

THE RESCUED

S L A V O N I A

Saga the stories

Part 1 BIRTHS

Georgian Merchant set off back on his journey for Merton, Worthshire, England, with Marshall Williamson. Having become acquainted, their minds had blended together to create a sunburst, a starburst of light that would shock the universe, revealing itself upside down, in and out, forward and backward, and quite unrecoverable from a time itself disappeared.

Theirs was to be a love unknown before anywhere.

Marshall declares:

“Well, I’m a man, Georgian. I always have been. I like women and they like me, so I have had plenty of relationships. My wife used to be upset at first, but in the end she gave in and came to like it in me, and enjoyed many of my women as friends. As a man, it isn’t natural to live with only one woman. I have needs. I have desires so I do what I like, and Shirley is happy with that now.”

They ride in a large black four by four vehicle electrically powered. It has a supercharging dynamo battery that charges as it drives, designed by the firm for whom Marshall has worked himself as an electrical engineer and director. This enables the vehicle to travel huge distances without any need to recharge at electrical points.

That works well for the two travellers as Marshall has no money; now that Slavonia has decommissioned money and banks. Georgian however is very rich and is able to provide funds, as they return through Europe.

Charmian is seated with her beloved husband, King Christof, in a drawing room of the castle in Tisk, Slavonia. She is smiling as she reads from a book. Christof is at his desk looking over some papers.

“I can feel him,” Charmian declares softly.

“Who, my love? Whom do you feel?”

“Our baby,” she adds.

“Really, kicking inside you?”

“Yes, I do feel him, he’ll be a fine boy.”

“Now how do you know he’s a boy?”

“Oh, my instinct tells me. I can feel he is a boy.”

“I don’t think you should count your chickens. Do not raise your hopes too high in that direction.”

“I know he is.”

“Again, I ask how can you know that?”

She rises from her chair and walks over to Christof, wraps her arms around his neck and smiles as she states:

“I had a scan yesterday, and they say they could see quite clearly our child is a boy.”

“You teaser, why didn’t you say?” the King asks.

“I wanted to surprise you.”

“You have done, and what are we going to call him, this son of yours?”

“We’ll decide that when he arrives...”

“safely, yes,” finishes Christof.

GOD WITHIN US

Billy Gilded Creator mid twenties now has rounded up a group of lads from within Slavonia, from within the capital Tisk

Billy has charisma, and vibrations that people pick up on, and so when he eyes them, and they respond to his aura, he invites them to his meetings

He chooses a grove at the back of the house he is staying alone in, garnered from a new friend

He has a project in mind

one of several

but his main aim is to introduce his friends to perceptual reversal

a concept of living he has entertained for most of his life

now Slavonia is running itself without money and commerce

he believes the time is good to introduce reversed thought to the fellow Slavs

“we are what we need

we need what we are”

becomes a working motto for his group

one of the young Slavonians declares:

“It’s a little like Plato’s academy our grove, isn’t it?”

the others agree and begin to talk about how they can explore new avenues of ideas through the guidance of their Plato, their Billy Gilded.

“everything exists as long as you exist when you cease to exist everything ceases to exist the world is not out there being observed and lived by you but only exists as long as you do and is created by your driving entity that projects and creates as long as you live

from birth we are tricked into external projections concealing our driving entity from us

recover it and create more than you can know

you are creating your life

it is not created for you”

“very good, Billy,” interjects one of the lads: Tom

“but I don’t agree with that

I am here and you are there

When I die the world carries on”

“no,” interrupts another Slavonian: Mark

“what continues is other worlds viewed by other people

they are still living and experiencing”

a girl: Sally jumps in now with

“we live together and have to agree on a world we share

we are all on the same planet

however you perceive it

as out there

or from within each”

Billy Gilded was enjoying the reactions to his proposals and was happy at the group of friends' success in debate within their grove

he hopes it will long continue

as they explore and come to understand the implications of perceptual reversal

indications, and results from which, to him seem more important than the idea suggestion itself

"Billy, Heldis has just phoned to say June Julia has gone into labour whilst visiting him, and he's rushed her to the hospital. You'd better go, he says," interrupts another Slavonian member of the group

All jump up, and Billy hurries to leave with a few friends by him

One of them, Mark, jokes

"hurry up, another driving entity is about to create its universe; we don't want to miss it."

