

Chapter Nine

I was so excited about our Seallinwold club and looking forward to our meeting later that day. Discovering a vast and unknown land and culture with their own language excited me and really encouraged me to explore every possible avenue in my investigations. The week was so eventful for me covering everything from going to work, seeing James again and of course investigating Seallinwold. With my Seallinwold investigations, I was focusing my energy on three things: my uncle Frank's death, exploring maritime events and his journal.

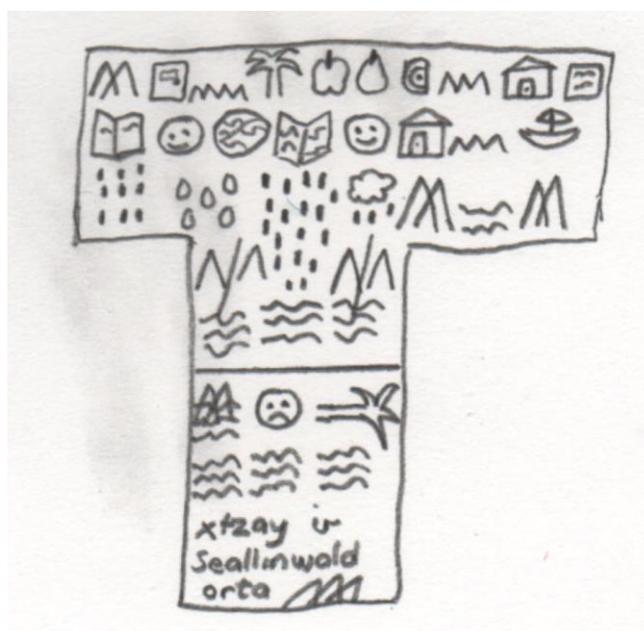
Firstly, I had found out that the authorities had no idea why my uncle died of his heart attack. In other words, they don't know what caused it, but it was a heart attack that killed him without question. How did that answer my questions or give me more information about what Frank discovered? It didn't. And after contacting a range of people enquiring into his death, I was none the wiser or more informed.

Secondly, on the Monday I had gone to work and investigated all I could about wind and weather patterns for areas I had not investigated before. I found absolutely no strong evidence of seamounts or areas under the sea that could have been our Seallinwold. At least not on the surface. Of course, it depends on how you interpret events, the formation of the earth and how far back. Also, even scientists have differing views. However, I did see two spots of interest, one a few hundred kilometres off the west coast of Australia, and the other one off the east coast. In our history, it was possible that these areas were once above the waterline as we know it today. I could not claim to say either one of them was Seallinwold. I wouldn't want to cause a massive upheaval within the scientific community just because of my research.

Thirdly, I had read the next chapter of uncle Frank's journal.

June 14, 2014. Well my first voyage out with Ralph was so interesting to say the least. We went out into the harbour where I quizzed Ralph about everything from sea currents, wind direction and even seamounts. I had this notion that our mysterious island might have sunk down into the depths. How else was I to explain the map and other mysteries deeply hidden in our two books? I had to re-examine what I was working with here. I had two books. One of the books had a map of an island and writing in an unknown language, the other book had more writings and even some symbols that I recognised and then there was a bigger fold out map of an island that was the same as the one in the book. I had read through both books and I was still none the wiser. I had really started making some solid progress though. I arranged to go out with Ralph again in a week taking my son Dave with me next time around.

I had discovered the story from the T shape diagram. A land of fruit and knowledge suffered a natural disaster. Those symbols were useful, and I think that is what it means. I had thought about why they would include such a diagram in the first place. But what that told me was that this culture had the same things as us, fruit, books, mountains and more besides. It was something I never thought about before. Because hypothetically if these books were real and a real unknown place that once existed, then that place was now here on earth. I know, I know, but why would a place in another world have the same fruit and vegetables and books as we do! Evolving differently to us would mean their food supply would differ as would their forms of written communication. It sounds so simple and yet it answered a lot of questions. I now know it was a place that existed here, and I firmly believe that those books are based on fact not fiction. I can't explain how, but I just know they are! I have drawn the T diagram below for my own reference. Noting my drawing looks abysmal and so bad in comparison to the real image in the book. In the book the symbols are better in design of course! At the bottom of the T diagram is a small sentence, I copied that into the drawing as best I could.



