as it naturally does coming into play the hands of the minutes and hours find the course and a timetable of passing time. I have not much time for looking at the clock to see the passing parade of minutes and seconds rather it is more like putting the axe to the wheel and shuffling tools that I have. Nevertheless, being the brain to express myself as itself in the understanding and knowledge passed down through the ages of this time. Even books between the lines and pages and the words and conglomerate to the moving in understanding the time that is the passage that has been travelled. In given 10 years or such much more $\cos \sin 8$ degree of this placement from one point to the next decades may pass centuries. May go by it's a straight line of which is history search for learning in many Fields.

From bark to Beethoven Stravinsky the Strauss and in between the pleasant sounds of Mozart even Tchaikovsky or Brahms to have their insight into the foundations, which brings us to modern day music. In those days the A note formula of 440 htz as a concept that was not everyone's taste. In fact different pitches of sound have different towns tuning to different sounds all together not to the conformity of concert pitch was found around the time the Second World War. Today there is a concept I am going back a bit and then numerical understanding of A to the formulation 432 Hz as to the natural order of the course. In watchmaking the tuning fork pitches to the approximate Hertz of 32678 htz per minute is what the significance is. I mean to fathom to understand because even in computer work there is a tuning fork such as a Pentium and higher forms that grade electricity into itself in many countries runs on 50 or 60 HZ per cycle of the minute here in Australia within at 240 volts. In America, about 110 volts as I think internationally it should be 250 volts.

Chapter 6.

Still within electricity you have the plus and minus oscillating an AC only through circuit boards changing to DC. So we have the American currency Washington but being a stage like the ACT here you or the act as such so they call it Washington DC. I am not sure what to do seeing stance maybe it stands for dead centre or democracy retires in the Centre. Once to have a nice day my learning good, as it seems where there is a way there is a means for flowing in energy from the first point to the last point. There in the vision there is a verse a chorus like that maybe three times. With a bridge and ending in the beginning basically most music. When playing on the guitar or for that matter any musical instrument there can be, anything played in three chords rhythm be what it may. In 3/4 or 4/4 as normal such as dance and March the rhythm of appeals to the souls of dancers to dance on. On as then sometimes we must even though words can say so much. Given a little bit understanding the main thing is there health and being. Finding how many peace in the heart and peace of Soul time to move on. This is a way of creative juice as a tap to tool of energy to flow.

This thing called love can be a beautiful thing is not taking too deeply and not too shallow either for love is. A love of a mother to a child of friends laughing of caring for one another love it is a beautiful thing.it can catch you in the heart and catch you to the mind a poet. Poets

write endless books on love but still somehow not that they understand. That it is completely like swimming or just being for the moment swimming in the tides that faces so. With all the writings in the universe about love, it is something that comes naturally depending on your degree of life. In your perspective, it happens to us all. We citizens of the planet humans care for one another as machines without thinking we make we try to put the ends together so there is easy flow and less tension. In the same can be said about writing music is like swimming or walking.

You live The Fundamentals and then you dance in the rain when the sunshine comes out you keep dancing it is just the same. The flow of energy with the hand is quicker than the eye The Voice does Carrie coming together in song as a perpetual tranquillity of the moment to express. This gift is a gift can be nurtured or can be taught. I feel the best composers of all are those have been taught at a young age the language and linguistics of music itself. In the formation of composing whether to write on a page as a graph or notes or just in memories to work out at a later moment. For me I feel too desperation is a type of music I like writing although there has been times where I spent a few weeks on one song but it is just trade winds of the soul. The best song that people writes usually takes about 15-20 minutes the whole concept then written down to arrange and refined and tune in correction. Agreeing with melody you may want words play a hot commodity in the music. I write both too and for without words without expression we will just be like flowers in the garden bending with the wind. Talking to other roses in the midst of the shade of the clouds and trees that is an abundance and should always be. Pacific green lawns the green trees grey clouds white clouds clear skies even rain and fog all the rules in their elements here in this 12 horse City of 4 million or just thinking of the moment. Swimming with the tides from the saved onlookers. All the writings in the universe about love is something the cubs naturally depending on. Your degree of a lighting the perspective and happiness is all we humans careful. Machines of society you make try to put the working together so there is if there is. Love and left as pension cats' naked writing music like swimming or walking. You leave the fundamentals and then you would answer the rain weather sunshine comes out .you must keep dancing just the same applies energy with in the head. Quickening as of the mind to have the voice of carry coming together in song. Hazards of a petrol tranquillity of the moment to express this gift is a gift. Candy nurture decal in its order feeling the best composers of those.

Those composers into another younger age that the language and linguistic of music itself forms information as it was it in right on the page as a for notes were just in memories. To work out of the ladder formation moment for me I feel dizzy inspiration is a type of music. Like riding all those in a has been times was spent a few weeks on one song is just razor soul. The daylong song as Indian artists the people ride usually take about 15-20 minutes of concept. There in down to arrange and we find antonym because the groove in another do you want was the player. Whole commodity inns the music alright to call without words without expression to the elements of time and space. We are just like flowers in a garden dancing with the wind and talking to other roses in the lips of the shade of the clouds and trees notices abundance. Always be this is agreed laws the green trees grey clouds. Within clouds pleased drained in the Fargo the tin the relevant here the ones horse city 4 million

In life sometimes we never get the right perspective of understanding with the other person reflection is coming from. In fact we might be lost in the words and emotions without understanding of their own point of view at that time in the space of relativity. Persistence does pay off to some degree but we have to know when to stop and just cut off and go our

own way. For the burden may be too hard if communication is too hard. Maybe a lack of understanding sometimes by reaching out we heal ourselves and those around sometimes the world is so polluted with grey clouds so would one not see the sun shining through, but there is sun there is light in the soul. Who we are all each together are part of this universe.

Love together in life has told me many things to fill the understanding to know if not to know. That by just trying to understand in this mundane world willpower we have to do our chores just have bread on the table. Nice it may be to meet other people when you can. Old flames and older flames my father as I said many times said it like advice from the old books of old. Like gold old friends are valued as new friends like silver may be hard to earn good friends. Maybe having to come to terms the treasure those around. the story and sharing of what it is for what it will be further down the road when you're meet up again is and should be of value a treasure putting smile on the heart and lighting the way further down that road of life.

people can do the strangest things in life sometimes cruel and Heartless and no feeling for the other person as we were growing up doing a watch making and jewellery apprenticeship the guys would hit up the Rings throw it at me and say cash this is for you because I burnt my BOM all the side of my when I knew it I just laughed children with children people to people to some degree the world is chain my perspective of looking at it and people are not so cruel cynical I may be in some ways I'm not so cruel in other ways I remember as a child you guys at school with reformer Circle push someone in the middle and then eat them and beat them as 5 I will crawl in their way we did the usual game of cowboys and Indians of Warriors and whingers my friends would hide and the school grounds and just play marbles and a peaceful lots and their peaceful way the understanding why the others fight so much we click when I'm sort of energy fight with another energy something like nature itself but we're not living in primitive times when people have no feelings or in the inner strength to fix rational sometimes the wave nature takes over survival of the fittest I think it's amore game of luck and chance to some degree when you go into the battlefield and you have to get out of there and stroking your opponent has to be one step ahead of your enemy at all stages in all Industries is the same I wouldn't surprise with pots but we on the other hand found the parts I ring up Sydney or overseas or they would say instead of taking 2 weeks to get an order to predict it will take 3 months if that buy ringing up the Hong Kong or America would take less than 10 days we have the park together and we assemble the watch music is a different kettle of fish music is piercings as linguistics dear friends and associates of the net people can do the strangers things in life sometimes cruel and heartless no feelings of the other person is rules rolling up doing a watch making and jewellery apprenticeship the guys would dumb his up the rings throw it happening so test to see you because I did my mum or the side of my um when I knew and they just like shouldn't the children people the people the sun degree the walls is changed my perspective of looking at it and people in also cool cynical an idea some ways and also cruel another way home over has a child you guys at school with all my circular someone in the middle and anything and beaten is 5 elk ruin the way we did dumb the usual gave of cowboys Indian warriors ninjas my friends with hide and school grounds and just play marbles and the people lighting this is away around the staying wireless fight some money one click 11 sort of energy 5 with another energy something like notice of the blue not living Plymouth times with people have no feelings or in the min stress to see crashing all-stars see the white nature take Kaiser survivors a fittest I think it's amore game of

luck and chance to some degree when you going to the battlefield and have to get out there so I can your pardon have to do one stop ahead is Unanderra sizes no industries is inside I wouldn't supplies would part of we only other hand found the parts are in the city or overseas all I was saying was talking to a stolen to get an order a position would take 3 months is and I'll ring up the homecoming America will take place in 10 days has a part again and winter Cinderella lot visitors I didn't colour fish music is the essence of linguistic as a structure of communication now there's a lot and talk to the apple Google and details what I want to hear on the radio star 250 good that way of course of other people use YouTube and the database whatever the case is changing world I think it's change Isabella's have lasagne doing what time is it in Pleasanton traveller's in the freezer something noise watch wife she looked back in turn into a mountain assault the remaining pieces of souls in the ocean massage.

Chapter 7.

My father with them customers and friends carried through get some great achievements. Things remain in the mind from his loaded past he was said. If you build a house first you must lead a plan and a foundation and not to build. Only on solid ground will the object take the support of that construction that you build. We would spend hours cleaning the Dust Away. Finding time sharpening our tools to repair. Resting if time allowed having a sound mind only to do watching for an hour or two. The preparation took many hours almost like a major heart operation without the blood. In peaceful surroundings, we would look at it through the magnifying glass, which was limited so we could only look for about 10 to 15 minutes before the head would spin.

For the high magnification then we would have to rest our eyes for 15-20 minutes and begin again this was a procedure. I watch him making his Prime. To some degree, I turn my skills on the Internet in disgusting the education and reflective insight into those around. On the notice boards and other discussion places we are social animals this much I know. As my father and I would have a half a glass of vodka in the morning and people joined in before work having their drink or after dinner because the late hours we were there. We never drank too much or too little some like the English with their whiskey. But it was sufficient not to get Colds bothersome viruses such as flu we always had a happy State of Mind discuss. In childhood he mainly talked politics to some degree with a tranquil world such is the life of a watchmaker in those days. Well respected and a highly professional. Jobs like music is also a highly professional job but it is not as well respected. In music you need to practice very much dear friends and associates.

My father's wisdom tendered through years the sum of things remain in the mind from his victories loaded pass he said if you build a house for her she was leader plan and foundation and not to build on solid ground is silly. Take the support of the construction not to build we would spend hours cleaning the dust away. shopping prepare in resting having some minor designer I watched for an hour or two per day in the preparation to gloomy mini hours almost like our major operation. Surroundings with look as at the through the meaning of sunglass which was limited that we could only looked for. Spending for the highlanders of occasionally would have to rest arrival 15:20 minutes and dig again. This was a procedure of my degree of which to my skills. The reflective inside into those around on the night is board and other discussion places us social animals. Job in music is also highly professional jobs in others well respected in music scene you need to practice expression and handle the very special around you literally. Time is what it is and silver no wonder together we dance in dance is life so be happy

Summer by still of the night, from where one was, one would not be again. The passage of time had taken its holy waters away from the yolk of blissful peace in search of higher ground, I knew the welling of transcend in to the inner understanding of chosen the field of cards one must be as a mountain near the breaking point only to see the other side of the reflection axes in to a mind of little believing, common in the grounds, which we stand. There then we are in the mix of the beginning of a tale, for me true but for you to say, wait if time stands, in the still of the night there is morning, a sunrise or a fog to up lift, for foot steps, in the water of love is a voyage. I have travelled. The horsemen on the lonely ride, placing the race, of time. Can not change what could be. Be it better to unfold the keys of lost coinage in a pocket of hope. Then to find the front garden with sands of winds of salt. Which blow and blow. Such is this in the maps and drawing. The fire it burns in hard wood of my time. From the ashes of ashes under deepen thoughts, the air of fire is going down to beg, the sun. The next day as it may come. Soon too soon too soon. Is that never the ending to a question? Answers and questions, can lie in the dramatized state in fiction. Fact the why? Is now. Only to look into the fire. Without the equestrians carrying the of still mountains. Far. Far, away did I see. Little people of high esteem. Working to make ends meet. Money has its power, but knowing of what, is money. Children play games of chance, with cards, of little meaning. To understand the old teller passing her 01 without opening, to see. If it was right that we should receive? A stone, a rock, a color of glass, everything has more then mere say. For me the understanding is in a four letter word, love. To be whole as a diamond, as of old cutting mirrors, sounds on a recording. In interest of music, or to be. Somewhere in the mist of the far plain, where once a singer as one, did say hello. Moreover, for this there was an echo of delight, from the passing of nature in to manhood. However, children of the night can call to the mother of time to hear and be free. Brash it may be. Nevertheless, for some, it is just a mother of time, love as is life; People die for high deep dreams, dreams of nothing. Of tomorrow that little would remember or speak, speak they do. Local heroes cry and work for food. To feed there young, be it of yoke of their jean. It is of not mine to say. Fish wait before the current wave. Some are wash to the shoreline to be, some washed on dry land. The flood have passed. Better knowing the heartbeat, of a harden touch of a rod, it said. The teacher who, walks from his void to pass on pain. I think not, in understanding. For he clears his ear, to hear the footsteps of my tears. For the sound of passage, from the vision of old. Much to do of that time, are we still in the house of the poor, if there is no water and milk? Children play. Seeking what they keep under their hat. Little may say hair. For nineteen sixty was a time,

I had visited in my travels. A time in which a stone by any name was a stone, walking in chaos. Dreaming in small picture theatre with the smell of, half a meal, for the rats, to eat in. As for the people, hey man it is a happening, as we were of rum and gin. In the spirit of the film that may started. Nevertheless, before we walked out and said, ' You should have been there. It was just as it was, I don't remember because I was there.' As the hand moved to the colour of exchange, in the cafe at the end of time and space.

Summer by still of the night, from where one was, one would not be again. The passage of time had taken its holy waters away from the yolk of blissful peace in search of higher ground, I knew the welling of transcend in to the inner understanding of chosen the field of cards one must be as a mountain near the breaking point only to see the other side of the reflection axes in to a mind of little believing, common in the grounds, which we stand. There then we are in the mix of the beginning of a tale, for me true but for you to say, wait if time stands, in the still of the night there is morning, a sunrise or a fog to up lift, for foot steps, in the water of love is a voyage. I have travelled. The horsemen on the lonely ride, placing the race, of time. Can not change what could be. Be it better to unfolded the keys of lost coinage in a pocket of hope. To the mother of time to hear and be free. Brash it may be. However, for some, it is just a mother of time, love as is life, People die for high deep dreams, dreams of nothing. Of tomorrow that little would remember or speak, speak they do. Local heroes cry and work for food. To feed there young, be it of yoke of their jean. It is of not mine to say. Fish wait before the current wave. Some are wash to the shoreline to be, some washed on dry land. The flood have passed. Better knowing the heartbeat, of a harden touch of a rod, it said. The teacher who, walks from his void to pass on pain. One think not, in understanding. For he clears his ear, to hear the footsteps of my tears. For the sound of passage, from the vision of old. Much to do of that time, are we still in the house of the poor, if there is no water and milk? Children play. Seeking what they keep under their hat. Little may say hair. For nineteen sixty was a time, one had visited in my travels. A time, in which a stone by any name was a stone, walking in chaos. Dreaming in small picture theatre with the smell of, half a meal, for the rats, to eat in. As for the people, hey man it is a happening, as we were of rum and gin. In the spirit of the film that may started. However, before we walked out and said, ' You should have been there. It was just as it was, I don't remember because I was there.' As the hand moved to the color of exchange, in the cafe at the end of time and space.

Chapter 8.

Space, space, something there is space. A rock from the heavens of life. 'Tommy? Can you here me!' That is what I said. Flees only grow on the north side of the pole, what ever that means, and coffee is the sixth scents. That someone in space, somewhere, somehow will pick up the bill for. Saying give it to my accountant, he is the only one, who can add on this planet. Without an organized data system. For me, my growing pains, started showing, when I was growing up. This planet, that planet, it is the one you are on. The fourth from the sun, or is it the third, the mind plays tricks. As a washing machine cleans, the wreckage of old vessels, of which there is no important. The express train still comes in on time. The

next stop, is the voiles time. of tomorrow. With the sun's light coming through the front passage. The sunset, and the sunrise of contentment. And love, is as a garden, can be far, in the way, we are. Feed the young. Feed the old. Feed your heart, and feed your soul. A crying down pour of rain, of this winter of my dream. Lost in the hail of a cold, cold, cold. Must, 1 view the same type of rhythms, without missing message, the first flower of age. To open in the rash view point. A tree in bloom. The empty streets of nowhere, the cross, of sworn friends now parted., As enemies. Such is this loot. The ground hides the mess, of which they are. Lying, only to see, the grounds of hope. Bringing trees of passing tomorrow. Bring the trees, bring the trees. For my child its you, its you. I leave my world too. Who could have said that? Echoes from the back of mind Yes, who could of. Passing by the open fire place. A place of holy water or holy ground. I see, what I want to see. Tell me, Water? Waiter? Water? Is that with a capital P or T or is there a fly in my soup? Grasshopper, still the blowing of the wind, has more to say. In time, does he say, that then, the time will, be as now. Still she sleeps alone, with only a bed of flowers. The nails of love were to hard. And one could not bleed. Even on a full moon. But with the passage of time, comes true bliss. To find, a ribbon in a bow, to watch a tree. Growing high, without ever the tuning of my heart. Your head is looking at the rainbow of a cloud, in the sky, searching? Questions with little answers. In my view. It is a view. What tomorrow may bring will bring. Fading words can be as, like a fire, and fire can be as like, the deep colour of the sea. Hard to touch. Being, seeing, helping, playing, and keeping on. Watching, waiting, inner, outer, footsteps of history. Under, the feet of the five equestrians. There were six, but one lost his way. As blown sands of time, in empty gardens, of hope dance. One born each moment, the saying was. Better the tomorrow, of tomorrow. Then the waken of tomorrow of yesteryear. Then we can fly, but only so high. Up as a bird, in the wings of younger is love. Will they know or care. Please take care! Please take care! A rock is formed by wind, rain, and the weather. Turn for just a second, the time of digital freedom. The winds of change are not as free. For everything, there are rules. Rules are rules. Wrong or right. To know or not to know, $E = MC^2$. Is in this time, with expression. Of this or that. For MC is master and E is as an egg waiting to be born. I have seen good times and bad. Trouble I have had. But never did I understand why one is equal to nothing until now. The sum of the project is so big, as to a key in a chain in one link. Alternatively, of a rock jumping, three times over still waters. Is sex the only factor. No. It is growing factor. Yes and no. to who we are. Is not water a factor too? Also a growing factor. Water beeing the pond from which you came.

My nephew said the right thing. When he said " I scream! I scream! But no one hears." In this world I have. Seen much I have. Once in the sands of Gaza, one man said, "You? You are a musician man. I let you sing, if I no like know kill you." Through the grace of The eternal, I am still here as one. Walking over hot sea sands which are baked from the

Middle day sun.

A passing young colonel said, "What was that? My feet are in pain and I see little but the pain." Then he dug a hole a wait, for night to fall. Yes night came, it was too cold.

Are we lost, in the here, of what we have become. The parting of the seas, I don't Remember, well. But Moses, I remember, he was the one going somewhere, and knew how much to carry. I had a friend Jose. I still have his painting. He was always wanted to be an artist. In fact he was. A good one. But he was trouble by Van GooF So he painted, as hard as he could. To be as a painter who never made a penny. The mind bogies The old friend, as hard as he could! Gave away his records, paints, belonging, then walked off the end of a pier. It was hard to see him go. We shared a smile, a laugh, a song and a cry together.

With my Irish friends, I think its better we drowned in a sea of drink. And call it a wake.

Nevertheless, by the time its over, we were all asleep. " Oh, lay me down with the dead men when

I'm dead but not before that time."

As a child we would go scouting. We got to be good, with our eyes. We could see a man light, a match from a mile away. I still today, do not know what that is good for. Someone said the education is wasted on the young. I just think it a lot is just wasted. In general, but who am I.

Many times I watched the seagulls, come in and out. Over the clearing heavenly sky. To get a share, mum's home made food. People who left food, on the ground, shame, shame. The old man and me, when we were both young, would go to the Elwood beach here in Australia. To watch the birds fly in, to obtain there portion of bread.