"Certainly not," cries around the group as they rush to head for the hospital

Furniture is bumped into, knocked over, and doors are banged
in the mixup

After travelling across Europe, Georgian and Marshall make it back to Merton, Worthsire just in time before the world is invaded by a terrible pandemic that causes everyone to isolate themselves from everyone else in an attempt to curb the spread of the virus.

It is a great shock to all the countries of the world and a great upset to individual liberty which no longer seems to exist.

Panic is barely avoided.

At the same time, in Slavonia, always cut off from the world for centuries, the government closes the tunnel through the mountains so that no-one can enter. King Christof is very upset by this. But forces insist and Slavonia will progress with its free enterprise society whilst the world totters on in destruction of its own life.

Act 2

Shirley, the wife of Marshall Williamson, has taken up emailing her husband to relay the situation in Slavonia:

Hi Marshall

hoping you are well

in these troubled times

no-one knows what is going to happen

but we in Slavonia are secure from the world

and our economy progresses well

under our moneyless system

people enjoy the freedom to have

what they wish and not

be short of anything

equality is emerging and we

are all the better for it

honesty prevails as people

only take what they need after

an initial rush on things
but industry and manufacture
cope with everything very well

I hope you are managing
over there in those
restrained conditions

good news is
King Christof and Charmian
have had a baby son
whilst Billy Gilded Creator
and June Julia of Heldis Jones
have also had a son

so all we need now is some girls

pity we have had our day
you old bull
found any heifers over there
wouldn't be surprised with you
keep cheerful my love
the global nation is on its way
see you

Marshall is delighted to hear from his wife and relays the news
to Georgian

"I am glad," he says.

Georgian the Liberator

now Georgian is happy but a suppressed worry begins to emerge and
cause him distress

he isn't sure why but he suspects it is his own lack of courage and strength that worries him

has he the confidence to see through the changes that he has for so long dreamed of?

will Slavonia be successful in its experimental way of society functioning without money without competition?

Marshall comforts him with a hug and a joke and an invitation to visit the Reverend Freddie Lawrenns, always good for a meal and a glass of claret.

“I cannot bear intolerance

but your ideas, I’m sorry, Georgian, are quite preposterous,”

the exploder of these words is none other than the Member of Parliament for Markhampton and Merton: Sir Charles Payne.

Georgian and Marshall arrived at the vicarage to see Freddie Lawrenns, only to stumble across the Member of Parliament who was staying for lunch. Georgian had of course met Sir Charles many times in the past. Sir Charles was in his fifties, lively, brusque, active and enthusiastic about himself and his ideas for the good of the country.

“It’s all very well, but for the good of the country (he says this a great deal) we have to see the world one way, and work together to get the best out of it and out of ourselves. Your ways are potty to put it simply; turn the world inside out; see things from within oneself emanating: rubbish, we are men of science and practicality; we have to have money to function, without it the world stops and dies in chaos. You guys are idealistic, I would have thought you had grown out of it by now, Georgian.”

Freddie intervenes with:

“Not a good idea to call anything rubbish in today’s world, Charles. We are all growing and developing as we live.”

“It’s all right, Freddie,” joins in Georgian, “Charles and I are old sparring partners. I don’t mind what he calls what I say. I try not to say too much, but sometimes I feel pushed to say something outrageous as it may be.”

“No such thing, just downright unrealistic. As I say, I am a tolerant man and won’t put up with any intolerance of race, creed, genders, nationality or anything. I’m a progressive, but for the good of all, not just for myself. We need our traditions and must hold on to them.”

“Ah the old traditions blague, here we go with that one. You hold everything back with your old ways. You politicians are still in the nineteenth century. We’ve moved on into the 21st. Even though you haven’t. Hold us back much more, and we will all die corrupted and ruined,” pleads on Georgian.

Freddie is pleased with the vehemence, and fuels it by pouring more wine in the glasses of his guests.

