



11-08-08 On the way back from a trip to the olympics. Had a funny feeling about this trip. I think because it is so good, such an opportunity, and reward. I think back to the accident and every thing that has happened since - I feel incredibly lucky, and I must say underwriting. The skies outside have become very grey over the last 15, 30 minutes and the captain has just announced that everyone should stay seated, seatbelts on and cabin crew wont be serving (never heard that one before). What to say - hummm. Thought I'd better write something in my new diary (Fambrodden Palace book store :)). Take the chance to be melodramatic and thoughtful, experience a bit of emotion (and drama?). So I am not so into summing up life and everything. Being nostalgic and all of that any more. I am getting more and more into the moment (a good place to be). Caring less about the past and less about the future, and more about the connections and relationships that are strong out there, emanating from my centre. And I feel like it is a good place to be, to be going.

The Fuwa are the official mascots of the games. Taken from the five rings they are supposed to symbolize blessings to the children of the world. Prosperity, Happiness, Passion



Health, and good luck (that last one sounds like an old pun to make up numbers!). I really enjoyed the olympics. Beijing was spotless, all of the rubbish had been cleaned up and dodgy sex business shut down for the few weeks of events. Cars were on a odd/even system so the roads were easy to get round. And there were thousands of volunteers all with positive helpful attitudes was a real feel good thing going on. It was a strange juxtaposition over the threat of security and political goings on. War between Georgia + Russia, an American tourist killed at the Twin Tower, protests over Tibet, and bombings in Xinjiang.

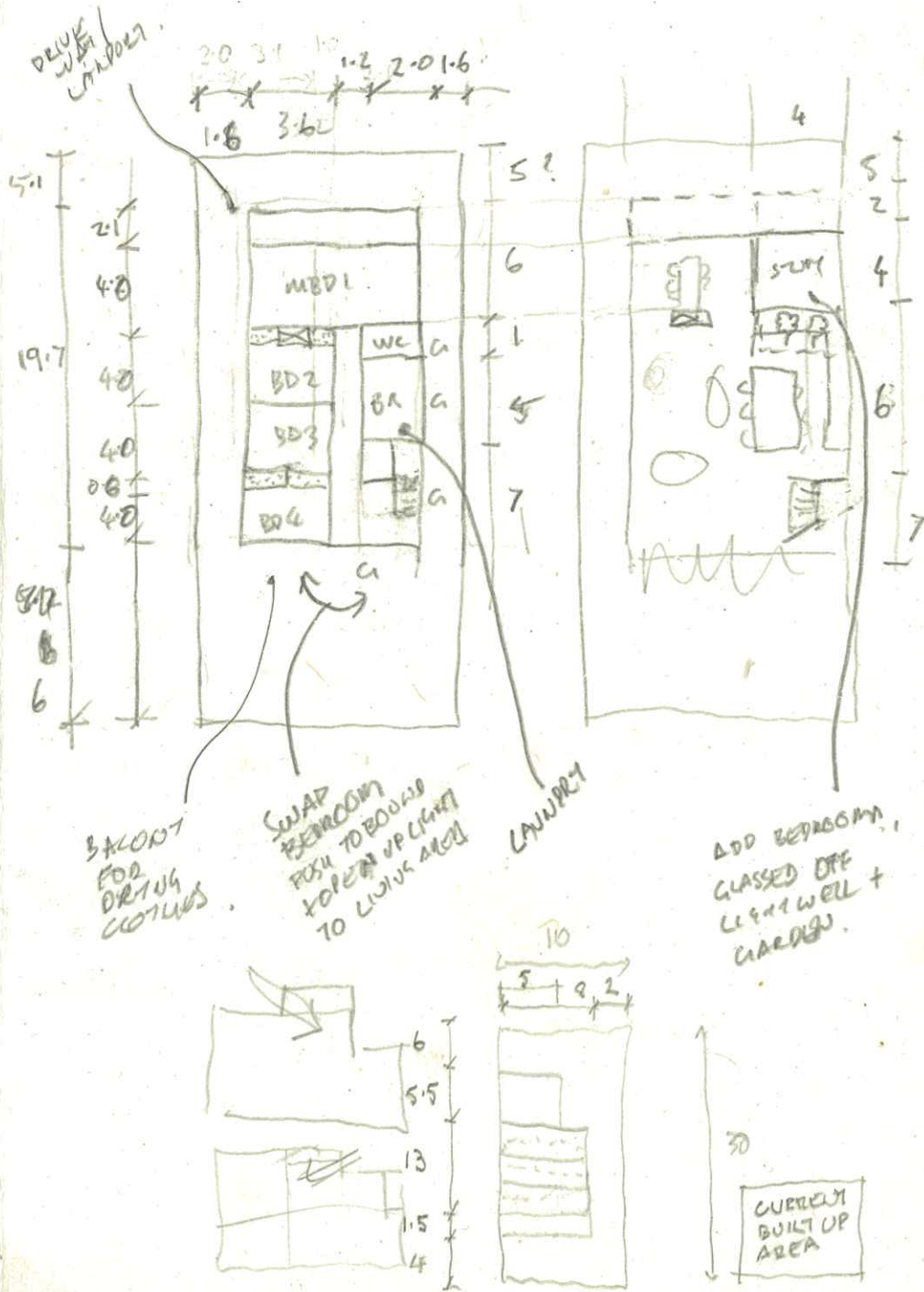
I don't like or agree with what is happening in Tibet or Uighur NW but... How responsible to make these things. If you held out against someone or thing until you got everything signed to your particular wants and views - well, you wouldn't would you and if you did, would you be better than them? Free speech means things you disagree with, and inevitable injustices. In fact anywhere there are two views someone's personal justice system is going

to be compromised.

And then again there are certain justices that must transcend all of this. Basic core human kind justices that dwell at the core of what we are. I am lost I admit. How to understand the mind or the monetary system that would allow some of these things to happen? In fact investigate these things.

