

## Chapter Seven

Lorena and I were sitting at a table with food in front of us ready to eat. It was a warm Thursday lunch time in Queen street mall. There were people everywhere tripping over each other as they walked down the mall. Some people were on their phones and were completely oblivious to anything else happening around them. Me and Lorena were eating at a café directly in the middle of the mall and had a good vantage point of all the wandering souls.

Lorena was looking beautiful in her tight pencil black skirt and green blouse. I was wearing a navy-blue business dress. I was so lucky that I was able to work from Brisbane for the day, otherwise our lunch would never have been possible. I was working in our second office on Mary St. We had another smaller office with a few employees and I was able to work there occasionally.

Lorena had brought a notebook with her that she had found that belonged to Frank, while I had brought the journal. I had been so busy at work that I was unable to do anymore reading of its contents. However, I had checked out all the coastal wave and wind patterns to see if that could have related to Franks research and I was even more puzzled.

I was eating a bowl of pea and ham soup with some crusty bread. I also had a cup of coffee in front of me and was taking sips in between my soup. If I had known I was to order soup, I doubt I would have got a cup of coffee. I was feeling a little parched and water would have been the better option. Lorena was stuffing down a pizza and coke.

“So, do you have any more news about uncle Frank’s work?” I asked Lorena while sloping down a spoonful of soup. “I found out that Frank was using his weekends to go sailing while exploring sea patterns.” I continued to inform Lorena of our sailing trip from the Saturday.

“I knew Frank was up to something. Yes, Dave rang me on Monday with all the news,” replied Lorena sounding rather excited. “I have this notebook I found in our room on Tuesday afternoon. It has some scriblings in it, but it’s not deciphering’s. Well not actually solved deciphering’s at any rate. I know he had *that* important work with him overseas...”

I opened the notebook that Lorena handed me. This notebook was smaller than Frank’s journal and much more colourful with pretty pictures on it. As I opened the book, I could see words xtzay and others scribbled over the first few pages with no deciphering’s in site!

“Wow. I read in Frank’s journal that he had started seeing reoccurring words in the Seallinwold book and this word here xtzay was one of them,” I pointed the scribblings and word out to Lorena.

“So, do you think the scribblings in his notebook will be of any use in the investigations?” asked Lorena. “I know they haven’t helped in mine!”

“They might. It’s too early to tell yet. What about your work?” I was still fishing for information from Lorena as she had indicated that Seallinwold is real, but she did not tell me much more than that! I was in shock that it took the death of my uncle before we found out what he was working on and doing with his life! If his investigations were really that amazing, then how come no one knew about it? That was puzzling me the most. If Seallinwold was such an amazing lost land with its own language, why did no one know it existed?

“Well as I said on the phone, I am sure Frank deciphered the text, but I haven’t found any evidence. That notebook you have in front of you, that made no sense to me, but I hope it might for you?” replied Lorena kind of asking. “When Frank was off overseas something had happened. You know how someone was following him?”

“Yes,” I replied sitting on the edge of my seat with soup in my mouth.

“Well there is something I did not tell you that I found out later on....” Lorena trailed off while eating her pizza.

“What is that?” I asked in even more anticipation.

“I found out the name of the person who was following him.” I was taken aback. Lorena had found out the name of the man who was following him, but how? Who was he? Why was he following my uncle? God the suspense was killing me. “His name was Xavier Russ and he was living over in South America at the time.”

“Right.....and why was he following Frank for?” I asked.

“Well, he was actually friends with Frank. They had became friends and they had a falling out and well Xavier knew what Frank was working on and .....” Lorena shrugged as if it was no big deal.

“So, let me get this straight. Frank was over in South America on a ‘fact finding mission’ looking for information on a book about a place called Seallinwold that he had been investigating for some time here even writing about it in his journal. While overseas, Frank made friends with a man named Xavier, but they had a falling out? Xavier was stalking Frank.

Frank had deciphered everything, but we have no evidence of it?" I took a massive breath as that was so exhausting saying all that in one hit. Was that what was really happening?

"Um.... yes, and you forgot the part where Frank had a heart attack and died. I know I know it sounds so far fetched and crazy. Hell, I didn't believe it all at first, but I contacted Xavier when I found out who he was," said Lorena.

"And how did you find out all that and why didn't you tell me over the phone? You said you did not know who the person following him was and you told Frank to be careful!" I said sounding a little confused and angry at how the story was changing before my very eyes.

"Well I wanted to tell you about Xavier in person. After that conversation with Frank I investigated it all myself without telling anyone and then I found out that person who was following him was his friend Xavier. He and I have met, and I think you should meet him too," concluded Lorena. I just sat there in complete shock.

"Meet him? Meet him? How? Why?" I just came out with the many questions.

"Are you doing anything this weekend?" asked Lorena. Didn't Xavier live overseas? How was he coming here so quickly?

"Not exactly. My archaeologist friend Alex is coming over on the Saturday."

"Well it would be a good thing if she is there too. Especially being an archaeologist. I would be so happy to have another pair of eyes and ears present. Can I bring Xavier over on the Saturday?"

"Sure, you can!" we exchanged all relevant information and I was now going to meet the very man who was apparently firstly friends with my uncle and then stalking him? If I had to document my life, it would be interesting to say the least!

I finished eating my soup as I looked around at all the people walking up and down Queen street mall. It was fun people watching and seeing how distracted some of them were as they walked quickly to where they needed to be. It's funny that during lunch time, the mall comes alive as workers leave their offices for lunch and a hint of shopping.

Now I had to tell Alex. I picked up my phone and messaged her with the new info about Saturday. I was both excited and a little scared that this strange man was coming to meet me, and he was a stalker. Was he nice or this scary being? When I pictured stalkers, I thought of bad, evil psychopaths who were to be avoided at all costs.

“Is Xavier a nice person?” I asked. It was such an important piece of information to know and be prepared for no matter what was to happen.

“Actually, yes he is nice. He was only stalking Frank because of the books. Anyway, I am going to leave all that for him to tell you on Saturday. He is currently living here for a time. I actually invited him to live here,” said Lorena taking the final bit of her pizza.

“Why? How?” I said.

“Well when I contacted him about the thing with Frank, he needed somewhere else to stay and I suggested here,” shrugged Lorena. “Gosh that pizza was to die for.”

“Great so I will see Xavier and yourself on Saturday at around lunch time?” I asked in confirmation.

“Yes,” ended Lorena.

We finished our drinks and that is when we both had to go back to work for the day. I did some last-minute shopping pushing my way through the crowds of people. I wanted to buy a book. I went back to my office where I was working to see several unanswered phone calls and emails waiting for my attention. Just what I needed.

With my investigations into the wave, wind and ocean patterns I do that everyday of my life. However, I was not sure how to quantify that into finding an unknown historical continent. In all my investigations I could not see any land formations in the sea that match the map in the book. I could also not see how any of the observable and documented maritime and weather events would have resulted in a land mass the same as in the book disappearing.

I have not had a dream of being engulfed by a tsunami in just under a week now and I was excited about it. When you dream that you are engulfed by a massive wave and you feel this massive body of heavy water come down on top of you, having a break from picturing that while sleeping is a godsend.

That afternoon, I went home excited, tired and wanting to know more. Only time will tell if we discover Seallinwold or not. I fell asleep in an instant.