“Sinful of me,” he thinks, “but I just can’t resist it.”

“England is an island race. We don’t need outside help. We have lived and fought well for ourselves; why change,” burns on the heated MP.

“Because the world has changed, and you haven’t. It is our task to help the world make those changes and develop itself as the Global Nation,” bursts in G M.

“Thanks for an excellent lunch, Freddie; at this point, the mention of that global nation, I shall leave you to enjoy your afternoon. Goodbye.”

Sir Charles rose and placed his napkin down carefully so as not to imply offence and walked from the room. Freddie rose also and left the room to see the disgruntled knight off the premises.

Georgian grinned at the bemused Marshall stating:

“Don’t worry about old Charles. He always does that. Can’t stand something and leaves. We know each other well.”

“Yes, I’m just taken aback that such people still exist in England.”

“Oh, there’s plenty of them, but there are plenty of us progressives and rebels too.”

Freddie re-enters the dining room:

“I’m so sorry, gentlemen, about the fracas, and especially to you Marshall, being a visitor from another country.”

“That’s all right, vicar, I enjoyed it very much. It is interesting to hear different views,” comforts Marshall as best he can.

“Very good of you to say so. Now perhaps we can move into the garden, as the sun is shining more brightly.”

The three left the room and wandered in the garden, their minds relieved to be distracted, but realising they had been given much to think about and to develop in the future.

“I don’t know why I am as I am. I really don’t know why I think as I do. It bothers me,” declares Georgian to sympathetic Marshall.

They sit in a bench in the garden, and Marshall pats Georgian’s shoulder saying:

“Don’t worry. You are as you are. I think you say wonderful, hopeful things. You are more alive than most people. They just

accept and sleepily go along, but you, you, question and probe and consider alternatives. I think that's great."

"You are about the only one who does. Look at Sir Charles getting all hot and huffy and leaving like that. Most are like him. Stuck in their mud."

"Besides," presses Marshall, "you don't know other people don't think these things. You are not alone, as you imagine."

"No, but it freaks me. It upsets me. Why don't I just enjoy things as they are? Why change?"

"But you do enjoy things as they are; your probing is how you enjoy them. Everything in life is change. You simply wish to gain control of the change, and influence it to make a better life for us..."

"and for the children. I think about them. When I was young, we were rebels and had fun, but young people now seem only to conform, keep their heads down."

"Yes, usually buried in those electronic devices; well, so what!"

"But you have to care about the inequalities; you have to forge something free and equal for the future of the new children. Look at my Charmian, just given birth to a son in Tbisk."

“Yes, it’s a happiness. Do we call you granddad now?”

“You’d better.”

“Well then, keep rebelling, keep forging new ways to live and force them on others for the sake of your new grandson. Give yourself a break and a purpose, and have fun, tell everyone what to do.”

“It isn’t like that; you know it isn’t.”

“Course it isn’t; but you can pretend. So much of life is pretend and bluff. Get out there Georgian, and bluff, impress us with your bluff. I have a feeling you always have.”

“You didn’t know my great friend, Biker Mike. You would have liked him. He was a great originator, and an original; he’s dead now. He didn’t want to live on. But he taught me much about the new life and freedom ... real freedom, not what passes for freedom today. He had love and greatness for all. I miss him. He said such wonderful things. I try to follow him. He helped so much when we of our village Merton went out into the world in search of Absolute Truth.”

“Sounds marvellous! Did you find it?” asks Marshall, deeply moved, and drawn into his observation of Georgian now opening himself up to his Slavonian friend.

“Well, we found a version of the truth. It seems most people find theirs and live by it. But we had a collective truth based on happiness, beauty and love.”

“Ah love, yes, we hold great store by that in Slavonia. Being isolated, we live closely and care deeply for each other. We scarcely had any crime even before we de-commissioned money.”

“Yes, love is the key,” explains Georgian, “but lately, I have come to see something else is needed, and it is missing. Without it, the world will lose and end itself destructively.”

“Oh, you great pessimist, what is missing?!”

