

## Why Do I Write – Part 1

“Start writing, no matter what. The water does not flow until the faucet is turned on.”

– Louis L' Amour

I find it fitting and necessary to answer these questions posed to me regularly. Aren't you an accountant? Isn't accounting about numbers? So why do you write?

My love for reading and writing predates my foray into accountancy. It must have started from my reading. By the age of ten, in standard eight, when they finally allowed me to sit the secondary school entrance exams, I had read the entire Louis L' Amor series of westerns.

I borrowed the books from Bowen, my elder brother, who at seventeen, was also a prolific reader. We would read the books and discuss them while we picked up nutmegs in my father's lands in Balata and La Count, in the Concord mountains.

Our detailed exposition of the events in the books allowed us to see the story like a movie. We spoke about the Sacketts Brand, Conagher, The Tall Stranger, The Quick and The Dead, Shalako, The Lonely Men and Heller with a gun.

Other times we told the stories of Edge and Sudden. Edge was a series written by George G Gilman about a tall half-breed man called Edge. He was a brutal violent man who found severe ways of killing his opponents. We discussed Blood on Silver, Killers Breed and Vengeance is Black among others. Sudden was written by Oliver Strange during the 1930's. We read and discussed Sudden Outlawed, The Range Robbers, Sudden Rides again, Sudden and Sudden Makes war.

Picking up nutmegs could be a monotonous and painful job, however our storytelling and laughing made it enjoyable. We looked forward to our weekly cycle of reading, storytelling and nutmeg gathering.

Bowen had a way with details and his recount of the books were graphic and vivid. Later in life, I would see several movies made from these books confirming how realistic his storytelling was.

At age twelve I laid my hands on the Carpetbaggers by Harold Robbins. With 688 pages to plough through the size of the undertaking was daunting. However the worst was yet to come. I was horrified by the smut, sex, money, power and violence displayed by the characters.

I was too young to comprehend the complicated relationships spread over industries, generations and geographical locations. One lesson stood out for

me, the higher some people flew, the higher they wanted to fly. The lethal combination of ambitions and passions can form a volatile cocktail of destruction.

Every August holiday from school I would read all the books in the house. My father had several books he hid away from me. I found some of them and hid to read them.

The Third Eye by T. Lobsang Rampa contained some freaky stuff. Even the cover scared me. On the cover was the face of a man with a third eye drilled into his forehead.

T. Lobsang Rampa claimed that his body was the host of the spirit of a Tibetan monk. The T. stood for Tuesday since he claimed that Tibetans were named on the day of the week they were born.

He wrote that the third eye allowed you to see people for who they are and not who they pretended to be.

Rampa was feared for his involvement in the paranormal and the occult.

All this I did while as I commenced secondary school. I had a photographic memory and did not need to study my academic work. This made me very mischievous and idle once I came home from school.

Looking back upon that period, it must have been my time of absorption of knowledge for later communication.