

KEEGON LOFCRE

NO
EULOGY
FOR
J D
SPADON

CHAPTER 1.

“NEW PLACES RELATED TO AN OLD SEED”

From the low coastal dunes of “Ousbor”, people were now becoming so used to seeing more and more of English ships with their ensigns fluttering in the cool sea breezes, to the point they hardly paused from what they were doing to look at the ships.

Ousbor was a very typical large French coastal town, like most other coastal towns the world over, with plenty of open drains, sewage outlets, all spilling into the back alleys, running seaward to empty into a cleansing of ebbing waves, the inhabitants cramping themselves, into half-circle shape of the port’s inlet.

Gutted fish entrails of the day’s catch, hung off the massive wooden pylons and thick planking painted in the rainbow colours of sea-birds fishy splatter, fiercely drying to the sun’s heat.

Natural oceanic smells arose, mixing with the town’s populous, contributing to incalculable sweet, and offensive odours, to preparation of foods, mixing things of business, coupled with their sustaining existence, unfiltered from the horse manure, sweat, of walking or hurrying beasts laden of their work loads, engulfing the air strongly of such, until a wind racing in off the salty water cleaned the atmosphere, for flowering blossoms of a season to paint air in fragrance.

These subtle changes, long unnoticed by the settling inhabitants, had become so unaware of the lingering smells, as meals were thoroughly enjoyed, in outside café's scenic charm, overlooking the beautiful waves.

Restaurants, inns, bordello's, shops, the many things saleable, some were not so visually saleable, unless it from under the counter, were all offered to the patrons.

Marcel Dubray walked into the large "Gireie" sailing supply shop, to lodge an order for one of his many sailing vessels he owned.

The Gireie, a big, thick sturdy beamed building, built at least one hundred years ago of plentiful supply of easily obtainable hardwood, it was really a very austere designed building purposely built as a shipping supply and chandler's work area.

Large open top and bottom floors were exactly ideal for this type of work, hence the most basic design of it.

Klee Meevers was the owner\ merchant that had the building constructed, making a fine living off supplying the numerous ships of the many coastal towns.

There were two large sets of stairs on either side of the main bottom room, leading up or down from the main work\supply area for wagons to come in, be loaded then continue on, out through the huge opening of the back wall's lockable high gates, turning right or left to rejoin the main thoroughfare.

Marcel exchanged pleasantries with Klee, giving his requirements rather quickly, Marcel had no time to waste on chitchat with Klee Meevers, for any longer than he needed to conclude his business dealings with Klee, Marcel Dubray had other urgent business to take care of.

Marcel Dubray used Gireie sailing supply building as his pretext, for him being seen in this area, for Marcel had installed his young mistress, Michelle Frabarr, in a house close to the Gireie supply depot, allowing him to visit when the desire took hold, citing his business interests to his wife.

Marcel getting a demanding message of sexual want for his mistress, living but two blocks away, he is very well aware, if he used the back alleys to reach her place as quick as he could, he could be there in no time at all.

Marcel's blood coursing faster, stronger, around his body, he quickened his pace with a very springy step almost breaking him into a smiling easy run.

Marcel was feeling "so good" as he hurried down the back alleys, his foot-steps splashing the sewer and rubbish littering the stinking open drains, leading off from the main street.

Marcel continued down one alley, turned in another, leading back onto main street, rushing inattentively from a side alley onto "Quilbby" street, there getting hit by a horse pulling a handsome cab, throwing him hard against the wall of the grocery merchant's shop front.

Marcel rebounded off the wall, regaining his steady footing, assailed by foul swearing words of the cab driver, dangerously cracking slender whip above Marcel's head.

Marcel almost dumbfounded by what just happened, starting to shake in tremors thinking how close he had just come to dying, all over a bit of lovely young sweet quim.

Marcel for a briefest moment thought he should have followed the cab driver and beaten him, he was very sure he could have done so, Marcel decided to leave well enough alone.

Marcel in need of Michelle much more than a fight with some inbred cab driver, he could hardly help himself by the time he banged on Michelle's back door, dribbling from his throbbing penis, half-pushed open the door as he heard Michelle turn the key of the latch, nearly hitting her with the door in his rampant haste.

Marcel grabbed Michelle, with a whispered apology, urgently kicking the bottom of the door to close, turning the latch to lock, urgently coaxing, fully demanding Michelle, onto her hands and knees, in a sexual kneeling position on the material covered main lounge, quick satisfying himself, almost gagging as he ejaculated his very fresh semen into Michelle's ever willing body.

Their day seemed to slip away in erotic moments as the early afternoon called around, with a cool puff of sea air through slightly ajar kitchen windows, adjoining the lounge room, Marcel saying sad longingly, it was time to leave his lovely Michelle for another day.

Michelle Frabarr an extremely good-looking, almost perfectly shaped young woman, blooming to her stateliness of womanhood, always allowing Marcel to have her, even when she was on her period, as any common whore might be had, by a desperate sailor, away at sea for years, might take a woman to any of his wildest needs.

Michelle having deep, deep black hair, with luscious thick lips, sparkling eyes, the depth of dark rubies, a perfect legacy of genetic throw back to her, Greek\French\Algerian ancestry.

Her mother "Mylenna", an Algerian, still living, in her home village of "Ceecer" on the Mediterranean coast, most tearfully sad, when couldn't persuade her child to stay.

Michelle had told her mother she intended to return to France, to begin her own life, using surname of Frabarr, “there’s a very big world out there for me, mother, I love you, but I need to find myself a decent life, and returning to France after all these years, I hope to find it.

Michelle’s mother fled from France with her young child, Michelle, to her hometown, back to the safety of her mother\father\relatives, to escape the endless dishonour of, Michelle’s father, “Louie Beila’”, non-to-patriotic, no good Frenchman, from the town of “Zelyke”, having disappeared twenty years before, after failing to attend the prearranged duel against “Marcus Pourtazaye”, over some silly remark taken as offensive, ensuring a duel of honour to settle such matter.

It seems that Marcus Pourtazaye, had a very, very, young, beautiful wife, extremely, fiercely, over protective of her.

Louie let slip in public to one of his acquaintances; “Do you think Pourtazaye’s wife was old enough to have any hairs on her quim yet”, both men had laughed loudly, moved on among the other people of the stalls and barrows of laden goods, enjoying their drinks as they went.

What should have been a forgotten rude male joke, amongst a couple of men meaning no harm, was overheard by one of Pourtazaye’s closest friends, being passed on to Pourtazaye in its retelling, as if an insult had been meant of the stupid innocent question, with Louie Beila’s, cowardly decamping, his dishonour always stayed a blight on their family’s name, most probably discussed somewhere to this very moment, among the fading light of truth into twilight of speculative gossip.

Michelle had indeed returned to France, with her fabricated stories, of her social standing in other parts of France, very cautiously and sensibly, manoeuvring herself into the most likeable position for her, of a female person, of no real social standing\money\family name to trade on, become a mistress.

Michelle had inwardly decided this, yet after another plain, abusive, tacky relationship, with, “Emetar Diorge”, he in paying her no attention, except when, HE wanted sex, most times it was only to satisfy himself, caring not about her needs as a woman, coupled to his constant verbal abuse.

Why give something out for free, like she had been doing so casually, when she could use herself, from being a desirable woman, she would make some gullible male pay for her privileges, someone married with a lot to lose, but a lot to gain for payment of her house and living, all she had to do, was the same she did with Emetar Diorge, back in Ceecer, pretending most times.

Tranquillity of late evening, broken by clip clopping of the horse drawn carriage, rhythmic clunking of its steel rims, wrapped around the wooden spoked wheels, hitting on the ancient Roman made bricks, forming the surface of the road.

It was such a usual noise, it often passed by unheard, disappeared into many other noises of the street, as night grew older, starting to shine stars more clearly, for moon to see very clearly length of entire street and houses, among silhouettes of dancing shadows, given animation from the large lit gas lamps, aligned along the street, clip clopping slowed, then stopped as the driver tethered reins from the horse, to the short handled brake adjacent to his right side.

The brake handle was about knee height, so as to be able to be pulled back hard, to engage mechanism to clamp hard on the steel rim of the wheels, stopping the carriage if needed.

Sounds of every where's living, spread out through the none silencing walls of the houses, onto street to echo about a street, some loud and very distinguishable voices in debate, could be made out, almost to be confrontational, but mostly though it was the muffle of the voices, caused by the noise escaping through the wall of the houses.

Other sounds and noises, were dimmed, filtered, by the garden vegetation and trees, level of buildings, situation of the houses, in relation to where you were at the time.

Beautiful band music with riotous laughter, from a wedding reception rolled down along the street, as if they were the waves rolling up and down the shores.

Barking of dogs, talking to each other, whilst some dogs just barked at the barks, with the sounds of alley cats, calling, fighting, intermingling throb of life along the street.

The traffic on the street was starting to increase, as it did every night, including Sunday, from gentlemen quietly returning home from their clubs or mistresses.

Single horse drawn "Smart" buggies was for a single person only, the "family" or "Leger" carriage was a mostly, four horse drawn heavy sprung sturdy carriage, that could also accommodate some baggage and belongings as well as the passengers.

"Effeel" street, very busy with the many horse-drawn carriages, talk from drivers to their horses, constant crack of whips about horses, not hitting horses, sound to keep horses in check, moving, at a reasonable pace to their destination.

Banse Marka's very heavy laden wagon, loaded with many twenty gallon barrels of beer, rolled along crushing to dust, anything that lay upon the road as the wagon made its way to his delivery points.

His twelve extremely large horses, harnessed of four abreast, three rows, strained constantly the massive weight compelled them to move, slowly through the street, down around the corner into another street delivering their goods.

Moonlight almost shining full upon the streets and houses, witnessing heavy hits upon Michelle's door, from a well-made and expensive hand-cane, bringing Michelle to open the door and face an unknown woman.

"Are you Michelle Frabarr"?

"Yes I am, and who are you to be beating down my door in such a fashion, at this late hour."

"I am the wife of Marcel Dubray and you will keep away from my husband.

You are nothing but a fucking slut and I will kill you myself, if I ever see you, or HEAR, that you have been with my husband again, you disgraceful whore of a cheap slut".

Dubray's wife then struck Michelle across the side of the face with her hand-cane, knocking Michelle backwards onto her backside on the floor, Dubray's wife then got back into her cab, yelling at the driver very angrily, to move off.

Michelle staggered as she got back up, groggy from the blow, closing the front door, feeling the reddening welt of the cane, expanding in size, starting to cry from the pain, grabbing an old cloth, soaking it in some cold water before applying it to her face.

Michelle became worried, believing nasty determined women of Dubray's wife's influence, would really kill her.

Or have someone to do it for her, now that she was pregnant to her husband.

Especially so now, reasoned Michelle, if her liaison with Marcel, was to become the main loathsome tirades of conversations, among the wives of Dubray's wife's circle of friends.

This circle of so called good, intimate, close friends, covering over the facts of their own husband's infidelities, hungers, for women other than themselves.

Michelle knew of this circle of friends to Marcel and his wife, whom more than they would like to truly comment on, their "marriages", had been suitably arranged unions of family names linking estates, keeping "old money" in "old families", their husbands affairs if kept strictly private, was belatedly tolerated, never mentioned for public's ears.

Michelle had long since realised that Marcel would never leave his wife and kids for her, it would be her, would be condemned, it would all be her fault, even though, some of Marcel's very close friends knew Michelle was Marcel's kept mistress.

'But what to do, what to do, what to do', anguished Michelle, because when her pregnancy is discovered, she might just have a nasty accident, no one would believe her side of the ageless tale.

Michelle was exactly right, she was totally ostracised, particularly true of Marcel himself, to protect himself, his wife, their family's good names, his fortune, rid himself of a mistress's baggage with a child on the way.

Marcel had concocted an excuse, that in his round of gatherings, charitable engagements, Michelle Frabarr had totally thrown herself at him time and time again.

“I steadfastly refused, insulted by such a proposition, being a loyal husband, abruptly dismissing her outlandish sluttish behaviour, until one night after much drinking had taken place, at a big charity gathering, to celebrate raising so much money to finalise completion of a building for the sickened waifs of the area, a start of our ongoing charity.

My wife being present, occupied with her charitable deeds, when Michelle Frabarr accosted me into a vacant room saying my wife wanted to see me.

Being a good husband, I quickly forwarded myself to the room without hesitation, where Michelle Frabarr took her advantage of me, I was most insistent, saying no, no, no over a number of times, to when I found she had me having sex with her.

She had flagrantly and wantonly seduced me, I felt as though I had been raped by this whore of a woman, because of my standing in society for monetary gain”.

His tall tale of untruth was expediently accepted, his wife made out in public scrutiny it actually happened, she said they had contacted the police, Marcel was repentantly humbled, by the grave experience, both of them performed to their roles, Michelle Frabarr shouldered blame of guilt.

Marcel was more worried that someone, as someone always does, sees someone doing that something, they are not supposed to be doing, and would divulge the real truth against his denial of his never knowing this woman, when he most certainly had been seen with her, so the drinking scenario came into play so fully backed up by his “reliable witnesses” of whom there were many.

Marcel had tearfully pleading with emotion, told his wife, Cessene, his concocted story.

Ending with a whore's demand of even more money, claiming her pregnancy to him, to gain advantage over him.

“My dearest, dearest, Cessene, it is bad enough your feelings are so indisposed of knowing, to have your loving husband seduced, against his will, now to have a common whore, make claim to my fathering her child, just what can I offer to you and God as my witness to all my innocence in this disturbing, disgraceful, episode that I will do my best to protect our home and family from such things.

Cessene, I love you so much, this tragedy plays upon my mind and heart with such weight of wanting your total forgiveness as a dying man's last request, I will instruct our legal people to inform the police of such ransom demands.

Once again my dearest Cessene, I swear, I have not want or need of another woman, my love, loyalty has, and always, does lay at home with you my wife and love, please forgive me of such a thing I am so innocently immersed in a cunning attack on myself that has affect upon you”, Marcel breaking down sobbing to Cessene's comforting arms.

“Marcel, I believe your innocence of committing no such sinful intentional wrong doings against me, so please leave this matter for a loyal and loving wife to take care of.

Let us stop this topic from growing by pieces added by scandalous retelling, by our ability to make this woman disappear, Marcel we shall speak no more of this issue and by the joining of our bodies, as vowing an end to it, it will have no more light of day”.

Cessene began undressing, wanting to make sure that Marcel did in fact take her immediately as a woman, all the time knowing everything about his denied mistress, yet this knowledge was cunningly guiled.

In her consummately giving of herself to the smartly performing Marcel.

Marcel was inwardly smiling to his getting away with his ploy, very thankful to his maker, that his penis stiffened so quickly, to his words of love to his wife.

Cessene, moaned, digging her long fingernails, into her husband's bare back, in retaliatory imagining, not in the ecstasy of orgasmic pleasure, but from the now on the many ways she was going to make her lying, cheating, husband to pay for her silence.

Michelle suffering from feeling so ill to each of these mornings, almost never heard the softish knock on her door.

"Who is it, and what do you want", Michelle queried rather rudely being in no mood for anyone.

"Miss Frabarr, I am a close friend of the Dubray's, may I speak with you about yourself and the baby".

Michelle thought, 'what could the Dubray's possibly want, with her and the baby', taking time to wonder about if she, 'would let him in or not, he knows my first name, who I am, maybe he is who he says he is', Michelle told herself.

"It is very important Michelle," the voice said.

Michelle slowly opened the door to be greeted by a very well dressed man who greeted her with his name.

"Hello Miss Frabarr, I am Dirk Greearde Fredaz, Mrs Dubray's brother, I have been sent by my sister, to offer you a way to make life much more pleasant for all and everyone concerned, Michelle, may I call you Michelle", asked Dirk.

"You might as well, because you would have like so most others, have already called me a lot worse, making up your bias minds, in this sordid operatic tale spun easy of the lies told", Michelle replied feeling very unwell and giddy.

“You are correct Michelle, my sister and I have called you a lot worse, yet my sister is now willing to pay for your passage, with some extra money, if you disappear, staying disappeared, forever, on the passenger ship “Laveea-Bek”, leaving for Australia in two weeks.

This is to make sure you give, and keep, your word to never see Marcel again or ever return to France.

There will be no acknowledgement of any kind by, YOU, to anyone, the baby’s father might be Marcel's, if you refuse the offer, I fear for you, and the baby’s safety.

I will return tomorrow for your answer then, a good morning Miss Frabarr”, Dirk said closing the door as he left.

Michelle knew Marcel’s concocted story about her, had been cemented in place with the help of his very close confidants, alleviating any further denials of his connection to her, she would be kicked out of this fine house, Marcel had been paying for her, through one of his many business ventures, away from the glare of prying eyes.

Michelle was fully aware of the Dubray and Fredaz's names, and the influences it had introduced Marcel to, with the opportunities other people were not privy to, giving him the riches, comforts of well-heeled entrepreneur among his varied interests.

Marcel had sometimes in tender moments, he sort of bragged sometimes to Michelle, how he made substantial gains, mainly because of whom he was in standing, not by any great business acumen.

Michelle continuing in turmoil of what should she do, tossing, turning, nightmares of restless interrupted sleeping, with the offer, the consequences, if she refused the offer.

‘Where in heaven’s name is Australia.

I can not even pronounce Australia, let alone to know where it is located in the world.

Is it some backward place, full of unfriendly people waiting to kill me and my child, like they are right here in France.

Has it towns and cities like France, sea-ports, what is it like, what will I do, what will I do, I hate you Marcel, I hate you and hate you, and hate and hate you, and, Marcel, as much as you conspire against my behaviour and manner, I have a little surprise for you, and your self-righteous, ugly pox-ridden common slag of a wife, putting up with your affairs.

Know this Marcel, you pompous no good bastard, ha ha ha and ha again, know this Marcel, this child I carry is not yours, but I will take all the money offered to get rid of me, and I will so happily continue to attest to, that the child is of your genes’.

Michelle’s self-gratuitous thoughts, finally finding in some sleep, with her decision made to sail to Australia.

Happiness in spiteful substances her brain's knowing, ‘the baby was not of you Marcel, the baby’s real father is an English sailor, so Ha ha ha to you, I hate you Marcel, you were only ever a means of the way to an easy styled living’, Michelle remembering in her dreaming, how the union had come about, with the true father of her growing fetus.

Michelle was trying to get a hansom cab to stop for her, cursing to herself why, as cab after cab drove by with a passenger in it.

One cab finally pulled up, the door opened from the inside, offering a ride of shelter from the light snow falling.

“Hello mademoiselle, could I offer you the comfort of my carriage, out of this foul weather, it is quite safe I can assure you, my name is Jersey Humas, I am first mate on his Majesty’s ship “Elger”, in his very thick English accent, with a high manner to his speech, some of his main words Michelle understood.

Michelle had taken one look at his handsome English face, feeling a strong urge from between her legs.

“Thank you” Michelle replied, mainly to get in out of the snow.

Moments seemed like sprinkles of lovely scented oils burning to the charismatic heat, being applied to her from this good-looking English sailor, by his presence so near to her in the cab.

His thick sandy\blond natural hair, easy curls loosely moved atop the beautiful manly shape, of his perfect facial features, with his nose shape sculptured fine as any woman would love it to be, adorning their most pretty faces to fully captivate their own beauty.

His perfect shape of white teeth shining through his soft lush lips as he talked with profound manners, endowed his sparkling blue ocean coloured eyes, dancing so alive to his every word, looking but not intrusively uncomfortable, of his eyeing of Michelle as he spoke to her.

Michelle was becoming so wet in her undergarments, she was not game to speak too much to him, for fearing she may stutter, she felt so sexually captivated, of allowing and encouraging the Englishman, to continue speaking to her, in his pleasant tone all the way to her front door.

Michelle, could stand the built up sexual tension no longer, moving over from her seat to him.

Passionately kissing the Englishman full on the lips, sliding her tongue into his mouth, reaching her hand down to feel his erected penis.

The Englishman got out from the cab, offering his arm to Michelle for her support as she alighted from the cab, she standing alongside this tall thin Englishman, tossing some money to the driver for fare, with a handsome tip included.

Michelle felt, enjoyed, the Englishman standing very close behind her, lightly kissing her on the back of the neck, setting her nerve impulses on fire as she put the key in the lock to unlock the front door.

Their lovemaking was intensely urgent the first time of the night, then all through the night.

Morning woke to lovemaking once again before “Her English Sailor” had to rush back to the docks.

Michelle, feeling very different in herself, she could feel the difference she was sure, thinking back to that night, it was when she must have conceived.

Michelle sailed for Australia on “Laveea Bek” from the port of “Nantes”, France, on the 12-6 1844, about two months with child, very rich from the money given to her for her disappearance and silence, disembarking at the port of “Hyberg” on the coast of New South Wales, having taken 181 days, with many land-falls on the way.

Michelle over eight months pregnant when she first set foot on Australian soil, having made her decisive story, to hide the truth, telling anyone that would listen to her tale of family woe on the ship voyage over, that she was sailing to Australia to see her loved ailing mother-in-law before she passed away, this is why she was travelling alone, heavily pregnant, hoping to get there before she passed.

Her husband Marcus had rushed to Australia to be with his mother, by a much faster trade clipper, taking a more dangerous route; around “Cape horn” she thought it was Cape Horn, as she continued her story.

Arrangements for her trip had been planned before she knew she was pregnant, then her own mother had died unexpectedly, keeping her in France from sailing, for much longer period than expected, as she was the only child, her father having died three years ago, she had to make all the funeral arrangements herself, then having to rebook passage to rejoin her husband in Australia, hence how a woman in her advanced condition, was now sailing to foreign country, told with tears and pretend fainting spells, from very superb performance by Michelle.