“I think Biker Mike realised it, and that it is why he willed his death, leaving us behind. I was sorry he did that. We needed him. He woke us up, and, of course, he had many opponents that shouted him down; perhaps that’s why he let himself fade away.”

Georgian breaks down into tears, and Marshall though embarrassed puts his arm around his friend’s shoulder.

“Come, my friend, comfort yourself,” Marshall urges.

“I’m sorry; it hurts me so.”

“Course it does. It is only natural for a man of your qualities.”

“What qualities? I’m a simpering fool”

“No, Georgian, far from it. Do you know what you are? You are an eagle amongst pigeons. You fly high, and I want you to stay there. Never come down. Soar and reveal. That is who you are: an eagle amongst pigeons.”

They look into each other’s faces and burst into laughter.

“That’s ridiculous, but funny,” declares Georgian, controlling his tears and turning to smiles as well as to laughter.

“I agree; but it sounds good, doesn’t it? I rather like it.”

More laughter as they gather themselves, and rise to continue walking.

“Charmian has sent me some pictures of her and the new baby. Do you want to go in and see them?”

“Course I do.”

And a recovering Georgian and Marshall walk into the vicarage to ask the Reverend Freddie permission to look up the pictures on his computer.

Broken World

“Now why are you looking so sad?” King Christof asks of his wife, Charmian, as she rests in the gardens cradling their new born son.

“I’m not sad. How can I be with this little one?”

“I know, you’re missing your father, Georgian. It is sad he isn’t here. But he had to go home, and it is just as well he did. The world is a broken world, now this pestilence has come to destroy it, and everything in it. We have had to close the tunnel through the mountain. I did not want to, but what could I do? We have to protect ourselves, our Slavonia, as we have done for thousands of years. At least he can hear from you through electronic mail and so on, and you can send photos. How is he doing in Merton?”

“He says they are well, and everyone is staying at home until the disease disperses, but it is hard to do.”

“Yes, I am sorry for England. I really like your country. It was a marvellous luck I landed up on your shores. I was washed up there you know, and everyone was so kind and helpful to me. I almost

took up the life of a lonesome gardener; I think I would have preferred it to this royal crown; but there we are. Yes, I liked England, broad, mature, expansive and kindly, and very experienced by its empire. They have love and compassion, but alas, there was one thing missing. I noticed it frequently, without it the world will finish itself, even when this bug disappears.”

“They say they have a vaccine serum, or something to combat it.”

“Well, let’s hope so, my dear. Now what are we going to call young nipper here?”

“I thought Christopher, after you.”

“Ok, and what about adding George, after your father.”

“Yes, Christopher George Mand; why Mand?”

“Mand? I don’t know why. We are slavs in Slavonia, the people of life, and my family took the name of Mand to represent man on earth, I think.”

“That’s alright. Christopher George Mand sound s very good.”

They smile and exchange nursing the baby in the sunlight of the Slavonian sky.

The king hands young Christopher to Charmian for a final time, and rises to leave. Charmian asks:

“What is missing from England? You said something was not there that was damaging. What was it?”

“Oh, another time I’ll explain. Not just now. I have cares. I am sorry I have had to close the tunnel. “

“Perhaps not for long.”

“No, my dear friend, perhaps not for long.”

King Christof leaves with a smile on his face, but a slight stoop in his walk.

Georgian wakes up at home in bed breathless, his heart pounding and hurting.

He calls out to himself:

“Oh, why don’t I give up my minds and just live happy and conforming to everything, like everybody else? Why don’t I just enjoy all as it is, instead of this endless checking and changing? Why don’t I just stop it?”

Somewhere, someone else is thinking the same sort of thing and worrying about Georgian.

This is his son, Stephen Strange, who is held in Slavonia, unable to leave at present. But his concerns in his mind for his father are rising and reaching a peak, where he is forced to ask permission of King Christof, his brother-in-law, to let him go home to England.

“I cannot refuse you,” the kind young king says to Stephen. “You are obviously very worried for your father, so you must go. I would prefer it. So would your sister Charmian. I have spoken to her about it. What way would you like to go? I do not think I can open the tunnel.”

