

A Father's Revenge



Peter G Fitzgerald

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Preface

Peter wrote the skeleton of this book during his convalescence from brain injury. Initially he had no memory and had to be schooled to read and write again. It was a memory test to see how well he was recovering. The book was resurrected following a chance discussion and was expanded to cover not only the African scene but also the return of the principal and his family to the UK. The book draws on Peter's experiences and observations during a difficult period of the lives of both he and his family.

A New Life in Africa

It was a bright, sunny morning and not a cloud in the sky. "This is how summer should be," said Tony Jameson-Brown to himself. Tony was the manager of River Bend mine. In fact, it has been like this for the past four weeks, he thought as he walked down the six steps of his front veranda onto the lush, green grass.

The mine he worked for was a gold mine and got its name from the river which ran at the foot of Tony's front garden. The front of the house looked north across the river. About a mile further on past the house it turned north-west and flowed on its merry way. Although they had not had rain for the past four weeks, the river still had running water, but it was low.

There were two ways to work. The best way was during the dry season, the route he was going to take, was ten minutes quicker. The other way was to walk three hundred yards to the main tar road which went to Johannesburg, turn left, and walk across the high-level bridge, continue for about another three hundred yards to the main mine road.

Tony made his way across the lawn to a small gate. He opened the gate and stepped onto the narrow dirt footpath which ran parallel and down to a crossing point across the river. During that time of the year Tony enjoyed the early mornings. In fact, it was his idea that all the office staff start at 6:00 a.m. during the summer and went off at lunch time. It was a bit hard to accept at first, but the staff soon got used to it and the miners who used to knock off at 7:00 a.m., after a long night, enjoyed seeing people around when they came to the surface. As Tony walked along, he could hear whistling coming from the birds, he looked up into the trees and saw about five distinct types flying from tree to tree. His mind then drifted away to his early days living in the UK and working on the farm.

He was born in England and was the youngest child of four. His