

Motherman 3

Little Ed was growing stronger.

He was a perfect angel.

He never cried.

He slept.

He was to Ed, his motherman, perfection.

"May your perfection never deteriorate, Little  
Victry," Ed would say in a birdsong voice.

By the end of his six week stay Ed knew that  
Little Ed would have grown to about sixteen inches  
and so would still fit snugly in the brown shoulder  
bag.

The boy could crawl and roll about; he could  
hear his father and even speak a little. His eyes  
were very bright.

He comforted his "fatherbearer" and kept him warm  
and contented.

Ed felt himself yelping inside at the beauty.

Could light be so revealing;

Could the sky be so many shades of blue?

It was all new.

Here was freedom.

No-one to disturb him.

Then there came along Jean-Pierre.

He was walking on the beach.

He approached Ed.

They were talking on the beach.

Ed: I told you about Nikki. She says you can't  
change human nature.

I say you can.

J-P: People don't want to change.

Ed: The old don't but we do.

J-P: We are idealists.

Ed: And glad to be.

On the idyllic island of Ulysses, as Jerba is known,  
Ed and Jean-Pierre were able to explore their  
ideals.

The sea was never the same two days running.

A lake of placid smoothness one day,

a splashing puddle the next,

another a tempestuous threat,

and sometimes a gently rolling surface that

spurted occasional ripples of surf.

Its colour too changed with the sun and the sky.

Green, blue, sometimes lit in white light by

glinting sunrays. Various tones of grey, and always

black with the night. It was cold.

Ed and Jean-Pierre walked into its cool lappings;

chilled, their shins were weighted by

the strength of the shallow water.

"The age of man is already over," Jean-Pierre declared.

"The world ended years ago...it's just that most people haven't even noticed."

The sea never stopped crashing those days as they walked along the beach talking.

Ed realized he was to mourn the end of the man-woman-child relationship.

He knew the age of man, the age of world was over.

His Little Victry evidenced it.

Ed showed his son to Jean-Pierre.

The baby had been asleep in the shoe box Ed had saved when he had bought some sandals. Ed kept the box at the back of the double wardrobe.

"I want us all to have fun," declared Ed.

Jean-Pierre stared at the baby. He picked him up and listened to Ed explain how Little Victry had been born three weeks earlier.

"No-one knows. Not even Nikki," Ed finished up.

"I keep a piece of toilet paper trapped in the top of the wardrobe doors so I know they haven't been disturbed whilst I'm out. Usually Little Ed has to stay in there. He doesn't make a sound.

You wouldn't know

I had a baby here."

Then they founded

A P E S

Alternative Philosophy Explained

they discussed the transforming

of commercial capitalism

into a free economy

transcending nationalism

removing the measure of money

to create giving societies

not taking exploitative ones

dreams of course

but things to think on

“Everything in life is thought,”

charms Ed.

The day brings the shock:

"I leave tomorrow," Jean-Pierre announced.

Ed is crumpled and chokes on the word:

"Alright."

"I hope you and your son will be safe.

I am happy now, thanks to you," Jean-Pierre concludes.

The following morning Ed knocks on Jean-Pierre's door only to receive the cleaner who tells him Jean-Pierre left the hotel before breakfast.

Ed is comforted by Little Victry.

At dinner that night, Nikki whined on how Ed was weak and lacked courage.

He agreed but he didn't know what to do about it.

He had always been passive and let people

"doormat" him.

She sympathized.

It takes years to learn to say "No" to bullies she says, as it also takes years to learn to initiate.

To take the initiative.

In sleep Ed is restless - - - he dreams of a treasure  
that he covers  
with a stone slab that entombs him so no-one can  
take his  
treasure;  
but he suffocates.

Sunrise. Rosy glows the horizon - - - no sun yet - -

- he feels

courageous - - - then plip, the sun arrives, a red

ball.

Ed is off to wake Nikki.

He's starting to believe in himself - - - and have

happy courage.

The Reverend Archibald Lawrenns greeted Sir  
Robert with a smile,  
open arms and an embrace.

"So pleased to see you, my boy. How is your son?"

The Vicar held Robert's arms and gazed into the  
face of...Ed.

For Ed was Lord Robert Diamond who had fled the  
country

to have his child away from the inspection of his  
Swiss Doctor Legend.

Lady Lauren had spent the winter in Paris.

Robert had been in England a week.

His wife had been at Merton Hall to welcome him.

Dr. Legend and Nurse Beryl were in attendance.

Little Ed was on display in the drawing room...

a large airy rococo room.

The Reverend Lawrenns moved towards the baby.

"This fabulous, wonderful, yet sorrowful world of

dualism welcomes

your son, Sir Robert, and hopes in Christ's name

that he will grow

happy and strong, dutiful and caring," the vicar

stated to Lord Diamond.

"Thank you," His Lordship replied.

He had long ago decided that his private names for his son would remain just that.

He would keep his beyond dualist ideals to himself, and in public express normal regard and sympathy for the mundane world.

He had no wish to upset people.

There seemed to be no point to it.

The christening of the Diamond heir took place in St. Mary's Merton, with all members of the family present.

Even Lady Margaret Diamond, Robert's mother, had overcome her early prejudice. On seeing the boy, she was moved to tears and vowed to treat him right.

The modernism of the Reverend Lawrenns pleased Robert.

The two men were compatible.

Nurse Beryl was playing nurse to Little Ed,  
whilst Dr. Legend stayed on at Merton Hall to  
observe His Lordship.

The doctor also had a plan to make Her Ladyship  
fertile, but he had not mentioned this to anyone.

No-one knew Little Ed as Little Ed of course.

He was christened

Charles David Robert...Diamond.