It must be said that bread makes a man. However, a chocolate mouse makes a woman. To please

my first wife, I would go to the cafe in the middle of the night. To get the chocolate mouse freeze. It is amazing what a man will do for the one he love.

She suffered allot. She had MS We were very much in love. I was sorry to see her go the

way she did. Still we lived through the hard times and also through the good. Good times are for living and hard times are for passing through. Somehow, because through the time. We know there is only light at the other side Death. We can pick up the pieces once again. The most fun I had in schooling, was picking my nose and sliding the rot under the side, of the desk. In a couple of days one got to know, where I was in. My own desk with rooted nose

dropping under the table. But I was young.

May be, it is that human beings, are as other earthly animals. For example, the dogs of my street, water the lamp poles. In the same drops of spare piss, as there time before was.. Somehow we are to progress, in to moving of mountains.

Digging a tunnel, through a tunnel. To make one more tunnel. Who cares if it falls? Its only a hole in the ground. Going, somewhere to make the direction of scents. Travelling through that point where we. I have to say, I'm dying to find where all the sand goes. To fill in other hole. According to my time, time started before time started. Or if you submit power to a quartz in the right way. You may have the front line, to understand that time is man.

Or in the terms of this day and age, man and woman.

Who are the founder of time? Just by putting a stick in the ground and watching the darkened shadows move. At the speed of light to and from the sun, moving, moving. Heaven knows where it moves why it is that for the common good of all, we do not work together. As Mr Marx said, may be more than a blessing. "Little ants have only one place. In search of fly spray or out of harms." Why is it that I write? In my younger days, when time was in front of an open log fire. With the black and white television going or the radio untamed to the shortwaves of the BBC London. If only they, can make programs, that say nothing more quickly. May be one can write slower and say more. This is one true insight in to the mixed standing of why I am. The story I like to say, is because it says more than less in to the unfolded of inner peace of the dreamtime, that between the time, of the A-bomb and through the stages of the H and belonged. I was born in this a world wilderness. That is ours to make. Before making any cake, house, or timepiece, one fact reminds, of the fact planning. The only fact, is why, how and because. We move forward. If life was only on

honour. The factor of money for the P.C. would have been a joke, long ago. Still the old timers had something to do. They could rush around all day, working out, how the sun goes around the earth, How the four corner of a square, are like a round hole in a square duck. Madness plays a little. In a little place, sometimes you need to be a little crazy. To stand with insight to what has come down. Asking why the bookings of accounting, balances the equal, if one is nothing then nothing is one. So the wheels of time turn. Each in its placement of allotment to search and find, the answer which time forgot to give. Expand the woman by the dirty river of a far forgotten place, why wash when you can sow, why sow when you can eat? What I should have I said get a bull doser and make a dam. Only to hear her say dam, must I do all the work? So many colours have a calming power down effect on cows. Because they eat the green, of the grass and the fields turn to brown. As much as I would work. In the shield of cows for milking. We always got shit on our shoes. There is no easy way to shit off your shoes. Wired brush is o.k. When it is dry. Others think it is good for the skin. You can become a Red Indian .without being brave. Wash the problems, down the reflection hole, of peace in the space-time of allotment. Heaven knows, if we did not recycle waste. What a waste, there would be? If superman was so strong? Why did he wear the same underpants of blue over his pants? Now this could be the question of our times. Who framed Louis Dormer the third? Without thinking of the class. Different in time and space and far belonged. From afar, we are all the same. In dust flees in the carpet of the universe. So if a rock is a rock, and stone is to throw to the deep of the ocean. Why is it that people walk backwards, but not fish. Two friends had I., in my life. They were the odd couple One black and one gold pond fish. Each day 1 would wake, in the still of the morning. Singing songs of love to them. From Strauss to Jackson Browne. Each day. Day in, day out.

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They would swim with hearts, burning for the first note. I think that time may have been better only, if it was not for the housekeeper. With the can of nerve gas cleaning the window, asking why the fish are floating and not swimming. Heaven gives, and heaven takes away. Heaven took the cleaner away, for if it were not for heaven I would have had a hand in it. After three or four days, when the waters had turned a dark green. Smelling, the odd couple had made their escape. I know deep in my heart. I could never have a relationship. With any another fish. For months, one would go to my physio theorist. In addition, talk. About my beloved, fish. Oh how the movement, of singing sounds. Would move them in to dancing, watching for the next seed of grain to touch there harmless loving dear mouths. Heads of prevailing norm, in there cool clear waters. Reflecting in the four sided world which was there, without friends. The old couple. Enough I said. After five months of think. Why me? Why my fish? Why not the housekeeper? The woman who knew that this goes with that and not my friends. The days were numbered for those fish. Not that, when I was

young, could stand to eat fish. The table was always set, and the fish with a carrot in its mouth. Would look up at me, as to question why, why me? With two dark eyes crying, "take the carrot but not me." Chicken soup is all I would eat. Chicken soup is all I got. With the fresh chips, salt and wind making bean on the bottom of the soup bowl. The trouble was which I found out late. The trouble was we always used the wrong fork and spoon. It must have been because the family from Poland had tomatoes in the garden. And only ate with the finest hammers. To make sauce go into the bottle, I think.. In fact at one stage, everything in the house. When in to the bottle. Pears, plumes, and the midnight water passing. But my brother and me, we would pour it down, the fire place to get rid of it. Until the customers in shop, below. Told my mother that the shop was leaking. What they did not know of course. It was the children up stairs leaking in the dark of night. My brother and I would visit the cousins' fruit shop. And break the boxes, then nailing the two pieces of the broken wood together. As to be Robin Hood, a good man. The black and white film star. For hours of fighting. It was amazing we did not touch the eyes. But the hands and legs would get bleeding with cuts. For the good of the forest we would say. It is just amazing, that now in Australia the high-powered guns are banded. In our day of advancement. We would pool our money together and buy twelve cents of penny crackers. Then tired them together. Made a long fuse, and blow up the next-door neighbor's mailbox. Each year they would repair it with new bricks, and on commonwealth day, the gang of five would play war games. Children nine, eight, or seven, jumping from the tops of our high weatherboard house. On the ground, far below. How we did not break our legs arms of noses is now passed history. With the finding of lead model aeroplane fighters, some red Indians, some brave cowboys, and some world war army figures. We would make do, for the plot was, that the time barrier had broken. And Robin Hood, with the Indians. Would take all day to fix time, and save our planet. The best job I ever had was repairing time. Parking metres. It was a fine job. Half the early morning I was going around, winding them up. The other half day was going with the car, picking up the broken ones. And of course, repairing them. People would put glue in the works or silver paper. Old coins from all corners of the world. It was there I found my old

Australian coin, which one still were around my neck to this day. With the year of my birth. Of course depending on the time that you take time from, the Common Era. Children play funny tricks on others. There was a time, that the whole class, of the third grade when to the royal show. A place where we could see the animals. Like cows, sheep, and bulldogs, dancing in circles. Being awarded, with red or blue ribbons of merit, around them. I remember, one girl who will remain without a name, because did not know her to well. Her parents would not give her the rights, to see the show with our classmates, such as me. Therefore, the teacher left her alone at school. To the fact that she was too alone. She collected all the books of the class. In a pile from each and everyone's desk. And with the matches. from the teacher, who smoked, because everyone smoked and died young, those

days. She burned down the whole grades, books and papers. That child didn't get in big trouble. Even though it was a bad think to do. I think she just got sent to, a home for the crazy. Which she was. We all meet outside the girls toilets. Choosing which one we loved for that day. In our hearts and in our dreams. But the young know so little how to talk, walk, and act. As only young should. British bull dog was our favor pass time. It is where, one person in the centre of the playground pick up someone else. The idea is to leave the person off the ground. Saying " British bull dog, " and then its their turn to be in the middle, as they are it. Another game was Indians and cowboys. The trouble was, I was always the one who was the Indian and not the cowboy. Still you make do with what your got So I refuse to die, because I said they were not real guns, your on our land. As for our time, of show and tell. We would show lambs brains, fly wings, and caterpillars. But of all, I remember the friends of our gang taking the old playboy books. Of there fathers to show and tell. But only between lunch. To look at the big blossoms of the picture of beauties. At the age of ten we were smoking. Cigarettes after school and in lunch time brake, and toilets. Behind the shield, made of old iron, with red paint falling from the rust of age. For sometimes, we would follow the other children home, to see where each other live. This is common for children. Smoking causes, so much pleasure and death. For myself I started smoking at the age of seven. Selling newspapers, near two busy roads, Punt and Swan Street. With the money I made, I could pollute my lungs. To such a degree that I ended in hospital twenty years, later. Seeing the light or should I say almost not seeing the light. With my dying breathe and the ten thousand dollars of oxygen in my system. I lived through. Perhaps it was my mother, who thought all I needed was a little more chicken soup. On the Friday nights to clear the bad webs away. Still its been more than seven years. And there is the old saying time fixes everything in time. May I add, only with a little help from yourself. We, all my friends at karate, would run through the miles, of bush. In the Kinglake area, blue bear feet, over ice and snow, rocks and glass. With the only words on our mouth, breathing he/hoe in sounds. As we thought we were tuff. In the middle of the night we would sing songs for the passed my time, until the midnight hours would be, go into the running river. To mediate for five to ten minutes. Come out

and go back in. If I did it now, I'd need more than oxygen. I would more likely need a lifeboat. As in a film 1 saw in my youth, "Boss, it's a crazy world and people do crazy thinks." As he was take out the arrow from his head. Then he say, "Boss did you say dance? ""I cannot "" Why my son? " Because I have got a piece of glass in my leg and its turning green." Let me look? Tis but a minor thing. Go to the witch and she touch it. With his eleven minerals of salts. For the soul, from the planet at the end of time and space. Where no tree does grow unless its roots grow in the air far, far away.. It was given to me, by a wise alien who spoke broken english. I gave you my Seiko watch with a flat battery, and this is how he keep time." Counting the grain of salt from my hand. " As dust clouds on a winter's day. In dreams of the here and now." " But master, what of the small grass hopper at your feet," "It

was on another channel before the internet, had gone down. Then our people had touch heaven twice. Here on earth. " "Why is it that before the storm of storms which had blewn the Ores away?" " Pass a chip." I said. As the campfire of Kinglake burned thought the night. Lighting the here and now. As from nowhere, the sure sign that something was in the passing. A flying comet, had I not seen will my eyes. I would see it again, in my dreams ants' visions. Was it just a passing escape for now, in search for a matter of time? If nothing, this mattered more than something I must have dreamed in a night. An echo in vision of what I could, with no expression, of understanding or will. Upstand that I am live living, so I am. Why should I look to deep. If you swim in an ocean? Or with lungs swim under the water. The water is different from each end. In the end there is no beginning or no end, just fish. The odd couple. And I cry, cry me a river. My visions, take me back to a place my the side of a mountain. We, dug for ore. We had little but little was much. With rain for our windows and sun for our work. Singing in the hard times and good times .To here the sound of children laughing, it is a happy time to remember. The green of the garden. So fresh by rivers that run through the mountains of my mind. By lakes of tomorrow. How do these come, as in a picture not in a dream. But another world from yesterday. In zones for sight. Yes, there are many a world for someone. Saying we just have but one. Still every time a drop of dust touches our planet, change it does as it must some way. In dreams of awaking I found myself look for more. Was it just here say, this I know. Because was I known in the other world. Of what was me. Perhaps to dream to just to dream, and to fish is just the same. True or not, somehow love finds an answer. Even if there is not one small question? Because but to be wishing is too hard for those who have. Good is good for some. Others collect on common ground, such as seagulls. So these seagulls, of my time are still being feed. On the same piece of ground near the park by the sea. As one would speak, but is it me who knows them. The earth ,the wind and the sea. Or is it that 1 write to, true words searching to remember The hidden doors of places, I have seen or read. As a rocket flies to the moon. I was just a lad of young in age of dreaming. Trying to get into a friendly passing dress, to feel the parting of skin and hair. The knowing that, I had not been this way before. And may never find my to happiness in bear skin. Without a rise within. To go where no man, such as I has put his tonnage before. The mountains of hope, are to few. In hope my hands, may

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wade in to the milk land of tomorrow. To find my own type of pleasure, in the zone of the supermarket of outer draws.. Clouds, clouds, each and every day, in this part of the woods. I cut, I clip, and never find the path back home. As the garden has water, as the water has life, and the life has understanding. So do have I. To know is, the only piece of the puzzle, I must search. Search and search. Not knowing if the sun shines, on both sides of the planet, when one is I am asleep. Who could keep up, with the inner tale. Of the oxen and of the fish. Both

loved each other so. The oxen would look, in to the water with his eyes. And the fish would swim up every and every day. To say we are both. Of a different world. But I see in your eyes, the passing of years. We visit each other each day the same time. Looking to the waters, of our different worlds. But we, find peace. In each, more than a brother and a sister. More ours, the reflection of each others world. We find that, through each mirror, there is another mirror. But when does the reflection stop. As if to know said the fish in her way. However, the oxen could not hear the words, they were world a part. Still, every day they would come together, and look into the worlds of reflection. These were there world. One breathed air, and the other breathed, the water for air. That clam, was true. Each had there world, but if only we could join in love. Here in, these two worlds said the oxen and the fish in his way, in silence. For no one could understand the oxen and the fish, they could only see their mouths move. And move they did. One praying, for rain to fill the air. So it would be, filling with water and they would joined. As lovers on the land, and land, that was to become together in hope. But the fish had other ideas if she could grow legs she could walk on the land. To touch the oxen, to see movement that the love was between four eyes. A young boy passing, saw the oxen and the fish each day. First laughing, of how lonely these two had become. As two miss matches. He noticed that the oxen would take his part of grain that was his to feed the lonely fish in the water of pond. Love can be wonderful thing if untouched by outside hands. As the young boy looking into the love of their eyes. He found the understanding, that the world is made of love. But oh how, how can a fish love an oxen, or an oxen love a fish, a tale. The tale that would never end. For we look to ourselves, only to find we in need, to be as we are. To for fill ourselves, if we take and take. Not to give back something of ourselves, then how can we be happy. So, by the three, one looking outward and two thinking of their day. The reflections of the reflection were showing some light but not the answer. For the answer is through the sands of our times, where drift in space. That we are becoming as oxen and as fish, taking side of what is right and what is wrong. A state of affairs that government talks, could do little when it is only up to us. The little children at heart, finding a balance. The more time moves, the more change. The more I must find a balance in change. Old visions have there place, may be more than in time and space, said a new piece of dust from the room outside the room, in its way. Making waves in the waters of tomorrow, some fish swim, but there must be a rule on everything. Therefore, the oxen and the fish went to the sperm bank. They got money because the little boy made a film about them. It was as in a dream shown in every town, television, and cable in the country. However, the story is not a happy one because the fish had seven fishes who became frogs after one year. Swimming in the ponds that they built together. The neighbors called the police, because of the humming all day and night. The two who were so much in love once, had to go to council. Every day and paid, through their eye lids to keep their children together. They were in much need of a holiday. To sunny Queensland were they could hum, for free. The film industry which

was there, and business is business. So they got in there car and began to drive. With their mobile phone and television and their radio tune to 100 fm on the dial because it sounded like the right station. But this story has good end because they drove others out of the state and out of the mind. Still old friends ring them up, from time to time, saying remember me. How could I forget you. Still I didn't give back my page on Stain. And how he made a mess, in the name of love. After they explained that, they need the pages to rap a piece of fish. It was an old book for an old girlfriend, who was in town for that day. Her birthday, mazel tov. She was as old as the hills. Overlooking the castle of the frogs parents in Noose. Where the filmmakers are of course. Just before the four-track highway march through, our town here, in beloved Noose. One of the town meeting said. Where no one meets, and so it was pass five to one. In favor of this, as he was not an investor of too much land, waste or sandhills. He did not think of clearing the fishponds in that area. Just for a highway to lead nowhere by the sea. Now people, and for that matter animals, including fish and frogs. Swim in the water of life around that area. Not knowing if they should bottle, the water and exported it. To balance the books, so they can back there old friend, and bill someone else for the book, on Stain. Stain himself was a big sterner. For the blood freely flowed even after the second world war. People who where lost, in the salt mines in search of water. For their fresh water fish sandwiches never, knew how sweet the smell of roast popped wheat could me in the morning. After a hot shower and melted cheese toast. The union was so poor, that they only paid in salt. Imported from Russia, and we now know that was not too far from the mines. Each and everything, was black. From the tar which surrounded the roads. Two roads, one going in, and one going out. The trouble was, they were both on the side road of the draftsmen. And one could not see with all that salt. Still the salt pack was signed on the line. So instead of troops guarding, the road going in and the same road going out. We stood in line, trying to make scents of it. With all the sakers for the salt, of course. With all that salt, there was no time for pepper. Pepper was the only thing a good Russian would need. If he wanted to make a pepper pack. However, where there salt, and water there you must find your shakers. Hands going this way and that. Moreover, of course, my friend with the new SAN missiles. We can talk about the salt and pass the pepper for the odd fish here and there. Nevertheless, the Unit of the world, at that very moment in time depended on the SAD (salt and dope). Everyone thought it was the S.A.N.D.. Agreement named after that famous thinker John Sands. This we thought was the turning point. No sand, no sea, just be free. And free it was as the man Armstrong walked on the moon, his first words as I recall after stepping down from the rocket ship was, " shit what was that?" " A great step for man, but a better step for the whole of human kind." These kind words were because you could, hear or see anything but the rocket. As I was looking at the breasts of playboy, think to myself there never have those on the moon in my time. The captain closed the door, there on the moon. We now have given the world what they need, sand rocks and more sand. It shocked all my time of growth, to find that the moon was not made of cheese. However, you could make a fortune, if you had money to want getting up there. Moreover, the BBC in their newsrooms. With all the smoke pouring out of there rooms and ash trashes. In this

crazy world you have to be there to enjoy it. Even the war in Iceland stopped on that great day. The trouble with that war was if they should send the ice cubes to Cuba. To make ice tea, and to balance their books. They would send back cubic square of salt, in a hope that they

could keep the cigars. The power is in the taste, and the Mexico government, France exports black cigarettes, what the hell, the world was going up in smoke, as a trade. The black forest was red to be without leaves and going black. Therefore, we got in our sailing ships and show that if we can fly to the moon. We can sail around the world for half price, with petrol or drinking water. The seas rocked and rolled wishing for better times. In the streets, where the empty packs of butts lined the drain holes of the system. Left something to be in hope for. More rubbish. The party of understanding, had not hit us. If you leave a mess, pick it up, and recycle. Charlie what a mess? Six days on the road and no sleep insight only bags of salt. Good for the heart and good you the mind. So if we had to balance the books, we Australia chopped down trees, dig open coal mines, and iron ore for U.S. smokes, in the red pack. Plus a cover from the H bombs could help a little too. All over the city and country we would see the lone man on his horse smoking cancer made cigars, saying join me, in this bend country. I may not make it, through the night with the cough of expression on his lips. My friend, we fought this war so man may live, in harmony with the ones he loved. With his six pack by his side. If only I didn't have to wake, in the morning, to see my gory. Miles and miles, of papers, but what for. The mess with still in the mind, from the night before. Blood on the doorstep, I think the cat was breaking its teeth, on the milk bottle. May for the bottle of jam, in search of the sweet smell plums and honey, but who was one to complain. The fish were still bitter with too much salt. Tomatoes is what one need, a voice call out. From across the mountains of hope, be still, be still, we will. Catch the odd couple being thrown out the window. The next door neighbors said," but overall, they were just dancing shadows of the night. "Moving to the music of love, as only an old bottle of oil on the body will tell. Up down in out the shadow did call. And the next door people looking, and saying, " if only we could to that? " " Is it their house its on fire?" Or was it, just dancing shadows in the night, of what is right but never wrong. Two steps, forward. One back and the rain comes down, in the best of times. You could say singing in the rain, if you shower with the dishes of the day. Dream and dream, we dream all night, we dream all day, who am I to say. Romantic speaking a rose is just a flower, and of some sweet hearts, are roses. Flowers in time, as one heart speaks to another. Little can be said, but changing wheels of fortune, pass through this world. Where once stood a ocean now it is a sea. Where once stood a sea, now it is dry land. The never ending story of around and around, to be, to be. and one may say free. But freedom is little in the express highway of mankind. Does a seed grow from a seed. Or an egg from an egg. Backwards, forwards, the time is endless. Before it began in a fog of mist, on the plain of hope. In with understanding, we must deliver the dreams of a fairer place. One has so little, one has so much, but to make do what you have. Is to make what we, who

can not. The fire still burns in search of the puzzle of misunderstanding, as a picture yet to be taken. The film must come to a negative before the possible photo is arrived. Count the stars in the heaven, there are one. One of the same. All in a mass. But a part. To find the link which is the key, is. To search for the key which is the key. But why look, when then is so much to be thankful for. Without light, a flower would not grow. Without love we would not be, the same. A balance of an account, which may have left behind. In the transfer of coming, and going which we are all.

