

FROM the Blue Logic

Note:-

The following is an extract from the PNG Novel

“The Blue Logic: something from the darker side of Port Moresby”
by Wiri Yakaipoko

The novel was published by UPNG Press and supported by Chevron Niugini. Copies are extremely hard to obtain and the novel has been praised for its originality and realism – so an extract may sit well at www.pngbuai.com

"Money has become the law and reason these days and there seems to be no rule of law here, when this piece of paper has become the cornerstone for life in this City.....and this pipe, we can't terminate any human probation off the surface of this land.....and this combination is our power". Sunglare confided and flipped a K50.00 note then withdrew his pistol from his pocket and gestured over to Tommy his close associate who was earful to what he was saying but then the beer he was holding must have been very thirst quenching from the way he was drinking it.

"Easy life with this is what attracts this populating streets and even those legislators of the law we have in that Hausman at Waigani one way or the other have plotted with this piece of paper to get in there and that action alone has shadowed their integrity to rule to a null and void status morally and this fancy looking piece of paper in my hands has been the cause of all the flooding evil and corruption that is flooding in but again this has gradually become a necessity to survive in this city.....a totality that is disintegrating our traditional norms of living like hunting, gathering, where wealth and money could never been a necessity to survive" Sunglare added. He was in his old beer talking mood again after finishing the seventh bottle, he was drinking.

"Sssh Sumenda, you want to become the messiah of this country... oh what?... give me that piece of shit and I will add another carton on top of this and stop wasting your precise words on that political crab.....I mean you and I are thieves and some things were done are somehow related and no one is perfect so forget the bullshit and let me enjoy my beer...will you?"

Umm..each perfect messiah always tend to lose out at the end,..but what I am saying is that you have many you can drink and enjoy but how to get it is the problem we always face and this problem does have its reason and cause to exist and I am just trying to justify why we have to live this "Sumenda...,you are not drunk are you?"

"Na"

"Well...this bloody richly blessed country is where we belong but were left out in the cold to suffer...right?"

"Umm" Suglare nodded.

"Well there's lot of stealing going on at the higher ground and that has deprived our

simple rights to live accordingly and you are not afraid of being a thief, ah?...I mean how will our squad feel to have learned that you have turned a coward after bringing us this far".

"Oh no... Lewa you were not listening... I am not backing out... I am talking reasons here Sumenda...just to justify your actions which are perceived as wrong by the people, don't you understand?" Suglare tried to explain.

"Yeah,..... now you are talking... carry on" Tommy gibed warmly and toasted the bottle he was holding towards Suglare.

They were the brains behind the Junior Nazi Youths; a gang whose reputation with the police for car thefts and arm robberies were notable in the files of the boys in blue at Waigani and Boroko. They had been lucky that Saturday morning to have deserted a trailing police vehicle after the robbery they made at a popular supermarket at Gerehu and concealed from view and police detection at their hide out at Tokarara where they were celebrating their success with some beer they had bought with the stolen money that afternoon. A risky routine which they often ascribed as a job but was some daring way to earn a living only the brave and hostile in dire straits could perform against all odds and qualify and then become heroes in their respective neighbourhoods but now they had matured in the craft and were idolized by the upcoming young generation of misbegotten within the vicinity. Those were to later acquire the craft of stealing which they were to relay on to them the young ones through indoctrination and through own their kind of discipline. An unorthodox lifestyle only the kind born and bred in Papua New Guinea dire straits could understand and sympathize with.

They had just knocked off the remaining two bottles from the twelve pack they had bought and the song from the small radio beside them obstructed their conversation as it belted out a song "money for nothing chicks for free" by the rock group Dire Straits which gripped on Suglare's mind.

"Couz that's my favourite song and it's just making this beer sweet down my throat" he muttered. "Yeah....me too... It's that Eli Web's Saturday afternoon Selection I guess" Tommy added.

"Umm... she surely knows how to touch people's moods with her selection's, eh?" Suglare added awed by the coinciding music which was later followed by another song "Someday Somewhere, "a hit song by Michael learns to rock.

"Hey this lady seems to be playing songs that seems to describe my kind of blues eh?...but its pitythis isn't the right time to appreciate...come lets go"he said that and rose from where he sat and they hurried back towards Robo's canteen a black market at the end of the street where they had previously bought the beers from.

Iduhu street suburb Tokarara where they lived was a safe haven. It was a place stagnated and depraved off feasible improvement and other required maintenance by the City Authorities since it was first constructed as a residential suburbs except the shady mango and rain trees along the street deteriorated by potholes which out grew the heights of those who had planted them. It has turned out to be a place of a kind, where one could admit and relate upon sight, the demeanor of the residents and prowlers there to the

slummy conditions to the suburb. And what prompted that kind of factious social air throughout the city was a real nagging concern for the law enforcing agencies and the relevant authorities who tried hard to find solutions but the street was an easy street commonly referred to by gamblers where people without the sense of duty gambled their resourceful time and somebody's hard earned cash away through the deck of cards. A daily routine which occurred at each corner of the street connections. It was also a place where the young and the married women gathered with slobbery savory gossips over later affaris while the married flirted their minds over the young positing themselves up, pretending to be young at heart thus forgetting their down trotting physical dismay. And for the blackmarketeers it turned out to be opportune resort for business without interruptions from the law enforcers and price controller's and health inspectors where they traded and gambled their freedom against the laws of the land to fill their purse only to survive each pressures created by easy living with money in Moresby but for the unlucky lot the street tended to be a place where the passing time and word career" meant something foreign but Iduhu Street was a place where they belonged, where they could grow old and go loco just dreaming the green side of the Port Moresby city blues there.

It was one Sunday morning and was still dark and the street was very quiet except for one or two cars passing by at an interval of an hour or two on the above main Koura drive and the darkness seems to be at its extreme consolated appearance.

After joining Suglare with few additional drinks late in the evening, Uncl Gibbi was a little bit restless and couldn't sleep due to excessive appetite for more left him unsatisfied and the desire to have a couple more sustained him. He was sitting outside of his door steps waiting to strike luck with those late night, die hard drinking mates who came prowling around the joint looking for familiar black markets.

A car drove into his yard gate and Jules got out of the rear door. It was quarter past one. "Aye, Sonny... is that you" he called out.

Jules heard him call but attended to the driver with some gratitude for dropping him off then he picked up the left overs from the car.

"I've just been dropped off the Boimake". he replied. It was a little night club which oerated 24 hours down town Koki.

Well don't come around at this time of the night all the time, it is quite risky these days". Uncle Gibbi advisingly told him.

"Uncle we musck makers are night creatures and we kinder opposed to all nature's rules by sleeping in the daytime and work at night" said Jules.

And Jules recalling how he got his performance contract cancelled at one of the top hotels in Port Moresby, breathes heavily and sighed. "I can't figure out why but nothing seems to be working out right for me in this part of the world I mean every time I strike out something worthy in my life, it never seems to last long.... I suppose I am the sheep amongst the goats or either my audience are just ninety nine point percent musically illiterate or just mere ignorance" said Jules and he picked up a bottle off from the plastic and offers one to Uncle Gibbi.

"Beer".

"Thanks".

Uncle Gibbi accepted the bottle and flipped the lid of with experience dispay and takes the first sip.

"Yeah.... I know what you mean but I am talking about expenses people pay these days to charter aircraft to transport dead bodies home for burial and that's about sixteen to twenty grand and you think your folks have got that kind of money to flip around? said the old Uncle.

Jules looked straight into his uncle's face sarcastically and acknowledged the common sense through his uncle's beer odourated lips, lifted his head and swung it slightly to the left and looked up to the dark skies.

" I get what you are trying to explain, but....

"wait a moment and hear me out" his uncle interrupted.

"These bottles that we drink don't bring anything good but misery and you and I have experienced this for the past bygone years and so its about time you started taking responsibilities rather than passing on to others to cater for.....you see sonny....unlike home, money in a city like this has become a god and in this city everyone dances to the tune it plays or you die without it..... It's a need for survival and if you respect it..... it will respect you and you could flip a little bit of Somare's head around to get what you desire these days.... but I have come to realize that you seem to be drinking every time you have money in your pockets". The uncle added.

"Yeah.....that's a very convincing advice but you haven't even practiced that in the past fifteen years". Jules thought but wouldn't dare voice what he was thinking. "You see...beer is meant to elderly people like me so that I could go down to the coffin faster than to worry about the psychological inconveniences that come after the age of forty five onwards and not for young men like you, who suppose to be raising a family and looking after their welfare and so on". The uncle continued. Jules was silent for a while.

"Uncle ... I am not... I mean.. I have no intention to outsmart your wealth of experience and knowledge in these matters but I suppose everything, everywhere have their respective reasons for their existence and that includes characters and behaviours of individuals as well. And there are some very authentic reasons for living out there but many people fail to discover that for their own good...and I have my own reasons to be who I am and to act this way but no one has been more polite to have asked why?...or no one would have time to listen".

"No one will listen if you continue with the same habit", the uncle added.

I guess you are right", said Jules.

"But money isn't everything in life...I mean you could spend the rest of your life saving and making profits but you will never be satisfied and I suppose being content with the little you have and enjoying yourself once in a while is the best life one can live".

Uncle Gibbi was already tipsy from previous drinks and they had conversed for few hours already and he stood up from the stool to stretch his legs and yawned. "Whsssh, I am not interested in your mumbo jumbo philosophy but all I care for is your well being...I want you to have a decent life...probably get married and settle down with a good woman" Uncle Gibbi reprimanded.

"Well, that's the bottom line I am trying to resolve to with few explanations". answered Jules.

Uncle Gibbi was yawning again and then glanced at his wrist watch through the light provided by his burning cigarettes and realised that the time was already 4:00 am.

"It's going to be a clear broad daylight within the next hour" ...he said. "Do you have

some place to go to tomorrow?" Jules asked.

"No..but if I have time... I will go down to Tokarara market and buy some betel-nut to resell it back here on the street with K10.00 I won yesterday from cards" said Uncle Gibbi..

"Well, you and I don't work any more so we have the whole day tomorrow to rest....so drink up".

And Jules lifts his bottle and Uncle Gibbi responded by doing the same.

"Uncle...our folks tend to apprehend that I am a drunkard but that is a half baked conception but the reality is that I drink not because I am addicted to it...that's where the real problem is but I've always wanted to disguise my personality and drinking beer and having once or twice a week is one of those coats that I would like to wear around...It is the passing time that disqualifies one's desire to prosper and the kind of life you are dreaming up for me is nothing spectacular but vanity if you observe it bifocally.... I mean...I may be the odd person out of the social current to revoke high classic kind of living but I believe that there is real meaning to life for people who perform countless self sacrificing services to others and people who freely give to others and take nothing for themselves".

"Yeah". Uncle Gibbi trying to be sarcastic.

"There is some Christian logic in what you are saying but who in this God forbidden part of the world could do just that and live? Uncle Gibbi asked. "I do" Jules answered...."and that's the very reason why I have a familiar name but I am really poor materially but I am surviving and I will still survive". Jules said.

"You are crazy". Gibbi retorted. And he finished the last drop from his bottle of beer,.

"But anyway...Sonny, I have drunk one too many already and my eyes are sleepy so I think its time to hit the sack...Goodnight...eh..sorry.. Good morning".

It was 5.00 am Sunday morning and Uncle Gibbi had retired to bed and Jules was left alone.

"Sunday is dawning on me and the street is going to be alive and noisy again...I.. guess I've got to move."Jules thought.

Two weeks had passed since Jules had been laid off from work, where he was hired as a Entertainer in one of those prime hotels in Port Moresby. And being an Entertainer wasn't that easy since leaving school. He had moved place to place performing and working and because of these nomadic tin-panoply kinder influence, stationary life unpredictable. Sometimes he would wonder why he wasted profitable maturity and time on such an unprofitable obsession but never realised that it had developed into a bread and butter earning kinder career. And a lot had happened since then during the past twelve years. His reputation and the quality of his performance had improved but attainment of such eminence in the ladder of his career wasn't that easy to acquire but through few painful sacrifices, especially with popular perceptions of being a man in a country like Papua New Guinea. But with those women he had got himself stuck on momentarily along the way, the scenes of his temporary affairs with them was like some burlesquic folk opera in which they all became actors without knowing how the final episode would end, when he often recalled during hours of solitude. It could have been much easier if they had comprehended and considered what it was like to be a dedicated artist and the pain involved to master this refined piece of foreign art, especially in a premature and culturally defused economy like Papua New Guinea.

Iduhu Street was a familiar place where Jules would pass through every time he came to Port Moresby from his endeavours around and outside of the country. And it was here fifteen years ago, that he came to live as a teenage and it was here, where he learnt how to puff a cigarette and learn the language of the SP bottles. A habit he never knew before but had gradually enveloped his life since then. "Those birds that once populated this streets during his heydays must have flown away, building nests upon foreign trees and now the offspring generation of kids are playing up and round the street, out of innocence again"...."may be someday they will grow up to understand that the knowledge to distinguish good from evil which our first parents acquired through disobedience is now overpowered by excessive evil and the reasons and incentives to counter react parallel and balance these flooding evil is now getting exhausted and money seems to be the root cause for all these flooding evil and its a pity to see this city getting infested with such a disease". Jules thought as he watched the children playing up and down the street early that morning. After leaving Uncle Gibbi off to bed, he had walked over to Richards canteen and had had bought himself an extra six bottles which sustained him through to the early hours of dawn, the next morning.

"Aye,...When did you come in?" a cousin who had just woken up asked.

"At about 1:00 am this morning".

"And you haven't slept yet?"

"No....here ...if you like,...you can have the remaining four?"

"Come...I will try and soften this throat of mine from yesterday's hangover with just one".

"Who were you guys drinking with".

"Oh I was just body guarding some of our street boys who did a nice job on the previous week" the cousin answered and smiled mildly.

"There must have been a lot of money in it aye..."

"Aye, Big bucks".

Another uncle who was a tenant of the house next to Uncle Gibbi's house walked over to where Jules and the other cousin were sitting.

"Ey..Traim na isi liklik long bia tu ya..nau em Sande tu na"...The Uncle wiped.

"Wanem...Sande em taim bilong of Katolik na mipela bilong aste".said the cousin.

The Uncle just laughs away....

And Jules knew that the uncle had self invited himself and was one of the die-hard beer face.

"Uncle, I brought in few left overs from last night but Uncle Gibbi and I stayed on awake till the early hours of this morning and seems like we are near to the finish". said Jules, looking over to the three bottles he had given to his cousin.

"No, it's alright, you guys go ahead and enjoy yourselves". said the Uncle.

"I think I have taken one too many and I have to take some rests". said Jules as he stood up and walked over to the house.

For Jules, Iduhu street was a suitable resort where he found his most needed consolations and a place where he could still find some people who still cared for him even during his intervals in dire straits. Friday had arrived and Jules after having few days of resting with his relatives, decided to check the next schedule with his part-time manager, Steve Wilson, a lawyer and a fan of Jules who provided free management services for Jules at

his office in Gordons. And that Friday happened to be a government pay day. "The city streets are going to be crowded with people from all walks of life". Jules thought. And it was one of those razzmatazz days in Papua New Guinea calendar that gave him high hopes especially to vagrants who would roam the city streets expecting one or two Kinas from their employed relatives. And at the upper end of the street, there was a small Kainantu basement, a quite secluded place where guys hanged around to drink, gamble and pass the joint or play snooker and so on. And Jules passed by that corner to catch the next bus 15 to Gordons and heard a familiar voice on top of other voices coming from the basement.

"That sounds familiar" he thought and dropped in to check and found Suglare and Walter amongst three other street boys drinking.

"Aye,...couz...Come ..come in and join us". Suglare responded mildly and stood up to introduce Jules to his other mates.

"Its fascinating to see how you guys could continue drinking although the seek...I mean it is quite unhealthy". Jules stated to Walter and Suglare who seem to be on the bottles since Saturday last week.

"That ball hasn't finished yet". Walter smiled and continued.

"We get these kind chances once in a life time and probably the next time you will now that we are gone to the land of worms down under". Walter said.

"Sorry Couz,...I did not mean to interrupt but I was just trying to ask you two for some bus fares to spare". Jules asked.

And upon hearing this, Walter flipped through his pockets and took out two bundles of notes, all wrapped up with rubber, all in K50 notes. The bundle must have been about a grand or two and Walter took out four notes and gave them to Jules.

"Aye"....Jules frozen with words for a moment mumbled.

"I wasn't expecting that much... I was just".....he stopped and looked at Walter and Suglare with squinted eyes suspiciously.

"Well",...Suglare blurted out.

"You asked for some bus faredidn't you?".

Jules shook his head but accepted it.

"Surely they don't work but they somehow end up with this sum of money" Jules thought and tried to figure out how.

"Couz...I know what's going on in your mind but please don't ask further questions. You can join the party if you like". Suglare continued in a more relaxed tone.

There had been a armed robbery of K58,000 from a popular supermarket at Gerehu and the robbery had been highlighted on the front page of Wednesday's Post Courier last week and Walter and Suglare had been a party to that and were having fun with their share from the take and Jules had been quiet for a while and Suglare asked.

"Couz...whats wrong, you haven't even contributed a joke or two?".

"Sorry,...I was just thinking ahead of time and consequence that will come after if these stupidity is to continue....I mean.. I don't want to see one of you two killed or locked behind bars and please don't get offended because of my silence". Jules said.

"Whao...what a holy living saint". Suglare mockingly reiterated.

"Look....for goodness sake, look around you there is plenty of poverty all around and just imagine how much we have suffered just to feed our mouths daily...its well below the

norms of society and how do you expect me to feel when my children cry and rebel out of starvation and no proper material nourishment.....This has been going on for the past three years since I have been out of a job and my wife has left me and the two kids just because of that and I have tried my best to look for a job but all in vain...and the only option left for me was to join the gang and from this stand point I don't know what the future holds for me but its quite adventurous...but couz,..if I die in the midst of these social confusion,...tell my children that I was a hero and tell them not to be ashamed of me and tell them that if had to end all this way because I loved them". Suglare explained. "Its just a matter of conscience". Walter added.

"If you feel guilty about what you've done then you are guilty and you can die out of it too...but if you think that your actions are justified against the unfairness of the society...then that's it".

"It is the system that stinks and the law makers and lawyers that corrupt this country and they are the real blood suckers of this country's economy....and you see the politics of the day don't cater for us....all the politicians and bureaucrats think about is to marry few more mistresses... and own few luxurious cars and houses and send their children to expensive schools in Australia and you expect unemployed people like me and you to die out of their ignorance...sori tumas..."Walter continued.

"But you must know that the law has hands that go as far as the borders of this country and you can't escape and one of these days you will be caught..." Jules said.

"Yeah... that's true...but I'd rather die breaking these country's corrupt laws then die out of their ignorance....I mean ...you and I are honest enough to work and live within own means but today honesty and living through hard work is unheard of,...for instance, if you want to look for a job it has to be done through some big names whom you know of regardless of the qualifications possessed...and if you want to stay out of trouble with law...all you have to do is bribe the police and the magistrates.....they too are looking for money these days". Walter continued to recite.

"You see"....Suglare interrupts..." because of these inconveniences caused by the inexisting state of affairs or you call status quo...desperate people like have to survive against all odds of society...I mean... I hate doing these but hope that the Good Lord above will forgive us if it has to go to the extreme of sacrificing our lives to put some common sense into this senseless society". Suglare asked.

"Well....how do you justify...I mean if you were to be in the same boat as we are?" Walter questioned.

Jules breaths heavily and sighed with a deprecated smile and acknowledges the logic in the verbal response made and he stared at his two cousins silently and recalls their childhood memories and of what their grandfather use to say.

"You are young and you boys are not girls ...and because you are boys, you will have to survive the hard way...you have to plough the land to eat the fruits there of...You will have to hunt and eat meat and when worse comes to worse, you will have to fight for the survival of the family and the tribe....This life is full of thorns and you boys have to try your best to live the life of man without scratches from the thorns there of....but for the girls , it is what makes them a woman that will help them through to survive if worse comes to worse but for a man he dies...When a person is in dire straits,...that person is obsessed with many good and bad dreams and ideas of survival and in the most cases,... the easy survival strategy which surfaces to be against the laws of the land...so be very

careful or you will not see your children's children...like me".....

"Couz..." Suglare breaks the silence.

"What is going through that beautiful mind of yours again?". he asked.

"No...nothing much...I was only recalling what our grandfather used to say". Jules answered.

"Well...our grandfather and his generation is gone and we are living in our own generation and you and I are responsible for our own well being and we can't live in memory and dreams... Its lunacy". Suglare said.

"Well,.. I suppose you are right in saying that he is dead and gone but there were many things that he mentioned and I can still recall one of his sayings which I have treasured but haven't comprehended the meaning up till now". Jules continued.

"About what.....?" Suglare asked.

"About nature...the sun, rain, trees, rivers, insects and so on and its implications upon human life which is part of nature". Jules answered.

"Especially...when he mentioned something about the natures beauties as open faculties, as universities of its own, unlike the white men's institution where one is confined to books and lectures. And with lessons from natures, you could live a better man or the opposite, depending on the social circumstances inflicted upon you and all you have to do isjust study the providence of nature...for instance...the break of dawn and the setting of the sun,...they have their own meaning and the ants...how hard they work...our old granny would rave on and say" said Jules.

"What has grandfather's philosophy got to do with us?...especially when we are on the different side of the law?" Walter asked.

"Well,...it might qualify you on the game of life and death that you are trying to play now...take for an example...the spider...they are very ingenious insects...and excellent architects...they very patient and long suffering and some can be very poisonous...and when they catch a prey onto their web...they would wait for the insect to struggle to death...you see the spiders don't do the actual killing but only feed upon their dead prey. They build their web on carefully selected air space and they build in silence...they can not afford a mistake or one mistake could destroy everything...they seem to know the fractal geometric and symmetric of web construction...and when you see a newly constructed web, it is amazing phenomenal and after a little bit of shower, when the sun rays penetrates through its web, it transforms and becomes prismatic...and the interesting hint from this lesson is that the spider does not kill but feeds only and the victimized insect kills itself by being entangled in the web...the spider employs a lot of patience in the process and if you are to bring this kind of natural economics to trial, the spider becomes perfectly innocent and the insect has to be blamed for intruding. You see what I am saying is that there is a tactic in there that has to be studied.

Couz...If it does not make any sense to you...that means that you haven't made any effort to study the implications of...our old bubu's words" Jules left the statement answered so that they could answer in their own time.

The police in the National Capital District had been well informed about the robbery and tight surveillance was made throughout the city. And at Iduhu street, few minutes after Jules had left three police vehicles all loaded with mobile squad personnel parked at

Gibb's next door neighbours gate. Somebody must have tipped the police that the guys who committed the armed robbery were on a drinking spree in Tokarara or must have been on other reasons.

The three groups of card gamblers on the street, realising the incoming police vehicles, all fled in different directions forgetting the bet monies left on the floor mats like disturbed birds from their favourite fruit trees. And Suglare down the street could smell trouble in the air so he told Walter and boys not to panic but to pretend as though nothing had happened. Having three police cars at the same time on the street was quite irregular and was something that aroused the street residents attention. There was quite a crowd around the police presence and Suglare walked down and a policeman with three stripes got off the first vehicle in which he was an offsider.

Suglare was tipsy from the drinks he had but walked down to the sergeant and asked. "Can we help you Sir?"

Yes, we have just been told tht there are some illegal beer outlets here on these streets". The sergeant looked into Suglare's eyes and suspiciously asked. "Suglare maintained his self confidence and denied the existence of such outlets then asked the senior if they had checked the other streets yet. By then two constables who might have been new recruits jumped out of the rea door of the second vehicle and walked over to where Suglare was standing and the other constable probable from the Highlands inconsiderately threw a punch and kicked Suglare to the ground and questioned Suglare as to where he got his money and beer for such extravagated impersonation.

And Suglare after few minutes of mild coma, got up and shook his head a little bit to regain his visual and verbal convenience and in a discomposed mood he tried to say something but was refrained by the Sergeants rebuking voice.

"Heyconstable Mondo...come over here...now look I am in charge of this show and I have not even started yet and what a fuck do you think you are doing?"

Sorry boss... he was kind of talking smart at you and I just got paranoid over it". the constable answered.

"Well...you are just complicating the job ...and don't you know that this could lead to costing you your job...he could be smarter than you ...Idiot." the sergeant reprimanded softly. "Max" the sergeant called out to the civil dressed police man, an offsider on the third vehicle. Max got out and walked towards the sergeant.

"Where is the tucker shop that you bought the beer bottles from this morning", the sergeant asked . "The building with a red Coca - Cola stickers". Max directed. They walked up to the tucker shop and the sergeant gazed back at the gathering crowd and asked.

"Where is the owner of this tucker box?" "He must have gone to Boroko or somewhere....we don't know" a woman in the crowd called over.

"Well, ...whose got the keys then? the sergeant insisted and the crowd was still silent.

"Ask the old woman in the house,...she might have a fair idea where". Suglare moved forward and added.

"We can not waste any more time here...break open the doors from the back and check inside and see if there is any beer as its illegal for them to sell beer around there without license."

The young looking policemen had carried out the orders. And they had broken down the

back door and searched. They found three dozen loose bottles compact in the freezer and in astonishment the sergeant ordered for a complete search everywhere in the yard and under the house where they had stored empty cartons of beer, the policemen found fifteen new cartons of unopened hidden amongst the empty cartons. The police then took the full cartons of beer and loaded them into the vehicle and reminded the crowd that the owner was to report to the police station at Waigani if he returned.

The police had gone and Suglare told the dispersing crowd that this was what the policemen in the National Capital District do, instead of tracking down the real criminals, they go around incriminating innocent people when they round around raiding black markets and obtain money off the street gamblers and the cartons of beer taken will be divided amongst themselves because they very well know that the owner will never turn up at the police station to reclaim that beer taken.

"They are worse than the real criminals" said a man amongst the crowd, in support to Suglare's hopeless comments. Suglare assuming that the police had a hidden motive to conduct the surveillance that had passed a while ago, suspected that the police would return so he gathered the boys and warned them to be more careful and told them to look for a secure place to hide away from the police detection until he further notified them for the next gig. And he also told them that he was going to stay at Laloki with his aunt from that day onwards.

Steve Wilson's office was situated on the second floor of the Pasuwe house in Gordons, the last cubicle on the left wing of the building. Jules knocked on the floor twice and the door was opened by a beautiful young woman, a groovy kind who was probably around her late twenties and she must have being of a mixed white and New Guinea highland parentage.

"My...what a beautiful piece of creation...my eyes are committing sin." Jules thought.

"Hello...good afternoon...I am here to see Mr Wilson." said Jules. "Is he expecting you...Sir?" she asked.

"No....but just mention to him that Jules called in." said Jules . "Okay... could you wait here for a whole please...I will go inside and let him know that you are here." she said. She was inside for about five minutes or so and came out again. "Sorry to have kept you waiting...he is on the phone at the moment but I have mentioned to him that you are here." She said and then continued with her work.

