

Foreword

The premise for this book you are about to read may change how you perceive reality. Most of its content is based on stories told around campfires and BBQs that became exaggerated and distorted over time, or just plain fiction. Of the many stories embedded in the plotline, there is one that is rarely told simply because it was too strange and weird to repeat. It's unbelievable. So in part this book delivers "The Scroll" containing the Image and Mantra that relates to that story, which will be described in the epilogue. The book was also written based on numbers; 0,1,23 and coincidence. The convergence of the binary numbers one & zero; and twenty three happened so many times, that the author stopped recording in his notes that relationship. At times when writing this book the author would question why he was doing this at all. Only the numbers and coincidence kept him on track to finish what was started. Looking back over what was written he considered two words could be changed but decided to close the book based on the last sketch and coincidence. In the book, that sketch relates to a photograph taken of a sunset on Mt. Beerwah, which the author had waited forty years to take. The triangles in relation to what's described as "fold in time," relates to a measurement 23mm. In the top right corner look for three images that will appear as you rotate the pyramid. The author calls them the Ancients relating to Aboriginal folklore of the Glass House Mountains. In time, discover the pathway up to 0123 metres to look towards the Ancients from Wild Horse Mountain. While standing within the Octagon of information transfer, absorb yourself in light reflecting off those Ancients as time slows and stillness fills the air.

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PAST PRESENT FUTURE

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Some characters portrayed in this book are fictitious and any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

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The author has concern for our environment, and his belief that primates of Sumatra and Borneo need our protection from habitat destruction. A percentage of all profits from this book will be made to organisations that have at heart, protection and survival of orang-utans.

PAST

1

LP was standing out on the beach verandah. From the surrounding houses in this tight-knit community, voices yelled, “Happy New Year; happy New Year.”

Family, friends and mates were all there for the count-down. With only an hour to go, his thoughts wandered back to when this had all started.

*Past - present - future
Captured in numbers
Enclosed in time
The thunder we feel and hear
In the distance at eight
Happens at ten to eight
At ten past eight, lightning and rain
Will be upon us.
Past, present and future are one.*

George turned his head and looked back while driving his Kombi. “What’s happening back there?”

“LP’s in one of his psychotic moods; he’s practising his fortune-telling skills again,” Bear replied. “You know what he’s like when that happens. He starts predicting the future, and, most times, he’s right.”

“Snap him out of it! I don’t want to hear that,” said George, who was suffering from a hangover from the night before. He may have turned eighteen but it didn’t make him hold his liquor any better. He was still green in the face and grumpy as hell.

Bear tried to get LP's attention. "*Focus*; there's a storm approaching. We're at Red's place now. Open your eyes." Bear gave him a good shake on the shoulders.

LP opened his eyes. "Oh, we're here already."

George turned into Red's hangout down the long tree-lined driveway. In the distance was an old homestead, run down and converted into four small flats. The Queenslander house, built in the 1850s, had a ten-foot-wide verandah out the front that wound around to the back, where two tall chimney stacks made of red bricks reached forty feet above the rusted tin roof. The once white painted timber boards were now a flaking yellowish brown. Trees surrounded the large house, and nearby was a creek lined with weeping willows.

"How long are we staying at Red's party?" asked Cassa.

"We've got a surf contest to win at Bells Beach in four days, so we can't stay long. Don't get pissed. We'll get Red and get on our way."

Red had been living at the house with his flatmate, Willy, but it was his last night there. He had been evicted for complaining about the living conditions, which were no better than a squat in a third-world country.

Willie was friends with the Bad Meadows Motorcycle Club, and they were already there. The guys in the Kombi knew that Willie was mates with a few bikies, but they didn't expect to see so many. There were almost two hundred of them, their Harleys and a few Triumphs parked throughout the long driveway.

George parked the vehicle, being careful not to knock over any of the bikes. He did well, considering his pounding headache from the night before.

As the guys jumped out of the Kombi, there was a report on the radio: "...And now for the weather. Strong winds from

the south-east and more heavy rain is expected to reach Brisbane later tonight.”

Showers over the past few days had been a welcome change from the high temperature and humidity. It was the year of 1973.

“I’m bloody hot and thirsty. Let me out; I can’t breathe. It’s like an oven in here.”

“That’s the last time I’m riding in the back, or I’m likely to kill someone,” Bear complained.

Bear was almost six foot tall, with muscular broad shoulders, sun-bleached, shoulder-length hair, and dark brown eyes. He hadn’t had a shave for a couple of days, and looked like the type of guy you wouldn’t want to mess with.