Chapter 11.

A piece in the massive map of society of our planet. This planet we call home. Look and it may come to your door. Nevertheless, not in silence, can a native wait without a spear in his hand. A fire to burn his food, and a drink to claim, the sentence of time and space. So much space between the ears of reason. But reason has its way with words. As waves of sound from the source, from the distance, all is different. From the distance, we may hear or see the truth. The truth is not to be found too deep within. For there is little a touch, to look at a picture too deep and we are touched. The form is not what is, was a shell of a form, from here to there. My my, in eyes we can see. What was clear is still clear, if one does not harden the water of time. For time we know, as a traveler. However, the traveler is not time, may but just space, or touched for a moment. Catch a ball in the middle of its flight, and it comes to the end of the passage it has travelled but it may be returned. Therefore, what goes around may come around, only if passed. The distance of the night does its only thing as stars come shining. One by one. Lost near a full moon of hope, while the spring of time is set upon my doorstep. I will laugh, I will cry, I will hope, for a time. When the waters of life so sweet a song will touch my lips again. In dreams, I have left myself. In a room of written reflection, of words. That mean more than the sum of total of understanding. Of the sum of where I have been. Moreover, where I am passing to the empty void of time. Time is not as empty; as it was; young trees grow in the shadow of older wiser one. To follow in footsteps, as footsteps in the snow, different winds blow away. Only to hide, the once walked. Catch a baby in a rocker. He laughs, he sings, and he cries. All growing pain, modes can with time. Are we older but no wiser? Wisdom comes from understanding the understood. Just as a frog has green legs. So does the distant of the rain, felt in the come of change. We can walk but never chance, a change without, within. A coin has two sides, but the odds are it will fall one side and not the other. Try to catch a teardrop, and you may have hope, in the tear? As children we are what we are, children of this world. How old, how young. we are. The odd couple I still miss, but it is a passing phase.. It is hope there is dream. In dreams, one may hope. If not a longing for what will be, will be. A rainbow has many different colors. But in one, light is of a color. Clear to see. I drive the streets of hope in search of my tomorrow, around, around, with no reason, of know. Why the streets, look the same? From different ends is an answer. Perhaps it is the dance of people going by. Somewhere in search of there here and now. Waiting to arrive in their placement of tomorrow. Which never comes to those who wait. The still of the washed clean roads, as

the car turns left than right. With the sound of the familiar music to the ear. Sounds of harmony that may disappear in the void of travel. As the music, changes course of the never-ending road that I travel. Still in search, in this troubled mind. I think not. For the road is long, the wheels are, on the ground of change. When it does? Time will tell. I am a traveler too. I come in search of hope, for me my tribe, my world, what can I give you but words. Words are more than sound. They are expression to be understood. If one is one, then one is two with inner sight of being. Being is a big word, words can be lost and words can be found. Still the hope is to be in peace or happy in the time that is ours. Now I drive the street alone, but for how long. Until the recording end. In a whole being.

The dawn of tomorrow comes to quickly for hope to arrive. Arrive it must. To swim the Dead Sea, is to heal the ocean of dread in salt. The worn can help to heal. Pan flutes of tomorrow dawn touch my ears to see. That in balance, there may be balance. As a shopkeeper buys and sells, for his price. The wheels of motion are in flight. The dove, which come knocking at the door, is just a dove in flight. Of this morning, of longing. For better than the rainbow at my window, or the bird over the lines of hope. Outside my window, still, still, I must be. For if the dove flies free, there is another. In addition, another, but never the same. The same because that is free. Moreover, freedom is in the eyes of the sailor upon open waters. The flying fish by his side. In the rolling seas which break and break upon the deck of the ship. As it sails through the storm, of passage in the root of it travel. Mine is the dry land, to watch the seas roll in the sands. Of the open beach to run as a child through the advancement of the rolling seas. To swim in the deep blue of the green. Of that which is the sea. This is for me. Raindrop of the storms, wash wet, to hear the singing of song for the old to the young. To be, just to be. Fires by open spaces, lost in time as winds weep the smoke and mist afar out to dream. Just to dream. Are as letters of misunderstanding still pass by this poet of reflection in his song. Why must the payment be so tasteless. Catch a rock in your hand and it is but a rock. Stones are only made from time. The passing of the clocks hands move for a second but never in reverse. For the heartbeat of now. Is now, calling to wind. Will it catch the child in me? Or will it move even closer to find it own path. Mine it not to search for myself I am one alone in my waiting for the dawn of time. The dawn which lover seek and never find until they look upon the water of still light. However, if looking, a grasshopper finds to peace. The true peace of the question. This is to answer in questions. Can a fish be fish without hope for being still a fish? Moreover, an ox left his tail, to find soup. People say what is yours is mine. And what is mine? I think it is better if we leave the cards on the table. Take the card, you like. However, give it back, it's only a game. And I would not play if you cheat. Besides who can play with 42 cards any way. The morning dawn as most morning do here in this small town, I call my home. Where the rivers of hard work pay back with interest. The trees still grow with there roots in the ground. The leaves trying to touch the sky. And the plant of nationhood grows like, the scene out of star wars before time was. Thought the force of being was in its front of its peace. The war of time little is known. Each

grows as empty pocket, lost in there void of time and space. Skies are clear in tune, but not be a part. As each level of thought is a different from its path. With a common bond, we are still a part. To understand that which is just like looking at the decisions of a diamond, from the outside it is white. Looking closer the light is reflected in to blue, purple, and even yellow and green, the colors of the rainbow. Each are in there world but together they are different. As an atom, a world within a world. Each has there sauce, pulsars or neutral stars, this little I may know. For this world is every change, to be still is to go backward. To go backward is not to move forward. The India of old, talked about an anti matter state where everything was backward. You died before you were born, and being born you died. In between, they must have pay you for speeding. So in the harmony of this state of mind,

One could say there is nothing left but to swim. So we do our humble job and sweep the winds that blow under our carpet. Not knowing if ants, searching for food will knock on the door of hope. To look under this dust free room. For the dust is free and everywhere. Painting in the halls of this house where no fame, apart from the faces on the television. And in the paper may allot in vision from time to time. But there are so many as Peter Piper and his band of rat. Before the employment office of this infamous rat life. For it was dull, that we would have to throw out the rubbish, because no one would look through and find what was there. For the taken more rubbish, the rats have faded. Rats, rats, rats, but not a fish to eat. My love is of searching but never finding. For if I was to find? There would be no reason to search. Therefore, in searching I may never find. a can opener for tonight's meal. Yes, down the alone doors of freedom. To the dark grey, lighten kitchen at the beginning of space. Where the ants line two by two, in search_ In search of what?. As marching men of science look here, you may find a crumb. But the queen will never hear of it, when we all have six feet, "I have seven" YOU CANT COUNT. "and why is it, the shoe business is so slow, in lost souls. Doesn't anyone hear about the marching men of our time. Lost in the void of misunderstanding only to see, seemingly water, over water. They said it is not water it is but a drop in the transfer of what is to come. Another party of drunks, spraying there in house. Jokers to no one who may we say. Nice fellow but a could not see what he was on about. May be cloud seven, or cloud nine. I was taken away. For objections, to state of mind are which is sometimes lost. Sometimes found, a fine mess of trading. One more week, of moving from one house to another. Can be a pain. So much to throw out and so little time to do it. Still it always, great to have great to have good neighbors. Who look in the window, just to see if you are wasting your time. Just like this neighborhood, where the cows roam through the streets. Eating gardens as green as they can only grow. So high, before it is eaten to dust of the never. To make a scene and get a steak knife and have a b.b.que in the middle of Deli. As the rivers of mud feed the amounting cost of deliverance. To the mountains of hope, which in the difference, a plain sandwich we may touch again, and again. Be still this heart, that beat your name.

Chapter 12.

For a name but any name is but a rose.. The peddles of time are for falling and floating
append the river. As the candle lightens boats sail, of honorably motion. Of memory fade in
to the distant corner, of the river's run. And out to seas of the conformed and voyaged. As
the ship, which never came back. From its maid voyage appears. The candle still burns as the
light disappears, down the river of this only in a dream. Wishing I could see, "but there are
rows in front and behind" The all knowing ant, said under his breath. Still there always
tomorrow's roast. If the shopkeeper on the edge of time allows. Marching in for the next on
the menu. Food, food, chained by the seat of knowing. Where the next meal is coming from.
Oh how people, work and work. Only to eat the product of what they have worked a week. "
In the salt mines there is history. The mountains where only a few may achieve touch,
heaven here on earth. To dream, to dream. If not to escape the endless miles of road in,
darkened by the highway of this time. The flash of red or blue, yellow or green just lights of
tomorrow. Passing through the night, in the highway of what was mine in just two days and
two nights. Before people, on the street must I. Be going somewhere so, as they walk
through the tear drop of empty

lonely streets. In emptiness, there is hope of a better days ahead. When the soul can touch
the fire and call out I have (been there and done that) Now I find myself; in search of new
ground. In a house I do not own. With little chance to catch the wind and sail the waters of
hope. This lonely man, this lonely man with only a handful of true friends. But at one time,
there were many. How the wheels of time, bend as the fork of the road. I see to well, the
empty eyes calling. To follow his own dream and not to be a slave to somebody else's
dream. But we are all slaves to this or that. We who are on the road of life, must care for the
visions of empty void, is many. So many care but for the moment. Hark I think I hear Karl
Marx, or one of the Marx brothers. " why a fish? why a duck? " Call it what you will, but it is
a race, where we are going. In little is of little care, but everyday there more care. Recycle
the mess of time and the mess disappears into color of white light, broken in to its only path
of meaning. And nothing has meaning for everything has changed. Yet the dove of
tomorrow, with the branch of an olive tree leaves. Flying home to see the other animals. I
have found the land, its not much. Just a tree on a mountain, but its dry. With a guy with a
four vocx can in his hand. Still this tree must grow. As all before it, has its change to keep its
destiny. Clouds, over the mountain, I pray for water. In a dream, I left my post. In search for
the river that runs through Red Clouds land. For he was a strong and brave chief In the
times, when the river of blood. Ran with our peoples lives then I was Red. Still as we would
say human. For we had honor. If a braves face was covered in paint then he could die for his
cause. The mask was to hide the faith, which was under lined. Tribe men in battle went to
the great hunting ground in the sky between earth and sky. Then, why is it the brave should
return to the earth. Which my the spirits under clouds of tomorrow are ours by right. You

can see that I am an old soul, of the wind and the rain. Who has been many different lives and plains on this our planet. As in time those space in life still are a part of me. As a prince of Orr soon to be king I was killing in battle, as an arrow touch my heart. Through the double lining, a spear, which was made from brass not iron, touched. As in, the heaven's scanning the different occurrence of movement. In the balance of scale, to the fact of enlightenment. To what must be, and what is coming down. This I am. In this life I have studied my genres of which I am in this life. And have found my people to be the people who are of keeping the book. Small people in number, but as many as the stars in the sky in wisdom. It is not to say, that what is right for me, is not right for you or vice versa, in the balance of the wind. Does not the leaves, catch the wind, and the wind catch the storm. Just another lonely writer, writing something that a vision. In dreams is to far away, from telling the truth. My looking, that the picture in right frame of mind, does it not spell the unlimited of the links of limit within us. As human kind, for we grown as weeds. In little occurrence of order. If here on the earth, we are, to this time. There is war, there is famine, and little have hope much have sadness, still every woman needs her child, every man needs his lover, and every lover needs hope. What can one watchmaker hope to do to repair time. The wheels are shaky, there is ware and tare. In the escapement of ration, to the fiction of time movement. The end stones need oiling, and the hole movement is not keeping time. The whole order of the universe to the on locker is without order and much time escapes. Time traveler polluted the history we live in out. Not understanding that they pollute themselves in a holy unordered. No one can see because time is a constant and we change within it, good old Henry Ford $E=MC^2$, Even through his name was

Albert, who grew his hair long and had affair or two. Stepping on toes left, right and without form. With the understanding, that the outer limits of here and now, was name after him the Einstein belt, and what matters, matters inside. Here in the forest of limited weeds, we sit and watch the fish swim the pools of reflection only to be eaten in true time. Of course there are horses for courses. May be they should get riding skills and watch the horses fight for the mess, which was in there hands, the time before. When in balance, there was little in, the waters of unbalance. As there was little full stop with each, a question. We are at the cross-roads of surrender, in finding our way. For as a flower opens to flower and drop its seed, the scent of enlightenment is there before it happens. A flower by any name, is part of the order of time. We freeze coffee beans, so they may grow. And grow they do, in cotton threads of hope. The answer is not to catch the wind, but cover the houses, from where the wind must pass. Roman on the edges of time is dead, in grey matter. For they drank from the lead poison, of which a cup of wine was made of only to watch, Rome in flames, by the sound of strings in the bliss of night. A candle burns for the hope of the dawning of age. Are we to slow for time, or is time to slow, for us? For the watching of sunsets and sunrises, of the only space which is ours, we can see. To have and to hold until death, do us as dinner, in the hall of tomorrow allotment, in the calling. For rain only falls down once, again, and

again. All time is ruled by love. A four letter word that only cows walking in the rain can dream about. As I in their reflection.. In fulfillments of time, is not in vain. I have done much. I can drink from the cup of hope. To see the middle of my visions, glow, as in a dance around . To no beginning and/or no end. For it is in the music that I dance. As a body moves, and the butterfly in Paris has to say hello, on the Internet. If only I had her E-mail address, a mode, to the phone for member. Still butterflies move, so why not the sun behind the clouds of energy. As the plain climbs, the sawdust of transfuses of petrol being dug in, answers to the questions. Each and everything matters, even anti matter, which is a waste of time, as the picture of star track moves afar from the vision of what was will be, if only in time. The void of endless space can keep a child to drink, and think what if? A planet like ours, but is it, does it. In so many ways, we are parts of light, and light is apart of a wave of form we are. Forms are all or less. I liked it more, when the seas parted and the empty sound of downing was everywhere, but to hear and listen. Children cry in dreams of hope, never understanding the why. In time they to will be old as oranges in fields of purple sunsets. In wishful yellow waters of eighteen moons, and a pie, and a can of beer. To touch, as the football is kicked back in time. The deer dances in the rain, and we are left in our own memory bank, only to deposit and withdrawn. As long as we pass, the tax and balance the account, at the end of the month we are in heaven. Catch a falling seed. It just a seed. Grow it may, heaven knows, but does it care? A wise person said plant a seed and watch it grow. How is the tomorrow of yesterday, going to find us. Why and what of the dream. For in a dream, we may never meet, if we have not. Escape into the inner matter and you find the odd couple, swimming in contentment to hope, of there here. Tomorrow, as in passing of a passage. What of the inner mind, little is to touch. For happy is the man who is happy. Sadly every space for this, in the matter has time, from end to end The rainbow is, as a fish out of water. In a pool of light looking out to see. If the oxen is alive, and alike in many way. For instance the tail of the two, where alike, except once under water, both could find the

balance of swaying. From side to side, without getting lost. In the different currents passing by. Such as the river of mud, at the end of the house. Built on that very hill were they stood.. Except the view was covered over, by the newer building that the council passed. All except that family were obtained. As that, was the week of fish and chips. And without the fish for the frogs, all was lost. Including the patches of green grass, growing in the middle of the landscape.

Chapter 13.

To enclose the swamp. Where the spaceship, could land in the form of a tree. Debarking its way back to nature. This is the very reason, to come to a place of longing and love. Little is the copy of a country, where such as this? Where time and flowers grow in the ocean of

happy tides that is. That was never to cross the void. of unhappy childhood. In the forest of greener pastures, for this I can say. As for the oxen, he is not a cow. For and only cows give milk. Except for all the other mammals, such as the goat ,the pig , and of course human beings. The odd of all the misunderstood beings in time. For they travel to distant places, and never have the time to look deep within. And do what they need, to survive. In stead they grow poison for there world. Because only there gone tomorrow. Some are close to knowing, the secret between the distant, of how, here and how far. In the very being of what is, coming over, as a flower in a garden of sand. They came to drop there lack, of being on this a planet. Floating in the cloud of gas, on a shoestring accounts of just, is in for the fact. It is and was nothing. From the beginning except, an expert, in the mosquitoes of half an atom for you and half and atom for me. You took to many. And watch the shares go up, if this chart on the window is any thing to go by. Still being born, is first prize. And they say no one makes it out alive. Indians. to the left Indians, and to the right. As the happy gardener forgives and forgets to hut. The smoke from the top of the mountain, rises as the rocks of the here and now. Rolls down to the ocean of transaction. As a mirror passing, under another mirror to see. But all that is covered is blue, and not green, in the focus. An eye in the image, that passes, through, to the heart beat of weeping of flowers on hills. Each had its moment said the sun. As a picture can tell a thousand words without speaking. So can a bowl of rice. Tales of the fires burning, by lighten streets. Of no name, for names by passing can change. As they must. And fogs climbing out of mist and haze are as they seeming in a maze. Children playing little games, to find where the attention, of drops of water are coming from. For rain, only rains, when the rain is here. In passing it will never be the same. You in, your world. As for me I am filling in the space between the ears. But in laughter a frog sings, to catch its meal. Of a fly, and the waiter waits, says not another fly in my soup. Why am I sitting here, watching bugs swim. When I could be out there in the heavy mist with my sailing boat. Screaming, help, help, Cost as the blue light flashes. And the bottom of the sea drains out. Of the old pipes which hold it on the voyage which is now. Lost and no way back. Here in space I can touch feel but not see. Why, because my eyes are closed. And I wish only to see the bottom of the harbor, an archer in the rock minds of salt.. And for this, they pack the little pink tables, in the draw Saying, next time darling take the white one. As our first dance, as ice cube, or dry ice smoked the room. .He and her made it the kid is his brother to match. Still the crowds of on lookers, could not believe the dance. Of the two making lions brave, with there love. As an ocean filling the honeymoon's love of the room, As outside the world felt a little wiser. As having know the couple before, they move house. With little candles lighten, for next day the cake arrived. A package with two diamond rings, one for

him and one for her. Of the wisdom of our fathers to invest in carbon, not that there is much on the other side of the universe.

But what little treasures are these, as towers in a shower of hope. Dreaming the where and wherefore of promise. Of things to come. As the red flag, for years of war, is washed out. Until it turn green then blue then white. As a star being born in hope, of obtaining the understanding. Of how and share a coconut until its bear of milk. These are things I wish, with not a drop, left on the grounds of shorelines, in dreams ,of islands in the sun. Hoping to favour the weather, then whether to watch the sun, going down under rising dreams. Of what will be will, in time may have come down As a rolling moss only sees a rolling moss. In this a world of little thought of out plans. So as to the smoke, from the heat and burnt out planet. Gets recycle over and over again, and the new life is that of the old. Looking just looking, but never finding the answer to the question. Now much is a glass of water, without a fly in it.

As the elephants climbs over the snow of the motherlands. In search to roam to Rome. The distant heavens ask in reflection saying cool keep cool, over ice and wind. The only place is to keep, what ever the out come. The fruit of the tree is of life. This is as a wing on a bat. In the battle of spaceship lost in dreams of void. Calling, calling, for the calling of tomorrow.

It must come. But to which harbour, in the light of which that is known. The lines of tomorrow are draw, in the sand. Here on this planet we are one, said the ant unto the hill. Which one finds its way. The ant that climbs, or the mountain that has obtain, but is not to be moved

Apart from the space between the ears, of hearing, the lighting flash. By the river of Monday's cooking. Still the waters are still no more than. the wave of climbing. Shocked in the mainframe of this a clock work of universe. In time, lost the captain and his trusted crew. Technical advice says leave the parting for next two pages, are filled in sky of hope. Nothing is left to change except the sea loins and the horse that danced. Where children, play in the streets of hope, there is time change. And the change must come, within.

Yes who can say, what will happen. The fore sight of being losted in the sixty. To night as the flash of car lights, appear on the horizon. On the pulse of beating time, moving as quick, as a frog on a motorcycle. I could have seen the truck moving, different directions. And not cause the accident of being at the right place, at the wrong time. The blue flashing light, with the words of you'll be o.k.. Just breathe slowly and think it a dream. Once through the door of the hospital.