The interior decoration of the office was quite impressive with expensive furniture and three oil on canvas painting by the infamous Papua New Guinean painter, Joe Nalo were hanging on each corners of the room and the cool air from the air conditioner must have made Jules drowsy and he had dozed off to sleep while waiting on the couch.

"Jules", Steve softly called.

"Must be a hot day outside...eh?"

He opened the door wider.

"Come brother...Long time no see....."

"Just dropped in to say hello."

Well...where ahve you been?"

"Oh trying to live simple as usual". Jules said.

Well three weeks seems to be long and haven't seen you around so I am asking.... anyway what's the news?" Steve asked.

"Oh nothing peculiar just a curtesy call as usual." Jules said.

Steve was of a mixed parentage as well, stocky in built and of an average height and his mother was a native woman from Butibam and his father was from Germany. His father was a son of an early Lutheran mission worker at Finshafen but Steve never knew who his father was but only from the stories that his mother told during his childhood days at his mother's village. Since then he had classified himself as "long long blut" (crazy blood) and had struggled his way through social prejudice and pessimism to finally make it to the Law School at the University. He had always worn a beard to portray maturity of the mind towards many naive perceptions of the Melanesian Society and had a charisma that was quite impressive and was very emphatic with his fingers every time he spoke.

"No wonder he was quite successful in his solicatorial business," Jules thought as he walked into the office. "Jules you know that I have a crave for hot and beautiful women to be around my vicinity," Steve confessed, referring to the receptionist.

"I just employed Natasha a week ago....just to mind my business during my absence."

Umhm...there seem to be a new girl every time I come around and what happened to the other spunky one?' Jules asked.

"Oh....Alice, well she was incompetent....I mean she was quite presentable with her dressing and social vocabulary and attitudes but half of her working time was spent on

phones and never got her work done in time, so I told her to resign. She would have been suitable for advertising companies and not for this kind of environment." Steve said.

They moved towards a table that was heaped with documents and Steve directed Jules to take the empty chair next to his table while he picked up the phone to remind his client that the afternoon appointment was to be cancelled till the next Monday morning and after that he returned his attention back to Jules.

"Now as for you my brother Jules, I have checked all venues and its quite frustrating, trying to negotiate deals around here because of the level of illiteracy here.....they all seem to be interested in Disco Jockeys,...I suppose it attracts a lot of immoral consciousness because DJs they believe are commercially viable and the themes audibly promoted through the music that is heard these days are very physical rather than spiritual....I mean they are promoting music that are recipes to enlighten moral distorting diseases such as sexual impulses and tendencies, confusing and poisoning the minds of our youths rather than promoting classical and soul music that suppose to enhance the power and capacity of the mind to invent, create and innovate knowledge...I mean the sort of music that motivates the minds of our human resources to metaphysical excellence like Israel, Europe, Japan, America and so on. I think you are a better person to analyze what I am trying to explain," Steve said.

"No, you are hitting the right notes,...carry on," Jules said.

"Well throughout the civilized world, great symphony orchestras and musicians are employed and funded by their governments because it is significant to the refinement of their cultures and because there is an understanding there that serious music helps to interpret and convert spiritual incites and tranquilities to the physical world...It is surely the language of the angels and not these MTV shits that evolved from confused coloured youths from the streets of Harlem or Manhattan in New York or East London and so on, said Steve.

"Steve, if we are to talk about the level of music appreciation in this country, the subject will drive me up the wall so lets forget it... I have experienced my share of refines from performing and listening to good music and my soul is satisfied for it has upgraded my mind to certain level thinking and it is very interesting but I am sorry to say that a lot of people are missing out on this beautiful phenomenon, rather a gift of audio-visual reasoning," Jules said.

"Yeah, anyway I have negotiated with Trevor James, the guy from Newcastle Platinum Sound Studios in Australia and we could go ahead and make the necessary arrangements if all is okay with you", Steve said. "I will let you know when I am ready," Jules answered.

"Well...that's about it then...by the way I am invited to a fundraising dinner dance at Islander Travelodge and you can come along with me if you are doing nothing tonight," Steve asked.

"Hmm....all right, but I haven't got enough bucks to sustain such excitement in such an exclusive place," Jules responded.

"No worries, my shout," Steve squinted his eyes and affirmed.

"Then I will be waiting for you at Uncle Gibbi's place at Tokarara between 6.00 to 7.00pm and you know the place, don't you?"

Steve nodded his head and Jules got up and walked out of the office and side glanced Natasha the second time before he closed the door behind him.

"Steve must be a real maniac in bed," Jules thought as he walked out.

Jules had been dropped off from the bus and as he turned the street curve to walk towards Uncle Gibbi's residence, there seem to be a crowd around Uncle Gibbi's tucker shop.

"What's going on down there?" Jules asked a street boy who was just passing by.

"Oh....the police have just taken your uncle to Waigani Police Station," the boy said.

"I don't know, you will have to ask them," and the boy looked side way towards the crowd.

Jules walked towards the crowd and looked at his aunty questioningly lifted his head.

"The police have raided the house and have taken all the beer with them to Waigani or Boroko, I wouldn't know," the old woman answered in a disgraceful tone.

"Shit, how many times have I reminded you people not to sell beer to people whom you wouldn't even know, they may even be policemen in disguise and now see what had happened and it is going to cost us another K1500 bail uncle out and I just don't know where we could get that kind of money," Jules raved on.

"Anyway, I will have to go down to Waigani and check but there will be a car coming around here at about 6 or 7pm looking for me...tell them that I will meet them at Islander Hotel, thats if I don't come back quickly." Jules said that and left.

The Waigani Police station was not far from Tokarara and he paid the bus conductor 20 toea for the ride and it was about 5pm Friday afternoon and the Waigani Police station was packed with all sorts of people. Some were there to lodge in formal complaints, while others were there to bail out their relatives and some policemen inside were interrogating and at the same time bashing up a rascal who had pick-pocketed second had clothes vendor at Waigani market and there was a couple having a row outside over insufficient domestic maintenance by her husband.

"Oh Fridays... it's always the same," Jules thought as he walked in and moved over to the enquiry counter for attention. "Yes,..You?" a policeman probably from the New Guinea Islands by his features, looked at Jules and asked out of impoliteness. "Sorry... I am here to check on my uncle, he was arrested this afternoon at Tokarara." Jules answered in a graceful manner. "Oh John Gibbi." the police asked and Jules nodded his head.

"He is in cell number 4 but we cannot release him yet, he's got two charges against his name.... One is for illegally selling beer without license and the second one is for harboring criminals, unless you have the bail money" the policeman said. Jules was in thought for a while and asked.

"How much."

"K1000 for the first and K200 for the second," answered the policeman.

"I have no money at the moment but how long will he stay here if we don't produce the bail money within the next day or two?" Jules asked.

"He will be transferred to Bomana gaol if he is not bailed out within the next 48 hours or so." the policeman answered.

By then it was already 6.00pm and Jules only hope was to inform Steve about the whole fiasco.

The Islander Hotel car park was packed with cars ranging from Japanese models to German Mercedes Benz and Jules could not locate Steve's car but walked straight ahead towards the main lobby and from the club house disco on the left he heard the DJ music at its euphonious climax and Jules walked straight into the lobby and up the stairs to the 8 Bells bar and quickly peeped through the rowdy crowd that were there and walked back down to the coffee shop and there he was, in the middle chair of table that was at the corner with two women. One on each side. The other woman was Natasha and the other must have been Natasha's girl friend, Jules thought.

Steve noticing Jules at the coffee shop entrance, gestured to Jules to join the table.

"What happened." Steve asked Jules as he settled into the chair."

"It's a long story and I don't want to spoil the evening." Jules answered.

"By the way, meet Helen, she is from Kairuku" and Steve gestured again towards Natasha.

"Of course, you know Natasha from the office? Jules nodded his head and shook hands with Helen and Natasha. There were three glasses filled with white wine on the table and must have been their second or third rounds of drinks" Jules thought.

"Waiter please". Steve made a sigh to the waiter.

"Can I help you Sir?" said the waiter.

"Could you check on our orders...and Jules my brother, choose what you want from the menu and order your drinks as well". Steve said.

Bro, I must have lost my appetite but I will just order one or two beers" Jules said.

"Don't you worry and just relax, I've already heard about what happened this afternoon as I was passing through Tokarara and I will get him out first thing in the morning " said Steve. Jules just stared at Steve in silent relief.

"By the way, Jules.. I have heard that you are very brilliant musician . I mean I've always been interested in music and it has been one of my childhood fantasies but never had the time to learn." Jules just gazed at her. "You don't know what you are talking about." Jules thought. "If you have time I would like you to teach me." Natasha said.

"Oh that depends on how interested you are...really." Jules said. "Sorry.. Helen, this is Jules... that guy I mentioned in the car." Steve intervened.

Helen gave a slim smile and nodded.

"I am trying to negotiate something for him in Sydney but it all depends on him." Steve added as he gazed at Jules and lifted his glass of wine to take a sip.

"Jules do you think I can manage to play an instrument?" Natasha interrupted and stretched her fingers for Jules to see.

Hmm...you have quite a good length except for the finer nail, which you have to do away with, if you really mean business", Jules answered.

"If you don't mind...could I see your fingers?" Natasha asked. "The few glasses of wine she's had must be doing its job", Jules thought as he looked into Natasha's ensnaring eyes and stretched his fingers for her on the table and at the same time threw his eyes at Steve and Helen who busy with a topic of their own.

"My ..you have such a beautiful hands...they are so delicate and tender". Natasha said as she caressed Jules' hands and gently massaged the insides with her finger nails. Jules

looked straight into her eyes and muttered.

"Yeah... I make love to keys of the instruments and it becomes so close to my heart.

"Oh yeah....." Natasha incoherently said as she squeezed Jules hands erotically again.

The waitress who brought out their meals obstructed their attention and by then they were in the fourth round of drinks and while the waitress placed the orders on the table, the girls excused Jules and Steve to relieve themselves to the lavatory.

Jules could not help himself gazing at Natasha as she walked out towards the exit. From the back view Natasha was enchantingly beautiful through the dim coffee shop lights and Jules mind was flooding in with funny imaginations but he was already used to those ephemeral kind of feelings before and turned to Steve with disregard.

"Where did you pick them up?" Jules asked.

"At the YWCA, that's where Natasha lives," Steve in the middle of his meal answered.

"Why?"....you want one of them?" added Steve.

No...I was just asking." Jules answered.

"Well, you will have to look after them tonight,.. I have already paid for two rooms and the girls have the keys....I am in a rush because I have to meet one of my clients at the Granville Motel and I probably will be there till midnight however, Natasha seems to be very interested in you and I have mentioned to her that you are an extraordinary resource so I told her to take care of you tonight." Steve added.

Steve flipped through his shirt pocket and gave K150 to Jules. "Here, that's for any excessive bills....incase the girls would want to exercise their feet on the dance floor and I trust you will take a good care of that." Steve said.

It was already 10:30 pm and Steve had settled the bills and had left, leaving Jules, Natasha and Helen behind. "What's the next on tonight's itinerary?" Natasha asked.

"Well, I don't know unless you girls want to jive a little bit to the music, our next door." Jules suggested.

"I wouldn't mind dancing a few funky rhythms with you." said Natasha as she gazed invitingly.

Jules looked at Helen for a second opinion.

"I wouldn't mind too, except that its a Friday night and the place will be crowed and rowdy and I hate squeezing through looking guys and I think it will be best if you two escort me to the room first and then decide from there." Helen said. And they left their table and Jules double checked the bills with the cashier and followed behind the girls as they walked up the stairs to the old wing of the hotel.

"Which room are you booked for?" Jules asked.

"Room 229 and she is next door...room 230." Helen answered.

Jules opened the door with the key that Helen gave .

"Good night and see you in the morning." Jules said as he closed the door for Helen and he did the same for Natasha but she softly with deliberation gripped Jules' shirt and motioned him to go inside.

"Where are you trying to go after locking up in like some cage birds or something?" Natasha asked.

"Home." answered Jules even though he was fully aroused and half of his mind disagreed to leave.

"I don't want to do anything stupid that will offend Steve." said Jules.

"Oh Steve.... he will return for Helen's comfort next door and I am advised to take care of you and I will be doing just that, taking care of business.....come on in...I want to see how you can play my body with your fingers." Natasha seductively mumbled.

"She's tipsy...alright." Jules thought.

She shut the room door behind her and put her arms around Jules waist and pulled him close to her and kissed him mouth full and rubbed her body sensuously slowly as if dancing to an erotic flamenco music.

"Ooooh" Jules moaned in pleasure as Natasha placed her fingers down the front of his crotch and managed to unzip the fly of his trousers and put her hands inside his pants to feel the swelling erection of his human tool and released it and fiddles it with her fingers.

"My....Oh....you are big and warm and wet down there." Natasha muttered softly. And Jules consummated by passion undressed Natasha by undoing her dress buttons from the back and unbuttons her braziers to release her voluptuous breasts and from there his hands and tongue were rapidly moving all over her voluptuous body in an uncoordinated motion and later reached the mood in between her gorgeous thighs and rubbed against the lips of her moistened moss in a back and forward motion.

" Oooh...Jules, I can't take it anymore... I want you inside me... can we move over to the bed please..." Natasha muttered.

After the preliminaries, they moved to the queen sized bed and Natasha laid back on the pillows and Jules got undressed and moved in between her half fold, spread-eagle thighs and guided his human tools into the core of her moss and manned as she gripped his shaft with her inner muscles. he penetrated with slow, deep strokes then accelerated while she responded in synchronization. Jules deliberately took his time.

"Give it to me, more.....oooh, suck my nipples hard and give it to me hard....deeper...harder" Natasha cried out in orgasm and she tighten her grip on Jules buttocks with her sexy legs. Jules could not hold back the build up in his groin and exploded inside her walls and later collapsed in exhaustion for a few seconds and he breathed hard and sighed through her perfume ornamented hair in satisfaction and lifts himself off.

"That was very beautiful and you were incredible," Jules confessed.

"You artists are so sexy and creative and innovative....no wonder they say you are extraordinary resource." Natasha remarked and smiled in pleasure then she got up and moved to the shower room after regaining her strength.

The telephone rang.

"Jules...lewa, answer the phone, it could be Steve." Natasha called over from the bathroom.

Steve had just rang up to remind Jules that on his way back, he bailed out Uncle Gibbi and the case was to be mentioned a month later in which he was to represent.

"Where is he ringing from?" Natasha asked she returned.

"Next door I suppose," Jules said.

She had wrapped a towel to cover her nakedness and Jules became obsessed again.

"I feel like doing it over and over again with your kind of girl." Jules said as he unwrapped the towel off her and gently grabbed Natasha to bed.

They made love again, this time so tenderly and lasted longer till their energies were

spend in exhaustion and they snored off in each other's arms later.

It had been a month since Suglare and Walter had been on the run from the police detectives and Laloki because of its country sub-urban nature was s convenient hid out for Suglare where he could plan ahead with a peace of mind.

The boys had sent him word that they were to meet him early in the morning the next day at Goldie river turn off. And the police had also fabricated Suglare and Walter as the first murder suspects of a couple who were murdered at Toaguba hill on the night prior to the robbery at Gerehu. And blaming him for something he had never committed was a fabricated recrimination and also Uncle Gibbi's bail had been withheld by the police so that all related suspicions were cleared but Steve Wilson's credibility as a lawyer, subdued that and Uncle Gibbi was released on the condition that there was to be a regular

police check at Gibbi's residence, while awaiting the mentioning of his case in court.

Aunty Goleri's hut in Laloki was built from old assorted galvanized roofing material fibro and flywood wastes collected from the near by Hebou building construction workshop. And to have police surveillance in that area would have connected an unwarranted disaster for Auntie Goleri and her husband who survived the city living pressures through marketing betel nuts and collecting empty bottles around the city street corners. And having Suglare living with them was a little enhancement to their simple domestic chores, as he would share with them some of the money he took from each robbery.

Suglare was the key person in the gang who orchestrated every plan and up till then there had been no failure till the conspicuous confrontation with the police at Tokarara which resulted to Uncle Gibbi's arrest.

"Someone must have informed." Suglare thought and according to their code of practise, informers were to be eliminated but that had to be taken care of after close evaluation. And for the next days job, there was a need for guns because of the high risks involved and the in and out excess route difficulty. Suglare decided to check on with a police officer, whom they had hired a pistol fro,, for the previous gigs they had committed but now that his name was on the jpolice black list through out New Guinea, his mind was clouding with an air of doubt.

He had just finished his bath from a bucket of water purged from the rainwater container and was getting dressed when Auntie Goleri called out from the outside kitchen.

"There is someone coming this way from the main road, could you find out who that is? And Suglare out of instinct peeped through a peep hole in between the broken fibro walls and recognised Walters physical features and he walked out of the hut to meet him and at a distant he called out.

"Aye...couz...long time no see...where are you coming from?" Walter just walked over to him and Suglare reached out and hugged him passionately.

"I thought you were behind bars or killed by the police."

Walter smiled relaxingly and sighed and threw his eyes sideways in search for something to rest upon and they moved over to the pata pata , a bed-like platform out in front of the kitchen, which was made for resting. "What is the news?" Suglare asked as they were settled. Walter dazed at Suglare.

"Couz, we better get out of Moresby." Walter muttered in a more serious tone. "Why?"

"Did you read the paper the day before yesterday?"

No.

"Well, you have been framed by the police for murder and rape and some other offences that I did not take further notice of...."

"I know". Suglare sighed.

"I was informed by one of our juniors yesterday." Suglare added. "It is very serious, I mean we are really in very big soup." Walter said.

Suglare gazed at Walter in thought, fiddled his jaws with his fingers for a while.

"My goodness.....I am beginning to hate the police and the journalists... I mean someone with half baked sense is creaming up the whole story to gain popularity overlooking the political and authentic cause and effects of the matter... and the milk is already spilt and now we are cornered in as outflows." Suglare said.

"But we've got to clear our game in our own network first." Suglare added.

"What did our boys say?" Suglare asked.

"There are no names yet but they are suspecting the boys from Morata and they are still digging into it." Walter said. "I mean did our boys mentioned anything about the bloody idiots who committed these blind execution?" Suglare insisted.

"Nothing yet...but whoever they are, we will be paying the price....don't you understand... I mean you can party on with the boys but I am getting out of Moresby with the first chance I get and that's it." Walter said.

"What about the tomorrow's gig?" Suglare insinuated.

"Well, that's exactly, what I am saying... the police are on a full alert at this very moment and I have my doubts, whether we succeed tomorrow or not" Walter said.

"I feel the same too but I suppose with few more guns there will be some impact to our advantage." Suglare said.

"Where do we get the guns from?"

"That's the problem I am trying to figure out right now and I know of a guy from Daru, who was selling 3 semi-automatic riffles at a price of K3,000 each but that was three months ago and I was thinking of giving him a visit at Kilakila Horse camp settlement where he lives after going to the bank at Waigani."

"And I have to trust that?"

"Come on couz...have you lost your faith in me?"

"And where does he get these kind of machines from?" Walter asked with curiosity.

"Oh....probable through trading marijuana through the Torres Strait Islands I suppose... hey...this guy is a known gun trader within the underground circles, I mean he has even sold guns to big name politicians and big businessmen throughout this country and he is one guy whom I'm thinking of going into partnership with." Suglare said.

"How?"

Oh...come on, don't talk like some hilly billy.....we have marijuana in our cold mountains back at home which grow wild and we could farm and cultivate and eventually put little price tags on them and you know, couz...marijuana is a big money business and it is known as Niugini Gold by our mates in Australia and throughout other metropolitan cities and for us he war has begun and you and I will be fighting this war of survival against these cosmopolitized criminals here." Suglare explained. "Who?"

"The system and it's disciplines, I mean the corrupt leaders and the bureaucrats and other money and material greedy magnets, who think of themselves rather than serving the poor majority." Suglare added.

"Walter smiled sarcastically and gazed at Suglare, swinging his head silently.

"Come, lets see what's in the kitchen.... Auntie was boiling some coffee but I guess it will be cold by now." Suglare said that and they moved into the kitchen.

It was 1:30 pm and Suglare and Walter had just withdrawn K6,500 from their gang account at ANZ at Waigani and had taken a ride on bus number 8 which runs through Kilakila onto Downtown Port Moresby and they got off at Sabama market place.

"Do you know the place where we are going to?" Walter asked.

"I've been here twice and don't you worry, we are going to Horse Camp which is just few metres down the Pari road turn off where the Kiwai people live and lets just hope that the shark is at home when we get there." Suglare answered.

Walter and Suglare passed through quite a number of people, old and young and children who might have all been settlers around that area, till they reached the road junction and followed the road on the left towards the church building and a playground at the end.

"See these are the harsh realities of Papua New Guinea." Suglare said as he showed Walter the squatted huts and the run-down buildings along the sides of the road and the people selling betel nuts and other assorted market goods along the road.....

"The real status quo of Papua New Guinea, while the elite minority up there are living in a sweet pretence and just compare the computer systematized offices in Port Moresby and its super duper dark tinted glass cars and this children and the people along this road...you can't just conclude and say that they are lazy...no...they are basically deprived of their rights to proper human resource development and basic services and believe me they can be the untouched fuel for national destruction." Suglare continued.

They had just passed the Kiwai basement and their minds were busy with their own conversation and nearly forget the place.

"Aye..." Suglare sighed... I think we must have passed the small road that leads to his house." They turned around and walked few metres back and a young girl with a child on her lap walked up from a small pathway that connected onto the main road and Suglare assuming that she was from Western Province, by her facial distinction, asked.

"Hey sister, sorry to interrupt you but could you show us where Jay Kuku's house is." Suglare asked.

"Oh the shark?" she replied.

"Yes"

"His house is the fourth one on the left from here." the young

girl directed.

"Thanks".

And they moved into the pathway and as they approached the yard, a dog barked, sensing the presence of strangers which signaled the attention of a young teenage boy to come out of the house.

"Are you gusy looking for someone?" the boy asked with a surprised look.

"Yes, we are here to see Jay Kuku, is he home?" Suglare asked.

Yes...he had just arrived from the hospital after visiting his uncle and he might probable beat his cousin's place. Could you guy wait here while I go out and look for him." said the boy as he turned to leave.

"Ah...excuse me son, if you find him, tell him that Suglare is

here to see you." Suglare reminded.

And when the boy had gone and Suglare turned to Walter.

"Couz, you must know that the shark and I share the same equilibrium in these matters of survival and I want you to meet the man whose got the guts to be what he is." Suglare said.

"Couz, I thought we would come to fan exclusive residence or something but looking at this place I am beginning have second thoughts, I mean, what does he do with all that money he makes out of trading guns?" Walter said in a suspicious tone.

"Well, he looks after the welfare of the poor people and believe in living a simple life and that is why he is very popular amongst these people here and he has built his refuge in the hearts of these people and that is something that will always complicate police investigations and so forth... and I've always desired to play that sort of disguise if I am accidentally cornered by this country's corrupt laws." Suglare said.

"Couz, you seem to embrace me with timely phrases every time I asked for a second opinion and what will I do, if I lose you amidst this job that you call justification?" Walter said.

"Well, lets just hope that we won't end up that way." Suglare said.

"Hey...hey, Sumenda! Suglare's nickname; what brings you here, bala?"

Jay called out as he approached and he walked over to where they were standing and shook Walter's hands and hugged Suglare.

"Sorry I went looking for some bettlenuts at my cousin's place....here you guys want some?" Jay said as he offered them two nuts.

"A true Papuan prelude." Suglare thought.

"Ah, thank you." and he took one and offered the other to Walter.

Jay Kuku was a well built, 5 feet tall Kiwai Islander and was wearing dark spectacles to cover the scars on his face, ornamented by underground experiences and he walked with an air of dignity and authority but he had a very gentle spirit and warm charisma that won the hearts of many simple people.

"Yes, what can you do for me...aye sorry....what can I do for you?"

The shark in a comical tone asked.

"Oh.....we came looking for your kind of hooks.....the sea seems to be filled with fish to caught and tomorrow we presume is a better day to strike." Suglare idiomatically spoke because of the young boys presence.

"You have the money?"

"Of course, Bala, nothing is free these days."

"How much?"

"K6,000....cash."

"Okay....come ...lets go into the house." Jay said.

Jay Kuku told the other two boys to survey the area outside while he led the two into the house and into his room where he had kept the patrol box containing the guns and he opened the box with great care as if opening a box full of French made fragile spectacles.

"I have two A2 machine guns only with 5 cartridge boxes and I have already sold the other two to a businessman from Hagen and you are lucky to be just in time." Jay whispered and said.

And Suglare takes out a yellow parcel containing the cash money, all in bundles of K50 notes, to Jay.

"Count them." he said as he delivers the parcel to Jay and while he was busy in counting, Suglare lifted the gun out of the box and with adoration he wiped the dusty barrel and fiddled with it a bit with his hands and placed it back into the box while Walter watched on with astonishment.

"Okay, how do we transport this box to Laloki?" Suglare asked Walter.

"Oh, I can ask my cousin to drop you guys off with the box in his double cabin." Jay intervened.

"Oh great." Suglare said, relieved.

"By the way...I was just thinking." Jay insinuated.

"Of what?" Suglare asked.

"Smuggling in more guns and I might be needing your assistance.... so that the next time you come around it will be a free delivery and all I will need will be a few kgs of marijuana." Jay said.

"You surprise me."

"Why?"

"Of the way you pull words out of my mouth." Suglare said. "Was it your intention?"

"Yes," Suglare smiled and nodded his head.

"Well, we can split the take if you are interested, 50,50." Jay said.

"I will let you know any time from now when all arrangements are finalised." Suglare reaffirmed.

"Okay," Jay Kuku shook hands with Suglare and Walter in confirmation the looked back into the parcel.

"I regret charging this much but you two must realize that this kind of operations are

risky and costs a lot of money plus there are lot of expenses to pay to maintain the secrecy and the swift flow of the operations." Jay muttered.

"Don't be regretful, I can imagine the risks involved." Suglare said.

"I think at this moment we will be needing the guns more than the money." Walter added.

At Laloki in Auntie Goleri's yard, Suglare and Walter were just celebrating their purchase with a carton of beer and 3 live chickens, which they had picked up along the way at Gordons market and Suglare had given the plastic bag of vegetables and chickens to Aunty Goleri to cook and while on the sixth bottle Walter seemed to be a little moody.

"This beer seems to go down well but I am a bit worried about what's going to happen tomorrow."

"You don't have to come, your nervousness might jeopardize the job"

"No, its not that...I have never felt like this before...Its a strange feeling that keeps on telling me inside that something terrible is going to happen to one of the boys or us."

"Oh come on couz...whats got into your mind this time...come, I will show you how I feel".

Suglare hugged and comforted Walter and they walked over to the place where they had hidden the box and Suglare opens the box containing the guns.

"Look inside and see how they sleep...aye...with these beauties you can hold this country at ransom...see.." he picked up one of the guns and mimcally demonstrated and said.