When one of her listeners asked an awkward question about her husband’s background, name of what town would she meet him in, is when Michelle's fainting spells came in very handy not having to answer the question, most often the question wasn’t asked again, if it was asked, Michelle cunningly sidestepped the answer, in conversation switch.

CHAPTER 2.

“HELLO AUSTRALIA”

Michelle set foot on Australian soil and immediately sort lodgings for a week in Hyberg, to get her self together, where to head for to start her new life.

Michelle having a basic understanding of the English language by now, studying from a full volume of translation dictionary from French to English, studying on her trip out from France, speaking English with a broken type of speech in a French accent but able to be understood what she was saying.

Michelle, in her broken English, sort directions to the different towns that were a comfortable coach distance from the port, an eight and a half months pregnant woman could take.

There were a few towns not to long away by coach; it was Millwell that Michelle decided on as this was the only one she could say, the other town's pronunciation of names just eluded her.

Michelle took the half-day coach ride to the town of Millwell, arriving very sore from the buffeting and rolling movement of the coach feeling very unwell, the very first stages of labour beginning.

Michelle enquired of the coach driver about suitable accommodation for a married woman.

Michelle booking herself into the nice Almhelld Inn, asking Mrs Ambly the owner of the inn; “Mrs Ambly, could I please have a room that is well away from any noise as I am a very light sleeper, especially in my condition”.

“I know exactly how you feel, luv, I have had seven children myself, there is a room at the very back of the inn and it is almost sound proof, it would be just what you are looking for, to get a decent peaceful sleep.

Will you be wanting the room just for tonight or will it be longer”, she asked Michelle.

“Two nights, thank you, then I’ll catch a coach back, if my urgent private matter is finalised”, Michelle told Mrs Ambly paying her the money for the room.

“I’ll show you to room 63, I get hubby John to carry your case for you”, Mrs Ambly said to Michelle giving her the large key.

After Mrs Ambly left, Michelle found the room to be perfect for her needs, big secure wooden door, curtains on the single window, no sounds to be heard.

Michelle having hardly any time to familiarise with looking around, suddenly attacked by a first contraction that lasted a short while, then eased off, followed by more and more infrequently, until becoming very frequently in short time-spaces between each contraction, towards the late of evening, continuing into the early morning.

Michelle made ready to birth her baby, on the big bed of the room with plenty of blankets, pillows, for her to use, suddenly jamming the end of a clean pillow into her mouth, biting on it as hard as she could, to stop her screaming out aloud, from the contraction’s pain, Michelle giving birth at 6-58am, 14th day of January 1846.

A reasonably easy birth alone, to a son, feeling, nor showing, any motherly instincts as she wrapped the helpless infant in the old bag foot cover, cleaning herself up, mess of the birth, leaving the baby under a large pile of blankets to stop any of its sounds.

Michelle fashioned one of the pillows to wear under her garments, wrapping a thick shawl around her shoulders, crossing it over her stomach to give the impression she still had her baby inside of her.

Michelle roughly pushed the baby, then the blankets on top of the baby, into her travelling bag, checking herself once again to see she looked as “pregnant” as she did when she first arrived, satisfied she did, Michelle locked her room as she left.

Michelle was so very careful to put her bag down on the other side of a door, or outside against a wall, so no one would hear a faint cry could be heard from her bag.

Michelle walked to the livery stables, a little unsteady on her feet, politely asking the stable owner, if she could hire a buggy to go for a mid morning ride, to clear her head from the smoke filled inn, moving her hands over the baby with a few groans looking for sympathy, to give her delicate condition credence.

Michelle had no idea where she was going, steering the buggy past the Spadon hospital out along the bush track.

Michelle wanted to get this over, done with, stopping the buggy, took the baby from her travel case, throwing the wrapped up bundle into the bushes and vines.

Michelle turned completely around to make sure no one saw her, and then used the whip on the horse to speed the buggy back towards Millwell.

Echoes of the impending storm from the ominous violent thunder and lightning flashes raced in all directions, ricocheting off the rocky high walls of the canyon, finally dying in the openness of the air.

Birds, wild animals, somehow sensing the changing atmospheric conditions, began leaving the area as fast as they could fly or move.

It was nature's special way of giving animals warning of the impending deluge about to befall on them before the storm broke unleashing its howling built-up rage.

Ugly misshapen balls of hail smashed down in nasty, galloping wave of destruction across the land, like a giant swarm of locusts descending on the fields of green crops in blotting out the light of the day.

Torrential rain had followed so closely behind like a reinforcing ally on a battlefield, bearing witness to a large wrapped bundle being tossed into the thick dense growth of vines, before raindrops arrived to the bundle's exact spot.

Pelting rain with all its fury, noise, did its very best to attack any of the leaves, and barks, not dislodged by the ice-bullets onslaught, trying to pull them into quick filling indents of hole forming into moving trickles of water.

These trickles of water soon became thick pulsating veins of mud, clay, leaves, twigs, small pebbles, of anything else, water could mix and move, washing away the tracks of the buggy.

Tiny streams reaching each other began embroiling into a churning soup rushing down sloping ground, crashing turbulently as very dangerous "gully-rakers" powered by a constant pressure of deluge, Michelle returning the buggy back to the stable.

Saying to the owner, the hurry up the storm caused her to have, again made her feel unwell, rubbing her hands over her so-called baby, walking back to the Almhelld inn, under her umbrella.

Michelle unlocked a heavy door to her room, quickly entered, then locked it back up once she was in side, falling down on the bed, sleeping the most contented sleep she had for so long, not waking until very earl next morning, never once thinking about the baby in the bush.

Bloated clouds of water disgorged their contents all through the afternoon, and into the late night, beginning to loose intensity just before the sun was due to get out of bed.

From a deluge to light showers then to clear blue, the fresh sunny but chilly skies greeted the morning of the 16th day of January 1846, on an Old Stevens Road into Millwell.

Michelle rechecked she had properly cleaned herself up, reshaping the pillow, she was using as her baby, putting the big shawl on again that could just about hide a suitcase.

Michelle bid a friendly goodbye to Mrs Ambly as she returned her the key, asking were there any monies owing.

Mrs Ambly said there was no money owing, hoped, she had enjoyed her stay, with best wishes for the birth of her baby, when it's time was due.

Michelle caught the waiting Cobb and Co coach out of Millwell, to disappear unheard of again, into a new life in a new town, port, or settlement somewhere, merging into one of the assortment of peoples, of a burgeoning Australia.

It's almost impossible to imagine unless witnessed, in just how quick gullies, creeks, streams, can become raging uncontrollable swollen destructive giants, just as suddenly go back to near normal.

Elma Sigg, a lovely mannered, yet uneducated, lowly type unskilled worker, employed at the town's infirmary, started walking her 2 miles to the hospital, the same as she did most days.

Knew the water would be going down, the only three creek-crossings she had to cross would be up, it was only the Pandles Crossing, she was worried about.

Elma knew if she had to, she could lift up, and tie her ragged skirt up, be able to get through the water without her getting or her skirt wet.

So painfully aware even if she had to walk through water waist deep, she would have to do it, as if she missed work unless allowed by the Doctor or Sister of the hospital, they would give her job to some other destitute person.

The dirt road she had to walk each day was not a main road of the town anymore, but a less used way of not having to go through town if you lived on this side of it.

This unkept road went passed the hospital in one direction, past her house in opposite direction, continuing onwards, until branching onto the main-road five miles from Millwell; it was signposted and called Old Stevens Road.

This Old Stevens Road originally main way in and out of Millwell, with large and not so large gums, and other types of trees, had been cut down, stumps removed to allow coach and heavy wagons easier access to the town.

Old Stevens Road, overgrowing with tree suckers and all sorts of rubbish bush vines, not having a heavy amount of wagon or coach wheels to chop them up now.

The trees were growing over again, saplings starting to try closing the road off, returning the area back to bush it once was

Dropping leaves would make a mat of ground cover, for all sorts of creep-crawlies to forage and live in.

Storms of the hot months would sometimes cause a fire to erupt in the bush and it would clean up a lot of the dead leaves and fallen branches along Old Stevens Road, it also created panic in the town surrounded by bush, people would have to try containing fire away from their homes, as it cleaned up the rubbish.

Elma thought it was so strange, as she walked along, so strange the smell of “fox piss” was really so strong on the air, she knew it wasn’t really fox urine, as much as it was the decaying vegetation mixed with the smells of the bracken and wild flowers of all descriptions.

The sides of the track were littered with fallen twigs and leaves amongst the moss covered rocks in the shadows, cast by the trees keeping the area chilly longer than it used to be when the road was a main road.

Elma knew this road and all its creek crossings, bits of dug out gullies, where the berry vines were, and when to gather the berries, all the twists turns as well, as she knew the names of her own children

Her week was extremely hard, seven days with very long time of hours, she always walked this track, twice a day to and from where she lived with her husband, who also worked long hours at the local timber mill because he couldn’t find a better job.

Having seven children in total, four girls, three boys, with her very difficult child birthing of the last two kids, it was starting to take its toll on her body, Elma and Ned Sigg, were no different to pretty much all of the rag-tag squatters, ex-convict, free settlers living in bush areas around town.

Elma and Ned were too poor to be able to afford a horse and cart, or even a horse; they only just survived with feeding, clothing, their large brood had to walk everywhere.

If supplies were needed from the town they had an old type of self-made small cart with no wheels, two small shafts to hang onto, so the older girls and boys could lift it along, for the few foodstuffs they could afford to buy.

Neither had no formal schooling and neither did their four eldest children, the other three attended school in town, even though the squatters, their families, were looked down on as no-good in-breeds.

The older kids, twin's girls aged 17, older sister 19, a younger brother 15, had all their chores to do, also looking after the other younger children when Elma and Ned were at work.

Some days Elma walking along to work she pondered how her older children's lives, were starting to imitate her own, as she knew the older three girls were having sex with the boys and men around the town, she had warned them, as she herself had been warned by her mother and father of the consequences.

Elma wondered if these same warnings given by the parents of future generations to come, would they also be so easily taken no notice of, until it always becomes too late.

Very occasionally when feeling really down, allowing herself the envy of thinking, if they had land to work, they would at least be able to hitch up draught animals to some sort of cart to get into town at least----but no, she thought, it was just not meant to be of her life, would always be one of struggling against abject poverty, as a tear, then another one trickled from her eyes, which she quickly cleaned up.

Her family's meagre existence, gladly supported by any of the wild life they could trap or catch, sometimes the freshly dead carcasses, one of them would find.

As long as the animal was not smelling, too high, it normally had the inedible parts removed, usable parts were thrown in a really large stew pot always at the ready to cook something of anything available.

Their house was no more than a number of makeshift rough added on rooms to the main one containing the large open fire-place, kitchen, where everyone, gathered at night to get some of the warmth of the fire when in cold weather.

The floor was bare earth that turned slightly muddily, when it heavy rained because the poor drainage, along with movement of many bare feet bringing in water on their feet to mix with dry dirt as they came into the house.

Their life was just one struggle after struggle, at least they owned the so called squatters house, left to them by an inheritance, more by squatters right's than anything else.

Elma walked along the muddy trace of track trying to avoid tripping or falling into any of the water-filled holes, sort of day-dreaming of a life not as bad as the one she now slaved to.

Her thoughts wandered, in dancing flights of fanciful dragonflies, about the waters of the streams and brooks she remembered watching, when she was a young girl.

Trying to lift her spirits, telling herself her life, yes it was one of struggles, yet it could be worse, having heard about life-styles, what they actually did, to the real slaves in some overseas countries, still talking to herself in her head when she came to last and largest of three creek crossings, looking at signs of where water had been up to, depth now.

It was just above knee-deep not running that fast, still a muddy clay colour, yet cross able knowing to cross it, she would have to “hitch” up her faded old calico dress to keep it dry.

Her shoes were hanging around her neck with their dirty laces, many knots from being re-joined, with big holes in the soles perfectly at home with the dirty ripped coat she was wearing against the cool morning.

Elma had taken off her so called shoes at the first of the two smaller crossings that were only ankle deep, waded through. continued on bare-footed, PANDLERS crossing would be much deeper.

Elma was a little scared, she'd done this type of thing over hundred's of times over the years, the most important thing was to find a good strong stick, for support, be able to prod ahead of your steps for any hidden obstacles.

Slipping, struggled across the crossing, with her dress secured around her shoulders not reacting to freezing water until she was safely on the other side, where she began to shiver even when her dress was back in place and she had put on her shoes, re-laced the long line of eyelets.

Continually shaking, slowly settling down as the continued movements of walking began to warm her body up again, ‘Poorness of people, sure breeds them to a state of toughness to survive, deal with just about anything’, Elma was thinking as she walked along.

Her thoughts were elsewhere, and thoughts sometime take a little time to allow sounds to penetrate their place, not wanting to be brought to the present so quickly, when a tiny, tiny, faintest type of scream made itself heard, was it a just a young bird, she could hear.

Elma stopped her walking, listening more carefully for the sound to register again and tried to pinpoint where it was coming from, her motherly senses made her aware, it was not the cry of a kitten or hurt animal, she knew natural instinctively, it was a very young child's cry for help.

Waiting for the baby to cry again, honing in on the sound, then wildly ripping her way to the source of the faint crying, attacking the vines with her bare-hands yelling to get out of the way so she get at the baby.

Picking up the bundle from the tangle of vines, she stared for a very brief moment of disbelief, at the newborn child, uncleaned from being born, with the umbilical cord still attached.

“Oh good God child, how have you not been eaten, with all this blood all over you, how long have you been out here, little darlin, you must have been in the storm, you are all soaking wet”, Elma said to the child.

Elma threw away the rough bag, baby was wrapped in, took off her old worn coat she was wearing and securely wrapped the baby, to feel the first warmth that it have felt since being in the womb.

As Elma walked along carrying the tiny infant, she thought about why the starving neglected dogs living and roaming the rubbish dumped anywhere out of town, had not found and eaten the baby.

How didn't starving dogs, smell blood, afterbirth, still on the child, how didn't they find, eat the baby as a person dumping the child, must have been hoping for.

Then it suddenly dawned on Elma, the Storm, it was the heavy down-pouring of rain, must have kept the smell of any blood hidden.

Soaking rain all through the night had made animals want to stay out of it unless, an animal was standing right next to the baby, they could not smell the blood, until the rain cleared and the smell could reach into the air.

Elma mentally questioning why the baby was thrown away to die with all the wildest theories her womanly mind could conjure up, also stopped her admitting to knowledge, she could not raise another child especially one not of their own.

Elma was so glad that she had saved the child's life, but also started feeling sad about what was going to happen to the baby, almost as if bonding process already started.

The baby continuously faintly crying as Elma entered the grounds of the Spadon infirmary.

It wasn't all that long ago, Elma would not have been allowed to work at the hospital, general nursing duties were carried out by untrained and unskilled convict labour.

Male convicts attended to the male patients, female convicts took care of the female patients.

Free settlers were usually given the better positions at the hospitals, and so it was with a lot of begrudging looks of hostility, resentment, Wards-men, (male nurses) found themselves having to answer to women, Sister Greta Palov, and Nurse Mary Humas, in Australia of this time the world was turning extremely slowly, the whole town knew they were very very lucky, the governor had assigned these two women to the Spadon hospital.

Both these women had been trained, having gained their qualifications in London at Florgale teaching school, having struck up their friendship before coming out to the wild backward Australia.

Sister Palov, second in charge to Doctor Waincliff, Greta running day-to-day requirements of a medium sized hospital.

Elma hurried her steps, calling out to nurse Humas, seeing the nurse walk past the open window, near the wide thick wooden double doors of the entrance to the hospital.

“Nurse Humas, Nurse Humas, help me please”.

“Elma whatever is wrong to call me like that”.

Elma showed the baby to nurse Humas

“Elma, what are you doing with another baby, is this baby yours, or one of your own girl’s”, Mary queried Elma.

Elma told the nurse the story of finding the baby and where.

“Thank you Elma, now go about you chores, I’ll take the child to Sister Palov.”

Mary took the baby into the ward where Sister Greta Palov was overseeing the other carers going about patients, attending to their needs.

“Sister Palov, look what just fell out of the sky” Mary jokingly said showing her the baby.

“Mary, Mary, you must not have been contrary after all, must you, I see it has your nose and eyes”, responded Palov, causing them to both laugh at the joke.

“Another abandon baby, let me have a look what you are, whatever shall we do with you, little man, make you into soup, sausages, grind you up to powder, what ever shall we do, you smell and need washing so badly.

Has it got a name, Nurse Mary, or do we have to find a name for it as we usually do with the abandon babies that are brought to us”, Sister Palov, sort of sarcastically at the world of the day.

“Nurse Mary, you go and clean up the baby, and I’ll see if I can get the doctor to come and check the child over, although he looks fine to both of us.

I’ll also send word to the constables, another abandon baby has been found and please, could the mother or father come collect the child or it will be sent to an orphanage”.

Mary cleaned the child of the dried blood, re-tied and cut the umbilical cord where it should have been tied and cut off when baby was born, Mary then snugly wrapped the baby in clean soft cloth before taking the baby into another part of the hospital.

Mary and baby entered another ward of the hospital, through a tall narrow half-glass door that led down along a short corridor into a large private room for feeding babies.

Nurse Humas knocked, entered with the baby, seeing there were five women feeding their newborn babies in the privacy of the feeding room.

Mary walked over to Bea Golesway, nipple feeding her newest baby, (Number four) and told the mother, of the little baby’s fight for life, asked if she would let the baby suckle milk from her breasts.

Bea agreed without hesitation, feeling proud she was producing enough milk for her own baby and able to feed another as well.

Mary knew the baby wouldn’t be able to keep on the suckling from a lactating mother, and should have been fed made up milk, she wanted the child to have some mothers milk at first, then, the made up milk, as the poor mite hadn't drunk since it was born, in the usually what happens with the increasing abandoned babies, birthed, then left out in the elements to die.

Mary approached Bea instead of some other woman, knowing Bea's family were the poorest of them all, could only just afford for her to have her baby here at the hospital, not at home without proper care.

Most expectant women had their babies attended by mid-wives at home in 1846, unless there were chances of complications, or the doctor thought it would be much safer at hospital just in case.

These five women in the room, had all produced with a difficult childbirth, even though some of them had babies before.

Mary knew from gossip that always does the rounds of hospitals, and such places, that Bea's baby was the head constable's baby, and not her husband's, 'who cares I want the baby to get some mother's milk'.

Mary was also rock-solid sure that Bea would be the only one to allow the child to suckle of her breasts.

While Mary was thinking all these thoughts, doctor Peter Waincliff arrived.

"Hello Nurse, where is the baby Sister wants me to examine".

"He's just about to finish drinking I'd say by the look of him", answered Mary.

Nurse Humas removed the baby from Bea's nipple, without the baby resenting the taking away his food supply, must be full, thought Mary, in a hurry to get the baby right for the doctor to examine.

The doctor examined the baby, declaring the infant in excellent health; "why was it so important for a doctor to examine the baby immediately, Nurse".

Mary told the baby's story to doctor Waincliff.

Mary retold the story to the doctor of the baby being wet all night by the torrential rain, miraculously not being found and eaten by wild animals.

“Very lucky baby indeed nurse, but days old, and his first dangerous adventure of life, you are so very very lucky indeed little man”, Waincliff staring at the baby”, then sort of half smiled at nurse Humas, before walking off leaving the baby with her to be looked after.

Two weeks passed no one had called at the hospital to claim the baby who still had no name, other than “Rainy”.

Both Nurse Humas and Sister Palov knew it was time for the baby to be taken away, the child needed a name to go on the identifying paper that would go with him.

What to call him they thought, about names of towns they had used to name the unwanted babies before, or the name of someone they liked, or a family relative, this child was somehow inexplicably so different to other babies they had to name, mainly because of his surviving first days of a life against such horrendous odds of nature thrown at him.

A priest, well known to the doctors and nursing staff, Father Albert, had been called to the hospital to administer the last rites to a patient.

Father Albert arrived, walking through the entrance of the hospital, knowing where to go and what ward to look for from his other sad visits to the hospital, after enquiring of staff, of whom he had to visit.

When Mary and Greta saw the priest, they looked at each other, instantly knowing what surname they would call the baby, after giving their father’s first names to the child.

The woman had never given their mother or father’s names to any child, as the names were so loved to them.

Would never be given to an abandoned baby, they had used their own first names, the names of doctors, other nurses, friends, just about anyone, and had come back around again, in their names for the increasing abandoned babies, but this child was a born fighter, proven by his ability with God's divine intervention, to come through a terrible storm unscathed.

Mary's father's name was Jersey Bradmore Humas, an Englishman of very notable naval distinction, an honest ex-sailor, having left the service of His Majesty because of a very large inheritance from his older sister, Humas was now a fisherman, with his own boat, living and sailing his fishing boat from the island of Jersey.

Greta's father's name was, Demetri Igonoffk Palov, a Russian Cossack living near the Azov sea serving Russian Tsars before immigrating to Australia with his family, once settled, having another child with his wife, Tattliaer.

How to decide order of names, the women pondered as jovial ideas were badgered about until they decide to toss a coin, and the winner would get to use the name they chose as his first name, the loser got the middle name.

Rainy, now had his first two names, Jersey Demetri, but what about the surname, what about the surname.

Doctor Waincliff filling signing the death certificate that was now called for by law, signed off on the patient the priest had seen, commenting to Sister Palov; "I see that old priest, Spadon, has lost another one, he doesn't save many, does he sister".