Rushed through, blood bleeding, samples of this and that, time is always, so long after the scene of the movement, of vibration, of an accident. Weak, with the leg up, with the weight of a piano and a brick holding the bone in place. And everytime this patience moved the bone broke. As the bleeding of marrow was felt. The dark room of silence, touched the heart. As the light danced around, and around. Reflection in the mindless state, as in madness. The light became in to fish, then sharks. And through the general terms as a cartoon, dancing with no end. Where the state of misunderstanding. Of what in reflection was a bad trip. As a rubbish bin, with no air, in a vacuum. Becomes less so it was. That my recall what a mass of energy were. With no where to go. Profits write twisting words, to suit there state of being. The only being was the nurse with the bed pan. Knowing that some, will spill in the bed. Of where I must have lay, with no radio, no vision to see is, what is to believe. For the dancing shadows of, focused on an old man in the next bed,

massdebating, heaven knows why. The nurse of different tongue, saying take these for the pain. Let me see there are blue ones, ones of white, red and orange. But no english in sight. In the morning a few friends of that country, came to play music. By my bed side in a hope of that, he may survive, they were thinking. Instead of playing, for the one they came for. The feeling of hope melted in to the ward around. As in a dream I remember the man in the desert saying if you play and I like, I no pull in the gun. Turning my head, away from the hole of beginning and end, of the gun. If you want me to play, my fee is not expensive, a glass of water, a smile, a laugh. In these days, my friend. The strings of life, are cheap, can you look in to the sky, and say what do you see? Can you picture the next day. The day always came, may be not on time, but came it did. As the bricks of weight became more and more. The spray of perfume from the burning of redness of waiting, just waiting. Months turn in to

years, years turn be in to minutes. Of no recall in wanting to remember the work before. Now, still as the tide in a dry ground, of hope and pray. Visions of, what to be. One with the cartoon on the reflecting wall. It was just as a dog looking for water. Only to find the pray of mosques, and the bells of the candles burning, in my heart to get out of this mess. Onions cry tears of joy when crying to please. But the peanuts, at my door, are as soup, in a pie of conformance. The hands come together in the say thank kind sir, for passing the point of return. To come in to this land where once, a war regained. And a scents of being, as the soccer in the tame, bless land. Of which I was born as a lamb in the fields of red blood washed out too. For all to see. The onion cries it tears of joy as not to be a salad on the table. Of blue colour of red flags on the October of year of no reason. Left my mark on the wall, once, twice. We share this a space of mindless waiting. Mindless waiting, the end is still the beginning in dreams. As wheels within wheels, the seconds become no different. As a boil egg of which way, can it be crack? Left to right and back again. The fly in my ear spoke, but could I hear the ears of not interest, in the edge of time. Ward, B or C, no different. The dancing shadow did call, come, come back. So much is under the table, that the blind man turned his bowl of were he washed. And ate the dream of never knowing. On that he never found the road to the western front, in the code of silence, for this heart beats. Waves of water, as visions of lost cities under sands of blown castles of rain, pass by me again. The forest of hoping and longing of the time which is now is just a grain of dust in the working of an eye of a storm. Must I wait, in waiting, I have found the first step, in to deep water of lonely time. Good and bad, words are as clouds forming in the white winter of snow and ice. Half a miles from here, sat the man, with his bowl turn over. If I stand on this, it will. In reflection, not grow as a seed of, keep to the track of memory. Lonely nights, lonely days, words float as a flee on the oil stained of blood. Pools of thought wash visions of Christmas by the sea. As the mountain wearing in history . So clouds of threads turn this earth around, never giving what they gave for the crude of the wind. It is as a smile in the water hole, to say his is longer the same as than of mine, how does one cope? Flashes in the dark, running down rays of light of the dawn in to a faded dream. It is not, as one would wish. Ten toes up and ten toes down, stain the walls of longing for the next pocket to pick. Is that in this live. Or is there foundation, as a tree grows with its flowers in the sands of time. So to do as foot steps by hot springs, which shoot from the rock formations. Of running ground forms, which tame the inner

Chapter 14.

heartland's of one broken in to pieces. Papers blown way, as not reasoning the void of consumption, of the broken water falling. In great high of falling, falling through matter of little purpose, but as energy radiating as an atom or the sun. The near or far reach of twilight in double balance of ones native tongue, such were this, the writing on the wall. Films of little pursuit, but in the formation of being on time. For between the dawn of lighten energy is a real thought process. As reflection in a water pool, dripping through the glass has form. So it was in the dole office, UB 40, UB 10, ID sign here. The forms run from

the questions of why to the questions of why not? I could only sign with three X's, for the finger was crossed. Over the pen as a cross between a snake and a dove. Both have through their ways, but which is which. If all that is present is not what it appears. Then to make scent one would need a translator. Sign it is for the good? The good of what, mankind, him, me, or someone else who mattered not to me. In the confused state of a fair, the tramlines of tomorrow where still here on the tracks. And so left my the grape vine of society, left in drinking what was left the time before my time. White mud from a bird in flight, touching my coat of many colours. As the sea parted I was wearing a wet suit in case I may get wet. Although the sands be drip dr. Why say can I say? What has passed we can only save. By the shorelines of mud houses in dearth of castles in the air. The silence of mud brick being make in the real hot sun, was more than a hope. Because it was made, in the enlightenment of passed. But now lost on the sand banks of the every changing river of clear, water mud. Have you hear of muddy waters in the blue covered sky of Russia or Germany. Still waters once crossed, is still water even though it be mud. But from mud bricks this, my castle in the sky was formed in search of better times. When all good children could hold hands around the world, look up to the sky and say deep down, in their hearts, " shit what a mess, look at all the rubbish around? " Picking up the toe truck from the endless streets of lighten lights in a row. In this place there is never an accident, except what the cat left on the chair, "more shit". The children dance in the middle night sun around and around it. Saying it wasn't . " More, more! " As the blood of bleeding noses broken from the iron hand. Cuts from the top point of the nose smashing down, down upon the concert hall. Then a kick to the head as the body is falling. But don't worry he be off the floor, by the hour of twelve. The room broke into two, those who wanted to brake heads and through who wanted to brake heads, threver more. Blood was with, of cause, especially when the only rock broken were at the exposed covered sands, of that beach in the peace of mist and time. As waved covered and washed out the mess of out to sea seas Of satisfied people waiting, just waiting. To see the morning sun rise, with the sound of angels on wings, of petrol rolling in_ To the back the movement of dead ants in the wild. With just a dust down in which time forgot. A cover from the midday sun. And the horse roaming free as cattle in search of water. Dust in the back of the mouth, as sands grains are swallowed, as sand paper on a chalk board. And the bloody sand is washed away. Then the light in the distant comes ever closer, not knowing if its a bus or a train. "Who cares?" Said the guard. On the table top over looking the view from space, our section, in view. The water was made on Earth? Why not candles, burn in churches, Churches stand on hills. If it was blew by wind it needed water to wash, the. Earth? " Earth doesn't say much? " The ray gun of his all being, in the inner thoughts of my little small mind. He knew what 1 was going to

say, " Who cares? Eskimos! " We have murder half your people and your talking Eskimos!" Eskimos have the same tribal customs as us they screw around for six months waiting for the weather to change, and if it don't change they just screw. It must be all the whale fat,

between there the missing pieces of their tax out system. Still the bottle was not of this world, too much for one heart to bear. A white fur on the ground, as the ants eat the eyes of that which was this being once. For it saw its future in health and joy. But now only listen to sound of whales. As if a fish violins in the distant playing. If time stood still and on was nil, the violins would still be playing As Rome was a burning. What no hope of elephants passing over this hill. Let's turn back the wait. Till the spring and the tourist come. We can dance naked in the sun and become red all over. Few persons have read that much that much in ten or twenty life times. To know, shit floats and falls down on the ground even more than water,. Dust from a burning star at the edge of time is in view of the P.C. of life, but there is no more. Not to smell rubber in the tree until you can see it? Not to call an ace a spade, and not to watch too much T.V.. Why because you may become that which you become, or the sound of one mind clapping. Next time I am going to put a sign outside this planet, " if your looking try the second planet, two galaxies way. " With the smell of rubber in the hands I left my post. Only to cross the open space of the never, never. In search of that tree, the one the guy carved out his name on. William the concert maker, or Simon the teller, said " I am sorry sir, but the bank is closed. And you can't get any money out, use your visa. " Ten toes up and ten toes down and I have to use my visa, but only if the number is good after hours. So after ring head office, we work out, the problem was in the programming. The number can be reach after climax. Climbing to the top, in an effort to find the source of the problem. Lead me to believe the problem was in the box. But which box. All with their own shapes and sizes, in the ocean of life. Walking in and out of my door like, candles in the dark showing the age I was. I counted a hundred percent, they were all there. All in all, some had hair growing on them. saying to myself, " if only I could grow hair on my head? " I have tried so much, shaving cream, soap cream, even wine more than ten years old. But little improves life more than sex, sex, or seven, it must be a miss print. And through the pages of thought, I could see a little man on a typewriter think of sex. Inner the back of his mind, he could have been from New Zealand, counting sheep. In the confines of the mountains of hope. Under the sheets of which are stain, following the embarrassment of keeping time, in the holy disorder of this state of affairs. Still the finger is pointed. As not to know that only a ray of hope. Such as a carrot on a stick, dancing to the foot steps of the horses in the park lands of a overseas park, of where is a state within itself Naked the ape was before it was the future. Losted in a fog, with no way back. To the open pit of the coal mine of the water hole of yesterday. Still, be still this heart that beats out the calling of the forest of darkness. As the lion of the jungle can be wired, wide as a train. In the night which never passes as the head light burn into the dark side of the track. We came out of another worm hole, as Cliff Richard was singing the hills are a live. And the space between my ear left in a void of sound. So started, dancing with Helen Rubinstein by the mist clearing in the distant. I knew the own way was to confront and conform. Conformed to what the space, a space with in a space, was. As the wheels turn around of time, never to touch the space which was. This, then was my quest, to waste time not, into void of nothing. Just to waste time itself, as cat lying on the road. Waiting for

the next train to come in the split of the park zone of once more. In the lighten force of time 1 came, to the connection that if flee is not a flee why is a cat in fur, but not a pig? For the pig drink to much, and flees look for cats in their fur. If for instance, a car has five wheels. One of which is in the back. In case the owner is a good counter, he will only count five turning. Maths was always my good subject. Before the teacher would come to the answer, I would throw it out as fast as I could. The problem was I was so fast that sometimes I would come out with the question before the teacher could. To, which made the kind sir, very mad, he would turn red and beat the blackboard saying, "Wait for the ANSWER BEFORE THE QUESTION?" "Yes Sir, but what was the question." Beating the board with white chalk smoking out from the back of the board. "Get out before I put you out." And children of expression turning there heads with there penis tongues poking out. As the hand waves good bye. And out of the room, the door through the garden of no return. To the bus stop of transits. Waiting for the bus to the airport, all a board where the plane goes, no one can tell. Chained to the seat as in transits of the never ending highways to the sky. Far, far below the ants are still searching for that piece of pie, or what is left, as we sit at the active degree of forty-five, never knowing if we will brake through, the sky which boarder the outer air of transist. Here we are, as the plane straighten to the sound of the jets and brakes. Nice trip, but we were here, but we begin. "Thank you for flying friendly skies. " " We hope you enjoy your stay? " Down the steps of a thousand lands to the sound of the armies, marching in time. Welcome captain. If only it would be, what they say. If they could talk, but to busy, watching the storm coming, oh how the winds have blown. The only cover is under a tree, but the trees are blown away. And the sound of hail, losted stones of ice, falling on heads in search of cover. Hail castling the way home. In the daytime we may see the road. For all roads lead somewhere, as heaven only knows! Down the streets of unwinding, balance by seas. In which one storm claims the waves. Left to dream and think of the first time we meet, for there is a first time for everything. A time to sing, a time to dance, " Zobra did you say dance? " Next door to the left. And wipe up the mess when, your found the chain. The pages of books on the walls, for no reason. But to say gee, someone must have been here before, look I know those, breasts anywhere. White pawn, to king three checkmate. Come my friend, if not in check it may get wet. The storm was still in the blowing, as my friend was throwing his knife in the door. The marking on the wall, indicate that man is not alone. Next to him there is another mate drinking, just drinking. Watching the world go by. Watching for another bus, to appear. About the middle of the station. In transit, doing what is known in the business as travelling, words rush by, buy this or that, and the price is for you to see. As the laughing of the mirror men, callings out for air. In every bottle or a glass ever way, you pay and pay and pay. The bill comes free. Looking disbelief the amount, on the page was the same, as in my hand. Which means you bought the right amount, so 1 can leave without, to much thus. A little hear a little there you can cut more than you take, if you take it slow. Thus the ants came moved mountains, if the river is long enough to cross. Three children

crying in the mid after noon on a Sunday. Is there some way out? This thing, to wake to after a splitting headache. Why the crying, heaven knows, may be its the time to feed the dogs.

Chapter 15.

The children sitting on the dinner table, with their meals every where but the plates. Saying "We want, we want food now." So we share the beans around "Beans, beans, beans, the more you eat, the more you need them, except at the afternoon table. Pass the salt please and take the feet off the table. Mud on the top, mud on the floor you think, the rain would stop. The ants are still, marching two by two, down the street which has no name. The sign is white washed, down the street lights flashing to the wet, wet, wet, everywhere but in the rain. For rain falls if only we could here. The drops are pouring down, washing, everything that was washed before. In the still, of no sound the rain has stopped. If only we could see where the ants hide, in the dance, after the storm. After every storm there is calm. And the sun comes shining through the lining of the clouds. Braking new grounds the band of five, started to play in the park. From where I was, the sound was pleasing. As violins, strings of the heart played. The flowers rolled back and forward in the light, which was now here. " Daylight come, and I want to go home. " Daylight come, come, pull up the sheets, so I don't get cold. My love is just like that Island in the middle of bay. In claim waters with the reflections of that day. If love is a four letter word, what for, why not give it three letters more, and the sun comes one again. " Blue, blue my world is blue, blue is my world, " now the sun has come out. Reflections on the water, reflections in her eyes, reflection of what will be, in this world, reflections. Dove of the night falling, still another night alone in this my room. All alone in dreams of each. Tear drops cry a little louder. Tears are like rivers that flow from somewhere, falling in to the sands of time. As drifted sands, hiding from the other blowing sands. In winds of lost minds, roads, roads and more bends in the road. Mindful I court the wind passing by my open car window. In reflection , I was here and there at the same time. Which was time, two foot steps on four roads, Crossroads, as the lights danced through out the night, in the film clip of my mind. Time was lost. The time was now, LOST IN THE FORTY. Forty two be right, and I thought I was twenty two for the pass twenty years. Sunrise sun set, still the sun does rise.

The game of life can be complex in some form or another. Some things we never know. Some things we have to have them through and the fax may be sealed to such an extent that you will only understand after 20 or 30 years. How it all came together and what it was people moving mysterious ways the Russians had to dinner plans. And if they didn't achieve the 10-year plan that put the extension of another 10 years now things are almost instantaneous where a 50-year plan would take in about 3 years or a year and a half with effect on. Once you have that. where things are changing at the speed of light sometimes they can erect a house in a matter of hours where it our Dads day would take a matter of months to years still the technology is not headed down to everyone it was only in those Fields we're knowledge is INXS to the ways pursuing a better and constructive. Mana and field in itself I

remember being taught for 12 years and having to teach someone all of that I knew within 8 hours and that person a younger brother maybe have more knowledge inside.

A bit of years of accumulation that I have learnt but not everything is passed down. Not everything can be passed down in fact. when I was studying watch making there was a thing called the fuser chain in a fuser time piece or watch which was a development of a time in early 1830's dates differ eased with a mainspring to drive the actual mechanism was balanced in the efforts of pushing the wheels to make the time through the balance efficiently that of a percussion time by having a counteract of a few see chain instead of an actual spring. Although it had a spring you in such of time this technology of how lost how they made the spring or the wire has been lost in time at that stage what I was taught back in the 1970. They could not and fail to know about how to make them. Now days they have spare those with technology to overcome the understanding and can make anything now one wishes. There is something about thinking it through and getting apparatus that are more appropriate. when is Mt. way there's a means and return for better things to come today's technology goes at the speed of life and things require inside and knowledge for the betterment of the human race and all of in it. Springs in whatever form that may be dear to friends and associates of the leader of the game of life. Can be complex in some form another? Some things will never know some things we have some saved through and the effects by the shield access in extended you lolly to understand. After 20 steps of Resister years saying hello can be together reward. It was people not moving this serious ways of the Russian head taken plans and it's I did much. Is a ticket plan and public sensitive another 10 years now things are all my sister tailors were a 50-year plan. Who will take about 3 years and a half was a sect somebody that we have things. Of changes, you get this pleasure of light sometimes take a director of house no matter of hours. Where in our bad would take a matters months to years still the technologies is a moment. Mum and dad as everyone is a sale knows feels weird knowledge. This is in to the ways of pursuing and better and constructive manor in field a in itself. I remember a thing short for years and having to teach someone all of the news is 8 hours. That person younger barramundi and more Dulwich is inside and is everything. one is reticulation but I have learnt forgot everything as passing town the river's road to think every part down in sex.

With studying watch making it was awesome called the fuses, which is a development of the time pleasing with the mainstream. The drove drive the actual mechanism was balanced in the rest of pushing the wheels to make some time to the balance efficiently by having a contract contact. of a fuses jade instead of actual spring rolls I would have a spirit inside of time of this technology some how's they made either spring of the wire. In two barrels winding. The timer 10 turns that stage would was taught back in the days. The could and couldn't decide about our mason taps bad indeed needs as would technologies of overcome the younger. stadium can make it as is the best of the that of thinking of through and getting or appropriate the apparatus with is always is a means and return the better things to come as a pet timeline goes into speed of real time lightening things. The choir inside and knowledge for the betterment of the year the driven and all of. Springs in what is a full moon I did be privileged to have clear water. Yes has must the walls in to have subject is not all have clear seawater of the ocean. The ocean should be drained out of the plastic and efficient Javier voluntary free environments. Winfred the in season the ocean and the likes in the rivers season 2 days abundance has all problems should be sold as well. So winter dhal understanding throw compromise lighting with his itself to know something in the Tattersall's to actually feel it to build. it and use it to the best of your knowledge would like a rolling stone galvanized also conditioner such as well leaving in someone beautiful time.

Elizabethan time catch bit of course will it give her can understand it allows lily caressing hill whistling properties a rise.

It said that sometimes truth is worse than Fiction. To understand and comprehend I was struggling to get into the music industry and my father would give me low wages whatever the award was \$50 a week for maybe 70 80 hours a week. you've working oh and when are they found out that I wanted to be a in the music scene his view this I should be in the streets such he frowned upon it and I laughed at me as a musician I took it with a Grain of salt and continue working for hardly any return long hours. After the hours of work to perform a different venues with the association that I was with of that time the streets Poets of Melbourne. But after a prospective of secular distributing some of my music one person had found my underground releases and some of my work and have faith in me because he was an entrepreneur from New York flew in having a lavish party meeting of which 45 Australian performing rights Association of Australia member of course introduce me to Richard himself. I was given a contract of which was it all Subject to review with a lawyer of which it's stated let's 70% of royalties would come my way let's expenses. sending reason volunteer in the tense of the writing and the grammar form although was written by an American solicitor I think it to my solicitor field wire who's great solicitor in the industry who are read the contractor over and said the everything seems to be in order and great just watch the expense that they might say take off your royalties which is fair enough. in the claws and said the day with the give me facts and figures and every move that was made and eventually I would be an independent label and would ship out product on open markets on the net as it said. It sometimes worse than fiction that to understanding comprehend I was struggling to get into music in the street. In my father wages I live under his roof as a port is a reward was \$60 a week for maybe 78 hours of a week.

Working with my mind in the sky and what's having that I wanted to be a in the music in the charts. Such he friendship deposit and the last of me as a musician to do with a greatest old and considered working. For another as I in return working long hours after the hours of working to perform a different venues with sad associations as was with that I must responses of Melbourne. the bathroom perspective circular totally discovered another one music one person heard found my only grab releases and now you of my work and have faith in media was in entrepreneur presence from which you or your music is to slowing coming to have a lavish party which I was being invited too in New York with my own stream crazy I didn't go. Which for goodbyes Australian proposing right association of Australia of course his Disneyworld to Richard himself I was giving a contract. That contract to reflect. Upon which was in also a victor review with a lawyer of which is stated that 70% of Rosen profit would not come my way less expensive. Series of Ellerslie the 10th is all the riding and the gravel for more then was written pies in the sky American solicitors. I think it might be solicitors filled wises great solicitor in the industry who are ready contractor over and said the amazing has been having been older just watched expensive but they might the taken off your regrets is which is fair enough in the clothes in to be said. The day with the intersection figures and every move that way was made.