"The barrel of this beauty is like the eyes of a deadly poisonous snake and when its in action, it will command the submission of any will power and I want you to experience that feeling of power that only few people in this world experience. And in the exercise tomorrow you will see and feel the glimpse of it. The feeling is like a drug and once you experience it, you become addicted to it,...an addiction that could squeeze your life in the process. But there is a remedy for the addiction and that is the reason for the action taken, verified by moral values of each society. And all we are trying to do is fighting wrong justice from a wrong angle and the difference it resolves to with both equation is zero achievement, in other words, vanity. And finally death is the true certifying element that disqualifies each quantities of vanity," Suglare added.

"You are saying that each economy on this planet, right down to our grassroot economy is somehow acquired and coated with some degree and practise of wrong, right? Walter asked.

"Yes, you are getting there close to the point and see, the economics or to be ore simple, the life styles or in a more academic sense, civilization, that you see now are all innovations upon pre-existing themes of easy living and the conquest after conquest attached to it and to really understand, you have to research the history of these revolving innovations and conquests and its present reactions and enlightenment and its destination

the future, after that you focus your reason to commit the crime or whatever its called in a conquestional sense, are you with me?"

"Yes," Walter nodded.

"Then in your mind magnify what we are trying to do tomorrow to universal perspective and apply the conquestional sense to your reason to justify your action against society?" Suglare added.

"But what about the provocation of individuals freedom and movement in the midst of our action...I mean how do you justify that?" Walter asked.

"You mean to say that we will be disturbing or distorting the rights of people moving around freely, with their liberty of conscience along with their free enterprise style of living, right?.....well, that's just partly the reason why I am saying apply the conquestional sense so that you would have no feeling of guilt," Suglare said.

"You have to see what is wrong and right from a conquestional perspective and distorting the current of a system manipulated or acquired through malpractice or in other words, being a robber within the innovated and conquered economy is another way of saying; we are fighting corruption from a different understanding but that different understanding is all perceived by people as crime....and it is not wrong to rob corrupt people and corrupt business houses and share what we have taken with the poor and needy.... I consider these justice and here you are afraid of dying. I think it is better to die than to live with painful memories because it is memories that make this world crazy as it is," Suglare added.

"Its not that I am nervous or afraid of dying but its just that we were born to this world to live only once and our life is only given to us once and I want to live that life a little longer. And you and I are living that's why our names are remembered but when we die, its forever good bye, unless you have an offspring who will rename and regenerate your genes in a fractal geometric continuation. And what we have planned for tomorrow is like knocking on Mr Death's door to open the door quickly," Walter said.

"But you are forgetting that death is everywhere and we cannot calculate the time of its arrival and all we are trying to do is employing a survival strategy to avoid dying quickly as well, even though it is risky and that survival strategy to avoid dying quickly as well, even though it is risky and that survival strategy is the only option left for us because we are cornered by the society's ignorance, greed, self glorifying economics and we are only trying to retaliate to rehabilitate the sense of giving and sharing." said Suglare.

"Who would want to comprehend your kind of logic in this sea of fools?" Walter asked.

"Well, I suppose I am not the only desperate person around so... by the way, we have the guns but I am worried about the support cars."

"How many?"

"Three as usual, I told the boys to have them arranged and I gave them enough money to refuel and double check its worthiness."

"When are they meeting us?"

"Early in the morning at 7.00am at Goldie River Barrack turn off and I am expecting

them to be punctualyou know... timing is very important in this kind of business, one second delay is a jeopardy." Suglare stated.

"Aye, the chickens you brought are ready, if you guys ready?" Auntie Goleri said as she walked over to where they were sitting. She had creamed and boiled chickens with coconut juice and aibika leaves and bananas, an authentic Papuan recipe she had prepared.

"Dish ours and bring ours over here." Suglare responded.

The meal was quite appetizing after the couple of beers they had drunk and Suglare has just finished his meal.

"Couz, our target tomorrow is 6 mile Bookmakers and our informer who works there tipped us and said that the best time to strike was 9.00am. That is when the Manager drives out to do his banking of the weekend's takings". Suglare said.

"How can we identify him?"

"I was told that he was a medium build Chinese guy, who wears a well trimmed moustache and he drives a Grey Mercedes Benz and he normally drives out of the building at about 9.00am and there is only one way in and out excess road. We will block the road and take the money when our informer gives us a cue."

"Will our informer be present there?" Walter asked.

"For this occasion, yes. He is a senior cashier and the last employee who deals with the money before the China man takes it. And we will block the road at about nine and pretend that we are having problems with our car radiator, then Bingo."

"You make it sound so easy."

"Well, I've just said it and we will see how its done but in the meantime could you knock off those last two bottles as we've got a crazy day ahead tomorrow and we will be needing the rest."

Auntie Goleri's hut had an extension at the back which was reserved for retreat during hot seasons and Port Moresby and the areas around Laloki was known for its humid tropical climate and the heat was sometimes sufficient enough to make one sleep without a blanket and Suglare had been using that as his temporary home ever since he came to live with his auntie.

"Couz...you sleep on the bed and I will polish the floor," Suglare told Walter, who was wobbly as they walked towards the attachment at the back, their final resting place for the night.

Early the next morning Suglare and Walter were already stationed at the appointed place of meeting and it was 6:30am and two cars were coming in towards their direction.

"It must be them," Suglare gestured over to Walter.

The first car was a white Nissan Cefiro with tinted glasses and the other was Toyota Corolla but the third car had not arrived yet. The first car had just stopped and a short guy with dark spectacles and sports cap got out of the car and Suglare gestured to Walter over towards the driver and mumbled something and the guy nodded his head in agreement. Suglare then walked over to the second car and through the wind screen he could see that it was Tommy, another member of their gang who was supposed to arrange the cars and walked over and asked,

"There supposed to be three."

"Rodney is driving, he should be here very shortly." Tommy said

"Have you double checked on the engines?"

"I just got these out from Avis rent a car at 7 mile yesterday evening but haven't double checked both yet," Tommy answered.

And Suglare out of instinct and determination to overcome possible failures with the operation, double checked the semi-automatic functions and the radiator and the fuelage and the volume of oil in each cars.

"Okay, we will have to wait for Rodney and if he does not turn up within the next 30 minutes then we will have to carry on and in the meantime, Walter, by 9.00am sharp you will be on the telephone to ring six mile police station and redirect their attention to the Jackson's Airport, seven mile and you will report to the police that there is a riot at the

airport terminal which needs police attention urgently...you are to identify yourself as the airport security manager and also add some bullshit with the Boroko and Gordons police stations as well and you are to use our friends Jason's house phone at 5 mile next to Elcom power plant, he will be waiting for you there, then follow the road down to the Air Niugini Hostel then park the car along the small road junction next to that first house on the left." Suglare instructed.

"The job has to be done within 4 minutes which means that Tommy and I will be confronting the target by 9.00am sharp but just keep in mind that unexpected inconveniences might delay the confrontation to extra 6 minutes or so then it will take another 2 or 3 minutes to drive to your station and from there we will abandon the car and move into your car." Suglare added.

And while they were concentrating on Suglare's instruction, Rodney drives in with the other car, a Toyota Hilux, 4 wheel drive.

"Hey Rod, come, come over her quickly, you are 5 minutes behind schedule." Suglare said as he recapitulated the instruction for Rodney's sake and continued.

"We will be driving back to 4 mile towards NBC and then drive back towards Gordons and Rodney and the other guy will be stationed at the Nazarene Church gate opposite the school and there we will abandon the second car and from ther we will all ump onto Rodney's car towards Gordons market by then we would have isolated ourselves from any trailing police vehicles and at the market we will all disperse amongst the marketing crowd. Then, you guys can all go your own way on public buses but our final meeting place will be at Aunty Goleri's yard at Laloki, 4:30pm in the afternoon and we will share the take.... Is that all clear?" Suglare asked. They all agreed.

New Chapter

David Molton was in his early 60's, an old Jewish magnate who owned estates in New York, London and Canada. He had been a World War II veteran who had fought in the second world war and he had served in the allied force a captain with the Royal British Airforce and it had been the fleet that was under his command that executed the final series of bombardment of Berlin with the contribution from the internal Polish resistance in Poland, amidst the German occupation of Poland plus the pressure from the peoples revolutionary army of Russia on the eastern frontier and from the air the British and the American airforce, these finally shattered the hopes of Hitler's Nazi regime. And after the war he was one of those outstanding British Jews who was instrumental in tracing and capturing some of the most wanted Nazi war criminals where ever they had escaped to. And was also instrumental in tracing the gold and jewelry of the holocaust victims that were confiscated by the Nazis which were later discovered to have been stored in the Swiss Banks in Switzerland by the Nazis.

He also assisted in the resettlement of Jewish orphans who were scattered all over Europe to Israel through Cyprus, which was a very hectic exercise especially the negotiations with the British government and the British army who were care taker administrators of that middle east protectorate at that time.

The British Government had concentrated their attention in the area to protect their oil interests in the area after the war because of the potential oil reserves in that area, which was very vulnerable to outside exploitations and so the British administrative policies in the protectorate was quite suppressive and this really had an impact on the Zionist infiltrations. By then the United Nations chapter had decreed that the Jewish nationhood be re-established and be recognised in 1949 and as a result from the UN convention, Jewish immigrations to Israel was swiftly enabled. But the British were still pressured by the surrounding oil rich countries who detested the Jewish influx into the region and David was one of those masterminds in that exodus and his reputation and esteem has been equally recognised throughout each respective Jewish communities in Europe, America and Canada because of his efforts and contributions to the Zionist cause.

It had been a privilege for Jules to befriend somebody of that celebrity and calibre, who was quite well versed on certain aspects of life. Someone who had a civilized and refine approach to culture, art and knowledge.

David and his wife had been through New Guinea before na amid their travel, meeting Juels was one of those complimentary enhancement of their tour. It was at Davara Ela Beach Hotel, where they first met Jules and from there Jules had volunteered to company them around the country to places where the couple visited, Jules had been their tour guide. But before that encounter Jules used to entertain the Hotel patrons at nights in the resturant and it happened that David and his wife were amongst the dinners that night and Jules accidently performed David's wartime favourite, "Coming home on a wing and a prayer", in a slow jazzy rhythm and it was through performing that song that made Juels capture David's attention and friendship when he started unfolding his experiences of the terrible war and his other experiences that he had bottled up, over the piano. It was a tune that he wouldsing every night after the hectic hours of flying at one of the piano bars, restricted to Airforce personnel only, near Piccadilly in central London during the war. The song brought back a lot of memories for David as he would be in tears every time he requested Jules to replay the song over and over again. And it was during the war that he had lost his twin brother Mitzak, who was a pilot but was killed in action when Mitzak's plane was grounded by the enemy at the Luxemburg frontier in between France and Germany.

David had returned Jules kindness by inviting him to London for some engagement he had arranged and using his influence he had confirmed with Elroy Gareth, who was the Associate Director of the Royal College of Muisic to novitiate Jules under some expert musicologists at the the conservatory of music. And being a representative with College Board of Trustees, arrangemnet of this sort was done without a single hitch.

Heathrow international Airport was presumbaly one of the world's biggest and busiest airports and without proper protocal one could really get lost in between the entangling crowd and Jules had just been off loaded from the Cathay Pacific's Boeing 767 from Hongkong and he folowed the out going passengers as advised by the Air Hostess in the plane, towards the No. 4 arrival termninal and at the arrival terminal he picked up his travelling bag from the rotating belt that delivered luggage and followed the passengers towards the custom's counter and after going through the custom's procedures he moved on to where the crowd was waiting to be picked up.

"I hope somebody is out there waiting for me," Jules thought as he imagined the consequences that would befall him if things worked out the opposite.

After peering and eye scanning through the crowd outside for some 30 minutes, Jules saw a tall and young man well groomed, probably around his mid 20's, a Scandinavian feature, who was holding a card board with Jules name printed on it and other was a young pretty looking black haired girl beside him.

"There.....he is." she pointed towards Jules as he made a move towards them.

"Jules..from New Guinea?" young man said, looking at him questioningly.

"Yes," Jules said as he placed down his travelling bag and gestured.

“Yes, we’ve been advised to pick you here by Mr Molton....sorry my name is Rory, I work for David and this is Hannah Molton, Mer Molton’s youngest daughter,” Rory introduced as he shook hands with Jules.

“Thank God you guys are here, I was about to ring,” Jules sighed and smiled in relief.

“My old man has told us a lot about you and his travelling experiences in New Guinea,” Hannah smiled as she shook hands with Jules. Jules nodded his head and smiled.

“Well, I guess Its time to go...shall we?” Rory formally said.

They had just passed through the dispersing crowd and Rory led the way out to the outer car park.

“Gees, it’s very cold out here.” Jules muttered, slightly shivering.

“Year,...itis early spring, a season after the winter when the plant life rejuvenates again here in this part of the world.” she smiled and looked at Jules.

Unlike your country where you have tropical climate all through....but you will get used to it after a while.” Hannah added as they were walking towards the Range Rover. Rory opened the boot for Jules to place his bag and he jumped onto the back seat while the two sat in the front and as they drove onto the acceleration lane from the slip road towards west, Jules got a little obsessed and was fascinated by the artificial scapes, the roundabouts and the flyouvers of the motorway intersection near Heathrow and further west but could not see clearly through the window because of the April fog.

“Jules, I was advised by Mr Molton to book a place for you at the Edwardian Hotel, which is just few hundred metres up the road...you can freshen up and rest and I will be picking you up at about 10:00 am tomorrow,” Rory said.

“Dad is also expecting you to play something at our place probable in the evening tomorrow,” Hannah said.

“Where is your dad?” Jules asked.

“He had some business meeting to attend in Surrey this morning and he should be home by nighfall.”

“You ahve a piano at hoem?”

“Yeah, a white baby grand but it has been lying idle for some time.”

“Do you play?”

“A little bit, but that was ages ago and I am a little bit rusty now, I guess but dad plays it once in a while just to relax his load of stress each night.” said Hannah.

“Here we are.” Rory said as he slowed down onto the slip road towards a terraced building with casement windows all around except for the rotating entrance in the front and Rory got out of the car and walked into the hotel and over to the reception counter while Hannah and Jules were still in the car and after a while later he came out with a

young looking man in a suit, who must have been the porter as he was holding a room key and Rory pointed over to the car. Rory walked over.

“Jules, the young man will show you to your room” Rory said that and checked through his pockets and gave the young man a 5 pound note and told him to take care of Jules, while Jules made a quick check through his jumper pockets to see if his tickets and passport were still intact then he farewelled Rory and Hannah and followed the porter through the reception lobby area then through the passage way towards the rooms. he was booked into room 2304.

David had arranged for Jules to stay in a hotel upon Jules request due to Jules uneasiness and feeling of social inferiority to stay at David’s luxurious residence at North Hamstead and also to psychologically avoid any cultural and social discomforts which might occur from Jules inexperience of living in an aristocratic environments.

Jules had given a piano recital at David's Victorian home in North Hamstead and Gareth was also there that Tuesday evening amongst the audience which were comprised of David's relatives and friends mostly music lovers and critics. And because of the freezy air, Jules performance ahd been a little untidy through his selected repetoire which were few collections of works from the great music masters however whaat fascinated the audience was his ambition and adaptability to the grand old art and tradition of the explicit European culture. And the audience were amazed to see a young man like Jules whose up-bringing was from a primitive civilization like the highlands of New Guinea and the bridging of the two cultures with the exactg inerpretation of music that was not enshrined into his culture. And for Jules the small receptive audience had been very encouraging with applauses and well wishes. After the recital David who was the Master of the Ceremony that night addressed the small audience.

"My good friends and invited guests... you all can carry on with the pleasant wine but can I have your attention please," he paused for a while and continued.

"I was a little privileged enough to travel to the village where Jules comes from in New Guinea and it was quite interesting for me to discover this young man, who is here with us from what I would say the last frontier of civilization with some untouched natural environment, where I was quite fascinated to find a young man like him who was quite well versed on civil methodologies. And also from what you've heard him play as an example, the 400 hundred years old European art and his people's way of living, which is very much in tune with nature and its providence. These has made me to think that there exists some of the world's best concept of living in New Guinea prior to being exploites by these greed ornamented western style of living or individualism, which could be researched and re-implemented as example for future generations and so forth in our world...there are people out there who can live without money and what I am saying here is that the world needs to reform its ideas of living based on these simple concepts of living derived from the natural agronomy and agriculture were money should never to be a necessity for survival as working to earn money and striving to be the best with money is a crazy rat race that I have experienced that is leading human race to a ctastrophe...there will never be another sustainable years beyond 2000 for paralle human achievement with its modified 21st century technologies when you add the greed of mankind along with it...so the mostly likely homework for the world today is to create and invent a multi dimensional remedy that can cure these human plague called greed. But this young man's presence here is totally of different nature....I brought him over to London to experience the different style of living and I want him to observe and analize the pressure, the cause and effects and the impact that money and capital greed has

instituted in a cosmopolitan city like London....very much an educational excursion...I suppose and it is these pretentious and these urges to prolong easily living in the cities like this throughout the world that has very much distorted and derived the beauty of nature and its multi-dimensionally spherical laws. And you and I as friends of the earth have a greater responsibility in our hands to pressure each government of this world to take precautions on the use of their natural resources....especially the forests and the marine resources and the use of fossil fuel as we have heard the great warning by each leading environmental scientists throughout this globe about the global warming and the greenhouse effect caused by the few holes in the ozone layers which is caused by the great magnitude of carbon dioxide gases and other foreign gases produced from every industrial cities throughout this planet and this has and will keep on affecting the weather cycles of the earth and now you hear of unprecedented happenings of natural disasters throughout various regions of this earth and it seems to be quite rapid but to emphasize a little further would bring fear to our relaxation after Jules brilliant performance...how after consulting with our friends in New York, Canada and Geneva, I have great pleasure in introducing Jules Yalo as our representative in New Guinea and I am expecting each one of you to volunteer to show Jules around the city making him feel at home and of course educating him for our cause as well.”.....

and Jules,” David mentioned, looking over to Jules.

“Do you want to take this responsibility?”

“I will try, but....” Jules muttered in astonishment.

“But what?”.....

“I was not prepared for this appointment.” Jules whispered over. I thought coming from the land of the unexpected you’d be prepared for surprise as well.... but don’t you worry....we know that you can handle this and we will equip you with the knowledge within the next few weeks of your stay here with us.” David reaffirmed.

“In fact we the friends of the earth do need a representative to monitor and mind our affairs in your part of the region which we believe is quite vulnerable and fragile to outside exploitations.” David added.

Jules was silent for a moment and dazed at David as he lifted his glass of wine towards the audience for a toast of confirmation and the audience who could have been members of the friends of the earth society, without Jules knowledge started the applause again.

Goodness sake, why didn’t he mention that he was a honorary chairman of the Friends of the Earth in UK....his travel must have been related to this,” Jules thought, looking at his old friend then swings his head in astonishment. Mr Elroy was a Welshman of medium height, half balding and ginger haired, who could have been easily identified with the dyslexic spectacles he wore. He walked over to where Jules and David were and with a smile he gazed Jules. He was also a member of the Society.

“I must admit that you are very good.” he said.

“Thank you.” Jules responded.

“It must have taken you sometime to play like this...how long have you been playing?”

Elroy asked.

“Ten years professionally.” Jules answered.

“Well I really enjoyed your performance, especially; ‘Liebestraum’- the nocturne by Franz Liszt....as it was my favourite recital piece some 30 years ago,” Elroy said as he offered to shake Jules hands. And at the same time another middle aged woman also walked over and complimented Jules for his beautiful touches to the ivories with aged warmth of appreciation.

“I don’t think you will find it that difficult at the conservatory and wouldn’t mind recommending you for an admission and to be more honest, your interpretation on the extended voicing written, should be performed as written instead of performing it in a close position but I believe that difficulty could be ratified if you devote extra hours to practise,” Elroy advised.

The ability to define and alter written compositions to the performers ability was one of those requirements of each possible performers ability was one of those requirements of each possible candidates who wished to further study serious music at the Royal College of Music and Jules hinted to Elroy’s advice.

“By the way what are you doing on the following evening,” Elroy asked Jules while throwing a glance at David.

“Sight seeing probable.” Jules said.

“Well, I was thinking of inviting you to a concert at the Kensington Town Hall....Clasus Holst, a re known German pianist is giving a concert and I will be the principal of the second violins that evening with the orchestra that will be accompanying the mestro,” Elroy asked and he looked at David again.

“I was thinking of exposing Jules to a comparative observation experience”, Elroy said to David.

“Well, Hannah or Rory or either of them will have to take care of that.” said David.

It was already 10 pm and the audience were already dispersing one by one and there was still a couple or two around David’s mini bar. Jules had not finished his glass of Portugese vien rose.

“Jules, I will ahve to excuse our guests....I ahve to retire because I have a meeting to attend early in the morning tomorrow....Rory will drop you back to the Edwardian when you are ready.” David said that and hugged Jules and moved up the stairs to his room.

North Hampstead right up to Golders Green busy shopping arcade was an area interweaved by detacged and semi-detached houses with few parks erserved in between and few pubs and post agencies at regular corners and road junctions and was more or less a middle class multi racial residential area. And it was quite common to find Jews, Indians, Eastern Europeans around there conforming to their various economics of the day and Jules had just passed through that area to reach David’s residence in the early hours of the afternoon prior to the recital after having picked pu from the Edwardian Hotel. But now it was quite cold and dark except for the busy streets and the neon lights

and the Yorkshire bitters and Portugese vien rose did have a drowsy effect of Jules consciousness and after driving through few motorway intersections and speedy lanes for an hour or so, Rory dropped Jules back at the Edwardian Hotel again.

Early the next morning the telephone was ringing and the sleep through the tranquility of the thick wool woven blanket was irresistible but Jules with an instinct of urgency got out of the Edwardian comfort half naked except for his briefs lifted the receiver of the ringing phone.

“Hello” Jules answered subconsciously.

“Hi Jules, it’s me Rory...sorry I won’t be coming to pick you up as I will be attending to some morning business that Mr. Molton directed me to do this morning and I think the time convenience might prolong till 12:00 noon however I have phoned up and advised Bartholomew, the guy with Sonny records who contributes scripts on a part time basis with BBC to have an interview with you on the chances on cutting an album with Sonny records and other cultural aspects.” Rory said.

“Is he coming over?”

“That’s exactly the next thing I am trying to explain..... We will be meeting at Westminster abbey at about 12 noon which I presume is more convenient place for Bartholomew.”

“And how do I get there?”

“It’s the only Italian cafe around there and you won’t miss it as you walk down from Piccadilly through the St James square, then through the Buckingham Palace garden park then onto Westminster abbey and the small cafe is located on the left side of the Big Ben facing the Thames River and the freeway bridge and below that is another underground station.” Rory said.

“Okay, what is the time like?”

“It’s 8:30 now, but can you manage it?”

“I’ll try.”

“All right, see you there.”

Jules breathes heavily and sighed, imagining the consequences if he got lost in the mid traffic as he hung up the phone and checked the mini freezer for the left over milk bottle that he had bought from the nearby MacDonalds the previous evening to quench his flaming throat from the previous night’s craze. And he picked up the phone again and

rang down to the reception to organise a taxi for himself and then quickly had a shower and got dressed then picked up his jerseys and the tapes when the phone rang again and Jules picked up the receiver.

“Sir, your cab is ready,” said the man on the other side of the line.

“Okay, I will be down there in two minutes,” Jules answered and walked out of his room and hurried through the passage way towards the stairs that led to the main lobby and through the crystal chandeliers hanging on the left side of the lobby ceiling, he could see an elderly man waiting. Jules walked over to the reception counter and enquired.

“Yes, thats the driver,” said the attendant as he pointed to the elderly man and they moved out of the rotating door.

“Heathrow underground tube station, please,” Jules directed the driver as he opened the cab door and moved into the off-sider’s seat.

They drove on to the acceleration lane and it had taken them 15 minutes to arrive at the train terminl and Jules paid 5 pounds to the taxi driver and he walked over to the ticketing counter and bought himself a day use ticket and later followed the on going passengers down underground on an escalating stairs towards the boarding station. And the train had arrived at 9:30 shart as scheduled and the place was quite crowded with Piccadilly bound passenters. There were some black couples there too and Jules was quite fascinated by their pommy accent and he approached the black couple and asked.

“Excuse me, is this train going to Piccadilly?”

“Yes,” the old dolled up black lady answered.

“Jules thanked the couple and got into the 3rd cabin and sat in an empty seat in between a row of seat that was preoccupied by two punk looking guys and an elderly couple.

There was a map attached on the cabin wall that enabled Jules to locate the names of each train stations in between Heathrow and Picaddilly and it was quite informative of the direction the train was heading towards which solaced Jules although.

Piccadilly underground railway station was a central station and ws one of the city’s busiest inderground railway junctions which was some hundred metres underground. And Jules got out of the train and followed the elderly couple with some on going passengers who also got off at Picaddilly and he followed the direction of the exit signs along the passageway then moved onto a two storey escalator which led up to the surface and at the crowded ticketing area and on the left side of the counter he saw Hannah scanning through a magazine she was holding.

“Hi, I hope I am not that late,” Jules apollgetically said after mvng through the crowd tow here Hannah was.

“No you’re not, you are just 15 minutes early and you seem to be doing fine on your own,” she said smilingly after glancing at her wrist watch.

“Where do we go from here?” Jules asked, as it was quite confusing for him to figure out their location.

“This way,” she said as she pointed out east and they walked out of the ticketing area.

“Piccadilly roundabout is just ahead and we will turn left from here,” she explained as they walked along the crowded alongside a busy street crowded by Londoners from all walks of life mostly holiday makers moving to and fro and it was quite interesting for Jules to see Japanese tourists as well. And they had walked through the street that was overshadowed by impressive 19th century architected buildings, mostly masonry architecture and Jules attention was captured by the pre-raphaelian sculptor’s along each street and building corners. And after walking for some time they turned left and walked down the St James square towards Westminster abbey and they hurried down and then through the garden park outside the famous Buckingham palace which was also crowded by flooding tourists.

“If we had time, I could have shown you the changing of the palace guards but it seems like time is not going to agree,” she said.

“Yeah....there is a lot to be seen around here and I wouldn’t mind taking a day off sight seeing but it all depends on your dad.”

“Oh my dad would not mind but he is a little old fashioned, I suppose and he is kind of ...umm...detests these latest trend of fashion that’s one reason why I am a little careful of how I present my point of views when he is around but he is quite a conservative person who always thought of getting the best things in life for our family up till the time when my elder brother passed away and since then his attitudes have changed quite a lot.

“Oh how did that happen?” Jules asked.

“Car accident at Hammersmith,” she said.

“I am sorry to have asked..”

“Never mind, life has to go on and that’s exactly what dad used to say and I guess that’s another reason why I have these driving phobias,” she said.

“You don’t drive do you?” Jules asked.

“No, not on these busy streets, I prefer the train rides and in a way it is quite convenient and faster except for the IRA bomb threats that’s gradually becoming common these days.”

“It will be quite devastating I can imagine in one of these underground stations.”