16.02.08 Ange is out at an AISS trivia night (dressed up as Anna from ABBA) - I am at home with a cotch or two and some time to myself. Time to have another think about 38 Abbotsford St renovations - although the more I think about it, the more I think we will probably live in it as is for 6-12 months. See what the area is like and all of that. Maybe we even live in Park St so we can get the kids into West Hawthorn ???

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| - 3x3x3 BEDROOMS | - TOILET / B'ROOM x 2 |
| - MAIN " | - KITCHEN |
| - STUDY | - LOUNGE ROOM |
| - LIVING ROOM | - LIGHTWELL |
| - OUTSIDE COVERED AREA | - BALCONY |
| - GARDEN | |
| - LAUNDRY | |



21.08.08 Stella had a piano recital at school last night. All of the students of one particular teacher performed, about thirty all up and Stell was one of the youngest. I was very anxious for her but she pulled it off pretty enjoyed by the whole thing. She played the elephant waltz which is a really nice little piece with a couple of chords here and there. We were so proud of her and she was proud of herself as well. We went down to Julius's (from Johanna Nattar + Julius) restaurant and had a meal with a big plate of chocolate cake and ice cream for Stell ☺. Was brilliant.

Angie is a bit worried about the kids at the moment, Stella's spelling + reading is not where it should be, and Ewan is not physically where other kids his age are. I am a little worried myself and have vowed to spend more time with them coaching etc but can't help but feel the whole thing is overstated - they are in preschool and grade 1 after all! Anyway, will do what we can. I want to get them involved in karate and more sport, watching even, and spend time with Stell on the home work

front - I never get home work till high school at least!

Shares continue their path down - can't seem to even perform with the market! Still I think we are doing the right thing, maybe put some more into bonds when they start to recover but remain a little cautious at the moment - market may still have further to drop yet!

25.8.08 Had a boys day out with Ewan on Saturday. Seemed he was suffering under the weight of a bigger sister (and a smaller one as well come to think of it!), feeling a bit like a non-citizen.

We had a great day - no nip roaring laugh your head off fun. but nice time spent together. We started at the fire station (he didn't want to go at first - wanted to stay home with mum). Really got into the museum there and came away with fire badge now stuck up on his bed. We then took a bus and got some food at Bagin's junction (slipped in some shopping) I needed to do ☺. And then on the train out

to Changi to watch the planes and have a hot chocolate. I am really less concerned about his co-ordination issues, it is more a case of focus and concentration. He very easily gets distracted into his own little day dreaming world.

Something I did quite often apparently - Non-communicative staring out the window and all that.

Angie thought he showed signs of being much more positive throughout the rest of the weekend and I realised I got a lot more attention (even had a kiss good bye this morning). I will have to spend more time with him (in fact them both), one on one. Good for them, good for me also.

Amey family day on Sunday down at the Flyer which was fantastic. Everyone had a good time and the job is looking better each time I go down - the change in direction is much better. Gave a short

presentation at a kids level which apart from some IT glitches on their side went down quite well.

26-02-08 Looking at the finances last night there are a few large cost items ahead for us to choose from. We will not be able to do them all.

- Kids go to private schools (for secondary school).
- Build new house at 38 A Watford (550k?) (450k?)
- Keep Park Street

May also be limited by income stream relating to paying back loans

- SHARES	200K	- MONEY IN
- PARK ST	(80K)	MAY BE BETTER
- ABBOTS FORD ORIGINAL	(435K)	TO LOAN FOR THESE?
- ABBOTS FORD NEW	(450K)	BUT BANKS WON'T ALLOW.

Current credit facilities amount to $80 + 5 + 435 + 90 = 610k$ would be looking to 965k. Selling Park Street would free up $550 - 90 = 460k$ of cash to put into shares and the kids education. Equity won't be the problem, the problem will be cash flow in servicing the loans.

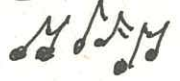
Will have to try and save as much as we can over the next 2, 2½ years and hopefully the shares will come back as well and make it all happen. We will see in time I guess.

27.8.08 Ewona is absolutely gorgeous at the moment. She packs herself up and gets herself into bed when Stella and Ewan head off (or get taken off more accurately!). She lies back body half on half off the pillow proud as can be to be one of the kids :-).

She seems to be very in control of things. More than the other (as you would expect I guess as no. three). She surprises you with little things she has worked out for herself, although I remember being surprised by both Ewan and Stella also. She is the first one of them however to have shown an active interest in balls... picks them up and wants to play with you (throwing or rolling around).

3.9.08 Listening to the iPod on the way to the train this morning and started to think about being given the free tickets to Grace of my Heart at the £100 Jitar Festival in Venice. A simple nice act like that just brings so much joy and good feeling into the world, just keeps on giving returns. I must try to do more of that with my life, be one of the nice guys, it is too easy to get tied up with your own issues and to get

paranoid and protective...

The world is a much nicer place when people are giving. It is also a much nicer place when viewed to music I have found. :-
Everything gets that feeling, 
that emotion juxtaposed over it.
Gives things focus and a perspective.

15.9.08 Out at the British Club for a quick dinner after a development committee mtg. All very nice having time to sit down and order myself a meal. Feel like I'm all grown up, out of the shackles of living with parents and university, first home decisions and all of that. It will all come back moving back to Airst however - build a place (we hope) and kids in school etc! Sprung for a meal but not a beer :-).

Came home early on Friday night to take the kids out to the observatory. Was cloudy and so we went for a walk to the trampoline instead. Then proceeded to clear up and did a mad dash to the science centre. Was really good. A view of moon about 3/4 full, great light over the

craters etc., and also a view of Jupiter and its moons. Ice cream at McDonalds afterwards although the main attention was on all the toys they have down there.