Chapter 16.

Eventually I would be in independent label and woodchip out the suit is not affected. In the opened Melbourne office to would basically open up markets something like a cupboard of labels on each door. The weekend was up as was that and I could hear the music play the airways at the supermarket, I received a few checks. Everyone's cheque where enough for sausage dollars of American wage \$13, 20 every few months merit on a pit no figures and the legislation ledger Washington court in the contracted said I have to come to the office and see books of the year possibly so I did and the telephone so I rang a second time.

Coming to terms with the situation to be of which I rang the switchboard asking to be connected to the warehouse and i said have you got the album? I Think Its About Time I'd like to buy for my shop. Of which is central finding the floor in whole. is it was i think it's about time is it chicken soup currently see the warehouse have energy want answer the get back to you on that sell a half your days later 911 and have another music see that changed and all charts different music from the applied as that cameras for the struggling office near 911 as equestrian rang up basically and said i was again out of the contractor the 123 with you company lily this is so i had given a few more recordings of albums with him the context is it as such but i care of a rolling son days to release the witchery illegal secretary getting rid of Elijah and we got out of the contractor now was free and music was frozen. I took it to being silly by being and releasing the music again. A heart operation later feeling good that competition beech. And misunderstanding as is the business dusted to do with the relation of those 911 and nothing to do with the fact that i will have the sword expenses roaring everything. Running the whole factory as i was easy eventually I'll character and office in Melbourne actually south Yarra. Other markets is bicycles of old was a word still luckily we figures they deli zone and holly little cocktail party in yoga which i did not finances also realise little lizard is the jungle. City evolved and buffet performance lots of the class is invisible with dads of the music industry. Saturdays of which i did not supposed i got diseased money too late money and he doesn't run trees lots of leaves of which they live you on the shelf. Of course you can orchard in the answer pixelated of the grapefruit or is the bananas in the plantation i started my love sooner.

time i have a legal document which i did not just think central documents against else that i myself have a nothing. Nothing giving us a free on the wiser papers and channel into it please give me figures i wish there said we don't answer is so we're the person just to be is happy. neither transcripts too is the year quarters going to how much you want to say having so i said the watching what year was in dollars. Sorry i could not say and that way i can find to pick up the pieces to mother's tunes is just like the music tried with my live alive releases. of which one judge having cost at the trailer and company was early rotisserie the courier know who advised this is he who was done it and does it is it is it is so blocked close to laugh at the confusion of the much confusion am living and alive. And i could go on for pages and pages exploding the really full that is fundamentals religious plays. Way what's going on this is my connection to the delivered

The game of life can be complex in some form or another. Some things we never know, some things we have to have them. Through the facts although may be sealed to such an extent that you will only understand after 20 or 30 years that time putting it together. How it all came together and what it was. People moving mysterious ways the Russians had places to dinner. Plans if they didn't achieve the 10-year plan that put the extension of another 10 years on. Now things are almost instantaneous where a 50-year plan can and would take about 3 years

or a year and a half with effect on one's who knew that we have things changing at the speed of light. Sometimes they can erect a house in a matter of hours where it our Dads would take a matter of months to years. Still the technology is not headed down the same path to everyone liking.

It was only in those Fields we're knowledge in INXS to the ways pursuing a better and constructive Mana. The field of in itself remembering being taught for 12 years and having to teach someone all of that I knew within 8 hours. A person younger as a brother maybe have more knowledge inside and a bit of years of accumulation that I have learnt. Not everything is passed down from one to another not everything can be passed down in fact. When I was studying watch making there was a thing called the fuser chain, which was a development of a timepiece with a mainspring to drive the actual mechanism. Was being balanced in the efforts of pushing the wheels to make the time in correct time zone through the balance wheel efficiently by having a counteraction of a few turns to see the chain instead of an actual spring. Although it had a spring you in such can of time in this technology of how they made the spring or the wire has been lost in time. The year I was studying. At that stage what I was taught back in the 1970 they couldn't fail having the know how to make them. There they have spare parts today those with technology to overcome the understanding can make anything. Times change now there's something about the thinking it through and getting more appropriate apparatus. When is the mistyped way that there's a means and return for better things to come. today's technology goes at the faster speed.

Of life and things require inside and knowledge for the betterment of the human race and all of springs in whatever form that may be. Dear friends and associates of the leading the game of life can be complex in some form another some things will never know some things we have some number and nut it out through the effects by the shield of extended in understand after 20 years of study. Hello can be the answer together in reward people not moving this seriously. Ways the Russian head taken drawing and plans did much is a ticket plan and public sensitive for another 10 years plan. Now things are all my sister's tailors were a 50-year plan. Willing take about 3 years or a half in time was a second. Somebody that we have things of change is a gift you get this pleasing of light to repair. Sometimes taking a director house no matter the hours where in our bad manor or waking would take a matters months to years. Still the technologies knows feels weird knowledge. It is INS to the ways of pursuing better constructive mandarin field in itself. I remember thing short for 12 years having to teach someone all of the news is 8 hours that person younger barramundi and more Dulwich is inside as is everything is reticulation. In the but I have taught and learnt not to forget everything is passed down a chain. A town the river thinks every part down in development with what I was studying. Watch making it was awesome called the fuses of which is a development of the time pleasing with the mainstream. In the drove of the drive the actual mechanism was balanced in the rest of. Pushing the wheels to make some time to the balance efficiently by having a contract of a fuses jade into instead of actual spring rolls. I would have a spirit inside of time this technology of knowhow they moment made either spring of the wire lost. Timer 10 at that stage would I was taught back in the 1970. Then couldn't decide about our mason taps as would technologies of overcome the younger stadium can make it. It is the best of that of thinking of through in logic and getting or appropriate the apparatus with this always is a means and return for the better. Things come as a pet goes into speed of light things the choir inside and knowledge for the betterment. Of the year the drive and all of springs in what is. A full moon is and did have Clearwater something like a diamond the solution has must the walls in to and have it is not all. Having Clearwater of the ocean should

be drained out of the plastic and efficient Javier voluntary free environments. Winfrey in the blue or red packet is silly. The reason in season the ocean and the likes in the rivers season 2 days abundance. It has all problems should be sold as well so winter DHL understanding throw compromise lighting with his itself. To know something in the Tattersall's to actually feel it is to build and grow. it and its use it to the best of your knowledge or would it be like a rolling stone galvanized as also conditioner such as well leaving in someone beautiful time. Catching a bit of this course will do it given one can understand it allows whistling properties

The world turns around the four seasons of the year and time is relevant to the weather upon the body. be cold we rug up hot we just strip down to a bare minimum and swim or shower whatever it may be. The best things in life are free this quote with Cyrus some Greek God to some degree still. Rings of circles through I can remember going to the MCG the Melbourne Cricket Ground in Melbourne, paying something like 180 to \$200 for a seat, which was in the back of the stadium. I couldn't hear or was able as I could hardly see the bad lighting as to make out anything on the stage. That time they didn't have large screens when people went to concerts all in all it was a complete rip off made me think about going twice before I go. I would need recommendations on how the concert was for people? Coming in and out of phase sometimes it popular sometimes they're not, some manipulate the press and the media a large exorbitant fees they have the money to keep in their pockets and change the outcome of the masses. As I will basically have a hand being LED on the sub-degree blindly LCD in the fields of golden pasture. Time is relevant to what it is and we know with our hearts only things that are good should have. Sometimes you can't live back in the past and watch the river run in fact you may need to divert the cleanest and Karma streams. Time can change many things but it doesn't change the fact that time moves forward and relevant to what it is. Once as a child I would go down to the river and talk to the people by the side of the river. We discuss the politics of then and now of time. Time doesn't change people like a balanced life and harmony, sub-degree as arranged at shelter over their head. if it's too cold out of a some type of warmth or fire needed to keep warm as too hot some type of air conditioning or fridge rated drink is some such we get older we get wiser even those collect dust.

growing up in the family green less we called it those days the family be green the heads of the family my mother and father were forward thinkers but different in their ways. Not extremist but tend to toe the line bit stream and I'll say Common Grounds hearing what the other one said. To some degree at times my mother philosophy was more in the line of liberation for women with equal rights and rights. Then it would be on vent that she said that no man has the right to choose if the woman has to have a child with him the woman. My father's viewpoint was that a woman should be as many children as possible so we had a conflict of interest. with my parents from the age before the second world war although compatible in star signs they were very different my mother who had gone through the war survive in Warsaw by basically small jobs in as a child doing things. she was taken out of school at the age of 6 had to go into her sister's business and didn't receive a formal education whatsoever because of the war torn years surviving through Siberia and then the displacement cans in Austria then manage to come to the land where I was born in Australia. in itself my mother's viewpoint was as I said was very different but one of the viewpoints was the man has no right to tell a woman how many children she should have if she should have them at all her viewpoint was all the man can do is once a child comes into the world he must love the child and care for it.

Chapter 17.

Supply these subsistence for the whole family so being can live. That was her viewpoint consequently she had three males although she wanted to girls as well. My mother also said and stated the only power with the man has is not to ask you the woman to have a child there by breaking up the family or partnership. If the woman wants a child as to be the parent of that child she can, as she has full rights of her body. She has the right and would have had the right to bring them, the child up in the world. Whereas the environment is friendly and good so the man has no right to pursue anything except to love her. In growing up in Melbourne both of felt the pains of War from before and the vital feeling did have. They had to save in case of another war they would Buried there the jewellery they made until vault in the ground or behind a door that would by hide this. Objects of this could be sold in case the currency would no longer be valid. The family green was recorded those days the forward thinking is the difference in the ways not extremist. Interstate dreamer some degree at times my mother philosophy was more and the line of liberation with equal rights and the right would be on that that she said. There no man has a right to choose the woman only the woman has right to choose to have a child with them my heart is make. Having seen the amazon tribal women in one movie or read the wrong book as they were always reading. There are many children's possible so we had a conflict of interests with my parents very different but whatever viewpoint was the man has no right.

To tell a woman having any chance you should have if you have them at all. Of all you popped out all the man can do is once. A child comes into the world with in us love the Charles and carrot and supplies is subsidies the whole family can live with. That was her viewpoint because she was my mother. because these years of three boys even though she wanted to girls she told a million times as well as she also said and sided the other power that the man has is not true arsenal wouldn't have a child is the woman choice. Wanted to charge parents can justifies alright to her body the woman knows how bringing the child up in the world where the violets friendly good to society. then there is no right to pursue anything except her growing up in Melbourne but this sucks the pines trees war as the vital feeling that they had to save in case of another war. The wood berries that are there the money they made and your fault in the ground behind the door would buy objectives of nothing. They could be causing currency with a longer be valid. does a case so they're my father said of someone having a Africa diamond high quality and they only gave the diamond so they can walk through the door and go on the other side forever is of 10 miles value.

My father had another idea of it little conversations will listen noted written down and I live and questioned it later. Stages had a committee to work to fall back on were they built the structure of the community as it is now and the many things as a blessed to my community such as health services ambulances religious places of worship and study or in five you on the committee that I live in. in fact to the country itself infrastructure and advice and help is given. My father in his time we came after that being became part of the Belo Russian ministry he became 21 extensor in charge of supply. He would cook telecommunication towers of wires for the telephone and for the electricity you had a network the word for and to he didn't talk much about his life at all. Talked driven and riddles but some things he did talk about is timing the partisans were. they would broadcast the news from the BBC, what I found out in the film that I was watching once was the BBC with send messages to the radio waves so was a vital part of the Allied forces for communication throughout the occupied lands.

That we're not Polish or Russian or Belarusians untied world to it to that small time in history the oppressive forces deleted and eventually the country with Rubble and their elusive dictator that's not wrong was Adolf Hitler and come to his end where he was shot buried in his ashes scattered. The Dictator if not mad creating Madness around him this much I know. He never kept the time tables so everyone was dissolution and didn't know where they were going and the whole resume of the war energy had never stop until D Day or the end of the Second World War I should say to this day many countries have suffered from the fascist system which had no understanding for mankind and civilization in general. Basically they were Thugs and Pirates as were the Romans and we put it out as a raging fire of anarchism and the fires that Burned. It would have been that there was nothing left on the planet including mankind when is. Good over evil and we still live

Bewildered by the way people cheat each other to some degree for monetary gain or just to laugh behind someone's back this to a small degree is a small percentage of the human race. In nit scanning to pull the wool over someone's eyes some things we must take on are value and some things we must reflect and reflect again. Define what lies behind. Admittedly, there are a lot of good people in this world who just do well and try to put everyone on the right path as something like the Sumerian in the New Testament. But people will be people a derivative of animals or in some cases as this, in the holy books humans were created first and derivatives of animals came after so the food chain from the monkey to the fly from the bird to the fish or from the rock to see where it is.

Why and what is and how it is, is in the perspective that it is only that perspective can be understood to understand the full meaning of it. For the rest of us we just watch the reruns of the reruns on the broadcast of TV and various out lining on Internet searches. YouTube any other stations are as well with the library of knowledge opened up huge Vortex of time. There is indeed so much to understand so much to look at as would take over a few thousand lifetimes to tame. The whole knowledge by that time no doubt you would have to start again. I know that something like the Sydney Harbour Bridge we're text 7 years to completely paint the bridge and then once finished they have to start again otherwise the rust will set in. indeed the reselling or leaves have this cycle too the perceptive of was and is. Nature for the whole universe in some degree is the cycle within a cycle in the sphere of the ball about Planet gamed around the nucleus sun. Or children playing in the street bouncing balls never listening to the call of the birds in mid-flight, frighten saying look down look down look at what they're doing. Will we ever be like as free flight in mid-air enjoying this in around accused of it all they are? What they are we are what we are and Never the Twain Shall Meet maybe on the footsteps of a village or zoo for that matter in prospective.

We're all reflecting the Reflections of the pond where we live. My Time Is Never wasted Manning what would people say. Why don't get a real job be a bricklayer I'll win the roads to some degree the path that I take is a path of a thanks I like. It's all we have only one door I have a yes or no or move on trying to find the answer to it all for the answering it all is still living and let live. Caring for one another living life how we live in living as a rainbow watching two different colours after the rain had formed. I'm falling on the ground to answer. There is a question.

It's time comes to sub conclusion. Every step that we take having to turn around a look back and see where we've gone. The journey forward and see we were going to. Like a roadmap within itself not everyone can see what lies ahead we can only dream to some extent or try to find. Well we left the road knowledge is a key to a lot of things it's not to everything without

knowledge if we wouldn't have understanding practice and grass fields. Relaxation is a fundamental in anyone's life. If you take this spring and stretch it too much then it will never come back to its original form. Goodbye soft and gentle concepts working within the forces it's around the concert we move. Swift and substantial conclusion in the formation of what we have that is extend of playing on keyboards with the structure as laid out in different scales on which you derive your tune.

So it is in the Rhythm I loom nylon strings with the big blade. The five fingers in a timing has been handed down to those see you by campfires in the night. Was it only of the Stars that to guide them in a cheerful songs that they sing lifting a voice. Now cards to the Heaven's gate or to those who can shoot in and out their voice to lift higher. listen to them in happiness coming from all going on uniting church or melodies is such, which can be. Haunting inviting thereby something like deja vu where. Have you never come across it before? This tune within your heart and soul the heart and soul does dance as the light of the moon sometimes. It rains sometimes it pours sometimes it's just silence with the wind blowing gently. For the rustle of the trees on an awesome night we are here all in song an in voice like any musician sharing the moment. I will for a moment itself as you lift your voice with your heart Saturdays around experiencing. The experience with something can take 10 minutes for four hours to our concept or two hours for 10 minutes concept for it is only time on a graphic thought. Orlando has a little zoo the understanding of the understanding this to be entertained. when I was young driving from one capital city to the other 800 miles in difference `1000 km roughly from Melbourne to Sydney. The two largest cities in Australia on the West or East Coast journeying into the old tape recorders selection hearing the same song for Linda Rising the atmosphere of the younger pocket easy on the drive eHarmony being aware driving a line through. sometimes pick up a hitchhiker chancing it some words of advice in this day and age we live identify still do it but only if they are a friend. there was a friendly discussion on the road further down the track talking about small cities small villages near the petrol station the bridges an open road to the horizon it is an experience to drive with company.

Chapter 18.

Now days it is the best way of course the company of the radio or the transmission of some such. I would have a CB radio citizen band radio that was willing we heard. The discussions of people talking to each other about the road ahead or what has gone on before. It was much discussed talking to the truck drivers semi-trailers and those just driving saying she was. The extra miles to distance they have left and what time of arrival there was company on the radio waves. It can be a lonely life being a DJ on the radio as well looking up the various charts listening to records of different Artists. Recordings to put together your concept of what to broadcast and what to talk about between the songs this is also true just something. In the stand the same when you put together an album in its formal 14 tracks concept album to which you ride. For me it usually takes between a few weeks few months to put together but I have been done on the occasion to come up with a whole album of 14 years songs within 8 hours hard work and thought and reflection. What to say and to think and to keep in tune with it all. The mind not stretching too much allows lots of bend. With the Wind good to straighten up as with the Winding does stop sleeping. All in all the amount that it needs to be slept waking up refreshed is. Going to work or doing the thing that we like to do keeping in living life to living a life only

In darkness there is no light but somehow darkness brings the path and to enlightenment in itself. Sometimes by not searching the sunrise is still on time of course that it is. Of course it will be always be just the fact is this universe itself was born. In there the universe there is night and day and everything to all degrees. Darkness and light and most things and then illuminated in the dark the Light shines through. What have we this or that as little compensation to the realisation this is just too much to fill. Out of them out there in One Moment in Time in fact that's maybe why they say as we are. coming came out of is having to do the same thing over and over again until we get it right if that be the case the time is forward perpetually as it does. Would we have no consequence just to sit back and relax and let it all polish as you bye.

In for what is it is having not sense not to strain the unknown to Extracts the seaweed locking up the types of time all that it was and is as all were that. We alone are our own fish is swimming in the ocean open it maybe cause that's how. I extend to the we staying a small spot of the universe and see the light from where we are in. gazing there is Illumination define that which is in the soul. then in the win of it within us all reasoning as some Factor sometimes it's just too much to ponder so we go on through the day building an eye foundations Brick by Brick foundation Stone by foundations stone only to put a roof over our heads. Can I find myself someone space itself spaced this an English word. Send it to you it goes on and on the concept of which we can never understand Infinity is so big. We within ourselves Infinity too the shell the peace we are in concept. we are as I give to you, you give to me selling to reflect sitting on a table of which is the half a cup of tea or that coffee should it be in the morning before 12 noon reading the newspaper singing a song in silence. So the no one is it except for the birds in the trees.

It which they mutter at a later stage changing the Rung composition and saying it was theirs originally. The helicopters fly over head the clouds in the way cotton buds drift as a sea within. You are in the sea the ocean just filtering to see. Is it from the sunrise I am you are we are all together in this display which counts as every individual in every citizen has their own story within this set of rules to govern and to be in society free working hard trying to find the Common Ground to laugh to sing exercise or to be I used to be for it is that we are all free

Big x as small x come usually when we were prepared and know where we're heading. It's always good to keep one step ahead. In the old books of the Sages it would say to keep something like a diary or an account of your life so you can review it and prepare yourself for the good times. Small x big x whatever I think you have to be more organising if you are. At the present time because it becomes hard to do so many things I suppose you'll get used to it. In some way or another if you become organised as I myself am organising a different way. I'll give given myself the freedom to think and review and write doing my things when I feel like it. Somewhat likened to an impulse I feel that is a great creative force. There is when someone is relaxed and willing to do or could see what they want to do was the same with watch-making. With My Father we would have a cups of tea and meals go out in a night time when I was quiet and relaxed we will do repairs.