Greta thought, 'was that sentence, a joke or what, it is such a strange utterance from such a learned man', I would question him about it at a later date'.

His sentence had given her the idea for a child's last name, until the doctor had despairingly remarked about the priest, Greta had never known about the priest's real last name, was the same name as the hospital.

Greta had been introduced to him as Father Albert Marndale, having no reason what-so-ever to think about his last name until now, strangely sticking in her thinking; 'the hospital had been named in honour of a famous British sea-admiral, Pomfery Spadon, may be the priest took the name Spadon in honour to the name.

How did the doctor get to know, was it a momentary lapse of intelligence on the doctor's part, to divulge out in public a priest's real last name, when he was going by the name Marndale.

I'll definitely make it my business to find out, but at least it has given me the last name of the child, the best part is I will be the only one to know about where the name is from, not even Mary will know, unless I tell her'.

Greta and Mary always seemed to be on duty at the same time, always tired; Greta called Mary over telling her she had found the child's last name in an old book, Spadon.

"Jersey, Demetri, Spadon, I will guarantee he gets to be called J D for short" said Greta getting an agreeing nod from Mary.

Greta as Ward Sister in charge, filled out the form for the child's full name, attached it in an envelope to go with J D SPADON, taken away to orphanage just outside town limits of Meedby, called AILEBROOK HOUSE.

Every time Greta saw the name of the orphanage on a letter, her breath stopped for a moment, her heart skipped a beat, she had heard stories about Ailebrook House.

'What is true and what is made up' she thought as she settled down and went about her ward duties, 'Indeed what is true and what is made up' surmised Sister Palov.

Indeed what is true and what is made up, sometimes for good reason, in the case of Greta Palov, Mary Humas, who is who, and whom is related to whom, as whom Greta thought was her father, was not her father.

Greta's real father was an English sailor from a small island off the mainland of England, he had the same name as the island, Jersey, making Greta and Mary, half sisters, and the baby was their half-brother totally unbeknown to them.

Intricacies woven of prior sexual unions continued in the nowadays of their own lives, case in point, when Mary retold her story to doctor Peter Waincliff, of the baby being wet all night by the torrential rain, not being found by wild animals, when the baby was first brought to the hospital.

Mary telling the doctor her story, she looking deeply into his eyes, which she knew would drive the doctor to his distraction, as he told her when love making, her eyes drove him wild and he couldn't get enough of her.

Mary finished telling him the story, giving him a type of smile, a man wants a woman to show him, when he says he's in love with her.

Mary didn't know it yet, but their love would soon be tested, as unknown to her, she was pregnant to the doctor, so was Sister Palov.

Neither woman knew or had any remote ideas, good doctor Waincliff, was two-timing both of them with each other, yet fate did, Elma Siggs returning home that very afternoon simply ran out of life's puff, and fell down dead.

Rolling off the road and down a slight rise of the land to stop in a bit of a washed-out gully, Elma's body was not found until about midday the next day by her husband Ned, no one cared, no one would miss her, but her family did in starting of looking for her.

Elma's body showed drag and tearing signs of wild animals being about the body as Ned wrapped her, the best he could, with her dirty flimsy torn clothes, carrying her home, tearfully acknowledging his love for this woman, he asking the air why he had been born to such a pauper's life.

Ned and the older children dug and buried Elma in the place of graves on their own land, no one ever knew it was a grave site, albeit for the roughest cross with her name and death date, about all Ned could manage to burn, with the hot fire-poker he used to mark the wooden cross.

Elma had had her first baby before she was 14 and toiled for the rest of her life, she died 43 years and two months old, with no obituary in the Millwell Herald for sad Elma.

Life came and went, with all of God's intricate plans and schemes, played out endlessly, as it has done from day one, with the 14th of February's 1846 edition of the Millwell Herald reporting; "She came in with a loaded gun to shoot the doctor, he jumped down as she fired the gun, missing the doctor, hitting one of the patients, killing the patient.

The other nurse struggled with her, gave her a push backwards, the gun went off again, the nurse with the gun fell backwards through the large window, falling into the rose bed with a stem of old rose bush thorns severing her windpipe, choking her to death, the doctor rushing to give aid to the other nurse who had been shot and killed.

Slipped on liquid from the overturned trolley in the struggle, causing his feet to flip up in the air and his head to hit the hard floor, with a deathly thud, he fell never to move again, told to the police and local court, by two of the other patients in their beds in the precise time when this violent conflagration took place at the Spadon hospital.

Further examination of facts tendered to the court, revealed that a Doctor Robert, in his sworn statement to the court, stated that he had examined each of the dead women at separate times, weeks before the tragedy, finding both the women were pregnant, both women confided to him, whom the father was of their unborn child, they wanting the good doctor to know who was the father, the repercussions to it could bring consequences, when it was revealed.

Unfortunately, even under very hard scrutiny from the court, Doctor Robert was unwilling to divulge to the court just who the man in question was, allowed because of his Hippocratic Oath, but he did offer to court, both woman were pregnant to the same man”. End of editorial.

CHAPTER 3.

“AN ORPHANAGE SHAPES IN MANY WAYS”

Ailebrook house was originally, a large landholder's homestead, called Heathergrove, being perfectly positioned close to the town of Meedby, having space with productive ground surrounding the homestead.

Heathergrove, had, originally been a vast landholding of fifteen thousand acres, being sold off to the adjoining big landholder, Giffan Talbey, with the homestead and the out buildings, necessary for the daily running of the homestead, plus one hundred and twenty acres of ground immediately surrounding the homestead, given to the church, by the nice childless couple Reganel and Maybrea Potts-Berd, to be used as a home for orphans.

The Potts-Berds had returned to England for the last leg of their life's journey, to be among close family, friends, after selling up all their vast land-holdings, and their great numbers of fine fleeced sheep.

The church had some modifications done, to rooms, private amenities, for any guest or officials, almost never in dropping by to check on how the orphanage was being duly operated, any helpers at the orphanage, had to use the same toilets, communal baths, wash basins, rest of the orphanage used, as well as the long eating tables and old chairs of the dining hall.

Once focus of the huge entertainment area of the old homestead, along with the modifications, re-naming of the homestead, the church, appointed, a Lieutenant Wallace Bigman, and his wife Lucinda, as Master and Mistress of Ailesbrook House.

Wallace and Lucinda, had their own private bathroom and toilet facilities, adjacent to the back-door of their large house, covered in as a canopy, over the fifteen or so yards, needed to reach the toilet or bathroom.

Every time Lucinda took a bath, she confided to her husband, that she felt as though eyes were upon her, indeed, every time Lucinda did take a bath, eyes were from every possible peephole, did watch her, wandering all over her body, as she stepped into and out of the deep bath.

Jersey Demetri Spadon so cared for at the orphanage quite well in his babyest years, he was a contented, lovable child never seemed to be craving attention, he was mainly fed, cared for by Lucinda.

At age of two he was talking good clear sentences, could walk up and down the nine steps at the front and back of the orphanage as steadily as any adult, was completely toilet trained, unbelievable for a kid of that age.

J D, as he was now getting called, becoming aware of he could use both hands, feet, equally well, as each other, in becoming very strong as he grew.

Many of the other children had different degrees of learning, talking, walking, going to the toilet, all of which brought their own brand of punishment depending on who was looking after them at the time.

The children's ages, ranges from babies to teenagers, older ones at 15 were apprenticed out.

Some of the apprentices did infact learn trades and go on to better themselves in life.

Some unfortunate ones were looked as burden beasts, treated as such, made to toil till they almost dropped from exhaustion, with abuse as their payment and rewards for the many years, they had to stay, abiding to the laws of the day governing orphans.

Jersey Spadon sometimes saw, heard things of which he didn't, couldn't understand, at his age, as he got older, a lot of these became painfully acute to him.

At age five, Jersey had his first taste of abuse, he had not been quick enough getting out of the way of one of the older boys called John Perskile, as he walked down the long hallway.

Perskile kicked J D out of the way, badly bruising his right leg, then kicking him in the stomach after he fell over, injuring his insides, causing him to bleed from his anus for nearly a day, requiring a doctor to be called, with treatment given, with rest necessary to facilitate the injury to heal.

The matter was brought to the master's attention with his usual type of inadequate conclusion because no one ever saw anything.

Lieutenant Bigman assembled all the children, giving them an angry spiel, what he would do to any one found to be causing abuse to another child, it fell on frightened deaf ears as usual.

This was the normal way of things in these places; it was simply the human pecking order, at its earliest form, of cannibalistic behaviour of animals, lieutenant Bigman and his wife always tried to find out and stop the abuse, but it still went on and on.

Life continued onwards for JD, witnessing, what he couldn't understand, many cruel disturbing events inflicted on himself, and others, some just accepted it; others were to react violently to the abuse.

Growing towards his teenage years J D saw the rapes and mistreatment of boys by the older children, he swore to avenge the abuse.

One of the most painful things that happened to J D, and was to visit his dreams for the rest of his life, was when he was just turning ten.

One of the older boys called Vanly Gorban, a small, almost a dwarf in stature, had a peculiar passion to inflict pain upon your fingers.

His favourite thing was to put your finger in the open side of the door hinges slowly close the door on the fingers, laughing as you screamed out in pain.

More you screamed out in pain, more he closed the door, until it bloodied and mangled the meat of your finger.

If he was torturing a child he particularly liked, with the child's finger caught in the door, Gorbon would openly sexually assault the child.

Even if the finger didn't get broken, the skin was so mangled, the pain so intense, it made many of the children vomit as they screamed, choking the screaming to a worse strangest sound you could not hear.

Their screams were full of pain, but to some, not as painful as the mental scars from sexual abuse, they would suffer from for the rest of their lives, shaped by such abuse.

There was no judgement day for any of the abuses as the children knew to tell, what had really happened, was to be asking for worse.

There were so many doors at the orphanage, mostly being very sturdy with large hinges, making it so easy for Vanly Gorbon to make the door start squashing whatever he put between the door and its hinge.

Gorbon was very crafty and alert to detection by the noise from his victim, always choosing a place well out of the way, of the masters hearing, being unable to detect his perverted pleasure.

After the torture to most of his fingers, over the next years, J D had become immune to the normal feelings of his tender age, developed a consuming hatred with vengeance, as his liberator, so much so that J D Spadon killed his first human being at the “sweet” age of eleven.

Age eleven J D’s fingers were so sorely disfigured, from the door torture, he knew he couldn’t face another of Gorbon’s pleasures.

J D waited for Gorbon to come down the steps as he always did of a morning, to go to the row of outside toilets, in one long type of a outhouse's building made especially to easy accommodate a few users at the same time.

The toilet building had virtually no privacy with a big space between the roof and the walls with a half door at the front and only half partitions between rough wooden seats.

The building was easily dragable, when the trench, especially dug for the purpose of receiving all the waste products of the users, was nearing fullness.

If the toilet building had to be moved it was a simple matter of hitching one of the draught horses, used in turning of the garden, to pull the building over previously dug deep trench, children were very scared of being caught in toilets by Gorbon, thinking him to be insane with his cruelty.

All tried to keep out of his way, J D Spadon included, even the oldest biggest of orphans tried to avoid Gorbon.

Having waited for Gorbon to go to his favourite spot at the end of the toilets, J D's plan was put to the test.

J D had made an easy sliding noose, and attached the other end of the rope to a heavy wagon wheel sitting almost upright against the back of the toilet wall.

J D had pushed, and struggled, with the giant wagon wheel to him, the day before, moving it to the exact spot behind the toilet building to where he knew Gorbon would be in his usual sitting using the toilet the next morning.

Once the wagon wheel was in position, J D measured how long to make the rope, Spadon's vengeance, (or was he mad also) was about to get its first victim.

The next morning, when Gorbon sat down to use the toilet, J D ready at the back of the toilet, reached through the gap between the roof and wall, quickly snapping the sliding noose around Gorbons's neck, at same time pushing the heavy wagon wheel over, making it pull the rope tight around Gorbons's neck.

Vanly Gorbon struggled against the pull of the rope sliding tight around his neck, shouting threats against those persons whoever had done this to him, unable to loosen the rope, starting to take his breath away.

More the extreme weight of the wagon wheel tried to reach down to be flat on the earth, more the noose tightened around Gorbon's neck, pulling him harder against the back of the toilet wall.

J D jumped up and down onto the wagon wheel, to give more weight to the noose, then quickly ran around to the front of the toilet.

Spadon madly pushed open the door of the toilet to see Gorbon frothing at the mouth, with bulging eyes, yet Gorbon still tried to kick J D in the groin.

Spadon dodged the kick, lunging at Gorbon's wildly contorting body, smashing Gorbon in the head with an old ball-pane hammer he had hidden for this task.

Vanly Gorbon's shouts got less and less, as repetitive hits of J D Spadon, bringing the ball-pane hammer upon his head, quickly cracked Gorbon's skull, until it was deformed and Gorbon was dead.

J D cut the rope away from Vanly's throat, allowing him to fall down very limp, before returning back around, to the back of the toilet, untying the other end of the rope from the wagon wheel, now on the ground, held up by the iron rim and wooden spokes, pivoting on the massive hub, that would accommodate the big steel axle, needed for such a big wagon wheel.

Spadon left the wagon wheel where it was, as it was too far heavy for him to lift back up, calmly walking around to the front of the toilet, dropping the hammer and rope into the trench under the seats of the toilet building, to slowly sink out of sight and detection into the deep pit of smelling human sewage.

Spadon had no intention of moving Gorbon's body, and didn't really care if he was seen or not, as who would really have any decent thoughts about a sadistic sick hated person, such as Vanly Gorbon, and he was right.

There was an "Official" investigation, but it was only conducted, as if the killing had never happened, the culprit, never being found out or punished, just another death of a no-body, in fact.

J D Spadon was never thought of as the killer, what eleven year old, would have a strength or thoughts, to carry out such a thing, surprisingly sometimes though, how much strength and guile, a human being, in the heat of madness, can muster up, old or young.

Vanly Gorbon was buried in the church's cemetery, with the entire orphanage being present at the service of a monster.

Life carried on as usual without the finger torture, but other abuses and rapes continued, Vanly Gorbon wasn't the only "monster" to live at the orphanage.

J D's all consuming inner passion of glowing hatred, against the ongoing abuses he witnessed, was determining of his make-up, vowing to himself to stop abuses, however and whenever he could, which he did time and time again, unrecorded and unknown, save to the ones involved.

Age fourteen and nine months old, J D Spadon, was working in one of the garden plots, ploughing over ground to fallow until the spring, using the old horse the orphanage had been given by the owners of Neikers Mill, located some miles away from the orphanage.

Neikers Mill was a timber mill with the work terribly arduous and dangerous for the workers, at least it was a job, about the only job some of the men could get or were suited to with no skills.

J D worked all day, each day, at any of the things that needed doing, at, or around the orphanage as did the older children, stopping just as it was too dark to see without a candle or lantern unless it was a moonlight night, the only respite from work, Sunday's church, held in the schooling room of the orphanage, attended by a priest from Meedby.

Bigman and his wife always in attendance, enjoying the service.

Bigman had given JD permission to go to the timber mill, having written and signed a list of timber required, JD was to give it to the foreman, then JD to help load it all on the small wagon, bring back the timber to the orphanage.

This was not such an unusual chore, asked of one of the boys, as it was Bigman's way of seeing whom, he could trust, also giving the older boys some sense of purpose.

JD nearing to 15 years old, could be apprenticed out, so he needed to be able to harness up a horse to a wagon, to make the animal go where he wanted them to go, not where the animal might try to go.

Misty rain, with very low visibility, quickly started in descending on the surrounding area, of this cold miserable June morning, as JD heading towards Neikers timber mill.

JD could hardly see more than 100 feet in front of him, relying solely on the old horse to know the way of the track, as the horse had travelled it many times before either into town, or to the mill.

Misty fog with rain was very cold, to point of almost freezing JD, causing him to snugly pull up his coat, tighter around himself to keep horrible chilling weather out, this oversized coat having been given to him at the orphanage, most likely donated to the church by a caring member.

Idly walking along to horses slow clip-clop, echoing off into the cloudy mist, engulfing the horse\wagon\himself, JD was fantasising about the girl he had seen, the last time he had gone to the timber mill.

It was in the last days of February, still quite warm in daytime, cooling down as the approach of autumn neared.

The girl had been squatted down urinating, with her dress up and her underwear pulled down, J D was having a very good long look at whatever he could see.

When hearing the noise of the horse and wagon, she stood up slowly, letting J D have a much better look, before pulling up her undergarments and dress down, just standing there looking through the bushes back at him.

J D had pulled the reins back towards him, stopping the horse and cart, the girl not scared in any way of J D, she walking over to the wagon saying to JD; “You be one of them's got no parents boys, from up there where you go past to town”, spoke the girl in an odd broken English.

J D sort of mumbled shyly “Yes”

“What's your name then boy, my name's be Eunice Torno”.

“My name's Jersey Spadon, but I get called J D a lot”, answered Jersey.

Eunice walked around the wagon, giving J D a look, a look in her eyes, that troubled him, but why, J D kept on thinking about why, watching while Eunice slowly walked off into the bush, was gone, no sound, she was just gone, JD never saw Eunice again.

J D sort of smiling as he fantasied about her, what he would like to do with Eunice, rubbing the rising stiffness in his trousers, forgetting about the cold rainy weather.

J D put his hand inside his pants, having a wonderful time, helped by swaying of the wagon and the movement of his hand, his imagination running wild giving him so much enjoyment, when the old draught horse started acting up, in a snorting, wanting to shy away from something lying just off the roadside.

J D stopped the old horse, without any thought as to why the horse played up, quickly jumping down from the wagon seat, patting the sweaty horse, calming the old horse down, looking to see what the horse had sensed or smelt to be shying at.

He was taken back at first when he saw the body, and didn't want to touch it, just hop back onto the wagon and go, overcoming his apprehension, still very nervous, as he rolled the body over, seeing two gun holsters with guns in them, and a full gun-belt of bullets.

The body had a lot of damage to it, J D assumed it was from bullets, maybe this person was a bushranger, and had been in a gunfight with the Police, got away and died on the side of the road.

This thought satisfied J D, but another more sinister thought took over in his head, totally wiping away his bout of sacredness, replacing it with a near fifteen year old's day dreaming, of here was his chance to becoming one of those famous bushranger, he'd heard about.

J D removed guns in holsters and the bullet's belt, he would hide them later, far away from here, before reaching the mill, retrieving them on his way back to the orphanage with the timber.

Never checking the dead body for anything else like money, he figured how could he possibly explain to anyone, if he suddenly had money, a body found on side of the road.

Rolling the body back over, he quickly got back onto the wagon, moving off on towards the mill, stopping only to hide the guns and bullets in the belt.

J D thinking so intently of the guns, he would use to teach himself how to quickly draw, shoot, both guns.

So enthralled was he by his daydream, J D went past the entrance to the mill, having to turn the horse and wagon around, make back to the mill, smiling to himself as he did.

The weather was beginning to clear, yet staying still chilly, as he entered the timber mill's yard, seeking out the foreman, Ben Rodgers (Mr Rodgers to J D) giving him the timber order from Lieutenant Bigman.

The foreman read the order, calling over some of the yardmen, wrote a copy of the timber required, telling them to load the wagon while he went and worked out how much the bill would be.

J D and the workers finished loading timber onto the wagon, Rodger's handed J D a bill of payment for the load of timber, telling J D to say hello to Mr and Mrs Bigman for him.

Smacking the horse lightly on its large rump with the reins, making the horse strain against the load, moving off with the creaking of leather and wood under load, J D was off back to the orphanage.

Out of sight from the Mill, J D started thinking again about the girl, not taking very long to finish, what he had started before he found the body, satisfied, he continued on.

J D stopped where he had hidden the guns in holsters, securely tying the horse to a sturdy branch walking over to where his "stash" was, eagerly untangling the guns.

Totally mesmerised in his fantasy thoughts of being a great gunfighter, strapping the gun-belt and holsters around the top of his hips, pushing the guns into their holsters.

Jersey put the gun for his left hand, into right holster, the gun for his right hand, into the left holster, a criss-cross type of arrangement, beginning to pressure the guns home.

Suddenly most comically, if one was to observe it, for as he pushed the guns into the holsters, the belt too big for his body size, couldn't hold the push upon the guns, started slipping down past his knees by the weight applied, tripping Jersey into a few awkward unintended steps.

J D steadied himself falling over, pulling the gun-belt back up, tightening the belt up to its last hole, which was a good comfortable fit, beginning to slide the guns in and out faster and faster, finally pulling them all the way out, then quickly sliding them back into the holsters.

Doing this a few more time, feeding his delusion by pulling the guns out, cocking them, trying to twirl the guns on his finger, unfortunately making the gun in his left hand discharge killing a magpie bird in the tree off to his right, at the same time the gun in his left hand had discharged its bullet, the gun in his right hand went off, the bullet piercing the rough material of his left thigh muscle, leaving a deep red welt across the muscle.

Who got the biggest fright, J D or the old horse, was impossible to tell, thankfully for J D, he had the "sense" to ease the guns down, now hammers were safely uncocked, sliding them safely back into their holsters, while the old horse nearly torn it's head off trying to get away and run, luckily the branch held JD had securely tied the horse too.

Jersey took off the guns and holsters, wrapped them back up, happily returning to the orphanage to hide them for later practise.

Checking around very diligently before hiding both guns and holsters, above one of the main bearers of the old verandah, safe from rain or any detection, if nobody could see what he was doing, which was rare at an orphanage.

Hoping his secret would not be discovered, was ever so lucky that the prying eyes seeing what he was doing with the guns and holsters, belonged to one of the orphans Jersey had saved from anymore abuse, ensuring his hiding place stayed a safe secret.