George closed the driver’s door behind him, went around to the side door and opened it. Bear was first out, followed by Cassa, Brownie, and LP. Mason had sat in the front passenger seat with the window down, so he hadn’t become as agitated from the heat and humidity as the others.

Mason grabbed a carton of beer from the Kombi floor, and they started to walk up the muddy pathway at the side of the old Queenslander.

Several bikies turned to see who was entering their turf.

One of the bikies, Porky, yelled, “Who’s these surfie bums?”

Luckily, Red was standing nearby, and was quick to reply, “I invited them; they’re my mates.”

Red’s intervention calmed Porky down temporarily.

As the guys entered the backyard, they saw a raging fire with flames almost as high as the trees. It looked like a sight from Guy Fawkes Night. They all felt a little on edge seeing so many bikies around the fire getting pissed, all arguing and talking loudly.

Bear shouted over to Red in the crowd, “How long has this been going on?”

“It started at three o’clock,” Red replied, walking over to the group. “They’ve got a head start on us, so be careful. They’re all pretty drunk.”

George, despite being short and stocky, was often a bit of a smart ass. He struck up a conversation with Porky, who happened to be number two gang leader.

Porky was a tall, large-framed bikie. When he walked, all parts of his body moved and swayed in different directions. He could have done with a crash diet – it didn’t even look like his Harley could carry him. His ginger, long hair and gingery white beard that touched his chest made him look like someone who had stepped out of an old western hillbilly movie.

George looked up at him and asked, “Where did you get a name like Bad Meadows bikie club from?”

George’s question was like a red rag to a bull. The anger in Porky’s face could be seen by everyone. The guys all looked at each other and thought, *this is not a good start to the night.*

Porky paused for a couple of seconds, looked George in the eye, and said, “Well, mate, the short answer is that the name we wanted was already registered a couple months earlier. If you say Bad Meadows fast, it sounds like the name we wanted.”

George fired another question, “Well, what do you guys do for money?”

Again, Porky paused, gave the question some serious thought while downing a tally of beer, burped, then said, “Read the colours.”

He turned his back; his jacket read:

*‘Bad Meadows
Building and Design
- AG Security’.*

Porky added, "We're in building design and AG security. That speaks for itself. Now do you understand what we do for money?"

Cassa and George both thought, *whatever it means, it's not legal!*

"Well what do you think?" Porky asked.

They both said together, "Sounds like the type of business we should get involved in."

Porky looked at Cassa and George fiercely. "There's only room in this town for one gang in the business, so think again! Now, I've got some business to attend to, so don't leave this fire till I get back, okay?"

"Yeah, sure, we'll be here when you come back," George replied.

Porky and his mate, Nutter, walked away from the fire to conduct a 'deal' in front of the house with some South African men. Their exchange was twenty-five pounds of pure hashish for twenty-five pounds of gold Krugerrands; coins, to be exact.

Conjay, the South African, handed Porky a bag containing the gold coins. Porky stretched out his right hand and grabbed the bag. In his other hand, he held the block of hashish. He balanced both and declared, "Correct weight; done deal!"

"Where do we put this coin for now?" Porky asked Nutter.

He paused and looked around.

"Stick it in the back of the engine compartment of that Kombi. We'll get it later. If anything goes wrong, those surfie bums will wear it."

Conjay walked back to his hearse with his offside, opened the back hatch and pulled out a small coffin, placing the block of hashish inside.

"What's the go with that coffin?" asked Nutter.

“Who would pull over a hearse, or open a child’s coffin in air transit? It’s the perfect cover to smuggle drugs, diamonds and gold,” replied Conjay.

Nutter’s cold black heart beat poison through his veins and mind. He had no reaction or feelings to seeing a child’s coffin, knowing that drugs played a part in young people’s loss of innocence and, worse, an early grave for some.

Conjay and his South African mate were both dressed in black trousers and white shirts, with dark sunglasses. With the deal done, they got into the hearse and drove out of the driveway, turning left onto the main road.

The guys realised they needed to get out of there. The bikies, full of booze and drugs, were descending into tribalism around the fire. It was starting to get ugly; the fire was dying and needed more fuel – the old Queenslander had plenty of timber.

The back stairs to the house entrance were falling apart from many years of neglect. As he and Porky walked back to the party, Nutter ordered his brain dead bikies to pull down the stairs and throw them on the fire.

Nutter was the gang leader. What he said happened; pain would be inflicted on anyone who questioned his orders. Several bikies turned to his command.

Others soon joined in, ripping off the old weatherboards and fuelling the fire higher and higher. Board by board, several crazed bikies ripped apart the old Queenslander.