“No, I was wondering if I might take a helicopter out over the mountains, and make my flight to the Balkans, from where I can travel overland, and by sea to Worthshire.”

“Somewhat like I did myself so long ago. I remember it well. It was wonderful to see another country. I agree. I am sure we can provide you with a helicopter. Will you need a pilot?”

“I can fly it myself.”

“But a pilot could bring it back.”

“True, can’t afford to throw them away, these helicopters.”

“We can actually, but no matter, I think we would like it back. Let’s dine before you go, and I plan to give you gifts to take. I’m sure Charmian would like that also.”

“Thank you, Christof. Thank you so much. It relieves my mind greatly.”

Act 3

Sir Charles has just returned from a pleasant evening at the vicarage where he has met Sofie-Alice Peaceton Merchant for the first time. He has been struck by her, and mentioned this to the vicar, Freddie Lawrenns, what a charming girl she is; the vicar had commented that she is more than that, she being the granddaughter of Georgian Merchant. Sir Charles widened his eyes and raised his eyebrows.

“Have to see about that,” he thought to himself.

Now at home in his study, he considers her more thoroughly; his mind wanders over how he needs a wife, his first wife having passed away a few years earlier, leaving him with two grown up sons who avoid him at the moment.

“Hmm, yes,” he thinks to himself: “I should find a wife, and why not one from the enemy camp. I can infiltrate and work better there. I will have to play myself very carefully, very temptingly. Then when I have her, I will marry her and arrange the life of the wicked grandfather; oh, that Georgian Merchant makes my head spin, my blood boil, oh, he’s a villain to the community, to the world. I will deal with him.

“Just wait and see.”

The study in Sir Charles' house was largely brown, like himself: strong, steady, sturdy, but unimaginative, powerful, unyielding, dynamic and often stupid, but he was happy in his ways of certainty. The study itself with a large desk, cupboards, and upholstered chairs and settees in soft brown coverings all shone his disposition to tradition and to no change. He wants everything to stay the same because everything was fine, was perfect and stable and sure. Why change? That Merchant fellow, well, he might not be around much longer. I shall stand firm and approach Sofie-Alice with my charms, my seductive abilities, attributes: money, security, travel in high places, a life of riches and adventure. Ah, with these I will overpower her, and convince her of my value. She will be all right in my world. Let's see, an invitation to the House, next time I am in town. I'll show her what real government is like. How noble and proud and helpful we are to the community. That will get us started on the path to the church and altar. I can see it all now.”

His thoughts continued on in this way, their private way, in a zone no-one else could hear nor understand. He was in his element in his solo mind, plotting and dreaming. He was not an unkind man,

but he was a blind one. Blind to the world, to himself, and to life in all its changing thrusts. But he was strangely happy, convinced of his rightness. He was unconscious about everyone else's loss in appreciating the market life he loved. He supported the self sufficiency of isolation, by refusing to be overrun by outside forces like Europe, America, and the World.

“We are an island race and don't need anyone else,” he always thought.

Well, in pursuing Sofie Alice, as we can imagine, he would meet a formidable match, and he would have to learn something new about existence in the present world.

Sofie-Alice thought a great deal about Sir Charles.

He is a bit of dry old stick, she thinks, but he has position and charm, so he could introduce me to the other world, the world of the rich on the other side of life.

I wonder.

She thinks of how lately she has been feeling lost.

I have been thinking the world is lost for many years now, she continues.

We all have comfortable lives yes, but we don't know what to do with them. We don't know who to be; just living the old ways, the old traditions and identities.

Everyone screaming for independence. So many think independence means freedom, but if it does, it is an enslaved freedom, quite the opposite of what people think.

The West has to change, and it has to change through love and caring, not through violence and destruction. It may be possible

Yes, I am lost, but if I were to attach myself to Charles and his way of life, it would be like entering the enemy camp, and trying to change things from within, even Sir Charles himself.

She thinks of Tommy Faust, her wayward rocker biker, intellectual friend, she has grown to know and like.

Oh, I'm not making any progress with Tommy. He is such a lost, a left behind, still craving love and freedom, but not knowing how to achieve it, so he wastes his time his life, just playing, playing, playing uselessly.