Jersey managed to get a fair bit of practise in, using, getting the feel of the guns unloaded, until he was satisfied he could draw them quick enough, loading bullets into the chambers, then get his aim right by shooting off some of the bullets, but not all, the other bullets might have a task to do, for “the most famous bushranger of all, J, D, SPADON”, Jersey overjoyed hearing himself say it out loud.

More Jersey practised, more prolific did his dreaming about being a famous bushranger became, with a very lurid events, sometimes causing him to wander in such delusions, as he did this night to another of his overly rampant teenage imagination’s help in his being famously noted gun prowess of drawing his guns, a real history making bushranger.

“My gun draw is faster than light, everyone knows who J D Spadon is, the greatest bushranger in Australia, the whole world, anyone wanting to go against me, just fucking dies, just fucken dies, come against ME and die.

Newspapers over the country tell the many exploits of ME, the famous gunfighter J D SPADON, how I jumped over dangerous waterfalls, walked across the desert without any water, out fought, out drawn, hundreds of men, nothing, or no man could beat me, or kill me, I am the best”.

By time Jersey was fifteen years old, he was pretty reasonable at his gun drawing abilities, he was also at the age to be apprenticed out.

CHAPTER 4.

“APPRENTICED OUT”

Lieutenant Bigman called Jersey into his poky office, informing him, “I have rather very good news for you, you have been apprenticed out to a Mr Henerey Morbree.

Mr Morbree owns a large sheep and cattle property, called “Wilderemere Station”, one of his workers will pick you up at approximately 10 am tomorrow.

You have been apprenticed out for 6 years, after that you can decide your own way in life, pack up whatever is yours, I wish you well in your future life, with whatever it entails, good luck Jersey”, Bigman said shaking hands with J D.

J D left the office indifferent to what he had just been told, as he knew at 15 years of age all the boys were moved on from the orphanage to make way for younger boys.

‘Just another fucked up part of my miserable fucking life, I’ll change it all one day’, Jersey’s thoughts in head.

Jersey’s last night at the orphanage, was of saying goodbye to the older boys, then retiring to a very restless night’s broken sleep, imagining what was in store for him, mixed up among the tales that often filtered back from the other “apprentices”.

Late dawn sprang heat upon the dry countryside in a lazy sort of waking to another day.

Jersey had packed his meagre hand-me-downs of donated clothes, the guns and holsters, into an old travel bag given to him by the church, as they did to every boy that was apprenticed out, anxiously awaiting his ride to a new life.

The wagon to pick him up arrived with a full back of supplies, near to ten o'clock, previously arranged between Bigman and Morbree, when Morbree had last paid a visit the orphanage.

The driver introduced himself to Lieutenant Bigman, and his wife, waiting with Jersey,

“Mr Bigman, Mrs”, taking off his old battered sweaty sun shading hat to Lucinda, “I be Jim Notts, here from Mr Morbree to get apprenticed lad”, Jim said to Bigman.

There were no formal introductions, nor with shaking hands in those days, between a “Lackey” worker, and a person of some sort of importance, Jersey at fifteen years of age, just didn't count.

“Thank you Jim, please give our best regards to Mr Morbree and his wife Olivia, now off you go young Jersey, and do exactly as you are told, and don't get yourself into any trouble”, Bigman told Jersey.

“Thank you Mr and Mrs Bigman, have a very good day, I will pass on you regards”, Jim said as he commanded the two horses to go, thinking to himself, how hard and how often, he'd like to fuck Lucinda Bigman.

Only words Jim spoke to Jersey on the journey back to Winderemere Station, was when they were moving off, after he looked around to catch another look at Lucinda before she walked back inside the orphanage; “Boy, you know my name and I know yours”, that's all Jim said.

It was in a very, very, different tone of voice, than he had spoken to the lieutenant Bigman and his wife.

Jim hadn't been sent all this way just for Jersey, Jim was originally coming into Meedby to get supplies for the Station, "the road into Meedby runs past the orphanage, it was an opportune time after he had gotten all the supplies, and was on his way back to Wildermere Station, to call in at the orphanage, pick up a boy I had apprenticed out to me", told Henery Morbree to Jim, along with other instruction he wanted Jim to carry out in Meedby on his behalf.

Puffs of summery arid dust thrown up by the wagon's big wheels following the 24 horse hooves, making a clomp, clomping, sound by their steel shoes hitting hard dry earth.

Every so often there was a crunching sound as the hooves and the wagon's rims pushed down so hard on a rock or pebble, the weight broke the rock into even littler pieces, almost to powder in some cases.

It was sticky, hot, dusty, behind the horses, all Jersey could smell was the heat, strong sweat from the horses, or when one of them farted, before dropping of their pungent clods of shit on the ground as they walked along.

Mid-summer was very hot, they both had big rimmed hats to guard against the sun, this time of the day, most of the sensible animals were out of the mid-day sun.

The horses were tossing their heads about against the flies trying to get into their eyes, "March" flies, trying to sting them, Jim kept a tight control of horses, occasionally having to flail the whip on the huge rum of one that wanted to play up.

Jersey loved earthy scent of gum oils, as they rode along amidst the smell of the gum trees.

Emanating their eucalyptus fragrance, thick hanging so still, from the tree leaves, their leaves either drooped to the heat, or shed to the ground, in the cycles of the bush.

The entrance to Wilderemere Station, was but a few hours away from Meedby by buggy ride, but at least four hours, by a full supply wagon, then another couple of hours travel to the homestead, for although Wilderemere Station started near Meedby, the rest of the large holding, took in all the areas you could see from the entrance, looking back into the western divide, mountains included.

Wilderemere Station's many workers, all descriptions, all an intricate part of the profitable running of such a huge land-holding, diversity of animals needed, not only for their wool, beef production, sales, with other assorted animals, as well as sheep, cattle, raised for the tables.

Jim and Jersey with the wagon loaded with supplies, arrived back at the large Morbree Homestead house, called "OSTIEN", in the later part of the afternoon.

Jim pulled the six draught horses to a halt, at the rear of the homestead, near some large buildings that were part of the main buildings, connected by a covered walkway.

Jim shoved Jersey off the seat and over the side of the huge wagon, Jim using the foot-step of the wagon, to get down; "Get down, fucken rat-boy shit, Mr Morbree wants me to bring you to him", Jersey luckily landing with a tiny thump as his feet hit the ground, being very agile and lithe in his movements.

Jersey looked around at the buildings, this was the largest homestead house he had ever seen, it was so much bigger than the orphanage, Jersey, was still taking in the size of the homestead.

When brought back to reality, being roughly led by Jim, to where Henerey Morbree and his wife were taking afternoon tea in the shade of the large verandah.

“Excuse me, Mr and Mrs Morbree, this young man is Jersey Spadon from the orphanage, you wanted me to bring him to you, Mr Morbree, as soon as we arrived back”.

“Yes, thank you Jim.

Hello Jersey, this is my wife, Mrs Morbree, and I am Henerey Morbree, call me Mr Morbree, Jersey.

We hope your time here with us here at Winderemere station is both enjoyable and productive.

Thanks Jim, we just wanted to get to know what the lad looks like, thanks Jim”, Henerey Morbree said, turning his back on Jersey and Jim, to sit down with his wife at the very large table, spread with cool drinks and refreshments they were enjoying.

Jim bid Mr and Mrs Morbree a courteous very polite “good afternoon” before walking off in front of Jersey, like Jersey didn’t exist, back to where the horses were tethered, walking passed the wagon, up onto the verandah, knocking on the large wooden door, waiting for some response to his knocking.

Jersey heard voices inside Jim speaking to someone unseen to him, opening the door, Jim finished taking as the door slowly closed, grunting angrily at Jersey, “help unload the fucken supplies, rat boy cunt”.

Jersey lifted up a heavy sack of flour onto his broad shoulder, having to walk past the kitchen door, to get to the very large, securely lockable, store’s room door, noticing through the window as he walked, most strikingly beautiful young woman, he's ever saw, working in the kitchen.

“AND HE WAS IN LOURVE”, from that moment, as any young male with overly rampant hormones would be.

The wagon was about two thirds unloaded, when Jim told an older woman in main part of the kitchen area; “that was all supplies had been requested, safely stacked away, have a pleasant afternoon”, in the nicest mannered voice, it was the same pleasant manner of voice he had spoken to the Morbree’s with, not the angry cur one he cursed at Jersey with, ‘strange’ thought Jersey.

Jim climbed back up onto the wagon, smacking the reins on the horse’s rumps to get them going with a loud “gee-up”, uncaring if Jersey was on board or not.

Jim steered the huge wagon away from the very large homestead, back onto the well-worn track leading up into the farther reaches of Windermere station.

Jim seated in stone face silence, contently enjoying a couple of smokes, three-quarters of an hour since they had left the homestead, reaching a reasonably looking, well kept house, with a large fenced off yard around it, with a couple of smaller sheds and a set of stables.

Jim stopped the wagon at the house, abruptly pushing Jersey off the wagon, before getting down himself.

A very fine featured woman, with hazel eyes, combed shoulder length dark tidy hair, a little rather plump looking, with large loose breasts, greeted Jim.

“Hello Jim, got all my supplies” she asked.

“Hello Marge, sure have, this rat boy's called Jersey”.

Margery already knew there was a new boy arriving, of fifteen, apprenticed out to the station, husband George, was the farm manager of Wildermere station, Mr Morbree had previously told George all about Jersey.

What he expected of Jersey, the chores George was to assign to him, along with any that he saw fit to give to the lad, so Marge knew all about Jersey.

Jersey and Jim unloaded the supplies, Marge and her husband had ordered, then, continued on to the side of the main shearing shed, where Jim tried to push Jersey off the wagon seat again, but Jersey knew what was coming and jumped down by himself.

Jersey Demetri Spadon had already made up in his fanciful mind of how to kill this Jim Notts with his trusty six guns, thinking of so many ways of killing Notts, whilst he was helping Notts with the unloading of some drums of chemicals and fencing supplies, before moving to the last stop for the supply wagon.

Jim pulled the big wagon to a halt, at the shearer's quarters, housing two shearers to each room, and also the workers quarters\kitchen\store room buildings.

When it wasn't shearing time, the workmen used the shearer's quarters, so the rats, mice, and other vermin didn't take over the empty rooms with their bunk beds in them.

At the kitchen\store rooms, Jim smiled smugly, Jersey jumped down from the wagon, before he did, waiting to be told what to do.

"Unload rest of supplies for cook, where he tells you, rat-fuck boy" Jim loudly growled, before walking in to the building, talking to another man, then disappeared for a few minutes, before riding off on a saddle horse, along the track leading away from the yards of the shearing shed.

"Hell, lad, you must be Jersey, our new boy, I'm Greg Myer, pleased to meet you, heard the wagon pull up, talked to Jim" offering his hand to Jersey.

Jersey shook Greg by the hand, “Pleased to meet you Mr Myer, yes, my name’s Jersey”.

“That Jim Notts is an unsociable, moody, cunt of a man at times, bet he never introduced you Jersey, to half the people he should have, come on son, help me unload the wagon, that fucken Jim’s up to his usual trick of leaving me to finish unloading the wagon and unhitch the horse’s, he’s a cunning cunt that Jim Notts”.

Once they had completely unloaded the wagon, Greg said to Jersey, to get his bag and put it in the kitchen before they went.

Jersey did as he was told, then hopped back up onto the wagon seat, as Greg said to him; “We’ll take the wagon over to where it is usually parked, unhitch the horses, give the horses access to water, comb them down before feeding them in the stables, then let them go free in the large home paddock to run in, they will not be required for a few days, there was good natural grasses for them to eat, well as the grain from the stable stalls”.

Greg talked to Jersey taking good care of the horses, showing him, “His” correct way, to care for horses, which Jersey already knew, Greg told Jersey how HE, had become the workers “Camp Slut” bitterly complaining; “homestead had kitchen hands, cooks and helpers, I have to do all the fucken jobs myself, fuck it all, no cunt ever helps me”.

Greg’s complaining went on and on, with lecturing Jersey, “station worker’s cook is called a camp slut in some places, not a name of disrespect mind you, it’s because of all the many different jobs they do, as well as the cooking.

Christ Jersey, workers claim a cook’s most important job, is to have good edible meals ready for them.

Before they start or when they return from their long hours of working hard, Jersey, you will be working so damn hard with me, after your milking each morning, helping me prepare the day's cooking, doing any odd jobs that I ask.

You are also to help the farm manager's wife, "Mrs Bey" with anything she asked you to do, cranky cunt Notts told me you saw Marge when you unloaded supplies for her and boss, so you know who she is, she's a very decent fine woman Jersey, any bad manners or cheek you give her and I'll---, just fucken do what she tells you to do, be mindful of your best manners, she and boss are good people.

I'll introduce you to George, ah Boss, the manager, Mr Bey to you boy, and the men, when they return finished for the day, before George gets a chance to go to his house".

When they finished with the horses and were walking back towards the kitchen, Jersey saw the perfect spot to hide his guns and holsters.

He spotted what must be the dump for all old broken carts, wagons, farming machinery, long since cannibalised of any usable parts, now just lying in a heap, rusting away with weeds and vines growing in and out of their skeletons.

Greg showed Jersey where the four toilets, with their "Long drops" were, then to where he would be bunking.

"Now you go and unpack you bag, while I go have a smoke, shit, read, I'll come and get you when I'm finished" Greg said with the hint of idiocy in his laughing speech.

It didn't take Jersey long to unpack, there was almost nothing in his bag to unpack, except for the guns, holsters, some very flimsy well-worn clothes, Jersey thinking his six years here, might not be as bad as he first thought, looking to see he was by himself, and Greg was still on the toilet.

With the door closed, Jersey walked very quickly to place the guns and holsters, in through the rusted out hole of the boiler of the very old steam engine, he saw before.

Jersey rushed back to his sleeping quarters, making out he was still fiddling around with his clothes, testing his bunk bed out for comfort, hearing then seeing Greg about to walk in.

“Come on lad, there’s evening meals to be prepared, if its not ready for the men, both of US, will be skinned and eaten, now come on, stop playing with your dick scratching your bum”, laughed Greg, giving Jersey a pretend kick in the rear, Jersey didn’t take this kidding around at all serious, smiling himself at the joke, but not at Greg’s stupid sort of eerie laugh.

Greg walked back to the kitchen, then towards the big store’s room, unlocked the door, gathered some supplies from a darkish dank smelling room never given light to see, only when the door was opened; “Need some flour, salt, tea, some salted meat hanging up, Jersey you get some potatoes, and turnips from their bags”.

When supplies had been obtained, Greg locked again the store’s door and carried the goods back into the kitchen.

Jersey started peeling potatoes, cleaning the turnips, as Greg mixed the flour, salt, and water into bread dough, then into the oven to bake.

Greg made sure the fire had enough wood to stay at the correct temperature, telling Jersey more about what his chores would be, after he showed him about, tomorrow and the next couple of days, then he would be by himself.

“First thing of a morning Jersey, you saddle up one of the horses and ride to the “Creek” paddock.

Slowly bring milking cows into the homestead yards, they'll most likely be ready waiting to get fed and milked.

“Genteel” people took milk with their breakfast, cups of their of tea, fresh made butter on their toast, sipping on some cool buttermilk, most probably loaded with alcohol of some sort, as they sit in the shade while the rest of us dumb cunts, work, sometimes boy, you might have to take a small wagon, if the homestead needs something from here.

You'll see only a few cows at a time are giving milk, the other cows are in various stages of growing calves, but they all need to be brought in to the yards, steady, making damn sure you let them back out when your finished with milking, it only takes a couple of hours to milk, then you come back here, help me out after you check if the kitchen needs you, or the boss's wife needs you to help out with something.

I'll take you to the homestead after the men go in the morning, introduce you there, show you where yards are, better not be chasin a peek at one of them young kitchen maids, before they know who you are”.

Jersey thought that stupid laugh, that really stupid laugh.

“You are also to slop the pigs, look after the chooks, collect the eggs to the kitchen, dig, weeding the garden plot, keep the vegetables in the garden watered, clean out stables, chook pens, of horse and chook shit, barrow it to the garden then dig it into the soil.

Make sure there's feed for the dogs, some are left here until needed for working with the animals, or a couple go out with the men, just make sure there's good feed and water for the dogs that stay, the men will take care of their dogs when they return at end of day.

I'll teach you how to butcher sheep, pigs and beasts for the tables of everyone on Wildermere station, so you can help me kill and prepare the animals, such are so pretty simple things to indispensable people likes us eh Jersey.

You'll have to help Jim shoe the horses whenever he needs to, I should've shown you the blacksmith's work area when I was showing you around, no mind, I'll do it for sure tomorrow.

Oh, I nearly forgot, the boss wants me to show you how to use a rifle, safely, in case of foxes, crows, dingoes, or whatever tries for a free meal, anything else I think of, I'll let you know, time for a smoke, then check the stove".

Greg reaching for some tobacco to roll to a cigarette, offering Jersey the smoke he had just rolled, ready to hand roll another smoke if Jersey accepted.

Jersey thought what's good enough for Greg he might as well try, as Greg was always taking a quick smoke.

Jersey took the smoke from Greg, taking a very deep drawback breath, loving strange feeling, nicotine ingesting, into his veins, a life-long habit began hooking deeply into Jersey.

"Fuck me, boy, you smoked before, most first time smokers cough their arse out but you, you took to it like you been puffin away all your life, you sneaky little cunt, you have smoked before, I was sure I could make you sick, anyway, anytime you want a smoke, until you can get some of your own, just ask lad, I'm so damn glad to have you in helpin me out".

Jersey wasn't perturbed or overwhelmed by amount of things Greg, told him he would have to do each day, he was not disturbed by the amount of different work.

Jersey thinking, ‘back at the orphanage I had just as many and similar chores to do, this here, might just be the good place to work and live after all, the rifle, I get a rifle to use when I want, I’ll be able to keep on practising with my own guns, plus a smoke whenever I want one, just might be a good place’.

Jersey had finished his smoke, Greg still had a bit of his cigarette hanging out the side of his lips, away from the damper bread he took out of the oven, putting some more in “time these ones are ready, it’ll be near dark boys should be home, them pots boiling yet, Jersey, if so move them off the heat a bit, to gently boil, not bubble their heads off”, Greg with that stupid laugh of his, J D liked Greg, but his stupid laugh was such a stupid stupid annoying laugh, thankfully stopped by hearing the men returning.

The men’s talking was not the high-spirited banter as when they left, so early at just after dawn, more with stiff tiredness of their toilsome hard day’s working, in amongst the clip-clopping sound of the metal shoes of the horses on the ground, becoming louder the closer they approached the quarter’s to walk past to the stables.

Tethering poles\roof supports, were on the right side of the large water well, collecting the water from the large roof of the stables\feed shed when it rained.

Large rough cut thick ironbark wooden slabs were used as the walls of the stables, with better construction of the individual stalls inside for working horses, becoming very dusty when the horses moved around.

The stables had a life all of its own, the extremely dry dusty particles of the dirt floor, mixed with a real old wood, still giving off its characteristic smell.

Hung almost motionlessly mixing with sweaty saddle blankets and leather, of the bridles and saddles at rest on the long wooden pegs, especially aligned along the wall to take a saddle, creaking at first when a saddle was placed upon them.

Rats and mice, living off the feed stored in the back of the stables, and the horse shit, before it was cleaned out each morning, would occasionally build up overpowering in smell and numbers, requiring a good clean out of the infestation, occurring on a regular basis, cats were used as well as poison and carpet snakes, trying to combat rodents, with limited success, to weather conditions of the season.

Greg most insistent to Jersey's understanding; "the proper care with working horses after being unsaddled, they had to be combed, fed, checked for any injuries, and water made available to them in the long cement trough filled from the well in the holding yard, adjacent to the side of the long stable wall, for the men to be able to catch their horses first thing of a morning, instead of having to go find them, taking up valuable working time".

Not too much time spent cleaning their own selves up before the men returned to their quarters, coming into the eating area cursing at the cook to get the meal of "SHIT" he had prepared, onto the table in a hurry.

"I'll give you meal of SHIT, you motherless bastards, tomorrow I will squat over the pot and I WILL SHIT in the meal" Greg in mock anger at the men.

"Taste just the same as the usual standard" one of the men said immediately back at Greg almost before he had finished his pretend tirade, causing Greg and the men to all start laughing.

George Bey, the manager of Wilderemere station, was finishing off his smoke listening to the banter between the men and Greg, thinking he'd like to be part of the fun as well, screwing his hard leather work-boot on the last bit of his hand rolled smoke well into the dry dirt making sure it was snuffed out.

George, very stone faced, walked in saying, "Good Lord cook, it smells like SHIT in here, what in hell have you cooked up for the men" which caused all in the room to laugh even more, including Jersey.

"That's it, I fucken quit, can't take any more, I do my best for you ungrateful cunts, I fucken quit".

Greg threw the old towel he used to lift and carry the hot pots off the big kitchen stove, hitting George covering his face for a moment or two, some of the men were in tears of laughter, knowing Greg and George had been real close friends since their earliest childhood.

When George pulled the towel away, he had biggest smile on his face, saying to Greg, "Sorry cook, introduce us the boy, I want to get home to Marge and the kids".

"Gentlemen, I'd like to introduce Jersey Spadon to you all, Jersey is from the orphanage, been apprenticed out to the station for six years", Greg making it sound like a big formal introduction.

"The farm manager Mr George Bey or Boss" winking at his mate George.

"Hello, Jersey, nice to meet you lad", George shaking hands with Jersey, then immediately leaving to go to his own house.