Ewan was quite scared of the big T-rex they had outside. He was just standing there quietly eyes closed.

Told him, he

was sleeping and he kept giving him curative glances expecting him to wake up. Tried explaining he had been unplugged and was only pretend but I don't think he ever quite believed me! He is in the 'why' stage at the moment. 'Why do sometimes dinosaurs get unplugged?'

22.09.08 A chance to write in the diary as was supposed to be on a time management course - arrived at the building to find out it is actually next month! Maybe I should look Hwei No (my secretary into a time management course instead!)

A bit of a let down I must admit, was all geared up for a relaxing day learning how to make more time for myself. Have taken the opportunity for a Kopi and Kaya toast. - very nice. What's even nicer is that it is in a case in Tanjong Pagar MRT station at B1 right next to the lifts so I get to watch people walking by, and lift loads of people being transported up from the platform level below to ground level above, on their way to work :-)

Was a good week end. A day out (half a day anyway) with Ewan, Party yesterday (at which Freya fell down some stairs cutting open her lip!) - (on my watch! - Ange was finishing off her first aid course), and then the basketball last night. The new CEO of Singapore Slings, Tony Fernandez has had to make the difficult decision of pulling out

of the Australian OBL - they were being forced to
fund the travel of visiting teams to Singapore so
understandable. He has done well effectively
creating another roster for them of regional teams.

I am not certain if it is an actual league but
the game last night was great. Against ~~of~~ a
team from the Philippines (Añ 21) with a large
local contingent of fans. Made for a bit of
atmosphere. Both games (one on Wednesday
night also). Añ 21 started strong, and was
getting into local trouble also. Almost felt a bit
set up... Anyway a few lessons in business right
there! I hope it becomes a big success, deserves
to.

Lots of some of mind stuff going on in
my head at the moment! Dogged by email,
not wanting to go to work in the mornings, pressure
over the shares and falling wealth (down over
150k from the peaks of last 18 months or so),
kids (pressure of slowing down and enjoying

and not getting frustrated or upset (need to
for their sake - harder than it sounds)), and
the knowledge I need to relax more, worry
less and be more positive.

Ok - fit enough to get into work now.
Perhaps there is a reason I should be in there.
(Proposal for Patrick). Might take this
afternoon off - will see how things Pan out...

27.9.08

Odysses by the Merlion

I have sailed many waters
skipped islands of fire,
Contended with Circe
Who loved the squeal of pigs;
Passed Scylla and Charybdis
To seven years with Calypso.
Heaved in battle against the gods.

Beneath it all

I kept faith with Ithaca, travelled,
Travelled and travelled,

Suffering much, enjoying a little;
met strange people singing
New myths: made myths myself.

But this lion of the sea
Salt-maned, scaly, wondrous of tail,
Touched with power, insistent
On this brief promontory...
Puzzles.

Nothing, nothing in my days
Foreshadowed this
Half beast, half fish,
This powerful creature of land and sea.

Peoples settled here,
Brought to this island
The bounty of these seas,
Built towers topless or illumined.

They make, they serve,
they buy, they sell.

Despite unequal ways,
Together they mutate,
Explore the edges of harmony,
Search for a centre:

Have changed their gods,
Kept some memory of their race,
In prayer, laughter, the way
Their women greet and dress
They hold the bright, the beautiful,
Good ancestral dreams
Within new visions.
So shining, urgent,
Full of what is now.

Perhaps having dealt in things,
sacrificed on them,
Their spirits yearn again for images
Added to the dragon, phoenix,
Garuda, naga those horses of the air,

This lion of the sea,
This image of themselves.

Edwin Thumboo (1979).

Day out with Stella and Freya today. Went into the city, had a look at Boat Quay and the Asian Civilizations Museum, getting a glimpse of the FI at the same time. Came across this poetry written down by the Merlion. I like the whole Ulysses reference → myths created from nothing but somehow appropriate all the same. Have to admire Singapore and what it has done for itself. Trying to find a center, surrounded by other cultures (in and out), dragons, nages, Garuda, maybe why it seems to make sense, this finding of an image, an identity alongside culture which to live...

30.9.08 "For some reason I can't explain, I know St Peter won't call my name..." How do people

stay motivated in this life? I wonder if there will come a time when Age + I set off backpacking with the kids? Take a year out - 4-5 months travelling around Australia, 6 months or more through Asia... Maybe it will be down to them, maybe we will have to ask them. Will be hard to take a year out and rejoin a year later → a year behind at school, old friends a year above them, having to return to the rigidity of school life after spending a year doing whatever takes our (and theirs), fancy. Maybe we should look for examples of people doing it... → Tony Wheeler and LP would be a good start.

Sitting in Golden Mile Foodcourt (Kompong Glam). It's pouring with rain and I have just finished a veggie mee Cravey from my second floor vegetarian stall. This is what I want, I want to meander & drift and observe and experience. I'm not made out to push. "... That's when I ruled the world". UVA CANIDA

1.10.08 Got a bit annoyed with Eric today over dinner, in the end he ended up backing down and

actually doing what I asked him to do! Feel
bad. I think it was because we had such a good
day at the pool - he really loves me and wants
me to love him back (which I do unconditionally).
I need to be softer on him perhaps? Anyway
had a nice night reading led time stories - I
think I hope it is a good environment to grow up
in as a kid.

I think (am sure actually) that it is work +
the thought of it which is responsible for my
underlying aggression + moodiness. I must try +
separate it - try to relax and be where I am
not where I have to be the next day. Relax
and step away from having to control so much
a bit more.

Took Stella on my run tonight - her on her
bike - she did really well, she's getting very
mature - Stopped + waited when she needed to,
a little grown up girl.

17.10.08 Bit of stress around at the moment, work,

home, stress. Still have the health! Kids are doing well
I think, I enjoy having them around in any case, they are
80% of life at the moment - things weighed all up are pretty
good.