“Yeah,, I do not wish to paint a bad picture of this beautiful city but that’s one thing that usually gets on my nerves thinking about it every time I am in one of those underground cages but I will be out of this place again soon.....so,” Where to?

“Oh I am on a semester break from Pittsburg University College, Pennsylvania, that’s in the States.”

“Oh....interesting,” Jules nodded his head.

“I am just about to complete my master’s programme in Economics and Industrial Psychology,” she said and led on.

They had taken the short cut through St Paul’s Cathedral and onto Westminster’s abbey where they passed by the statue of Winston Churchill and another statue of a prominent statesman.

“That’s Big Ben there and the cafe is just around there..we are 30 minutes late and I hope the guys are there,” she said pointing to the towered clock which was just striking 12:35

Rory had been uneasy checking his wrist watch and he kept on looking into the crowd when they spotted him and facing him over a table on the other chair was a chubby looking middle aged man, who had a straight greyish ginger hair with a well trimmed beard and one could tell the artistic features by his appearance and from the way he was speaking.

“Hi..sorry to have kept you guys waiting,” Hannah said.

“Not to worry, we’ve just arrived minutes ago so...” Rory smiled and said.

“By the way, this is Bartholomew and that’s Jules and this is Hannah Molto” Rory gestured and Jules nodded his head and shook Bartholomew’s hands.

“We ordered for 2 coffees and ham and chicken sandwiches with some french fries. You two order what you want,” Rory said as they were seated.

“Oh..it’s quite chilly and freezy so I will have a cup of hot chocolate” Jules said.

“I will have the same.” Hannah said and after few minutes of verbal exchange Hannah was trying to say something when Rory interrupted.

“Our friend Bart has a very tight schedule today so we’ve got to move on with the discussion,” Rory said, gazing at Bart to lead.

“Well, it all depends on what Jules has to offer to us for production and the style of music he is trying to record as it’s all a matter of economics these days and from our perspective, we are more geared towards producing music that is marketable in response to the audio visual dictation of each respective customer today and that is mostly the popular and today’s contemporary music and that again depends on which party will be responsible to financially facilitate the whole gimmick,” Bart said that and looked at Hannah and Jules who were both attentive.

“I am not saying we are selective, we do respect the art, whether it be folk, traditional, jazz or classic. And if we are to consider the rights of the artists and we feel that the respective art is not marketable then it is the sole responsibility of that artist to financially facilitate the whole gimmick....I mean it is precisely commercial on our part to produce,” Bart said.

“You are saying that Jules has to meet the cost of recording and marketing fees,...right?” Rory asked.

“Well, for a start, yes....because we are uncertain whether his music will be capturing

enough audience and customers to viably establish the commercial potent from his music,” Bart replied.

“I see,” Rory nodded his head.

“Thats not a bad idea” Hannah added.

“How much will the recording fees be?” Jules asked.

“200pounds per hour and that is strictly recording and additional sessional and marketing fees wil total up to another 200 pounds and to produce is another thing,” Bart said.

“And what if the artist pay up for everything, does he keep the masters?” Jules asked.

“Oh yes,” Bart said.

“My old man did mention that he will meet the costs but when to record is one thing that you and Jules will have to decide,” Hannah said.

“By the way, what sort of music can you play?” Bart looked at Jules and asked.

“Oh he is very versatile and very creative,...he can play classics to popular ballads and a little bit of Jazz,” Rory added.

“Well, I wouldn’t mind punchingyou into one of my schedules which is very tight at the moment till June but I presume July as the best time to record yours and in the meantime you could check for invalid periods in between now and July,” Bartholomew said that and handsed over his business card and address to Jules.

“Here this will give you a fair idea of what I play,” Jules gave the two tapes copies of his music samples in exchange.

“Mr. Molteon, I think at the moment is working on Jules additonal visa requirements with the immigration officials so we will let you know after the outcome,” Rory said.

“Well, thats about it then,” Bartholomew said that and shook Jules hands firmly to confirm their agreement and ater their meeting they dispersed back to their daily chores and Jules was escorted back to the hotel by Hannah.

Jules had enjoyed his few weeks of vacation in London which were memorable moments of his life especially the evening of concert by the German pianist at Kensington Town Hall, where Elroy had introduced him to various eminent musicians in London and he was also satisfied that his professional engagement in London had been fixed and a lot of these had eventuated through David's contribution and influence which Jules was so much indebted to. And his admission to study music at the Royal College of Music was also approved and guaranteed by Elroy but then the process of engaging such without proper visa was inappropriate with British immigration laws so David had advised Jules to re-enter UK through a student visa which he was to arrange, which was the other optional process as advised by the immigration officials and David Molton had followed up his commitment made in London and back in Moresby, he was informed through Steve's office that he had been awarded a scholarship to study at the Royal College of Music which was to commence on the following month of June that same year. And also on that same week in Port Moresby Jules had affiliated the Friends of the Earth Society with the IPA in Port Moresby and had entrusted Steve Wilson as a caretaker for the Society's interests in New Guinea.

It was 4:30 pm on Thursday evening, 3 days after the news of confirmation of his recording contract with Sonny Records and the post graduate studies in London, a news worth celebrating with a barbecue and few cartons of beer and Jules was doing just that at Uncle Gibbi's place when Steve's car drove into yard and the small nephew who was pestering Jules for the coins inside Jules shirt pockets called out.

"Uncle Jules, there is a car stopping in front of our yard."

"Where?.....oh it must be Steve," Jules said as he stood up and excused those who were gathered and walked over and checked who it was.

"Hey Steve, my brother what brings you here at this time of the evening?" Jules warmly enquired.

Steve made no motion to answer but got out of the car and gestured Jules to move over to the back of the car with him.

"Whatwhat is it?" Jules persisted.

"How can I break the news." Steve thought.

Steve breathed heavily and sighed, "Lewa! my beloved! it is not a very good news,"

Steve reluctantly said.

“What is it....brother?”

“Its Komeali (Jules elder brother)” Steve said.

“What about him?” he asked.

“He passed away this afternoon in Mendi Hospital,” Steve mentioned and his eyes were glistening with tears.

“He died of appendicitis complications....thats what the doctor who was on duty told me over the phone.” Steve added.

Jules was in a state of shock, in a total disbelief and a storm of grief was slowly flooding into his mind and he did not know what to say or waht to do next.

“Komeali last message was to inform you to take care of his two children and their mother until she felt fit to remarry again and he passed onto you his love and advised you to live the best way you can without greed in this unkind world,” Steve informed.

“Thats all,” he said, scratching his head in disbelief again.

“Yes...thats all,” Steve now was in tears which meant the news he brought was real. Jules tried to mumble something for a while but words out of his lips were forming into gasps. He could not control the overwhelming tide of grief and bnroke dwon in spirit and wept for his only j brother openly in grieved spirit and out of a heart that was now breaking.His old aunty upon hearing the news responded with long piercing grieved overtones in their own dialect. And all of a sudden the whole place was encompassed and grieved with poyphonic ensemble of remorseful chanting and the resonance of the Eravean mourning chants were heard everywhere as if the gathering was premeditatively arranged for this occasion by Komeali’s unseen angels. Steve could not hold back his own tears and he wept along with Jules in sympathy.

“Oh God, this is not true...I don’t want to knowthat is is true,”Jules sobbingly muttered and wept.

And after a few hours of letting go most of his remorseful tones through his heavy tears he stood up to be comforted and he hugged onto his two small cousins and wept again over their shoulders. And the whole night that was meant for celebrations was overturned into a night of mourning.

Steve overnighted with Jules to plan out what to do early the next morning and also to morally suport and console Jules during his period of grief.

“The death of Komeali resulted from lack of medical attention but he would have lived otherwise. The ignorance of the provincial and national government was to be blamed with their inadequate funding of the health services in the Southern Highlands Province, an improvidence that subsided the availability of much needed multi remedial drugs like penicillin and chloroquine and antibiotic drugs and much needed medical specialists like surgeions and pathologists...a quick appendectomy could have revived Komeali’s life.’ Steve thought.

For Jules, the death of his elder brother was great loss not only to his close relatives but

also to his clan as well because customarily Komeali through patrilineal inheritance, was entrusted with the clan's genealogical history; he had been the living archgenealogist, the oracle for their customary land boundaries after the death of their father and grandfather. And in a country New Guinea, the land was always collectively owned by native landowners and its one little place on this planet where tribal land disputes and fights over customary land rights were quite concurrent and genealogical reference was one prime verifying element used by land courts in the country to determine legitimate owners and for Jules the loss of his elder brother was an inevitable chaos for that matter as well. He could do nothing, his brother had already had crossed the borders of infinity leaving him with so many unanswered questions. And all that he was left to do next as required through family obligation was to attend and co-ordinate the procession of his brother's funeral and bury his body where it was supposed to rest, the worm's world.

Komeali had been 16 years old and Jules had been 4 when their parents had accidentally passed away after a short illness. Since then their grandfather had adopted them and when their grandfather passed away, Komeali was then adopted by their paternal uncle and Jules was adopted by their mother's sister and from their childhood to adulthood Komeali had been his younger brother's hero and guardian.

"You will have to go home tomorrow," Uncle Gibbi muttered through a husky voice distorted from the previous hours of weeping.

"Yeah, I will try and check tomorrow's flight details for Mendi flights," Jules answered.

"Your cousins Suglare and Walter whom I presume are still with aunty Goleri at Laloko will be here at any moment from now upon hearing the news and I will advise them to accompany you home because I have this case coming up in which I must appear so.."

Uncle Gibbi muttered, sitting over the fire place, through the flames that was continuously set alight through the night.

"I think I do have couple of miscellaneous charge orders in the drawer of my cabinet in Gordons which are still valid till October and you can use them if you like," Steve said. Jules gazed into Steve's consolative eyes and nodded his head in silent appreciation over the fire place where they were seated.

And the prolonged density of the remorseful overtures were gradually silently into the late hours of the night except for the old aunty who kept on crying slowly, chanting her own mournful semitones, depicting her hidden sorrows for her deceased sister and now now the son who had just passed away which seemed to be an additional affliction to her already wounded heart. Sleep was never guaranteed in these kind of situations and the time had passed on without notice while Jules and Steve had been listening to Uncle Gibbi and the other probing and envisaging imaginary causes into the nature of Komeali's death with some assuming "Kawei" sorcery as the probable cause. And it was 4:00 am and dawn was beginning to break and a taxi driver into the yard and Suglare and Walter got out of the double cabin taxi. To avoid the police detection they had chosen the very early hours of the morning to come to Tokarara but upon arrival Suglare and Walter forgot their sense of precaution. They could not hold back their remorseful feeling of their

deseased cousin and they wept bitterly and openly as they walked towards where others were gathered.

“They must have heard the news.” Jules thought as his tears started to reform again. And the slow diminishing tide of grief was slowly re-augmented again with each cresending fractions of weeping which led to the next morning.

“Oh na kanie....my beloved cousin! ...why you?....why so early?.....was it that hard to ahve waited for at least one phrase of laughter or at least one word of farewell for me...oh...Komeali..o na kani,,e..oraapeyaeii....” Suglare lamented through his grief as he recalled their childhood memories in Koyali, Erave where they would team up to go out looking for singao, prawns, in Ambili river swamps and sometimes after bird hunting they would overnight in their familiar Avendas (caves) when they had Isot tracks in the late hours of the evenings.

Suglare and Komeali had been best of mates in their primary and secondary school days till they went their separate ways after completing their 4th grade in St. Fidelis Secondary near Alexishafen, Madang.

The police on the other hadn had had been constantly searching for clues of Suglare and Walter’s enshrinement for the chain of robberies committed. And Jules, Suglare and Walter were at down town Moresby MBA office that morning and were trying to confirm the Miscellaneous charge orders that Steve ahd given for the early Saturday morning flight as the Mendi flight that Friday was fully booked out.

Their concentration was primarily travel arrangement and it had never ocured in their mind that they were being followed by a police informer, a young man of mixed Morobe and Aroma parentage, who was a reformed member of JNY gang but who lived with his relatives on the opposite neighbourhood at the end of another street connecting the Iduhu street in the same area at Tokarara. And he had volunteered himself onto the police payroll ever since Suglare and Walter were suspected. And Suglare, knowing him as a street mate, did not suspect him when he popped up at Steamships supermarket building that morning and asked him about the flight details and the time when thjey were supposed to leave for Mendi the next day.

At the same time in the MBA ticketing office, there was a slight confusion with the arrangement of the Miscellaneous Charge Orders so the travel consultant, a young Papuan girl, who could have been a trainee, requested the presence of Steve to endorse the MCOs so Jules considering the Travel consultant’s advise had told Suglare and Walter togo and fetch Steve, who was suppose to represent a client at the court house which was located at the upper southeastern side of the town while he remained behind and by then the informer had disappeared to do his bit straight afer acquiring the information from Suglare.

Twenty minutes later, 5 policemen of the mobile squad unit entered the MBA office and the leader of the Squad walked over to where Jules was seated and enquired.

“You must be Jules.” the policeman asked.

“Oh no, you will be giving us some very good answers to some good questions,” the policeman said.

“For?.....” Jules asked suprisingly, then it somehow clicked in his mind.

“These has got to do with Suglare and Walter” he thought and breathes heavily and

sighed and swung his head in disbelief.

“Where are you trying to travel to?” the policeman asked.

“I am trying to attend my elder brother’s funeral and am trying my best to see if I can catch a flight to Mendi...that is if I could manage today, since the flight is all fully booked,” Jules answered. Oh yeah...where is your ticket?”

“It’s with the young lady over there.” Jules said as he points to the travel consultant who was staring back monitoring their verbal comotion with her suspecting eyes and then she moves towards the counter and gave the MCOs to the policeman.

“These are your tickets....right?” the policeman asked.

“Yes.”

But it does not appear to be yours,..I mean your name is not written.” the policeman muttered.

“No,...a friend gave them to me this morning.”

“Uhhh...very interesting...aye...these are three tickets?...who’s using the extra two tickets?” the policeman continued questioning with a grim look.

“Oh, the other two are reserves for later use,” Jules said attempting to deny the arrangement for Suglare and Walter.

“Bull shit,” the policeman rebuked sternly and slapped Jules across the face.

“Where are your comrades?” he shouted and said.

“Oh shit,” Jules blurted out and shook his head in disbelief and tried to revive from the sudden slap. He had a verge to retaliate but realizing that five against one was a little crazy especially when he was confronted with armed policemen, in a stupid conflict like the one he was in.

“Please let explain,...this is all based on speculations?” Jules pleaded.

“Aye...stop lying and move out,...we will have to settle these at the police station and you have to come along with us,” said the other policeman as he forced Jules out of the MBA office while the other three remaining policemen were busy clearing the bystanders and observers at the ground floor of the building and those who were crowding the scene which was attracted by the row in between the policemen and Jules.

And after some minutes later he was taken into a waiting police vehicle and in the vehicle, in between each row of argument, the case was quite hopeless for Jules to justify and explain because the police were already fed with the information that Jules was one of those collaborators in the chain of robberies, rape and two murders along with Suglare and Walter.

There was no witness and without a witness to support Jules argument, mentioning the truth to the police was like adding fuel to the already inexistent police resentment. Jules couldn’t believe that this was happening and the rumours that he used to hear on the streets that the police in the National Capital District sometimes did take advantage of the law and they often capitalized on the ignorance of the legally illiterate majority by taking the law into their hands and that often resulted to incrimination of many law abiding citizens, was now becoming obvious,” Jules acknowledged in fear as he was harrassed by the policemen inside the vehicle.

When the convoy arrived at the crowded Boroko police station that noon hour, Friday,

tehre was quite an exhibition outside the station from the way the police escorted and continually harrassed Jules as they led him inot the interrogation room of the criminal investigation section, as if they were bringing the most notorious criminal.

Jules already had a bleeding nose and a swollen lips from the inflictions caused in the car and in the C.I.D room where he was led to, there were two senior detectives who were already seated inside and the three policemen who escorted him walked over and briefed the detectives and later directed Jules to take the empty seat that was left vacant.

“Look, I don’t understand these,....you people have mistaken me with the other guys... we were suppose to be at home by now for my elder borther’s funeral,” Jules pleaded.

“Oh yeah,...what about your travel overseas....where did youget that kind of money to travel from...Aye?” a man who must being a detective in a civil dressing shouted as he walked into the room.

“Whats that got to do with these? Jules asked.

“Nothing perculiar except those guys who where with yout his morning?” the detective on the seat facing Jules questioned.

“Yes”

“They are your cousins....aren’t they?”

“Yes,”

“And you were all trying to go to Mendi?.....right?”

“Yes, my brother passed away yesterday and ...” Jules wasy trying to explain but was intercepted.

“Keep your breath...and I am afraid that you will have to send your condolence message through someone because you are not leaving this place untill we have your cousins here for questioning as well.” said the other detective who was having his turn to question Jules.

“Well, could you guys tell me exactly what crime I have committed than I will know the reason fro this recrimination against me please,” Jules pleaded.

“Shut up smart ass...jits your kind of smartness, along with those marijuana crackers that hold in ransome the freedom of movement for the ordinary people in this city,” the uniformed constable who was standing next to Jules informally ordered as he threw a well calculated punch on Jules left eye brows.

“Aaaaiyo man, oh please,, ino miya! I am not the one! Jules moaned and cried in agony as the shock waves stormed his consciousness.

Back at the court house in town, Suglare and Walter had checked through the lists of the court sitting schedules and found ot that the case that Steve was to represent was adjourned to the following week so they tried again to contact his office in Gordons through a public phone that was down the Douglas Sreet but was informed by a woman at the end of the line dthat he was out since that morning after coming to the office to pick up some Miscellaneous Charge Orders or something.

“Well the only place we could possibly locate Steve is at his house and that is at East Boroko but I wouldn’t know the location so it will be best to contact Jules at the MBA

office and tell him about it. And I suppose he must be wondering why it is taking too long,” Walter said.

“What’s the number for MBA Moresby office?”

“Check the directory”.

After finding the number in the directory, Suglare rang the MBA office but the female voice from the office answered and told him that the person whom they wanted to speak to was arrested few minutes ago by the police and was taken to the police station, after they had left but she had no idea as to which station they had taken him to. And upon hearing this, a chill like current ran through Suglare’s spinal tracks and his senses came to a pause for a second or two.

“That bloody traitorous son of a whore....damn.... I should have known,” Suglare raved as he slammed the receiver in fury.

“I will give you the taste of your own invention...you bloody fish brain,” Suglare continued as he recalled in his mind the informer’s melodramatic questions prior to the police arrest that morning.

“What is it?” Walter surprised at Suglare’s certain fury, asked.

“The police have arrested Jules.”

“Ah?” Walter sighed.

“I said the police have arrested Jules,” Suglare deuced firmly.

“Shit,...What are we going to do now?” Walter asked.

“I don’t know, I mean we can’t even check Jules up at any police stations and Steve would be the right person to contact in these kind of situations but then we don’t even know where Steve’s house is and also we can not even go to Tokarara because the police knowing our presence in the city will be surveilling Uncle Gibbi’s place right now...shit we are really screwed up in a bloody limbo,” Suglare said in frustration.

“I really feel like pulling the tongue out of that guy who puts us in this shit,” Walter added in rage.

“Four squared fish brains like him do not deserve to live in a world like this but at this moment we have to find someone who could relay the message to those guys in Tokarara so that they could bail Jules out at whatever station he is detained in,” Suglare said.

Walter just stood there and stared at Suglare in hopelessness.

“We have to move,” Suglare said that and they started looking out for their next door neighbours at Tokarara.

“Suglare and Walter took their chances through the crowded streets down searching for friends and neighbours and at about 2:00 pm that afternoon they had met up with a young boy from Kainantu, who lived with his uncle at the Kainantu compound which was next door neighbour of Uncle Gibbi.

“Oh great, you are the right person we need,” Walter said and the young boy stared at Walter and Suglare in astonishment.

“Sorry to have bothered you son, if you are going Tokarara way this afternoon, we would

like you to remind Uncle Gibbi or someone you find there that Jules was arrested by the police mobile squad and is detained in one of the police stations but tell them to check at the Boroko Police Station first.” Suglare informed.

“Orait, bai mi tokim ol. (alright, I will notify them) the young man said.

Suglare thanked the young man and they walked back to the main bus stop again.

“Whats next?” Walte asked.

“Cous, we can’t let our cousin Komeali die in Mendi like some dogs on the steet.... I will have to go but in the meantime while we still have some time left before the bank closes, I want to withdraw some money for the tickets and other expenses from our account at Waigani so that where we are heading to right now,” Suglare said.

“What about Jules,” Walter insisted.

“I think, he will be released when the police realizes his innocence and I think he knows exactly how to get out of these kind of police stupidity and you will have to stay back to check on these through informers. Aunty Goleri’s place at Laloki is quite safe to hide out for a while,” Suglare said.

“What about my tickets?” Walter asked.

“I will give some money at the bank for the tickets, that’s for you and Jules if he gets out and seems like we are running out of time so we’ve got to move on because I have to buy myself a ticket to Mendi early tomorrow.” Suglare said. And after waiting for couple of minutes at the bus stop, they jumped onto bus number 11, a bus which goes through Waigani ANZ bank onto Morata suburb.

Early the same morning Steve had driven to his office after the night's gathering at Tokarara to collect the MCOs that he promised to Jules and he returned and upon delivering the tickets to Jules, he comforted Jules with some additional consolatory axiomatics and as funeral gatherings in Papua New Guinea is perceived as some event that requires collective support with material and financial contributions to socially identify their sympathy, Steve was a little satisfied that he had made a contribution by providing his best friend with airline tickets to travel home. He also advised Jules that he would probably be in session that morning at the downtown Moresby court house should complications arise with the ticket confirmations and after spending some time at Tokarara he had left to attend to his appointments that day.

The first on the list of his agenda that day was a litigation case which was to begin at 9:30 am for a client who was a naturalized citizen against Zigma Engineering Company. He had already filed a lawsuit a month ago and the morning session was basically cross examination of selected materials.

Steve was quite versed on the legal vocabulary and other jargons and the cross examination exercise that morning was one scope of practise in his five years career that he enjoyed most because he could easily distort and verbally paint a wrong picture upon a truthful statement or he could easily decorate and restructure a doubt or suspicion into clear convincing quantity or the opposite just to embrace his argument and to capture the Judge's sense of reasoning to a controversial equilibrium for his advantage so that the verdict pronounced would be sound to some extent, resolving into his favour.

Steve got out of his car and picked up his briefcase to enter the court house, which was crowded by people awaiting proceedings and room allocations for each case and other announcement by the court sheriff.

"Aye, Adrian...buddy...long time, aye, where have you been hiding all this time?" Adrian said.

"Great, it's nice to see you still kicking." Steve muttered with a smile.

"Hey morning Steve,"

“Oh morning Philip,”

“How was your case like yesterday?” another colleague who was wearing a suit joined in and asked.

“Oh it was adjourned to this morning but its basically cross examinations I suppose,” Steve said.

“Excuse me gentlemen,” Adrian said as he moved onto meet his client who was entering the court house.

“You must have had some night last night aye?” Philip asked.

“Why?”

“From the way you look,”

“Yeah, I havn’t even slept....i was at a friend’s residence at Tokarara. It was a funeral gathering of my best friend’s elder brother who passed away in Mendi and I will have to find some quite place to rest, probably after this morning’s session.” Steve answered.

“Oh sorry, I nearly forgot to remind you,”

“Of what?”

“No,..umm, I saw your wife here couple of minutes ago....she must have come looking for you,” Philip said.

“She hardly does that but” Steve thought as he gazed at Philip.

“What did she say?” Steve asked.

“She was in a hurry and I could not recall what she was saying but she did mention something about a Kairuku lady who lives at Gerehu stage two suburb and I think they must had brawl last night or something because I could see finger scratch marks on her face,” Philip said.

“Oh my God, don’t tell me that she has....” Steve paused and thought of Helen.

“By the way why are you multiplying these plagues unto yourself?” Philip asked.

“Honestly, I don’t know, it must be the money that they are after but the relationships are all de-facto so that at least will provide me with an excess way to bail myself out if all these boils down to bigamy allegations against me,” Steve said.

“Umhmm,” Philip gave a sarky kind of smile. “I was through that kind of shit before but don’t you worry it won’t elevate to that extent because a lot of women in the country are just ignorant but only few smart ones can fry you as far as the Law Society but again most of them will back down, knowing for the fact that you are a lawyer and that you can defend yourself.” Philip added.

“Yeah, I’ll try and see if I could bet on that,” Steve muttered.

“Well then, you take care eh,” Philip tapped on Steve’s shoulders and moved on to courtroom 2 where he previously popped up from.

Steve’s case was enlisted first on the list for court room 3 hearing and he walked into the room, which was already packed by audiences of each consecutive cases that was to be heard that day. He noticed that the Judge wasn’t in yet but the defendant’s attorney was present and was seated on the opposite chair.

“Hi, morning Steve, I was thinking of asking you and the Judge to grant me an additional one or two days grace period as there exists some informalities on my side which I have

to clarify before we could proceed.” said the defendant’s lawyer.

“Okay with me but could we wait for the judge’s opinion on that,” Steve said that and sat next to him.

“All arise,” the judge’s assistant orders as the judge walks in and everyone in the courtroom rose and bowed their heads in respect to the rule of law and sat back into their seats and few minutes later the judge read out the first case.

“Zigma Engineering Company versus Wilson and Associates,” then he checked his files and looked over the bench to the audience and Steve and defence attorney walked over to the bench and mentioned something in confidence to the judge which prolonged to an extra 3 minutes then later the judge nodded in agreement and after few explanations to both lawyers he spoke out to the audience.

“Okay, this case is adjourned to 10:00 am on Tuesday next week” then he recorded something onto his note of reference and then proceeded with the next case. Steve returned back to his chair and collected his documents and placed them back into his brief case then he stood up to bow and walked out of the court room.

“Gees, that was fast,” said Adrian, he was till counselling his client outside.

“No, we’ve had it adjourned again to next week Tuesday,” answered Steve.

“And where to now?”

“Straight to Gerehu.” said Steve as he hurried down the court house stairways and tehn onto the place where he had parked his car.

Steve’s wife Lulu, along with her Orokaivan relatives had confronted and assaulted Helen at her work place at Waigani the previous day, upon discovering Steve’s continous affairs with Helen, without Steve’s consent. And the row in between the trwo women had turned out nasty which resulted to police interference and the police had taken bother women to Gerehu police station to settle the matter and later the police had formally laid charges against Helen and Steve for adultery and Helen was then detained in the police cell and allthese had happened while Steve was out at Jules elder brother’s funeral gathering at Uncle Gibbi’s residence at Tokarara that same Thursady afternoon.

“Steve had driven straight to Helen’s place at Gerehu after the court adjournment and upon arrival he was met by a mob of disgruntled relatives of Helen who demanded an explanaton from him. Helen’s mother was one of them was the most outraged and she rave on, ontop of her voice.

“So you are the lawyerman that Helen frequently spoke dof aye?...you bastard, how many ladies pants do you want to sniff around.....Isn’t your wife’s little thing good enoughtr?...look at him every body, waht asame for a law man like you.” the old woman continued in rageful tone.