"You already know this mule mannered cunt, unless he's trying to show off, Jim Notts.

He's also the "smithy", Jim just grunted.

One of your bunk mates, Derek O'Dein, the maddest Irishman, Irish or Mad Mick, for short".

"Hello Jersey, tis good to meet such a strapping lad as yourself", in thick Irish accent Jersey almost did not know what he was saying as they shook hands.

"Your other bunk-mate over there, one with the dirty bushranger beard is Phil Adles, mainly called "apples".

"Hello Jersey" shaking hands with a very strong grip to Jersey.

"These two, down near end of the table are brothers, Elwin, and Jonas Berildy"

"Hello, call me Nevil" Elwin shaking hands.

"Hello, yeah call me Stu", Jonas shaking hands.

"Back on the other side of the table, our guitar player, Keegan Lofcre, or "keet", cause he sings like a strangled fucken parrot, when he tries to sing.

"Hello lad" Keegan shaking hands.

"And the last one is Glen Lefil".

"Hello Jersey", Glen shaking hands.

"Jersey, there's also a couple of ex-convict men that live out in the back reaches of Wilderemere, tending to the sheep, cattle, fence repair, I'll introduce you to them when they come back in for supplies, and Neville Haet, gardener.

Jersey was unaware just how much Greg was helping him by the way he introduced him to the men, Greg knew, if he introduced the boy properly, instead of just letting him get to know the men's names, it would be a lot better for the boy, after all he was only fifteen.

Jersey helped Greg put the food on the table for the men, began cleaning up men left after finishing their food.

Some of the men smoked, some played a musical instrument along with Keegan, a couple just dozed off in humming to the music.

Jersey could hear the sound of a guitar, an accordion, and a fiddle, which sounded as good-a-music sound as he had ever heard.

“Right’o lad, finished in here, time for a smoke and bed, we’ll all be up at first dawn, get some good sleep boy, you’ll need it in the morning”

The music had stopped as Jersey finished his smoke, walked to his room past the other quarters, been taught at the orphanage, time for bed, meant time for bed.

Jersey entered the room to see his bunk-mates were already in bed and snoring, he closed the door as quiet as he could, undressed climbed into bed naked.

Jersey was very rudely woken with a big start at first light, by being rolled out of bed roughly by Greg, “Jersey, looks like you been jerkin that thing, it’s all red and hard”, laughing at Jersey’s morning erection.

Jersey and Greg made breakfast of two large pots of tea to drink, thick slices of yesterday’s thick damper bread, re-heated stew tipped over the slices of dry bread.

Whilst the men were slopping their breakfast, wiping the gravy like substance from the metal plates with a slice of damper, Greg put into the large empty flour bag, boiled eggs, damper bread, tea, chunks of salted mutton cut into rough slices to go on the bread at midday meal, to go into their supply wagon with tools men would need for the day.

Greg had told Jersey to go hitch up the horses to the small wagon, make sure the water barrel on the back of the wagon was full of water and securely put the lid back on.

Then bring the wagon to the kitchen, tie up the horses come back in to see him.

When Jersey came back into the kitchen, men were just gathering things to put into the wagon, Greg telling Jersey, to give him a hand to put the day's rations for the men into the box under the wagon's seat.

When the wagon was loaded, been checked, the men saddled their own horses, walked their horses off in front of the small wagon, Greg, Jersey, sucked on another leisurely smoke.

George Bey the "Boss", walked his horse from the small set of stables, provided with the house to his position of running the farm, waiting for the men to arrive on the track from their quarters, runs directly passed his house.

This gave George the chance to enjoy a smoke, make sure all the men were at work, in among the very pleasing thoughts of what had occurred, not that many minutes ago to him.

George's wife Marge had been awoken to a beautiful coolish, but not cold, dawning breeze, tickling her through her thick black curly pubic hairs, reaching out from each side of her worn underwear, the rest of her body bared to the morning by her nudeness, slumbering in snore from last night's wine intake with George.

Marge reached for George in passion, only to feel he was gone from the bed, by the coldness of where his body had shaped the worn mattress.

Marge knew where he husband would be this time of the morning, no time for proper dressing, pulling a gown over her naked body after removing her underwear, making for where George would be.

Marge found George in the stable, standing on a barrel for height to reach over the back of the huge draught horse to rub him down, before putting him to harness to pull the dray for her and the children to go to the fields, then to pull the farm implements for their eldest boy, once the huge garden plot down by the clear running creek had been attended too.

Marge walked up to George with the look he knew to surrender in tameness to her.

Marge unbuttoned his fly, took his penis in her hand to feel the blood surge it to hardness, dropping her gown to revel her nude body to him, gently kissing the head of his penis.

George jumped down off the barrel, picking Marge's body up as easy as the wind blows a feather, tossing her almost in his haste, seating her on the wide top of the barrel with her gown as a cushion under her.

Marge parted her legs for George, to slide his rock hard penis to the enjoyment of being fully inside of her, when she rested against him in loving cuddles and kissing.

George kissed Marge harder, feeling his coming, his actions became so fast he lost his steady footing, to slightly staggering sideways from the barrel, just as the old draught horse moved to George's body hitting its back leg, causing the horse to put his big back hoof on the instep of George's left foot.

Marge still sitting on the barrel, watched in her side splitting laughter as her husband, hobbled, jumped, around to the pain, with his still erect penis flopping crazily about hitting his belly, then between his legs to body's movement, quickly losing its "anger".

Marge slid down off the barrel to comfort her poor wounded husband, so hard for her to be comforting, when laughing so hard.

George started to stop hobbling around the more the pain subsided, laughing himself, how funny their mornings lovemaking must have looked.

Marge spoke softly to George taking his hand for him to feel how wet, she still was between her legs, ending in their sexual contentment they both desired.

Marge went back to the house, cleaned up, dressed, then called the children from their beds for breakfast.

The children had their breakfast then got dressed to help in the fields, to return later with their mother for some basic schooling.

George harnessed the gelded draught horse “Shackle” to the sturdy wooden dray for them to hop in and ride to the fields, before he had left to join the men.

The children loved to pat this almost giant of placid beasts, they would climb all over his back, up his neck to play with his ears, if not watched they would walk under his belly moving around,, then dangerously be at the back of the horse's massively strong legs, which they had been warned many times not to do, yet Shackle just stood there perfectly still to the children's antics, with a look of serenity that could not be argued, this most powerful of beast was so enjoying the company of the children.

Marge, her children, slowly drove off into the fields, like they did most mornings, air starting to waft refreshing perfumed gum flowers, leaves of trees, warming morning, so still, yet enjoyable as they slowly moved along, to very large perennial gardens, supplying Wilderemere Station.

Marge allowing Billy to manoeuvre Shackle and the dray into position to carry the pumpkins, onions, potatoes, turnips, other vegetables, ready for harvest, among the on growing rotation of crops growing in the gardens.

It was also Marge's job to check the many different fruit trees to see what was ripe to pick.

Marge and Anne, her youngest child picking onions, bunching them together for storage, then put the onions in the cart, under ever watchful eye of gardener, Neville Haet.

Billy older of children, carrying heavy big pumpkins to the back of the cart, to be stored for winter usage.

Once whatever was ready to be picked, was picked, loaded into the dray, Marge and her children went about weeding the crops, while Shackle was unhitched from the dray by Billy, hitched up to an old plough to turn the soil over to fallow, being replenished by manures of the animals droppings gathered from the sheds and stables, Shackle was then re-hitched to the dray returning home with the loaded dray, and some tired people.

Henerey Morbree the owner of Wilderemere Station, insisted to George Bey, as his farm manger, George, was to ensure all the workers entrusted to him, were well treated, fed good meals or provisions, prepared by employed cooks, which was a far cry from some of landed gentry of 1860's.

It had not always been enlightened as this, until ever recently, in bygone times seen men fending for themselves, sleeping out with the "Mobs" of sheep, moving the "Herds" of cattle around to better grazing, sleeping "under the stars" or in one of the many rough slab huts, permeating the vast Wilderemere Station, no longer in use, newer type of bush dwellings were built under Morbree's orders.

There were many other positive changes that had taken place in Australia's growing populace in the last 50 years, with a lot of land still to be settled and developed, to facilitate onward progress of a young nation, trenchantly encumbered with an old master's pedigree.

CHAPTER 5.

“TO A THING THAT CHANGED”

Schools of late 1850 in bigger towns and cities were in a transition phase, from schooling mainly for who could afford it, to schooling for all that wanted to learn.

Vira Siggs like being at school, a real relief from all the varied and many chores she had to do at home.

Her mother had died when she was three, her father worked long hard hours at the timber mill telling the older brothers and sisters to look after the youngest one.

The Millwell School was situated on a slope of land on the southern side of the town.

The land had been prepared so the school was sitting on the ground at the back, with the front of the school up on big wooden piers with seats so children could escape from the hot sun of summer by getting under the building.

Drinking water, closely watched by a teacher when a allotted time for taking a drink was allowed.

Clumps of large gum trees, surrounded the grounds of the school, with sawn timber seats for the children to use.

Some children lucky enough to have something to eat for lunch, would sit outside, or under the school in having their lunch, if a child had no lunch they would just go off in playing games with other children that had no lunch, some just sat watching the lucky other children eat, so hungry.

Seasons to children more interested in just being children, accepted the changing of seasons without any ado of adults to beautiful sunsets, dawns, silver bright moon, to colours of change, the sky, the sun, life.

Autumn begins changing the days, becoming cooler to cold, chilly afternoons shivered the children that had no sort of warmer cloths to wear.

Teacher, Joel Temery, “Mister Temery”, was aware some children had no warmer coats or jumpers to wear, he approached the church, members of the local council, were also governing body of the school council, for help, before biting cold of winter, could attack the unfortunate children who had no warmer clothes to wear.

End of autumn, a large wooden box, almost a chest size crate, being delivered to the school, the writing on the top of the crate said “To Millwell School, to be opened only by Mr Joel Temery”.

An envelope attached to top of the crate addressed to the teacher.

Temery ripped open the letter, reading the short few lines of the letter “Hope they fit the children ok, the church has been most generous with some things as well”, signed Redmond Kaze, Mayor, Millwell local council.

Mister Temery grabbed the hammer, small crow-bar, kept in the stores room for any little repairs he could carry out at the school, asking some of the children to help him remove the wooden top held securely down by large nails hammered into the wood.

Small crow-bar hammered in under the nails, top of the crate lifted up by Mr Temery and the children, to reveal a crate packed with warm thick coats for boys and girls.

Temery began handing the coats out to the boys and girls needing some, a few of the children from the better off families, had their own warm coats and didn't require any.

Children became excited with hand-me-down coats, starting to get a bit loud, boisterous, causing Mister Temery to settle them down.

Temery re-checked all the needy children received a coat, having two spare coats over to be hung up spares, in a very small room filled with this-n-thats, to be used, only if and when needed.

Temery asked the children to help him move the crate off the verandah, over to the pile of wood stacked up for the potbelly fire inside, saying he would cut the crate up for use in burning, after school.

Winter was really nasty some days as the icy winds crashed against the walls and door, trying to force a way in, to the little warmth a small pot-belly stove could give to the big room containing the children.

Answering the call of nature on these sorts of days, turned out to be a test of endurance of how long you could hold your bladder against the cold, making you want to go more often than usual, both boys and girls.

Footwear was about as common as rocking horse manure, on the rock hard skin of the kids, most never ever having felt the comfort of a decent shoe, except for a lucky few.

It was also the time warts, growths, wanting to grow on, or out, of one of the children's toes or feet, burst forth, always catching in grass, on a rock, stinging as it bled.

Spring started warming the days, for more playing in the brighter sun.

Bird calls got louder, more frequent, above yelling of the children, the potbelly fire didn't need as much wood, or as often, to be carried in by one of the children as a form of punishment.

Summer was when the bees stung your feet walking to school through flowers on the ground, swimming in the local waterholes, ripened fruit, some raided stolen, some growing wild.

Temery, as the children's only teacher, noticed many things the children didn't think he saw, or was aware of, as their body and minds grew.

Temery kept a close eye on, as best he could, on the older boys and girls never allowing them to go off on their own, almost impossible to watch everything minute, twelve developing teenagers of varying years age, got up to.

Such was the case of Vira Siggs, for Vira had taken to letting the boys touch her between the legs, mostly the boys would have a very quick touch, then an almost embarrassed giggle, some not really knowing to what they were actually touching.

Vira at fourteen had started letting the boys put their hand into her undergarments, then it was full intercourse.

After school on her way home, she was having sex with some of the boys, then any of the boys, Vira loved to fuck, she didn't question why, she just loved to fuck.

Keny Dove and six other boys, had asked Vira to met them after school, Vira met the boys, didn't say a word as she pulled off her undergarments, leaving her dress on and laid down on the ground.

Keny seeing her very hairy vagina, got an immediate erection.

Moving over to insert his penis in her, as he moved closer to her, he “Lost” his semen onto her leg.

Keny moved out of the way as his semen was sliding off the inside of her leg towards the ground, for one of the other boys to have sex with Vira, then all of the boys had sex with Vira.

Vira just lay there waiting for any or all of the boys to “Go” again, which some did, Keny didn’t “Go” early this time, not until he was inside Vira.

When all the boys were finished, Vira, with the boy’s semen running out of her, just got up so nonchalantly, put her tatty undergarments on, went one way, boys went the other way.

Next days at school with Vira, they talked nicely to each other, were happy playing their games, Vira always seemed to look good to the boys, no matter how many of them she let have sex with her, Vira seemed to get on well with the other girls, strangely, other girls never disrespected Vira, knowing what she was doing with the boys.

None of the boys at her school cared about taking turns with her “lovely vagina” as this was doing to a female in real life, what they had been chronically masturbating about.

Vira left school, but kept meeting the boys, and men, any male that wanted to fuck her, it didn’t matter, Vira just laid there in silence, no kissing, never moving her legs up, no different positions, just lying there not caring who was having sex with her as long as someone was.

Vira never seemed to care where she laid down to have sex, the bush with leafy ground, the bare ground, a room, a stable, in a wagon, under a wagon, anywhere.

Vira just laid there, sometimes she miles away in her thoughts, looking at birds nesting in the trees, or whatever, her fucking was to be so uninterested.

By the time she was seventeen, Vira was having sex each day like the cheap prostitutes working the grog places of Millwell and surrounding settlements, only Vira never charged for her body, Vira was like a female dog being on constant “heat”.

Vira let all who fucked her, to “come” inside her, yet she never reached a “climax”, or felt like one, she just loved fucking with the lovely feeling of a penis in her vagina.

Vira had found out very earl in her life, she just loved to fuck, and fucked she did, just about every male she had ever met, from all the settlements around Millwell, and Millwell itself, age meant no difference to her.

How she, or any one of the vast many, who had sex with her, never caught some sort of disease half the local prostitutes became infected with, or Vira never becoming pregnant, would stay one of God’s wonderful mysteries.

Maybe he had other things for her to do with her life, because just before Vira turned eighteen, she just stopped fucking altogether, there was no big drama about it, Vira just stopped fucking of her own free will.

It wasn’t because Vira thought she had done wrong, castigating herself for all the fucking for free she had done, no, she just stopped fucking.

Only thing Vira thought about fucking now, was she always liked to do it, now for some unknown reason, even to herself; she just stopped fucking, losing total interest in sex, wandering about town looking for any type of work as she constantly did.

Vira called at the local printer, David Breenar, finally had some good news for her, telling her of an advertisement that he had just received to go in the paper.

David was only too happy to help Vira, as Vira had helped David to be very happy, on many, many occasions.

David told her; “A Mister Henery Morbree and his wife, Olivia, owners of Wildermere Station, were looking for a replacement nanny, and two kitchen hands.

The nanny had to have impeccable references that would be thoroughly checked, the kitchen hands needed a referee to speak on their behalf when contacted, the two kitchen hands would be required to have an interview at the town of Meedby, with the view of an immediate start.

Vira, Meedby isn't all that far away from here as the crow flies and I will give you the reference you will need, Vira, a position as kitchen hand on Wilderemere Station, it would be just the chance in life you deserve, I'll pay for the coach fare for you to Meedby”, David offered genuinely to Vira.

David a big “softie” at heart, he had sex with Vira so many times over the years, at one stage, he thought, could feel himself falling in love with her, he did, deeply, would have taken their sexual encounters into lasting relationship, excepting his family's objections to Vira's reputation, her last name, now at last, HE could help HER, for a change.

David indeed contacted an agent acting on the best of Henerey Morbree's behalf, asking details about Vira, David, his stomach churning giving a glowing reference of Vira, saddened by the knowledge, because he was too weak to stand up to his family and town gossip, he may never see Vira again.

Vira held no unhappy thoughts about leaving her life of drudgery and poverty in Millwell, after telling her family she was leaving to attend the interview on the date set down in the advertisement.

Vira being only candidate to turn up for the interview, was successful, starting as kitchen hand to same afternoon, with her tiny roll of belongings, riding from Meedby to the Winderemere Station in a very fancy covered in buggy of exceptional workmanship supplied by Wilderemere Station, to bring the successful applicants to the homestead, to settle in and begin working immediately.

Vira had blossomed by the last year of passing, into an even more tantalising, to male hormones, her beautiful shape of womanly demeanour, somewhat hidden by rags of clothes she wore, still showing of herself unto a good light.

Skinny from lacking decent food, yet still displayed the loveliness of her earthy beauty, her longish shinny dark hair with a natural fluency and spring to it as she walked, disappointingly having to be rolled up under her cheap cap to keep her hair from falling intermingling with the constant cooking, associated with Vira preparing food in the large kitchen, among her other chores.

Vira's face flushed with a soft facial skin, unmarked by the ravages of any type of teenage acne attacks, glowing at times with a freshness, of the morning sunlight catching on the skins of the homesteads fruit trees, covered in their lovely ripe fruits, shining back exuberance of perfection.

Vira's ample breasts were sea-buoyant proud as she moved, with their large dark succulent nipples, overseeing her normal sized hips for a female of her age, in so a totally complimented her height of five foot, seven inches tall.

Vira quickly settled in to long hours, repetition of her chores, learning to make best of her way of bondage to her commonness, same as the other “Lackeys”, employed on Wilderemere Station did, all given the chance of a decent, permanent place of stay, meals provide, true to the owner’s word.

Also true to his word, Greg, took Jersey to the large homestead the next morning, pointing out the many things about Wilderemere on the way, both smoking happily as they went.

Greg watched entranced, yet never stopped ribbing Jersey, how Jersey sucked so hard on his smoke, he joked to Jersey, “one day soon he would suck his arse up through his mouth”.

Jersey just loved the taste of lit tobacco, Jersey was so consummately ambidextrous, he rolled a cigarette, from getting the paper ready, put tobacco on the paper, roll paper and tobacco into a beautiful smoke, run paper’s edge along his tongue to wet it, then with one hand, either hand, only one hand, rolled the wet end of the paper over to stick to the dry part of the paper, “and wallah”, a smoke ready to be lit and enjoy, Jersey loved smoking.

Vastness of Wilderemere Station with all the amounts of buildings, animals, meeting new, mostly nice people, for the first time, was like being on a planet far removed from his previous years at the orphanage, for Jersey, especially the female people.

Greg took Jersey off main track, over to the running creek, that starts and threads its way from hills at the back of Wilderemere, through Wilderemere, continues to link up with other creeks flowing into the “Denk” river.

“We’ll go across the creek and I’ll show you where the milking cows normally feed, on the lush grass near the water, where they’ll hide in the shade of the trees, so you’ll know where to get them in the morning.

Remember Jersey, move the milking cows slowly, or you’ll cop a good kick in the arse from me, when we get to there, I’ll show you what feed to give the cows you milk, only the cows you milk, they get a little special grain feed.

There’s a really big black and white Friesian bull, our boss brought special to keep the cows breeding for good milk, boss likes to have the meat of the young animals that have been raised on their mother’s milk, well as good grass about the permanent creeks for his table.

Jersey make sure you take the cows, the bull, quiet as you bring them to the homestead each morning, the bull’s really quiet, long as you don’t stir him up or try to separate him from his cows, make sure you tell me so I can write it down if he serves one of the cows, don’t YOU, go serving one of them cows, you dirty bastard.

I’ll show, no you already know from the orphanage how to milk cows, lot like squeezing your dick boy, right, boy, you dirty little dick puller”.

‘That fucken stupid laugh again’, Jersey swore under his breath, ‘that was worst silliest laugh he had ever heard’.

“You listin to me boy, move cows slow, now to boss’s orders, over there is a great deep water hole we get in some Sundays, yep, wash time in hot months in water hole, in the quarters kitchen in winter months, you as well, you stinky bastard, I can smell you from here, you shit yourself, phew, you stinky shit arse”, ‘that silly laugh again, it’s driving me mad, that stupid laugh’, Jeremy knew there, more to endure.

“While I’m at it, Sunday, after you milk, we have off, to be church’d or rest, we normally just rest, couple’o the boys play music, not much godliness with us boys, hey”.

‘Oh that stupid laugh, will you stop the silly laugh’.

Jersey knew he had to learn to switch off his brain to the insane laugh of Greg, ways he could blot out Greg’s constant ribbing laughs.

Moving the small wagon slowly along in near silence peacefully smoking, to the echoing sound the rolling wheels of the wagon was making on the hard ground, in the short distance, from where cows were, reaching the homestead, Greg loudly ordered “Whoa” to the horse, pulling the small cart up at the big railed yards of the homestead.

“Hop down Jersey, we’ll take a look at where, you have to put the milking cows, I’ll have to introduce you, so you won’t get shot as a robber”, Greg was about to laugh at his own joke again, when ‘thank goodness’ Jersey thought, two people appeared.