18.10.08 Good afternoon down at the beach today.
East Coast Park. A few strange things though to set
the mind thinking - I (me - me + the kids), spent a bit
of time down there and you start to get a picture of
people. Street outs were two foreign asian women
full of life and obviously having fun. Young + attractive
and lively - getting photos taken with the kids +
smiling + enjoying. I noticed there was a young guy
sitting with them later on (or one of them - the
other had gone somewhere). I was a little worried
about kidnapping etc. so I went up just to find
out where they were from to get a bit more
perspective. I was guessing Korea or Japan,
but he was from Singapore, and she from China.
She was pretty clearly a prostitute who had
been brought over to work in a hotel and
'judging by their kid in a new candy shop

attitudes, only recently arrived and being shown around. I still remember the note of nervousness in her voice when she replied 'China' - looking at me as though I would judge her an outsider.

The other interesting two were two guys having a drink at the harbor center. These guys were as stereotypical Russian things as stereotypical gets. The bigger one had a rock marked face with combed back hair, a slouch and a heaviness about him. He was picking shellfish from a large basket and eating them. Reminiscent of the chicker feeding swagies in the Trans-siberian train cabins. The other was younger and better looking with a pressed white shirt, open buttons showing off his chest and rolled up short sleeves. Three quarter shorts with old but clean (maybe never in Russia), sneakers and bright white ankle socks. They had an un-nerving air about them. The big rock marked guy that removed dispassionate look that was equally appropriate if he were to be

reading a newspaper or breaking both your legs and all your knuckles... The young guy that incredibly self conscious look about him that can turn to extreme violence any time he thinks you may have looked at him the wrong way or cast aspersions to his appearance. All slightly scary it has to be said and in hindsight was not happy having the kids anywhere near - especially the Russian for some reason... They have that incredible optimism + simplicity + naivety which really we do also! The world can be a horrible horrible place in parts and at times.

23.10.08 Did a bit of reading of old diaries last night, in particular the time after the accident. Remembering all of those dreams was like a flood of colour back into my life. Agean seas, Indian cricket crowds and majestic steamers, Hawaii beaches and turbo prop planes to Antarctica, Ant Deco flying cars and the haunting morpheus induced episodes of paranoia. All of this sitting in on recent thoughts of our trekking in Tibet + Patagonia. Life at the moment is busy and rewarding but it hasn't

got the depth of field of those days! Why am I saying all of this - I don't know really? Wanting some of those times and feelings back, making sense of where I (we) are at the moment - which is a good place by the way. Singapore is about me but also about the family, setting us up and starting us out. And it is hard work involving not so much personal sacrifice (although it does!) but more aptly a loss of time to myself - to have wandering thoughts and to do things for me and to be me. Again, no complaints as this is where I want (we need) to be... just observations. Anje is heading off to Nepal at the end of November, I am really happy she is doing it, it will be great for her, and I am looking forward to a week off with the kids also. I must remember to give her some encouragement. We all need it and she more than most not having the extent of work interaction with others that I do.

25.10.08 It seems the world is coming in on itself economics wise. The first ten pages of the paper today was full of stories on how bad things have become. Cheap credit leading to cheap loans and greedy bankers (can't blame a banker for being greedy - it is their job

after all - it's what they do - make money!). cleverly structuring derivatives that put it out like a cancer into veins and limbs and muscles and organs unknown. Then there is a trigger - I forget what it was?... and then confidence goes and the whole thing comes down like a house of cards. I read that the reality is that the loans were not all bad. Higher than normal failure rate but not too bad. Ahhh now I remember it was the house prices - once they fall and in the O.S. apparently it is easy to walk away from negative equity, the way effectively dematerialises and there is nothing left supporting things.

We are in too deep to pull out at this late stage. I am not confident the markets are not going to fall another 20% but on balance I can't bring myself to believe it. If it does there has to be an up side on the other side doesn't there? It is amazing reading the commentaries, all of them desperately looking for up side. From the peak we would be down over A\$ 200k which is more than 50% because of exposure to heds - I believed they were the only

guys making good money as they wrote the rules. As
Gwenyan has now admitted to the flow in this is
individuals putting their goals above the institutions
they work for. He had assumed that as it was in
the best interests of banks not to go broke they would
regulate themselves to avoid this. A lot didn't it seems!
We will sit it out for a few months yet looking for
opportunities to get back into blue chips.

The influx of saved money back into the US
from just about everywhere else has seen the US \$ gain
dramatically & the S\$ is now A\$ 1.07 !!! Silver lining
in being here + sending money back home. Eventually it
will however return to where it is if should be it goes
better to people (today paper!).

The reason I have time to write is that I am sitting in
a doctors waiting room for a consultation about a vasectomy!
As Ange told me when I informed her that it might take
some time - enjoy the downtime! The kids are all-
enveloping it must be said ☺!

Life is just going on at the moment. I need to get
back in to some of the more spiritual aspects of being
here - do some more good things with my life -

for others - for me.

30.10.08 Peter Hood is in town at the moment as
temporary office leader. I find him quite draining to
deal with. Full of energy and forces constantly (it
seems to me) in politics mode. Constantly negotiating
& challenging and assessing angles ... for Gods sake
give it a rest and be real for a bit, show a
little humility or vulnerability, something that
people can relate to.

There is a big glowing punk in on the
Flyer currently for Halloween - ! Sits up on
top of one of the legs and they turn all of the
other lights off at night - a little strange I
must admit ☺.

Had dinner
welcome Peter



out last night to
and Screweell Andee.
Andee is a bit strange as well. Too private
and lacking in life for my liking, which is
fortunate as I have a feeling underneath it all
is someone is quite ok as someone I could

relate to. As with all of these guys however, no sense of trust.

