

Chapter 8

On the Saturday morning I prepared the apartment for Xavier, Lorena and Alex's visit. Alex was coming over a tad earlier than the others, so she could update me on all her findings with the book. I was both excited and concerned. Excited about what she may or may not have discovered. Concerned about the trajectory my life and this research was taking. The research was consuming my life.

At around 11am the doorbell rang, and Alex arrived with a book in hand. I had not spoken to her much since the original meeting over a week or two ago at Dads lunch. Alex looked excited as she came in and sat on the lounge. I was excited to see her after all we were the two Rs and great friends.

I told her about my date with James and meeting my new cousin Dave. I also told her about our sailing trip that I was going to invite her on and forgot, and about my meetings with Lorena. I thought Lorena could inform her of everything else when she arrived or maybe Xavier? "Alex, so what do you have to tell me about your findings?" I asked.

"Well Cottony, um, at first I thought this book was just a good story. I read through it, or rather flicked through it, and could see all this text and thought what I am to make of it?" Alex was a whizz at understanding history, so I was really looking forward to hearing her ideas.

"So, did you discover anything?" I asked.

"Well yes and no. I think this is a place that is mythical for now. I could find no evidence that it is a place that existed. But if you look back in history many creation myths speak of a how there was a great flood, and how human's survived and long-lost lands disappeared or were created. Then you also get mythical places based on some truth like that of Atlantis. Where a disaster occurred in history and then people write about it many years later with some truth and some lies all thrown in for good measure. So, I think Seallinwold could be exactly that, a place part based on truth and part on fiction and storytelling. Someone has taken a historical even and modified it to form this book," Alex took out the book from her bag and was showing it to me. I had already seen it.

"So, you think it is a mythical story then?" I was a little disappointed as why my would uncle spend so much time absorbed into researching a myth story? I still had to find out more about Frank's death yet too.

“Yes, I think that it could be based on a historical event and then a story written about it. Also, it could be just a mythical story. They are my two theories at this stage. I even asked my fellow archaeologists and they were just as puzzled as I was about the whole thing. I mean, if you look at myths, they often have mythical islands, mythical places and such like. Take creation myths, they talk of how the world and lands are created and formed. At first, I thought that maybe the map in the other book was something of how the ancients pictured our world in history. But then, I thought that the map is of an island and therefore it could be just like Atlantis, a place that was supposed to have existed and then ended in a catastrophe and complete disaster. However, that map in the book looks nothing like Atlantis either so....” Alex was still as perplexed as me by the sounds of it.

“I must tell you that my uncle Frank supposedly had deciphered the text in the books, but Lorena told me that his works were with him overseas and they have not been found,” I informed Alex.

“So, your uncle had found something out about Seallinwold then?” asked Alex.

“Well yes, when Lorena arrives, she might be able to tell you herself. This other man coming over, Xavier, he was my uncle’s friend, but then they had a fight and he knew something about our mystery, so he began stalking him apparently!”

“Right.... Well I would be so happy to hear what they know, because to me it sounds like a historical event that was turned into a mythical story! I tried reading the text and of course I couldn’t. But here, see this?” Alex was pointing to a page of the book where there was a diagram of symbols in the shape of a T. Each symbol looked like something, one an apple, one a book and so forth. Just looking at the page it made absolutely no sense to me. “I have been mulling this page over and over in my mind. What do the symbols represent for example. I tried interpreting them literally as they appear, as an example, apple could mean apple or fruit, that book image could mean book, learnings etc. That is when I started thinking it was an event based in history.”

“Why and how?” I asked.

“Well, when I had deciphered the whole T shape starting at the top and working across going down it spelled out something that sounded like a mythical story,” said Alex.

“What did it say?” I asked.

“Well if you look at the symbols and then add some joining words. You get something like, a door opened, see the door picture?” Alex was pointing to the picture of a door in the T diagram.

“To a garden with fruit, apples, pears and there is a book or library or knowledge, as that picture looks like a brain, then the rain and bad weather came to end in disaster. Do you see the clouds and the mountain symbol? Then you can see how the mountain is cut in two? That is what it meant to me when I read it. Something about prosperity a city full of gardens, food and knowledge and then disaster strikes and ends it all. Of course, I could be completely wrong and be taking those symbols in the wrong direction,” replied Alex sounding a tad excited.

“Right, well I see how you came to that conclusion. A land is prosperous and then ends in complete disaster,” I replied thinking about the logic of the symbols.

“Yes, that is how it all works. I would love to see what Xavier has to say on the topic though,” just as Alex had said that he arrived at the door with Lorena. I followed through with a range of introductions.

“Xavier,” I said. “Alex has just deciphered this T diagram full of symbols we think. What are your views?” Xavier examined the text and just sat there for a little while prior to responding. Xavier was a quiet man in his 40s, with black hair and of average height. He was not coming across to me as a stalker type at all. I was surprised as he seemed like a nice man. I was so interested in hearing his views and ideas on the books and just why he began stalking my uncle.

“Well...” Xavier had a strong south American accent. “I believe what your friend Alex said is true. Me and your uncle Frank were working together on this and we found similar.”

“Similar?” I asked, and Alex was also listening intently.

“Yes, we found a lot of knowledge and findings. When your uncle came over, he stayed with me and confided in me his workings and research. He was so excited and at first I thought he was so, how do you say it in English, crazy?”

“Yes, crazy is the right word. What happened? Lorena said you were kind of following my uncle? Why may I ask?” I said as Lorena raised her eye brows.

“Yes, you may ask. Um... well... Um we had deciphered part of the book and it was getting interesting and then your uncle cut me out of his research. I wanted to know more. I was so excited. But it started becoming dangerous. I received this phone call telling me to stay away. I tried warning Frank, but he ignored,” Xavier had such a strong accent.