“Morning, this lad is called Jersey, new boy working for Mr Morbree, just showin him where to put the cows of a morning, then take him to homestead’s kitchen, introduce him around, boss said he has to be used doing anything at all around the homestead, people should know who he is, Mr Morbree’s orders” Greg told the older man.

“Thank goodness we’ve got more help since that other boy, Blake Norris ran away.

I’ve had to assign “Craig” here to get milking cows, Craig’s supposed to help in the homestead, not go after the cows and milk them, waste’s a lot of his valuable time to go getting the cows, milk them, he’s supposed to only help in kitchen churnin cream for butter, buttermilk, and such like.

Anyway boy, I'm Peter Blane, Mr Blane, in charge of the homestead, this scabby little person is Craig.

Greg if you must take, HIM, to the kitchen, make it brief, don't let him stop any of the kitchen hands from their working, understand", Blane striding off with a hard shove against Craig's back propelling him forward towards the building, certainly no handshake of meeting Jersey, from Blane.

"Nice sort-o-prick, him Jersey, anyway fuck to him, hope he falls in a pile of hot horse shit, chews and swallows a big mouthful and chokes himself" Jersey laughed along this time, with Greg's crazy laugh.

"Lot of other people work IN the homestead, looking after the rooms, keeping the big place clean, tendin the big flower gardens, and a mile of other jobs where YOU MAY SERVE THE MEAL", Greg spoke in the poshest woman's voice Jersey had ever heard from a man, with one hand on the back of his head and the other on his buttock, swaying as he walked repeating, YOU MAY SERVE THE MEAL", both of them fell about laughing, Greg slapping Jersey on the back trying to stop him chocking he was laughing that hard.

Jersey wiping the tears from his eyes as Greg led him to the back of the homestead, knocked on the heavy large wooden door, then again, then again.

The door opened, Jersey went weak at the knees, as if a hand had reached into his testicles, giving them a hard rip upwards.

'She's so fucking lovely', thought Jersey; he was now so enraptured with her, same girl he saw when he took the sack of flour into the store's room that first day.

Unaware he had an instant erection, suddenly making him nervous and uncomfortable, oh God he was in LOVE.

“Hello Vira, may we come in boss’s orders, I am told to introduce Jersey here, around to the kitchen people, boss says he has to help out around homestead sometimes, the boss told me”, Greg said, slipping into a sort of drawl to his talk.

Vira opened the door wider to allow them to come in.

“Vira Siggs this is Jersey Spadon”

“Hello Jersey”

“Hello Vira”.

As Vira turned around started walking to the kitchen, Jersey saw the womanly shape of her, almost lost his load of tadpoles in his rough pants, the only thing that stopped him from an embarrassing moment was the light slap on the back of the head from Greg, “Stop your fucken dreamin, you horny little cunt, get into the kitchen” he whispered in Jersey’s ear, so Vira couldn’t hear him.

Vira was taking to another younger girl, with three older women, when Greg and Jersey walked in to the large kitchen.

“Ladies, this be Jersey Spadon, boss ordered I was to introduce him to you, he’s to do anything to help around the homestead, likes of carryin the supplies in from the wagon, makin sure there’s enough wood cut, stacked, brought in for the fires and such, turn the butter-churn, whatever you need him to do, boss said tell him to do.

Jersey, this is Mrs Wilma Frike head cook, in charge of the kitchen, Mrs Wendy Buskle, Mrs Joyce Pent, both cooks and Clair Button, kitchen maid, Vira who you have already met”.

“Hello Jersey”, the women said in unison, none of them wanting to know anything about, nor even talk to this Jersey, except when the owner of Wilderemere station and their real boss said jump, they jumped to, and followed his orders.

Greg led Jersey out the kitchen door, then out the back door of the homestead and over to where he had tied the horse and wagon.

“Ok Jersey, time to go back to our side of the road”.

‘Oh not that laugh again’, but like before on his first day, Jersey never knew how much Greg was helping him, with the formal way he introduced him, the correct way to address people, since he was only a boy of fifteen nearing to sixteen years old.

On the way back to their quarters, both were having a smoke, Greg was allowing Jersey to drive the wagon, when Jersey had a fleeting thought about, ‘why, had the other boy run away from such a good life at the homestead’.

“Stop here Jersey, time I showed you how to shoot a rifle, a real rifle, not that one between your legs, you are to a always pullin, to make bullets fly from, hey what-do-ya reckon boy” giving Jersey a soft playful dig in the ribs.

Oh god not that stupid fucken silly laugh again, Greg, Jersey almost said out loud, ‘if I get my hands on a rifle I’ll stop that awful laugh of yours’.

“This is a damn good old gun this “Grearde”, single shot, accurate as any hand gun or rifle I’ve ever shot.

First thing about guns or rifles, unless, UNLESS, you are a Bushranger, Policeman, or out hunting, make sure the fucken thing is unloaded, hear that Jersey, keep the fucken thing UNLOADED.

This hole here is where the bullet goes, this thing is the hammer, you have to pull it back to cock the trigger, and when you pull the trigger, it makes the hammer hit the end of the bullet and fires the bullet out the barrel.

You hold the rifle up to your shoulder making sure it fits firm against your shoulder, put your head to the side, close your top eye, looking down along the barrel with your lower eye and aim at what you want to hit.

Go through it all again, all of what I have just shown you Jersey, then I'll put a bullet in the rifle, to see if you can hit a target".

"Reckon you can hit the target, I'll bet you could hit them kitchen maid's target with that gun of yours Jersey", Greg grabbing Jersey between the legs squeezing the end of his penis, causing Jersey to bend over trying to stop him, of his ridiculous laugh.

Greg walking away about fifty yards talking back to Jersey as he walked "I'll put some thick branches up, you see if you can hit them, practise lifting the rifle up to your shoulder, take aim while I get something for you to shoot at, I'll put a bullet in the rifle when I get back".

Jersey thinking 'if, if, I had a bullet in this rifle now I'd shoot you in the fucken head so I wouldn't have to listen to your insane laugh ever again', aiming the rifle at Greg as Greg was gathering some fallen branches, standing them up against the tree.

Jersey aimed the rifle at the sky just as Greg turned around, unknowingly lucky that Jersey did not have a bullet to put in the rifle or he may not have walked back to Jersey.

"Ok lad, feel comfortable holding, aiming, the rifle". Jersey nodded his head as a yes.

“Here, put this bullet in, keep the rifle un-cocked and pointed away, yeah, that’s right, now cock the trigger, good, now up to your shoulder and aim, when you have lined the target up see if you can hit the target”.

Jersey had the target in the sight, pulling the trigger, Jersey surprised the rifle didn’t have as much re-coil when it fired the bullet, as the hand guns had, the first time he had ever used them.

“Fuck me Jersey, that must be a fluke, I thought you’d be going to hit the tree trunk, let alone, dead in the middle of the branch, here’s another bullet, try to hit the little twig sticking out the right hand side of the branch, see it”.

Jersey just nodded to mean yes aiming the rifle, fired, seeing the twig splinter off as the bullet struck it.

“Fuck off Jersey, I don’t believe this, only I’m seeing it, that mark about half way up the tree trunk, looks like a dimple on a chin, hit that so we can see a clear mark where the bullet hits”.

Jersey knew Greg is so sure he won’t hit the dimple, to make a mark of the bullet hitting, it will be way off mark or miss the tree altogether.

Jersey took the bullet off Greg, putting it in the rifle, aimed the rifle, fires the rifle, the bullet hits the dimple dead centre, Jersey is so happy with himself, he feels so good, it is a sort of the same good he feels, when he looks at Vira.

“Jersey, you don’t need any more practise to hit foxes crows, rabbits, or any scavenging animals, son, I been using guns and rifles for all my life, yet I am nowhere near a good shot as you, come on, time we went, you drive, I need a smoke”.

Jersey waiting for it, but no laugh or no wisecracking from Greg, just a sort of wonderment look on his face.

Late afternoon was coming so was time to get meals ready for the men.

Steadily driving back to the quarters a most pleasant experience for Jersey, as the heat of the day was somehow subdued by the wanderings of his mind back to Vira, as he drew harder and harder on his smoke every time he thought of her.

He would love to have sex with Vira, or any of the women back at the kitchen, he was in love with Vira, she took over his thoughts that much, Jersey had an erection for most part of way back home to his sleeping quarters, Greg just puffed away on his smoke totally oblivious, to rampant hunger of a near sixteen year old's fantasies.

“Jersey take this rifle, here are the bullets, put them in your room so you can get them quickly, and get used to keeping them handy to you when your working around the stable, or the shearin shed, most likely it'll be a mangy fox though, trying to get a chook you'll shoot first.

I'll tell and warn the men at tea, the rifle and bullets are given to you and they will leave them alone”.

Greg did just that at teatime, as he was used to taking, obeying, the orders given to him by the boss.

Jersey carried the rifle with a bullet in the chamber, with the trigger un-cocked with a handful of bullets as he brought the milking cows in each morning.

He practised while riding along how to quickly pull the rifle from a long leather pouch, hanging off the saddle, aim, pretend to fire the rifle, with his cigarette hanging out the side of his mouth, very similar to Greg.

Jersey found, as he learned, how to keep “out of sight out of mind” he could strap the gun belts on, that were now surprisingly snugly fitting his body, practise his drawing the guns, shooting as if the aim was being done automatically.

Jersey would very quickly draw the guns, pretend fire at horses in the stables, cats, camp dogs, some too old to go out with the men, kept around as pets, sheep, birds, even blades of grass, all shot by “notoriously famous bushranger, J D SPADON”.

CHAPTER 6.

“VIRA AND SOME WHAT”

Each morning Jersey brought the milking cows to the homestead yards, lingering around looking for a glimpse of Vira, she often saw Jersey, sort of just hanging around knew he was either looking for her, or Clair, other kitchen maid in they were only females of his age group at the homestead.

Vira liked the look of Jersey the confident way he had about him, deciding she would find out what he was up to, she was just about 21 years of age, the homestead rules was strict, but by no mean a prison, although she didn't want to get Jersey into any kind of trouble.

Vira, and Clair, always thought it somehow funny, the other young man, Craig, working hard at his duties around the homestead everyday, seeing them both, never paid them no mind, always had his head down, never spoke unless he was spoken to, but Jersey was so different to Craig.

“I'm going over to the milking yards today, see that Jersey, he's hanging around for something, I want to know what”, Vira whispered to Clair.

“You gunna give him some of your “what”, or not”, Clair replied, Vira looking at Clair, Clair looking at Vira, as both girls started giggling like young school kids.

Vira walked the short distance to the yards, into the small shed connected to the milking bails.

Seeing Jersey was indeed waiting around, making out he was doing something with the ropes, bits and pieces of the milking shed, thinking she didn't know he was waiting around to see someone, HER, he sensed her presence.

Vira had forgotten Craig was only supposed to help out at the homestead, keep the milking shed in reasonable order, only until Jersey arrived.

“Hello Jersey, can you please bring some wood into the kitchen fire, I can't find Craig, it's too heavy for me or Clair to lift”.

Jersey overwhelmed at Vira being there speaking to him, let his emotions speak, instead of his head, his small head did all the talking for a couple of minutes.

“I'd love to do you, I, I, I, I mean, I'd do everything thing to you, I, I MEAN, I'll get the wood for you”.

Vira saw Jersey redden in his cheeks, Vira feeling the same chemistry Jersey was feeling.

Vira smiled to herself, deliberately walking slowly in front of him towards the kitchen, waiting while Jersey got his arms full of wood, opening the door for him to walk into the large kitchen.

“Hello Jersey”.

“Hello Clair”.

Jersey stacked the dry wood alongside the fire ready for use in the fire, watched by Vira; his eye contact so very brief to Clair, his attention quickly came back over to her.

Vira knew from that exact moment it was her, Jersey was interested in, he stood up, about to leave, she noticed how his dirty rough pants were sticking out in a particular area, “Might see you tomorrow, Jersey” giving him a lovely smile, she was hoping he would get the message.

Just after he had walked out from the homestead, the two women could see him through the large windows of the kitchen, looking back at them, both girls waved to Jersey.

Clair saying to Vira; “Well girl, is it me or you, gunna give that boy some “what”, or both of us”.

“You keep away from him, he’s mine, you, bitch”.

“Sure I can’t give him a little bit of “what”, it hasn’t been used for a while, might’n still work, happy to let him try”.

“Keep away from him you, brazen bitch, he’s mine, any “what” he needs it’ll be mine, not yours”, Vira glared stern-faced in mock crankiness back at Clair, both of them smiling wide grins at their joking.

Clair and Vira had become close friends since they’d first met at the homestead, sharing many deep and personal secrets.

Vira told Clair she's going to meet Jersey whenever she could, without causing trouble for herself or Jersey, she would tell Craig, needing him to keep quiet not tell anyone.

Vira waited her chance to talk with Craig, her chance came in the late afternoon when she could see from kitchen buildings, connected to large homestead buildings, allowing meals to be prepared, brought to the tables of the homestead still piping hot, by using the wide wooden verandah leading to the doors of the homestead.

Servants ate their prepared meals in the longest room adjoining this main kitchen, where all the gossip from listen ears pushed up against the door could hear and repeat.

Vira could see Craig getting wood for homestead’s big fireplace, loading up his arms from the large amount of wood he had already split into smaller manageable blocks.

From large amount of firewood's roundish piles, one of the many jobs Craig had to do around a large homestead house, have enough wood readily cut for cold or wet days, in particular, stored out of the weather from getting wet, a small pile in behind the large back door so the servants of the house were able to lift the blocks onto the fireplace when needed.

An old store room converted to a wood room, kept full of split blocks, in the freezing winter months with their icy winds, blowing in from snow fields, along contours of mountains over Wilderemere station.

This wood room originally a storage\supply room of the old homestead, becoming spare when a new homestead, had been extensively re-modelled in the process almost two years ago, to the grand style it presented now.

Craig loaded his arms full of wood from the large pile of wood he had just split, axing some even finer for use as kindling, needed to start a fire in one of the many rooms of the homestead.

“Craig can I speak to you for a moment, I need your help with something”, Vira thought if Craig was too scared to stop and talk, she would make out it was something to do with the kitchen, and not mention Jersey.

Craig kept his head bowed down, followed her like a pet dog after putting the wood down.

Vira walked around the other side of the milking shed out of sight, speaking to Craig.

“Craig, I saw what Mr Blane was doing to you in his room, I need your help, will you promise to listen, not tell anyone what I ask of you, I won't tell anyone what I saw.

Craig I want to get to know Jersey a lot better.

Only place I can meet him, without getting him, me, in trouble, is in the milking shed, when he brings the cows in of a morning, will you help us out by not telling anyone when you see us, will you please not say anything”.

“Ok Vira”.

“Craig you promise”.

“I promise”.

Vira a gentle caring woman in need of understanding, she was about to ask, “Craig----”.

Craig cut Vira’s sensitive sentence off, “Why don’t I say something to the owner Mr Morbree, about Mr Peter Blane, what he does to me, just who Vira, ask yourself, just who, would the owner believe, do you think for a moment, he would believe me, you know what they think of common servants, like you Vira, do you really believe anyone would listen to a lowly kitchen hand, speaking against a person of high regard such as Peter Blane.

Vira I have nothing, no family in my life, were would I go if I left here, I sorta like some of the things we do, but it’s how nasty, hurtful, he gets after he’s finished with me, I don’t understand him, I love him but he always hurts me”, Craig started to cry, went to walk away, Vira grabbed Craig, cuddled him into her, he sobbed, causing Vira to start her own crying for him.

Vira stood there cuddling Craig as a mother cradles a hurt child, Craig pulled back away from Vira, wiping his tears on his shirt sleeve, Vira composed herself, “Craig you alright”.

“I’m alright, thank you Vira, I promise I won’t say anything as long as you don’t, it’s our secret”, Craig’s head bowed down again as he walked back to the wood pile.

Loaded his arms full, taking the fire wood into the kitchen, Vira hurried back into the kitchen, going about her duties before she was missed by Mrs Buskle, or one of the other cooks.

Vira was absolutely convinced Craig would not tell anyone, because she knew HIS secret as well, she felt a lot of heartache sorry for Craig.

Vira having told Clair what she witnessed through the window of Peter Blane's room, morning Mrs Buskle told her to go and see, "if Mr Blane could come to the kitchen to look at some of the supplies had been gotten into by the rats gnawing holes through the heavy boards of the store room".

Most of the supplies had stayed safe by hanging from the roof or in a metal "safe", hanging from the roof by wire the rats could not bite through, bags of the different sorts of vegetables had been extensively attacked by the rodents.

"Ask Mr Blane could he come and take a look at the damage, decide what he wanted to do about---, no, just tell him could he please come take a look.

Keep this to yourself girl, if you try to tell him what to do, he'll go the opposite way and become very nasty, no just tell him what I told you to say, we know, he'll have to get rid of the rats, repair the store room, might even have to make a special trip to town to replenish the vegetables.

Heaven's above, it's not that long ago, Marge and the kids, brought them veges in, she'll be really happy to hear about the rats, now go and tell Mr Blane, hurry up Girl, stop standing chin-wagging to me".

Vira started quickly walking the short distance to the main back door of the homestead, along long back weather proof verandah.

Happily noticing the scented flowers of the climbing vines hanging between the carved decorated large uprights of the heavy verandah roof helping to cool the verandah in the hottest months.

Vera involuntary stopped by the movement she could see between where the curtain, did not quite close over the window, leaving just enough space for a very nosy person peering in, to see what is happening.

Vira felt very odd, yet fascinated, at the same time, to what she saw, could not look away; Mr Blane hitting Craig very hard on the bare buttocks with a razor strop, while he made Craig take his dick into his mouth, Vira feeling a little uneasy with her thoughts, how her body was reacting.

Vira didn't dare to watch anymore, in case she was spotted, began walking heavily, coughed real loudly a few times, to give Blane warning someone was walking down the verandah towards the main back door.

Vira knocked, waited at the back door for one of the house servants to let her in, whilst Vira waited, Vira tried to compose herself to talk to Blane by concentrating on the varied types of vines along the verandah to where it turned up the western side.

The door quietly opened by one of the homestead's house maids; "Hello Raylene, Mrs Buskle wants me to ask Mr Blane can he please come to the kitchen"

"Hello Vira, I'll take you to Mr Blane's room, I know he's still in there".

Blane's room just up to the left from the back door of the verandah, by the time Vira and Raylene, had reached his room; Blane was walking away to the right, down the long corridor, with no sign of Craig.

“Mr Blane, excuse me, Mr Blane”, Raylene so softly called out as not to raise her voice at Mr Blane, but Blane just kept walking as if he hadn’t heard Raylene, he’d heard alright, making sure Craig would not be found in his room hiding, he hadn’t finished with Craig yet.

“Mr Blane, excuse me, Mr Blane”.

“Oh what is it girl, can’t you see I’m busy”, bossily Blane near yelling at Raylene, turned around to face them.

Vira felt totally uneasy with Blane, speaking to him.

“Sorry to bother you Mr Blane, Mrs Buskle asks if, when you are ready, could you please come to the kitchen to see her.”

“I’m too busy right now, tell her I’ll see her later in the day, or afternoon, now get back to the kitchen”, a Mr Blane arrogantly spat back at Vira.

Vira returned to the kitchen, told Mrs Buskle what Mr Blane had said.

Mrs Buskle mumbled something or other as Vira’s mind began daydreaming what Jersey might be doing.

What Jersey is doing, is thinking about what Vira might be doing, what he like to do to Vira, for Jersey was beside himself as he headed home, couldn’t help himself, he put his hand inside his trousers, released the tension he was always feeling for Vira, two thirds of the way home he had to do the same again.

Almost home with the early morning sun, warming the air making the gum oils rise, strongly smelling, Jersey caught sight of a fox running around sniffing rabbit trails. not noticing him, more intent on the rabbit smells.

Jersey stopped the horse, dismounted, slipped the gun from the saddle, cocked the trigger.

Keeping a tight hold of the reins aimed the rifle at the running fox for a body shot, and fired.

The horse tossed its head in the air, Jersey held the reins tight, he re-loaded the gun, leaving trigger uncocked.

Jersey tethered reins of the horse to a strong twiggy branch, before walking to where the fox lay, seeing he had only crippled the fox, it was still alive, Jersey cocked the trigger, shot it through its right eye, killing it instantly.

Jersey made sure the gun was safe to put back in the saddle, remounted his horse, moving steadily off with his feelings on top of the world of his exploits of the morning, 'My first animal kill here, what a day, first Vira, now the fox, what a day, time for a smoke'.

Jersey couldn't wait to tell Greg about the fox as this also made it fine to be using the rifle, he never told Greg about Vira, because that was his secret, he well knew Greg would tease him endlessly with that annoying laugh of his.

Jersey in a world of his own, idly rode down around the last small turn of the track leading across the gravel of the creek bed, back up the other side to bring the buildings into view, telling himself that he was just about there.

Something else immediately caught Jersey's view, something he had never seen before, two bulls must have strayed from their own herd of cows and calves in the vast back areas of Wilderemere station, with somehow finding them-selves on either side of the fence over the creek at the back of the stables, not smelling familiar to each other they started fighting.

The older, scraggy lighter coated bull, dropped down onto his knees, attacking the unfortunate tussocks with his horns, digging up tufts of grass. dirt, throwing in the air.

Bellowing an almost screaming sound as he did, bull on the other side of the fence, running up to the older bull with his head turned to side, blowing air loudly through its nostrils, in posture antics of walking in very strange almost sideways manner, accompanied by his blowing so hard out of his nostrils, snot was visible, audible sounds frightening to anyone that who has never worked with bulls would be most intimidated, Jersey most certainly was.