Yes I remember then that Melbourne itself rained and was more rain and rainy days as such. In review I think it's because of the atom bomb on Hiroshima upset the weather for 50 years or so. Even though some simulations do damage to the weather all my to look time to look in that school of thought I did not understand. I do not know the desired members in Melbourne in measurement. In itself have more rainy days as such I think it's because of Hiroshima and upset the weather. Or so even now some simulations the damage of the weather might look

at the report as understanding. I do not know avenue of what known timing and tuning in music somehow lost. That's about it music is a forte working my song they gave. the feeling that I belonged in the society something out as a youngster what formation of communication was in singing rather than communicating on the levels of others in my pack and group. We kept together singing songs of the operated that time walking in the streets without denim jackets and a denim pants keeping quiet and talking. Reviews of the city it was only a small city that time was only one the half to two million. Now days numbers have double from that size as now they are building skyscrapers to the sky within a few minutes theoretically that is the sum of the naked eye as underground railways airports highways overlapping each other going nowhere but just in time even the parks are being filled with buildings empty. landings for the citizens and visitors who come to Australia to see the vast open land the rivers the sky the people the food the language as is an English international common language of travel and Commerce. Economically this is a strong country with much rights for the individual and a feeling of common Bond. The little things we do together like watching the football and the cricket drinking the same beer laughing at the same jokes on some TV another medium such as YouTube Facebook Instagram and the reflections in the mirror soul the same enjoyment is.

Enjoyment can only last with foundations strong work strong ethics and a time to rest and play. Yours mighty village with all and City people are all in the same happy way to look to see you in the street. Happy to be happy in the things they do. people sometimes give you the time of day saying hi I'm doing fine hope and you are you and best you're doing fine puts a smile on your face and join the Roaming. Race

What it's about I'll never know never quite understand it boggles the mind as some people have the memory like a tape recorder and others don't know what happened the day before. Children are children every day is like 10 years in learning as experience for the first time. As we grow older each of the days are like a blink of an eye still there is learning and knowledge from the sunrise and sunset. If we ponder and look deep within the meaning of it all some things are shallow some things are as deep as quicksand itself. If you fall in a pit you may never get out without a robe or someone to rescue you. The human condition is such we have a love of life for life is a commodity the share with other people. Like the wise people of old evolved they would discuss anything that is on their mind. Long after the hours of sleep because one morning knowing that it is the only thing we were wondering about how to pay electricity bill on time.

I had to cut the bill down so we don't need to pay so much. So we can say for others invest now spend later I'll spend now and worry more it's all the same. People play the games an honest mind from an honest heart as much to build simple. Games of chess or psychology to some degree or just knowing the facts and how they had a manipulate to make ends meet nothing is clear cards nothing is black and white. It is all grey matters between this and that and the rainbow effect itself. Silver grey waters has to run the lines of communication opened constructions must be made. If it all civilisation Society can only play the game what is this it's not just pondering and talking to a brick wall it's in some extent goodbye hearing the echo of The Voice that is. There is an inside into the little things as well as a big things depending what the picture of thought is. Some people look at dots on the wall anchor between the different elements some people see a dove on the wall and have to just wipe it away. What it's about never quite understand its bubbles remain. Reminding has some people have the recorder and others don't know what happened. The day before children are children every

day is the same. Like 10 years in learning and experience we grow older like a blink of an eye. Silly is to learn without knowledge if we ponder within the meaning. Of it all something's a cello something of the soul if you fall into. With a robot's rescue you dearly are conditioned in search. We have a lover the commodity to share. With other people likewise pickled evolved they would be discuss. Anything that was on their mind long after the hours of the morning dawn the only wanderers have a PayPal electricity on time. I have coloured down we don't need to pay so much so we can save.

Chapter 19.

Other things in business in 10 days or later or spend now our worry can be more to the same. People playing again was psychological to some degree just knowing is the fact. Having been manipulate to make in the mood nothing is more than nothing in black and white as is all grey matters between listener that in there and the taken it says. Water has the running lines of communication which must be opened constructions. As must be made is an all civilization society can be opened. Games of what is this is talking to a brick wall in some extend the bar healing the echo of the voice there is depending what the picture of. So why that is some people looking conceal it with edition. Elements of some paper filled out on the wall and messages wipe it away as a hotel is relevant something as a rolling stone to water.

From the handicapped of having experienced a living life with all it's up some Downs and accumulating of some type of wisdom through the experience of it all. The experience of knowing right from wrong from learning as we do the hard way or through the experience of others sharing their knowledge. We come to the conclusion that life is for living and trying to be in harmony and in peace as best as possible. These words Harmony and peace are a big concept to grasp such as we have law and order to achieve these things. One loans in one formatter another working the common good receiving the bowl of rice as nourishment any achievement of medicine to heal any wounds.

In the baby be it conflicted upon us it's not to set it up as rushing in is not a good thing. Formula nude in the learning halls of time we see how the other lives life. Still there has to be some conformity to rules and regulations in some form or another we have forms of charity forms as in the Halls of Science those who give advice whether or not it is right or wrong us can only understand by experience. sometimes we have bitten sometimes we resist the fact of being conned into something where there's no benefit for us or anything in mankind or all citizens for that matter including animals of the Earth as well Rivers a trees life in abundance stars that shine the Moon. The Reflex of other world's other planets other atmospheres need I say I'm in this room thinking about to be. On the thought of thought home to reflect what I don't know and understand. Did I not understand that I'm as all things passing as we come to some concept of understanding within itself that has understanding that every book is a world within itself. Having manuscript is that of an architect moulding their words together to transmit and form a viewpoint and how to analyse as had a look tack the very concept which one needs to understand. Whether it plays is playing a game of constructing repairing manufacturing or giving advice as insurance. Even that there is some baking in any system through the corridors of time devices given it is only us to reflect on the right decisions that we make. It's picking a door or corridor known to get go to the next room of knowledge and transition of that of a room.

With a view overlooking the flashing lights of the Bay in the concept of a Big Pond or for that matter a little pond community or social entity such is a media. Within itself there is a

minute in the words of someone they say. if they come from the right angle do you understand but who are we, we are who we are all thinking or doing a chores even in relaxation there's a deep understanding to look to hear to ponder. To reflect to understand or just simply letter passages by this or that is a freedom that we have with a hand to concept and to understand it. A child says give me more the more of the same. it is useless and it's free picking up ourselves dusting that off try and find order within the order to understand we breathe we are alive.

Through the grommet of open highways and Streets that lead nowhere on a different pages of a map transforming until a whole city and its suburbs with its Byways and then lost highways going nowhere too it's somewhere in time I have not the capacity to the think too much but might buy my ticket to where I'm going. And take my connected bus tram and train as going to another city maybe going through an airport of some type everything is connected its way. we are liken Specks of dust in the vast open universe finding our allotment of life a need to do the mundane things the life allows us to do within reason and understanding. Life is Caulfield in its way an existence of a happy thought here and there a smile from one another. As I walk by a night of encouragement in a lot of recognition children in there bewilderment being LED on their seats as they pass by the open view of life. But who am I just another sold in travelling before a minute I'll be for an eternity as all.

All the same in travels where there is a way there is a means to hop on the bus train ship or plane what should be transported in a cargo ship watching fire on the horizon of the open Sea. There are people everywhere and though they should be in his specialist I in their own part of this corporate we call mother room or part of the Universe itself. even those all we exist in the we are grateful for the many things that life gives us in abundance clean air water within itself balance in. the wisdom not to be extreme but defending the right to exist has crossing the bridge in a Moment in Time something like the London Bridge with lifts to partake the chips made traveling through associates on the net to kilometres open highway and streets of live known. Where i was different pages of a map transforming into a whole city and its suburbs with his intent. By ways and then was highways going nowhere. The somewhere in tying have not looked capacitors the seed too much the might buy my ticket to where I'm going and taking my connected. Going to another city navigation airport all serious inside everything is connected it is. Way we like sex of dust in the vast open universe finding an allotment of life i need to do the Mondays sings the life allows us to do within reason and as a standing like is the field in this. Weight with a very distance of a happy thought there is. A small from one another has a walkway of fire not of encouragement and not have recognition children the wilderness being lead on it path says as a pass by the opened light bars who am i just another soul travelling before.

A minute be free maternity is all. The same in traveling where there is a wise as a means. To hop on a bus train ship plane would it too be transported into foreigner horizons of reopen. People everywhere and those should be like in our own part of this corporate we're call. Mother of all, part of the universe of heaven knows us just grateful for the mini sings the life to this given this is abundantly. There order with inner soles balance in the wisdom not to be extreme the defending the right. Crossing bridges and moment in time something like to partake the chips making travel through the closest clearing. The bridge is connected so travelled.

By the time it takes to mix a cake and watch it rise we can make a full meal but watch the extend. Do we need a full meal or are we can eat the sugar of the keg load. This is my founding conclusion as a young boy being addicted to sugar and glucose and its way masses of amounts of sweets touching my mouth and lips giving me energy to do the things and wished. A come back to posh that I had as a young boy child we all had the energy to fight and stick up for ourselves in the more than a jungle. it was a concrete jungle that we had grown up in. at the age of 16 walking down the roads people would stop their cars crazies of those who had come from outer suburbs looking at someone different and just trying this kill a picking a fight. with the skills I have developed from the age of 13 in doing spinning thrust kicks to the gym I develop my heart the cool Mana where the moment they kicked I would kick the offending attacker in the chin punch them out for minute of too. reading your mum conscience then just walk away listen my life this happened only a few times but why do they had respect for me as injury would not break your jaw bone but the fact such a thrust of it an impact them would render the person knocked out unconscious.

In teaching others a skill we're in fact secret art of karate was not known at that time everyone was a type of boxer or gymnastics some even delved in judo but the karate was a mystery. at that time in the late 60s we would run to the beach approximately 6 or 7 miles away standing there in the waves up to our bosoms or elbows and kick high shrinking format as the feet and the muscles in the body sweating in the water to the sounds Japanese counting thereby resting by doing push ups in the water near where the water breaks on the beach. Thereby running back 2 hour dojo which just was a school yard of no significance but there we trained breaking our woods and stones and bricks our hands & knuckles what Athens on the Macquarie pad. The pad which was just rope tied around in a ball in two strings with a beer fingers to achieve calluses on the end of the three fingers we would. Heads with the side of the hand Court shoes and later we developed the art of breaking tiles with their elbows and will most humble in the art that we had developed over the years through our teacher Ken Martin. the style we did was 60% Korean and 40% Okinawan both using the talents and skill of the various writers and philosophers who came after the Second World War of which my master had studied in the Korean War staying in Okinawa and career the sometime before coming home to his hometown iView Newcastle. Somehow he found his way into being the caretaker of Caulfield Grammar with a few devoted students would be taught all who could follow. I myself was outside not being taught in Caulfield Grammar it was to be the only outside student privileged enough to study the master my master Ken Martin. He was a skinny man it with like any commoner with the tattoos that said it death before dishonour your eyelids which many of the SAS soldiers had the same tattoos. The master being a caretaker privilege to user grounds of a little school we were called the Bainbridge karate Association. Bainbridge was one of his teachers in the army have took the skills as there were many books. We were read the books and magazines, which were born techniques with, developed and became something like ice skaters on thin ice only eyes running away every time they were attacked too afraid to use their defence mechanisms but occasionally we were surrounded and thought ourselves out of whatever. The message was we were skilled in our ways and wished I still was in seeing Comrades walking the street to this day giving a blink or not to say I remember you well at a later stage 8 odds people of my own community the skills that I had developed although at a later Point being subdued two much medical medicine I gave the Art of self-defence away and pursues music to a higher degree. Playing around campfires near far away beaches and forests drinking rum and coca cola laughing scene and the things that teenagers almost 21 do. For we were much younger than we're older than that now so the words to a song. onto does go but I'm enough to say Caulis as we turned into the path of being from school to the path of being committed I had my car Toyota Crown

5 gears on the column and one in Reverse and I use as well the car serve me correctly. I would maintain the car by changing the spark plugs cleaning the points tightening things doing the timing of the fan blade occasionally changing the water and the water tank itself. The car ran in time for long periods. Of time as a new car thank it. It was an old car that I got around the clock a few times I just took our lives in Sydney.

Chapter 20.

I would drive down on the weekend to see my friends in Melbourne spending the whole night driving arriving in Melbourne going to a party and then driving back to Sydney everyone in Melbourne thought I lived in Melbourne everyone in Sydney knew I lived in Sydney. that was Torn Between Two Worlds Melbourne and Sydney driving across the Sydney Harbour Bridge on my return from Melbourne I will arrive at the Hannah Magus Factory or I was in charge of repairing clocks and timepieces eventually learn the skill of focusing lenses and repairing the mechanics all the Fuji cameras as well as the Head MX cameras big game your knowledge threading a technical information in the skills of knowing how to put things together the app the art form gaming benefits or I can work long hours and be patient. my time visiting friends giving gifts to my friends and having an upkeep of living from day to day week from week and having the man power and petrol money to drive from Sydney down to Melbourne for the weekend parties as such I became a razor in in the midst with my guitar on my shoulder I travel the bushes of Australia like a true born that is man.

My father is wisdom enjoyed music immensely so much so that my mother would complain he listens to the radio all night. Basically his explanation for listening and enjoy music was so we wouldn't have to remember the ordeals that I gone through the Second World War So my father did not talk much about many things experience only talk to his younger days in the school and the ways he did things. He had laughs and practical jokes as most young children. Due to certain extent he was no different even growing up as the margin 20 of his family. Working for family business my grandfather although he was a learnt teacher and Rabbi in his one horse town of 5000 he could make a living as those of the area could. Willing and learning it's in the colours that everyone had to sit alone. the books of wisdom and the books of old at that time on the border of Russian Poland perhaps a studying so much because I understand they didn't have television or other medias to take up their time and the internet was not even conceived at that time. So rather than now what's the broadcast of the BBC says it holy was which will not at that time too late ahead of this time. More in to discusses and reflect from the written writing of those that had passed before them.

Grandfather was a watchmaker too he took the profession from other watchmakers as it was a skill that accepted for my family and ancestors of the 13 or so children of my grandfather. The only to survive that we knew of my father Boris and my uncle Fame. Both lived in Melbourne repairing watches in passing the time of day. Although my father was gifted in poetry and writing speeches he would talk too many of the community in their language of Yiddish. Jewish which I only understood a few words although Yiddish was my first language I didn't quite comprehend or understand at the age of 7 going to school. The teacher of the state school came back home stating this child can only learn in English so from that moment on no words in any other languages spoken to me. My comprehension became in the Australian English language although life was simple but complicated in the simple things and ways as we did. My mother would give me the axe it's a go in the back and chop wood for the fire. In which sitting around fire when we were warm my mother told her stories and

sung songs. As my father came home late after from working and building a foundation of comfort and savings for his newborn family we hardly ever talked bad things. Only reflecting on the good things spoken. Some things we had to read as other people told us it was just a dream that I become a classical musician. My father's vending I should become a doctor although both I didn't achieve to some degree maybe I should have been a social worker and in a religious order because I have the gift to communicate and bring Harmony to those that I talked too. It was fighting in the School Yard and somehow I broke it up knowing the tactics leaving two handed balance and harmony we will sing a lot skip the robe and talk what my parents called Nash Kate, which is level up to some extent, and that's how we were very young. A hard squid taking by the beautiful Girls of Summer Rangers would talk and mingle everyone basically in our school with first or second generation migrants as it was. the 50s and 60s and then 20th century the happiest thought we had was getting five cents from my mother which would pay for a cream bun tomato soup in a cup which we had to wash the cup and give back. Washed down a cup of tea as well so \$0.05 travelled far. The long way in those days you could travel to the city for say one penny and one Halfpenny which is a half penny similar to a cent Australian currency. Money has value that's true not everyone did have and if you were to drink someone would give you a drink glass of water.

Basically no one had anything except the Rags on them and the good times of day to give people directions on the road of life. after school I studied religious studies to some degree the history of my ancestors later doing in karate swimming tennis football even cricket although Cricket Board me to some degree because it was such a slow game. I would face the bat each day. Some wise guy by the full class you will be out within minutes I was. It's not spinning because the ball was always too far as too fast later on at school. we played I wish I learnt and was taught to run a little bit being in the school competition I became third and the state school central finals. I've had schooling functioning is a dead on Sundays after. School times I would go to the National Library in the city look up things I wished. Basically looking at the pictures recycling some of the words and talking with unshaved people around me on the buses and trains the trams. Is there much discussion going on it would and was a small village one the half a billion bull ants at that time knowing my way around the city and suburbs. After school I eventually obtained a job where I would do errands for my father's business going to the supply houses haggling in getting the right part for the watches and clocks by measurements and part numbers.

I was well versed in the watch making industry before doing my apprenticeship although as I changed schools from second form to the elusive Caulfield high where I stayed there for 2 years finishing my formal training of Education. at the Taylor's College in the city we took a time spending long hours shifting through the different subjects sitting learning what we could take making friends socialising playing billiards in a time off we had suits. people thought we were working for the bank but in fact we just learning at the college with something like a business College to some degree I work myself and learn physics chemistry to maths applying pure accounting English and English expression. Being someone handicapped for the fact that a teacher at a younger age would abuse me by hitting me with the strap all the time misspelt every time I talk to class. Even one word wrong in fact the teacher would line up the class for 15 minutes to give everyone the strap. He was basically a saddest. A better man and blamed everything on everyone else except himself after this effect of the 3rd grade on schooling my ability slid down hill. Robbie came this dyslexic and withdrawn to some degree from the torture of all the corporal punishment for absolutely nothing. There are the people who were abused in the class I don't think I think was a fact

that he didn't seem like any of my kind. but people that have anyways I didn't understand anymore it's the last year of Education and was leaving and sat the state exams the exhibition buildings good with judged heart hardly parsley and did not actually pass my exams even so in my manned resident my communication and the fact to do with vacancies I was allowed to do apprenticeships. Of which I did the jewellery apprenticeship for 3 years and the watch making apprenticeship for 7 years salesmanship courses will giving me between studying. Eco tech and marketing another outlets that had update part time courses in the art of selling and buying it was. never a dull moment in my small town of Melbourne being active in community work active in social work eventually things fell apart and I went by way chasing a young lover. I went to Sydney in my pursuit to find the partner suitable. My liking was not her cup of tea but it wasn't to be. Everyone went their own way and consequently I came back home to Melbourne I spent some time before that working on a kibbutz socialist community. Around works for the good of all I'm feeling is very good but practical it has its drawbacks more communal life and anything else. Some people are suited for it wasn't suited for myself as I like to do things my own way. Boosting good to be part of it association of community and social network to some degree as long as you have the privilege of privacy to do your own thing this you your hobbies and your path of life.

To find happiness the smallest of things like I said within itself. Things work out and grow to be a tree giving fruit giving life to those of nature those passing by. Such as the fruits of a wife with hidden self the we, eating as we are we are nourished in nourishment. One comes in the waters and food which we eat and share the cooking the palace in parts. In it all providing its home grown, I am more than Enchanted by local media such as radio and film clips to such an extent that I can go off in my world. In only dialling up that which was so wish from the many times I need. to tap in the currently I have three pods of Google home which serves me well going to the old days we now live in the new world. There now much the same as the old world but with convenience of many things are accessed with the knowledge through the search engines. The web placed plays its vital part in to the fabric of life here. I lie in my bed in this one horse town of 4 .5 million, give or take with tourists coming through. For the passes by all in their time landing just to see our town and the river that runs through its many Industry areas for it having grown with many Industries upgraded. Live shows do this do that we still live in harmony of this town.

Chapter 21.

Occasionally there's a demonstration most full peaceful the harmonious as the old trams going by. There is merit in the buskers in the street within is the Souls and pressures. Each person has this story everyone is going somewhere in some direction define the roads are there on roads of a changing Destiny's late change. As many things in the mathematics of life there is a formula to it all. Life places its cards are we can as only live one day at a time there is a time for everything under the sun. Time to build pyramids time to build solar structure time to swim in the effervescent of it. All people travel here and there on the road they may listen and tune into the Spotify account or their apple music they seem to be the two biggest Meteors on the internet. I am told Spotify has 75 million subscribers in a world with over 7 billion this is not bad for small business. Business being business how they do it I'll never understand but in understanding we grasp no more data seems to be the currency of the days as they go now.in everything one has knowledge. In the books in the writings alive shoes tapping dancing with all. My time is now as it always in reflection it was, wild times willing to be stepping forward one step at a time that features turn around and see where the footsteps have brought me to this point free to look on the Horizons. We are all travelling somewhere

on the road that leads. yes is thee as is a path, I think it was Led Zeppelin the band who said there are two roads you can go by with the GPS there are many threads but the Threads Of Life are all the same. All interwoven having a cloth or a parachute diving into the unknown still we can guide to some extent been carried by the winds sustained by the rain and the world around us. Find me shelter in the cave allotments Called Home. I Could Dream of many things I could tell you how I feel between the lines of thought but to be real I'm swimming and it all as most trying to make right from wrong trying to make decisions finding doors to open and close advisors along the way, being taught on the signs on the wall reflection in the nature and trying to answer the call to live in perpetuate living making Something from Nothing.