“Gees, never thought that this old woman had such a tongue...but I have to somehow defuse this tension...or else something terribel might happen...” Steve thought.

“Please, mama, let me explain,” Steve pleaded.

“Don’t mama me, just go and get my daughter out of that shit,” she added.

“I am going to do that but please let me explain first,” Steve said. “Yeah, explain

what.....about your licence to poke your dick into every beautiful woman on your path just because you are a lawyer,.....you son of a bitch.....hurry up and go get my girl out,” she demanded.

“Oh Lulu.....you bloody narrow minded bitch, I have have know,” Steve thought of his wife in rage.

“Look, I am terribly sorry to have caused these....that knuckle headed lady who claims to be my wife has misinterpreted whole thing.” Steve sighed,....” Helen was a client of mine and our meetings, where ever it was, was basically counselling and I was her lawyer and not her lover but I will compensate Helen for the inconveniences caused,” Steve tried to soap up the tension and said.

The argument between Steve and Helen’s mother was beginning to attract an unwarranted gathering of audiences from the next neighbours and some street prowlers. And in Moresby city suburb like Gerehu, these kind of tensions often broke out into a physical confrontation, an exercise which Steve wasn’t prepared for, where some marijuana addicts who roamed the streets could take advantage of the situation and could consider justice by smashing his car window screen and so forth. So Steve sensing this quickly jumped into his car and drove off to Gerehu police station. And at the police station at Gerehu, Steve parked his car outside the station and then got out and walked in straight into the enquiry counter.

A policewoman was beside the counter.

“Yes, can I help you sir?” she asked, looking straight into Steve’s eyes.

“Yes, a young lady was detained here yesterday night. I think she must have had a brawl with another lady,”

“What’s her name?”

Helen

“Oh, that Papuan girl?”

“Yes, she is from Kairuku,”

“Oh her boss came in this morning and bailed her out,”

“And you wouldn’t know where they had gone to?”

“She drove off with the boss but wouldn’t have a clue where they went,...probably to their work place,” she said.

“I see,” Steve said that and stared at the policewoman for a moment while trying to figure out what to do next in his mind and then he thanked the woman and walked back towards his car.

“What did they say?” a young boy who must have being a relative of Helen approached and asked Steve.

“Gees, he must have followed me from the house,” Steve thought.

“Oh she was bailed out by her boss this morning so could you just inform her mum that everything is taken care of and tell her that her daughter is at her work place because she walked out with her boss... I will take care of the incoming court cases later,” Steve answered and got into his car. Steve had not rested his body since the previous evening and he could feel that through his tired body but to drive straight home would have meant another phase of argument with Lulu and to continue the search for Helen could add

another additional nag to his predispositioned mind and to go back to the office in Gordons would mean entrapping himself with files of work load on his table and other dsitressing office procedures like telephone calls and so forth and to drive back to Uncle Gibbi's place aat Tokarara could mean offering extra consolations, some feeling he was engrossed with some few hours ago were now dissolving into the infusing rage caused by the news he heard from the incident between Lulu and Helen.

“Burger everthing,” he thought as he drove towards the University of Papua New Guinea campus, which was a kilometre up the road and then drove into the university campus and parked his caar alongside the drive way near the main lecture theatre and walked into the Library and he confided into the solitude of the university library and somehow managed to dose the afternoon hours off on the couch amidst the few pages of Doctor Zihvago, the famous Russian novel, he was reading.

Suglare and Walter had withdrawn some money from their gang account at Waigani ANZ bank and to avoid any possible confrontation with the police, they cautiously hopped onto a bus that was heading towards Boroko.

“It’s already 3:30 pm couz, and I hope we get there to the Air Niugini office in time,...the office closes at about 4:30 PM,” Suglare softly mentioned to Walter in their local dialect to disclose the nature of their speeches to the passengers in the bus as they settled at the back seat of the bus.

“What about Jules?” Walter asked.

“Boroko police station seems to be the central station in this city so I think that’s where they might have brought him in,” Suglare answered.

“And the Air Niugini office is few metres opposite to the police station, I mean...” Walter gazed at his cousin to add.

“Don’t worry, today is Friday and that place will be packed with all sorts of people and we can sneak around in between the crowd without notice, the police won’t be bothered as they will be driving around in vehicles only...I mean that is what they have been doing all these time,” Suglare affirmed.

Suglare splitted the money in the bus and give Walter K2,000.

“Here, that will take care of your tickets in Mendi and back,” Suglare said as he gave 5 bundles of notes.

“I am still worried about Jules.... I am having this strange feeling,” Walter muttered and pockets the money.

“Yeah, we will see what we can do about that but I must book myself a seat for the early morning flight to Mendi first,” Suglare said.

The bus had arrived at Boroko. Suglare and Walter got out and walked straight down towards the Garden City arcade where the airline ticketing office was situated and along the way they had bought two sports caps and a pair of black spectacles each to guise themselves amongst the crowd, from a Chinese retail shop along the pavement and as they passed the police station, they could see police vehicles parked outside and the place was usually crowded with people as if gathered there to see some performance from the police but never realized that their cousin Jules was the centre of the attraction there at that moment, but they could not join the crowd and they moved on towards the ticketing office which was also crowded. There was a long queue of people outside of the Airline office as well but Suglare somehow managed to join the first five inside, through the

curtesy of a friend who was already in the queue and managed to buy his ticket and came out.

“Couz, I will be leaving for Mendi at 9:00 am tomorrow but in the mean time between now and tomorrow, we’ve got some homework to do...firstly I want you to take care of the informer with Tommy and the others as we can not let him prowling around causing extra damages to what he has done already. I know Tommy would enjoy that kind of game...he knows exactly what plan to follow to terminate the bastard and the extra K500.00 I gave you is for that purpose incase you need vehicles in the process. You will have to go to his place at Hohola 2 Beech street and tell him that we have a snake in the yard and he will plan out the execution. And the other thing is that I am tempted to guise myself and walk into that station up there but it will be like serving ourselves on a golden plate to the unproductive police force, while we have Komeali’s body still in the morgue in Mendi, awaiting our attention and it is fair that I should go,” Suglare said.

“Then you have some packing and some planning to do and I think it is best that you go ahead to Laloki, while I will try to ebat the odds and check for our cousin at the station....by the way, I might be needing one of the guns,” Walter said.

“I will leave the other A2s for you,” Suglare said.

“Well, whatever happens, I will see you off at the Airport tomorrow morning but if I don’t make it, you go ahead,” Walter spoke with a remorseful tone and he hugged his cousin farewell outside of the Garden City arcade stairways.

“Suglare had left for Laloki and it was 4:45 pm and the crowded streets of Boroko was gradually diminishing with people rushing to and fro, some working class, others shopping customers trying to go home and while others were just street opportunists, regular Friday local tourists. Walter mingled with the crowd and moved towards the station along the pavement towards East Boroko and on the other side of the street that was tailed with cars moving in a contra motion, was the police station. A young chap was coming out of the crowd that was around the police station entrance and was walking towards him and Walter walked in front of him and enquired.

“Sori brats, what’s happening at the station, I mean there seem to be quite crowded there so...? Walter asked.

“Oh the police brought in one of the wanted criminals from town and they were exercising their frustration on the poor bloke. I was there from the beginning and at first I kind of praise the police for their good work in my mind but later I felt sorry for the guy, I mean from the way the police were manhandling him,” the young man said.

Umm..how did he look like?”

“Why?”

“Oh no, just asking,”

“I think, he was a highlander and he was clean shaven but could not see his face properly because it was all smashed up but he was wearing a blue shirt and white long trousers stained by his own blood,” the young man reported.

Umm..Jules was wearing that blue shirt and white trousers and that’s him,” Walter thought in rage as his face started to grim

“What, was he your relative?”

“No, I was just curious because of the crowd,” Walter pointed towards the station with his grimaced brow and denied as the area that he was in was a sensitive zone.

“By the way, thank you very much for your time,” Walter said and then pretended to walk a little distance and tried to enter a Chinese retail shop that was along the street but they were just closing and the security guard at the entrance wouldn't let him in so he turned back. He readjusted and lowered the brim of the sports cap down to his eye brows and adjusted the dark spectacles on his nose to a guisable notch, so that he could hardly be seen and recognised from a distance of 3 yards and then walked up south towards the police station entrance, towards the Postal Telecom building. By then the crowd were dispersing one by one.

“Cous, you are the wrong guy in there and I am terribly sorry,” Walter sighed, thinking of Jules. And he jogs in between the dispersing crowd.

“Few afternoon shift policemen were moving in and out of the station and did not suspect Walter but thought that he was part of the anxious crowd that were then dispersing. Walter moved in between the crowd for a while and was thinking of what to do next and the only person who he thought of, who could at least solve the problem was Steve but they had lost contact of Steve that whole day and the whole situation had developed into some kind of psychological fiasco.

Walter had the money and he could have easily bailed out Jules but presenting himself to the police would have again promoted extra trouble and after weighing out the consequences in his mind, he thought of involving a middle man which was a more convenient approach he assumed and Tommy in his judgement was able to suit that purpose so he walked up to main bus stop and jumped onto bus 15 to Hohola. It was already getting dark and he could see empty buses passing by.

“It must be few minutes after six.... I hope I make it,”...Walter thought as the buses passed through Murry Barracks and moved onto Elcom Headquarters and then moved towards Hohola market place. Walter stopped the bus at Beech street turn off and hurried down.

Tommy's house was of old colonial architecture and was constructed through simple formulation of bricks with a standard roofing which was meant to house a single family but it looked as if three families were living in the same place and there was a young mother outside comforting a restless baby in her arms and she was singing a lullaby in Toaripi language but stopped upon sighting Walter at the gate.

“Good evening, is Tommy there?” Walter asked.

“He is here in the house,...Loki..wake uncle Tommy up, someone is here to see him,” she turned around and called over to the house.

“Tell him that Walter is here to see him,” he repeated his name over to the young mother and then moved over and sat near the gate on the lawn on top of the street drainage while waiting for the incoming response. And minutes were passing by and time was already striking 7:00 pm and the incoming darkness was slowly encompassing the area moving

into his mind in parallel tide, conciliating to his preteriting thoughts. Walter sighed and heavily breathed in an attempt to relief his mind from the surging paranoia. And as he glanced back into the yard, he saw Tommy coming out half naked except for the shorts he was wearing and he was wiping his face with his bare hands as if he was trying to wipe away the hangover that was nagging his consciousness.

“Aye brother,”...attempting to smile...” what colour of news is bringing you here at this time of the hour” Tommy asked, trying to force the words out of his beer dehydrated voice box.

“We are screwed brother, some mother fucking knuckle head has spilled the news to the blue flies and Jules is locked up in Boroko Cell and our problem is....how do we get him out?”

Where were you guys when that happened?”

“We were at MBA office in town trying to book our seats for Mendi tomorrow to attend our cousin’s funeral.”

“And what, you need some money?”

No, I have the money but I think the police do have a fair idea of me and Suglare and we need somebody else to do the job of bailing Jules out,” Walter said.

“Well, I will try.”

No, not when you are in that state of mind as it is quite a sensitive exercise to accomplish,” Walter warned.

“Well, come in, we will try and work out something....and could you wait there on the patapata (bed like platform) under that shade while I go and get my shirt on,” Tommy said and directed Walter to the patapata and he moved into the house.

It took Tommy few minutes to get dressed and he walked back to where Walter was.

“Yeah, what do we do now?” Tommy asked.

“We have to look for someone who can be confident enough to enter Boroko Police station to take Jules out and later Steve can take care of whatever comes after,”

“Who is Steve?”

“He is a lawyer and a friend of Jules. He is quite good.”

“Well, you should have consulted him first.”

“We were together this morning at Tokarara at the funeral gathering of Jules elder brother who passed away in Mendi yesterday afternoon and we were all planning to go to Mendi...infact we were supposed to be in Mendi today but that knuckle head has messed up everything and whatever happened after that is a long story,” Walter said.

“Uhhh...oh...and where is Suglare?”

“He has to catch a flight tomorrow to Mendi, to sort out the funeral arrangement and the ceremony at Erave and he has gone ahead to Aunty Goleri’s place to pack his belongings and other things....I mean the whole fiasco has created a double priority, so we have decided to split our attention. Suglare also mentioned that the snake in the yard has to be ridden off as the plague it has brought might multiply,” Walter added.

“Umm...where is the snake’s hide out?”

“In Tokarara....I know the place.”

“Oh, that makes the job a lot easier, we will try and return the taste of of own poison but in the mean time I will try and ask the next door neighbour if he could volunteer to check on Jules at the Boroko police station.” Tommy said.

“He has a car, does he?”

Yes, but the bail money?”

“I have quite a fair amount of money here with me but tell him we will give K50 for the fuel,” Walter said. Tommy rose and walked over to the next neighbour’s yard and after spending couple of minutes there, returned.

“What did they say?”

“He said it would have been alright if the car was road worthy,” Tommy replied.

“What’s wrong with the car?”

“The registration is our of date; expired.”

“Oh shit, what next?” Walte deuced.

“I don’t know, but I willl try and ask the other bloke at the top for the night.” Tommy suggested. “Oh no...it could be a costly exercise we could not afford..al we want is just somebody who could check on Jules,” Walter deuced out in frustration.

“But bro...I just can’t think of somebody who could, I mean it should have been better if you had come here a little earlier in the afternoon.” Tommy tried to explain.

“Sorry to bother you but its just that I am worried about Jules. I mean I just can’t get over with the way the police manhandled my cousin this afternoon.”

“I know,”

While they bussied themselves trying to work out what to do next, a car drived into the yard gate and Tommy got up and walked over to check. It was his brother in law.

“Oh, Nakimi (brother in law) Lawrence,it’s good that you are here.” Tommy blurted out in relief and smiled at his brother inlaw, whow as a little surprised.

“Don’t tell me it’s something different fromwhat I came fro,” Lawrence mindful of Tommy unexpected surprises, gazed at Tommy.

“Why?”whats up?” he asked.

“Could you do us a favour?” Tommy asked.

“What?”

“We will give you K50 for the fuel, please could you check for Jules at the Boroko Police station?” Tommy asked.

“Who is Jules?”

“He is a buddy of ours who was detained at the police station since this morning,” Tommy answered.

“Okay, I will drive there and check and da.....I must have misplaced my office keys somewhere here last night during the party,”

“Oh the old woman’s got them,” Tommy answered and he rushed back to the house to collect the keys.

“Here,” Walter took some money out of his pocket and gave K250 to Lawrence. “Thats just incase they ask you to produce bail money and use the K50 fro your fuel or whatever,” Walter said.

“Thanks.”

“We will really appreciate your help” Walter added

“My pleasure,” Lawrence muttered while taking the money.

Tommy walked back and was mmblyng something to himself.

Aye, waht is that? Someone in the house called out.

“Its Nakimi” Tommy answered back and gave the bunch of keys to his brother inlaw.

Okay.....our brother Jules was suspected and apprehended for murder and robbery and was taken by the police this morning and we know that he is innocent and you will go in as a friend of Jules and try to seek permission to release him....and that is if they allow bail but don’t mention anything more than thatplease.

We will wait for you here.” Tommy reminded.

“Lawrence had gone and Walter and Tommy moved back onto the patapata.

“How can we unplug the tongue of that moran who screwed us into this shit? Walter insinuated.

“What did Suglare say? Tommy asked.

“He said you would know what to do.”

“Well,...hmmm...the fastest and smoothest way is to drive through the guy’s street and put a bullet or two through his guts and just drive on but we don’t want to live any foot prints behind, don’t we?...wo the exercise must be short and clean. And there are few tricks that we could employ to knock the bastard off but his case is not so difficult I suppose. We will just wait for Lawrence to return and we will start hunting tonight but if his brains are much bigger than his mouth then he won’t be there tonight but if he meant to undermine our potential to retaliate then he has just signed himself a death warrant with us. And tonight we will just go out and check the house and the street where he lives.”

Tommy continued.....

Revenge of this colour is one thing you must be very careful of because the feed back can be a storm. I mean, I have killed nine people already but I ahve made it happen like an accident and quite often I fabricate an alibi but I have never been fried by the law and I guess I have been lucky since. And before I kill, there must be a very very good reason why a life should be taken away because somewhere in the corner of my mind, I do feel that there is no pricetag on human life....it is priceless,” Tommy recited.

“Well since you have killed nine people, how do you value life” Walter asked.

“That is a very good and very interesting question and to answer that will take me many hours to explain but briefly I would say that biblically the life of any human being is worth the life of the Son of God but traditionally in this society of ours it is worth the value of the property destroyed or worth the wrong committed like adultery, murder, land disputes and so on. But before I execute I judge the character of the person from a bifocal perspective...I mean one person is born with a vision and the other is born without a vision but a useful hands, sometimes a peron can be orn with a vision and a talent and these kind of people are required to contribute a lot by nature’s laws to the well being of human race on this planet and if they don’t then theya re on the wrong side of the law I follow, the nature’s laws. And according to the nature’s laws, the person born with a vision is required to lead without honour.” Tommy explained.

“What about his honour for the labour he commits himself to?”

“Well, his honour will be materialized from the many reflections of hard work he has done. It is a collective material responses and collective responses of gratitudes. These will be given by people he has served, this is the natural way of building wealth and honour and integrity. And the other person born without a vision but a useful hands must also subject without honour. As it is according to nature’s laws that human beings are created not to rule each other because ruling, if there is a God then that is his supreme prerogative. You see, knowledge and trade is a talent but the vision to enhance that talent, to describe or define its proper functions from a natural perspective is really how many and how much you can serve, share and give. But there exists lots and lots problems in this world because this natural order is not followed, not followed in the sense that human ego and self contentment called greed and pride distorts what is the nature’s way of living, the life of giving and sharing. You see the various ecological systems of this world, the plant and animal life they follow these rules of giving and sharing.....I think God the master giver could agree with what I am saying. And another enforcing element to these social disorder, a phenomenon that is beginning to materialize in our society now is these exercises called liberty of conscience, specifically the freedom that is attached with extraordinary human rights, where you have homosexual rights and children’s rights against the parents, freedom of broadcasting and televising immoral materials, and other petty liberations such as pluralism of the same kind of faith when there is one God and one bible. In fact these elements of social liberty and enhancements have served their purpose in America but America is now losing control of these, especially the later versions of these phenomenon called liberty of conscience because in America these are gradually becoming moral diseases heading towards individualism, pride in oneself and the lists goes on and on...and you know that, these practises are leading the whole world into a psychological hell, where every cultural and social norms in each society will be diseased and pluralized by individualism and I think that excessive applications and adaptations of these kind of foreign concepts to our traditional social economics and culture and lifestyles is a threat to our well being. I mean excessive use of these distorts and destroys the guarding rules of natural socialism. And then we have another counter reacting disease called; easy life with money; this is a kind of a social magnet that is degenerated millions of nature’s rules. This magnet has short circuited rules and procedures of respective social practises and moral ethics fundamentalized through many many years of habituation. And the lists goes on and on....but anyway I am just another student of Suglare and Jules and they are the experts on this field... I mean they could take you into deep thinking and brilliant judgements of life.” Tommy pauses.

“I know, they were taught by their grand father who was a known traditional historian and a philosopher,” Walter added.

“Anyway to answer your question, I do not value life that is infected by these diseases that I have already mentioned and God forgive me if my judgements are wrong but I respect life that is intune to the common goodness of mankind and those people I have terminated were criminals according to the laws of natural socialism. But when we try to apply this judgements, we are perceived as outlaws by the literate minority of this country but in contrast and practically they are the real outlaws or I should say, they are pretenders if I have to classify them with the laws of natural socialism, the give, share

and take aspect of living without selfish interest and this natural world revolves on that impulse. And the kind of living that I hate to see is pretentious living....I mean some people who were born top of a mat weaved from coconut leaves or pandanus leaves in a bush material houses have gone to schools, universities, are coming out speaking a foreign tongue and life styles learned from books and lectures and television, when in reality those things take time to develop here....do you understand what I mean”, Tommy pauses and asked Walter.

“Yeah, like those who are acting and living as if they were rejuvenated from America or Australia or somewhere,” Walter added.

“Well if they want to practice that , they should also help out on the development of others left in the dark here and the country and its people could move in a parallel and uniformed progress, step by step but that is not the reality ehre and these pretentious living, an expensive exercise, more or less a cancer, is been adopted by our people and it is in the midst of our development.” Tommy recited.

What do you mean by pretentious living? Walter asked.

Well, to briefly explain , I am talking about the use of expensive cars and mobile phones or if you like, 21st century state of art, living. And our young people going crazy following foreign cultures, fashions and styles, crazy music exposed through television and radio and so on, when the reality is that this country was born yesterday and it does not have an identity yet. And the only identity it has is the Melanesian socialism, or the wantok system from the surface understanding....and so I would say taht I don't value any life that is drugged by these craziness, to me, they are sick and they will be signing their death warrant if they happen to double cross the basic down to earth rules that we are following. And that poor miserable guy who reported us should have researched his pros and cons before he started this fiasco for us and now he has sided himself with gang of pretenders and their security guards, the blue flies but we will just wait for whatever news that Lawrence will bring, than we can proceed from there,” Tommy said.

“By the way, how are we going to punish the informer? Walter asked. “What do you mean by punishment...I only terminate..” Tommy said.

“I want that idiot punished in a more satisfying way rather than executing him on the spot, something that he will regret althrough his life.” Walter said.

“The living that worry about living and the dead they worry no more the day they die...and you talking about something around that axiom...but how?

“Oh by castration or blinding him or by impregnating his wife wife or destroying his job and other valuable assets and so forth.”

Oh no, you are undermining the potential of a human being to retaliate and as long as they live, they are capable of retaliation but psychological affliction like impregnating his wife or destroying his valuable assets in secrecy is not a bad idea, but why are we wasting our precious words...this knuckle head is not the prime minister of this country where we will worry about his body guards and the army and so on... he is just a piece of cake and has no place in this world.” Tommy said.

While they were busy in their conversation, Lawrence drove in.

“Here he comes.” Walter stood and walked over.

“They have taken him to 3 mile hospital,” Lawrence regretfull said.

“What?...what happened? Tommy asked.

“They have really done him good, I think it was due to his reluctancy to testify I was told but some policemen there were confused whether they had arrested the right person or not but I did not check the hospital and just drove straight here to inform you two so that we could go together, back to the hospital”.

“Wait a moment...these might be a trap.” Tommy insinuated.

“But they said Jules condition was very critical.” Lawrence added.

“What will we do then? Tommy asked.

“I really don’t know,” Walter sighed.

“We will try it our way but can we hire your car for the night?...You keep that money I gave you for payment.” Walter added.

Lawrence looked at Walter for a moment in silence and nodded. Okay, you can take the car but look after my car, please, he said.

“Don’t worry, trust me,” Tommysaid.

“You will have to drop me off at my place first, then you guys can take the car,”

Lawrence suggested.

“Okay”

The time was 10:30 pm and they had just dropped off Lawrence at his place which was near the Health Headquarters at Hohola and Tommy and Walter drove back to Hohola market place and connected onto the highway towards Murray Barracks.

“Which way are we heading? Walter asked. 3 mile!

“I don’t think so, the police will be still prowling around when the situation is still fresh and I think it would be best if we check out at the early hours of morning which is just few hours from now” Walter suggested.

“Where do we go then? Tommy asked. To Morata and pick my boys up and then to Tokarara, I mean the police worm will think that he is hero and I am really getting paranoid jsut thinking about that idiot” Walter raved on.

“But I forgot the pistol

Where is it? In the house. Well, lets go back and pick it up...forget about Morata, we could do it ourselves. Okay,!

They drove back to Tommy’s house and later continued their route on towards Tokarara and while they were driving through the United Church building at Hohola 4, the steet was quite visible from the street lights along the road and a driver from a passing vehicle shouted at them.

Hey, which way are you guys going?”

Tokarara, Tommy stepped on the brakes and reversed back to where the other vehicle was.

“Aye, sorry, I mistook you for a friend of mine, Lawrence, He normally drives in that car,” the driver said.

“Yeah, this is his car, we’ve just borrowed it for the night.

Well, there is a police road block up the road in between here and Tokarara...I forgot to carry my licence with me so I am turning back, the driver said.

“Oh shit, Tommy made a U turn jon the road...” thanks mate, he called out to the driver.
 “We would have blindly given ourselves into the hands of the blue flies if we should have driven straight up the road...I mean, I don’t even have my licence and tehn the pistol...damm...Tommy sighed with relief.

“What are we going to do now?” Walter asked.

“We can’t do anything tonight, the police seem to be quite alert and I think it will be best if we seek Suglare’s opinion on these but where do you think he will be, tonight?”

Tommy asked.

“I think he will still be at Laloki. Lets drive there and check him out, Walter suggested. At Steve’s office in Gordons, Natasha had received a call from the police, from the Sergeant who was interrogating Jules at the Boroko police station and before leaving the office for Boroko, she wrote a note for her boss just incase he turned up late and after tydyng up her desk, sheclosed the office at 3 in the afternoon, an hour earlier than her usual time fro closing and left for the bank to withdraw some money and at the PNGBC bank at Waigani, he withdrew K400 from her account and then she drove straight onto Boroio. And as usual, on every Fridays, the place was quite crowded with all sorts of people but she walked straight into the enquiry counter and turned towards the two policemen over the counter whowere starting to feast theri eyes obsessively at her beauty as she was coming in. And she could sense that but disregarded that in her mind and enquired.

“Good afternoon, I am here to check for Jules Yalo, I was told that he held in custody here.”

There were quite few of thme arrested today, which one are you talking about?

He was arrested at town, MBA office this morning” she answered.

She is talking about the guy who was brought in this morning by the morning shift buys” the policeman with a stripe reaffirmed.

Oh yes, he must be still in the cell but we can not release him as we are under strict orders not to,” the second policeman said.

“Why?”What has he done?” she insisted.

“He is a suspect of robbery and murder and rape and the detectives are still working on him at the moment” the policeman said.

“I can’t beleive these, he is not that kind.” she muttered unbeleivngly.

“Well,” policeman sighed....” you’ve got to beleive this....Is he your relative?

No, I am actually working for a Law firm, Steve Wilson and Associates, can I speak to him please, she kept on insisting.

“The policeman paused for a while in thought....” sorry he is in the hands of the detectives, which means that he has yet to answer to some questions.

This is fishy,” she thought...” look, this guy you have in there is an artist... he is not a criminal and you guys must have mistaken him for someone else” she said.

“Just how do you know?”

I know him very well but I think it must have been the street boys that he mixes around with that must have got him into these....but I know he is innocent...Please I only want talk to him and nothing more than that,” she said.

“Sorry we are also advised to refuse bail because of the seriousness on the crime”, the policeman advised.

“And so I can’t even talk to him,...right,?” she asked

“Yes,”

“What about the call I received from Sergeant by the name of Kori?

.....I am suppose to see him?” she said.

“Oh, he just walked out just few minutes ago”

Oh did he? she asked and the policeman just nodded his head.