The two bulls came together with sounding threats of all sorts of weird noises, smashing head to head, horns trying to inflict damage of each other, through the wooden gate, lasting about a split moment, when hit from each side by such force of anger.

The gate got flicked up in the air, broken from its torn anchorage into the strainer post, held up by one hinge that didn't break, standing the broken gate up as a sort of artistic statue, upright to the strainer post, as two bulls went about their mad fighting.

Hooves, scratched up ground trying to get a purchase hold against each other as steam was rising from the heat of two animals in combat down on knees, thence standing to a head-butting, slamming each other looking for dominance.

Gate post strainer, receiving an all-mighty shoving to backwards, as the bulls continued their fight, bringing the strainer post into their war, leaving broken rails, with an old strainer post somewhat tilted backwards.

The bulls continued fighting, moving back up along the fence, breaking two wooden fence posts, with wooden slab rails.

Amazingly there was no blood from either bulls, even with all the damage to the gate and fence.

The two bulls still fighting crazily away at each never heard Greg. send old working dogs at them to try stop their fighting.

Dogs bit the heels of the bulls, never stopping them fighting, one of the dogs an old fighter, scrapper, of many years cattle-work, started biting one of the bulls on the soft part of its nose, the old scrapped bit his worn teeth as hard as he could it to gristle of the bull's nose.

The other dogs attacked the other bull as Greg, yelled at Jersey to hurry up and give him his horse.

Jersey could not believe the bulls were easy capable of making as much frightening noises and damage as they were.

Jersey rushed his horse where Greg still whistling the dogs, giving the reins to Greg, quickly jumping down from the saddle, Greg almost jumped into the saddle, worriedly telling Jersey to keep a safe distance away from the bulls.

Greg galloped the horse to get closer to the fighting bulls so he could use his whip, whilst the dogs were biting the bulls, Greg cracked his whip to sound like gun-fire, then he struck one bull across the rump, then the other, then hit both bulls again in opposite directions across their rumps, leaving two very visible cross hits.

The bulls screamed signal of feeling the pain of dogs, it was the whip hitting them, causing most pain breaking off their fighting, bolted off in different directions, very quickly disappearing into the brush, chased by dogs and very fluent cursing of Greg.

Greg came back to Jersey laughing that insane laugh of his, he dismounted giving the reins back to Jersey; "Fuck me boy, been a long time since I had to do that, fuck me.

I'm rooted, fuck me, come on lad we'll get some gear go back see if we can make a temporary fix until the men, can do it proper, takes a while to cut the rails back to fit and straighten the post up again, fucken scabby bulls, they got so many cows to root, yet they still go wandering for Christ knows what reason, cause all this damage, the fucken dopey cunts".

Two days later when the fence had been repaired, the men went looking for the bulls to see if they would survive or have to be butchered.

The older light coloured bull lying down under an old gum tree up the head of a rocky gully, when he saw horses approaching he got up very stiffly, limped slowly out along the cattle track, he'd be alright after a week, could resume his mating chores.

The other bull was found trying to serve one of the cows on season, just as he was to complete his mounting of the cow, his right back leg gave away, the bull fell down.

Men knew they had to wait to see if this bull would have to be destroyed, cut up for the table, with the bruised bits used as dog-meat, any old bull's meat was never a best cut for the table, should all be fed to dogs, but it was often used for the tables of not so rich people.

If the bull could mount and serve properly, then they would leave him be, as the bull would get better over time.

While men waited figuring out what they were going to do with the lame bull, one man noticed a looseness in the new fence's wires, only a week ago completed, riding over to repair loose wire.

Swearing at the; "holes kangaroos make when they keep hitting the netting fences trying to get through.

How the fuck are we ever going to stop the cattle, if fucken roos keep breaking wires in a new fucken fence”.

The men repaired the fence leaning back enjoying a cigarette when they saw the bull fully serve the cow, “He’ll be ok, time to go”, they said heading back toward home.

Vira started to see Jersey more and more, from their first meeting in the milking yards with Jersey’s awkward answer, it had developed into longer and longer talks, a slight kiss quickly leading to a lingering kiss with touching, feeling, leading to the inevitable.

First time they started to have sex, Vira with Jersey helping her, spread one of the spare clean horse blankets out on the floor of the little shed, Jersey thinking all his dreams of fantasies finally coming true, soon as his penis pushed up inside Vira, Vira lifting her legs up around him, pulling him more into her, both exhausted themselves to the passionate kisses of urgency.

For Vira, orgasms she never knew existed, shook her, it was magical\awesome, total, with the unsurpassed tender feelings for Jersey, it would be Vira’s to remembered instant lasting lifetime’s remembrance, the first time of lovemaking with Jersey, Vira’s heart blossomed for Jersey, she knew she loved him so much.

Vira for the first time, after all the sex that she had at school, and when she had left school, Vira felt for the very first time in her long active sexual life, she was really alive sexually, Vira felt as if a sleeping curse had been lifted from her, like footsteps following each other, one great morning followed another, allowing her to get much better with her making love with Jersey, Vira had fallen hopelessly in love with Jersey, Jersey loved Vira with deepest feelings he had.

Jersey wanted to please Vira so much, he would do anything on this earth for his love of Vira, more confident he became with Vira, the more confidence trickled out from him, not only in his jobs about the station, but with the guns and rifle as well.

Jersey was now eighteen years old, an absolute crack shot, exceptionally fast drawing his guns firing with either hand, or both at the same time, three more years, and free to have Vira how he wanted so much to have her, and to leave Wilderemere Station, making a good life with Vira whom he loved more deeply than the blood in his veins.

CHAPTER 7.

“HELP MR BLANE”

Nineteen years old Jersey had grown into a strapping young man, no excess of any fat, just the raw-boned muscle from all jobs he had to do coupled with his natural growing, yet cursed by his habitual smoking.

Jersey was just over 6ft tall, sparkling sea blue eyes, perfect set of strong teeth, hair starting to grow on his chest, back, as strong as an ox, with a confident stride to his walk, his thick untidy hair having turned lighter from being in the sun so much.

Jersey besotted head over heels so in love with Vira; Vira adored “her milkman”, she teased him playfully, Jersey still getting cows of a morning, “seeing” Vira every chance they got.

Vira affected Jersey’s life in a positive way of seeing things, much, much better than the opinion of the world he had formed in his brain back at the orphanage.

Jersey done a lot growing up at Wilderemere station since he arrived, not only physically, but with Vira, Jersey adored Vira with the everything of his entire being, Jersey loved Vira with a feeling he had never sensed, felt growing, growing, even when Vira was not around him, Jersey held in an invisible web of warmth lifting his thoughts to look at things had always been there, Jersey just never noticed.

Bird calls sounded out to him on the softest breezes, beauty watching a young calf suckle from the cow, licking her calf as it drank of her milk, quiet serene hypnotic softest bubbling of a creek's water flowing incessantly, over shapes of gravel he crossed over every morning for years, yet now he could hear the creek's lullaby, the fascination of being in love with Vira, thinking of Vira curled his lips, twitched his nose, in wonderful crazy twirls, twists of sexual loving lust, as if love and lust were the "willy-willy" whirlpool's gusty winds playing with dust of paddocks, dancing in decorative splendour of leaves, powdered ground twirling majestically into the air, driving Jersey irresistibly lovably insane every single moment of his life since meeting Vira.

Creaking leather taking weight sounded to Jersey's legs stretching as he imagined smelling the womanly aroma between Vira's legs, as she guided him to their enjoyments.

Jersey learning lust is of many things unto the same spelling of the word, but a universe of meanings away from the same word, as the smelly dust of a stable's floor could be called a perfume, to a person who had been confined to a cement cell for many years.

Vira of same sensual dreaming coming to excite her, overtake her conscious thoughts, to the point she started to become wetter in first stages of having sex, whenever she thought about Jersey, which was pretty well all the time, she smiling imagining Jersey's mouth and tongue between her legs, caressing the aliveness of her woman, as she took his penis into her moist willing mouth.

Vira had to tell Jersey about Craig, when Jersey asked "why Craig was not telling anyone at the homestead, about the first time he and Vira had been personally very close.

Jersey said very little back to Vira, when she told him what had happened to Craig, except he felt sorry for Craig, for inside Jersey's head, pictures of the same sort of things, used to happen back in the orphanage, suddenly shining so starry bright as looking into the mid-day sun.

Greg reminded Jersey, something Jersey had cleanly forgotten, that when he turns twenty, the boss will start him going out with the men fencing, cattle work, etc., would get another boy from the orphanage to do Jersey's jobs, then at twenty one, his six years will be up.

"What will you do then, you big ugly cunt, keeps to a fucken the kitchen maid, the other kitchen maid, the cooks, I know you been rootin the head cook, Wendy Buskle, what she like boy, which ones better, lad, you can tell ole Greg, I won't let on to the men, you been rootin all the females of the homestead, you dirty bastard".

'You and that fucken stupid teasing laughter, Jesus, I, Greg I wish you would stop that stupid laugh', Jersey slow shaking his head to another of Greg's harmless ribbings.

Greg could always sense something odd about Jersey, from a very first moment he met him through all his playful tormenting, simply having fun at the boy's expense, Greg always felt Jersey had some sort of, like an evil other side to him.

Jersey was very capable of how to butcher meat for the tables, shoe horses, very good at many tasks, repairs, he had to do, yet very strangely, how his life feeling so good, Jersey had not lost any of his young ingrained lustfulness to becoming exceedingly fast at drawing his guns, pretending to shoot an animal, then their legs, then their eyes, it wasn't cruel to Jersey, it was the way of his guns.

Jersey practised how quick he could draw both guns criss-cross shooting at different targets on the right and left of him at the same time, left gun, shooting off to the right, the right gun, shooting off to the left.

Jersey had to have a lot of practise at this very tricky manoeuvre, eventually he got it down “pat”.

Jersey loved to see a rabbit getting close as he could, make it run scared, then draw his guns and shoot the rabbit, always a head shot, always through the eyes for what ever reason that made Jersey do it.

Jersey became very cunning, where he only practised with the handguns, when the men had left the quarters to go to work, only Greg could hear any differences between the rifle and the handguns, about the only time Greg ever asked about him using the rifle, he was actually using hand guns, different sound they made from rifle shots after the men had left for work, the Thursday, of the late night storm.

Greg had smiled saying to Jersey, “going to have a smoke, shit and a read”.

Jersey knew Greg would be in the shitter for ages, in smoking, reading, giving him the time for more practising with his hand-guns.

Jersey had near used up all the bullets, in the guns old holsters, his rifle bullets were down as well.

Jersey used his guns between using the rifle, as they made different sound when firing bullets, disguising the hand-guns distinctive noise, returning them to their hiding place when Jersey thought Greg would be about finished to his usual time.

Greg came over to Jersey mending a bridle in stables, “Jersey you hear anything, it sounded like shots.

Not rifle shots, but gun-shots, did you hear anything”.

“No, might be your farts you heard, you got a lot of wind in that fat belly of yours, talking about shooting, I do need more ammo for my rifle, I used some when you were on the crapper, scared some nosy crows away from a back of sheds, that’s what you must have heard, got a couple, but you know what their like, they’ll watch, be back, its wonder your big loud farts didn’t scare them away, I could hear you grunting, farting, over here in the stables”.

Jersey was now big enough and was game enough to say things back to Greg, as long as it was in a joke.

Morning light drizzled with light rain, when Jersey walked from his quarters over to the stables to catch and comb down his horse, saddle it up to get the cows in.

Jersey made real sure his rifle was with him before, steadily riding off towards the homestead, he thinking about Vira as usual, giving him his constant erection every time Vira came into his mind, where he would take Vira when his apprenticeship to Wilderemere Station was over, about how he would love Vira to the end of his life, about coming to like Greg, how he actually had formed a strong likeable bond with Greg, would he one day really be a famous gun-fighter, ‘hope so’ thought Jersey.

The horse knew it was here, where they branched off the track, went over the creek to get milking cows, veering off the road while Jersey daydreaming, relaxed comfortably in the saddle.

Jersey found the cows trying to hide in the trees, got them moving, mustered them slowly to the milking yards, again thinking of Vira, “I love her so much” he kept telling himself, “I love her so fucken much”.

Still thinking about asking Vira to marry him, when he was finished being apprenticed to Wilderemere station, closing the gate to the milking yards.

Jersey dismounted, put his horse in the small holding yard, near the water trough, tying the reins to a strong thick round pole of the fence, walked into the bail shed expecting Vira, never thinking Peter Blane would be there.

“I can see that you have been taught well by that no good son-of-a-whore Greg, you dirty, dirty boy.

Think I’m so stupidly blind, I never seen that kitchen slut trollop, slopping herself over here each morning.

Now you dirty, dirty, handsome boy, you do not want me to tell Mrs Buskle, do you, she will then agree for me to sack Vira, then you won’t have your pretty kitchen whore to see each morning, don’t want me to do that, do you Jersey”, Blane looking down at his belt buckle, trying to unbuckle it to let his britches slip down.

“Perhaps I can be persuaded, if you show me, you can be a good-----”, Blane’s voice was cut short, by the old fire poker Jersey had grabbed from among the other tools on the wooden work bench, viciously driving the pointed end of the poker into Blane’s right ear sliding into his brain.

Blane fell down making weird sort of little screaming grunting gagging noises, kicking his legs in spasms, kicking himself almost up off the ground.

Jersey watched Blane kicking gagging till he stopped, then walked over to Blane, putting Blane’s head between his feet, reefing the poker upwards and out of Blane’s head, standing there smiling, a job well done.

Jersey turned away from Blane’s body, grabbing a halter rope, tangling it around Blane’s legs.

Scattering some other tools, under and about Blane's head, body, to become bloodied from the leakage of Blane's body fluids.

Jersey wrapped the poker with blood, brains, staining its work worn pitted shaft, in a piece of old rotted saddle cloth, putting it into his saddlebag to get rid of later.

Jersey walked to the cow trough, scoped handfuls of water to clean his hands, deliberately walked back through some fresh cow manure to cover blood on his worn leather shoes.

Dried his hands on backside of his dirty work pants, walking back to Blane's body, started yelling out for help, running out of the milking shed across to the homestead in screaming, "Help someone, Mr Blane is hurt he needs help, someone help, Mr Blane's hurt".

Jersey continued yelling out screaming, to attract as much attention as he could, "Help, somebody help, poor Mr Blane's hurt", Jersey was still yelling, banging hysterically, on the back door leading into the kitchen, trying to get Mrs Buskle's attention.

"What in God's name is wrong boy", the stern voice behind him demanded to know.

Jersey spun round to face the owner, Mr Morbree, intending to talk over with Mrs Buskle, some special meals, he, and his wife, would like made for some guests arriving next week.

"Mr, Mr Blane is hurt, he's just lying there in the milk shed".

"Hurry up, show me Lad, stop your yelling, take me to where he is, stop screaming out, settle down".

Jersey ran ahead of Morbree, to show him.

Where body of Blane was lying, Morbree bent over the body, kicking some of the bloodied tools from under the head, then abruptly pulling Blane's head back to look in his eyes, then Morbree putting an ear to Blane's chest, listening for a heartbeat.

“He’s dead, not much we can do for him now, looks like his feet must have tangled in the rope halter, in tripping him over, must have hit his head on something as he fell.

Jersey, come outside with me, slowly, clearly, tell me what happened, then I’ll see if the police want to come out or not, what to do with the body, I have to ride into Meedby on business anyway” Morbree said.

Jersey told the owner his story; “I brought the cows in, like I do every morning, tethered my horse, walked in to the shed, finding Mr Blane on the floor, I didn’t know what to do, so I ran over to the homestead”.

“Ok Lad, go back milking, to your jobs, when you go back to the men’s quarters, tell Greg what’s happened, so he can tell George, and the other men when they come back in.

I’ll see to the details here, now off you go, try not to think about it too much”.

Morbree threw a saddle blanket over the dead body, closed the shed door, proceeding to make arrangements for Blane’s body and burial.

Morbree went looking for Craig to tell him to get a buggy ready for him to go into Meedby.

When Morbree told Craig what had happened, Craig started crying.

Morbree spoke sternly but sympathetically to Craig.

“Now, now Craig, it was just an accident, sometimes in life these things happen.

Go hitch up the light buggy, bring it back to the shed, we'll wrap Mr Blane in the blanket, I'll take his body into town, we can't leave it here, unless we bury him here, but his people, would like him buried in town I'm sure.

I'll take him to the undertaker, see the police as well, now get moving Craig, I want to be in Meedby before dark”.

Craig started running to get the buggy ready, Morbree walked over to the door of the kitchen, opened it, walked in calling the kitchen staff from the different rooms they were working in, telling them in an official type of voice about Mr Blane's tragic accident, he was going to take Mr Blane's body into Meedby, for proper burial.

“No need to worry ladies, just go about your business as usual, we can do nothing for Mr Blane by getting upset”.

Morbree closed the door, strutting back over to the shed where Blane's body was under the blanket, impatiently waiting for Craig and the buggy, about at the foot stamping stage of impatience, when Craig arrived with two horses hitched up to the light buggy.

Mrs Buskle shooed the other women away from the window peering over to the shed watching Morbree and Craig lift Blane's body onto the space under the seat of the buggy.

Vira's immediate thought was for Jersey, ‘oh God, please, not Jersey, not, my Jersey, oh, please not my Jersey’, her body movements about to hit panic mode, until when she saw Jersey leading his horse, walking back past the old milking shed, allowing her to be at ease, knowing the body was not her lover, even though Morbree had told them in the kitchen, it was Blane's.

Jersey had finished milking, let the cows out to make their own pace back to where he would find them in early morning, about to get on his horse, ride away, knowing he would not be able to see his Vira today because of Blane's death, startled a little, by Morbree's voice from behind him; "Jersey before you go, clean up that damn mess of tools and ropes in the shed where Mr Blane tripped, we do not want anyone else hurting themselves by tools, rubbish, laying all over the place".

"Yes Mr Morbree, I'll do it right now" Jersey turning around with the horse, making back to the shed to clean it up.

Jersey finished packing up tools, loose ropes, halters, taking a last look around to make sure it would be to Mr Morbree's liking, before sliding the latch closed on wooden door of the shed as he left.

Jersey untied reins of the horse from the pole, leading his horse out through a gate of the yards, stepping sprightly into the saddle riding off, not game to look back because of a great big smile on his face.

Jersey arrived back at the kitchen door of the men's quarters, immediately telling Greg, in a very animated type voice, to what had happened.

"Settle down Jersey, try not to worry about it, you go unsaddled your horse, let it go in the yards, then come back here".

Jersey rode over to the stables, unsaddled his horse, letting the horse go in the stable's yard, taking the poker out of his saddle bag, going into one of the toilets, unwrapped the poker, dropped the poker and the piece of the old saddle cloth that had wrapped the poker, into the shit.

Watching the poker disappear out of sight, then the piece of old rotting saddle cloth soaking up liquid on top of the shit.

Jersey took down his trousers, emptying himself onto the soggy rag, helping the rag to be slowly dragged into the smelling goo, smirking he thought, ‘how useful deep holes of shit can become, hiding a poker, a noose, and a hammer’.

CHAPTER 8.

“A SMALL SHOE”

Weeks went by from the time of Blane's odd accident Morbree had presented Blane's body to the undertakers, the police, signed a statement about a cause of death, what he thought had occurred for Peter Blane to trip and fall to his untimely death in the shed.

Police knowing Morbree, to be of a most impeccable character, had accepted his statement without reservation, allowing for Morbree, to arrange, pay the undertaker to fit a coffin for Blane, well as the funeral and service fees.

Peter Blane was duly buried in the growing Meedby cemetery, church service attended by the Morbree's, plus the relatives of Blane, who were able to make it to Meedby by the time of the funeral service.

Henerey Morbree's thoughts of the day, the day after the funeral, had been interrupted when a sourly Mrs Buskle approached him, told of her concerns for one of the women in her charge.

Mrs Buskle told Morbree; “I caught Vira, sneaking over to the milking shed to see Craig, I had admonished her over it, but had seen her coming away from the shed on a number of other occasions.

The other boy Jersey would've been long gone on his way back to the quarters, leaving Vira and Craig alone.

In the milking shed, God only knows what they were getting up to.

Mr Morbree, young Vira is a good worker, obeys all my orders, please, could YOU, give her a stern talking to, with a last warning of being sacked, having to leave here, if her sneaking over to the sheds to meet Craig continues”.

“Very well, Mrs Buskle, I shall give Vira a very good stern warning, threaten her with the sack, keep me informed of any other suspected transgression events you may come across”.

Wendy Buskle’s concerns for someone in her charge, put pleasant recollections in Henerey Morbree’s thoughts, about when he was a young man and what he used to enjoy with some of the very willing young women, working at his family's homestead back then.

Henerey Morbree a very well-travelled gentleman, he had seen, taken part in the sexual delights unspeakable to a normal conversation's topic, he had tried, enjoyed the mind altering opium dens of the Orient, along with some other depravities of the human makeup he chose to try and forget.

He’d been so uninterested to his father’s ideas, that his father, Thordley Jamerson Morbree, had ordered him to settle down and marry Penelope Saffyre Mons-Wythe, his fiancé at the time.

“Not quiet arranged marriage Henerey, but it WILL legally tie up the vast Morbree estates, holdings in England, with the Mons-Wythe’s, in England and Wales.

Through my many contacts, business dealings with influential people I have brought vast acreage of land, with sheep, cattle, housing, in Australia, so my wayward son, if you want me to pass it on to you.

