

Hi Guys

Many thanks for offering to read my work.

I am sending this in two parts and without images, because I have had problems uploading it.

Gary

Ps This is only the Kindle edition, so there is stuff to tidy up on the page set up level.

The Island of Serenity

Part 1
Destruction

Book 2

Sun & Rain

By

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About the Author

Gary Edward Gedall is a state registered psychologist, psychotherapist, trained in Ericksonian hypnosis and EMDR.

He has ordinary and master's degrees in Psychology from the Universities of Geneva and Lausanne and an Honours Degree in Management Sciences from Aston University in the UK.

He has lived as an associate member of the Findhorn Spiritual Community, has been a regular visitor to the Osho meditation centre in Puna, India. And as part of his continuing quest into alternative beliefs and healing practices, he completed the three-year practical training, given by the Foundation for Shamanic Studies in 2012.

He is now, (2014 – 2016), studying for a DAS, (Diploma of Advanced Studies), as a therapist using horses.

His hobbies are; writing, western riding and spoiling his children.

He is currently living and working in Lausanne, Switzerland.

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Chapter 1

Sorry

**To: jjferguson@newchapel.co.uk;
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angel@virgin.co.uk;
aideenmil@freesurf.uk;
duncanmcloud@posindonesia.co.id**

From: Faron@freesurf.uk

By the time you are reading this, I will be dead. Tomorrow was to be my fortieth birthday, I just couldn't face it, so like the coward that I am, I am copping out from that too.

I know that I have screwed up your lives, as well as my own, and I am sorry, but it wasn't really my fault. You see, we are all but the product of our pasts. None of you know all of my story; so, once and for all, I am going to write it all down.

You might well be shocked by what you are going to read, but before I go, I need to get this off of my chest. It is not a glorious story, I've done some shitty things, I know, but I never set out to be a bad person.

This is my story

Chapter 2

Beginning

There is fog or mist, or something.

“Where the hell is this?”

“Not quite Hell, Faron.”

“Who are you, where are you, how do you know my name?”

“Who I am is of no importance; where I am, is not here and I know your name because I am here to help you.”

“But where am I, am I dead?”

“You are in-between.”

“In-between what?”

“Here and there.”

“Is this purgatory?”

“You might choose to call it that.”

“Why am I here?”

“Why do you think?”

“Because you don’t know where to send me?”

“Where you should go next, will have to be decided.”

“But I can’t change what I’ve done.”

“You can change who you are now.”

“But it’s too late.”

“If it was too late, there would be no point in you being here.”

“Listen, whoever or whatever you are, it is too late, I’ve totally screwed up my life, there’s no point in trying to change anything.”

“Fine, then I hope that you like this scenery,…”

“There is no scenery, just clouds or fog.”

“... because this is where you will stay.”

“For how long?”

“Until you accept to change.”

“That’s my choice, change or stay?”

“Isn’t it the only choice, to change, or stay the same?”

“To change or remain the same?”

“Change or remain the same.”

“Okay, change it is.”

“Change it is.”

“Okay.”

Chapter 3

The Early Years

Some children are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, I was born with one rammed up my arse.

That way I could; sit up straight, stand up straight and shine from within.

My mother was the direct descendent from an obscure French noble family, who had the good idea to take an extended vacation, with their English neighbours, so they could keep their heads, when all about them were losing theirs.

My father, James John Ferguson or J.J. Ferguson, as he was known to everybody had also come from a type of royalty, as popular myth would have it. One of his direct ancestors was supposed to have been an illegitimate son of one of the King James's.

His mother, in a bizarre type of mirroring of the story of my mother's family, (which is so unlikely that it could only be true), fed the young bastard with stories of his true nobility and of how, at some future moment in history, he would regain his true, noble status.

He came down to England and hard work and careful money management, my father became, in his mid-thirties, one of the youngest factory owners ever, and was well on his way to becoming a wealthy man.

It was around this time that my father met my mother who saw him as the perfect means to regain the noble status she had lost

As soon as my mother fell pregnant with me, she searched for and found a distant, poor, French relative, a sort of maiden aunt, to come over and live with us. She was what they call a 'jeune fille au pair', although she was anything but a young girl, more than likely already in her late-forties or early fifties.

As a family member; plucked out of abject poverty, given a decent job, room, food, money, (actually not much more than pocket money really), my mother was confident that she would act in a serious and trustworthy manner.

In fact, Marie Madeleine did much more than that; she became a de facto mother substitute for me, caring for me, as she would if I had been the child that she never had.

This investment in me never wavered, even after the birth of my little brother Jean-Jacques Malcolm Ferguson two years and three months my junior.