With the text I am making substantial progress. I have discovered the word ir means of I think and the word xtzay means country or land. And of course, Seallinwold is the name of the land. I have found another few words, xtzayler I think means land ended, and xtzaygor is land is prosperous. That is what I am finding so confusing with my progress. If the word xtzay means country or land, why does it have extra letters at the end? At first, I thought that meant landing or lander or something with and additional. Then I realised that is not the case at all! I think

in this culture's language, whether made up or real, they add extra words onto the end of other words to form new meanings. As I explained by adding ler to xtzay it means end or ended, and by anding gor it means good or prosperous. I am so excited every time I get that bit closer. The hardest part for me is I have no way of knowing if I am right or wrong. I have no one to consult or ask. But I must keep plodding away one day at a time. Signed Frank.

I reminded myself to show Alex this chapter in the journal when she arrived later today. I went outside for a walk along the beach to clear my mind prior to our Seallinwold club meeting. I was so tired as I hadn't been sleeping well, what with the extreme stress of my investigations, my work and I was really missing James. James rang me earlier in the week and I was just so happy to hear his voice on the other end of the line. He was extremely busy with work and would come and visit and stay over sometime next week. That night after I went out dancing with James, he stayed over at my house. I had passed out on the lounge, and he slept on the floor not wishing to disturb me. Nothing happened between us, but I just loved knowing he was there. I was so excited to get to see him again. I have had short term boyfriends before, but the way I feel about him is something different. It's something I have never experienced before.

While I was walking along the beach, I felt this wave of extreme tiredness come over me. I sat down on the sand and nearly fainted. It was so scary, and I was deciding if I should take myself off to the doctors or just go back home in preparation for our Seallinwold club. I can't explain how I felt as I was walking along the beach, but it was like how I felt during my tsunami dream. In those dreams I feel a heaviness in my chest as the water is engulfing me. This time I had a vision that the water at the beach had receded and a big wave was coming and was going to take me with it, far and back out, deep into the vast ocean away from any form of rescue. As I saw the vision of the water receding in my mind, I felt faint, heavy, and tired all at once and needed to sit down on the grainy hot sand. When I did, I felt a little better. Then I sat there for a good ten minutes before getting back up to go back home.

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That afternoon the whole group arrived at my apartment. It was agreed that we would change up our meeting places and for this week it was at my place. There was Me, Lorena, Xavier, Alex, Dave, Marcus and Curtis. We were all crammed into my small apartment. Some sitting on the lounge, some at the dinning table and my brother Curtis was lying on the floor. Everyone off investigating their own findings they had discovered over the week.

Then I decided on getting everyone to take turns at walking through what they discovered during the week and I was to document it all for us as a collective. I think the others in the group were taking a keen interest in the investigation now. When I asked dad earlier that week if he would like to join our group, I am sure he thought I was mental. He was excited for me and Curtis to be working together and learning about our uncle Frank. As soon as I mentioned Lorena and Dave, he was a little uneasy about the whole thing. But once he arrived at my apartment, he was happy he came, and he was off talking to Lorena and getting to know her. That was so exciting for all of us. To be here together and all working as a team. I am sure Frank would be so proud of us all.

After everyone was around sharing their findings I collated them all and read out the main points of interest.

Xavier and Lorena had found another contact back over in central America who might know where Franks deciphering's are located. That was the find of a century as far as I was concerned.

My brother Curtis found out that in the book with the map there is another diagram with symbols, but this time the symbols are different and represent just random symbols. These symbols are dots and dashes like morse code, with additional swirls. He promised us he would have that diagram written up and deciphered by our next meeting. I was excited for him.

Dave had one of the best findings of all in my opinion. He found a page that my uncle wrote down and I read it with extreme excitement.

Xtzay ir Seallinwold orta iyr – Our country of Seallinwold is here.