“What kind of public service is these?” she was beginning to get frustrated.

“Hey....woman, please don’t drive us up the wall, as we’ve already told you that we are just following orders,” the other policeman who had gone in, shouted as he walked back over to the counter again.

“Oh well, suit yourselves,” she mumbled in frustration and rushed out of the station and onto the place where she had parked her car..... “This is crazy... what have you done”, she sighed thinking of Jules as she opened the car door. There was tears in her eyes which must have appeared out of anger or frustration or out of the hopeless attempt she had made. She was stunned for a moment then fiddled with the keys to ignite the car engines again, which took time to start... “I have to check for Steve at his house” she thought as she drove towards East Boroko.

“Oh what day” Natasha muttered in the car. Eight minutes had passed and she was still waiting for a response at the gate of her boss’s residence and there were some people inside, she could hear but no one made an attempt to come over to the gate.

Lulu was in the house but upon sighting Natasha’s car she intentionally declined.

“How can Steve put up with such an ignorant bitch like her,” Natasha thought, still waiting outside. She could not comprehend the reason for Lulu’s negative attitude but wasn’t aware of the incident between Helen and Lulu the previous day.

A while later a small child came out of the house and told Natasha that her mother was not in a good mood to see her.

‘Tell mummy that I came to check for your dady, is he there?’

Natasha asked the child.

“Are you my dady’s girl friend?” the child asked, tryin to put a nonsense into her version of truth.

“Her mother must have told her about her dady having girl friends.”

Natasha thought.

“Noope, your dady is my boss, is your dady in the house? she asked the child again.

“Naa,” she swang her head out of innocense... “ma mamy said a woman is trying tgo steal ma dady from us,” the small girl said.

“What is your mummyfeeding your little mind with,” Natasha thought....as she gazed at the child’s innocent face.

“No,...no honey, I did not come here to steal your dady away from you” Natasha reminded the child.

“And wes ma dady? child asked.

“Oh, he willcome home very shortly, you wait for him, okay, she said.

“Shit, Steve....she is such a lovely child, how could you do this” Natasha thought, recalling Steve’s continuous affair with Helen. Then she looked straight into the child’s eyes and smiled in an attempt to lighten up the child’s small curiosity.

“That’s the girl”, Natasha said, and after embracing the child with few more sweet little vibes, she got back into her car and by then it was already 6 pm and the final place to check for Steve’s whereabouts on her mind was at the earlybirds function at the Port Moresby Travelodge, down town that evening. It was a place where fun loving souls like Steve often went to, to relax his load of stress over the pondo bar, every Friday evenings bust because of the lively atmosphere, with live music and exotic cocktails and some sensuous women to see and talk to. A place in the city, where men who had the money to spend could walk into that place and walk out of that place without one toea in their pockets at the end of the night.

And Natasha, expecting to find Steve there, drove to the Travelodge in town. Natasha was a kind of girl who was of a refined spirit and mixing around in these kind of social gatherings was unheard of in her social life since she came to live Moresby from Madang.

“Travelodge suppose to be a prime hotel in the city and it is quite uneconomical in the long run to have such a rowdy crowd in what used to be an exclusively decent atmosphere which was quite enchanted with soft relaxing music from the piano or the guitar ensemble but now it seems to be totally different and I can’t believe that this is happening,” she thought”.

It used to be a haven of solitude for businessmen and travellers and refined minds alike, where the atmosphere there was quite relaxing and very hospitable and because of that nature, it was patronized quite often by many influential people. But as she entered the main lobby from the back entrance, she saw four security guards manhandling two drunks who must have misbehaved inside, out towards the main entrance and the band music upstairs was still banging away loudly.

“This place has already turned into a street night club, unlike the previous candle light atmosphere, where she once visited with her American dad, 10 years ago....what a shame,” she thought as she walked over and checked the restaurant downstairs and walked back upstairs. The whole place was very crowded and she could sense some eyes staring at her.

“It’s a good feeling to be admired but it is dreadful to have many admirers and admirations all at once,” she recalls one of her dad’s advises and ignoring the buzzes from the down looking crowd from the pondo bar on top, she moved up the stairs to the next floor. The place was packed with men and women with their Friday evenings best wears. And she moved onto the passage way left towards the restaurant and peeped into the restaurant, which was a little quiet for business except for one or two couples who dared the noisy and crowded atmosphere from the opposite pondo bar.

“Hi, Natasha....are you looking for someone?” a young Papuan girl asked. She had just

caught up with her as she was turning back.

“I must have seen you somewhere before,” Natasha gazed at her in thought.

“Cathy...Cathy Oreilly, Helen’s workmate,” the young woman repeated her name and said. Oreilly was a surname of the Australian man she was presently living with but she used to have a German boy friend before that, a habit that most party going in Moresby city adapted to these days as a result from the pressures caused by social disease called; easy living with money, especially the white guys who had the money to flash around.

“Oh..yes.. how are you? Natasha recalls and enquired.

“Just about alright...I am here with some friends trying to make the best out of the evening and we are just around the corner...there,” she gestures, “if you care to join in?” Cathy suggested.

“Oh, that would be nice but I came here for a different purpose...I am looking for my boss, I thought I might find him here...something popped up that needs his attention urgently,” Natasha said. “Oh you are still with Coopers Lybrand, aren’t you?”

“No, I am with Steve Wilson and Associates now...It’s a law firm.” Natasha answered. “Steve Wilson...oh that yummy yummy half caste Morobe and White? “Yes, have you seen him?”

“No, not here, but there was a lady who claimed to be his wife at our office yesterday...she and Helen had a very big argument and I think it was over that fellow’s little thing which resulted to a brawl and later both women were taken to the police station and I don’t know where?” Cathy said.

“Wow...that explains if all, then...umm, I’ve got to move on,” Natasha thought of checking on with Helen but it was already getting late and that bothered her.

“You are thinking of checking her at this time of the night?” ...I mean its quite risky driving around on your own,” Cathy cautioned.

“I am doing these for a friend, who is in the cell at the Boroko Police station, I know he is innocent and just can’t let the police have it their way... that’s the reason why I am looking for my boss, my car is in good condition at the moment but I am hoping that I don’t run into trouble on the middle of the road somewhere,” Natasha said.

“You need company?”

“No, I think I will be alright...by the way, this place seems to be very crowded and noisy, ahs it always been like these?” Natasha asked, trying to change the subject.

“I really don’t know, I guess.” Cathy answered, intending to hide the fact that she was a regular person there every Friday evenings.

“Oh, there you are, I’ve been looking for you everywhere,” a young white guy intruded their conversation and said. “Natasha, this is Norman, my fiance,” Cathy moved over to her boy friend and introduced.

“Hi,”

“Hi,” sorry to have interrupted,” he said as he shakes Natasha’s hands firmly and directs

his eyes straight into her ensnaring eyes.

“My, what an angel to devour,” he sighed.

“Another nymphomaniac,” Natasha thought in between the visual exchange.

“Honey, Natasha came here looking for her boss but seems like he is not around and I told her to join us,” Cathy said.

“Oh, okay...that will be great,” he said”, an opportunity to talk to her,” he thought.

“But she says, she is in a hurry as she’s got some urgent matter to attend to”, Cathy said and grabbed her man around the waist affectionately and telepathically redirected his attention to her.

“Sorry, I’ve got to let you guys roll on and I must be going,” Natasha reiterated, checking her wrist watch.

“Oh, you can join us,” he insisted.

“Thanks a lot but I am not in a party mood, probably next time”. Natasha excused herself from the couple and walked down stairs again then onto the car park underground and drove straight to her flat at Korobesea, a place her father had purchased for her a year ago. And by the time she arrived home, it was already 8:45 pm. She was very tired from the load of work she had executed that day and at the same time she was very frustrated over the incident that afternoon. She just felt like hitting the sack but looking at the misplaced telephone on the floor, she thought of ringing the Boroko Police station again.

“Yes, Boroko Police station good evening may I help you,” a lady’s voice it was this time, on the other side of the line. “Good evening, I am trying to check on Jules Yalo, a guy who was brought into that station this morning, is he still there?” Natasha enquired. “On there are quite few of them that were brought in today but could you hold on the line for a while and I’ll check with the duty officer....what is his name again?” she said.

“Jules Yalo. “Okay,”

“Hello, you there,” she came on the line again,”

“Yes.”

“There is no one here by that name at the moment but I was told that somebody by that name was relieved off custody few hours ago.” “What do you mean?”

“He was taken out,”

“No, that can’t be because I was there at the station, trying to bail him out this afternoon but was refused bail by the guys there and I think he should be still in there.” Natasha insisted over the phone.

“Well, to be honest with you, I just arrived here couple of minutes ago and I don’t know what happened but the records shows that he’s been released.” she sounded very convincing over the phone.

“Bloody policemen’s whore,” Natasha murmured and placed the receiver down.

“Umm, this is very fishy, who could have bailed him out.” Natasha sat there and wondered and a while later she moved into her bedroom and crashed onto the bed.

“Your mind’s freedom of thinking and your body is your only sanctuary but the moment, you allow it to be exploited by falling in love with people whom you don’t know very

well, then you will get mixed up with the idea of embracing love perfectly....you see, I felt in love with your mama unconditionally, she was a beauty from primitive culture and me from a sophisticated culture and there was beauty and blessing in it and you are a child from that love so I want you to have the best things in life, things that are acquired through hardwork and discipline and that includes whoever you fall in love within the future and I am just an overseer but you are the one who will select a partner for yourself because it will be your life,” Natasha recalled what her dad used to say but her dad was now dead and gone. And that happened four years ago through a car accident at Watarais road junction, in between Lae Lae and Goroka and his daughter was now 21 years old facing the real world on her mother’s land. Her mother had remarried to a local businessman after her father died and this was one time in her life that she needed her father’s axioms to foster her life.

“Jules and Natasha had an ongoing love affair and it was already gaining momentum but was it love or lust. She was yet to figure out.

“Oh dad, have I fallen for a criminal,” she sighed and her thoughts raged on till she felt asleep.

“There are many thousands of ways to kill a person and if we are to strike tonight, I think the appropriate time suitable to strike out target is 4:00 am in the morning and I believe that the police surveillance at Tokarara will be relaxed at that time and I want you to help me choose from these alternatives I will be mentioning... firstly, we can use the pistol and the A2 as a back up just in case but that will require the trouble of breaking into the house and the sound of the gun will attract attention and the best we could do is to gage the barrel of the gun with 1 litre coke plastic to muffle the sound of the gun and secondly we could take with us few containers of petrol and pour around the house and torch the house down and wait for the guy to run out of the house and we could nail him upon sight but I don't think we will have enough time on our side it will mean killing innocent family members and one thing I detest is the cry of revenge from an innocent blood spilled and thirdly I have four capsules of cyanide and some bottles of methylated spirit and other poisonous chemicals and we could use the hypodermic syringe and inject into his body system as I know that the informer usually hangs around the Tokarara market place with some of the street boys and we could cause a commotion at the market place by starting a brawl and amidst the commotion we could inject the target or I have two police uniforms with me and we could guise ourselves as policemen and walk over to his yard and call him over and say that the police would like to have an interview with him at the station and after alluring him into the car, we could take care of him in the car along way or we could employ the other optional techniques which are just substitutes, for example, we can use electricity to kill, by disguising ourselves as Elcom employees, metre readers and bill distributors and while checking on the metre box we could short circuit some wirings to electrically burn the house down or we could take some petrol injected bulbs and fit them in his house and put the main switch off and later in the night they can ignite the whole thing by themselves or we could use poisonous papuan black snake to kill and there are many more to mention but before we proceed on; do you have any questions,” Suglare asked as he paused to think of other killing techniques.

“I think the third technique of disguising ourselves as policemen would be more appropriate at this state,” Tommy suggested.

“What do you think coz?” Suglare asked while gazing at Walter who was fiddling with the

kersosine lamp.

“I would agree with Tommy,” Walter said.

“Okay then, the police uniforms are at the back, in an empty bully beef cartons could you go and get them and bring the two Bell teck Company stickers in the box and the number plate haging on the wall as well.” Suglare directed Walter.

Aunty Goleri and her husband and the two kids were already fast asleep and Walter got up from the patapata and cropped over to where Suglare’s resting place was, at the back of the hut.

“You will have to guise as the policeman because the informer does not know you and we will wait outside in the car from a distant. We will kill the guy with cyanide injection because a gun fire might attract attention and this is what you will do....” Suglare pauses.

“Are you with me? he asked Tommy.

“Yeah, carry on,”

“Okay, you will enter the yard and knock and ask whoever answers and say that you are a policeman from Boroko Police station and that you are there to pick Joseph Nan, that’s the informer’s name and tell him or them that the police detectives wants him to counter sign their statement against the guys who were arrested yestruday morning at the MBA office in town and tell him that the police have chosen to come to his place at that hour of his security reasons incase the gang might find out and tell him that the chief suprintendent is very pleased with his contribution but if he is suspicious about you tell him that you are on the night shift. And along the way if we are caught by accident you are to give your identification number 809126 and that is a Goroka number, your name is Max Numara. This guy is a police friend of mine who works with highway patrol in Goroka and at the moment he is on leave”, Suglare instructed.

Few minutes later Walter returned with the empty carton.

“Can you try out one of that uniform in the box,” Suglare looked over to Tommy.

“And couz, could you find a wire or something and attached the number plate of the car and see if you can place the stickers on both sides of the front doors and do we have enough fuel?... he asked Walter.

“I thin we do,” Tommy blurted out as he was trying out the police uniform, which was a little tight on him.

“Couz, double check the fuel,” Suglare called over to Walter as he walked back to the hut to collect the cyanide capsules and the hypodermic syringes and the A2 gun from the patrol box and after a while later he returned with a small bottle which contained some water mixed with the cyanide and the Hypodermic syringe packet on his left hadn and strapped on his right shoulders was the A2 gun.

“Guy is time for the party before I leave for Mendi,” Suglare said, walking over to the patapata.

“Is everything okay,” he asked.

“All rady big boy,” Tommy said.

“Then lets go as we don’t have time to waste,” Suglare ordered and hugged them again to rebuild their confidence and got into the back seat of the car with Walter.

Time was five past two in the morning and they drove back to the Hiritano Highway and then back onto the city and from Gordons suburb they took the residential slip roads instead of the main road avoid confrontations with any police vehicles then later drove onto the acceleration lanes next to Waigani Central Government offices swiftly and connected the main highwasy towards Waigani police station, Suglare guided Tommy who was enjoying his driving to be more cautious on the speed and to drive normally to avoid any unwarranted attentions as they were inside the police vicinity, with the Waigani Police station few metres on the their right and the Games village Barracks, few metres up the Tokarara road. And they could see a police vehicle going into the barracks and another one coming out of the barracks heading towards them and ten seater loaded with police crew drove past them in an urgency. And the atmosphere there was quite daring, a situation where any sese of emotion, fear or anxiety from one of them could have easily overlapped telepathically to any passing police crew but their minds were relaxed and was already predetermined, intune to what they were supposed to do that night.

Walter thought of having a go with polce if they were to be caught inbetween and thatr meant shooting their way out and Tommy was driving with the polce outfit except for the T shirt he wore but Suglare could see that he was unusually relaxed.

“Whatever happens in between, we will all be done with but with this sleeping sweet A2, referring to the submache gun, I suppose we could recruite some company to the other world with,” Suglare mentioned as they turned and drove towards Tokarara fromthe Waigani roundabout.

“Couz, we are all human beings and can’t escape death and I was thinking that they will be the ones who would be the first to fear dying in betwwn a crossfire and I was thinking of umm....”

“What.....”

“....of taking one or two of them as a seal if they were to have confronted us but we are a little lucky so far,” Walter sighed and said as they drive passed the barrack junction.

Suglare just gazed at his cousin and gave a cool smile.

“What?.....why are you smiling?.....did I say anything wrong? Walter asked.

“No....I love that kind of spirit, the spirit of determination because it is this kind of uniformity in the mind that comes out victorious in great wars fought in this world and not the quantity of fire power or manpower. And you and Tommy’s contributions have always been my inspirations thats why I am smiling because I am relaxed. And the other thing is that, with a peace of mind you could do wonders and settle back to your state of origin with a peace of mind without physical or psychological distortions.” Suglare said. They drove in a normaal phase till they reached the Catholic church turn off.

“The house is just up the hill and from there you can change into the police outfit.” Suglare advised Tommy.

“The street was very quite, except for the few dogs barks and Tommy pulled aside at the appointed place and changed his T shirt in for the police uniform.

“You know what to do, aye..?” Suglare insinuated as Tommy finally placed the police cap on his head and readjusted it and nodded in confidence.

“Good....so far so good... okay, the house is just three houses from the first street turn off on the left. Drive slowly up,” Suglare guided Tommy, and the engines were restarted again and they drove into the location as directed.

“There we are, park the car right next to his house entrance and beep on the horns please.”

“Try again,” Tommy touches the horns and pauses.

“There, the lights are being switched on....someone is coming out,” Walter blurted out and Tommy got out of the car and walked over to the yard.

“Couz, wind up the glass and cover your face with the cap and pretend to snore,” Suglare instructed Walter and he absorbed the premixed cyanide and water from the small bottle into the hypodermic syringe and he layed back on the seat and pretended to sleep, covering his face with the cap they had bought that afternoon. The lights from the living room in the house was switched on and an elderly man, half naked except for the shorts he was wearing, opened the door of the extended L40 house and walked out to the mini verandah.

“Oe,...em husait ya?... (who is that?) he called over.

“It’s me Joseph...from the police station Boroko.... I came here to pick up my name sake.... he has to help us out with some information at the station....Is he there? Tommy responded and asked.

“Em silip ya,” (he’s asleep).

“Oh good,”

“Who’s that?” Joseph queried from his room inside the house.

“Oh Joseph somebody, a policeman, he says he is here to pick you up” the old man answered.

Joseph Nana was already awake from the continuous dogs barking outside and the car beeps but the worth of his young Hula girl’s naked breasts and entangle thighs were very irresistible and he was moving in between her inviting thighs and was pumping it into her inviting subconscious flesh and couldn’t care what was happening outside and after few minutes of relieving his burning groins he got up and peeped through his room window and saw a policeman outside. Then believing his eyes, he quickly covered his nakedness with a laplap and walked out on to the verandah.

“Aye, Joseph, sorry to have interrupted you. The senior detective at the station wants to have a word with you about the 3 guys who were arrested yesterday morning at the MBA office, down town. They are still at the station cell and the police wants you to counter sign the CID statement as a witness because you know Lawyers are getting smarter these days so....” Tommy concealed.

“But why at this time of the night? Joseph questioned.

“Oh, they thought that is was an appropriate time for them and also for your safety. I

guess, come on...you know...don't you? Tommy verbally jived. "And I think he also mentioned about transferring those guys to Bomana gaol early in the morning tomorrow...so ..I mean, that's just a few hours from now..." Tommy sighed up again. "Alright, could you wait for a while, I have to look decent a little bit," Joseph said that and walked back into the room.

There was a baby starting to wail from another room inside which must have been caused by the disturbance outside but suddenly stopped and Tommy was already feeling uneasy. "Hurry up, you son of a whore," he thought as he fiddled with the pistol in his pocket. And Joseph who took up 7 minutes of dressing time and came out again. "Okay, buddy let's go... where is the car?" Joseph asked.

"It's down there, sorry I thought it was best to pick you up in an ordinary car because bringing a police vehicle here might arise suspicions from nearby neighbours and you don't want any trouble with the gang, don't you? Tommy concealed again. "Oh that bloody gang, I don't give a fuck about them... I mean they are finished now that you guys have the ring leaders locked up at the station and they wouldn't know, I mean they wouldn't have a clue on who reported them....anywhere," Joseph confided.

"Top stuff brother, good work...our police officers are very pleased with you," Tommy said. "Don't worry, I am just doing my job," Joseph answered.

"I think we've wasted enough time already and I don't want people to recognize me in these uniforms so shall we go? Tommy suggested and looked over to the elderly man on the verandah.

"Noken wari, bai mitupela kam bek gen." They walked over to where the car was and opened the door and got into the driver seat and Tommy opened the side door for Joe to enter. Then he started the engines.

"Close the door tight and bugle up brother," Tommy said.

"Couz tonight you go to the land of unknown" Tommy thought as he glanced at Joseph and grinned. And Joseph fiddled with the seat belt and threw his eyes to the back seat and noticed that there were two guys asleep at the back with their faces covered but could not figure out who they were because of the dark which made it slightly invisible.

"Oh, those are my friends, they just had one two many after a hard day's work," Tommy concealed and quickly released the handbrakes and adjusted the clutches and accelerated and drove onto the main road and back towards Waigani and intentionally to avoid negative reactions from Joseph, who was already in a suspecting mood.

"Where are you going?" Joseph asked.

"We are taking the Waigani road," Tommy answered coolly.

They drove past the National Housing Commission headquarters and the CRC church and Tommy turned left and took the short cut to the Ensis Valley suburb.

"Hey, where are we going to this time," Joseph asked again.

"I thought you were smarter than this Joseph." Suglare realizing the diversion quickly

placed the barrel of the A2 and points and places it right next to Joseph's ears and said. "It's time to answer questions and don't you make any move or I will blow your brains off right now in this car," Suglare pressured the barrel on Joseph's neck against the seat and voiced with clarity.

Joseph thought it as a joke at first but feeling the sustained gun pressure and realizing a familiar voice he panicked.

"I don't understand this, please whats happening?" Joseph piped out. "Its happening," Walter deuced.

"Well let me introduce ..aye,that's Tommy on the wheels and Walter is next to me and my name is Suglare and you don't have to look back because you know our faces very well by the way how much does the police pay you for doing your job well." Suglare asked.

"What are you guys talking about? Go on, go ahead..lie your head off, frog? Walter blurted out.

"Its very unfortunate that we did not end up in the cell as you planned with the blue flies... I regret," Suglare mocked.

Walter previewed Joseph fidding with the handle of the car door and he quickly grabbed him by the hair and Suglare pinned him against the seat by the shirt sleeves with his left hand while the other hadn was preoccupied with the gun.

"Uh...uh, don't do that, which ever way youtry you still a dead rat...why can't you be still and give us some very good reasons to open our hearts for mercy," Suglare said.

The car was moving in a zig zag motion because of the comotion inside but Tommy managed to steer skillfully.

"Shoot his couz, why are we wasting our time," Walter was struggling and gasping for the right words to say.

"Okay....okay...please don't kill me and let me explain," Joseph pleaded, already sweating. He was gasping for words as well and amidst the row Tommy acclerated and managed to drive up on top of the hill.

The Ensisi Valley suburb lights and Tokarara suburb lights were in a clear view from the top and this was the place where Tommy had chosen for the execution in his mind, as it was quite isolated from the residential zone, a grassladn except for the track made by one or two vehicles that passed there some time ago. The distane from the nearest house from each view was about 300 metres each way and Tommy stopped the car and got out of the car with the pistol.

"You are going together to hell with me if you kill me, you all not going to escape," Joseph spoke with a rare confidence.

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"I will revenge from the spirit world,"

"Ha...who are you, a saint?"

“Tell me Joseph...are you a Catholic or a Protestant?” Suglare gave the final question, a question they always asked before each executions then he picked up the hypodermic syringe from the car floor in between his boots in the car. Walter was still holding Joseph firmly against the seat and Tommy was outside surveying and checking on any foreign attentions.

“Please....I didn’t mean to do it, please don’t kill me,” Joseph pleaded and wept miserably as he saw Tommy pointing the pistol at him. “Sumenda, time is runnig and we can’t waste anymore time,” Tommy deuced.

One last time Joseph, are Catholic or a Prostestant? Suglare asking emphasizing his questions in a paused woring.

“A catholic.”

“Good man, well I am giving you 30 seconds to make your last prayer and beg your Santu Maria or Theresia to advocate for your sins, brother,” Suglare said.

“Do it mother fucker,” Tommy ordered as he placed the barrel of the pistol he was holding close to Joseph’s forehead.

“Okay, okay, please, “Joseph pleaded and then mumbled some verses from the rosary. He was an unfaithful Catholic from the way he missed some of the decades of the Rosary and was sobbing at the same time. And while he was still pleading, Suglare droved the hypdermic syringe needle which contained the cyanide at the ack of Joseph and Joseph cried out in agony and moaned for the last time.

“Yeah, cry to hell animal,” Walter thought, giving his last grip on Joseph.

“It will take few seconds so hold on him tight,” Suglare told Walter.

“Pli...sssh, O...ma...ma...sor..I ...de,” Joseph was gasping for words and his body was contracting spasms and his lungs were struggling for his last breaths till his body rapidly grew numb and lifeless in between Suglare and Walter’s grib.

“Tommy, get out of those uniforms quickly as we ahve an hour and 30 minutes or so left before dawn breaks out.” Suglare called out to Tommy.

The final of their raging psychosis had ended and their souls were satisfied just looking at Joseph’s lifeless body resting on the seat.

“Tommy, we need some assistance here,” Suglare called out again and sighed.

Tommy opened the car door and dragged Joseph’s corpse out of the car then onto the road side and he placed the police uniforms ontop of the body and got back into the car.

“Hurry, jump in quickly at the back and give me the keys and I will drive,” Suglare said.

It was still quiet except for the morning crow on the hill which were starting to welcome dawn and Suglare started the engines and drove down to the Ensisi Valley and the few houses along the road were quiet as well and Suglare steered the car right towards the Administrative College and took the short cut through the residential slip road towards Morata, intentionally to avoid the police.

“Couz, we killed him,” Walter sighed unbelievingly from the back.

“So what, if it wasn’t him, it would have been us in retrospect and he also warranted his own death....I know it is your first time to commit such futile or hostile act but just consider Jules’ situation and the death of Komeali and that frame of mind will level up your guilt.....he was an obstacle in between the course of our justice and you know very well that the penalty to pay for such obstructions is always death,” said Suglare soothingly. “And what if they discovered the corpse we left behind?” Walter insinuated. “Oh the police will solve that amongst themselves because the old man in the house saw me as a policeman on duty,” Tommy added.

“I mean it so happened at the same time that they might relate the death of Joseph as caused by the arrest of Jules and that might reinforce their suspicions on Jules while the investigations are still fresh and is still in progress,” Walter continued.

“What about the police uniform?” Suglare asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, how did it end up with the wrong people,....you see we have just created an alibi which could open up a new chapter to the whole story and it will be a new projection of corrupt practices within the police services in this city. I mean there are lots and lots of criminal buddies in there who do take advantages of the police privileges and make extra bucks on the side and a smart lawyer could materialize on a simple alibi like that and fabricate a totally different reason to the cause of death and it is important for our own good that we have to verify and analyse the pros and cons and establish an alibi in between, before we execute such executions like the one we have just done because a lot of law breakers don’t realize how vital that is. And that is one reason why they lose their freedom behind bars because they don’t counter employ a clever illusive alibi. But in our case we want to be second to none masters in this game and if you recall some months ago, our cousin Jules said something about the spider tactic,” Suglare paused.

“At Tokarara....yes....,” Walter cued.