I'll talk to grandfather; he'll give me some wise insight and advice. I can't talk to daddy.

Daddy is Walter Merchant, Georgian's elder son by his first wife: Lacetta Silver who died in illness years ago.

No, daddy isn't much use. He is the rich old guard. He is the capitalist capital 'C'.

Can't talk to him, but Georgian is a more interesting free thinker.

He's been telling me of news from Slavonia that could be encouraging.

I'll go to him and see what he thinks of my marriage plan, if I decide to mention it.

I think it's funny the idea of marrying the foe, spying in the enemy's world.

Just like a spy

Yippee!

Carefree, Sofie-Alice dreams on to think of these things and fantasises all sorts of plans and actions; imagining herself, as she walks down the aisle with the great and the good looking on.

She's always found that expression a comical one: the great and the good indeed.

It'll suit me, as I have always thought myself to be great and to be good.

“On no account must you consider marrying that man. It will set your life back a hundred years. I am surprised at you. I would not believe it possible you should consider it for a moment,”

fumes on Georgian at Sofie-Alice, who carelessly has let slip she might consider marrying the MP for Markhampton and Merton.

Georgian continues:

“It breaks my second rule of life, which is ‘let people do what they want’, which I would normally do with you, my dear, but on this occasion, I have to make an exception and say ‘No, do not do it’.”

“Well, it isn’t decided yet, and who knows it may not work out that way, anyway so don’t worry too much about it.”

“Good,” says Georgian, “I am sorry.”

“That’s ok. Incidentally, what is your first rule of life?”

“Oh, ‘tell people what they want to hear’.”

“Oh, ha-ha, that’s funny, granddad,” laughs Sofie-Alice.

“Let’s go in for lunch,” she invites.

They are talking in the garden of Pennyrose Cottage, Georgian’s beloved home.

Stephen Strange arrived in Worthshire, having travelled for days, weeks turning into months, first at Pennyrose, where his father, Georgian Merchant, lived. Stephen had journeyed the vast distance by car, by van, by rail, by helicopter, by bus, even by donkey and cart, and on foot.

He startled his father with hugs and embraces and tears and laughter, saying:

“Oh, don’t take on so, father. It’s only me.”

“Only you. How can you say that? You are my life, my soul, my self; how are you? How was the trip?”

“Gruelling. Loved every minute of it. But it is a very long way, as you know. Slavonia is where the West meets the East; it is at the point where the east of the west joins with the west of the east.”

Once settled, they talk the business of the affair.

“How is the new Slavonia doing, with its new society?”

“Wonderful. It is a great success. Its business, social, educational worlds, just living together freely. Yes, it is a marvel. All is sublime, divine, fulfilling, and even, as some might say, wicked in its achievement of success.”

“How is this? I can hardly believe it. I never expected it to work so quickly,” Georgian continues.

“Well it has; it is, and that is that, for all to know.”

“Surely, there are law and order difficulties. What do they do for the police?”

“They use a community team, also voluntary, that assists in any social difficulties, road incidents, and family troubles, but there is no crime and punishment at all.”

“Just unbelievable it could work so well.”

“The attitudes of the people are so willing, and keen for it to work; no-one wishes to oppose or exploit it anywhere.”

“What are you going to do now?” Georgian asks.

“I’m not sure. I see I could be putting my neck in a noose. There will be plenty of opposition in our world to these changes. Too much vested interest.”

“Of course; tread carefully, Stephen; a great many people may wish to silence you. The world is not like Slavonia, which is small and compliant and helpful. Here, people are afraid of change.”

“I know. I agree with them. Here is not like Slavonia. I don’t feel I should reveal Slavonia to the world, in case it invades and disturbs their life.”

“Yes, it could be devastating and disastrous for King Christof and his people. We must not say anything about them.”

“It may be best to say nothing of their experiments in society. I know there are those here, like you, who want change and will have to wait; and then, there are some traditionalists, like Sir Charles Payne, who will do anything to resist changes; and then there’s me, who thinks life in Britain is just about as perfect as it can be. So why rock anything, and upset anybody?”