Our country of Seallinwold is here. What did that mean? Then Dave pointed out something, that it could mean one of two things: that the land is here on earth, or it could mean that it is here near those mountains in that T diagram? It could mean both. Where are those mountains located? Then the words that I read in Franks journal, xtzayler meaning ended, and xtzaygor meaning good or prosperous how are they explained? Now with this new line of text how do the other words fit? I was sitting there with the others both intrigued and perplexed. It was at that point that I shared my findings in Frank's journal with everyone and Dave kindly informed me, he had already read his dad's journal anyway.

“So, what did you make of that then Dave?” I asked my cousin really intrigued now and wanting to understand the language in question.

“Its simple Cottony. Look the word orta means here in their language. The word iyr means is or represents some form of joining word. While the words xtzaygor means the ‘country good’. So, if you have to say that Seallinwold is good, ok or prosperous, you say *Xtzaygor ir Seallinwold*. Country of Seallinwold good. They write kind of backwards. I realised that early on when I was reading through Dad’s journal.”

“Ok, well what about the word Our? Where is that represented in their language?”

“It’s not represented Cottony. That’s the whole point, they assume in their language that we already know they mean our. It’s their country. So, it’s *our country*. Does that make sense? Another way to write that statement is *country of Seallinwold is here*. But because we know it’s their country, we automatically add our at the beginning.’

I was just taken aback and finding their language, if indeed my uncle was correct, difficult to comprehend or understand. And no matter how many times it was explained I don’t think I would find it easy to understand.

“I get it,” said Alex and she had her own findings to share too. She had tried to decipher even more of the symbols and language. She knew for sure now that Seallinwold was a place here that was prosperous. It was an Island. It was a place that had gardens, fruit, libraries and its people were smart. Then their world suffered some sort of event. “I also get we are definitely not looking at Atlantis, but something similar. See this map? That map guys is not that of Atlantis. So, this I am now calling the second Atlantis, for now at least, until we solve it.”

“Wow, the second Atlantis uh? Well that’s a new spin on our findings Alex,” I exclaimed.

“Yeap, it sure is! That name is just until we know for sure,” replied Alex to everyone at my apartment that day. I started distributing food to them all and while I was reading out our main findings and we were having our ongoing discussions about it, we were all munching away.

Dad had not found anything and had not even researched anything. But he made a valid point to our research as all sceptics should. That until we have definitive proof, it’s all a load of bogus mumbo jumbo and we should take it as such and not get ahead of ourselves. When we all needed that bit of grounding and rational thinking, my dad was there to save the day. The further we all got into the fun research, the more of a sceptic my dad became. Every time we made a discovery, dad would question how we came to our conclusions. When I showed everyone the T diagram, dad poo poed the idea right away without any justification. I felt so angry at him, and I also understood his point of view.

After a few hours of discussions and general banter, the others all slowly began to leave and make their way back to their respective houses for the day. We agreed to meet up at my cousin Dave's house next weekend. And to be honest his premises was rather strategically located. He was much closer to Brisbane and easier for others to get to. Dad reluctantly agreed to remain part of our club until the end and until we had found Seallinwold.

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That evening I rang James and watched some TV to chill out when I heard a scratching noise coming from my doorway. I went over to investigate and looked out my peep hole to see no one there. I went back to sit on the lounge and watch more TV. Then there it was again, a scratching noise, like the sound of a cat scratching at the door. This time that scratching was louder. But again I could see nothing, so I opened my front door. I could see absolutely no one there and so once again I went back inside, closed the door, locked it and went back to watch TV. Then, I could hear another scratching noise and it was bothering me now. I wasn't scared or afraid, rather curious as to where the sound was coming from. Was it a feral cat outside?

I went into my bedroom and as I was walking through the door of my room, I felt a person's hand grab me and cover my mouth with a piece of cloth as if to gag me. I was frozen with fear. All those times you get taught how to defend yourself in the event you get burgled were useless. When something like that happens for real you aren't always able to defend yourself. I was stunned and unable to react let alone do anything in the way of defence. Now I knew those scratching noises were definitely not cats.

The person's other hand came up beside me and felt a prick as a needle was driven into my arm. I felt so tired and sleepy. My eyes closed and I dropped to the floor.