As the fire grew larger, Nutter took off his jacket to reveal his black, hairy arms, covered in tats. On one arm was a dragon serpent and, on the other, the names of his fallen comrades who had upheld the Bad Meadows code of honour: death before disloyalty.

Meanwhile, the creek, only four yards away from the house, was rising quickly with the thunderstorm approaching

Brisbane. Within minutes, the flood waters were only a couple of feet away from the Kombi.

Cassa yelled. "Check that out!" Cassa's eyesight was pretty good, even though he was an albino with the whitest of white skin and shoulder length blonde hair.

He had spotted a van floating down the swollen creek, now looking like a raging river. The guys ran down the driveway. As they looked closely at the back window panel, they could see several people banging on the window, trying to get out.

"They're trapped inside the van," said Cassa.

The guys looked on helplessly as the van, now in the centre of the fast-flowing creek, hit the bridge and went under. Hands were still banging on the rear window, but they didn't see the van resurface.

"What do we do about that?" Mason asked.

"No one could survive those flood waters," said Bear. "I saw a red public phone in the hallway back at the house. Red, ring the cops and tell them what's happened."

Red ran back to the house, up the front stairs and down the hallway. He picked up the phone and dialled '000'. While he was explaining to the police that a panel van had struck the Enoggera Creek Bridge and disappeared under the flood waters, Porky noticed him and yelled, "Hey, who are you calling? It better not be the cops, asshole!"

Red dropped the phone, swung around, and grabbed Porky in a headlock. He pushed his head through the timber wall, then daked him. *Let's see how he explains that to his bikie mates*, thought Red.

The guys headed back to the Kombi. It was dark, and hard to see, as they walked over the muddy ground. They heard George yell, "Mason, help me. I can't walk. I've stepped in a rabbit hole and twisted my ankle."

Mason turned to help George. He pulled George's foot out of the hole, put his arm around his shoulder, and helped him back to the Kombi.

"I can't drive," said George. "I've twisted my ankle."

"LP, you drive," said Bear. "You know how to handle a Kombi. Hurry up! Let's get out of here."

George was still whining in the back of the van.

"George, shut up," Bear said, turning to him. "Or we'll leave you behind. There's nothing more we can do here; let's get some pizzas from Romeo's, and we'll be on our way to Bells Beach for the surf contest."

"Where's Brownie?" asked Mason.

"Stuff him; he's always late. Have-A-Chat is probably still back with the bikies," said Bear.

"We'll have to go back for him, but let's make it quick. We don't want to be here when the cops arrive. They'll be all over the place shortly."

Mason ran back and spotted Brownie, beer in hand, talking crap with one of the bikies.

"Come on, let's go, Brownie; the guys are waiting," Mason whispered.

Brownie turned and started walking back to the Kombi with Mason, climbing in through the side door.

LP accelerated down the driveway as police arrived to attend to a noise complaint made by the neighbours.

They hadn't yet been notified of Red's call about the van floating down the creek and hitting the bridge. They were more interested in how many bikies they could arrest.

Back inside the house, Nutter found Porky still trying to get his head out of the wall. He helped his mate, then went to the front door to confront the coppers.

"What do you want?" asked Nutter. "Don't you know we're untouchables? Speak to your boss."

“If you’re lucky, you’ll still be patrolling the city streets, and not sent so far west you’ll never be heard of again,” said Porky, backing up his mate.

“Get on your two-way radio,” Nutter ordered. “Who’s on duty? Who’s your superior?”

“Sergeant Jack Herbertsin,” the constable answered.

“Tell him who we are.”

The constable spoke on his radio. “Hey, Sarge, we’re out on a noise complaint, and there’s a mob of bikies here. They say they’re called Bad Meadows bikies. Do you know them?”

The response came back through the radio: “Yeah, let ’em go. Tell them I want fifty red ones in a brown paper bag by Monday.”

The constable passed on the message reluctantly. “You’re free to go.”

Once Nutter and Porky had dealt with the coppers, their main concern was to catch up with the surfies and the gold in their Kombi.



2

LP drove the Kombi out of the property, back down the tree-lined driveway, and turned right onto the rain-soaked road. The flood waters had risen further, and were flowing over the bridge, but LP crossed anyway. George's Kombi stalled and stopped in the middle of the bridge.

"This isn't good!" said LP. "Oh well, I got us into this mess, I'll get us out. Mason, you drive and press the winch release button, and I'll take it through to the other side."