“Do you really think that, son?”

“Pretty much; life is suited to itself here, evolved over history, and had set things to best advantage, as long as a good eye is kept on fairness and love; yes, I think so.”

Stephen takes a breath, smiles at himself, and gazes past his father through the window of the cottage, on to the outside world of roads, traffic and passers-by.

“I’m astonished,” Georgian declares, interrupting Stephen’s gaze beyond the room.

“Sofie-Alice thinks that Sir Charles has eyes for her, and she is considering accepting them,” says Georgian. “Have you heard?”

“No, I hadn’t. No, she can’t, can she? That is amazing, if not slightly silly. Well, very silly. How far has it gone?”

“It is going further. We will have to brace ourselves.”

“But you and he have always been against each other. What will you do?”

“Retire from public life, I expect.”

“Never, you have too much to say for yourself; you always have.”

“Not so much nowadays, Stephen. As I’m approaching the big, the very big, 80, I feel tired. What is worse, I am losing enthusiasm, losing the drive. It isn’t fun anymore. I don’t care about what I do care about, these days. I am losing strength. Like all the aged capitalists, I have become accepting, and now I am giving up. It is easier to do that, than continue fighting. Men like Payne are unbeatable.”

“Silly nonsense you talk. But at least you aren’t getting that funny old dementia or you wouldn’t be fighting like you are now. Everything you say contradicts your meaning. You will carry on continuing, like the rest of us.”

“I’m not so sure.”

And Georgian looked weary in his eyes and bowed his head. Stephen did not take any notice because he did not wish to; he wanted to keep faith with his pioneering father, who had always filled Stephen’s mind with perceptual revolution, and the like. No. Hmm, Georgian would go on being himself.

Act 4

“I feel lost in a broken world,” declares Sofie-Alice to Tommy Faust as she visits him one afternoon.

“I don’t know whether to marry, or have a child, or anything. Peaceton, my husband, left me comfortably off. I have financial independence. I could do anything I wish. But I feel lost and useless.”

She bursts into tears and sobs into her hands.

Tommy, embarrassed, puts an arm around her shoulder gently, and tries to comfort her saying:

“All will be all right. Be patient. I’m here. We’ll think of something.”

“Independence is no freedom,” she continues. “It enslaves you. It is isolation, loneliness and loss. Everyone is hiding from everything instead of going out and meeting it and living it. What am I to do?”

“Would you like us to marry? We could do something together.”

“How sweet of you, Tommy. That’s two proposals in a week.”

Tommy looks surprised, and puts on a mock disappointed tone:

“Oh, and who is the other one who has dared to ask you?”

“Sir Charles, last night, after dinner. He was very nice about it. He is a nice man, despite his rigid views, and I still feel I could help bend his attitudes to progress; if I married him, that is.”

“It’s a heavy price to pay to help the world, Sofie.”

And this makes them both laugh into each other’s face.

Later that afternoon, Sofie-Alice is talking with Sir Charles in the conservatory of his home in Merton .

“I don’t want you to think I am not sympathetic to you, and to Georgian’s progressive ideas, but I am a realist , in touch through my work with the practical, actual workings of life and the world. But we can learn and develop together. So, have you come to a decision?”

“Not exactly, yet. I wanted to ask why do you want to marry me?”

“I like you. I love you. I just feel we can work well and do good together. Is that so hard to understand?”

“Not at all. I just wonder if it is a good reason to marry.”

“What could be better in a way, Sofie?”

“Perhaps.”

“Do nothing now, Sofie. You are too unsure of yourself to make any such step, as you might regret later.”

This is Stephen advising her in Pennyrose Cottage, where she has called to update him on her situation, with two marriage proposals in hand.

“Pity we can’t marry,” declares Stephen, “as we get along so well. But we are too closely related.”

“I suppose so. What are we? My grandfather is your father, by his second marriage.”

“So I’m a kind of uncle, and half- brother.”

“Yes, you are my half a nuncle.”

They laugh at this and relax.

“How can we mend our broken world?” asks Stephen.