“So, you followed him?” I asked.

“Yes, I followed. To warn him and to find out what he was doing,” replied Xavier.

“And what was he doing?” I asked. I felt so sorry for Xavier now being dragged into my uncle’s warped research.

“Well he was deciphering the text, but others knew and wanted in on it and....” said Xavier.

“Well what did he find?” I was probing for answers while Alex and Lorena just sat their listening intently.

“He had deciphered part of the book. He told me that Seallinwold was of a land from a time before. That he had discovered its location, who lived there and that it was an event that left only a few survivors who wrote about their land,” said Xavier.

“And did you believe it?” I asked.

“Yes, yes I did,” replied Xavier.

“You did? And did Frank disclose where?” I asked.

“Disclose? No no. Not to me. He said it was in his book. I never found his book and I followed him and followed him, and others were watching too, but he never revelled his book to me,” replied Xavier taking a pause to have some water. “Then your aunt Lorena contacted me, and I told her what I told you. I was needing to get away and so I came here. Can I have a cookie?”

“Yes of course. So, no one knows where Frank’s work is?” I asked. I was so frustrated and angry that this place called Seallinwold existed, the books had been deciphered and no one knew were the answers and deciphering’s were! However, I thought Alex was making super progress with her investigations that’s for sure.

“No no. Well I know a little. The book was a history of the land named Seallinwold he said. How they had this massive library and gardens and advanced language and technology and then one day a disaster hit, and their world ended. I know like Atlantis huh?” said Xavier as if he knew that is what me and Alex were sitting there thinking.

“Great so my interpretation is not far off then!” chimed in Alex excited. If Alex could interpret that diagram, then what else was she able to discover? I was now a little excited. “I don’t think its Atlantis, similar story yes, but I knew I was on the right track....” I was excited for Alex at that time.

The four of us sat there interpreting the diagram, discussing the text and other such things. We had some lunch when we decided to stop looking for Frank’s work and findings and discover our own. We would all go off and do our own research on the topic and come back and regroup in a weeks’ time with our new findings.

“How about we have a club and called it the ‘Seallinwold Club,’” said Alex sounding so excited about it all.

“Sounds like a plan,” I finished, and I am sure the other two, Xavier and Lorena, found it all a little childish. But never mind. I had never been part of a club looking into ancient mysteries before, so this sounded like a great plan to me! It was so secret I was never even allowed to tell James! What did you do today he would ask, and what was I to say? Oh nothing, we formed a secret club and are trying to find an ancient lost island culture that disappeared, but oh I am doing absolutely nothing! God, I would have to remain silent for now. “Can we invite the rest of our family? I am sure Dave, Curtis and Dad would love in on it.”

“Yes, we can,” said Alex. So, it was going to be our very own exclusive research club with Lorena, Xavier, Alex, Me, Curtis, Dave and Dad Marcus. What a fun journey that lay ahead of us.

“Great,” I replied. The four of us sat there mulling over our findings all afternoon about where the place was located, and what the words in the books meant. It was a fun time as we worked our way through chapters, paragraphs and diagrams full of strange symbols.

I had to go and do some more research and investigations about Frank’s death and why he would have had a heart attack when there was no family history of it. Meanwhile, Lorena said she would invite Dave to join our club and I would ask Dad and my brother Curtis.

With my investigations about Frank’s death, I had drafted up an email to the local authorities in South America that I was going to send to them to see if I could open an investigation into his death. Otherwise, if that had failed, I would just ring around and ask as many people as I could. My weekends were turning into investigation sessions now and my free time twiddling away before my very eyes.

I went through the symbols that Alex said she had deciphered. I could clearly see the symbols in the book and what they all meant. The image of trees, the image of fruit, it all made sense now. Did the writers of the book design it like that so anyone long into the future could understand it? If the Seallinwold naïve language was not spoken anymore, was designing symbols and diagrams like that their way of showing everyone what the book meant? I had read a theory that the world and earth as we know it had already suffered several cataclysmic events and each time that happens the world begins again. So, all the technology and advancements are lost and evolution is let to begin anew. I am not sure I believe that idea, but in the case of Seallinwold, I am sure there might be a little logic to it.

After Lorena, Xavier and Alex left I sat there going through uncle Frank's journal again and decided to finish my Saturday by reading the next chapter.

2nd June 2014. I had started jotting down my notes and other things this week. I had to get organised and see what I could find.

I also contacted a man named Ralph who owns a yacht and he decided to take me out sailing in a few days, so I can go and explore something I think is linked to the books. I have had the idea that Seallinwold is a land that once existed. Therefore, my logical next steps are to investigate the weather patterns to see where the likely place where such a land and island existed in the world. As I know nothing about our earth or landscapes, I want to start by exploring our local coastlines, and how our landscape was formed. Because who knows the island could have existed here near the coast of Australia! Doubtful I know, but that is certainly a starting point in my investigations. I am going off with Ralph to see what I can find.

In terms of my deciphering's I think the word xtzay means country or land. I am not sure exactly, but that is what I think it means. Every time I see it in context with sentence structure it looks as though it is describing a land or place. I am taking a lot of notes!

Also, in one of the books along with all the mysterious and strange symbols was a diagram with some symbols of things I do recognise, such as an apple, a door and so forth. I am working my way through this diagram to see what I can find. Signed Frank.

We are up to the same level of investigations as Frank was in June 2014 by the sounds of it. We have a long way to go just yet. Every time I read a chapter of his journal, I get even more excited about what is happening. So, the word xtzay could mean country? On Monday I will jump right into further studies. Until then I needed a rest.....