Nothing more than something is it called to the wind I've been to my eyes and nature that'd be we are free the things to ponder to live within their means. Or to come to some higher understanding the by sharing there is more. To be had within limitations of cause for everything has is limitations. Even the sun only shines from our eyes the slays and the cycle of life again. Daylight can come and I want to go home for we are who we are, all children of this earth of this solar system I wish Galaxy and far beyond. Someone can hear us as having a tune into their wavelength.

One can dream as they do putting the pieces together in trying to work out the puzzle of life that gives us life and perpetuates. A religious man would say one view agnostic would say the other view and those who are scientists have many views including the string theory and more updated Universe expanding. Theories will perpetually learning all the time times moves. Looking forward as it does we've only to live it and with open education step forward as we do like building a foundations of a pyramid.

The hardest bit of anything is the base but once you get to that it you basically building with less moving parts as you know until it becomes an arrow or a point on the pyramid grid then you move forward. some would say like a chess piece but I would say chess piece that all the pieces of their everyone's basically on the same side perpetuating life and giving a handout as we're all human beings and earthlings in our world before. Rites of development as education is developed and to know right from wrong and whatever theory that is to work an honest job have honest food on the table is the things the one must wish. to be established if they can once we were all beggars in the street once were all slaves to the wheels have turned with the Echelon of society and the fabric being woven into life itself in The Matrix of it all we are here because we are here all of us together as one. Learning educating healing those around in just a laughter to see the prospective another man's shoes but I say man I mean anything. The Braves and things within reason giving a guiding hand to each other for the benefit of all there is a society within a society as it has any wheel. Within a wheel there's not too much not to be. Complaints if you wish to leave just be added in that field but the onus is. Burden is much more to those the site is based on building blocks one can dream as they do putting the pieces together trying to work out the puzzle of life. Because all as one is life of perpetual. Later sorry just man would one you mustarding would say to the other viewing and those suicides for nothing this is having many views including the string seat war updated. Universe expanding in series will perpetual learning all the time. Time is looking forward as it does rivals delivered and with the education of stepping forward. As we do like doing a foundations of the pyramid the hardest is when it is. A base once you get to it you basically with less stress as moving parts know until all becomes an arrow. Road points on the grid then you move forward in some degree left only were it would say like a chess piece. That i would suggest please call the pieces of their hearing as everyone's basically same side the

picture. As raining life in giving a hand as we are all human beings and earthlings in a world. Right to develop as education is developed into knowing whatever.

Also Siri (connections) that is to work and all have honest job this food on the table is this thing the one must wish to be established as if they can. Once were all baggers the street wants for all. Slabs to put the wheels in motion it turns society in the fabric. I have been working to live in the magic of is all we the world. We are here because we are here all of us together as one learning educating not killing those around. Just a Lota the sitter perspective on another. Man's use the same man in any seeing the bridge and sings wizard reasoning giving guiding hand to each other for benefit of all there is a society. Within society has any well we can obtain a real. For there's not too not to be complains if you wish to leave. Just be educated that field. For the answers and burden are much more to those who decide there is based on building. Blocks has as someone owes as we all should not that should be headed down from generation to generation too many times. This world is going to the dark ages or hopeful not have prevented again finally have an internet and a world is starting to make sense of it all. Government's council so look after the snowman as well as a big man people pretty stressing souls doing a degree in the master's voice. Sometimes 190 is the answer sometimes a millionaire in between what is the case to be may be education is where we grow.

As my brother as I from studying too hard will always encounter the nose bleeds when were enlightened through our studies. My brother studied economics and I has studied the horological studies. I remember one case the teacher brought out of model of the actual watch The Help twine the Second World War. What they did was they designed the piece technology now days. I wish now many companies to see it's in the paint and sea of the world as we know it. When you took it apart and study of it, it would fall apart in a lost puzzle and you couldn't put it back together. Such was the case that the technology infiltrated the German machine and it was dislodged and it's technology through the faulty design or they said the malt the Masterpiece. The sun degree of course you were other other something little like the rookie cube but fell apart. Things that helped the war to like breaking the codes having a network partisans and leaders throughout to world it didn't have the Internets as far as I can understand.

In those Dave some things were primitive on more advanced in faith they relied on the simple fact of reasoning and doing the job whatever it was had a later stage. I was towards award to the mathematics behind the Bolivia Accutron watch we did a course actually for a 10 days or something with the different angles and different vibrations and the and the tuning of fact into in beads and such with the wheels and everything coming into line I don't want to think about it. It was quite complicated now days which is a much easier and less complicated and thank you can buy a reasonable watch for less than \$10 Digital or analogue which means with hands the hands move away in the study of childhood I was only under 25. whatever the case may be in love with the concept of keeping time being a musician both are two different fields what's whatsoever a later stage I hang around the radios stations. Radio is the community minjee radios getting my foot in the door to those days everyone did their own thing.

Everyone just sit on an ocean if they met they dipped their heads and said hi how you going. Where you going sit down have a cup of tea will meet you up the road or further down the path of life so as apples everything was everyone searching for something going somewhere at the same time. The different parts of it the life like to some extent could be like a film or a

play even a masterpiece of a painting by looking into it. You the City aspects of what it is was it to do you know without understanding how rush is a brushed. How the film is made time is an ocean and then ocean is a home if you have what to share, share in good time.

Through living the same times I was and found myself in the media of such the only thing I remember I was a young boy at 7 or 9 I think I don't remember exactly what the age was where we went to a concert at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl with my father and mother and as I was walking around defining good spots to look from. I asked someone where's the best spot to see the band was. He pointed to the top the city Myer Music Bowl see there this is. If you climb up there it's very good the best spot too view just look down. Easily I'll have to do is climb up the drive up there and look down. From the top 2 best vines I was there before I listened and heard the word so I climbed up the Sidney Myer Music Bowl just what most would do being a child. The concert only just started seeing what was coming down people were very happy apparently I shouldn't have done that. Although be naive take it with a Grain of salt and I didn't understand it was risky.

Chapter 22.

The whole ordeal cameramen took photos from in the crowd while I was at the top the Sidney Myer Music Bowl. Saying probably be in the paper the next day which it was, with the words it said who was that let him on the floor? I listened still though you have never been invited or you are more a simpleton that extends I could give your insight to the growing of a child in my way the impulses that life of to the position situation of the moment. At a later stage of life family and friends with down to the old or write it. I should so reflect the harbour of Sandringham there I was with my friend he was very tall as we walked down the harbour philosophising discussing the expects of life we both were all around the lettuce to this point in time turning around I said one bright word and all of the sudden he fell through the pier falling down on the ground below which was on the waterline of a few feet screaming. He my friend was near to the Shoreline. I told his parents with his father went out miss him. You, you my son with no deal you let us grow up to be prominent people he was saved not harmed another about our town. There was another stage I remember More Than a Dream which we were walking down the main street the way going through the thoroughfare. people walking as we were walking the person besides us fell through the roadside too a deep hole which my father told me keep working as a person who fell through must be dead and as there are the witness keep walking. I came and look down the hole but we had to walk in causeway it was. Done and have visited the done I looked people attended to the accident it was a shock to the system and going through it life as some like a movie. This much I knew I was my friend aged of about 14 or 15 winding down the good open concert also in the city. The Myer Music Bowl with someone who approached saying help by my friend has been crashed in broken English. Near the front so my friend and myself went down and rescued the person carrying her through the crowded grounds which they be. Arrived saying hello are you ok then came another person saying help. It's good three times if you had my friends said we've done enough today for the day.

There were people in that position we should be doing another things it's as it is an exhausting thing saving life but can be beautiful is it childbirth or a flower a flower for the budding to flower with this sands of life and creditors. Within such is life is the path takes you to where you are from and before where you are going to what's the time is and being so many times I think one could say it was unbelievable how it did that. It happened I can't

comprehend so I didn't try the miracle of life and such with the structure of Law and Order in the universe but we are all blessed to some stage.

Addiction of children to sugar and salt is well-documented. In the annals of time when the Japanese invaded China they would give out sweet lollies with arsenic to the children in the street on which the Nazis did to, killing dear innocent children on the planet they had no morals in occupying. Plans and words for there was to be taking over passing conditions were given the occupy and occupation. On the resume of the second world war in this day and age with technology and advancements an awareness of the understanding. Human beings have a right to exist the best way possible. Under the circumstances within the parameters good life dictates with feed bag and morality structures of some Law and Order. As I complete all in Law and Order with a right to exist. Right to work the right to harmonize be part of society in general. Everyone comes from the different points of view. Different perspective as in each family there is a difference. Our outlook it's a wise to have education and should be wanted. As for me there is a role for and in everyone. Is this or it's not it should be with little pressure just a can of fulfilment. To do things leads each. In having there has its one.

Which has its needs as in everything you should find and be balance. I feel the drugs are not the answer and far from it. To be come within a drone is a bearing as weight on the soul. Lots of feeling still do it extends we learn from our experience I move down the path

Enlightenment. The various fractions of existence and upkeep of our life in it. Is 71 a kettle in Townsville is it when can stand still turn back if it's that. Established this is why we have the age of retirement we take different polished time to gather the Stones time plays. A time is to lay stones time to throw stones at a time to block stones I'll catch them the old Sullivan said this His wisdom as it was in the book. A City Road in there is a purpose for everyone under the Heaven's love. For me a song in the air it's uniforms of expression of the now over the lingers like a memory of a kiss. I'm beautiful in my Horizon where the birds sing in tune and the river flows gently in the clean waters doing it. Is this son of Sarah's marriage feeling the soul in dances and expressing. The living in a meeting one need a feeling that you can buy shelter from yet the other. The soul is not the pondering fear into thinking too much for we are all. The universe together nature is an abundance must be unlocked out or in and vase versed. because we are all part of nature we wherever we exist whatever we are we are because we are we live because we live and we must try in mild. Do well our existence leaving we're different species in our levels of existence. We all are and must harmonize to what extent is written in the it. It is written of the effervescence of the moment and still there is logic the feeling of love that keeps us going forward logic. In the playing part of cause as experience it may be taken. As in moments a moment of enlightenment take centuries to understand to move as it is all within it.

In times before I remembered that sometimes people came to conclusions too quickly before putting the facts in the story that was together. The Ginger of the day they had men up in line with the truth or vet of coherence understanding to the fact of free speech and not harming anyone. This of course it was a struggle in communication from academics to those screaming at each other in the street open fields for debate. As narrow-mindedness does little revegetate the essence of the beating itself. As always strive for the pleasure zone and let it to find in possible conclusion. Harmony with the things around us as I've said many times! Venom should not be to grow grown in the garden of ones making. The times of what they call are the communication of one's soul? The speed of light and the essence of being, or can it be diagnosed within a millisecond or two rather? That then is the old understanding of

black and white, now we have gamma rays whatever they have at this stage they can see if it bones. Are we broken in all weathered hairline fractured? My big insight in this is out of my field I'm mainly into music and writing.

As in poetry to some extent although I've been amazed how they have diagnosed my broken bones and recovered us back to health. Children do heal quicker than adults. As an old man it takes time although when should exercise as much as possible to give the flexibility the hold on to the new day and every day can screw. The same is true I'm in music almost mostly to do is scales exercising the vocal, chords in the fingering as in to playing and timing is a must although with programs such is band in a box or other rather programs you can generate songs it soundtracks just finding knowing the theory of music.in. Well in itself the construction can play up of various components to make the backing track or sound track is that you wish for. The appropriate time in some cases or many cases the world is advanced very advanced.

We are so advanced in every stage, as you and every moment is as the express train with a panoramic view only to be in the take in. So much as the eyes allowed too like most days I keep occupied in the median things that I do which for me is very exciting. Resting when I can to exercise what I must do both practical and physical in time. It's great to be alive, for living as a gift we almost treasure how old it is and what it is that we are living in the land with other people commencing and spending. Good time in the things we do. As in construction as one should do what would life is, be it if you may to be bought back as not to relate and not to communicate with words that are that makes sense what we see to a tee to ask the boss to think. The senses of it all we have the keep us ourselves together.

The music industry it's similar to the watch making industry. How it was this day in ages in the Echelon of those in these two industries that be were in creating field within itself, for there are many aspects to the game. I fly alone I let in coming into a network with services resolutions. To answers must be solved in watch making it was that we took a part the actual watch we needed to diagnose and solve the problem which to our dilemma we would have a restless night working out the solution to the problem. Waking up in the morning working at the mathematics to conclusion of it all. Similar to writing the score or a song in itself I coming to the conclusion. Or what you want to do and moving on the big spud to do the work prize say work is 80% hard work only 20% inspiration this is true. I find by relaxing someone's coming to the concept that I have to write an album I do my minimum 14 to 18 songs and I work out down the 14 that I want to record in some cases. With the effort there is too much to do so does not agree tomorrow lease of terms and conditions I deleted. I have been known to release albums of 9 songs or even up to 15 songs released on one release of an album.

Chapter 23.

All work is an art form in all fields and in self it that we rely on the skills of those around including who is in charge. To direct as a director or producer or even the Artist itself there is if he has the skills in an experience which are formed by the conclusion of time to what it is. Life dictates what he does some things are left on the shelf for a later stage to work out now in live and life. Find the appropriate time to challenge the problem this can be sometimes the problem. With such we were to think on it for 2-3 weeks stopping the production as then as to come to the conclusion. To move insight on my father view he never refused anything and we did repair of it mostly everything but possibly 99% giving a guarantee. I didn't like the hassle

of people sabotaging the process by opening up and touching our work. It is a little bit different in music field the product is there and is released so the burden is on others. But there is a copyright issue weird people pick like vultures trying to get there a ruckman and light within the realms of what is already has been. Produced as something like if you're building a house and don't know how it's made and try to copy it the foundations will subside into the quicksand. So in some ways it is better not to touch another person's copyright and dwell on the light is within you otherwise you can suffer mental anguish. What time is such is written the old writers of the Bible says not to extract' the potency of the copyright for your format. But to ride different end by giving space for all to grow is Italy to sickness to some extent within taught by teachers had to build our own. Enlightenment to write this is why we go to school this is where we develop alright whatever it may be. Both the watch making and some writing art form is a skill within itself. Although you're appreciated and there are many competitors who would work for free or not to the standard price Earthing by the artist in repair or whatever the case may be why must have standards. Lively ordered to make a humble living whatever it's the case both in watch making and some writing in its if its skill. there is room to grow both Industries having employment around 30% that is under a basic wage which increases to those who are the top 1% .humble living like any dope in the Stream like any business I must learn and grow in the ranks to understand how to run a business. Any type of business to start from scratch or to hire the roads staff with no income maybe that everyone gets paid and you I left with the crumbs.

Business starts with reading many books on business and the experience of having a roll there is much. You have video form on YouTube and the search engines and there is much in the books written through the centuries. Napoleon Hill comes to mind in the early twenties of the twenties century writers or is his ethics. but it even goes back as far as King Solomon if it comes to you it comes to you if it doesn't it doesn't Be Humble and not to go into red debt. It was a case of one man owing \$5 that borrow to buy food for he marry his daughter. this in which that \$5 he could not paid back it was in invented to work for 20 ideas as he worked for 20 years on bread and water. The Payback is minimal, people can be sharks when they want to be buying into your dreams and aspirations. It should be something I'm merit. Things to understand live and let live and do what good you can in the world to something will come back in return.

Can baffle of the baffle in the mind relate? How one comes to conclusions expresses in mind by communicating within just the facts with of a grain. I'm not saying much sometimes just a look in the eye or twitch of a face as such can give. A so much isn't an encyclopaedia as would not parent growing up in this would know when to. Change the baby's nappies what's your way the contentment by singing a song. It's children growing up to become strong boats and in their rights and some extent of expression and more than trees. Children growing up to be adults is the journey that finds itself with a path of life leads.

One cannot take everything for granted in fact life is a gift. Between the stars and the earth and expressions and jest there is the child leaves to express like a page on a book. some things we know some things we take for granted some things we're just learning between the words of the thoughts but who am I. the but the gift of Life Is Sweet to breathe the smell of sense of perfumes of Flowers in the garden allowed. Time to watch the Glen of Rivers Running with life. Alive living of the Wildlife singing to the sounds of the sounds of now as we are all part. nature runs to a high degree people walk their way trying to find the road map to the next part of where we going with their iPads in their iPhones. Why watches tell you

about the biorhythms and their timetables to be on time is there run and exercise or just do their thing. For the things of life unfulfillment of it all there is fulfilment.

I said she crows the Waters of my path of my life no I have my off times as all. High storms to battle through as most in this. Not all citizens of the world do you have the right life in a going experience. Time is the comfort of it all to know the things come together which conclusion at the door is open to further the journey. The can be as we do with anything. Around within you that we see there was merit. All The Small Things or large things to take to reflect upon abstracting live scores leaning on the Learnt. For another day it's children playing outside in the street discussing the here and now playing kick to kick. Or some such game catching you mocking and throwing the ball for the wrong in part the journey we all are in the game.

Thinking back to the days when my father was alive and was living in both our younger days I willing to share the company of each other, I remember that we did a lot of laughing and were talking about people in general. How the world turns he talked about his dad and of the universe as trying to understand. It's moment of me seconds passing by much as which as a child of his witnessing much would try to find the answers to many questions of the universe. The level of one question would be why are we here in the days reflecting the answer would be lead to the we are here because. we are here for if we were not here where would we be so therefore the answer is we are here in making a living budding and time constructing building foundations. For a future trying not to make a mess and sharing goodwill and cheer with our fellow human beings on this planet. All that my father was mainly an icon in Melbourne life and also my community in my state on the map of mindful. He had files like anyone else with polished job to become part of the world that he was in. in justice another Cog in the wheel or a link to the establishment for better in most.

Having if not all the same degree just a few years he found himself caught up in the Second World War so came to his senses as four bags full. The impressive German army that had invaded in his Homeland in some degree rather than talk in straight facts of course lost the war to head down and collapses. To me he talked to Rowen Tivoli parables and no timeline just things are on his mind. Also he had a tendency to be stubborn in his way. Vaguely show you something technology if you didn't grasp it in the 2nd it was not yours to do it he was not a good teacher and n\knew the value in not sharing which feel is wrong for both student and teacher. It was such a shemozzle that I went to school in the watch making Department of RMIT and they were upset that my father had not educated me in the watchmaking so I had extra classes I had to catch up. It was study and make easier from too hard of not being taught. and then basically with my knowledge I come back and show my father a few times until the grace of and to Technology was and the understood a understanding of how to fix trouble or breakdown the appropriate things one stage we were doing chronographs at this stage. We were doing latest control which came to the modern watches of the time. I remember its technology always in Lance as is. Sometimes knowledge was going backwards sometimes going forwards either case there is some type of advancement in the design. Parts were available on the net for Switzerland America and Hong Kong also a watch parts supply house in Sydney the bills were such. I had a lot of responsibilities and lot of work I wish my father said I'm working for the common good as he said you're working for the family. a family as such time is relevant and I'm still in the living world bided my time by writing poetry and music and performing from time to time this was my social circle although a later stage as it is seen the rolling stone gathers no moss and just move on to clearer Waters. everyone had their point of view that I was talking to everyone had the direction in it and was

going somewhere asking for advice or talked on their perspective to understand. from another point of view another pair of eyes and ears my father was no different the watchmaker people had some type of respect that he would repair their old timepieces to be restored into the new working formatted timepiece where as I pursued my music and in that case I have a roof over my head where my father gave me food and shelter from the wind in the rain. Big River glass he works for himself and I work for myself money was not an issue because I never had money so consequently I couldn't buy the love of the women that I loved and knew who in their own right married and had children. They have their world as I had mine. in the pursuit I've song and words and that Pursuit I came across my first wife Barbara who was my first wife so far the only woman that I've married. going to the funnel at a later stage we got divorced after living with each other approximately 9 years this was an issue I didn't discuss and she died the year after the devoice. We had the things on the lore of mankind at that stage to move on and regret. forward you have a lovely a loving relationship we laughed a lot could you tell her path and life and my path in life we separated but she is no longer on this Earth. I visit the grave stone not so frequently but sometimes as I do with my parents and other relatives very dear in Melbourne Australia. As my wife and my father was a seal Diplomat who love to socialise with other people always discussing issues and helping when they could. I should say both did a lot of good in this world but he was depressed he did not see eye to eye with me saying I should stop my Pursuit all together. Music was discourage for me saying too much to get into the music industry sometimes when we argue or the fact that I lived Under One Roof he would still hide my one guitar and hide it so I couldn't play. he wanted The Best of Me rather than giving me encouragement he wanted me to be honey watchmaker although I ran his business for food and lodging I did the Wet-Bix with a lot of people but as the medication of those days given to let me say a sweet Rebels of nothing for those not telling the line life was a bit of a haze but still has come down with this type of sedative to talk to Castella it's a beagle with other natives such as I my father's endeavour was to work which animal organisations pictures of December which is or was it Association. I've been made some partisans with God through the war stories and basically has a foundation of friendship they help each other in some way something like the RACV will the RSL. They formed answers charity drives and that's friends with friends has not to be alone as I was growing up I noticed there only one and two people over 50 at the time of growing up. I had a good friend called Spencer Bates he died at the age of 91 or something user friendly man who was admin in banking and Commerce when I meant to be was about 60 he help me in correspondence told me the English language as well as communication to some degree. basically a friendly fellow although he had never married he was in his polite way even though I was meant to inherent his property after he died as you said he died lonely in a hospital of pneumonia and no one had contacted him or me so that we can get together. As he considered me someone has a grandchild although he died I did not pursue the property and is a contested I rather and this is the lollies have gone to his older sister in England as it is said. It was not my case to worry growing up somewhat New Year's movement we suffer from the pain of those who died before us and come to the conclusion we must battle on and pick up the pieces. Not be too sensitive to get on with our pursuit of life and happiness. The happiness of my father with having the glass is 2mils of vodka about 3 or 4 in the afternoon, another customer friends would come in and share a glass with us.