They have obviously talked long about these issues in the past, and know each other very well.

“At the moment, I am more concerned with mending my broken life,” says Sofie-Alice.

“Well wait and see ,” urges Stephen.

Act 5

‘So, Sofie-Alice has travelled to Slavonia with Stephen, and there has given birth to a baby girl. How wonderful. She has denied revealing who the father is. Maybe it isn’t necessary. I don’t think it will have been Stephen, as he is too close a relative; she being some kind of joint niece and sister. Very peculiar. Well, Georgian Merchant is a very extraordinary person. No, not Sephen. And I don’t see Sir Charles having a child by her without marriage first. That would be far too risky in his position, far too damning. No, the good Sir Charles would not wish to do that. So, I am left with thinking it is most likely to have been Tommy Faust. Perhaps she managed to persuade herself to let him try to bear a child with her. No matter, nothing matters, as a 90 odd year old friend of mine once declared to me. “You know, Freddie, nothing matters”. I thought it funny and revealing, but perhaps you have to be over 90 to say that, and get away with it. Ah well, good luck to Sofie-Alice. She is the most perfect creature I have ever met. She lives only to love and knows only love. That is very good and rare. She tells me the success of Slavonia is mind-boggling, odd expression, comes from Tommy no doubt. She encourages me to go and see the bliss they live with. Sounds marvellous.’

The Reverend Freddie Lawrenns continues minding to himself along these lines for some time in the vicarage garden.

Maybe I'll go and see her in Slavonia he thinks.

In Slavonia

“I haven’t brought any money”

are the opening words of Freddie Lawrenns declared to Stephen and Sofie-Alice, as he arrives at the railway station in Tisk, having collected the special train for him at the tunnel of the mountains he has passed through to arrive at Slavonia.

Stephen and Sofie-Alice hug the breathless vicar, and laugh as they encourage:

“Course not. That’s the last thing you will need here. No money, no use to you at all.”

They bundle the vicar’s bags into the car and drive away to the castle.

“Well, it isn’t quite true,” further explains Freddie. “I have brought a thousand pounds in cash for myself, for emergency uses. You see, I just didn’t feel safe without some money about my person.”

“Quite all right Freddie,” laughs Stephen, “it isn’t a crime to have money ironically.”

“But do keep it to yourself,” chuckles Sofie at the bewildered man.

They arrive at the castle.

His visit has begun.

His life and his life view are changed for ever.

The castle is very grand granite, perched on a hill top, more or less at the centre of the ancient city of Tbisk. It is approached by a winding single road for security reasons, no longer so pressing.

Epilogue

The arts and culture of Slavonia turn from depicting the strife and conflict of the past 2000 years into showing the goodness and light of life. They depict the giving out of goodness and light, love and kindness, health and happiness, fun and pleasure, and most important, more important than love, they show trust. Lack of trust causes the evil of the past. So, Slavonia sees to put it right, and is able to do so because of what the Reverend Freddie sees during his visit to the country; that is, he sees the display of their moneyless community.

He is shown stores where everyone is free to collect everything, being made available without cost.

People work the services voluntarily; those of commerce and trade through the organising of men like the Garchus family, who distribute and arrange the stores freely.

Natural morality prevails, and people live free from social restraint as restrictions do not occur.

It is felt men live better with men, and not with women.

Children rear themselves with some maternal guidance for the early years.

Beauty and trust are the main drives of their lives that they pass without conflict, destruction and dominance.

The aimlessness of life is appreciated in being and doing nothing, and doing nothing but giving out love and trust.

On his return to England, Freddie manages to persuade people to take an interest in the experiences of Slavonia.

Even Sir Charles Payne, recently engaged to Lady Wilhelmina Ponsonby-Smythe, becomes fascinated, and offers to sound ideas out, and advises certain things may be tried:

“but it will take time, Freddie.”

“Oh I know, but we can start, and we can enjoy it.”

Both men are pleased to be reconciled and encourage each other in their plans for the global nation, which will replace the conflicting nation states around them.

Ideas, ideals, but everything has to be invented, thought of, dreamed of, planned, and put into action.