3.11.08 Finished off Stella's bedroom last night. She was very happy - new remote control fan to play with, elevated bed - pink mosquito net + curtains and a coloured (Stella chosen) rug. She slept the whole night through as did Ewei who has been upgraded to the top bunk - also a lot of smiles and excitement. Little Frey was a bit more apprehensive about the move from the mattress on the floor to the bottom bunk. She stated the night sleeping on the Sutton couch that has replaced her mattress and we transferred her during the night. She woke up this morning beaming with a smile looking out over the ground netting that stops her from rolling off during the night. Will be interesting to see if she is happy to start the night off in the bunk tonight :-).

7.11.08 Went in and had the big V today!

Made the mistake of mentioning that I was going in for surgery - a lot of talk around the

office - wisdom teeth ... etc!

Was very full on and I couldn't help but laugh at the whole situation. Having been in hospital before when everything is so life and death, this was like a nice days respite from the world for me. I was thoroughly enjoying it and could not help smiling. Up early and off on my own - time to myself to read in waiting rooms and lie on beds contemplating the world as it busily moved on around me like any other day.

Stripped down to the bare essentials, everything removed and packed away and reduced to an arm band (wrist band), and a file of 'bilateral vasectomy' paperwork. Rolled around on a trolley through the hospital and finally into surgery.

Gloves and masks and hair nets every where, procedures for transfer from gurneys to table and nurses all over the place. Local anaesthetic and a screen and four or five people working on my gonads, an area until that date

never worthy of so much as a second look! Was a little uncomfortable and so they gave me a sedative. Wow, now that is what I am talking about - 'do you feel anything' - 'no' - and then a cloud of pins + needles without the pins and needles if you know what I mean come in a tight buzzing around my brain. And things got happier and nicer than they already were! That fantastic feeling of peacefulness, drifting on the edge of consciousness, being aware of what is around you but not worrying, not wanting to fall asleep and miss the whole planet happy feelings.

And the rest of the day off half sleeping + having a good time - a little tender + some! Made the mistake of looking at the Blackberry this afternoon which brought back all of the crap from work gaby on. I really don't want to know guys! Issues with F'polis on vibrations + the ever patronising Peter Hood! More of HCC's crap

to deal with...

And now the weekend and back to real life. Hmmm. I need a break - Christmas coming up soon. 13.11.08 Just read about 2 extreme child abuse cases in the UK. Makes me sick to the stomach and I wonder that I can close my mind to it and go on at times. A beautiful little girl from the 1000 coast going to live with an Aunt in Britain for a better life + to help them get child benefits. Kept in a cold bath living in her own excrement clothed in a plastic bin liner and beaten terribly to the point where she died. She was seen as the devil by her carers and apparently didn't cry or anything at any time - Oh my God - the terrible reality that little thing must have faced, I just cannot comprehend or imagine. It is like two pathways in my brain cannot connect to make sense of it or something... Makes me want to vomit, to bury my head somewhere and not go on.

26.11.08 AM

"I must go down to the sea again,
the lonely dark sea and the sky.
All I ask is for a tall ship, a breeze
and the stars to steer her by..."

An extract (the beginning), of a verse
on a girls t-shirt on the train this morning.
All the more relevant as it was off white on
grey with diamond studs laid out in some
pattern further down. Made me look twice.
Perhaps these light weight products of the city and
chewing gum free living are not all as shallow
and removed from all meaning and thought as they
sometimes seem.

Like here and in Flat Melbourne seems
a little adrift of meaning at times. What more
meaning in a moment, quiet perched on a
rocky way surrounded by the Annapurnas?
A serious question... Part of the meaning of

those moments seemed to be in the promise of
the effect it (they) would have on your life
to come. A sort of feedback loop drawing
soon - or perhaps better promising to give to
the future. And now that the future is
here ... ?

PM The recession is upon us it would seem.
Action plans for shedding staff, projects stopping,
visits at lunch being banned... what happened
to summer - so short ☹!

02.12.08 Looking after the kids at the
moment while Ange is in Nepal. Enjoying
it immensely. Freya is a beautiful little
soul, mornings with her are fantastic. Stella
& Ewan get a bit much around bed time.
Lost my cool a bit on the weekend & was a
bit hard on Ewan. but seem to be
finding a good pace now.

Life is strange and diverse. I want to be
being all, all the time. I want to know it
and be a part of what it is.

I bought Anja a Jack Kerouac book
this afternoon for her birthday. All about the
Indian religious revival of the 60's - 70's.

That's what I want - some of that fluidity,
to drift + feel. That's not where we are
right now, but we must be able to get
some of it happening... Trouble making those
decisions for others - the kids. I can see
myself dropping out when I am a bit
older - maybe that should be the plan.

Travel, do some photography / art I write
about. Start up a nest egg + live
off nothing - once the kids can look
after themselves. Seems a lot more.

glorious end than the one I am heading
to now. Live in the Himalayas
somewhere for a few years → M^cLeod
Gang, Dallourie (!?!). Do some
meditation and get back to what we
should be doing (we do in all of us) -
contemplate why we are here, try and
reach a higher place. Write my own
religion!

Back at the blue cafe (Minda
home sitting the kids). Lights have just
been turned off and left in the orange
darkness watching life from the shadows.
☺ I do like this place. I think Peter
Waugh had a lot of what I might be
looking for. Although not quite? The whole
rich + bisexual - they is a bit of a dead.
That's not a part of where I want to be!
There are higher places than that to be.

found. I do feel a regret he wasn't as
easy as he could have been to relate to.
Never gave really, just protected + played.
Never took I suppose either. Not bad all
in all on balance, just not good - I want
to be good. RIP. Peter...

And sitting here on a balmy evening,
palms and people in the streets, Tanah
Kaya. A market across the street, leaving
long paved streets, I do feel like I have
gotten what I wanted out of Singapore.
Living on the Equator. Ulysses + Carad
out there back there somewhere.