As you are eldest of my children, if your wish now is to become, “LORD AND MASTER OF THE MANOR”, show some marriage interest in Miss Mons-Wythe.”

Henerey Morbree was still thinking back about when he was a boy, his growing years, truly exciting, sometimes very dangerous adventures, how strongly his father had told him to settle down and marry.

Henerey continued with his wild galloping memories, unstoppable now, the so called “Flood gates” had been ever inadvertently opened, so innocently by Wendy Buskle’s talk with him about a stupid, silly common uninteresting sluttish kitchen hand, causing Morbree’s mind to be drawn into the unwanted reviewing of the saddest phases of his life; His beloved Mother and Father buried back in England, his own sister’s and brother’s all dead now, all these ugly memories, brought back by having to go chastising a dumb fuck mad kitchen maid.

Morbree shook his head, as if shaking his head would get rid of the hurt he was feeling not being able to see his family until, he’s believes, he will met them again in the here-after.

Henerey walked back over to his office, kicking the ground with about as much punch a man of his advancing years could muster.

His expensive leather boot skimmed over top of the dirt, fluffing up a small cloud of dust to hover in the air, fall back down almost as fast as it was kicked up.

Morbree returned to his office in regathered thoughts, to correctly word an advertisement for the Meedby Herald's twice weekly paper, advertising for a new manager for the homestead.

As well as corresponding with friends and business contacts, asking for help in the matter of finding a suitable person.

In a short time, Morbree received some applications with excellent contactable referees, all would have made most pleasing homestead managers one in particular gained Morbree's favour, particularly as reference named in a letter was one of Henerey's long time trusted associate, a Brayner Thorbs, advising Morbree, how very sturdy decent stature, Gillard Ramer was held in regard by him.

Gillard Ramer, from Morbree's interested reading of Thorb's glowing letter in the matter, "Ramer and his wife Abby, whom is greatly experienced being a tutor to younger children, this is exactly what you want Henerey, someone to help your daughter, Elvy, with her children.

You and Olivia's adored grand-children, when they come to stay, Henerey, these two people are perfect for your needs, old friend, I fear to dither too long, the opportunity to take on these two people will be lost to another with your similar needs".

Gillard with his wife Abby were offered the position, arriving at the Wilderemere homestead, finding it was really to their liking, with good accommodation, the owners were of pleasant manners and disposition, willing to pay well for the experience they brought with them.

Gillard and his wife were very happy, taking a short time to be "on top" of running the homestead's hired help, with their needs.

Needs were a constant thing to Wilderemere Station, it was to any property, making sure there's always enough materials and supplies.

Jersey needed more bullets for his rifle, asking Greg again why the bullets had to be kept locked up in the store's room.

“Christ Jersey, you keep fucken asken to some stupid fucken questions, you jerkin all your brain's into your hand, its like I have told you before you big dumb cunt, the cunt of a store's room is always kept locked, not only to keep the food, there's rifles, some hand guns, bullets, also locked up, some explosives, which I have to account for in writing.

When the men need something they ask me, I give them what they need, and replenishes what they use, when the supply wagon goes into town to gets what's ordered, got it now you fucken dopey, big toothed cunt”, slapping Jersey playful on the back.

‘No no, for God's sake, not your fucken stupid laugh Greg’.

Greg laughing as he unlocked the store room's heavy thick door, proceeding to ammunition, firearms cupboard, before saying to Jersey he's going for his; “Shit, smoke and read, you get some rifle bullets then lock back up, seen as I won't be there, in case someone shows up and everything's unlocked.

Tell me what bullets you took and I'll put it on the list I need for the kitchen as well, tell me what you took when I get back and I'll mark the list”.

Jersey sometimes thought; ‘how many times can one man read the same piece of paper, Greg should take a book in there he sits there so long’, Jersey absolutely unaware of Greg, being a very tormented chronic masturbator, hardly able able to keep his hands off himself, when he did finish, Greg would sit back, peacefully enjoy a smoke or two.

Jersey found the rifle bullets, different kind of bullets to fit his handguns, then happily taking a box of each type of ammunition.

Greg had shown Jersey, his records of all ammunition used, there were many times Jersey had seen him hand out bullets or a rifle or some explosives, then mark on his list of supplies used, hanging on the back of the store room door.

Jersey marked the list with same sort of stroke Greg marked, every time something was used from the supplies.

Jersey marked a line along the hand-gun ammunition, with another stroke at start of the line, in front of the other strokes, so Greg would see his own stroke mark on the list, when Greg tallied up what was left, making sure it readily corresponded to his list, Jersey never put a mark for a rifle's ammunition used, leaving for Greg to put his own stroke on or near it later.

Greg returned from the toilet asking Jersey, “How you getting on with that Jim Notts the cunt of a man he is, he been treatin you alright lad, it’s just that every time you gotta help him shoein the horses, you seem edgy, anyway tomorrow he’s gotta shoe the kids horses, you have to go help him.

We’ll take the small wagon, as I’ve got to see Mrs Buskle, about how her kitchen supplies are, we gunna need supplies shortly, and I want to make sure we get enough.

You know Wendy Buskle, don’t you boy, sure you do, been feelin ole Wendy ‘tween the legs, ain’t you boy”, Greg slapping Jersey on the shoulder laughing.

Jersey wanted so much to say back at Greg; “That stupid fucken silly laugh, Greg, that silly, silly laugh, one day, one FUCKEN DAY.

Anyway Greg, I REALLY DO KNOW you've been seeing Mrs Frike, and you tease me, but I can't say it back to you, one day, one fucken day".

Morning called Jersey with the rays of silence, lifting his eyelids making the urgency of a full bladder getting him out of bed to moving.

Jersey hitched the horse to the small wagon, putting his guns and holsters attached to the gun belt with bullets in the spaces for them, in the wooden box under driver's seat.

Put his rifle and bullets, in on top of the guns, same as he always did when he had to take the small wagon onto the homestead instead of his horse.

Jersey brought the wagon around to the kitchen area, picked up Greg, started moving off towards the homestead.

A couple of hundred yards on, Greg pulled out his old tobacco pouch starting to roll a smoke, "You ain't going to take a shit and read on the wagon, Greg, are you", Jersey, suddenly wished he had not made the joke, as Greg's silly laugh seemed to engulf the wagon, entire air, in the sound of its annoyance.

Jersey turned the horse towards the creek to get the milking cows, which every time he used the wagon to get them they always played up, tried to evade him.

Jersey had learned through experience, that milking cows, are very regimented, until something, even a tiny bit unusual seems to spook them, was the case with the wagon.

He could ride up and over the top of them on a horse, yet the wagon, spooked them.

Jersey had long ago, been taught and shown by Greg, how to bully them with a few whip cracks over their heads, they would do what he wanted, without any more trouble.

Walking cows to the milking yards, Greg and Jersey closed the gate after the cows had been put in, “You do the milking, then go get the fire hot for Jim to shoe the ponies, I’ll go see Mrs Buskle”, Greg said with a jitter to his voice.

Jersey milked normally as always, then let cows out, walked over to the large Blacksmith’s shed, hoping to get a good fire going to make and bend the shoes.

The Blacksmith’s shed was a medium sized, slabbed building, big enough to bring horses in, tie them up, while the “Smith’y” shod one horse at a time.

A big steel anvil, sat securely spiked onto a heavy big round wood block, to shape the hot metal on, or make into tools or implements, from the angle and round holes, forged into the making of the anvil, supplies of metal, hammers, all sorts of assorted Blacksmithing tools, were either hanging on pegs or on the wall, some sat on the sturdy rough type of old bench, handy for the Smithy to reach, all with the look of their own importance to the job at hand.

The really old shed smelt so strongly of burnt wood, coke\charcoal, horse shit, horses, piss, water having red hot metal jammed into it, rolled into same strong earthy aroma, filling the sun rays, beaming in through the spaces between the wooden slabs.

Jim Notts rode in as king shit, dismounted, grunting, at Jersey, walked out the back to have a piss, before starting to make sure everything was ready.

Jersey very wary of Jim, for Jim had punched him on the side of the head some two months ago, because Jersey farted whilst Jim’s head was bent down shoeing the horse.

Jim had quietly stood up punched Jersey, unawares of Nott’s intention.

“You dirty stinkin cunt” then bent down, continuing to shoe the horse.

The punch knocked Jersey off his feet, hitting his left shoulder on the rails, almost into unconsciousness, Jersey, staggered up expecting more willing to protect himself with an implement if he had to.

“Get back to the bellows you useless cunt, fuck off with your fartin before I give you another one, cunt of a rat cunt,” Jim growled.

‘I know who the rat cunt is, and what you’ll get one day cunt’, Jersey swore under his breath, rubbing his head, moving his shoulder, working the bellows to get the metal glowing hot.

Jim went out to the yard brought two kids ponies in, tied one to the rails, led the other pony over to the fire area, lifting the pony’s hoof sizing up to get an idea of the size of shoe he needed to make, cleaning bottom of other hooves as he went.

Jim was profusely sweating, bending metal, testing it for correct shape, heated the metal again, bend it to the right shape, jammed the shoe in a bucket of water to cool the hot metal off, put the shoe on the hoof to make sure of the fit, then nailed it, bent the horse-shoe nails and tapped the hoof.

The last part of Jim's shoeing process was to give the hoof and shoe, a rub with the rasp/file, job done, next hoof, next horse.

These shoes, Jim was making, were a much smaller size to the large work horses, a lot bigger than his hand, it was hot sweaty work.

Jim felt like a refreshing cool drink of water, started walking over to the bucket of fresh water.

Always replenished, hanging with a wooden top on it to stop heat, dust, from getting into the clean cool water.

Jim tripped on the shovel used for cleaning horseshit, falling awkwardly onto the ground, getting up in maddened angrily, grabbed the shovel, smacked Jersey on the back of the head with it.

Jersey had been busy working the bellows, been to a dreaming of Vira, looking other way where Jim tripped on the shovel, Jersey's world instantly blacking out from the tremendous blow of the shovel.

Jersey snapped back from the darkness, by the feel of awful rusty rancid smelling, tasting water, from the bucket used to plunge hot metals into, hitting him all over his face.

"Get up you worthless piece of horse shit dropped out you cur of a mother's arse, cunt put the fucken shovel away properly next time, get back on the bellows while I take a smoke, you idiot fucken rat-boy cunt, I'll fucken kill you next time", Jim insanely growled at Jersey's, still not fully comprehensible from the terrible blow to back of his head.

Jersey's head ringing, aching, like it had never ached before, it was aching with as much pain, as when his fingers were slowly jammed in the door hinges at the orphanage.

Jersey staggered out of the shed, nearly passing out again, leaning against a wall for support, with blood starting to trickle from his nostrils and ears.

Leaning against the wall, his head ringing, pounding, as if someone was in his head, heavily smashing the inside, trying to get out.

Trickle of blood from his nose congealed into two red streams, marks of wiping a blooded nose with shirtsleeves, tracing a reddish shadow from nostrils over Jersey's face.

Shoving himself off the wall, staggering real uneasily over to the small wagon, grabbing his rifle, guns, from the inside of a wooden box under the seat, walking slowly back over to black-smith's shed, strapping on his guns, heading to where Jim was.

Jersey found Jim, bent over busy shoeing the horse, looking up when he heard Jersey beside him, about to quick move, Jersey hit Jim very hard on the temple, with the butt of the rifle, kicking him between the legs as he fell down.

Jim stunned, rolled as he fell face down, but was not unconscious, Jersey quickly tied Jim's hands tightly secure.

Jersey rolled Jim over, looking Jim directly into his eyes, making sure Jim was aware, could recognise him, as he reached for one of the small horseshoes.

Jim struggling to get free, unable to do so, Jersey was sat on his chest, pinning his shoulders to the ground, putting two points of the small horse shoe against Jim's wide eyes, smashing down hardest he could with the smithy's hammer, on back of the horse shoe, causing the shoe to embed itself into Jim's skull bone, with an awful crunching sound, after passing through his both eyes, Jim Notts screaming terrible agonising sound as he died.

Jersey's face showed no emotion whatsoever, staring at life leaving the face he was looking at, getting off Nott's body, moving in sort of staggering steps out of the old shed, stopping just around the corner of the slab wall, to hold his head from the pain with constant ringing in it.

Vira heard scream of pain, so did everyone else in the back of the homestead, Vira thinking it might be Jersey hit by one of the cows, or horses, ran over to where she could see Jersey, holding his head propped up against a slab wall.

Jersey heard a noise through the loud painful ringing of his head, instinctively drawing his guns instantly firing at the noise, hitting Vira in the head twice, one from each of his guns, killing her stone dead before her lifeless body lost its momentum.

Jersey staggered over to Vira vomiting sick numbing disbelief what he had just done, re-holstering his murderous guns, crazily checked her breathing like he'd seen Morbree do to Blane.

The weight of his entire existence crushed down on Jersey, yelling at the sky with scream of a heart subjected to unimaginable pain, "Viraaaaaaa, awwww noooooo, fuck this life, I'll kill the whole fucken world".

Jersey heard people yelling out, with more footsteps running towards him, sobbing inconsolably with the dead body of Vira in his arms, Jersey looked up with not life, but the most monstrously deformed fire of dead darkness in his eyes, seeing Greg, Clair, Craig in his teary vision, Craig and Greg were ahead of Clair, hampered in her running by her long dress and shoes.

Jersey, ever so lovingly tender, lay Vira's body softly onto the ground, before slowly standing up, like the petals of a rose unfolding, blindingly fast of speed re-drawing his guns, methodically shooting Greg, then Craig, as casually as target practise.

Clair tried to escape by running off side-ways, only to be shot in her ankle of the left leg, causing her to trip over, writhing around in pain, trying to dragging herself, in a self preservation towards back of the homestead.

Jersey returned to Vira's body, cradling her lovingly in his arms, screaming the howl of a wounded animal.

Through spit of his mouth filling with tears, Jersey so very gently let Vira's body rest upon the top part of his legs, so he could wipe her hair off her beautiful face, sticking to the blood having seeped down from where his bullets had impacted into her skull.

Jersey kissed Vira on the lips then began screaming out in pain once again, in the darkest world of total shit he had ever witnessed in any far fetched dream or nightmare he had ever had, with strange clicking noises pervading in through both ears as the hammers of his guns hit the empty chambers of his guns, pushed very hard into the temples of his head, by his own hands.

Jersey automatically kept pulling the triggers of both guns, crying over Vira's body, crying, screaming, suddenly stopped as if a comet had immediately changed its orbit.

Pushing Vira's body off his legs, he quickly stood up, reloaded his guns started walking off over to Clair, who was huddled and bleeding, calling out for help, crawling along the wall of the building.

Jersey raked Clair with bullets from both guns while walking towards her.

Clair's dead body becoming a mess of damage, when Jersey strode over the top of her, re-loading his guns again, leaning against the wall of the building, his head pounding in unbelievable aching.

Spotting through window of the kitchen, three scared women huddled together behind the door, a little back from the door, Mrs Buskle was shielding the other two women, crying hysterically, with a shotgun pointed at the door.

Jersey open fired through the window hitting Mrs Pent, and Mrs Frike.

Mrs Buskle instinctively turned her head around to the noise of the bullets breaking the glass, the fusillade of bullets from Jersey's guns left the warm metal comfort of their chambers, striking Mrs Buskle.

Wendy's fingers reacted to the bullets smashing into her body, by squeezing the trigger of the shot gun as her muscles contracted.

The shot gun discharged both barrels at the back of the door blowing a gaping hole in the door, tossing Wendy off-balance, sliding her helplessly backwards along the old floor, leaving skid marks of blood as her body crumpled up against the bricks of the big kitchen's fire-place.

Jersey accurate, proficient, with his guns he had no notion, not one single bullet, had missed hitting where he wanted it to hit, not one single bullet had gone astray.

Having no logical rational thoughts of this instance, just robotic killing, no proper decent thoughts to stop him, killing a natural thing, natural as sleeping, eating, breathing, killing, re-loading his guns, Jersey moved his way through the homestead, killing everyone in the homestead, the entire hired help, the owner and his wife, their gran-children, their mother and father, the manager and his wife, anything that moved got shot, Jersey was totally homicidally deranged.

What was driving Jersey, what was it, total insanity, vengeance on innocent people, a reawakened killing lust, was he now enjoying the taste of killing, what in God's name was pushing a once decent enough young man to do such unreal atrocities, with no feeling, no remorse, nothing, absolute nothing was in Jerseys mind, it was black, devoid of thought, dark dead lifeless blank, his whole brain was in a short-circuiting mode of madness.

Bullets fired back at Jersey from Morbree and David Werber, man servant of the homestead, as Jersey strolled through the homestead on his killing spree, missed hitting Jersey, both men were used to using guns, yet not one of their shots hit Jersey.

The bullets they did fire at Jersey, struck around him, slamming into wood of the building, some splattering chips, splinters of wood from the force with which they hit wood.

Jersey's clothes also bore tear holes of the bullets as they tore about his body, Jersey just kept walking looking for more victims, as though he could smell them and where they were.

His guns were red-hot when he finished, re-holstered his guns, standing quietly in the huge drawing room of the homestead next to the bodies of Henerey Morbree, his wife Olivia, some of the staff who had tried to find refuge from the maniac killer, huddling together for protection.

Jersey feeling the absolute of nothing, nothing except urge for a smoke, pulling a tobacco pouch out of his pocket, opening the old flap, taking a paper out, put some tobacco along the paper, rolled the smelly tobacco and paper into a nice shape of a smoke with his left hand, lifting a small bit of burning wood from the fire with his right hand, lit up the end of his smoke, quickly drawing a breath deeply into his lungs of invigorating tobacco smoke.

Jersey took a couple of more deeps inhalations of his smoke, stepping over to the large heavy hanging curtains, allowing the flame from the piece of wood to catch onto the curtains, then feed on the carved inner walls of the drawing room, growing monstrously to a ravenous life engulfing the entire Homestead.

Jersey calmly walked back to the wagon, lifted Vira's dead body onto the seat, driving off with Vira, held snugly into him by his left arm and hand, heading off back towards his sleeping quarters.

As Jersey drove the wagon back, there was no plan of escape, where to go, what to do, just whatever happens, of a black eerie nothing, having consumed Jersey, with only his undying love for his Vira, was the only thing holding him to becoming less and less to his humanness.

Jersey never looked back, he just drove off, not at the homestead, nor the surrounding buildings, each one giving off the varied colours of smokes caused by many different materials, flames were eating away at violently burning the magnificent homestead, its buildings, to mixture of charred metals among the ash.

Marge and her two young children, were perhaps so, so, very luck they were down in the garden plot, having not been at home to walk out to see whom was driving past the front of their house, Jersey with Vira leaning against him, drove by with a presence of something that cannot be seen, yet leaves the disturbance of doom selecting another terrible tragedy if it had stopped.

A moment's reflection shooting wildly across Jersey's diminishing mind, vestige of who he was, a meteor's bright streak across the sky, before its gone forever, looking down at George Bey's home, re-holstering his gun, smiling at the jumping madly barking of Marge's pet crossed blue-heeler dog, wanting to get out of the fenced yard to do some battle in protecting the empty house.

Jersey only thinking primal Neanderthal thoughts, so suddenly having true thoughts.

Approaching working men's quarter's\kitchen\stable buildings, welcomed by the tail wagging, barking, running around the horse and wagon of the two dogs left off their chains to "guard" the surrounds of the buildings.

Jersey lovingly making sure Vira would not fall off the seat, jumped down off the wagon, being assailed for a warm pat and some words by the two dogs "Wauster" and "Ched" so happy to see Jersey.

Jersey patted, roughly scruffed up dirt dry hair of the dogs, enjoying attention they were used to receiving from Jersey, closely following his footsteps, as Jersey went about setting the buildings on fire.

Returning to the wagon, moved the dogs away with a nudge of his legs, getting back on the wagon to continue on walking the small wagon along the track, leading up to the back end of the station, cuddling the body of Vira tenderly to his side, uncaring he was leaving a perfectly clear trail for any experienced bush-tracker to pick up, uninterested he was also being followed.

Jersey drove the wagon as far as he could along the track, until the wild back reaches of Wilderemere station stopped his progress in the small wagon.

Jersey lifted Vira's dead body up to him, cuddled her very lovingly to him, kissing her cold dead lips, sitting her comfortably back down on the seat.

Jersey jumped down from his seat on the wagon, then began walking around to the horse, shooting a poor animal through the ear first, then in the higher part of the skull as the horse fell.

Jersey gathered up dry leaves and twigs to put under the wagon, ready to get a fire going.

Followed by thicker branches, bigger wood, any log he could manage to shift and manoeuvre under the wagon, his instincts reacting quickly to rustle of movement behind him, Wauster and Ched jumped up at Jersey to get some more of his attentive patting they liked so much.

Jersey made a big fuss of playfully wrestling rubbing the dogs, drawing his left hand gun shooting both dogs in the head without so much as a missed heartbeat of emotion.

Jersey jumped back on the wagon, lovingly stroked Vira on the face, kissed her passionately once again, before jumping back down to light a fire under the wagon.

Once he was happy the fire was gaining a hold under the wagon, Jersey quickly hopped back up onto the wagon seat beside Vira, kissing Vira, telling her his undying love for her, how they would never be found to ever be parted, at the same time sliding his two guns from their holsters, jam them into his temples, both hand gun's exploding deadly bullets off, at the same time.

Twirling wind fanning the flames, induced by the heat of the burning wagon, upon which Jersey and Vira were being readily cremated by the fierce flames, reducing both of their bodies, the wagon, the horse and two dogs, to red hot ember's ash, to be reclaimed by the vines and trees of the Australian bush.

END STORY

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