It must be said that my earliest years were not unpleasant, with Marie Madeleine as my constant surveillant and Jean-Jacques became more and more a playmate as the years progressed. As to my parents I saw them mainly but in passing moments, we might cross my mother, ('Maman', as she preferred that we called her), in the morning, as we were preparing to go out somewhere.

'Bonjour mes chers, tout se passe bien?'

'Oui, Madame, tout va très bien. Et vous, Madame ?'

'Ça va, ça va, je suis très occupée. Soyez-sages, mes enfants'.

'Oui, Maman.'

'Bonne journée.'

As you might probably have noticed, mother would speak to us in French, this was intentioned for us to acquire French as a mother tongue. The choice to have imported Marie-Madeleine, who only spoke French, was clearly part of this particular project.

'Where is Marie-Madeleine?'

‘Elle ne travaille plus chez nous.’

‘What ? Since when ?’

‘Vous êtes grands, vous n’avez plus besoin d’elle. C’est réglé.’

I waited until J.J. returned that evening.

‘Is it true that Marie-Madeleine has been sacked?’

‘Aye lad, she’s gone.’

‘Just like that, like an old sock? After all that she’s done for us?’

‘Your mother has decided that she is no longer useful, so she was given notice. After all, she was only an employee.’

‘No, she wasn’t, she was family, she IS family.’

‘I’m sorry Jamie, (he rarely called me by my middle name), but it was your mother’s decision, I just deal with the formalities.’

‘But what will she do?’

‘Oh I wouldn’t worry too much on her behalf, she’s a fine head on her shoulders. I’ve been thinking for some time that the factory would do well to have its own nursery and your mother has some friends that are looking to take some classes in French, both for themselves and for their children. Marie-Madeleine is not likely to starve.’



Chapter 4

The Island of Survival

The fog starts to lift, he finds himself on a barren rock; behind, the sea is violently attacking the shoreline, smacking it savagely with a blind rage, as if its very presence was somehow an affront to its right to dominate the earth. In front, there is a rough plane, with patches of vegetation, which are somewhere wrong, but he cannot make out exactly why, for the moment. Further inland, he can see an enormous forest, a forest the like he had never seen or maybe heard of, the trees are huge, yes a few majestic redwoods maybe, but this was a whole forest of them, as far as the eyes could see.

The wind tests to see if he is capable of flight, it almost succeeds to lift him off the ground, but it is still not quite strong enough, so it gives that up, and frustrated, pushes him heavily to the hard rocky floor.

So, here he lays, angry and hurt, he rolls over onto his back, he looks up and a little back.

‘What the?’

‘Something wrong?’

‘Everything is wrong, but the sky and the sun...’

‘Ah’.

‘Why is the sun red and the sky turquoise?’

‘Why is anything the way it is? I believe that it has something to do with the composition of the atmosphere.’

A shadow softly crosses over his face, from behind, cutting off the sun.

‘What the ...?’ He turns and sits up, the figure is short, heavy set, somewhere a cross between a man and a small gorilla, wearing some sort of animal skin, to protect his privates. ‘Is that you?’

‘To ask if I am, who I am, is a question that warrants not a response.’

‘But what are you?’

‘The same as you.’

‘You must be joking, you look like some kind of missing link.’

‘Why not take a moment to look at your own hands?’

‘My hands? Oh-my-God, these are not my hands.’ They are short, wide, heavy, strong and very hairy, the finger nails black and claw like.

‘They are now.’

‘What have you done to me?’

‘You are on the island of survival, here you will learn ... how to survive.’

‘But, I know how to survive.’

‘What do you know?’

‘I need to make a hut, start a fire.’

‘Start a fire, quite right, and how do you start a fire?’

‘I, I, I don’t remember. How can I not remember how to make a fire?’

‘Remind me, what’s a wheel?’

‘Stupid question, a wheel is a ... it’s a ... a ... thing.’

‘What does it do?’

‘I can’t remember, I can’t remember. What the Hell have you done to me?’

‘This is a representation of a period of history, sort of like the stone age.’

‘I know what the stone-age is. How can I remember that, but not what a wheel is.’

‘This is like a sort of a dream; sometimes we know things that we didn’t know, sometimes we can’t even remember our own names.’

‘What’s the point of all this?’

‘As I have said, you are to relearn to survive.’

‘Like this?’

‘Like that.’

‘So, what do I need to do so that I can get out of here?’

‘Hunt, kill, protect yourself.’

‘And if I don’t?’

‘Then you will get hungry, cold, wet and maybe hurt.’