“Well, we are practically applying that and when you employ that, you will begin to trust no body, except our own potentials and our alliances which of course is sealed under a blood oath. Anyway, even smart lawyers can not be trusted to solicit for us in court for such sensitive issues of this kind because of the fact that they are just controversialists and secular confessors if you like. And if we are to examine and practise this concept intransitively with the spider tactic then the alibi that we have created becomes the web and law becomes the victimized insect caught in between and we can let the lawyers and the law and order enforcers try their knowledge out to unveil the truth in the alibi, while we along will have the truth reserved in our mind and time will gradually fade off the whole thing,” Suglare explained.

“Cousin, that’s a brilliant concept but you are making it sound as if this country’s law are cheap,” Walter insinuated again.

“Well, if it wasn’t cheap from the start, I would have respected and honoured it and I would even be honoured by the Queen for being a good citizen, living within the laws,” Suglare grinned and Tommy laughed away.....

“But in this country, it seems like the people who make, who define, who enforce these laws have become if you like, spivs in the people’s sanctuaries and have taken advantage of their esteemed positions in our society and are bagging the goodies for themselves. I mean the laws are simple as to interpret and practice but many people who are well versed in law in this country are exaggerating that in between each transactions and they then become thieves if you like, amidst the main stream of delivering services. And to make the metamorphosis more clear, the law makers are criminals themselves, criminals in the sense that they have bought their way into the parliament house one way or the other....well in the bible, the holy book which has the 10 fundamental principles of all existing laws on this planet, it says that leaders are appointed by God and we are to obey and follow what they say, right?”.... but in that same book leaders are appointed and hand picked by God Himself through his prophets and these leaders that we have here are just the opposite and to embrace the laws made by these self appointed leaders is the puzzle that we are all trying to define and this is where our version of justice comes in...do you understand couz”...Suglare paused to ask Walter.

“.....Ummm, yeah,”

“Well stop exercising doubt and concentrate on the work ahead,” Suglare confided.

They had arrived at Morata road junction, next to CLTC training centre after driving carefully through the residential street along Waigani and Portbena suburbs and Suglare drove across the main highway to take the short cut which led through to the parliament house, through PTC employees’ compound and it was already clear with the sun already at the realms of dawn and Suglare parked the car amongst the tropical shrubs, along the small track and hurried Walter to remove the stickers and the false number plate.

“Guys it is already Saturday, I will get off at Gordons Bus stop and you two will have to return the car quickly to the owner as I have two hours left to leave for Mendi. I will pick up my baggage at Laloki and come straight back to the airport.” Suglare informed.

“And couz, sorry I nearly forgot, you will have to check on Jules somehow at the hospital as well. Check what his condition is like...I will wait for you guys in Mendi till Tuesday next week but if you both don’t turn up then I will have to take Komeali’s body home myself.” Suglare said.

“Here,” Suglare gave the car keys to Tommy.

“It’s your turn to drive as we are now far ahead from any police detection I suppose,” Suglare added.

Tommy started the car and they drove onto the acceleration lane which ran through the National Museum, the Parliament and Supreme court houses and other government and foreign mission offices which was the central nerve area of the country’s economy. They passed the Chinese Embassy and headed towards the Gordons market place, where the bus stop was.

“Aye,...that was a clean job we did out there....eh” Tommy muttered and switched on the car radio and was trying to adjust the car radio frequencies to Nau Fm station, to hear some good music and few Saturday morning vibes from Eli Webbi’s sexy stimulative voice, his favourite DJ. “Don’t bet your luck too far,” Suglare, who was next on the off-sider’s seat cautioned and added.

“Nothing in this world is done in secrecy. There are eyes everywhere, even the small insects that were there on the hill witnessed what we did but they were part of nature and they understood and blessed our reasons for terminating Joseph’s life and if only they had a voice to speak like we humans do then their judgements would have been made audible so that you and I could hear and that is why we are lucky so far, I mean there is nothing wrong with nature, it could go existing as it is forever, its perfect and spherical and could go on revolutionizing its energies, reproductive network continuously in the cycle of living or in the fractional geometrics continuation but the problem is with us human beings. It is the greed and self-centredness of we human beings that has screwed up many many beauties and laws of nature and one of these days nature is going to wage a war on human beings when its mercies run out, believe me. And what we’ve done is a matter of minor importance but is in accordance or out of tune with nature’s spherical laws or we could say, survival of the fittest and elimination of diseases and the deceased to attain purity in the cycle of living in harmony with refined consciences or let’s say, our contribution to social order within the dictates of nature’s rules and as long as we play our cards within these frequencies, our fears are protected by nature’s well wishes.

“Cous, what are we going to do about this sweet A2?” Walter interrupted and enquired about the submachine gun as they approached the bus stop and parked alongside the Gordons market entrance and Tommy kept on gazing at Suglare and was expecting him to finish the final chords of axomatic beautitudes.

“Well, did you not ask for it?” Suglare called over to Walter.

“We have done our already.”

Well it’s not in the car for some exhibition either so take it and leave it at Tommy’s place for the time being in case, till all tensions are relaxed and use it only when it is necessary to sue it and don’t do what I wouldn’t do with it....Is that clear to both of you?”

“Well received Sumenda,” Tommy answered.

“Well that’s about it then, see you guys when I return,” Suglare smiled and he got out of the car and walked over to the Laloki, Goldie River bus that was coming in. Time could not be occupied talking axiom and norms when they were still in a tensed situation”, Suglare thought as he hopped into the bus and Tommy and Walter drove back to Hohola after Suglare had left.

Jules had been shifted to the surgical ward straight after the surgeon's attention from the intensive care unit at the hospital, after a severe police battery that previous evening. The police had a fair knowledge that Jules was a first cousin of Suglare and Walter but the progress of their interrogations were quite perplexing due to Jules' reluctance to cooperate with the detectives and Jules on the other hand knew that he was set up and falsely accused and for him to unveil some sense of truth in front of those stubborn and ignorant policemen, who were harassing and interrogating him was rather inconceivable. It all started when he requested permission to consult Steve, his lawyer but that then had turned out a nasty when the policemen out of frustration assaulted Jules and smashed his fingers against the table and whatever happened after that Jules could not recall as his state of memory had collapsed by then from a tiny fracture of his skull and the internal haemorrhage he had been inflicted with, next to his left ear, which was caused by the forced infliction of something very solid and whatever it was that the 3rd policeman used to smash his head with, he could not figure out. And these must have happened in the middle of an argument with the other two policemen, he tried to recall.

The semi circular canals, Eustachian tubes and cochlea of Jules left ears had all been damaged severely and these had contributed to a massive repercussion to the auditory nerve, that normally vehicled auditory signals to the memory compound of his mind, however the doctor was pleased to see Jules' slow recovery from the state of coma and had left him to rest on the under the care of nursing sister.

Jules also had a cut on his upper eyes brows and four fractured fingers on his left hand as well and it must have been very painful to move and to wake up after few reasonable hours of sleep.

"Please don't move, you might disturb your stitched ears, as its quite critical and sensitive there," the nursing sister who was attending to an elderly man of the bed next to Jules called over as she saw Jules shifting from side to side.

Jules must have been in pain and he was on a drip as well and he tried to sit up but found it difficult at the first attempt due to slight facial immobility and weakness but through the nursing sister's assistance he had managed the second time and after a while he tried to whisper something to the nursing sister and murmured something in an attempt to exercise his vocal ability and was struggling at the same time to adjust his vision through the bandage stripes around his head.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You must have passed out at Boroko Police station....that's where I heard," she answered.

"And how did I end up here?"

“Oh you were brought in by an ambulance and whatever happened there, I wouldn't have a clue either but I was advised to closely monitor your progress as I came in early this morning to resume my shift, by our doctor who took care of you the previous evening.” she said.

“What is his name....I would like to give my words of gratitude to him for enabling me to see the next day,”

“Doctor Maloi, he normally comes in for ward rounds in the morning, you will have the chance to see him but right now, I think it will best for you to rest your mind and body so that the medication you have taken could do its work,” she advised.

“Oh, my God, my hands, what have they done to me....why?...lamented in pain.

“Whoever did these does not know how priceless are these fingers are to me,” he murmured softly in tears and showed his bandaged fingers to the nurse.

“For as long as I live, those responsible for these will pay dearly and I swear over my brother's dead body,” he sighed and thought.

The nursing sister could not figure out what he was saying but could read the unfolding misery expressed on his face.

“Please you must not worry too much, otherwise you obstruct the healing process as your condition is quite unstable,” she said.

Jules just gazed at the nursing sister in a suspended thought.

“Yeah, I do understand your concern but it's equally the opposite.... here...., when you feel restless...., you take one of these .., it will relax you a bit,” she advised and gave two promethazine Hydrochloride capsules to Jules.

“What's these for?”

“That will make you rest properly,” she reiterated and left the two capsules on top of Jules' cabinet, next to his bed and moved on to answer the telephone that was ringing from the reception desk.

“I hope, you know that you are doing,” Jules dared in thought, in fear of internal chemical reaction which could probably re-institute the state of coma and Jules pretended to take the medicine but drank the glass of water without the valium capsules instead.

“These young sisters with a mind dominated and infested with romantic connotations sometimes over do their job,” Jules thought precariously and glanced over to his cabinet which was heaped with his prescriptions and radiographic papers and four small plastic containers filled with different coloured capsules all with its own respective remedial functions.

Jules had already taken 2 capsules each, from each container for his morning dose and still felt the drowsy reaction and he cautioned himself against taking the valium on top of that could cause complications so he refrained, even though he was tempted to take it.

“Just how did I end up with these bloody coincidences,” he thought.

And his mind raged on with deep regrets of his elder brother and the promising endeavours with David Molton in London and with Traver James in Sydney...

“Oh shit....what will happen if my fingers stay disabled although.” These were thoughts

really plagued his mind even more.

“What have AI done to deserve this,” he deeply breaths and sighed and gasped as unknown tears were forming in his eyes, dthen a little while later after some minutes of silence, the drugs taken over shadowed his thoughts and he closed his eyes to his much needed healing rest.

Natasha had gone to her work place, early that Saturday morning, hoping to find Steve at the work place, so that she could obtain permission to be excused for that day just to check Jules’ situation. She had waited till 11 am and Steve arrived. Steve never worked on Saturdays but came to the office just check on something he could have missed the previous day and Natasha had waited till he had settled in his office and she made a coffee and then walked into his office.

“Whats the note regarding Jules?” he said as he saw Natasha walking in. “Thansk, leave the cup on the table,” he gestured.

“Ye, whats this thing about Jules,” he reiterated.

“Oh he is in the cell at Boroko,....he was arrested yesterday morning at town MBA office and I though you had bailed him out.” No, I was with Helen at the Gateway Hotel,” he said.

“Oh,...I was told that someone had taken him out,...when I double checked over the phone yesterday night.” she said.

“Those guyes at Tokarara coud have done that,....Why was he arrested?.....What did they tell you?....” Steve asked.

“I really don’t know,...probably robbery and murder connected.”

“What?”

I wasn’t even allowed to see him and I think it must hve been quite serious,” she said.

“Murder,...youmust be joking,” Steve dueced.

“No, I am serious,” she said.

“Hey, we were at Tokarara at his elder brother’s funeral gathering on Thursday night and yesterday I gave him the tickets I collecgted from here for him to travel home to Mendi,....wait a moment,...I think the police must have mistaken him for his cousins”, he said.

“Well,.....please could you do something,” Natasha pleaded.

“Of course, I will, I mean this is lunacy,....there is something terribly wrong with the policemen who arrested him. They should have allowed you to see him,...they had no right to do that unless they have a court order to refuse bail then he is just a suspect unless,....”

Unless the police have a reliable witness to substantiate their arrest and I think we might as well drive out there find out,....by the way did anyone came looking for me yesterday?”

“No,...budt I had a call from Thomas Pukoyal,”

“When?”

“At about 10:30 am yesterday.

“Oh he is one of those disgruntled landowners of Karepuga Landowners Association. They have some conflict of interest with Pogera Joint Venture Company. Just try check on his file, I think his case is up for review next week Wednesday and could have them ready on my table on Tuesdya morning.”

“Okay,”

“And give me 10 minutes, I’ve got to check on a statement I must have misplaced and then we will for Boroko,” Steve said.

The phone was ringing again and Natasha raced back to her chair and lifts the receiver.

“Good morning, Steve Wilson and Associates,” she answered.

“Yes, could I speak to Steve,...is he there,” said the man on the other side of the line.

“He is here but may I know who is calling please,” Natasha asked.

“Suglare....I am Jules’ first cousin and am ringing from Mendi post office public telephone, I just arrived here this morning.”

“Whats this regarding?”

“Jules, but please youhae to be quick because I am ringing from a public phone.

“Its okay, I will relay the message to him...carry on.” Natasha said.

“Well, you tell him that Jules is badly beaten up by the police and he is admitted at the the hospital at the hospital at 3 mile and tell him that I flew into Mendi this morning because of the dead body. And tell him to do us a favour and draft something out against police brutality and give a visit to Jules,..please,’ Suglare mentioned that and the line got engaged again.

“So he is in the hospital,’ she sighed and thought and she paused a little bit and placed the receiver back and move into Steve’s office room.

“Jules had been admitted to the hospital at 3 mile,’ she said facing Steve.

“What?”....Steve retorted and gazed at Natasha in astonishment.

“The police haved bashed him up,” she added.

“And whowas that on the line?” he asked.

‘Someone by the name of Suglare,...he said he was Jules’ first cousin and was ringing from Mendi....I think he must have flown into Mendi this morning and he requested for your assistance.” she said.

“Umm...did he explained to you how this happened,” Steve asked.

“No, he was in a kind of hurry because it was a public phone he was ringing fromso....” she said.

“I see,....he was with us at Tokarara yesterday morning and I think he must ahve gone ahead for the funeral arrangement.” Steve said.

Natasha gazed at Steve for a moment in thought. “No wonder, this was the reason wy they did not allow me to see Jules,” she murmured.

“Yeah, they are very smart because they know that the state will meet the costs of every damages they create along their line of duty and they dream up ideas like: obsraction in the course of justice, as their reason to counter substantiate their brutality and now its my turn to perform their kind of music for the courtroom audience and we will see who will play the first fiddle in the finale that I will ochestra....and I will make sure that that, that is remembered although their lives,....bloody idiots,’ Steve disgustedly raved on.

“Anyway, we have to check on Jules’ condition first....lets go...,” Steve said that and cleared his table and hurried out of the office.

They had driven to the hospital and when they had arrived at the hospital, it was quite confusing as to where they were to begin their search because of the new ward extensions, why was build from the Japanese government aid. They had parked the car right in front of the new wing’s car park outside and walked into the hospital lobby area through the main entrance which was filled with outpatients.

“These ladies really do know the meaning of being patient.” Natasha thought as she saw two nursing sisters busy attending to a long queue of outpatients in the main lobby area. They passed through the crowd and moved on straight to the other entrance inside the building which led upstairs to the 3 storeys of each respective wards and on the ground floor was the two paediatric wards on the left and the right, connected by a pavement inside which led out to the west end of the building. And there was a security check point right next to the stairways which led up to the other wards upstairs and Steve approached one of the guards and enquired.

“Brats, mipela painim wanpela brata ya ol polis I paitm em nogut tru na ol I karim em ikam aste long nait, na yu ting bai em I stap long wanem wot? (Bro, we are looking for a brother of ours who was bashed up by the police and was brought in here and which ward should we look into?)” Steve politely asked.

“Sori, em ino taim bilong kam lukim ol wantok, (sorry this is not the right time to visit your relatives”) the guard advised.

“Na wanem taim bai mipela kam na lukim em? (when is the right time to see him?)” Steve asked. “Yu ken kam long belo or sikis kilok,” (12:00 noon and 6:00 pm is the right time for you to visit) the guard answered.

And at the same time a doctor who was a high school mate of Steve at Bugandi High in Lae, passed through the pavement.

“Sssshed,” Steve wistled and attracted his attention.

“Aye, Steve, what are you doing out here? he turned around and asked surprisingly.

“I am here to check on my client, who was badly beaten by police yesterday and he was brought in here yesterday night but we are having a little problem here trying to locate the ward where he could have been placed.” Steve answered.

“I think the right place to check is at the surgical ward, which is on the 3rd floor upstairs,...come I will show you the place.”

Thanks,...we were just having a little problem explaining to the guards,” Steve said.

“Sorry, they have a fixed reasoning and are just following orders....sorry to have them bothering you,...come.” said the doctor and he led the two up the stairs.

“Sorry, never realized that you would one day end up like this after leaving school....I am very proud of you,” Steve said.

‘Oh,...just one of those childhood obsessions which has materialized somehow in the process....., by the way I heard that you seem to be doing fine amongst the legal fraternity here?’ the doctor asked.

“Who is spreading that bullshits.” “ Oh, our old school mates, who get around quite often at the ‘8 bell’s bar at the Islander Travelodge Hotel,’ the doctor added.

“That’s just an exaggeration caused by nepotism but in reality I don’t make that much unlike the other lawyers who are the real suckers in the name of law, therefore worse than Lucifer himself but I am kind of contented with the little I have just to put some bread and butter on my dining table and most often my services come in concessions and my fame is rather the reflections from these charitable exercises I practice, I suppose,” Steve said.

“Sorry, that’s the surgical ward A and B,” the doctor gestured, cutting short the conversation as they moved onto the third floor of the building and proceeded towards the ward entrance and he showed them in.

“Good afternoon sister, do we have some admissions from last night here,” he asked the nurse on duty.

“There are four of them from last night,....who are you looking for?” she asked the doctor. The doctor gazed at Steve to answer.

“Oh, Jules Yalo...., he was brought in from the Boroko Police Station,” Steve answered.

“There’s no one here by that name, could you guys check with the opposite ward,” the sister redirected and moved off again into the opposite ward and the doctor enquired at the reception again.

“What’s his name?” the sister who was fiddling with some records asked. “Jules Yalo”.

“Oh sit,.....he is there, at the far left hand side,” Steve murmured as they were moving towards Jules’ bed.

“My God, what have they done to you,....” Natasha disgustingly thought, she was shocked to see the state of Jules. Jules had been fast asleep sedated by the multiple doses he had taken, except for his diaphragm, which was busy. And the doctor picked up his file next to his bed and flipped through. He was a Paediatrician and the ward that Jules got admitted to was a surgical ward but he did know the basics of surgery and he began to explain the physical situation of Jules to Steve and Natasha for a while.

“Could I have a copy of that medical report?” Steve asked.

“Yeah sure, except that it needs photocopying and if you need them urgently,....I could go down to the Administration Block and copy them out for you,” the doctor said.

“Oh that will be great,” Steve answered.

The doctor took the examination report to the reception and left after mentioning something to the nursing sister who was there and walked out the door. And sitting next to Jules’ bed, Natasha was sobbing into her handkerchief as she saw her friend’s mutilated face, wrapped with bandage and she attempted to touch the fractured hands when she was interrupted by the nursing sister, who had walked over to where they were.

“Excuse me, sorry, the poor bloke has been in agony for sometime and he’s just resting now,....so please if you don’t mind,....don’t wake him up,” the sister said.

“I know, thank you,....,” Natasha nodded. “Seeing us will just make him more worried,....I guess,” Steve muttered. “You are both relatives of his?” the sister asked.

“No,....best friends, but when do you think would be the best time to talk to him,” Steve

enquired. "After few days, I guess he will be in a better position to speak," the nurse affirmed.

"Who brought him over here?" Steve asked.

"St. Johns Ambulance,...he is very lucky, I mean if they had not brought him earlier last night, he could have died from internal haemorage," the nursing sister said. "Whoever had done these to him does not know the degree of damages done to his whole life and I will make sure that they compensate him to the fullest," Steve said. He was very disappointed but spuriously relaxed, even though his mind was all raged up to see the condition of Jules.

"You will have to stay on...I will drive to Tokakara and inform his relatives and ask one of them to come here to watch over him," Steve told Natasha.

"It's alright, I will be with him today and tomorrow, but we need somebody from Moday onwards as I will be working so," Natasha said.

"The old aunty at Tokarara will be a good substitute...they should be here but I guess they are not aware of this," Steve muttered and turns towards the nurse. "Excuse me,...what is the name of the doctor that attended to him, when he was brought over here?" Steve asked the nurse who was trying to leave. "Dr. Maloi...why?" "I would like have a word with him," Steve said as he was thinking of filing a lawsuit against the policemen who were involved. "Well, he is on call right now but is actually rostered for the night shift," the nurse said.

"Its alright, I will give him a call, what is his house number?"

"I have it there somewhere...I'll get it for you,...." the nurse muttered and walked back to the reception desk.

"When he wake up tell him I was here and that I am working on a lawsuit against the police, which I will begin first thing on Monday morning and alos mentioned to him that his cousin Suglare is already in Mendi taking of Komeali's body...I am sure he would want to know about that.

"Here, the copies you requested," the school mate doctor who must have walked unnoticed said. "Oh bro, thank you very much," Steve said as he received the medical examination copies and double checked.

"I have got to duplicate the radiographic sheets which has to be done in the X-ray lab and hopefull it will be ready by Monday or Tuesday. The technician who operates that is out at the moment and I will have them delivered when it is ready," said the doctor.

"I will really appreciate that, buddy." Steve said.

"By the way,...what do you think of him, I mean will he be okay?" Steve asked for a professional opinion from his school mate doctor, while gazing at Jules.

"Well, the situation is under control which means that he will hopefully recover after few weeks or may be later," the doctor said. "Umm..." Steve nods, trusting his schoolmate..." Well I have got to get going,...there are some places where I have some unfinished business to attend and I will come back in afternoon. "And my dear," he said, looking over to Natasha who was seated beside Jules' bed. "You will have to stay on till I bring the old woman over here," he said.

"Bor, you will have to excuse me...as I am still on my ward rounds downstairs," the

doctor said. “Oh, okay,... thanks a lot,...I really appreciate your help,” Steve said . “My pleasure,” the doctor said that and walked out of the ward. “Aye, Steve, what will I say if the police come around here?” Natasha asked. “Tell them that Jules is now my client, under my care and I will be leaving for Boroko Police station to formalize everything right after this and when they do come, just refer back to the station because right now, Jules is innocent till the court proves his guilty,” Steve reaffirmed. “And please don’t forget.” What? I have not eaten since this morning,” she reminded.

“I will bring you something when I return in the afternoon but meanwhile you get something to hold your tummy from the canteen down the road,” Steve said that and gave K10 to Natasha and left for the ward doors. “Excuse me Sir, the house number you requested,” the nursing sister called over from the reception desk. “Oh yes, I nearly forgot,” he muttered and returned back and picked up the note from the nurse and walked out of the ward. At 2 pm in the afternoon on Monday that following week, the 3 detectives and four constables who were involved in the Friday’s incident which resulted to hospitalizing Jules were gathered in the station commander’s office at Boroko Police station. They had been summoned to conference by the station commander early that morning. He was sitting in his chair all fumed up with his subordinates, he raved on.

“You idiots...I want a very good explanation from you guys for the incident of Friday afternoon. I want to know who gave you guys the authority to brutalize a suspect without proper investigations, this kind of stupidity has caused a lot of money for the police department in compensating damages and the image of the force has been screwed up up many many times before...I mean it is equal as you perceive to express your frustrations but the complications created by your actions has multiplied extra jeopardy to what should have been a swift detection and now your actions have created an atmosphere for legal battle and we are up against persons in likes of Steve Wilson. Doesn’t that name ring a bell in your ears?...eh?” the boss blasted on top of his voice as it was behind closed doors and the policemen were all quite, but receptive. “Well, he is one of the best criminal lawyers we have in this country, which means that you guys better start praying because I am going to recommend to the HQ for your dismissal or something if the verdict is pronounced against our advantage,” the chief superintendent raved on.

“But Sir, the guy along with his cousins are our prime suspects for some of this major robberies committed in the city and we have a fair idea that they have some connection to the Lawes road murder of a couple on February this year,” a senior detective spoke out to justify himself.

“How do you know?” the chief asked.

“Well prior to our formal investigations we installed an informer in their neighbourhood at Tokarara and the informer had been on the payroll and since then the informer has been closely monitoring their movement and has been feeding us with information and we were told that the suspect and his first cousins were the minds behind these criminal operations and we were convinced of that because the suspect had just recently arrived from 3 weeks overseas trip and from our investigations the suspect and his cousins are

unemployed and our interrogations went out of control when the suspect was reluctant to tell us where he got his money from, for such lavish travel. And the other gang members have all been on a drinking spree throughout the city and our suspicions were also confirmed by our colleagues in Waigani....Sir, we are up against a very organized network of criminals and our suspicions have been brought to light because yesterday the dead body of Joseph Nana, our principal informer was found on the hill along a outskirt road in between Ensisi Valley and Tokarara suburbs and beside his body a pair of police uniforms were found and we know that, that is cover up. And when our boys carried out the investigations at Joseph's house, we were told that the police had taken him to the Boroko Police station early that morning at about 4:00 am prior to his murder and he told us that it was the police that took his son but from our reference, no police personnel was sent to Joseph's house at that time of morning when the murder was committed, however what we know is that the murder was committed when Jules Yalo was in our custody here....and we believe that there is some connections here....and all our reports of each case we have undertaken from the previous months are in those files on your table and could you read our reports first.....," the senior detective explained.

"Well I will try and look through and it better be good,...anyway what really pisses me off is the fact that you guys know the seriousness of the whole investigations and instead of bringing it out to the surface with sound documentation, you have disturbed the whole process of your own investigations and I am saying it that we do not have enough money in our police budget to cater for such stupidity this year and the following year,...readjustments have to be made to substantiate that...and most likely it will mean dipping my ass out of this seat or your asses out of the force. And so whoever responsible has to own up....anyway I am just conferring to you guys the same pressure I will be receiving from the top brass in Konedobu, even though I do sympathize with your efforts to control the deteriorating law and order situations in this city and other parts of the country with the little resource we have...I mean, the whole solution of combating law and order problem in this country boils down to the policies of law and order made at the top,...we need strong laws and tough measures against offenders,...guided democracy so to speak in this ethnically diversified country like PNG,....then when uniformity or nationalism is truly incorporated in our social, political and domestic lifestyles then we could talk about relaxing the laws and individual liberties. I am talking about strong laws and tough measures that serves penalties for murderers, rapists, drug abusers,....something similar to internal security act but with more emphasis on public discipline, but the lawyers who triple their fortunes overnight on the ignorance of our poor people will be the first ones to make a public outcry that the act if introduced will be very intrusive to many freedoms, a cover up propaganda that will redirect the perceptions of the majority away from the truth...and the truth being that most lawyers will be out of business if acts like the Internal Security Act is to be introduced into our constitution. But one question I always want to ask the lawyers and human rights activists is that what kind of freedom are they talking about, in a banana republic like PNG? When everyone is living behind barbed wire fences in fear of their lives, and take for an example, the outcry against death penalty. I have never heard or read about churches in this country resurrecting any life that is taken away willfully so if they preach against death penalty, I think it will be better if the murderers are turned against them,...and we will see if they

will resurrect themselves again, anyway most of these crazy crimes committed against human life can be stopped if death penalty is introduced. It is foolish and costly exercise to keep rapists, drug abusers and wilful murderers alive, but with these soft laws that we have, we the police are the fools for the criminals, and the law makers and lawyers,....so from my point of view, we the police should be given more power, if this country wants solution to law and order problem,..and the people' leaders must legislate the Internal Security Act,..at least for a 5 year trial of something and then they can weigh out the differences... I am only trying to explain to you guys if it feels to be in my kind of shoes and many times I get very frustrated trying to assist the top brass to formulate police strategies to combat law and order problems faced in this city and other centres, and sometimes I get really depressed, when a lawyer who is licenced to interpret within and outside of the boundaries of what is law,....finds weak points in the law broken and defends the law breaker and wins the case and what you guys have done, might end up that way....and we will become their stupid again even though we were on the right track....and here I am the one looking after you guys which means that I will be in a hot seat, if this news is spilled over to the top and that means you guys have to tell me how we can get out of this soup,....the same way as we have started. It's quite complicated because I know they guys whom you have belted up,..he is a very good musician. I knew him a year ago at Kilakila police barracks, where he was arranging some scores with Superintendent Harrison for the police band...and I find it hard to believe that the suspect is what you say he is,....I mean his cousins could be but anyway we will see how the smartness you have instigated could go against the lawsuit which Steve Wilson has filed at the court house this morning,..and the date for mention is on Wednesday,....that is two weeks from now and you smart asses have to answer that in court yourselves,..but in the meantime, get the reports of our investigations done quickly so that the lawsuit filed against us does not disrupt our findings,.....sorry for the long lecture, any questions? the chief asked.