LP slowly walked through the flowing water. There was a gap of twenty feet where there was no guardrail. If he lost his footing, he would be like the others who had disappeared under the bridge. Step by step, he slowly pushed through the rushing waters.

"Hurry up; you've got company," Bear yelled.

The swollen creek had flushed out water rats the size of small beavers, and they were headed for LP. He glanced around and saw six rodents with gnawing teeth swimming towards him.

"Oh shit!" he yelled. "Do something!"

"Turn the floodlight on, George," said Bear. "Before those rodents start chewing on LP's legs."

"If I do that without the engine running, we'll have one dead battery. That floodlight has the brightness of two million candles."

"Just do it *now!*" Bear shouted.

When George flicked the switch, the brightness was blinding. The rodents turned and swam off. LP reached the

other side of the bridge, secured the cable to a lamppost, and called, "Mason, press the winch button."

"We're lucky the auxiliary battery is connected directly to the winch, or we'd have been stuffed." Mason pressed the winch button, and the Kombi was slowly pulled through the flooded waters.

"That was a close call; if you didn't make it, I was going to kill you!" said Bear to LP.

"That would be a bit difficult, as you would have been in the Kombi floating down the creek," LP replied.

Laughter from the guys would have been heard streets away, but it covered their fear of what might have happened.

Everyone except LP got back into the Kombi, glad to be out of the rain. Then, out of the darkness, a guy climbed up the flooded embankment. He was drenched and wearing only his undies.

"Who are you?" asked Mason, through the side window.

"I'm Bill. I'm from Western Australia. I was sleeping in my panel van across the creek in the park, and I guess the flood waters rose and picked up the van. I still can't believe what happened, and I'm still alive. All I've got left is what I'm standing in: *my jocks*."

"Well, mate, we phoned the police; they are on the other side of the bridge. When the waters subside, see them. They'll help."

When Bill did finally make it to the police for help, he was arrested for unlawful exposure, vagrancy, not having a licence, and illegal camping. As they walked Bill over to the paddy wagon, one cop pulled out his revolver, turned, aimed at the head, and shot – a water rat had come out of the flooded waters. He then opened the door and pushed Bill into the paddy wagon.

The coppers saw him as a ticket to get back to the station early and get out of the rain. That was the Westie's welcome to Queensland. Beautiful one day – in the slammer the next.



LP was cold, saturated and shaking from his creek crossing. He dried off his six-foot-tall, lanky body and shoulder length, brown hair, and then changed into jeans and his favourite t-shirt – brightly coloured with an image of a wave breaking, and the words 'Bigger the Better'. He climbed back into the driver's seat of the red Kombi and turned the key to start the engine. It coughed and spluttered a couple of times before finally kicking over.

They headed to Romeo's Pizza Palace in downtown Brisbane, an area known as The Valley. It was the seedy underbelly of Brisbane, but had not gained the notoriety of King's Cross in Sydney.

All the guys had the munchies, and were hanging out for a feed.

LP parked the Kombi a hundred yards up the road from Romeo's. They all got out, except for Red, who said, "I'm staying with the Kombi. Just bring back a couple of slices of pizza, and don't be too long."

The reason Red didn't get out of the Kombi was that he had cut his toes on glass back at the party, and needed them bandaged to stop the bleeding. He didn't want to tell the guys how bad the cut was, because he wanted to avoid wasting time going to a hospital – it would delay getting to Bells Beach.

Romeo's was a great pizza place; not just any pizza, great pizza. The best order was The Godfather's Pizza. It was a true Italian-style pizza, just like the old country.

At Romeo's, you did *not* make eye contact with anyone – it could be taken the wrong way. The Valley was controlled by Mafia heavyweights. The nightclub next door was also under their control. Luckily, any time the guys had been in that part of town, they had never had any trouble. They ordered three pizzas and waited quietly.

Next door, at Romeo's nightclub, a group of drunken troublemakers were trying to get into the club, but weren't having much luck, and were turned away. They apparently took it as an insult that they were refused entry by a faceless voice that came through a peephole in the door. In revenge, several decided to 'take a leak' on the closed door, and urine leaked under the doorway into the nightclub.

They had picked on the wrong people to piss off. The door opened, and there was an all-out brawl on the footpath. Not one troublemaker was left standing after the bouncers and patrons got stuck into them.

"No one dishonours this place or our women," said one of the bouncers. He spat on them and turned to go back inside, slamming the door.

The pizzas were ready by this time, and the main man of the restaurant, with a scar from ear to cheek, said, "Boys, don't look left or right; go straight to your car, and leave quickly."

They all thought that sounded like good advice.

Bear said, "Good idea; let's get out of here."

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