4-12-08 A couple of days ago Ewe
came to me in his best Ewe post Ewe
voice 'you know those things you cook in
my lunch... well don't give them to me

because I don't like it. - I inspired
today that those little cheese cubes in
tur food (left over from a box I bought
when I couldn't get cheese sticks), were
not cheese at all → they were these very
strong vege stock cubes - the cheese must
have run out weeks ago! He wasn't
very happy with my laughing. I can
just see it, the excitement of a treat
unwrapped - what is it → chocolate
look, into the mouth and whom! The
"bulldog licking piss of a thistle expression"
on his face ~~will be so~~ as he recounted
the story will be forever etched in my
mind -

Went and picked up some fish

with Freya today across the railway.
Absolutely passing with rain + lightning +
thunder. Any way was looking down the
row of fish tanks and the most bizarre
thing: A whole tank full of orange
blood? Fish, all looking straight out of
the tank in perfect unison watching the
groups on in the shop. Every other tank was
a mess of randomly swimming fish and
this was that or just little seals all
glued to what was going on outside the
tank. Very weird - felt like a higher
sort of realisation - of some significance
somehow, a glimpse of higher spheres of
working. ☺



28.12.08

"A man who has had his way is
seldom happy, for generally he
finds that the way does not
lead very far on this earth of
desires which can never be
fully satisfied."

Joseph Conrad (Chance)

3.1.09 In the boarding lounge waiting for QF9 after
a couple of weeks in Aus. Absolutely fantastic
time. Fall on → Appletree drive, Wilsons Prom,
Anglesea, Lock Sport, Family, Christmas. Kids
just loved every minute of it. Out camping, Nancy
+ Poppy, all the nieces + nephews, new things to see
and explore. Caddie, saying good bye to Flash,
Festel + Nikolodion → all good.

I must write more, but seem to never get
the time or the inclination even these days a lot
of the time. But done with some delight to
get the retrospective juices flowing! Life is good
at the moment. The days of not caring about

death seem to have evaporated. I find myself loving the kids + Ange + looking forward to spending time and life with them. We have a lot of good times ahead of us + I don't want to miss a minute of any of it. I don't want to die + will be sad when it comes time to leave this place!

Fuega is absolutely on the verge of talking. She has all of the intonations down pat so we can tell what she wants to get across anyway. She has the mean thing happening, haven't tested the Dad but she is also now saying battle or something close to it.

E vic is really bonding with an artist who is great. Make huge strides whenever we spend any serious time together. He is becoming known as Mr 'Excuse Me' which he uses to start any customer to help get attention. Still asking a

myriad of questions - far more than Stella ever did from memory.

Stella is her own little girl + is growing into a person. She (and them all) are loving things at the moment + seem happy + contented + developing + exploring + growing + everything else they should be. (Albeit with a few side issues which we are making progress on - reading etc). I get a healthy disrespect as Dad who can only know limited stuff + is a bit slow + dipping (as it should be :)).

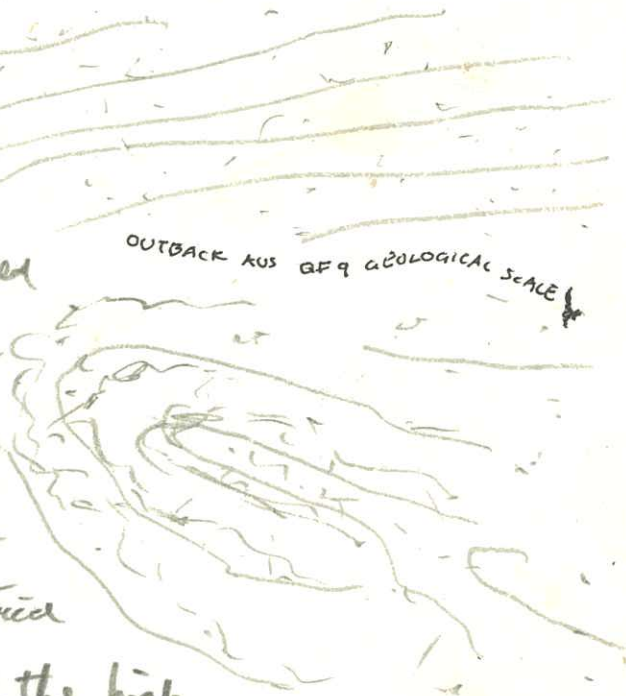
pm I love flying, it is as Salma Rushdie says a short section of living life in the present. Food for the soul.

We flew over Ayers rock and got a fantastic late light view → @407AS has redeemed itself slightly from the hours delay on the Thomas. Have great the last few

hours flying over the outback. A lot of
mining, surprisingly a bit of over and salt
lake system mountain ranges, consecutive
ridge line terrain

and Taurus shaped
out crops as well
lovely deep woods
and exposure and
just lately electrical
storms in some of the high
land clouds on the horizon.

Clouds and outback below, then a head
level with us on the horizon + stars above.
Stunning beautiful ☺. How can people not



be in awe of this sort of thing. Looking
forward to getting home and getting some
rest + time to myself. I (We) need to
do the work often for Ange as well →
get her in touch with Ange again
Tough job with the kids all the time
Redentia. Rewarding month to month +
year to year, but understating and
underestimating on the microscopic end...

4.1.09 Back at the blue cafe Arab St ☺. Warm
slow afternoon. Backpackers around visiting, reading, discussing
body Plants and Rough Guides, & talk of local things
something talking about fishing or the things to be
concerned about in Singapore, two groups being led
up and down the mall in Bussorah St to the Mosque,
the cooler set loitering around Sleepy Sams. \$28 for a
dorm, \$80 for a double + 90-100 for a triple - place
must be booked out continuously. Breakfast, clean linen,
internet for a little more than we pay in rest!