‘But I cannot die, I can’t get hungry or hurt.’

‘Can you feel hunger and pain, in a dream?’

‘So if I don’t do the things that you want, then I will suffer?’

‘I don’t care what you do or don’t do, but if you don’t do the things that are necessary for survival, yes, you will suffer.’

‘Will you help me?’

‘I am only here to help.’

‘Great, let’s get started then.’

‘I am sorry, we seem to have a slight misunderstanding, I am here to help you, in, how should I put it, in a sort of advisory capacity, for the practical stuff, sorry, you’re rather on your own.’

‘And exactly what would you advise me to be doing, in your advisory capacity, if I might dare to ask?’

‘Of course, well, as the sun tends to heat up these rocks, rather a lot by the afternoon, maybe it would be, not a bad idea, to go and seek out some shade.’

He gets up, turning to the forest, ‘how far do you think it is to the forest?’

There is no answer, he turns back towards the man, but he is no longer there.

‘Great’, and with that, the short, stubby man creature, starts to make his lumbering way to the protection of the forest.

‘I say one thing for this thing of a body, Jimmy boy, it’s bloody fit. Jimmy boy? How long since I’ve thought of myself as Jimmy boy? How long since I’ve been talking t’ me-self?

Okay, just this stretch of red sand, it is bloody red, isn’t it? Bloody red, like that, quite clever really. Starting to get hot, my feet hurt, I should do something about that, I’m sure I know something so that me feet don’t hurt on the hot ground, maybe I’ll remember later. Just keep going, nearly there, nearly there, okay, that’s better, good forest, cool on the feet.’

‘What the hell am I doing? What warped, sick game is he playing at? Anyway, who is he? Maybe it’s just a creation of my own unconscious, that’s what it must be. I’m dying or dead, and I’ve created some sort of fantasy reality, so as to deal with the guilt of committing suicide. Well, I’m not going to play anymore. I didn’t want to live anymore, and I’ve no interest in some sort of experience of atonement. Listen God, if this is your idea, sorry but I’m not interested, if I’m to go to Hell, well it’s no more than I deserve, just stop this charade and let’s get on with it.’

He waits for a response, a reaction, but nothing happens. ‘Well, I’m going to make myself comfortable in this tree, and when you get bored, then you can do what you want.’

He does as he promises, climbs a tree and settles himself to wait. Some time later he stirs himself.

‘Shit, even if I’m dead, I need to pee.’

He descends the tree and relieves himself.

‘What’s that?! What’s there? Oh-my-God!’

The creature resembles a huge bear.

‘It surely can’t hurt me, I’m not really here.’

He stands facing the great beast, undecided whether to climb back up the tree, run or trust in his logic of being un-damageable. The beast advances, surprisingly quickly for such a massive creature. His indecision has given the bear the moment that it needed, before he can move, it swings its right paw and he is propelled from the ground. He lands heavily, several feet away, it has struck him on the upper right arm, which is already painful and bleeding. The blow has also winded and disorientated him, and he lays on the soft ground, watching it advance towards him, unable to react other than curl up into a ball, and experience the rising panic, of being in an impossible situation with no possible means of escape. Suddenly, there are loud screams, and a shower of stones lands on the bears’ enormous furry body. It turns, screams back in anger and in pain, searching for the source of this outrage.

Again more screams from the trees, another rain of missiles and the bear turns and runs off, whether to

attack the stone throwers or to escape them, he cannot guess. That the bear has left, that is the only information of any interest.

Some moments pass before anything else happens. Then, from somewhere out of the trees, a figure emerges, it resembles the form of the other man, but it is not him.

‘Duncan, it’s you, what are you doing here?’

The short, squat humanoid continues towards him; he looks at the fallen man and grunts.

‘How can you be Duncan? You don’t look like Duncan, but I know that you are him, weird.’

The other man still continues to advance cautiously towards him, the similarity to a gorilla is troubling. He hesitates before coming close enough to contact, then, very slowly, he reaches out his stubby hand to take the injured arm and examine it. He moves it gently, he is testing whether it is broken or not.....

..... ‘You see, survival, is not every man for himself, or the survival of the fittest. Survival is a group concern; if your group, tribe, team do well, then you can also do well.’

‘Survival is for team players.’

‘There, now you’ve got it.’

‘But do you think that it will be okay if Angelique stays with me?’

‘Oh, you might do even better than her.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Come, and I will show you.’ He takes Faron by the hand and leads him into the darkness behind one of the huts.

As they come out ...

‘Careful, you don’t want to fall into a canal.’

‘Canal?’

‘Yes, Venice is full of them ...