The policemen inside the conference room were glancing at each other trying to figure out who amongst themselves could speak up to their superior as the air was still tensed after the rebuke. They had entered the commander's office hoping to hear some complimentary remarks but instead it turned out the opposite and the three policemen who were physically involved in the incident were all in a despairing mood, denigrated by the rebuking tones from their superior and they looked as if they were waiting for a verdict to be announced, with guilt written faces.

"No questions.....eh?" he repeated.

"Ah,...Sir, the murder of Joseph Nana?" Sergeant Kori, a middle aged senior detective, insinuated. He was the principal interrogator before everything went out of control, that afternoon when the suspect was in custody.

"I am putting you in charge and I want the full copy of the inquest upon my table in two weeks time and I do not want further excuses,..Is that clear," he ordered.

"Yes Sir,"

"Now, all of you get out of my office,.....I have some serious thinking to do," the chief said. And having psychologically defeated from explaining their side of the story, they

submitted their reasons and explanations to his orders and walked out of his office. Fifteen days had passed and being in the hospital for that long was first time experience for Jules, who had never been in hospital before. He was recovering slowly from his wounds, day after day, from the medication and medical attentions he had received. And since then, in that same ward he had witnessed the death of five people.

“How does it feel to die,...I guess its a sweet release from all the troubles we face in this world...but no human has raised up from the dead and have told the human race on this planet, what is like on the other side, except Jesus Christ, the God incarnate,...of living and who’s appearance and departure had started the calendar system we have in this world.” Jules was in thoughts, after waking up and he set up to look around.

“Ande amburla runguluma ma epame nongo, wala ambi komanda no mog para ma puamende, (the girl over there, who had an operation yesterday, passed away today and they have taken her to the morgue)” his old aunty who was sitting on the floor knotting her unfinished highlands bilum softly informed her nephew in their Pole dialect.

She had been sleeping there, watching over her nephew since Saturday, a day after he was admitted and Natasha had trusted Jules to her care due to her work commitment. She normally joined in later and helped her out, after hours.

It was visiting hours and the place was quite noisy with relatives and visitors, who visited their respective patients and right at the corner, a Pentecostal layman was praying and begging God’s healing grace using the Lord’s name over an old patient, who was struggling between the will to live and the force that was trying to quench his life.”Nena kani wada go akinu mange ambi yapinalesi nane so Mendi nane puame lame. Apo Suglare rambamu, gupulame yanda so Erave nane,” (Walter and your two other cousins left for Mendi this morning, just to assist Suglare with the funeral ceremony at Erave,” the old aunty informed.

“Who told you that?” Jules asked her in their local dialect.
 “Aponde wename, (that woman)” she said, referring to Natasha.
 “Why so late?” he asked again.

“Ni marea...eh...polisunumi so fereni gapu marnge mo Tokarara marnge pora rungulu, pora para kama piminda pale...” (I don’t know..., probably because of the consecutive police surveillance at the airport and Tokarara and so forth,” the old woman said.
 Jules gazed at his mother’s sister for a while in thought.

“Ena mena nele ya, Aponde wename yapinale si para, rongaoma ma epa ai,...(you want something to eat,...I have a small dish of food wrapped up here for you...brought in by that woman of yours this morning,” she asked. Jules. “I don’t feel like eating,.....not in front of these people probably later,” he answered in Pole, their local vernacular.
 A nursing sister who must have seen him awake walked over to his bed. “The doctor did mention that you will be alright to leave within the next few days...and come in for checks ups,” the nurse said. “That’s okay but it won’t be the same anymore and those

better apologise or do something to ease my mind or something new will have to begin,” Jules thought, looking at his cemented hands.

The bandage on his head was unwrapped that morning except the stitches on his eye brows and at the base of his left ears which were visible from a distance and were not removed yet. “Don’t you feel anything when you move around or bend or head down, or something?” she asked.

“Yeah, the pain is diminishing but I can still feel a slight restraint on my neck when I try to move my jaws.... anyway what about my bills?” he asked the nurse.

“It’s charged to Steve Wilson and Associates,....he has already deposited some amount in advance and I guess the rest will be taken care, after you are discharged.

“Apore ake....da? (what is she saying) the old woman asked. “She is saying that I could leave this place within the next few days or so,” Jules responded back in Pole dialect.

“Gore anda puaina kone sialo,....so Erave, Komeali thepa pimiainu ando pupaina,...(I am thinking of you going home to Erave, to see Komeali’s burial and so forth) said the old woman.” “I guess, that is been taken care of already by Suglare I heard but I am just worried of going without the doctor’s consent since there is no doctor at home,...but I will try,” he answered in Pole dialect. “Excuse me, sister,...do you think it will be okay if I go home to the village like this?”...Jules sought the nurse’s opinion. “Where is your village?” “Mendi.”

“Oh on, I did not say that you are fit to go out of Moresby,...i mean you can do that after a month or so...your condition is still unpredictable even though you are showing favourable signs of swift recovery,...this is for your own good. I mean why such a hurry?” she asked.

“Oh, my elder brother passed away few weeks ago and I was supposed to be at home, till this happened,” he said. “Oh, sorry to hear about that,” she nods her head in regret.

“Well, I will have to ask the doctor’s opinion on that,” she added then she left to attend to another male patient who had unplugged the drip accidentally and was struggling to readjust the syringe.

“Wala ake laya? (what did she say again?), the aunty enquired. “She is saying that I can not leave Moresby,...not yet until a fortnight or two later, anyway...did Natasha leave any message for me?”

“Dia,...Kapame nane epola...la,” (No she said, she will come back in the afternoon), the old woman answered.

The ward was gradually getting clear of visitors, who were dispersing one by one as their visiting hour was up and a group of students from the near medical faculty were walking in through the ward entrance along with two expatriates who must have been their lecturers. The other was an Indian and the other doctor, an elderly looking white man, who could have been their professor began to lecture as they moved around the bed of a young woman who looked as if she was suffering from her throat disorder, who was two beds away, up from where Jules was stationed. Jules was a little anxious to what they were trying to do and was fearful of what the professor was saying. His right ears were functioning except for his damaged left ears, which still had a drummy responses as the

auditory reception of his damaged ears were still quite unclear but he could still hear what they were saying.

“Our friend here is admitted for thyroid carcinoma complications and is due for thyroidectomy and in the class this morning, I did mentioned something about thyroid hormones used in hypothyroidism and also in, diffuse non-toxic goitre and others which require prompt treatment for normal development and the treatment choice for maintenance therapy could be,...?” the professor looked around for some answers from the students.

“Thyrozone sodium and Liothyronine sodium, hypothyroidism indications,” a female student answered, she must have been from one of the Pacific island countries.

“She could be from Western Samoa, from her features,” Jules thought. “And the contra indications could be? the professor continued. “Angina and cardiovascular disorders,” she added.

“And the side effects could be arrhythmias,...anginal pain,...tachycardia, cramps in skeletal muscle, headache and restlessness, excitability, ...flushing and sweating, diarrhoea with excessive weight loss,...but in dried thyroid, it should not be used as its effects are unpredictable,” she continued to answer.

“Gees, she is very clever for a student,” Jules thought, while he was observing and listening to the lectures. “And for indications of thyrotoxicosis, antithyroid drugs that are used to prepare patients like this one for thyroidectomy for prolonged periods in hope of inducing lifelong remission as I mentioned in the classroom this morning, are carbimazole, and the propylthiouracil which may then be substituted,...ah..umm carbimazole...inhibits thyroxine synthesis,...what should be the maintaining doses till the patient becomes euthyroid? the professor asked.

“30 to 60 milligrams a day and prolonged for 4 to 8 weeks,” another male student who was wearing a glasses said.

“Well, thyrotoxicosis, is a rare case in this country and I want your assessment report and the assignment I mentioned in class today, to be handed in by Friday next week,” the professor told the students. And they moved onto another patient who had just been brought back from the operating theatre the previous day and was recovering from the gastrectomy he had gone through. And after few lectures around that patient, the students and the two lecturers moved onto the theatre.

“Some life must pass through their diagnosing hands before they qualify with these serene profession of theirs” Jules recalled the lectures, especially the Samoan girl, who kind of possessed some spirit of determination in his mind.

Doctor Maloi, who might have arrived from a late lunch entered the ward and moved onto the doctor’s cubicle and the nursing sister who attended to Jules a while ago

followed him in. And the doctor, after assessing some report by his colleagues for some couple of minutes walked out, to where Jules was.

“Hello,...good afternoon...how are you feeling?” the doctor asked. “I am alright,..I guess, except this funny sounds from my left ears, which keeps on irritating me.”

“That will be alright after a week of that medication I’ve given, which are antibiotics basically,...I thought that you might get bored staying on so thats why I mentioned to the sisters about discharging you since you are quite flexible to move around on your own. I suppose, except your left fingers, which has to be stabilized before you could try and perform again. And if you feel like leaving any time from now onwards,” Dr Maloi advised.

“Do you think I will be able to play again in the near future?” “I don’t think so,..but if you do, you will have to cope up with Arthritis,...by the time you climb down the age ladder.”

“Ummm....thats the worst fear I have ever thought of in my life and now youare telling me, my good doctor,” Jules breathed and sighed in thought.

“How can people live without music,...painting, poetry. I mean is the existennce of these, lets say, practical translations of these imaginations that correlates this material world and the very vehicle that transports these subconscious reality to conscious reality, is the Arts and Nature also has already established its beauty and we see and feel them. And on our part as human beings we attempt to interpret these manifestations and translate them with our own interpretations which of course is always contemporary and concurrent, generations after generations,”....Jules breaths and sighed. “I mean your hadns are blessed and talented to cut open human flesh and mend and mine were blessed to serenade the depth and the surface of human feelings,..but I guess, from now onwards,...for me, it will be a continuous regret for the lose of one thing in my life that I’ve come to love it.” Jules thought.

“I know,” Dr Maloi sympathetically muttered.

“Well, now that you have contributed to reinstate my breath,...what is your opinion,... I mean, I have this guts boiling inside me to revenge but I don’t know, should I refrain?” Jules asked.

“I think the urge to revenge is a animal proclivity or instinct rather....It belongs to living things that have no spirit”, the doctor said. “But what about the fun and life that is probational body of ours desires to enjoy....I mean they have taken that enjoyment I have treasured most away from me and thats not fair, as it will be like being a celibate with the urge to make love,” Jules tries to explain. “But revenge brings in multitude trouble,” Don’t tell me, you are dreaming up of another pattern of life for me,” Jules sarcastically insinuates.

“Umm,...few, but to sum up, you should be happy that you still have your creative mind and thats the supreme criterion to help you out to survive in this unfair material world,...but then I am only trying to help.” Dr Maloi added.

“I will try....but I am just a human, just like everybody and only real Christians say and practise: love thy neighbour as thyself, instead of revenge and you sound like one.”

“Yes, I am.....well, being one of them has really humbled me to serve and heal others like you, in my healing profession,” Dr Maloi consoled.

“Which church?”

“Churches are of minor importance, but I belong to the only church that preaches its doctrine by and from the bible along,” “A Protestant?” “Yep”

“You are a real blessing in this place and I am not surprised.” “Why are you saying that?”

“Why?” “God knows why....and I am just another victim of these inexistent social and cultural confusions,”

“Well, God still has time for you bro,..He alone is the Master Healer and probably that's one reason why you've made it through here,....and you may never have the second chance the next time, think about it and you know where to find me, if you need some help, and smiles mildly at Jules. “Anyway I've got to move on with my work, you have some rest,” said the doctor as he taps softly on Jules' shoulders.

“I've had enough rest already,”

“Well, I will tell one of these nursing sisters to bring you a magazine or something to read, to relax your mind from too much thinking,...I mean it has become a double tragedy for you, to have your elder brother pass away and you in an unwarranted situation like this, I'm sorry....but what else could we do, when you are like that,” the doctor said, directing his eyes to the wounds.

“Yeah,...Jules breathes heavily and sighed. “Anyway, I've got to let you go...I guess I am the only patient you have in here,” Jules said after some seconds of silence. “It's alright,” said the doctor and mildly smiled and moved on to check another patient at the far left hand corner.

Jules had managed to befriend Dr Maloi during the past few days of his admission period there and was quite impressed with the surgeon's soft spoken sense of humour and charming gentleness which often rekindled the hopes of each respective patients he had, including himself.

“There is this euphoric feeling that comes up me, where I see one of my patients recover and a kind of adoptive soul to soul relationship begins with me and my patients,” Jules recalls what the doctor said the previous day as he observes his busy friend moving from patient to patient tirelessly, assessing each condition.

“Aponde doketa mere akelaya?” (what did the doctor say?) the old aunty who had been silent all through the conversation between the doctor and Jules, asked her nephew in their local vernacular as the language used in the conversation previously was foreign to

her ears.

“Oh, he said the same thing...” Jules answered in Pole. “Aiyō, gore ake pape yape?” (Aiyō, what are we going to do?) she sighed.

“I don’t know, we just have to wait and see how far I go with this healing process,” Jules answered. “Come,...let me see what she brought this morning?” Jules said.

“Enda pay? (the food?)” “Umm,”

The old woman took the small wrapped plate from the draw of the cabinet and gave it to Jules. The food had gone cold since it had been prepared early that morning. It was chicken and vegetables steamed with coconut juices with some aibika leaves. It would have been better if he had eaten it while it was still hot. This was the fourth time he attempted to chew, even though there was this muscle restraining effect on his left cheeks and mild ache below his left ear, everything he tried to crush food with his lower jaws but to his relief the pain wasn’t worse like the first and second attempt and was gradually diminishing. And on the other hand, it was Natasha’s cooking, so considering her efforts to prepare such meals, he managed to eat halfway through and gave the rest back to his aunty.

“Na,” (eat)

“No, I had enough, I am still feeling this pain,” Jules muttered.

“Here, you asked for something to read, didn’t you?” a nursing sister said. And she gave the National Geographic and a Plain Truth Magazine to Jules.

“Oh, that’s very thoughtful of you....thank you,” Jules said.

The Plain Truth Magazine was a Sydney based publication that was internationally distributed throughout each part of the globe and was published by a group of people who called themselves as the ‘remnant church of God.

Jules had read these magazines before and he found them to be quite impressive and there was an article in the magazine that attracted his attention and it was about the world coming to an end by the year 2000 and the various preceding events that was to climax to the second coming, a day of invasion from the outer space. The had esoterically quoted some unfamiliar prophetic bible verses from the book of Revelation and Daniel to substantiate his interpretations and convictions.

“Yeah,It’s about time this world would come to an end....I suppose no human being is just perfect to solve all these problems the world is facing,” Jules thought as he read the article.

The author had used dates recorded in the book of Daniels and the Revelations and corresponded syntactically to the pre-existence and history from the Birth of Christ up till now to the incoming year 2000, using the date records of prophet Daniel and the history of the Jewish economy as presented in the Bible. And he claimed through his article that the 6000 years of man’s existence on this planet from Adam and Eve up till now was to close by the year 2000 or somewhere around there. And the next following millennium after the year 2000 was to be the Seventh millennium and the writer was convinced that God’s favourite number was 7 as anything was to do with that number was mentioned many many times in the Bible. So the author further substantiated his convictions that

something was to happen as the beginning of the Seventh Millennium, which was to begin straight after year 2000 and these was to be preceded by the world going into false peace and uniformity with one economic and trade policies and unification of various religions and governments with one kind of governing policies. And at the same time the world was to go through natural environment disasters and social and political turmoils. And the increase of knowledge of Science and Technology.

And prior to the climax of second coming, the spirit of mercy that restrains all flooding of evil was to be withdrawn around the year 2000 and the various religions along with secular christianity was to unite under the mark of the beast, the mark of beast he explained was Sunday, a day of worship and this was to be enforced by the only super power left on this planet, America, the lamb-like beast mentioned in the Book of Revelation.

The author of the article further elaborated the subject by interpreting the involvement of each God head of the Holy Trinity with each God head taking turns to participate during the 6000 years of mankind's history.

He explained that God the father supervised and involved Himself during the first 2000 years from the Adam to Noah's time, till he felt sorry for the world he had created and destroyed it with flood because of evil and self-centredness. And God the Son's involvement from the time of Noah to the time of his incarnation and birth on this planet which totalled 2000 years. Then the spirit of mercy's involvement from the death of Christ till the incoming year 2000 and these all together totalled 6000 years.

"Very interesting," Jules thought as he read through the magazine over again.

Religion and Christianity had been Jules' fascination since his childhood and educated from mission schools, the doctrines of the Bible and Christianity had always overshadowed his perceptions of living but the social practises he had adopted in the city had slightly distorted these but deep down in his heart he knew that there existed a supreme note of reference to everything that existed and the nature and so forth. The existence of God.

But Christianity now seemed to be headed towards a secular conformity and was becoming a monotonous culture which was rapidly becoming a mixture of commercial, social and theocratic antidote. And it was quite interesting for him to find out that there existed many many different kind of churches with no profound determination to surface to a pure authentic protestations against worldly interests, why the pluralism?...when there was one God, one Bible and one Saviour, he thought. And he knew that Christianity was now losing its salt and magnetism and was becoming barren and fruitless and there was something terribly wrong with the Christianity of the day because the man God who was the source, where these doctrines were fundamentalized upon was a poor man, who was born in an animal shed and who owned nothing and His teachings were atonal to these world's self-centredness and that was the pre sense of the meaning of being a Christian. But now he found out that this original doctrines of purity and love in its simplest forms were now conforming to worldly interests with Christianity involving with world politics.

“But the ideology that was sponsored and prompted by secular theocratic synthesis brought in curses, rather a nation that accommodated such practises were like committing the sin of blasphemy, which then brought in many curses to a nation and results were always political turmoil or natural disasters vice versa and history did have records of such political turmoils and disasters from this monopoly and conformity and one familiar revolution he could think was the French Revolution which he knew from reading history books and the Russian Revolution..... “These compromise with secular theocratic synthesis must have being the unseen reason why the Bolsheviks removed Christianity from their Marxist constitution, not knowing that they were just doubling their curses, now that socialism had disintegrated but America on the contrary had separated religion from politics at beginning when their constitution was drafted and the thoughts and sayings of various great American patriots like George Washington, Ulysses Grant, Ben Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and others have really cultivated America into a successful nation on this planet but now they are beginning to adapt and compromise with secular theocratic ideologies and that is a threat to the visions that inspired that beautiful constitution. And they, the American people do not realize that it was for the sake of those pilgrims that ran away from religion oriented turmoil that swept Europe during the dark ages, that made God bless America and America will be the final country on this planet that will fulfill the final purpose of the knowledge of good and evil as outlined in the Book of Revelation. The countries in the Latin American continent was the opposite because they still had these concurrent political and social turmoils rooted from these conformites. And it seems like some dark forces were leading each countries to the final battle of this world, the battle of the Bible faith, the battle of armagaddon,.....” Jules tried to comprehend in his thoughts but the subject was too big and his thinking process was a little disabled from the trouble he was in so he decide to refrain.

“Hi,....what are you reading?” Natasha , who must walked in without notice asked.
 “Oh,..hi. I was just reading this magazine just to clear my mind,” Jules said, showing the magazines. “Much be very interesting?” “Oh...yearh, it is,....anyway how is Steve getting on with case?”

“He did mentioned something about the court ruling in our favour and that the Police Department is to compensate you for the damages done to you but he later mentioned that the Prosecutor was appealing for an interdiction and retrial as they claimed to have some fresh evidence or something that linked your arrest that Friday to the murder of a police informer at Tokarara that same Friday...but that link to the inquest is yet to be established and still awaits the court’s approbation which means that they probably might serve you a subpoena but with you in this condition....the court has extended a grace period until the time when you are seen fit to appear bere the court but Steve will take care of that, I suppose,” she answered.
 “What?” Jules dueced.

“The police have fabricated something else to save their face, but Steve is always one step ahead with that kind of game,”....Natasha sighed. “By the way did they mentioned anything about your progress in here?” she asked. “What do you mean?”
 “Never mind,”

“Oh,...the doctor did msay that it was alright for me to leave....but I am still having this pain, when I chew something. “Well you should inform the doctor about that,”

“Yeah, I did, he left me those antibiotics and pain killers and said that I will be okay fromthese pains within the next few days or so,,,” Jules said, showing the small capsule containers on top of the drawers.

“And have you eaten anything yet?” “I just had a little bit of what you brought in the morning but couldn’t go any further....”

“I will have to find something soft, a soup of stew would do for you and alos I have to get changed from this outfit as well....and I’ll be back by 8 pm tonight,” Natasha said, feeling a little incompatible with her formal dressing.

“Jules relaxed back onot the bed after Natasha had gone but a usual precarious kinf of feling was beginning to loom into his mind. The thought of falling in love with woman like Natasha and then to be left in the cold again would only shatter his mind and that was his another greatest fear.

She was insecrutably beautiful and she possessed a refine sense of humour and a gently spirit, a true blessing of a successful man she could become and ger gorgeous beautiful body could hold the world in ransome with open arms and cold easily turn a heart of a man in a split of glance and for him to utter one world of jealousy to her could ruin everything. But it was these material world and its influence that threaten the relationship that was his worst fear.

The few months old fragile affair needed consolidation and stable approach or he could lose her to the material conscious world and in Melanesian society, the use of bride price payment was a common ritual that signified and consolidated the relationship but that again was a kind of transaction that literally blinded and confined women to psychological captivity which then inferiorated Melanesian women but Jules knew that Natasha was a liberal minded person, a little bit better to be inferiorated so capturing her love to himself for good had to be performed in a way that suited her fantasies and her kind of perceptions. She was good in bed and a household genius, he had seen and everything a woman should be and he wanted her to himself but Natasha was a free spirit and quite advance in the mind and to customize her would only bring torment and curse upon the relationship.

He had never enquired from her how she perceived manly qualities nor did she ever mentioned to him about what she wanted to do with her life. Their affair was just accidentally built up from physical attraction and sexual magnetism and their love towards each other was still at necessary.

Sex based love affairs were always dictated by sex based bed romm rules and that was an improper prelude to build upon as that kind of affair was undolative and not concrete but with him in the present situation, it seemed like there was going to be another dream to shatter and he felt that he could easily be depraved from the claim....what else could he think of.....”

“The use of money and material comfort to entice beautiful women and keep the relationship intact was a common practise and a popular perception and was the most used concept by around here but to employ that tactic would only be realized later as deceptive and vanity because money and material comforted and quantified life could never satisfy a human heart and along that insidiousness, many many errors were of often encountered and thousands and thousands of people were blinded by these practise.

“Just get her pregnant and she will be busy with baby and with a little life inbetween you can tie her down,” Uncle Gibbi once said. But that was a home grown advice and for Natasha who was quite refine, that would be injustice to her gentle spirit and beauty and would only be an indirect curse if she was to be burdened too much,” he thought.

“Marriage is a responsibility and is a profound obligation and if you are materially not equipped, don't try it,” his grandfather once said and that did make some sense but old bubu never mentioned about he exact time in the age ladder, at what peak should one execute such responsibilities, as love affairs and physical life span of a human body were of two different natures with the prime periods in age span to exercise excessive manifestations of love affairs fell in between the age of 18 to 30, a perception that was quite popular and below that was perceived as premature carnal desire and above that span was a little late to gratify one's desires and lusts, but then the problem was that people start to think of responsibilities when they start growing down the age ladder, from 35 onwards and that was crazy and funny.....funny in the sense that the spirit of live young and that determination is infinitively build into the human mind and chart the physical body betrayed along the way,...aging as it grew,...ugly as never expected of,...decays as it dies,...vanity..vanity.....” Jules was in deep thought as he searched for options in his mind.

“.....the only doctrine that can immortalize human body and could really have a capturing effect on any human mind was in the Bible, the seventh commandment and its mysterious relation and translation to the new life, with new immortalized youthful and beautiful bodies on the new earth that will be recreated after the Seventh millenium, a truth as guaranteed by the 10 eternal laws and that would mean entering and living a life that has to be guided and governed by the 10 moral and eternal laws and I could show her that,...It could help impersonate her....but if she disagrees, I just don't know. I might probably let time decide and let it take its course,....or, I guess, its a little too early for this infatuated imaginations, better stop here....,” Jules breaths and sighed heavily in deep thoughts. “Nena kalu koeyapanale,...mo naki, one mone kone enge siape,” (you might end up having a mental disorder,...stop thinking too much) the old aunty who had been silent although, knotting her bilum advised. She must have seen Jules gazing at Natasha obsessively as she walked out a while ago.

“Ummm,” he nodded his head and gazed back at her and smiled mildly.

“O, nena golena aeya mosipi wenare, ora wenanu diayale, sina, wenare so sana anda wena menda meaina kone sialo,” (your,...these Moresby woman are no real women,bro, I rather prefer you to marry someone from home) the old woman added.

“Hey,..she must have telepathically read my mind,” he thought . “Mama, you don’t understand this woman is my inspiration and you see, unlike your time, today you have to fall in love before you marry and you can still continuously nurture and maintain the love in the marriage, unlike our home where marriages are somehow pre-arranged; I mean there is a blessing in falling in love and getting married because whatever child produced out of love will always be of noble impudence and a refined being and this material world needs noble minds to sustain peace and harmony,.. anyway you would not understand what I am trying to imply, so forget it.” Jules tried to justify himself to his aunty and relaxed back onto the bed with the magazine and after a while he had dosed off unnoticed with the magazine still at his sides.