The muslim dudes running the cafe drifting around looking
cluttering, being "

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Back home to do some sorting on the computer - have list, will sort it!

6.1.09 Transition back to work is proving to be difficult. An indication of how good the holiday was (or how good it was to be on holiday perhaps!). There is a lot of crap around the place at my desk and for me to sort through. I seem to end up picking up all of the things that go wrong - get called in (which is my job description I guess) but I can't do it all - I have to rely on the people around me, need to lean on others more perhaps. Peter Hood is not helping, feel like I am in a verbal wrestling match whenever I talk with him. I need my energy and time for other things I am afraid - I guess I just have to do what I think is right and trust in the system somewhat!

Dangerous but I am not a astute enough political player to take on people like that.

8.1.09 Finding it very tough at the moment. I feel like my life is not significant enough. I can sense a lot of the forces going on around me but am unable to deal with them or control them.

We (the family + I) need to make more of an effort to do real things - travel to India, boat trips, do aid work, things like this...?

Just at the moment I am particularly up + down. I need to do some meditation to try and centre myself, get some ground under my feet.

10.1.09

"The things they do look
look awfully c.c.-cold...
I hope I die before I
get - o. del ..."

My Generation
The Who

19.1.09 Day in Takorta pitching for some hospital work. Good day (always like seeing new places) but wouldn't say enjoyable. The lasting memory is speeding around in the back of toxic fighting car sickness - a battle you never win of course! Anyway mission accomplished, presentation given, Leon, (Kinematika - ex Army) visited for a nice fried rice lunch at his desk (Thank God we did not end up at some local crappy restaurant!). Rather enjoyable actually. The hospital was actually very good quality. Leon's office is in an

TO DO

- LOOK INTO DEISM + RATIONAL CHRISTIANITY
- SEE FILM 'THE EMPEROR + THE ASSASSIN'
(STORY OF FIRST EMPEROR)
- CHK CHINESE WEBSITES MAO'S CAVES
- ART FROM SILK RD (CP REF'S IP 179)
- STUDY STRUCTURE OF HIVE BEES
- BOOK ON FIRST + LAST EMPERORS
- MAOS BIOGRAPHY
- SAICU - POWER BOAT COURSE
- SKIPPERS COURSE
- DONATE TO WESTON KIDS CHARITY
- BOAT OUT ABBOTSFORD SCHOOLS
- TAKE STELLA TO SCO PERFORMANCE
- START KIDS IN KARATE.
- LOOK FOR EXAMPLES OF FAMILIES TAKING A YEAR
OUT TO TRAVEL.

old chop house they rent out and so has a bit of eccentricities about it which I kind of like :-)

Jakarta as a backdrop from the taxi window woven throughout the day. Very Indonesian family enough - road side stalls, heavy pollution and dust staining anything within proximity to the road (which is just about every thing!). Low lying land with bits of arable land and irrigated fields or swamps. Borana palaces in old wavy bits of land

RUNS - PREVIOUS 57 RUNS

WORKING RD BEST 9:03 2 JUNE 2007

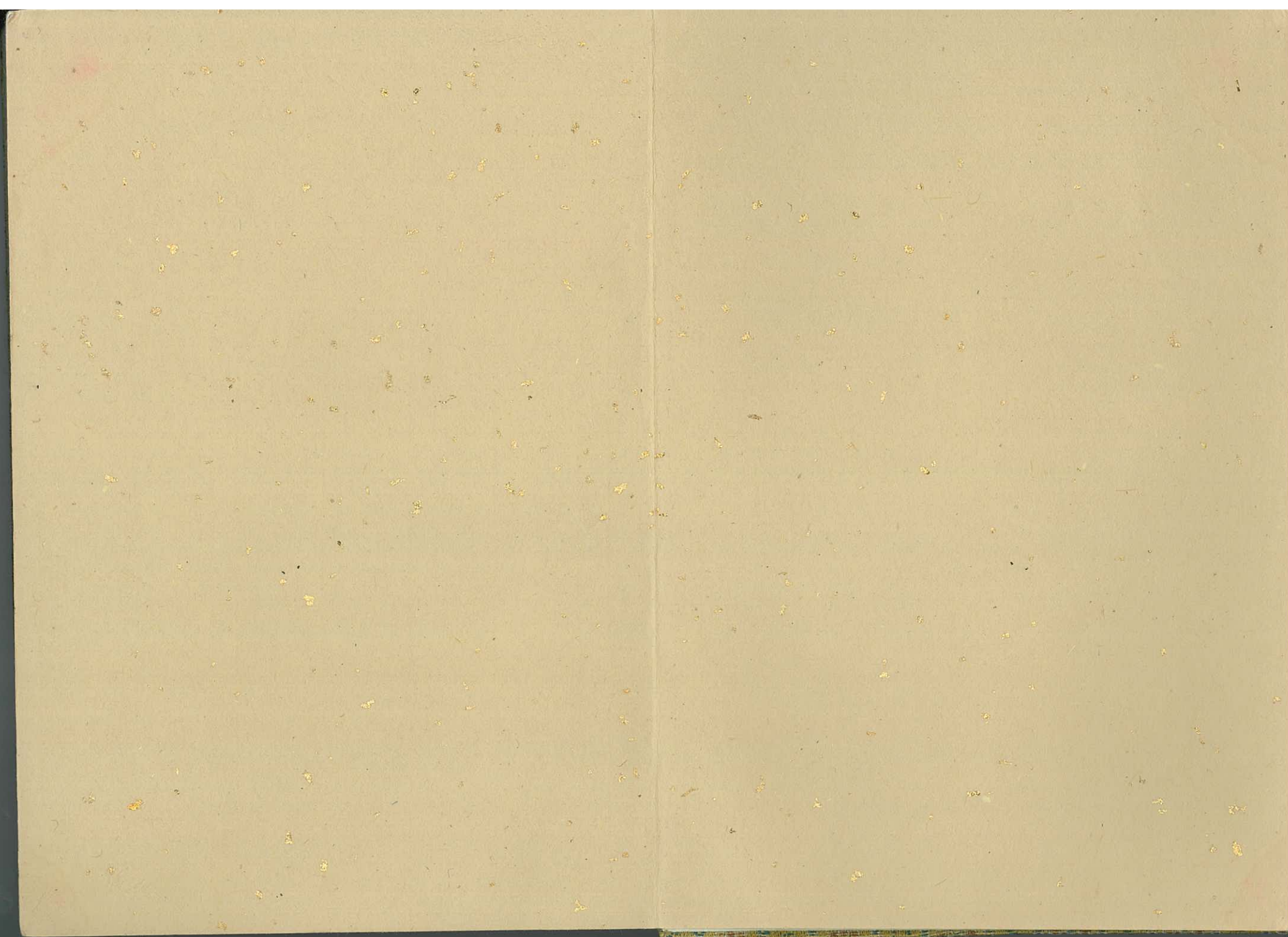
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6.9.08	" "	9:57	17:58
13.9.08	" "	10:50	19:10
01.10.08	" "	10:00	18:28 (WITH STELL)
6.10.08	" "	9:30	17:18 " "
27.10.08	" "	9:52	17:28