Chapter 24.

With my father and myself there's a little bit of alcohol to let the day go by. There's a medication anyway as my father knew many things. For example he also knew how to make plum vodka with a lot of sugar the syrup drink was a drug. By Olives we had Yugoslavian friends who also drank collage enjoy the light of life as my good friend Frank a nice guy would help each other out families. His sister was in the business for my father, her time is done by note and letter drawing as composing. I had my heavy load of life unplugged and rather than submitted and reflected talk too much about nothing I moved over time to time just a swim further down the road or further down to a clear response on the water stream of life. my life is in abundance in the garden time to mix with other people basically to live and let live no matter how much you try it explains two things most people don't listen and then I want to hear anyone's advice or that take too much advice and subside the thought is it's someone else's problem just talking off the top of that this can happen with consultations a psychiatrist social workers everyone is an allotment of life it won't should be respected, it's up to weigh heavily on them although expressions happens sometimes the people can find out what you think before you think and know what you know before you know sometimes is not clear and they're dreaming or you're dreaming in somewhere in between Isaac communication of it all his life is for living we live and let live.

I noticed growing up this part of the world called Melbourne in Australia from looking at the different medias in film video and broadcast that the English language is a gem within itself even as such within the realms of one country. That is there are different dialects but I noticed that the Americans in expression of English in terminology come to different perspective in their expression of words expressive different level to those of Britain and here in Australia. We have a different perspective and taking as I talking in different levels of expression so basically when one person says one sentence it may not have the same meaning. This is extended to the Asian English the European English and outside the English world speaking in general. Although there is a common base in word verb and adjective expressions are not quite exactly the same so with the designs of watches in the 70s to the 90s. They take the problem of timekeeping from a different perspective and came with different angles of design.

I've had a Construct view the energy from the main spring down through the cannon pinion the balance wheel escapement such a degree of the hands turned of course forward is no other prospective in time the prospective visa things can change. In Design but the end result is the same having time. Having time to grow in the garden of time life has been kind. Life has been good what can one say we badger elements liking me. Like a really hot Heavenly mass or object will see the centre of the universe subways. In degrees of expression there is laws giving the realm of what it is and what to say. Social English language it is a great gift for the common bond human appreciation interchanging but somehow conveying. The message of other languages and spelling order or should I say code is illegally talking poetry or when the sense of a word conveys. To come to a different level of expression no two languages are the same it is also no two different dialect are the same. I as well also noticed here in the small country of Australia each state or even town or even suburb carrying is a different expression and different linguistics to that of other places families pedigrees the common man. With the working man there's an exhaustion in there degree of expression. Later other levels of expression basically there is a common language and that would be she'll be right mate I can hear it in the wind.

Being realistic is one thing that we must have been achieved our lives balancing the formalities before us and weighing up the answer to choose between it all. The dilemma of hearing now or dilemma of saving before inflation it's even a devaluation of other currency to some degree. What even it is it is economics plays a big part? I see the rich people never spending any money in saving that their money while the poor people spending more money than they have. Working hard to make a living and trying to best take care I feel in the modern age people have to go into business for themselves. To some degree and pay very good wages to Mentors there Status Quo of workers giving him good benefits and better conditions for without this factor would go back to the middle Ages or even the Dark Ages. To some extent everyone would be miserable and the lights of life would be harsh. Somewhere else how people come together and discuss different aspects of life and how to relate to materialize and share their understanding and knowledge which can be a beautiful thing within itself. It's not to say that people get shell shock and communication with the others around and themselves because of the loss of respect. In notices into what the field of life should be bring its something like a soccer match you try a football match with a young look. As looking on with the workers on the field kicked the goals which brings the highest score and all is well as the winning teams win. Both teams win because I can walk off the field and come back another day only to play the same game. Games being what they are, which is a game where in which is the battles with many and choose the people around us we didn't fight with a family relations as well as Friends. Such as the world how it is that some people find happiness just by saying to someone on the other side of the planet ring him up at a god forbidden time. Saying g'day how you going all makes sense its way the time it isn't ocean to ponder upon as we live to serve and serve to live.

Relative to the door of time it is a constant. Other wise to do what we reflect and to see what was before. We come to a clearance of stagnation and find we can turn around and see what was and what will be some clarity is. As an ocean in this is big in the world the concept of water for it is all around. In an atmosphere of to some extent we never see the true image only what we want to see. We live in the garden of time surrounded by the environment having their loving respect for the part of the Universe where we live. As we are all gardeners in the realm of time I should say like as I do what I do I just play my music in time. The seeds of what you were prospective to find words and lyrics melody comes from within. Many at the moment of self-same time it this as is a skill good to be developed if you wish To be a singer/songwriter and can be developed through the road of Hard Knocks. The role of trial and error at a young age of the establishing the education source. The foundations of thought one must become that in prospective to do the job of an analytical degree of it all. The coming easy of words does make the easy to able love to share thoughts and reflective understanding.

The somewhat chaos there is harmony to the thought process we all living life. We live seeing what is around it taking that that would be it may be true and to relate. The people that pass by movers and shakers even though I live in a suburb in Australia have little idea call it luck. It is no less than a country town to some degree that I run across the same people that I run in too. In talking for years the letter of the street. Ever watch TV or listen to the radio and only have to hear what the teacher teaches them to learn and the study old books of poetry conveying knowledge. In depth in what they see and their unlimited in what their employment is. Even touching up with computers or using pen to paper there is always a limited. The source of communication still in their realm time is to be. Different to every man

and woman and child is still the same at the subject and concept. Not changed if explained some people speaking different angles of reception in it's a grass or lawn that what they see. In here basically there is a common ground for all that is. Why we are educated under one sun and the one moon and even a once star system.

Improvements are made by where sharing an outlook. Leaders are called into the word document running the spelling check coming to the same conclusion the word of foundation of it all. Silver rolling through moss gathering finding no role the sinking float to the attitude I see the light of my calling. To find is to finish this formation of that song as book but not the question of how. One should start as given the blank pages and not come to a conclusion or should I move on with the flow of expressing. By myself to be green fresh in thought that I do as I am expressing you are and we are all in foundation basically fishes in our potion of time swimming along running around the same old scenery doing the same old things. The same old time keeping in time as is a traveller. As it is as we are all travelling winging on the road rowing in time. The Lovers to somewhere Higher Ground swimming in the abundance of the lake of now at least to see the reeds and the wildlife it passes by. The sailing ships go sailing to the shalom of hope only understanding that we are here all together

Always we come to the conclusion that sometime whether it is just hearsay whether it is a real answers to the question to find a solution? Small Things matter but overall view is the same until what matters is. Is it also a high incitement to the vision of an answer within the answer as it may come from within but only through logic itself. Time being what it is answers may change to the course of time only those with the insight and perspective where it is coming from. I can come to the right conclusion that the man at the job knows where he is. As well as onlookers can I see the whole picture in degree although sometimes the conclusion is within reason of understanding is to bounce off other people? To come to the conclusion of what we say would be as the chairman or leader in that field. People swim different places children go sometimes not having the inside or experience to say. Here or there as experienced is a big thing when I was a child I believe the world was flat place so I would always go for long walks the city edge of the world I lived.

Chapter 25.

Later through satellite photos and teachers teaching me what has been handed down through centuries I realise that the world was a big and place and I'm a flood zone but in fact it was a sphere going around the sun. The first time I travelled I was 9 years old and which I saw the harbour bridge for the first time such a gigantic construction almost an eye saw to my eyes. For I never seen such as the concept of a bridge that was built so big although in my city of Melbourne they were smaller bridges. They were the nothing to the same of beauty as the Sydney Harbour Bridge came in too view. The beauty of the Bay the hustle bustle of the streets of narrow in their ways was a big contrast from the Melbourne Street which wide and built-in the 1850s. So giving fair room to the trams and the hustle bustle of a Victorian capital. You have to live at that time with the service in the state where I was born. Still there is a river the River Yarra which is a legend within itself. Fish swim eels once rhymes and the City of both sides was built in all around. Hell has nothing more like heaven cars growing up in my town to their own direction and the halving of excitement of travelling to another city.

The Wind Rises to my expression the school gardens and grounds to talk about. Distance different travels that I had done my uncle who lived up in Sydney was the main reason we had travelled. With my brother and mother to Sydney we three quite within ourselves to greet with my uncle Max and family. Uncle Max would be driving a Mr Whippy van most of the time. The van in which he made ice creams enclosed in that the van. Selling ice creams all of them for the loose change the Pitfalls that gives is a thriving business at some stage. for he managed to bring up his five children all the first generation migrant as my parents were hard workers if you did if it was into the environment as most of the people. As I was growing up I would say around here there was about 80% immigrants or migrants as such I was not the norm being born here as most of the children in my school had come from other countries many European countries including England Albania Israel Yugoslavia Poland and Hungary. These are the people and of mixed I grow up with. It was that time everyone has their point of view we were like United Nations that's cool done type. Talking and discussing about a different countries so where we came from and a history that brought us here to this land down under here in the city of Four Winds Four Seasons in One Day. I thought I fell over helping school pupils how to fit in. If anyone asks how do they barrack and who for the answer was the same time as us all which that time is considering we we're in a part of St Kilda it was a good place to be aligned. Here in Melbourne as much as there was parks lands and Gardens there was plenty of room for a child to the graph template for all. I grew up in the river near talking to the people by the river some well-educated some dude just didn't want to work or has mental issues everyone had what to say and everyone lives their own way.

We tended to walk a lot my mother and I as well as my older brother we journeyed the travel out a long distance to the Cheltenham aged home where my grandmother laying still in bed crippled by Parkinson's disease. We would visit Grandma every Sunday other cousins we visited other days and Grandma had some company although they did not give her a TV or radio she talk to the nurses in German and Polish and they loved my grandmother as we in the family all did somehow my grandmother was the winner so the whole family escaped from Poland Warsaw to Siberia then to Austria and displacement camps after the war. They the family worked hard as a family team and survived all good but one my uncle Jacob.

Uncle was shot the last day of the war he was a strong handsome man who joined the Allied forces for the Polish join forces and unfortunately was killed the last day of the war. The hundred million people had died during the second World War many my relations and those of the same following became escape cards and political pawns in the games political thievery to an extended relations and those of a church or should I say synagogue were killed for no reason other than blind hatred jealousy. I remember the rock play musical called Hair where they quoted the words of Shakespeare saying what a piece of work is man trying hard to find sometimes we cannot come to the understanding how cruel life can be can be. Good it can be hard it can be many things but all in all it should be in balance to walk in put out fires before they start. If we can many times in Melbourne little fires turn in to bushfires to the lit up bush touching the sky in blackness.

Horizons with flames and smoke I've seen it several times growing up one time I remember my father drove out to save us this is my older brother John and myself. We were in the bush and had a camp site in the bushes of the Dandenong Ranges about 20 miles from the heartland of St. Kilda my father had driven through the hell of fires and drivers out of a spot willing we escape the fires all together can be hard for an adult to look after the children as children grow up in different ways. They have some small children I could follow as sheep and we could only call and give direction but the Herd must move in its own way so was

education of love because of conclusion the life of Carry on the best way you can for without love there is nothing in ways of communication to absorb all has no meaning without love. I want I need I must have this is just words but love comes with understanding nurturing and caring to grow up in a country with basically there is peace and harmony in English way. It was but somehow a bit differently straight away saying she'll be right mate you can hear it in the wind.

Interesting to see the boundaries of life which we must live in environmentally friendly. Friendly to those passing by friendly to a community friendly to the small things that is a karma. The good karma should bring be not too aggressive. For it is just to be in some type of warzone in fact in the long run the energy spills out and there is nothing left but an empty shell of hate. An anguishment the best things in life are free it is to breathe in breathe out and to walk an extra mile although we need some substance this abstain alive like a roof over our head some warmth to keep warm with a blanket or a heater some maintenance of food and cleanliness and a timetable in which to fulfil the things that we need. I am for me just to be busy and occupied to some extent as to try our best in the best way we can. But we are not alone to which we need.

Some machine or tool as there are shops to which to buy so consequently we need an income. an income comes from someone working hard or cleverly and saving what they can they have the spending power such as in the economy The Economics of life many say the foundations of any size of me is buying and selling want and need to supply and to be supplied in all forms. I'm in life therefore there is a marketing strategy whether we know it. All the we don't know is it in things are formed on the basis of trust and communication. One cannot leave on an open pond or field with nothing with the water to surround and a form of communication to listening to the world at large. The fishes swim and hear the amoeba calling out to other amoebas oh what subject of fish is it to the other species of fish over the stay away I'll come and play. We are playful in our ways I like the taste tender loving care but not much to ponder because time is to relevant to the speed of it. All by standing one spot we have the attitude to think deep within and to reason and work out our allotment of how to work. In better times work is work time is time relative to relationships and to be related in. some way in the relativity of life to smile and to communicate there's a god given rights the country of the constitution and I am told we all go together as happy peacefully and in the harmony of any system.

Reflecting how I survived the years growing up without any major happening. One of the reasons for survival was it my mother's grandmother or my great grandmother basically looked after my mother's family why because my grandmother went out to work in a shop selling antiques and second hand goods. In Warsaw Great Grandmother was very gifted in many things, people would come up to her; alright she was like a doctor into her plays and said something's wrong can I help. She was a type of herbalist in a way she knew what plants to take and what to do at certain times to heal. The gift was passed down to my mother as it was we grew up mostly with no need to go to the doctor. With for sample cuts or wounds my served quickly. There would be no wound if there was puss on the wound or something like that to that effect she had a thing called the black ointment which is a compound of vegetables that was bought at the chemist. She would put methylated spirits on the wound and put the black as she called in Black Mush which is the black ointment. I'm on the road without a bandage drawing out there bad things to take somebody making it into a puss and drawing out around this would take an effective a day or two and then the wound would

naturally heal with the aloe vera. so basically as a football life it student of karate with many bruises and many kicks many almonds bruises on the body.

I suppose another remedy to my grandmother and passing down to my mother there was if there was a burn on the body from hot water or some such thing. As a burn my mother would take the eggs take out the yellow yolk With the White yolk you could put it on the burn thereby giving the boiling skin the chance to heal. It was your windshield nicely not needing plastic surgery another thing was if there was a massive bruise she would take butter. A lot of buzz was to rub it on to the brews which in turn healed nicely she had remedies for many things. another new form remedies from what a grandmother had told her my mother she had watched grandmother heal people not everything was handed down to me or I remember remind mother had common sense and was Streetwise in many things. what was wanted was and could just be people it out through the years of time and space although having no formal education in her hometown and she was taken into his older sister's business and minded the children. growing up mother was only had education from kindergarten the first and second grade at the age of 7 with take it out of school and said to look after his sister's family families. On both sides with very tired very loving and bonding which there is a lot of my tribe and people say a Jewish mother has a Jewish heart. The children love the sun as my father was wise in his ways of how to be productive although I do remember both parents always worried about war and conflict even though Australia was far away from the rest of the world.

Analysing the universe as one does in the young years of their lives, the whole why it is so and how it is relevant to understanding. Everything that there is in one thing of the pondered of me was. Why don't people grow and shrink at a normal speed of time something like the expanding universe expanding stars the contraction of black holes and why it is that it is so?

As a young child we took the elements of how a battery works from the positive to the negative somersaults to the elements all in the balances of in between. It's hard to imagine how there is energy in pyramids and there is also much salt at the Dead Sea to give version of mind it says realms of a battery are stabilizing the Earth and maybe Beyond the solar system itself. Even though in some ways the old civilizations we're very advanced if not I'm sure some of might have been more advanced than us. As is for it is lost in the Sands of Time and lost in the understanding as it is not written or passed down from generation although there are books on alternative Histories saying that earth was more advanced.

Although we are highly advanced leaking up the swimming pool of civilization under one network of the internet and the radio waves have a gamma rays Ray's of joy and Ray's of Hope building. On a strong foundation the cement the lies in those we boggle doubting any thoughtful conventions the know how in their analytic wavelength and to have brought them to the conclusions is as if they concluded one can only say that we were not born in a swamp and those who step in on the lake are Swans. I walked to walk another day as not always there is. Quick sending pulling them down and drowning in the Sea of Love still knowledge is passed on through the various fractions of light giving in. In forth to the next generation to come as it was to the generations before not all we see. Another we understand is it a true concept of anything we dig we see coming to conclusions and history may have changed by those passing the knowledge down.

We know little we understand little but what we understand in the little is a lot as the heart beats of man for freedom and understanding of sharing caring and nurturing. Easily things that bind us together as a family of humanity the family of who we are as a people on Earth

we are basically. All the same born with the right to live express to some degree to work to eat to be part of humanity and society each person is different in their way. Each has their gift numbering 2 or 3 gifts given to people as are only the same everyone has a different variation of degree of a gift that is given from the universe to the essential being that they are. Every gift is precious lost in the understanding as it is not written all cars dancing generation hallowing the rub books on alternative histories. Saying that it was more to the event. For the we to have events leading up the swimming pool of civilization and the one network of the internet the radio waves are. we see cameras droids hopefully honestly on foundation of cement the lies in those who were boggle out of touch many shorting all conventions of. Know how in the rentals in equations and having had brought them does not conclusion that there is a concluded in want you. Nearly say that we were not born in the swamp and those is stepping side of the slumber, walkers on to walk another day as if not always there is quicksand pulling them down. Running in this is lots still knowledge is person through the various fractions of light giving. For to the next generation it comes as it was too the generations before that or we see you. Understanding is a true concept of anything as Riddick whizzy conclusions and history. Man changed by those passing the knowledge down as we know little we to understand. Little is the what we understand in the little is a lot through as i have been some cry of freedom and understanding of sharing caring nurturing easily things that bind. Binders together as a family humanity part of a family. Who we are as a people on earth we are basically all the same boring with the right to live express the sum of degree to work to eat and be in the big part of humanity. As society each person is different in there way and has the gift no see kiss something's we share some things we do not understand as if this all comes as all dances to reflect the maybe just a glitch on the radar saying something. No one can comprehend or understand without further analysing the situation in seeing as if it's something in common that the expression share. One is the same for we are all different but in the same subject we are citizens of the Universe and earth as it is a parts of the living reflex to reflect.

There is an understanding to understand who we are we're travelling through time at the speed of time relevant to everyone. It is different but it is the same as a perpetual motion on a straight line never ending from the beginning never ending from the end somewhere in between resistant continue Like a Rolling Stone or a waterfall or time and space. As A Rocket to the Moon And Far Beyond as we were here before we were here and different elements of consciousness and different Realms of levels of time the moving hand has moved to move on define swim experience what it is. That I must analysing the wildlife as I do in the videos that I've created with my own music as background I see we're all basically from the highest realms to that of independent life. We're all guided by the matrix forces of living Loving and try to been entity within itself to find Harmony as that is. The only conclusion without Harmony I would not be talking as the time that I have would be in the movement of everyday chores and understanding by expression. I am employed to tell you the different Realms which I look into the picture of life all I know is life is for living live it well. Live it to the best you can find Harmony find compassion find understanding by healing yourself you heal others and others should heal you in the reflection of what you have done through the Sands of Time.