alongside the river or anywhere else there was room. Motor bikes all over the place and no real traffic logic - just edge and go and honk. Lightly to make sure people know you are there... Very muslim with Banjars and stainless steel Mosque domes peeped about the place shining lightly amongst the dusty rusty room of the surrounds.

The country has improved under Susilo (Bang Bang) apparently. This year is an election year and he will likely be re-elected. The Suharto corruption has stopped (although many of the Sat old cats are still around and fairly dodgy!).

Anyway, once the corruption stops "things slowly start to work" according to Leon. You must have to resign yourself to a bit living in a place like that.

So back to Sing and catching up with the kids first day back at school :-). Poor Ewie didn't have his those friends go up with him :-). Has a good teacher though - will see!





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出票人: 003027

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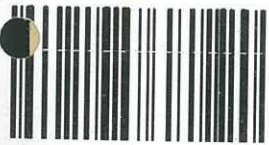


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Place, Palace of Tranquil Longevity



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Gallery of Timepieces
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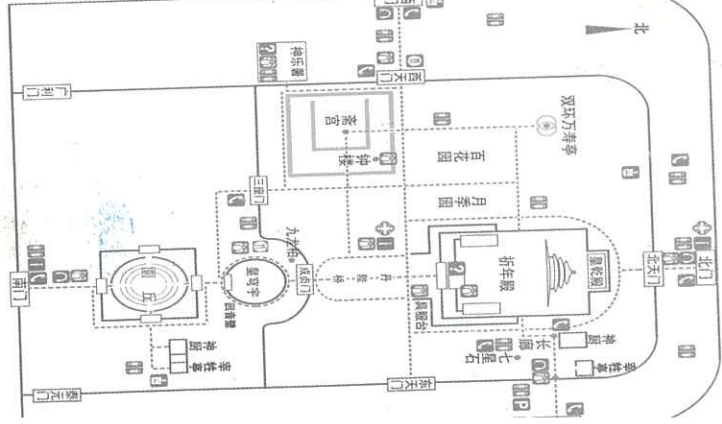


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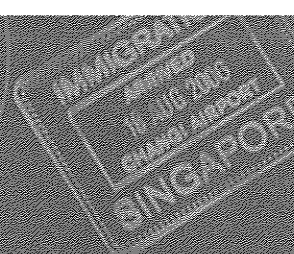


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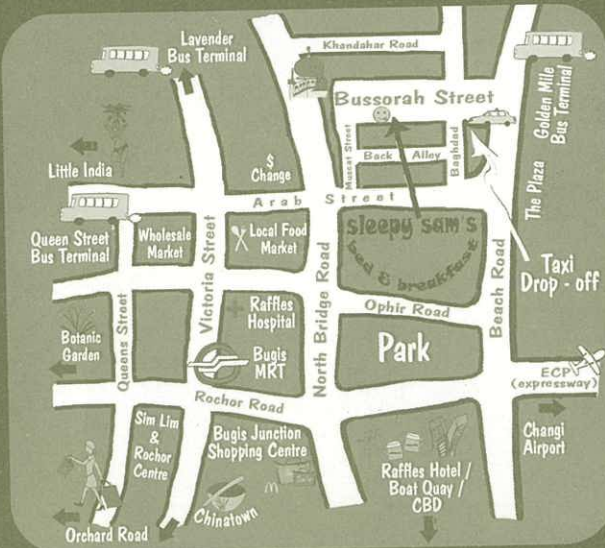
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From Changi Airport

- **By MRT train** (25mins, \$1.40, 1st train 6.00am; last 11.00pm)
We are at Bugis MRT station which is on the direct (green) line from the airport, see walking directions above.
- **By Taxi** (15mins, approx \$20)
Tell the taxi driver: "Go along the ECP expressway to Beach Road. Bussorah Street is the street after Arab Street." Taxis can drop you halfway down Bussorah Street, at the furthest point that cars can go, and from there walk only 20m to #55.

Buses from Malaysia

- Golden Mile, Lavender and Queen Street bus terminals are all within walking distance - ask for directions to Arab Street, and follow the map and directions above.

Trains from Malaysia (Tanjong Pagar Train Station)

- **By Bus** (next to station: 25mins, \$1.30)
From Keppel Road take #100 directly to Beach Road, alight at "opposite Plaza Hotel" bus-stop, Bussorah Street is 20m away.
- **By Taxi** (10mins, approx \$8). Same taxi directions as above.



